

If literature has a littleness more unspeakably small than any other, it is found among the mutual puffers of the press,—people who praise each other upon a joint understanding! The practice at present, appears to be reduced to regular system, and puffing is put on so thick and with such perfect indiscriminatio, that it must soon become ridiculous enough to work its own cure. We submit to every literary man of sense, and who has any proper estimate of the dignity of his vocation, if there is any branch of its followers or any degradation of practice among them which produces a deeper feeling of mortification in his own bosom, than such men and such practices? Has he not in looking at them, a more striking idea than he could have found in any other quarter, of what we mean by *Literature in the little*?

C. F. D.

Original.

APOLOGY FOR CULTIVATING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I.

I DEEM it not an idle task,
These lovely things to rear,
That spread their arms as they would ask,
If sun and dew are here—
For simple wants alone are theirs,
The pure and common, too—
The bounty of refreshing airs,
The gift of liquid dew.

II.

And they return for every ray,
A gayer smile and look;
And greenly as the clear drops play,
They murmur of the brook;
And thus my thoughts away they lure,
Where woods and waters gleam,
And mountain airs are strong and pure,
And sing the bird and stream.

III.

Frail, grateful things! I how fondly they
The nurtured leaf outspread,
And more than all my care repay,
When from its folded bed
Some pink or crimson blossom peers,
To thrill me with delight,
To fill my very eyes with tears,
Its beauty is so bright.

IV.

Nay, 'tis no idle thing, I trust,
To foster beauty's birth,
To lift from out the lowly dust,
One blossom of the earth—
Where barrenness before had been,
A verdure to disclose,
And make the desert rich in sheen,
To blossom as the rose.

Original.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

WHAT is the life of man?—The Student pours
O'er ancient volumes, and lays down his books,
Dissatisfied, and ponders the great question
In lonely meditation: he goes forth
Among the works of Nature, and looks up
Amidst the watchers of the firmament.
He calls upon The Virgins of the Spring,
On Aldebaran, and on Sirius
With his concentrate light of fourteen suns,
To answer him—whence is the life of man?
Parched with the thirst of knowledge, then he turns
Inward upon himself, and thought by thought
Unravels from its strange complexity;
Happy, if transcendental folly leaves
Himself undefied. He then explores
His physical structure, and unfolds the brain,
Hoping to find out where his life resides,
And whence it springs; vain effort, to build up
Knowledge of life, from the dead mass around him.
Nature, that poets worship, has no life
Within itself, but the great Lord of all!
Created it a vast receptacle
Of life, transfused, first from himself alone
Through his divine proceeding, down descending
By means of the Spiritual Sun and Atmospheres,
To the great orb of day, and thence to all
The varied forms of Earth, Air, Sky, and Sea.
But Life in Man, is from the Lord alone,—
Thus it is love, affection, or what else
We predicate of will. Love is the Life of Man.

Original.

VICISSITUDE.

"There's nothing true but Heaven."

BRIGHTLY may beam thy laughing eye,
With beauty's peerless ray;
Thy cheek with the rich hues may vie,
That gild expiring day.
Pleasure may o'er thy sunny brow,
Her rosy garlands fling;
And hope may deck thy pathway now,
With the gay bloom of spring.
But soon that eye must lose its fire,
And sorrows cloud that brow;
The soft tints from that cheek retire,
Which glow so freshly now.
Yet when those lovely charms shall fade,
And early hopes depart;
When each fond tendril has decayed,
That twines around thy heart;—
Then torn thine eye away from earth;
Like the bright hues of even,
Its pleasures perish at their birth:—
"There's nothing true but Heaven!"

W. G. HOWARD.