THE GREAT PROCESSION.

TWENTY THOUSAND IN THE RANKS.

IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM.

The Colored People Marching by Hundreds and Cheering Everywhere.

The Most Brilliant Display Ever Known in America.

One Hundred Thousand People on the Streets.

EVERYTHING PASSES OFF QUIETLY.

[From Sunday's Daily Crescent.]

Day dawned, yesterday, upon this city, without a cloud to dim the canopy of heaven. As the sun rose on his westward journey, the weather became intensely warm. About midday the streets were thronged with ladies, gentlemen and exhilarated youngsters, all intent upon purchasing, borrowing or begging things to add to the splendor of the great Democratic procession—the commencement of a new era. Among those myriads of happy, earnest faces were a great many, thousands, indeed, that were not familiar upon our thoroughfares. Hundreds of them were recognized as citizens of Mobile, through the distinguished men in their company, eminent among whom was the Hon. John Forsyth, the favorite gifted champion of Alabama. Hundreds of others, also, could be recognized from their dark complexion and raven beards, to be descended from the old Latin stock that nearly two centuries ago settled in the fertile regions of Attakapas and Opelousas. There were people from the lower coast all the way down to the mouths of the Mississippi; from the upper coast all the way up to Bayou Sara on the left bank, and to St. Joseph on the right. There were people from every settlement along the Jackson and Great Northern Railroad as far as Holly Springs; and people, not only along the entire route of the Opelousas road, but others, scores of them, that had come from Houston and Houston, and other parts of the Lone Star State by way of Berwick's Bay. There were hundreds, also, from the piney woods, a region extending from Ponchatoula to Pascagoula. There were also many visitors from Memphis and other towns along the river as far up as Cairo.

All these people are Democrats—Democrats of the hardiest and most determined character. The phalanx they will present in November will be a wall of adamant against further violations of the Constitution, and against any more outrages upon the Southern country by the carpet-baggers.

About noon the sky became over-cast, the wind began to rise from the north-east, banking up the clouds in a threatening manner, and then after a lull of five or ten minutes, blew with terrific violence from the southwest. Canal street was absolutely as dark as if it were night and all the gas-lights had been extinguished. We can imagine that one class of our population, the fairer class, were rejoiced at this obscuration—for Boreas and Eurus, and all the other windy divinities, were playing sad pranks with the drapery of the ladies caught in the wanton sport of the gales. A pall seemed to spread over nature, and what with the sudden change from sunlight to eclipse, the stifling blinding dust flying in every direction, and the panic which seemed to have seized man, woman and child, and even beasts of burden, it was one of the most singular and sombre occurrences we have ever witnessed. The rain, however, soon put a check on the fury of the winds, and settled down for an hour or so into a regular short-lived deluge, flooding the streets; but the overflow declined so rapidly as to carry off the refuse and offal of the city, instead of allowing it to settle upon the banquettes and carriage ways.

Thus that humorous fellow, the clerk of the weather, in giving us a foretaste of the equinoctial near at hand, amused himself for awhile by filling us with alarm lest the night should be a wild and stormy one; and at the same time taught our esteemed street commissioner a lesson, by showing him how a city might be thoroughly cleansed by a plentiful ablution, which Major Murphy could in a few days' hard work daily bless New Orleans with, from the Mississippi, which flows above the level of our streets.

About 3 in the afternoon the rain ceased, except dropping a passing shower now and then; the clouds broke without dispersing, and the cool temperature promised a first-rate evening for the grand turnout.

The magnitude of the procession had required the incessant attention of the grand marshal, the chief and assistant marshals, as well as that of the club marshals and their committees during the entire week. There was head work and the nicest discrimination in the task. Twenty-five thousand men are an army that cannot be marshalled in an hour. And besides, the marshal and his aids had not the advantage of a preliminary review, so as to determine the final allotment of each division, in the narrow and confined streets of a populous city. That the whole affair has passed off so effectively and pleasantly is due first to the skill and judgment of Col. James McCloskey and his assistants, and secondly to that *esprit de corps* which animates every Democrat in New Orleans, banishing everything like jealousy or rivalry, and reducing all to the level of the one great impending struggle for liberty, property and security.

Some may deplore these costly processions—we do not. The artisans of New Orleans, for the last fortnight, the livery stables, the dry goods and fancy stores, the tailors and seamstresses, the unemployed Democratic darkies, have all reaped a greenback harvest, which they are and long to remember as a God-send in these dilatous and stressful times. The rich and the independent have given cheerfully and unsparingly, and the industrious poor at length have employment, even if it be only ephemeral.

One of the chief difficulties in the way of amateurs horsemen was the difficulty of procuring the wherewithal entitling them to that name. Gray and white horses were in extraordinary demand, and brought fabulous prices for the evening's hire. On the staff of the chief marshal of the first division we noticed an aid mounted on a magnificent white charger. This horse is the same that bore the commander of our armies at a review of colored troops above Carrollton shortly after the capture of Vicksburg. Whether this animal then was intoxicated with the glory of bearing that illustrious man, or with the benzine which might have oozed out of that illustrious man's "headquarters in the saddle" and perforated even to the instincts of the horse, is a matter for the discussion of an interested and remote posterity; but, certain it is that magnificent white charger "flung" his distinguished rider, just as Sindbad the Sailor finally flung the Old Man of the Sea, when he got drunk, and as the mighty people of America are going to fling *him*, and all the Radical trappings he bears about him, in November. In another case a young gentleman who had passed several practical jokes upon his personal friends, was caught in turn. He was very anxious to obtain a steed worthy of the occasion. He applied to a friend, (one of his former victims.) The friend seized the opportunity. "You say you want a handsome, quiet horse that won't start at any thing?" "Exactly." "Well, I can get you a magnificent iron grey, thorough bred, just imported, and equal in his line to Gladiateur." The bait took. A letter of introduction was given, and the joker went to the saddlery store——Canal street. The saddler was thunder-struck—he had no horse—until he remembered the eighteen hand stuffed animal, which he has as a sign. Comment is unnecessary.

About half past five the Crescent City Democratic Club, under Col. Fred. Ogden, their president, passed in beautiful order down Camp, at a quick step. A few minutes afterward, down Poydras street, came a long array of cavaliers, numbering at least four hundred, composing the clubs of Jefferson City. The National Guards, the leading club, made a magnificent display, each man having the escutcheon of the United States as a breast plate.

The whole city now seemed invaded by a vast mass of horsemen and footmen, each with some distinguishing badge or uniform. There was clattering of horses—*quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*, only instead of the dusty soil, the horses trod the square and unbending stone pavements.

The appearance on Canal street was indescribable. The crowd surged in every direction on that grand avenue from Magazine to Baronne street, until it was hardly possible to cross. It was pleasant to see beautiful women, who had never been on the streets after nightfall without a protector, walking confidently on the street after 8 o'clock. Those that knew, were aware their husbands and brothers were in the ranks, whilst they were keeping step to the music of the Union on the sidewalks. The rockets sent up every few seconds were the rarest in beauty that we ever saw.

The Arrangement.

The leading grand division, under Col. Nixon, were ranged on New Levee street, their front resting on Canal; the second on Tchoupitoulas; the third on Magazine, and so on down to Basin. At half past 7, the order "forward" was given, rockets were thrown up, and the column advanced.

First, after the cavalcade of assistant marshals accompanying Col. James McCloskey, the grand marshal, came the chief and staff of the leading division composed of the Minute Men of Jefferson, the Blair Defenders of Carrollton, the Gretna Democratic Club and minor ones. They presented a very fine appearance.

Then came the first regular division—but here we must state that with all our zeal we could not keep up with the different divisions. The reporter of the CRESCENT stood at the corner of New Levee and Canal streets as the clubs, up to those of the seventh division, passed up; but his paper had then given out and the seventh division went up Canal street as far only as Magazine street. He had to fall back on the CRESCENT office, where he could see everything that was going on.

Before the division resting on Baronne street had started to join in the column passing down Canal street, the head of the column had marched down to the Pontchartrain Railroad and were up again on Canal street before more than half had started on the journey.

After the grand division, under Col. Nixon, came the first regular division, commanded by Col. J. O. Landry. This division comprised the clubs of the First Ward, to-wit: First Ward Club, Magnolia Rangers, 100 strong, Crescent City Club, 200 strong, with an auxiliary club of colored people, quite numerous.

Then came chief of division Hon. G. W. Race, with the clubs of the second ward, composed of the Steedman Guards, 150; the Seymour Zouaves, 100; and the Jackson Railroad Club, 325. Then came the Tigers, 200 strong, with a beautiful canoe in their ranks, drawn on a wagon, and full of charming young girls. Then the Second Ward Democratic Colored Club, 75 in number.

The third division was under Col. Gerard Stith, and comprised the Third Ward Democratic Club, the Johnson Rangers, and the Old Hickory's, the Constitution Club, a magnificent body, 350 in number, all in admirable order, and the accomplished Glee Club with a beautiful harp all festooned with flowers; the Fossils Senior and Junior, numbering together 235; the Colored Fossil Guards, 53; the Greenhouse Colored Democrats, 150; the Frank Blair Cadets, 150; the Frank Blair Guards, 250, and their Juniors, 200; the Seymour Southrons, 250; the Seymour Sentinels, 150; the Minute Men of '68, 150—these having a wagon containing an admirable specimen of a huge straw-stuffed carget-bagger, twisting and turning in every direction, and exciting uproarious laughter.

The fourth division was under the command of Col. James H. Wingfield. This magnificent division comprised the National Democratic Fourth Ward Club, the District German Club, the Blair Cadets, the Hancock Clubs, and the Hendricks Guards.

The fifth division, under E. A. Bozonier, Esq., was composed of the Seymour Legion, their juniors; the Broom Rangers, and theirs; the Innocents, 1133 in number, and the Pendleton Guards, 200.

The sixth division was led by George W. White, Esq., with his aids—the Sixth Ward Rough and Ready Democratic Club at the head of the division, 150 strong, the Washington Club 150, and the Algiers Seymour and Blair Club were exceedingly numerous.

The seventh division, under chief E. Bermudez, was not less in number than any of its predecessors. The Wide Awakes alone were 520 strong.

John Grayer, Esq., was the chief of the eighth, and had a very fine division. First was the Eighth Ward Club, 300; Hibernia, 250; Spirit of '68, 175; Rousseau Guards, in beautiful uniform, 200.

The ninth division had for chief L. A. Wiltz, Esq. The regular club of that ward is 300 strong; then came the young Seymour Rangers, the Seymour Vedettes, 150, and others.

The tenth division, under chief Thos. McKnight, comprised the the Tenth Ward Club, in uniform, 400 strong; the Seymour Cadets, 150, and the Fourth District Germania, 250; all with beautiful white pennons with the names of States thereon. There was a gent on horseback at this moment caracoling too near our corporal form to allow of our telling exactly where our friend chief of division Richard C. Bond's command began, and whether we have not mixed some of his clubs up with those of the preceding division. The Fourth District Germania Club were there, for we saw them with snow white pennons, having on them the names of the different States; they number 250. The Chanticleer Club of the Fourth District was also there with a huge cock 14 feet high. Then came the Soap Club, in eleven wagons, and numbering 100 men. Of course Col. Dick was nowhere to be seen among the soap-men. This was a very interesting feature of the procession, and they are a very fine-looking set of men. The Eleventh Ward Democratic Club and the Blair Zouaves brought up the rear of the men on foot.

The Mounted Clubs.

First in the mounted line of the procession came the Seymour Knights, who, by seniority, led the van of the division. Over two hundred men (all members) were in line, and through the good management of their grand marshal, Maj. Bob Duffy, (who learned in times now gone by how to handle squadrons of horsemen,) marched in splendid order. This club's display was, in our opinion, among the features of the mounted portion of the procession. At the head of the club was a full rigged schooner, thirty feet long, drawn by eight white horses. On her jib was the following significant inscription: "The Constitution, for Washington; Horatio Seymour commander, Frank Blair in the office, sails at 5 P. M., November 3d; will arrive March 4th at noon." Over the bow of the boat were two soldiers, one fully equipped wearing the uniform of the United States, the other without equipments and clad in the uniform of the late Southern Confederacy, over their heads was an illuminated transparency bearing this inscription: "We vote together." In the center were 12 young ladies, Miss Stella Murphy representing the Goddess of Liberty, surrounded by the following named young ladies representing the eleven Southern States: Misses Lizzie Fallon, Josephine Eisele, Georgie Faveto, Josephine Frey, Balunhea Frey, Sarah Stoneman, Arminia Leinkhuller, Euphenia Sbizas, Louisa Mohan, Emma L. Arantes, Mary E. Arantes. The lights burned by the Knights were beautifully novel and whilst free from the unpleasant flicker and glare of the ordinary torches cast a brilliant glow of light upon the streets through which their gallant bearers passed.

Then the Seymour Rangers, from Carrollton, 125 in number—a splendid body; the National Guards of Jefferson, 70 strong; Excelsior Knights, parish of Jefferson, 55; St. Bernard Seymour Club, 100; Draymen's Democratic Club, 852; Blair Knights, 250; the Blair Guards, 200. Then came the Crescent Mounted Club, 160 strong, escorted by 200 colored men on foot, who walked on the outside of the line of the Crescents. The Seymour and Blair Mounted Club of Algiers brought up the end of the procession.

At the lowest calculation there were 20,000 men in the procession, and 100,000 people on the streets.

The Route

Of the procession was one continued, unceasing, never-broken, glorious ovation to the great principles in whose honor the procession marched. It would have seemed likely that with nearly all the men of New Orleans in the ranks of some one of the many clubs which turned out, each of whom spent some money in the cause, that our people would have contented themselves with that one mode of demonstrating their faith and hope in Democratic doctrines. But no. Determined that every possible means should be used to make the affair of last night the grandest and most imposing one of the sort ever seen, and resolved despite that it necessitated the expenditure of that money which it had been so hard work for us of late to earn, to show by its free outlay how much we had at heart the glorious cause in which we are engaged. We had thought too that the display of last July would in some measure have prepared the citizens to forbear any expectation of a preparation for a similar demonstration, but the illuminations and decorations last night were as general, as costly and as handsome as if we had not already given full evidence of what New Orleans can do.

To give any detailed description of the illuminations, mottoes and devices would take up so much space as entirely to exclude other matters from this paper. All along the great boulevard, from end to end, was a continuous line of Chinese lanterns, transparencies and gas lights in various devices. Some of them were superb. Zimmermann's, Kuntz's, the Maison Blanche, the Hancock Club, the Pickwick Club, all the Touro buildings, were one blaze of light. Even Clay statue was decorated with an arch of light above the grand statesman's head, and various transparencies on the pedestal; and it did seem to us that the bronze countenance of the dead patriot relaxed into a smile of approbation as he beheld the magnificent demonstration made in honor of those principles of freedom and justice, for which, through in his lifetime, differently named, he so strenuously battled. Before the starting of the procession and after, rockets innumbered went up from all parts of Canal street, roman candles blazed everywhere, and the loud roar of bombs was heard every minute—even the newsboys caught the infection, and many a dime of their hard earnings went in fire-crackers all in honor of the Democracy.

The people, too, were as much of a sight as the fireworks. Canal street was packed full—jammed to overflowing. The cars from 5 o'clock all came in crowded, and from the side streets the mass surged in until it almost seemed that room for another could not be found. The galleries, by a wise forthought propped up by wooden beams, were filled with ladies and children—and all along Canal street from Camp to Dryades not a vacancy could be discovered in the long line of eager expectant faces. Everybody was there. The magnificent private equipage, filled with ladies reared in wealth and luxury, rolled by, and was immediately followed by the humble milk cart, in which the milkman and his family were "seeing the procession." Every humble conveyance was put in requisition—carriages, carts, wagons, omnibuses, cotton floats, every conceivable vehicle was there, many of them filled with ladies and handsomely decorated with flags and transparencies. We have said it was impossible to particularize the illumination, but we can give our readers some idea of them by following the route of the procession. The leading division then moved from New Levee street, down the lower side of Canal to Royal street, where it turned down—the sight which met the eye as the column wheeled, was beautiful beyond description. The street was a river of light. Chinese lanterns swung from every gallery and hung in every window, transparencies, many-deviced and beautiful, formed a continuous line. Roman candles were burning everywhere, sky-rockets shooting off at every corner, and the balconies—what shall we say of them? Filled to overflowing with the beautiful creoles of our loved city, each waving her handkerchief as the procession passed, each looking such glorious enthusiasm for the cause, each smiling such encouragement to its supporters, how could any man look upon them without feeling his blood course quicker through his veins at the sight, without his heart throbbing faster with a yet sterner determination to do his whole duty for the cause thus pleaded by innocence and beauty. The cheers for our champions which every few moments rose from the separate clubs, and which once started went from one end of the line to the other, showed how the men of New Orleans appreciate and respond to such an appeal from her women.

But not only in the balconies was the enthusiasm displayed. The streets were lined with spectators. This statement, be it understood, does not apply to the first few squares below Canal street or above it, but to the whole route of the procession, from end to end. Where the people came from was a mystery. It seemed to us that the whole population of New Orleans was on Canal street; but we turned into Royal street, and there was a crowd as great. We followed the procession to Elysian Fields street, and at every step the crowd became greater. From the old man of seventy to the infant at the breast, every age was there, and no station lacked its many representatives—and the cheers which we have already mentioned as given by the clubs and echoed by the ladies, were caught up by the crowd and sent back to the clubs with ten-fold heartiness. The air seemed filled with the names of Seymour and Blair. The side of every house, too, was adorned with them. Every transparency bore them, every tongue repeated them, they seemed to flash in every torch and wave in every handkerchief, and their ingenuity exhausted in devising adornments for them, until the people, in many instances, being able to think of no decoration which could add any lustre to them, contented themselves with the simple and grand inscription—Seymour and Blair.

Down Royal street the procession marched to Elysian Fields street, thence to the Levee and then back to Canal street via Chartres street. What we have already said will fully apply to this portion of the route. The same magnificent illumination decorated every house, the same crowd lined every street, and the same glorious enthusiasm animated every heart. We cannot do justice to it; we here acknowledge that for all the just idea we can give of what the appearance of the route was, we might as well at once throw aside our pen; it literally "beggars description." Our readers will then pardon us, if leaving the lower portion of the city we try—only though, again to fail—to tell how the First and Fourth Districts appeared.

Up Camp street, filled with spectators, brilliantly illuminated, marched the Democracy of New Orleans; and the people were ready for them. The same impulse which had actuated the Creoles urged the Americans to display their love of the cause. Many stores had their windows brilliantly illuminated and their fronts decorated with transparencies. From the office of the Morgan line of steamers, just above Gravier street, a rope had been extended to the house opposite, and from it hung flags and pennants innumerable. Many of the private residences were handsomely illuminated, and in their decoration a vast deal of taste was displayed, and the ladies were as numerous and enthusiastic as their Creole sisters. The galleries seemed but rows of flower-beds, and the puzzled spectators in their contemplation, was bewildered in the attempt to decide upon the most beautiful one. The streets were as full and the enthusiasm as great as in the lower part of the city. Prytania street was a repetition, and Washington and Magazine streets told the same story. All along these streets the private dwellings were illuminated, and in many instances the designs were very beautiful. To particularize is simply impossible; as soon might we attempt to divide a beam of sunshine into its various rays and analyze their separate merits as to endeavor to select and hold up for admiration any one of the countless offerings that were last night laid on the altar of patriotism, and whose combined magnificence and beauty can truly be compared to naught else but the bright, health-giving beams of the sun.

Scenes and Incidents.

There were enough able-bodied men mingled with the immense throngs all along the line of march to have formed another procession fully as numerous as the immense pageant at which they gazed.

The soda fountains for squares around the localities where the procession temporarily halted were emptied in incredibly short order by thirsty Democrats.

Our pelican, which, proudly perched before the CRESCENT office, reminded the thousands of Louisiana's sons as they passed of the emblem of their native State, appeared to be fully imbued with the spirit of the great occasion. A curious crowd gathered around him, but the bird's long bill kept them at a respectful distance. One small boy had his hat taken off by an over indulgence of his curiosity, and a colored lady came near losing her waterfall.

The spectacle presented on Canal street, before and during the start of the vast column of men, baffles description. The illumination was brilliant in the extreme. Fireworks shot upward from all sides, the long lines of sidewalks and balconies were not crowded, but absolutely jammed with people; most of the buildings were decorated with fiery stars, crescents and other emblems, while a profusion of flags and banners fluttered in the breezes of the night.

Could a balloonist from some distant point have looked down in his aerial flight upon the scene, ignorant of what was really going on, he might with reason have imagined that the subterranean gas beds of the Louisiana lowlands had broken out in flames through the earthy crust, or that some terrible conflagration had burst forth and enveloped the city. But what a glorious spectacle would it have been in any event, viewed from an altitude of two or three thousand feet.

There was a strange quietude throughout the city during the day betokening the approach of universal excitement in the evening. Toward dusk, young men with red caps, with grey caps, with white caps, and clad in all kinds of uniforms, might be seen hurrying toward the places of rendezvous, and from that time until midnight there was no termination of the excitement.

The procession moved with remarkable promptitude, and with scarcely a moment's detention along the entire route. Such marshalship as was displayed in moving so admirably such a vast body of men, as it were by clockwork, would have been creditable to Napoleon and his generals themselves.

The time occupied in passing the CRESCENT office was two hours, almost to a minute. When the head of the sixth division, which may be said to have been about the center of the line had reached this point, bound up-town, the rear guard was at Toulouse street, still on its way down.

A singular occurrence took place as the Blair Zouaves marched by. In their rear followed a wagon bearing a huge transparency, pouring forth lurid flames and reeking with fumes of brimstone and sulphur. This was designed to represent the fiery lake of Avernus, in which little imps and demons were with pitchforks heaping glowing coals upon the monster Radicalism. As the ménage passed under the huge flag, which was suspended over the street before our office, the three pronged fork of one of the little iron devils pierced its striped folds, and staid there, pulling the little fellow out of his infernal residence, and restoring him to earthly existence. He hung dangling there for the rest of the evening, a vivid warning to scalawags and carpet baggers that the only thing to save them from political hell-fire is a close clutching at the stars and stripes, and the Constitution which it symbolizes.

A serious looking dog, decked out with a badge, and a pair of spectacles, sat on the box of a wagon in the procession, and seemed ready to bark for Seymour and Blair if called upon.

The neighboring parishes of St. Bernard and Jefferson, and the right bank, too, all turned out gloriously. All honor to them for their enthusiasm and pluck.

There was not a disorderly occurrence within our observation last evening. The procession had dispersed by midnight, and then in a wonderfully short time the streets resumed their wonted quiet.

The headquarters of the Hancock Club on Canal street resembled the fabled palaces of the Eastern magi. A large railroad head light, at either end of the gallery, pointing up and down the street, with red reflectors between them, lit up with dazzling brilliancy the entire length of the grand boulevard. The portrait of Hancock, flanked on either side by those of Seymour and Blair, encircled with laurel, painted on semi-circular transparent frames eight feet in diameter, and lighted with a double row of gas jets, the whole surmounted by a huge blazing star with two crescents; the scores of parti-colored lanterns arranged with consummate taste by the club's executive committee; and last and best of all, the cotorie of beauty which crowded the galleries, by special invitation of the Hancocks, conspired to present a tableau beautiful as the dreams of fairies. An immense bouquet rocket of red, white and blue lights pierced the azure vault above, and bursting into a thousand stars, shed a rich refulgence on the surging crowd below. This was the signal for the Hancocks to start. The club turned out in full force, officers mounted, with a splendid band of eighteen pieces. The elegant banner surrounded by thirty-seven silver wreaths inscribed with the names of the States in front, then the superb ladies' flag, of crimson and orange silk, flanked by two smaller flags of red silk, with name of the club in gold letters, presented by four gentlemen at Piffet's, and the beautiful silken "colors" tendered by Mr. Warner, one of the members of the club. Around the banner and flags were thirty-seven transparent stars, each with a photograph type of Louisiana beauty, the name of a State below, and the State's motto above. On the reverse the name "Hancock Club." Prominent in the procession was the exquisite wreath presented by "New York," and borne on ornamental pole. The club used the wide awake torches, the staffs, and those of the transparencies wrapped in red and white ribbon, with streamers. Thus equipped, and in their showy uniform, the club presented truly a magnificent appearance, and established beyond question their indisputable right to the proud motto, "Jamais Arrière."

The Sixth Ward Club last night was accompanied by three wagons in which were embodied some very beautiful ideas. The first contained a forge, an anvil, and the various appurtenances of the cooper's and other trades, and in it were men at work with the different tools. This represented the mechanical arts. In the second was a spinning wheel and at it turning off the spun cotton were three beautiful young ladies. This was "Home Industry," and depicted, we fear, a class of household duties now-a-days too much neglected by our maidens. The third wagon contained corn and sugar cane stalks, and was inscribed "Agriculture is the Source of Strength." For the conception of this design and the manner of its execution the Fifth Ward Club deserve a great deal of credit.

We noticed last night with much pleasure that monster rooster (14 feet 10 inches) in the procession and possession of the well organized Chanticleer Club. This rooster, so hardly contested for during the past week, has fallen to the glorious Chanticleers. For this they deserve much credit. Being a lately organized club they thus show that in whatever they undertake, whether to gain a rooster or work for the good of the Democracy, they will succeed at whatever cost. Long crow the Chanticleers. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The admiration of many were attracted by two immense heads of Seymour and Blair—in fact the largest and best executed of the kind we have seen since the commencement of this glorious campaign. We heard that they were executed by Jimmy Moise, the son of our well-known fellow-townsman and artist, T. S. Moise, Esq. What is more creditable to the young gentleman, is, that he painted them for the Bulwer Club during his leisure hours of business.

Many were the clubs who last night received tokens of the admiration of their lady friends. Some of these presentations will be found detailed elsewhere, but to describe all is impracticable. Many, too, were the bouquets that changed hands last night, changed from the fair hands of their makers to the harder and browner ones of those who were thus encouraged to persevere in the good work. The women of New Orleans have done no little towards the success of this campaign, and the CRESCENT here acknowledges their services and thanks them for them.

A tandem team of grays, harnessed to a basket-work carriage, was a very noticeable feature on Canal street. The horses were gaily decked with flags and transparencies, and the wagon was prettily adorned in the same manner. This was a novel idea, and a very good one.

To the innumerable clubs who, last night, by cheers or serenades, or both, honored us, we return our hearty thanks. At the late hour at which we write we cannot call the roll of these friends of ours, so we beg you, gentlemen, to rest satisfied with this general acknowledgment. God bless you all, says the CRESCENT.

More Tributes by the Ladies to the Gallant Seymour Legion.

The Legion was called to order at 6½ o'clock, President Jonas in the chair. When about to commence routine business, the attention of the Legion was attracted by fairy steps upon the stairs. A few moments, and, like angels upon some happy mission bent, appeared several ladies bearing in their hands a flag unexcelled in beauty by any yet seen in New Orleans. It is the glorious flag of our Union, surmounted by a battle ax of silver. Miss Meyer, with it in her hands, breathed forth in words coming from a feeling and undaunted heart, as she presented it to the Legion—words that called forth from every man cheers, and gave birth within each bosom to a new-born determination that defeat should never sully its folds. It was presented by her upon behalf of herself and of Misses Heurm and Gentcluced, who stood by bestowing upon the gallant boys those visible and happy signs of Eden's choicest benediction: woman's sweet smiles. President Jonas replied in appropriate and stirring remarks. There was also presented, by the Misses McAitchison, a guidon whose beauty was only surpassed by that of its fair donors. Favors yet came pouring in. The Legion again were made to cheer as the happy recipients of three beautiful wreaths—one presented by the Misses Pierce. 'Twas an occasion that will long be remembered by the Legion as one of the most pleasant of those happy little episodes that occasionally break like glimpses of Eden upon the dull routine of every-day life, and serve to instil courage and hope into the most desponding of hearts.

Banner Presentation to the Seymour Knights.

Shortly after this gallant organization formed its line upon the levee, last evening, Mr. Ferd. Marks, assistant secretary of the Knights, rode to the front and presented to them a beautiful silk banner which was accompanied by the following note from its fair donors:

NEW ORLEANS, August 29, 1868.

To the Officers and Members of the Seymour Knights:

Gentlemen—We present you the accompanying banner as a testimonial of our esteem and sympathy with you in the just and holy cause which you espouse, and pray that your efforts in behalf of a free and white man's government may be crowned with success. With the hope that the election of Seymour and Blair may once more restore our country to its former state of peace, happiness and prosperity, we remain yours respectfully,

HANNAH STERN,
SALLIE LENGSFIELD,
HORTENSE KAHN,
JOSEPHINE TURK.

Mr. J. S. Tully, president of the Seymour Knights, received the banner and in behalf of the club returned their thanks to the ladies in a few appropriate remarks. The face of the banner is of blue silk inscribed with the names, Seymour Knights, in letters of gold. The reverse is of plain white silk. A heavy gold fringe surrounds it, and six gilt tassels ornament the upper part.

POUND NOTICES.

STREET COMMISSIONER'S DEPARTMENT, Room No 7, City Hall—New Orleans, September 1, 1868—Was brought to the First District Pound, corner of Lafayette and Locust st streets, as estrays—

Seven GOATS of different colors.

Which, if not claimed within three days, and the expenses thereon paid, will be sold at public auction at said Pound, on THURSDAY, September 3, 1868, at 12 o'clock M.

JOSEPH MURPHY, Street Commissioner.
LOUIS SENECHAL, for Controller.

STREET COMMISSIONER'S DEPARTMENT, Room No 7, City Hall—New Orleans September 1, 1868—Was brought to the Second District Pound, corner of Orleans and Claiborne streets as estray—

One GOAT.

Which, if not claimed within three days, and the expenses thereon paid, will be sold at public auction at said Pound on THURSDAY, September 3, 1868 at 12 o'clock M.

JOSEPH MURPHY, Street Commissioner.
LOUIS SENECHAL, for Controller.

STREET COMMISSIONER'S DEPARTMENT Room No. 7, City Hall—New Orleans, Aug. 29, 1868—Was brought to the Second District Pound, corner of Orleans and Claiborne streets, as an estray—

One White GOAT.

Which, if not claimed within three days, and the expenses thereon paid, will be sold at public auction at said Pound, on TUESDAY, September 1, 1868, at 12 o'clock M.

JOSEPH MURPHY, Street Commissioner.
LOUIS SENECHAL, for Controller.

STREET COMMISSIONER'S DEPARTMENT Room No 7, City Hall—New Orleans, Aug. 27, 1868—Was brought to the Fourth District Pound, on Dryades street between Jackson and Philip streets, as an estray—

One Sorrel MARE, with white spot on the forehead; left hind leg white.

Which if not claimed within five days, and the expenses thereon paid, will be sold at public auction at said Pound, on TUESDAY, Sept 1, 1868, at 12 o'clock M.

JOSEPH MURPHY, Street Commissioner.
LOUIS SENECHAL, for Controller.

GRAIN DRYING AND MALTING KILN—109 NEW LEVEE AND 91 FULTON STREET.

I am prepared to dry and clean from mould and weevil all kinds of Grain, Malt, Coffee, Peas, Beans, etc.; dry Sunken Cargoes; ripen Green Grain, leaving it as sweet as if matured in the field; eradicate offensive smells from animal decay, guaranteeing not to burn or scorch. I will do such work better and at a less price than it is done in other cities, as my process and patents are acknowledged by all who have seen them to be superior to all others.

I am also ready to erect and sell rights, under my patents for Grain Drying and Malting, at reasonable rates. Elevator men will find these SUPERIOR MACHINES, there being no extra fires required, except the ordinary ones for power. The saving is immense in fuel, insurance risks and labor.

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AGENTS WANTED—First-class and responsible Agents wanted in every city and town where we have not already appointed them.

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Parties, Weddings, etc., etc., supplied at short notice.

Private Saloons up stairs.

Rooms, elegantly furnished, to let by the week or month.

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Between St. Charles and Carondelet streets. PHILIP FORGET, Agent. Prices to suit the times.

BREAKFAST—Three choice dishes, with Coffee, sixty cents.

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The best brands of LIQUORS and WINES, such as Hawkins has set forth for years, constantly on hand. Also CIGARS.

GROCERIES, WINES, ETC.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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Always on hand, a large stock of Bourbon, Monongahela, Rye and Rectified Whiskies, which we offer to the trade on liberal terms and at the lowest market rates.

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Louisiana and Western Rectified WHISKIES, and Fine Old Bourbon and Rye always on hand, in lots to suit purchasers.

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Dr. WOLCOTT says he will pay $1000 to any person who will produce a remedy that will instantly remove, and so read by and permanently cure any pain in the Head, Teeth, Temples, Neck, Shoulders, Breast, Back, Heart, Lungs, Sides, Hips, Abdomen, Legs, Ankles, Feet, Toes, internal or external, acute or chronic, Old Ulcers, Fresh Wounds, Frightful Cancers—in fact, all pain, from any cause, Rheumatic, Neuralgic, from a mosquito bite to the most intense Labor Pains—as quick as Pain Paint, or reduce inflammation as rapidly, heal permanently as soon, give no pain in its application, whether applied to the weakest infant or the most feeble or aged person, and is harmless as Pain Paint.

Applied Free at No. 84 Carondelet street.

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FACTS!—Messrs. N. Kieffer & Hollande, No. 35 Poydras street, Manufacturers of the Malakoff Bitters:

Gentlemen—I have examined the patent that was granted you by the U. S. Government for manufacturing the Malakoff Bitters, and found in the ingredients employed a compound well calculated to excite and keep in good order the digestive organs. I have prescribed said Bitters several times, and in every instance I had occasion to ascertain their beneficial effect. I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully, your most obedient servant, A. MERCIER, M. D., 198 Canal street.

I have examined the patent you hold for the manufacture of Malakoff Bitters, and find nothing in the ingredients thereof calculated to act injuriously upon the human system, unless taken in inordinate quantities. Indeed, it is nothing but a cordial aromatic bitter. S. A. SMITH, M. D.

Your Malakoff Bitters, which I have examined, do not contain any ingredients injurious to health, and may be recommended to those who are in want of a good tonic.

Y