CORRESPONDENCE.

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

NO. XX.

Interlachen—The Wengern Alp-Avalanches—The "Fourth"—Grand Celebration—An Enthusiastic Mass-Meeting—Patriotic Church Service—A Perilous Scramble—Lausanne—The Benefit of a Long Beard—Chexbres.

[Communicated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

INTERLACHEN, *Monday Evening, July 4*, 1870.—As there are no other Americans here, that we know of, to join us, we concluded to go off by ourselves and commemorate the Fourth by a trip to the top of the Wengern Alp, which is one of the most interesting excursions in Switzerland. After breakfast we engaged a carriage for the day to take us over to the valley of Lauterbrunnen, the point from which the ascent is made, and bring us back in the evening. On arriving there we started on foot to go up the mountain. The day was very fine. I had a vivid recollection of my former ascent of the Wengern Alp thirteen years ago. Then it began to rain when we were about half-way up, and we reached the top wet through. We had no rain to-day, but come very near having something much more serious. A three hours' climb, and not very hard, brought us to the summit. This is the best point from which to get a view of the Jungfrau, the Silver Horn, the Eiger, the Monck, and all the other members of the great Jungfrau family. You are introduced, as it were, into the very bosom of the Alps. The whole group is before you, with an awful valley indeed intervening, which keeps visitors at a respectful distance, after all, and presents an effective barrier to any attempt at undue familiarity, or disposition to pry into the family secrets. And here you can stand or sit by the hour and look in wonder on what rises before you. There are stupendous rocky peaks, with deep valleys between them. There are enormous glaciers far up among the clouds, and vast icefields, and exhaustless treasures of everlasting snow; snow in ridges, in mountain masses, in perpendicular precipices, and awful, overhanging ridges. The home of the avalanches is there. All these stand unveiled before you. And I envy not the feelings of any who can gaze on the scene of matchless grandeur and sublimity, and not find his soul filled with wondering awe and adoring praise.

We looked out eagerly to see and hear the avalanches as they made their tremendous plunge. But they did not come. We invested a franc in gunpowder to have the cannon fired, which is kept there for this purpose. It is used to give notice across the way when the audience is ready and waiting for the performance to begin. But the notice is not always heeded, and was the case to-day. The report of the cannon's discharge went echoing grandly among the surrounding mountains. This was the only effect produced by it. Sometimes the jar of the report upon the atmosphere is enough to start the avalanches and send them down. But it had no such effect to-day. However, we felt well repaid for our trip, even if we saw no avalanches and see one. The sight is like a cloud of white dust rushing down the steep, snowy sides of the mountain. When the verge of the snow-field is reached, and it plunges into the valley below, it looks just like a silvery torrent leaping from the edge of the precipice. You think it must be one till you see it suddenly stop. The noise of the falling avalanche, like the sound of thunder, is made by the masses of falling ice as they go tearing and grinding down the sides of the mountain into the awful abysses which receive them. Instead of taking a lunch merely, we ordered a regular dinner at the Jungfrau Hotel in honor of the day. Shortly after dinner we started for the summit of a grassy hill, behind the hotel, and about 300 feet above it. It was the highest accessible point near us. My pocket barometer indicated an elevation of 1,200 feet. Here we concluded to hold our celebration of the national anniversary. There was a flagstaff planted on the top of the hill. I had a silk flag in my pocket. This was fastened to the pole. We sat down on the grass to enjoy the sight of the dear old flag as it waved its graceful folds over the summits of the Alps. Then we sang "Rally Round the Flag, Boys?" The musical talent of the company was not adequate to the feat of going all through with "The Star Spangled Banner," so we had to satisfy ourselves with the chorus, which was given with a will. Then the "large and respectable assembling," consisting of C. D. C. and the present writer, gave three rousing cheers for the old flag, three for General Grant and three for the Union. The exercises of the occasion were concluded by the choir singing "Yankee Doodle," which was joined in by the whole assembly. After this the flag was taken down, and the audience retired without any noise or disturbance.

And now comes the most exciting part of the day's experience. After returning to the hotel, we started to go back to Lauterbrunnen. But, instead of returning by the beaten path down the side of the mountain, we concluded to go down into the deep valley, or chasm, that lies at the foot of the Jungfrau, and so make our way out into the Valley of Lauterbrunnen. The landlord at the hotel assured us that the way was perfectly safe, only we should need a guide to show us the path. So we engaged a guide and started. For the first two hours the road was easy enough. By this time we had got far down into the valley. It is one of the wildest and ruggedest scenes I ever looked upon. You seem to be shut up in one of nature's inmost recesses—the very secret place of her awful presence. I had supposed that we should have nothing to do but make our way down to the level of the stream at the bottom of the valley, and then follow its windings till we reached its outlet in the Lauterbrunnen Valley, from which we started in the morning. But it is impossible to get down more than about half the way to the stream at the foot of the mountains. Then there is only a rift or chasm in the rocky bottom of the valley, hundreds of feet deep through which the stream forces its foaming way. There is no gradual descent, as we had supposed, into the Valley of Lauterbrunnen. Instead of this our path brought us to the edge of the mountain, which forms one of the walls of that valley. It goes down in a sheer descent of a thousand feet. We had to make our way, by a zig-zag, winding path, down the perpendicular face of this rocky precipice. It took us an hour to accomplish this. It was the most exciting, awe-inspiring hour of conscious peril I ever spent. If I should live to be as old Methuselah I should never forget it. The path was only six or eight inches wide, and that not level, but slanting off towards the precipice. A single mis-step, or the rolling of the loose pebbles on which we stood, and inevitable death followed as awful plunge, the mere thought of which sends a cold chill over me now as I think of it. At times the path would wholly disappear, and there was nothing left but here and there a projecting piece of rock two or three inches wide, on which to plant our feet while we clung to some rough points in the wall of rock above us. It was perfectly appalling. I should as soon have thought of attempting to fly as to have ventured there, if I had known what was before me. I could only cast myself on the support of an Unseen but Almighty Arm, and hope to find the promise fulfilled which says, "He shall give His angels charge over thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." I kept my eye looking steadily at my feet, feeling that one *look* into the awful depth immediately beneath would have unmanned me. I felt the full force of Solomon's words, when he says: "Ponder the *path of thy feet*, and let thine eyes look straightforward." And so, without exchanging a word, in profound silence, at times even holding our breath, we worked our way slowly down, and at length a Gracious Providence enabled us to reach the bottom of the awful cliff in perfect safety. This was the most exciting day I spent on earth, they were round at the foot of that precipitous mountain side, this afternoon. And yet the guides of this country go over that perilous path continually, just as the wild goats of the mountains do, and think nothing of it. But to those like ourselves, inexperienced in such efforts, it is thrillingly fearful. I shall draw from the excursion, however, a striking illustration of the danger that follows from forsaking the beaten path. And I intend to *preach* on this lesson through all the rest of our journey before attempting to *preach* it to others. A memorable Fourth of July this has been to us, both for the *pleasure* and *peril* connected with it.

LAUSANNE, HOTEL GIBBON, *Tuesday Evening, July 5.*—We left Interlaken this morning by the steamer on Lake Thun (pronounced Toon), on our way to this place. The lake is only ten miles long, but very beautiful. At the other end of the lake we took the cars for Berne. Instead of going through, we stopped over for the next train. This gave us two or three hours in Berne. This was quite long enough for getting a view of that quaint old town, with its curious clock, on which the bears march in procession every time the hours are struck; its cathedral, and especially the grand panoramic view of the Bernese Alps to be had from the terrace, in front of the town. Taking the next train we reached this town, finely situated on the banks of Lake Geneva, by the close of the afternoon. The windows of our room look directly out upon the lake, commanding an extensive view of its fine scenery. This beautiful lake on the ground formerly occupied by the house in which Gibbon wrote his history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." A man intent on the accomplishment of a great work like that could hardly have a more inviting and inspiring retreat than that afforded by the shores of this beautiful lake. We have purpose to remain and rest ourselves till towards the end of the week, and then go down the lake to Geneva and wait for the arrival of Mr. B. We have kept on the move so constantly of late as not even to have had time for any washing done; and last Sunday morning, on dressing to go to church, I found I had not a clean shirt in my trunk. I actually had to overhaul the bundle that was ready for the wash, and select from it the least soiled of the bosoms there, for Sunday use. And then I felt the practical benefit of a tolerably long beard. It acted the part of charity, in hiding a multitude, not of sins, but of *soils*.

We met Hev. Mr. Nevins here at our hotel. He has charge of the American Chapel at Rome. During the hot weather the chapel is closed, and he is off on his vacation.

CHEXBRES (pronounced Shaby), *Wednesday Evening, July 6.*—Just as I was sitting down this morning to do some writing, the Rev. Mr. Gibbon, Lausanne, Mr. C. came in upon us, and insisted on our coming out to this place where he is spending some weeks with his wife and child. It is a sort of family hotel, or large boarding-house, entirely in the country and about ten miles from Lausanne, on the borders of the lake. And so, as we thought it would be quite as agreeable to rest for two or three days in the God-made country as in the man-made town, we concluded to come. And this accounts for our sudden and unexpected "change of base." But did mortal man ever conceive a more awkward and bungling way of putting letters together to spell a word that was intended to be called *Shaby*, than is seen in the case of the unfortunate word that is made to stand as the representative of this place? Wouldn't it puzzle the best spelling class in a first-rate academy, in any other Christian land, to have the word "Shabe" given out for the scholars to exercise their talents upon; and when they had tried till they were tired, and had given it up, to hear their teacher say, "I am ashamed of you, boys, or girls. Don't any of you know that the *proper* way to spell Shabe is—Chexbres?"

But though it has the misfortune to be so badly and barbarously spelled, still it is a bonny nice place. The house is charmingly situated on an elevated and richly-cultivated part of the Lake of Geneva, whose placid waters are spread out beautifully before it. The Alps on one side and the Jura range on the other stretch out their giant forms in magnificent array; while beautiful walks and delightful views of mountain and lake are met with at every turn.

For the last two or three days the weather has become very hot. The thermometer stood to-day at ninety degrees in the shade. All this part of the country is suffering very much from drought. The pastures are failing. The wells are drying up, and many of the farmers are killing their cattle for want of food and water. I trust a gracious Providence may send rain soon, or the suffering will be fearful.

CHEXBRES, *Thursday Evening, July 7th.*—We have spent this day in rambles through the woods and over the hills that surround this part of the lake, trying to keep cool in the shade, and admiring the beautiful scenery that meets the eye at every turn in this interesting region. The evenings here are charming. They would be so at all times; they are especially so now when the moon is half full and her soft light is poured upon the landscape, and the waters of the rippling lake are made to sparkle in the reflection of her silvery beams.

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL MARCH.

THRONDHEIM, July 4, 1870.—I wrote to you last from Christiania the present capital of Norway. I now write from the ancient capital, three hundred and fifty miles further north. I came by railway, stopping at Lillehammer. I held the reins of my little pony, driving at a rapid rate, one hundred and eighty miles through the wildest and most wonderful scenery of this cold north land. The carriole has two wheels, with a seat just large enough to hold one person at a close fit, a narrow footboard, a leather apron to keep off mud and rain, two long, thin, flat philis, which supply the place of traces, breeching and springs. Fresh horses are supplied every seven or eight miles, and the road is good. You see everything as you go as freely as if on horseback, and the horse and vehicle are so completely under control that one seems a part of himself. The route which I took led me over the Dovrefeldt, where silence and desolation reign supreme, over a waste of rocks and moors white with reindeer moss, over lofty ridges white with perpetual snow. Then I came down into the Deirdahl, a wild and picturesque valley, through which a river roars and rages with the fury of a cataract for many miles, and cascades, like the Stanbach, in Switzerland, leap from the cliffs a thousand feet above the road, and drifted snows fill the chasms and gorges in the mountain slopes. I also passed for hours through quiet valleys, where the fields were green with fresh grass and ripening grain, and the log houses of the farmers were sprinkled along the river banks and up the hillsides. The people have blue eyes, light hair, and a fresh, ruddy complexion. They take off their hats and salute me as I meet them on the road. They are attentive and quick to understand what is wanted when I arrive at a station. A few words from the guide-book are sufficient to call for horses, food or entertainment. Everything here looks safe, free and confidence-inspiring as compared with Syria, suspicious, distrustful and dangerous. Almost every family has friends in America, and more are going to make a new home in the Western World every year. I was told that ten thousand people would leave the Gudlandedol valley this year, and twenty-five thousand would leave Norway for America before next winter. I passed through the whole length of that valley. It is beautiful to look upon, but the people say the winters are so long and cold they get weary of their homes. It was sufficient to kindle a new light upon the rosy faces of young and old when I told them I was from the land of America. Advertisements of lines of steamers from Liverpool to America are posted up all over the country, and multitudes are only waiting to get money enough to go. I wish I do not wonder they are attracted by the tales of fine climate and great abundance which emigrants send home from Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Here they can raise little but grass, oats, rye, and a few half-grown potatoes. It is now almost midsummer, and I slept *under* feathers last night and was cold.

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The day is so long that one gets weary of waiting for the night; and, indeed, the morning begins before the night ends. Last evening I was reading till half-past ten and it was still daylight. At twelve o'clock I jumped out of bed, took my small pocket Bible, and read the ninety-first Psalm through by such light as still lingered from the long day. And my room has but one window, and my bed stands in the corner furthest from the window. I rose and looked out into the street; it was all silent and empty, and yet I could see the roses and geraniums and japonicas in the window on the opposite side of the street. I could count the tiles on the houses. I could read the names on the signs as if it were broad day. It seemed as if time had stopped in its course and all the motions of nature had become suspended. I waited for the sun and the o'clock last evening to see it go down, but it still lingered in the northwestern sky, and I felt relieved when at last it was hidden behind a cloud. But even then the light would not go and I was obliged at last to take to my bed because I was weary and my watch said it was midnight, and because it was dark. The twilight candles upon my bureau are only mementoes of a necessity which no longer exists. All nature seems to be held by some awful spell, and the cold light lingers as if to see what would be the end. I do not wonder that the old Norsemen mingled wild and fantastic superstitions with the history of their country. When I came over the melancholy Dovrefeldt in the dim light of a cloudy, misty afternoon that lasted till eleven o'clock in the evening and was still day, I was so impressed with the strange aspects of nature around me that I should not have been much surprised to have seen the shadowy forms of the old Norse fables imaged in the clouds that hung their drooping curtains around me.

This old town, situated within three degrees of the Arctic Circle, has a population of twenty thousand or more. An express article in the Constitution requires that the kings be crowned in the Cathedral of Throndjem. The streets are broad and regular, the houses clean and bright, the people well clothed, busy and contented. Yesterday there was such a Sabbath-day stillness as I have not observed since I was a boy in New England. My room fronts upon the principal street, and yet no vehicle passed by, and there was no sound or sign of any disturbance. The people went to church quietly and reverently. There was no loud talking nor hurry. I went to the old Cathedral, and attended the regular service, and witnessed a baptism and a wedding. Both ceremonies were very long, but the people gave the most quiet and respectful attention. The green grass in the churchyard was ornamented with fresh flowers. Every grassy mound had a vase upon it, and in every vase was a bouquet of fresh flowers. All through the city the windows are garnished with flower-pots. In the house opposite my window I count twenty-five. In other houses I have counted forty or fifty. At Lillehammer, the head of Lake Mjosen, there was a street a mile and a half long, and flower-pots stood in every window all the way, and the plants were of the rarest beauty. The people are very fond of flowers. They have a proverb which says, "Poverty is no disgrace, but it is very inconvenient." I suppose that the Minister of Finance will open a national loan on Monday. A council of Ministers was held to-day.

The following was issued to-day:

TEN ear-loads of wheat and flour left San Francisco on Thursday for New York, being the first shipment by railroad.

THE turbojet-yard of Turk & Durham, at Rondout, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Thursday evening. Loss $50,000.

THE Grants of New York yesterday had a grand celebration at Jones's Woods, in honor of the Prussian victories.

THE Georgia Legislature has passed a bill for the purchase of Kimball's Opera House, at Atlanta, for the State Capitol.

At Springfield, Mass., Richmond's stables, and Walker's and Seery's blocks were destroyed by fire early yesterday morning, causing a heavy loss.

A TEMPERANCE picnic at Morrisania, New York, was disturbed by a crowd of drunken men on Thursday. Two men were beaten, and one of them was dangerously wounded.

AT St. Louis, J. M. Edgar, clerk, and Benjamin F. Reynolds, manager of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company's branch office, have been arrested for robbing the main office of $1,000 worth of property.

DURING a thunderstorm at Evansville, Ind., yesterday, an old man was killed by lightning, and the shock of the bolt was felt over three miles in the roof of a school house. Considerable damage was done.

THE Liberal Chinese Convention, at San Francisco, has adopted a long platform, which approves the Chinese system, declares for legislation to exclude the Chinese, and demands the abrogation of the Burlingame treaty.

At Saratoga the Central Park Christian Association having appointed a committee to suppress the gambling in that place, one of these establishments closed on Wednesday. It is stated that Morrissey has agreed to deliver his implements of gaming to the Association.

At Reading, the trial of Catharine Hummel, for the murder of the infant child of William Ludy, resulted, yesterday, in her acquittal on the ground of insanity. A medical opinion was given that the girl had been affected with the nonconvulsive form of epilepsy.

A HURRICANE began at Quebec, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and continued for half an hour, doing considerable damage in the harbor. The pilot boat of Quebec was blown ashore and overboard and drowned. The storm is reported to have extended throughout the country and on board the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

IN the United States District Court, at Raleigh, N. C., yesterday, Judge Brooks discharged the prisoners brought from Wilmington and Salisbury. He also granted a rule requiring Kirk to show cause why he shall not be attached for not making a sufficient return of the prisoners. Some of those released in Hon. Josiah Turner, editor of the Raleigh *Sentinel*, and he and the others released are to have a public reception.

GREAT fires rage in the country around Ottawa, Canada, no rain having fallen for two months. The crops are ruined. Farmers have from eight to ten thousand dollars each, and Ottawa's lumbering interest has been burned, causing a loss of $40,000. The total loss within a radius of twenty miles is estimated at upwards of $800,000, and the city itself is reported in danger. On Thursday night it was visited by a tornado, which caused great destruction of life and property.

THE bodies of two of the burglars who murdered the clerk of the Hoosac House, Bennington, N. Y., were found in the Chenango river on Wednesday morning, by persons who were in trying to cross. The other burglar is still at large. In Binghamton, on Thursday night, a lightning rod came down, and the lightning took containing a few dollars. Three men camping out in the woods near Binghamton, saw six burglaries near Silver Lake, Pa., about 10 miles from Binghamton.

THE WAR.

PARIS, Aug. 18, 4 P. M.—[Special to New York *Times*.]—The nomination of Gen. Trochu to be military Governor of Paris and the recall of the Garde Mobile to the capital inspire great confidence and hopefulness. The spirit of the army of Paris is able to repel any attack of the enemy, and render it certain that Paris will be well defended.

Fighting is still going on, but Bazaine will only send the news when a battle is certain. There is no confirmation of the rumor that Prince Frederick Charles has been wounded.

The Prussian loss in the battle of Gravelotte we have a great general at the head of our armies. The general who is the chairman in the hour of victory. He awaits sure results before he telegraphs his successes.

While at Metz Bazaine issued the following order, which was printed and distributed among his soldiers:

"The Prussians commence action by putting forward a small force, but placing heavy masses behind it. The Prussian Guards have been form a line of sharpshooters, who, under cover of woods, will gain up a constant fire, and gradually gain the flank of their enemy. When the sharpshooters are well engaged the Prussians put forward the main body of their army to approach as near the hostile lines as possible unseen.

Having given these details, the Emperor concludes by directing officers to imitate the tactics of the enemy.

The *Figaro* makes the following report of the movements of the Prussian Guards:

On Tuesday, the 16th, the Emperor, who had not yet heard of the battle of that day, received the Mayor and Sub-Prefect of Vienne, and spoke encouragingly to them. He was accompanied by the Prince Imperial, but was almost without an escort. He then went to the Prussian camp and demanded a train. The officers of the road could furnish only a third-class car, and the Emperor assured them he would be satisfied with that. The Prince Imperial seemed to be greatly fatigued. A locomotive pushed the train to one that the road was clear. Next morning at daylight the Emperor reached Chalons.

PARIS, Aug. 19.—The *Journal Officiel*-this morning publishes the following as having been approved by the Emperor:

Madame: The ports of Cherbourg, Brest, L'Orient, Rochefort and Toulon have been declared in a state of siege, according to the provisions of the decree of October 13, 1863, were to be SANKLER LA RENOM. Cherbourg is under the military authorities by virtue of a state of siege similar to that now on generals commanding the territorial divisions of Brest and Toulon, which are found these five ports. As these powers are conferred upon the Prefects by authority by the terms of the 28th article, except in case of uniforms or attack, the present circumstances and general tranquillity, in the confidence of the country demand the abolition of the state of siege. Further, after having consultation with the Minister of Marine, I leave the power to propose to your Majesty to decree that maritime prefects be invested with the extraordinary title of superior commanders of all troops stationed within those five military ports.

PALIKAO.

Paris, Aug. 10.—[Special to the New York *Tribune*.]—A special correspondent writes from Berlin on Tuesday that the movements before Metz on Sunday was an attack upon the rearguard of the French and a repulse of a force from the Fortress of Metz. The troops in Eastern Prussian and the 7th Westphalia Army Corps, the commanders of these two army corps, Von Manteuffel and Von Zastrow, having directed the movements.

It is probable that a siege of Metz will begin at once. The siege train at Magdeburg has left for Prussian Alsace. On Saturday, second siege train is to follow it. Strasbourg, it is supposed, will be besieged exclusively by South German (chiefly Baden) troops. An early surrender is, however, anticipated after an intensive siege will have been apparently shown it but the impression is not so in the case of Metz.

A correspondent in the rear of the German army writes that the movement of the troops is incessant, thought no one is told whither they are going, and with each advance the Prussians sing fire and burn a post and their telegraph. A more perfect system of organization it is difficult to imagine. The columns of provisions creep like great serpents over the country, from side to side. For many a mile the whole country is on the move.

Coal Statement.

The following is the amount of coal transported over the Pennsylvania Railroad and Reading Railroad during the week ending Thursday, Aug. 18, 1870:

	Tons. Cwt.
From Mt. Carbon	9,292 14
" Port Carbon	6,261 07
" Pottsville	2,000 00
" Schuylkill Haven	3,000 00
" Pine Grove	1,659 05
" Auburn	1,000 00
" Harrisburg and Dauphin	4,338 01
" Williamstown and Allentown	1,000 00
Total	30,551 17
Previously reported	1,859,000 00
Total	1,889,551 17

INSURANCE.

The Liverpool & London and Globe Ins. Co.

Assets Gold, $18,400,000

Daily Receipts, - - $20,000

Premiums in 1869, $5,884,000

Losses in 1869, - $3,219,000

No. 6 Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA.

Fire, Marine and Inland Insurance.

INCORPORATED 1794. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

CAPITAL, $500,000
ASSETS Jan. 1st, 1870 - - $2,967,000 00

Losses paid since organization, - - - $24,000,000

Receipts of Premiums, 1869, $1,001,857 45
Interest from Investments, 1869, - - - 114,696 74

Losses paid, 1869, - - $2,106,534 19
$1,035,386 84

STATEMENT OF THE ASSETS.

First Mortgages on City Property, $770,400 00
United States and State Government Loans, 1,000,000 00
Cash in Bank and in hands of Bankers, 122,067 43
State or Corporation Security, 75,000 00
Notes Receivable, mostly Marine Premiums, 296,404 43
Accrued Interest, Premiums in course of transmission and in hands of Agents, 172,136 93
Reinsurance Fund, Re-insurance, &c., 1,000,000 00
Benefit Marine Premiums, 325,201 57
Real Estate, Philadelphia Company, Philadelphia, 35,000 00
Total Assets for 1869, $3,817,202 17

DIRECTORS.

Arthur G. Coffin, Francis B. Cope, Edward W. Clark, Edward S. Clark, John A. Brown, Edward H. Trotter, Charles Wheeler, Alfred Fitler, William Welsh, Louis C. Madeira, Henry Sloan, Thomas Robins, Jr., Henry Lewis, James Mott, Clement A. Griscom, Jacob P. Jones, Jos. Scattergood, Jr., Thomas Wattson, Arthur G. Coffin, CHARLES PLATT, Vice Pres't.

MATTHIAS MARIS, Secretary.
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Office, S. corner of THIRD and WALNUT streets, Philadelphia.

MARINE INSURANCES
On Vessels, Cargoes and Freights to all parts of the world.
On goods by river, canal, lake and land carriage to all parts of the Union.

FIRE INSURANCES
On Merchandise, Furniture, Stores, Dwellings, &c.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY
November 1, 1869.

$300,000 United States Six Per Cent. Loan,	$315,000 00
50,000 United States Six Per Cent. Loan (exclusive of interest),	107,250 00
50,000 United States Six Per Cent. Loan (exclusive of interest),	50,000 00
200,000 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan,	213,500 00
100,000 City of Philadelphia Six Per Cent. Loan,	100,250 00
20,000 Pennsylvania Railroad First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds,	19,400 00
20,000 Pennsylvania Railroad First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds,	20,500 00
10,000 Philadelphia and Southern Mail Steamship Company, Six Per Cent. Bonds,	10,000 00
50,000 Loans on Bond and Mortgage, First liens on City Properties,	50,000 00
$1,230,450 Par. Cost, $1,136,850 00	Market value, $1,205,370 00
Bills Receivable for Insurance Made,	38,700 00
Balance due at Agencies—Premiums in the hands of Agents, Stock Account and other debts due the Company,	62,097 33
Scrip and Certificates for Scrip,	3,740 32
Cash in Bank, $105,157 16	
Cash in Drawers, 23 22	105,180 38
	$1,252,300 03

DIRECTORS.

Thomas G. Sand, John C. Davis, Samuel Grant, Henry Lewis, George Fales, James Traquair, Henry Sloan, Henry C. Gibbons, Jr., Henry C. Dallett, Jr., Henry Lewis, Jr., Joseph H. Seal, Spencer McIlvain, Thomas S. Ellis, D. T. Morgan, Philip Ronaldson, Jr., Jos. Maris, Jr., Edward Lafourcade, Jos. Scattergood, Jacob Riegel, Henry C. Dallett, Jr., Jacob P. Jones, Joshua D. Maris, Spencer McIlvain, Jos. Maris, Jr., D. T. Morgan, Philip Ronaldson, Jr., Edward Lafourcade, Jacob Riegel.

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THE PHILADELPHIA INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office, No. 305 Walnut street.

INSURES DIRECT FROM THE OWNERS, Against all kinds of Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights, on Canal Boats and Barges, and on Goods, Wares and Merchandise in Stores and Dwellings.

LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED AND PAID.

Assets, December 1, 1869, $401,272 42

Invested in the following Securities:

First Mortgages on City Property, well secured, $195,100 00
Philadelphia City 6 Per Cent. Loans, 75,000 00
Pennsylvania 5 Per Cent. Loan, 40,000 00
Philadelphia City 6 Per Cent. Loan, 75,000 00
Philadelphia and Southern Mail Steamship Company Six Per Cent. Bonds, 10,000 00
Pennsylvania Railroad First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds, 20,000 00
Philadelphia and Broad Top 7 Per Cent. Mortgage Bonds, 1,000 00
Germantown Passenger Railway Stock, 1,000 00
Penn Township Passenger Railway Stock, 4,000 00
Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania Stock, 10,000 00
Philadelphia Exchange Company Stock, 10,000 00
Insurance Company of Philadelphia Stock, 3,200 00
Cash in Bank and on hand, 16,343 42
Worth at Par, $401,272 42
Worth at present market prices, $402,256 83

DIRECTORS.

Thomas C. Hill, Thomas E. Moore, Charles Maris, Jr., Thomas Dickinson, Samuel Bispham, James T. Young, Jos. Maris, Jr., Thomas Sparks, Wm. Sparkman, Benjamin Rush, Wm. Maris, Edward Lafourcade, Thomas S. Ashbridge.

THOMAS C. HILL, President.
WM. MARIS, Secretary.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, No. 510 WALNUT street, opposite Independence Square.

This Company, favorably known to the community for over forty years, continues 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.

Its Capital, together with a large Surplus Fund, is 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., Thomas Robins, Thomas Robins, Jr., Henry Lewis, Jos. Maris, J. Gillingham Fell, Jacob P. Jones, Thomas Sparks, Benjamin Rush, Jos. Maris, Jr., Edward Lafourcade, Wm. H. Rhoads, James Traquair, Wm. H. Hamilton, James L. Claghorn, Henry A. Dower.

DANIEL SMITH, Jr., President.
WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary and Actuary.

INSURANCE.

1829 CHARTER PERPETUAL 1870

FRANKLIN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

OFFICE—435 and 437 Chestnut St.

Assets on August 1, 1870.

$3,009,888 24.

Capital,	$400,000 00
Net Unearned Premiums,	1,609,888 24
INCOME FOR 1870, $910,000 00	LOSSES PAID IN 1869, $444,000 00
LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829 OVER $5,500,000.	

Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms.

The Company also issues policies upon the Rents of all kinds of Buildings, Stores, Manufactories, &c.

THE FIRE BRIGADE IS MAINTAINED BY THE COMPANY.

Alfred G. Baker, Samuel Grant, Geo. W. Richards, Isaac Lea, George Fales.

DIRECTORS.

Alfred G. Baker, Thomas S. Ellis, Jos. Scattergood, Henry Lewis, Jr., ALFRED G. BAKER, President.

JAS. W. McALLISTER, Secretary pro tem.
THEODORE M. REGER, Assistant Secretary.

INSURANCE.

THE COUNTY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—No. 70 Insurance Place.

This Fire Insurance Company of the County of Philadelphia, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, is now prepared to insure against loss or damage by fire, on all kinds of property, on the most favorable terms.

This old and reliable institution, with ample capital and surplus funds, invested in the most careful manner, offers to the public the advantage of a company combining security for a limited time, against loss or damage by fire, with the prospect of a return of a large proportion of the premium, if no loss shall occur.

DIRECTORS.

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CHARLES J. SUTTER, President.
SIDNEY PAUL, Secretary and Treasurer.

JEFFERSON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia.—Office, No. 34 North Fifth street, below Market.

Incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, charter perpetual. Capital and Assets, $160,000. Make Insurance against loss or damage by fire on Public or Private Buildings, Furniture, Stocks, Goods and Merchandise, on liberal terms.

DIRECTORS.

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WILLIAM McDANIEL, President.
THOMAS SMITH, Vice President.
FELIX B. CHENEAU, Secretary and Treasurer.

FAME INSURANCE COMPANY, NO. 20 CHESTNUT STREET.

INCORPORATED 1855—CHARTER PERPETUAL.

FIRE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.

Insures Against Loss or Damage by Fire, Perpetual or Temporary Policies.

DIRECTORS.

Charles Richardson, Wm. H. Shaw, John F. Ziegler, John F. Miller, Jos. Maris, Jr., Jos. Maris, Charles Stokes, Henry Lewis, Jr., Jos. Scattergood, Thomas Robins, Jr., Thomas Robins.

CHARLES RICHARDSON, President.
JOSEPH H. SEAL, Vice President.
CHARLES S. WOOD, Secretary.

INSURANCE.

1870 CHARTER PERPETUAL 1870

FRANKLIN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

OFFICE—435 and 437 Chestnut St.

Assets on August 1, 1870.

$3,009,888 24.

Capital,	$400,000 00
Net Unearned Premiums,	1,609,888 24
INCOME FOR 1870, $910,000 00	LOSSES PAID IN 1869, $444,000 00
LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829 OVER $5,500,000.	

Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms.

The Company also issues policies upon the Rents of all kinds of Buildings, Stores, Manufactories, &c.

THE FIRE BRIGADE IS MAINTAINED BY THE COMPANY.

DIRECTORS.

Alfred G. Baker, Thomas S. Ellis, Samuel Grant, Jos. Scattergood, Geo. W. Richards, Henry Lewis, Jr., ALFRED G. BAKER, President.

JAS. W. McALLISTER, Secretary pro tem.
THEODORE M. REGER, Assistant Secretary.

THOMAS & SONS, AUCTIONEERS, No. 232 MARKET street, above Second.

Sales at Residence of the Late Dr. Kane, Germantown, Tuesday Morning, August 23.

Sales at Residences on Spruce and Pine streets, Tuesday Morning, August 23.

Sales at Residences receive particular attention.

Sales of Real Estate Every Tuesday.

CARD.—Our Sale on Tuesday, at the auction rooms, will include the Furniture of a Family Residence, in addition, including the stock of a new Furniture Store.

Sales at Auction Every Evening.

Sale at the Auction Rooms.

SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SUITS, BRUSSELS CARPETS, FINE CABINET BOOKCASES, CHINA AND GLASSWARE, ELEGANT PIANO, BY CATALOGUE, ON THE MORNING OF SALE.

On Tuesday Morning, August 23, at 10 o'clock, at the auction rooms, No. 232 Market street, by catalogue, the entire household furniture, including the following: Superior Parlor Suits, in Hair Cloth; Fine Chamber Suits, in Ash, Walnut and Black Walnut; Brussels Carpets, Oil Cloths, Clothes Wringer, Refrigerator, Cedar Ware, Kitchen Utensils, &c.

May be examined on the morning of sale at 8 o'clock.

DAVID LEWIS, AUCTIONEER, Formerly with M. Thomas & Sons.

Sales at Residence receive particular attention.

Sales of Real Estate every Tuesday.

Sales at Auction every evening.

SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, CHINA AND GLASSWARE, FINE TABLE CUTLERY, ELEGANT PIANO, BY CATALOGUE, ON TUESDAY MORNING.

On Tuesday Morning, August 23, at 10 o'clock, at the store, No. 1027 Chestnut street, by catalogue, a superior assortment of superior furniture, including fine Oriental Parlor Suits, in Brocatelle, Hair Cloth and Damask; handsome Parlor Chamber Furniture, several other Suits, in Walnut and Ash; Chamber Furniture, Brussels Carpets, Oil Cloths, Refrigerators, Cedar Ware, Table Cutlery, Walnut Bedstead, Cane-seat Chairs, Kitchen Utensils, Superior Cooking Range, Fine Glasses, Lounges, Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, &c.

May be examined on the morning of sale.

Also, Walnut Parlor Suit, in Brocatelle.

An invoice Cane-seat Settees, 50 large comfortable Arm Rocking Chairs, &c.

MACHINERY.

Two Hack and Chamfer Machines, new.
Two Hand Screw Machines, new.
Power Hand Screw Machine, new.
Hand Screw Machine, new.
Power Cutter, new.
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