The Press.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

REDUCTION OF TERMS.

The price of THE PRESS, from and after to-day, will be as follows:

City subscribers, $8 *per annum, in advance; or*, 15 *cents per week, payable to the carriers.*

Mailed to subscribers out of the city, $7 *per annum;* $3.50 *for six months;* $1.75 *for three months, invariably in advance.*

The TRI-WEEKLY PRESS, *mailed to subscribers*, $4 *per annum, in advance.*

The above notice is sufficiently explanatory; but we may add, that while the reduction in the price of subscription will introduce THE PRESS to a larger circle of readers, it will not be less attractive in its various departments. We have made arrangements to greatly improve it.

The typographical execution of our journal has given it a just celebrity; but in a few days it will appear in new and yet more beautiful robes. About the middle of August, or 1st of September next, THE PRESS establishment will be removed to and fixed at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, in a new and complete building, including editorial and reporters' quarters, publication office, engine, press, paper, folding, and composing rooms, now being erected by R. J. DOBBINS (builder), from a plan by the well-known architect, JOHN MCARTHUR, Jr. As a newspaper and job office it will be excelled by none in the United States. The growing influence of THE PRESS; its increasing circulation and advertising patronage; our preparations for the vast business of the future, and the consequently additional demands upon our columns, have made these expensive changes unavoidably necessary.

Advice Gratis.

In this week's *Scottish-American Journal*, always distinguished for its practical common sense, is an article upon unsolicited advice, apropos of various well-meaning but impertinent recommendations from England as to the final disposal of the Great Criminal now in Fortress Monroe—the perjured, if "stern statesman," who literally was head and front of the recent rebellion. The *S. A. Journal* says:

"If we had any influence with the public men and press of the mother country, we should *strongly* urge upon them the propriety of abstaining from the thankless task of tendering advice to the Government and people of the United States. There have been very many instances of late where there was no necessity for dabbling in American questions—when it seemed to be incumbent upon public men to dash off a tangent upon the treatment of State prisoners in this country, and kindred topics. Lord Derby has been of late especially profuse in his offered counsel. Lord Brougham, at a public dinner in London the other day, was also needlessly didactic on the subject of clemency to the Confederates."

This is precisely the point. *We* have not interfered, at any time, in the internal affairs of the British empire—except when, in 1847, we anticipated the English in relieving the famine-struck and plague-smitten people of Ireland—and we are not able to see why there should be, across the water, a standing advisory committee on the manner in which our State prisoners shall be dealt with, if convicted.

There is bad taste as well as bad policy in thus attempting to influence the action of our Executive. Lord DERBY and his friends blunder in thus "trying it on." What *right* have they to interfere? The *Scottish American* says:

"It should be remembered that it is the special privilege of friendship, and of *friendship alone*, to give advice. Lord Derby has not been friendly towards the United States. He has openly and manfully declared himself in favor of the Confederacy; and we do not blame him for this. All we say is, that his advice in this crisis, and the advice, too, of even such distinguished men as Lord Brougham, is out of place, altogether out of place, and does far more harm than good to Jefferson Davis and his fellow-prisoners."

See what Lord DERBY's own special organ, the London *Morning Herald*, has said and is saying of our President. It describes ANDREW JOHNSON, the elected head of this Republic, as "the unscrupulous and outrageous demagogue," as "a vile charlatan," as "a vile outlaw," as "a drunken tailor," as "a wretch beyond the pale of civilized sympathy," and as "a demagogue with murder on his soul." Yet Lord DERBY, who may be said to sanction this billingsgate, and who long has been the declared enemy of the Union and its President, presumes to give them advice, just as if he had been warranted by friendship to take that liberty.

Whatever the purpose of our Government as regards JEFFERSON DAVIS and his colleagues in rebellion, the solicitations of Lord DERBY are not likely to change it. Their gratuitous and unsolicited advice, which sounds remarkably like a threat, cannot be received, because it does not emanate from friendly regard. Less so alone. Our own good sense, humanity, and regard for legality, will better serve the accused than if DERBY and BROUGHAM, ROEBUCK and LAIRD, were to send us letters of advice in bales, and were to fill newspaper columns with miles of angry speeches. Whatever is done will be with the strictest adherence to justice as well as to law, and that is more than was done by the British Government, in 1848, at the trials of O'BRIEN and MEAGHER, when juries were packed to secure their conviction. It is quacks who chiefly give "advice gratis."

Palmerston Quitting Office?

The Press, established eight or ten years ago as an organ of the Tory party, and then said to be frequently enriched with contributions from Mr. DISRAELI, has almost relinquished its functions as a political organ, but maintains a high reputation as an able London journal, which occasionally makes a lucky hit by early announcements of measures or changes on the *tapis*. In its last number, it declares that, owing to increased infirmities and failing health, Lord PAPMERSTON will retire from public life after the General Election. Those who wish to avail themselves of the *prestige* of his name, are said to have requested him to retire until the appeal to the various constituencies of the United Kingdom has been made. In October, Lord PALMERSTON will complete his eighty-first year, and his general health has been good, with the exception of occasional attacks of gout, the last of which laid him up for a fortnight.

The Press says: "We have reason to believe that in consequence of Lord PALMERSTON's contemplated retirement, negotiations have been carried on by some of the leaders of the Liberal party, and an attempt will be made to form a Ministry with Earl RUSSELL as Premier, and Mr. GLADSTONE as leader of the House of Commons. The programme will be a new Reform bill and the spoliation of the Irish Church. We have received this information on the best authority."

In the *Morning Post*, which is PALMERSTON's own mouthpiece, have appeared two contradictions of the above. The first was so feeble that it was accepted as almost a corroboration of the report. The next day, however, the *Post* denied, in the most positive manner, that Lord PALMERSTON had any idea of quitting office, and rather sneered at the idea, even if he had, of Earl RUSSELL's being his successor. Whenever a change takes place, it may be anticipated that Mr. GLADSTONE will bid for the highest office. The retirement of Lord PALMERSTON, whose doctrine is non interference with the internal affairs of foreign countries, might seriously affect the relations of the United States with England. PALMERSTON goes "to the country," as it is called, through the approaching general election, and will have a hustings' war without a war cry. It is expected that the Liberal party will be much weakened by the result of the elections.

Mr. Mason Jones.

It may be remembered that, two or three years ago, an oratorical young Irishman, named MASON JONES, made a lecturing tour in this country, and occasionally delivered strong opinions, with much force and fluency, in favor of our Union cause. Not having achieved any very decided pecuniary success, though he bragged not a little of his entire independence in money matters, Mr. JONES went back to England He is now in the field as one of the candidates for the Parliamentary representation of the city of Coventry, vacant by the death of Sir JOSEPH PAXTON, inventor of the Crystal Palace. If elected, he will have a seat in the House of Commons for not more than a fortnight or three weeks, for the election will take place this day (July 1,) and Parliament will be dissolved, with a view to a General Election, on or about the 18th inst. But, even that short term would give him a claim on Coventry the next time. *The Times* thinks that Mr. JONES has a good chance. If elected, we shall have a warm and able friend in the House of Commons. Mr. MASON JONES, however, will have to modify and adapt his oratorical style to the plain and familiar manner—half conversational—of the House of Commons. The *Coventry Herald*, a paper in his interest, gives the following as the peroration of one of his speeches, delivered to the poor ribbon weavers, in the Market square of Coventry, and in view of the historical effigy of "Peeping Tom;" Mr. MASON JONES said: "And now, this evening, when all nature is auspicious; in this vernal season, when our great mother has put on her loveliest robes and crowned herself with flowers; when all nature is rejoicing, and when that summer moon hangs suspended in the eastern sky, as she has for these six thousand years, singing as she ascends, 'The hand that made us is divine'—under these auspicious circumstances, with beauty above, with calm around, with harmony and peace below, let me thank you for your kind attention, wish you good evening and pleasant dreams." This may have astonished the weavers of Coventry, but will not exactly suit the tone, temper, or practice of Parliament. Mr. JONES will have to change his style.*

LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL."

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1865.

In nothing, during the last four years, have the moderation, intelligence, and sagacity of the American people been more signally manifested than in the good temper they exhibited under the repeated offensive exhibitions of injustice and partiality on the part of leading foreign powers. Inflammable, impulsive, and pugnacious, as they are believed to be, they nevertheless bore the insolence of the British and the hypocrisy of the French with surprising forbearance. Under the prudent counsels and restraining example of Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, they suppressed their frequent desire to punish the Powers who were constantly showing that they seized the hour of our own divisions to help our enemies. At last the embargo has been raised. The end of the war and the overthrow of the Rebellion have forced the French and English Governments publicly to confess that they were wrong—wrong from the first, in their treatment of the United States, and in their sympathy with the rebels. This confession, though not gracefully, is at least substantially and sufficiently made. The American people, in the midst of their felicitations over the humiliation of two domineering Powers, may now safely expose and excoriate the hypocrisy and falsehood of the English Tories, and the dissimulation and bargaining of Louis Napoleon and his parasites. The triumph of the American arms and the submission of the insurgents will result in so solid and perfect a union of these States as to render them impregnable to external assault and irresistible against domestic violence. This fact is keenly felt by the aristocrats and tyrants of the Old World. How strongly they realize it, let the brutal language of the shameless Roebuck answer. He is the same wretched demagogue who, more than two years ago, went to France, and there received the instructions of Louis Napoleon, that England should take the lead in recognizing the rebellion—instructions which he had the audacity to repeat and defend in the British Parliament. Failing to force this fatal step upon his Government, he now gives the reason why he worked for it. On the 9th of June, at a public meeting in England, that envenomed Tory spoke as follows: "*I am quite sure that if the South had been recognized great good would have been done. In the first place, the arrogant, the overbearing, and great Republic of America would have been split in two—and for the safety of Europe that is required.*" There is a rare savor in this vulgar and violent declaration. *Roebuck knows that the feeling against the aristocracy of England and the ruling powers of France is now equally decided in the Northern and Southern States of this Republic*, and the men lately in arms against the National authority are as bitter in their denunciations and contempt of these powers as the Northern people themselves. If there is one sentiment upon which the two recently embattled armies could be heartily welded in one resistless and fiery mass, it is that of making common cause against the despots, money kings, and cotton gentry, who have alternately promised, threatened, and lied to both sides of our great controversy. Having failed to divide and to destroy us, our foreign enemies are now appalled at the strength of our reunion. And what renders their situation less pleasant and more perilous is the fact that, at the very moment the rebellion falls humbled and crushed at the footstool of a puissant Republic, Maximilian is preparing to run before he is kicked out of Mexico, and to seek shelter from his own no longer powerful master in Paris. Santa Anna in his exile is to-day a more respectable and efficient ruler of the Mexicans than the Austro-French usurper; and it will be far easier to predict that he will return to, than that Maximilian will remain in, "the halls of the Montezumas." Nor has England profited by the restoration of the American Union. Is it to be supposed that the people of Canada will remain indifferent to the successful overthrow of the slave insurrection, to the completeness of the peace which has followed victory, and to the splendor of the prosperity that is blossoming in flowers of reconciliation and ripening in harvests of comfort and of promise, in the very footsteps of peace? For answer, read the last Canadian newspapers and public speeches, in which every discontent with the home Government and every error of the agents of the Crown is sought to be avenged or corrected by a quick citation of the awaiting welcome to the American Union of the new State of Canada. It cannot awaken bitter feelings between this country and France and England to say these things—certainly not among the French and English people, never more in sympathy with our country than at the present time. How it may affect the Tory leaders in the one and the reactionaries in the other it matters little. They have shown such an utter disregard of international law and traditionary gratitude and good will, that if they are hurled from power because of their conjoined Mexican and American policy, it will prove to be a just retribution for their neglect of the sacred maxims of public and of private honor. As our people remind them of these their sins, they must not themselves forget to be admonished and chastened by the example. Now is our time to obliterate all of the past save that which teaches us our solemn and our primary obligations to the Republic. Now is our time to accept the stern logic of the war, by clearing from the path of the future the ruins of rebellion and the wrecks of slavery, and by making that path so firm, broad, and plain, that those who walk in it will never be able to stray into treason without being certain of speedy death.

OCCASIONAL.

LOCAL PASSENGER RAILWAY TRIPS.

THIRTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH STREETS.

A Glance at the Most Prominent Places on the Route.

IMMENSE FOUNDRIES—PRETTY MANSIONS, CHURCHES, &c.

BY "CHIPS."

The Philadelphia railways, and the scenes of varied kind surrounding them, have a sort of kaleidoscopic effect, and thus, without extension of the imagination, we are enabled to present a series of pen portraitures of things as we find them, although the simple subject may be incorporated in two words—passenger railways. That part of the great "gridiron" which occupies present attention, connects the northern and southern extremes of the built-up portions of the city, and through the centre of it, via Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets, Broad street being in the middle. This wide public thoroughfare is laid out perfectly straight. It extends as near due north and south as possible. Its southern terminus intersects League Island on the south, and directly on a line with the bluff at Red Bank, N. J. It is intended to open the northern part of the great highway as improvements may warrant, and when this is done, Broad street will intersect the Delaware somewhere near Bristol, in Bucks county. It will then be nearly twenty miles in length, the largest, widest, and straightest public avenue in the world. Already it contains many splendid mansions, a fine view of which may be obtained towards the northwestern part of the city, from the cars of the railroad of which we are about to speak.

BALTIMORE DEPOT.

This spacious building is located at the northwest corner of Broad street and Washington avenue, Twenty-sixth ward. The cars of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street line start from the front thereof, and turning up Carpenter street, curve into Fifteenth street, and then pursue a northward course to Columbia avenue. We cannot say that there are any very attractive places on the lower part of the route on Fifteenth street. The houses are generally old, and occupied by poor people, who follow various avocations of industry, and thus maintain an honest livelihood. The first building erected as a place for religious worship that comes before the vision of the observing passenger is the

FIFTEENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

located at the southwest corner of Lombard and Fifteenth streets. The building possesses none of the beautiful embellishments of modern temples of worship. It is simply rough-cast, with an immense door-way on Lombard street, the front being almost even with the line of the street.

This church is very well attended on Sabbath days by devout Presbyterians of the strictest orthodoxy. The reverend gentleman who discourses the doctrine of the church has been very active and patriotic in the self imposed mission of seeking the families of Union soldiers; and, by stirring appeals through the columns of *The Press* in their behalf, over the signature of "City Pastor," has done a vast amount of good. The next object that requires a passing notice is a back view of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, one of the most meritorious institutions in the country. The yard attached is a beautiful garden-spot, shaded under the spreading foliage of young sycamores or the graceful waving of weeping willows. Upon reaching Chestnut street, the eye will rest upon a handsome building, at the northwest corner. This is the

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY (EPISCOPAL.)

It is a very pretty structure, rough cast, and may claim some pretensions to the Corinthian style of architecture. On the terrace, in front, rests the massive fluted column, supporting a large water urn. The surrounding yard is enclosed by a neat iron railing on a stone base. A grass plot and a number of trees give freshness to the picture. We pass on, and, just above Market street, observe an immense *market house*, substantially built, and very nearly completed. The first of this class of houses was erected a few years ago, at Sixteenth and Market streets, since which time they have become popular. This part of the route presents an improved appearance over that we have already taken the reader. The dwellings, or most of them, are modern structures, and many of these embellished with gardens—indicating the taste of the ladies, and their veneration for floral offerings. From scenes such as these we are taken, at a moderate speed, over intestine rail-tracks, with locomotives blowing off, and empty trains standing still. At every turn we see, hear, feel, and smell all the evidence of iron-plated industry. At one view we observe the foundry of Messrs. Morgan & Orr, at another turn the works of Messrs. Oram & Co., and still others, whose names we could not discern. Revolving wheels, blazing forges, greasy mechanics, fire and smoke, clinking of hammers and anvil (at the time we passed there was a grand anvil chorus progressing), grating harshness of perpendicular saws, puffing of steam, ringing of locomotive bells, and screams of the steam whistles, all conspiring to present a grand and vivid scene of industry, that kind most interesting to the world at large. We now pass on, and reach at a clever trotting-pace the vicinity of Green street, where beautiful ranges of of handsome buildings and splendid flower-gardens attract the vision. This part of Philadelphia is very handsome. A portion of this route is some ten or twelve feet below the surface of the virgin soil, much of the latter, to the right and the left hand, remaining in its primeval condition! We also have a glance at

CAMP CADWALADER,

to the westward of this portion of the route. Its business is almost gone. No more shouting of beardless youths, no more screams of officers the alleged speculators in bounty money; no more holding of wooden horses, or tying women, as a means of punishment for some fancied or real wrong, from past scenes of daily transactions within its borders. The good old flag still floats from its tall flag-staff, and the music of the band salutes the ear in harmonious tones. The camp will soon be vacated, the ever ready tents of the soldiers must be thrown down, and pretty private mansions will mark the spot where there has been so much warlike display. On the left-hand side, approaching Columbia avenue, is a row of splendid dwelling-houses, with beautiful gardens. We might say that the latter, if was once the site of the celebrated Sydenham Farm. The old family mansion was demolished only a little over a year since, to make room for the present splendid improvements. Eighty or ninety years since the hospitalities of the mansion were tendered to and accepted by Washington, Judge Peters, and others of Revolutionary fame.

THE TURNING POINT.

Upon reaching Columbia avenue, one of the new thoroughfares, the car takes an eastward turn, until reaching Thirteenth street. This is a most beautiful and refreshing part of the route. A short distance to the northwest will and some large buildings, with a single tower and tall, arched windows. This is

THE WAGNER FREE INSTITUTE,

erected by Professor Wagner, and by him presented voluntarily to the citizens of Philadelphia. It is an institution in which lectures of a scientific character are delivered, thus enabling the masses of the people generally to obtain such information that could only be gained, at great expense hitherto, through the medium of the best colleges. Various apparatus are introduced into the building for experimenting purposes and to illustrate lectures. The surrounding scenery here is slightly rolling, and dressed in the rich clothing of summer. In front of the Institute we see a broad level park, enclosed with a neat railing, and recognize it as the ground of

THE ATHLETICS,

wherein the national game of "base ball" is played by expert and amateur parties on pleasant afternoon. Many ladies visit the ground to see the game performed, and the gallant young gentlemen see that every proper care of them is taken. This species of pastime is essentially American, and it is said by those who understand the game thoroughly to be more exciting than the English cricket. From this stand point there is open one, the northeast, until the horizon touches the landscape, a graphic scene of summer pageantry, dotted here and there with steeples and other signs of progressive improvement of art. In the foreground, long rows of pressed brick dwellings are fast approaching completion, and thus private capital is invested in the enlargement of Philadelphia. These new houses present an interest to the individual who, thirty or forty years since, could stand at Tenth and Arch streets, and have an uninterrupted view of the Permanent Bridge that spans the Schuylkill at Market street. At Broad street a fine view of the palatial mansion of

EDWIN FORREST,

the eminent tragedian is obtained. It is a choice spot, rejoicing in all the splendor of nature and art; where, among the statuary and trees, and flowers, the robins chirp and whistle, and the little wren calls its young. Here the sparrow chants its morning song, as the cars pass to and fro, and around the waving boughs! In the same vicinity, northward on Columbia avenue, the car passes the handsome private residence of

THOMAS J. MACKENZIE,

the well-known florist, where rare plants, exotic and indigenous, abound in nature's choicest attire—where the floral Queen herself may give perfumed thanks, at the rising of each morning's sun. That individual, of manhood's years, who does not love flowers, has lived and will live in vain—like a great weed in life's garden. A mingling of natural perfumes passed through the car, while pursuing its course in front of this beautiful and attractive cultivated spot. Turning into Thirteenth street, on the home-stretch, the first building that attracts more than ordinary attention is that of the

HUMANE STEAM-ENGINE COMPANY.

This building was erected or finished about five years since. It is pretty high—white in color, and has an observatory on the top. The location of this active company in such a remote section, inspired confidence among capitalists, and private property has progressed thitherward to an astonishing degree. Before reaching Girard avenue, we observe that two parks are enclosed with rough palings: these are the beds of future public market-houses, unless some new arrangements are made. A short distance from Wallace street will be seen the

SPRING GARDEN BAPTIST CHURCH.

We understand that this building is vacant, or has been vacant, for some time. It was built not many years since, and does not present any attractive features on the front view. Presently, the car passes by Spring Garden Hall; then fountain place. On Spring Garden street, an uncultivated spot, or park, on the centre of the thoroughfare, extending eastward to Twelfth street, forms a striking contrast with the "thing of beauty" immediately to the west. Soon we have a sight of the great depot of the

READING RAILROAD COMPANY,

at Callowhill street, with its bustle and business. Long trains of cars beneath its spacious roof; passengers hastening to and fro; the ticket-office crowded; two detectives are there, watching the light-fingered, digit-inserting gentry, known in police parlance as "sneaks" or "knucks." Besides this, express-wagons and newsboys are present in any numbers; baggage is being discharged or received; all is hurry, but no confusion. The be taps; the iron-horse gives a snort or two, and away goes the train, over a double-track road, to the mountain regions, or more gorgeous scenery of the interior. A trip on the Reading railroad may come under the head of luxury. Seldom an accident of moment happens. So much for double-tracks.

NAZARETH M. E. CHURCH.

This edifice will be found on the west side of Thirteenth street, near Vine. It has a Quaker look—no ostentation, but plain and simple in its construction. It is built of brick, with rough-cast front.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT.

At Market and Thirteenth streets, acres of valuable ground have been enclosed, and are used as the freight-station of the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The business done at this point is immense. The enterprise is of a gigantic character. Cars and drays, wagons and carts are seemingly entering several passage-ways at once, and going out of others. It is a hive of industry. The work executed here is of the most laborious kind that man can apply himself to. He who uses his muscles, and puts his sinews to the test in such hard work, certainly makes his wages by the sweat of his brow. He fulfils that important injunction recorded in the sacred writings That class in the sunny South, whom we read about, who think that liberation from rebel tyranny to liberty and Union means indolence, should take a few lessons from the stirring business scenes at this depot. Such an institution as this furnishes employment for thousands of human beings in the various ramifications of business; and thus industry reaps its rewards, and scatters its blessings in many families.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Directly opposite the depot will be seen the graceful proportions of St. John's Catholic Church. It was formerly known as the cathedral. In architectural design it approaches the Gothic order. There are two towers in front, from which the Christian's symbol seems to pierce the great arch of blue. Here, the toil of the week being over and the resting-day arrived, the descendants of Adam's race may ascend the steps in front, and apart from things of worldly care, appeal to Heaven's throne for mercy. This building was erected nearly half a century ago, and its firmness and uncracked walls attest the substantial foundation upon which it rests.

Upon reaching Locust street, a beautifully-constructed building of pressed brick, recently built, will be recognized as a *Public Schoolhouse*, where the rudiments of an English education are imparted, thus fitting the scholars for future usefulness. Just below Spruce street, the

UNION CHURCH

of the Presbyterian sect, presents itself to the view of the passer-by. It is a neat structure, and may claim some pretension to architectural excellence. A row of fluted columns ornament the front—the entire structure being coated with fawn-colored mastic. On the opposite side of the way and a short distance below, is a celebrated manufactory of

PLAYING CARDS.

The machinery used in this business is complicated and of the finest kind, and certainly very ingenious. The reader may be somewhat astonished to our learning that the machine prints one pack of cards at a time, in four colors. The large sheet of white card-paper is placed into the press, and by means of revolving wheels, or hands, is drawn through the press. The large card issues from the other side, when it is cut into small rectangular pieces, fifty-two number, and thus the pack is made. This is simply the work of a moment. The movement of this machine is entirely eccentric, so perfectly registered as to neatly print the face cards in three or four colors, while at the same it stamps the big ace of spades shaded with black, clubs deep black, and the diamonds and hearts in red, the backs being of a uniform color.

As the car approaches the turn at Carpenter street, a range of recently-constructed low wooden buildings will attract attention. These are called the UNITED STATES GUARD LODGE. These buildings were erected for the express purpose of receiving Union soldiers passing through the city or temporarily staying here, and it may be said the institution has been very useful. It has shielded hundreds of soldiers from the thieves, both male and female, who come from all parts of the city to victimize the soldiers. We are now nearly at the end of our journey. The car passes up Carpenter street, then turns down Broad street, and stops in front of the Citizens' Volunteer Hospital—a meritorious and useful institution—at the northeast corner of Broad street and Washington avenue, opposite which is the great depot of the Baltimore Railroad Company, from which we started one hour and eight minutes ago. This is the running time of the cars. The passage was an agreeable one, and we feel quite sure that the trip, especially on the upper part of the route, would gratify every lover of art and nature combined.

Mrs. Wood's New Novel.

MRS. Henry Wood, who may rank next to Miss M. A. Braddon, as a great sensation novelist, differs from her lady competitor in several respects. The first is a lady with ordinary education and great constructive power. The other, more highly taught, is a luxuriant Bohemian of the pen. Both are highly dramatic in their plots. Though every attempt to put Miss Braddon's stories on the stage has failed—the notable dramatization of "Aurora Floyd," at the Arch-street Theatre, being a case in point—while "East Lynne," so treated, has been an eminently successful sensation-piece. We may smile at the recollection of Lucille Western's attempt to personate the erring heroine of "East Lynne;" at her perpetually twinkling and winking eyes; at her mechanical intonation; at her persistent exaggeration; at her wonderful freaks of intonation; at her amusing attempts at singing; but when we remember how painfully effective her *Madame Vine* was, drawing tears even from critic's eyes, we recognize some ability in the actress, and a good deal in the novelist.

"Mildred Arkell," a new novel by this extremely clever Mrs. Wood, will be published this very day, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. There is a great deal of it (nearly 600 pages 12mo.) but, we dare say, no one will find it tedious. It is the story, elaborated in the spirit and with the detail of Miss Austin, of two branches of one family in an English country town. Having a considerable personal acquaintance with that part of the west of England in which the action of the tale is chiefly located, we have no hesitation in saying that Westerbury, in which city she makes both branches of the Arkell family live must be Worcester; that the city's trade, injuriously affected by Huskisson's free trade measures, is glove-making; and that the noble river on which it stands must be the Severn. Seldom has a cathedral city been so well described—in England no town, however large, is a city until it has a bishop and canons, and a cathedral.

"Mildred Arkell" is essentially a love-story; there are half a dozen marriages, and at least as many elopements in the book. In all respects it has a probable, even a truthful aspect; and the plot is surprisingly well developed, considering the great number of persons introduced. Among these, our favorite is that rough diamond, Barbara Yelverton, who turns out, in action, to be a thoroughly noble character. There is a great deal of plot in this story, but everything comes out clear at the end; and if they didn't live happy, oh! that you and I may.

Mrs. Wood has not put a preface to her book, which is to be lamented, for she might have acknowledged in that, what about a fourth of her story—all about Henry Arkell at school; his parentation; his being tempted to run from a church at night; his having won and then pawned his gold prize-medal; his accident in the church; his death-scenes, funeral, and inscription—had already been given to the world in one of her earlier and shorter tales. She may have been warranted in interweaving good portions of an old story into a new and more ambitious one, but it was due to the public that she should have stated the fact. Notwithstanding this reticence "Mildred Arkell" is an unusually interesting novel.

NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION.—The North Pennsylvania railroad will sell tickets, at reduced prices, from Philadelphia to Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk; good from 1st of July to 5th of July, inclusive. This excursion will afford a fine opportunity to persons who desire to spend the coming holiday in retreat from the heat and dust of the city. No tickets will be sold on the cars; they must be purchased at the office.

OBSEVATION OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OFFICIAL GAZETTE.—The *Army and Navy Official Gazette*, which has been published in Washington during the late war, ceased to exist on June 27th. To their subscribers, who have paid for the *Gazette* beyond that date, the amount which may be found due them will be refunded as soon as possible.

CITY ITEMS.

THE LATE ADMIRAL DUPONT.—Mr. F. Gutekunst, 705 and 706 Arch street, has lately issued superb Photographs, in various sizes, of the late Admiral Dupont, Lieutenant General Grant, the Rev. Dr. Vaughn, and others, duplicates of which can now be had at his counters.

SUMMER CONFECTIONS AND FIREWORKS FOR THE FOURTH.—Messrs. E. G. Whitman & Co., No. 318 Chestnut street, are now prepared to furnish persons leaving the city with all the choicest things in the Confectionery line. Messrs. W. & Co. use only the finest materials in manufacturing. They have now a great variety of choice new things healthful and delicious, especially adapted for the season. Also, a magnificent stock of fireworks at reasonable prices.

DELAWARE COUNTY ICE-CREAM.—We invite attention to the card of the "Eastern Market Cheese and Ice-cream Stand," Fifth street, below Market. Saloons, Excursions, Festivals, Picnics, Hotels, Restaurants, and Private Families, can there be promptly supplied with the finest Ice-creams at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

THE BEST FITTING SHIRT OF THE AGE is The Improved Pattern Shirt," made by John C. Arrison, at the old stand, Nos. 1 and 3 North Sixth st. Work done by hand in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. His stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods cannot be surpassed. Prices moderate.

FOR ONE DOLLAR.—All the time spent in tying and untying, and hair the silk in the tie and scarf, are saved by the use of Eshleman's patent cravat holder. Price, one dollar each, wholesale and retail, at 701 Chestnut street. Also, gentlemen's furnishing goods—large assortment.

THE CHINESE SUN HAT, made by Wood & Cary, 725 Chestnut street, is a most useful article to every lady leaving the city for the country or sea-shore. Prices moderate. Entire stock of straw goods selling off below cost, to close the season.

VISITORS TO THE SEASHORE should provide themselves with BATHING DRESSES from

JOHN C. ARRISON'S,

Nos. 1 and 3 North Sixth street.

A MOTLEY GROUP.—At a hotel in Boston, this other night stood a group consisting of Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Warren, the comedian; one of John Brown's councillors, Heller, the Magician; "Artemus Ward," two army officers, and three Shoddy contractors. The best dressed man in the party wore a full suit that he had obtained at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.—Mr. George Grant, 610 Chestnut street, has a handsome assortment of novelties in Shirting Prints, beautiful Spring Cravats, Summer Under-clothing, &c. His celebrated "Prize Medal" Shirt, invented by Mr. John F. Taggart, is unequalled by any other in the world.

ALL THE CHOICE NEW FRUITS OF THE SEASON, both of the hothouse and the garden, together with the finest confections made in the United States, can at all times be had at the celebrated Confectionery Emporium of Mr. A. L. Vansant, Ninth and Chestnut. His stock of confections for the "Fourth" is especially brilliant. Give him a call, everybody.

BARGAINS IN FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.—Messrs. C. Somers & Son, No. 625 Chestnut street, under Jayne's Hall, have long had the reputation of manufacturing and selling the best Clothing for the prices in Philadelphia. Their present stock is magnificent, and their prices moderate. Our returned soldiers will find this the place of all others to get what, certainly makes his wages by the sweat of his brow. He fulfils that important injunction recorded in the sacred writings That class in the sunny South, whom we read about, who think that liberation from rebel tyranny to liberty and Union means indolence, should take a few lessons from the stirring business scenes at this depot. Such an institution as this furnishes employment for thousands of human beings in the various ramifications of business; and thus industry reaps its rewards, and scatters its blessings in many families.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Directly opposite the depot will be seen the graceful proportions of St. John's Catholic Church. It was formerly known as the cathedral. In architectural design it approaches the Gothic order. There are two towers in front, from which the Christian's symbol seems to pierce the great arch of blue. Here, the toil of the week being over and the resting-day arrived, the descendants of Adam's race may ascend the steps in front, and apart from things of worldly care, appeal to Heaven's throne for mercy. This building was erected nearly half a century ago, and its firmness and uncracked walls attest the substantial foundation upon which it rests.

Upon reaching Locust street, a beautifully-constructed building of pressed brick, recently built, will be recognized as a *Public Schoolhouse*, where the rudiments of an English education are imparted, thus fitting the scholars for future usefulness. Just below Spruce street, the

UNION CHURCH

of the Presbyterian sect, presents itself to the view of the passer-by. It is a neat structure, and may claim some pretension to architectural excellence. A row of fluted columns ornament the front—the entire structure being coated with fawn-colored mastic. On the opposite side of the way and a short distance below, is a celebrated manufactory of

PLAYING CARDS.

The machinery used in this business is complicated and of the finest kind, and certainly very ingenious. The reader may be somewhat astonished to our learning that the machine prints one pack of cards at a time, in four colors. The large sheet of white card-paper is placed into the press, and by means of revolving wheels, or hands, is drawn through the press. The large card issues from the other side, when it is cut into small rectangular pieces, fifty-two number, and thus the pack is made. This is simply the work of a moment. The movement of this machine is entirely eccentric, so perfectly registered as to neatly print the face cards in three or four colors, while at the same it stamps the big ace of spades shaded with black, clubs deep black, and the diamonds and hearts in red, the backs being of a uniform color.

As the car approaches the turn at Carpenter street, a range of recently-constructed low wooden buildings will attract attention. These are called the UNITED STATES GUARD LODGE. These buildings were erected for the express purpose of receiving Union soldiers passing through the city or temporarily staying here, and it may be said the institution has been very useful. It has shielded hundreds of soldiers from the thieves, both male and female, who come from all parts of the city to victimize the soldiers. We are now nearly at the end of our journey. The car passes up Carpenter street, then turns down Broad street, and stops in front of the Citizens' Volunteer Hospital—a meritorious and useful institution—at the northeast corner of Broad street and Washington avenue, opposite which is the great depot of the Baltimore Railroad Company, from which we started one hour and eight minutes ago. This is the running time of the cars. The passage was an agreeable one, and we feel quite sure that the trip, especially on the upper part of the route, would gratify every lover of art and nature combined.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

There was an active demand for Government loans yesterday, especially for the 10-40s, which advanced ¼; selling at the close at 97; 5-20s ruled at about 103¾, which is an advance of ¼. There was nothing said in 1881s. State securities were dull, no sales having been reported for many days. There was a moderate demand for City 6s; the old selling at 88, which is an advance of ½. Company bonds were inactive; the sales being confined to Camden and Amboy 6s, '89, at 85, and Northern Liberties and Northern Liberties Navigation 6s, '82, at 77½. The Railroad share list was extremely dull, except for Reading, in which there was a comparatively active movement, closing at 48¾; an advance of ¼ as compared with the last sale of the previous day. The only other railroad shares disposed of were Catawissa preferred at 29¾, which is a decline of ¾; 125 shares of Camden and Amboy; 55¾ for Pennsylvania railroad; 52½ for Philadelphia and Germantown; 56 for Minehill; 23¾ for North Pennsylvania; 12¾ for Catawissa common; and 22 for Philadelphia and Erie. There were no changes to notice in City Passenger Railway shares; 48 was bid for Tenth and Eighth; 50 for Chestnut and Walnut; 64 for West Philadelphia; 10¼ for Race and Vine; 31 for Green and Coates; 13 for Ridge avenue; 11 for Lombard and South; and 21 for Union. The only sale of Canal stock was Schuylkill Navigation preferred at 26. In the Coal stocks we notice a single sale of Big Mountain at 4. Other stocks were exceedingly dull. Maple Shade Oil again declined, and sold at 9¾.

The following were the quotations for gold yesterday at the hours named:

10 A. M.	129½
11 A. M.	129½
12 M.	129½
1 P. M.	129¾
3 P. M.	140
4 P. M.	140½

The subscriptions to the 7-30 loan received by Jay Cooke yesterday amount to $2,150,200, including one of $175,000 from Second National Bank, Chicago; one of $100,000 from First National, Providence; one of $100,000 from Schafer & Brother, New York; one of $420,000 from Fisk & Hatch, New York; one of $200,000 from Second National, Louisville; one of $500,000 from First National, Norfolk, Va.; one of $250,000 from First National, New York; one of $250,000 from First National, Newark, N. J.; one of $400,000 from Evansville National Bank, Indiana, and one of $200,000 from Third National Bank, Chicago. There were 1,800 individual subscriptions, of $50@100 each.

The State Treasurer informs the holders of Pennsylvania State loans that the coupons due July 1st will be paid at the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank.

The Internal Revenue Department has decided as follows with regard to the liability of brokers to pay the tax on sales of gold and stocks made on their own account:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865.

SIR: In reply to yours of the 14th inst.: That all brokers, and bankers doing the business of brokers, are held to be liable to tax on sales of their own stocks, bonds, &c., &c., as well as upon those belonging to others. Very respectfully,

E. A. ROLLINS, Deputy Commissioner.

The following is the amount of coal transported over the Schuylkill Canal, during the week ending Thursday, June 29, 1865:

	Tons.	Cwt.
This week	22,193	00
Same week last year	39,544	00
Decrease	17,411	00

The following is the amount of coal transported on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad during the week ending Thursday, June 29, 1865:

	Tons.	Cwt.
This week	56,918	00
Same week last year	76,140	00
Decrease	20,222	00

The resumption of the dry goods trade between Cincinnati and the South is thus referred to by the *Gazette* of that city:

It was developed to-day that the credit system is getting a foothold in the dry goods trade again, and that this is extending to the South. Goods have been sold to Southern merchants within the