

Fire at New Haven on our outside.

WEEKLY HERALD.—At 9 o'clock precisely, this morning, will be published our weekly paper. It will be decidedly one of the most valuable and interesting papers which we have published for some time.

We shall also publish in this Weekly a very beautiful cut of that extraordinary animal the Giraffe, together with the mode of catching the animals in the interior of Southern Africa, as practised successfully by Mr. Clayton.

This plate will be alone worth the price asked for the paper. In explanation of the plate, we shall publish a long and exceedingly valuable and interesting account of the natural history of the Giraffe.

The weekly will also contain the graphic and admirable account by Mr. Bennett of his interview with his mother and sisters, after an absence of upwards of twenty years; together with his recollections and reminiscences of the scenes of his childhood; his future plans for the improvement of the Herald, &c. &c.

It will also contain all the valuable financial and commercial correspondence received by us from Mr. B. and our other European correspondents during the week. The whole forming one of the most interesting sheets to be sent to Europe or any part of the United States, that will be published in this city today.

EVENING HERALD.—This afternoon, our afternoon paper will contain all that is published in our morning paper, the whole of the shipping list for the entire week, with a digest of the markets for the same period—together with all the latest news received by all the mails up to 3 o'clock.

Mr. Bennett's Letters. We give today the conclusion of Mr. Bennett's interesting letter relative to his visit to Edinburgh, his interview with Jeffrey, Christopher North, &c. On Monday we shall recommence the publication of Mr. B.'s interesting journal, containing some curious memoirs and remarks on matters and things in general on the other side of the water.

In the afternoon I again visited the Calton Hill. From Nelson's Monument the view of Edinburgh is most splendid. There is also on this hill a statue of Burns, executed by Chantry, enclosed in a beautiful Grecian temple. On entering, the person who attended demanded a sixpence for the sight.

"A sixpence!" said I, "to see a statue of Burns. It is a disgrace to show the lineaments of one of the most original spirits that Scotland ever produced for a sixpence."

"See it is, but we canna help it—we canna get mair."

"There's a shilling," said I, "but understand me—it is a disgrace to charge only a sixpence—but it is a greater, deeper, blacker disgrace for the country that is illumined with his genius, to charge any money at all for such a sight. The statue of Burns ought to be as free as his mountain air."

"Oh! aye! see it may be, but what can we do? Oh! aye! there's your change—I winna tak' but a sixpence free you."

"Keep the shilling," said I, "a shilling is nothing to me—I could give a sovereign with almost equal ease to the honor of Burns. But this I will say—here is a splendid statue of the son of genius, executed by the greatest artist of his age, exhibited by his country for a sixpence a sight, while that very country permitted him to die, poor, penniless and broken hearted. I'll take care never to permit Scotland to treat me so."

"Oh! aye! aye! oh!" said the poor attendant, not exactly understanding what I meant or who I was.

"I was born in this country—but I am not of this country. I have been born a second time, and so saved my soul."

The poor fellow, as he pocketed the shilling, looked more and more foolish, feeling probably for the character of his country.

"Burns," said I, "was the most original genius that ever appeared in this land. Even Walter Scott was only a writer of all work to him. Burns, in his simple, impassioned minstrelsy, was in advance of the age—Scott was behind it. Burns rushed forward among the lights of a new civilization—Scott lingered among the gloomy, Gothic cloisters of the past. In one line of Burns there is more intensity of soul—more sublimity of thought—more brilliancy of wit, than in whole pages, aggregate volumes of Walter Scott. Burns was the master spirit leading to the future—Scott the brilliant fancy, dreaming over the past. Burns was a Shakespeare in action—Scott was only in contemplation."

But enough—enough—more than enough of this.—It was by an early relish for the burning wit—their impassioned poetry—the brief brilliant thought of Burns that the Herald is indebted for its raceiness, humor, wit, and real independence. I never could read the poetry of Scott without languor and fatigue—a single song of Burns would fill my heart with tumult and rapture. But I must and will stop.

I left the astonished "bodie," and went directly across to see an exhibition of statuary, which is on another brow of the Calton Hill. This was a collection of very remarkable statuary, sculptured in granite with extraordinary spirit by Forrest, a self-taught artist of Edinburgh. I have never been more astonished with any thing than with these. Many of the groups are equestrian, something larger than life, and some of them represent scenes and incidents in Burns and Byron, whom I consider the only two poetic spirits of the present or last centuries. Here I saw the original of Thomson's "Tammy Shanter," for a long time exhibited in the United States.

But enough again on this branch of the subject.—I have taken full notes for future use and reference. It was now wearing towards the "gleamin'." The evening sun was shining sweetly on Salisbury Craigs. They looked so tempting, with the pathway winding round the brow of the hill, that I could not resist the seductions of nature. On the spur of the moment, off I posted. I passed Holyrood House—threaded a narrow lane—crossed a little brook, and ascended the winding path. How tired I soon got!—I sat down on a stone in the face of the high rock.—Lazath me lay the city, with the evening sun glittering over turret, spire, and steeple. There lay the

vale of St. Leonards, and there the gardens of the old palace. The noise of the city came up to me like the hum of a beehive. I could hear the lowing of the cows—the cackling of the hens—the howling of the boys—the rumbling of carts—the rattling of carriages—and the talk of the very people in the streets. How singular a large city sounds from the top of a high hill, just near enough for the busy hum of civilization to be heard!

I returned to the Hotel, and had one of the sweetest and soundest sleeps ever man had.

Next day was Sunday, and the greater part of the day I spent alone and solitary, in wandering round and round the soft, green, grassy bosom of Salisbury Hills, particularly the hill, the summit of which is called "Arthur's Seat." I spent a most delightful and holy day, in company with the "great departed." I first reached St. Anthony's Chapel—a small spring of pure water which bubbles out of a rock, near the foot of the hill. It was surrounded with a number of little boys and girls. As soon as I approached, one of the boys met me with a cup of water.

We'll ye tak' a cup o' water o' St. Anthony's Spring!"

"No," said I, "my little fellow."

A little yellow haired girl then came with a small china tea cup, holding it out, smiling:

"Winna ye tak' a drink o' water?"

"Yes, my love," said I. I took it—drank it off and gave her a penny. She dropped me a curtsy and thanked me.

How sweet are little children, running about wild on the grass! how dull and flat seemed the people that exhibited Holy Rood House!

"Come, my little fellow," said I to the boy whose cup I had refused, "show me the way to the Chapel." Away he ran up the green hill. He was barefoot.

"What's your name?" asked I.

"Robbie Monroe."

"Where do you live?"

"Wi' my mither in the Canongate."

"What is your father?"

"He's dead, sir."

I gave him a sixpence. As I wandered up the grass I recognized the "gowan"—the modest, unpretending "gowan." It was the first one I had seen in nearly twenty-five years. When a boy at school I used to play on the gowans, roll on the gowans, sleep sometimes on the gowans. I plucked one of them—looked at it for a moment—the whole force of early feelings came full on my heart—I turned round for a moment, for fear any of the children should see human weakness, and recovered my composure by clambering over some rocks, got among the ruins of the Chapel, so beautifully described in one of Scott's novels. Here a number of children were also amusing themselves.

"Jamie," said a pretty little girl to a boy, her brother—"Jamie, I want to row down the hill!"—and so away she went, lay down at full length, and rolled down before me. In her movement downwards, her drapery became deranged, and she lay at the bottom at full length, exposing a little too much of her beautiful white limbs.

"Oh! Annie, Annie," cried her little brother, "ye're stawing o'er muckle o' your leg."

"Am I," said she, starting on her legs and shaking herself—"weel, I munna do that."

I returned to Waterloo Hotel, dined on bad soup and capital chicken, and next morning was on my way, at the rate of ten miles an hour, to Aberdeen, and the scenes of my early childhood.

B. FORGERY.—One George Foster, a merchant, late of the firm of Rogers & Co., who being decidedly in favor of "the credit system" of doing business, called in at Mr. Chamberlin's store, Maiden lane, and requested the favor of a loan of his note for \$493, offering as security a bill purporting to be drawn by Rogers & Co. on Thos. M. Pomroy, of Boston, for \$1060. This proposition not being acceptable by Mr. Chamberlin, the offerer proposed to obtain the endorsement upon it of A. K. Foster and Otis Loomer, which was agreed to, and in a day or two afterwards the note was delivered, endorsed with the above names. It was soon discovered that the whole transaction was a forgery on the part of Foster, and measures were taken to have him arrested.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—INTREPID CONDUCT OF A LAD.—On Thursday afternoon, as a number of boys were swimming in the dock at the foot of Jay street, one of them named George M. Howard, aged 11, was observed by his companions to disappear suddenly from the surface. Instantly a boy named Alfred Ald, who was bathing near him, dived down and succeeded in bringing him up before life was extinct. The intrepid exertions of this heroic youth were however unavailing, as the unfortunate lad expired before he could be brought to the shore. An inquest was held upon the body at the house of the father of the deceased, corner of Washington and Duane streets, and a verdict of accidental death rendered.

Nineteen persons drowned in one boat at Little Falls, New Brunswick. Nineteen persons have no business in one boat. What could they expect?

Hosken, of the Western, is said to be more civil.

Hosken, of the Courier, is said to be more sober.

A morning paper talks about "General Felix Houston!" There is no person living of that name.

The Newburyport Herald will be struck off our list if it does not behave more honestly than heretofore.

The Son Serpent has passed up the Falls of Niagara.

Atlas once hoisted the world on his shoulders. Somebody is about to hoist Atlas on his shoulders to-morrow.

Talk little!

Eat less!

Mr. Rasoo killed his wife at Newstead, N. Y. by driving her in a carriage. He broke her neck three weeks after marriage.

A boy at Woodstock, Vermont, 9 years of age, weighs 139 pounds. Does his mother know he's out?

Hail, rain, thunder and lightning, have been running all over the country, like wildfire.

We are told that Placide was not at John Clarke's funeral. We cannot believe it, if he was in the city. We should like to be informed fully on this head.

Marble had a good benefit.

Bathe often!

Remember the Bedouins at the Park tonight! Nothing like them except the Giraffes.

Keep cool!

Keep sober!

Private Correspondence.

Doings at Saratoga.

DEAR MR. HERALD.—The hot weather having compelled me to fly from the city for a few days, I propose giving you some information for the benefit, may be, of some of your numerous readers—the ladies, in particular—of what is daily being perpetrated at Saratoga, and en route. As Saratoga is the place, and the United States the hotel, where fashion "most do congregate," some sketches of this spot may be interesting, as showing some of the follies that "flesh is heir to." That reminds me that here are at least six or eight new married people; and why it is that a place of this kind is selected to pass the honeymoon in, I cannot conceive. One would suppose that a modest and delicate young creature would naturally seek retirement as the most proper place to consummate the holy vows, instead of the open, and in some cases shameless publicity that is often exhibited by the conduct of certain exquisites at this fashionable watering place. Mr. H., who is here with his young bride, I understand, does not find matrimony what it has been cracked up to be, and although "Maw-worm" was decidedly in favor of spencers, he is of opinion that some of them may last too long. A bride from the monumental city attracts universal attention here from her close personal resemblance to "Celeste." These resemblances cease, as she is decidedly of opinion that finizers were made before sugar tongs, forks, spoons, &c., and the way this pink of high fashion throws what she does not fancy from her own plate into the bread plate, or any other thing that happens to be near, is a caution; six hard boiled eggs, mixed in a large goblet, is a favorite repast of hers, having been recommended to her, I understand, by her grandmother. Her husband, a poor soul, and not to word, she having seized the unmentionables the second morning after the fatal knot was tied, having lulled him by singing the favorite air of "The Campbells are coming."

Miss M. of Baltimore, and Miss J. of New York, are decided supporters of "Nick Biddle," except that Nick gets behind his cotton bal s—whereas, the ladies in question, not being well versed in financial affairs, have placed the cotton bales behind themselves, and it had not been decided when I left, which carried most "weight." Heavy bets were pending on the result. I am inclined to the south, she evidently having been longest in training.

The way a certain Wall street broker laid himself out at the head of the table, was far beyond what he does in Broadway in his curri-ic, which is great praise. A friend at my elbow, however, observed that it would be his credit to stay away unless he could pay more than 25 cents on the dollar, money lent.—The little red-tail "Swiss Boy" has retired for a time, perhaps forever, as his concerts were deserted after Caradori Allan gave hers. Some ill-natured people did say they were a great bore to some; but as he had a good opinion of himself, and kept his seat at the piano more than three quarters of the time, without considering that others might wish to hear some one else, a committee was appointed to instruct the man of time, that he left by the next cars, and has not since been heard from. Barring these little annoyances, the United States is a splendid hotel, as the excitement and the excitement, Congress Hall is also full, and will keep, but is not the leader this year as yet. Here are also some fies of fashion that ought not to go unwhipped of justice. The most offensive and affected of this brood is a Mr. H., a travelled gentleman. He is one that nothing can improve, as he is (to himself) so decidedly beautiful, "pon honor, that on board the steamboat where I first met him, up to the springs, the sensation created was immense, by his cap with tassels three feet long, bought in Paris, and a cane that was a yard-arm of "L'Hercule," given him by the Prince de Joinville.

"Oh, such elegance of manner! you will be the death of me!" said Miss P. The captain of the boat was obliged at last to confine him to a state room, the excitement and the excitement, the ladies to know who he was; and the only way to quiet them even then, was to give each of them a lock of hair. Union Hall is also very full, and is a well kept, orderly house, not quite so fashionable perhaps as the other, but to many far preferable to either. The Pavilion must get a fresh supply of good teas from New York or elsewhere, before he has any more newspaper puff inserted in this quarter, or he will have more room to spare than he has already. The other houses are better filled than usual, and altogether Saratoga has not been so full for several years. I would advise all those who can, to go by the Troy rail road, as much more pleasant, and they are not in the habit, as the Albany road people are, of stowing way passengers into the regular cars, as was done on Monday. When about two miles from Albany, the superintendent picked up from a hovel by the roadside, a woman and several children, whom she commenced kicking and cussing, which raised such a commotion, and they having just dined, I think, from an onion patch, what with the noise and the effluvia, was everything but agreeable. Look to it, Mr. Superintendent—or on my next visit you shall be shown up about some other matters. Yours, PAUL PRY.

***** Saratoga Co., July 28th, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—It was on a Monday evening, the 11th, when the last golden hues of the evening sky were floating over the western edge of the sky a few light clouds, here and there, and the sun was low in the west—the summer wave came fondly along and crept up the public shore in soft murmurs, and the beautiful maples, locusts, and mountain ash trees that shade the many avenues of this "Garden of Eden," were then quivering in the last beam of the day. It was at that time I last wrote you, and promising in a "P. S." to give you in my next (which is this) a description of the ride to Nisecyuna and back, and also of the entertainment given by the party that evening.

My excuse for not sending them to you before, was owing to illness, which Providence thought fit to bestow upon me. But, thanks to the little Angels of this Paradise, I am now well again, and shall be happy and ready at any time, to record their good doings in the ever pleasing and entertaining Herald.—"Many thanks," made here, "but all to no purpose," who that Ariel Jr. is of yours, that writes so many amusing letters from this place. Perhaps they would give something to know. But let me tell that lovely Hebe, "with tresses like the raven," who but a few evenings since was listening to a part of the "Overture to La Bayadere," that when she meets a youth of this description in Broadway, viz.—one about nineteen, dark hair—rather curly—and blue eyes, about five feet eight, dressed in black, white gloves, a la mode, and with a roseate of blue satin upon his left breast, busting lightly and gaily along the street, saying his prettiest things to the ladies, who may safely say to herself, "that's not he." In the mean while I will leave her in reflection, and turn to the subjects first proposed—first the ride and then the entertainment given on the evening.

Their ride to Nisecyuna and back was one of exceeding pleasure. Nothing was wanting to make them happy. Their company was joyful, which is usually the case on a ride for pleasure—the fields, mantled with their greenness, seemed to smile on them as they passed; and their steeds, as if conscious of the precious freights they drew after them, sped their way with amazing swiftness. They arrived at the end of their destination a little fatigued from the warmth of the day, but they were soon revived again, after partaking of a splendid repast that was got up for them by their worthy host, Mr. —. He deserves great credit for so doing, and long will be remembered by the party on whom he so kindly bestowed his attention.

After the repast, they repaired to the garden, where they viewed its many statues and flowers. There were the pinks, cauliflowers, hollyhocks and roses of many kinds, among them the damask, thistle, sharon, and moss, each kind, by themselves.

"Send forth their fragrance on the desert air."

Having satisfied themselves with all the luxuries the place would afford, they entered their Stanhopes again, and in a short time regained their habitations in this "Eden," to prepare for the evening.

At half past seven precisely, I entered their blazoned hall. Heaven! what a sight! I was blinded for an instant. It seemed as though all the stars of the firmament above had turned themselves into fireballs, and had descended into that room. Never did my eyes meet with objects more dazzling. It was a perfect paradise; and nothing was wanting, I believe, to make it so; for there were the splendid couches, ottomans, vases, and a Turkey carpet, soft as velvet, besides a rich profusion of flowers (not artificial), that would give away like some I know of, that were sent as a present to a personage across the Atlantic. By the by—I have a notion to send a bouquet to her myself. The ornaments that decorated the wall and mantels gave splendour to the scene. A few salutations

brought me to a magnificent array of "dancing beauties." They were standing in one corner of the room, evidently for the purpose of watching the "mobility," as they passed in.

"Fair angels," said I, "you seem to be enjoying yourselves here alone—cannot I share with you in the spoils this evening?"

"Oh, certainly! I am so delighted to see you—why did you not come sooner?" said a brunette among the group, who bespoke great emotion for me.

"Tender think, how glad I am to see you as well as you for me; come, lean on my arm, and let us mingle in the crowd, and gaze on the fashionables. There's the Miss B.—I wonder how many hearts she has bewitched this evening. The gentleman, Mr. H.—whose arm she is leaning so gracefully on, it is thought, will bear her off in triumph. How many disappointed suitors will languish in despair if he does; but better it should be so, for hope maketh the heart sick, and suspense rends the bosom like a worm in the bud; there is a ray that beams forever. Miss —, of Church street, how like a sportive cloud she wanders through the mazy throng, like a thing of air. Who would suppose that that face and speaking eye were the front of genius' throne? but so it is—playful and gleesome as she seems—her mind is the rich store of intellect; some of the brightest effusions that grace our literature are the offspring of her mind, and if general acclaim be true, she is well matched. Mr. T.—who is now drinking in the liquid tones of her voice, is soon to lead her to the altar, and swear eternal fealty—may their lives be like a summer cloud, that never knows a frown." Here is a new star, Mr. G.—from Troy, one who is winning the smiles of all the sunny faces around him; he is witty, playful, poetical, and occasionally satirical; how intelligent his face—how respectful his manners. I hear he is to settle down here henceforth. The ladies will be delighted. There is the polite and gentlemanly Mr. B.—paying his attentions to Miss —. She is very beautiful; but why does he neglect Miss —, who is equally lovely and has been his idol?"

"Know you the reason?"

"No!"

"I heard him answer for himself a short time since; he said, 'she is indeed a charming girl, and lovely too, intelligent and fascinating, but she has not a whole United States Bank in her sight—entre vous, she won't!'"

"Oh! shocking! how could he thus trifle with the peace of a confiding girl? Alas! some men are deceitful. I would not have believed him such a one, however—nous verrons."

"But who is that standing near them, making up wry faces to a party on the opposite side of the room?"

"Who? that tall, slender young man, looking like a young liberty pole, with a face so thin that it is difficult for two persons to look at him at the same time. That is Mr. Trinket, from Trinket Hollow. I believe he has a sort of tinket store in Broadway, where he vendes wooden nutmegs, baswood pumpkin seed, and the like; but turn your attention to 'metal more attractive.' See that fair form just entering the room; 'tis the belle of the village, Miss —, how beautiful she looks in her—colored dress—her sleeves looped in the latest and most approved Parisian fashion. Beautiful creature! She walks the room like an angel across the bright threshold of heaven; what a bewitching eye she has—how some particular ones in the room would like to squeeze that fair hand, and mark the many lines that cross its palm."

"But don't you think Miss V.—is looking very well tonight?"

"Better than I have ever seen her. She is a sweet girl, and may the person that stands beside her realize his hopes—that is, a safe retreat into her dear little heart. See the proud bearing of him, who this morning swore eternal love to the gentle being by his side, and she, what an elegant, courteous, and polished creature, round whom wit, like a circle of diamonds, flash in vivid brightness; and pure imagination envelopes, like the gossamer veil throu carelessly over a seraph from the sky."

"As for the other ladies, Miss L.—, Miss E.—, Miss D.—, Miss H.—, and a number of others who made themselves interesting; they done much execution with their eyes, that looked into hearts and smote them."

The evening passed away joyfully—the company satisfied; no accidents happened, except now and then a heart and hand were given away to pacify the deaf creatures. The cakes and lemonade were excellent—the wine bad; company began to move about 10—and as each successive group, in the most heartfelt and affectionate manner, wished the happy couple "good evening," they returned it with sweet smiles; and the expression from each of their intelligent countenances showed their delight and satisfaction that all were so well pleased with the evening's entertainment. A little before eleven I made my exit with my fair one, wishing them—no matter what. A few ups and downs of the stairs brought me to her place of abode, where I left her—but not till after drinking from her very lips the "cup of nectar." The last person I saw, as I passed the happy one's door on my return home, was Mr. G.—, who was talking "big words" about the loss of his hat—his hurried home—retired, and prayed to go to heaven. From thence

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS, August 10.—John H. Finley and Eli Hart, absent grand jurors, were each fined \$25, by order of the Court.

John Garvin, indicted for petit larceny, in stealing a trunk of lotions from a cart in Peck slip, in charge of William Orin, cartman, was put upon trial. Mr. Orin testified, that on the 28th of July he was employed by Mrs. Waldron, of Norfolk, Va., to cart her baggage on board the packet. He started very early in the morning with the trunk spoken of, and feeling fatigued and being before the time appointed, he laid down upon his cart and went to sleep, and when he waked up the trunk was gone. The man was afterwards found, from information given by an individual who saw him throw the trunk off the deck at Peck slip. The prisoner had most of the articles concealed about his premises, and admitted stealing the trunk and rifling it of its contents, alleging that the would not have come so but that he was drunk at the time, and supposed the trunk contained money. Verdict, Guilty.

The prisoner pleaded hard for mercy, stating that he had a wife and one child unprovided for.

Court—Prisoner, as it appears that you have not been up before for crime; that you have a wife and one child, and was probably drunk when you committed the act, the Court have taken your case into consideration, and sentence you to the Penitentiary for ninety days.

Prisoner—Thank you, sir.

The prisoner would probably have escaped altogether if he had been blessed with two children. And after that the Court adjourned, for want of business, a quorum not being present of the grand jurors, necessary to find bills.

POLICE, August 10.—Burning again.—John McDonald, a white man, and Isaac Lyell and William Hill, blacks, were brought up by Sparks, Merritt and Homoy, on the charge of robbing a green horn of his pocket book, containing \$13 in money and a promissory note for \$370. The robbery was accomplished on the old plan of asking a man to give him a bank note for silver—taking him into an alley to decide a bet with cards, and then fleeing him. The operators were locked up, and the property restored to the rightful owner, with a word of advice to be a little more particular in future in making new acquaintances.

NIBBLE'S GARDEN.—The Ravel Family offer an exceedingly attractive bill tonight. The beautiful pantomime of La Fete Champetre, in which Gabriel Lavet sustains the comic part of Chevalier Dourant, in addition to the new pantomime of Luomo Rosso, or Unforseen Illusions, which has afforded so much delight to the thousands who witnessed it on the two evenings of its representation. A description of the splendor and magnificence of this piece is impossible. We therefore advise all to go and see for themselves.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.—Well, last week we advised all of our friends—and all but readers are our friends—to run, if they had palpitation of the heart, and get Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort. The Doctor has called down for his famous medicine, persons have since called for it, and they shall have it from our recommendation, and adds that they shall have a sweet maid whose heart beats pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, will require something more substantial; more of sweet sympathy, than a bottle of medicine. But, seriously, the Balsam of Liverwort is curing every body troubled with palpitation of the heart. It is sold at 375 Bowery. Do try it—pretty maids and mousy becholders.

BRITISH THEFTS.—A man by the name of James L. Herick came voluntarily into the Police Office yesterday, and stated that he had been accused by a fancy auctioneer in Chatham street, of the firm of Grim & Crew, with stealing a pocket handkerchief, a few brass rings and one or two other little notions in their line of business. The explanation which the defendant gave of the transaction is as follows: The complainant employed him as an under bidder, or puffer, to stand outside the counter, and the goods were knocked down and handed to him as a real purchaser—the handkerchief, he put in his hat and carried home, forgetting to return it. The rings he and the other puffers and clerks were in the habit of keeping in their pockets, four or five dozen at a time, in order to slip them into a box when it should be sold by the piece, and knocked down to a flat. The other trinkets found in his possession were of small value, and he alleged that they came in his possession in a similar manner. Justice Lowndes admitted the accused party to bail, on entering into his own recognizances to appear and answer when called upon.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A well dressed man, apparently a foreigner, of the age of 45 years, yesterday ran into the store of Mr. Simpson, 23 1/2 Chatham street, bent nearly double with pain, and took a seat upon the end of his counter. Observing his situation, one of the clerks invited him to a more comfortable seat, and inquired of him his name. Before he could reach a chair, the stranger reeled from his seat and expired instantly. The deceased was about 6 feet in height, dressed in a new suit of clothes, consisting of a white linen jacket, brown drilling pantaloons, striped vest and stockings, low quartered shoes and white hat.—There were no papers or other evidence upon his person to indicate the name or abode of the unfortunate stranger. The body is at the dead house in the Park, for the present.

Murders are on the increase?

Good bacon hams are scarce. Inferior legs are on the rise. Middlings are rarely to be met with.

The Knickerbocker for August, published by Clark & Edson, 161 Broadway, has made its appearance in its usual neat style.

Puffing.—Of all the ways of puffing we know of, the best is to puff a box of Seixas' segars.—he has all kinds of the best quality. There is the Noreago, Rionda, Regalis, and the Principi—the latter of which, if not too strong, we should prefer smoking. And he also has the Princess, or lady's segars. See his advertisement.

THE GIRAFFES.—This is the last day of the exhibition of these wonderful animals. Those who have never seen them had better go, for this, possibly may be the last opportunity, as it is doubtful if they survive the winter.

Rock Hall, on the Third Avenue, appears to be all the go now. Fine landlady, fine treatment, fine liquors, good cigars, and a pleasant retreat from the rays of the sun, and the balmy breeze of the country, to cool your brow.

Serenade. STENO—H. Phillips. Oh, listen, dearest lady! It is thine own ear that calls; Pearly stars, ere'er thee shining; Dim twilight round thee flares; Come, this heart awaits thee, My lady love, appear, Come, thy arms across the lake, My barque is bounding near. Oh, hasten, dearest lady! As'er you'll tide we breathe, Each silver wave shall echo Sweet notes of minstrel love! Vows of truth I'll breathe thee— I'll kiss away each tear; Then come with me, across the lake, My barque is bounding near.

MONEY MARKET. Friday, August 10.—6 P. M.

A little more has been done in amount at the Board of Brokers today, but the prices are nearly the same as those of yesterday. The sales closed with a good feeling. Kentucky improved 1 per cent; Paterson Rail Road 1 per cent. Boston and Providence receded 1 per cent; Treasury Notes fell off slightly from the last sale.

Wall street retains its inactivity—but little business of any kind is doing. The rates of discount on Southern exchange are growing a little worse than heretofore; but next Monday being the day fixed upon for resumption in the south, we may then naturally look for a little more animation in the market; and as the season grows later, and people begin to return from summer excursions to the busy scenes of Wall street, a greater activity will be visible in operations of all kinds.

Every mail brings some intimation of a better state of affairs in different sections of the country. The postmaster at Port Gibson gives notice that hereafter the bills of the "Bank of Port Gibson" and the Planters Bank will be received for postage.

These movements, though slight, are gradually working the great desideratum of a cessation of hostilities between the government and the banks generally, and the U. S. Bank particularly. If this could be effected thoroughly, it would be far more beneficial than a resumption at the present time, both for the interest of the administration and the welfare of the people generally.

Great efforts are making to deteriorate the bills of the Brandon Bank, Miss., by the other institutions of that State, who refuse to receive her notes on deposit; this grows out of the cotton speculation of this bank, which have been more extensive than perhaps any other single institution, with the exception of the U. S. Bank, and the result of which time must determine. In the meantime, the directors have invited the investigation of the bank directors. The result of this investigation will shortly be made known.

State of Trade. The tea sale today by Messrs. Hutton & Co. was well attended, and prices were rather better than those of the previous one. The great number of strangers arriving in the city have created a good trade.

Several cargoes of packet ships now in port which will come into market next week, with the market being better supplied, a good trade may be expected, though the late arrivals of the packets with the fall importations has rendered our trade backward. Domestic goods are plenty, and, so far as the season is concerned, sales of Sunday are about the same as those of the season at private sale is 8 months; the jobbers cannot submit to a shorter time, although the auctioneers demanded it.

COTTON.—The sales of cotton since our last report extend to 2175 bales, principally for export. Of these, 1460 bales at 9 a 12c and one lot of 121 bales at 9 a 11c; and 217 bales at 9 a 10c; and 20 bales South Alabama at 10c. The latter lot is 200 bales, received on Sunday night from Great Western, have produced little or no effect. Upland cottons previously worth 9 a 11c, per lb. have been sold in some instances at a reduction of 1c, but the better qualities, ranging from 12 to 15c, were not so much affected. Mobile, 50 lots, the stock on hand reached 1155 bales; the sales were light at 10 a 11c. At Charleston on the 4th inst. the prices for 1800 b