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Editors and Proprietors.

WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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THE CONVENTION QUESTION AND THE CALL OF 1871.

Some of our friends seem to be afraid to trust the people of North Carolina with the privilege of changing their Constitution. They fear, they say, in substance, the Conservative party and its principles and its practices have so slight a hold upon the confidence and affections of the people that the opening up to them of the earliest opportunity to relieve themselves of confessed burdens in a confessedly legal way, may have the effect of destroying the supremacy of that party.

We have no such fears, but are perfectly willing to trust the people with the management of their own affairs. But even if we did apprehend danger to the Conservative party we would still think it the imperative duty of that party to advocate the call of a Convention by the Legislature at the earliest possible moment, for the reason that it is the right of the people, the inalienable inherent right of the people, to manage their own affairs.

The Conservative party has no right, nor has any other party any right to have any end in view but the good of the State, or to seek to gain any advantage distinct from that of the State. If the true mission of the Conservative party in North Carolina is simply to carry elections without giving any thing thereby save the glory of the thing, we confess much disgust, for we have hitherto been simple enough to value victories mainly for their fruits.

The present Constitution is a nuisance and gross outrages the people in their dearest rights and every body knows it. It cannot be changed by ordinary legislation, even if every member of the Legislature favored the change, and every body knows it. Extraordinary legislation must be resorted to, and such that cannot be perfected until three long years shall have passed away, unless a Convention be called. Why then, should we hesitate to call a Convention, unless we are unwilling to trust the people with the framing of their own constitution? And what is a legal Convention that it should be feared? It is nothing in the world save an assemblage of the people's agents, duly appointed according to law. The Constitution ought to be changed, and the Convention offers the cheapest, surest, and quickest mode of doing it.

But some people seem to have great horror of any suggestion to call a Convention this winter because forsooth the people voted down the proposition to call one in 1871. This horror is one, however, that we do not appreciate. It by no means follows because the people refused to sanction the call for a Convention in 1871 that the Legislature ought not to call a Convention in 1875. What are the facts?

In the first place the people then had had only three years of experience as to the workings of the Constitution. Then there was a widespread fear of Federal intervention, many people believing that if the Convention assembled it would be dispersed by Federal bayonets; threats and predictions of this result being freely and constantly made.

But above all the legality of the proposition to call a Convention submitted to the people by the Legislature in 1871 was bitterly denied by the whole Radical party and severely doubted by many of our best lawyers. The call for the Convention in 1871 was the act of a bare majority of the Legislature. The Governor of the State refused to obey it and publicly denounced the act of the Legislature, and in its very face, as an unconstitutional proceeding, and that Legislature tamely submitted to the usurpation and insult. Instead of impeaching the Governor for his refusal to execute its order, the Legislature seemed struck with paralysis, and it was only after the expiration of weeks that it mustered the courage to submit the question by delivering upon other parties the duties the Governor had so insultingly and defiantly refused to perform.

Was it surprising after the Legislature had shown so great a want of confidence in its own act that the people should under all these circumstances have voted down the Convention?

Now when the Convention meets next year the people will have had seven years bitter experience in which to learn the defects of the Constitution. The changes we propose to make, are such only as full experience have demonstrated to be necessary.—There is not shadow of a fear of Federal intervention. There are no threats that General Grant will disperse the Convention. Nor is there a shadow of a doubt as to the legality of a Convention called by a two-thirds vote of the General Assembly. Not even Governor Caldwell himself, were he alive, would dare to refuse to recognize such a Convention.

There are two questions, and only two, to be considered; first, whether the people wish to change the Constitution, and second, what is the cheapest, quickest and surest way of accomplishing the change. These questions are already decided. The changes are needed, and the Convention offers the surest, quickest and cheapest mode of making them.

The party takes the responsibility of calling the Convention. The first thing the people will be called upon to do will be to elect delegates. The next thing will be for them to ratify or reject what those delegates may have done in Convention assembled. Is it probable the people will elect Radical delegates? Or is it probable that a Convention of Conservative delegates will make changes in the Constitution that the white people of North Carolina will vote down?

If then we do not fear to trust a Convention of Conservative delegates why not call Convention?

ALABAMA POLITICS.

The New York *World's* correspondent at Montgomery, Ala., reviews the work of the State Convention of Alabama Radicals, which has just adjourned after a session only less riotous than the recent State Convention of the Louisiana Radicals at New Orleans. The most important business before the Alabama Convention was to dodge the Civil Rights issue, and this it succeeded in doing by a judicious gerrymandering of the various counties, and through the influence of Congressman White, who is more than solicitous about the votes of the mountaineers of North Alabama. But it succeeded too well. The whites have not been hood-winked into voting with the Radicals, and several scales have been removed from the eyes of the negroes. In Alabama as in North Carolina the whites will vote in a mass against Radicalism, and very many negroes who are disgusted with the fast-and-loose treatment they receive from the carpet-baggers will vote the same way. The contest in Alabama promises to be a bitter one, but all the indications point to a sweeping Democratic victory.

DISORDERS IN THE SOUTH.

The St. Louis *Republican*, discoursing on recent collisions between whites and blacks in the South, and anticipating their constant recurrence and increased violence, says that the condition of affairs will surely become worse when the next Presidential election is pending. It says it is an error to imagine that the North can remain unaffected by this disastrous confusion. It will affect the whole country. It it continues it may bring troubles we little dream of, for it may throw into dispute the legality of the election of thirty or forty members of the next Congress; it may produce half a dozen double governments; it may make a fatal strain on that weakest point in our polity, the Presidential election. We may flatter ourselves that in some way or other these disorders will be quieted before 1876; but the experience of the past does not bear out the pleasing anticipation. It is nine years since the pacification and reconstruction of the South began, and it is not finished yet; indeed, the condition of some of the Southern States is far more threatening to-day than it was in 1865. Imagine the next Presidential election taking place in this disturbed condition of the South, with a close contest in the North, and a compact vote from the South, cast amidst violence and alleged fraud, coming in to turn the scale in favor of one party—and we have a possibility which we may well do all in our power to avert.

OUR MIGRATORY PRESIDENT.

General Grant has been absent from the seat of government since the adjournment of Congress in June, and he now announces his intention to remain at Long Branch until about the first of October. It is well that he does not read the papers this summer, or he would get some advice that is more pertinent than palatable. The *Evening Post*, for instance, suggests that it would be seemly in the President to pay more attention to his duties. It cannot perceive that the conduct of the Chief Executive, and some of his Cabinet, in letting the public business go to the dogs, while they are off frolicking around the country, "attains fully to the measure of a just regard for the duties which their public position place upon them." The *Post* characterizes as "a very unfortunate condition of affairs" the necessity the Secretary of the Treasury is under to make the journey to Long Branch, or some other junketing place, whenever he wishes to consult the President on matters of public moment. The Boston *Advertiser*, desiring to place as little restriction as possible upon the horse-racing, frolicking and other diversions of the summer capital that accord so fully with the natural tastes of the President, proposes he shall return to Washington at least once a fortnight during the recess of Congress, for the purpose of holding Cabinet meetings. The *Post* supplements the suggestion with the remark that this observance by the President of his official duties "would not lead a foreign Minister—a stranger to this country—to ask where the seat of the Federal Government is. It would tend to reduce to tolerable proportions the evil of 'absenteeism' which, as a system, is growing altogether too large for decency or safety." But why should these papers lecture the President? They knew his habits and his tastes, and they helped to make him what he is.

STATUS OF THE COTTON CLAIMS.

A Washington special to the New York *Sun* says: "Tuesday was the last day for taking appeals from the Court of Claims to the Supreme Court, and the clerk of the former has commenced his annual report to Congress, upon which the appropriations for the payment of the judgment are based. The number of appeals this year is less than usual, because the points growing out of the war, and arising under the captured and abandoned acts, have been decided at former terms. The most important case appealed is that of Alexander Collie, an English subject, whose claim for cotton purchased from the Confederate Government, which was stored at Savannah, present points never before decided. His judgment for over $950,000 is the largest ever awarded by the Court of Claims. Judge Nott, who dissented from the opinion of the Court, held that the claimants was barred under that section of the amended Court of Claims act which requires that the claimant, whether a citizen or not, shall not have aided, abetted or given encouragement to the rebellion against the Government; and that, as it was admitted that Collie was engaged in blockade running, and that his business was conducted surreptitiously and contrary to the public policy of this country, he was in reality a smuggler, and not having gained possession of the goods in question, of which his claim to ownership was obtained by this illicit traffic, he was not entitled to redress except under article twelve of the Treaty of Washington. The Attorney General is confident of reversing the decision in this case."

NORTHERN VIEW OF THE SOUTH.

We copy the following article from the Editorial colums of the New York *World*. A few of our Northern cotemporaries seem to endeavor to understand the difficulties of our political situation, but even the "*World*" does not fully realize the inevitable results of the policy of the Radical party upon the political situation of the South.

It cannot be too distinctly understood at the North that what is just now known as the "white man's party" at the South has been called into being not by the whites at all, but by the Northern Radicals. Not only common fairness and justice to the South, but the best interests of the whole country, require that there should be no befogging of the Northern mind on this point. We are no longer at war with the Southern States nor is there any longer danger of their being built up with European help into a great power, threatening the Northern and the Western people. They are once more an integral part of our common country. We can no more afford to make serious mistakes in our dealing with them than England can to make mistakes in her dealings with Ireland, or Austria in her dealings with Hungary. When the civil war ended in 1865 it left the South a compact, united people, made up of two races closely connected by their social necessities as well as by their social traditions. The violent abolition of slavery by the Federal Government broke with a blow the thread of the social traditions which connected these two races. It did not break, nor in the nature of things could it break, the social necessities which connected them. So far as we have any authentic grounds on which to form an opinion about the matter, the reciprocal feeling of the two races at the South to each other at that time was as friendly as reason and experience combine to show that in such circumstances it would be likely to be. The simple fact that during the whole period of the civil war there was no such thing known as a negro rising in the South against the whites, establishes an overwhelming presumption that the emancipated negroes, if they had been left to themselves, would have quietly adjusted themselves to the new order of things in such a way as not to seriously interfere with the restoration of prosperity and of order throughout the South. The history of the raising of the so-called "colored troops" of the Union army has yet to be written, and when it comes to be writen there will be a curious revision of reputations in connection with that particular phase of what President Lincoln, with unconscious sarcasm, but too truly described as the prodigious "job" of the civil war. But it is already perfectly well understood that so far as the Southern States were concerned, the negroes enlisted within their border were literally "corralled" by the Union forces, precisely as negro troops had been some eighty years before by the royal armies of Great Britain in their struggle with the rebellion of the colonies. The percentage of blacks divorced from their normal connection with the community in which they lived by the accidents of war was no greater in 1865 than in 1783.

But the Radical leaders at the North soon perceived that if they were to preserve their control of the Federal Government against the perils of any change in the political sentiments of the North, they must fortify themselves in Congress with a Virginian phalanx of rotten borough members, and that to do this the shortest way would be to split Southern society completely in two, depress and disfranchise the whites, who, of course, could not be relied upon to support Radicalism as a persistent national policy, and regiment the negroes politically in opposition to the whites. This they accordingly proceeded to do, and this they did with their now infamously famous "reconstruction" measures. From the moment when these measures began to be carried out at the South the execution of them, and the political organization of the negroes under them, were confided to a set of political adventurers, rapscallions and rascals, the like of whom no country in our times has produced. These people undertook this work distinctly for their own advantage and for the advantage of the Radical party at the North. We might fill this journal to-day with extracts from leadidg Radical newspapers of the North, published between 1865 and 1869, in which it passionately and openly maintained that the Southern States ought to be governed not primarily with an eye to restoring order and prosperity within their borders, but with an eye to "punishing" the Southern whites and perpetuating the domination over the whole country of the Radical party. The Southern negroes, utterly ignorant of the very existence of such a thing as political responsibility, were disciplined by the agents of the Radical policy, backed by all the machinery of the Federal Government, into a belief that their liberty depended on their putting and keeping the whites of the South completely out of all the offices and administration of the several States of the South. These agents of the Radical policy were disseminated throughout the whole Southern country.—Whenever there was a post office, a military station, an office of the Freedman's Bureau, a fiscal agent of the Federal Government, there they were at their evil work, dividing every county and every village against itself, compacting the blacks into a body of ignorant hostility against the whites, making in short that "black man's party" by which they were to rule and ruin the country. They succeeded in their atrocious undertaking. Thieves in the State Legislatures, thieves in gubernatorial chairs, thieves in the Senate, thieves in the House of Representatives, thieves on the judicial bench, attest to all of us the completeness of their success. Bullock, Scott, Moses, Kellogg, Patterson, Sawyer, Durell, need we go through with the miserable catalogue of the pestilential scoundrels inflicted first upon the South, and then upon the whole country by this "black man's party" thus conceived, begotten, brought forth and brought up?

Now, this "black man's party" having been thus created, what possible form of opposition to it was left at the South, which, from the very nature of things, must not be a "white man's party?" What is a party? It is the result, is it not, of a division for the community in which it exists? And division has its laws, has it not, like any other arithmetical operation? In that famous partition of the turkey and the crow between the Indian and the hunter, it is clear that the Indian would have preferred half a turkey with half a crow to the whole crow which he got. But as the hunter appropriated the turkey, there was nothing left for the Indian but the crow. The Southern white people have to live in one country with the negroes, the honestly rewarded labor of the negroes is as essential to their prosperity as to the well being of the negroes. But it is essential both to the white and to the negroes that the profits of the capital and labor of the whole community should not be left at the mercy of a mob of legislative blockheads, controlled by a gang of legislative rogues. And as these blockheads and these rogues are in power by the force of the "black man's party," how are they to be put out of power except by a "white man's party?" It is not a question of races. It is a simple sum in arithmetic. Politics at the South is not a game of dominoes, where all the pieces are white. It is a game of checkers, where half the pieces are black. The Radical thieves have monopolized the black pieces. What can the Conservative, honest men do but play the white?"

Why the South Failed.

In his address at the late commencement of the University of Georgia, Gen. John B. Gordon incidentally made the following allusion to the war of coercion, and the failure of the Southern cause. He said:

"And just here I am tempted to break the thread of my argument to make a remark which I think ought to be made in this connection. It is this: That this civilization, and these institutions, whatever may be said of their evils, were also the sources from which sprang the matchless prowess and sacrifice exhibited by the South in the late war. And as I have introduced this subject, let me add also that I mean no mimic regret when I deplore the efforts to place the responsibility of our failure at the door of this or that man, or upon this or that cause. The truth is, we have failed because it was impossible to succeed; and if, with all the experience of both sides, we had the war to fight over again, we should accomplish no more; nor has any other race, under like circumstances, ever accomplished so much in the past, nor can ever accomplish so much in the future. What is it you ought to have done that was left undone? You did all that human hands could accomplish, human intellect suggest, human skill devise, or human hearts endure. And you yielded at last only to overwhelming calamities, to crushing impossibilities, to the decrees of a destiny as inexorable as death—to resist which you brought public and private economy, unitedness, skill, intellect, courage, will, energy, sacrifices, prayers, churches, States, manhood and womanhood; enduring suffering struggling with a faith, a heroism and martial spirit unexampled in history and lustrous in defeat.

The Game of Yewker.

This ill bred game ov kards is about 27 years old. It was fust diskovered by the deck hands on a lake Erie steam Boat and handed down by them to posterity in all its juvenile beauty.

It is generally played by 4 persons and owes much ov its absorbingness tew the fact that yu can talk, and drink, and chaw, and cheat while the game is advancing.

I have seen it played on the Hudson River Railroad, in the smoking cars, with quite immaculate skill than enywhere else.

If you play there, you will often hold a hand theat will astonish you, quite often 4 queens and a 10 spot, which will inflame you to bet 7 or 8 dollars that it is a good hand to play poker with, but you will be more astonished when you see the other feller's hand, which invariably consists ov 4 kings and a 1 spot.

Yewker is a mulatto game, and don't compare tew old sledge in majesty enuy more than the game of pins does to a square church raffle.

I never play yewker.

I never would learn how, out ov principle.

I was originally created close to the Connektikut line, in Nu England, where the game of 7 up, or old sledge, was born, and exists now in awl its pristine virginity.

I play old sledge, tew this day, in its natiff fierceness.

But I won't play enny game, if I know my charakter, where a jack will take an ace, and a ten spot won't count game.

I won't play no such kind ov a game out ov respekt to old Connektieut, mi natiff place.

Queer Idea of Bribery.

Some of the negro Representatives in the South Carolina Legistsre manifest a singular consciousness about the sale of votes. Thus we are told a negro preacher, a member of that body, who would never take more then $10 for his vote. It was perfectly right, he thought, to sell his vote, but it was wrong to ask too high a price for it. The morality of his procedure he summed up by saying: "Dis ting of gettin' $100 for a vote is all wrong; $10 am as much as it am wuff."

The Alabama Negro.

In some towns, as Montgomery and smaller communities in the region where the most distress prevails, the negroes seem to be entirely dependent upon the charity of the white folks. Their lives are grossly immoral, and the women, especially have but little conception of the true dignity of womanhood. One sees men and women, like Italian and Spanish beggars, slouching all day from sun to shade, from shade to sun, living on garbage and the results of begging and predatory expeditions—a prey to any disease that comes along, and festering in ignorance. Some of them have been trying agriculture, and have given it up in disgust, because they they do not understand farming, and there is no one to teach them. They have flocked into the towns, and there they remain, seemingly nourishing a vague idea that something would turn up. It often struck me that the thousands of idle negroes I saw were in the attitude of waiting. Their expectant air was almost pathetic to witness. It was the same thing which we often remark in animals—that quaint and curious, yet despairing look in the eye and poise of the body, which seemed to say: "I would like to read the riddle of my relation to the universe, but I cannot." So they occupy themselves lazily in lounging about the sheriff's sales of mortgaged property—always a prominent sight in the South now-a-days, alas—or in begging of citizens and strangers with the greatest persistency. On the plantations they are the same as everywhere else in the cotton States—not always honest when they work for other people, and reckless and improvident when they work for themselves.

No Other Medicine ever attained such an unprecedented sale as Helmbold's Buchu, its name and fame are known everywhere; and it deserves its great reputation, for it has undoubted merit. It is warranted to cure all diseases of the kidneys and the urinary organs. Beware of counterfeits. Genuine has proprietary stamp of H. T. Helmbold on each bottle.

THE JUBILEE!

IMMENSE THRONG—GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

BANNERS, TRANSPARENCIES, FIRE WORKS, &c., &c.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY.

THE PRIZE BANNER—ITS PRESENTATION AND RECEPTION.

At an early hour last evening the notes of preparation for the Grand Jubilee were heard throughout our busy city. For a week past many hands had been busy, and many arts brought into requisition to make the demonstration worthy of the great victory in honor of which it had been gotten up. People thronged the streets in every direction long before the hour named for the formation of the Procession.—Gaily dressed Marshals and Aids rode rapidly to and fro, carrying orders and getting everything ready. All nature rejoiced upon the occasion.

ARRIVAL OF THE FAYETTEVILLE DELEGATION.

About five o'clock, yesterday afternoon, the booming of cannons announced the approach of the steamer *A. P. Hurt* with the Fayetteville delegation, about sixty in number, accompanied by the Fayetteville Brass Band. As the steamer neared the city peal after peal from Capt. Mosley's "pet" stationed at the foot of Market street, rang out a hearty welcome to them, which was answerd from a cannon on board the steamer. After having steamed past the city for some distance, the band on board, in the meantime, discoursing it sweetest strains, a circuit was made and the *Hurt* brought up alongside the wharf, where the Cornet Concert Club of this city were waiting to receive their guests. On landing three hearty cheers were given for the Fayetteville delegation. The Fayetteville Band proceeded by the Cornet Concert Club then marched up to the Cape Fear Club Rooms where they will make their headquarters during their stay in the city. The other members of the delegation, were met by friends who soon had them snugly ensconsed in their residences and at the hotels.

According to the Programme, promptly at a quarter before eight, the Marshals escorting the Fifth Ward Club—the Banner Club—turned the corner of Fifth street into Market, and and drew up before the residence of Dr. W. G. Thomas, at the corner of Fourth and Market, where it had been arranged to present the

PRIZE BANNER.

Here was collected matrons and maidens, and the gayest of gay crowds of misses to pay respect to the gallant Club which had so handsomely borne off the honors of the occasion. When order was restored the Chief Marshal, Mr. F. W. Kerchner, introduced Miss Placidia Engelhard, who had been selected by the ladies to present the Banner. A number of young ladies stood around her, one of them holding the Banner. Turning to Mr. G. W. Davis, President of the Club, she said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Fifth Ward Democratic-Conservative Club:—It affords me much pleasure to present to you in behalf of the ladies of Wilmington, this Banner, the token of their appreciation of your successful efforts in the canvass, which has resulted so honorably to you and your co-laborers in this District and in North Carolina.

It was, indeed, a happy privilege to have worked for the result—to have shared in the honor of the victory—but, thrice happy must you be, gallant men of the Fifth Ward, who have proven yourselves worthy of the cause in which you fought—worthy of your Anglo-Saxon ancestry—worthy of your beautiful city—worthy of your noble selves—heroes among heroes.

Your victory, won over competitors, in a contest which called forth the manhood of your brothers in other Wards, is one that should be held in honorable remembrance by you, and should stimulate your defeated friends to even greater efforts in the future.

And, gentlemen, wear your blushing honors with credit. Let not your successes lull you into inglorious repose. Other battles are to be fought, and other victories are to be won. North Carolina has not been entirely redeemed, and she will soon call upon her beloved sons for greater deeds. Your success now, would make your defeat then, more conspicuous and more humiliating.

Accept this Banner, therefore, not only as an appreciation of your past efforts, but as an assurance of our confidence in your future triumphs. When the battle is again joined, remember that the eyes and hopes of the ladies of this city will be turned to you. We shall expect that this Banner, under your guidance, shall be the rallying point for a glorious and successful charge; like the white plume of Harry of Navarre, let it indicate to true men that place in the fight where dangers thicken and where honor calls.

Gentlemen, it remains only for me to thank you sincerely for your noble efforts. We shall hope to hear, hopefully, confidently, of your future triumphs. You have done your part manfully in this conflict.

"There is no Future how'r it may seem;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act! Act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!"

Gallant men of the Fifth Ward, we greet you. (Presenting the Banner.) May God bless and prosper you.

The Banner having been received, Mr. F. H. Darby, in behalf of his Club, replied as follows:

Miss Engelhard and Young Ladies of Wilmington:

It is my peculiar good fortune, to have the honor to-night, to represent before you, the officers and members of the Fifth Ward Democratic Club, of this, our goodly city of Wilmington. The Executive Committee of that body, by a unanimous vote (permit me without egotism to say) cast the pleasing duty upon one who is proud to be numbered among themselves, and in response to the compliment, I am here to do the occasion all the credit my limited abilities will allow.

Our esteemed President, Mr. G. W. W. Davis, in making known the action of that Committee, begged me to express to you the unbounded joy he feels at our triumph. Nobly he has guided us onward to victory, displaying all the unrelenting energy of a working-man, when we were glad to look up to him through the trying hours of the late important contest.

I can go farther, and say that to-night, the heart of every member of the Fifth Ward Club, throbs and surges with a host of contending emotions, and above them all joy is struggling for utterance; struggling to make known its fullness and its greatness. Words seem cold and insipid and almost inadequate, to express the feelings which at this hour fills them, with a glow of satisfied happiness. Truly their's is the sweet, calm rest after the hard fought contest, that a modern conqueror of Europe experienced when after a great battle in which his armies were victorious, he reposed his weary limbs upon the battle flags won from his enemies.

And, if I may be allowed to go still farther, I would say that this occasion and the honor of replying to the address just delivered, is one of the most happy that has ever yet brigatened my existence. Before it all memories of past triumphs, if any there have been, fade into insignificance, and I feel a pleasure to-night, which is only clouded by the thoughts of my inability to do the occasion justice. But believe me, Miss Engelhard, your beautiful address and the cheerful words you have spoken, will long in the memory of every tried and trusted member of the old Fifth Ward Club, hang like a fringe of diamonds around the magnificent banner, of which you have made us the happy recipients to-night.

But what is the cause of this occasion, this blaze of enthusiasm, this glow of happy faces? It is this: There was about to be a great political contest and the issues involved were all-important; they struck at the very foundation of the society of our whole Southern country; they went home to to the firesides of our people, and in them were alike concerned the future prosperity of our land and the future happiness of every white man, woman and child in it. All white men, who gloried in the name of white men, stood side by side, bold and defiant, and ready to do what could be done to preserve the time-honored institutions of our State. But what could the ladies do? Their hearts beat in unison with ours in the great contest, and their souls were thrilled with the same sympathetic strain. A man would long have pondered the question; but their woman's wit came to the rescue and suggested this beautiful Banner to be given to the most successful Ward of our city. And what could there be more appropriate? What better calculated to encourage our drooping spirits. Or what could better combine the poetry of a woman's idea with the emblem of victory, than the silken folds of a trophy such as this, which at one glance should display woman's tender devotion to a cause and man's unrelenting toil in sustaining it. But you all know the result. Such a cause, so just, so kindly cherished and so zealously advocated, could not fail of success, and the sun that arose on the seventh day of August last, shone upon North Carolina, a happy people, and, pardon me, if I think its genial rays fell with a brighter effulgence upon the Fifth Ward; for its inhabitants were the happiest of them all; for they not only shared in the common triumph but they had the further honor of achieving a victory, that placed within their keeping, this appropriate sign-manual of woman devotion to our cause.

Yes the task is accomplished. Victory belongs to North Carolina, but Victory and the Banner belong to the Fifth Ward, and they are here to-night to receive that Banner, and to thank you for it and the very beautiful manner in which it has been presented; but believe me, they have achieved this victory, not without much exertion and unremitting toil, but while great indeed has been their labor, greater still is their reward, and let me assure you, in bringing my remarks to a close, that your charming address, this handsome banner and the recollections of to-night, will long be cherished among the bright memories that cluster around the old sand Hills of the Fifth Ward, and often in future days, when the silken folds of this Banner are flung to the breeze that blows beneath the quiet shade of those ancient oaks that crown that "stamping ground" so familiar to every Wilmington schoolboy in the olden time, then, I say, it will enlist in its cause the smiles and prayers of every lady in the land and the Stout heart and strong arm of every man who glories in the recollections of to-night and the grand Democratic triumph of the 6th of August, 1874. Ladies, again we thank you.

After the close of of the presentation ceremonies, the procession formed as follows:

Marshals and Chiefs of Staff.
Aids and Assistant Marshals.
Platoon of Cavalry.
Cornet Concert Club Brass Band in Wagon drawn by Four Horses.
Fifth Ward Club,
With Prize Banner and Transparencies.
Carriages containing Invited Guests.
Committee of Arrangements mounted.
First Ward Delegation,
with Banners and Transparencies.
Transparency on Wheels.
Second Ward Delegation,
with Banners and Transparencies.
Triumphal Car.
Third Ward Delegation,
with Banners and Transparencies.
Transparency on Wheels.
Fayetteville Brass Band in Wagon.
Cumberland Delegation.
Other Delegations that were Present.
Yacht on Wheels.
Fourth Ward Delegation,
with Banners and Transparencies.
Citizens on Foot.

After being formed, the procession marched down Market street to Front street; down Front street to Castle street up Castle street to Fifth street; up Fifth street to Orange street; down Orange street to Fourth street; up Fourth street to Market street; up Market street to Fifth street; up Fifth street to Chestnut street; down Chestnut street to Fourth street; up Fourth street to Bladen street; up Bladen street to Fifth street; down Fifth street to Brunswick street; down Brunswick street to Fourth street; down Fourth street to Red Cross street; down Red Cross street to Front street; down Front street to Market street.

Along the line of march we noticed that the illumination of the houses was general, and to particularize would be invidious, and therefore we shall only attempt to mention those that were especially attractive: On Market street, Dr. W. G. Thomas, and all the houses down to Front street, were beautifully illuminated. A. D. Brown's at exchange Corner, and Mrs. Pickett's opposite were magnificent.

Turning up Front street, the Mozart Saloon, the Seaman's Home, Messrs. Adrian & Vollers, and Dr. E. A. Anderson's residence presented a beautiful appearance.

The residence of Mr. Adam Empie deserves especial mention: it was lighted from garret to cellar, and a beautiful calcium light tended to render everything around it superb.

The residence of our enthusiastic friend Mr. F. W. Kerchner displayed unusual taste and magnificence. It was lights from bottom to top, and all manner of tastely and appropriate ensigns were displayed. On Castle street the houses were generally illuminated and gave evidence that the Fifth Ward had not only vied with the other Wards in regard to an increased vote, but had determined not to be outdone in the matter of illumination.

The Procession then turned down Fifth street, where we found the same spirit of enthusiasm manifest, the houses nearly all being illuminated, most prominent among which was that of Mr. H. B. Eilers.

The Procession here turned down Orange street, where the residences were all illuminated, with but few exceptions, from whence they turned up Fourth street, where the same spirit of jollification was manifested. Up Market, from Fourth to Fifth streets, the houses were all in a blaze of light from Orange to Market street, Mr. G. W. Williams being most noticeable.

Dr. Bellamy's residence on the corner of Market and fifth streets, presented a splended appearance. On Fifth street to Princess, the houses of Mr. Eli Murray, Mr. H. VonGlahn and Mr. P. Newman, were also illuminated. Up Princess as far as the eye could reach the houses were in a halo of light, most prominent among which were those of Mr. L. M. Williams, L. H. Bowden and Dr. Cobbs, and others. From Princess up Fifth street the houses of W. J. Yopp, M. Frank & Bro., Walter Coney, and others were illuminated. Down Chestnut every house was illuminated; those attracting especial attention were Mr. Dinglehoff, N. W. Schenck, O. P. McEwen, Thos. J. Southerland, John L. Holmes, —— Brown, and C. A. Price. Here the procession turned up Fourth street, where the houses of all the citizens presented exquisite taste, most prominent among which was that of Mr. Brad. Jewett, where the lights in the windows were so arranged as to display the names of our successful candidates. On this street the houses of H. G. Flanagen,—Schulken, H. H. Munson, Josiah Jones, John C. Heyer, S. D. Wallace, W. M. Parker, P. Smith and others showed the same spirit that had characterized the citizens on other streets. Above the bridge, in the First Ward, nearly all the houses were illuminated. The Procession, after having taken the course laid down in the Programme, marched back to Red Cross street, and down that street to Front, where, on all sides, the spirit of glorification was manifested. Down Front to Market street every house was in a blaze of light. On this street the residences of Capt. John T. Rankin, Mr. A. Weill, the Gaston House, Dr. William E. Freeman, Mrs. Dr. Dickson, J. C. Lumsden, Col. E. D. Hall, R. R. Bridgers, Hardy & Jones' office, Express Office, Giles & Murchison, First National Bank, New Hanover Bank, the stores of A. Weill, H. Webb, in fact every house and store from Princess to Market was in a halo of light. The proprietors of the Purcell House and the National Hotel seemed to vie with each other as to who should make the grandest display. The Purcell was certainly one of the grandest looking houses we ever looked upon. Even the old Market House was transformed into a decent looking building.

After the Order of Procession was carried out, the vast multitude gathered around the Speakers' Stand at the head of the Market, where commenced

THE SPEAKING.

When the Procession arrived at Market street a dense throng surrounded the platform where the speeches were to be made.

The Chief Marshal introduced Hon George Davis, who spoke only as he can speak. He congratulated the people upon their victory, and urged them to other and greater victories. Mr Davis closed by introducing Gen. W. R. Cox, Chairman of the State Democratic-Conservative Executive Committee, who also spoke for nearly an hour, calling forth the plaudits of his hearers.

Col. S. D. Pool, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Col. Robt. Strange, Hon. A. M. Waddell, Mr. Edwin Kerr, Senator-elect from Sampson, Major Stedman and Capt. Norment, Solicitor of this District, entertained the vast assemblage with able congratulatory speeches.

At the late hour that our report closes it is impossible to give even a brief synopsis of their speeches. We can say that the speeches which closed the Grand Jubilee was worthy of the occasion and worthy of our great victory.

TRANSPARENCIES.

The following are the inscriptions inscribed on the most prominent banners as borne by the several Wards:

FIFTH WARD.

The Banner Ward, Long May she Wave, What Muscle and Grit will do—Representation of a full fledged game cock.

FIRST WARD.

We carried the War into Africa. We did the Best we Could.

SECOND WARD.

117 Majority. Order Must Prevail. Our Country Forever.

THIRD WARD.

Welcome to All. We Rejoice Together. Truth and Victory. Encourage White Labor.

FOURTH WARD.

From the Mountains to the Seaboard, North Carolina Shouts for Joy. With Malice to None, Charity to All. There is Life in the Old Land Yet.

We noticed upon numerous smaller transparencies, the following suggestive inscriptions:

Farewell Carpet-Baggers.

Call and get your Tickets for Salt Lake.

Three Cheers for Old Brunswick.

We Drowned Little Tommy in the S. D. Pool.

The People's Choice—A. A. McKoy.

Civil Rights Killed Me—represented by a game cock with disjointed neck.

North Carolina—God bless her—12,000 majority for White Men.

It takes A. M. Waddell to fill no Parlor and no Kitchen.

Encourage White Labor.

A. A. McKoy will give Justice to all men.

All Hail to McKoy, Our Tar Heel Boy. Represented by a sturdy backwoodsman, astride a mule hauling tar.

Ho! for Salt Lake. Represented by a steamer with Civil Rights pendant flying at mast-head—with a full cargo of Civil Righters, bound up Salt Lake.

A large banner inscribed Norment; opposite—

"The skies frowned, the seas roared.
All nature smiles with joy,
While folks tell that none need fear,
For now we have McKoy.

A pyramid upon a wagon drawn by two horses appeared a representation of two faces—one all covered with smiles in anticipation of success by a Radical office-seeker before election. The other the sad, "dry grms," so plainly visited on the day after the election by the same individual.

Civil Rights, the Hair that broke the Camel's back.

Peace maker; represented by a cannon belching forth destruction to the enemy.

The Republican Party—Gone where the Woodbine Twineth.

The good old State redeemed.

From the Seaboard to the Mountains North Carolina shouts for joy.

Farewell Carpet-Bagggers and Scalawags.

Call and get your tickets for Salt Lake.

Good Old State forever.

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend herr."

Another pyramid on a wagon drawn by two Horses was a scene representing the sepulchre of the Radical Party. Beneath a weeping willow stood a monument inscribed: Gone to the land of rest—Civil Rights.

On another broken column was inscribed: Eight years old and broken down.

On another shaft was inscribed: Sacred to the memory of Radicalism. White Immigration.

On a large Banner appeared the following timely acctostic.

Backward, turn Northward, oh! lost Carpet-Bagger!
Obiter Dictums lassled you astray.
Ashe and McKoy, Kerr and Waddell command you,
Norment and Strudwick will show you the way.
Engelhard speaks with the voice of the people,
Russell, the renegade, heard him and cowers;
Grandly our own Bonnegan arises—
Every bold aspirant yields to his power.
Son of thunder, George Davis is ours.

On a pyramid on a wagon drawn by two horses was inscribed: The WILMINGTON JOURNAL—Represented by a heavy piece of ordnance, pouring forth death and destruction into the ranks of Radicalism.

On the opposite side of the same, was an illustration of the Civil Rights Egg—represented as having been laid by an unhealthy looking fowl, with the following inscription: De hen dat laid dis egg wasn't healthy.

Opposite the above was inscribed: The end of Parnell—illustrated by a man submerging in a *Pool*, with his heels only visible above water.

On the opposite of this appeared the representation of a strong vault—the Treasury of North Carolina, into which the hand of Civil Rights was attempting to enter, but the hand of the people interposes and thrusts it aside.

Another large banner, with the following inscription, was conspicuous: The *Evening Post*—represented by a Jack-Ass tied to a *broken* Post—Carpet-bagger, with satchel in hand, evidently intent on making his *exit*, when a negro in the distance cries out, "Take de Jack Ass wid you; he done broke de *Post*.

On the opposite side of the above Banner appeared the face of a well known Civil Righter, who was represented as making desperate efforts to relieve himself of the embrace of a negro, below which was the following inscription, "Cant-well Take Him In."

Another amusing representation was the room formerly occupied by a Carpet-Bagger, wherein he left all his earthly possessions, consisting of a cotton shirt, paper collar, slouched hat, &c., and appended was the following notice from the hotel keeper: To National Hotel, For one week's board, $21. N. B.—Unless paid immediately Bagger will be sold.

Another fine scene was that of a sturdy Mountaineer, on horse-back, carrying the glorious news from the mountains to the seaboard.

A large and fine banner bore the following inscription: *Sic Semper Tyrannis*; represented by the Coat of Arms of Virginia.

Morning Star: a large game cock, with the inscription, I feel, I feel like a Morning Star.

One of the finest transparencies in the procession was one representing life size portraits of our successful candidates, McKoy, Waddell and Norment. On one side was the Goddess of Justice holding the scales of Justice in her hands. On the other side appeared the Goddess of Liberty, with a scroll upon which was inscribed, Constitution and State Rights.

In connection with the above we feel constrained to say that our young friend Capt. E. D. Watson, who came down with the Fayette