ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

Bunglebutt, the great Bunglebutt, member of Parliament for the flourishing town of Lower Pighurst, has come out decidedly strong this time! Bunglebutt, at any time, is an awfully knowing blade; a regular Adam Smith over the nation's wealth collectively, and over his own wealth individually.

Bunglebutt—who has been returned by a majority of nine hundred and ninety-nine of the most enlightened of Lower Pighurst, to serve in the Imperial Parliament—is admitted on all hands, to be up to a thing or two; his grasp over the mysteries of political economy is so tremendous, and his appetite for statistics is so alarming, that ever since he came out with his exhaustive pamphlet, "What will Britannia do when her last shovel of coals has been put on the fire?" not only the Lower Pighurstians to a man, woman, and child, but the political economists and the most cunning staticians in all parts of the kingdom have combined to consider the great Bunglebutt as a match for any two Chancellors of the Exchequer, one down and the other come on. Yet, all this is nothing to what the great Bunglebutt has since done on the momentous coal question. Bunglebutt is, himself, a great manufacturer, and consumes no end of tons of coals every week. Our daily increasing consumption of coals so rankles in his heart that he sees the day when it will be all up with England and her coals, together. To avert this stupendous calamity, the mighty mind of the far-seeing Bunglebutt has been hard at work, both in and out of Parliament, until the interesting result has been the production of his truly stunning work, "Our empty Coal-cellars, and What's to Fill them?"

Only think! A book on the great coal question, consisting of one thousand-and-one closely printed pages, filled from beginning to end with a never-ending variety of statistical tables, from which even the most hungry statician can appease his appetite to his heart's content!

Only think! Twenty-one editions—one thousand each—of "Our Empty Coal-cellars, and What's to Fill them?" devoured in the short space of twenty-one days, by twenty-one thousand admiring political economists and stunned staticians, each and every one of whom talked himself clean out of breath to twenty-one more almost driven-mad political economists and stunned stoticians who had not been fortunate enough to make a purchase of 'Our Empty Coal- cellars, and What's to Fill them."

Nevertheless, twenty one editions, of one thousand copies each, demolished in twenty-one days, is not half enough to satisfy the craving of the public upon this home-touching topic. All heads (especially the thickest and hardest) are filled with Bunglebutt. The fame of Bunglebutt resounds everywhere, morning, noon, and night. Every twenty-four hours the name of Bunglebutt turns up in every column of every morning and evening newspaper, no matter what may be its price or its political color. Then who can wonder that the twenty-second and much augmented edition of "Our Empty Coal-cellars, and What's to Fill Them?" has gone to press?

But at the last moment, when the panting public are almost at the point of frenzy for this twenty-second and much augmented edition, the splendid idea strikes somebody that it should be adorned with a portrait of the great Bunglebutt, "beautifully engraved upon steel, in the highest style of art."

Jolterhead, the eminent photographic artist of Lower Pighurst, who has accomplished no end carte de visites of the mighty Bunglebutt in every possible pose—sometimes with his left foot thrown over his right foot, with his hat in his right hand, and sometimes with his left hand upon his left hip, and his hat upon the table, against which he rests gracefully—has just accomplished a great triumph, in the shape of a large portrait of Bunglebutt. Hence the splendid idea of somebody—perhaps the immortal Bunglebutt himself—that "Our empty Coal-cellars, and What's to fill them?" should hereafter be delivered to the panting public embellished with this photographic portrait of the great Bunglebutt, "beautifully engraved upon steel, in the highest style of art."

The dreadful consequence of this "at the last moment" determination is, that Pickpeck, the engraver, is sent for, and is commandingly requested to engrave upon steel the portrait of Bunglebutt in the "highest style of art," from a muzzy and black-as-your hat photograph, as quick as "a flash of lightning." There is no help for it; the public are panting for the twenty-second and much-augmented edition of "Our empty Coal-cellars, and What's to fill them?" The book is ready to go to the binder. It is, therefore, Pickpeck, the stipple engraver, the dawdling Pickpeck, who alone keeps, as it were, the cellar-door of publication shut up, and simply because he cannot engrave, "in the highest style of art," the portrait of Bunglebutt as quick "as a flash of lightning."

However, whether the great Bunglebutt is "beautifully engraved in the highest style of art" or not, the art and mystery of engraving a portrait upon steel is not to be accelerated beyond "putting on the screw," in the shape of working night and day; this poor Pickpeck does, but engraving even a book-portrait upon steel is a work of time for all that; besides which, Bunglebutt is the proud possessor of a peculiar obliquity of vision in one eye, and that simple, if not beautifying, circumstance will bring much wailing and woe upon Pickpeck, the engraver, before Bunglebutt is done with.

It happens to be half-past 1 P. M., on Monday, when Pickpeck has undertaken the flash of lightning" impossibility. The muzzy, and black-as-your-hat photograph has been delivered to him; the size of the steel plate has been settled upon; and so, to save time, although it is two miles out of his way yet on his way home, Pickpeck posts along to the steel-plate maker, to order his plate; but somebody has ordered half-a-dozen "flash of lightning" plates five minutes before the arrival of Pickpeck, so Pickpeck is content to accept the promise that he shall have his "flash of lightning" plate last thing on Wednesday night, or first thing on Thursday morning. Here's delay—what is to become of "Our empty Coal-cellars, and What's to fill them?" What is to become of the panting public? Down with Pickpeck!

Pickpeck returns to his home to prepare for action. The first serious thing to be accomplished is, to carefully trace the outline of the portrait. Pickpeck selects a fine clear piece of gelatine, or glass paper, fastening it down over the portrait, which, being a photograph, does not show as perfectly through the glass paper as Pickpeck could desire; nevertheless, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, and his properly sharpened etching-needle, Pickpeck manages to trace, that is to say, slightly to scratch or cut, on the upper surface of the glass paper, the outline of Bunglebutt's majestic countenance, as it shows itself through the transparent sheet of glass paper.

At length the steel plate arrives; whereupon Pickpeck well washes with turpentine the polished side thereof, besides further polishing that same side by friction with whiting; then he prepares to lay an etching-ground. Having firmly fastened a hand vice to one end of the steel plate, by which it may be held out at arm's length, then, with sundry pieces of paper crumpled up, and placed all alight in a fire-shovel, Pickpeck proceeds to warm the steel plate through, from the underneath side, against which he is slowly moving the flame arising from the ignited print paper; the heat being adjusted to that degree which, in his long experience, Pickpeck conceives to be sufficient to cause the etching-ground to melt and flow freely.

The mysterious compound called etching-ground—carefully tied up in a piece of silk—is a small globe, not unlike, in size and color, a rather corpulent brandy-ball; a sweetstuff known to most of us in our childhood.

The steel plate being sufficiently heated, Pickpeck passes his silk-covered ball of etching ground up and down the polished side of the steel plate; the warmth contained in it causing the etching ground to flow out freely through the pores of the silk covering; this leaving across the front of the steel plate what look like so many streaks of treacle. Pickpeck then takes up his dabber, also made of silk, stuffed with wadding, and to which a holder is attached; the entire dabber resembling most completely a two and a half inch inverted mushroom. With this inverted mushroom-looking dabber, Pickpeck dabs up and down, and backwards and forwards, over the treacle-like streaks of etching-ground, until the latter have become beautifully manipulated into one harmonious and level tint, very much in appearance, as to color, like the top of a hot cross-bun. One more operation, and the etching-ground will be complete. Lighting a wax taper—which, to yield a good body of flame, has been doubled up into lengths so as to make a cable of eight wicks, the whole gently twisted together, and presenting the appearance of a peppermint stick, only not quite so white to look at—Pickpeck makes of the steel plate, by holding it at arm's length aloft, a temporary ceiling above his head, but with the etching-ground-covered side of the steel plate turned downwards. Beneath this extemporized ceiling, Pickpeck flickers the lighted wax taper of eight wicks to and fro, so that the smoke arising from the wax-taper flame ascending to the steel-plate ceiling, that smoke sinks into and amalgamates itself with the etching-ground, which is still meltingly hot; the consequence of this last performance is, when the steel plate becomes cold, that the mixture of wax-taper smoke and melted etching-ground has produced a polished lacquer-like coating on the steel plate, causing it to resemble a well-japanned piece of black tea-tray.

The steel plate being quite cold, and the etching-ground perfect enough to satisfy Pickpeck—who is very fastidious in all these operations—he prepares to "turn off the tracing." Putting the glass paper, upon which the countenance of the wise Bunglebutt has been cut, or scratched, or traced, over a piece of white paper, but with the tracing uppermost, Pickpeck proceeds to sprinkle a little lead-pencil dust on it, and then, with a small piece of cotton rag, sweeps, or brushes, as much of the lead-pencil dust into the traced lines as they will hold. He soon ascertains when each line is well filled, by their suddenly appearing black, owing to the white paper underneath the transparent sheet of gelatine, or glass paper.

And now to effect the transfer of the tracing on to the etching-ground. The glass paper, on which is the "counterfeit presentment" of the tremendous Bunglebutt, is laid with the traced side downwards upon the etching-ground itself, and, when it is fastened in position, Pickpeck, with one of his choicest burnishers, proceeds to burnish over the upper or non-traced-upon side of the glass paper. The pleasing result of this operation is, that, as the burnisher passes along, it presses the lead-pencil dust out of the lines of the tracing on to the etching-ground, and all so perfectly that, upon the removal of the glass paper, the eye of Pickpeck beholds every line of the tracing shining like threads of silver on the black japanned-looking etching-ground.

Now the valorous Pickpeck can commence his etching; that is to say, he, with his etching-graver, begins to perforate the etching-ground with divers and innumerable dots, dug down into the steel, along the transferred lines of silvery pencil-dust, representing in outline the figure-head of the profound Bunglebutt. Pickpeck arranges his dots accordingly along the lines aforesaid, just as his judgment conceives they will best carry out, in an artistic manner, this much-desired representation. The etching completed, the bright dots dug into the steel—bright because surrounded and relieved by the black etching-ground—now blaze away until the etching seems to represent a kind of starry firmament turned upside down, and composed of countless illumination-lamps on a small scale.

The etching completed, Pickpeck has nothing to do but to prepare himself, and the steel plate, for the "biting-in"—a process whereby a certain acid, called nitric, antagonistic to steel in all its notions, will do, in a few minutes, what even an engraver could not accomplish so well, were he to labor no end of days. But, before biting-in, the steel plate must be "walled," and then "stopped out."

For the purpose of walling the plate, Pickpeck gets a small pan of lukewarm water, into which he puts the wall-wax, or bordering-wax, as it is variously called; the same being a compound of common pitch and beeswax, in equal proportions. When this wall-wax is sufficiently softened by the warmth of the water, Pickpeck, upon his table, rolls it out, until it looks like an extra-long piece of stick-liquorice, but not quite so big in its circumference; then with the thumb and the first finger of both hands he presses the round stick of wall-wax to a flat, about the eighth of an inch in thickness to one inch in breadth. The next thing to be done is to place this flat strip of wall-wax on its side edge, round the entire etching; where it somewhat resembles a little great wall of China, made of hardbake, but without the almonds. The edge of the wall-wax resting on the steel plate, being securely pressed down, so as to cause it to adhere firmly to the plate, and not allow the acid to escape beneath the wall, the remainder of the plate—between the wall and the etching—although it is already covered with the etching-ground, is nevertheless now covered over with a coating of Brunswick black, fresh from the bottle, and laid on with a camel-hair brush; the Brunswick black being carried round the base of this little great wall of China, with every possible care, the more effectually, by such attentive stopping-out, to keep the acid within bounds, and thereby prevent "foul biting"—a kind of accident most repugnant to the soul of Pickpeck. On the left side of the steel plate, while erecting the wall, and while the wax is still warm and pliable, Pickpeck, by a dexterous action of his fingers, presses out a spout to allow of the acid being poured off the plate with increased facility.

At length the stopping-out being perfectly dry, with a small-spouted jug half full of malignant-smelling acid grasped in his left hand, Pickpeck looks one moment down upon the bright shining dots of his etching; the next moment the deed is done; the acid is poured on to the etching—confined within the limits of the little great wall of China. The etching-ground and the Brunswick black being both impervious to all acidical attacks, the acid has nothing to do but to tumble headforemost into the dots, dug through the etching-ground into the steel below. The acid no sooner tumbles into the dots, than they almost immediately lose their brightness; just as though the acid, being so pugnaciously inclined towards steel, had suddenly given every individual bright dot a black eye. Anyhow, the acid is fighting for its life in these dug-out dot holes; the acid is tearing off minute particles of steel, and throwing them up out of the dot holes in such multitudes as to cause a brownish cloud to be seen floating about the little lake, the pungent odor from which has already begun to tickle the nose of Pickpeck. But the time has now come for Pickpeck to interfere. Swiftly he pours off the acid from within the little great wall of China, rapidly supplying the place of the acid with pure water; which operation he repeats again and again, so as to wash thoroughly the dots that have been so much belabored by the violent conduct of the acid. Upon pouring off the water and drying up the few bubbles that have remained fondly hanging about the etching, Pickpeck comes to the conclusion, on a close examination, that the filling is sufficient. Removing, therefore, the wall, and washing off the etching-ground and the Brunswick black with turpentine, the steel plate once again appears silvery white; while the dots, owing to the vigorous performance of the acid, appear jet black; whereby the mighty Bunglebutt looks up at Pickpeck in brilliant outline.

All things, such as acid, Brunswick black, wall-wax, and other "biting traps" being carefully put away, Pickpeck sits down to begin engraving in earnest. First, then, he proceeds—by digging the point of his stipple-graver down into the steel plate, and thence chipping out a minute particle of that metal—to lay a tint of tiny dots all over the expressive face of Bunglebutt; sometimes placing the dots close together, thereby to render the finer markings of the features; sometimes placing the dots wider apart, as various muscles swell out and give the varied rotundities of Bunglebutt's countenance. When one tint of dots has been laid down all over the great man's face, Pickpeck, by means of a powerful magnifying-glass, is enabled to place a second dot close to the side of the first dot—Siamese-twins fashion; thus he proceeds upon his way, putting a dot here, and a dot there, and a dot wherever his artistic judgment tells him a dot should be placed. Such is the art and mystery of stipple-engraving upon steel; and so Pickpeck goes on dotting from day to day, until he was wrought out, by means of these multitudinous dots, a fair representation of the "form and pressure" of a Bunglebutt "in his habit as he lives."

But, say what you will, engraving upon steel *is* a very slow process; therefore, Pickpeck has no help for it, but to go on, dot, dot, dotting with his greatest vigor; first oppressed by the heat of the sun during the day; then, baked almost beyond endurance by the heat from his oil lamp at night. And thus, although the head of Bunglebutt, as it is being engraved, is no bigger than a bronze penny-piece, Pickpeck has to dot, dot, dot, his countless dots day after day, besides suffering from all the ills which an engraver's flesh is heir to. These are ills that come in the shape of indifferent gravers; one graver is too hard, and away flies its point as soon as it touches the steel plate, making, instead of a dot beautiful in shape and clearness, an ill-formed dent, probably twice as big as was required for the purpose. Sometimes the result of this sudden snapping of the point of the graver is a slip, which brings with it loss of time—first to erase the slip, and then to make good the surface of the steel plate. The next graver, and the next after that, will be, in all probability, too soft, and here is more trouble for Pickpeck; nearly half his time is lost in resharpening his gravers, for, the moment some of them touch the steel plate, their points get doubled up. Thus, Pickpeck frets and fumes, and fumes and frets, and carries on his work "through difficulties of which it is useless to complain," as Johnson observed concerning the labor of his Dictionary. Yes; all this Pickpeck has to do, to an extent which makes him feel with bitter force the further words of the great lexicographer; for the engraver dots away, day after day, "without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor" from anybody.

But after all this work and labor, after all this dot, dot, dotting, to get out the true light and shade of Bunglebutt's sage countenance—upon taking a proof at this middle stage of the engraving, the proof looks rather white and ghostly; consequently, increase of power must be had quickly, and can be had quickly by what is called rebiting; therefore, Pickpeck prepares for the more than usually delicate operation of "a rebite."

For laying his rebiting ground, Pickpeck does not use the ground he employed for etching upon, although that would serve the purpose very well; but Pickpick is a particular fellow in these matters, and has, therefore, his special corpulent-looking brandy-ball-colored ground for rebiting; yet the materials composing these grounds are the same in both cases—that is to say, virgin wax, Burgundy pitch, and asphaltum; but it is by the most subtle cunning that the proportions have been varied, so as to make each ground the more efficacious for its particular department.

In this operation of rebiting, the first thing that Pickpeck has to do is beautifully to clean the engraved surface of the steel plate with turpentine; then, placing a lady's silver thimble full of whiting upon the well-cleaned surface, with a little fresh turpentine added, wherewith to make the whiting into a kind of paste, the same is then laid completely over the plate, and, when quite dry, the superfluous whiting being brushed off with a clean piece of cotton rag, the surface of the steel plate will suddenly appear as bright as polished silver, while every individual engraved dot and line looks somewhat pretty, being perfectly filled with dry and hard whiting. But this must be removed before the ground can be laid; so, with a piece of carefully selected stale bread, quite free from the least speck of grease, Pickpeck gently rubs the stale bread over the engraved parts—when forthwith the whiting leaves the dots and lines, which are then observed to sparkle like diamonds of the purest water.

The steel plate being thus prepared for a rebiting ground, and at the back or under side of the plate the proper amount of warmth having been applied, the first important thing for Pickpeck to do is to pass down the margin of the plate the silk-covered ball of rebiting ground, which, as if by magic, leaves in the wake of its passage what looks like a stroke of treacle. This is then gently manipulated about the margin of the plate by means of a series of delicate pats or dabs with the rebiting dabber, until the ground is diffused about and thinned down into a homogeneous tint, like a layer of leaf-gold. Now comes the trial of skill. From this leaf-gold-looking tint of rebiting ground, lying on the margin of the plate, Pickpeck begins to pass with his dabber over the engraved surface with the gentlest of all gentle pats, and, as his manipulation is this time perfect, the satisfactory result is that over Bunglebutt's expressive head and shoulders there presented appears a golden film of rebiting ground, the same resting upon the blank bits of steel situated between and around each line and dot that has been engraved upon the steel plate; moreover, every dot is shining away through the golden film of rebiting ground, like so many homœopathic spangles; for if the smallest particle of the rebiting ground had flowed over the sides of any line or dot, and so down into these graver-made cavities, the acid would very politely decline to act therein.

The next thing to be done is for Pickpeck to carefully cover over with his Brunswick black all such parts of the engraving as he does not desire to rebite. Then, once again, Pickpeck surrounds the steel plate with a second little great wall of China, composed of the same kind of wax that the first was made with. The Brunswick black being carried home to the back of this little great wall of China, the process of stopping out the plate for rebiting is complete, while the Brunswick black will, in a comparatively short time, be dry enough and hard enough to decline letting the acid make way through its coat, so as to do damage to the surface of the steel beneath.

Pickpeck prepares to pour his rebiting acid on the plate and within the mystic circle of wall-wax. As before observed, the engraved portion of the plate, not stopped out with Brunswick black, is only covered with a delicate gold-leaf-looking film of rebiting ground, which, thin and delicate as it is, being nevertheless perfectly laid, scorns the most desperate attack of the acid; consequently the acid aforesaid is no sooner poured upon the plate than it pops down into the dots, taking their shine off in no time. As in the case of the etching, so with the engraving, minute particles of metal are torn away, whence every dot is being enlarged by this violent mode of proceeding on the part of the acid. And very sharp and attentive work is this rebiting, for all that Pickpeck wishes to accomplish, though of such great importance, is nevertheless—on steel—almost of a momentary nature in its working. An instant too long—nay, the winking of Pickpeck's eyelids—and the work of days may be undone in half a second.

But late is this time kind to Pickpeck; his rebiting is a success. Nay, more, though Pickpeck, in his anxiety to see a proof, starts off himself to the steel and copper-plate printer at full speed in the broiling sun, as though he were walking for a heavy wager, his proofs are beautiful, for all the nice operations of the skilful "prover" are successful. Pickpeck would, notwithstanding his toils, begin to feel a little happy, were it not for that obliquity of vision on the part of Bunglebutt—which circumstance fills the heart of the engraver with misgivings. But still he works on manfully, toning here, burnishing a little there, and attending to all the refinements of drawing in every part of Bunglebutt's face, until he is enabled to submit what is, as he flatters himself, a very satisfactory finished proof. This, however, does not end the woes of Pickpeck. The sons and daughters of Bunglebutt—to say nothing of the wife of Bunglebutt's bosom—all make their remarks upon the engraving. These remarks are highly complimentary to Bunglebutt, and, as a natural consequence, very uncomplimentary to the engraver. The prodigious Bunglebut himself writes a letter of remarks. This letter fills four pages of the largest cream-laid note-paper. The writing is very small and very close, and the remarks are directed at the inartistic manner in which Pickpeck has rendered the expression of "the left-hand eye."

To speak in plain and honest English, Pickpeck believes that the obliquity of Bunglebutt's left eye is a positive squint—an uncompromising squint; and that he has rendered its expression perfectly, even to its most subtle refinement of drawing. However, the Bunglebutt family perceive in "the left-hand eye" of their great papa—the real live eye—only "a stern expression of deep meditation, combined with a profundity of philosophical thought." Upon that, Bunglebutt criticizes, in three pages of closely written note-paper of the largest size, the refinement of expression to be observed in what he calls "the left hand eye;" all of which intellectual expression, in the united opinion of the Bunglebutt family, he, Pickpeck, has entirely missed. After this, nothing is left for Pickpeck but to throw, as well as he can, his whole soul into the soul of Bunglebutt, and to do his best to coax and coquet with that same left-hand eye, engraving divers dots, first a little on this side, then a little on that side, then a trifle above, then a trifle below; with a few very refined dots placed in the very apple of "the left-hand eye" itself. After doing all this, there are more journeys to the steel and copper-plate printer, and more finished proofs to be submitted, to be followed by more criticism; for the Bunglebutt family think a great deal of the "profundity of philosophical thought," which they perceive in that parental "left-hand eye," a most evil eye to Pickpeck. But all this monstrous long time the panting public are clamoring with frenzy for the twenty-second and much-augmented edition of "Our Empty Coal-cellars, and What's to Fill Them?" embellished with the portrait of the author, which was to have been engraved "like a flash of lightning," but is not done yet.

Consequently, a finished proof has to be submitted for a third time, and has to be a third time criticized; this necessitates a fourth finished proof, which, although the Bunglebutt family still think the engraver has not quite entered into all the depths of expression to be observed in "the left-hand eye," is happily accepted by them; while, taken altogether, they admit the engraving to be a very nice engraving, which will doubtless be received by the panting public as a decided adornment to "Our Empty Coal-cellars, and What's to Fill Them?"—*All the Year Round.*

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Dealers in U. S. Securities and Foreign Exchange, and members of Stock and Gold Exchanges in both cities.
Accounts of Banks and Bankers received on liberal terms.
U. S. Bonds a Specialty.

DAVIES BROTHERS,
No. 225 DOCK Street,
BANKERS AND BROKERS.
BUY AND SELL
UNITED STATES BONDS, ALL ISSUES,
AUGUST, JUNE, and JULY 7 3-10 NOTES.
COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.
AUGUST 7 3-10 NOTES CONVERTED INTO THE NEW 5-20 BONDS.
Mercantile Paper and Loans on Collaterals negotiated
Stock Bought and Sold on Commission. 1

WILLIAM H. WAYNE,
Late Discount Clerk in the Bank of North America,
NOTE BROKER,
No. 18 South THIRD Street.
Merchants, Miners, Manufacturers, Importers, or others, having good paper to dispose of, may find a market by calling on the advertiser. 11 1 ttulm

5-20 COUPONS
DUE NOVEMBER 1, BOUGHT BY
STERLING, LANE & CO.,
BANKERS,
9 6 tf5p No. 110 South THIRD Street.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

BUFFALO ROBES,
LAP RUGS,
HORSE COVERS
A large assortment, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, at low prices, together with our usual assortment of
SADDLERY, ETC.
WILLIAM S. HANSELL & SONS,
2 No. 112 MARKET Street.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

NORTH AMERICAN TRANSIT INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 33 South FOURTH Street
PHILADELPHIA.
Annual Policies issued against General Accidents of all descriptions at exceedingly low rates.
Insurance effected for one year, in any sum from $100 to $10,000, at a premium of only one-half per cent., securing the full amount insured in case of death, and a compensation each week equal to the whole premium paid.
Short time Tickets for 3, 5, 7, or 10 days, or 1, 3, or 6 months, at 10 cents 1% insuring in the sum of $3000, or giving $15 per week disabled, to be had at the General Office, No. 133 S. FOURTH Street, Philadelphia, or at the various Railroad Ticket offices. Be sure to purchase the tickets of the North American Transit Insurance Company.
For circulars and further information apply at the General Office, or of any of the authorized Agents of the Company.
LEWIS L. HOUPT, President.
JAMES M. CONRAD, Treasurer
HENRY C. BROWN, Secretary.
JOHN C. BULLITT, Solicitor.
DIRECTORS.
L. L. Houpt, late of Pennsylvania Railroad Company
J. E. Kingsley, Continental Hotel.
Samuel C. Palmer, Cashier of Com. National Bank.
B. G. Leisenring, Nos. 237 and 239 Dock street.
James M. Conrad, firm of Conrad & Walton, No. 625 Market street.
Enoch Lewis, late Gen. Sup't Penna. R. R.
Andrew Mehaffey, S. W. corner of Third and Walnut streets.
G. C. Franciscus, Gen. Agent Penna. R. R. Co.
Thomas K. Peterson, No. 2036 Market street.
W. W. Kurtz, firm of Kurtz & Howard, No. 25 S. Third street. 1 2 10m

1829—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
Franklin Fire Insurance Co.
OF
PHILADELPHIA.
Assets on January 1, 1866,
$2,506,851 96.
Capital.....$400,000 00
Accrued Surplus.....944,543 13
Premiums.....1,162,308 83
UNSETTLED CLAIMS, $11,467 53. INCOME FOR 1866 $310,000.
LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829 OVER
$5,000,000.
Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms.
DIRECTORS.
Charles N. Bancker, Edward C. Dale,
Tobias Wagner, George Fales,
Samuel Grant, Alfred Fitler,
George W. Richards, Francis W. Lewis, M. D.
Isaac Lea, Peter McCall.
CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
EDWARD C. DALE, Vice-President.
JAS. W. McALLISTER Secretary protem. 7 3 tf2

GIRARD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE, No. 415 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA
CAPITAL PAID IN, IN CASH, $300,000.
The company continues to write on *Fire Risks only*. Its capital, with a good surplus, is safely invested.
701
Losses by fire have been promptly paid, and more than
$500,000
Disbursed on this account within the past few years.
For the present the office of this company will remain at
No. 415 WALNUT STREET,
But within a few months will remove to its OWN BUILDING
N. E. CORNER SEVENTH AND CHESNUT STREETS.
Then as now, we shall be happy to insure our patrons at such rates as are consistent with safety.
DIRECTORS.
THOMAS CRAVEN, ALFRED S. GILLETT
FURMAN SHEPPARD, N. S. LAWRENCE,
THOS. MACKELLAR, CHARLES I. DUPONT
JOHN SUPPLEE, HENRY F. KENNEY,
JOHN W. CLAGHORN, JOSEPH KLAPP, M. D.
SILAS YERKES, JR.,
THOMAS CRAVEN, President.
ALFRED S. GILLETT, V. President and Treasurer.
JAMES B. ALVORD, Secretary. 1 19 5

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
AND
GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital and Assets, $16,000,000.
Invested in United States, $1,500,000.
Total Premiums Received by the Company in 1865, $4,947,175.
Total Losses Paid in 1865, $4,018,250
All Losses promptly adjusted without reference to England.
ATWOOD SMITH,
General Agent for Pennsylvania.
OFFICE,
No. 6 Merchants' Exchange
PHILADELPHIA. 8 11 6m

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA
No. 111 South FOURTH Street.
INCORPORATED 3d MONTH, 22d, 1865.
CAPITAL, $150,000, PAID IN.
Insurance on Lives, by Yearly Premiums; or by 5, 10, or 20 year Premiums, Non-forfeiture.
Endowments, payable at a mature age, or on prior decease, by Yearly Premiums, or 10 year Premiums—both cases Non-forfeiture.
Annuities granted on favorable terms.
Term Policies. Children's Endowments.
This Company, while giving the insured the security of a paid-up Capital, will divide the entire profits of the Life business among its Policy holders.
Moneys received at Interest, and paid on demand.
Authorized by charter to execute Trusts, and to act as Executor or Administrator, Assignee or Guardian, and in other fiduciary capacities, under appointments of any Court of this Commonwealth, or of any person or persons, or bodies politic or corporate.
DIRECTORS.
SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, RICHARD CADBURY,
JEREMIAH HACKER, HENRY HAINES,
JOSHUA H. MORRIS, T. WISTAR BROWN,
RICHARD WOOD, WM. C. LONGSTRETH,
CHARLES F. COFFIN.
SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, President. ROWLAND PARRY, Actuary
THOMAS WISTAR, M. D., Medical Examiner. J. B. TOWNSEND, Legal Adviser.
7 27 5

FIRE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.—THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY—Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual—No. 510 WALNUT Street, opposite Independence Square.
This Company, favorably known to the community for over forty years, continue to insure against loss or damage by fire on Public or Private Buildings, either permanently or for a limited time. Also on Furniture, Stocks of Goods, and Merchandise generally, on liberal terms.
Their Capital, together with a large Surplus Fund, invested in the most careful manner, which enables them to offer to the insured an undoubted security in the case of loss.
DIRECTORS.
Daniel Smith, Jr., John Devereux,
Alexander Benson, Thomas Smith,
Isaac Hazlehurst, Henry Lewis,
Thomas Robbins, J. Gillingham Fell,
Daniel Haddock, Jr.
DANIEL SMITH, JR., President.
WILLIAM G. CROWELL, Secretary. 3 30 5

PHŒNIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.
INCORPORATED 1804—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
No. 224 WALNUT Street, opposite the Exchange.
In addition to MARINE and INLAND INSURANCE this Company insures from loss or damage by FIRE, on liberal terms, on buildings, merchandise, furniture, etc., for limited periods, and permanently on buildings, by deposit of premium.
The Company has been in active operation for more than SIXTY YEARS, during which all losses have been promptly adjusted and paid.
DIRECTORS.
John L. Hodge, Lawrence Lewis, Jr.,
M. B. Mahoney, David Lewis,
John T. Lewis, Benjamin Etting,
William S. Grant, Thomas H. Powers,
Robert W. Leaming, A. R. McIlvaine,
D. Clark Wharton, Edmund Castillon,
Samuel Wilcox, Louis C. Norris.
JOHN R. WUCHERER, President.
SAMUEL WILCOX, Secretary. 4 15

FITLER, WEAVER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Manilla and Tarred Cordage, Cords, Twines, Etc.
No. 23 North WATER Street, and
No. 22 North DELAWARE Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
EDWIN H. FITLER, MICHAEL WEAVER,
CONRAD F. CLOTHIER. 3 14

MONUMENTS, TOMBS,
GRAVE-STONES, Etc.
Just completed, a beautiful variety of
ITALIAN MARBLE MONUMENTS,
TOMBS AND GRAVE-STONES,
Will be sold cheap for cash.
Work sent to any part of the United States.
HENRY S. TARR,
124 w1m5 MARBLE WORKS,
No. 720 GREEN Street, Philadelphia.