

PRAZINI ONE OF A CLASS.

Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph.

Pranzini has been removed from the Conciergerie to the prison of the condemned, La Grande Roquette; but although he has entered the gloomy portals of that grim establishment he has not abandoned all hope of a reprieve. He complains that the jurymen who found him guilty allowed themselves to be influenced by the newspapers. The extraordinary career of the murderer has in the meantime drawn a good deal of public attention to the adventurers who pour into Paris from different Oriental or Italian cities, and who contrive to fascinate foolish women by their Almaviva-like airs and appearance. The French capital has long been, in fact, what Dr. Johnson called London, the "needy villains' general home," and Pranzinis abound on the boulevards. There have now successfully blazed before the public Prince Scanderbeg, an ex-waiter, who sold decorations; Adim Pasha, a gambler greatly beloved by the demi-monde, who was entrapped in London, and who turned out to be an ex-hotel tout from Riga; the false Count, who gave himself the name of a noble Roman family, but who was in reality a good-looking, brawny-limbed scamp, who had sold ices in Naples. This man was all the rage at Nice a few seasons since, until he was suddenly wanted at Marseilles, where he was condemned to imprisonment for fraud. Another notorious impostor was the Marquis of Castel-Bravo, a name which might have suited Mrs. Radcliffe or Théophile Gautier. A few years ago he used to sup at Bignon's, and his youth and stature, but, above all, his splendid head, caused flutters in the hearts of the frail beauties who frequented that establishment before midnight in the company of their admirers. All their looks were for the splendid Marchese, who was, however, tapped on the shoulder one night by a dirty little man in a shabby, threadbare suit, who intimated that his Excellency the Marquis was anxiously awaited at the Prefecture of Police. The Don Juan of Castel-Bravo was, in fact, simple Bernardino Dominguez, who had been condemned by default to 10 years' imprisonment for fraud and forgery. From the sumptuous supper rooms at Bignon's he was speedily transferred to Noumea, only just in time to prevent his marriage with an American widow who had \$1,000,000 as her jointure. The ease with which Pranzini fooled women in Paris and elsewhere shows that the discoveries of the exploits of his numerous predecessors had borne no fruit and served to point no moral.