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BLOODY COLFAX.

Speeches of Ward and Flowers.

From the N. O. Democrat, 4th inst. J. At a large and enthusiastic meeting, held last night by the Fourth Ward Colored Democratic-Conservative Club, E. H. Flowers (colored), of Grant parish notoriously, spoke as follows:

No doubt my colored friends, you think it strange that I should be in this place to-night, and no doubt you wonder for what purpose. It is due to you, it is due to myself that I should tell the reason I am here. A great many of you know what an active part I took about three years ago in the parish of Grant, and also on the trial of the Grant parish prisoners. I was then a Republican, and being in my nature a thorough-going man, with courage enough to "step up and doing" when I believe I am right, I labored hard for what I then believed to be for the greatest glory of the Republican party, which, I had been taught to believe, had waged war for the purpose of liberating the colored people, and had bestowed upon us the inestimable boon of liberty and citizenship. To tell you how, after working in such a manner as to feel ashamed of it now; to tell you how Ward, my former friend, and myself were used as catspaws by Kellogg, Packard, Beckwith, and others, would take all night. I charge emphatically and distinctly the Republican leaders—Kellogg, Packard, Longstreet, and others—with having actually and deliberately planned to consummate perfidy, the dead end in the struggle for office in Grant parish between the Democrats and Republicans, which culminated in the terrible slaughter of colored men at Colfax on the 12th of April, 1873. My friend Ward will tell you more about this. I was Ward's lieutenant, and both of us soon discovered what were their hellish plans. Kellogg, on the advice of his spiritual adviser, S. B. Packard, appointed in Grant parish two sets of officers

just what they wanted. Kellogg wanted a few negroes killed to make his hold to the usurped gubernatorial chair a political necessity in the eyes of the Northern people and the National Congress. Ward and myself were to be killed; but though good friends of Kellogg and Packard at that time, we were still better friends to ourselves, and we escaped with a prudence which we have never had occasion to regret. [Laughter.] The carpet-baggers and scalawags work upon the fears of the negroes; they tell the more ignorant of us that the Democrats will deprive them of their freedom and their right to vote if they get into power. And believing that, we see them driven like flocks of sheep; with no more reason than sheep for the "faith that is in them." I come here to tell you and blazen it to the country that I, for one, will be driven no longer. I am going to stamp this State. I am going to tell the colored people that if they want to live and work and prosper in this State, they must vote against the carpet-baggers in November next, for to get rid of them you must vote them out of office. Believe me, my colored friends, just so soon as you fail to elect them to office—where they can steal and grow rich, whilst your wages diminish and starvation stares you in the face—you will see them sneak back to whence they came. In conclusion, I would pray you, in the interest of good government, in your own interest, to follow my example and in November next cast your votes for Tilden and Hendricks, Nicholls and Wiltz. [Great applause.]

Mr. Flowers, after promising to give a full history of the Grant parish trial under the great witness drill-master, Beckwith, U. S. District Attorney, on some future occasion, sat down amidst great applause. Mr. Wm. Ward was loudly called, and taking the stand, spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I am called upon to-night, and I thank you for the honor of addressing this audience. I am not much of an orator, but I am a pretty tolerable worker when I know I am in the right. I am a good Republican, but have come over to-night to join the Conservative ranks for the purpose of helping to form a good government. I have been charged with leading a riot in Grant parish and have never had an opportunity fairly, before now, to come out and saddle the blame where it properly belongs. You may say "Why do you come out at this late hour and join the Conservative ranks?" But I will first tell you about the Grant massacre, and you will then see why I leave the Republican party and join the Conservative.

The riot took place on a Sunday, Easter Sunday, April 13, 1873; and, first of all I want you to understand how that massacre was got up and how it was saddled upon me, and how I bore it all; naturally I looked upon the Republican party as one great household family, and I did not want to break it up; I thought I would endure it until they made the nominations for the next four years. We have endured a terrible government for the past four years, known as Kellogg's government, which is as corrupt and rotten as sin.

Now, gentlemen, I was elected to the Legislature in 1872 for the parish of Grant, at a time when

there were two Legislatures sitting in Louisiana, known as the McEnery and Kellogg Legislatures, and both continued to sit until two days before the time for both to adjourn. I was returned a member of that Legislature by the Republican party, although there were no true returns, and I believed the party made up the Legislature.

I was the only one from Grant parish returned to the Legislature; the men who ran on the ticket with me for the other offices were naturally Republicans. I had them all appointed by Mr. Kellogg, and I had them confirmed by the Senate, which was recognized at that time. About three or four weeks after the Legislature adjourned, Mr. Rutland, and Mr. Richards came down from the parish of Grant, and they brought down a new set of names, who were appointed to every parish office. Mr. Kellogg issued commissions to every one of them, and so we had two sets of officers for every office, regularly commissioned by Kellogg. At that time I was in town, and when I heard of it I went right down to Mr. Kellogg's office, who was at that very time signing these commissions. I said to him: Governor, are not you doing wrong, you are issuing two sets of commissions for the same offices. Now you have two regularly commissioned sheriffs, you have two Judges, two sets of Police Jurors, two Constables; is not that wrong? "Well," said he, "those officers I appointed a month ago have never qualified." I said to him, "Governor, would it not be better to refer to the Secretary of State, and see if the oath has ever been filed." Mr. Deslonde brought the books approved that every one of them was properly qualified, and was exercising the duties of his office. Mr. Rutland then said to the Governor, "the people don't like them, and if you don't change them there will be hell to pay."

Mr. Rutland then took his hat and went off, and Kellogg said: "Hold on, Judge, you go up there and settle it, and you can tell Nash to go ahead and I will forward his commission. He was appointed, for I saw his commission. Well, these were the orders Kellogg gave to Mr. Rutland. I did not go up to Colfax two weeks afterwards, and when I got to Colfax, Mr. Hadnot was there with about twenty men to settle up the differences between the two sets of officers. Dan Shaw, who was the Sheriff first appointed by Mr. Kellogg, came to my house and said there is going to be trouble to-morrow; I said what for? He said Mr. Hadnot is coming to town here to take possession of the office, and I am going to deputise thirty or forty men to protect the peace.

Mr. Shaw deputised these men, and then Mr. Hadnot came into Colfax with his men. The way it was settled I did not know, but it seems the trouble commenced at Colfax with the two sheriffs that Mr. Kellogg appointed, with the instructions to go up there and raise a fight, and make political capital out of the dead negroes for his party.

Well, the white people, with Mr. Kellogg's authority, came into Colfax to take possession of the offices, and Mr. Shaw, the Republican Sheriff, summoned all the colored people to resist them. So the white and colored people were

brought together in conflict and many colored men were killed. It was brought about directly by Kellogg, who planned the movement, and knew what the consequences were going to be. I had no more to do with it than any of you gentlemen. I came down to New Orleans before the fight commenced, as I knew the trouble was coming. Before I left I went to Mr. Shaw and said: "You are going to have trouble, what are you going to do?" He said he and Nash were going to have all the colored men summoned to his side. "Now," said he, "you are a Republican, and must go down to Kellogg and have him fix the matter up." So I saw Kellogg, and said to him it was all through the two sets of officers that he appointed in Grant parish, which was causing all the trouble. "Well," said he, "what am I to do?" General Longstreet and Adjutant General Street were there in his office. General Longstreet said: "I told you, Governor, this would be the result; I will go up and settle this matter."

"Well," said Kellogg, "let us send for Packard;" and Packard was sent for. "Governor," said I, "You must send up somebody to settle this trouble at once." All this was on a Thursday, and the killing did not take place until Sunday. There was plenty of time to have arranged this matter, but Kellogg and Packard did not want it peaceably settled. It was their purpose to have these seventy-nine colored men killed, for the purpose of gaining the support of the Northern people and sustaining Kellogg as Governor of Louisiana. I charge that Governor Kellogg and S. B. Packard were the instigators of the murder and riot, and that they deliberately planned the killing of these poor colored men because Kellogg wanted to do something that would keep him in his seat as Governor, owing to the influence it would have on the people of the North. The Bulletin, and the other newspaper, have given me fits; I know what it was for; I ought to have come out before, but I held my peace, because the Republicans asked me to do so. I was several times in the act of coming out and telling the whole truth; but they told me "the Government will all be overturned if you do, and all you negroes will be put back into slavery." Now I know better, and do not fear to tell the truth. I have been abused by that party which has used me, because they thought I was no good any more; but I tell you, gentlemen, I have joined the Conservative party to-night for this purpose. I will go from one end of the State to the other, and I will talk to the colored people I have known in the Red River parishes; but I tell you, sirs, to-night, that I have a hard work to go through with. There are white men in those parishes, up there, that are called Republicans, and I know they will seek to take my life, because they think I know too much. I ask you here to-night, and every colored man for the purpose of having good government, not to vote for that scoundrel, Packard, but to join the Conservative party, a party composed of the noblest white men in this State. I ask you, my friends, to vote for Nicholls and Wiltz, and I am sure the colored man will be protected and enjoy his full rights.

Read Nicholls' address my colored

friends, on the acceptance of his nomination for Governor, and I am sure you will agree with me that he intends to do no wrong to any man, whether he is black or white. Under his administration you will be protected in life and property. No more Grant parish massacres will be deliberately planned to fire the Northern heart and the National Congress. If you vote for Gen. Nicholls, the whole white population of this once glorious State are pledged to protect you in your fullest constitutional rights. They are pledged to educate your children; they will not steal the school funds and let the schoolhouses go to ruin and tumble down, as we can see it in Natchitoches, in Madison and in Carroll. Gen. Nicholls and his party are pledged to the colored man in all this. Now, who will you trust, Gen. Nicholls or Mr. Packard?

Gen. Nicholls is a true and chivalrous gentleman; Packard is a carpet-bagger who cannot tell the truth. Gen. Nicholls never harmed you; Packard helped to get your own people slaughtered at Grant parish to bolster Kellogg's usurpation.

My colored friends, I thank you for your attention. On some other occasion I will tell you of the Freedman's Bank swindle, and all about the Grant parish trial. It is late now; I will end by telling you that in November I will vote for Tilden and Hendricks, Nicholls and Wiltz, which means for good government, peace and security, education for the colored children, and no more Grant parish massacres.

The meeting then adjourned until Friday next, at 7 o'clock p. m.; and Ward and Flowers were escorted home by a committee of white Democrats to protect them from the Radical negroes, who were in waiting for them in large numbers, in the immediate neighborhood of the place of meeting. The two orators were seen safely to their homes.

The foregoing speeches are copied from Wednesday evening's N. O. Democrat, and the following comment on them, and the parties by whom they were delivered, we take from Thursday's Bulletin:

WARD, OF GRANT.

Night before last the notorious negro ruffians Ward and Flowers—originally made notorious by their prominence in the Colfax horror—addressed a Democratic meeting in the rear of the Fourth Ward. What prompted the Committee to allow these creatures to speak under its auspices; or what motive actuated the Democratic voters of the Fourth Ward to listen to them, it is quite beyond our power to conjecture; but we wish right here to enter our protest against that style of party tactics. If there is one negro in Louisiana whom, above all others, we ought to hold in absolute and undying abhorrence, that negro is Ward of Grant. He was, conspicuously and pre-eminently, the prime mover of the villainies that culminated in the tragedy of Colfax, and all his career is emphasized by a brutality which simply passes human understanding. Not only at Colfax but for a long time afterward he was renowned as a monster in whom every evil quality was preternaturally developed. Everybody remembers his taking the arms to Grant during the latter part of the summer of 1874 and the outrageous assault upon an unoffend-

ing gentleman on board the steamboat. Every body remembers how, during the session of the bayonet Legislature of January, 1875, his conduct became so extravagantly and unbearably brutal that even the miserable body of which he was a member had to cast him out as a ruffian too degraded for them to endure. And now that Ward has been unloading by the Republicans, driven forth for crime and infamy greater than they are willing to be responsible for, it does seem that we might let the fiend remain in the obscurity to which the Republicans have righteously consigned him.

We are told that Ward will reveal the secrets of the Colfax tragedy and that he will implicate Gov. Kellogg. Suppose that he does. Will anybody believe him, and will not Ward's testimony recoil on us far more than it will injure Gov. Kellogg? We think so. Party traitors can sometimes be turned to valuable account in an exciting campaign, but we have no hesitation in saying that the party which takes up Ward will accomplish nothing more than its own reproach. We certainly can not afford to countenance this creature Ward. We cannot afford to incur the odium of forgiving all criminals however diabolical, in consideration of the crime being clothed in Democratic raiment or the criminal lending his hell-born energies to a Democratic end. There is nothing but shame and disrepute to be gained by converting Ward into a speaker to our clubs and a witness for our party. The infamy emanating from such an irreclaimable brute as he is known to be must fall solely on those who father him—not on those whom he denounces.

Let it not be inferred from this that we wish to state or to imply that our committee or any responsible element of the Democratic party has conceived the idea of applying Ward to campaign purposes. We regard his appearance, Tuesday night, as the result of mere thoughtlessness, and are sure that on reflection the Democratic voters, either of the Fourth or any other ward, will realize that it is impossible for them to hold any sort of relations with such an utter fiend as Ward. There it but one style of treatment which Ward deserves at the hands of civilization and that is to be furnished with a hempen necktie and made to dance on nothing. Even then he would not have expiated the unnumbered and incalculable crimes with which he is literally saturated.

A Granger in the upper end of the county read this item in his paper: "A Massachusetts professor declared that an ordinary squash would lift a door-step weighing over half a ton, one inch in one night. The Granger thought he would try the experiment, so he placed a pretty good sized squash on his front door-step, drew a mark all round the stone, and took a seat just inside the door to await developments. He watched and listened for five hours, but neither the step nor the squash moved. He thought perhaps the squash was aware of his presence, and wouldn't get down to business as long as he kept vigil. So he quietly closed the door and retired; but was up at daylight, inspecting the step. When he discovered that it had not been moved the thirty-seven hundredth part of an inch, he got mad. The squash was lying placidly on the step just where he placed it—and the next minute it wasn't. He gave it a vigorous kick and frightfully "squashed" it all to pieces, and as he was going into the house, trod on a fragment of the fraud, which impelled his legs to shoot out horizontally and him to sit down on the step with a force almost sufficient to move the step about two inches more than the Massachusetts professor said the squash would do it. So the experiment was not altogether a failure, after all. Maybe we used the wrong kind of squash—one that wasn't enjoying good health.—Norristown Herald.