

American Poetry.

THANATOPSIS.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Soulard in will, nor little forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gay hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou with
Couch more magnificent. Though shalt lie down
With patricians of the old world—with kings;

Select Tale.

A FAIRY TALE.

No god or man ought it to refuse,
No ought him thereof to excuse.
No worth, or birth, or lineage should be,
For I will speak, and tell thee.—Ducern.

It was no laughing matter, let me tell you,
offend the Emperor Peter.
A courteous knight was making bows to
re emperor's daughter; the emperor's daughter
was sitting at a window of the palace;

But its fingers, it might weak the emperor's
nose; but if it looked plumed about the
blackness of his beard and the bigness of
his whiskers, it would have at once the
thrashing it deserved.

The emperor's daughter lived in four cham-
bers of the palace, out of which she had nev-
er been allowed to pass. No tutors had been
suffered to approach her, and her hand-maid-
ens had been chosen from among the most
unlettered women of the city.

The emperor's dog—its name was Towza—
suffered severely from the kick it had receive.
Notwithstanding the great skill by which
the court physician was distinguished, not-
withstanding all the consultations of the fac-
ulty, one morning Towza died.

Well, but there are also unkind fairies. A
morose old creature, named Korspatza, spun
a web between the sun and moon, in the cen-
tre of which she sat like a great spider, ready
to catch the goat as it flew lightly upward.

"It is not my desire to hurt you," said the
old fairy to the gentle Suzemunda. "Give me
the Prince of Candia; and I will let you go.
If you will not do that, I shall cause the sun's
heat to flow into my web, and it shall be to
you for ever as a red-hot gridiron."

There are some human beings uglier than
any spiders. The fairy Korspatza did not
improve in appearance when she resumed
her proper form, and stood before her pris-
oner. The cave, in its interior, was very
clean, the walls were smooth and highly
polished, so was the floor, so was the ceiling.

The wood-fire filled the room with smoke,
and set the fairy barking with a cough. Ev-
ery cough, as it resounded against the walls,
instead of echoing back again, fell to the

ground, shaped like a pair of bellows. A
wholesale bellows-maker might have made
his fortune by exporting the produce of
Korspatza's coughing-fits. Obedient to this
hint, Sirius took up one pair of bellows, and
immediately the others disappeared. Sirius
began to blow the fire, but exceedingly annoy-
ed to find that, instead of breathing with a
quiet puff, the bellows barked like half a
dozen dogs.

In the meantime the fire began to blaze,
and all the smoke with which the cave had
previously been filled, collected into a small
dense cloud near the ceiling; it parted into
a vague shape, shot out four prolongations
like the four legs of a spectral cow, and then
a fifth, like a short, curly tail; gradually it
condensed, took a form more and more dis-
tinct, until at last a dog—the very image of
the emperor's dog—fell with a loud bump
upon the pavement.

"I will have that dog for my supper," said
the fairy, with a lazy drawl. "Cook it; here
is the sauce." Thereupon Korspatza threw
towards the prince the monkey's tooth. A
large dresser rose out of the ground to inter-
cept it in its fall. "Wake me when supper
is ready." So saying, the fairy went to sleep;
and there stood the prince before a dresser,
provided with knives, skewers, plates, dishes,
and a monkey's tooth. The dog was upon
the floor beside him, and the fire burned
brightly in a corner. Not only was the prince
no cook, but he had never even seen a
kitchen.

The fairy being now asleep, Sirius in the
first place, looked about the cave to ascer-
tain what means of escape he could make
use of. There was, no door, there were no
windows; he found that he was boxed up in
a perfect cube with Korspatza. While he
was looking about, he heard the cracking of a
whip, and what was worse, he felt its
thong upon his shoulders. He could not
see by whom it was applied, and as he still
felt it incessantly, he supposed that this must
be a hint from the old fairy, who depended
for her supper on his diligence in cooking.
Angry with pain, he resolved to try whether
he could not smother the old woman. Sev-
eral times he endeavored to come near her,
but between him and her there seemed to be
erected an impenetrable wall, not to be seen,
but to be felt more acutely than the whip; it
seemed, indeed, to be a judicious compound
of the prickly aloe with the terrible loaosa.

"Well," thought the prince, "I suppose I
must begin upon my dog. It has to be skinned
certainly, and I am sure that I shall
scalp the creature with the greatest pleasure."
Accordingly he put the dog upon the dresser.
The whips ceased from their labor, and the
prince, taking up a knife, began his scalp-
ping operations. At the first cut, the dog
began to yell, leaped up, and bit him in the
hand.

"This old lady ought to give her cook good
wages!" cried Prince Sirius. "Now, what
am I to do?"

In a great rage he took the dog up by the
tail, and having given it a good preliminary
swing, flung it with much force into the fire.
"Now, cook yourself!" he cried. But instan-
tly the cave was full of smoke; the smoke
gathered into an overhanging cloud; there
was the spectral cow contracting, and the
dog bumped again upon the floor beside him.

Prince Sirius put his hands into his pocket-
s, and looked down upon the creature with a
spiteful countenance. He felt the whips
again upon his back. Again he lifted up
the dog, and recommenced the scalp-
ping. He continued with his work in spite of all
resistance; but he made no progress, be-
cause, as he removed the skin in one place,
it began to unite again over the part with
which his knife last been occupied. Sirius
chopped off the dog's head. The conse-
quence of this proceeding was, that a new
head budded from the headless body, and a
new body grew out of the trunkless head.
There were now two dogs, who attacked the
prince so savagely, and with so terrible a
noise, that the fairy was awakened. She
turned on one side lazily, and looked towards
the prince. "I see," said she. "Well you
may cook me the pair of them." And then
she went to sleep again.

The prince's hands again dived down into
his pockets—down to the very bottom. But
he cried, "Aht!" and pulled them out again.
In a corner of one of them, he had discover-
ed something of which he had until now been
wholly unaware. Together with his knife,
his purse, the tip of a tongue, some string,
some stick-peppermint, and a bunch of keys,
there was a something three-cornered. It
proved to be a small note of pink paper, and
directed, in a lady's writing, To the Prince

Sirius. He opened it and read it:
"My dear Prince,—I do not sacrifice you
selfishly. I know what that wretch K. will
do. You will find this note from your friend,
and we shall both escape. If you draw the
dog's eyetooth and put the monkey's in its
place, all will be well. Ever yours,
SUZEMUNDA.

Sirius was delighted for a minute, although
he was puzzled by the allusion to a goose.
Then he remembered that there were now
two dogs. Suzemunda had not calculated
upon that. However, the prince did all that
could be done—faithfully drew the tooth of
one dog, and put the monkey's tooth into the
empty socket. Then he felt no more whips
upon his back; the knives and forks, and
plates upon the dresser began to labor of
their own accord. The other dog was at-
tacked straightway by a set of table-knives,
who chopped him up into small pieces, put
him into a stew-pan, and called an iron hook
to take him to the fire. The first dog was
more delicately dealt with; carefully trussed
and spitted. As it turned before the fire, its
outline melted into a new form; and before
the fairy was awake, the whole of the pro-
cesses of cookery were ended. Before the
fire were two dishes; one of them contained
a beautiful roast goose; in the other was a
rich and fragrant stew. The kitchen uten-
sils then all darted up towards the ceiling,
where they ran together in the form of a huge
dinner-bell. On this there rang a noisy peal,
while the dresser below changed into a well-
furnished dining-table. Then the fairy yaw-
ned, and stretched herself, and sat up on the
sofa.

"Supper is ready," said the prince.
"Dear me, and so it is!" exclaimed Kors-
patza. "Very well. The stew is your dish;
I will eat the goose. Come and sit near me."
A chair rose up on the spot to which Kors-
patza pointed, and Sirius sat down as he was
bidden.

"The stew is very good," said Sirius, after
tasting a mouthful.
"Is it?" said the fairy. "You princes
know good living; so I take your word. Hand
me the dish."

Korspatza ate up all the stew.
"May I trouble you, madam, for a little
goose?" said Sirius.

"I have set my heart on a goose supper,"
said the fairy. "You may pick the bones
when I have finished."

Korspatza left no meat upon the bones;
and after so full a meal slept very soundly
on her sofa.

"What do I want with these dry bones?"
thought Sirius; "but I will remember the ad-
vice of Suzemunda. These must be the
bones she mentioned in her note." Sirius,
therefore, put the goose-bones into his pocket-
s. Soon afterwards he fell asleep. Presen-
tly he dreamed that he was being covered
alive with a piecrust of putty, and awoke
shivering. He found himself in the grasp of
a soft, limp being, who was feeling about his
pockets.

"What is the matter?" asked the prince.
"Give me my bones," replied the being.
The being tumbled about in a flaccid, pow-
erless manner; and it was evident that he
had not one bone in his body.
"I will not give you your bones," said Sir-
ius. "Who are you?"

"I am an earth spirit. In my bones lies
all my strength. I was transformed that I
might tease you. Restore my bones, and I
will serve you faithfully.
"By what will you swear to me?"
"By nothing. The spirits have no need
to swear. Only men or worse beings ever
think of uttering a falsehood."

"I will trust you, friend, said Sirius; "here
are your bones."

The being vanished and soon reappeared,
clothed with his former strength.
"By what name shall I call you?"
"I am the earth spirit Marl. Since you
have trusted me, I will deserve your trust.
I hate this old Korspatza, but she has still
some power over me. Will you remove
those ashes?"

The wood fire had burned down to a few
glowing embers. Sirius swept these on one
side.
"Lead upon the floor, master," said the
earth-spirit.

Sirius did so, and a door leaped open, dis-
closing a large box.
"Open the box," said Marl; "I have not
power over it. What do you see?"

"A quantity of hair in lockets,"
"Now, O prince!" exclaimed the spirit, "If
you are generous, burn all these. In each
locket is the hair of a giant or earth spirit,
and by possessing them, you can retain ma-
ny of us subjects to your bidding. Ened not
tell you that the meanest spirit is too proud
to be contented in a state of bondage. A
lock of my hair is among others in that
box. Keep the lockets, and you compel us
all to serve you; burn them in these ash-
es, and we are all set free. If you keep
mine, I then must serve you by compulsion;

burn mine with the rest, and I shall serve
you through free will."

"I have no wish to be ungenerous," said
Sirius; "so I will burn them all."

"Thanks, prince," replied Marl. "And
what would you like me to do with this old
witch?"

"Her loss will be enough for her to suffer,"
Sirius said, as he raked the embers over all
the prisoned hair.

As they burned, shouts of a mighty laugh-
ter and of great rejoicing thundered through
the cave, under the sounds whereof its walls
were split, and crumbled into dust. Sirius
closed his eyes greatly bewildered. When
he opened them again, he stood under the
warm sunshine, on a mountain side. The
sunshine was quite warm, although the rain
was falling in a summer shower; and the rain
soon ceased. The grass and the trees spark-
led; the very clod was contributing its frag-
rance to the burden of scents with which
the slow footed breeze was laden. Bugle-
notes sounded in the wood below, to which
the prince was listening, when suddenly a stag
leaped up the hill, an arrow after it; and af-
ter that a single huntsman galloped forward
in pursuit. When he came near to Sirius,
he swore a loud oath. Sirius started to the
horse's bridle; it was the emperor Pectar.

"Hallo!" cried the emperor.
"Hallo-ho!" cried Sirius.

The emperor blew on his bugle to call to
gether his attendants. The prince shouted
for Marl. Marl was the first to come.

"Can we change shapes asked Sirius?"
"At once said Marl.

Sirius sat on the emperor's horse, and h
looked like Emperor Peter. Emperor Peter
stood below, and struggled, in shape of Siriu
to pull the horseman down. The train of a
tenants in a short time came upon the
ground. Emperor Peter was carried hon
for a madman, and placed in a lunatic as-
lum, where he was compassionately treat
Sirius finished the stag-hunt, and rode hom
in state.

Early next morning Sirius proclaimed
the name of the Emperor Peter, that wh
as he had in the past reign been guilty
much oppression and injustice, and wher
he was now most heartily ashamed of it
and whereas he intended in the days to co
to introduce into his government a be
spirit, and in consideration of the great
of the intended change, he did now de-
mine, ordain, appoint, command, and in-
tute it as a law, that thenceforth he sh
be styled and entitled Emperor Peter
Second, his former self being consid
dead.

Peter II. accordingly devoted himsel
much energy to the reformation of abu
and as Peter I. had only been three y
upon the throne, it was found possible i
years' time to bring the State once mor
to a fair condition.

You may be sure that Sirius did not
delay a visit to the beautiful daughter o
Imperial House. Her beauty filled him
delight; her ignorance possessed him
dismay. He did not fall in love with
because she had no sense, and th
filling one's belly for an empty dish, with
it be of gilded porcelain. "But the refo
Emperor determined that his m
girl should be set free from her
A hundred teachers were engaged to fi
head with knowledge; but the more
talked, the more they puzzled her. At
the more they talked, the more she
over their talking. What could be
Sirius called for his friend Marl to hel
Marl could do nothing, but suggeste
plication to the fairy Suzemunda. I
been to her, he said, to thank her for
mer aid, because he had found her
fact, Sirius had given it to him by a
when he restored the bones. Marl ta
bout Suzemunda very warmly.

"Go, then, good fellow," exclaimed
Marl went. He had made himself ra-
miliar with the way, and came back
box of lozenges. "The wise teach
out these—that is my message." Acc
ly, to each of the wisest teachers was
istered a Suzemunda lozenge. Now
books were shut, and the old bo
pointed with their inkly hands to the
sky, the earth. With lively attentio
revealed to the young princess, ou
store of their knowledge, the delig
mysteries of Nature. History acted
before her on their lips. Strange
lived and spoke to her; and as sh
them, she learned their language.
edge, no longer crushing fancy, was
upon its wings into the sky.
walked majestic, crowned with the
garland, victor in every contest, flut
the music of a thousand sweet t
songs. Intellectuals stamped with the
last maiden's lovely countenance.
was awakened, and had begun the