THE LATE GALES.

Additional Particulars of the Shipwrecks on the Jersey Beach.

Two Vessels Ashore at Long Branch.

The Beach Strewn with Fragments of the Wrecked Vessels.

Total Loss of the Schooner Eveline Rickey.

The Captain, His Wife, Mate and Cook Drowned.

Wreck of the Schooner James T. Crandall.

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW SAVED

&c. &c. &c.

Our Long Branch Correspondence.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Dec. 22, 1865.

The gale of Wednesday was very severe along the Jersey coast. Several vessels were driven ashore and four lives were lost. For some four days preceding the storm the inhabitants of the Branch noticed the heavy and continued roughness of the surf that beat upon the beach, which was a sure indication of heavy weather at sea, and in fact its turbulency was a subject of general remark and comment among the wreckers and fishermen of this part of the Jersey coast. It is supposed here, by those who are capable of judging of such matters, that the storm extended as far south as Cape May, and it is feared a large number of vessels may have gone ashore between this place and the Cape during the snow storm of last Wednesday night. It was remarked during the whole of Wednesday that an unusually large number of vessels were visible from the beach, outward bound, and fears are entertained for their safety, as they were close in shore when the storm overtook them. All day Tuesday it blew pretty fresh, but remained clear during the entire day and night; but Wednesday was ushered in with murky, threatening clouds, and wind blowing stiff from the northeast. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning of that day the clouds broke and the sun shone forth brightly, giving promise of clear weather to the outward and inward bound mariners. It continued clear, but blew strong from the north-northeast and northeast throughout the day, until about six o'clock that evening, when a storm of sleet and snow set in, turning to rain about midnight, and raging with unabated fury until after one o'clock on Thursday morning. Then it began gradually to subside, and towards daylight of that day it entirely ceased, with the exception of the high wind, which prevailed during the whole of Thursday and Thursday night.

THE WRECKS.

During the prevalence of the gale, and while the storm was yet at its height, the schooner Eveline Rickey, Captain Francis Fisher, from Bristol, Pennsylvania, loaded with coal, bound for Pawtucket, Rhode Island, went ashore about half-past eleven o'clock P. M., and was a total loss. The captain, together with his wife, mate and cook, were drowned; two seamen alone of the ill fated vessel succeeding in reaching the beach, where they were kindly cared for by Mr. Samuel C. Morris, of the Pavilion Hotel, the deputy wrecking master at the Branch. The names of the unfortunates who were lost on the Eveline Rickey are:—

Captain Francis Fisher, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sarah F. Fisher, the wife of the captain, formerly of Brooklyn.

William —— (last name not known), mate of the vessel.

Robert Ragley, the cook.

The names of those saved are—John Lewis Talbot, of Nova Scotia, and Henry Smith, a Norwegian.

Captain Fisher was a man well liked by his crew, and had only been married during the short space of four or five months. He was about twenty-seven years of age, and it is supposed, judging from the character of some of his wearing apparel that was washed upon the beach, that he at one time was an officer in the United States navy. His wife was a young woman, apparently but nineteen, or, at the most, twenty years old, and, from a package of letters that was found in the surf near her lifeless body, it is thought that her mother, Mrs. John M. Kern, is now residing at No. 221 Adams street, Brooklyn. The schooner Eveline Rickey, it is said, was an old vessel, and one not well calculated to withstand the severe winter gales of the North Atlantic. She was fore and aft rigged, with a tonnage of one hundred and eleven and seventy-five one-hundredths. The vessel is a complete wreck.

STATEMENT OF A SURVIVOR OF THE SCHOONER EVELINE RICKEY.

The following is the statement of Lewis Talbot, one of the two survivors of the ill-fated schooner Eveline Rickey. I shipped on the schooner Eveline Rickey at Bristol, Pa., about the first of the month, as a seaman. About the 6th inst. we left Bristol and proceeded down the Delaware river very slowly until we came to the Breakwater, where we anchored at Lewistown, and the crew went ashore for the purpose of purchasing articles which we required on the voyage. On Tuesday morning we sailed from the Delaware Breakwater, and set sail in good cheer for Pawtucket, R. I. We then had the wind southwest. We numbered, all told, six souls—Captain Frank Fisher and wife, Mrs. Fanny Fisher, a mate, whose first name I know was William, but I cannot tell his surname; a cook, named Robert Ragley, and Henry Smith and myself as seamen before the mast. The captain, lady and mate were New Yorkers. I believe that the mate and cook were both unmarried men. We sighted Abscecom light between six and eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, about fifty miles north of Cape May. Wednesday morning wind set in from the northeast, and it was blowing very fresh indeed, yet we kept both topsails and all the other sails set; about eight o'clock in the evening we stood off Barnegat and tacked in; was commencing to get quite hazy then and the squall increasing every minute, so we made one long tack off and squared away, and got about off Barnegat, and came around to the southwest. At this time Captain Fisher saw two lights, which he thought were the Highlands, though it is my impression that these lights were in houses along the shore; but he soon lost sight of them and stood her off in ten fathoms of water, and ordered us to haul down the foresail and jib, which we did. It was then snowing very fast and blowing a perfect hurricane. We sounded and found that we had but eight fathoms of water and that we were drifting fast, and shoaling water at every sea. This was about eight o'clock; it was my watch below, but I preferred remaining on deck to assist, knowing the danger we were in. We tried hard to get the foresail on her, so as to get headway on her, in order to keep her off; but all our endeavors were fruitless; was fast dropping off northeast. We suddenly parted the throat halyards of the jib, leaving that sail useless. We had three sails set—the mainsail, jib and flying jib. I should judge our course to be very slightly to northeast by east, while our lead showed but five fathoms. It was between nine and ten o'clock that we descried again lights leeward, which we mistook for the Highlands. The fact is we did not know where we were in the darkness of the night and fury of the gale, which sent waves sweeping over our decks and filling the cabin with water. As we drifted nearer shore we could plainly hear that which we most feared, and we shortly discovered the breakers, which were running high upon the beach. Every nerve was strained on board in our endeavors to clew her off at this juncture, though we all felt our case hopeless, or nearly so. We did not have the centre board down at the time, though we drew about seven and a half feet of water. The vessel was an old one, and had leaked throughout the voyage. We now tried the pumps, and found her to be fast filling, as she had sprung a leak. In the vain hope of holding her we let go both anchors; but these she dragged and again paid off rapidly sideways, the sea continuing to break over us. I had been sent and came down to make rafts of the hatch or anything else that could serve for that purpose. I went down to the cabin, which was more than knee-deep with water at the time, and there I saw poor Mrs. Fisher standing quietly in the water. She turned to me and in partial accents asked, "Oh, I wonder if my husband knows my situation and that I am here?" I lifted her up in my arms and placed her in a bunk, high out of the water. About eleven o'clock I left the cabin and took to the fore rigging, having abandoned the project of making a raft. About this time the captain, having caused his wife to put on a warm cloak and other comfortable wrappings, took her up into the port main rigging, where he lashed her. The Rickey soon began thumping on the beach, both bulwarks were carried away, and everything that was movable was swept off her decks, so we cut away the spring stay, foremast stay and topgallant stay. The mainmast stood about ten minutes after the foremast went over. I was still in the foretop, standing on the crosstree, when it gave way and went over with Henry Smith, the other seaman and I. The mast snapped near the deck. I let go with my feet and held on with my arms to the spar, which did not break loose from the wreck until near daylight. The rest of the crew had taken refuge in the main rigging before it went over. I could hear the captain's voice, shouting to the shore to attract attention. Shortly before the mainmast went, I think, the captain and wife jumped into the sea, hoping to reach the shore by swimming. I could for several minutes hear Mrs. Fisher's screams while in the water. The cook and mate tried to reach shore on the main boom. I reached the shore on a spar, just about six o'clock on Monday morning, to which I had succeeded in clinging, though much exhausted, and was most kindly succored by Mr. Samuel Morris, of that place, who immediately furnished me with dry clothing, food and lodging. Captain Fisher, I think, has served in the United States navy during the war. He was very much liked by the crew, and during the trying ordeal of the wreck he conducted himself with great coolness; Mrs. Fisher, I understood, was but a few months married; she kept her courage up well during the whole time that I saw her before she left the rigging.

A WAIF FROM THE WRECK.

The inanimate form of Captain Fisher's youthful wife was thrown upon the beach a quarter of a mile from the wreck about eleven o'clock. She had on a loose morning wrapper when found; but her under garments, strange to say, were nearly all in shreds, having no doubt been torn from the body by the force of the waves. On her right hand was a kid glove, lined with red wool, and evidently placed there to protect her hand against the cold December frost, to which she was subjected while in the rigging of the vessel. The body was removed to the Pavilion Hotel by Mr. Samuel Morris, where it was kindly taken in charge and properly cared for by Mrs. Morris, the lady of the house. News of the sad disaster was immediately telegraphed to her parents in Brooklyn, and to Captain Fisher's relatives in Philadelphia, and they are expected on here to claim the body this afternoon. If they should not come on, however, the remains will be properly interred, where they can be exhumed whenever wanted. When the body was washed ashore there was a quantity of sand in the dripping clothes that clung closely around it, and had it not been found as soon as it was, the sand fleas would, in all probability, have eaten the eyes completely out, as these annoying insects had already commenced their destructive work when the corpse was discovered.

A letter, supposed to have been written by her mother, and addressed to "Mrs. Fanny Fisher, No. 945 North Tenth street, Philadelphia," and signed "Mrs. Fanny Kern," was found in her pocket. Four gold rings were taken off her fingers for safe keeping, and will be handed over to her relatives by Mrs. Morris, of the Pavilion Hotel, when called for. Mrs. Fisher's forehead is somewhat reddened from rubbing on the sand, and there is a slight bruise under the chin on the right side, and another on her left hand near the forefinger. No other marks or bruises are on the body. The remains of the unfortunate woman were properly dressed in a white robe and laid out in the gentlemen's parlor of the hotel, where they were seduously guarded during the night.

CAPTAIN FISHER AND CREW.

The bodies of Captain Fisher, his mate, Mr. William —— (last name not known), and the cook, Robert Ragley, have not as yet been recovered. It is not at all improbable that their bodies have become jammed between some of the timbers of the vessel and will undoubtedly remain in that position for some days. The entire crew, including the captain, were all young men, Captain Fisher being the only married man on board the vessel. The two seamen who managed to reach the beach saved nothing but what they had upon their backs when the vessel first struck. These poor men are now without even a change of underclothing, and not a cent in the world with which to help themselves. None of their clothing that could hereafter be of the slightest possible service to them has been recovered, and the poor fellows are now in a strange place, without friends, and both are in a very distressing and destitute condition.

THE SCHOONER JAMES T. CRANDALL.

The schooner James T. Crandall, of Fall River, Captain George R. Gage, bound from Georgetown, Va., to New York, with a cargo of coal, went ashore about the same hour, a little more than a mile to the south of the schooner Eveline Rickey, on Bell beach, and will, even should the weather hold favorable, stand but a very slight chance of ever getting off. Through the timely assistance of Mr. Charles H. Green, the wrecking master in charge of government Station No. 4, the officers and crew of the vessel were all saved. She lies stern on, and is filled with water. The James T. Crandall is a fore and aft rigged schooner, of two hundred tons burden, and is owned in Fall River. The cargo is insured in New York; but there is no insurance on the vessel.

SAVING OF THE CREW OF THE JAMES T. CRANDALL.

The crew, six in number, officers and men all told, remained on the wreck until daylight, when they were discovered in their perilous position by Mr. Charles H. Green, who quickly summoned others to his assistance, and, aided by those about him, was soon preparing to succor those on board the vessel. The small mortar with which the wreckers throw a life rope to vessels in distress was soon placed in proper condition for performing its mission, and, being sighted by Mr. Green, the match was applied and the ball sped on its errand of mercy. The schooner lay in rather an awkward position, and one which did not altogether favor the throwing of the rope successfully; but Mr. Green had taken such an excellent aim at the vessel that the very first shot proved sufficient and Captain Gage remarked that the line could not have been thrown better had it been performed from his own vessel's deck. After the line had been fastened to the schooner a stouter one was fastened to it on the beach, and, by the aid of the first one, this was hauled on board. With this rope communication was had with the vessel and several messages passed between her and those on shore. Captain Gage sent a message saying that his vessel was fast breaking up, and requested them to assist him as soon as possible, to which he received this answer:—"Be of good cheer. We will save you. The life car is now on its way here." The car soon reached the spot, and was immediately despatched to the James J. Crandall, and safely brought off three persons at a time. After making two trips all of those on board had been rescued and were cared for by Mr. Green, who did all in his power to make the unfortunate men as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Great credit is due to Mr. Green, the wrecking master at Diel, and Mr. Wardell, the agent at this place for the Board of Underwriters, for the timely and efficient aid rendered by them in the hour of need to those who stood in want of their skill and assistance.

STATEMENT OF CAPTAIN GAGE, OF THE SCHOONER JAMES J. CRANDALL.

We left Georgetown, D. C., two weeks ago last Wednesday, and proceeded to Hampton Roads, where we remained until Monday. When we left Hampton Roads there were about one hundred and fifty vessels there awaiting favorable weather. We had a very fair passage until Wednesday, when it grew squally. About six o'clock in the evening Barnegat light was Northwest about eight miles distant. I steered on my course until half-past eleven, north east by east, which I judged should have brought me twelve miles from the beach, which lay northeast by east, half north. At that hour I hove too. According to my calculation I should have been, as before stated, twelve miles from the shore instead of where I was. The Highlands ought to have been then northwest. I let go both my anchors, and though she dragged them somewhat, still they held well considering the fury of the breakers. At one o'clock we struck. The life line was thrown from the mortar, which was sighted by Mr. Green, the wreck master on the beach, to us, and we succeeded in catching it as the first fire and hauling over the life car, by means of the line. We got into it three at a time, and were successfully landed by the humane and gallant Green, ably assisted by his brave men, who are ever to be found ready, regardless of their own danger and exposure, to assist the shipwrecked on this beach. The officers were:—Captain, George R. Gage; mate, —— Noble; steward, L. G. Gage, and three Portuguese seamen, whose names I do not know. We had a cargo of three hundred and six tons of coal, which is insured in the Atlantic Company of New York. The vessel is twelve years of age. She was well and stoutly built, and had recently been repaired and fitted out at a cost of about $12,000. She was consigned to the agent, D. Brown & Son, Fall River. We furled our sails just before we struck the beach; they still remain in that position and will probably be got off to-day without suffering much injury. She has lost her rudder post. I have lost nearly everything I was worth in the world, having owned about six hundred dollars in the cargo. The crew have lost all their effects. The storm, both for suddenness and severity, equalled anything of the kind that I have experienced in my life. I have been wrecked four times during my life at sea. Since our rescue at this place we have been the recipients of the greatest kindness and generosity from the people. I am now stopping with Mr. Charles H. Green, my worthy preserver.

MIDNIGHT ON THE BEACH.

Starting from the genial warmth of a bright fire, your correspondent went forth into the chilly night air and wended his way, about twelve o'clock last night, to the long sandy beach that was white with the foam of the angry surf to ascertain whether any more of the bodies of the victims of the lamentable disaster had been found. The new moon had retired hours before beneath the western horizon, and it was by the light of the myriad stars alone that twinkled brightly in the Constellation of Orion that we were enabled to pick our way along the wreck-strewn shore. As we proceeded cautiously towards the wreck we stumbled over and anon over pieces of timber, boxes, spars, ropes and sails; and it was only by dint of the greatest perseverance that we finally succeeded in reaching the wreck of the Eveline Rickey. She lay with her bow well on the beach, and a part of her stern post was just barely visible above the water. She is broken into thousands of pieces. A more complete wreck was never seen than that of this ill-fated vessel. Just out of the water, where the high tide had deposited them, lay a confused and inextricable mass of the wrecked material, consisting of spars, portions of her deck, pieces of trunks, &c., all securely fastened together by the ropes and strips of canvas that were still attached to the masts. The night was clear and cold, and the loud sounding surf beat upon the shore in monotonous tones, while the breakers made sad moan through the timbers that still held together, and which, like skeleton fingers, loomed up in the starlight and pointed to heaven.

For more than half a mile to the northward of the schooner the shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck and torn pieces of wearing apparel, and many tons of the coal with which she was laden lay scattered along the beach for more than a quarter of a mile. As we tramped along to the fierce mutterings of the giant waves we came upon different parties of wreckers, who were picking up the coal and heaping it up in small piles upon the beach, and who while thus engaged were also keeping a sharp lookout for any corpse that might rise to the surface of the water. It was a striking contrast, this scene upon the beach, when compared with the wild, hilarious revels that were at that very hour being held in New York city.

THE WRECKERS.

These sturdy men used their best endeavors and worked with commendable zeal to save the lives and also the property of those whom the storm had tossed in their way and thrown upon their mercy. Strange stories of piracies and inhuman treatment have at various times been circulated concerning these men; but it is hardly fair to judge the majority by the minority. It is very evident that there are good and bad men to be found in all occupations and professions, and that of the wrecker is certainly not so free from this class of beings as it might be. Concerning the wreckers of this portion of the New Jersey coast, all of those rescued speak in the highest terms of the treatment they have received. The wreckers receive for their labor one-half of the cargo that they save from the schooner Eveline Rickey, and when we consider that coal is at present worth something over twelve dollars per ton it will be seen that their pay is not so bad.

A telegram has just been received at this place from the father of Mrs. Fisher, instituting inquiries concerning Captain Fisher and his wife, and stating that he will be down from New York to take charge of the body of his daughter this afternoon.

THE BARK ELLEN AUGUSTA.

During the prevalence of a dense fog on Sunday morning last a bark outward bound was discovered to be ashore near the Highlands. Assistance was immediately sent her by Mr. Wardell, agent for the Board of Underwriters, when she proved to be the bark Ellen Augusta, from New York bound to Cardenas, with a cargo of flour and pork; she was successfully gotten off by the wreckers, without sustaining any loss, further than one of her anchors, and proceeded on her voyage the next day.

A number of wreckers were sent from this place this morning by Mr. Wardell, the agent for the Underwriters, to assist in clearing the vessels reported ashore at Sandy Hook. No lives have been lost by the wrecks at the Hook, as far as known.

The Vessels Stranded at Sandy Hook.

SANDY HOOK, Dec. 22—10:15 A. M.

The brig John Aviles, which was ashore on the Horse Shoe, has been got off, and is now in tow of the Coast Wrecking Company's steamer Columbian, going up to the city.

There are no further tidings from the brig Prosper as yet. The wreckers are at work upon her.

The wind is from the west northwest, moderate. Weather clear.

The Bark Enrique.

QUARANTINE, Dec. 22, 1865.

The bark Enrique, before reported ashore at Fort Lafayette, is now going up to the city in tow.

A Steamer Sunk Off Holmes' Hole.

HOLMES' HOLE, MASS., Dec. 22, 1865.

A large vessel, supposed to be a steamer, is sunk between Sow and Pigs Light and No Man's Land.

The schooner Mary A., of Baltimore, from Boston for Richmond, was taken into Edgartown by the steamer Monohassett.

The Cold Snap.

THE TELEGRAPHIC WEATHER RECORD.

HALIFAX, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, northwest; weather fresh and cloudy. Thermometer 15.

PORTLAND, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, west; weather light and clear. Thermometer 9.

BOSTON, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, northwest; weather fresh and clear. Thermometer 12.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, northwest; weather light and clear. Thermometer 13.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, northwest; weather fresh and clear. Thermometer 20.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, southwest; weather clear. Thermometer 26.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22—9 A. M.
Wind, northwest; weather clear. Thermometer 27.

Severe Weather on the Plains.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 22, 1865.

Heavy snows have fallen on the Plains. Over twenty trains are snow bound at different points, and a large number of animals are dying from starvation and cold weather.

The Workingmen's Union.

A special meeting of the delegates to the Workingmen's Union was held last evening at No. 267 Bowery, for the purpose of acting upon the new constitution of the Union. The amended constitution was read and, with a few alternations, adopted. Copies of the following circular were distributed, after which the meeting adjourned.

CIRCULAR OF THE WORKINGMEN'S UNION.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS TRADE ASSEMBLIES, WORKINGMEN'S UNIONS, AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS THROUGHOUT THE STATE OF NEW YORK, GREETING:—

BROTHERS—You are requested to send delegates to the third convention of the assemblies and Unions of this State, which will be held in Albany, on Tuesday, February 6, 1866. The delegates will assemble at Iron Moulders' Hall, in the McClure Building, State street, at twelve M. It is important and necessary that you should notify the officers, at the earliest possible time, if your organization will be represented, so that proper arrangements can be made. The business coming before the Assembly will be:—The most effective manner of obtaining the reduction of the hours of labor to eight hours; the amendment to the law of apprenticeship; the alteration of the bill regulating State Prison labor, so that convicts shall not come in competition with honest mechanics; also the adoption of a constitution and bylaws for our future government. The cause goes bravely on. From Maine to California, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the workingmen are alive to their own interests and their indisputable rights. Already the question of the reduction of the hours has been introduced into the houses of Congress. From all parts comes the watchword "Agitate!" "Agitate!" Let not your union falter; take part in this grand and humane movement; let no local views or differences interfere with the progress of this the great question of the nineteenth century. Organize, unite, work in concert, and our power will and must be irresistible. Inform your adjacent unions, so that if they have not been notified they may take action. Send us word immediately. Give instructions to your delegates, and the next convention of the Assembly will be an honor to the workingmen and a sure forerunner of the success of the movement. Brothers, we remain yours in the cause, fraternally,

MICHAEL STEPHENS,
President Trades Assembly, State of New York, No. 309 Madison street, New York city.
WILLIAM HARDING, Corresponding Secretary, Middagh street, Brooklyn.

Decisions of the Supreme Court, General Term.

Before Judges Ingraham, Leonard and Barnard.

DEC. 22.—David L. Gardener vs. Julia C. Tyler et al.—Appeal from order changing receiver dismissed, with ten dollars costs. Order directing payment of moneys to Mrs. Tyler modified by reducing the amount to be paid from one-third to one-fourth of the net income in each case. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J.

Bank of the State of Georgia vs. Robert Lewin.—Judgment affirmed with costs. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J.

The People vs. Bernard Friery.—Judgment affirmed. Opinion by Sutherland, J.

The People vs. Frank Ferris.—Judgment affirmed. Opinions by Ingraham, P. J., and Leonard, J.

Allen S. Campbell vs. Samuel F. Cowdrey, executor, &c.—Decree of Surrogate modified by allowing interest on the legacy after one year from the death of the testator. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J. Barnard, J., dissenting.

People ex. rel. Geery vs. Brennan.—Order reversed, with ten dollars costs. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J.

Allen M. Sherman vs. J. Brooks Postley.—Motion denied without costs. Opinion by all the Justices. Barnard, J., dissenting.

Edward M. Brown vs. Kings County Fire Insurance Company.—Judgment affirmed, with costs. Opinion Barnard, J.

Abraham L. Ackerman vs. Hamilton H. Salmon et. al.—Judgment affirmed, with costs. Opinion by Leonard, J.

Jason Crane and al. vs. David McDonald.—Judgment reversed and new trial ordered at Circuit. Costs to abide event. Opinion by Barnard, J.

Petition of Margaret R. Bull for sale, &c.—Order affirmed, with costs. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J., and Barnard, J.

Matter of Assessment of Eightieth street.—Order affirmed, with costs. Opinion by Barnard, J.

Petition of James W. Beekman to vacate Assessment.—Order affirmed, with costs. Opinion by Leonard, J.

Petition of Cortlandt Palmer, to vacate Assessment.—Order affirmed, with costs. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J.

Application of B. M. Stilwell for Receiver, &c.—Order reversed, with costs. Opinion by Barnard, J.

Moses Taylor vs. Henry D. Beekman.—Order affirmed, with ten dollars costs. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J.

William A. Radden vs. Jeremiah W. Dimmick.—Judgment affirmed, with costs. Opinions by Barnard and Leonard, J. J., Ingraham, P. J., dissenting.

James Meyer, Jr. against Jacob Goedel.—Judgment affirmed, with costs. Opinion by Ingraham, P. J.

Court of Special Sessions.

ASSAULT UPON A YOUNG BOY BY A BROADWAY MERCHANT.

Felix B. Strouse, a perfumery dealer, doing business at No. 594 Broadway, was arraigned before the Court of Special Sessions on Thursday, on a charge of assault and battery upon Patrick Morrissey, a boy twelve years of age. The boy was sent by his employer, Professor Starr, the director of the "Polyglot Bureau," to deliver a translation of a document to Strouse and collect amount of bill. Strouse, however, not only refused to pay the account, on the plea that the translation had been delayed, but upon the boy demanding back the receipt he beat him violently on the head and choked him over an iron railing in his office, threatening the while to kill him, &c. The defendant denied the charge, but after a searching cross-examination by Mr. Charles S. Spencer, plaintiff's counsel, his statements appeared so obviously false that the Court, after hearing both parties, fined Strouse fifty dollars and administered a severe reprimand for his conduct. The decision was received in court with ill-suppressed murmurs of applause.

Supreme Court.

Before Judge Barnard.

DEC. 21.—*Olive Logan Delille vs. Henry A. Delille.*—On the application of Messrs. Edwin James and Dunphy, counsel for the plaintiff, a decree of divorce from the bonds of marriage was this day filed in the above named court. The suit was not defended by the husband.

The Hoffman House Assault.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1865.

Having seen in your paper of the 21st inst. an account of an affair at the Hoffman House, in which my name is mentioned, I beg leave to say that the statement is entirely false, as will be proved on examination. I made no assault, but defended myself when assaulted by Mr. Selover. The examination was to have taken place today, but was postponed at the instance of Mr. Selover.

WM. H. BOB-T.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.

Assault by a Colored Boy on His Former Employer with a Hatchet, while Asleep, and Robbery—Revenge, Not Money, the Motive—Arrest and Confession of the Culprit—He Also Pleads Guilty to Committing a Burglary, &c.

An unusually depraved and vicious colored boy, only fifteen years of age, was yesterday arraigned before Justice Dowling, at the Lower Police Court, on the charge of attempting to commit murder. It appears that for some time past the boy, whose name is Edward Brown, has been in the employ of Mr. Walter William Broom, residing at No. 863 Broadway. Last Saturday evening Mr. Broom accused the boy of having stolen some papers, and discharged him. This act on the part of Mr. Broom so excited the anger of the desperate boy that he resolved to make an effort to take his life or do him great bodily harm. With this end in view the boy proceeded to Mr. Broom's residence last Monday morning for the purpose of executing his desperate purpose; but as Mr. Broom was up and dressed the designs of the young rascal were frustrated. He returned to the house again on Tuesday morning, but found that his intended victim had left his room. Wednesday morning, however, Edward took an earlier start, and on reaching the house of Mr. Broom went up stairs, entered the bath room, and, opening the window, stepped out on the roof of a rear shed. From this roof Edward opened a window which admitted him to Mr. Broom's office. All that now separated him from his intended victim was a sliding door. The boy moved the door sufficiently for him to see that Mr. Broom was still asleep, and, sliding the door very quietly so as to admit his body, he took a heavy hatchet, which he found in one of the rooms, and crept to the bed where Mr. Broom was lying. Before consummating his bloody work Edward pocketed a $100 check and $35 in bills which lay on the table, after which he struck Mr. Broom on the left temple with the edge of the hatchet, and fled from the room with his plunder. The force of the blow stunned Mr. Broom; but, soon recovering, he found the blood streaming down his face, and called for help. The wound was dressed, and when able Mr. Broom, who had no suspicion as to who had made the attempt on his life, proceeded to Police Headquarters and stated the case to Captain Young, of the detective force. It was apparent to Captain Young that the violence had been inflicted by some person well acquainted with the location of the rooms, and suspicion naturally fell on the colored boy. Search was accordingly made for him, and yesterday morning detectives MacDougall and Gilmor arrested Edward, who confessed to assaulting Mr. Broom, and also to stealing the money. The prisoner at first said that he intended to kill Mr. Broom, but subsequently stated that his only object was to disable him for a long period of time, so that he could not appear and prosecute him for stealing. Mr. Broom yesterday proceeded before Justice Dowling and preferred a charge of felonious assault against the accused, setting forth in his affidavit that he struck him with the sharp edge of a hatchet, while he was lying asleep in his bed, with the felonious intent to take his life. Mr. Broom likewise charged the prisoner with forcing an entrance to his premises. To both complaints the young desperado pleaded guilty, and the magistrate committed him to the Tombs for trial without bail. The following is the statement of the prisoner, as taken before Justice Dowling:—

On Saturday night, when I came back from doing an errand, Mr. Broom accused me of stealing some of his papers. I told him I did not take them; then he said he did not want me any more. When I went home on Saturday night I made up my mind that I would do something to him so that he would not make a complaint against me. On Monday morning I went to his place and found the door open and went back home again. On Tuesday morning I went there again and found the door the same way. I went again on Wednesday morning, found the door closed, went into the bath room, out on the shed, opened the window, then got into his office, then opened the sliding door, and then went up to the bed where Broom was lying and struck him on the head with the hatchet; then the axe fell on the floor and I ran out. Before I struck him with the axe I took the money from the table.

This youthful offender lives with his father at No. 45 William street, and says he tore up the check stolen from Mr. Broom and threw the pieces into the North river.

Marine Court.

INTERESTING TO BROKERS—A "SHORT" GOLD BAG.

Before Judge Alker.

A strange case came up before this court yesterday, and attracted the attention of a large number of Wall street brokers. On the 24th of February last Mr. Samuel M. Mills sold to Mr. N. Brandt and a broker a bag of gold, purporting to contain five thousand dollars. This bag changed hands fourteen times on the same day, the only test applied being to weigh it. The fourteenth purchaser was Mr. A. Meyer. He opened the strings of the precious article, and "let the cat out of the bag" in the shape of a number of coppers instead of gold. On counting over the amount, he found but four thousand six hundred and ninety dollars instead of the five thousand. He at once made a reclamation on the person he bought it from, and that individual transferred the complaint to the shoulders of the twelfth purchaser. Thus it went back to Mr. Brandt, and he paid the missing $310, but at once assigned his claim to a lawyer named J. D. Raymert, who commenced an action against Mr. Mills to recover that amount. Defendant's counsel moved to dismiss the complaint on the ground that there was no evidence to show that there was any deficiency in the bag at the time it was delivered to Brandt, which motion was denied by the Court. The defence traced the bag to the Park Bank, from which it was delivered in the forenoon of the day in question by the special teller. It passed through the hands of three parties before it came into Brandt's possession, and it was proved that up to that time it contained the full amount marked on the outside. Defendant's counsel offered to show by the secretary of the Gold Board, Mr. Moses, that there was a rule of the Gold Board requiring a party to give his due bill for a claim made upon him in such a case as the present before he could possibly ascertain if any real deficiency existed, such a claim to be afterwards adjusted by the board. The offer was refused by the Court. It was also urged, on the part of the defence, that the deficiency in the gold in question had been arbitrated by the board, and had been dismissed, on the ground that there was no evidence to show that the deficiency existed at the time the bag was delivered to Brandt. Motion also refused. The case then went into the hands of the jury, but they were unable to agree, and were therefore discharged. G. W. Stevens appeared for the plaintiff and J. K. Hill for the defence.

The court was crowded with brokers and "curb stone" men during the hearing of the case, and all seemed very much interested in the issue, which, they imagined, would determine in some manner the loose manner of transacting business among them and the facilities for peculation which exist at present in their delectable headquarters.

Died.

PRUS.—On Wednesday, December 20, after a short but severe illness, JOHN D. PRUS, a native of Wehdel, Hanover, in the 58th year of his age.

Funeral from his late residence, No. 404 Greenwich street, this (Saturday) morning, at half-past nine o'clock, instead of Sunday, as stated elsewhere.

[*For Other Deaths See Third Page.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.—BUY YOUR SILVER Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, China, Glass, Earthenware and House Furnishing Articles from E. D. BASSFORD, Cooper Institute Building, Astor place, corner store.

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LADIES' COLUMN.

THE FOLLOWING SPARKLING GEM IS BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

During the last six months we have had in our parlor, and among its most elegant adornments too, a very beautiful sewing machine from the establishment of Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, on which it has become our ambition to become a proficient, when this well used pen has given us a moment's time for the needle. But, for the life of us, we cannot get over the idea that there is some fairy work growing under our fingers whenever we get a moment of that most delightful occupation. To see neatly stitched seams glide through our fingers at the rate of a yard a minute; to see a shirt made in less time than is necessary to cut it out—and a shirt bosom covered with tiny plaits, exquisitely stitched, completed almost while a lady could sew out a needleful of thread, partakes absolutely of the marvellous. One feels as if performing some beautiful magic, while sitting so quietly before that dainty machine, with the pedals just touched into motion by the feet, as our old fashioned flax wheels were set in motion, and the pretty array of spools, and silver wheels and sharp needles, performing their regular music under your fingers. Then the swiftness of it—the satisfaction and glory of having all your sewing done up in a few hours—of seeing your pretty rosewood case shut up, covered with bijouterie, and turned into the most charming bit of ornamental furniture—all this is making play of work, and making usefulness an elegant accomplishment. Our machine now will make three dresses—no matter how heavy or how fine—in far less time than the dressmaker requires to fit one. It will hem handkerchiefs, do all sorts of fancy stitching, and rival the