CASTLE DAMOURAY, A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND, BY ONE OF THE SUNDAY - BORN

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JOSEPH JACKSON

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Trieste

For the Bodleian Library -
From the Writer.

CASTLE DAMOURAY,

A

GLIMPSE

OF

FAIRY LAND.

BY

ONE OF THE SUNDAY-BORN.
Rev Joseph Jackson, B.A.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HARRISON & SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
Printers in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1875.

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS DEDICATED TO

HIS VERY GOOD FRIEND

AND FELLOW-STUDENT IN FAIRY LORE,

E. M. E.,

AS A TOKEN THAT HER HE WILL NOT CEASE

TO REMEMBER,

AND WITH THE HOPE THAT SHE WILL NEVER

FORGET

HER GOOD FRIEND,

HER CHOSEN COMPANION,

THE AUTHOR.

November 16, 1861.

To E. M. E.

When, rising on my charmed sight,
Fair Innocency pure and bright;—
Fair Innocence, the brightest gem
That shines in Childhood's diadem,
A priceless jewel, set in truth,
Illumined by the light of youth,—
Gleams forth in its own radiance pure,
How can it but my heart allure?
Since Maidenhood that knows no guile
Turns on me its resistless smile,
Beams from the eyes that look on me,
Speaks from the lips that speak to me,
My heart admires, my lays applaud,
I love it, and I call it Maude!

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

WHO is the Queen of the Fairies? What is her name? I will tell you. I ought to know, since I have seen her, and she has spoken to me, ay, and told me her name herself. I will tell you the story.

I was one evening sitting alone in my chamber, penning some verses, or at least trying to do so, and now and then biting my pen in perplexity, because the pretty thought I wanted would not come. In my despair, scarcely knowing the words I uttered, I thus exclaimed:—

> "Would that some kindly little sprite,
> Of all I've known, of all I've seen,
> Would leave her Fairy haunt to-night
> To help me in this present plight,
> And, gracious, teach me what to write:
> Listen, listen, Fairy Queen!"

Scarcely had these words been uttered, when a gentle tap at the door fell upon my ear. As I rose to open it, a fairy in human guise stood before me. Astonished, I bowed low, and the little wonder of beauty smiled graciously, and said,—

"You wanted me just now, did you not? You see I

have come. I might have sent some one else, but I have preferred to come myself."

"You do me far too much honour," said I.

"Not at all," said she, "I think you deserve it—in fact, I rather approve of you. Now I am ready to help you. What is your difficulty?"

Said I, "I was just now at a loss for a certain pretty thought, a thought that will not come to me."

Then she came forward and whispered the prettiest of fancies in my ear, and bade me write it quickly, that it might not fly away again.

"Thanks—a thousand thanks, my gracious visitant," said I, as I wrote; then fell on my knee to express my gratitude. Then she touched my hand, and said:—

"Henceforward, what this hand may write,
Let it ever give delight,
Be it nonsense, be it sense,
Let it have its excellence;
To better sense or nonsense soar
Than e'er was heard or read before."

Could anything be more gracious?

"To whom," said I, "among all the Pearls of Fairy Land, am I indebted for so much kindness?"

"My name is EVA-MAUDE—I am the Queen of the Fairies!"

Thus saying, she vanished from my sight.

—:o:—