are bringing forward huge monopolies with which to gorge favorites at the public cost; and they have legislation in progress to force upon the citizens of the State an amalgamation of races, not by consent, but by constraint of law, from which the habits fixed for generations revolt as unnatural; and they threaten, in the same temper of insult and intolerance, to remodel our school system and make it a source of perpetual discord, and in all probability destroy its efficiency for the education of our children.

8. *Resolved*, That in the name of the Democratic party of this State, we earnestly appeal to all white men, who have an interest in its welfare, to unite with us in averting these dangers by rescuing the country from the dominion of that party which, for its own selfish purposes, has caused and is seeking to perpetuate them; and to all who, in this hour of danger, shall unite with us in preserving the State from the calamities with which it is threatened, and which it is easier to prevent than to arrest, we, forgetting all past dissensions, cordially extend the hand of friendship and fraternity. We also address ourselves to the more intelligent of the colored people of the State, towards whom we have no feelings but those of kindness, and we earnestly entreat them not to permit a few obscure, needy and unprincipled adventurers to produce feelings of hostility towards the white people of the State, among whom they were born and whose real interests are inseparable from their own.

9. *Resolved further*, That the Democrats of Louisiana are deeply grateful to President Andrew Johnson for the courage and persistency with which he has interposed the powers of his office, to their full constitutional extent, for their protection against the usurpations of Congress in its lawless treatment of the Southern States.

10. *Resolved*, That the recent election is Mississippi has shown how much can be accomplished by a few intelligent and energetic citizens, in enlightening the colored people of the State in regard to their real interests, and we earnestly recommend to the patriotic citizens of the country parishes to profit by this example, and pledge ourselves to perform our share of this work.

11. *Resolved*, That from this day forward every Democrat pledges himself to maintain these resolutions by his deeds and words to the day of election, in the proud purpose to register the vote of Louisiana in November for Seymour and Blair.

12. *Resolved*, That we commend the orderly and respectful conduct of the officers and soldiers of the United States army towards our people during the late administration of military authority in our State—and that we hereby tender them our acknowledgment for their uniform disposition to regard us as brothers, and not as fit subjects of vindictive oppression.

When the reading of the resolutions was finished, Col. Walton asked the immense crowd if they were the proper expression of the feelings and ideas and principles of the Democrats of Louisiana. The roar of applause, the hurricane of shouts for "Seymour and Blair," showed in an unmistakable manner how thoroughly the white people of our State love that freedom so long denied them, and hate that accursed radical misrule with which we have been so long afflicted.

Hon. Geo. Williamson, parish of Caddo, said: It seemed to him that this brilliant illumination—this outpouring of the spirit of the ancient Democracy, is only equaled by the brilliancy of our summer sun, and the restoration of the good old days when every Southern heart beat in unison with his Democratic brother of the North. He congratulated the vast assembly upon the platform presented to them by the New York convention—a platform, said he, which all men can indorse, and none has attempted to repudiate except the carpet-baggers and scalawags who feed on an enormous taxation. The men whom you are called upon to support are worthy of you and every honest conservative. Seymour is the sound, constitutional lawyer, a pure unsullied man, an unmatched statesman, whose palm never itched for the gold of the treasury—a man untainted in office, and beyond reproach when out of it. Francis P. Blair, the great soldier, who fought and negotiated for the Union, and not for negro enfranchisement, which is too great a boon to intrust the Northern blacks with. This man was ever characterized by a magnanimity which endeared him to the people of his native State; he was their representative in the national council, where he boldly stood up for the principles of Democracy, and saved his constituency from being oppressed and trampled upon.

Now mark the contrast—on the other side we have [illegible] ing, or rather leaning on a platform full of inuendoes, and flowing over with accumulated corruption. (Groans.)

We charge the radical party with having been false to the Constitution, with having violated their pledged faith and falsifying, belying us to the North by representing that the war was for the restoration of the Union and not for negro votes to carry them into office for rapine and plunder. We charge them with having entered into the war not by themselves, but with the honest, unterrified Democracy whose widows and children are starving for want of employment, while carpet-baggers and adventurers fatten on the spoils which they have pilfered from an overtaxed and suffering people.

We charge them with having created a negro domination and misleading the negro in his ignorance and want of education, many of whom are as true as steel to their native section—the South—where their true interests are identified with our people. We charge them with a depreciated currency, which is the poor man's wages—his daily bread, and which has never improved under their amalgamated misrule since the close of the war, and never can improve until the Democracy obtains power, when confidence shall be restored, and capital shall find its way into the useful channels of labor.

The rump ore has been long enough in the furnace, and they promised nothing but dross—not even as much as the common alloy of our pure metal.

I am satisfied that you, the true men of the old Jackson school, will not forget your duty to yourselves and your suffering country in November. You speak a history here to-night, and I have every confidence that your good faith to the Union and great national Democratic nominees shall embrace a whole library by the time we enumerate the almost certain majority of the electoral college in favor of our standard bearers, Seymour and Blair.

No sooner had the speaker retired from the main stand, than he was called to address the immense assembly from another part of the platform.

The president then introduced to the multitude the Hon. J. W. Blackman, Louisiana senator from Claiborne. Mr. Blackman, grasping the banner of the "Constitution Club," which had in former days of good feeling, political honesty and commercial and agricultural prosperity, led the vans of Southern chivalry, and upon which were inscribed the words, "Constitution," "Liberty" and "Union," we claim, said he, pointing to the banner, a Union of equal rights, equal rights for the South as well as for the North, the East and the West, a Union giving the same privileges to all sections; not the Union which the Black Republican party is unscrupulously attempting to force upon not only the people of the South, but nopn the whole people of this great and glorious republic. Their's is a Union which would be so despicable that no man could possibly live in it; a Union which would degrade the humblest of men. The gallant Confederacy, the noble course of which had been praised by the whole world, standing in perfect admiration and astonishment at the prowess which distinguished it, had, during the four years of its deadly contest with the North, injured the Union less, by one-half than the radical party during the past year or two with their extreme measures. These measures, we all know, have but one object. Their appetite for gain and spoils lead them into the vilest paths in order that they may reach the temple of Mammon, at whose shrine, imbedded in slough and mire, on bended knees, forgetful of their God, they offer sacrifices of honor, right and justice.

The next word on the banner, Liberty, was a jest to them; they trample the holy feeling of liberty in the dust, when it was not a liberty that could benefit them alone. Without that liberty handed down by our forefathers and which is the great keystone of our existence as a country, a country which has proved itself so gigantic that nations that but a few years ago were wont to consider the United States a motley nation of barbarians, is now acknowledged to have no superior on the broad face of this immense globe. Without that liberty, fellow-citizens, we can never be prosperous. (enthusiastic cheers). [At this juncture the stand was occupied by so many speakers at the same time that the cheering on all sides perfectly deafened the words of the eloquent speaker, who must forgive us if we do not give his speech at as great a length as it would be our earnest desire to do; cheers upon cheers rent the air; the excitement was at its greatest hight, cries of "procession," "go on," "let us hear more," made a confusion comparable to the days of Babel.] A lull occurring, we heard: I say, fellow-citizens, that intelligence and justice will always triumph. There is life in the old land yet, as this immense demonstration positively asserts. We must unite upon one platform—the platform which emanates from the soul of the country, the great Democratic convention which met in New York on the last anniversary of America's independence. We must unite upon that platform to elect the statesman, Horatio Seymour, and the soldier, Frank P. Blair, both of whose records are unblemished, and as pure as driven snow. By electing these two honest, unmistakable friends of our people we shall crush down violence, oppression, rapine, frauds at the ballot box, and all outrages which signalize the radical Republican party. I will conclude by proposing a toast: "To the great Democratic party, the soul of our country, which on the third of November next will redeem it from the oppression and distress that it has so long suffered."

The Hon. G. W. Race then addressed the meeting. But whilst Mr. Race was speaking, those in the rear, who could not hear him, called for other speakers, and the din was so loud that the reporter could not hear what was said by Mr. Race, although very near him. The whole square was thronged—the people were as thick as little fishes in a sardine box—and whilst the chosen orator was speaking there were two other impromptu speakers in the rear of the platform appealing, probably as eloquently, but nevertheless preventing the reporter from hearing anything but a few words more loudly spoken by Mr. Race. Mr. Race, as far as we could gather, went into a history of the troubles which gave rise to the war. But, continued Mr. Race, the war had been over for three years; notwithstanding the friendly feelings of the Southern people, and their willingness to submit to the Constitution and all the requirements of the radical majority in Congress, the exactions of the radical party had become more and more insupportable. Under their misgovernment constitutional and personal liberty was unknown. We of this country have been, up to late years, brought up in the idea that ours is the best government in the world. But, as it stands, all rights of person and property are now ignored. It is not the government of radicalism that we honor, and follow, and desire—it is the government of our fathers and the old Democratic party. Mr. Race spoke of the wars of independence and of secession, as well as of the late wars in Europe; but, he said, what country in any portion of the civilized world, has such a debt upon its hands after a four years' struggle. The dissimilarity in the aggregate of all Christian powers against the United States was terrible. It showed the atrocious rascality that must have made this enormous debt. For, every man, woman and child, white as well as free, had to pay an amount in this country assessed at eighty dollars a head; a man and his wife one hundred and sixty dollars, and a man, his wife and child, two hundred and forty dollars. Whilst in England, if the debt were paid to-day, the assessment would only be sixteen dollars *per capita* after two hundred years of almost continual warfare. (At this moment the cheering from the rear of the platform, and the music from the bands, drowned the words of the orator.) Mr. Race would have continued, but seeing the enthusiasm among the crowd who were listening to the speakers behind him, he ended by moving all his hearers to do their duty—the country expected it. Mr. Race was loudly cheered throughout, and a ringing three times three and a tiger greeted him as he retired.

Judge Foute was then loudly and almost unanimously called for. He addressed the "Men of Louisiana." He congratulated the myriads present upon their numbers and the earnest purpose which actuated them in attending the demonstration. From Plymouth Rock to the Rio Grande prevailed, paramount, the same grand purpose of reunion and reconstruction. After paying a glowing eulogium upon the dead on the battle-field, Judge Foute appealed to the living—let us have the living issues that are now before us. Mr. Johnson, the great head of the nation, in the late assemblies of the representatives of the nation had been overlooked and slighted. Nevertheless, President Johnson reminded him of a heroic pilot on the Mississippi, John Maynard. John Maynard was pilot on a steamboat. The boat caught fire in the middle of the stream, when no help was nigh; both shores were morasses; the captain appealed to the pilot. John Maynard told the captain to keep his passengers and crew quiet and he would land the boat, no matter what happened to *him*. The boat landed on a good shore, the passengers and crew were saved; but when they looked for John Maynard the good pilot was found, a crisped and lifeless body, who had staid at his post until the danger was all over, although the price was his own existence. Such is Andrew Johnson. That great man had carried the nation through the greatest perils that could have befallen it, and though he may have been neglected, his heroism and self-devotion were not the less to be admired and loved. (Loud cheering.) Mr. Johnson is the man who will land the ship of state safely to the nation, even if he, alone, should perish in the performance. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Foute, just before finishing, introduced the venerable and beloved Dimitry, who was accompanied upon the stand by several most reverend and amiable Catholic clergymen. These gentlemen stood near the learned professor during the delivery of his eloquent address, and frequently applauded him.

Mr. Dimitry spoke of the stern devotion of the good old Democratic party—sterner, now, and far more unanimous and terrible than it had ever been before. The present demonstration, so immense and universal, reminded him of the past time, and of the overwhelming triumphs which the party had achieved. Mr. Dimitry then spoke of himself; of his life long devotion to the cause, of his sacrifices and his endeavors. (There was an outbreak of applause here which prevented us not only from hearing the grand old orator himself, but even the two fifes and two base drums which were straining themselves on either side of the rear platform.) Mr. Dimitry went on with his usual eloquence; but the bands and the cheering in other parts of the square were far beyond the power of his voice, and the reporter had to withdraw his pencil in despair.

After a few moments, the distinguished professor continued: It was strange the Northern Americans, so strenuous in former times for liberty, should recently have been so infernally ingenious in fabricating chains for that very liberty. He went into an analysis of the different radicals in Congress—those who are now in power over us—some, recreants from the Democratic party; others, original New England secessionists—all more or less tainted with political or moral dishonesty. He spoke of the "unregulated and unregulable negro." We must master the fight in unbroken phalanx. Unless we do it; in other words, unless the Democratic party, led by Seymour and Blair, succeed triumphantly, radical misrule and atrocity will continue their dance upon the tomb of popular liberty and of all the institutions of a free government. The good and eloquent professor, whom we so imperfectly and inadequately reported, ceased here. Three cheers were again given for him and his half century's unflinching Democracy.

Our gifted confrere, Major J. M. Dotson, formerly of Mississippi, the champion Democratic State, and late of the Picayune, being loudly called upon, and, with the sound and unwavering Democratic principles which he acquired from his early tutor, the Hon. Wiley P. Harris, said:

Fellow-citizens! This is an occasion too full of lofty impulse, too expressive of feeling, for long speeches; hence my remarks will be but few. What man, that venerates the Constitution of his country and the forms of representative government that does not hail this auspicious occasion with a joyous heart? Whose pulse so tame that it is not stirred in witnessing and participating in a demonstration like this? Well may we celebrate it with bonfires, with illuminations, with banners, with martial music, and, more than all, with the willing, hopeful hearts of the thousands that are here to-night. For it is the occasion of good omens and the coming of a better time than we have experienced for long and dreary years.

Fellow-citizens, let us then turn our faces to that future in which is dawning our only hope, and in which alone is to be found and secured those ancient liberties which are as much the inheritance of this people as God's own light in the skies.

It is needless for me to dwell upon those acts of the party which now sways the power of the government, and against which the conservative millions of this mighty nation are arraying themselves with all the ardor of freemen determined to save from ruin their country, and the constitutional forms of their government. Those acts of bad faith, subversion, tyranny, plunder and disgrace, are well known to you, and to all parts of the country.

If ever a people had cause to be united for great and glorious purposes, the people of America have that cause now. For I hold, said he, that unless the party now in power, and which is systematically and boldly subverting the dearest rights of freemen, is not overthrown in November next, you will thereafter have no government worthy of support or preservation. It will be a government to which no freeman could turn with feelings of love or respect. It would be a powerful central despotism, uncontrolled even by those precedents of governmental action which have in monarchies obtained the force of respected and regulated law. In the exercise of wrong, rapine and tyranny, the dark wings of its expending power would spread over the land like the gathering gloom of a thunder cloud—until, as at one period in Roman history, the best and most patient citizens of the republic, fled like fugitives, and went anywhere that they might escape even the protection of their own government, to say nothing of its persecutions and misrule.

To escape this the conservative masses of the country must be true to themselves in November next. Remember that those who strive not to protect their own liberties are guilty as those who would filch them away. Lose not sight of the great and momentous issues involved in this struggle, which are your rights as men, and the forms and usages of representative government; for when they are torn from you, and scourged to the tomb, what bright messenger then will come to open your dark imprisonment, and awaken with music the morning of the resurrection of your liberties? Remember these things, and with Seymour and Blair as your standard bearers a glorious victory awaits you in November next.

The meeting having been declared adjourned, the vast crowd poured from out the Square. The various clubs formed in the numerical order of the wards in which they are domiciled, and, preceded by the mounted clubs, the whole headed by the grand marshal, Hon. A. Sambola, and his corps of aids, then took up the line of march—an expression, by the by, made very familiar to many in the procession by certain four years' of travel abroad—and went up St. Charles to St. Joseph, down that street to Camp, down Camp [illegible] Royal street, out north side of Canal to Rampart, giving on the way a salute to the headquarters of the central committee, 205 Canal street, and back on the south side to Canal to the Clay Statue. The whole line of the procession was one ovation to the great principles of Democracy.

All the public buildings were illuminated, and a great proportion of the private houses were lit up. A more minute detail of the various decorations will be found elsewhere; suffice it to be said here that, in every instance, they were as handsome as the sorely depleted pockets of our people will now permit of, and that their worth must not be estimated from their pecuniary value, but rather from the indications that they gave that the white people of our State, impoverished, downtrodden as they are, have yet left the spirit to conceive and the money to pay for a demonstration wherein they may, in some degree, display that hatred of tyranny and thirst for freedom which, in the last few years, have been so little gratified, but which now, as ever, form the animating principles of our lives.

The cheers which every few moments rent the air for "Seymour and Blair," started in some one club, would travel from one organization to another, till they died away in the distance, when another and louder shout would announce that the "unterrified" were not yet tired of repeating the names of their leaders. Nor were those participating in the procession alone in their homage to these great men. Although it almost seemed as if every man in town marched in the ranks, yet the crowd on the sidewalks was a tremendous one, and whenever they heard the names of their favorites their shouts seemed to vie with those of the members of the clubs. The ladies, too, lent their presence to grace the demonstration in the cause of liberty, and from every balcony along the line of march waved their handkerchiefs most heartily whenever the loud cheers of the sterner sex brought to their ears the names of their most doughty champions. Everywhere was the wildest enthusiasm and the most perfect harmony. Politics were never thought of; it was for freedom each man shouted when he cried "Hurrah for Seymour and Blair;" and well each man knew that in the success of the party whose leaders these men are lie the only hopes of our ever again obtaining that precious boon now so long, alas! denied us. The people of our city had waked up to the fact that on the result of the next few months' work hang our every hope of the future happiness of ourselves, our every anticipation of the future glory and greatness of the republic, and determined to give our brethren at the North strong proof of our earnestness in the matter, last night in the most emphatic manner illustrated our "intention to beat the radicals if it can be done by honorable means." This was what the mass meeting, procession and illumination of last night meant, and he who looks at it in the light of a party outburst of cheap patriotism and paid-for gas, displays but little knowledge of the true temper of the people of Louisiana.

At the conclusion of the procession, the various clubs, starting from Clay statue as a center, marched to their different club rooms, there to disperse. We have to thank a number these organizations for their kind remembrances of us in the shape of serenades and hearty cheers. Really, gentlemen, you came so fast and so many at a time that it was impossible for this reporter to obtain the cards of all of you, and, as he won't do an incomplete thing, can give no list of visitors. However, come some other night, when you can stay longer and we have time to talk "Seymour and Blair" with you. The CRESCENT will always be glad to see good Democrats.

At half-past nine the immense meeting was declared adjourned, and Grand Marshal Sambola proceeded to form the clubs in the order to which they had been assigned in the line of march. The clubs from the First and Second Districts formed on the north side, the right resting on St. Charles street. Those from the Third and Fourth Districts on the south side, the right resting on Camp street. The Seymour Knights, followed by a long caval cade of mounted men, were already in line on St. Charles street, stretching as far as St. Joseph street, the whole body being under the direction of Thos. L. Maxwell, Esq. Then the order "Forward—march!" was given, was sounded from rank to rank, and in a moment that long line of men, with music, torches, flags, banners and transparencies, was in motion, the head of the column turning off St. Charles into St. Joseph, toward Camp street.

The Seymour Knights,

Under command of Robert J. Duffy, Esq., headed the line, all mounted, and arrayed in black, wearing glazed caps, with a white band, bearing the motto, "Seymour Knights." The appearance of this organization, one hundred and fifty strong, added greatly to the effect of the scene, and formed a fitting advance guard for the immense cortege which followed.

Next came a long line of citizens mounted, and in many cases carrying torches or lanterns. After them followed the

Constitution Club,

Headed by Capt. C. H. Slocomb, and numbering among its members the best of our citizens. The display made by this organization was among the finest of the occasion. Next came the

First Ward Club,

Under command of Joseph Ellison, Esq., preceded by the military headquarters brass band, and strong in numbers and enthusiasm. After it came the

Carondelet Guard,

Consisting of young men principally, about two hundred of whom were in line, and carrying a variety of transparencies, including one labeled "For sale cheap—Grant's chances for the White House," and another, "Blair's Tonic will keep off carpet-baggers," the latter of which caused a continued mingling of laughter with cheers along the line.

The Second Ward Club,

Headed by its chief, Colonel George W. Race, was preceded by a field band, and numbered among its members a large detachment from Leeds' Foundry. A monster flag—the red, white and blue—floated above the club, as it marched proudly by, and was succeeded by

The Third Ward Club,

For which Portona's brass band furnished excellent marching music. The old Third turned out in strong force on the great occasion, and bore, among other transparencies, one inscribed "Armed for victory." Their marshal, Joshua Corprew, rode at their head, and the sentiments of the club are thus forcibly expressed in a transparency, "Framed by the wisdom of our forefathers, the Constitution needs no amendment." Near the end of the line, too, there was a banner bearing likenesses of Seymour, the statesman, and Grant with shoulder straps and cigar, inscribed "Look on this picture, then on that." A live game cock was carried, upon the top of a pole, by one of the members, and tried his best to crow for Seymour and Blair.

The Fourth Ward Club

Was distinguished by a novel feature in the procession—at its head was an ammunition wagon, drawn by four mules, named respectively, Butler, Greeley, Grant and Colfax, and the wagon itself bore a motto, reading thus, "Two Cold-fax, Seymour and Blair." Among its transparencies was one inscribed with that good old sentiment, "The Constitution as it was."

The Fifth Ward Club

Was headed by the Orleans Field Band, and presented a fine appearance as it marched by, its members carrying a variety of flags and [illegible] tions [illegible] and leave for New Orleans at [illegible] been thoroughly overhauled, and [illegible] new boat. Capt. Jas. Lee is in [illegible] Billy Fields, a gentleman well [illegible] arts, presides over the affairs of [illegible] Louisville, Capt. J. N. Shunk, is [illegible] the Portland wharf at 5 P. M. [illegible] Orleans. The St. Marys reshipped [illegible] the Pauline Carroll and left Cairo [illegible] day evening. She will arrive [illegible] an opportunity occurs she will [illegible] leans, if not she will enter the [illegible] ere and Cairo."

[illegible] Louis Democrat, July 15th: [illegible] swealth left yesterday for New [illegible] of water to Cairo, quarter-less [illegible] steadily; to Keokuk 4½ feet. Hit- [illegible] Mississippi falling, and Missouri [illegible] and with an uncertain future. [illegible] reported on the way, having [illegible] scribed with the brave words: "Slightly Disfigured, but Still in the Ring." Next came

The Eighth Ward Club

With a field band at its head, and a large banner inscribed "Rally, Rally, Rally, Eighth Ward, Democratic Club." Then came a transparency bearing a suggestive sketch, explained by the inscription, "Done, Done up Brown." The old eighth ward club was also in the line with a brass band of its own, and a globe transparency appropriately inscribed.

The Ninth Ward Club

With a detachment of pioneers ahead of its ranks bearing axes and other insignia, came next in line, under command of Robert Wynne, Esq., and preceded by a brass band, and a large United States flag. The mottoes of this club, from the old Third, were as follows: "No Carpet-bag Rule." "Carpet-bags Played Out." "Root Hog or Die." "Seymour Talks, Grant Smokes." "Blair, the Young Giant Soldier of the West." There was also borne in the ranks a large revolving red, white and blue star.

The Tenth Ward Club

Turned out in strong force, marshaled by Col. Joseph Collins, and led, among its foremost ranks, by Hon. Gerald Farrell. A brass band and a handsome flag accompanied this club, but its distinguishing feature was a monstrous "cock o' the walk" illuminated, and carried in triumph over the club by one of its most enthusiastic members. Next came

The Eleventh Ward Club,

Marshalled by Col. Bosworth, headed by a military brass band, and bearing a handsome banner. The Ninth street Rangers were conspicuous among the ranks of this club. Then came

The National Democratic Club of Algiers,

Under command of Thomas P. Sherburne, Esq., and preceded by a brass band. The following motto in rhyme was theirs:

When iron is hot strike it fair,
If you would elect Frank Blair.

The Live Oak Club of Algiers

Came next with various transparencies and mottoes, such as "Spirit of 1776," "Grant's gone up into the mountains before his trip to Salt River," "As people Seymour, the less they like Radicalism."

Then came a line of carriages bringing up the rear of the procession, which is estimated as having comprised at least ten thousand men.

The Illumination

Along the line of march was brilliant and effective. St. Charles street, from Canal to Lafayette square, was one complete blaze of light. The Academy of Music was adorned with an innumerable variety of flags and lanterns, and the calcium light cast its brilliant glare up and down the street, illumining the scene to a noonday brightness. The residence of our respected fellow-citizen, C. H. Slocomb, was decorated with gas jets tastefully arranged in stars and crescents, the emblems of the city. The City Hall steps were crowded densely with ladies. From Lafayette to Girod street most of the residences were lit up. The dwelling of Mrs. Powis, Nos. 163 and 165 St. Charles street, presented a brilliant front of twenty illuminated windows, while two doors above, the dwelling and grounds of Mr. Davidson were lit up with innumerable lanterns, and along the iron fence in front glared a succession of gas jets. A fruit dealer just above had decorated his little building with Chinese lanters, and made as good a show as anybody could wish.

The dwellings along the street on either side as far as St. Joseph were with a few exceptions lit up, and the galleries crowded with ladies, whose waving handkerchiefs frequently responded to "Three cheers for the ladies." On St. Joseph street, about midway between Camp and St. Charles, a fine residence was brilliantly conspicuous, its two parlor windows being set off by burning tapers and a rich display of flower vases. Turning into Camp street and looking towards Canal the *coup d'œil* was such as one would remember for a lifetime. The street itself was an avenue of light, and far in the distance, half concealed, half disclosed, were the huge flags suspended from before the newspaper and other offices. Over the doorway of Mr. Pittman, at No. 170, was erected a fiery arch, inclosing a star of gas jets and the words, "Seymour and Blair, the People's Choice." The residence No. 159 Camp street was elaborately decorated with evergreens and lanterns of all colors and kinds, and Richelieu's confectionery displayed a number of miniature flags from the upper gallery.

The "Opal," corner of Girod and Camp, had its full quota of lanterns displayed, and from the new Odd Fellows' Hall, too, a number of lights flashed down upon the crowd.

In the vicinity of Poydras street the illumination was especially brilliant. The German Gazette office displayed a handsome transparency, bearing the names of the Democratic candidates, and was illuminated from street to roof, whilst across the street was suspended a monster edition of the stars and stripes. During the evening the display of fireworks from the office of this, our contemporary, was incessant and brilliant.

The building of our neighbor, Mr. G. W. Lyman, was handsomely lit up, and in the second story of Messrs. Pothoff & Knight's store, next door, were displayed two fresco designs, which, against a dark back ground, assumed the appearance of marble statues. A number of flags were suspended over the street at this point. Opposite us, the stores of Messrs. Henning & Co., E. C. Palmer & Co., and Rice Bros. & Co., were all completely illuminated, and our neighbor Gresham was not behindhand in throwing light upon the subject.

The office of our contemporary, the Times, bore two mottoes, extending across the entire front of the building, and reading, "This is a white man's government," and "There is life in the old land yet." Red, white and blue were the colors visible in every window, and the entire appearance of the building was strikingly beautiful. Our neighbor, the Picayune office, brilliantly lit up, was draped with streamers, and displayed the names of the candidates.

Passing down Camp street, we observed the stores of Messrs. Stetson & Armstrong, Sayre, Plumb & Co., Swarbrick & Co. all illumined, while Messrs. Shepard, Abbott & Co. displayed a transparency inscribed "Seymour and Blair. United we stand, divided we fall."

The buildings of Mr. Wagener and of Messrs. Dymond & Lally gave evidence that their occupants sympathized in the great movement, and the store of Paul J. Christian was announced on a transparency as good for 21 votes for our candidates.

The large establishment of Ball, Lyons & Co., corner of Gravier and Camp streets, and the Whitney steamship building, just above, were radiant with light, and so too, further down, were the establishments of Stern Bros. and Mr. C. T. Howard.

The City Hotel, its long galleries from end to end lined with gas jets, presented as fine an appearance as any building on the line.

On the opposite side, the Crescent City Ice Company and the Hope Insurance Company's [illegible] dings were lit up, and were crowded with [illegible] ple. Mr. Pitkin's store was conspicuously [illegible] ght, and in each window of the establishment [illegible] Mr. Douglass was posted the true ticket.

[illegible] he fine store of Zimmermann, on Canal street, [illegible] decorated by a large United States flag, co- [illegible] ing the whole breadth of the building. A star [illegible] gas, six feet in diameter, with the words [illegible] eymour and Blair" in the center, decorated [illegible] front, and the two galleries were lit with a [illegible] entiful display of Chinese lanterns.

A glance out Canal street from the corner of [illegible] mp, was rarely beautiful. At the corner of [illegible] hartres, the D'Arcy Building was elaborately [illegible] lorned, and on the corner of Exchange alley, [illegible] e Bank of New Orleans made an equally beau- [illegible] ful display of decorations, while the intermedi- [illegible] e buildings were all ablaze with light. Looking further on, the Touro Buildings might be seen, standing out darkly against the sky, a glimmering light at nearly every pane in its long front. The rooms of the Democratic Executive Committee and of the Chalmette Club and the Crescent Billiard Saloon of Col. Meriam, were all conspicuous among the illuminated buildings on Canal street.

Down Chartres street, as far as the eye could reach, the street was in a blaze. We will not attempt to name each particular house which was illuminated for this great occasion. But we must congratulate our confrere, the Bee, for the taste and profusion displayed in assisting to render the evening one of the most memorable in the annals of the city of New Orleans. A little further down the building where that spicy French weekly, l'Epoque, is published, offered another spectacle which we are pleased to record.

On Bienville street the Deutsche Presse (that staunch Democratic organ) was the prominent feature. Suspended across the street the stars and stripes waved gracefully, bearing the glorious names of Seymour and Blair. Over the doors were placed elegant transparencies, upon one of which we read a very different version of a St. Charles street contemporary's motto. It was as follows: "A government of the white man for the white man and by the white man." Every window was also prettily and profusely illuminated.

On Royal street, Mooton's, Robin's, Mitchell, Craig & Co.'s, and other business places, rivaled one another in light and beauty.

But the center of attraction, on the last named street, was the Germania Club's balcony, at the corner of Customhouse and Royal streets. The aspect was truly fairy-like, and beggars description. Allegorical paintings with appropriate mottoes, encased in frames of colored lights and evergreens were disposed all around the spacious balcony. The whole was overtopped by a canopy of tri-colored bunting arranged in graceful folds.

Turning away from this charming scene to enter into Canal street, our attention was arrested before the rooms of the "Clerks' Association," over the Gem saloon. The worthy members of this, one of our most earnest, industrious and intelligent associations, with a praiseworthy unanimity, had, under the direction of their president, Mr. Babcock, and Mr. McCloskey, decorated and illumicated the building, without regard to expense or labor, while opposite the way the Exchange saloon exhibited a brilliant star, the rays of which would have been a fit halo to the triumph which will attend the great Democratic party in November next.

Even the dark precincts of Dryades street, opposite the Mechanics' Institute, were not forgotten. Fairy hands were busy all the evening, preparing to throw some light upon the darkness which has for some time invaded that vicinity.

Scenes and Incidents.

The crowds upon the street must have numbered five times as many as there were in the procession. This would argue that about fifty thousand men, women and children were out last evening.

The balloon ascension from the square was completely successful. It went off before the wind to the eastward, and traveled rapidly as might be seen by the increased intervals between the arrival of the reports of certain detonating balls which fell at regular intervals from it. It disappeared, a speck in the sky, hardly distinguishable from a star.

The demand for cold imbibitions was so great that, towards the close of the meeting, not a particle of ice was to be had for love or money in any of the coffee houses or saloons in the vicinity of the square.

Kit and Andy Parle were entertaining their numerous friends at the Academy and Phœnix, the upper galleries of which communicated with each other, were transformed for the time being into a bower of evergreens, or a fairy scene.

The number of ladies who either attended the meeting, or witnessed the procession shows unmistakably where the political sympathies of the fair sex of New Orleans are.

The Sicilian fruit dealers, without an exception we believe, illuminated their little places of business. They hung out their bananas on the outer wall.

Some of the rockets sent up from the square were novel and particularly beautiful in their explosive developments.

A white silk flag, fringed with gold, and bearing in gilt letters the names of Seymour and Blair, was presented by Mr. Bigney, in behalf of the New Orleans Times, to Thos. L. Macon, Esq., for the Democratic Central Committee, of which he is president. A poem was read by Mr. Hancock, of the Times, and appropriate speeches were made by the donor and the recipient.

It is with regret that we now write the closing paragraph of this account of the grandest event of its kind that our city has witnessed since the presidential campaign of 1860. That it has taken place at all is the strongest evidence we of the South could give of the sincerity of our desire to bury the dead past, and bear true and faithful allegiance to the government under which we live. The fact that the Democrats of New Orleans have assembled, listened to speeches from Democrats, marched in procession through the principal streets of our city, and that *there has not a single disturbance* resulted from this "excitement of rebel passions," as the radical press would term it, is the best proof we can give to our traducers that their slanders have failed of their object and that we are not the rebellious devils they have painted us. An account of this meeting will be a strong campaign document, and will do, we trust, that good service which it should accomplish, and may God, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, grant that our efforts and those of the Northern patriots whose hands we are now striving to uphold, may, when the decisive day comes, meet with that success to which the justice and purity of the object to which they are devoted surely entitles them!

DIED.

This (Sunday) morning, 10th inst., at half-past 2 o'clock, of convulsions, JOSEPH, aged 10 months, youngest son of Dennis and Mary Ann Clements.

The funeral will take place THIS EVENING, from the residence of his parents, on Jackson street, between White and Benton.

AUCTION SALES.

C. E. GIRARDEY & CO.'S SALES.

SUGAR PLANTATION IN THE PARISH OF ST. MARY, LOUISIANA.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN GORDY, BANKRUPT.

NO. 372, DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA--FOR THE DISTRICT OF LOUISIANA.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO.,
NICHOLAS J. HORY, Auctioneer,
Office—No. 17 Exchange Place.

SATURDAY, August 1, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Honorable Edward H. Durell, Judge, bearing date the 30th day of June, 1868, at public auction will be sold for account of the estate of John Gordy, bankrupt, the following described property, to-wit:

The SUGAR PLANTATION situated in the parish of St. Mary, State of Louisiana, described as follows:

1. A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, together with the buildings and improvements, lying and being situate in the parish of St. Mary, on both sides of the Bayou Cypremort, containing 987 acres, more or less, bounded north by the cypress swamp, east by the land belonging to Sigur & Callery, south by the sea marsh, and west by lands (at present) of Jno. Carey; all being in Township 14 south of Range 7 east, and comprising all of Sections 8 and 2 of said towns in; 715.75 acres of which having been entered by J. L. Daniels and Douglass Wilkins, and afterwards acquired by Dr. E. P. Scott, and 271.25 acres of which being entered by the said Dr. E. P. Scott.

2. AND ALSO TWO LOTS of forty (40) acres each of swamp lands, each being in Sections 26 and 27 of said Township, 14 south of Range 7 east, the same being contiguous, and supposed to be the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section 26 and the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 27, acquired by said John Gordy from Dr. E. P. Scott, by act of sale executed before J. G. Parkinson, Recorder of the parish of St. Mary, Louisiana, in July, 1859.

TERMS—Cash on the spot in U. S. Treasury notes. Act of sale, together with the U. S. Internal Revenue Stamps attached, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, Esq., notary public.

CHAS. T. NASH'S SALES.

FURNITURE.....SUNDRIES.....FURNITURE

BY CHAS. T. NASH,
AUCTIONEER—Office Masonic Hall Auction Mart, Corner St. Charles and Perdido streets.

MONDAY, 20th instant, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at Salesrooms corner St. Charles and Perdido streets, will be sold—

A large and varied assortment of Household Furniture, Bedsteads, Armoirs, Bureaus, Washstands, Chairs, Tables, Mirrors, Mattresses, Sideboards and sundries.

TERMS—Cash in U. S. Treasury Notes.

CHARLES T. NASH,
AUCTIONEER AND BROKER.
Office Masonic Hall Auction Mart, corner of St. Charles and Perdido streets,

Will attend to every kind of Auction Sales, both Outdoor and Indoor.

His regular Tri-Weekly Sales afford unequaled facilities for the disposal of Furniture, etc.

Particular attention paid to Buying and Selling Stocks, Bonds, etc.

MONTGOMERY BROS. & CO.'S SALES.

LARGE AND PEREMPTORY SALE OF ELEGANT MATCH HORSES.

Match and Single Horses, Elegant Saddle Horses, Work Mules, Fine Milch Cows, Buggies, Harness, etc., etc., at auction.

BY MONTGOMERY BROS. & CO.,
R. M. MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer,
Office—87 Camp street.

MONDAY, July 20th, at 11 o'clock A. M., at P. Lisser's Stables Gravier street, will be sold—

Elegant Match Horses
Elegant Saddle Horses,
Fine Work Mules,
Fine Milch Cows.

Also—Top and Open Buggies, Harness, Wagons,

TERMS—Cash in U. S. Treasury Notes.

FURNITURE.....FURNITURE.....FURNITURE

BY MONTGOMERY BROS. & CO.,
R. M. MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY, July 21st, at 11 o'clock A. M., at their Auction Mart, 87 Camp street, will be sold—

A general assortment of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, such as Rosewood, Mahogany and Walnut Bedsteads, Bureaus, Armoirs, Washstands, Mahogany and Walnut Tetes Sofas, Spring Seat Chairs, Easy Chairs, Marble Top Center Tables, Marble Top Sideboards, Extension Tables, Velvet and Brussels Carpets, French Plate Mirrors, Mattresses, Engravings, Paintings, Cooking Stoves and Utensils, etc., being the contents of several well-furnished houses.

—Also—

A large invoice of Cottage Beds, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs etc.

TERMS—Cash in U. S. Treasury Notes.

CONSTABLE'S SALES.

A. B. SCHEFFENTEIN VS. G. GARDINER—FIRST Justice Court, No. 8894.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the Honorable G. W. Sadler, first Justice of the Peace, parish of