

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER

VOL. 35.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1880.

NO. 40.

DEMOCRAT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH

TERMS:
THE DEMOCRAT is published Weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum—One Dollar and Fifty Cents for six months—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent one. Ten lines or less (brevier type) constitute a square. OBITUARY NOTICES, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid as advertisements.
PERSONAL CARDS—when admissible—charged double the usual advertising rates.

TOWN.

B. H. DE SOLA
Agent.

CORNER FRONT & DESOTO STREETS
(Opposite the FERRY.)

ALEXANDRIA, I.A.

DEALER IN—

CLOTHING!

—and—
DRY GOODS!

Hardware!
CROCKERY,
GLASS-WARE.

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.

FAMILY GROCERIES
A SPECIALTY, AND RETAILED AT CHEAPEST "CASH" PRICES!

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR COTTON, HIDES AND OTHER COUNTRY PRODUCE.
July 25-187

BUY YOUR BOOTS
SHOES and HATS from HUSTMYRE

J. ROSENTHAL

CORNER OF
Second and Murray Streets.

ALEXANDRIA, I.A.

This House continues business at the old stand, where are kept, and will be renewed monthly.

DRY GOODS

—and—
CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Etc.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR COTTON, HIDES, and all COUNTRY PRODUCE.

A. PLASSAN & CO
COTTON FACTORS

—and—
Commission Merchants,

198 GRAY STREET, 198
NEW ORLEANS.

B. P. ABAT, SPECIAL AGENT.
May 5-6m.

T. C. MANNING,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALEXANDRIA, I.A.

BUY YOUR BOOTS, SHOES
and HATS from WM. HUSTMYRE.

TOWN.

New Goods

MRS.

B. S. HETHERWICK

FRONT,
ON THE CORNER OF MURRAY STREET

CLERKS:
JNO. LANEY & M. HETH EWICK

THIS OLD and RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSE, under the charge of

B. C. DUKE

continues business at the OLD STAND, where all the

GOODS & WARES

are still kept and offered at most reasonable rates

FOR CASH

HATS, BOOTS,
SHOES and
UNDERWEAR

IN THE

DRY GOODS

line we are offering the newest designs, the choicest colorings, at lowest prices.

THE ONLY STOCK OF

HARDWARE

IN ALL OF ITS BRANCHES, EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT

EXCELSIOR

LIVERY, FEED

and

STAGE STABLE

Jackson, Between 2d and 3d Sts.,
ALEXANDRIA, I.A.

N. L. MCGINNIS,
PROPRIETOR.

HORSES, HACKS
and BUGGIES for hire at LOW RATES, and at any time, night or day.

PASSENGERS

can be accommodated by Stage either to Red River Landing or Natchitoches and

FAST TIME MADE

THE SALE OF BUGGIES
A SPECIALTY.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

PRICES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD ANYWHERE.

Poetry.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

BY FATHER A. J. RYAN.

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our people's trust,
And fell in a cause, tho' lost still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all!
From the Private to the Chief,
Come they from hotel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known to fame,
Their cause and country all the same—
They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart.

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they march'd to the bloody fray;
Just as they fell on the battle day;
Bury them breast to breast.

The foe man need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with sound-
less tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead;

Out of each lonely grave.
The foe man need not frown,
They all are powerless now—
We gather them here and we lay them
down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men by Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together beat,
Together still shall sleep.

**THE NEGRO AND THE CARPET-
BAGGER.**

Our colored politicians are grow-
ing painfully plain-spoken. At the
recent Radical State Convention in
South Carolina, a prominent negro,
John M. Kelly, was excluded from the
delegation to Chicago, and then de-
nounced the carpet-baggers with un-
ruffled wrath. He said he was "tired
of keeping in office a set of good-for-
nothing loafers, who did no work and
lived off the credulity of the colored
men." He declared that the colored
men had been free for twelve years,
and that they would not submit to be
any longer slaves of a new set of mas-
ters. He preferred a party compos-
ed exclusively of colored men, but if
he must associate with white men in
politics, he "would go with the de-
cent white men of the State." He
thus continued:

I am ashamed of myself for ever sup-
porting such men. I am tired of these
men. No wonder the Democrats say
that the niggers are not able to govern
themselves, when they select to govern
them such ill-begotten white men as
you see before you to-night. You
elect these white men to the National
Convention and you won't see them
again. When they meet you on the
street and nobody is looking they
"d—n the Democrats;" but the next
thing you know you see them walking
arm in arm with a Democrat, and say-
ing "these d—n niggers want to put on
too many airs, they want to rise up."
We must elect people that will suit
us. The day is coming, and thank
God our people recognize men and
manhood. We should teach these
gentle that we are the Republican party
in South Carolina, and that we
don't propose to remain in slavery any
longer. If you look into the papers
you will see all these men saying
Hampton was a good man. They
thought they would fool him as they
have fooled us. But, thank God, he
was too smart.

Of course this is the speech of an
angry and disappointed negro. He
may in the next campaign be the
faithful supporter of the very white
wretches he now denounces, still
such utterances afford some indica-
tion of what men have been thinking
of in their calmer moments.

—We often wondered why girls
married. An Austin, Texas, young
lady upon this subject says: "Well,
no, I don't know as I'd marry for
money alone, but if a man had plen-
ty of money allied to a sweet dispo-
sition and a mustache that curled at
both ends, and nice blue eyes, and a
respectable profession, and his father
was rich, and his mother and sis-
ters were aristocratic, and he wanted
to marry me, and would promise to
let me have my own way in every-
thing, and keep me liberally sup-
plied with coin, and have a nice fur-
nished house with a big piano in it,
and would give me two diamond
rings, and would pay my dry goods,
milliner's and dressmaker's bills
without grumbling, and I really and
truly loved him—I wouldn't consider
his money any drawback to the
match."

THE PIONEERS OF RAPIDES PAR-
ISH.

GENERAL HORATIO S. SPRIGG.

[From our issue of October 8th, 1879.]

It may be regarded as a just source
of pride to the American citizen,
that, among the nations of the earth,
our country stands conspicuous and
pre-eminent in all things that can
foster and develop in the highest de-
gree, the nobler instincts and those
manly virtues which her sons have
exhibited in all the works of life.—
The glory of our national existence
is none the less, when we consider
the obscure origin of the men who
fashioned and who directed on its
course, that admirable system of
government which, in its concep-
tion is almost sublime, and which has
demonstrated to the world the ability
of men to rule themselves and to
maintain their rights, without injury
to the rights of others. We are led
to these reflections in tracing the pe-
culiar characteristics of the men of
the past generation, who gave tone
to the morals, framed the laws,
fought the battles, or in the hum-
blest stations have left the impres-
sions of the virtues and their worth,
as a heritage to their posterity, and
their example as a model to be emu-
lated.

If it is not given to all men to
achieve greatness or renown, or to
have their names inscribed upon the
page of history, it is yet given to
every man, in the measure that cir-
cumstances (which, perhaps, do
more oftentimes than genius of the
highest order) in his peculiar sphere
will allow, to stamp the seal of his
good or bad qualities upon the com-
munity, and the time in which he
lives. It is this true, what a potent
influence does the life of the citizen
wield for good or evil? and how es-
sential it is, that the remembrance
of their good deeds and worthy exam-
ples should be kept alive as an in-
centive to the young.

It is with peculiar pleasure that
we turn to the lives of such men as
the subject of this sketch, as an em-
bellishment of so much that is worthy
of regard and of imitation.

Horatio Stevenson Sprigg, was de-
scended of English ancestry, and was
born in Wheeling, Virginia, on the
28th of January, 1783. He was the
sixth son of Zachariah Sprigg, who
had married in 1772, Elizabeth Ste-
venson, a young lady of a highly re-
spectable family in that portion of
the old Commonwealth of Virginia.

In the early part of the eighteenth
century, three brothers emigrated to
this country from England; two of
them settled in Maryland—one of
whom, Samuel Sprigg, afterwards be-
came Governor of that State. The
family of Governor Sprigg was con-
nected by marriage with that of the
celebrated Charles Carroll, of Car-
rollton, one of the signers of the De-
claration of Independence. The third
brother, and the grandfather of Ho-
ratio, settled in Western Virginia,
where he continued to reside until
his death.

The Sprigg brothers were ardent
admirers of General Washington,
and were prominent in the politics
of those times, and were also staunch
Protestants.

At an early age, Horatio, with that
inborn spirit of adventure, which
marked those times, determined to
leave the parent nest and seek a new
field. His dream was of the sea—to
sail across the broad ocean and visit
foreign countries, became the all-ab-
sorbing desire of his young life. His
father opposed him, but at last find-
ing his son determined upon taking
Fate into his own hands, he procured
for him the position of midshipman
on the seventy four gun ship, Frank-
lin. Gwinn Harris, the uncle of our
venerable and esteemed citizen, Dr.
T. H. Maddox, was purser, and then
was formed a friendship, which in-
creased as years advanced. The
many noble and estimable traits of
his character had endeared him to
all with whom he came in contact,
and none knew, "but to love him."

The Franklin was ordered to the
Mediterranean, and after a cruise of
three years she was recalled. This
service ended, for the time being, his
career in the Navy, and he returned
home. After a short time passed
there, he resolved to try his fortunes
in that inviting field which had, but
recently, been opened, in the newly
acquired territory of Louisiana. He
came down the river from Cincinnati

on a flat-boat in company with Judge
William Miller, well remembered as
a prominent lawyer here in those
early days. Upon reaching New
Orleans, he was received with open
arms, by his brother Robert, who
was married and settled in that city.

About this time, which was dur-
ing the Administration of President
Jefferson, the General Government
thought it advisable to equip a num-
ber of gunboats for service on the
Mississippi, and Horatio Sprigg was
placed in command of one of them,
but for some reason the object fell
through and was abandoned. Again
thrown upon his own resources, he
determined to settle in some portion
of Louisiana; like many others who
were led by the tide of emigration,
and which had been attracted hither
by the glowing narratives of the rich-
ness of this section, he established
himself permanently in the vicinity
of Alexandria.

In February, 1813, he was married
to a daughter of Col. Hall, a gentle-
man who had moved here from Scott
County, Kentucky.

When Col. Josiah S. Johnston went
to New Orleans with his regiment of
Militia, to the assistance of General
Jackson, Mr. Sprigg accompanied
him as Quartermaster, but in the dis-
positions afterwards made, he was
assigned to duty on the gun-boat
fleet, of the city, commanded by
Commodore Patterson, and took part
in the operations, under that officer
against the English. At the close
of hostilities, Mr. Sprigg returned
to his home near Alexandria, and de-
voted himself to the career he had
last chosen, that of a planter. Pos-
sessed of rare good sense, and of
sound judgment, his enterprise and
energy were rewarded with the high-
est success, and he early acquired
prominence as one of the three great
landed proprietors of Bayou Robert
the other two being Archie P. Wil-
liams and George Y. Kelso.

His wife died in 1824, and in 1826
he married in Baton Rouge, Mrs.
Frances Senter, the young widow of
a talented young surgeon of the reg-
ular army, her family being then con-
sidered one of the proudest and most
aristocratic in the State.

In 1828, Mr. Sprigg was elected
General of Militia by the Legislature,
having been put in nomination by
Genl. Montfort Wells, who, at that
time, was a member of that body—
his opponent was P. A. Rost, Asso-
ciate Justice of the Supreme Court
of Louisiana.

In politics General Sprigg was a
life-long Whig, and though strong in
his convictions, he never permitted
his opinions to cause him to assail
the motives of those who differed
with him. He was never an aspirant
for political honors, and indeed, so
strong was his aversion to the chronic
office-seeker, that he repeatedly
refused when pressed, to permit his
name to be mentioned in connection
with political preferment. Endowed
by nature with talents and abilities
of a very high order, and possessing
as he did a character which was
above reproach, he was eminently
calculated to adorn the highest sta-
tion. He was fond of reading, and
possessed naturally, a legal turn of
mind, which led J. Kingsbury Elgee
and other eminent jurists to say that
had Gen. Sprigg been educated to the
Bar, he would have stood pre-emi-
nent—adding that they would rather
consult him in a manner requiring
sound judgment, than one of their
own profession.

Thirty or forty years ago, card-
playing, in which the stakes were
sometimes enormous, was freely in-
dulged in, from which practice the
gentlemen of that day, in and around
Alexandria were not wholly exempt.
Vingt-et-un was a favorite game, at a
seance one night, of which General
Sprigg made one of the party, he was
genererated about all that he was worth,
on a very low hand, he drew and
made exactly twenty one. Judge
Miller who was in the game, seized
the lucky card, and throwing it down
on the table before Gen. Sprigg, in
his nervous, emphatic manner, and
in his peculiar tone of voice, said:
"Sprigg, go home and nail this card
up at the foot of your bed, where
you can see it every morning when
you wake, and never play another
card as long as you live."

His habits were, however, unex-
ceptional, and we relate this anecd-
ote as characteristic of those times.
Firm and devoted in his friendships,
he was unchangeable, unless he dis-

covered treachery or deceit, which
was sure to meet his most pronoun-
ced abhorrence. Generous, yet at
the same time an economist in the
right, true way, he ever extended the
hand of kindness and hospitality to
those worthy of assistance. The
company of young men afforded him,
even in mature age, the highest en-
joyment, and by his counsel and ex-
perience he was ever ready to aid
and assist them.

By his first wife, Gen. Sprigg left
two daughters, and by the last four
children, two sons and two daugh-
ters, but one of whom survives. One
of his sons, Horatio, was married to
a daughter of that distinguished
citizen and eminent lawyer, Gover-
nor Henry M. Hyams. One child
only was the fruit of this union of
the scions of two of the oldest and
most highly respected families in
Louisiana, and that little grand son
is the sole surviving representative
who bears the name.

In his person Genl. Sprigg was
above the ordinary height, being six
feet in stature; slender in early life,
he gained flesh as years advanced,
and became a very large man. No
human being ever more faithfully
cherished or more faithfully per-
formed the duties of life; as a hus-
band, brother, father, a master to
his slaves, his conduct was unexcep-
tional. To his children he leaves a
memory of the highest probity, and
in his character was exemplified the
highest qualities which can adorn
the life of a citizen. He died on the
10th of November, 1847, after a long
and painful illness.

In an editorial in the columns of
the DEMOCRAT, a handsome tribute
to his memory closed in these words
which we now re-iterate—"An hon-
est man, is the noblest work of God."

A Boy's Last Hymn in a Garret.

A friend of mine, seeking for ob-
jects of charity, got into the upper
room of a tenement house. It was
vacant. He saw a ladder pushed
through the ceiling. Thinking that
perhaps some poor creature had crept
up there, he climbed up the ladder,
and drew himself under the rafters.
There was no light but that which
came through a bull's eye in place of
a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips
and shavings, and on them a boy
about 10 years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"
"Hush! don't tell anybody, please,
sir."

"What are you doing here?"
"Hush! don't tell anybody, sir;
I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."
"Where's your mother?"
"Hush! please don't tell anybody;
I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."
"Where's your mother?"
"Please, sir, mother's dead."
"Where's your father?"
"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell
him, but look here!" He turned
himself on his face, and through the
rag of his jacket and shirt my friend
saw the boy's flesh was bruised and
his skin broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like
that?"
"Fa h r id, sir!"
"What did he beat you like that
for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat
me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"
"Did you ever steal?"
"Yes, sir; I was a street thief
once."
"And why don't you steal any
more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission
school, and they told me there of
God and Heaven and of Jesus; and
they taught me "Thou shalt not
steal," and I'll never again if my
father kills me for it. But please,
sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here;
you'll die. Now wait patiently here
for a little time; I'm going away to
see a lady. We will get a better
place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir, but please sir,
would you like to hear me sing a
little hymn?"
Bruised, battered, forlorn, friend-
less, motherless, hiding away from
an infuriated father, he had a little
hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your
little hymn."
He raised himself on his elbow,
and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir, good-
bye."
The gentleman went away, came
back again in less than two hours,
and climbed the ladder. There were
the chips, and there were the shav-
ings, and there was the boy with one
hand by his side and the other tuck-
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ELECTORAL VOTE.

Alabama	10
Arkansas	6
California	6
Colorado	3
Connecticut	3
Delaware	3
Florida	4
Georgia	11
Illinois	21
Indiana	15
Iowa	11
Kansas	5
Kentucky	12
Louisiana	8
Maine	7
Maryland	8
Massachusetts	13
Michigan	11
Missouri	