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REPORTED FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA INQUIRER.

Opening of the New Store of Messrs. Levy & Co.
—In every kind of architecture that is worthy of the name, there is a prevailing sentiment—one that imparts an idea of strength, solidity, gloom, gaiety or grace. There should also be an appropriateness in the design of a building, in harmony with the purpose for which it is intended. Never have we seen this idea more triumphantly demonstrated, than in the edifice erected as the new store of Messrs. L. J. Levy Co., in Chesnut street above Eighth. The classic elegance and splendor of its facade without, seem to tell of the beautiful merchandise within, and while we notice in terms of unfeigned commendation, the taste and skill of Mr. John Frazer, the architect, it is but equal justice to refer to the courage and spirit of Mr. W. P. Petridge, the owner of the property, and the enterprise of the eminent firm by which it is occupied. The interior is spacious, convenient and superb, while the chaste yet ornate decorations of this almost unrivalled Temple of Fashion, arrest the attention, command the admiration of every visitor, and exert almost the influence of an "Ionian elegance o'er the mind." The lower story is a very noble saloon, clearly and brightly lighted up by its windows and skylights—so that customers have every opportunity of examining the quality and colors of the many gorgeous textiles that are offered for sale, while by night, three hundred gas-lights in bronze girandoles, candelabra, and chandeliers furnished by Cornelius & Baker, render this magnificent store alike attractive, luminous and brilliant. It is not our intention, even had we time and space, to enter into all the details of the building, but rather to content ourselves with the effect of a general impression, as, with its rich and valuable contents, it appeared to us during a brief visit last evening. And here, we must say that it is a credit to Philadelphia—one of the magnets that will attract the wealthy and the gay from distant parts of the Union to the City of Brotherly Love. For where, as an ensemble, can anything of the kind be seen that is more superb—with its fluted pillars crowned with gilded Corinthian capitals in the interior—its noble gallery that connects, as it were, the second lofty story with the first, or the third and fourth floor rooms, that are filled with goods for the wholesale trade. No one with taste in aesthetics—no lover of the beautiful can fail to be gratified with a survey of the new Levy establishment. Not only the vast size of the bazaar, but the walnut counters, the marble tables, the floor of *marguerite*, (a kind of tessellated wood-work in diamonds) and grandly curved and carved, yet simple staircase, the balustrades of the gallery, the rich cornices, the superior painting by Gibson, and the neatness as well as the correct fancy that has evidently prevailed in every ornamental department, will challenge admiration and perhaps defy competition. Glorious too, are the goods within the walls of this palace. There are shawls from India, varying in value from \$500 to \$1000—laces of the genuine and fairy-like *point d'aiguille* from Brussels—the richest and most gorgeous silks from the looms of Lyons—velvets of the thickest pile and the richest tints from Genoa—glorious shawls from Paisley, all but equalling in beauty, those of the Hindoos—linens made in Ireland and Germany expressly for Levy & Co., costly and embossed brocatelles for furniture and curtains with a "thousand and one" fanciful and pleasing articles of dress from France, England, and other nations of Europe. In trust the present stock—an assortment of infinite variety—is valued at half million of dollars, and the larger portion it has been recently selected with a judgment

and taste for which Levy & Co., are well known, and by means of which they have justly acquired an exalted reputation. Siberia and North America have supplied them with furs; Flanders with cambrics, and Lisle and Chantilly with laces that are peculiar to those cities. At this season of the year, there is a feeling of comfort in visiting this new store, as every portion of it is heated with steam, producing a very agreeable equality of atmosphere. Yesterday evening, it was the focus of fashion—being thronged with ladies and gentlemen, citizens and their families. All were delighted, and but one opinion prevailed, namely, that the entire establishment was an honor to the metropolis of Pennsylvania.

The above magnificent store is built on a part of the Butler property, at the N. W. corner of Chestnut and 8th. street. Townsend & Sharpless—built a large store on the corner of similar dimensions but plainier and less substantial architecture than Levy's.

Jan 1-53-

CARBON OIL—We offer to the citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity a new and safe article for light, equal to sperm or lard oil, or Camphine, for brilliancy, and without any explosive quality whatever. CARBON OIL has been in use in Western Pennsylvania for years, and its UTILITY, ECONOMY and SAFETY has been fully proved beyond a peradventure. A fair trial by the Philadelphia community of this valuable article will prove its merits have not been over rated. On and after the 10th inst. we shall be prepared to fill orders from adjacent towns and villages. We are now able, from the present supply on hand, to sell samples and to more fully explain its qualities. R. WOODSIDE, Wholesale and Retail Grocer. 1719 Market street.

1719 Market street.

Jan. 1. 53-

CARBON OIL—This article is about to be introduced to this community by Mr. Robert Woodside, whose advertisement will be found in another column. It is produced at Saltsburg, in this State, from a well 450 feet deep, and it flows in great abundance, and is apparently inexhaustible. It has been used in Western Pennsylvania for years with entire satisfaction, and we have the assurance of a gentleman, now a resident of Philadelphia, that it is perfectly safe and altogether free from the danger of explosion. Two gallons, we are told, will out-last three of sperm or lard oil, while the cost per gallon is less than either. It is worthy of a trial. Utility, economy and safety are excellent endorsements for the Carbon Oil.

The Steam Fire Engine Philadelphia.—The new steam fire engine Philadelphia is now ready for active service, and the building committee, for the purpose of gratifying the curiosity of those who desire to examine the machine, have determined to open the engine house, Seventh, above Market, to day.

Jan. 4-53-

Trial of the New Steam Fire Engine for the Philadelphia Hose Company—Aquatic sports.

A trial of the Philadelphia Hose Company's new steam fire engine, built by Reany, Neaffie & Co., at the Penn works, Kensington, came off this morning on the first wharf above the works.

The engine, which has not yet received the finishing touches, but is, comparatively "in the rough," looks very well. It is not precisely like the "Fire Fly" or "Young America," or the exceedingly efficient machines in use in Cincinnati. It is compactly and handsomely constructed, and weighs about three tons, as we were informed by Mr. Crombarger, one of the Committee of the Company.

The Committee of the Philadelphia Hose Company, under whose superintendence it was built, are as follows:—Messrs. S. V. Merrick, Judge Kane, Mayor Vaux, T. S. Crombarger, W. D. Sherrard, John Neall and A. T. Myers.

This morning the workmen were engaged in putting a band around the upper part of the furnace or smoke stack, and the machine shop was thronged with a curious crowd of gazers, comprising a number of the members of the Hose Company.

At 11 o'clock the engine was drawn out of the shop by an enthusiastic crowd, and amid shouts and cheers, dragged a square or two up Beach street. She was then turned and brought down close to the water's edge, and in twelve minutes steam was got up.

The wharf and the decks of a schooner and a propeller lying alongside the wharf, were quickly crowded by the boys, who amused themselves by ringing the bell of the propeller and other sports peculiar to Young America.

The hose was got out in a few minutes, and one line of hose stretched three hundred feet or so, up toward Beach street. Two other lines, or a section each, were also run out; one towards the river and the other pointing nearly west. The wind was blowing from the north.

Two streams were then played at the same time; the one pointing up the wharf extending about 160 feet in a good stream and flinging spray somewhat further. The riverward stream also fell about as far off, "on a guess."

Soon one of the pipes was turned nearly vertical, and a bright stream full of rainbows was flung over the acorn-crowned tops of the masts of a schooner on the left hand. We should think this stream would have reached the chimnies of a four or five storied house.

The spray as it came down sparkling and glittering, soon created great running, jumping and shouting on the part of the crowd on the deck of the schooner, and the crowd on the propeller, on the right hand, were in high glee at the miseries of their friends.

But there was a different tale to tell when the pipe was turned toward the propeller and the stream shed a rainbow over its masts. The crowd on this deck was soon dodging and running for