gether. The aspect of the scene, early as the hour was, became decidedly solitary; and this character was aided even by the few lights, occurring at regular but distant intervals. The road leading towards the Bayswater suburb, so busy and so gay a few hours ago, might almost be described as dreary; the country-like expanse of Hyde park being left behind, and only the blank wall of Kensington gardens lining one side of the way—when a solitary cab was seen to stop here at one of the turnings, the piétons passing regarded it as a relief, and looked with languid curiosity at the descent of the single person it contained.

The following portraits are also truthfully sketched :—

Jim, the potboy, was a little old man, lame, but able-bodied. He had never been anything he could remember but a potboy at the Chequers, and was regarded as one of the fixtures. Taproom Tom, who presently made his appearance, with a dirty towel under his arm, had been for many years in the situation of a servant out of place. He was dressed in a faded livery, consisting of a green cut-away-coat, reaching below the calves of his legs, with yellow facings, knee-breches of no color in particular, and white neckcloth and stockings in a state of chronic dirtiness that had never been known to change either for better or worse. Tom succeeded about once a year in obtaining a place, but kept it only for a few days, when he was discharged for fighting in the kitchen, upon which he drifted back naturally to the Chequers, where he served in the taproom from taste, and was much liked on account of his quietness and civility. It was tacitly understood that he was to get a plate of victuals now and then from the house, and be permitted to drink as often as the guests invited him; so that, upon the whole, Tom did not lose much by the loss of his place.

"Our Honeymoon and Other Comicalities," from Punch—The volume just issued under the above title, by Messrs. Bringer & Townsend, is made up of selections from those racy and humorous caricatures of Cockney life and manners, which have obtained for our London contemporary such a world-wide popularity. The papers composing this experimental reprint—for it is only the first of a series—are chiefly from the pens of the late lamented Thomas Hood, Dickens, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, and Douglas Jerrold. There are few book collectors who will not be glad to secure in this convenient form the treasures of wit scattered so profusely through the columns of *Punch*. The illustrations are by a New York artist—Mr. J. McClenan.

Ministering Children, A Tale Dedicated to Childhood. Riker, Thorne & Co.—The object of this story is to encourage in the breasts of children the exercise of kindly and charitable feelings towards those whose condition in life renders them deserving objects of their pity and sympathy. In order the more effectually to carry out the views of the author, the style and language of the book are necessarily adapted to the comprehension of the youthful mind. The tale, nevertheless, possesses an interest and a moral which will render it instructive and beneficial to older readers.

Putnam's Magazine—The August number of this spirited periodical contains some excellent papers. Since Mr. Putnam restricted his publishing business, and devoted more of his attention to the interest of his magazine, we notice a marked improvement in its contents and general appearance. Judging from the quality of the articles in the last few numbers, we should say that he has subsidized writers of a superior class to those that usually contribute to these publications. Without pretending to fix their authorship on parties who court the anonymous, we may assume that they are from pens long practised in the higher walks of literature, and accustomed to a thorough philosophical analysis of their subjects. The present number is especially remarkable for the evidences of profound and patient investigation and accurate criticism which distinguish those articles that assume the character of essays. It is by his preference for writings of this stamp that Mr. Putnam has already contrived to give such a high reputation to his magazine; and if he only persist in the same judicious and discriminating course, he will leave the enduring impress of his name on the periodical literature of the country.

The article on the Smithsonian Institution, although opposed to our views, is well considered and cleverly written. We have so recently had occasion to give expression to our sentiments as to the manner in which the funds of the institution have been mismanaged, that we shall not again travel over the ground by noticing the arguments of the writer. The story of "Israel Potter" is continued in the present number, and in the fifth and seventh chapters we are introduced to two personages of rather opposite qualities of mind—George the Third and Dr. Franklin. The following scene between Israel and the bigotted but naturally good hearted old monarch, is ludicrously characteristic of the defects of the King's manner:—

Harassed day and night, hunted from food and sleep, driven from hole to hole like a fox in the woods; with no chance to earn an hour's wages, he was at last advised by one whose sincerity he could not doubt, to apply, on the good word of Sir John Millet, for a berth as laborer in the King's Gardens at Kew. There, it was said, he would be entirely safe, as no soldier durst approach those premises to molest any soul therein employed. It struck the poor exile as curious that the very den of the British lion, the private grounds of the British King, should be commended to a refugee as his securest asylum.

His nativity carefully concealed, and being personally introduced to the chief gardener by one who well knew him; armed, too, with a line from Sir John, and recommended by his introducer as uncommonly expert at horticulture, Israel was soon installed as keeper of certain less private plants and walks of the park.

It was here, to one of his near country retreats, that, coming from perplexities of state—leaving far behind him the dingy old bricks of St. James—George the Third was wont to walk up and down beneath the long arbors formed by the interlockings of lofty trees.

More than once, raking the gravel, Israel through intervening foliage would catch peeps in some private but parallel walk of that lonely figure, not more shadowy with overhanging leaves than with the shade of royal meditations.

Unauthorized and abhorrent thoughts will sometimes invade the best human heart. Seeing the monarch unguarded before him; remembering that the war was imputed more to the self-will of the king than to the willingness of Parliament or the nation; and calling to mind all his own sufferings, growing out of that war, with all the calamities of his country, dim impulses, such as those to which the Regicide Ravaillac yielded, would shoot balefully across the soul of the exile. But thrusting Satan behind him, Israel vanquished all such temptations. Nor did these ever more disturb him, after his one chance conversation with the monarch.

As he was one day gravelling a little bye walk, wrapt in thought, the king, turning a clump of bushes, suddenly brushed Israel's person.

Immediately Israel touched his hat—but did not remove it—bowed, and was retiring, when something in his air arrested the king's attention.

"You aint an Englishman—no Englishman—no, no."

Pale as death, Israel tried to answer something; but knowing not what to say, stood frozen to the ground.

"You are a Yankee—a Yankee," said the king again, in his rapid and half-stammering way.

Again Israel assayed to reply, but could not. What could he say? Could he lie to a king?

"Yes, ye—you are one of that stubborn race—that very stubborn race. What brought you here?"

"The fate of war, sir."

"May it please your majesty," said a low, cringing voice, approaching, "this man is in the walk against orders. There is some mistake, may it please your majesty. Quit the walk, blockhead," he hissed at Israel.

It was one of the junior gardeners who thus spoke. It seems that Israel had mistaken his directions that morning.

"Stink, you dog," hissed the gardener again to Israel; then aloud to the king: "A mistake of the man, I assure your majesty."

"Go you away—away with ye, and leave him with me," quoth the king.

Waiting a moment, till the man was out of hearing, the king again turned upon Israel.

"Were you at Bunker Hill?—that bloody Bunker Hill—eh, eh?

"Yes, sir."

"Fought like a devil—like a very devil, I suppose?

"Yes, sir."

"Helped flog—helped flog my soldiers?"

"Yes, sir; but very sorry to do it."

"Eh?—eh?—how's that?"

"I took it to be my sad duty, sir."

"Very much mistaken—very much mistaken indeed. Why do ye sir mo?—eh? I'm your king—your king."

"Sir," said Israel firmly, but with deep respect, "I have no king."

The king darted his eye incensedly for a moment; but without quailing, Israel, now that all was out, still stood with mute respect before him. The king, turning suddenly, walked rapidly away from Israel a moment, but presently returning with a less hasty pace, said:

"You are rumored to be a spy—a spy, or something of that sort—aint you? But I know you are not—no, no. You are a runaway prisoner-of-war, eh? You have sought this place to be safe from pursuit, eh? eh? Is it not so?—eh? eh? eh?"

"Sir, it is."

"Well, ye're an honest rebel—rebel, yes rebel. Hark ye, hark. Say nothing of this talk to any one. And hark again. So long as ye remain here at Kew, I shall see that you are safe—safe."

"God bless your majesty!"

"Eh?"

"God bless your noble majesty!"

"Come—come—come," smiled the king in delight, "I thought I could conquer ye—conquer ye."

"Not the king, but the king's kindness, your majesty."

"Join my army—army."

Sadly looking down, Israel silently shook his head.

"You won't? Well, gravel the walk then—gravel away. Very stubborn race—very stubborn race indeed—very—very."

And still growling, the magnanimous lion departed.

As a pendant to the above, we give the following quaint sketch of the American philosopher. Many will perhaps take exception to it, as exaggerating some of the little foibles of Franklin's mind. The scene, be it remembered, is laid in Paris :—

Wrapped in a rich dressing-gown—a fanciful present from an admiring marchesa—curiously embroidered with algebraic figures like a conjurer's robe, and with a skull-cap of black satin on his sire of a head, the man of gravity was seated at a huge claw footed old table, round as the zodiac. It was covered with printed papers; files of documents; rolls of MSS.; stray bits of strange models in wood and metal; odd looking pamphlets in various languages; and all sorts of books, including many presentation copies, embracing history, mechanics, diplomacy, agriculture, political economy, metaphysics, meteorology and geometry. The walls had a necromantic look; hung round with barometers of different kinds; drawings of surprising inventions; wide maps of far countries in the New World, containing vast empty spaces in the middle, with the word "desert" diffusely printed there, so as to span five-and twenty degrees of longitude with only two syllables, which printed word, however, bore a vigorous pen mark, in the Doctor's hand, drawn straight through it, as if in summary repeal of it; crowded topographical and trigonometrical charts of various parts of Europe; with geometrical diagrams, and endless other surprising hangings and upholstery of science.

The chamber itself bore evident marks of antiquity. One part of the rough finished wall was sadly cracked, and covered with dust, looked dim and dark. But the aged inmate, though wrinkled as well, looked neat and hale. Both wall and sage were compounded of like materials—lime and dust; both, too, were old; but while the rude earth of the wall had no painted lustre to shed off all fadings and tarnish, and still keep fresh without, though with long old its core decayed—the living lime and dust of the sage was frescoed with the defensive bloom of his soul.

The weather was warm; like some old West India logshead on the wharf, the whole chamber buzzed with flies. But the sapient inmate sat still and cool in the midst. Absorbed in some other world of his occupations and thoughts, these insects, like daily cark and care, did not seem one whit to annoy him. It was a goodly sight to see this serene, cool and ripe old philosopher, who by sharp inquisition of man in the street, and then long meditating upon him, surrounded by all these queer old implements, charts and books, had grown at last so wordrous wise. There he sat, quite motionless among those restless flies; and, with a sound like the low noon murmur of foliage in the woods, turning over the leaves of some ancient and tattered folio, with a binding dark and shaggy as the bark of any old oak. It seemed as if supernatural lore must needs pertain to this gravely ruddy personage; at least for foresight, pleasant wit, and working wisdom. Old age seemed in no wise to have dulled him, but to have sharpened; just as old dinner knives—so they be of good steel—wax keen, spear-pointed, and elastic as whale bone with long usage. Yet though he was thus lively and vigorous to behold, spite of his seventy-two years (his exact date at the time) somehow, the incredible seniority of an antediluvian seemed his. Not the years of the calendar wholly, but also the years of sapience. His white hairs and mild brow spoke of the future as well as the past. He seemed to be seven score years old; that is, three score and ten of prescience added to three score and ten of remembrance, makes just seven score years in all.

But when Israel stepped within the chamber, he lost the complete effect of all this; for the sage's back, not his face, was turned to him.

So, intent on his errand, hurried and heated with his recent run, our courier entered the room, inadequately impressed, for the time, by either it or its occupant.

"Bon jour, bon jour, monsieur," said the man of wisdom, in a cheerful voice, but too busy to turn round just then.

"How do you do, Doctor Franklin?" said Israel.

"Ah! I smell Indian corn," said the Doctor, turning round quickly on his chair. "A countryman; sit down, my good sir. Well, what news? Special?"

"Wait a minute, sir," said Israel, stepping across the room towards a chair.

Now there was no carpet on the floor, which was of dark colored wood, set in lozenges, and slippery with wax, after the usual French style. As Israel walked this slippery floor, his unnaccustomed feet slid about very strangely, as if walking on ice, so that he came very near falling.

"Pears to me you have rather high heels to your boots," said the grave man of utility, looking sharply down through his spectacles: "Don't you know that it's both wasting leather and endangering your limbs to wear such high heels? I have thought at my first leasure, to write a little pamphlet against that very abuse. But pray, what are you doing now? Do your boots pinch you, my friend, that you lift one foot from the floor that way?"

At this moment, Israel having seated himself, was just putting his right foot across his left knee.

"How foolish," continued the wise man, "for a rational creature to wear tight boots! Had nature intended rational creatures should so do, she would have made the foot of solid bone, or perhaps of solid iron, instead of bone, muscle, and flesh. But—I see. Hold!"

And springing to his own slippered feet, the venerable sage hurried to the door and shot-to the bolt. Then drawing the curtain carefully across the window, looking out across the court to various windows on the opposite side, bade Israel proceed with his operations.

"I was mistaken this time," added the Doctor, smiling, as Israel produced his documents from their curious recesses; "your high heels, instead of being idle vanities, seem to be full or meaning."

"Pretty full, Doctor," said Israel, now handing over the papers. "I had a narrow escape with them just now."

"How? How's that?" said the sage, fumbling the papers eagerly.

"Why, crossing the stone bridge there over the Seen"—

"Seine"—interrupted the Doctor, giving the French pronunciation. "Always get a word right in the first place, my friend, and you will never get it wrong afterwards."

"Well, I was crossing the bridge there, and who should hail me but a suspicious looking man, who, under pretence of seeking to polish my boots, wanted slyly to unscrew their heels, and so steal all these precious papers I've brought you."

"My good friend," said the man of gravity, glancing scrutinizingly upon his guest, "have you not in your time, undergone what they call hard times? Been set upon, and persecuted, and very illy entreated by some of your fellow creatures?"

"That I have, Doctor; yes, indeed."

"I thought so. Sad usage has made you sadly suspicious, my honest friend. An indiscriminate distrust of human nature is the worst consequence of a miserable condition, whether brought about by innocence or guilt. And though want of suspicion more than want of sense, sometimes leads a man into harm, yet too much suspicion is as bad as too little sense. The man you met, my friend, most probably, had no artful intention; he knew just nothing about you or your heels; he simply wanted to earn two sous by brushing your boots. Those blacking men regularly station themselves on the bridge."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Israel now related to the Doctor all his adventures up to the present time.

"I suppose," said the Doctor, upon Israel's concluding, "that you desire to return to your friends across the sea?"

"That I do, Doctor," said Israel.

"Well, I think, I shall be able to procure you a passage."

Israel's eyes sparkled with delight. The mild sage noticed it, and added: "But events in these times are uncertain. At the prospect of pleasure never be elated; but, without depression, respect the omens of ill. So much my life has taught me, my honest friend."

Israel felt as though a plum-pudding had been thrust under his nostrils, and then as rapidly withdrawn.

"I think it is probable that in two or three days I shall want you to return with some papers to the persons who sent you to me. In that case you will have to come here once more, and then, my good friend, we will see what can be done towards getting you safely home again."

Israel was pouring out torrents of thanks when the Doctor interrupted him:

"Gratitude, my friend, cannot be too much towards God, but towards man it should be limited. No man can possibly so serve his fellow, as to merit unbounded gratitude. Over gratitude is the helped person is apt to breed vanity or arrogance in the helping one. Now, in assisting you to get home—if indeed I shall prove able to do so—I shall be simply doing part of my official duty as agent of our common country. So you owe me just nothing at all, but the sum of these coins I put in your hand just now. But that, instead of repaying to me hereafter, you can, when you get home, give to the first soldier's widow you meet. Don't forget it, for it is a debt, a pecuniary liability, owing to me. It will be about a quarter of a dollar in the Yankee currency—a quarter of a dollar, mind. My honest friend, in pecuniary matters always be exact as a second-hand—never mind with whom it is, father or stranger, peasant or king, be exact to a tick of your honor."

"Well, Doctor," said Israel, "since exactness in these matters is so necessary, let me pay back my debt in the very coins in which it was loaned. There will be no chance of mistake then. Thanks to my Brentford friends, I have enough to spare of my own, to settle damages with the boot-black of the bridge. I only took the money from you because I thought it would not look well to push it back after being so kindly offered."

"My honest friend," said the Doctor, "I like your straightforward dealing. I will recieve back the money."

"No interest, Doctor, I hope," said Israel.

The sage looked mildly over his spectacles upon Israel, and replied: "My good friend, never permit yourself to be jocose upon pecuniary matters. Never joke at funerals, or during business transactions. The affair between us two you perhaps deem very trivial, but trifles may involve momentous priciples. But no more at present. You had better go immediately and find the boot-black. Having settled with him, return hither, and you will find a room ready for you near this, where you will stay during your sojourn in Paris."

"But I thought I would like to have a little look round the town before I go back to England," said Israel.

"Business before pleasure, my friend. You must absolutely remain in your room, just as if you were my prisoner, until you quit Paris for Calais. Not knowing now at what instant I shall want you to start, your keeping to your room is indispensable. But when you come back from Brentford again, then, if nothing happens, you will have a chance to survey this celebrated capital ere taking ship for America. Now go directly and pay the boot-black. Stop! have you the exact change ready? Don't be taking out all your money in the open street."

"Doctor," said Israel, "I am not so simple."

"But you knocked over the box."

"That, Doctor, was bravery."

"Bravery in a poor cause, is the height of simplicity, my friend. Count out your change. It must be French coin, not English, that you are to pay the man with.—Ah, that will do—those three coins will be enough. Put them in a pocket separate from your other cash. Now go, and hasten to the bridge."

"Shall I stop to take a meal anywhere, Doctor, as I return? I saw several cook-shops as I came hither"

"Cafes and restaurants, they are called here, my honest friend. Tell me, are you the possessor of a liberal fortune?"

"Not very liberal," said Israel.

"I thought as much. Where little wine is drunk it is good to dine out occasionally at a friend's; but where a poor man dines out at his own charge, it is bad policy. Never dine out that way when you can dine in. Do not stop on the way at all, my honest friend, but come directly back hither, and you shall dine at home, free of cost, with me."

"Thank you very kindly, Doctor."

And Israel departed for the Pont Neuf. Succeeding in his errand thither, he returned to Doctor Franklin, and found that worthy envoy waiting his attendance at a meal, which, according to the Doctor's custom, had been sent from a neighboring restaurant. There were two covers, and without attendance the host one guest sat down. There was only one principal dish—lamb boiled with green peas; bread and potatoes made up the rest. A decanter-like bottle of uncolored glass, filled with some uncolored beverage, stood at the venerable envoy's elbow.

"Let me fill your glass," said the sage.

"It's white wine, aint it?" said Israel.

"White wine of the very oldest brand; I drink your health in it, my honest friend."

"Why, it's plain water," said Israel, now tasting it.

"Plain water is a very good drink for plain men," replied the wise man.

"Yes," said Israel, "but Squire Woodcock gave me sherry, and the other gentlemen at White Waltham gave me port, and some other friends have given me brandy."

"Very good, my honest friend; if you like sherry and port and brandy, wait till you get back to Squire Woodcock, and the gentleman at White Waltham, and the other friends, and you shall drink sherry and port and brandy. But while you are with me, you will drink plain water."

"So it seems, Doctor."

"What do you suppose a glass of port costs?"

"About three pence English, Doctor."

"That must be poor port. But how much good bread will three pence English purchase?"

"Three two penny rolls, Doctor."

"How many glasses of port do you suppose a man may drink at a meal?"

"The gentleman at White Waltham drank a bottle at a dinner."

"A bottle contains just thirteen glasses—that's thirty-nine pence, supposing it poor wine. If something of the best—which is the only sort any sane man should drink, as being the least poisonous—it would be quadruple that sum, which is one hundred and fifty-six pence, which is seventy-eight two penny loaves. Now, do you not think that for one man to swallow down seventy-two two penny rolls at one meal is rather extravagant business?"

"But he drank a bottle of wine; he did not eat seventy-two two-penny rolls, Doctor."

"He drank the money-worth of seventy-two loaves, which is drinking the loaves themselves; for money is bread."

"But he has plenty of money to spare, Doctor."

"To have to spare is to have to give away. Does the gentleman give much away?"

"Not that I know of, Doctor."

"Then he thinks he has nothing to spare; and thinking he has nothing to spare, and yet prodigally drinking down his money as he does every day, it seems to me that that gentleman stands self-contradicted, and therefore is no good example for plain, sensible folks like you and me to follow. My honest friend, if you are poor, avoid wine as a costly luxury; if you are rich, shun it as a fatal indulgence. Stick to plain water. And now, my good friend, if you are through with your meal, we will rise. There is no pastry coming. Pastry is poisoned bread. Never eat pastry. Be a plain man, and stick to plain things. Now, my friend, I shall have to be private until nine o'clock in the evening, when I shall be again at your service. Meantime you may go to your room. I have ordered the one next to this to be prepared for you. But you must not be idle. Here is Poor Richard's Almanac, which, in view of our late conversation, I commend to your earnest perusal. And here, too, is a Guide to Paris, an English one, which you can read. Study it well, so that when you come back from England, if you should then have an opportunity to travel about Paris, to see its wonders, you will have all the chief places made historically familiar to you. In this world, men must provide knowledge before it is wanted, just as our countrymen in New England get in their winter's fuel one season, to serve them the next."

So saying, this homely sage and household Plato, showed his humble guest to the door, and standing in the hall pointed out to him the one which opened into his allotted apartment.

The style of this story, it will be seen, is a close imitation, without its grossness, of that of the early English novelists, such as Smollet and Fielding. It is an effort so totally differing from the previous works of the reputed author (Herman Melville) that it is impossible to predict the measure of his success in it until we advance further into the tale.

The best articles in the number are those on Confucius and Spiritual Materialism. The character of the great Chinese philosopher is presented to us in a light which places him immeasurably above those Greek and Roman sophists who constructed systems rather for the gratification of their own vanity than for the general advantage and happiness of the human race.

Domestic Miscellany

A farmer in good circumstances, named Jacob Miller, residing near Schodack Landing, committed suicide on Tuesday last by hanging himself from a tree. He leaves a large family, and is thought to have been insane.

Titus Pomeroy, of Westfield, has lost his right eye in a very singular manner. While asleep, at midnight, a cat jumped upon his bed, and putting one of her claws into his eye tore the sight completely out.

New Patents Issued.

List of patents issued from the United States Patent Office, for the week ending August 1, 1854, each bearing that date:—

Elkan Adler, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in machinery for making matches.

William Little, of the Strand, in the county of Middlesex, England, for improvement in lubricating material.

Chas. F. Banerafield, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for improved bits for carving machines.

Collins B. Baker, of Troy, N. Y., for improvement in brick presses.

Richard C. Bristol, of China, Mich., for improvement in steam boiler tubes.

Geo. W. Cherry, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in stone saws.

Ephraim Cushman and John R. Cushman, of Amherst, Mass., for improvement in drying thick paper.

Wm. Cayce, of Franklin, Tenn., for improvement in door locks.

Jeremiah Carhart, of New York, N. Y., for improved machinery for uniting plates of metal of unequal thickness.

John Carton and Joseph Briggs, of Utica, N. Y., for improvement in hot air furnace.

Ari Davis, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in magnetic electric machines.

Henry C. Deputy, of Michigan City, Ind., for improvements in draughting and modelling vessels.

Jean P. Efferenn, of Springfield, Ill., for improved machine for sawing firewood.

Phineas Emmons, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in machine for moulding crackers.

Joshua Ells, of Pittsburg, Pa., for improvements in (revolving breech) fire arms.

John E. Earle, of Leicester, Mass., for improvement in compasses and callipers.

W. R. Glover, of Glasgow, Ky., for improved pens.

Isaac Gregg, of Pittsburg, Pa., for improvement in brick presses.

B. F. Gold, of New Haven, Conn., for improvements in bathing buildings.

Abram J. Gibson of Clinton, Mass., for improvement in modes of attaching thills and poles to vehicles.

Abram J. Gibson, of Clinton, Mass., for improved mode of attaching whiffle-trees to vehicles.

Joseph Hyde, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in washboards.

John M. Hathaway, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in shot pouches.

David A. Hopkins, of Elmira, N. Y., for improvement in railroad car couplings.

William F. Ketchum, of Buffalo, N. Y., for improvement in submerged paddle wheels.

Wm. Henry Morrison and M. W. E. Doran, of Indianapolis, Ind., for improved mortising machine.

Willis Mansfield, of New Haven, Conn., for improvement in houses for switch fenders.

William Watson, of New York, N. Y., for improvements in stone and marble saws.

Benjamin F. Bee, of Harwich, Mass., for improvements in feed water apparatus to steam boilers.

George W. Coats and James Russell, of Springfield, Mass., for improvements in machines for stitching card teeth.

Halvor Halvorson, of Boston, Mass., assignor to himself and Horace Barnes, of Boston aforesaid, for improvement in mechanism for measuring cloth on looms

Samuel T. Thomas, of Lawrence, Mass., and Eliza Ann Everett, administratrix of Edward Everett, deceased, late of Lawrence aforesaid, for improvement in warping and dressing varus.

Charles Monnier and William M. Booth, of Buffalo, N. Y., for improvement in fastening lanterns.

William S. McLean, of Pittsburg, Pa., for improvement in car wheels, with independent flange and tread.

William M. Palmer, of Palmyra, Me., for thrashing machine.

Bradford S. Pierce and Charles M. Pierce, of New Bedford, Mass., for improvement in moulds for cement or earthen tubes.

Alexander H. Petsch, of Charleston, S. C., for improved dumping car.

Sanford Stone, of Kirkersville, Ohio, for self-loading and dumping cart.

Simeon Shearman, of Goshen, Ind., for method of cleaning and feeding in grain to the mill stones.

John Stull, of Philadelphia, Pa., for improvements in saw mills. The improvements consist in running the leg under the saw, and cutting down with the grain of the wood. The saw is hung in a swinging frame, which, as the log advances, will raise or lower to suit any crook in the log, and thus the saw will cut its full depth in a crooked log as well as straight, a desideratum so useful in circular mills.

Louis Schwingronber, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in shoe horns.

George Souther, of South Boston, Mass., for improved tires for carriage wheels.

Eli Whitney, of Whitneyville, Conn., for improvement in fire arms.

Horace Woodman, of Biddeford, Me., for improvement in cleaning top cards of carding machines.

Simeon Willard, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for improvement in bedsteads.

Albin Warth, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in fire engines.

Wm. B. Walker, of Bennington, N. H., for improvement in the manufacture of brooms.

Wm. Anderson, of Jacksonville, N. Y., for improvement in harrow.

Thomas Dougherty, of Erie, Pa., for improvement in lasting instruments.

Chas. K. Farr, of Auburn, Mass., for improvement in cultivator.

Robt. Grant, of New York, N. Y., for improved hydraulic press.

John S. Hall, of Manchester, Pa., for improvement in ploughs.

Abraham Jackson, of New York, N. Y., for improvement in horse power hoisting machinery.

Horatio N. Black, of Philadelphia, Pa., for improvement in machine for cleaning and drying grain.

Martin H. Mansfield, of Ashland, O., for improvement in screens for hulling clover seed and cleaning grain.

Daniel W. Shares, of Hamden, Conn., for improvement in cultivator.

James W. Sikes, of Plymouth, N. C., for improvement in the cap or withe for the mate of vessels.

John W. Whittal and William W. Pendleton, of Greenwich, Conn., for improvement in felt hats.

Dustin F. Mellen, of Wentworth, N. H., assignor to D. F. Mellen aforesaid, John F. Augustus, of Somerville, Mass., and Samuel A. Eaton, of Boston, Mass., for improvement in machine for planing metals.

William Bullock, of Red Falls, N. Y., assignor to Barton G. Morse, of the same place, for improvement in seed planters.

RE-ISSUE.

Samuel L. Crocker, of Taunton, Mass., for cut nail from muntz's metal; original patent dated April 17, 1849.

ADDITIONAL IMPROVEMENT.

Thomas Mardock and William C. Keller, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for improvement in harness saddle trees; additional to original letters patent No. 9,328, dated October 12, 1853.

Large Fire.—The Granite Mill, at Graniteville, Burrillville, was entirely destroyed by fire between 11 and 12 o'clock on the night of the 3d inst. The mill was of stone, and nothing was left but a part of the walls. The mill belonged to Stephen L. and Syra Sherman, and was occupied by J. T. Seagrave & Co., for the manufacture of fancy cassimeres. It contained ten full sets of machinery, and was a model mill, in all respects one of the best in New England, and one of the most carefully guarded against fire. The goods have stood in the very first rank in the market, and had acquired a reputation which made them very profitable. The origin of the fire is not known. The loss on the mill and machinery is about $90,000; on stock and goods about $35,000. The insurance on the mill and machinery is about $70,000, including some buildings belonging to the establishment, not destroyed; on stock and goods $21,000. The following offices had risks on the whole, and probably lose about 80 per cent of the amount insured:—American, $14,000; Washington, $10,000; Atlantic, $9,000; Roger Williams, $10,000, Commercial Mutual, $10,000; Merchants', $11,500; Ætna, $5,000; Hartford, $5,000; Springfield Fire and Marine, $4,000; Home, New York, $10,000. From seventy-five to a hundred persons are thrown out of employment by this disaster.—*Providence Journal, Aug 6.*

Lost Girl.—The Albion *American* has the following: On Saturday last, Mr. Marvin Snyder, who resides at the eastern end of Caroline street, in this village, discovered a girl wandering very strangely about in the woods back of his house. On Sunday she was still there, walking almost constantly, stopping only now and then to pick a few berries. On Monday she was yet there. During the day she was observed more closely, and at night was followed by Mr. Marvin and Mr. Hurd for about two hours, when, loding all traces of her they returned home Tuesday morning she was in the woods again, and Mr. Marvin immediately approached her. She gave her name as Hannah Maria Hardy, and says that her parents reside in Webster, Monroe county, and that about two weeks ago she went out blackberrying, and getting bewildered was unable to find her way home, and that she has been wandering about ever since. She is about 18 years of age, an intelligent, good looking girl. She is very reserved, and at times appears somewhat deranged. The girl is at the house of Mr. Snyder, where she will be kept taken care of until word is received from her freinds.

Murder.—We are informed that a Mr. Hopson, proprietor of the inn at Bainbridge, Christian county, was shot and instantly killed one day last week. Our information is, that several gentlemen went to the inn and commenced carousing around, when Mr. H. ordered them off. Among them was a Mr. Cornelius, who became very much offended at Mr. H., and suspicion rests upon him as the murderer. The report of a gun was heard, and Mr. H. was found in the porch immediately after, shot through the heart. We have not learned that any arrest has been made.—*Elkton (Ky.) Whig.*

The Steamer Hansa Ashore.

The steamer Hansa, from Bremen, was reported as being in the eastern offing at 5 P. M., by the Merchants' Exchange telegraph, and at 7:30 she went ashore on the outer middle ground. She would probably be got off at high water. The steam tug Wave has gone to her assistance.

City Intelligence.

The Vermont Marble for the New City Hall.—A specimen of the marble with which it is proposed to build the new building in the Park, from the Vermont quarry, was placed on exhibition yesterday, in front of the City Hall. This specimen is a block about five feet long, and twelve inches square. This marble is nearly black, with white veins running through it, crossing it in every direction. It has an appearance similar to the colored marble generally used for marble mantels, table tops and parlor ornaments. It is said to be very sound, and can be furnished as cheap as the ordinary white marble. A building of this material would be something very odd, and no doubt very pleasing to the eye. The specimen on exhibition attracted much attention yesterday.

Fire at the Astor House.—Shortly after 7 o'clock last evening an alarm of fire was given in the Eighth district, proceeding from a fire taking place in the window of the gentlemen's furnishing store kept by George T Green, No. 1 Astor House, corner of Vesey street. The alarm soon brought the firemen to the spot, but the flames were all extinguished with a few pails of water by the inmates of the store, without the aid of them. It seems the fire originated from some of the articles in the store window on Vesey street accidentally taking fire from the gas burner. There were four gas burners lighted in that window. The damage done to the goods in the window Mr. Green estimates at about $500, and the plate glass, which was broken by the heat, at about $200 more. There is an insurance on the stock to the amount of $9,500, of which amount there is $1,000 in the Hudson River Insurance Company, $2,500 in the Hamilton Insurance Company, $1,000 in the Mohawk Valley, and $5,000 in the Ætna, N. Y.

Fire.—Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, a fire broke out in the buildings No. 68 and 70 Pine street occupied by Messrs. Ripley & Cameron, wool brokers The fire originated in the fourth story, and the immediate alarm of the Hall bell brought the firemen quickly to the spot. The flames, however, were not quenched till they communicated through with the third story, where the fire was extinguished. The damage by both fire and water is estimated at $8,000, fully covered by insurance in this city and Boston.

A Policeman Robbed.—Yesterday afternoon, a disturbance occurred in the Peter Funk shop on the corner of Cedar street and Broadway, and, during the affray, officer Woolley, of the reserved corps arrested one of the parties and carried him to the Tombs, where Peter Larkin made a complaint of assault and battery against Samuel Ramsey, one of the ornaments of the watch establishment. After the affray was over, and Ramsey locked up in default of $500 bail, officer Woolley found that in the melée he had been relieved of watch, chain, and seals, worth about $60. The officer could not imagine how his watch was lost, but supposes his pockets were picked, or it accidentally fell from his watch fob.

Splendid Music at St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-Eighth Street.—The lovers of the magnificent music of the Catholic church should avail themselves of the present opportunity of going to the above church and listen to the thundering of the superb organ lately erected there, by Mr. Erben, together with a large and efficient choir of German and Italian artistes, unsurpassed by any in the city. Mr. W. A. King is now performing there every Sunday morning and evening, and will continue to do so for the next few weeks. It is a musical feast of the highest kind. Mesdames Sconcia, Duckworth, &c., &c., &c., Messrs. Coletti, Liverati, Zeller, Schmetterer, together with many others, compose the choir The music is of the Italian school, purchased by the Rev. Dr. Cummings during his late tour in Italy.

An Arrant Imposter.—A most daring imposter, calling himself the Russian Count Nesselrode, says the Savannah *Courier*, has been swindling the good people of Louisiana in a most astounding manner. He pretended that he had letters from Gen. Pierce to Gov. Hebert. Recommended by these he introduced himself on the best plantations, even to the Governor's house. He was finally found out, but not till after he had played his games quite extensively upon all his hosts, and especially upon the livery stable keepers. It would appear that he had been equally successful with his villany all along the Mississippi as far as St. Louis. The latest letter received from him was written from this city. It is directed to Mr. Fortier, at whose extensive plantation in Louisiana, the imposter had been entertained, and where he had left a stolen carriage and horses, which led to his detection. It is as follows:

Savannah, July 15, 1854.

Mr. D. Fortier—Dear Sir:—I met in Biloxi with Baron Schenck, of Germany, an old acquaintance, who prevailed on me to go with him to this place, where he is to be married. This will prevent my being at your plantation in time. Please give my boy $5 and send him back to Baton Rouge. I shall be there next week.

Yours, Nesselrode.

What lady in Savannah has thus become allied to German royalty, under the auspices of the Russian Count, remains to be seen. The following is the personal descript on of the groomsman:—He is rather tall, stout and well built; real German in appearance; ruddy complexion; rather light hair; wears spectacles; has a peculiar expression about the eyes, seeming to look out from the corners of them; is not in the habit of looking direct any one while speaking; speaks the German and English fluently; had on when he first arrived here, a fine black cloth suit, also a white fur hat, and a small walking cane. He afterwards dressed in light summer clothes—wore colored gaiters, and sometimes a low-crowned hat; quite gentlemanly in deportment, and aged, as he said, 23 years, although looking somewhat older. Had a gold watch, and a gold fob chain.

The Highest Price Yet.—One Hundred and Twenty Six Dollars a Hundred for Tobacco.—We to-day report the sale of a crop of tobacco which settles, beyond a doubt, the question between this city and Richmond and Petersburg, as to which is the best tobacco market, a question indeed which has long since been determined. The tobacco sold was the crop of Captain Lafayette W. Clement, of Pittsylvania county, consisting of three hogsheads, and went as follows:—No. 1 $126, No. 2 $23 50 and No. 3 $18—averaging fifty-five dollars the crop round. It was bought by Mr. William T. Booker and sold by Mr. George Steptoe, who, as the report of the sale in another column says, "is hard to beat." It is no longer a matter of doubt that Lynchburg is the best tobacco market, has the most liberal and skillful manufacturers, receives the finest tobacco, and has the best agents to sell it, in the Union.—*Lynchburg Virginian, July 28.*

MARITIME INTELLIGENCE.

Movements of Ocean Steamers.

NAMES.	LEAVES	FOR	DATE.
Arabia	Liverpool	New York	July 29
City of Philadelphia	Liverpool	Philadelphia	Aug 2
Union	Havre	New York	Aug 2
America	Liverpool	Boston	Aug 5
Africa	New York	Liverpool	Aug 9
Baltic	Liverpool	New York	Aug 9
Indiana	New York	Southampton	Aug 9
Europa	Liverpool	New York	Aug 12
Alps	New York	Liverpool	Aug 12
Hermann	New York	Bremen	Aug 12
Crescent City	New York	Havana & N. O.	Aug 12
Washington	Southampton	New York	Aug 16

☞ All packages and letters intended for the New York Herald should be sealed.

ALMANAC FOR NEW YORK—THIS DAY.

SUN RISES	5 17	MOON SETS	2 19
SUN SETS	7 10	HIGH WATER	6 08

Port of New York, August 5, 1854.

CLEARED.

Steamship North Star, Warnock, Aspinwall, J M Cross.
Steamship George Law, Fox, Aspinwall, M O Roberts.
Steamship Augusta, Lyon, Savannah, S L Mitchill.
Steamship Nashville, Berry, Charleston, Spofford, Tileston & Co.
Steamship Jamestown, Cavendy, Norfolk, Ludlam & Pleasants.
Ship Cultivator, Austin, Liverpool, J O Ward.
Ship Western Empire, Sampson, Liverpool, Nesmith & Son.
Ship Franklin King, Borland, St John, NB, J O Baker & Co.
Bark Clara Windsor, Butler, Bordeaux, H Beck & Graves.
Bark Schlossen (Old), Schwartz, Bremen, H