

Tale of Horror.

A most important trial is about to come before one of the tribunals of the Seine. During the late war, under the government of September, there were committed two of the most shocking acts of inhumanity and barbarity that it is impossible to imagine. A peaceable citizen of Brittany was taken out and stoned, after which he was buried alive, and a *sergent de ville* of Paris was drowned in the Seine. There was still another case worth a passing notice. There is an old saying that when one wants to get rid of his dog he begins by accusing him of having hydrophobia. There was a moment when a neighbor could be gotten out of the way by calling him a Bonapartist.—An ex-policeman was chased by the crowd for this crime, and took refuge in a house, but was again driven into the street. The rumor then ran about that he was mad, having been bitten by a mad dog, and a hundred persons pursued him with sticks and stones, killing him in the street exactly as if he were a mad dog. But the most curious case of all was that of the guard Vincenzini, which I give at length.—On Sunday, the twenty-sixth of February, 1871, the Parisians were out in their Sunday costumes enjoying the warm air which gave promise of an early spring. An immense crowd had gathered in the Place de la Bastille to see a company of the National Guard salute a red flag raised upon the column of July. The entire city wore the air of a great fete day, and everybody seemed to enjoy the warmth of the sun. From time to time a band of ragamuffins passed, bearing a red flag and marching to the cadence of the *Marseillaise*, pausing from time to time to cheer *la Republique democratique et sociale*. Suddenly one of these groups raised the cry of "Monchard," and it was soon shouted in chorus throughout the place. On the side of the rue St. Antoine one soon saw a man in citizen's dress, tall, finely formed, and with a handsome, energetic face, running away, pursued by the mob. This was the unfortunate ex-Sergeant de Ville Vincenzini, who succeeded in making a passage through the crowd, and in entering a shop, No. 205 rue St. Antoine, kept by the widow Cauchois. The rascals who pursued him tore him from this place, beat him horribly when in the street, and only raised him from the ground began to cry: "A la lanterne! Hang him!" An attempt was made to hang him from the balcony of Pierre Ouvrier, Boulevard Richard Lenoir, but the mob became impatient before the knot could be made in the rope which had been hastily brought, and it then occurred that it would be more amusing to drown. He was hurried to the canal St. Martin, but a new difficulty here presented itself, and the crowd started for the river. Seeing that he was lost, Vincenzini tore himself away and threw himself upon his knees.—His appeal for mercy was met by fresh insults and blows. Being unable to endure any longer, he cried: "Give me a pistol, and I will kill myself before you here, since you will have my life." At this moment a girl named Lacanel, who has just died at Saint-Lazare, where she was awaiting her trial, stepped forward and slapped the face of the wretched man, saying: "I condemn you to be drown." This summary judgment was applauded by the crowd, and once more the guard was pushed toward the river, followed by thousands of persons. Arriving at the banks of the Seine, a charitable man cried that the victim knew how to swim. This had not been thought of before, but the idea was acted upon and Vincenzini was strongly tied to a plank and then launched into the stream. So many persons crowded upon a canal-boat to see the flying struggles of the victim, that it gave way and a number were precipitated into the river. When this confusion arose poor Vincenzini was seen floating down the river, his great strength enabling him to keep his head above water. He turned his eyes imploringly from side to side in search of help, but at this moment the crowd began to stone him, and he was struck several times. At last he raised his head as far as possible, looked about upon this merciless crowd, and seizing far below him many men and boys with stones in

their hands waiting for him, he gave up in despair. By an effort he made a plunge; turned over under the plank, and in a few moments brought his terrible martyrdom to a close. His body was not found until three months afterward. About 20,000 persons witnessed his murder, and M. Mace alone tried to save Vincenzini. He was badly maltreated, and came near sharing the same fate. But although there were so many spectators, no direct proof could be obtained for a long time. One day the woman Lacanal was discovered, and several men have been arrested who were seen throwing stones. Some of the participants have been already transported, many were killed in June, and only about half a dozen have been brought to trial. The woman Lacanal and two of the men have died in prison, and the rest will appear for trial on the twenty-third of February.—Paris Letter to New York Times.

General Sherman puts no restraint on the expression of his contempt for the forts which furnish the principal argument against the reduction of the army. We have got the forts; therefore we must keep the troops to take care of the forts, and preserve the property that is in them. General Sherman thus spits on these institutions: "Some of what are called military posts are mere collections of huts made of logs, adobes, or mere holes in the ground, and are about as much forts as prairie-pog villages might be called forts." Again: "My judgment has always been that on our seaboard we occupy too many little insignificant posts, called forts or batteries, which might as well be washed into the sea, and the quicker the better." There are one hundred and eighty-three posts from which quartermasters' returns are made. So long as any one of them on the seaboard is habitable, or can be made habitable, some officer will command the political or social influence to get himself quartered in it, and saved from service in Arizona, Texas, Wyoming, and Dakota. These insignificant Atlantic and lake forts, utterly useless in a military sense, are exceedingly useful to officers who don't want to fight Indians, and invaluable as arguments for the retention of the army at its present figures. As they exist, they constitute the difficulty in the reduction of the staff. They make supernumerary officers and an overgrown staff necessary, and they are hung on to by the army for the express reason that they furnish employment to officers and give lieutenants and captains independent commands. The people agree with General Sherman. The "prairie-dog villages" and the insignificant Atlantic forts that "ought to be washed into the sea," should be abandoned forthwith. The army should be reduced. Then it should be consolidated. Then it should be stationed where alone an army is needed in the United States—in Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, western Texas, and Arizona. What is not wanted there is not wanted anywhere. The people say, let the regular army be reduced.—[N. Y. Sun.

RULES FOR POOR FARMING.—One of the roads to poor farming is well travelled but not generally acknowledged—invest all your capital for land and go in debt for more. Hire money at a heavy interest to run the farm. Have very little faith in farming and always be ready to sell out, buy the cheapest and poorest kind of stock and farming machinery; feed poor grain to your stock, and you will have less repairs to make on your rickety fences and farm machinery, as fine horses and fat stock make sad havoc with the old wagon, plow, cart and fences. Use the oil of hickory whenever your oxen need strength; it is cheaper than high feeding and keeps the hair lively; and pounds out the grubs. Never waste time by setting out fruit or shade trees, as leaves rotting around a place make it unhealthy. Sell the best calves, lambs and shotes, to the butchers, as they will bring a little more, and the thin and poor ones will do well enough to keep.

A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

Retrenchment and Reform.

NO MORE LANDAULETS OR LIVERIED SERVANTS.

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1874.—Mr. O'Brien, of Maryland, introduced a bill this morning for the reform of certain abuses in the civil service in the District of Columbia, which will attract some attention. The bill has a "whereas," setting forth that slavery has been abolished, and that private livery is a mark of servitude derogatory to the dignity of a citizen or a soldier of the United States. The bill then provides that any Government official, of whatever rank, grade, or branch of public service, who shall use for his private purposes any of the property of the Government, shall be deemed guilty of embezzlement, and on the conviction thereof punished accordingly, as already provided for by law, and, in addition, be removed from his office; that all the necessary transportation for the departments and officials in the District of Columbia shall be had by means of plain, strongly-built wagons, constructed for the purpose, and the use of pleasure carriages or family coaches at public expense is especially prohibited. The bill directs that, if any Government official in the District shall provide himself with any carriage, landaulette, or any other description of vehicle for his private use at the public expense; shall use the horses belonging to the Government, or procure or compel any employee of the Government to act in the capacity of a driver or servant for him, or to wear his livery, such official shall be held guilty of misdemeanor, and be liable to impeachment and removal from office, or may be found guilty by a court of law, fined not to exceed \$100, and imprisoned not to exceed one year, or be subjected to both penalties, at the discretion of the court.—[Chicago Tribune.

A QUEER LAWSUIT.—A funny suit against an editor has been decided in the Circuit Court at Waukesha, Wis. The Fays, proprietors of the La Belle House at Oconomowoc, brought an action to recover \$94.04 for meals and cigars furnished Ashley D. Hargar, editor of the Oconomowoc Times. Hargar set up a counter claim of \$160 for "puffing" the La Belle House. Judgment was rendered for the plaintiff, and Mr. Hargar appealed to a jury. The case excited much interest, Hargar being well liked, and having a solemn, earnest manner of making very witty remarks. He testified that Fay would say to him: "Hargar, I've got a nice dinner to-day—come in." "No, I thank you, I'm going home." Fay would prevail on him to stay, and, after dinner, the following colloquy: "Everything all right, Hargar?" "Everything excellent." "Dessert all right?" "Excellent." "Ice cream all right?" "Delicious, Mr. Fay." "Very well, remember this in your paper, next week." In return for dinners and cigars, Hargar says that he told a great many lies—editorially—worth more than \$1,000. He would never have presented a bill for lies had not Fay fallen out with him and wanted pay for the dinners. Hargar pleaded his own case, and the jury found a verdict for him, which threw the costs upon the hotel keepers.

REMARKS AT A FUNERAL.—At the funeral of a young man in Des Moines, recently, the services for the dead took place at the dwelling of the parents. After a most pathetic address, which brought tears from all the young ladies present, the minister inquired if any of the dear friends of the deceased wished to say anything on this solemn occasion. A stranger here stepped forward, and after expressing sympathy with the friends of the deceased, remarked that the ways of Providence were inscrutable, and in this connection he wished to mention that he was the agent for a first rate article of hair vigor for the State of Iowa. The corpse used it for years with great advantage, and he confidently recommended it, especially to the minister and undertaker present, as he perceived they were both painfully bald. "Shake the bottle, gentlemen, and rub the matter well in with a stiff brush," said he. At this stage of the proceedings a slight disturbance occurred, and the hair vigor man disappeared.

NEW THIS DAY.

TEMPERATURE
AS REPORTED BY FERGUSON & SCHNACK

Date.	Morn.	Noon.	Night.
24.	54°	57°	59°
25.	60°	64°	62°
26.	63°	69°	65°
27.	65°	75°	68°
28.	69°	70°	68° Rain.
29.	63°	68°	64° Rain.
30.	62°	65°	60° Rain.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT!

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF RAPIDES PARISH.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that I will be at the following places on the days named for the purpose of listing property and collecting all Tax Dues. Punctual attendance is requested:

Alexandria, from April 1st to May 15th.
Lamothe's Bridge, April 7th.
Cotile, (James' Store) April 8th, 9th.
Nichols' Store, April 11th and 13th.
Paul's Store, April 15th and 16th.
Calhoun's Store, April 18th and 20th.
Randolph Precinct, April 22d.
Cheneyville, April 24th, 25th and 27th.
Lecomte, April 28th and 29th.
Lataunier, (Dennis Smith's) May 1st and 2d.
Pineville, May 4th and 5th.
J. E. Borland's, May 7th and 8th.
Bayou Flaggon, (Asa Bell's) May 11th and 12th.
Holloway's Prairie, (John A. Newell's) May 13th and 14th.
Big Island, (Michael Deville) May 15th.
Mouth Cane River, (Morantine's Store) May 19th.

All neglecting to meet me and give in a list of their property, will be assessed as the law directs.

MICHAEL LEGRAS,
Assessor and Collector, Rapides Parish.
April 1-3t.

Weekly Saturday Packet

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April 1, 1874.

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Jan 7-6m. A. BROUSSEAU.

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Special Notice!

I HAVE APPOINTED COL N. L. McGinnis, my Agent to attend to my business at this place, and between here and Red River Landing. Capt. A. M. Osgood continues my Agent from Monette's Ferry to Shreveport. La. B. H. PETERSON.
March 20, 1874.

FOR SALE!

OR TRADE FOR CATTLE, TEXAS Ponies or Sheep, a FINE BUGGY, LIGHT TROTTER, SULKY and FAMILY CARRIAGE at Excelsior Stable. Apply to N. L. MCGINNIS.
April 1, 1874-3t.

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