

## A Woman Addicted to Marriage.

From the New York Express, Oct. 30.

Last winter a wealthy Cuban conceived an extravagant passion for quite a pretty young woman dancing at a leading Broadway theatre; wrote to her and solicited an interview. He poured his passion out in burning words, and offered to pour out his gold as freely; but she informed him, as the celebrated English actress did her opulent admirer, that the way to her bed chamber lay through the church. He sought to shake her resolution, but in vain, and in despite of possessing her otherwise he made her his wife. He tired of her in few weeks, and as his relations were violently opposed to such an alliance, he soon deserted her and returned to Havana.

Too proud to follow him, she went back to the stage, and during the month of May a clerk in a commercial house downtown fell in love with her, and went through the same experience as the Spaniard. Hyphen before Venus for her; and so the young fellow, with a degree of dishonor characteristic of an older and cooler heart, entrapped her into a false marriage. His employer accidentally discovered the deception; became interested in the pretty damsels, and apprised her of the clerk's villainy, assuring her he should be compelled to wed her, if she desired it, by process of law.

Esmeralda declined to have anything more to do with the rogue, and released him unconditionally. The merchant was so much struck with the woman's spirit and beauty that, although he knew she had twice consented to marry in cold blood, he proposed matrimony to her, and for the third time she accepted. Certain legal steps are necessary before the last nuptials can be consummated; but the commercial lover is desperately enamored of her, and has already placed her in a handsome mansion, and made her a deed of the property, with \$10,000 for pin money. His friends are indignant and aver that he is infatuated. But he swears he loves her, and will marry her as soon as practicable. She says she is deeply attached to him for his kindness and sympathy with her, and is now leading a very quiet and exemplary life.

Her *flame* is nearly forty, and has long been sought after as a husband in modish circles to no purpose. His liver seems to have struck now; and there is little doubt but that he will wed Esmeralda this winter, and snap his fingers at comment and criticism. She will join Grace Church; he passed upon by Brown, ride to morning service with gold clasped hymn book, and look ten times more as if she was born to it than all many of her sex who prate of blood and breeding.

## The Means Taken by the French Emperor to Prevent a Revolt.

A Paris correspondent of the New York *Herold*, in describing the subterranean sewers of Paris, says:

The little narrow, crooked streets, in the very heart of the city, which the revolutionists of former times could barricade in a few minutes by knocking over an omnibus and tearing up a few paving stones, no longer exist, but have given place to broad and beautiful avenues, which could be swept and kept clear with no difficulty, by means of artillery. Soldiers need no longer be shot at in their passages through the streets by citizen revolutionists, from their windows. The splendid system of sewerage which has been perfected under the reign of the present Emperor, is something more than a system of sewerage—one by means of which troops can be readily transported from one part of Paris to another, unseen and unexposed. \*

The primary object of these immense subterranean canals and railways, which extend through all Paris, is drainage—but it will be readily seen what facilities they afford for the transportation of troops, and it is said that the whole *Garde de Paris* is exercised in small squads in descending and mounting, in embarking in the boats and disembarking in the cars, in case of their being transported in his manner they would be somewhat familiarized with it in advance. One of the outlets, one of the principal 'stations' for his net-work of subterranean railway lines extending over Paris is in the courtyard of the Tuilleries, into which five thousand men could be thus made to rise out of the ground in half an hour after the order had been sent to them by telegraph.

## Another Case of Child Whipping in Cambridge.

From the Boston Transcript, of October 22.

Another case of girl flogging occurred in the Dana primary school on Center St., yesterday. The victim is Margaret Lynch, and the teacher who inflicted the punishment was a Miss Dee, who came from Salem a few days ago, highly recommended as capable of controlling a hard "school" by persuasive rather than by hard measures. She has not yet been confirmed as a permanent teacher by the committee—According to the child's story, a companion had playfully slapped her, unobserved by the teacher, and she returned the compliment in a similar manner, being caught in the act; whereupon the woman proceeded to beat her over the shoulders with a heavy ruler, and did not stop until her back and left shoulder were rendered insensible to pain. The child went home from school as usual, and complained to her parents, who brought her to the second police station for the purpose of entering a suit. An examination of the pupil disclosed serious bruises upon the left shoulder, the skin of which had been broken in many places, and also the marks of the end of some heavy instrument on the right shoulder. A committee of the city council was in session at the time, and the bruises were exhibited to them in the clerk's office in City Hall. The opinion of all present was that the punishment was brutal, and Mr. Lynch was advised to enter a complaint before Justice Ladd, this morning. Several members of the school committee being aware that the case was likely to be brought before the police court, called upon the father of the girl this morning, and requested him to suspend criminal proceedings against Miss Dee until the affair was investigated by them, a request that was at once acceded to by him.

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## Mrs. Lincoln's Difficulties.

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A Son reporter, who yesterday visited Mr. Brady's, found that both the sale of her valuables and the subscriptions for the relief of her present financial troubles progress slowly. He says:

"None of the rich dresses have found purchasers since our report, and but \$1,25 has been contributed towards the relief fund. The idea of sale by public auction has been definitely abandoned; it only found favor with Mrs. Lincoln at a time of much mental excitement, when she was smarting under what she deemed to be the very ungrateful conduct of certain incumbents of fat offices, who owe their plethoric purses and well-fathered nests to her husband's power and her own favor.

The project to raise a subscription on a grand scale has not yet assumed a definite shape. The gentlemen moving in the matter continue to receive every encouragement—two distinguished lecturers have offered their services gratis, and a brilliant musical artiste, animated by a similar kindly feeling, proposes to produce an oratorio.

The following preamble, to which will be appended approbatory communications from eminent persons, will precede the appeal for subscriptions:

"Many citizens of the United States, sympathizing with the widow of the late president, Abraham Lincoln, in her deep distress, have suggested that a just tribute may be paid to his memory by placing his family in a condition of sustaining themselves in their present social position. This can only be done by private subscriptions, and for this purpose this circular is addressed to you, in the hope of enlisting your action and influence in the matter."

## Ludicrous Attempt at Suicide.

The Oakland (Cal.) *News* describes a scene said to have been witnessed by a gentleman riding over the Twelfth street bridge, between that city and San Antonio, on Sunday, Sep. 20th, as follows:

A young man and still more youthful female were leaning over the railing and apparently in an animated conversation. From what followed, it was but too evident that the young lady had placed her affections on the youth, who wouldn't talk the kind of turkey in return that she desired. "Henry, hark! do, O, do say that you love me, or I'll do a rash act," said the infatuated damsel. Henry didn't do it, for in a moment out jumped the lady into the blue, tenacious mud, sinking quite up to her knees. She tried to make her way to deep water, but to save her neck she couldn't do it. No sooner did she try to raise one leg, than down went the other still further. Henry (the scamp) looked on perfectly unconcerned; she kept sinking in the mud until she was submerged as far as her crinoline would allow, when she concluded that there might possibly be an easier way of shuffling off this mortal coil. She called loudly on her stony-hearted swain to come to the rescue, which he gallantly did, to the dirty detriment of his \$10 calfskin and sky blue pants.—When the lady got ashore, it took half an hour to scrape the mud from her stockings. The *News* adds: "The parties were strangers, and had the verdant look of San Francisco depicted in their countenances."

A gentleman of Cincinnati, on account of the excitement in regard to the bonds, disposed of what he had a few days ago.—But they did not long stay disposed of. One of them, for five thousand dollars, proved to be a forgery and came back. The person from whom he got it is worth nothing, and the whole thing is a dead loss. How many forged and fraudulent bonds there are in circulation nobody knows, but there is probably a good many.

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

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D'Arcy McGee, having signed the pledge, is no longer a rum 'un.

Thurlow Weed is a millionaire.

Charles Astor Bristed calls prohit y liquor laws aquarian legislation.

Charlotte Cushman has been won over to Rome—the city—not the church.

Harriet Prescott Spofford is collecting words, preparatory to making a new book.

The queen of Portugal will soon fain another pensioner upon that unhappy nation.

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Stephen Maccott, having failed to make the Americans believe he is a humorist, has gone to Japan, hoping to find a people capable of admiring him.

William Huntley, of Albany, N. Y., is a graduate of Yale College, an author of some celebrity, a writer of poetry, a printer, and heir to \$75,000 left by an uncle.

Joseph P. Whith of Georgia, claims that he has perfected an invention by which a locomotive engine can change a switch without the intervention of switchmen.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes has taken up his residence in Montreal temporarily—long enough to make "The Guardian Angel," a British subject, entitled to the protection of English copyright laws.

E. E. Williamson, a removed deputy collector of Massachusetts, beguiles his retirement by writing a lecture on Cromwell. Reading the soliloquy of Cardinal Woolsey would be more befitting and perhaps as profitable.

M. Renan, the famous French author, is a stout, heavy man, with a rather dull appearance until he begins to talk, when his features light up with a wonderful intellectual brilliancy, and his whole bearing and aspect manifest the scholar and independent teacher.

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