

establish him as their model for conduct; and imagine him chuckling upon seeing some fool refusing the piece of cauliflower he longed for, because Brummell had said, "No gentleman eats vegetables—I did once pick a pea;" and at another for rejecting a second plate of turtle, because, upon Brummell's authority, it was established "that no gentleman takes soup twice."

The vulgarly genteel are nervously cautious concerning everything they say or do; they are ever alive to the dread of compromising their "gentility." At a ball—it was a charity ball!—given at a fashionable watering place, a pretty young woman, who was sitting by her mother, was invited by a gentleman to dance. He led her to a set; when, instantly, two "young ladies" who were of it, haughtily withdrew to their seats. "They had no notion of dancing in such company," and with good reason. The young person was nothing more than the daughter of a wealthy and respectable tradesman of the place, whilst they—the two Misses Knibbs—were members of its resident small "aristocracy."

The places they had vacated were good-naturedly filled by two ladies who had witnessed the proceeding, one of whom was the daughter, the other the niece, of a nobleman. Their position was too well established to be compromised by dancing a quarter of an hour in the same set with a respectable tradesman's daughter; but the two Misses Knibbs were the daughters of a retired soap boiler from Bermundsey.

A lady of rank and high breeding, being asked whether she had been at the last Polish ball, "No, indeed," replied she; "for upon my word I begin to consider the Polemasia a humbug."

Our "vastly genteel" woman in the omnibus or the Misses Knibbs, would have shuddered at the sound of such a word.

THE POLISHED SHOVEL.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"DON'T use that," exclaimed my maiden aunt, as I attempted to take the shovel, to throw on a fallen coal or two "You must be a Goth to think of using a polished shovel. It is for ornament,—and there is more time and trouble spent in keeping it so than you can imagine."

I owned my gaucherie, and stood corrected. Of course all our readers must have seen or heard of a polished shovel,—as ordinary an appendage of the grate as a six foot show-foot-man, —a sort of case-hardened sinecurist, who does nothing from one end of the year to another but lol listlessly upon its supporters,—and although neither wanting in brightness or reflection, does nothing and says less, as an Irishman would phrase it.

Alas! and alack a day! [or, according to the ambitious aspiration of an East Indian cadet, "a lass and a leca-day!"] there are many, very many polished shovels in society, in human form, who, albeit as ornamental, are as perfectly useless as our acquaintances of the drawing room stove. They have many of them, probably, been bred to the bar, but contemptuously spurning Coke, and never having "taken up" a Little ton in the whole course of their lives, they have no other idea of "conveyancing" than that entertained by the swell mob!

The exquisite dandy-men of ton,—the "honourables," who have Chesterfield and the Book of Etiquette at their finger's ends,—who lounge the Park, dance at Almack's, or bet at Tattersalls, are all "polished shovels," in a greater or less degree, and certainly more ornamental than useful members of the community at large, albeit many of the aforesaid are not of the community "at large," being periodically found within the unscalable walls of the Queen's bench at the Marshalsea, or

"All in the downs—the Fleet"

Among these same "polished shovels," ornithologically classed, may be discovered both "rooks" and "pigeons;" for having literally nothing to do, they "do" one another, or—are "done." And again, leytologically classed some of these stupid and utterly worthless souls may be termed "flats" and "gudgeons," and the more knowing ones "sharks."

The polished shovels of the feminine gender are principally those young damsels who are "brought out," after having received the finishing polish from some of the "refiners" of Kensington, or elsewhere, who do Berlin worsted work, touch the piano, murder the Italian, and bark the French, and whose "capers" are barefaced imitations of the real original French, and an imposition on the British public,—whose drawings are like the cheques of men without funds at their bankers', and are generally marked by no effects, or of no account,—and assuredly are never honored, according to the mercantile phrase, being more fitted for a drawing academy.

In the army there are many "polished shovels" forced into a red coat and regimentals by ambitious parents, or

"Because they've nothing else to do," and who are "martinets" to the men in the parks and parades, and the admiration of giggling nursery maids; but who generally prefer "home, sweet home" to travel, and always exchange when their regiment is ordered abroad, to the great delight of whole ranks and old "files," who are vulgar enough to think that the smell of the gun is superior to violet-powder.

In the law, too, there are "polished shovels," and especially among the first houses in town. The firm of Messrs Varnish, Fitzdiddle and Son is composed of three members, all of wealthy families of extensive connexions; they have consequently splendid offices, ruled into the different departments of chancery, conveyancing, common law, &c. &c.; and have only

just sufficient parrot knowledge to discriminate the department, and to send for Piggins or Liggins, as the case may be, who is the principal drudge of that particular section of the law which is desired to be put in action by their respectable clients; and the business is well done, and their bill of costs untaxable, for they are legally honest, and are too polished to be pettifoggers, but on their own part they do nothing. "Our chancery" or "our common law clerk" conducts the whole suit, shovelling up the coals, while they stand by, unsullied and unmoved.

In all government offices the "polished shovels" are very numerous; they are generally branches of the aristocracy, or appointed by ministerial interest; their thirty-third cousin will be found, upon investigation, to be able to command a certain number of votes for a certain borough and his peculiar interest transforms his relative into the "principal" of some office, who punctually attends from eleven till two, reads the newspaper, yawns, fatigues himself by signing his name to some important documents, and rushes away, precisely as the clock strikes, like a newly emancipated slave. Four times a year, however, he is really moved,—that is, when he receives the quarterly payment of his "hard earned" salary. Unfortunately with all his polish, he is not frequently very civil to the public. Of course there are exceptions; but they are "gentlemen born," and cannot "help it," so we must not praise them for exercising that urbanity which is so very natural to that very limited class, that to be "uncivil" would be contrary to their nature and education. We have the pleasure of knowing many such.

At court, which is all great, the "polished shovels" are innumerable; but, alas! for pride and poor humanity, Mors, that great dust contractor, and contractor of men's views, will, sooner or later, inevitably call upon the "polished shovels," and with his enormous dust shovel, unfeeling cast them all in one common heap!

THE DESERTED BANQUET.

THE golden beams of the morning fall With a sickly glare on the Banquet-hall, Where wine and wassail on yesternight, To the maddened soul brought joy and light; And beautiful shapes came thronging there, And music and gladness filled all the air, Till Earth, like a garden of roses seemed, As fair as the purest hab' ever dreamed; But where are the Revelers?—where? A stillness hangs like a pall on the air, And all is as desolate, calm and dread, As a frozen smile on the face of the dead, Or a rose blooming fair On the forehead of care; But where are the Revelers?—where?

The wine-cups are shivered—their fragments lie, In ruinous splendor glittering by, From which last eve a spirit looked forth Like an angel come down to a scene of mirth; And laughing and shouting with joyful eyes, As Time with a gambol of madness flies, But gemmed with the tears of virtue shed, And bright with the blood of the murdered dead!

The seats are arranged in a goodly row, And the sun-beams on mirrors and goblets glow; But nor shadow nor substance dispels the gloom Which noiselessly steals o'er the Banquet-room; And a golden glare Lighteth mirror and chair; But where are the Revelers?—where?

But Time spreads a banquet of goodly things, And men sit down while the table rings With wassail and shout and merry song, From a noisy and joyous and cheering throng. Here Love, with a smile and a flashing eye, Looks laughing in eyes that with love reply; And Thought, with a wrinkled and frowning brow, And Pleasure, bedecked with its myrtle bough, And Sorrow, that weepeth with moaning soul, And madness, with eyes that fiery roll— Ambitio, that straggled and toiled on, And wildly grasps at an airy crown, At this Banquet repair, And laugh or despair; And thus sit the Revelers drinking there!

Thus the Banquet of Life has a merry throng, And the table rings loud with shout and song.— They come from the mountain, from vale and plain, They come from the foaming and wind-lashed Main! They come from the castle, they come from bower, And wassail laughs loud for a merry hour! But the moan of a Spirit sweeps through the hall, And down do the goblets and wine-cups fall, While the Panqueers stagger and drop around, With a shriek and a shiver on the ground; And the sunbeams on mirrors and goblets glow And seats all arranged in a goodly row, While stillness hangs there, Like a pall on the air; But where are the Revelers?—where?

AUGUSTUS SNOGORAS.

THE BIBLE.

FREDERICK BREMER, in her pamphlet upon Strauss and his peculiar tenets, makes the following beautiful apostrophe to the Bible: "Book of books! deep wonderful mine whose shafts ages have assailed, ages have traversed, and will yet traverse! Holy lineage

roll, displaying the record of the internal unfolding of the race of man from the hour of its birth, gigantic drama of life's beginning and end! Drama with dark episodes and bloody scenes, but whose mornings are in light; which commences with man's infancy, and ends where begins a new life after death and the grave. History of histories! how often have I not descended into its depth with an ardent and inquiring heart.

Long—long was it to me dark, mysterious and incomprehensible, and I could not separate the precious metals from the dross and earth, which adhered to it; the great pulse of reconciliation, steadily beating beneath the varying weal and woe of earthly life, amid the solemn blessings and curses of the wailing myriad, was concealed from me; long have I strayed and doubted, often despairing of the way and the truth. Yet the eye became by degrees used to see by twilight; and even for the least of his inquiring children does God let his light shine! Now I walk securely on the wonderful course, and to my last hour will I journey on, searching and praying. To effect man's reconciliation with the true life, and with God, the development of his nature and his farther progress, he must, in the present age, especially, become reconciled with the Scripture."

New Works.

From the Memoirs of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent.

TROUBRIDGE OFF ST. VINCENT.

At twelve o'clock, as the Culloden was reaching close up to the enemy, and their weather division now passed a-head, the British fleet hoisted their colors, and the Culloden opened her fire. But as precisely what the signal directed was the course that gallant ship steered, it led her, not exactly through the gap in the enemy's line, but towards two three-decked ships, the last of the hostile weather division, and so directly on board the last and largest of them, that Captain Troubridge's first lieutenant, the late gallant Rear Admiral Griffiths, reported the collision which seemed inevitable. "Can't help it, Griffiths; let the weakest fend off," was that most gallant hero's only reply. The lieutenant's duty ended with making the report; and the Culloden standing straight forward, soon let it be seen that the smallest ship was not the weakest antagonist. For though she stood on till through every port on all three decks of the enemy's ship the crew could be perceived at their quarters pointing their guns, and ready to fire, two of the Culloden's double shotted broadsides told with such dreadful effect, and threw the Spaniards so irrevocably into confusion, that she went about and the guns of her other side not being even cast loose, she did not fire even a single shot, while the Culloden passed straight and triumphantly through. Scarcely had she broken the enemy's line than the commander in chief signalled the order to tack in succession. But so well was this anticipated by Captain Troubridge, that before the signal flew on board the Victory, the proper flags to repeat it were hoisted up to the Culloden's top gallant mast head, but not yet displayed to view; and at almost the very same instant that the command was given by the admiral, Captain Troubridge called out, "Break the stop—down with the helm!" and instantly the Culloden, repeating the signal, went about. With such most dashing promptitude as this in executing the manoeuvre he intended, Sir John Jervis was indeed and above measure delighted. "Look Jackson!" he rapturously exclaimed, "look at Troubridge there! he tacks his ship to battle as if the eyes of all England were upon him; and would to God they were,—for then they would see him to be what I know him, and, by heavens, sir, as the Dons will soon feel him."

COOLNESS OF ADMIRAL JERVIS.

While the Victory was in the thickest of the fight, the smoke not permitting the commander in chief to see all the ships of his squadron as he wished, he went to the poop to obtain a clearer sight of the battle. While he was there coolly surveying them, a marine close by him was struck by a cannon shot, which smashed his head, and Sir John was literally covered from hat to knees by the man's brains and blood. Seeing him in that state, and fearing he was wounded, Captain Grey ran up, making the most earnest inquiries: "I am not at all hurt," replied the admiral calmly, and at the same time wiping his mouth, into which a quantity of blood had flown; "but do, George try if you can get me an orange." A youthful aide-de-camp soon brought one from the cockpit, and Sir John rinsed his mouth with the utmost composure.

From Impressions and Observations of a Young Person, during a Residence in Paris.

FRANCE.—THE FRENCH, &c.

TREES

"So much has been said of 'la belle France,' that it never occurred to me to doubt the propriety of the expression until I was taken to England. To one accustomed to the white walls and broad lands of France, the rich verdure of England and the hedge inclosures are inexpressibly beautiful; although forest are not so common, the trees struck me as much more handsome individually, they being here, with the exception of the ornamental, lopped and shredded for fire wood, the top alone remaining and giving them a grotesque appearance; the vineyards too, of which so much is said, appeared to me less pretty than the beautiful fields of hops through which the Dover road passes."

FLOWERS.

"The English who visit Paris appear de-

lighted with French flowers; that they should prefer French artificial flowers, would not be extraordinary, but there is nothing more strikes a stranger in England than the beauty and variety of the boquets, many of the flowers being almost unknown to France. The French have a practice, not a very honest one, that does not appear to exist in England; when you think yourself in possession of a very fine bouquet, and wish to preserve it in water, upon untying it, you find that the heads of the flowers are attached very cleverly to straws, and that they have no stalks; the whole, therefore, falls to pieces. I do not mean to accuse the best flower shops of this practice; but the market flowers, both on the *quai* and at the *Madeline*, are often too faulty in this respect."

Provincial Legislature.

Extracts from the Journals.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, February 1.

On motion of Mr Fisher, Resolved, That a committee be appointed, consisting of a member from each county, to take into consideration the state of all the Roads of Communication in the Province, and to report to the House what sums it may be necessary to grant for repairing and improving as well the Great as Bye Roads. Ordered, That Mr Fisher, Mr Connell, Mr Scoullar, Mr Gilbert, Mr S. Earle, Mr Partelow, Mr Boyd, Mr Palmer, Mr Wark, Mr Rankin, Mr End and Mr Barberie, do compose the said committee.

On motion of Mr Boyd, Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to take into consideration all matters connected with the Fisheries, and to report thereon to the House. Ordered, That Mr Boyd, Mr Payne, Mr Hanington, Mr W. H. Street, and Mr Stewart be the committee for that purpose.

On motion of Mr Wark, Resolved, That a committee be appointed, consisting of a member from each county, to whom shall be referred all matters which may be brought before the House in any way affecting the Agricultural Interests of the Province. Ordered, That Mr Wark, Mr Jordan, Mr Freeze, Mr J. Earle, Mr Barker, Mr Barberie, Mr End, Mr Brown, Mr Smith and Mr Perley do compose the said committee.

On motion of Mr Fisher, Ordered, That Mr J. A. Street and the honorable Mr Wilnot be added to the committee appointed to take into consideration all matters in any way affecting the Agricultural Interests of the Province.

February 2.

Mr. Wark, by leave, presented a Petition from the Justices of the Peace for the County of Kent, praying that a Grant may pass to reimburse the Overseers of the Poor for the parish of Wellington, expenses incurred during the last year towards the support of Richard Parker, a sick and distressed Emigrant; which he read.—Received.

Ordered, That the Petition from the Justices of the Peace for the County of Kent for a grant to reimburse their expenses incurred by the Overseers of the Poor for the Parish of Wellington, be referred to a committee for that purpose.

Mr. End moved for leave to bring in a bill to authorize the Roman Catholic Bishop of this Province to hold Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments to him and his successors for ever. Leave granted.

February 3.

Mr. Wark, by leave, presented a Petition from William Graham and eighty one others, of the County of Kent, praying that an act may pass establishing a uniform rate of Toll to be taken by Millers throughout the Province; which he read. Ordered, That the said Petition be received and referred to the Committee appointed to take into consideration all matters connected with the Agricultural Interests of the Province to report thereon.

Mr. Wark, by leave, presented a Petition from the Justices of the Peace for the County of Kent, praying that an act may pass to authorize an annual assessment on the said County to defray the necessary contingent expenses thereof; which he read. Ordered, That the said Petition be received and lie on the Table.

Mr. Rankin, by leave, presented a Petition from John NeSmith, William Loch, Henry B. Allison, Richard Hutchison, Michael Samuel, Henry Cunard, Caleb McCulley, and seventy four others, Merchants and Freeholders of the County of Northumberland, together with the Grand Jury of the said County, setting forth the evils likely to result from the present acts relating Bankruptcy, and praying that the said Acts may be either repealed or so amended as to be applicable to the situation of the Country; which he read. Ordered, That the said Petition be received and lie on the Table.

On motion of Mr. J. A. Street, Resolved, That a Select Committee be appointed to take into consideration the state of the Bankrupt Laws now in force in this Province, and their present and prospective effect upon Public credit and the Commercial Interests of the Province, and to report thereon by bill or otherwise.

Ordered, That Mr. J. A. Street, Mr Tayer, Mr Hill, Mr Botsford, and Mr Barberie be the Committee for that purpose.

From Doak and Hill's Daily Reporter, February 5.

Mr Rankin presented petitions from the proprietors of the steamboat St. George, praying compensation for running that boat once a week during the summer season, to end from Charlottetown, Pictou and Miramichi.