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THE MUSES' BOWER.

I HAVE NO INFLUENCE.

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain drop help to form
The soul-refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

[*From the North American Review.*]

"THE FOUNTAIN, AND OTHER POEMS."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

We have no intention of entering upon a general examination of Bryant's poetical character. His name is classical in the literature of the language.—Wherever English poetry is read and loved, his poems are known by heart. Collections of poetry, elegant extracts, school books, "National Readers," and the like, draw largely upon his pieces. Among American poets his name stands, if not the very first, at least among the two or three foremost. Some of his pieces are, perhaps, greater favorites with the reading public than any others written in the United States.

How characteristic of Bryant's rich and peculiar vein of thought is the following passage taken from "The Fountain."

"This tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy bassin, how thy waters keep it green!
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chipping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest."

"Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

"Frail wood plants cluster'd round thy edge in Spring,
The liver leaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Passing to lap thy waters, crush'd the flower
Of Sanguninari, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate foot-print in the soft, moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this, [across.
Stopp'd at thy stream, and drank, and leap'd

"But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee,
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests, I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick fierce cry
That rends the utter silence; 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men,
With naked arms and faces stain'd like blood,
Fill the green wilderness; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquer'd vanish, and the dead remain
Gash'd horribly with tomahawks. The woods
Are still again; the frighted bird comes back
And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men, that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

"I look again—a hunter's lodge is built
With poles and boughs, besides thy chrystal well,
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self replenish'd depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reason'd to the mighty universe."

THE TROUBADOR'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

FROM THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY HENRY J. VANDYKE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Geoffrey Bernardo was one of those gallant knights who devoted to the cultivation of poetry the leisure hours of an active and dangerous life. Though accustomed to all the perils and hardships of chivalrous warfare, he was well versed in the arts of peace, and delighted in the mild and humanizing employments of social intercourse. The rude virtues of the soldier were softened by the feelings of the poet and the lover; and when "the war-denouncing trumpet" ceased to rouse the martial spirit of the Knight, he turned his guitar to the notes of love, and poured forth his milder affections in the Songs of the Troubador.

Gertrude, the only daughter of the Count of Touraine, was the idol of his heart; and her charms the burden of his songs. But his was not merely that romantic attachment, which prompted the son of chivalry to do battle in the name of his lady-love, or indite a sonnet to the charms of his mistress. The light of her dark, luxuriant eye had fired his imagination; the symmetry of her voluptuous form had roused the spirit of gallantry in his bosom; but the more lovely and substantial qualities of her heart had created in him the more enduring sentiments of Love. The former excited the ardor of the knight: the latter won for her the affections of the man.

But the trump of war again summoned him from his retirement; and he was forced to exchange the pleasures of her society for the perils of the battle field. The sufferings of the pilgrims had roused the spirit of chivalry; and laying aside their domestic feuds the chiefs of Christendom rallied around the standard of the cross, resolved to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels. The devotees who had visited the shrines of Jerusalem, upon their return, told to their indignant brethren the story of their sufferings; and Christian warriors thirsted for vengeance when they heard how the scenes of the Saviour's triumphs and sorrows were desecrated by the unbelieving Turks, and the altars of the holy city stained with the blood of the Pilgrims. Every hill and valley of Europe re-echoed with the sounds of warlike preparation; every castle sent forth its troop of retainers under the command of its chief; and in a short time an hundred thousand men were ready to follow the banner of the cross to the gates of Jerusalem.

Among the brave knights who enlisted under the standard of Normanhy, Geoffrey Bernardo was one of the bravest. His chivalrous deeds had already won for him an enviable reputation, and he now buckled on his armour in the cause of Christendom, confident of winning the wreath of earthly fame if successful, & a crown of glorious martyrdom if he should fall in the conflict.

It was at the close of a delightful day when Robert of Normandy, followed by a magnificent retinue, rode gaily up the avenue that led to the castle of Touraine; and was welcomed by the Count with unaffected joy. That evening was one of mirth and banqueting. A profusion of every luxury attested the liberality of the host; and the revelry that reigned throughout the spacious halls showed that his hospitality was appreciated by his guest.

But there was one of that gallant troop for whom the banquet had no charm; the dance no pleasing grace; the full burst of music no spirit stirring harmony. That one was Geoffrey Bernardo, who retired to the bower where he had often enjoyed the society of the fair Gertrude, and expressed the feelings of the crusader and the lover in

THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOR.

This hand of mine, oh, lady fair,
Must tune my lyre no more;
But the avenging falchion bear
To Syria's sacred shore.
A pilgrim band, to the Holy land
We wend our weary way;
For we have sworn that its shrines shall stand
Rescued from Moslem's sway.

We brave the heat of a sultry sky—
We dare a cruel foe—
Jerusalem we'll win, or die
Its battlements below.
But though my life, in the sacred strife,
In jeopardy shall be;
Yet from my heart shall ne'er depart
The love I bear to thee.

If sov'reign power in the dang'rous hour,
My way shall safely guide;
Joyfully, then, I'll come again,
And claim thee for my bride—
And claim thee for my bride, my love,
And claim thee for my bride,—
Joyfully, then, I'll come again,
And claim thee for my bride.

On the ensuing morning, the day dawned upon as lovely a landscape as ever scattered the dew-drops to glisten in the sunbeams, or opened its flowers to inhale the breath of morning. With waving plumes and lances lowered, a long train of horsemen issued from the gate of the castle. The air resounded with continual bursts of martial music: and many a knight turned an admiring look to the balcony, where bright eyes and waving scarfs were bidding them a mute but eloquent adieu. Among that company of fair ladies, there was one whose pale face and palpitating heart showed that to her the scene was one of peculiar interest; and there was one in that troop of gallant knights, who as he dashed a tear from his cheek, felt how hard it is to depart from the scenes of ones childhood after they have been hallowed by the affections of riper years.

CHAPTER SECOND.

The assault was carried on with indescribable fury; and for some time was sustained by the besieged with obstinacy and success; but the strength of the Turks at length yielded to the enthusiasm of the Christian host, and the banner of the cross now floated in triumph upon the walls of Jerusalem. Then followed a scene, in which the rage of the warrior was mingled with the devotion of the Pilgrim.

The victorious crusaders rushed, with blood stained hands to offer their devotion at the sepulchre of Christ. A promiscuous multitude—the remnants of the myriads whom the hope of plunder, or the influence of fanaticism had induced to follow the army of the cross—swelled the tumult with triumphant shouts and hastened to pay their vows at the sacred shrines, or signalize their revenge in plundering the now defenceless Infidels. But amid the confusion of this dreadful scene, there were those whose charity was not unmindful of the brave soldiers who had rescued the altars of Christianity from the power of the Turks. Those who had perished in the bloody assault were interred with every mark of respect and admiration that circumstances would allow; and the wounded were kindly lodged in the public hospitals, or if honored with superior rank, were ministered to in private families of the Christians or the temporary homes of pious pilgrims. Among the latter class was Geoffrey Bernardo. He had fallen, with a dangerous wound, in the very moment of victory; and had been borne by an unknown hand to a retired part of the city.—Here he was attended by a damsel who watched for the hour of his recovery with a sister's tenderness; and supplied his wants with a sister's care. Gratitude is natural to man; and we believe there are few so degraded as to be insensible to kindness. Who then will wonder if the heart of the knight was affected with the goodness of his benefactor; and who will condemn him if, when returning health permitted him to use his favorite guitar, he thus addressed the stranger who had saved his life.

Oh! maiden fair, thy tender care,
Has won my grateful heart:
And if thou wilt, by heaven, I swear,
That we no more shall part.

He was about to proceed, but was interrupted by his attendant.

"Traitor," cried she, throwing aside the veil with which according to the custom of the east her face had been concealed, and revealing the beautiful features of his affianced Gertrude—"Traitor! have you forgotten your former vows?"

The guitar dropped from the hands of the astounded knight; and he knelt at the feet of his betrothed to beseech her pardon for his momentary unfaithfulness. That pardon was soon pronounced. Her affected anger gave way to the feelings of tenderness which had long been stifled in her breast. A kiss sealed his forgiveness, and a flood of tears told the excess of her joy.

* * * * * *

Great was the rejoicing in the castle of Touraine. The aged count seemed to have nerved all the elasticity and gaiety of his youth; and joined in the mirth with as much enthusiasm as the youngest of his guest. And it was meet for him to rejoice; for his only daughter who had mysteriously disappeared, and for whom he had long mourned as for the dead, was now returned; and he was about to give her in marriage to Geoffrey Bernardo—the brave knight who had restored her to his arms.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

At the particular request of the editor of the Norwich Aurora, I will preach, upon this occasion, from the following text:—

'Fret not thy gizzard.'

My hearers—fortitude, patience, and perseverance are the only team horses capable of dragging the lumbering car of man's hopes through the marsh of misfortune. Fretting, flinching, cursing or swearing can no more extricate one from difficulty than a silly shad can release itself from the fisherman's net by idle flattering and floundering. When a man finds himself in the midst of the thorns and briars of trouble, the only way for him is to step cautiously and feel his road through them with the utmost care; but if he fret, fluster and bluster, he is sure to effect nothing more than lacerate his bosom and tare his trousers. When he perceives that his feelings are beginning to ferment, through irritation, he ought to keep small air hole open to his heart, not only to admit the pure oxygin of reason, but also to allow the gas of excitement to escape by degrees—else he might burst his barrel of forbearance, and lose in a moment some of the sweetest and best of life's cider.

My friends—when your cobweb fabrics of anticipation are swept away by the storms of ill-fortune, there is no more use in fretting your gizzards about it than there is in a young female victim of seduction trying to stick the fragments of virtue together with the tears of repentance.—To fret and chafe about trifles, like a tender school boy when first initiated into the misteries of a flannel shirt, is as nonsensical as it is useless.—Maintain your ground manfully against the assaults of petty ills, and in due time you will not heed them half as much as the buzz of an October musquito; otherwise you will probably learn by experience that there is such a thing as rubbing a principle till you produce an ulcer. In the hour of adversity, for assistance call upon Fortitude—that bold nymph of the rock, whose dauntless spirit bears the beating storm and bitter winds that howl around her—whose breast braves the bursting waves, and who hears the dread thunder with a soul as unshaken as a carpet in a lawyer's office. Yes, my friends, instead of fretting your gizzards when a boding cloud skirts the horizon of your hopes, you ought to have philosophy about sufficient to know that, although the coming shower may wet your jackets, it renders the earth fruitful, and bountifully contributes to your wants and necessities. Satan himself, when he was kicked out of heaven into the regions of darkness and woe, was too much of a man to whine and fret at his fate. He bore it like a hero, and consoled himself with the reflection, that it were 'better to reign in hell than serve in heaven,'—Exercise patience and the thick mists of misfortune that bedim your future prospects will disperse the sooner: push ahead with perseverance, unmindful of trifling annoyances, and every bud in your blossoms that threatens to disclose a thistle, will bloom a rose; but this worrying and fretting when circumstances clash with one's fond desires, is like brushing a beaver against the nap—the more you attempt to smoothe it the rougher it grows.

My dear friends—I am almost induced to believe that some people, instead of being supplied with hearts have nothing but gizzards filled with grit and gravel. They appear to have just dined upon pebbles and iron filings, and are always laboring under the influence of indigestion. Nothing goes right with them—every thing is wrong The milk of mercy sours upon their stomachs—they turn up their noses at the sweets of salvation—they spit in the hand of charity—spurn friendly solicitude—and care no more for soft soap or sympathy than a dog does for a dollar. All they wish is to be allowed the privilege of fretting undisturbed by friend or foe—unchecked by fear and unsayed by favor. They fret for fear the morrow may not be brighter than golden to-day: they fret because others are cheeful and contented with their lots; and they oftentimes fret merely because they can find nothing of importance to fret about. Let them go on fretting till they have arrived at the end of life's journey, and I am inclined to think they will eventually find that they have fretted to no purpose. There is no doubt but they would find fault with the arrangements of heaven, were they allowed to enter,—and thus go on fretting from everlasting to everlasting. As for me, I put up with the beatings and tumblings of this mortal existence as quietly as a feather bed; and I trust that most of you, my worthy hearers, are blest with the same happy disposition.

Young man!—if you find an occasional bramble of disappointment in the blossom-fringed path of youth 'fret not thy gizzard'—for, whatever is, is undoubtedly for the best. If your parents endeavor to restrain you from paddling in the putrid pools of iniquity, or forbid your travelling the road that leads to rum shops and ruin, 'fret not thy gizzard.' If you discover thorns amidst the roses of love—a few bitter dregs at the bottom of pleasure's sparkling cup: if the season of manhood brings with it irritating solicitude and anxiety, and time tumbles a cart load of cares at your door, 'fret not thy gizzard'; for all your grumbling will have no more effect than petitioning Congress to have eternity widened. Look, my friends, upon the bright side of every thing, and fancy that you are happy, whether you are really so or not. When the hatchel teeth of trouble encompass the heart, keep as quiet as circumstances will permit: for, the more you writhe and twine, the more sharply you are pricked. Always try to keep the lamp of hope burning in the dark dungeons of your bosom, and the demons of doubt will never haunt them. Face every ill with the boldness of a lion—bear up with christian fortitude beneath the heavy burden of affliction—be merciful, kind and benevolent to your fellow creatures, and angels of light and loveliness will volunteer to act as young pioneers through the untracked and unbounded wilderness of the future. So mote it be!

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

WHEAT

It may be, that, owing to the drought, you have been unable to get in your wheat. If so, use all possible dilligence, exert all your energies to get it in as speedily as possible; for although it is very late, and we never advise, under ordinary circumstances, that this grain should be sown so late, still as necessity has no law, we deem it better to put it in now than to forego sowing altogether. But in getting it in, we certainly would advise deep ploughing. Should the season prove mild, and next spring and summer prove propitious, good crops, from grain sown ever as late as this may be obtained, though the chances are not, in our estimation, very flattering.

RYE.

If from the same cause, or other, your Rye be not seeded, there is time to put it in. Although we would advise the seeding of the grain in September, still when delayed thus late, we would not despair of a crop, as we have known a good one to occur from a sowing as late as the 24th of Nov. The seed was ploughed in 4 inches deep, and never made its appearance above ground before the March following.

FALL PLOUGHING.

We would call the attention of such farmers as may have stiff clayey grounds, which they intend to cultivate in the spring, to the importance of of giving them a fall or winter ploughing, as a means of bringing them into a state of mellowness. As we have repeatedly pointed out the advantages to result from the exposure of such lands to the operation of frost, we will not iterate them here; but before we close this paragraph we would respectfully suggest the propriety of making an experiment of at least an acre in all fields of the character named, by giving it the advantage of subsoil ploughing. Those who may do so will by comparison with the remainder of the field and it, test efficacy of the process and be able to ascertain how far such ploughing comports with their interest. In grounds addicted to being wet, we believe it would add fifty per cent to their productiveness, while it would improve the character of all tenacious soils.

FATTENING OF HOGS.

See that the hogs you may have up fattening are well attended to. Regularity in feeding, watering, salting, &c., are quite as necessary as food itself, and has the effect not only to shorten the period of feeding but to save food.

Breeding Sows should receive additional care and food, as the woods afford but stinted allowance after the consumption of mast.

TEMPERATURE AND APPETITE.—The statements of travellers respecting the voracity common among the natives of Arctic regions have often been read with astonishment. The Esquimaux swallow train oil and consider it a delicate drink; the blubber of a whale is a choice bit for an epicure. We have somewhere seen it stated that eight pounds of meat for each constitute the daily ration of the men employed by the Hudson Bay company. The Russians of the North are great consumers of grease; the most concentrated form in which animal food may be taken seems to be the most preferred.

LIEBIG, in his Animal Chemistry, gives some physiological reasons for these peculiarities. The temperature of the blood in the human body is the same in cold as in warm climates. Yet in Lapland, where the climate is from seventy to ninety degrees colder than in Sicily, a much larger proportion of heat is given off from the body than is abstracted in the more southern climate; and this loss is restored within the body with great rapidity. Dr. LIEBIG continues his observations with the following illustrations:

"In the animal body the food is fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen, we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and every one knows that the animals of prey in the Arctic regions far exceed in voracity those of the torrid zone. Our clothing is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed, the less urgent becomes the appetite for food; because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently, the amount of heat to be supplied by food, is diminished.

If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes—or if, in hunting or fishing, we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Symoyedes, we should be able, with ease to consume ten pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.

The Englishman in Jamaica sees with regret the disappearance of his appetite, previously a source of frequently-recurring enjoyments; and he succeeds, by the use of Cayenne pepper, and the most powerful stimulants, in enabling himself to swallow as much food as he was accustomed to take at home. But the whole of the carbon thus introduced into the system is not consumed; the temperature of the air is too high, and the oppressive heat does not allow him to increase the number of respirations by active exercise, and thus to proportion the waste to the amount of food taken. Disease of some kind, therefore, ensues. On the other hand, England sends her sick—whose diseased digestive organs have, in a greater or less degree, lost the power of bringing the food into that state in which it is best adapted for oxidation, and, therefore, furnish less resistance to the oxidizing agency of the atmosphere, than is required in their native climate—to Southern regions, where the amount of inspired oxygen is diminished in proportion; and the result, an improvement in health, is obvious.

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