The New Orleans Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1868.

For the New Orleans Crescent.]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY FLORA BELLE.

"Well, it seems we are fated to remain here all night—sit up, too—for the captain declares he has not an inch of spare room on the entire wharf-boat. For us, who are accustomed to a soldier's life, to sleep lying down or standing up, makes but little difference; but what to do for you two young ladies—there's the trouble! Can your fertile brains suggest anything, little sister?"

"No, they positively cannot. All I can do now is to bewail the distressing predicament in which we are placed. Why will bridges break, bayous overflow, and," lowering her voice, "boats be crowded when we have special use for state-rooms? Agnes, darling,"—Nettie Sherwood turned to a lovely brunette reclining on a luxurious sofa at R—— Landing—"I fear you will form but a poor opinion of coast life; but pray don't judge it by your first introduction. It is too bad, I declare. Here I have been promising you such delightful times on uncle's sugar plantation, splendid rides and drives on the smooth levees, and here the first news that greets us is that they are all washed away; drives and levees, too, bridges included, and perfectly impossible for us to get away from here to-night. To make matters worse, the captain says the boat is so crowded that there's not even the shadow of a bed to be had."

"Why, my dear Nettie, what a long speech and such a long face, too," said Miss Du Sarchett, smiling, "over such a trifling matter as one night's detention. Don't distress your kind, little heart about me, pray. I will trust you for all the enjoyment you have promised me, and more, too. I really sympathize with you in not meeting your uncle and aunt; but to-morrow the pleasure will be just as great. Is there no plantation near where we could procure accommodations for the night?"

"None at all, Miss Agnes," said Harry Sherwood, "on account of the frequent falling in of the levees, the planters have their homes removed at least a mile or two from the river bank, and it is within that distance the bayous we have to cross are situated."

"Oh, Nettie," called some of her friends, who were on the boat waiting for the next steamer, "we'll tell you where you can get excellent accommodations, good beds, handsome furniture, suffering for want of use and airing, and not more than a quarter of a mile from here."

"Oh, I am so glad. Now Agnes, we are all right; tell us where the place is and we will start immediately," said Nettie.

"*The Haunted House*," uttered a voice in such a tragic tone as to thrill her with terror.

"The Haunted House!" echoed Nettie and Agnes.

"True," said the speaker, "such is its reputation, and if you wish I will tell you all I know of it, though then perhaps you may not care to go there."

"Do, please, tell it, we are all ready for a ghost story," cried several with our friends, eager for the marvelous, as human nature always is.

"A year or two before the late war broke out," began the narrator, "Woodside plantation was the home of two happy beings—Mr. Archer and his young wife, to whom he had been united but a short time. None but the fond husband seemed ignorant of the waning life of Mrs. Archer—the ghastly finger of consumption had marked her for its victim, and she was fast leaving all her earthly happiness, husband, parents, all. 'Twas hard for her to leave them, and when her husband, at last awakened to the terrible loss which lay before him, would clasp her in his arms and beseech her not to leave him she would moan,

"'Oh, I cannot, cannot leave you, Raymond, the grave itself seems powerless to keep me from you.'"

"At last nature succumbed, and the casket that held the soul of the idolized wife rested under the willows of the parish cemetery. Soon strange stories were afloat concerning Woodside; while the distracted husband held aloof from all human sympathy, the servants gave circulation to startling accounts of groans and mournful cries, heard nightly since the death of Miss Amy.

"Strange to say, there were many, who passing by, and remaining there over night, would confirm these tales, adding that it was always at midnight the sounds occurred; one of the strangers started in terror from his bed, but looking carefully around, could find nothing earthly to warrant his fears. Our soldiers were quartered near there for some time, but daring as they were in confronting death, even at the cannon's mouth, they recoiled in terror from an encounter with a visitant from the land of shadows. Brave men in passing looked askance at the Haunted House, and voluntarily or involuntarily, the horse quickened his movements until past its precincts.

"At last it became a current report, aside from the servants' tales, that Woodside was haunted by the dead wife, who returned at midnight to visit her husband, and would utter those wailing cries when compelled to leave him.

"In the midst of these ghostly stories Mr. Archer left Woodside in charge of an overseer, and tried the efficacy of traveling in subduing his grief; but not long after came news of his death, and the property passed to the next heir, who is the present owner. He has only been there once to look at it, but it is uncertain whether his distaste to living on the plantation is due to the loss of slave labor or stories of the ghost.

"The war stopped all work, and Woodside, uncared for and neglected, has gradually fallen to decay; the house is still good, and the furniture of Mrs. Archer remains untouched, its ghostly reputation being its best protection, no one caring to disturb property perhaps used by unearthly visitants. Now, you have the history of the place, do you still entertain an idea of sleeping there, Miss Nettie?"

"I! not for the world; I'll think about ghosts for a week to come, I'm sure," and Nettie shuddered in fancied terror. "Harry, you shan't leave me, not even to help Agnes rout the spirits; she don't believe in anything of the kind, and it would be just like her to want to see what's going on at that deserted place; but I won't permit it."

"Oh, Miss Agnes, don't think of staying in the Haunted House, you might get punished for it," said some one.

"Now I think of it," said Helen Platt, tauntingly, "Agnes might set us all an example of bravery, and sleep there, by herself, too; she always used to have such a contempt for us poor cowards, when we were at school together, let's see if she is afraid of anything now. Are you, Agnes, darling?"

The young lady addressed flushed slightly, as she answered:

"I don't see what there is to be afraid of, Helen; you know I don't believe there are such things as ghosts, and of course can't fear them."

"Then will you prove your bravery, and sleep at Woodside to-night?" persisted Helen, "and you can tell us all about your midnight visitors, in the morning; say, Aggie, will you go? If you don't we'll all think your courage is only in theory, and you're as great a coward as any of us."

Agnes hesitated a moment; then said:

"Certainly, if you wish to know what is going on there, to gratify your curiosity, I will sleep at Woodside, but not because you will consider me a coward if I don't go. Some of you, though, must accompany me there, and then you can leave me till morning."

All exclaimed loudly against such a proceeding, and Nettie declared if Agnes went to the "Haunted House," she herself, and Brother Harry, too, would go with her, although the very idea almost threw her into spasms, and the reality she knew she would never survive.

As a natural consequence opposition and entreaty only strengthened Miss DuSarchett in her determination, and finally she had her own way, promising her friends they should see her safely lodged before they left her.

The evening was now drawing to a close, and a short while after Agnes had made her arrangements for the night a tall, fine looking young man entered the ladies' cabin, and gracefully saluting his acquaintances, passed on to where our friends were seated. The clasp of the hand with Agnes, and her deepening color, showed they were more than common friends.

"Oh, Mr. Stanton," cried Nettie, "you've just come in time to prevent, or assist in preventing, I should say, the commission of a terrible—I won't say crime, but more, a—blunder. You must use your influence in dissuading Agnes from an unheard of caprice."

"Let us hear what it is first, Miss Nettie," inquired the gentleman. "I did not know before that Miss Agnes ever was capricious."

"Judge for yourself, Mr. Stanton; she has actually promised to pass the night in the Haunted House!"

"Is that so, Miss Agnes? Not that I would give any credence to the superstitious reports concerning it, still I think it would be unadvisable, nay, if you will allow me to say so, highly imprudent for any young lady to go there with the intention of remaining all night. The house is entirely deserted, with the exception of an old negro woman, who hovers round the place like an ancient ghoul, and is scarcely a hostess for Miss DuSarchett, so let me beg of you to dismiss such an idea from your mind, and be content to remain here for one night. I very much fear," he added, smiling, "you let your courage play traitor to your prudence when you acceded to such a proposal."

"Really Mr. Stanton appears in a new character to me this evening. I am disappointed, I am sorry to say, and," laughing sarcastically, "shall have to believe that women were originally endowed with the stronger spirit of the two sexes. The idea of men giving heed to sensational stories!"

Much more followed between the two, occasionally joined by the others, until they became quite warm, Agnes tantalizing Mr. Stanton with insinuations on his bravery, and jesting at his superstition and timidity, whilst he endeavored to dissuade her from her undertaking, even at the risk of incurring the imputation on his courage. It was groundless, she knew, for in the late war Col. Stanton had proved himself one of the bravest of Southern sons.

To account for his presence, it is only necessary to say that he and Agnes were all but declared lovers, and that business calling him to Vicksburg, he left New Orleans on the same steamer with his three friends, and finding they would have to remain all night on the wharfboat, concluded he would remain also, and enjoy their company till the next steamer passed.

Notwithstanding her seeming indifference and reiterations to be left alone, Agnes had relied on having his company as guard and protector, whilst she kept her promise of sleeping in the house. Her disappointment, therefore, was great, (although woman-like, she didn't show it,) when Mr. Stanton said:

"Very well, Miss DuSarchett, since you have so poor an opinion of my courage, I will incur your contempt by offering my protection, although such was my intention and earnest desire. I could have wished to be allowed to accompany you and remain as sentinel without to assure you by my presence, that none could trouble you, but from your words, such care is unnecessary."

"Totally, sir. And now, Nettie, it is time for me to be going, you and your brother may accompany me there, and then return to sit up all night, whilst I will be enjoying a comfortable bed."

Nettie groaned, and commenced to beg again, but Agnes stopped her by pointing out the beauties of the night and the pleasant walk they were to enjoy.

They set out for the house, about half a dozen of her friends accompanying her, eager to see if Agnes really would stay when left alone. A short walk brought them to the outer gate, and entering it, they proceeded on a long graveled walk, at the end of which fell the dark shadows of the mansion—a gloomy, deserted spot it seemed, indeed. Ascending the steps of one of the wings of the house, they knocked loudly, but with no effect, and seeing a dim light in the room, they entered and found the old negro woman Mr. Stanton had mentioned, half asleep over the embers of a fire.

She got up on seeing the visitors, and presenting an honest, well-meaning face, said:

"Good ebenin, young marsters and missesses; I'm 'sprised to see you here, but if ye want anything old Milly's got, jest tell her and she'll give it to yer."

Harry told her one of the young ladies wished to remain there all night, and she must get a room ready immediately. It was some time before she could be made to comprehend him, but when she did, she promised to take the young lady to the best room in the house.

"Now, Nettie, as you have seen me safely housed, you can bid me good night and return with a light conscience, while I go to my room and sleep, for I am tired."

"Oh, you heartless creature, don't stay here, but come back with us; ugh, I'm afraid to look round," and Nettie shuddered as she clung to her brother's arm in real terror.

"Nonsense, Nettie, I shan't think of anything but going right to sleep, so good bye all of you; its time to retire."

They told her good night, and reluctantly left her to herself. When the last one had left Agnes felt a thrill of loneliness and dread she scarcely cared to acknowledge, but shaking it off, she motioned to Milly to bring a light and show her to the room she was to occupy; and, preceded by the old woman, through the damp, dismal hall, ascended a winding staircase to the upper hall, and stopped at the second door.

"The best bed's in here, Miss; the sun's had a more chance to get in this room than any ob de res," said Milly. Saying this, she fumbled some time at the door, and finally opened it, but in doing so, knocked out the light. A momentary fear made Agnes grasp the arm of the old negress, but recovering herself, she said—

"Never mind, auntie, don't be frightened, I have some matches," and produced some which she brought from the boat. Striking a light, they entered, and placing the lamp on the mantelpiece, Agnes surveyed the room.

It evidently was the one that had belonged to the late Mrs. Archer, for there were many little ornaments scattered around, she naturally supposed, belonging to a refined and delicate lady. There were, beside, many incongruous articles placed there for safe-keeping—work box, basket, vases with remnants of dried leaves, were scattered round the room; the walls were hung with paintings, among which was one representing the face of a satyr, that particularly attracted the attention of Agnes. Around its mouth played a demoniac grin; its eyes seemed fixed on her, watching her movements and following her to whatever part of the room she went. Near the fireplace was an easy-cushioned lounge, on which Agnes could almost fancy she saw the form of the invalid. The tall, square bedstead looked like a funeral pile, its silken hangings faded and covered with dust and cobwebs. Every article of furniture (of the costliest kind) must have remained undisturbed since the death of its owners, for the room was damp and humid, reminding Agnes of the charnel houses of which she had often read—but she was going to sleep here, and having a cheerful fire made, and every necessary preparation for her comfort, soon recovered her equanimity and usual spirit.

Old Milly now said:

"I'se got some work to do down stairs, honey, and I'll go now and finish it, and then I'll bring my mattress and sleep here with you; but I've never slept here afore, 'case this old nigger wouldn't like to see sperrits, but I can't let such a sweet young lady as you stay by herself. So please leave de door open, Miss Agness, for I don't know when I'll get thro'."

Agnes said, "Very well," and drawing up a large arm-chair before the fire, sat down to think on her novel position. There she was alone in this great house, with its reputation of being haunted. Suppose there was any truth in it, what would become of her? Why did Frank Stanton take offense at her foolish bantering, and why didn't he insist on coming with her?

She looked around the room, and her glance again rested on the weird face of the satyr; there was a look of life and intelligence in the eyes startling to behold, as they seemed to answer the earnestness of her gaze. Turn as she would those eyes still followed her. It was too high for her to reach, or she would have been tempted to pull it from its place. By its side was the sweet, sad face of Amy Archer, clothed in her bridal raiments, whose fairness only heightened the grinning darkness of the satyr, and reminded Agnes that the original might have been a victim to some such hideous demon as that represented beside her.

"This will never do," thought she. "I am sitting up too long, and looking too much at that horrid picture to make my dreams very pleasant. I wish I felt as sleepy as when I first entered, but now I am as wakeful as if it were morning."

She threw herself on the bed, and tried to compose her mind to sleep. She had almost succeeded when she was roused by a slight rustling sound. To the excited mind the slightest causes often increase to mountains of disturbance, and as the sound increased, succeeded by a violent shaking and rattling, then running of light footsteps to and fro, the quivering ear of Agnes imagined the room full of somebody or something. Determined to see what it was she raised up cautiously, and saw by the dim remnants of the fire a number of enormous rats, some tearing and nibbling the paper she had thrown on the floor, and others throwing her hat and gloves about in their efforts to destroy them.

"'Pshaw, what a goose I am to night. Why am I less brave than usual? I have listened to so much nonsense about this place my mind must have become infected. Let my hat and gloves go, they will do to show to-morrow as the work of the hobgoblins."

She lay down again, thinking of the rats and the sport she would have the next day in giving an account of their antics to her companions. After some time of unconsciousness, she was roused by a loud stunning crash, which seemed to her as if the house was falling over her head. She was on her feet in an instant, and looking round, she found that the great pair of tongs standing in the corner had been thrown down by the rats in their gambols with her gloves.

She was now so thoroughly awakened by the repeated disturbances that it was impossible to close her eyes, and as ill luck would have it, she found them involuntarily turn to the satyr, she tried to shut them to keep out the hateful face, but in vain—the lids would unclose in spite of her, and the longer she gazed at it, the more life-like it became. The eyes grew larger, and seemed to twinkle, as if the fiend was chuckling with some internal pleasure. The mouth distended to a broader grin, and at one time Agnes thought she saw it open as if about to speak. Her breath grew quicker, her heart beat audibly—to escape the terrifying sight she was about to turn her head, when to her horror the picture slowly descended from the frame and gradually approached the bed. She heard its heavy breathing as it advanced. She tried to scream but could make no sound, her limbs were powerless to move. It came so near that she fancied she could feel its breath on her cheek. She struggled vainly to utter a cry or make a movement, her muscles were paralized.

When reaching the bed, it seemed suddenly to be possessed of two enormous arms, which stretched out to grasp her. Under the influence of terror, by a superhuman effort, she sprang to the floor.

For a while she was so bewildered as scarcely to know whether she had been asleep or not, whether she had been the victim of imagination, or if the vision had been a reality. She saw, however, the picture in its original position and was convinced she had been dreaming, but before she had time to enjoy any satisfaction from this discovery, she became conscious of the presence of another than herself in the room.

This terrified her almost as much as the dream of the satyr, until she recollected that old Milly was to return to the room and immediately supposed she had done so while she was asleep.

To make sure, she rose, groped round the room, and, curled up in a corner, found old Milly, who was wakened by Agnes stumbling over her.

Miss DuSarchett was a very brave girl, but it must be acknowledged that her dream, added to her other little disturbances, had considerably shaken her nerves and made her regret the spirit of bravado which had induced her to spend the night in her present quarters.

Heartily wishing herself back again with her companions, she examined the fastenings of the windows, went to the door and locked it, fully satisfied she was safe from any ordinary interruption, and from anything else she had no fear. Much reassured by the presence of Milly, she returned to bed, thinking she could spend the balance of the night in quiet.

Just as she lay down, the large clock outside her door began to strike; she tried not to know the hour, but her mind was superior to her will, and made her know it was midnight.

As the last stroke died away there came a faint moan, as from a distance. She listened—another and another, becoming more and more distinct. Old Milly jumped, as if a bombshell had exploded, to the side of Agnes.

"Oh, Lordy, honey, what's that?"

Her question was answered by another groan and cry, as of some one in the greatest suffering. Agnes became excited, while old Milly was on her knees, howling, as the wails continued.

"Oh, 'vine Marster in Hebben, save me; I know it's a righteous judgment for us a sleepin' in this gbos' house, but Milly didn't want to; it was another, Hebbenly Father, it was another; only save me this once to 'pent and believe. Oh, hallelujah!" as the mournful cries came nearer and nearer; "Oh, young 'ooman, say your prayers, for you're a goin' now; I tried to warn you off'n this place, but you wouldn't mind me, and now see what you've brunged an innocent pusson to," and clasping her hands, she broke out with "Comin', Lord, a comin'—oh, my soul's a marchin' on."

At last footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and seemed to stop on the landing, and as another mournful groan echoed through the room Agnes determined to ascertain the cause, went to the door, but as she was about to open it a tremendous yell overcame the equilibrium of her spirits and sent her back to her bed.

She remained listening, as she heard the object, whatever it could be, approach the door. As Agnes knew she had securely locked it, she had no fears that anything could enter, but her excitement increased to horror when she saw the door slowly open and a figure clothed in white glide into the room.

She gave one piercing shriek and fell back senseless. Old Milly started afresh at the fearful cry of Agnes, and with her head between her knees howled forth:

"Oh! please, mars'r ghost, don't touch me, ef you do, I'm a dead 'owsn. Take the white pussun fust, there she is a lyin' on the bed, all ready, take her and leave poor Milly to 'pent." How long she would have continued, there's no telling, for a hand laid on her shoulder rendered her speechless, while a voice fell on her ear,

"Oh! oh-h? mammy, my tooth's a killin' me, can't you gim me some tar for it?"

The familiar tones restored the old woman to her senses, and with a bound she sprang to her feet, and seizing the intruder by the wool, used her fists upon him, right and left, till he yelled with pain.

"Oh, you tarnal scoundrel, I'll larn you to sceer a white pusson agin; thar she is lyin in a heap whar you've killed her; Milly told her she needn't be sceered, she spected it was some of Sam's tricks, she knowed him. *You* a tryin to be a ghost!" and here a battering in the face effectually drove the pain from Sam's tooth to his head.

But, to the poor fellow's relief, at this juncture, Frank Stanton and Harry Sherwood rushed into the room, and the incensed mother desisted from the righteous punishment she was inflicting, to give an exaggerated account of Agnes's fright and her own bravery.

Agnes was soon restored to consciousness and made to understand the cause of her terror, and also of the presence of Harry and Mr. Stanton. After accompanying the young ladies back to the boat, they had returned to Woodside, and unknown to Agnes, intended to watch over her all night, in case any one should attempt to disturb or frighten her.

Milly's son Sam was taken with the toothache and thought he would ease his suffering by bellowing. He had at first disturbed Mr. Stanton and Harry, who told him to tie up his face and go to his mother, not knowing she was with Agnes. He took the first thing he laid his hands on, which happened to be a sheet, in which he completely enveloped himself, and groaning and howling, made his way to Agnes's chamber to rouse his mother. Finding the door open, which Agnes had unconsciously unlocked when she started to ascertain the cause of the noise, he made his way into the room with the effect we have described. His screams, of course, brought the gentlemen on the scene.

"As for the other idle rumors, Agnes, concerning the place," concluded Mr. Stanton, "they were doubtless caused by the grief of Mr. Archer, who, in the stillness of the night would give vent to his sorrows, little thinking of the surmises and conjectures that would be drawn from them."

Agnes spent the remainder of the night down stairs with her friends, in the large dining-room, warmed by a cheerful fire, and nothing further occurred to disturb her serenity. In the morning she recounted the events of the night to her companions, and using her powers of rhetoric to depict the thrilling and terrible, made them shudder with terror, then burst into merriment at the ridiculous denouement. They reiterated their assertion that she was the bravest of the brave.

Our friends after much difficulty managed to reach the plantation of Mr. S., where they were received with every demonstration of pleasure. Mr. Stanton was induced to defer his business to Vicksburg and become a guest also, and the pleasures of the visit almost drove from the mind of Agnes the terrors of the night spent in the Haunted House.

Long afterwards, whenever Mrs. Stanton would preface any remark with a "really, Frank, I am afraid"—

Her husband would interrupted her with, "Oh, no, my love, you who have braved the terror of a haunted house can never be afraid of anything."

The picture of the satyr, which had played so important a part in the night's entertainment was purchased by Mr. Stanton from the owner and now adorns the walls of Agnes's sitting room.

Whilst on a tour of inspection recently, hrough the different first class furniture establishments, with a view to replenishing our personal stock, we were particularly struck with the remarkable beauty of the assortment found at Messrs. Meyer, Kotwitz & Co., No. 43 Royal street.

Every article in this line that the eye would linger on with pleasure, can be seen here, in elegant variety, and so tastily and systematically arranged as to at once convince the beholder that these gentlemen were certainly no novices at the business they were engaged in.

The New Year is rapidly approaching, and we have no doubt that a great many will embark upon its untold fortunes with flattering prospects for the future, and to all such as may desire to inaugurate the occasion with an addition to their household effects, we would refer them to this firm for the best material at moderate prices.

There is no article in the line of confectionaries that the juveniles of the present day appreciate more than our delicious home-made candies, which we know to be void of any deleterious properties. On Camp street, opposite Lafayette Square is where the ladies have discovered they can procure all material of this character for the rising generation; and if the crowds which are daily thronging this modest little store be any evidence of the extensive popularity it has attained, then the reputation of its proprietor as a superior manufacturer is already a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Bray is now engaged in preparing an elegant assortment for the holidays, and all who desire to gratify the little ones with sweet remembrances, we would advise to call upon him.

INSURANCE.

MERCHANTS' MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ORLEANS.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

In conformity with the requirements of their Charter, the Company publish the following

STATEMENT:

Premiums received during the year ending 31st May, 1868, including unearned premiums of the previous year:

On Fire Risks	$ 813,684 43	
On Marine Risks	238,734 17	
On River Risks	99,543 62	
Total Premiums	$1,151,962 22	
Less Premiums Unearned 31st May, 1868	$226,847 00	
Return Premiums	33,471 07—$	260,318 07
Net Earned Premiums 31st May, 1868	$	901,644 15

Losses paid:

On Fire Risks	$371,226 57	
On Marine Risks	173,940 56	
On River Risks	45,929 96	
	$591,096 91	
Taxes	28,918 61	
Reinsurance, Expenses, Profit and Loss, less interest	105,292 04—	724,314 56
Net Profit	$	277,329 59

The Company have the following assets:

Real Estate	$ 189,617 87
Notes Secured by Mortgage	675,807 38
Notes Secured by Pledge	89 147 23
Cash on hand	128,478 24
Premiums in course of Collection	80,753 55
City Bonds	33,000 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks	104,200 00
Bills Receivable	127,154 79
Scrips of Mutual Insurance Companies	40,935 00
Stock of Vallette Dry Dock Company	15,000 00
" Levee Steam Cotton Press	5,000 00
" Marine Dry Dock	3,700 00
" Merchants' Exchange	1,000 00
" Lightering and Wrecking Co.	1,000 00
" Louisiana Equitable Life Ins. Co.	250 00
State Bonds	1,500 00
Total	$1,466,414 16
Less: Unclaimed Interest and Interest payable in July next on all outstanding Scrips of the Company	$101,246 18
Thirty-five per cent. of Scrip issue of 1859, payable in July	70,675 78
Unearned Premiums 31st May, 1868	226,847 00—$398,768 96
	$1,067,645 20

The above Statement is a just, true and correct transcrip from the books of the Company.

JOHN PEMBERTON, President.
PAUL FOURCHY, Secretary.

STATE OF LOUISIANA, Parish of Orleans, City of New Orleans.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 9th day of June, 1868.
PAUL W. COLLENS, Third Justice of the Peace.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 9th day of June, 1868, it was resolved to declare a Scrip Dividend of THIRTY PER CENT. on the Net Earned Participating Premiums for the year ending 30th May, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after the first day of August next. Also to pay on and after the second Monday in July next THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. ON THE SCRIP ISSUE OF 1859, and six per cent. interest on all outstanding Scrips of the Company.

DIRECTORS:

John Pemberton, P. Maspero, David McCord, M. Puig, L. F. Generes, Pierre Fouta, Chas. Sauvoy, John Morgan Hall, S. E. Reif, P. S. Wiltz, J. J. Fernandez.

LOUISIANA EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital ..... $500,000.

OFFICE, 142 CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

DIRECTORS:

John Pemberton, W. S. Pike, Edward Rigney, E. A. Tyler, J. W. Stone, W. S. Schmidt, C. H. Slocomb, A. Thompson, Alexander Marks, F. Delbondio, Philip Meyer, C. E. Girardey, George A. Fosdick, Edward Barnett, Marshall J. Smith.

JOSEPH ELLISON, President, W. S. PIKE, Vice-President, ST. CLAIR DEARING, Gen. Agent, W. P. HARPER, Secretary.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

Dr. B. H. Moss, Dr. Sam'l Choppin, Dr. Y. R. LeMonier, Dr. Henry Smith, Dr. J. H. Lewis, Dr. W. C. Nicholls.
G. A. Breaux, Attorney.

ALL KINDS OF LIFE RISKS TAKEN—Ordinary Life and Annual Endowment; Ten Annual Endowment and Five Annual Endowment; Single Payment; Participating and Non-Participating, issued by this Company as low as any other Company.

ALL PAYMENTS NON-FORFEITABLE.

NEW ORLEANS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

Office, Corner of Camp and Canal Streets.

EIGHTH YEAR.

Premiums received during the year ending December 31st, 1867 ..... $411,205 41
Losses, Taxes, Expenses, Reinsurance, etc., paid during same period $194,078 84
Assets on the 31st December, 1867 ..... $526,564 89

NEW ORLEANS, January 11, 1868.

The Board of Directors have resolved to declare a scrip dividend of THIRTY PER CENT. on the net earned participating premiums for the year ending December 31, 1867; and have further resolved to pay Six Per Cent. interest on all outstanding certificates of Scrip, on and after the second Monday of March, 1868.
J. TUYES, President.
J. W. HINCKS, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

Geo. Urquhart, T. B. Blanchard Jr., Chs. Lafitte, A. Rocheteau, Wm. Stevens, J. M. Lapeyre, G. W. Babcock, J. A. White, A. Schreiber, Jno. Gancha, W. F. Williams, J. Tuyes.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Office, No. 78 Camp st., corner of Natchez street.

SIXTEENTH YEAR.

Premiums received during the year ending December 31, 1867 ..... $321,590 06
Losses, taxes, expenses, re-insurance, etc., paid during same period 317,740 78
Assets on the 31st December, 1867 ..... 878 724 02

This Company continues to insure against the perils of the Seas, Rivers, and loss or damage by Fire, at the current rates of premium.

ALFRED MOULTON, President.
WM. M. PERKINS, Vice President.
A. W. HUNTER, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

J. M. Allen, J. H. Ludwigsen, E. K. Converse, A. Moulton, Wm. Chambers, A. H. May, S. P. Rithell, John T. Moore, Robert Hare, Wm M. Perkins, J. E. Isenhour, John C. Rogers.

FACTORS' AND TRADERS' INSURANCE COMPANY,

39 ..... Carondelet Street 39

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT, YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1868.

Premiums for the year $326 255 73
Losses Paid 192,710 65
Assets, 30th April, 1868 ..... 605,984 18

CASH DIVIDENDS DECLARED TO STOCKHOLDERS.

In Capital Stock Department ..... TEN PER CENT.
In Premium Department ..... FIFTEEN PER CENT.

This Company continues to issue Policies on FIRE, RIVER and MARINE RISKS at the current rates of Premium.

All Dividends of the Company are payable in CASH, without discount.

MICHEL MUSSON, President.
HARMON DOANE, Vice President.
ED. A. PALFREY, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

Moses Greenwood.	Richard Milliken.
J. W. Burbridge.	Samuel E. Moore.
W. A. Johnson.	W. H. Henning.
John I. Noble.	J. J. Warren.
John Chaffe,	Simon Bloch.
Hugh McColl.	R. T. Buckner.
Marshall J. Smith.	Samuel Friedlander.
I. Caulfield.	H. Fredisen.
Alfred S. Huntington.	Wm. Creery.
L. H. Ferry.	E. W. Rodd.
J. D. Blair.	Joseph Hoy.
Rober Pitkin.	Perry Nugent

S. Cambon.

INSURANCE.

LOUISIANA MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

In conformity with the requirements of their Charter the Company publish the following statement:

Total Premiums for the year ending 29th February, 1868 ..... $548,928 43

Viz—Fire Premiums	$256,272 57	
Marine Premiums	189,153 70	
River Premiums	103,097 15	
		$548,523 43
Less Return Premiums	$ 5,389 75	
Less Unearned Premiums	40,145 00	
		$ 45,604 75
Net Earned Premiums		$ 502,513 67

Losses Paid!

Fire Losses	$ 63,597 36	
Marine Losses	184,372 79	
River Losses	94,592 09	
	$ 542,062 14	
Discount in lieu of Scrip	54,343 65	
Taxes and Internal Revenue	34,761 36	
Expenses, Rent, etc., less Discount Account	52,310 53	
Six per cent. Interest on outstanding Scrip to 1st March, 1868	57,777 80	
		$ 491,346 78
Reserved for Unadjusted Losses		$ 11,277 89

The Company have the following Assets, which in the Report of the Finance Committee of the Company, unanimously doted by the Board of Trustees, are declared, after ample allowances and deductions are made, to be equivalent to a Cash Capital of $620,000, viz:

Invested in Real Estate	$ 68,895 11
Invested in Mortgage on Real Estate	79,019 30
Invested in City and other Bonds	82,230 00
Invested in Bank and other Stocks	123,585 00
Invested in Scrip of Insurance Companies	135,302 00
Loaned on Pledges	18,200 00
Bill Receivable	3,898 88
Premiums in course of Collection	7,263
Cash on hand	111,513 49
	$ 737,509 49

The above statement is a just, true and correct transcrip from the books of the Company.

CHAS. BRIGGS, President.
J. P. ROUX, Secretary.

STATE OF LOUISIANA, Parish of Orleans, City of New Orleans.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 23d day of March, 1868.
PAUL W. COLLENS, Third Justice of the Peace.

Six per cent. interest on all outstanding Scrip will be paid the legal holders thereof on the second Monday of May next.

CHAS. BRIGGS, President.
ANT. CARRIERE, Vice President.

TRUSTEES:

Charles Briggs,	A. R. Montgomery
Ant. Carriere,	A. Lecourt,
Geo. A. Fosdick,	Frank Williams,
R. Brugier,	Thomas Byrne,
Chas. Lafitte,	John Thornhill,
John S. Maunsell,	W. A. Violett,
F. Anderson,	Hugh Macdonald,
Alfred Kearny,	Wm. M. Pinckard,
A. Frerichs,	John S. Wallis.
Geo. W. Dunbar,	George Foster,
E. F. Stockmeyer,	Andrew Stewart,
Geo. W. Hynson,	L. S. Pothier,
Arch'd Montgomery	John Nixon, Jr.,
Henry J. Voss,	R. Piaggio.
E. Marquess,	James Gallier,
Chas. Weisbaar,	Rudolph Sieg.

H. F. Coleman.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—

CRESCENT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

New Orleans, May 23, 1868.

The Trustees, in conformity to the charter, submit the following statement of the affairs of the company on the 30th day of April, 1868:

Fire Premiums for year	$ 236,122 82	
Marine Premiums for year	94,062 88	
River Premiums for year	177,584 83	
		$ 507,770 23
Total net earned Premiums		$ 447,554 23
Fire losses paid and estimated	$ 89,800 63	
Marine	67,074 08	
River	85,572 47	
Paid Taxes	36,019 54	
Paid reinsurances and discount in lieu of scrip	60,103 30	
Paid interest, return premiums, general expenses less discount, etc.	67,549 03	
		326,019 15
Net profits		$ 51,935 10

The Company have the following Assets:

Bills Receivable	$ 37,494 36	
Loans on bonds and Mortgage	69,343 33	
		$ 106,837 69
Cash on hand	$ 104,877 34	
Loans on pledge of stocks on call	63,400 00	
		167,977 34
Loans on pledge of stocks on time	11,290 00	
Real Estate	75,000 00	
Scrips of other Companies and scrip account	45,082 48	
		131,372 48
Consolidated City Bonds	50,000 00	
City Bonds	96,580 00	
Bank and other stocks	196,997 17	
		323,617 17
Coupons for City Bonds past due		8,450 00
Due for Premiums in course of collection		61,830 00
		$ 779,934 68

The Company have also:

Suspended Notes, Stocks and Bonds		$ 436,965 21
Forfeited Scrip account		7,809 2
Interest unsalled for	$ 7,800 28	

The above statement is a true and correct transcript from the books of the Company.

THOS. A. ADAMS, President.
HENRY V. OGDEN, Secretary.

PARISH OF ORLEANS, City of New Orleans.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 23d day of May, 868.
PARIS CHILDRESS, Second Justice of the Peace, Parish of Orleans.

The Company will pay interest at 6 per cent. in cash on all its Outstanding Certificates of Scrip to the legal holders thereof, on and after the second Monday in June next.

The Board of Trustees have also declared a Scrip Dividend THIRTY-THREE AND ONE-THIRD per cent. on the earned premiums entitled to participation for the year ending April 30, 1868; for which certificates will be issued on and after the first Monday in August next, free of Government tax.

THOMAS A. ADAMS, President.
SAMUEL H. KENNEDY, Vice President.
HENRY V. OGDEN Secretary.

—TRUSTEES—

Thomas A. Adams,	Samuel H. Kennedy.
C. T. Buddecke,	Samuel B. Newman,
P. H. Foley,	Wm. Edwards,
A. G. Ober,	A. Thompson,
P. Simms,	John Phelps.
A. Eimer Bader,	E. H. Summers.

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY

SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT.

In conformity with the requirements of their charter the COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY publish the following statement:

Amount of Premiums for the year ending 31st March, 1868

Fire Premiums	$ 52,526 44	
River Premiums	79 629 20	
Marine Premiums	29,808 11	
		$161,663 75

LOSSES PAID.

Fire Losses	$ 15,659 39	
River Losses	84,344 53	
Marine Losses	24,373 70	
	$122,377 42	
Rebate	30,980 97	
Taxes	4,759 01	
Reinsurance	8 692 35	
Return Premiums	419 00	
Expenses, Profit and Loss, etc., less Interest	29,520 66—$197,189 31	
		$35,526 56

ASSETS.

Cash on hand	$ 22,904 11	
Bills receivable	8,093 92	
Furniture	3,673 95	
Premiums due	24,096 45	
Stock Notes