KING PIPPIN'S PALACE.

From All the Year Bound.

6

I deeply regret that it should be my duty to sound the alarm; but I am constrained to state my fears that there is something the matter with our old, and, generally, esteemed friend the Dwarf. I don't meet him in society, that is to say, at the fairs as I was wont to do; and although I do not overlook the fact that I have ceased to attend fairs, and that, indeed, there are very few fairs of the old kind left to frequent, it is difficult to avoid the unpleasant conviction that dwarfs, as a race, are dying out. Very recently, in his strange, eloquent rømance, L'homme qui rit, M. Victor Hugo has told us that the pigmy, preferably monstrous and whose pictured semblance is many works of monstrous and deformed, to be found in so many works of the old Italian and German masters, was, to most intents and purposes, a manufactured article. That mysterious association of the "Comprachicos," of whom M. Hugo has told us so many strange things, pursued, among their varied branches of industry, the art of fabricating hunchbacked, abdominous, hydrocephalous, and spindle-shanked dwarfs for the European market: the purchasers being the princes, potentates, and wealthy nobles of the continent. The Comprachicos would seem to have borrowed the mystery of dwarfmaking from the Chinese, who had an agreeable way of putting a young child into a pot of arbitrary form, from which the top and bottom had been knocked out, and in the sides of which were two holes, through which the juvenile patient's arms protruded. The merry consequence was that young master's body, if he did not die during the process, grew to be of the shape of the pot, and, so far as the torso went, the order of amateurs for a spherical dwarf, or an oval dwarf, or a hexagonal dwarf, or a dwarf with knobs on his chest, or an "egg-and-tongue" pattern on his shoulders, could be executed with promptitude and despatch.*

But we have another informant, of perhaps greater weight and authority, who has told us in what manner dwarfs, and bandy, and ricketty, and crooked-spined children can be manufactured without the aid either of the Comprachicos or of the Chinese potters. The learned and amiable Cheselden has dwelt minutely in his Anatomy on the wickedly cruel and barbarous folly which marked the system of nursing babies in his time, and has shown how the practice of tightly swaddling and unskilfully carrying infants was calculated to cripple and deform their limbs, and to stunt their growth. We have grown wonderfully wiser since Cheselden's time, although I have heard some cynics mutter that the custom of growing children in pipkins could not have been more detrimental to health or to the symmetry of the human form than is the modern fashion of tight lacing.

Be all this as it may, I still hold that the dwarf—well, the kind of dwarf who can be seen for a penny at a fair-continues, as the French say, "to make himself desired." Surely his falling off must be due to the surcease of the manufacture. Old manufactured dwarfs are as difficult to light upon as Mortlake tapestry or Chelsea china, simply, 1 suppose,

or Chelsea capestry is because tapestry is at Mortlonger lake, and Chelsea produces no more porcelain ware. To an amateur of dwarfs it is positively distressing to read the numerous detailed accounts which the historians have left us of bygone troglodytes. Passing by such world-famous manikins as Sir Jeffery Hudson and Count Borulawski, where can one hope, in this degenerate age, to light on a Madame Teresia, better known by the desig nation of the Corsican Fairy, who came to London in 1773, being then thirty years of age, thirty-four inches high, and weighing twenty-six pounds? "She possessed much vivacity and spirit, could speak Italian and French with fluency, and gave the most inquisitive mind an agreeable entertainment." England has produced a rival to Madame Teresia in Miss Anne Shepherd, who was three feet ten inches in height, and was married, in Charles the First's time, to Richard Gibson, Esq., page of the backstairs to his majesty, and a distinguished miniature painter. Mr. Gibson was just forty-six inches high, and he and his bride were painted "in whole length" by Sir Peter Lely. The little couple are said to have had nine children, who all attained the usual standard of mankind; and three of the boys, according to the chronicles of the backstairs, enlisted in the Life Guards. But what are even your Hudsons and your Gibsons, your Corsican Fairies and your Anne Shepherds to the dwarfs of antiquity? Where am I to look for a parallel to the homunculus who flourished in Egypt in the time of the Emperor Theodosius, and who was so small of body that he resembled a partridge, yet had all the functions of a man, and would sing tuneably? Mark Antony is said to have owned a dwarf called Sisyphus, who was not of the full height of two feet, and was yet of a lively wit. Had this Sisyphus been doomed to roll a stone it must surely have been no bigger than a schoolboy's marble. Ravisius (who was Ravisius?) narrates that Augustus Casar exhibited in his plays one Lucius, a young man born of honest parents, who was twenty-three inches high. and weighed seventeen pounds; yet had he a strong voice. In the time of Jamblichus, also, lived Alypius of Alexandria, a most excellent logician, and a famous philosopher, but so small in body that he hardly exceeded a cubit. or one foot five inches and a half in height. And, finally, Carden tells us-but who believes Carden?-that he saw a man of full age in Italy, not above a cubit high, and who was carried about in a parrot's cage. "This," remarks Wanley, in his "Wonders of the Little World," "would have passed my belief had I not been told by a gentleman of a clear reputation that he saw a man at Sienna. about two years since, not exceeding the same stature. A Frenchman he was, of the county of Limosin, with a formal beard, who was likewise shown in a cage for money, at the end whereof was a little hatch into which he retired, and when the assembly was full came forth and played on an instrument." The very thing we have all seen at the fairs, substituting the simulacrum of a three-" Setting M. Hugo's wild myth of the Comprachithe suppression thereof, by the late Emperor Nero.

the modern improvements of the diminutive inmate ringing a bell, and firing a pistol out of the first-floor window!

And after banquetting on these bygone dwarfs, who were scholars and gentlemen, as well as monstrosities, for was not Alypius, cited above, a famous logician and philosopher? and did not Richard Gibson, Esq. teach Queen Anne the art of drawing, and proceed on a special mission to Holland "to impart artistic instruction to the Princess of Orange? after dwelling on the dwarfs who formed part of the retinue of William of Normandy when he invaded England, and who held the bridle of the Emperor Otho's horse; after remembering the dwarfs whom Dominichino and Rafaelle, Velasquez and Paul Veronese have introduced in their pictures; after this rich enjoyment of dwarfish record I am thrown back on General Tom Thumb. I grant the General, and the Commodore, and their ladykind a decent meed of acknowledgment. I confess them calm, self-possessed, well bred, and innocuous; but I have no heart to attend their "levees." Nutt, in the caricature of a naval uniform, does not speak to my heart; I have no ambition to see Thumb travestied as the late Emperor Napoleon-that conqueror could, upon occasion, cause himself to appear even smaller than Thumb-nor am I desirous of purchasing photographic cartes de visite of Minnie Warren. My dwarf is the gorgeously attired little pagod of the middle ages; the dwarf who pops out of a pie at a court banquet; the dwarf who runs between the court jester's legs and trips him up; the dwarf of the king of Brobdignag, who is jealous of Gulliver, and souses his rival in a bowl of cream, and gets soundly whipped for his pains. Or, in default of this pigmy, give me back the dwarf of my youth in his sham three-storied house, with his tinkling bell and

sounding pistol. It is not to be, I presume. These many years past I have moodily disbursed in divers parts of the world sundry francs, lire, guilders, florins, thalers, reals, dollars, plastres, and mark-banco for the sight of dwarfs; but they (Thumb and his company included) have failed to come up to my standard of dwarfish excellence. Did you ever meet with anything or anybody that could come up to that same standard? Man never is, but always to be blest: still, although my dreams of dwarfs have not as yet been fully realized, I have been able to enjoy the next best thing to fulfilment. I call to mind perhaps the wonderfullest dwarfs' house existing on the sur-face of this crazy globe. It is a house in the construction and the furniture of which many thousands of pounds were expended; and it was built by a king for his son. It is for this reason that I have called the diminutive mansion "The Palace of King Pippin."

King Pippin's palace is in Spain, and has been shamefully neglected by English tourist in that interesting country. For my part, I think that it would be a great advantage to picturesque literature if the Alhambra and the Alcazar, the Bay of Cadiz and the Rock of Gibraltar, the Sierra Morena, and the Mezquita of Cordova, the Cathedral of Burgos, and the Bridge of Toledo, could be eliminated altogether from Spanish topography. By those means travellers in Spain would have a little more leisure to attend to a number of "cosas de Espana" which are at present passed by almost without notice. Among them is an incomparable dwarf house of mine. You will observe that I have excluded the Escorial from the catalogues of places which English sight-seers in the Peninsula might do well, for a time, to forget. The Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo must needs be visited, for King Pippin's Palaco is a dependency of that extraordinary pile. Few tourists have the courage to admit, in print at least, that this palace-monastery, or monastery-palace of the Escorial is a gigantic bore When it was my lot to visit it, my weariness began even before I had entered its halls; for in the railway carriage which conveyed our party from Madrid to the "Gridiron station," there was a fidgetty little Andalusian, a maker of guitar strings, I think he was, at Utrera, who was continually rebounding on the cushions like a parched pea in a fire-shovel, and crying out to us, "El edificio, caballeros, donde esta el edificio?" It was his first visit to the northern provinces of his native country, and he was burning to see the "edificio." To him, evi-dently, there was but one edifice in the world, and that was the Escorial. When at last he caught sight of its sullen facades, its stunted donie and blue slate roofs, the little Andalusian fell into a kind of ecstacy, and protruded so much of his body out of the carriage window that I expected him every moment to disappear altogether. To my surprise, however, when the train drew up at the station he did not alight, but murmering the conventional "Pues, Senores, echemos un cigarito, "Well, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar, calmly rolled up a tube of paper with tobacco. lit it, and adding, "Vamos al Norte," sub-sided into sleep, and, the train aiding, pursued his journey to the Pyrenees, or Paris, or the North Pole, or wheresoever else he was bound. He was clearly a philosopher. He had seen "El edificio" from afar off. Was not that enough? I dare say, when he went back to Utrera he talked guide-book by the page to his friends, and minutely described all the marvels of the interior of the palace. I rarely think of the little Andalusian without recalling Sheridan's remark to his son Tom about the coal pits-"Can't you soy you've been down ?" The "Edifice" itself is really and without exaggeration a bore. The good pictures have all been taken away to swell the attractionof the Real Museo at Madrid; the jolly monks have been driven out and replaced by a few meagre, atrabilious-looking, shove! hatted seminarists (even these, 'since the last political earthquake in Spain, may have disappeared), and it is with extreme difficulty that you can persuade the custodes to show you the embroidered vestments in the sacristy, or the illuminate manuscripts in the library. The guardian of every public building in Spain have a set tled conviction that all foreign travellers at Frenchmen, who, following the notable example of Marshals Soult and Victor in th Peninsular War, are bent on stealing some thing. Moreover, the inspection of embroi dered copes, dalmatics, and chasuble soon palls on sight-seers who are not eraz, upon the subject of Ritualism; and as fo being trotted through a vast library when you have no time to read the books, all can say is, that in this respect I prefer a bookstall in Gray's-inn-lane, with free access to the "twopenny box," to the library of the Escorial, to the Bibliotheque Imperiale, the Bodleian, Sion College, and the library of St. Mark to boot. The exterior of the Escorial, again, is absolutely hideous; its grim granite walls, pierced with innumerable evelet-holes, with green shutters, remind the spectator equally of the Wellington Barracks, Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and the Great Northern Hotel at King's Cross. The internal decorations principally consist of huge, sprawling wall-and-ceiling freecoes by Luca Giordano

innumerable saints, scraphs, and other celestial personages upon the plaster. He executed his apotheoses by the yard, for which he was paid according to a fixed tariff, a reduction, I suppose, being made for clouds; and the result of his work is about as interesting as that of Sir James Thornhill in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. Almost an entire day must be spent if you wish to see the Escorial thoroughly, and you grow, at last, fretful and peevish wellnigh to distraction at the jargon of the guides, with their monotonous statistics of the eleven thousand windows of the place, the two thousand and two feet of its area, the sixty-three fountains, the twelve clois ters, the sixteen "patios" or court-yards, the eighty staircases, and so forth. As for the relics preserved of that nasty old man Philip the Second, his greasy hat, his walking-stick, his shabby elbow-chair, the board he used to rest his gouty leg upon, they never moved me. There is something beautifully and pathetically interesting in the minutest trifle which remains to remind us of Mary Queen of Scots. Did you ever see her watch, in the shape of a death's head, the works in the brain-pan, and the dial enamelled on the base of the jaw? But who would care about a personal me-mento of Bloody Queen Mary? She was our countrywoman, but most of us wish to forget her bad individuality, utterly. Should we care anything more about her Spanish husband?

To complete the lugubrious impressions which gather round you in this museum of cruelty, superstition, and madness, you are to an appalling sepulchre undertaken ground: a circular vault, called, absurdly enough, the "Pantheon," where, on ranges of marble shelves, are sarcophagi containing the ashes of all the kings and queens who have afflicted Spain since the time of Charles the Fifth. This bonehouse is rendered all the more hideous by the fact of its being ornamented in the most garishly theatrical manner with porphyry and verde antique, with green and yellow jasper, with bronze gilt bas-reliefs, and carvings in variegated marble, and other gimeracks. There is an old English locution which laughs at the man who would put a brass knocker on a pigsty door. Is such an architect worthier of ridicule than he who paints and gilds and tricks up a charnel house to the similitude of a playhouse? As, with a guttering wax taper in your hand, you ascend the staircase leading from this Pantheon into daylight and the world again, your guide whispers to you that to the right is another and ghastlier Golgotha. where the junior scions of Spanish royalty are buried, or rather where their coffins lie huddled together, pell-mell. The polite name for this place, which might excite the indignation of "graveyard" Walker (he put a stop to intramural interments in England, and got no thanks for his pains) is the "Pantheon of the Infantes." The common people call it, with much more brevity and infinitely more eloquence, "El Pudridero," the "rotting place." The best guide-book you can take with you to this portion of the Escorial is Jeremy Taylor's sermon on Death. Once out of the Escorial, "Luke's iron

crown"-I mean the crown of Luca fa Presto's ponderous heroes-is at once removed from your brow, on which it has been pressing with the deadest of weights. Once rid of the Pantheon, and the stone staircases and the slimy cloisters, and you feel inclined to chirrup almost. The gardens are handsome, although shockingly out of repair: but bleak as is the site, swept by the almost ceaseless mountain blasts of the Guadarrama range, it is something to be rid of Luca fa Presto, and Philip the Second, and St. Lawrence and his gridiron, and all their gloomy company. You breathe again; and down in the village yonder there is a not bad inn called the Biscaina, where they cook very decent omelettes, and where the wine is drinkable. But before you think of dining you must see King Pippin's Palace. This is the "Casita del Principe de abajo, the "little house of the prince on the heights, and was built by Juan de Villanueva for Charles the Fourth when heir-apparent. The only circumstances, perhaps, under which a king of Spain can be contemplated with complacency are those of childhood. In Madrid, I used always to have a sneaking kindness for the infantes and infantas-"los ninos de R. Espana"-who, with their nurses and governesses, and their escort of dragoons and lancers, used to be driven every afternoon in Dool their gilt coaches drawn by fat mules, through the Puerta del Sol to the Retiro. The guard at the Palace of the Gobernacion used to turn out, the trumpets would be flourished bravely EIGE as "los ninos" went by. Poor little urchins In the pictures of Don Diego Velasquez, the ninos, in their little ruffs, and kirtles, and farthingales, or their little starched doublets and trunk hose, with their chubby peachy cheeks, their ruddy lips, and great melting black eyes, look irresistibly fascinating. Ah my infantes and infantas of Don Diego, why did you not remain for aye at the Toodlekins stage? why did you grow up to be tyrants, and madmen, and bigots, and imbeciles, and no better than you should have been? This Carlos the Fourth, for instance, Μ for whom King Pippin's Palace was built, made an exceedingly bad end of it. He was the king who was led by the nose by a worthless wife, and a more worthless favorite. Godoy, who was called "Prince of the Peace, and who lived to be quite forgotten, and to die in a garret in Paris. Carlos the Fourth was the idiot who allowed Napoleon to kidnap him. He was the father of the execrable Ferdinand the Seventh, the betraver of his country, the restorer of the Inquisition, and the embroiderer of petticoats for the Virgin. King, or rather Prince Pippin, Charles PATE the Third's son, is represented in a very curious style of portraiture, in one of the apartments of the Escorial itself, a suite fitted up by his father in anti-monastic style, that is to say, in the worst kind of Louis Quinze rococo. The king employed the E famous Goya to make a series of designs to be afterwards woven on a large scale in The tapestry, and Goya consequently produced some cartoons which, with their reproductions in loom-work, may be regarded as the burlesque antipodes to the immortal patterns which Rafaelle set the weavers of Arras. In one of the Goya hangings you see the juve-nile members of the royal family at their sports, attended by a select number of young and P GAI NOT scions of the sangre azul. At what do you think they are playing? at *bull tighting*, a game very popular among the blackguard little street boys of Madrid to this day. One boy plays the bull. He has merely to pop a cloth over his head, holding two sticks passing through holes in the cloth at obtuse angles to his head, to represent the horns of the animal. The Grain, "picadores" are children pickaback, who, with canes for lances, tilt at bull. The "chulos" train their jackets, the "banda-rilleros" fling wreathed hoopsticks for darts, Cor in admirable caricature of the real bloodthirsty game you see in the bull-ring. Prince Pippin of course is the "matador," the slayer.

storied house for a cage, and not forgetting surptimed "Luca fa Presto," or Luke in a He stands alone, superb and magnanimous the modern improvements of the diminutive hurry. This Luke the Laborer has stuck intrepidity in his mien, fire in his eye, and a intrepidity in his mien, fire in his eye, and a real little Toledo rapier in his hand. Will the bull dare to run at the heir-apparent of the throne of Spain and the Indies? Quien sabe ! Train up a child in the way he should go; and a youth of bull-fighting is a fit pre-parative for a manhood of cruelty and an old age of bigoted superstition.

It is somewhat difficult to give an idea of the precise size of Pippin's Palace. Mr. Ford, who speaks of the entire structure with inef-CAPPT ACCRI PREM fable contempt, says that it is "just too small to live in, and too large to wear on a watch chain;" but I maintain that the Casita del Principe is quite big enough to be the country residence of Thumb, or Nutt, or Miss Warren, or Gibson, or Hudson, or Ann Shepherd, or Madame Teresia, or Wybrand Lolkes the Dutch dwarf; a wonderful little fellow with a head like a dolphin's, no perceptible trunk, and two little spindle-shanks like the legs of a skeleton clock. There should properly be a statue cast from the Manikin at Brussels in the vestibule of the Casita; but, if I recollect aright, the only object of sculp-tute in the hall is a life-size cast of the Apollo Belvedere, whose head of course touches the palatial ceiling. Could that IN inanimate effigy stand on tiptoe he would assuredly send the first floor flying, and could he perform but one vertical leap, he would have the roof off the palace in the twinkling of a beg-post. There is a tiny grand staircase which (from dolorous experience) I know to be somewhat of a tight fit for a stout tourist; and to increase the exquisite grotesqueness of the whole affair, the walls are panelled in green and yellow jasper and porphyry, and there are verde antique columns and scagliola pilasters, and basreliefs in gilt bronze on every side, just as there are in the horrible tomb-house hard by. There are dozens of rooms in King Pippin's Palace: dining-rooms, audience chambers, council chambers, bedrooms, libraries, ante-chambers, boudoirs, guard-rooms, and ball-rooms, the dimen-sions of which vary between those of so many store cupboards, and so many midshipmen's sea chests. But the pearl, the cream, the consummation of the crackbrained joke is that the furniture does not in any way harmonize with the proportions of the building. The house is a baby one, but the furniture is grown up. The chairs and tables are suited for the accommodation of adults of full growth. The walls are hung with life-size portraits of the Spanish Bourbons. The busts, statuettes, French clocks, chandeliers, china gimcracks, and ivory baubles are precisely such as you might see in a palace inhabited by grown-up kings and princes. The whole place is a pippin into which a crazy king has endeavored to cram the contents of a pumpkin; and but for the high sense I entertain of the obligations of decorum, and the indelicacy of wounding the susceptibili-ties of foreigners, I might, had the proper appliances been at hand, have wound up my inspection of the Palace of King Pippin, by ringing a shrill peal on a hand-bell, or firing a pistol out of the first floor window.

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R. R. THOMAS & CO.,	The Company has been in active operation for more than	OFFICE, [41 No. 42 North FIFTH Street.
DEALERS IN	etc., for limited periods, and permanently on buildings by deposit of premiums. 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, David Lewis.	
Doors, Blinds, Sash, Shutters	John L. Hodge, M. E. Mahony, John T. Lewis, William S. Grant, D. Clark wharton, Lawrence Lewis, Jr., JOHN R. WUCHERER, President. SAMUEL WILCOX, Secretary. JOHN R. Marken J. John R.	
WINDOW FRAMES, ETC.,	John T. Lewis, Thomas H. Powers, William S. Grant, A. R. MeHenry,	READY ROOFING applied to
N. W. CORNER OF	D. Clark Wharton, Samuel Wilcox,	
EIGHTEENTH and MARKET Streets	Lawrence Lewis, Jr., JOHN R. WUCHERER, President. SAMUEL WILCOX, Secretary. 428	at one-half the expense of tin. It is readily put on Shingle Roofs without removing the shingles, thus avoid
9 15 8m PHILADELPHIA.		ing the damaging of ceilings and furniture while under going repairs. (No gravel used.)
STOUED DANGED FTO	OFFICE OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, No. 232 WALNUT Street,	at one-half the expense of tin. It is readily put on Shingle Roofs without removing the shingles, thus avoid ing the damaging of ceilings and furniture while under going repairs. (No gravel used.) PRESERVE YOUR TIN ROOFS WITH WELTON' ELASTIC PAINT.
STOVES, RANCES, ETO.	Philadelphia. Charter Perpetual. Incorporated 1794. Charter Perpetual. Capital, \$500,000. \$2,250,000	I am always prepared to Repair and Paint Roofs at short notice. Also, PAINT FOR SALR by the barrel or gallon the best and cheapest in the market.
THOMSON'S LONDON KITCHENER	Assets. MARINE, INLAND, AND FIRE INSURANCE.	2 173 No. 711 N. NINTH Street, above Coates.
or FUROPEAN RANGE for families, hotels, or public institutions, in TWENTY DIFFERENT SIZES. Also, Philadelphia Ranges, Hot-Air Fur- naces, Portable Heaters, Low-down Grates, Fireboard Stores, Bath Boilers, Stew-hole Plates, Boilers, Cooking Stores, Eat, wholesale and retail by the manufactureses	OVER \$20,000,000 LOSSES PAID SINCE ITS ORGAN.	TO OWNERS ARCHITECTS BUILDERS
naces, Portable Heaters, Low-down Grates, Fireboard Stoves, Bath Boilers, Stew-hole Plates, Boilers, Cooking	IZATION.	AND ROOFERSRoofs! Yes, yes. Every size and
Stoves, etc., wholesale and retail, by the manufacturers, SHARPE & THOMSON, 5 27wim im No. 209 N. SECOND Street.	Arthur G. Coffin, Francis R. Cope,	RICAN CONCRETE PAINT AND ROOF COMPANY
5 27wfm em No. 209 N. SECOND Street.	John A. Brown, Edward H. Trotter,	for preserving all wood and metals. Also, their solid com- plex roof covering, the best ever offered to the public, with
MERRICK & SONS	Arthur G. Coffin, Samuel W. Jones, John A. Brown, Charles Taylor, William Welsh, S. Morris Waln, John Mason, John Mason, Charles Taylor, William Welsh, S. Morris Waln, John Mason, George L. Harrison, Charles W. Cushman	brushes, cans, buckets, etc., for the work. Anti-vermin, Fire, and Water-proof; Light, Tight, Durable. No crack-
SOUTHWARK FOUNDRY,	S. Morris Waln, Louis C. Madeira, John Mason, Charles W. Cashman	ing, pealing, or shrinking. No paper, gravel, or heat, Good for all climates. Directions given for work, or good work
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PATENT VALVELESS STEAM HAMMER	Insures against Loss or Damage by Fire either by Per-	
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This old and well known Company are prepared, as usual, with the highest degree of skill, and the most approved machiner, TO DYE, CLEANSE and FINISH every variety of LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS, and FIECE GOODS, in their usual superior manner. GARMENTS CLEANSED WHOLE. [9 17 Inwam	to offer to the insured an undoubted security in the case of loss.	the second s
machinery, TO DYE, ULEANSE and FINISH every variety of LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS.	Daniel Smith, Jr., John Devereux,	EVANS, SHARP & CO.,
and FIECE GOODS, in their usual superior manner.] GARMENTS CLEANSED WHOLE. [917 fmw2m	Alexander Benson, Isaac Hazleburst, Thomas Robins, J. Cillingham Fell.	NO. 613 MARKET STREET,
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