

Ich house, whose barbarian tenants he had ever seen in the Champs Elysees, and waited the result. Invitations from fair ladies, who remembered him as the man the French belles were mad about, and from literary ladies, who wanted his whiskers and black eyes to give their sores the necessary foreign complexion, flowed in on all sides, and Monsieur Adolphe selected his most minion cane and his happiest design in a stocking, and "reentered himself" through the rain like a martyr.

No offers of marriage the first evening! None the second! None the third!!!
Le beau Adolphe began to think either that English papas did not propose their daughters to people as in France, or, perhaps, that the lady whom he had commissioned to circulate his wishes, had not sufficiently advertised him. She had, however, he took advice, and found it would be necessary to take the first step himself. This was disagreeable.

He went to Almack's, and proposed to the first authenticated fortune that accepted his hand for a waltz. The young lady first laughed, and then told her mother, who told her son, who thought it an insult, and called out to hear Adolphe, very much to the amusement of himself and his man Porphyre. The thing was explained, and the Baron looked about the next day for one of better taste. Found a young lady with half a million sterling, proposed in a morning call, and was obliged to ring for assistance, his intended having gone into convulsions with laughing at him. The story by this time had got pretty well distributed through the different strata of London society, and when le beau Adolphe, convinced that he would not succeed with the noble heiress of Belgrave Square, condescended, in his extremity, to send his heart by a valet to a rich little vulgarian, who never had a granfather and lived in Harley Street, he narrowly escaped being prosecuted for a nuisance. Paris being now in possession of the enemy, he was obliged to bury his sorrows in Belgium. After a short exile his friends procured him a vice consulate in some port in the North Sea, and there probably at this moment he sorrowfully vegetates.

This is not a story founded upon fact, but literally true. Many of the circumstances came under my own observation, and the whole thus affords a laughable example of the esteem in which what an English fox-hunter would call a "trashy Frenchman" is held in England, as well as of the ludicrous consequences that follow the attempt to transplant the usages of one country to another.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

It has been said by some one, and if not said, it shall be said now, that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affection, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration and write with rapture of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass, but in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own hearts. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect; it is not in loveliness of face, for these nature has been perchance neglectful; nor is it in the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that; neither is it in the delirium of their feelings, nor in the sincerity of their affection, that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power more or less; and every man yields to its influence.

The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person, and mind, and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness. One of our best poets has touched on this matter with the wisdom of imagination; these are his words:

She liv'd unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh! the difference to me!

This was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academies create on canvass, or whom some bach-

elor Lard's dream. The poet of Rydal Mount is a married man, and knows from what sources domestic happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed to breathing flesh and blood, would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate aerial visions, those personified zephyrs, are decidedly unfit for the material wear and tear of the world. If not with its scale and its compasses and its eternal chain of "the bean ideal—the bean ideal," had peopled the world, we should have been a nation of ninnies, our isles would have been filled with fat figures and beings "so beautiful exceedingly," but loveless, joyless, splendidly idle, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered.

I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty; and from the decisions of true love I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal sense entertained respecting female loveliness. There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research; look on wedded society, it is visible to all. There, a man very plain is linked to a woman very lovely; a creature silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative; a very tall man to a very little woman; a very portly lady to a man short, slender, and attenuated; the brown wears the black, and the white the golden; personal deficiencies are not in the way of affection; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, therefore, which some simple person has put, "which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies?" is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of artists in their hands and scraps of idle verse on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty among the three nations? Who shall say which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest of the stars of heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendor, and a third the lily for its purity; and they are all right.

We know not, indeed, by our natural theory of female loveliness, which of the nations has the most beautiful women, because we know not which of them is the happiest. Wherever there is most bosom tranquility, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hotel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and an affectionate wife, and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely by her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into your Scotch cottages; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that Englishwoman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as some of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and satezacy of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly, and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a halo round her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honorable to nature, and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, and catch the eye and vex the heart.

UNITED STATES.

LYNNING.—The *Wicksburg Register* gives the following narrative of a Lynching affair at that place.

A disorderly house had been kept for some time in the upper part of the city, by a German family of the name of Fleckenstein, who sold liquors. There were in the family the father and three sons. The sons had the management of the concern, had recently lost their licence, and incurred a penalty of fifty dollars, an account of the bad character of the house, and it was reported had abused their father. Some say they had done so; others that if they had, not severely, if at all. But the individuals concerned in this transaction, probably not deeming it necessary to be very nice in their imputations, and being too great lovers of justice to be willing to see it averted on account of any light objections or technical rules, and regarding themselves as amply competent to act in the double capacity of judge and executor, determined upon a summary infliction of punishment upon the sons; determined upon their knowledge of the matter, as it is not uncommonly the case in such transactions, where there is room for reasonable doubt as to the guilt of a party of the severity of the punishment deserved, to "lynch them any how." They accordingly proceeded, well armed and provided with ropes, &c., to the house at about 11 o'clock on Thursday night, demanded admission, which was refused, broke open the outer door, and entered; J. A. Holt, a German, and an unusually rash and adventurous young fellow, leading the way. Before he entered, he called to his comrades: "Who will go with me, if I lead the way?" Several replied that they would—"Go ahead"—one of the parties saying, "Boys have your muskets ready."

He now advanced through the house into the back room, a part of the gang following and a part remaining outside, and some one observing, "Come on Holt, there is no danger," and another "We will have them or burn the house?" The family was in the upper story of the house. He commenced ascending stairs, when, perhaps dreading the resistance of some one he saw, or more effectually to clear the way, he discharged one of his pistols and wounded one of the sons of Fleckenstein severely in the neck and jaws. A volley of four or five shots was almost instantly returned. Holt fell dead, a piece of the top of his skull being torn off, and almost the whole of the brains dashed out. His comrades seeing him fall, suddenly took to their heels and no more was seen of them. Some other names have been communicated to us, but we refrain from giving them at present, lest we should either injure innocent individuals or prejudice the administration of justice. It is thought that the wounds of Fleckenstein will not seriously endanger his life. An inquest was held over the body of Holt and a verdict rendered that he came to his death by the hands of one of the three Fleckensteins. Measures has been taken to bring the offenders to justice at the next term of our criminal court. They can hope for no sympathy from any good citizen. The Fleckensteins deserve credit for their resolute defence and the happy prevention of the perpetration of the crime which has thus been attempted upon them under cover of the night. There were, it is supposed, some ten or fifteen concerned in the transaction.

LYNNING.—An abolitionist named John Miles, who sails from Cincinnati, received 200 letters from Adams County, Miss., for endeavoring to entice negroes away.

FATAL RECENT.—Letters received in this city from Greenville, state that a recent took place in that village on the 7th instant, between Mr. Yancy, the friend of General Whitner, (who had been brought out by the Sub-Treasury party in opposition to General Thompson,) and Dr. Earl, which resulted fatally for the latter. The following is the current report of the facts:—Yancy said to a friend on the muster ground that Thompson would have the advantage of Whitner, as he could blackguard his opponent before the people, and Whitner being a religious man and member of the church, would not. This being overheard by young Earl, a youth of sixteen, was pronounced to be a lie. Yancy turned round and slapped him. Dr. Earl, the father, called on Yancy and asked him if he had asserted that his son apologised for what was said on the muster ground, as had been reported. Yancy said he had not said so. Then, said the Doctor, my son called you a liar, and if you repeat what you did in his hearing, I pronounce you a damned liar.

With that Yancy drew his pistol and said, you must withdraw that or I will shoot you. The Doctor made up and grappled him by the breast of the coat. Yancy fired and lodged the ball just below the ribs—the Doctor striking with a stick which he carried. Yancy also struck and broke the pistol over the Doctor's head, and then drew his sword cane—the Doctor drew a large knife, and they grappled until they were parted, say about two minutes, after the shot. The Doctor then fell from his wound, of which he died the next morning.—*Charleston Patriot*.

A SINGULAR CASE.—The *Louisville Journal* says:—"A Mr. Edmund Keene Burke, of Mobile, a most useful young reprobate, was recently ridden on a rail by the citizens of that place for breaking two of his father's ribs, and running away with a third—that is, he ran away with his old father's young wife, his step-mother, and married her."

Miss Keziah North, a young lady, nineteen years of age, was burned to death, in Millers-town, (Pa.) on the night of the 5th instant. She was to have been married in a few days, and was sitting up sewing at her bridal dress, when becoming fatigued, she laid down on the bed without putting out her candle. After she became asleep, the flame of the candle set fire to the bed-clothes, and she was so badly burned that she died in a few hours after the discovery of the accident.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—An editor in Maine having written an article about "unchanged democrats," the compositor made it read *unchanged democrats*.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 6TH OF F. 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, -- Sept. 7. New-York, -- Sept. 29
Liverpool, -- Sept. 7. Halifax, -- Sept. 20
Havre, -- Sept. 4. Toronto, -- Sept. 23

New York papers of Tuesday last are received. The steamer *Canada* arrived about noon, but brought no Montreal papers. The following is from the New York correspondence of the Quebec Exchange:—

"Exchange on London reached 110 per cent, and sales have been made to-day to a considerable extent to go by the Great Western. Ashes have risen to-day 25 cents;—sales of Pearl at \$7.75, and Pots \$5.75. Flour is without change, \$9 being the current price."

Her Majesty's Ship *Inconstant* arrived yesterday forenoon from Bermuda, and will sail again to-day for Halifax, for the purpose of bringing up one of the regiments stationed there. We understand that Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Paget has been taken very seriously ill, and at the time of the *Inconstant's* departure, little hope was entertained of his recovery.

The political prisoners on the island were living in high style at the Hamilton Hotel, and appeared to be well pleased with their new state of existence.

The steam frigate *Medea* arrived from Halifax this morning.

The Montreal Gazette of Thursday professes to be informed that His Excellency the Earl of Durham has expressed a wish that Sir John Colborne should immediately assume the administration of the Government of Lower Canada; and that it is the intention of his Lordship, during the rest of his residence in the Province, merely to exercise his functions as High Commissioner in British North America. Colonel Cooper, the Military Secretary of the Earl of Durham, was passenger in the *Canada* steam-boat from Quebec to Sorel, and it is understood that his visit to Sir John Colborne is connected with the proposed arrangement of the Earl of Durham.

From the Montreal Herald of Thursday.

Yesterday evening there was a manifestation of popular feeling against Lords Brougham, Melbourne, and Glenelg, in the shape of a charivari and burning in effigy of the ex-Chancellor and his noble fellow traitors. Two transparencies, each six feet by nine, were mounted on a carriage drawn by some jacksnives, and followed by a transparent coffin, borne by pall-bearers who carried lighted torches. On the coffin the words "Brougham" was painted. One of the transparencies represented Lord Brougham seated on a jackass, with his face to the animal's tail, an imp of darkness leading the ass and exclaiming,