

POETRY

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with mora,
to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's crea-
tion,
And dew drops on her lonely altars prin-
kle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending
slowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless
eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and
holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied
beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive
duty
Your forms create!

Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell
that swingeth,
And tells its perfume on the passing
air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever
ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the Gorges where crumbling arch
and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most Catholic and so-
lemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our won-
der,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and
moon supply,
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ,
thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There, in solitude and shade, I wander
Through the lone aisles, or, stretched
upon the sod,
Awd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, Oh, Flowers, are liv-
ing preachers—
Each cup a pulpit—every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that, in dewy splendor,
'Weep without woe, and blush without
crime,'
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er sur-
render
Your love sublime!

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory
'Arrayed,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like
ours,'
'How vain your grandeur! ah, how transi-
tory
'Are human flowers!'

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly
artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide
spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though
made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day
and night,
From every source your sanction bids me
treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors, hoary
For such a world of thought could fur-
nish scope!
Each fading calyx a 'moment; mori,'
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collec-
tion!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred
in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands re-
maining,
Far from all voice of teachers and di-
vines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy or-
daining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

THE CRIMINAL.

A stranger, well mounted, and at-
tended by a servant in a rich livery, one
morning in the month of July, entered
a market town in Somersetshire, where
the assizes were then held; and having
put up at one of the principal inns, in-
quired of the landlord as to the curiosi-
ties of the place.—Boniface assured him
with a low bow, that there was no want
of entertainment, as the players were in
the town; and moreover that it was *sine
die*; accompanying his remarks with a
recommendation that the gentleman
should by all means go to hear the trials
that morning, as a highwayman was to
be brought up. The stranger made
some objections to this invitation, upon
the ground of his being unknown, and
the little chance he stood of meeting with
proper accommodation. The difficulty
was however, removed, by the loquaci-
ous landlord assuring him, that a gentle-
man of his appearance would be readily
admitted; indeed, to make it more cer-
tain, he attended him to the court-house,
and represented him in such a way to
his friends, the Judge's Clerks, that he
obtained a seat at a little distance from
the Judge, just as the poor highwayman
was about to make his defence. The
appearance of the stranger, who was of
elegant person and polished manners,
arrested for a moment the attention of
the court, till the prisoner was asked if
he had anything to say. The poor cul-
prit assured the Judge that he was not
guilty of the robbery, and that if he
knew where to find them, there were
people who could prove an *alibi*. At
this moment the poor wretch happened
to catch sight of the stranger, when he
exclaimed, with a degree of frantic joy,
'Can it be possible!' and fell back-
wards on the floor. He was, however,
with some difficulty recovered. When
the Judge humanely inquired into the
cause of his extravagant behaviour, the
poor wretch answered with tears in his
eyes, 'Oh my Lord, how providential!
That gentleman on your left hand can
prove my alibi.'

'How!' replied the Judge 'is this
true? or is it merely a vain pretext to
procrastinate the just sentence of the
law? Pray, Sir, let me ask you, (conti-
nued his Lordship, addressing himself to
the stranger) do you know anything of
this man?'

Upon this the traveller surveyed the
criminal with the most scrupulous atten-
tion, and then said, 'I am sorry to as-
sure your Lordship, that I do not know
the prisoner.'

'I thought as much,' replied the
Judge; 'it is mere trifling with jus-
tice.'

The prisoner, however, still insisted
that the stranger knew him; and the
stranger again as positively denied the
assertion, till the Judge, displeased at his
presumption, was about to receive the
verdict of the Jury.

The culprit now, on his knees, entreat-
ed permission to say one word.

'Indeed, my Lord,' cried he, 'the
gentleman does know me, though he may
have forgotten my person; only give me
leave to ask him three questions and it
will save my life.'

The Judge humanely consented, and
the curiosity of the whole court was ex-
cited.

'Pray, Sir,' cried the prisoner, ad-
dressing himself to the stranger, 'did you
not land at Dover about a twelve-
month since?'

'I believe I might,' replied the gen-
tleman.

'And pray Sir, do you not recollect
that a man in a sailor's jacket carried
your trunk from the beach to the ta-
vern?'

'I can't say that I remember it,' re-
plied the stranger; 'but it might possi-
bly be so.'

At these words the prisoner, not dis-
heartened at the difficulties he had met
with, pulled off his wig, and again in-
terrogated the stranger.

'Do you not Sir, remember that the
man who carried your trunk on that day,
shewed you a scar he had got on his
head, in fighting for his king and coun-
try; and that he related the particulars
of the action in which he was wounded?'

'This is the same scar; look at it.'

'Good God!' exclaimed the strang-
er, 'I do indeed, perfectly remember
the circumstance, and have every reason
to believe this to be the man, though I
had entirely forgotten his face; "but
my Lord," added the stranger, "I can

put it to a certainty, for I have a memo-
randum of the day I arrived at Dover
from Calais."

The date was compared with the day
laid in the indictment, and found to be
the same. The whole Court felt the im-
pression, and joy was visible in every
face; when after examining the gentle-
man as to his name and place of abode,
the Foreman of the Jury pronounced
"not guilty."

A few evenings only elapsed, when the
prisoner, the stranger, and his livery
servant, were recognized upon the road,
in their original capacities of experienc-
ed highwaymen!

WORSHP-STREET.

A lady of the name of Harley appeared
before Mr. Twyford, on a summons,
charged with committing an assault on
her husband. The case excited much
interest among the private friends of each
party, several of whom attended in the
office.

Mr. Twyford said, he observed that it
was an assault charge, and which requir-
ed the hearing of two magistrates. As
he was fearful, in consequence of the se-
vere illness of Mr. Grove, that they would
not be able to have a second magistrate,
he would, if possible, try to reconcile
their differences.

The complainant then, previous to
stating his case, offered a paper to the
magistrate, which he said was a deed of
separation agreed to between him and the
defendant, which proved that there was
no claim on her part by which she was
bound to him "for better for worse."

The complainant then said that on Fri-
day morning last, on his return home he
found the defendant in his parlour with-
out her bonnet or shawl, as if she possess-
ed lawful claim to the chair she was sit-
ting on. He asked her to depart, when,
in answer to his request, she commenced
a most violent attack upon him, and laid
him on the floor.

Defendant—Will you swear that you
did not commit the first assault?

Mr. Twyford—You had no right to be
there.

The complainant said he had witness-
es to prove the assault. There were his
servants.

Defendant—Pretty witnesses indeed.

The man servant of the complainant
corroborated his master's evidence.

Defendant—Did he not commit the
first assault?

Witness—He did not.

Defendant—You may say so, as you
are your master's witness.

The defendant here exhibited her right
arm to the magistrate, which was severely
bruised. She added, this is the treatment
I now receive after giving him twelve
children. He has run through £2,500
of my money, and as long as that lasted
I was well treated.

Complainant—Look at your conduct
madam.

Defendant—Base wretch! Look at
your conduct. Here (showing a packet
of pledges to the magistrate) have I pawn-
ed £48 of my jewels and apparel to assist
him.

Mr. Twyford asked the complainant if
he would be satisfied with her own re-
cognition.

The complainant replied that he could
not, as her behaviour was not only bad
towards him, but to his housekeeper,
against whom she applied a very oppro-
brious epithet.

The defendant positively disclaimed
having used any other appellation than
calling his housekeeper "a scrag of mut-
ton." (Much laughter, which the term
greatly promoted as in contrast with the
defendant's very *embonpoint* appearance.)

A solicitor, who in the course of the
controversy had attempted the peacemaker,
here endeavoured to mediate between
them.

The defendant said it was the first time
since their separation she had entered his
house; but it was hard to think that after
having been married 18 years last Tues-
day, her state should come to this.

The summons was settled by the de-
fendant finding bail.

ST. ALBAN'S.—A novelty was seen at
St. Alban's the other day, which proves
that pigs are not of such a doltish mate-
rial as admits of no improvement. A
man who holds a small farm near St.
Alban's made his *entree* into the latter
place, mounted on a small car drawn by
four large hogs. He entered the town at
a brisk trot, amidst the acclamations of
it boil.

hundreds, who were soon drawn together
to witness this uncommon spectacle.—
After making the tour of the market
place three or four times, he went into
the Woolpack yard, had his swinish
cattle unharnessed and taken into a stable
together, where they were regaled
with beans and wash. They remained
about two hours, whilst he despatched
his business as usual at the market.
when they were put to and driven home
again, multitudes cheering him.

A young fellow boasting of his health
and constitutional stamina, in the hearing
of Suett, was asked to what he chiefly
attributed so great a happiness. "Why
sir, to laying a good foundation to be
sure; I make it a point to eat a great
deal every morning."—"Then I presume
sir," remarked Suett, "you usually
breakfast in a timber yard."

Why is a clergyman unlikely to be an
impartial dramatic critic?
Because he has taken orders.

Why is a man offering to hand a fat
lady into a gig like a musical composer?
Because he makes an Overture to load
a whiskey.

What disease is that which is frequent-
ly experienced in a theatre?
The rising of the lights.

Why are lovers sighs and groans like
long stockings?
Because they are high hose (high-
hose).

Why is a man flogging a lazy horse,
like another recovering rapidly from a
fit of sickness?
Because he's mending a pace.

Dean Swift made himself many ene-
mies by preaching a sermon before the
merchant tailors from this text "A rem-
nant shall be saved."

In a Scottish regiment at the battle of
Waterloo, the standard bearer was killed
and clasped the colours so fast in death,
that a sergeant in trying to no purpose to
rescue them, on the near approach of the
enemy made a violent effort, and throw-
ing the corpse colours and all, over his
shoulders carried them off together.—
The French seeing this, were charmed
with the heroism of the action, and hail-
ed it with loud clappings and repeated
shouts of applause.

COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE
NATIONAL DEBT.

The National Debt commenced in the
reign of William III.

	Millions.
At his death	46
Queen Anne's death	48
George I. 1727	53
Seven years was 1762	141
American war 1783	258
Beginning of French war 1793	259
Middle of ditto 1802	540
In the year 1820	836

A Welsh gentleman has, with much
heraldical enquiry and deep study, drawn
up a genealogical account of his own fa-
mily, for upwards of twelve thousand
years. In the middle of the manuscript
there is—N.B. about this time the world
was created.

A ludicrous story is told of Colonel
Horry. He was once ordered to wait
the approach of a British detachment in
ambuscade, a service he performed with
so much skill, that he had them com-
pletely within his power, when, from a
dreadful impediment in his speech by
which he was afflicted, he could not ar-
ticulate the word "fire." In vain he
made the attempt: it was fi, fi, fi, but
he could get no further. At length, irri-
tated almost to madness, he exclaimed,
"d— you shoot! you know very well
what I would say; shoot, shoot, be d—
to you shoot!"

Mr Edmund Burke the Irish orator,
was telling Mr Burke, one day at Hamp-
ton, that all bitter things were hot.—
"Aye," says Garrick, "What do you
think of bitter cold weather?"

EPITAPH ON THOMAS RYN.

Oh Run, your race is run at last,
Eho' from the bailiffs you run fast;
But when you run with father Death,
He soon did run you out of breath.

A TRICK—Put nettle seed into a pot
where there is meat and no fire will make
it boil.

LONDON FEMAL
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MAKE AND M
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a shawl of da
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the ends. Stra
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and large blue
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the fronts trim
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lilac ribbon; i
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