NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1852.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE DAILY CRESCENT.

From the Louisville Journal.

LOUISE SAVOIE.... SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING. Fair flower of France! How doth the dying beauty
Of thy sweet face entrance the gazer's heart.
Drooping in willowy grace, yet firm in duty—
A stricken deer, bearing a mortal dart!
Yet how serenely didst thou bear thy part,
Led even to where thy fierce accusers sate;
Methinks I almost see thy frankie start
At those stained weapons, emblems of thy fate.
Alas! alas! how dark a change was thine,
From courtly pleasance and thy gentle queen.
How did thy fainting spirit plead and pine
For the pure joys of such remembered scene;
Yet didst thou die, a martyr in thy youth,
Unswerving in thy love of loyalty and truth.

Ah, Marie Antoinette! sad victim queen.
Thy closing eyes in grief refused to see
Her severed head—the countenance serene,
That once with fondest love had beamed for thee—
The wealth of auburn tresses floating free,
Their shining dimmed with blood—the loyal heart,
That in her life's extreme sat agony,
Unfainting still sustained its lofty part.
We call your friendship fragrant from the past,
Immortal in its truth and tenderness.
When the Tuileries caught thy glances last,
Rose not her violenced loveliness to bless?
Louise Savoie! whose life-flower's trembling cup
For thee and thine offered its incense up.

Rosehealth, Ky. M. R. M.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ISTHMUS.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S DEATH.

In the Whig Review for November, we find a peculiar sketch, written by a traveler on the Isthmus of Panama, on his way, with others, to California, in which the most affecting and affective traits of adventurous life on the shores of the Pacific are described, in a most graphic and unique manner. From this sketch we extract the episode which follows. It is at once touching, and, no doubt, truthful. The hotel mentioned by the writer was at Palenquilla, and the night on which the occurrences narrated took place was as stormy as the most merciless Spanish guerrilla, or unconscionable innkeeper, could have desired. The writer in the midst of the thick darkness, had reached a building dignified by the name of hotel, and, scraping the mud from his boots, retired to rest in the attic. What followed is thus narrated:

I must have been very tired and sleepy, for I can only recollect one moment when the cracking of the cane floor beneath my step chimed in beautifully with the patpering of the heavy raindrops on the roof, and I think slumber seized me even as I settled down upon my primitive couch. I had hardly lost myself, as the expression is, when I was again roused to consciousness by voices in the apartment below. The first was that of a woman, low and shrill, impressing me as coming from a heart in bitterest warfare with its destiny, and curiously at variance with the lulling sound of the rain, and the dull, heavy, mournful diapason of the wind.

"John," it cried, in tones of agony, "do not let him die—he is my little angel! John, oh! I cannot let him die!"

"Hush, dear," said another voice—the rough and hard voice of a man—"why should we ask to have him spared? Has our life been so very pleasant that we should pray for a little good for him?"

The words, and the tone in which they were uttered more than the words themselves, revealed to me a picture, suddenly illuminated as it were by a flash of heaven's lightning, in which I noted all the details of one of these unhappy lives so commonly led by the sensitive and poor. It was with no hope of turning back the tide of hurrying events, and yet certainly with no idle curiosity, that I crept along over the cane floor of my chamber toward the aperture, where I could leisurely inspect the scene below. Oh, what would I not have given for the power and appliances of the painter, to have stamped its lineaments upon the canvas, even as I saw them then! A man and woman had entered, and were seated side by side on two rude boxes, stationed in a corner of the apartment, which was possibly the most comfortable locale, if such an epithet may be applied to premises so utterly wet and cheerless. These two persons seemed in full possession of the house. The proprietor had either gone out, or was called away to sleep in some corner hidden to my view. A second glance revealed a third person, a child, who apparently not more than five or six summers, whose emaciated and spasmodic frame was almost wholly concealed by the protecting arms of the man, evidently his father. This group of three was so disposed, with the feeble candle light falling full upon them, that, in my desire to read the story in their faces, I almost immediately saw their each minutest line, while all the world beside became nothing but the blackest void, and my ear ceased to take note of the rain and gusty wind, and heard nothing but the outpourings of those forlorn and seemingly forgotten spirits.

The man was apparently rather under what is termed the middle age, of small stature, wasted and thin, as if from long care and self-denial. His attire, even in the abandon of that out-of-the-way spot, somehow bespoke the gentleman, and just as plainly, too, the *poor* gentleman. As he sat holding his frail burden, every moment, alas! becoming frailer, vainly trying to smoothe it to a moment's repose, and after each unsuccessful effort turning his beseeching eyes to heaven, I could read in his sharp, pale face, his high, projecting, but not broad forehead, his quick, restless eye, flashing with a certain fire which, at times, and the unsteady working of his mouth, the plainly written story of a high-hearted, disappointed man. There was something in his whole demeanor which bespoke the man of pride, of principle, of genius, too, but also of irresolution—the most unhappy man of all (God's images on earth—the man who, seeing the prizes with which life's lottery is teeming, and knowing the way to reach them, yet lacks the nerve to follow therein, because the cowardly doubt is still there, as to whether, after all, the highest good is thus to be obtained.

The woman, like the man, in one respect, at least, was "not now that which she had been," and yet there were traces of her former better self flickering occasionally in her face and mien. Although no smile played upon her lips, which were once beautiful, but were now thin, and drawn tightly together, as if to shut out from her heart the atmosphere of a world that had never seemed to love her, and no especial brilliance flashed upon you when the lids were raised from eyes around which were drawn dark lines, and stood out in painful prominence from wasted cheeks; and although her costume was of the simplest, suggestive of a dull routine of daily tasks, and nothing of the dashiness and bravery of life, yet there was something, not exactly visible to the outward eye, which showed that this was not the destiny to which she was born; else why should I have seen her, as in a mirror of the past, sweeping with gallant grace adown a gilded drawing-room, or rousing to wild gayety, a sea-shore or hearth-side party, by looks and tones fraught with fire-side electric sparks? Even now, and in that worn, slender, compressed frame, there was secreted a possibility of fascination, which needed only the showers and beams of sympathizing hearts to awaken to active being. You rude ones of the world, ye who take pride in the scrupulous correctness of your dealings in your business relations with other men, paying promptly your pecuniary debts even to the uttermost farthing, but who, in the calculating and unfeeling pursuit of your selfish ends, jostle the pure, the gentle, and the uncompromising from *their* paths of life, depriving them thus of those simple pleasures which you know not of, because you cannot enjoy them—think you that you will never be called to a reckoning for this?

And the little child, who was overlaping all this weariness and misery of life, and was soon to be a little cherub—I actually found myself chuckling over the idea that he was cheating the old deceptive villain of a world, and was eluding its clutches, even by a stolen march to heaven. No frittering away of the beauty and glory of *his* young life, by unmanly cankering cares. The lustre of his roguish little eye was not to be dimmed, the rosy fullness of his mischievous mouth was not to be wholly wasted, his laughing curls were not even to be cut, till he had lain them all in the bottom of the rotting earth, which was their mother. I have said that he was a child of some five or six summers. There was none of the frostiness of winter about him—nothing even in his form, worn by disease, suggestive of cold or barrenness. He was a delicate summer flower, and now that he was being crushed to earth, it was a summer storm that did it—a rude gale, that might break his fragile stock, and cast her far and wide his fair frail petals, but which would none the less certainly waft the essence of his fragrance and loveliness far beyond the clouds.

The father sat with the child in his arms, not with any hope of keeping him from the grasp of death, but gently rocking him, as if trying to lull him off to slumber, as he had often perchance done after frolicsome days, when sleep came with a soft and welcome tread, bringing pleasant dreams and angel whispers in her train. Then the sweet vision of the morrow awakening danced before the father's brain, and *now*——

The mother sat by his side, with her hands clenched, firmly knit together. She was trying to feel physically the agony of sitting helpless there, while her child died. She could not bring herself to feel it, and so she kept rising up, looking wildly round, but, seeing no succor in any quarter, would settle into her seat again with an agonizing groan.

"Oh, John," she would gasp out at times, "tell me, will he live; will he be better soon; will he know his mother again? God forgive me, but I can not—oh, no, indeed, I can not let him die!"

And then:

"Oh, why is it, why *must* it be so? When we left every thing else, and our other children behind us, we could not leave little Charlie. He was to have been our good angel, to make every hardship light and pleasant. Tell me, John, if there is any meaning in this blow."

It is the penalty we pay for being poor," answered the man bitterly.

A dark shadow, as of remorse, settled suddenly down upon the woman's brow, as she continued wildly:

"But I thought it was enough when we buried little Arthur; you said God had taken him, and it was better for him and us. But Charlie, he has been longer with us, and he is different from all the others; we can never love anything again as we have loved him. Oh, see him now—see his little limbs how they twine. O God, do not let him suffer thus! Take him, if thou must, but do not let him linger thus!"

And the father answered solemnly, while the child's limbs were stiff, and bent in a last convulsion, and the old look of life was fading away in his upturned eyes, and great drops of agonizing sweat stood upon his little brow, and while greater drops came upon the father's face—a face whose every line spoke a voiceless prayer to God to shorten the death struggle—thus he answered:

"Yes, Mary, this suffering is very hard—almost *too* hard; but bear me, Mary, and thank God with me that our Charlie shall never know a suffering ten thousand times greater than this, which you and I could not have seen and felt for!"

"He does not suffer," said another voice close by. "Even now your child Charlie rejoices with the angels in the paradise of God."

As the voice spoke, the painful gurgling ceased in the child's throat, his limbs gradually straightened and resumed their native grace, while a lovely radiance illuminated his beautiful countenance, as if it had caught a reflex from the happy spirit hovering there a short moment to bid adieu to its late tenement of clay. A peaceful, easy drawing of a breath or two, and the last chapter of this little life on earth was closed.

There was silence for some minutes. The rain was over, the winds were at rest, and a broad square of moonlight came in through the doorway of the ranch, lighting up the spot where sat the figures of the scene.

It was only natural that the last comer should have been Arthur Orrington. It was particularly fitting that he should have come at that moment—I had no curious sensation how or whence—to form as it were a connecting, reconciling link between those afflicted spirits and the higher order of existence, of which their child was now one. And when, taking a hand of each within his own, he knelt before them in prayer, I could not help feeling indeed that something of the spirit of Him, coming down from heaven, took upon himself the likeness even of us, and "went about doing good," yet lingered in the form of our humanity.

His prayer was no idle expenditure of words. It rose up from his soul like spiritual incense; and, as it ascended, a like incense from other souls mingled and rose with it, an acceptable offering at the throne of the All-perfect. Oh, what an odor of tearful joy, and gratitude, and hope, seemed to float upward and outward from our hearts, making the atmosphere about us redolent of all pleasant things, when that clear, soft, solemn voice repeated the words of our Saviour, "suffer little children to come unto me" and then the ineffable peace and faith which overcame us, how can I describe it, when there followed the blessed assurance that "of such was the kingdom of heaven!" But when, for the first time, the absolute certainty of their child's eternal bliss broke upon the parent's brain; when, following the spirit of the prayer, they saw him sitting with the white-robed cherubs at the feet of Christ, and knew that there should be his home forever, the measure of their thankfulness was full. The great glory of the thought, that while they were going about in quest of treasures on earth, other hands than those of men had been gathering treasures for them, worth more than all the worlds of space, and laying them up in those regions "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," was enough. The corpse of the child, lying in its last composure, as if fanned to slumber by an angel's wing, was but typical of the perfect peace and gladness of those two spirits, bowed and silent in the presence of that sublime revelation.

It was long after the departure of Arthur Orrington ere a word was spoken on either side. The man and woman sat in their respective seats, almost motionless, while the former still held in his arms his still precious burthen. At length a loud, long sob burst from the woman, and as she turned her face full towards me, catching meanwhile upon her husband's arm, I saw the lines of tears streaming down her cheeks.

"John," said she, in a tone most thrillingly sad, yet earnest, "I feel that I have done a great wrong, but God has forgiven me. Can you forgive me also?"

The man changed not his posture in the slightest, and she continued:

"When you were in trouble, John, when the world grew dark around you, when you hadn't a friend, John, because you hadn't money, but when a little money would have made you free and happy, I had it, and kept it back from you."

The man turned upon her a countenance full of emotion, but in which was no sentiment of anger.

"Yes, John, I had money, money inherited from a relative, that you did not know of—and I kept it back. But, oh! believe me, I did not keep it from avarice or mistrust—I kept it because I would have been too wise, and was a fool."

In the man's countenance was an expression of earnest, searching inquiry, which the woman interpreting, went on:

"Yes, John, I saw you suffer day by day; I saw you despised by many mean, unworthy men, and I kept back the money which might have made you independent of them all. But oh, John, I did not keep it back for myself—I kept it back for *him*; yes, for *him*, that I might have it to keep off the evil of his dark day. Oh! I thought it would come as yours had come, when he was a handsome, light-hearted young man, and I could not bear to think of him crushed, and disappointed, and despised of his companions. So I said, I will save it for him, and when his dark day comes, and he shall say to me, "Mother, I have no friends, and no position in the world, and I must die," then I would bring it forth and give it to him, and be repaid by his kisses and his tears for all that you and I have suffered. Oh, what a fool I was!"

The woman's tears fell in gushing rivers, but her sobs were less wild and violent. The man wept too, but calmly; and taking her by the hand, he said, in a voice so touchingly tender and sad that I found my own tears falling likewise:

"You are my own dearest Mary. I love you better, ten thousand times better than ever. Let us thank God together that Charlie's dark day has come and gone: he will never, never see another—never another shadow through all eternity!"

"But, John, it was wrong to let you suffer as I did, and wrong to wish to thwart the providence of God, and keep my idol from his share of the world's sorrow. Let us try to understand this lesson. Let us go back to those who are left to us. We shall have enough left to begin life with somewhere, and we will live together, all of us. There is certainly a place for us somewhere in the world, and no matter how humble we live. It seems to me that there cannot be any poverty or hardship left, now Charlie is dead. Dear Charlie, he left us nothing but his dear sweet memory, and yet how rich are we in the love which he has already sent to us from heaven! Let us go back, John, to where our home was, and not care for such wealth as gold any more."

"Be it so," said the man; and he bowed his head and imprinted a passionate kiss upon the pale forehead of his dead child, as if the little one, whose every word and act had been lovely and endearing during life, had taught a yet lovelier lesson by his death.

Afterwards, when a native woman came in, and, removing the corpse tenderly from the father's arms, laid it upon the counter and proceeded to wash its face and smooth down its tumbled locks, but did not remove its clothes, for the mother by signs and looks forbade, thus leading me to think that it was a favorite suit, perchance the very one which he wore to church, hand in hand with his proud parents—proud of *him*—humble enough in so much else—on the last Sabbath of their sojourn in their native land—the fact of her appearance, I say, was somehow associated in my mind with the idea of Arthur Orrington, as if he had sent her to do this. Calmly as she performed her delicate task, and tearlessly as, having prepared the body even for burial, she threw over it a fragment of a cotton robe bound with a deep fringe of elaborately wrought lace, and then taking from a box upon the floor two tallow candles, and lighting them, placed them at its head and feet, it required no subtle powers of penetration to see that she worked not for hire, unless, indeed, payment was to be taken in looks of heart-gushing gratitude and love. What mattered it that she was black, and that her features were not delicately carved as those about her? In the dusky shadow of the great Reaper's presence, forms and colors were alike, and God, who seeth deeper than these, knows if at that moment her spirit likewise was not pure and white as theirs.

I left my chamber noiselessly, and crept out unseen. The day was just beginning to break. It was a fresh, clear, breezy morning. As I slid along downward toward the beach, merry shouts came rolling up to greet me, and when I arrived amongst them, all was activity and bustle. The "poco tiempo" principle of the natives was for the time ignored by the resolute gold seekers, determined to get on. Our matin hymn was "Wake up, there," "Go-a-head," "Clear the Kitchen," and it rose to the melodious accompaniment of tin pans and portable cooking-stoves. Each was striving to be off first, and not a little gouging was going on in consequence, mingled with hard words and some unimportant skirmishes. Nevertheless, the scene was pleasant and enlivening, so suggestive as it was of cheery life and healthy hope.

But I could not keep my thoughts from recurring sometimes to the bereaved couple whom I had left in the ranch upon the hill. In imagination I saw them fulfilling their last duties towards the precious remains of their darling babe, putting them beneath the ground, hiding them from their sight forever, and then, with faces turned homeward, going, in quite another way from the rest of us, down the windings of that melancholy river alone.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN NEWYORK CITY.—The Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, moralizing upon the rapid ascent of Louis Napoleon up the ladder of ambition, from positive poverty, to superlative grandeur and power, recalls some reminiscences of his sojourn in NewYork city many years ago. The editor says:

"What strange events have occurred within a few years in reference to that man! We knew him while he was residing in NewYork, at a lodging house in Reade street, then kept by a gentleman who now occupies a high official position under the French Government. At that time he was very poor, and very dissipated. Notoriously profligate in his habits, and without the pecuniary ability to indulge to the full bent of his inclination the culpable propensities which characterized him, he was frequently expelled from certain places in which he obtruded himself, and more than a dozen times was the occupant of a cell at the old jail in the Park, long since torn down.

"Not long prior to his leaving the United States, he was arrested for a misdemeanor committed by him at the disreputable house of a woman whose establishment he often visited, and the writer of this article was employed professionally by him to save him from the threatened consequences of his recklessness and indiscretion. We little supposed at that time that the thoughtless gay young man who was then our client (and who is still indebted to us for counsel fees and disbursements) would become Emperor of France. Such, however, is now his 'manifest destiny,' although we believe that his realization of his ambitious hopes and aspirations will but hasten the fearful doom which unquestionably impends over him."

STORM ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—The steamer Baltimore, on Lake Superior, encountered a severe northwest gale on her passage from St. Mary's up to the lake, on Sunday. She had on board a heavy freight, and a large number of passengers. When within fifty miles of Point Keweena, the gale struck her, and after endeavoring to stem its fury for a few hours, she was compelled to run before the wind.

Running in for shore, with the expectation of making a harbor at Grand Island, the Captain found himself out of reckoning, and within five miles of the perpendicular cliffs known as the Pictured Rocks. The headway of the steamer was soon checked, and she continued to drift towards the rocks. The planking over the guards were torn away, and the vessel was in a desperate condition.

Another attempt was made to reach Grand Island, but a few heavy seas carried away both smoke pipes, down even with the hurricane deck. The passengers were in a high state of dread and excitement, as the boat lay in the trough of the sea, the waves constantly dashing over her, and there was danger of fire from the broken smoke pipes. The captain proved brave and cool, and kept up his fires, and sustained a constant vigilance to prevent accidents.

The boat was finally headed down the lake, and worked several miles in great danger. Finally, while the passengers were urging the captain to run the vessel ashore, the anchors were let go, the boat headed to the storm, and rode it out, the anchors holding fast, for twenty hours, when she returned to the Sault. A large number of cattle on board was saved, in all this trouble. [Baltimore paper.

MARYLAND STATE FAIR.—We learn from the Baltimore American, that at the late Fair of the Maryland Institute, the amount received during its continuance for admission alone, was $12 500. To this are to be added the sums of $8,050 for new memberships, and about $50 from deposits which brought their goods after the fair opened, making an aggregate sum of $20,600 received at the result of the exhibition. During the previous annual exhibition the receipts were: For admission, $11,928; new membership; for the year, $6,824; total, $18,822. The number of depositors of goods for exhibition during the recent fair was 2,578; during the fair of last year 2,041. The value of the premiums, awarded to depositors of articles at the late exhibition was about as follows: Ladies' premiums, comprising a variety of silver ware, fancy articles, etc., $1,000; 28 gold medals worth $12 50 each, $850; 144 silver medals, $5 each, $720; 128 bronze medals, $1 75 each, $224. Total, $2,294.

EMIGRANTS FOR LIBERIA.—The Richmond (Va.) Whig says: We learn with pleasure that our American Colonization Society, who were intending to send 175 emigrants to Liberia in a vessel which was to sail from Norfolk on the 4th inst., have found that the number of these people ready and anxious to embark is suddenly swelled up to no less than 480; some of them from North Carolina, and some from South Carolina—but the largest part from our own State; 125 from about Norfolk, and 60 or 70 from other places. In this state of things, the society—who have actually promised passages to as many as 350—are now preparing to send out two vessels, one from Norfolk, on or about the 15th, and the other from Wilmington, on or about the 20th instant.

DEATH OF GREAT MEN.—The NewYork Times gives a list of the great men who have gone down to the grave during the present year, and remarks that "in no year within the longest memory has death possessed himself of a harvest so rich. The Evening Post takes exception to this, which it calls an exaggeration, and then goes on to say:

"The year that Adams and Jefferson died carried off several other distinguished men; but if the remark applied to the world at large, it is untrue, for the year 1832 closed on the death of such men as Sir Walter Scott, Cuvier, Champollion, Goethe, and Sir James McIntosh, to say nothing of Spurzheim, Red Jacket, or the Duke Reichstadt."

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

United States Life Insurance Annuity and TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. CAPITAL.....$100,000.
S. R. CRAWFORD, President. C. G. IMLAY, Secretary.
BRANCH OFFICE FOR THE SOUTH AND WEST, No. 48 Camp street, New Orleans. BENJAMIN FLOURNOY, Agent. HARMON DOANE, Asst. Agent.
☞ Risks on the lives of WHITE PERSONS and SLAVES taken on the most favorable terms. oct13 ly

Tennessee Marine and Fire Insurance COMPANY.
CAPITAL.....$500,000.
JOHN M. HILL, President. JOSEPH VAULX, Secretary.
☞ This long established Company, with the most ample means for the protection of the policies, continues to take RIVER, SEA and FIRE RISKS, on the most liberal terms, at its Agency in New Orleans, at the office of PICKETT, TERRY & CO., Commercial Exchange, oct6 6m St. Charles street, corner of Perdido.

Franklin Marine and Fire Insurance COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
CAPITAL $200,000.....ALL PAID IN.
WM. L. AVERY, Secretary. CADY HOLLISTER, President.

Hudson River, Marine and Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL $300,000.....ALL PAID IN.
JAMES NIXON, Secretary. ABIJAH PECK, President.
References.
Messrs. Jones & Johnson, Insurance Brokers, 96 Wall street, New York. O. H. Jones, President New York Fire and Marine Insurance Company, 72 Wall street, New York.
Also generally to the Presidents of the
Atlantic Marine & Inland Insurance Company, 51 Wall street, New York.
Mercantile Marine Insurance Company, 49 Wall street, New York.
Sun Mutual Insurance Company, 49 Wall street, New York.
The undersigned having been appointed Agent for the above able Companies, is prepared to issue Policies ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS against fire or damage by MARINE, HULL, RIVER AND FIRE RISKS, and the attention of the public is called to the fact that THE PREMIUMS RECEIVED ARE RETAINED and used here for the purpose of facilitating the business of persons insuring with the companies, and a permanent fund of $60,000 is invested here for the security of the insured, thereby rendering those Companies in all respects local in their interests. Apply to
C. G. LATHROP, Agent, 92 Camp street, New Orleans. oct1

Crescent Mutual Insurance Company.
Conveniently with the requirements of their charter, the Company submit the following statement:
Amount of premiums received for year ending July 19, 1852.....$69,931 94
Amount of premiums expiring on the 19th July, 1852.....$48,400 00
$697,188 71
Of which there have been received, viz.:
For Fire Premiums.....$633,255 15
For Marine Premiums.....104,847 86
For River Premiums.....46,409 58
For Life Premiums.....12,675 12
$697,188 71
Less premiums on risks not terminated.....148,108 43
Return premiums.....18,992 82—167,101 25
Earned premiums for year ending July 19, 1852.....$530,086 46
Paid losses, period as follows, viz:
Losses on Fire Risks.....$118,082 15
Losses on Marine Risks.....$25,016 80
Losses on River Risks.....$46,015 50
Losses on Life Risks.....100 00
$189,194 45
Reinsurance, Expenses, etc.....$122,850 61
Less interest, Discount, etc.....40,254 11—82,596 50
Net earned profits for year ending July 19, 1852.....$258,295 96
The Company have the following Assets:
Real Estate, being amount paid cost for same.....$64,104 74
Bills Receivable, Premium Notes.....$97,462 96
In Bond and Mortgages on Real Estate in the city of New Orleans.....$100,000 00
Interest on the above amount, about.....15,315 46
Due for premiums in course of collection.....14,260 44
Cash on hand.....$7,151 37
Total Assets.....$498,335 17
☞ The Trustees have resolved to pay an interest of SIX PER CENT. on the certificates of profit for the years of 1850 and 1851, in lieu of a dividend thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after the 9th day of August next.
They have also declared a dividend of THIRTY PER CENT. on the earned Premiums of the Company for the year ending the 19th July, 1852, for which certificates will be issued on and after the SECOND MONDAY in September next.
(Signed) C. J. MANSONI, Secretary.
THOMAS A. ADAMS, President.
M. GREENWOOD, Vice President.
C. J. MANSONI, Secretary.
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C. J. Mackey, J. W. Carroll, Wagin Fogg. 1y31

The Liverpool and London Fire and Life INSURANCE COMPANY.
Authorized Capital.....Two Millions Dollars.
Paid up Capital, actually in Cash.....$1,000,000
Surplus and Reserved Fund.....1,846,201
$2,846,201
Working Capital—Two Millions Three Hundred and Forty Thousand Dollars.
Offering, by its unusually large capital and the unlimited individual liability of the Stockholders, that great security so much desired by insurance parties, the undersigned are now prepared to insure against Fire Risks in New Orleans, on the most reasonable terms.
The undersigned are also authorized to take the Company's Policies on a par with the Mutual Companies, and all settlements for losses will be promptly paid here.
CHAS. BRIGHAM, Agent, Office 92 St. Charles street.
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FIRE, MARINE AND RIVER RISKS,
at the office of the Company, No. 67 CAMP STREET.
Every person insuring with this company is interested in its success, and the profits are divided among those who insure with the company. The premiums are not to be divided among stockholders, but are all to be used for the benefit of the insured, and the expenses of the company.
This company is established purely on the mutual principle of insurance, and is the only one in this city in which the insured are not liable for losses to other policy holders.
The liability of the subscribers is upon the amount of their subscriptions, and not upon the property of those who may insure with the company.
ALEXANDER BROTHERS, President.
JOHN H. SHAW, Vice President.
JAMES H. WHITNEY, Secretary.
TRUSTEES:
John S. Shaw, S. L. Levy, John C. Goodrich,
Jos. Torres, A. H. Shaw, J. E. Caldwell,
J. J. Avegno, J. C. Genaro, W. L. Lewis,
John S. Woodruff, John H. Owen, Wm. Tate,
William Kock, John Hall, R. de Venay,
Samuel Kennedy, Rufus Hall Hanny, Seth Wood,
R. W. Milbank, J. M. Cook, W. Hogg,
S. D. Nelson, H. C. Burgess, W. Fish,
J. Shaw, H. A. Bonn, J. Eager,
Manuel White, T. S. Taylor, John Reichenberg,
R. G. Roberts. (Jacob) W. H. Leacraft.

NewOrleans Agency of the Mutual Protection INSURANCE CO. OF NASHVILLE, Tenn.
☞ The Company continue to take the Mutual Protection Risks, Merchandise, Dwellings, etc., against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE, and the Capture of Vessels at every description against THE PERILS OF THE SEAS and MEN OF WAR.
☞ All persons having their property insured in this Institution are entitled to a full participation in the profits, without any liability to loss.
TRUSTEES:
N. Hobson, M. S. Pilcher, Jas. Moore, Jr.
John Waring, J. G. Shepherd, D. Wright,
J. A. Lea, Wm. Disney, G. P. Smith,
R. B. Wood, John Morrow, R. H. McKenzie,
Jas. H. Shaw, A. W. Putnam, F. W. Maury,
Wm. L. Sharp, Samuel Seay, A. Morrison,
E. B. Dail, J. G. Jacobs, C. E. Hillman,
Geo. Fall, R. S. Johnson, Robt. Stewart,
R. F. Bell, A. J. Duncan, W. Pritchard,
R. S. Fleming, J. Hodges, T. A. Thomas.
A. O. P. Nicholson, President.
M. S. Pilcher, Vice President.
C. J. F. Wharton, Secretary.
LOCAL DIRECTORS:
Thomas K. Fritz, R. H. Fraser,
Geo. W. Weed, C. Comer.
JOB 1y A. M. ROBINSON, Agent, 92 Commercial Place.

Merchants' Insurance Company of New ORLEANS.
CAPITAL $105,050.....ALL PAID IN.
JOHN PEMBERTON, President.
A. SCHRIEKER, Secretary.
☞ The Directors respectfully inform the inhabitants of the Fourth District, (late Lafayette,) and its vicinity, that in connection with this Company, they have established an Agency in No. 91 Hackett street, where parties can now apply to INSURE AGAINST FIRE, MARINE AND RIVER RISKS at the lowest rates. A return of TEN PER CENT. in cash will be made to persons doing business with the Company.
BOARD OF REFERENCE.
John Pemberton, Fergus Gardner, Kasper Auch,
Michel Musson, J. Stafford, David Aldridge,
Max. Kohn, B. R. Sarah, W. W. Vaught,
Thomas J. Ivy, Gustave Leroy, Michael Salzer.
EDWARD IVY, Agent.
Office No. 15 Jackson street. sep26 6m

Mutual Benefit Life and Fire Insurance COMPANY OF LOUISIANA.
☞ Incorporated in April 1849, and declared a dividend of 50 per cent. on Two Years' Premiums.
Office, No. 88 CAMP ST., between Gravier and Commercial.
Business for this Company now on the Mutual Insurance ONLY.
This Company being organized solely for the protection of its policy holders and their families against want and poverty, it is its object to act as a Great National Benevolent Institution, conducted upon the most sound and solid principles, and affording for a small annual sum, paid during life, a single and handsome legacy to relatives and creditors after death.
☞ All policy holders, who have for life or shorter terms, who continue the insurance till death, participate in the whole of the profits of the Company.
In other words, the insurance lives of thousands, a material woman can effect the success or the life of her husband, for the sum benefit and use of herself and children, free from the claim of creditors.
TRUSTEES:
John S. Allison, Isaac Johnson, Edward Spencer,
John Slocum, Thomas Sloan, Richard McCall,
Robert A. Ward, E. H. Barnes, J. Perkins,
Joseph Walker, Wm. Brown, Arnold Harris.
DIRECTORS:
E. W. Sewall, Thos. C. Barker, P. S. Taylor,
Rev. James Cook, John M. Duncan, G. G. Sewall,
J. M. Cohen, B. Sampsburg, H. Rhodewald,
Samuel Weld, John A. Campbell, C. M. Leonhard,
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H. M. Hewett, E. H. Wiggins.
Rev. James Cook, Vice President.
A. J. Wadsworth, M. D., Medical Board of Health.
Thomas Hunt, M. D.,
H. S. Hewett, Actuary.... M. M. Cohen, Attorney.
Richard Bush, M. D., No. 211 Magnolinstreet, Medical Examiner, who will be at the office daily from noon until 12 to 1 p. m.
☞ With a subscribed capital of $263,500, is prepared to receive applications for
FIRE, MARINE AND RIVER RISKS,
at the office of the Company, No. 67 CAMP STREET.
Every person insuring with this company is interested in its success, and the profits are divided among those who insure with the company. The premiums are not to be divided among stockholders, but are all to be used for the benefit of the insured, and the expenses of the company.
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LOCAL DIRECTORS:
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CAPTAINS AND CLERKS OF STEAMBOATS having orders for HATS and CAPS, will find it to their convenience to call at No. 5 CHARTRES STREET, as our assortment is extensive and varied, comprising the latest AMERICAN AND FRENCH FASHIONS OF BEAVER, SILK AND SOFT HATS.
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