Silver "peso fuerte" was hard cash, achievement or horror, depending on his position of his master. A slave with...0r masters more to their liking. Not only may a master be forced to sell, upon the suit of a slave, but he must also sell for a reasonable price. In court, the judge will name an attorney and the master will name an attorney who will defend the slave. The sale of a slave is part of the slave's market value. Then, depending upon the purchase of a slave, it is an act of sale or an enforced act of sale or an enforced act of sale or an enforced act of sale or an enforced act of sale or an enforced act of...
touch, they blacken their teeth with a mixture of tobacco and wood ash.

In the northeast, between the Ouachita and Mississippi Rivers, live tribes who speak the Tunica tongue — the Yazoo, Griglia, Koroa, Tunica and Tioux. They have the reputation of being the most warlike of Louisiana's Indians, although they are farmers as well as hunters and live in permanent villages.

Like the Caddos, the Tunica tribes are fond of tattooing. Young maidens are tattooed to mark the beginning of their adult lives. Adolescent males are also tattooed on the nose and then, as they grow to be men, other tattoos are added to document their heroism and other achievements. Although wars with neighboring tribes are now infrequent, older Tunica warriors wear on their shoulders the marks of battle honors — pictures of war clubs and the symbols of defeated tribes.

Ceremonial body paints are also worn by the Tunica and other tribes of this area. Red ochre is obtained from the bluffs near Natchez, while yellow and white clay stains are mined from the Chicasaw Bluffs along the Mississippi River. The tattoos and paints echo the Tunica nation's older days of ferocity, when they killed captives by lifting their scalps from eyebrows to ears and stuffing hot coals underneath.

But the Tunicas are relaxed in this year of peace, 1776, and are enjoying the luxuries of trade. They have a cut of the Lake Catahoula salt market and find eager buyers, both Spanish and British, for their produce. Like other Tunica tribes, the Tunicas revel in a rich diet of beans, corn, squash, wild rice, persimmons, plums, watermelon, carp, catfish, pond lily seeds, mushrooms, nuts, ligis, venison, turkey, duck, cane-root meal, berries and nuts, and top off their excellent meals with a smoke, mixing sumac leaves with wild tobacco in an unsophisticated effort to reduce tar and nicotine.

South of the Tunica nation is an area that marks a tragic zone in Louisiana colonial and Indian relations. Scattered remains of the Natchez-speaking tribes — the Tenesas and Avoylles — live here. The Tunica tribe, which gave the group its name, has been virtually extinct since 1731. The three tribes were the most highly skilled and civilized of Louisiana's Indians, and they have paid a heavy price for facing the white colonists with arrogance and independence.

But independence remains an annoying characteristic of the peaceful Louisiana tribes. Catholic missionaries have made little headway with them through either the Bible or gifts. In return for the latter, they will profess themselves devout Christians, but when the missionaries move on, the Indians go back to their comfortable animist worship. Varying from tribe to tribe, they seem to worship a pantheon of deities, including the sun, thunder, compass directions, beasts of the forest and the earth itself. But the exact nature of their religion will never be known, because Louisiana's Indians — unlike its Catholic missionaries — refuse to discuss their faith with unbelievers.

Moreover, holding themselves above the white colonists in terms of morality, piety and nobility, Louisiana's Indians are characterized by haughtiness. They customarily refuse either to compete in sports or to negotiate with any whites but military officers. Like black slaves, they hold whites in a class of their own. For this reason — the threatened British invasion fails to materialize — the future of the Indians of Louisiana doesn't look promising. Trade, which has pacified the Indians and made them prosperous, is becoming unnecessary to the increasingly self-sufficient colonists. Soon they will begin to force the Indians toward less desirable lands to the west.
Continued from page 19

back country is generally reached by boat. Travelers must take their pirogues up the Mississippi River and then travel downstream on the Atchafalaya River to reach the districts of Opelousas and Attakapas. The trip takes about seven weeks, if the weather is good, and yet these western districts are beginning to thrive in their relative isolation.

An example of prosperity in the Attakapas District is evident in a recent inventory of the de Vaugine Plantation, made under the direction of the area's leading citizen, Chevalier Paul Augustine Pelliot de la Houssaye. The plantation consists of 40 acres on the east bank of the Teche and an additional 40-acre frontage on the west bank. Planter de Vaugine lives in a raised house with a gallery on two sides. There are two warehouses, indigo-processing machinery, a chain water pump, a small brewery, orange trees, granaries, gardens, horses and oxen and 33 slaves. Perhaps the best sign of this planter's prosperity, aside from his tailor-made European suits, is the fact that he owes money in Port au Prince, Strausbourg and Paris. Every year he spends large sums in Europe for the purchase of paintings, sculpture and fine furniture.

The Vermilion River divides the Attakapas and Opelousas Districts. Acadian herdsmen have started a thriving cattle industry on these prairies, and most of them now brand their cattle because of the vast size of their herds. The beef they raise has a ready market in Nuevo Orleans, but it can be sold only during the fall because of transportation difficulties. A beef-hungry Governor Unzaga has complained that it is difficult to transport cattle by pirogue during any season of the year, while they can be brought from the Opelousas District to Nuevo Orleans overland "only in the dry season because (the herds) have to pass through thousands of swamps."

So, with some of the richest cattle ranches on the continent a mere seven-week journey away, Orleanians must content themselves during most of the year with venison, bear meat, fish and wild game.

Continued from page 24

Battle Plans

LAST February, the Court of Madrid ordered Governor Unzaga to describe his plans for defending Louisiana in case of British invasion. Unzaga has replied that the colony is practically undefendable because it is open on all sides and "it is useless to attempt making a show of resistance in front, when the enemy could attack on the flank and the rear without meeting any defense."

Unzaga has one battalion of Spanish troops and 12 companies of colonial militia with which to defend a frontier 1,500 miles long. Lt. Luis Dessales, commander of the Post of St. Gabrielle d'Iberville de Manchaque — facing the British Fort Bute at Manchaque — has complained that his store of powder has been rendered useless by the weather and that the cannon are dangerously corroded. The same problems exist at all Spanish forts, from Pointe Coupee to Ylinouses. One thousand cannon balls lie useless on the docks at Nuevo Orleans, awaiting reshipment to Havana because they are not of the same quality.

But if the problem of transporting goods is working a hardship on Orleanians, it is creating even greater discomfort for persons living in rural areas. Inflation is bad in the city — an $18-a-month laborer must pay about $3.75 for a barrel of kidney beans and 12 cents for a pitcher of milk — but it is even worse in the country. There are merchants who travel the rivers and bayous by flatboat or skiff, vending their wares at every plantation and landing. Others travel the rural areas on foot with their merchandise in a backpack, and successful salesmen occasionally ride a horse or travel with their wares in a carriage called a caireline. These traveling salesmen are the back country colonists' only source of needles, scissors, razors, medicines, books and other manufactured goods. And the cost is high; prices in Nuevo Orleans shops are an average of 50 cents per cent below those of a traveling salesman. Subsistence farmers and trappers in remote areas sometimes spurn money, preferring to be paid for their goods and services with coffee beans, tobacco, sugar and flour.

The back country colonists prepare their products for shipment to market in the winter and spring. Lumber, especially from Attakapas, is sent to Nuevo Orleans in the form of clapboards, "pieux" (split boards), shingles and cordwood. Planters prepare their sacks of indigo, barrels of tobacco, grain, cattle and other bulky items to be transported by flatboat, scow and broadhorns. When the rivers are swollen by spring runoffs, the boats return upstream during the dry season, navigating the shallower streams of autumn with lighter loads — china, iron implements, bolts of silk, and velvet, and other luxuries for prosperous families in the rural areas.

Planters in the north and west areas of this colony have a saying, "Anything is possible for a man with a pocketful of money," and they have proved this saying by creating a cultured plantation society against the back wall of the world. Those few colonists and soldiers who live in the Spanish territories of Arkansas and Ylinouses (Illinois) have not fared as well.

Along the upper reaches of the Mississippi River, Spain has established the bleak military posts known to the troops as "Pan Corto" (Short Bread . . . also known as St. Louis), "Fort Misery," and "Fort Empty Pockets." Duty in these remote posts provides the possibility of field promotion for the ambitious officer (Col. Pedro Piemas made his reputation here), or purgatory for the malefactor (Sub-lieutenant Joseph Piemas will be exiled here). Even troublesome civilians and priests, like Padre Hilario Genoveaux, are sometimes banished to this wilderness where life is made exciting only by the occasional threat of an Osage Indian uprising.

There are rumors that a rich lode of silver has been discovered in the Ylinouses District within 250 leagues (750 miles) of Nuevo Orleans. The Minister of the Indies has been demanding that the mine be opened, but Gov. Governor Unzaga doesn't think it's worth the risk. The British could learn of the treasure, he reasons, and "who can say how they might act in that remote area?" Unzaga knows that Arkansas and Ylinouses cannot be defended with their small garrisons and prefers to keep them as thinly populated buffer zones to British ambitions.

It is a 99-day trip upriver to Pan Corto, Misery and Empty Pockets, and the soldiers there are short on dry powder and bibles for the Indians. Occasional flotillas of boats and pirogues ascend the river with provisions, slaves, ammunition and even cannon, but at the first sign of war the Spanish troops in Ylinouses are ready to retreat into Missouri.
Continued from page 22
the same caliber as any cannon in
the colony.
Unzaga's superior officer, the
Captain-General of Cuba, has no real
interest in helping to supply and de-
 fend Louisiana. In case of British at-
tack, the colony would be readily
sacrificed to save Cuba and Mexico.
Unzaga complains: "Under the
present colonial organization, the
royal interests are liable to be put in
jeopardy and - the governor of
this province, whomsoever he may
be, will be exposed to many mortifi-
cations, more or less aggravating,
according to the humor of the Captain-
General of Cuba."

The governor's battle plan, as
described to the Court of Madrid, shows
resignation to defeat. In case of at-
tack by superior forces, he will -
unless ordered to do otherwise -
re treat with his soldiers to the frontier
of Mexico and leave Louisiana's fate to
be determined by an eventual peace
treaty.

But Unzaga is an old soldier, and
even though he has officially de-
clined plans to abandon the colony in
time of war, he is making private
plans to defend it.

A British invasion of the colony will
probably be linked to the current tur-
moil in the 13 American colonies. On
May 2 of this year, 1776, England
began dispatching troops in large
numbers to quell their colonial revolt. If
these redcoats are successful in
subduing the rebels, their presence in
North America will allow for a surprise
invasion of Louisiana and Mexico.

But news travels slowly in this new
land, so Unzaga is sending an agent
to spy on the British and the Yankee
rebels. Bartholomew Beauregard is to
be the spy and "under the pre-
text of looking for flour, with a pass-
port, and with permission to transport
the flour to Cadiz in a Spanish vessel
and with a Spanish crew, (he) will en-
deavor to discover their designs by stop-
ing at some of their ports."

Unzaga is suspicious not only of
the British, but of the American rebels
as well. The American colonies have
a population of about 600,000, and if
they gain their independence, they
will become an aggressive neighbor.
Some American patriots are already
hinting that, after driving the British
from North America, they will annex
West Florida. But Spain is prepared
to make loans to the American rebels,
and Unzaga is arranging rebel agents
to buy arms in Nuevo Orleans and
transport them upriver to Ft. Pitt in
large canoe fleets.

He is fairly confident that Louisia-
nians will support Spain in the event
of war with the British. Even though
the Creoles and Acadians have emo-
tional ties to France, they are aware
that the Spanish have brought a
measure of prosperity and economic
stability to the colony. Since assum-
ing control of Louisiana in 1769, the
Spanish have replaced the French
paper money - inflated to near
worthlessness - with pesos fuertes,
silver coins from their mines in
Mexico.

Unzaga estimates that the Spanish
can raise at least six militia companies
of "robust young men" on the Acadi-
can coast to complement the 12
existing companies in Nuevo Or-
leans and nine in the districts - that
can be called up to reinforce the
Battalions of Louisiana. He also plans
to form a separate company of woods-
men - black plantation hunters and
white trappers - as a light infantry.
If war is declared, he plans to place
a gunboat on Lake Pontchartrain and
the patrol boat El Volante at the
mouth of the Mississippi to watch for
the British.

A detachment of troops is also to
be stationed at Bayou Goula (on the
Mississippi River between Donaldson-
ville and Baton Rouge) to keep the
British at Fort New Richmond at
Baton Rouge and Fort Panmure at
Natchez from moving downriver.

But Unzaga doesn't expect an
invasion by way of the Mississippi -
either upriver from the Gulf or down-
river from the Florida Parishes. He
expects that the British will invade
with superior forces by way of Lakes
Borgne and Pontchartrain, taking
advantage of the fact that the lakes
offer too many landing places to be
effectively defended. If this happens,
the governor plans to retreat from
Nuevo Orleans and to set up new de-
fenses at Opleusas where, with an
abundant supply of beef cattle and
other provisions, he will defend the
presidio of Mexico. The Spanish
troops at Arkansas are to retreat to a
new line of defense at Natchitoches,
and the troops at Pan Porto, Misery
and Empty Pockets in Ylinueses terri-
tory are to take sanctuary with friendly
Indians in Missouri. In effect, the
Battalion of Louisiana and colonial
militiamen are expected to abandon
their homes to the British while mak-
ing a last-ditch defense of wealthy
and alien Mexico.

EVEN while forging these plans,
however, Unzaga has been trying
to make arrangements to leave
this troubled colony. Citing advanced
age, failing health and poor eyesight,
he has petitioned King Carlos to allow
him to return to Spain and a well-
earned retirement. But the king has
denied his petition for retirement from
public life and has given him a
promotion instead. The weary and
homesick Unzaga is to become the
Captain-General of Caracas (Venezuela).

Orleansians, who have grown rather
fond of the tolerant and somewhat
"Creolized" governor, are not en-
thusiastic about his replacement. This
month, July of 1776, King Carlos has
issued a royal decree naming Don
Bernardo de Galvez as the provision-
al governor of Louisiana. There is
grumbling because Galvez is only 21
years old and his chief qualifications
for office seem to be that his father is
currently the Viceroy of Mexico and
his uncle has been both the Spanish
secretary of state and the president of
the Council for the Indies. Many
Creoles in Nuevo Orleans regard it as
an insult that a mere boy with political
connection should be appointed as
their governor during these troubled
times.

But while Louisianaans worry
though this menacing July of 1776, they
are not aware that similar worries
are plaguing their Spanish neighbors
in the West Florida colonies.

Ordered by King Carlos to "attack
and clear the English from the banks
of the Mississippi," Galvez will fight
out a hurricane and subsequent
epidemic to launch an attack against
Fort Bute at Manchac. By dint of his
audacious generalship, the British will
have to surrender in confusion - not
only at Pass Manchac, but at Baton
Rouge, Natchez, and throughout the
western section of West Florida.

In January, 1780, Galvez will take
750 men by convoy down the Missis-
sippi River, past the Biloxi, and
around the Gulf Coast to attack Fort
Charlotte at Mobile. He will succeed
there, but an attack launched by the
Captain-General of Cuba against the
British West Florida capital of Pensac-
ola will fail miserably.

Then, in a swashbuckling attack,
Galvez himself will take Pensacola on
May 10, 1781. Louisiana volunteers
will learn that they can defeat Euro-
pian troops, even against great odds.

Their victory will give heart to the
beleaguered troops in George Wash-
ington's army, and will provide a
sense of common heritage when
Louisiana becomes part of the United
States in 1803.

Epilogue

DURING the next three years,
young Governor Galvez will
withstand veiled threats, bold menace
and actual shooting by the British,
while he supports the efforts of the
American agent Oliver Pollock to sup-
ply arms to the Continental Army in
Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1779, relations be-
tween Spain and England will deterio-
rate, with the British making plans for
a pincer attack on Nuevo Orleans by
way of the Mississippi River and the
Gulf of Mexico.

Spain will declare war on England
in June of that year, but - due to the
poor communications of the time -
Galvez won't learn the news until
August.

Ordered by King Carlos to "attack
and clear the English from the banks
of the Mississippi," Galvez will fight
out a hurricane and subsequent
epidemic to launch an attack against
Fort Bute at Manchac. By dint of his
audacious generalship, the British will
have to surrender in confusion - not
only at Pass Manchac, but at Baton
Rouge, Natchez, and throughout the
western section of West Florida.

In January, 1780, Galvez will take
750 men by convoy down the Missis-
sippi River, past the Biloxi, and
around the Gulf Coast to attack Fort
Charlotte at Mobile. He will succeed
there, but an attack launched by the
Captain-General of Cuba against the
British West Florida capital of Pensac-
ola will fail miserably.

Then, in a swashbuckling attack,
Galvez himself will take Pensacola on
May 10, 1781. Louisiana volunteers
will learn that they can defeat Euro-
pian troops, even against great odds.

Their victory will give heart to the
beleaguered troops in George Wash-
ington's army, and will provide a
sense of common heritage when
Louisiana becomes part of the United
States in 1803.
January

The United States celebrated its 100th birthday in 1876, a year in which there was little else to celebrate. The nation, still suffering from the emotional and financial shock of a civil war, was in for a year of inflation, unemployment, political scandals, international assumptions, a military disaster, and a crisis wave of assassinations. Louisianans, still occupied by the Freedmen's Bureau, governed and exploited by Yankee carpetbaggers and their friends in the postbellum world, were in many ways, a wilder and more lawless area that she had been a century earlier. Most men in New Orleans went armed with a gun, a knife or both, and violence was becoming routine — in the streets and in the newspapers. Murders were almost daily occurrences, and even political campaigns would shoot, stab and run one another in the streets on a fairly regular basis. New Orleans' leading paper, The Daily Picayune, chronicled the bloody year of 1876 with a mixture of outrage and grim humor.

However, the centennial year began gently in the Crescent City. On New Year's Day, 1876, The Daily Picayune complained of premature spring fever. "The weather is warm yesterday and generally disagreeable and very unreasonable," the editor proclaimed this city's unseasonable warm spell at this time of year. But a later edition of the paper was to bring news of the year's first accident. James Fee, 17, went on a New Year's Day hunting expedition just outside the city limits along the Jackson Railroad. Holding his shotgun by the muzzle, he tried to use it as a spittoon. A double-barreled blast shattered both of his hands, and he was brought to Charity Hospital in the back of a milk wagon. Young Fee's accident produced first blood in a year that would see the city and the state bled with carnage.

In mid-19th century, sailing vessels still outnumbered steamboats in the busy port of New Orleans, viewed from above rooftops of city.

The city, weared of depression and government corruption, produced a hero in February of 1876, Captain Bonyton, an inventor and adventurer, received New Orleans' seal of approval when he proved the efficiency of his inflatable sailing ship, the "Southern divinity and honor." With a pang of nostalgia for the halcyon days of the Confederacy, The Picayune announced the New Year's Day wedding of Jefferson Davis' daughter, Maggie to J. Addis- son Hayes, a bank cashier in Memphis.

For a few miles below Donaldsonville, Bonyton had been accompanied by a throng of spectators in rowboats. But the crew finally rowed away, and right fell — along with Bonyton's sails. Accompanied by a friend and an oarsman in a skiff, he swam wearily on until 4 in the morning. Then he was sucked into a rapid whirlpool. "It was a singular sensation, this gang round and round over the same ground. And for the life of me I could not understand how I ascended, every now and then, to be passing the same timber stumps and furnaces. The skill which accompanied me was also in the same predicament, sometimes pulling up, and sometimes down stream. I tried to guide myself by the North Star, but before I was aware of it, that luminous object, which ought to be directly in my front, would pass up, as it were, behind me, and destroy all my calculations.

"When daylight came, however, and the fog lifted sufficiently, I was able to paddle out into the middle of the stream and keep down it once again. Above Donaldsonville, he said, "I was almost certain I was being attacked by algolists and thought I should have to use the knife with which I always go armed, but it only proved to be the annoying drippings"
in which I would become fearfully alarmed.

"The banks along the way were crowded with people who wanted to see me pass down. At one point, I had allowed the air to escape from the lower part of my dress and was going along rapidly with nothing showing above the water but my head and a paddle. I met a skiff which contained a man and woman who were crossing the river. The woman became fearfully alarmed and her screams could have been heard for miles away. The man pulled away for dear life, the woman in the stern acting as the coxswain and urging the boat forward in the funniest manner possible. While in the great eddy, I drifted into an immense flock of ducks, and but for the noise made by those in the skiff, I could have caught several of them, as they were not at all disturbed by my presence and swam leisurely about me." Boyton reported that "at my best speed, I easily kept ahead of the boats, going sometimes at the rate of seven miles an hour without great difficulty."

He arrived in New Orleans at 5 p.m. and calculated that — including his struggles with the eddies — he had swam more than 120 miles. As he climbed out of the water at the head of Canal Street, he was greeted by more than 5,000 cheering fans. His neck galls and wrists were pain-

New Orleans police patrol wagon of the 1880s, pictured at precinct station on Elysian Fields Avenue.

March

New Orleans, ruled by enemies and strangers, experienced a decline in respect for the law; the city streets seemed, at times, in a state of anarchy. Murders occurred so frequently that The Picayune often merely categorized the reports under the captions, "The Knife," "The Gun."

But even in this benumbed era when violence wasn't front page news, Orleanians found their eye caught by one Picayune headline, "Assault on the Chief of Police - Desperate Encounter in Starling's Saloon."

Wrote the newspaper's reporter: "At 2 o'clock this morning, Col. Loan, Chief of Police, was assaulted by Capt. Flannagan, commanding the Sixth Precinct, which was arrested and locked up, together with ex-Police Capt. Schreiber, in the Central Station. It appears from what can be learned that Superintendent Loan was this morning at 2 o'clock, in Starling's place on St. Charles near Canal, with two friends, when Capt. Flannagan walked up to him, and with an oath struck him in the face.

"Flannagan, immediately after striking the Superintendent, drew back and pulled out his revolver. Col. Loan at this also drew a revolver, but seeing that Flannagan did not shoot, threw down his weapon and defended himself with his walking stick, which he used with great force on the head of his assailant.

"Capt. Schreiber, who was present with Flannagan, also drew his revolver and fired two shots. He was at once seized and overpowered by Capt. Gray of the First Precinct, who chanced to be passing by the place at the time.

"The matter is now before the Police Board. As yesterday was payday, it is supposed that Capt. Flannagan and Capt. Schreiber had been indulging somewhat overmuch in liquor."

Schreiber and Flannagan had chosen a poor time to risk joining the ranks of the unemployed. In March, The Picayune editorially championed the cause of Americans who were being ruined by the great depression of the centennial year.

"The business depression has forced great numbers of men out of occupation," the editorial began. "From the East come numberless applications and inquiries as to the chance of obtaining employment (in New Orleans). In Western and Southern cities, as well as the East, there are thousands in search of work for daily bread. When the promised reaction shall have set in, when the business of the country shall be reanimated by returning prosperity, we may expect this distress from involuntary idleness to gradually disappear."

"But we have been getting down to the 'bedrock' so long, the stringency has been so hard and prolonged that with many the pressure of want is immediate. How are hunger and poverty to be baffled while we wait for the good time coming'? What are idle hands to do, and upon what are the hungry to feed during the time which must elapse before private capital shall be encouraged to reissue from its vaults to revive the drooping industries of the country?"

Some of the unemployed went west, to the frontier. But The Picayune frequently carried stories of Indian massacres and the resulting movements of U.S. Cavalry. One March story datelined Omaha was entitled "Frightful Military Expedition Sent against the Sioux."

"An expedition," the story went, "consisting of 10 companies of cavalry, two of infantry, 25 scouts, 150 teamsters and packers, rationed for six weeks, conveyed by 80 wagons and 400 pack mules, left Fort Fetterman this morning via the Fort Reno and Fort Phil Kearney route to operate against the Sioux Indians, whose bands have been for the last several years and are now against everybody. Some six raiding parties have within the past two weeks been operating on the Platte and Laramie Rivers in defiance of troops and settlers. They openly boast that as soon as the grass grows they intend to break out (of the reservation) all along the line."

Something sinister seemed to be building to a climax in the west.

Continued on page 32

Typical Victorian-era living room of New Orleans 100 years ago.
Members of the Third Ward Republican Club attempted to dominate the election of officers, and the assembled Radicals threatened to expel Third Warder Pat Creagh and his son, N.P. Creagh, from the meet-
ing. Third Warders then engaged their fellow Radicals in violent argument, and the two Creaghs attempted to leave the hall.

Later, N.P. Creagh told a reporter: "I was passing down the hall with my father, Martin Conners and Nick Smith, followed by Judge Lucien Adams and his son Lucien Adams Jr. and Court Officer George D. Hirsch and several others. After we had come out, the door of the club was closed. This was about 8:30. When we had arrived at the door leading to the street, Judge Adams walked up to Pat Creagh, and after cursing him he knocked him down so that he fell on the pavement. Thinking that my father had been killed, I ran to assist him, when Adams turned up and said, 'You are the man I want.'”

After that, matters became confused. Third Warder John King was shot down, and both Judge Adams and his son were blasted with pistol fire. Then, "the doors of the club were thrown open and the crowd rushed out; revolvers were drawn on all sides and at least 25 shots were fired in the street. Adams and the streets in the vicinity were filled with people returning from a fire at Poydras and Claiborne Streets, and the reports of the istocks caused great excitement.

The soldiers also caused great damage: at least 10 politicians received gunshot or knife wounds, Judge Adams taking a bullet through the left lung and his son dying of a stomach wound. The Picayune failed to report the results of the club’s election of officers.

ORLEANSIANS were weary of politicians and sickened by constant violence, and were ready to be led into another kind of bloody conflict. Front page news for several days in April was a tale of the struggle between a Sick and a mouse in the Faubourg Marigny carpenter shop of one Michael Gross.

In a story datelined May 6, The Picayune reported an incident between Orleanians and the occupying soldiers of the Federal Army who were enforcing Radical Reconstruction in the South. "On Tchoupitoulas near Julia, between 5 and 6 o’clock yesterday evening, another brutal outrage, so frequently repeated of late, was committed by a crowd of drunken United States soldiers.

"The victims reportedly had attacked a one-armed organ grinder, and a soldier named Daly had battered the crippled man’s spine with a brick. City police officers Regan and Moran attempted to arrest Daly, but were assaulted by other drunken soldiers. Regan being hit in the face with a brick.

"These facts having been reported at military headquarters, one of the sergeants named Mullen started out with a squad of men. Instead, however, of assisting the police officers in arresting these boisterous soldiers, the sergeant ordered his men to charge upon (the police) and compelled the Sergeant Daly and his men . . . were soon permitted to go out on the streets again, bent on more brutal and disgraceful outrages.

"They also, at the corner of Delord and Annunciation Streets, took possession of Mr. O’Neil’s coffee house, and after committing the most violent outrages, threw tumblers at Roberts, passing and created a general disturbance."

ALSO during May, The Picayune reported that the wood surfacing was being to be removed from St. Charles Avenue and replaced with a paving of river sand and crushed shell. When completed, the paper said, the St. Charles shell road would be one of the most attractive drives in the South. The month ended with another political killing, this one embarrassing to local Democrats.

"Last night, after the adjournment of the Ninth Ward Democratic Club, which held a meeting on Dauphine between Elmina and Desire Streets, a man named Thomas Roberts was shot in the head and mortally wounded by some party whose name is unknown.

"A gentleman with a black moustache - accused Roberts of being a Republican and of selling his vote at the last election for $10. Roberts answered that the one who called him a Republican was a liar. The man with the black moustache then shot his revolver and fired at Roberts, the ball entering his right temple. Roberts was 27 years of age, it is said, and leaves a wife and children in an almost destitute condition."

Continued on page 37

April

WHILE hostile Indians threatened to attack frontier settlements in Wyoming and the Dakotas, a revolution was raging in Spain’s old colony of Mexico.

The Picayune carried an April 11 dispatch from Galveston, Tex., relating a revolution in Spain’s old colony of Mexico.

The revolutionary party made a move on New Laredo and attacked (Federalist General) Quintana at daybreak this morning, and after fighting for two hours were repulsed. They renewed the attack, and we can now hear the continued roll of musketry in the streets from this side of the river. Stray bullets coming to this side have wounded three civilians - one man and two women. The fighting is still going on, and the wounded are crossing over to this side.

At the request of the Special Deputy U.S. Marshal, Major Merrimac planted a twelve-pounder (cannon) on the bank of the river this morning, and at 1 o’clock P.M. the Mexicans opened such hot fire from New Laredo on our guard at the ferry that they were compelled to withdraw. The fire was then concentrated upon the gunners, whereupon Col. Sexton retired with his small force into New Laredo, Mexico, from his twelve-pounder, which silenced the Mexican fire on our soldiers and restored order.

One of our soldiers . . . two men and three women of this city were wounded badly.”

EARLY April also was notable for one of New Orleans’ frequent shoot-outs, among politicians. The Picayune reported: “The Mechanics’ Institute on Dryades Street, which has been the silent, unmoveable spectator of more scenes of tumult, political strife and bloody contentions than any contemporaneous building in this city, yesterday evening again looked down on a tragedy in one act which was performed at its very pinnacle. There, in its front once again felt the warmth of human blood, and the surrounding buildings again rose resounding to the sharp, crack of pistols.

According to previous announce-
ments and the custom of the organization, the Southern Republican Club assembled to hold its usual meeting in the lower hall of the institute, the Senate in charge of effecting legislation (carpetbaggers and scalawags).
On June 4, there was a hint of the impending military disaster that would blight the centennial year. The Picayune’s story was datelined Cheyenne, W.T. (Wyoming Territory):

“Three men were killed by Indians this morning on Cedar Creek, forty miles south of Sidney and twelve miles west of Riverside; (the Indians DIXIE, July 4, 1876)

but Orleanians hardly had time to reminisce about their old nemesis from south of the border. There was electrifying news from out of the west:

“Bismark, D.T. (Dakota Territory) ... Gen. Custar (sic) attacked... Indian village situated on the Little Big Horn river, twenty miles above its mouth, on the afternoon of June 25th, with companies C, L, I, F, and E, 7th Cavalry, and being surrounded, he and his entire command were massacred, not one escaping death.

“Among the killed were Gen. Custar and his two brothers and brother-in-law Col. Calhoun, and a nephew Reed, Cols. Yates, Keogh and Cook, Capt. Smith and McIntosh, Lieuts. Reilly, Crittenden, Sturges, Hodgson, Harring and Porter, Assistant Surgeons Lord and De Wolf, and Mark Kellogg, special correspondent of the Bismark Tribune... the whole Custar family died at the head of the column.”

Continued on page 38

Cotton wagon stands on Carondelet near St. Charles in 1888.
Wood carvings of Natchez maid and warrior were made as decorations for steamboat Natchez circa 1870 by unknown artist. Tribe was Louisiana's most civilized Indian nation. In contrast to them is "cigar store Indian" figure clad in muskrat cape of type prized by wealthy of Europe during 1700s.

"Custer's Last Stand" of 1876, as depicted by artist Harold Von Schmidt

Continued from page 37

July 4

"As had been anticipated, the people of this city participated very generally in the celebration of the Centennial Four of July," said The Picayune.

"The business houses on the principal thoroughfares were closed, the streets and shipping at the levee were gay with flags and brilliant bunting, while throughout the day the air resounded with the strains of music and the rattle of the inevitable fire crackers . . . at 9 o'clock the street was presented a brilliant scene of waving banners and glittering arms and glittering uniforms."

The parade was led by musicians from the occupying army of Radical Reconstruction, the U.S. Infantry, 13th Regiment Band. It was followed by a detachment of U.S. Marines. But then, in a show of national reunification, came companies of Louisiana volunteer organizations, including the Washington Artillery, the Continental Guards, the Irish Rifles, and Tiro el Bersaglio.

However, the greatest crowd pleasers were the elderly patriots who had organized this Centennial Year Celebration:

"The Louisiana Association of Veterans of the Mexican War, who first made the proposition culminating in yesterday's celebration, were commanded by the First Vice-President Mr. John Purcell. The association turned out about 130 men. At their head marched Jourdan, the veteran drummer who served with Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. Though aged and infirm, the old drummer marched with a firm step and handled his drum in a way which shows that his hand had not lost its cunning."

"Making an appeal for a new national unity, The Picayune concluded:

"The midday sun shines on the glittering uniforms and glancing arms of perhaps hundreds of thousands of citizen soldiers of the country, gathered in every town and city to do honor to the national anniversary."

"But we hazard the opinion that it showed no finer looking body of brave men than that which followed the flag of the Union in the New Orleans celebration."

Immigrants arrive at Esplanade Ave. station at the turn of the century.