HOMICIDES.

The Fatal Shooting Affray Between Sharpley and Kelly.

Inquest in the Case of the Sailor David More.

HOMICIDES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

THE BROADWAY HOMICIDE.

The Excitement in the City—Interesting Particulars Concerning the Tragedy—Testimony of Sam Sharpley and the Police Officers—Condition of Kelly.

The most intense excitement prevailed throughout the city all day yesterday relative to the bloody affray that occurred in Twenty-fourth street on Wednesday afternoon, during which the brother of Sam Sharpley, the minstrel (or Sharpe, as his name really is), was shot dead by Edwin Kelly, of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. The terrible tragedy was the principal topic of conversation during the day in saloons, hotels, on the street, everywhere, in fact, and the opinions expressed concerning it were in some cases as widely different and as numerous, almost, as were those who spoke of the matter. Among the professional minstrels and actors of the various theatres and places of amusement, to whom the chief actors in the tragedy were well known, the homicide was a special subject of interest and as far as could be ascertained from certain conversations held among the "fraternity" the sympathy felt for Sam Sharpley, on account of his great loss, was in no wise stronger than that expressed for Kelly's having been forced—as his friends term it—into the quarrel with so fearful a result to himself.

Although the fact has no bearing upon the degree of guilt that may be attached to either Sam Sharpley or Kelly in the bloody deed, it may be stated as an incident illustrating the feeling of sympathy manifested for both by their respective friends and "admirers," that yesterday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number of persons who move in very respectable circles in the city, many of them ladies, called at the Twenty-ninth precinct station house and requested interviews with Kelly, in order that they might give him the assurance of their regret that he had been so unfortunate, although they believed, judging from their feeling towards him, and the good character they had always known him to bear, that he would not have resorted to so extreme a measure as he had, had he not felt that the circumstances in which he was placed fully justified him in his conduct.

On the other hand several persons called on Sam Sharpley to sympathize with him, but they were for the most part friends of his brother, who are engaged in the same business as was the murdered man.

A gentleman who happened to be in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue theatre at the time the quarrel between the Sharpleys and Kelly and Leon commenced, stated that the deceased not only knocked Kelly to the ground, but kicked him violently while he lay on the pavement, and that while thus prostrate Kelly requested his assailant several times to let him get up, which he refused to do, and that he continued to kick him in the face and about the body. He moreover states that on questioning Kelly as to the quarrel, the latter contended that when Sam Sharpley attacked Leon his only desire was to prevent the former from injuring the latter, as he had good ground to fear that Leon might be seriously injured in an encounter with Sam, there being so great a disparity between the build and strength of the two men. While thus intent upon assisting his friend he was attacked by Tom Sharpley, whom he did not know, and on being knocked down by him, and perceiving that the men about him were all strangers, the thought flashed through his mind that Sam Sharpley had probably resolved to put an end to the ill feeling that existed between the proprietors of the rival places of amusement, by having him assaulted, with intent to kill, by a gang of ruffians. Impressed with this idea, which Kelly says was made stronger in his mind by the thought that he had two little children out West depending upon him for support, he drew his revolver and fired the fatal shot. Why he discharged the second shot this gentleman does not say, more than that in the frenzied excitement of the moment he believed that Kelly did not know exactly what he was doing.

Another gentleman also states that Kelly is a very quiet man, naturally, and a great favorite with all persons in his employ, and was never loth to keep out of the company of that general run of minstrels who give themselves up to dissipation and habits that persons of refined notions and scruples do not easily relish.

THE CASE BEFORE JUSTICE DODGE.

The following testimony regarding the homicide was taken before Justice Dodge at the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, the parties whose affidavits follow having been conducted before the magistrate for that purpose:—

TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL M. SHARPE.

Samuel M. Sharpe, of the Revere House, being duly sworn, says that on Wednesday, the 11th of December, Thomas Jefferson Sharpe, his brother, was violently and feloniously assaulted and beaten by Edwin Kelly and Francis Glassey Leon, from the following facts:—On the afternoon of said day, about four o'clock, deponent and his said brother were on the sidewalk in front of the Fifth Avenue theatre, on Twenty-fourth street, near Broadway, when he met said Leon and Kelly; that deponent and Leon had some words, when Kelly interfered; that they both struck at deponent, and Leon then ran across the street followed by deponent; that deponent said brother Thomas Jefferson Sharpe was standing near said Kelly, and that said Kelly then and there drew a four-barrelled pistol, which was loaded with powder and ball, and pointed, levelled and aimed the same at said Thomas, and then and there fired and discharged the same deliberately at said Thomas; that the first shot struck said Thomas in the head, and he fell on the sidewalk, with his head and shoulders partly in the gutter, and said Kelly then again deliberately fired two shots at said Thomas while he was lying prostrate, one taking effect in his left breast and the other in his right side; that said Thomas was then and there picked up and carried in the vestibule of the Fifth Avenue theatre, and that he died in a few moments thereafter of the said wounds so inflicted by said Kelly as aforesaid; and that deponent charges the said Kelly, aided by said Leon, so discharged said pistol at deponent's brother Thomas for the purpose of taking his life, and that he was thereby killed, and that they also assaulted deponent.

TESTIMONY OF OFFICER FREESE.

Daniel Freese, a patrolman of the Twenty-fifth police precinct, testified:—That on the 11th day of December, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, he was on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street, when he saw Francis Glassey Leon running through Twenty-fourth street towards Broadway, pursued by Samuel M. Sharpe; that Sharpe said, "arrest that man;" deponent caught Leon and took him and Sharpe to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where there was a great crowd; that he then heard a pistol shot and then saw Thomas Jefferson Sharpe, the brother of said Samuel, fall on the sidewalk, with his head and shoulders in the gutter; that when he was so prostrate he saw Edwin Kelly advance to said Thomas and discharge a pistol deliberately at him, firing two shots, which took effect in the body of said Thomas; that Samuel M. Sharpe then drew a pistol and discharged it at said Kelly, the ball taking effect in said Kelly's head, and that said Thomas was picked up and carried into the vestibule of the theatre, where, in a few minutes, he died. Deponent then took said Samuel to the Twenty-ninth precinct station house, and officer William J. Kennedy took said Kelly and Leon to the said station house. The officer also states that he took said Samuel's pistol from his hand.

STATEMENT OF OFFICER KENNEDY.

William J. Kennedy, an officer of the Twenty-ninth police precinct, being sworn, testified:—That on the 11th of December, while he was on his post on Fourth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, he was informed that a man was shot at the Fifth Avenue theatre; that he ran over there and saw Thomas Jefferson Sharpe lying dead in the vestibule of the theatre, and he was informed he was killed by Edwin Kelly, who had gone down Broadway; that as he was about going down Broadway he was informed that Kelly had gone in the basement of Caswell & Mack's, corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street; that he went into the store room of said place and there found said Kelly and Francis Glassey Leon and that he arrested them and conveyed them to the Twenty-ninth precinct station house; Kelly at the time of his arrest had a wound in his head which had been inflicted by a pistol ball discharged at him by Samuel M. Sharpe, and said Kelly now lies in a dangerous condition at the Twenty-ninth precinct station house, attended by Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, and deponent prays said Sharpe may be held to await the result of said Kelley's wounds, so inflicted by said Sharpe by discharging at him the said pistol as aforesaid.

After taking the foregoing affidavits both Sharpe and Leon were remanded back to the station house by Justice Dodge. In the afternoon Mr. Sharpe again appeared in court, accompanied by officer Freese, for the purpose of offering bail for his future appearance. The following certificate as to the condition of Edwin Kelly was given to his Honor:—

DR. SAYRE'S CERTIFICATE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1867.

I have examined the wound of Mr. Kelly, who was shot yesterday in the left temple. He is doing very well, considering the nature of the accident, and unless some serious and unexpected complication supervenes, I do not think his life will be in danger.

LOUIS A. SAYRE.

Justice Dodge read the certificate, but although expressing a willingness to do what he could for Mr. Sharpe, yet existing circumstances and the critical condition of Mr. Kelly would scarcely allow him to take bail in the case. Mr. Sharpe was thereupon taken back to the station house to await the result of the inquest.

THE FOURTH WARD HOMICIDE.

Inquest by Coroner Gover.

An inquest was held yesterday afternoon at the Fourth ward station house, by Coroner Gover, upon the body of David More, who was killed on the night of Wednesday, December 11, in a shooting affray which occurred about half-past eleven o'clock in front of No. 82 Cherry street. The following testimony was taken:—

TESTIMONY OF DAVID TOWNSEND.

David Townsend, being sworn, says—I board with Mr. Brown in Oliver street; I was with prisoner from four o'clock in the afternoon till twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the day deceased was shot; in the evening we went together to a liquor store, Gillespie's, 82 Cherry street; we had been drinking together all the afternoon; about eleven o'clock we met deceased in Gillespie's; a friend of mine asked him to drink with us; he did so; we only drank once when we went out, but deceased remained behind us; no words of anger passed between prisoner and deceased then; we returned in about half an hour, having parted with our friend in Hamilton street, it being then about half-past eleven; when we went in deceased was sitting on a barrel; I did not ask him to drink, but told him I only had ten cents or I would treat him, whereupon he said, "You drink that yourself and I can get a drink from the boss;" the prisoner said nothing; we then all three went on the street; we got skylarking, when prisoner said, "If you don't stop your fooling I'll shoot you;" he did not appear angry, nor to address particularly deceased or myself; deceased said nothing, but with this prisoner stepped back to the gutter, and into the street, and drew a revolver, which he raised and fired; I don't know whether he meant to shoot me or deceased; after the explosion deceased fell to the ground, and the prisoner ran away; I stood alongside deceased, when a policeman came up and arrested me, but being told by two men who were standing near he let me go and started after the prisoner; I waited until some one came to my assistance, who picked the body of deceased up and brought it up to the station house; I have been a shipmate of prisoner about eighteen months; I did not know he had a pistol until he drew it and fired; I never saw deceased until last night.

TESTIMONY OF BOERSMAN TAYLOR.

John J. Taylor, roundsman of the Fourth precinct, being sworn, stated—About half-past seven o'clock on Wednesday night, while on post in Roosevelt street, near Water, I thought I heard a single rap; I went through James street to the corner of James slip and Water street, and meeting a crowd there heard a man there say "They've got him;" I ran across the slip to where the crowd was and found officers Burfort and Fitzgerald with the prisoner in charge; I inquired what was the matter and they said he had shot a man; I then accompanied them to the station house; when we reached there deceased laid on the floor; was told by the sergeant to search the prisoner; I did so, and found a pistol (small revolver) on his person (pistol shown to the jury); it was in his right side pantaloons pocket; he had also a jackknife in his other pants pocket.

Officer William J. Burfort, of the Fourth precinct, being sworn, testified—I was in Cherry street, near the corner of James, about a quarter or twenty minutes to twelve on Wednesday night, when I heard a shot fired; I was within fifteen paces of where the firing took place; I saw a man drop, and ran for the place, but did not see who had fired; the prisoner was standing in the gutter, near deceased, and the witness, Townsend, was standing over the body; I caught hold of Townsend, and prisoner commenced to edge off towards the middle of the street, and then started to run as hard as he could down the slip; I let go of townsend, and telling some citizens to hold him, pursued deceased, whom I overtook and arrested below South street, just as he was entering a wood yard between the Hunter's Point and Bridge street ferries; he gave utterance to some sound, between a whine and a cry, but I could not distinguish that he said anything; officer Fitzgerald then joined us, and we brought the prisoner into the station house; the body of deceased was then there; I did not observe any marks of violence on the prisoner.

TESTIMONY OF PATRICK BARRY.

Patrick Barry being sworn, testified—I live at Redigan's, corner Roosevelt and Cherry streets; about half-past eleven on Wednesday night last I saw three men in company as I was coming out of Gillespie's liquor store, 82 Cherry street; deceased was one of them; I was moving towards them when I heard a shot; prisoner was facing deceased; I cannot swear positively that prisoner is the man I mean, but I saw one of the men draw something glittering from his pocket and directly it was out the shot was fired, and deceased fell; I did not hear any words pass between them; when the officer came up and arrested Townsend, I told him that was not the man; that he had ran away, and I pointed to where he was; the officer then started in pursuit, and I saw him arrest the other man; the deceased died almost immediately after being shot.

TESTIMONY OF HENRY FAY.

Henry Fay, being sworn, testified—I reside at 70 Oliver street; about half-past eleven on Wednesday night I was standing on the corner of James and Cherry streets; I saw three men come out of Gillespie's, 82 Cherry street; I recognize the prisoner as one of them; they walked a short distance together, seemingly friendly; I heard some one say, "You had better put that up;" I then saw prisoner step back, heard a report and saw deceased fall; prisoner ran away after the officer came up; the officer arrested the wrong man first, but being informed of the fact, followed and pursued prisoner and arrested him.

TESTIMONY OF MICHAEL HIGHLAND.

Michael Highland, of Liverpool, being sworn, testified substantially to the facts narrated by the other witnesses. He was in Gillespie's at the time deceased, prisoner and Townsend were there, and saw the shot fired; the only additional circumstance mentioned by him being that he heard the prisoner laugh after he had fired the shot.

TESTIMONY OF DEMETRIUS CORRA.

Demetrius Corra being sworn, testified—Deceased boarded with me at 89 Cherry street; he came to my house November 27 last; he was in my house last night about eleven o'clock; I told him he had better go to bed; he said he would after he had one glass; he then went out, and in a few minutes after that I heard a shot, and on going out to inquire regarding it I saw deceased on the sidewalk opposite, dead; deceased was a Scotchman, and arrived here in the bark John Cumming, an English vessel.

TESTIMONY OF SURGEON BEACH.

Dr. John Beach, M. D., being sworn, testified—In connection with Dr. C. C. Ferry I made a post mortem examination of the body of deceased; we found a pistol shot wound entering the right thoracic cavity, about an inch and a half from the median line; the ball passed through the upper lobe of the right lung, through the aorta, through the lobe of the left lung, making his escape out of the left thoracic cavity, just above the upper border of the second rib, and was found buried in the muscles of the shoulder. Death resulted from internal hemorrhage.

VERDICT.

The case was then submitted to the jury, who, without retiring, returned a verdict that "David More, deceased, came to his death by a pistol shot wound at the hands of James Griffin, December 11, 1867."

THE PRISONER.

James Griffin, being formally examined, said:—I am twenty-three years of age; was born in Ireland; reside at No. 212 East Forty-second street, and am by occupation a sailor. I don't know anything about the shooting; I know I had the pistol, but have no recollection of drawing it.

HOMICIDES NEAR ALTON, ILL.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE HERALD.

A Man and His Two Children Killed—The Man's Wife Badly Wounded—Assault on One of the Alleged Murderers.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 12, 1867, 6 o'Clock P. M.

Information was received in Alton last night of a horrid murder committed on Monday, ten miles north of that place, on the Chicago Railroad, by which one man and two of his children lost their lives. The family lived at Rinder's Switch, and on Monday two men with blackened faces, or negroes, entered the cabin and demanded money of the man. The latter endeavored to escape, when they shot him. Then they cut him dreadfully with an axe, and robbed the cabin of $100. The wife started for the neighbors to make an alarm, but the fiends assaulted her, and two of the children, trying to save their mother, were also struck with the axe. Subsequently the children died, though the wife is still alive.

An inquest was held on the bodies and a verdict rendered according to the above facts. The name of the family was Pepys. The murdered man had just returned from St. Louis, where he had sold a load of produce, and it is supposed the murderers knew of the money being in his possession.

Efforts to discover the murderers of Pepys and his children have led to further particulars, and to the arrest of two suspected parties in this city. Constable Byrnes, of Madison county, informs us that one of the parties suspected was apprehended this morning and lodged at Third station house. He is a mulatto, named Joseph Marshall. His right eye is completely blinded or punched out. His companion in murder is described as a tall, muscular mulatto. He has not been found yet, and probably did not come to this city. The two negroes were seen around the farmer's premises on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. They visited the house on Saturday evening and requested the privilege of remaining all night; but the farmer had not accommodations for them, and after giving them material to start a fire they left for the purpose of camping out. On Sunday evening they returned and perpetrated the murder.

Mr. Pepys had been sick for twelve days with an attack of dysentery, and was in the act of repairing to the outhouse when the attack was made upon him by one of the negroes, who, with an axe, after felling Pepys to the ground, mashed in his skull. The assassin then entered the house, leaving his victim, as he supposed, dead. The wounded man, however, summoned enough vitality to crawl into the house and died in a few minutes upon the floor.

The wife and two children were soon stricken down by the accomplice within doors, and then the murderers, after securing the small amount of plunder which the farmer's poverty afforded them, fled from the locality.

Pepys was extremely poor, but bore the reputation of an honest, hard-working man, and his horrible death has awakened great excitement in the neighborhood.

The negro Marshall was delivered over to constable Byrnes by the sergeant at the Third station house this morning, and after being handcuffed was taken to the scene of the murder in Madison county, where his examination will be held.

HOMICIDE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A Woman Killed by Her Stepson.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 12, 1867.

Mary Shea, an Irishwoman, 45 years old, was murdered in this city last night by her stepson, John Shea. The murder was wrought by an assault with fists and feet. On the skull of the woman is a gash eleven inches long. Young Shea is about 19 years old, and a notoriously bad character. He is now under arrest.

HOMICIDES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

The Vermont Homicide Case.

[From the Evening Telegram.]

TROY, Dec. 12, 1867.

I learn by a special despatch from Ascutneyville, Vt., that Henry Williams, alias Muller, charged with the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gowing, at that place last spring, has just been indicted by the Grand Jury sitting at Woodstock, Vt., and that his trial will take place, it is expected, next week before the judicial tribunal then to convene in Woodstock, Colonel Pingne, of Hartford, being the Prosecuting Attorney. The case will turn, doubtless, upon the evidence of Ella Gowing, the only surviving daughter of the murdered husband and wife, who, it will be remembered, lay in the trundle bed in the same room with her father and mother, heard the man come in and commit his revolting crime, and who recognized his voice, and said to the neighbors who came in on Tuesday morning, before it was known that the prisoner had been there since the June previous to the murder, "It was our hired man, Henry Wiliams." The prisoner, Williams, is a hardened wretch, in his manners very nonchalent and indifferent, no event or incident of his terrible situation being able to move him, save upon his examination, when the blood stained axe was shown him, his eyes involuntarily dropped, and he would turn from it with horror. He is about thirty years of age, muscular, and of medium height and stature. He has an ugly and vicious look, and has been a soldier in both the American and British armies.

Brutal Homicide of a Wife.

[From the Norfolk (Va.) Journal, Dec. 11].

We have to record this morning the murder, by means of a process rivaling the most diabolical contrivances of the Inquisition, of a young woman and mother by the name of Johanna Moore, by a fiend in human shape named Edward More, whom it was her misfortune to call husband. The brute literally kicked his wife to death, a torture which he inflicted by degrees, and, in the language of one of the witnesses before the jury of inquest, "danced on her body until her breath went out." Cries of the dying woman brought several of the neighbors to the door of the domicil, but they were prevented from entering by the man-monster, who stood in the doorway with a dirk knife in his hand and threatened to "rip open" the first who entered. This bloody affray took place at the residence of Moore, on Sugar Hill that part of Newtown adjoining Gosport. Moore is known to have been habitually addicted to the ill-treating of his wife, and this assault, maddened by an excess of drink, proved to be the "finishing stroke."

When we entered the building where the tragedy occurred it had the appearance, we may say, of a slaughter pen. Blood was bespattered in every direction, and signs of a struggle, as if the deceased had attempted to defend herself were very apparent. The appearance of the corpse was truly ghastly, and evidences of the terrible beating to which the victim was subjected were apparent on every portion of the body. The skull alone was fractured in seven places, and one large hole found in the back of the cranium was said to be the result of a stamp of the boot heel. This man, or monster, Ned Moore, was a laborer in the navy yard in the ordnance department, and knocked off work on the day of the murder at dinner time and went on a frolic. He is said to be a very pleasant man when sober, but when drunk is easily provoked to a perfect frenzy, when he savagely grinds his teeth together and exhibits other symptoms of a ferocious nature. He often carried a dirk knife, and when intoxicated was given a "wide berth" by those who knew him. He has frequently figured in the Mayor's court as principal in domestic eruptions. He is about thirty years of age.

The wife and victim, Mrs. Johanna Moore, was a pleasant looking lady, about twenty-five years of age, and was the mother of one child about six weeks old. She was very much devoted to her husband, notwithstanding his brutality to her, and bore her sufferings with singular fortitude. When he gave her a black eye she would stay in the house and refuse to show herself until the mark disappeared, to screen him from public censure.

Homicide of a Notorious Character in Massachusetts.

[From the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, Dec. 11.]

To those who have read the newspapers of this city for the past four or five years the name of Thomas Leonard, Jr., is no stranger. He has had an unenviable reputation in this city as a rowdy, a thief and a bad character generally, and has been arrested almost times without number. A week ago yesterday he committed an assault upon his mother, and she has since feared to return home, dreading his violence. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and Deputy Sheriff Gibbs, of Clinton, served it a week ago to-day, but while listening to the reading of the warrant Tom dodged between the legs of the officer and escaped, and subsequent attempts to arrest him failed.

Last Saturday night, between six and seven o'clock, the two Leonards, father and son, were seen going towards home, both badly intoxicated, and fighting as they went. Nothing more is fully known of their movements till Sunday morning, when a younger son, about fourteen years of age, appeared at the house of a neighbor, saying that Tom was killed, and asking for help. Several persons went to the house immediately and found a horrible spectacle. The murdered man was lying beside the kitchen stove, which had a hot fire in it, his clothing bearing marks of a severe struggle, his head a mass of dried and clotted blood, while the floor, walls and ceiling were plentifully bespattered with blood. His father was seated on the opposite side of the stove, his head resting on his hands, with his face, hands and clothing besmeared with blood. He had marks of severe blows on his face, and his knuckles were badly bruised, indicating that he had given as well as received blows.

The old man's story is that on their return home Tom laid down on the kitchen chairs while he went up stairs. He subsequently came down and sat in the room with Tom and fell into a doze. About half-past seven he was waked by the sound of something falling, and looking up he saw Tom on the floor, while three men were in the room. He started to go up stairs to call his younger son, when these men knocked him down and kicked him and escaped. Why he did not at once give the alarm does not appear, but he remained there all night and summoned his neighbors soon after daylight yesterday morning.

The old man is apparently about sixty years of age, and with both parties sober would be no match in a contest with his son, but where both were intoxicated and seen fighting within half an hour or an hour of the time of the murder, strong suspicion attaches to him. The appearance of himself and his murdered son, as well as the room where the deed was done, is not satisfactorily explained by his version of the affair, but we may look to the investigation before the coroner for more information before determining the measure of his guilt.

Homicide of a Husband by a Wife.

[From the Belleville (Ill.) Democrat.]

About one year ago a man named Frederick Wagener, living about three miles west of Centreville, in this county, was missing from his home, and nothing was known of his whereabouts until about the 15th of last November, when some excitement was created in the neighborhood where the missing man formerly resided by the revelations of a man named Michael Mallory, who told a neighbor that Wagener was dead, and that he was buried in a certain spot about fifty yards from the house, in a kind of sink hole, formerly used as a stock well, and that he (Mallory) had been employed at one time by Mrs. Clara Wagener, wife of the deceased, to throw some earth upon the body, which had been shallowly buried, and which had begun to smell so badly as to taint the air, and for which service she paid him five dollars.

This information naturally caused some excitement among the neighbors, a number of whom collected together and proceeded to examine the sink-hole, where they found the body of Wagener, as indicated by the man Mallory, who had left the vicinity, as well as the woman, who are reported to have gone to New York. The body of Wagener exhibited evidence of foul play; a rope was found about his neck, as if he had been dragged there by that means. The coroner, David Miley, was sent for, who held an inquest, resulting in a verdict that the deceased came to his death by violence at the hands of his wife, Clara Wagener. The body of the murdered man had been covered by only a few inches of earth, stones and pieces of wood, and his clothing had nearly all rotted off.

Trial of a Supposed Parricide.

J. Joseph Schnepf is now on trial at Portage City, Wis., for the murder of his father in Watertown, in April last. The case is one of circumstantial evidence merely, and is likely to puzzle court and lawyers considerably. The last seen of the missing man was while he and the prisoner were engaged in clearing timber in the woods. On the evening of the day on which the murder is supposed to have been committed the prisoner fired a large brush heap, in the ashes of which fragments of bone were afterwards found, but so thoroughly burned as to leave it a matter of doubt whether they were human bones or not. The father and son were known to have quarrelled in regard to some property which the former had assigned to his wife on the occasion of his enlistment in the army, and sought to recover on his return—the boy taking sides with his mother, who protested against the surrender of the trust.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

[From the Chicago Times, Dec. 10.]

It is apparent from the testimony that the defence contemplate an effort to establish the theory that Schnepf, if murdered, was the victim of one Frank Meyer, his neighbor. To-night we learn by telegraph, and also by parties who arrived from Watertown, that Meyer committed suicide this morning by hanging himself in his barn. It seems that suspicions have existed that he was the murderer, but there were not sufficient developments to warrant his arrest.

A Man Shot by a Policeman.

[From the Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser, Dec. 10.]

A policeman by the name of Van Sickles last evening shot an Irishman, named Riley, who resisted arrest, dead. The latter struck or kicked the former badly, when he drew a revolver and fired upon him. The act created an immense excitement, especially among the Irish population, who called for vengeance. It was thought at Port Jervis, among those best able to judge, that the shooting was justifiable. The attempted arrest was for disorderly conduct. Riley was a brakeman in the employ of the Erie Railway.

Homicide of a Policeman.

A few days since a man named Frank Carson, who supposed that officers were after him for some offence he had committed, met an ex-policeman named Rodepeuch in Julesburg, Ill., and accosted him:—"I presume you are after me?" "Not that I know of," said Rodepeuch, "but if I was I would have you;" whereupon Carson drew two revolvers and emptied them both, wounding him five times. Rodepeuch was able to draw a revolver and fire at Carson, killing him almost instantly. Rodepeuch is severely but not dangerously wounded.

Double Homicide in Kentucky.

A terrible affray occurred in the barroom of Richardson & Jacobs' Hotel, in Irvine, Ky., last week, between Robert Riddle and Pat Lyree. Riddle was instantly killed, having his brains blown out with a rifle, and Lyree is mortally wounded, being shot through the body and also in the abdomen. Jacob J. Troton was shot through the arm accidentally while trying to prevent the affray. His wound is not dangerous. It seems that Riddle and Lyree had quarrelled some days before, and at their first meeting afterwards they immediately commenced shooting.

THE BROOKLYN TRAGEDY.

The Coroner's Investigation—Testimony of the Neighbors of the Deceased—Singular Statement of the Prisoner's Wife.

The inquest in the case of the two women who were found locked in death in each others arms at their residence, No. 307 Atlantic street, under the most mysterious circumstances on Monday last, was begun before Coroner Lynch and a jury of twelve, at the County Court House, Brooklyn, yesterday morning. Much interest was manifested during the examination of witnesses, the Coroner's office being crowded the whole time. The prisoner, George D. Price, accompanied by his father and brother, together with his counsel, Mr. L. S. Chatfield, were present. The accused wore an anxious expression of countenance, and evidently had a keen appreciation of the unpleasant situation in which he is at present placed. Mrs. Price, wife of the prisoner, was also in the Coroner's office during the inquest.

Before taking testimony the counsel requested that witnesses for the defence might not be cross-examined during the inquest, and the Coroner granted his request.

The first witness called was Mr. William Johnson, who deposed as follows:—I reside at No. 307 Atlantic street, where I do business; on the 12th of September my wife told me that a woman and girl had been in the house seeking to engage apartments which we had to let at that time; we made a bargain; she paid me $40 down, and I let her two rooms on the first floor; Mrs. Fall told me she had some furniture at a drug store, No. 8 Whitehall street; she paid me two dollars for taking her furniture to my house from the store; at the drug store Mr. Price assisted me out with the things; Mr. Price came into the house shortly after my return with the furniture and objected to the arrangement of the bedstead, and had it placed in the other room; some three or four weeks ago Mrs. Fall was taken suddenly sick and was very much depressed in spirits; a week last Saturday her little girl came into my store and told me her mother had fallen down stairs; I called one of the females in the house to care for her; Mr. Price, with three other doctors, came in the course of the evening; Mr. Price spoke to me of Mrs. Fall on that occasion and said he considered it to be his duty to look after her, as he owed his life to her, while he was ill she nursed him; last Friday, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I saw the deceased in company with Mr. Price going towards the ferry; on Sunday morning she came into my room for a pail of water, on which occasion I saw her for the last time alive; she seemed to be depressed in spirits, though naturally cheerful; on Sunday evening, between seven and eight o'clock my wife went into the water closet, and when she returned she said, "My friend is in the room," meaning Mr. Price. (The witness here explained that Mrs. Fall always alluded to Mr. Price as "my friend," and so deponent's wife spoke of him.) Jennie came to inquire the time, and my wife told her eight o'clock, and subsequently I heard footsteps in the hallway; at twenty minutes past nine on Monday morning my wife came down stairs and said, "Oh William! Mrs. Fall and Jennie are dead;" I went to the station house and got a policeman to come to the house; I then went over to New York for Mr. Price, who came over with me; the room door was found open; my wife said she found the lamp on the bureau pretty nearly full of oil; the deceased was in the habit of burning a lamp all night; Mr. Oiden, who resides on the upper floor above them, opened the hall door the first in the morning; it was his custom to leave the house early; I have seen Mr. Price frequently come in and out; I could not say how often or at what time of day he was in the habit of calling at the house; I have heard my wife say that he called as often as four times a day; from the time that she fell down stairs she had never been the same in spirits or health; I state about all I know.

By a juror—The officer came with me, and we entered Mr. Price's place; I told him that Mrs. Fall and Jennie were dead; he turned round and said to his clerk, "Mrs. Fall and Jennie are dead;" to which the clerk remarked that it was unfortunate that he did not call in there that morning; Mr. Price said he told Mrs. Fall that he would call in the morning, but she objected, saying she had some business to attend to in the morning, and asking him to come in the evening; he said that he had spent the evening previous with her, and had drank some ale, which made him feel drowsy, and that he laid down on the sofa for a while; Mr. Price said, on the way over, that his wife was a woman of vindictive spirit, and might have sent the man whom he observed the night previous to take the life of Mrs. Fall; the man, he said, wore dark clothes and a slouched hat; I asked if the man he saw there wore light pants, as that dress would answer the description of a person who formerly worked for me and was at my place during the evening; he said no; the man he had seen wore dark pants; Mr. Price did not appear much excited when I told him of the death of Mrs. Fall and Jennie, not so much so as I thought he would be under the circumstances, but all men are not constituted alike.

The next witness sworn was Mrs. Margaret Johnson, wife of the previous witness, who testified as follows:—I live at No. 307 Atlantic street; I never saw Mrs. Fall before she came to live in our house on the 12th day of September; she came with Mr. Price; he inquired the price of the bedroom furniture at the door, and I told him $45; she said she had been hunting two or three days for rooms, but had not found any suitable; I asked her if she had any family, and she said she had a little boy in England, where she had just been over to leave him for a short time; Mr. Price and she then conversed aside, and then she said that if she could get the $15 back which she had paid on other apartments she would take the rooms from me; they both went out then and returned again in the course of half an hour, and requested to be shown the rooms; Mrs. Fall and Mr. Price then went up stairs together and looked at the rooms; Mr. Holden remarked that it looked strange to see him so particular about the bedroom; she said she would rather have rooms on the second floor; she offered me $14 a month for the front rooms on the second floor, as her friend liked them very much better than the top floor; I thought then that Mr. Price was her husband; she came in the morning, and said if I would take $40 for the set of furniture she would take it; she paid my husband for it, not Mr. Price; she paid for the furniture and $5 for a carpet, with the week; Mr. Price kept coming, and I asked Mrs. Fall if he was her husband; she said that he was not, but nearly every person thought he was; she then told me about her family, as has already been stated; she said that she was going to keep boarders; she said Mr. Price boarded with her a long time and paid her $7 a week; she said her daughter Jennie was boarding in Seventh avenue, New York, with somebody by the name of Cassel, and that she would bring her home in a short time; I asked who this Mr. Price was, and she said that he was a very particular friend of hers, whom she had to protect her; her children, she said, were as fond of him as if he were their own father; I hinted to her as to how she got her living; she said that there were several men who wished to marry her, but that if she were to marry she would lose her living, as her income belonged to her children; she complained of the giddiness of her head during the last three weeks; I asked if she took much medicine and she said yes, that she took a good deal of medicine that her friend gave her; at the time she fell down the stairs she asked her daughter to go for Mr. Price; he prescribed for her, and sent the child for medicine; a doctor was sent for and Mrs. Fall wanted me and Mrs. Holden to leave the room; Mrs. Holden, after we went out, said to me, "Did you notice how she set her eyes on that man?" and I replied that I did; that was on Saturday, and on Monday morning Jennie came in for water and said, "You don't go up to see my mother;" I said I did not care to go where strange men were coming in; I said, "Mr. Price pays more attention to your mother than my husband does to me when I am sick;" Jennie told her mother of it and she felt very bad; she subsequently told Mrs. Holden of what I had said, though she never spoke to me of the matter; when I made the remark to Jennie she replied, "My mother thinks Mr. Price a gentleman, and there is no other man like him;" this was a week before she was found dead; she wanted me to taste her medicine, and said the doctor was not coming any more; she said she asked the doctor his charge, and he said he had made eleven visits, but would only charge her $10; the last medicine she took she wanted me to taste; it was in a very small bottle, and was like a drop of water; the bottle would hold a couple of spoonfuls; I did taste it, and never tasted anything like it before; it was neither sweet nor sour; I would know the flavor again were I to taste it; when I tasted it I put my little finger to it and put it to my mouth; on Saturday morning she said she felt so bad and so giddy that she must go out; she dressed up warmly and went out with Jennie; she felt weak in the back; she could not stand up without difficulty; she went away about eight in the morning and about eight o'clock in the evening returned; she said she had been at Mr. Cassel's house all day, that she was very cold and that she would go right to bed, as her head was no better; I urged her to take a cup of tea, but she declined; Jennie said to her, "Sit with Mrs. Johnson for an hour and she will cheer you up;" about an hour after she ran to my room, knocked at my door and asked me to drink some beer; I declined, and she put the beer, which was in a black bottle, into a cupboard; I saw her do it; Mrs. Fall said she would be very angry if I did not drink with her; the next morning she seemed a great deal better than at night; she came in after some water; I did not see Mrs. Fall again that day; at eight o'clock Jennie called to see the time; a man who had worked for my husband called for a letter; there was no letter; at that time I heard Mr. Price's voice; I exclaimed, "Oh, dear! that man is there again;" Mr. Price went down about nine o'clock; I heard him going down with a very gentle step; the sound of his footsteps was so familiar to me that I knew it when I heard him going; I said to myself, "My friend is going;" I looked under Mrs. Fall's door as I went down stairs; I said, "Why, Mrs. Fall has no light to-night;" I had always seen a light in her room at that hour; it was my custom to lock my doors at half-past ten; I locked them both last Sunday night; in the morning I stood at the door and found it open; I said, "O, they have not made the fire yet;" I then went into the bedroom and discovered them dead in bed, with their eyes wide open. (The witness here indulged in a few convulsive sobs, being apparently overcome with the recollection of the shocking spectacle.) I laid my hand on Jennie's head and exclaimed, "O, Jennie is dead!" the next thing I knew I was in the store; how I got there I do not know; I felt worse about the little girl than about the mother; she was a beautiful child, about eleven years of age; Mrs. Fall once said to me, "You must think how much Mr. Price thinks of me when he sent for his father and mother to come and see me," and that his mother had told her she must take pennyroyal tea and catnip tea; it was the next Saturday after Mr. Price's mother was there that Mrs. Fall fell down stairs; Sunday night I didn't hear any noise like cooking when I heard Mr. Price's voice; when I went down stairs I didn't see the light; Mrs. Fall was accustomed to keep it burning; Mr. Price was in the habit of calling every morning; he didn't call on Monday morning; she never left her door unlocked; she would not let it remain unlocked even to come into my room; the door was not locked on Monday morning; there were no soiled or dirty dishes whatever that would indicate that there had been a meal taken there in the evening; when they were found the mother's arms were clasped around Jennie so tight that their bones cracked when they were separated by the Coroner; the bed clothes were all smooth and close around the neck when I found them in the morning; the lower part of the body of the mother was warm; there was a great quantity of clothes on the bed; I never knew Mrs. Fall to leave her door unlocked; to my knowledge she never attended any church; whenever Dr. Price came Jennie was always sent on an errand; a week ago last Thursday she came into my room, and I said, "Jennie, I thought you were going to wash some clothes," and she replied, "Mother's friend is in her room;" he stayed exactly one hour by the clock, I noticed particularly; then her mother came and tapped at the door and said, "Jennie, my child, it is time to do your washing;" Mrs. Fall never did any work; she could not sew, and gave her clothes out to wash; she gave out Mr. Price's clothes to the washerwoman who did my washing; I never saw any man in her room but Mr. Price and Gardner.

It now being one o'clock the jury took a recess for half an hour.

On reassembling Mrs. Price, wife of the accused, was called to the witness stand, when Mr. Chatfield, counsel for the prisoner, arose and said that he objected to the taking of the testimony of Mrs. Price in behalf of law and justice, as a wife could not give testimony against her husband. The Court of Appeals had so decided, and he believed the Coroner was bound to respect the decision.

Daniel Price, father of the accused, was then sworn and deposed—I reside at Lockport, N. Y., where I have lived since 1833; I first saw the deceased about two weeks ago last Thursday, when my wife and myself called on her at her residence in Atlantic street