our city and State. No matter how gloomy the prospect may continue, we shall cling to the maxim, and illustrate it by our conduct, that men are never conquered until they are self-conquered.

Gentlemen, on behalf of the Blair Knights, on behalf of the various clubs of this city and its vicinity who are present; nay, sirs, on behalf of the Democracy of New Orleans, I extend to you a hearty welcome. The Blair Knights will ever regard it as a happy inspiration which suggested the name of Missouri's favorite son as that by which their club should be known. They little thought of the great compliment to which their selection would give rise. But, sirs, it was in no whim, no mere caprice, that the Blair Knights assumed their name. There was a time when of all men, Frank P. Blair was most obnoxious to the South. There was no point of sympathy between us. He had, on the contrary, held opinions, and he was a propagandist of these opinions, entirely at variance with our own. He had favored the abolition of slavery in Missouri. He was opposed to the extension of it in the territories. He was moreover from the first an uncompromising Union man. From his antecedents we never in the day of our disaster hoped for clemency from him. The long years under which he endured the scoffs and taunts of an overwhelming majority were calculated to inspire any other than the loftiest characters with revengeful feelings. He had friends to reward, enemies to punish. He was in a position to satisfy a boundless ambition. He had been as brilliant in the political councils of his party as he was irresistible in leading his columns to victory. He was beloved throughout the North, but in the West he was idolized. There was but one thing for him to do to attain all that his ambition could crave, that was to cease to be Frank P. Blair, and become an opponent of Radical dogmas. Just at this point of his history, his noble nature shone out with transcendent luster, for when the spur of that Percy of the Southern cause grew cold, your hero sheathed his sword and staunched the wound it had inflicted, for he loved mercy and not sacrifice. Full of admiration for his exalted personal character, we adopted his name and baptised our club the Blair Knights, and surely there never was braver or more generous Paladin when chivalry was at its zenith than Frank Preston Blair.

We accept your splendid flag with sentiments which it would be vain for me to express. We pray it may never be stained with blood; we pray rather that it may be the memorial of an enduring sisterhood between the two great cities of the Mississippi; we long to renew and to extend our social and commercial relations.

This vast valley has become an empire; an empire in its numbers, in its wealth, and in its power to control and direct the policy of the government. It is, therefore, while looking upon this flag, which now waves over the renewed friendship of a people, separated only temporarily, I can foresee a happy and prosperous future—I can foresee the period when this flag shall wave over and accompany the commerce of the valley, from Fort Benton to the Balize; when the men of Montana shall send their precious metals to be exchanged in this port for our own products and the products of the Indies. And, gentlemen, I can foresee the period when, if that flag shall receive an insult, or that trade encounter an obstacle, the men at the mouth of the Mississippi will fall into the same ranks, and answer to the same roll-call with the men of St. Louis and her sister cities.

The force of circumstances, the mighty power of facts, is bringing order out of chaos. Our laboring people are fast learning that they must depend on themselves; that fair promises will neither feed nor clothe them; and they are beginning to work, interrupted to be sure by a certain class of politicians, who inculcate the doctrine that it is better to vote for them than to eat. But every day discloses the selfishness of these adventurers, and there is a prospect that at no distant day their occupation will be gone forever.

A few years of industry, of uninterrupted labor, will restore prosperity to our people. What we most need is relief from political quacks and charlatan legislators. These harpies are our bane; they eat out our substance; they create distrust and destroy confidence, and capitalists are timid in engaging in business. After November, when these miscreants shall call on the mountains to hide them from the gaze of their fellow-men—then, with wise legislation, confidence will be restored, and honesty and integrity will walk again in their old places, our levees will be rebuilt, our currency will be secured on a solid basis, and we expect that New Orleans will be as attractive, socially and commercially, as in the olden time.

And now, gentlemen, while you sojourn with us, see for yourselves whether our enemies speak truly of us when they represent that we are still rebels, and that we desire another war. Look at that legislation, the object of which is to bind us hand and foot, and place us at the mercy of a set of political marauders, who by lavish expenditures and iniquitous taxation, blast every effort which we make to retrieve our fortunes. Tell your people that the fair fame of our city was once tarnished by the slanders of a congressional committee who falsely charged on our party the July riots of 1866. Let our forbearance now vindicate the truth of history in reference to that event.

No people have borne more of tyranny, more of wanton, cruel and malignant oppression than we have borne. None ever bore it with more calm and patient counsel. It may, however, come to pass that our forbearance will be suicidal, and if, when prompted by the law of self-preservation, we shall be constrained to make resistance, then shall your banner be unfurled, and by the grace of God, the Blair Knights will carry it to victory, with the battle cry of Blair and constitutional liberty.

At the conclusion of Gen. Hays' address the curtain fell, hiding much lovliness from the gaze of the audience, whilst preparations were being made for the tableaux. In the interval, however, occurred another pleasing incident. The Broom Rangers, determined that they too should give our St. Louis guests a token of their visit to the Crescent City, had prepared a magnificent illuminated bouquet, which, on their behalf, was presented by Mr. Julian Michel in an eloquent address, a copy of which we regret we were unable to obtain, and therefore cannot here reproduce. After this pleasing interlude the curtain rose and disclosed the various ladies who had occupied the stage prettily grouped. Again the curtain fell and again rose this time on a tableau which made a fitting ending to the imposing ceremonies which it concluded.

In the rear of the stage, on the raised platform, were three young ladies—Misses McKay, Eliza Greenwood and Clino Dimitry—representing respectively the Goddess of Liberty, the Goddess of Peace and the Goddess of Justice—the three divinities whom Democracy invoke to crown their triumph in November next. Behind them stood their escorts, Messrs. E. A. Bancker, F. B. Briggs and Wm. Y. Logan, each bearing a transparency inscribed with the name of the spirit beguarded. The young ladies representing thirty-five of the States, having risen from their chairs, stood as they had been seated, and behind each her escort, with a handsome transparency bearing the names of the States. In the center stood the ladies representing Missouri and Louisiana, emblematic of the bond of Union which was last night drawn closer between these two States. The various delegations, occupying the places to the rear and sides, made an appropriate background.

The tableau was of course encored, and when at the close of the last representation Missouri and Louisiana clasped hands and kissed each other, the admiration of the audience which had hitherto kept them dumb broke forth in enthusiastic shouts of applause.

Before we leave the theatre, we must pause for a moment to pay Mr. Bernard Avegno, chairman of the committee of arrangements, a well merited compliment for the exceeding smoothness with which everything went off. It is no easy task to manage so complicated an affair as that of last night, to see that each one occupies his position and that each arrangement is carried out. Our citizens owe Mr. Avegno a vote of thanks, and on their behalf we hereby tender it to him.

The Procession.

As early as three in the afternoon yesterday, the unusual stir in the population, which betokens some momentous occasion, began to manifest itself. Towards sunset every street leading to Canal street, was absolutely choked up with a living mass, or rather with two currents of human beings, one swaying up the street, the other down. The number of beautiful women on the sidewalks was wonderful. Where do they all come from? God bless them.

As seven o'clock approached, bands of martial music were heard in every direction, and long lines of flaming torches lighted up the buildings on all sides. A great many dwellings, stores and public buildings about Camp, Canal, Royal and St. Charles streets, were lighted up with great splendor, and on the line of march down Rampart and up Esplanade and Royal streets, a good many residences were gorgeously illuminated.

We cannot refrain from mentioning the City Hotel, the Camp street front of which presented a spectacle which equaled in gorgeous beauty the subterranean palace which Aladdin's story used to conjure up in our childish fancy. The portal to the ladies' staircase was also tastefully and elaborately decorated with transparencies and wreaths of evergreen, towering over which was the conspicuous inscription, "Welcome to the St. Louis delegation." Tyler's came next in point of beauty—perhaps that famous jeweler's surpassed all others. On his balcony Mr. Tyler had a resplendent cross, with the letters S. and B. in the center, and near by a magnificent crescent—the two blazing to such a degree that the Clay statue and the people about the Magazine car station were as plainly visible as in open day.

There were along the entire line many other buildings the decorations of which were brilliant in the extreme. But none of these artificial surroundings equaled in our opinion the marvellous beauty of the fair spectators who crowding every balcony, filling every window, looked down with beaming eyes upon the pageant as it swept by in the following order: A. H. Mason, grand marshal, A. Benjamin, aid to grand marshal; assisted by the following named gentlemen as assistant marshals: Col. T. S. McKnight, J. R. Purvis, I. Caulfield, A. Porteous, R. Sinnott, J. C. Blohm, W. M. Owen, E. Howard McCaleb, Sam Boyd, Dr. J. D. Bruns, Chas. A. Green, John Tobin, John Sinnott, R. N. Ogden, T. T. A. Lyon, W. H. Holmes, Thos. L. Airey, Col. J. O. Landry, J. M. Peterson.

LEADING DIVISION—HARRY T. HAYS, CHIEF OF DIVISION.

Music. The St. Louis delegation; the Ladies' committee; young ladies representing thirty-seven States; Democratic State and parish committees; officers of the Spanish navy; members of the press—all in carriages.

FIRST DIVISION—SAM. HENDERSON, CHIEF.

Blair Knights (bearing banner), mounted, 250 men; Seymour Knights, mounted, 200 men; Draymen's Democratic Club, mounted, 300 men; Blair Guards, mounted, 100 men; Algiers Seymour and Blair Knights, mounted, 200 men; Crescent Mounted Club 400.

SECOND DIVISION—B. M. TURNBULL, CHIEF.

Jefferson City Minute Men of '68 175 men, Blair Defenders (Carrollton) 125 men, Algiers Seymour Rangers 85 men, Blair Cadets (Algiers) 92 men, Fuller Guards (Algiers) 53 men, Magnolia Rangers (Algiers) 47 men.

THIRD DIVISION—F. N. OGDEN, CHIEF.

Crescent City Democratic Club 160 men, Steedman Guards 196 men, Seymour Zouaves 60 men.

FOURTH DIVISION—C. C. WILLIAMSON, CHIEF.

Jackson Railroad Club 400 men, Seymour Guides 240 men, Second Ward Tigers 800 men, Blair Sentinels 80 men, Seymour Southrons 200 men.

FIFTH DIVISION—J. E. AUSTIN, CHIEF.

Constitution Club 350 men, Minute Men of '68 120 men, Fossil Guards 180 men, Liberty Guards (colored) 30 men, Frank Blair Guards 150 men, Delegation Blair Guards, Jr., 50 men, Seymour Sentinels 100 men, Johnson Rangers 60 men, Blair Cadets 120 men.

SIXTH DIVISION—J. P. SMITH, CHIEF.

Hancock Club 250 men, Jewell Guards 80 men, Steamboatmen's Club (colored) 75 men.

SEVENTH DIVISION—E. A. BOZONIER, CHIEF.

Hendricks Guards 92 men, Seymour Legion 300 men, Broom Rangers, Jr., 100 men, Broom Rangers 415 men, Innocents 1100 men, Pendleton Guards 300 men, Pendleton Guards, Jr., 80 men.

EIGHTH DIVISION—W. H. SCOTT, CHIEF.

Sixth Ward Rough and Ready Club 95 men, Sixth Ward Washington Club 168 men.

NINTH DIVISION—JOS. SALOMON, CHIEF.

Spirit of '68 150 men.

TENTH DIVISION—N. A. LLAMBIAS, CHIEF.

Eighth Ward Seymour Rangers 85 men, Eighth Ward Wide Awakes 400 men, German Democratic Club 160 men.

ELEVENTH DIVISION—E. COCHRANE, CHIEF.

Rousseau Guards 450 men.

TWELFTH DIVISION—JOS. COLLINS, CHIEF.

Excelsior Knights (Gretna) 70 men, Seymour Cadets 165 men, Chanticleer Club 150 men.

THIRTEENTH DIVISION—R. C. BOND, CHIEF.

Blair Zouaves 260 men, Swamp Fox Rangers 130 men, Spirit of '76 230 men.

One hour and fifty minutes was the time which the procession occupied in passing this office. The personnel of those composing the various clubs was magnificent. The Innocent Club, under the leadership of its gallant marshal, Oscar Blasco, turned out the strongest in numbers, and appeared to great advantage. The transparency carried by the Crescent Mounted Club was an elaborate and admirable one. The picturesque costumes of the Wide-Awakes and Zouave Clubs, gave a rare beauty to the pageant of which they formed a part, and the Swamp-Fox Rangers, each of them bearing upon his cap, a fox tail followed a transparency inscribed, "Marion and his men still live." At the late hour of writing, we are unable to allude more fully to each individual club, every one of which be it however said, made an appearance creditable both to themselves and the great Democratic party.

Scenes and Incidents.

So far as we could learn there was not an occurrence last evening to mar the festivities. All the immense crowds which lined the banquettes during the procession's progress, moved away quietly to their homes when it had passed, and by an early hour of the morning the only noise to be heard was the rattling of an occasional carriage conveying homeward some wearied participant.

A rapid ride through the portion of the Second District through which the procession was to pass revealed one continuous line of crowded balconies and sidewalks. Upon Rampart, Esplanade and Royal streets there was not a vacant seat or an unoccupied inch of curbstone.

The close compact marching of the Seymour Southrons attracted especial attention along the line. They step with the precision and preserve the allignment of veterans.

Towards the close of the ceremonies at the Opera House, occurred one of those panics which so little can create and which can, unless properly checked, do such infinite mischief. It seems that the immense wagon which was at the head of the Blair Knights had been filled with rockets, roman candles, and other fireworks, and during the speeches, etc., in the Opera House, was in front of the building. By some inexplicable means they all became ignited at once, and the scene which ensued may be imagined. The popping and fizzing and the brilliant light in the street caused some thoughtless person to suggest that it was possible that the building might catch fire. The idea, as such ideas always do, quickly spread, and for a few moments a general panic seemed imminent. But fortunately there were not lacking cool headed persons who explained the cause of the alarm and soothed the fears of the timid, and in a short time every fear of serious consequences was allayed. (But still, it might have been a terrible catastrophe.

The Innocents last night bore a Wide Awake torch surmounted by a cap, placarded "Found last night. The owner can obtain them by calling at the headquarters of the Innocents." Doubtless the quondam equipments of some deluded Radical darky who, on Tuesday evening, in his haste to escape phantom Ku Kluxes, left these relics in the street.

The Reception at the St. Louis Hotel.

There was a magnificent array of Southern beauty and chivalry at the St. Louis Hotel last night, in honor of the delegation of ladies and gentlemen, who brought down a costly and splendid banner as an offering to the Blair Knights of New Orleans. The spacious rooms of the St. Louis were thronged with fair women and gallant men. The band was employed till supper time in playing marches, and the company promenaded, conversed, or sat *tete a tete*. When supper was announced, Gen. Harry T. Hays, took his place at the head of the principal table, at which were seated the guests from St. Louis. The other tables were all filled by ladies and their escorts, from the city, the State, and the neighboring States. The spread was excellent. There was a feast of *pates truffes*, of bone-turkey, salads, and every other dish culinary ingenuity could devise. There was also an overflowing abundance of the choicest wines.

After the company had satisfied their appetite, Gen. Hays proposed a sentiment in honor of the St. Louis delegation. This was rapturously applauded. Capt. George Ford, the well-known and favorite steamboat captain, was called on to reply, and he did reply most felicitously and eloquently. He considered brevity the soul of wit, and his speech was an epigram:

"A diffusish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul."

Gen. Hays then gave the health of Missouri's favorite son—Francis Preston Blair. The cheering here was uproarious—the ladies joining in.

Gen. Steedman was called to respond. The brave and genial veteran rose and all were attentive to his words. He said that it was with no ordinary feelings that he replied for a comrade in arms. He had served with General Blair in the United States army through several dreary years of hardship and danger, and had learned to love and to honor him. When the true history of the late contest shall be written, no name will figure more gloriously in its pages than that of Blair. As a soldier Gen. Blair had never oppressed the weak or the poor, and had never appropriated the spoils of war to his own use. Gen. Steedman exhorted the St. Louis delegation, both ladies and gentlemen, to say to their people when they reach home, that if the inhabitants of Missouri have suffered under Radical misrule to the verge of human endurance, the citizens of Louisiana have wept blood. *Louisianians intend to vote* in November, notwithstanding what the accidental majority in our Legislature may attempt to dictate to us. Like our ancestors of '76, if an attempt is made to crush out the expression of popular will and the freedom of speech, we shall arise in our might, and publish and adhere to another Declaration of Independence.

This is but a feeble repetition of the eloquence of our gallant champion. His remarks were frequently inaudible from the enthusiastic applause with which every sentence was greeted.

Gen. Hays then toasted the great State of Missouri, the sentiment being replied to by Mr. Bogy, a distinguished and able citizen of St. Louis, in the words following:

Fellow-citizens and Ladies and Gentlemen of the City of New Orleans:

The occasion which has brought my associates and myself from our distant homes on the border of the same great river which washes the shores of your own city is a peculiar as well as a very important one. The citizens of St. Louis, knowing, appreciating and feeling deeply your sad political condition, have thought it an act of fraternal duty to send us here to present to you this beautiful banner, which now is so gracefully and majestically upheld before you. In discharging this agreeable duty, permit me to indulge in a few reflections suggested by the peculiar political condition of your section of country, and, to some extent, by my own personal relations to it also. Missouri was once known by the name of Upper Louisiana, while that portion of country now embraced within the State of Louisiana was designated by the name of Lower Louisiana. These names were used in all the early acts of Congress having reference to these sections. Upper and Lower Louisiana formed a part of that vast domain acquired from France by the treaty of 1803. The same political event which made upper Louisiana a part of the great family of American States made yours also. The treaty negotiated by the great President Thomas Jefferson provided in its 3d article "that the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible according to the principles of the federal Constitution, to the enjoyments of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States, and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the full enjoyment of their liberty, property and the religion which they profess." In due course of time your State and mine were admitted into the Union as States with all the rights, advantages and immunities of the older States.

As sisters of the American family of States, we both acted our respective parts with as much devotion and fidelity to the great principles of free government as any of the older States, whether North or South. The introduction of a new element composed of a different nationality, different language and different religion, although much opposed by wise and patriotic Northern statesmen, because of the apprehended antagonism, proved as predicted by Jefferson, to be a perfect success. Indeed, new strength was derived from the new element, as it exhibited to the world the adaptability of free institutions to the most enlarged order of political condition. For upwards of half a century, Missouri and Louisiana were no less distinguished by their devotion to the Union than by the distinguished statesmen each sent to the Congress of the United States. Both were free and happy, and enjoyed a prosperity unheard of in the history of the world before. The new element had in the meantime become completely Americanized, and furnished its full quota of distinguished men to the bar, legislative halls, commerce, and, indeed, many characters in all the different pursuits of life. This in brief was our condition. But, fellow-citizens, how changed and different is the present order of affairs to what it was then in your own section—ours not being much better than yours. This is neither the time nor the occasion to speak of the late war, or the causes which led to it. The event is past, and is already recorded on the tablets of history, and, however partial and unjust contemporaneous opinions and assertions may be, posterity will have the means of judging, and will judge justly, because impartially. The great principles underlying the conflict, the mode of carrying it on, and the system of legislation adopted since the cessation of hostilities, will all be judged by that great tribunal, and to that judgment, whatever it may be, all must submit. It is proper, however, that this the great truth should be understood, and particularly in this section of country, where it has heretofore, and perhaps yet, not been adequately appreciated.

The idea of an enduring and indissoluble Union was deep seated in the American breast. Whether an indissoluble Union was in accordance with our system, or in direct conflict with the well-known views of Jefferson, was not a question for discussion. The spirit of the age being extremely material, it was only as a question of material power—of commerce and financial prosperity, that the question was understood and discussed by our generation. And, indeed, it can be said that thousands of the purest hearts, and of the most enlarged patriotism, could not, and would not, under any possible circumstances, give up the idea of the Union of the American States. It was indeed a noble idea. Here was a new nation with new institutions, in a new world, with a future glorious, powerful, and prosperous. Such a spectacle had not before been seen in the history of the world. We were indeed the admiration of the world. The idea of Union nerved the arms, and fired the breasts of the thousands who participated in the terrible conflict. Be it so—it impells me to-day, and is the great living principle of the Democratic party—a Union of sovereign and equal States. For this thousands of brave hearts gave their lives, and is the object we as a party contend for to-day, and if truth has not left our earth, and the genius of liberty gone from among us, this Union, by the memory of all the great patriots of the revolution, and of the ever-living God, we will have. In time of peace we cannot admit that any citizen of this broad land can be a rebel. All the people of this country are, under our system, either citizens or aliens. In war people are divided between friends and enemies—in peace, all are citizens—or, as already said, aliens. Yet the present Congress of the United States, arrogating to itself powers never given to it by the Constitution, has prescribed certain conditions on which the States lately engaged in the war may, as is said, be again admitted into the Union. These laws, as admitted by their late great leader, Thaddeus Stevens, are outside of the Constitution. If so, they are nullities, and only maintained by the strong arm of military power. It is while you are thus overborne by the military power that the election for the chief magistracy of the nation takes place. We know, the Northern men know, the whole enlightened world knows, that if the citizens of the Southern States were free to exercise their just constitutional rights, that not a single electoral vote would any of them cast for the Radical candidate. Yet, in the face of this well known fact, the only hope for the election of the candidate of this party is on the votes of these same Southern States. This is called an election, which means free choice—for an election without freedom of choice is simply a farce. To what a sad condition are we reduced, and without dwelling on this subject, which to the thinking mind is so pregnant with thought, I will ask what can we hope for the future of a country where so flagrant an outrage can be perpetrated! Can free institutions be maintained where this is allowed to exist? Can it be possible that this people, yet so young in years, will voluntarily take the plunge into the abyss of despotism? Has history no warning voice for us? Every page is filled with the sad and melancholy lesson of the fatal termination of all previous free governments. Are we ready to admit that man is not capable of preserving his own freedom? Shall the warning voice of departed Greecian freedom, of Roman freedom, of the freedom of the later republics, be lost upon us? Fellow-citizens, candor compels me to say that the signs of the times indicate to me the same fate for us which befel them.

"There is a moral of all human tales,
'Tis the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom and then glory, when that fails
Wealth, vice, corruption, tyranny at last.
And history in all its voluminous past
Hath but one page."

Kingdoms, empires and nations have been subjugated before, and the foot of the mailed warrior has trampled upon them without mercy. But in our case we subjugate ourselves. Despotism is no new thing in the world and ages gone by. Despotism and despots appeared to be the normal product of those ages. But in those times Pagan as well as Christian despotism, was redeemed by an elevated personal ambition, by an inordinate love of glory; it may be that the meteor of conquest allured them too far, but the pages of their story were filled with their fame. Such is not the character of the present system of despotism; it is not even redeemed by high personal ambition; it has neither courage nor manhood. It is a system of fraud and deception, characterized by the audacity of one lost to all sense of virtue as well as of shame. Had Congress when arrogating to itself all power to deal with you as a conquered people, sent to you a pro-consul, as Rome was wont to do when governing its distant provinces, and invested him with unlimited power, the act would have been redeemed by its manly boldness, and under such a ruler you might have found domestic and social protection, and enjoyed a certain degree of happiness; and your material prosperity might have been much promoted. But the system of oppression which has been adopted towards the Southern States is without a parallel in the history of the world, and is destructive of all social and domestic happiness, as well as all material prosperity. It is intended to crush the manhood of the people by placing the intelligence, the education and the manhood of their own race under the power of an inferior race, devoid of all the qualities, the virtue and intelligence necessary to the exercise of civil rule. To this race—thus inferior, uneducated and but half civilized, and recently in the condition of slavery—is all political power given. And, while you are thus shackled, the party which forces this state of things on you has the audacity to claim that if their candidate for the high office of president of the United States is elected, it will be by your section of the country. When these terrible truths are written down so that we can ponder over them, it appears to be impossible that the intelligence of the North can or will submit to it. It does seem as if the great tribunal of public opinion in the entire country, and the world over, will cry out as with one voice, Anathema, anathema, anathema.

But, my friends, on an occasion like the present it may be in bad taste to indulge too far on this theme. It is to you a tale often heard before, and from lips much more eloquent than mine. I have only this to say before I conclude. Now suppose that the people of the Northern States, by a clear and fair majority, given in accordance with the law of the land and the federal Constitution, elect Seymour and Blair president and vice-president of this country, yet by counting the votes of the Southern States, given by the negroes, while the white race is in a great measure excluded, the election of the Radical candidate is accomplished, what will the people say the whole American people—do? It is a tremendous question, but it is one which is likely to present itself. God, in His mercy to you and to us all, grant that it may not be presented! I am not for war, for it is a scourge with which God now and then chastises nations. It is a calamity so great that language is inadequate to speak of it. But, on the other hand, when we think of this great Union of American States, with its boundless future career of prosperity, of greatness and glory which is before it, and of the great principles of human liberty which have had their birth in the system and can only exist by its maintenance, the question assumes proportions too great for contemplation. Nothing approaching it has heretofore ever been presented to the human mind. It is a question affecting millions now and millions to be born hereafter. I leave this question to be decided by you and the entire American people of this country. To the judgment of that high tribunal I will submit, whatever it may be.

On this banner you behold the features of our candidate for the vice-presidency, Gen. F. P. Blair, a citizen of my city. Your company has taken his name as symbolizing the object of its organization—courage, manhood, devotion to the whole country, and stern honesty; a man of whom a very distinguished gentleman lately said that in the army he wore two uniforms, one military and the other the uniform of a gentleman. This is not the occasion to speak at any great length of the personal traits of Gen. Blair. It is sufficient to say that, while he was a true and valliant soldier in the late war, fighting for the preservation of the Union, as soon as the war was over he, in a manly and bold manner, broke the shackles of party and threw his great influence on the side of the restoration of a union of all the States, as equal members of the confederacy.

And to you, ladies, mothers and sisters, maids and matrons, what can I say? Who has not read of your sufferings, of your devotion, of your misfortunes, and also of that high courage in adversity which God, in His divine mercy, has given to your sex, when that of stern man quails. My admiration for you has no limits, but my theme to-day is too serious to indulge in anything like declamation or wordy oratory. Your hearts are with us, and our destiny, be it gloomy or brilliant, that of freemen or slaves, will be yours, and on you will devolve the high mission of cheering us if we are unfortunate, and of making our joy more sweet if we again are blessed with the freedom bequeathed to us by Washington and his immortal associates.

The company then left the dining room, and the remainder of the night until the "wee short hours" was spent in happy converse and other pleasant amusements.

A more delightful evening it has never been our fortune to pass.

Local Intelligence.

FURTHER OF TUESDAY NIGHT.—Besides the atrocities committed by the negroes on Canal street, Tuesday night, several peaceable citizens were assaulted, beaten and shot, whilst quietly walking home, or sitting in front of their domiciles, anxious to know what the cause of tumult was.

A young man, Mr. Constant, a member of Etna S. W. M., who had been paying a visit on Claiborne street, near the Bayou Road, was sitting on the railing of the draining canal, waiting for the car, about half-past 10. Three negroes came along. One said, in French, "Here is a white son of a—, let's kill him." The speaker fired, and the ball penetrated Mr. Constant's leg above the knee, lodging inside, but breaking no bone. Mr. Constant, with the impulse of a brave man, jumped into the middle of the street to look for a missile to defend himself withal. In this act he was shot again, the ball entering the shoulder from behind, and passing entirely through and out of his body. Both wounds are painful and enduring, but not necessarily dangerous. The negroes ran away, as soon as they had crippled Mr. Constant.

A young man employed as a barber in an establishment on Commercial alley was attacked by half a dozen negroes whilst he was on his way home down Bienville street. His name is Blumentheim. A pistol shot grazed his face and cheek, and he was seized, choked, and had his pockets searched. We can't say he was robbed, for he had no money or other valuables on his person. He was beat, however, and the probability is that if a weapon had been found on him he would have been murdered.

The confectionery, corner of Rampart and St. Peter street, was burst open, about a quarter before eleven o'clock, and nearly everything broken into a thousand pieces. There is a negro club at the adjoining corner, only twenty paces distant, which numbers four hundred negroes, who pass their time gambling and plotting mischief from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, and all night long. The proprietor of the confectionary hearing the tumult of the approaching crowd, fastened every door and window. The negroes burst open the doors and windows, and after plundering or breaking everything that was of value, threw their lighted torches into the building apparently with the intention of setting fire to the premises and burn the confectioner and his family to death.

Max Nihoul keeps a confectionary at the corner of Bayou road and Rampart street. If a man in New Orleans deserves a statue for his loyalty and courage, it is Max Nihoul. He it was that sturdily and nobly stood up for his rights of property and citizenship, when wealthy corporations ignobly yielded to the pressure of circumstances. The negroes reached his locality about 11 o'clock. They numbered upwards of a hundred. They were as ravenous around his store as a pack of Siberian wolves around the sleigh of a lone, benighted traveler. Their cries were: "Kill the white son of a b——h;" "burn him up in his house;" "let's get at him, and cut him to pieces," etc. These expressions were made indiscriminately in French and English. A white servant woman, who sleeps in Nihoul's garret, hearing the noise, arose, lighted a candle, and opened the dormer window. Several shots were fired at her the moment she put her head out, the courageous darkies taking her for Mr. Nihoul. She withdrew and blew out the light, whereupon they attempted to break down the doors.

These, however, were proof against their efforts and no damage was effected. If the negroes had succeeded in making an entrance into Nihoul's store it would have been a lamentable day for them. Many more than one would have died in their detestable and unlawful invasion.

Yet, after all these outrages, the Radical paper throws the blame upon the Democrats. The people of New Orleans are getting tired of the repeated outrages. They do not lay the responsibility upon the deluded colored people. And we wish our colored population to look around them, during the perpetration of similar occurrences, and see what becomes of the carpet-baggers and the scalawags. The colored people are left to bear the brunt of the fray, whilst their Northern friends and their Southern deluders are posting in haste for places of security, in cabs and on horseback. Pinchback, himself, who is said to possess a good deal of courage, acknowledged yesterday, we understand, that he had a horse ready saddled to be off and away on when the fight became too close.

The Republican newspaper, last night, was closed at 11. The only light about the premises was a dim one in the rear suite of apartments. The Republican, however, is an evening journal, and editors, etc., were probably not needed on duty at that late hour.

We think all fear of further riotious proceedings is groundless. The negroes were most assuredly panic stricken last evening. Our reporter heard fully sixty pistol shots fired by them during an interim of fifteen minutes, Tuesday night, between 10 and 11. The only persons they had to shoot at were the police and an unarmed club of Democrats. The only person killed was an old negro man, who was quietly looking at a distance which he considered safe, on the same street as Radical headquarters No. 12, and the State House. They fired in the air and around them, without aim or other apparent design than the wish to give themselves courage with a great noise.

Canal street and the streets leading into that great thoroughfare were strewn with the lanterns and transparencies of the "Warmoth Guards," the "Grant Rangers" and other "bully" organizations. The first pistol shot did the business. The moment the shot was fired, the crowd was a pack of sheep—a pack of sheep without a leader—running helter skelter, climbing fences and walls, diving into doorways and dodging around corners.

A riot, hereafter, between the races of white men and black men is impossible. We repeat it: impossible.

A MAN NAMED JOHN ULRICK, found lying in a sick and destitute condition on Elysian Fields street, has been conveyed to the Charity Hospital.

A FIRE occurred in the coffee-house of Bernard Datz, corner of Carondelet Walk and Trémé streets, early yesterday morning, but with the assistance of the police was extinguished before any alarm was given. It is supposed to have been the work of some incendiary who had secreted himself in the building.

THE TEMPERATURE yesterday, as shown by the observations of A. B. Griswold & Co., corner Canal and Royal streets, was as follows: At 6 A. M. 83 degrees; 12 M. 90; 3 P. M. 89; 6 P. M. 88.

The temperature yesterday, as shown by the thermometer at C. Duhamel's, 111 Canal street, was as follows: At 6 A. M. 79 degrees; 12 M. 88; 3 P. M. 87; 6 P. M. 86.

ROBERT P. BUTTON'S

GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENCY,

Virginian Office, Eighth street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Advertisements inserted in all newspapers published in the United States, at Publishers' Lowest Rates.

We have corrected lists of all the Daily, Tri-Weekly, Semi-Weekly and Weekly Newspapers published in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Tennessee, in addition to those of the Northern and Western States, from which parties desirous of advertising in any particular localities can make their own selection.

This is no self-styled agency, but one authorized by the publishers of numerous journals of standing and reputation throughout the Southern States, and can consequently offer superior inducements.

Extensive advertisers are assured that they will find it to their interest to contract through this agency for the Southern States especially. It will relieve them from extra expense and insure the publication of their advertisements upon the most favorable terms.

Patronage from abroad respectfully solicited.

All communications addressed as above will receive prompt attention.

We beg leave to call the attention of advertisers to the subjoined favorable notices of this agency, and upon what authority we act:

ADVERTISING AGENCY.—We take pleasure in stating that Mr ROBERT P. BUTTON, for many years manager of that sterling newspaper the Lynchburg Virginian, and also Advertising Agent for several papers, has resumed his old business. We have had business relations with him for a number of years, and have always found him prompt, energetic and reliable. We cheerfully recommend him to all persons requiring the services of an advertising agency in Virginia.—(Mobile (Ala.) Advertiser and Register, Nov. 18, 1866.

ADVERTISING.—We have received the business card sent us by Mr. ROBERT P. BUTTON, of the "General Advertising Agency," Virginian Office, Lynchburg, Va. It affords us much pleasure to have this opportunity of saying, that having had for a long period much business intercourse with him, we have always found him prompt, practical, and to every sense thoroughly reliable. We cordially commend him to all parties who may require such services as come within the sphere of his business.—(Richmond Whig, Nov. 6, 1866.

BUSINESS IN LYNCHBURG, VA.—We notice that Mr. R. P. Button has again established his Advertising Agency at Lynchburg, Va. During the war we had dealings with this gentleman. We always found him prompt and reliable. From our own experience, we are satisfied that all orders entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

[Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel, Nov. 17, 1866.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.—Robert P. Button, of Lynchburg, Va., General Newspaper and Business Agent, will receive advertisements and transact other business for those needing his services in that section of Virginia. He is the Special Agent of the Lynchburg Virginian, an old and ably conducted daily, edited by Charles W. Button, Esq. This agency can be relied upon.—(Maryland Farmer and Mechanic, Oct. 1866.

We fully endorse the above notice, which we copy from the "Maryland Farmer and Mechanic." Having frequent communications with Mr. Button, we have always found him prompt, courteous and reliable. We would recommend his Agency to our brethren of the Press in Tennessee.

[Bristol Tenn. News, Nov. 1, 1866.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.—We invite attention of our merchants and others to the card of Mr Robert P. Button, General Advertising Agency, Virginian Office, Lynchburg, Va. Before the war we knew Mr. Button well as an agent, and always found him reliable, prompt and courteous, and we have no doubt that he is equally so now. The fact that he is the Business Agent of that well known and popular Journal, the Lynchburg Virginian, is sufficient guarantee of his business habits, and is all the recommendation that merchants in the south will require. We take pleasure in recommending him to such of our readers as may need an Agent in Lynchburg.—(Richmond Republic, Nov. 3, 1866.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY AND WEEKLY CRESCENT, New Orleans, December 3, 1866.

Mr. Robert P. Button, of Lynchburg, Va., is hereby authorized to act as Agent to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the New Orleans Crescent.

J. O. NIXON,
Per W. M. SEMPLE.

MR. ROBERT P. BUTTON, of Lynchburg, at the Virginian Office, is General Agent for receiving and forwarding advertisements to any part of the United States. He has been connected with the Virginian since 1857, and from personal transactions with him we can testify to his promptness and correctness in business transactions. Persons who have advertising to do, will find Mr. B to be a most faithful and reliable Agent.—[Danville (Va.) Register, Nov. 24, 1865

VIRGINIAN OFFICE,
Abingdon, Va., January 12, 1866.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Dr. Robert P. Button, of Lynchburg, Va., is authorized to contract for advertisements and receive subscriptions to the Abingdon Virginian, and to receive payments for same.

We have had several years of personal and business acquaintance with Mr. Button, and we take much pleasure in recommending him as entirely worthy the confidence of those who may confide any business whatever to him.

COALE & BARR,
Editors Abingdon Virginian.

We are pleased to learn, as we do, from the business card sent us by Mr. Robert P. Button, of the Virginian office, Lynchburg, Virginia, that he has resumed the business of his General Advertising Agency. Several years previous to the war, and pending the struggle, we had much business intercourse with Mr. Button. We always found him prompt, courteous, and entirely reliable, and we must cordially commend him to all who may desire his services. Any business entrusted to his charge, we feel assured will be promptly attended to.—(Petersburg (Va.) Express, Nov. 27, 1867.

BRISTOL, TENN., August 19th, 1868.

Robert P. Button, Esq., of the Lynchburg Virginian Office, is authorized to receive and receipt for the Bristol News.

JOHN S. LACK,
Editor Bristol News.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY AND WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, Atlanta, Ga., March 23, 1866.

Mr. Robert P. Button is hereby authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions to the Daily Intelligencer, and receipt for all monies received for same.

JARED J. WHITAKER,
Proprietor of Intelligencer.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY ADVERTISER AND REGISTER, Mobile, Alabama, Nov. 24, 1865.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—Mr. Robert P. Button, of Lynchburg, Va., is duly authorized to act as Agent for our paper, receiving subscriptions and advertising at our regular card rates. All contracts made by him in conformity with these rates, will be ratified and carried into effect at this office.

W. G. CLARK & CO., Proprietors.

A. BOWER—NO. 56 CARONDELET STREET—Commission and Forwarding Merchant. Liberal cash advances made on cotton, sugar and Western produce consigned to my friends: Messrs. Bruce, Simpson & Co., Liverpool; Messrs Cary, Macfarland & Co. Liverpool and London;