

The Louisiana Democrat.

H. R. BLOSSAT

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 22.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1866.

NUMBER 2.

The Democrat.

TERMS:

The Democrat is published weekly, at FIVE DOLLARS per annum. THREE for six months, payable in advance. No subscription taken for a less period than six months. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of \$1 50 PER SQUARE for the first insertion and 75 CENTS for each subsequent one. Eight lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to yearly advertisers: One column.....\$300 00 Half column..... 175 00 Third of column..... 130 00 Fourth of column..... 100 00 Cards, occupying space of eight lines, or less..... 20 00 Obituary notices, marriages, public meetings, cards of thanks, etc., to be paid for as advertisements. Personal cards, when admissible, charge double the usual advertisements.

Rain Upon the Roof.

The night with her sable pinions,
Is hovering o'er the earth,
And far through her dark dominions
Ring tinkling tones of mirth.
The moon is no longer beaming,
And the clouds are all star-proof,
As I sit in my chamber, dreaming
Of the rain upon the roof.

There is no sound diurnal
E'er yields me such delight
As the step of the soft rain vernal
On the rattling roof at night;
I am wrapt in pleasant fancies,
While slumber is far aloof,
As I list to the dainty dances
Of the rain upon the roof.

The wind is awake and dashing
The drops on the window-pane,
And the leaves, like symbols clashing
Keep time with the rhythmic rain;
But no discordant clatter
Of a solitary hoof
Comes nor to mar the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

From the night so grim and sooty
Will a morning, fair arise,
With myriad forms of beauty
To glad our wandering eyes;
For the spirit of spring is working
At her marvelous web and woof,
And a part of her spell is lurking
In the rain upon the roof.

It brings to me a vision
Of flowers and fruitful trees,
In a land that seems Elysian
All alive with birds and bees;
Where sweetest songs are gushing
Aloof, without reproof,
And the rippling rills are rushing
Like the rain upon the roof.

I see the grain grow greener
For the blessing of the skies,
That makes man's face serene,
And lights with joy his eyes.
I anticipate the pleasure
Heaven grants for his behoof,
And my heart leaps to the measure
Of the rain upon the roof.

Thus do I muse and listen
To the drops of the rain,
Whose music innumerable glistens,
Like diamonds, through the pane;
And I'm wrapt in pleasant fancies,
While slumber is far aloof,
As I list to the dainty dances
Of the rain upon the roof.

The Southern Flag.

[From the Metropolitan Record.]
"Gossypia's" muse has been indulging in a patriotic flight, the result of which will undoubtedly be very gratifying to the readers of the Portfolio. We have rarely seen a better tribute to the folded and cherished flag of the South than that now offered by our talented contributor. Devotion to the cause of which that flag was the symbol, pride in the glory achieved under it, and reverence for the brave men who died beneath its folds, combine to make Gossypia's poem one that will not fail to secure the earnest admiration of Southern readers:

Flag of my own dear land farewell,
Flag of the honor'd brave;
Flag which the Southron loved so well,
No more thy folds will proudly swell
Above the furious battle yell,
Or o'er the hero's grave.
In thee no more the patriot's eye
Will greet the star of Freedom's sky,
Or glory's fairest birth;
No more thy hosts in battle led,
Or fire the soul to generous deed—
Thy doom is seal'd—thy fate decreed.
Our hopes are crush'd to earth.
In other days that standard wav'd,
The symbol of the true and brave,
Who swore a foe should ne'er enslave
Their honor and their pride;
In other days you haughty crept,
Which now hangs drooping to its rest,

In victory's fair onset press'd,
Its folds in crimson dyed.

That banner stream'd o'er many a field,
Where thunder deafening cannon peal'd,
Where many a soldier's life-blood seal'd
Devotion's noblest tie.
Above it wreath'd the an'phur smoke,
Around it flash'd the sabre's stroke,
While from our vengeful ardor broke
The victor's cheering cry.

'Old Sumner' saw its folds unfurl'd,
Like meteor from the zenith hurl'd,
The wonder of an awe-struck world,
The starry cross of heaven!
While tyrants gaze'd with anxious eyes,
When saw that fiery comet rise,
The splendor of the Southern skies,
Its constellation seven.
And Freedom rais'd a wild "huzza,"
As one by one each glittering star
Came wheeling in the ranks of war,
'Till brightly gleam'd eleven.

Offspring of glory thou wast born
Amidst the tempest and the storm,
And ere had fled thy natal morn
Hope's sun had risen high.
Torn from the spangled veil above,
Baptized in blood—the child of Jove,
Fit emblem of a patriot's love—
True type of liberty!

But war's wild thrilling scenes are past,
The tattoo's beat, the bugle's blast,
Will sound no more,
And where along the mountain fide
The camp fires blaz'd, and white tents stood
The timid wild deer seeks his food
As when of yore.

Rent are thy folds and tra'd in dust;
But Freedom ne'er betrays her trust,
Though hope seems last,
No more the warrior's eye will dance,
Or sabre gleam, or warhorse prance,
As o'er the charging squadrons glance
Our "Southern cross."

Flag of the brave! who other lands
Shall rising burst the iron bands—
A tyrant's base decree—
Well may they seek example here,
And shun above thy hallow'd Bier
Their noblest gift—a patriot's tear—
And strike for liberty!

The noblest flag that ever lost,
Or wail'd o'er war's sanguin'd host,
Devotion's pride—Abolition's boast—
Was by a rebel born—
And every land beneath the sun
Reveres its fell—Washington,
Its wreath of war-worn.

And should the Titanic Sago
Erase with sacrilegious rage
Each noble name from hono'r's page,
That big thy vain;
For glory's fire, like gas on a wick,
Will never die—though crush'd to earth,
'Twill rise in brighter flame.

Then, oh, far-ell thy star has set
Forever, but we loathe thee yet,
As when in halcyon years
We saw thy starry sign tower—
The hope, the pride, the danc'd-hum—
The despot's death-curse of pow'r—
Now bathed in tears.

Gossypia,
Lake Providence, La., May 27, 1866.

THE PRISONERS AT HOME.

Speech of Col. Higan, the Indiana Prisoner of War, at the Reception Extended to him by his Fellow-Captives at Bluffton, Indiana, May 28.

As Mr. Milligan stepped on the platform we noted him as a hale old gentleman, over six feet tall, slender, straight hair and gray, and about fifty five years of age.

He was addressed by Mr. Brown, his law partner, in behalf of the Committee of Reception and the Council of Bluffton. The occasion was a demonstration in behalf of a great people, as well as in behalf of himself as individual. Allusion was made to the arrest and trial of Mr. Milligan in the fits of which his fellow-captives felt as a concern, perhaps, as he, since their rise were alike involved in the military question that tried him. He believed, were not to convict, hence there could be but one result. His final deliverance, through his tribulation, give his fellow-captives satisfaction, and they had assembled to thank him for his return.

Mr. Milligan thanked his friends and fellow-captives for their kind reception. He was glad to see them. He had not come to establish reputation as a speaker, and in view of his present situation he would do part from his ussamer of speaking and at the same time his own reporter. [The Gazette said he refused to give a copy of his report, and hence we write from our notes.]

The oblation, which he made down to day are of no other character, and are not confined also to this assembly of high-minded youth. Their tribute is one that any individual worthy their self, might well proud of. I do not attribute it to any merit of my own. It is the result of a love which I had little control. It so seemed that I was selected as a representative of a class, whether in the principality. Death selects a shining mark, a traitor of doubt with me. The ordonnance which I have just passed, without credit to myself, at least without credit to those imposing it, was equally doubly one of you. One as innocent as I, while as you was selected as the representative for the dread ordeal. But consistent hence sustained him as it did the Hets children, and he too walked forth like an Abolitionist, armed with his manly hands by the Abolitionists.

In accepting, warm congratulations,

I would be untrue to myself and to you, and ungrateful to my God if I did not recognize His almighty hand in the cause of our rejoicings, and mingle our joys with thanks to Him for deliverance from the most bloody reign of oppression with which the world has been afflicted since the days of Noah.

Permit me to join with you in the festivities of the day as one of you, for the part that I have suffered might have been accorded to any of the Wells county farmers. I hold no doctrine you did not hold, and I contemplate no act that you were not willing to perform. My feelings are fears were common to you all, and the difficulties which then obscured the sky of justice here, with black portent over you as o'ers, and that vista now opening to the eyes of us promises you the same future as it does to me.

But there is a relation between the Wells county Democrats and myself, which I regard with peculiar interest. You will recall that in the early stages of this July war, whose eruptive fits we are now beginning to harvest, he was an insane mania had rested upon the public mind, and when we seemed all to standing on the trembling confines of over-riding ruin you called upon me to advise with you as to the course of safety. I had no fears for our beloved country, for there were seats all over the land partitioned out to us of us. Every where people were falling victims to the great evil passion, a west wind blow, as of old, politically it is true, but every breath was scented with blood, and tainted with the virus of death, and worse than vultures, and more hungry than cormorants, were the hordes that came from the East, whirling in blood. It was a sad day. You will recall the advice I gave you on that occasion, when I shall feel it my duty to repeat to you.

You will recall also what I told you, you might expect of the ultimate policy on those who overtook our country, and who were seated upon the altar of their vicious prejudices the vital interests and dearest rights of the people.

Take a grand survey around you, and behold the ruin it has predicted. I ask to day, have not our forebodings been fully realized?—yes, more than realized? It was not possible then for the human mind to conceive of the wickedness of the human heart, especially of the wicked heart of Parisianism. I then told you that the restoration of the Union to its primitive form was not their object; for in addition to the madness and folly of Abolition was the just of power of the old Federalists, with a like irresistible lust for plunder on the part of the Yankee peep.

These un-ly elements, fiercely tempered with malice, fired their hearts till their ambition knew no bounds. Extermination and spils, ever the watchword of Parisianism, whether with the original adversary or with the Indians on the Atlantic border, whose corn, without price had saved them from famine, and whose kindness they returned at dead of night by murdering their unarmed men and defenceless women and sleeping babes—clad in the armor of fury they became terrible. They could murder our people, but restore peace they could not. I told you the Union would not be restored in five years. It yet lacks a few weeks of five years, and the Union is not restored; unless far as the action or wish of the dominant party is concerned, it is no nearer restoration than it was then.

On the contrary, the breach seems to widen. New conditions are imposed, showing conclusively that they neither intend, nor desire to restore the Union, but to organize an openly more cruel than that of the East India Company that taxed the people with war and a tariff ring, that made our leaders shudder drops of boiling blood.

I warned you then that one object they had in view was to expunge from the map of the political world all lines circumscribing the sovereignty or separate existence of the States of the Union. Was I right? At that day the vast majority of the people of this country wanted no change in our Government. They had lived in peace and happiness under that Union, and were satisfied to maintain it, pure and unaltered as it came from our fathers. Had I said less or done less, I could not have been myself and instead of this day being the recipient of so magnificent an ovation, I would have been a man of the spit upon with derision.

I maintain the same view now, and hold that the foundation of all good government is laid in the habits and peculiarities of the people; and no form of government not sustained by, or resting upon such a foundation, can have any stability or reliable security. They are the teachings of the nursery, the school and the pulpit. Self-interest, passion and hate are not the elements of peace and good order. These are the passions that prevail in the dominant party, and under their poisonous influence you cannot hope for the present Congress to reconstruct the Federal Government in such a way as to meet the hopes and aspirations of the toiling millions of the Mississippi Valley.

We need no revolution. Even the so-called revolution of 1861 was a revolution in the common acceptance of the term, but a recurrence to first principles. Why did they depose the king? Because they were reprobated to a monarchy? No, there never was a people more devoted to their form of government. They said the king had invaded the province of the Legislature. All here made your own application; I have not named any king. Is not mankind the same at this day? Thereupon the king was deposed, and they asserted the ancient rights and liberties of the people, and declared that he powers assumed by the king had no legal existence.

Could I draw a picture of the last five years, America might blush for herself, and the nations of the earth weep in sorrow. But Parisians can't blush. It is a disgrace that has denied them, or which they have blighted by corruption, to which history has no parallel, even in the administration of Charles II. from whom the world turned with loathing. Custom permits, the capture of private property for the benefit of those capturing it, bases of abandoned property etc., etc.; such things constitute the moral pestilence that everywhere prevails. Successful crime is made the standard of respectability. And that great center of education, where a higher civilization is based than among Christians can aspire to, Boston, is the school where people are thus educated in villainy, where villainy is most respected.

And this moral pollution has been carried by New England far into the West. Even in Ohio, thieves are more respected than honest men. A Gibson and a Dorsey can check a lark with the public money, and go free, while the poor boy not yet out of his teens is sentenced to twenty-four years for horse stealing.

But this is not the only form of moral de-

linquency with which we have to contend. There is the aristocracy of crime, warmed into life by the protect system exacted by New England, controlling Congress as the East India Company controlled Parliament, with money. This state of things was early brought to the public gaze by being Webster to go to the Senate, and since then their success has made them more impudent. Prior to the meeting of Congress it has not been uncommon to see it boast of in their papers that Boston had raised \$50,000 or \$100,000 to carry her measures through Congress. How is leading your Congressmen to carry your interests and that of your children, so well settled has this practice become, that a few years ago, when a certain capitalist was asked to contribute to an electioneering fund, for the purpose of securing the return of a plant Western member, he objected, boldly saying it would be cheaper to have any member might be elected than to bribe as many votes as would be necessary.

The speaker in this connection drew attention to the alarming inroads of Yankee immigration. New England was prosecuting a vigorous system of sending Yankee boys to the annual supplies of schoolmasters, lawyers, doctors, and bankers, to plunder the people. With just an eye learning to make them impudent, they push them forward and assume to be leaders, are sent to the State Legislatures and to Congress. Democratic districts they become, extending Democraticism. Even old Tard, Stevens was once a leader in the Democratic party. But it is immaterial what they all themselves, whenever a question arises having for its ultimate object the welfare of New England you will find them whooping and throwing dust in the eyes of the people, all at the expense of New England capital.

There is but one remedy for this, and that consists in educating the people of the West to a clear and understanding of their present political and commercial status; how they have been duped of partial legislation, of tariffs, paper money, national banks founded on national securities.

God is just; although to us, who do not understand His providence, that justice sometimes seems tardy. I never was prone to believe in the frequent recurrence of special providences, but such instances are distinctly seen in the case of those of the great-sinners against God's righteous will—Luther, Drogan and Morton.

One has been summoned to the bar of restrictive justice with his sins unrepented of. Another, covered all over with the ailment of debauchery and wrapped in exultations from which buzzards would turn their offended noses, carried to the grave the impress of infamy; while there yet remains one of the Godless trio, but the plague is on its westward march, his limbs are smite with the blood of corruption, and I pray that he may live long to realize in this world, rather than in the next, that God is just.

You perhaps wish to hear my views upon reconstruction. In the first place, I think we need no reconstruction. Our Government is good enough if properly administered and out of respect to the memories of our fathers, I would leave it untouched, and perform in good faith its conditions, observing the stipulations on which the Southern army was surrendered. If reconstruction were at all necessary, the American people are not now in a frame of mind for so important a subject. If I were to suggest any change, it would be to restrict rather than to enlarge the powers of the Federal Government.

The injuries of the war never can be repaired. The assault upon the moral law of the land is irreparable. American honor so renowned for purity is now the synonym of blood; murders that would appal the barbarism of the tenth century, are frequent and upon as noncholy. The war has led your sons to the slaughter pen by millions and what can compensate for their loss? I ask that father who has lost a bright and manly boy will that loss be propitiated by sitting in the jury box between a Yankee and a nigger? [Laughter.] I ask that mother who has lost a husband and a prize for her children, will you set aside your weals of mourning, and dance for joy at the privileges of being judged about by a nigger? Ah! these are forms of woe which no Abolition panacea can heal.

How is it with you, my aged friend? You who, in your younger days, left a name of comparative ease, and endured the hardships of a pioneer life, that you might live in comfort in your old age?—Look around you at your threatened want of support, and you will find yourself that you could not rent your farm for enough to support you to pay taxes, and have enough to spare for visiting your friends, or assisting your children if any should be an orphan.

You look at your tax bills now, and see that it will take all your surplus to pay them and the increased price of living. You see also, that in a failure of your crops you will be unable to pay your taxes, and will find you have been duped of the fruits of your toil and privation, and that all you have is mortgaged for more than it is worth, and you are forced to contemplate the wrinkled face of calve-cow-wait, with in every city you will see those "wool not, neither do they spin," fat with Government cheese, with Government bonds swelling their pockets; boys recklessly throw out for Yankee ships and Yankee guns, on which bonds they pay no taxes. Curses and imprecations that would have relieved the sufferings of Job, would but feebly relieve your feelings.

For the kindness manifested for me to-day and in the past, I will reiterate the advice I gave you five years ago: Maintain the organization of the Democratic party, having the ignorant and cowardly men who have shrunk from the boldness of its truth to their benighted fate. And I would urge you to support the man who may have attempted to corrupt his mind and interpret his character, their eyes are wide open, and they will see the truth, and the only issue worthy of support is who shall govern America—whether the people, in their sovereign capacity, or a privileged oligarchy, unknown to the spirit of free government. Maintain and cherish the organization and wages of your party in all their boldness and strength. Would to God they had been better organized in 1861; they would have withstood the shock of the last five years.

The party may yet come into power.—An inspiration may move the minds of the people to inquire whether these untaxed bonds in the hands of Government con-

tractors, bankers and parasites of all classes, are a more sacred debt than the seven dollars a month earned by the soldiers of Freedom, or those who, naked and hungry, struggled for your liberties on the fields of Yorktown, and Monmouth, and Saratoga, or whether we, their degenerate offspring, are more willing to be taxed than they when they redeemed the continental scrip with a single resolve.

Alexandria Advertisements.

SUCCESSION SALE.

Succession of Ninth Judicial District Court, Parish of Rapides, State of Louisiana.

Succession of George W. BARRRETT, deceased.

BY VIRTUE of an order issued by the Honorable W. B. Lewis, Judge of the Ninth Judicial District Court, Parish of Rapides, and directed to the Sheriff thereof, will be sold to the highest bidder at the Court House Door, in the town of Alexandria, on

SATURDAY, the 28th day of JULY 1866.

The following property belonging to the said Succession, to-wit:

A certain piece or lot of ground with the improvements thereon, situated lying and being on Front Street, in the Town of Alexandria, Parish and State aforesaid, and being lot No. 1, in square No. 3, with a front of twenty-seven feet on said Front Street and extending back between parallel lines two hundred feet, french measure.

Another certain piece or lot of ground with all the improvements thereon, situated lying and being on Front Street, in the town of Alexandria, Parish and State aforesaid, and being lot No. 2, in square No. 3, with a front of twenty-seven feet on said Front Street, and extending back between parallel lines two hundred feet, french measure.

Another certain piece or lot of ground with all the improvements thereon, lying and being in the Town of Alexandria, Parish and State aforesaid, in square No. 4, fronting on the upper street opposite the Court House Square, measuring sixty-six feet front on the said street, and extending back one hundred feet, french measure, more or less, bounded above on the said street next to the Court House Square by property of William C. James, and in the rear by property of Crutcher & Hynson.

Another piece or parcel of ground situated lying and being in the Town of Alexandria, Parish and State aforesaid, on the Fifth Street running parallel with the river, and being in the Town of Alexandria, Parish and State aforesaid, in square No. 3, fronting one hundred feet on Fifth street with a depth of two hundred feet, french measure, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land situated lying and being on the north side of Red river, in the Parish of Rapides and State of Louisiana, on the Bayou Flaggon about five miles north of the town of Alexandria, with all the improvements thereon and containing three hundred and twenty and 06-100 acres, more or less.

Also three Confederate certificates of indebtedness in favor of the said Succession, one for two thousand five hundred dollars, another for two thousand dollars, and the third for one thousand dollars.

A warrant on the Parish of Rapides, dated January 7th, 1860, transferred to the said Succession for the sum of \$37 50.

Also a lot of Household and Kitchen furniture, consisting of
1 sofa,
2 arm chairs,
1 doz in chairs,
1 bedstead,
2 side boards,
1 dining table,
1 armoire,
1 marble top table,
1 washstand,
1 bureau,
2 muslin shades,
1 fire screen,
1 clock,
And lot of kitchen furniture.

Terms of Sale: Cash in U. S. Treasury notes. JAMES R. ANDREWS, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Alexandria, Louisiana, June 27, 1866. Printer's fee \$54 00.

THE IRVING HOUSE.

THE undersigned has the pleasure to announce to his friends and patrons, that he has opened his

DRINKING SALOON

and

BILLIARD ROOM,

in the new brick building recently erected by Jacob Irving, on

FRONT STREET.

The corner below the Ice House. He hopes, as heretofore, to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.

Julius Goodman

March 28th, 1866, ff.

DR. JAMES S. FISEL,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

Offers his services to the Citizens of Alexandria and vicinity. During the day he may be consulted at St. John's Drug Store. All orders left there will receive prompt attention. At night he may be found at the residences of Mrs. Carnal on Second Street.

March 14, 1866, 3m.

Plantation for Rent or Lease.

MY "Eagle" plantation, five miles from Alexandria, on Bayou Robert, N. Y. millinery in the place. Plenty of rails and lumber fences. The lease can be run in arched edging, etc. If the work is a week. The plantation is one of the best in Louisiana, and will be leased for three years. For terms apply to Judge Manning.

THOS. O. MOORE,
Alexandria, December 8th, 1865, ff.

Alexandria Advertisements.

Another New Store!

NEW AND FRESH ASSORTMENT OF GOODS!

J. & B. WEIL, AGENTS,
Have opened a new and complete stock of Goods at the new street of St. Charles at the old stand of Jacob Walker on Front Street, opposite the Ferry Land.

Their stock comprises the following:
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Wood-ware, Stone-ware, Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Wholesale by the barrel, half barrel or ton.
All of which is offered at the very lowest Cash prices.
December 13th, 1865, ff.

DOCTOR CASSON

PRACTICES IN

ALEXANDRIA AND VICINITY.

OFFICE:

AT HIS RESIDENCE.

March 28th, 3m.

MILLINERY STORE.

Mrs. Mulcahy

Has opened a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, and Ladies' Fitting Room, on the corner of Fourth Street, next to the Government Stable, where can be found all goods suitable to ladies and their waits.
January 17th, ff.

OUR JOB OFFICE.

We have the pleasure to announce to the public, and our patrons in particular, that we have received a large, full and complete lot of

NEW JOB TYPE

Of the most improved patterns, and are now prepared to execute with dispatch any jobs that may be entrusted to us. We can turn out in the best style of the art

POSTERS,

Both large and small,

CIRCULARS,

CARDS OF ALL SIZES,

Ball and Wedding Tickets,

BILL HEADS,

BILLS OF FARE,

STEAMBOAT BILLS,

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS,

SUTLERS' TICKETS,

Fancy Cards, Etc.

Our prices will be found fair and moderate. GIVE US A TRIAL.

FANCY AND VARIETIES STORE

and

FAMILY GROCERY.

THE undersigned informs the public that he has opened in the Brick Building on the corner of St. Charles and Front Streets, a Fancy and Varieties Store and Family Grocery.

Wholesale and Retail. Goods on hand, at the lowest Cash rates, and a assortment in stock.

FINE ENGLISH CULINARY.

And all the best of the season, and is out of the hands of the celebrated Wagner, by Herald, of D. P. Pine, 1st Penitentiary, the best race horse of his day in England.

He is a beautiful bay, black mane and tail, fifteen hands, three inches high, and seven years of his age.

CARROLL JONES,
Rapides Parish, April 14th, 1866,
April 18, ff.

McDougall & Co.,

FRONT STREET,

Upper Corner Ice House Hotel,

HAVE constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

CROCKERY,

Glassware,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

CENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

and

All kinds of PLANTATION SUPPLIES which they offer at the lowest market prices.

April 11, 1866, ff.

CARD.

M. W. A. SEAY will act as my Agent and represent me Professionally during my absence from the Parish.

June 30, '66, ff. H. S. LOSKE

Miscellaneous.

A 1 Co.

3rd Statement

OF THE



January 1, 1866.

Cash Assets, \$1,667,455.70

Liabilities, 214,911.49

Net Assets, 2,822,064.37

THIS VETERAN OF

16,000 FIRES

STILL

HARD AT WORK

BY AN

Efficient organization of 4,000 practical Underwriters, from Nova Scotia to California, and Lake Superior, Mexico and the Gulf, harmonizing the science of average with compensating rates to the advancement of the public welfare.

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