

SINGULAR REVENGE.

An incident is related in our latest Parisian files, which could have taken place nowhere else but in France. Mons. P——, an old military officer—a man of harsh and unbending character—had resolved to marry his son to the daughter of one of his brother officers. The young man had formed other projects—had dreamed of another union; but being of an exceedingly timid disposition, dared not openly resist his father's wishes. His first words of dissent having been answered by a torrent of abuse on the part of the old gentleman, poor Arthur permitted the month of betrothal to pass without further opposition; whilst his *fiancee*, Mlle. L——, mistook his sighs—his melancholy—for proofs positive of his passion for her, and considered herself in duty bound to *adore* him.

The wedding day having arrived, the *fiancés*, with their attendants, presented themselves at the Mayoralty. Arthur was gloomy and reserved, and seemed to have his mind made up to some desperate resolve. The countenance of Emma was radiant with happiness.

The preliminaries having been arranged, the Mayor of C—— (M. Morbiban) put to the groom the usual question—"Arthur P——, will you take this woman, Emma D——; for your wife?" etc.

Arthur slowly raised his head, and in a trembling, yet clear, emphatic tone answered—"No!"

Of course, then followed a scene, to the portrayal of which we can not hope to do justice. All was confusion. The party separated in disorder—the relatives of the interested bride indignantly demanding an explanation of Mons. P——, senior, who looked the picture of petrefaction. As for Arthur, he had already escaped, and started directly for Paris.

A few days subsequent to this extraordinary occurrence, a young girl was seen rapidly ascending the stairs of a *hotel garni* in Rue

St. Honore. She had learned from the porter that Mons. Arthur P—— arrived the preceding night. It was Emma C——, come with her father and intended father-in-law, in search of the fugitive *fiancee*, who had so cruelly insulted her. But she was now alone. She tapped at the door of No. 17, and entered without waiting for an answer. The young man was reclining in bed, reading a newspaper. Emma walked straight to the bed-side, and, drawing from under her shawl an enormous horse-pistol, which doubtless she had procured from her father—

"Sir!" said she to Arthur, her eyes flashing with anger, "you have grossly insulted me, and I demand reparation! Refuse this reparation at the peril of your life! Let us return at once to the Mayoralty of C——, both in marriage costume. When the customary question is put to you, you will answer 'Yes,' and I shall answer 'No!' when my honor will be satisfied."

Emma seconded her persuasive eloquence by brandishing her pistol with both hands. It was a powerful argument.

After all, she was right, or nearly so—at least, such was Arthur's opinion. He promised, and set out the same day with his father, who ground his teeth during the journey, but uttered not a word.

Finally they presented themselves again at the Mayoralty, before the same magistrate. Arthur bravely answered "Yes," as arranged; and prepared his countenance to express the proper degree of indignation when he should hear the reply of his betrothed.

The Mayor resumed—"Emma C——, do you consent?" etc.—"Yes," answered Emma, in the most natural tone possible.

Mons. P——, senior, was delighted; he declared that this union, commenced under such auspices, would end like the fairy tales. And they are now actually living together, as happy as the days are long!

THE PITTSBURGH FEMININE RIOTS.—The Pittsburgh papers of Saturday contain long accounts of the attack, noticed in our telegraphic despatch of Saturday, March 2nd, made by the Amazonians of that city on the East, who have taken the situations of the puddlers who were on a strike. The Gazette says:

They first attacked the works of Messrs. Graff, Lindsey & Co., and took forcible possession, driving the puddlers and boilers before them like sheep. They then gave vent to their spirits by throwing dirt, &c., into the furnace, and succeeded in spoiling several hundred dollars worth of iron. They were followed by a large crowd of men and boys, who urged them on, and were evidently prepared to defend them against any resistance.

The rioters next proceeded to the works of Messrs. Shoenbergers, and endeavored to play the same game there, but the police managed to keep them from entering. They walked round the outside several times, whooping and yelling, and throwing heavy missiles at the workmen.

The fury of the assailants may be judged of from the fact, that a number of them surrounded one of the puddlers, who was the last to leave his place, and hurrying him to the river, were in the act of throwing him in, when he was rescued by one of the women, but only allowed him to escape upon his promising to leave the mill.

The workmen at Graff and Lindsey's mills had not returned to work again, and we understand that the furnaces which were in blast will require rebuilding—the metal having been left to cool in them. The Metal itself would of course be destroyed.

THE BATH HOUSE.

Is open for the accommodation of gentlemen.