The Press.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

REDUCTION OF TERMS.

The price of THE PRESS has been reduced 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.

PUNISHMENT OF TREASON AND CONSPIRACY.

When to the heinous crime of treason is added a cowardly conspiracy to assassinate, a consummation of guilt is obtained for which it is difficult to find a name. The law, however, provides a sure punishment for the double crime, and that was inflicted yesterday, at Washington, upon the miserable culprits so justly convicted by the Commission. They had the fairest trial, and the assistance of able counsel, but their crime was so clearly proven, that no one could question the justice and the propriety of the judgment. And, now the most culpable have

"perished by the justest doom,
That ever the destroyer had destroyed,"

the majesty of the law is vindicated, and few, indeed, are those who can pretend to doubt that the death-doom ought to have been inflicted. Least of all, can our friends "over the water" have any right to question it? As John Bull is very fond of precedents, we take leave to point to a case which is somewhat parallel to this.

There had been political trouble in England during the last year of the Regency, and what is called "the Manchester massacre," perpetrated in August, 1819, had greatly increased the angry feeling of the working classes—the agricultural as well as the manufacturing laborers being in great distress. The Regent (afterwards GEORGE the Fourth,) was extremely unpopular, and his Government, which took strong measures to repress the expression of public feeling, was very much disliked. Its head was Lord LIVERPOOL, a nervous, feeble man, who declared that during the greater part of his tenure of office, he actually dreaded to open his letters each morning, fearing that they might announce the breaking out of an insurrection in the manufacturing districts. No doubt much of this apprehension was unfounded, but that distress and consequent discontent existed is very certain; and it is equally undeniable that emissaries of the Government, scattered throughout disaffected parts of the country, did a great deal to aggravate the angry feelings which existed.

In February, 1820, a few weeks after the accession of GEORGE the Fourth, it became known to the Government that several persons, then resident in London, had organized a conspiracy, the object of which was to assassinate the ministers, seize the Bank of England, the Mansion House (Lord Mayor's residence,) and the Tower, and establish a republic. The leaders, few but resolute, met in Cato street, off the Edgware Road; hence, the generally accepted title of "the Cato-street Conspiracy." Its head was ARTHUR THISTLEWOOD, who had been an officer in the army, who had been in France at the outbreak of the first revolution there, and who held that violence and insurrection were the proper modes of redressing the evils of what they considered bad government. He had been tried for high treason, and had been acquitted. Indignation at "the Manchester Massacre" made him resolve (to use his own words) "that the lives of the instigators should be the requiem to the souls of the murdered innocents." He drew about him some ignorant and desperate men, and it was arranged that the Cabinet Ministers—fifteen in all—including WELLINGTON, CANNING, and ELDON—should be murdered, each in his own house. Having ascertained that there was to be a Cabinet dinner at Lord HARROWBY's, at which all the Ministers were expected to attend, they resolved that "it would be a rare haul to murder them all together." One man was to call with a note while the magnates were at dinner; the others were then to rush in, slay the unarmed guests, and carry off, in a bag prepared for that purpose, the heads of Lords SIDMOUTH and CASTLEREAGH, who were especially obnoxious. After that, they were to fire the cavalry barracks, by throwing fire-balls into the straw-sheds; the Bank and the Tower to be taken by the populace, who, it was hoped, would rise *en masse* when the news was known to them.

Intelligence of the conspirators' plans were communicated to the Government by one of its own spies, and also by two of the secret council in Cato street. The Ministers determined not to dine at Lord HARROWBY's, but that the preparations for the dinner would proceed as if no alarm had disarranged them. This conclusion was arrived at on the advice of the Duke of WELLINGTON; but Lord CASTLEREAGH, a man of great personal courage, proposed that each gentleman should go to the dinner, armed, and so meet the conspirators. These men were about leaving the loft in Cato street, which they had hired as a secret place to meet in, for it was close upon eight o'clock, the hour named for the dinner, when a party of police rushed in and confronted them, twenty-four in all. SMITHERS, the leading police officer, who had unfortunately waited for the soldiers ordered to assist the civil force, was stabbed through the heart by THISTLEWOOD, who blew out the solitary candle, which just made darkness visible, and escaped, with fourteen of his accomplices. Three other policemen were stabbed or shot. Nine of the party, with arms and ammunition, were captured. The Government offered a thousand pounds for the apprehension of THISTLEWOOD, who was taken at a friend's house, the next morning, and London was startled at the announcement of his guilt, and alarmed by the idea that the plot was but the first movement of a great insurrection. There is no reason to believe that it involved more than THISTLEWOOD and his immediate associates.

The trial of THISTLEWOOD and four of his principal accomplices, for high treason, took place in April, before Chief Justice ABBOTT, afterwards Lord TENTERDEN, and lasted three days. Their meditated crime was truly described as without example in the history of England, and as unparalleled for atrocity. Bad as it was, the assassination of President LINCOLN overtops it in enormity. The conviction of THISTLEWOOD and his four companions in crime, was followed, on the first of May, by their public execution, in front of Newgate. After they were cut down, their heads were cut off with a surgeon's knife, by a man in a mask, who evidently was an expert, and exhibited to the public, each with the words from the executioner, "This is the head of a traitor." This was the last execution in England for high treason. The bodies were interred within the precincts of the prison, quicklime being thrown into each grave. And so ended what might have been very serious to the Government and the country.

In the main point of the conspiracy to kill, this English plot closely resembles that of which Mr. LINCOLN was the victim. But in *our* case, there is the additional fact—that the conspiracy succeeded. And, because it *did* succeed, the execution which took place yesterday is not only justifiable in all respects, but imperatively demanded by society itself. We should be weak and feeble, as well as foolish to a degree, if a false humanity should induce us to nullify justice by extending pardon to such culprits as passed away yesterday.

WOMANHOOD AND CRIME.

A wise and witty writer declared that "Woman's rights were Men's wrongs," and seeing how blatant pseudo-philanthropists and mock humanitarians are upon the execution of one of the greatest criminals of modern times, we are more than half inclined to think that he spoke the truth. Until yesterday, never yet was any traitor-murderer put to death, by due process of the law, in this country. But there have been numerous instances, and some of them in this State, nor very remotely, of women, who had been tried and convicted of murder, suffering death at the gallows. The *crime* justly doomed them to that tragic fate, and the accident of *sex* was not then put forward in extenuation. Laws are worse than useless—they become positively injurious to society—when they are not enforced against the worst of culprits. Treason is a great crime, and murder is a great crime; yet when *both* crimes are united, as in the case of Mrs. SURATT, who was convicted of deep complicity in a conspiracy to murder the Chief Magistrate of this republic, we are told, "Do not inflict the death penalty upon her, because she is a *woman*."

As we have said, no one died the death of a traitor in these United States until yesterday, and one of the culprits, against whom not only treason most foul, but also murder most horrible was proven, was a woman. Is the difference of sex to carry with it an abatement of punishment? We do not find this so set down in any jurisprudence in the world, and we do not believe that it is an allowable plea. The criminal records of European countries, of the most advanced in civilization, such as France, England, and Germany, present numerous examples of female criminals suffering the death doom, when convicted of heinous offences. There are many instances of women executed for complicity in treason, and still more numerous instances of their suffering death in the most ignominious manner for other crimes. Mrs. SURATT was doubly guilty. Next to WILKES BOOTH himself, she was the most active, shrewd, and resolute member of the branch organization at Washington, which had for its object the murder of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON, of WILLIAM H. SEWARD and ULYSSES S. GRANT. She was one of the quick intelligences which gave vitality to the conspiracy which was directed against these valuable lives, and thus was guilty of High Treason; and the assistance which she gave to BOOTH, who slaughtered Mr. LINCOLN, and to PAYNE, who had nearly slain Mr. SEWARD, made her an accessory before the fact in the horrible murder which took the martyr-President from us—thank God, not until he had seen the virtual completion of the great work which he was sent by Providence to accomplish. Yet we are told by some few weak-minded and wrong-headed persons, that this person, double-dyed in the compound sin of treason and murder, ought to have been spared, "because she is a woman." A woman, indeed! Her sex disown her. Far out of the pale of their sisterhood and sympathy has her crime removed her. Her own guilt has unsexed her. Neither History nor Romance has any character at all parallel to hers. There was something even fiendish in the alacrity and perseverance with which she went into and through the vile conspiracy, which has given her an immortality of ignominy. That for such a person, the plea of gentle Womanhood should have been brought forward is very remarkable. She was very guilty, and she was justly punished.

THE PRESSURE OF NECESSITY, during the war, created a great, dominant party, gathered from all cliques and denominations. The very existence of the nation was endangered, and all good and true men rushed to the rescue without distinction of party or creed. The result has been a strange union of many discordant elements and curiously diverse opinions, but a glorious work has been accomplished by the conglomerated mass, and peace and unity have followed the labors of the united discords.

Only the mighty preliminary duty has yet been performed; the national rights and powers have been vindicated, but the completing and securing of the great results are still to be accomplished. The high virtues of endurance, valor, and patriotism, have marshaled and sustained us through the long and weary way from which we are just emerging, but the new trials upon which we are now entering require additional aid. Calmness and patience, and prudence, must be called to our assistance, to point out the future path and lead us therein. Directed, guarded, and sustained by the heroism and courage exhibited in the past, as well as by the fortitude and wisdom necessary to the new and arduous duties arising before us, we may be enabled worthily to perform the mighty work which has been given into our hands.

AS A GENERAL RULE, the behavior of our returning soldiers is admirable. Despite the fears of the timid and the predictions of the desponding, they are retiring back to their old positions in civil life with as much order and precision as if they were still acting under military orders; their instinctive self-respect, sense of propriety, and shrewd common sense, being even more powerful prompters than the stern commands of the officers who led them through the war. The few exceptions to this remark are justly attributable, in most instances, to the numerous snares which the unprincipled have cunningly set to plunder our brave men and to lure them on to ruin. Patriotic citizens will rarely fail to exercise "charity to all" our defenders, and "mercy to none" of the miscreants who systematically strive to rob them of their hard earnings.

THE MOST complete political conversions effected during the war, are among those BRECKINRIDGE Democrats, who, fighting bravely for their flag on the tented field, still sympathized with most of the pro-slavery views common in the South, until they were captured as prisoners, subjected for a long period to the slow tortures of the prison-pen at Andersonville, and in escaping from it, were succored at every step of their journey *by the poor, despised freedmen*. When even this significant proof of black loyalty and of white cruelty was not effectual, the attempts to hunt down our prisoners with blood-hounds, and the faithful efforts of the negroes to divert the pursuit of these relentless pursuers, never failed to satisfy the most incredulous that slavery, instead of being an institution that should be worshipped and protected as a deity, was a devil that every honest man should seek to banish from the land.

THE SIZE of the American fleet that is to cruise in European waters during the coming year has been much exaggerated by sensation journals. It does not amount in all to more than six vessels, but as these embrace some of our most celebrated ships—the renowned Kearsarge and the gigantic Niagara being of the number they will, doubless, worthily represent the honor of our nation. The voyage is no mere braggadocio affair but a practical and useful cruise, having for its main object the protection of American commerce. Experience has long since demonstrated that unjust exactions, even to the extent of the confiscation of vessels and cargoes, will frequently be attempted by rapacious officials when no protecting national squadron is stationed at a convenient distance, and where the flags of our naval cruisers are so rarely seen that their protecting power is doubted and disbelieved. Our little fleet, therefore, as it sails from port to port, will be a very wholesome reminder "to all whom it may concern," that the busy merchantmen which ply from our shores will be supported and sustained by the power of our great Republic—by a nation that, since it has finished the task of chastising and securing the future obedience of a few of its unruly children, is able to cope with any foreign Government on sea or land, and that has within its borders more living heroes of valorous achievements, and first-class soldiers and seamen than all Europe combined.

OUR EXCHANGES are filled with accounts of the proceedings of Fourth-of-July celebrations at various places, and with the usual accompaniments of accidents from the careless discharge of firearms and of petty fireworks. The newspapers chronicled fewer disastrous fires in our city than usual, and but few fatal accidents. But there were hundreds of wounds inflicted of which no public mention was made; and some peculiarly distressing ones, of which we have been informed, make us hope more fervently than ever that some action will be taken hereafter to abate the nonsensical and dangerous nuisances which form a principal feature of our patriotic demonstrations. Let us have beautiful public fireworks of artistic finish and design, but no petty private gunpowder explosions to burn down our houses and wound and maim our children or the friends who extinguish the flames which so often enkindle their clothing. Let salvoes of artillery be fired by experienced gunners until the whole city reverberates with the uproar, but no pocket-pistols and shot-guns, keeping up a perpetual racket. Fire-crackers, etc., may be fit types of Chinese civilization, and correspond with the tastes and habits of a people who cannot muster enough men from their hundreds of millions to defend their capital from a handful of invading foreigners, but they do not comport with the genius of America; for here we should aim to be as careful and considerate in peace as we are terrible and destructive in war. If it is at all possible to correct this old-established evil habit we should sedulously strive to do so, and no longer suffer our delights and pleasures, in our annual celebrations, to be marred by a long, black record of painful and fatal casualties.

THE MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST left by Admiral DUPONT to the contemplated asylum for the relief and education of the orphans of the soldiers and sailors of the war for the Union, which we announced in a recent special despatch from Wilmington, will forever add a glorious halo to the venerated memory of that gallant and accomplished naval commander. He could not have made a more beneficent and patriotic disposition of the princely sum he had acquired in commanding our squadrons. While this prize-money was justly and fairly earned, there is a special propriety in his determination to make himself the mere temporary custodian of the bounty of the Government, and to dedicate it all to the humane and noble charity he wisely selected.

JONES' BUST OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.—It is generally much more difficult to find a good—we mean a satisfactory likeness—of the dead, than of the living. Whether it be in the bust or in the portrait, there is so much omitted we seem to remember, so much that we cannot but believe we detect the failure to portray, it would seem scarcely possible for memory to be satisfied. In looking at the various likenesses of the deceased Abraham Lincoln, this has been painfully true. This one has lacked the intellect; this one that genial cordiality which, at times, almost transfigured those masculine yet homely features; and this again the delicate pathos which from time to time so visibly colored them. We will not positively say that Mr. Jones has entirely succeeded in his present bust, yet it is unmistakably one of the finest and truest which we have yet seen. Indeed, so true is it, that copies have already been ordered by, and a large portion of them delivered to, Lieutenant Generals Scott and Grant; President Johnson, at the White House; Admiral Farragut, Postmaster General Dennison, the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Independence and Faneuil Halls; Governors Fenton, Curtin, Buckingham, Brownlow, and Andrew; Collector Draper, the Naval and Military Academies, the New York Historical Society, the City Hall, the Hall of the Board of Education, the Free Academy, the School of Design, Cooper Institute, American Institute, the Police Headquarters; the Colored Association which assembled on the grounds of the Executive Mansion, at Washington, to celebrate the Fourth of July; the War Department, Mr. Seward, Mr. McCulloch, the Methodist Book Concern, Bishop Simpson, John Bright, Peter Cooper, Rev. Dr. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, Gerrit Smith, General Butler, Gasparin, Cochin Labolaye, Henri Martin; Ministers Clay, Adams, Bigelow, and President Jeffard, of Hayti.

The original cast of the bust is now on exhibition at Brady's photographic establishment, in New York, and a copy of it was the bust in the window of *The Press* office, which created such general admiration on the Fourth of this month and the days immediately succeeding.

CAPE MAY.

[Special Correspondence of The Press.]

CAPE MAY, July 7, 1865.

After suffering from the dust and heat of a crowded city, what a delightful transition it is to find yourself free from the toil of business, and breathing the pure, fresh air from the ocean.

Oil stocks, Reading Railroad, and five-twenties are forgotten; the bulls may roar and the bears may growl on the Stock Exchange; securities advance or decline, but little care you, sitting under the shade-trees of the Columbia House, smoking your fragrant Havana, or driving your fast team on the road to Cold Spring. You have resigned yourself to pleasure for a fortnight, and, if it lies in your power, nothing shall occur to mar your sport.

The Cape, as it is known to all Philadelphians, presents many attractions which other watering places do not afford. The society is decidedly first-class, the hotels of the best description, and under the control of gentlemanly proprietors, who spare no pains to contribute to the comfort of their guests. The bathing is, we think, the safest along our coast, while good fishing can be found half a mile from your door. Possessing so many natural advantages, Cape May must, in course of time, gain ascendancy over Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, and, we had almost said, Smith's Island.

As a mark of its improvement, it now boasts of a daily paper, in which the latest intelligence is placed in the hands of every guest on the island at the earliest possible hour. Pleasure-seekers are still crowding down in great numbers. Every train adds to the quota of those already here; tired and travel-stained they rush from the cars to the coaches, and are then distributed among the different hotels.

The proprietors of these may congratulate themselves upon the admirable arrangements they have made towards enhancing the pleasure of their guests; and we may here speak especially of Mr. George Bolton, of the Columbia House, and Mr. J. F. Cake, of Congress Hall. At the former place, Beck's Band has been engaged to discourse sweet melody; and, at the latter, Hassler's Band will perform for the benefit of those who may wish to while away the midnight hour in the mazes of the dizzy dance.

Many persons are now enjoying the bathing, but we must wait for a month before we will see the crowds rolling in the surf before the Columbia pavilion.

Mosquitoes, the great bore of all watering-places, are, we may say, entire strangers here; and you may retire to rest free from all horrible visions of birds of prey piercing your flesh with gory beaks, and gloating in triumph over your sleeping form. J. R. S.

Strange Proceedings in New York.

MERCANTILE APPRECIATION OF A NOTORIOUS REBEL OFFICER.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The *Post* of this evening states that the steamer Hatteras is advertised to leave this port to-morrow for Richmond, commanded by Captain Parrish, who surrendered the steamer Yorktown to the rebels, and endeavored to persuade the crew to join the rebels. The Yorktown was afterwards iron-plated by the rebels, and, under command of Parrish, took part in the engagement between the Merrimac and Monitor. The first mate of the Hatteras is Robert Roberts, who was captain of a rebel tug-boat. The Hatteras belongs to Livingstone & Co., of this city.

EXCURSION TO FORT DELAWARE.—The new and rapid steamer Meteor, Captain J. Q. A. Denny, will, on Wednesday next, July 12th, make an excursion to Fort Delaware, leaving Megargee's wharf, Kensington, at 7.45 A. M., touching at Billingsport, Pennsgrove, and Pennsville. On arriving at the fort ample time will be given the passengers to visit the interior. Refreshments will be provided, both on the boat and at the fort.

CONTINUED SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY AT CAPE MAY.—On Saturday, July 15th, at 1 o'clock P. M., three hundred building lots will be sold at Cape May, N. J. These lots are situate not far distant from the beach and railroad depot. A special excursion train will leave Walnut-street wharf at 8 o'clock A. M., and arrive at 12 M. The tickets furnished will be good to return the following Monday. See advertisement.

RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD.—This road was turned over to the management of the company yesterday, who, until further arrangements can be made, will adopt the same schedule of time as run by the military authorities. The rolling-stock of the road is, we understand, in very bad repair, but will be used for the present. The best engines formerly used on this road, were purchased from the Confederate Government, they having been captured by Confederate troops on the Baltimore and Ohio road. These have been sent back to that road.—*Petersburg Express, July 4th.*

PASSENGER RAILROAD TRIPS--NO. III.

GREEN AND COATES STREETS.

BEAUTIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

AN IRON GIBBET.

Strange Anomalies and Witless Jokes.

BY "CHIPS."

The passenger cars, it may be truly said, are among the most democratic of the institutions of Philadelphia. At almost any time we are apt to meet in them many representatives of all classes of people, all varieties of dress, manners and conversation. When people make up their minds to indulge in a railway or steamboat excursion, they generally draw the best from their wardrobes and prepare themselves for the journey, but in the every day local cars they retain to a great extent their domestic dress, manners, and peculiarities. It is in these local cars, where the broad and marked outlines of character more strikingly exhibit themselves. Boorishness is more stolid; snobbishness more offensive; superciliousness more self asserting; pride more exclusive; and selfishness in all its grades more unmasked. A street car, of all other places, is the most favorite for vain and silly displays, and a careless or even reckless indifference to the wants of others

The observant passenger has a fine opportunity here to study the manners and customs of the promiscuous mass of people. To read a book, or the "fifth edition" of some newspaper, is entirely out of the question in the presence of so much that urges and forces itself on your attention. It must be confessed, however, that many agreeable people are met in the cars. Their manners, tone of voice, general air of refinement and kindness, seem to conspire to make their presence about as acceptable as though they were our nearest friends. Yet appearances are deceptive. As a general thing, from many remarks that we have heard from extravagantly dressed people, we are constrained to say that, had half the care been bestowed in cultivating their minds as that in arranging their toilet, there would be no occasion wanting to draw upon our admiration. Among the classes of the most disagreeable people to be found in the cars, are the men who use tooth-picks; the fellows who stare at the ladies in a bold manner, almost amounting to insult; those who thrust their newspaper into their neighbors' faces; the fellow who whistles or who smokes on the front platform, or who spits tobacco-juice in the car; the lady who expands her crinoline, and looks as black as a June thundergust when she has to make room for another lady of similar outward dimensions; and last, but not least, the lady who gets into the car, and finding all the seats occupied, stops in front of the first gentleman she reaches, and, *looking* him out of his place, complains that the conductor ought not to run his car so full. In the course of a month of riding we counted the number of times that gentlemen were thanked for surrendering their seats to ladies. Out of about four hundred, less than fifty said "thank you." In about twenty instances of gentlemen making the same offer, and being refused, the ladies (bless them) just as many times said, "no, I thank you;" "keep your seat;" therefore, being more polite in the refusal than in the acceptance.

Cuffey, in the play of "The Seven Daughters of Satan," hits this subject in a very pleasant manner, as follows:

"For gibbin up yer seat to a lady in de car."
"Thankee."
"Dat is if yer get it."
"Muchly yer don't."

Notwithstanding this, we have seen a number of instances of ladies surrendering their places in the cars to men returning, wearied, from the toil of the day; and we are apt to think this would be more common if not misunderstood, or if the motive would be justly appreciated. It must be confessed that it requires no little pertinacity, good nature, and courage on the part of a lady to form a proper decision in such cases.

An overloaded street car, especially on a stormy night, is a wonderful institution for contemplation. It tries the patience, and disturbs the equanimity of the most philosophically inclined individual. Such squeezing, pushing, elbowing, corn-smashing, and cracking of witless jokes, long since played out—such as, "always room for one more," "car never gits full"—bid despair to crinoline, and staggers old fogyism. The conductor forces himself through the funnel to take up fare; a wet lady hands him a wet dollar-note—some country bank—tells him to take out for herself and child; conductor can't do it—no room for the passenger to get out; another passenger pulls the bell, car does not stop suddenly, the passenger becomes impatient, and gives the bell another pull, which means "go ahead;" the car does not stop at all. The conductor is soundly berated; he is to be informed on in the morning; the number of his car is imperiously demanded; then the conductor is called for from every quarter:

"Here, Mister Conductor, you didn't give me my change."
"Mister Conductor, let me out at —— street."
"Conductor, can't you drive a little faster?"
"I believe these conductors is just put here to steal."
"They never stop only in the mud."
"Take care, good man, how you punch me with yer elbows."

Then comes another voice; it is that of a female:

"Conductor, let me out at —— street, please."

Presently the car is relieved of part of its over-population, and some passengers find they are several squares below the point they desired to get out at, and the conductor comes in for another share of scolding, with the inevitable threat of being made the subject of information in the morning.

The conductor of a street car experiences a chequered existence. He holds no sinecure. Is it any wonder that, because of the incessant labor of fourteen or seventeen hours per day, and at moderate wages only, he simply holds on to the situation until he can get something better to do? We might moralize a volume on this subject, but our mission to-day is to give a brief sketch of a trip on the

GREEN AND COATES-STREET

Road, made a day or two since. Taking the car at Sixth and Dickerson streets, in the First ward, we proceed up the last-named thoroughfare to Eighth street, when a turn is made to the northward. We have a passing view of the *Church of the Annunciation*, two squares to the west. This is a Catholic church. It is built substantially of pressed brick; is commodious, and a large congregation attends there on each Sunday. The foundation of this church was erected in a very short time. Many Catholics, residing in the lower section of the city, gave what may be called one day's labor on the work. In twenty-four hours the cellar was dug, and in almost about the same time the walls were put up. So much for the foundation. It was built in the most substantial manner, in this way. As yet the building stands almost isolated.

Presently we see the towers of the County Prison, (often miscalled the Moyamensing Prison,) projecting above a mass of tree foliage of every shade of green. In one of these towers there is a practical specimen of British leniency, in the shape of an

IRON GIBBET,

large enough to admit a man the size of Washington. It was removed from the Walnut-street Prison, that once stood at the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets. The history of this machine is obscure. At the time the old prison was pulled down we heard an aged gentleman say that the gibbet was one of a number sent to this country from England during the early days of the American Revolution, to be used upon the persons of the most eminent patriots of that period. The intention was to hang a human body in it—death to ensue from starvation, as the most lenient and magnanimous way of punishing rebels. At the present period it would not be amiss, perhaps, to place this gibbet in some position where the great public could get a view of it. A photograph of it sent to the secesh sympathizing British lords might induce them to withhold their unasked advice in reference to American government.

As we pass along in the car, the panorama is beautified by the by-views of the new *Presbyterian Church* at Ninth and Wharton streets, the *Episcopal Church of Our Savior*, on Reed street; the *House of Industry* on Catharine street, and the beautiful *Episcopal Church of the Evangelists* opposite, with its tall tower and beautiful spire stretching towards the vast dome of Nature. At Eighth and Fitzwater streets, the

RINGGOLD PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSE

will attract some attention. The roof and steeple on this building were entirely destroyed by fire a few years since, but they have been replaced, and the bell now summons the children, every morning, to cultivate their minds by clothing them in the habiliments of a good English education. There is evidently a want of taste in the arrangements around the structure. The trees have not been properly trimmed, nor are the grass-plots worthy of a notice. A few dollars in floriculture would make this place like the abode of fairies.

We pass by Shippen and South streets, with its long range of old clothes dealers and junk shops, and turn to the south masonry of old Penn Hospital, the entrance to which is on Eighth street. It used to be on Pine street but when the managers of the institution sold their lot, on the south side of this street, extending from Eighth to Ninth, it was stipulated that the entrance to the hospital should be removed. This was acceded to in deference to the feelings of the families who were to reside in the beautiful mansions then to be erected there. These piles of architecture have been built, and more beautiful specimens cannot be found in any part of Philadelphia.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

On the west side, just above Spruce street, the eye will be attracted by the beautiful proportions of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, with its massive fluted columns, and not over-heavy pediments. It was in this church where the great Dr. Bedell once preached. The annual Conference of the Episcopal Diocese of Eastern Pennsylvania held its sessions here for many years. On proceeding a little farther, a passing view of *Musical Fund Hall*, to the west, on Locust street, and a glimpse of *Washington Square* to the eastward, will give lights and shades to the great panoramic picture. Soon we are amid the bustle and business, proverbial of Eighth street, with its well-filled and beautiful stores, where ladies can go shopping all day without travelling far after commencing the task. There is, perhaps, not a more extensive retail business spot in Philadelphia. Some of the stores are fitted up with a great degree of taste, and, as we pass along there are hundreds of anxious mammas and blooming daughters, examining, purchasing, and ordering home, the latest fickleness of the styles of fashion, apparently regardless of the transient goddess. Presently, from these every day scenes, the mind is involuntarily brought to consider other things. There passes in full review the

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

at Eighth and Cherry streets, one of the neatest places of worship in the city. It is lilac in color, and presents a majestic appearance, with its row of fluted columns on the front. The congregation worshipping here is large, and contains within its number some of the most prominent and influential members of the community. Turning to the westward, there will be seen the immense manufactory of Messrs. Cornelius, Baker, & Co., makers of chandeliers and gas fixtures. Here this business is carried on to an immense extent. Work made up at this place embellishes many halls of legislation in America, and palaces in Europe and Asia. This establishment was the scene of a frightful explosion, and the community is yet familiar with the published accounts thereof; but everything is in perfect order again; every safeguard has been introduced that science could invent or wealth and enterprise procure, and through this great medium bread and butter is put into the mouths of thousands in our city. Lighting gas-fixtures by electricity is one of the wonderful improvements recently introduced to the world by this well-known firm, whose names are as familiar as household words. But the car passes on, and we leave Messrs. Cornelius, Baker, & Co. in their glory, while we turn attention to a fine-looking building, just above Race street. This is the

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH,

a neat-looking drab-colored edifice, the lower vestibule apparently even with the line of the street; the walls of the interior recessing back some eight or ten feet, to allow room for two heavy columns that support the entablature. Besides this, there is nothing of particular consequence to notice until reaching Noble street, where a neat and unpretending church may be seen, recessing back at least one hundred feet from the street line. The enclosure is marked by a handsome iron-railing, and plenty of grass within.

HANDEL AND HAYDN HALL.

The tall and majestic-looking, and certainly ornate pile of architecture, known by the "name, style, and title" of Handel and Haydn Hall, will attract more than ordinary attention. It is one block in extent, extending from Spring Garden to Green street. The cornice is rather massive, and has for its support beautifully carved brackets. It is one of that class of buildings that has given a name to Philadelphia that all should feel proud of. The car now turns up Coates street; and upon approaching the track of the steam-cars of the Germantown railway, the conductor gets out—advances as a precaution—a wave of his hands, and we are over the track, moderately speeding the way to scenes of beauty.

THE NORTHWEST GRAMMAR SCHOOL

will be seen just above Twelfth street, with its beautiful tall and graceful ornamental trees in front casting their grateful shade upon a yard, where the urchins are allowed an interval to play as conducive to their physical health. We soon reach Broad street, at the intersection of Ridge avenue, which form acute angles. Passing by an old, white, dilapidated-looking building, called the Avenue Market, we are soon transported to semi-rural scenes and more beautiful views beyond. Passing by several recently built churches and a fine, large, and beautiful brown sand-stone public school-house, with massive ornamental railing, modeled after growing corn, we breathe the fresh air again sweeping down from rural hills, over perfumed landscapes. But to the right will be observed a long building, of yellow ochre-looking stone, hard as adamant. This is the

EASTERN PENITENTIARY,

erected in the shape of a star within its massive walls. Along the front wall is a terrace ten feet wide, covered with grass. From this grass, apparently, arises the principal wall of the prison. The institution has been visited by many foreign and American tourists, who have long since decided that it is the model prison of the world. Standing in the centre, the spectator can have an uninterrupted view of the several wards or corridors. It is scrupulously clean. There is nothing very forbidding in its front appearance. Its towers look like so many light-houses; they ought to be a warning to the unwary mariner on the ocean of life. The site of this place was once known as Cherry Hill. This was when Bush Hill was in all its primeval glory. In fact it may be considered as once having formed a part of Bush Hill, but bore the other name from the fact of many black-heart cherry trees growing upon its soil. When a boy, we picked cherries from a number of the trees. The soil is appropriate for the black hearted villains within the walls of the prison that long since took the place of natural things.

The car now approaches Fairmount, with all its artistic beauty, on the northeast portion thereof, then proceeds up the avenue a hundred yards towards the park, when it comes to a full halt. Here the passengers may retire to dwell in comfort and happiness upon the delightful scenes constantly progressing in those parts.

THE DOWNWARD TRIP.

The track, in rounding Landing avenue, sweeps to the south side of Coates street, near the northern enclosure of Fairmount. The track of the Reading railroad runs along the eastern slope of the romantic hill, and upon the approach of the steam train a watchman displays a red flag as the warning signal. This necessary precaution prevents accidents, and therefore the dread of collision does not mar the pleasure of the trip. The passenger, while crossing the Reading track, will, upon looking southward, observe in a direct line the dome of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, standing high over surrounding things. At this distance it looks like an immense balloon, ready to ascend heavenward. The car turns down Twenty-second street, and finally into Green street, which seems to be appropriately named, as there extends to the power of vision apparently endless rows of ornamental trees and enclosed flower and shrubbery gardens in front of the palatial mansions that beautify the thoroughfare. We observe here for several squares that the houses on the north side are built of pressed brick, with white marble door jambs and circular heads, while on the south side of the street rows after rows of residences have mastic fronts, from pale gray to slate color, from the tints of the lilac to the bluish purple. The contrast is decidedly pleasing, and certainly refreshing in this great city of "bricks and mortor." Along this pleasant spot there are many gardens, attractive and full of floral beauty. Amid these works of art, embellished as they are with Nature's choicest offerings, stands the

ALEXANDER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

an admirably and substantially constructed temple for religious worship. It possesses an imposing appearance, and in design it is in keeping with the architectural beauty of the entire vicinity. On the south side of this street, above Fifteenth, stands the

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH,

that has been in progress of erection for several years. It presents a handsome front, with a blue-stone tower on its west end. On Saturday evening, about ten o'clock, July 1st, inst., a sudden gust of wind, preceding a heavy thunder storm and deluge, prostrated the spire, yet unfinished, and dashing it down from its lofty eminence, smashed in the roofs of two large four-story houses on the opposite side of the way, and interrupted travel on this part of the road for the remainder of the night. Crossing Broad street the passenger will observe the beautiful proportions of the Central High School building on the east side thereof, while at the northeast corner of the same wide thoroughfare and Green street, the attention will be attracted by an imposing edifice. This is the

NORTH BROAD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

built of nicely dressed brown stone. The work appears to be well executed; the design evinces skill, the whole making a pretty picture in the moving panorama of which we are writing.

THE GREEN-STREET CHURCH.

This is certainly one of the prettiest churches attached to the Methodist Episcopal persuasion. It is located west of Tenth street. The front is supported by handsome columns resting on a terrace, access being had thereto by a flight of stone steps. These columns are neat and graceful in their support of a pretty entablature, in perfect harmony of design. A very pretty iron railing decorates the front, and prevents ready intrusion. Prominent and distinguished citizens are numbered with the flourishing congregation that worships within the walls of this pretty building.

Passing the *Germantown Railroad depot*, we proceed to Fourth street, but find nothing on this part of the route worthy of particular mention. Upon turning down Fourth, a blank wall at the southeast corner meets the eye, and at a considerable distance from the line of the street may be seen the Friends' Meeting House, hiding its modesty beneath weeping willows and sycamores. An ugly shed, enclosed in the street corner, reflects no credit upon the individuals having supervisory power over the place. The car in a short time passes Callowhill street, with its low and repulsive looking market sheds, which are a disgrace to the city. They were built many years since, are clumsy looking, and as such show the taste of the corporate power of the Northern Liberties many years agone.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH.

This sacred edifice presently appears to view. The building which formerly occupied the site was destroyed by a fearful riot in May, 1844, which started in the vicinity of Second and Master streets, Kensington, and culminated in Southwark in July following. There was a lull between the two periods named, but there was a feverish excitement, which finally burst out with renewed fury under the stimulating efforts of local politicians of all political parties. We well remember, while standing in silent contemplation of the ruins of St. Augustine, there was one spot upon the interior that remained unscathed during the terrible conflagration. That little spot contained these words, "GOD SEETH."

Along this section of the city, there are a variety of business attractions, and comfortable though mostly ancient-looking dwellings.

THE ZION LUTHERAN CHURCH,

at the corner of Cherry street, is one of the aged buildings that carries back to mind the days of a century ago. It is probably the most substantially built edifice of the kind in Philadelphia. It is of the same character in point of material as that used in Independence Hall or the Catholic Trinity at Sixth and Spruce street. This church was once robbed of the embroidered velvet of the pulpit, by a murderer named Charles Langfeldt *alias* Leatherman. The principal witness against him, was a young lady who resided in and occupied the second story back room of a dwelling adjacent. She embroidered the velvet, and thus it was identified before the court. This Langfeldt was also convicted of robbing a hardware store in the same vicinity. He was sentenced to a term of four years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. During his incarceration, he swore he would have revenge upon the female upon whose evidence he was convicted. After having served his time out he stealthily entered the house by climbing over a rear shed, access being had thereto by a narrow alley running from Fourth street. He made his way into the room formerly occupied by the witness, upon whom he maliciously sought revenge. Blowing the night lamp out he proceeded to do the work of murder. The community were horrified and terribly excited on the following morning, upon hearing of the frightful butchery of Mrs. Rademacher, and the shocking maiming of her husband. The bloody scene is still vivid in our memory as it appeared to us at that time. The miserable wretch had killed an estimable lady, instead of the one whom the law had arraigned against him as a just and honest witness.

It was a morning that we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance, when we saw the murderous wretch hanging upon the gallows in the yard of the county prison. He died with a laugh on his lips. Well do we remember that the community felt relieved when his execution was made known through the medium of the press.

At Arch street will be observed a southeast view of an old *Quaker Church*, surrounded for several hundred feet by a blank wall with black headers, indicating antiquity. Immediately opposite may be seen the *Merchants' Hotel*, kept by as jolly a host as ever essayed to perform the duties of a public purveyor. He is essentially a Pittsburgher, and all persons of eminence from the "smoky city" resort to the Merchants' while sojourning in Philadelphia. Distinguished political gentlemen often congregate here. A little farther on, a hasty glimpse may be had of the *Union Methodist Church*; it is mostly hidden from view by houses overlapping the front of the church building. It was erected not many years since, and, like the Methodist churches generally, is unostentatious.

THE PRESS BUILDING.

This building, located just below Chestnut street, has the finest front of any institution of the kind in the city. It is of beautiful light fawn-colored stone, and makes a neat as well as imposing appearance. An apartment in this building has been assigned the Central National Bank. The building was erected with due regard to strength, in order to sustain the immense machinery, heavy power-presses of the office itself, and of the famous establishment of Messrs. Ringwalt & Brown, the great job printers of the city. During business hours many scenes of activity are constantly progressing at this popular establishment. But the car passes on, and presently we are in front of

ST. MARY'S CHURCH,

between Spruce and Prune streets. This building is a great favorite with the Catholic people generally. It was founded one hundred and two years since, and enlarged in the year 1810. In the year 1862 an unfortunate dispute arose among the dignitaries of the church, in which the lawmen joined, and the two parties divided, one styling themselves the "Bishopites," the other the "Hoganites." A big riot for those days ensued, during which the front wall of the enclosure was prostrated. The wall was rebuilt, and the broken marble cap-stones were reunited by means of iron ties, cemented with lead, placed in position where they still remain. An immense number of people congregate at this church every Sunday, and not a few often stop in front to listen to the charming music of the choir.

A REMINISCENCE.

At Pine street the car passes through two of the oldest burying-grounds in Philadelphia—that of the Third Presbyterian (known as the Old Pine-street Church), to the right, and St. Peter's Episcopal to the left. The passenger will observe in St. Peter's yard a fluted marble shaft, surmounted by a carved eagle of the same material. Beneath this monument repose the mortal remains of Commodore Stephen Decatur. They were removed to this spot nearly a quarter of a century since, and at the ceremonies an incident occurred, fresh upon the memory. Upon a shed near the southwestern part of the ground, were at least fifty boys, awaiting to witness the proceedings. At the first volley of the "honors of war," the boys gave a nervous surge with one accord, and down fell the shed, with a great crash, and they were tumbled pell-mell into each other. None of them were seriously injured.

This part of the route, for several squares, contains material for much reflection. There is nothing beautiful to attract attention, but there is something for the advocates of hygiene and morality to ponder on. The passenger can have a passing view of Pine alley, now dignified by the name of Trout street. This is the abode of brazen-faced, bloated, abandoned women and profligate men, and human whisky-mills generally. The police-officers have to rule with an iron hand, to keep these people in subjection to the law. Of late years the thoroughfare has improved somewhat, under the rigorous discipline of Frank Hampton, the lieutenant commanding the Second division of police. If the stones of this street, or the dilapidated walls of the shanties, could speak, they could tell a thousand tales that would freeze the blood, and appall the very soul with horror. We pass this picture as the car goes on between the two sections of the Washington Market-house, built by the corporation of old Southwark. Here all the necessaries and luxuries of life can be obtained at the lowest market rates.

NEW JERUSALEM,

an unpretending-looking edifice of a whitish cast, with a gable-end front view, standing some distance to the eastward of Fourth street, below German, exhibits at once the proportions of the second New Jerusalem church erected in this city. This is not numerically a strong sect, there being but five churches of the kind in all Philadelphia. The burial-place in front of the church contains but few graves; the grass is luxuriant in all its native wildness.

Presently the car passes the famous Jefferson public square, the camping-ground of the 10th New Jersey regiment in '63, and the enclosure wherein Colonel Baker and his gallant California regiment of fifteen hundred men *bivouacked* on the night before the line of march was taken up.

To the right the extensive foundry of Messrs. Merrick & Co. will be observed—the marks of the recent conflagration there still being visible. At Fourth and Reed streets, a large and well-built edifice will attract notice. This is

ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH,

of the Catholic sect. It has a stout, well-built steeple on its Fourth-street front. Its bell is remarkable for the superiority of its tone, considering its size. This bell, we understand, is about all that was rescued from the ill-fated steamer Mountaineer, that was wrecked about fourteen years since, on the "stone-pile," in the Delaware bay, on the upward trip. It cannot be said that the church is yet finished. Recently, some admirable improvements were made, and others are contemplated that will still more beautify its appearance. There is room for a clock in the steeple, an addition that is by no means improbable. Since the church was erected, hundreds of very neat and comfortable dwelling houses, with all the modern improvements—gas, hot and cold baths, have also been built in the vicinity. These houses, for the most part, are inhabited by mechanics and other thrifty well-to-do people. A few years since the whole of this part of Philadelphia presented corn and rye fields, and potatoe patches, streams of water, and other rural developments. But the progressive arts have made rapid strides here and for nearly a mile farther south, carrying with them social contentment, happiness and prosperity, and the many other endearments incident to civilization, law and order. But we are at the end of our journey. The car turns westward at Dickerson street, and in a few minutes reaches the stopping place at Sixth street. We are prepared to say that a ride over this road throughout its length will give a pretty good idea of Philadelphia as it is, and win the admiration of the observant spectator.

Public Amusements.

COTTON AND MURPHY'S MINSTRELS.—This afternoon and evening will close the performance of Cotton and Murphy's Minstrels, which have for some time been holding forth at the Chestnut. We advise all who have not as yet visited the Chestnut during the time the Minstrels have been there not to fail going either this afternoon or evening. To those who have seen the Minstrels we need say nothing. We sincerely hope that the time is not far distant when this truly fine troupe of performers will again return to Philadelphia. In conclusion, we can only wish them successful and profitable engagements wherever they may go.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The panoramic view of the assassination of President Lincoln, at Concert Hall, is attracting large audiences. We have not as yet visited the hall, but we understand, from those who have seen the panorama, that it is one of the finest and most truthful that has ever visited Philadelphia.

— A mendicant well known in the neighborhood of the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, addressed to a gentleman the following irresistible appeal: "I am poor, monsieur, but I am religious. I want but one of the saving virtues. I have Faith, I have Hope, it remains with you to give me Charity."

STATE ITEMS.

— The citizens of the eastern portion of Crawford county, and more especially of Titusville, are again agitating the question of seceding and setting up for themselves in a new county, formed from portions of Warren, Venango, and Crawford. The principal reason assigned is that they think Meadville too far to attend court, and believing Titusville to be the centre spot, think it would make a capital county seat. Another grievance of which the residents of the eastern townships complain, is the unequal distribution of the county offices, all the fat ones being "gobbled" up by men in the central or western portions. Whether the new county project will amount to anything more than a large quantity of talking is hard to tell, but we scarcely think the people of Crawford county will consent to a dismemberment of the county.

— A woman who sold water to a crowd out at Glenwood, Pittsburg, on the Fourth, from a pump over which she claimed authority, got badly taken in by a young man, some of whose friends had to pay five cents a glass for a little of the cooling beverage to quench their thirst. Learning how his friends had been treated, he called for a glass of water, and gave her in payment a fifty-cent postal note, receiving forty-five cents change. The note was worthless, being a base counterfeit, and he had not only the satisfaction of getting his drink for nothing, but got back the money paid the woman a few moments before by his friends. Although we cannot justify the above proceeding, we must confess it served the woman right.

— Never, perhaps, was a specimen of the genus canine more astonished than a mongrel terrier in Pittsburg, on the Fourth. Said dog has been in the habit of seizing any articles that were dropped near him, and shaking them as he would a rat. It is not probable that he will soon do so again. He was sunning himself with much composure, when a cracker of Titan proportions was thrown near him. He seized it at once, and began to shake it, when it exploded, much to the amusement of the bystanders, but considerably to his own discomfort. He immediately left that locality, at a fair rate of speed, emitting a series of agonizing, ear-splitting howls that would do credit to a wolf.

— From various sources we learn that the Fourth was celebrated with great success in Girard, Fairview, Union Mills, Corry, and Titusville. At the latter place the trotting matches were the chief attraction. They were witnessed by a large number of spectators, and gave general satisfaction. The demonstration at the other places mentioned was also carried out according to programme, and in general far surpassed anything they had gotten up on previous occasions.

—During this week matters in the oil region are comparatively quiet. A very large number of residents there went to their respective homes in honor of the national anniversary. Most of the absentees will not return until the week is out, and business will therefore be dull for a few days. For once, the rush has been from and not to the oil regions, but next week will no doubt send the human tide back again. Everything promises a lively season there this summer.

— A babe about two months old, plainly dressed, and tied up in such a manner as to represent a bundle, was deposited on the steps of the house of Mr. Clancy, Western avenue, Allegheny, a couple of nights since. Mr. Claney's wife being absent in the country, he felt very much like the man who bought the elephant at auction. The practice of leaving tender "waifs" on doorsteps that they may be charitably taken in, seems to be getting more and more in vogue.

—The Warren accommodation on the P. & E road struck a man lying on the track near Spring Creek, Warren county, about eight o'clock yesterday morning. On examination, it was evident the man had been dead some time, as the body was cold and stiff. His name and manner of death could not be ascertained. Some eight dollars were found in his pockets.

— About seven hundred soldiers' orphans have been admitted into the various schools of the State, in accordance with the new law providing for their education. So far, fourteen academies and high schools, in different parts of the State, have been selected by the State Superintendent for their reception.

— The Union voters of Crawford county, have placed in nomination the following ticket: Assembly, J. C. Sturtevant and George H. Bemus; Treasurer, A. J. McQuiston; District Attorney, Harvey Henderson; Commissioner, B. G. David; Auditor, James Irvin; Surveyor, T. W. White.

— The Fourth of July in Bloomsburg, Columbia county, passed off very quietly. No arrangements having been made for a celebration, the citizens generally spent the day in the neighboring towns.

— A heavy hail storm passed over portions of Manchester, Conewago and Newberry townships, York county, on Thursday last, about noon, doing considerable damage to the growing crops.

— The Republicans of Westmoreland county nominated, at their late primary election, Capt. Wm. B. Coulter, for Sheriff, and James McElroy and James R. McAfee, for Assembly.

— We are informed that a vigorous effort is about to be made to present the name of Major General Frank Herron, of Pittsburg, as the next Union candidate for Governor.

— The Union Convention of Cambria county assembled at Ebensburg, on Monday last, and nominated Col. Campbell for Senator, as the choice of Cambria county.

— Harrisburg has of late been so much troubled with incendiarism that the Mayor has called a public meeting of the citizens to consider the matter.

— All the buildings, sheds, etc., comprising the Government corral, near Hummelstown, were sold at auction on Tuesday.

— The further erection of frame buildings in the thickly populated portion of Harrisburg is to be prevented.

— Colonel Black, the commandant at West Point, is a "Delaware county boy."

— The 100th Pennsylvania Regiment arrived in Harrisburg on Tuesday.

HOME ITEMS.

— A gentleman residing in the suburbs of Trenton N. J., was the innocent actor in a little drama on Wednesday. He drove into town at an early hour, and hitched his team to a store post on State street. Directly another individual arrived with a horse and wagon, and, finding the place occupied, hitched his horse to the rear of the other carriage. The gentleman from the suburbs returned, and set out for home with his team, unconsciously leading away at the same time the horse and wagon attached. He did not discover this until he had proceeded a mile or so, when he, of course, was greatly astonished. Meanwhile, Actor Number Two discovered his loss, and, supposing some one had stolen his horse, repaired at once to the authorities for assistance. While the police had the matter in discussion, lo! the mystery was solved by a report that the missing team was found, and the particulars of the singular incident were soon narrated.

— A shocking railroad accident occurred at Elizabeth, N. J., on the 3d inst. Just as the train on the Central road was leaving the depot in that city, a stranger was seen to run toward it apparently with the intention of getting aboard. Just as he reached the cars he stumbled, and fell under the wheels, which passed over his head, completely severing it from his body, and reducing it to a pulp. The remains were scraped upon a shovel, and a coroner was sent for to view them, together with the lifeless trunk. There was, of course, nothing recognizable about the head, and nothing was found upon the body that would serve to identify it. A white handkerchief and portmonnaie was found in one of the pockets of the pantaloons, but no papers nor anything of the kind that would serve as a clue to who he was and where he belonged.

— An affecting incident occurred at the fire which consumed Boutel's Hotel, Bay City, Michigan, on Thursday morning last. A lady boarder who occupied rooms on the third floor, became somewhat excited when the alarm of fire was given and went down stairs to discover its whereabouts, leaving her infant child asleep in bed. In the confusion she forgot it until the flames had complete possession of the hotel. She then attempted to enter the building to rescue it, but was prevented. The firemen and others, in saving the furniture, threw the bedding out of the windows. This identical bed was rolled up, thrown out of the window, and carried with the other goods on to the bridge, for safety. After the fire, in removing the goods, the little innocent was found, safe and asleep.

— The *Army and Navy Official Gazette*, the publication of which has just been suspended by the War Department, should not be confounded with the *Army and Navy Journal*, which is now left alone in its special sphere of journalism. The *Official Gazette* was intended only as a temporary means of communicating official orders and information to the staff-corps and departments. The *Army and Navy Journal*, in addition to its official publications, embraces the whole range of military journalism, and is designed to be the permanent representative of our army and navy.

— Another cruel trot from Boston to Portland is contemplated. The owner of the trotting mare Nelly Barker has bet largely that his horse can perform the feat between sun and sun without injury, and the trial is to come off within ten days. Nearly thirty years since, a bay gelding called Cato started from Portland with the stage coach in the morning, and reached Boston ahead of the coach in the evening, on a bet of one thousand dollars that he would reach there first, which he did.

— A fatal accident occurred at Newark, N. J., on the 4th inst., which resulted in the instant death of a Mr. John Moses, belonging to Clark's Battery. He was acting as rammer, and it would seem that in swabbing out he allowed a portion of the wad to remain, and while ramming down another cartridge a premature explosion took place. He was standing in front of the gun, and received the whole force of the discharge, blowing off both of his arms, and killing him instantly.

— The papers everywhere throughout the country are filled with accounts of the celebration of Tuesday, many of them being compelled to issue supplements in order to give room to the vast amount of matter forced upon them. Such a general and truly great celebration of the National Day of Independence has rarely ever been known.

— In a sketch of the life and character of the late President Lincoln, the following is given as a short sermon which he was in the habit of preaching to his children: "Don't drink; don't smoke; don't chew; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't cheat. Love your fellow-man as well as God. Love truth. Love virtue, and be happy."

— In Wilmington, N. C., Dr. Love, aggrieved at an article in the *Herald*, challenged the editor. The latter refused to fight, and was accordingly posted by Love as a slanderer and a coward. The editor laughs at the posting, and expresses himself opposed to duelling, but in no sense intimidated by the Love-r.

— A horse-stealer, on his way to the State Prison, while on a steamboat, threw his manacled hands over the neck of the man who was guarding him, and making a desperate leap forward, threw himself and the man into the river. Both were drowned.

— A subscription is in circulation for the purpose of raising $8,000 to pay off the amount of indebtedness against Hillsdale College, Michigan. This will leave it free of debt, with an endowment of $100,000 well invested.

— A negro who had learned to read at Hilton Head, S.C., wishing to give some of his acquaintances, who had never seen a book, an idea of it, said, "Reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

— At Walla Walla, Oregon, "Judge Lynch" has taken in hand the cases of the rogues who are systematically depredating upon property thereabout, and fifteen of them have been hung.

— "The difference between Grant and myself," said General Sherman, "is this—I fear no danger that I can see, and Grant fears none that he can't see."

— It is proposed to establish a morgue in New York, where the bodies of unknown persons can be kept for identification by friends and relatives.

— The German women employed to cultivate tobacco in Massachusetts are found to be industrious, expert, and cheap.

— The columns of our exchanges teem with accounts of the usual Fourth of July fires.

— The new police in Richmond inspire hope for order and safety in that city.

— A clergyman in Coney, Ind., hung himself because his wife was unkind.

— The Winona (Minnesota) *Republican* has been enlarged.

— The Fourth in Detroit was slimly celebrated.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

— The coal mine of Gerard Cloes, near Liege, Belgium, was recently the scene of a dreadful accident. A sudden irruption of water took place in one of the lowest cuttings of the mine and caused the death of twenty-[illegible] persons, men and women, who were working on the spot. The miners engaged in the upper cuttings were not affected by the inundation.

— The *Courrier de Marseille* relates that a greyhound, belonging to a captain of artillery, some days back, kept pace with an express train, in which was his master, between the city and the Roquefavour station—a distance of fifteen miles.

— A swarm of bees alighted on a cab in New Burlington street, London. A man having procured a hive, set to work, and with assistance succeeded in securing the whole of the unexpected visitors, and took them away.

— According to the latest accounts received from Naples, the band of brigands under Caldullo has been dispersed, many of them being taken and some killed. Nothing more has been heard of Mr. Moens.

— A joke which has great success on the Paris boulevards is, that the next strike will be a strike of the army, all the soldiers in France refusing to do duty unless they get higher pay.

— Don Pedro Candamo, the richest capitalist in South America, recently died at Lima, leaving a fortune which, it is asserted, exceeds the sum of £16,000,000 sterling.

— The authorities of St. Petersburg have just annulled the order which interdicted smoking in the streets.

— The drivers of no fewer than 3,000 hackney vehicles in Paris have struck for an increase of wages from 3f. to 5f. per day.

— The Emperor of the French is said to have already received for his right of authorship in the first volume of the "Life of Cæsar" [illegible]

— It is reported that a decree will shortly appear declaring Cochin-China a French colony.

CITY ITEMS.

DINING IN HOT WEATHER is an art. Comparatively few persons know, or have the philosophy to practice, the true principle of preserving their health during "the heated term." Vegetables and fruit should predominate in food, and the beverages taken should be of a cooling character. Nor is mere caution as to articles of diet sufficient to meet the case. The mode of cooking and seasoning is quite as essential. Those of our readers who "dine down town" will find their wants met in the best possible style at the popular Dining Saloon of Mr. J. W. Price, southwest corner of Fourth and Chestnut. His large, airy apartments are daily thronged with gentlemen who know how to appreciate the excellencies of a good table, and every luxury that the market affords, served in the most inviting and delicious manner, enriching his bill of fare. Elegant green corn, tomatoes, new potatoes, beets, the finest meats of the season, ice creams, and other seasonable desserts, together with a host of capital dishes, more easily eaten than described, now daily grace his tables, and minister to the enjoyment of his numerous guests.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF MODERN TIMES.—Thinking people have long been desirous that some discovery might be made whereby the ordinary heat from *Cooking*, at this hot season of the year, might be avoided. The "Petroleum Vapor Stove" meets the case exactly. If the discovery of Petroleum had accomplished nothing beyond *this* it would have been a priceless blessing. Go and witness these stoves in operation, at 819 Arch street. They are a very neat, compact affair—less expensive by about one-half, in their consumption of fuel, than the ordinary modes of cooking by stove or range, and all the unpleasant heat is avoided. Its capacity for baking, boiling, cooking, frying, stewing, and other purposes incident to the kitchen, were fully tested in our presence, and the result was a perfect triumph for the "Petroleum Vapor Stove." Call and see it, everybody.

CONFECTIONS FOR THE COUNTRY.—We commend to the attention of our readers the fact that the pleasures and comforts of a trip to the country may be greatly enhanced by a supply of fine, fresh, healthful Confections, such as can always be had in greatest variety and best style, at Messrs. E. G. Whitman & Co.'s, No. 318 Chestnut street, next door to Adams & Co.'s Express. They furnish these delicious edibles in qualities expressly adapted for the hot weather, put up in neat boxes, to carry any distance without injury.

COMFORT AND BEAUTY are happily combined in the splendid new "Chinese Sun Hat," sold by Wood & Cary, 725 Chestnut street. This is decidedly the most popular article of Ladies' apparel of the season. The entire stock of Straw and Fancy Goods of this extensive house is now selling off at *much below cost*.

HOT-HOUSE GRAPES, APRICOTS, CONFECTIONS, &c.—The most tempting stock in this city at A. L. Vansant's, Ninth and Chestnut. Roasted Almonds, Chocolates, and a hundred other delicious things, adapted for the season, can now be had at his counters.

THE LATE ADMIRAL DUPONT.—Mr. F. Gutekunst, 704 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.

DELAWARE-COUNTY ICE-CREAM.—We invite attention to the card of the "Eastern Market Cheese and Ice-Cream Stand," Fifth street, below Market. Saloons, excursionists, festivals, pic-nics, 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 street. 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.

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.

VISITORS TO THE SEA-SHORE should provide themselves with BATHING DRESSES from JOHN C. ARRISON'S, Nos. 1 and 3 North Sixth street.

PROMOTED.—The position of the Austrian representative in Washington, Count Wydenbruck, has been raised from that of Minister Resident to Envoy Etraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. In consequence of this promotion, the Count has determined to make a more tasteful appearance than of yore, and has resolved to procure all his wearing apparel at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth.

FOR ONE DOLLAR.—All the time spent in tying and untying, and half 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.

SPEER'S WINE.—We have examined a specimen of the Samburg Port Wine of Mr. Alfred Speer, referred to by a correspondent of the *American Baptist*, and have no doubt it is the unadulterated juice of the Portugal grape. We should judge from its taste and appearance that it is certainly valuable as a communion wine and as a tonic for weakly persons. It has the recommendation of some of the first physicians in this country as well as Europe.—*Washington Star.* jy8-3t

THE COUNTERFEITERS of unimportable foreign perfumery pay but a poor compliment to the sagacity and taste of American ladies, if they expect them to buy their simulated "extracts," when Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the finest article of its kind in any country, is obtainable everywhere.

MOSQUITO NETS OR CANOPIES PUT UP AT AN hour's notice. C. M. Stout & Co., 1023 Chestnut street.