

WHISPERS FROM FAIRY LAND

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Whispers from fairy land by G. P. D.

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FROM
FAIRY LAND.

BY
G. P. D.



LONDON
MITCHELL AND HUGHES, 24 WARDOUR STREET.

1870.

250. c 263

To

MRS. S. C. HALL,

WHOSE MAGIC PEN FIRST AWOKE THE SLUMBERING

ECHOES OF FAIRY LAND,

THESE

~~My~~ Whispers

ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

G. P. D.

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THE DISCONTENTED FAY.

"Ah!" sighed a tiny Fay one bright morning, as she stood, with drooping wings and tearful eyes, gazing out upon the world through the shining gates of Fairy Land; "I wish I were a mortal!"

"A what!" shrilly cried an elderly elf, who, reclining lazily in a lily bell, was rocked by the attendant zephyrs.

"A mortal," was the reply; "I am *so* weary of being in Fairy Land: we have no joys like the people of earth."

"Nor sorrows either," interrupted the other sharply.

"Our pleasures are so fleeting," pursued the little grumbler, not noticing the interruption, "and soon our very names will cease to be remembered; there are no poets to talk of us now."

There was a momentary feeling of discontent among the younger Fairies, for there is nothing so

infectious as ill humour; and bright beautiful wings that had been fluttering gaily amidst the glorious parterres of Fairy Land hung sadly drooping now; and tears, like dew-drops, filled many eyes that were only made to flash with brightness; till suddenly a sound as of soothing music stole over them, and, turning round, they saw standing in their very midst the Fairy Queen herself!—the lovely Titania.

She stood there clad in regal splendour, gazing lovingly at the little group, who were all in a flutter of excitement, knowing full well that their conversation had been overheard.

Her smile was sweet, though sad, as raising her silver wand she laid it gently on the bowed head of the discontented Fay.

“And so you wish to be a mortal?” were the words she uttered in a tone of pain.

“Yes,” was the murmured reply.

“To change your own bright joyous life for that of the poor creatures of earth,—who live but a few brief years, and then fade?” she pursued.

“Yes,” was still the reply.

“Well then, my child,” she exclaimed after a slight pause, in a voice of thrilling sadness, “so be it. To-day you shall visit the earth you deem so fair, and if on your return to our realms your wish remains unaltered, to-morrow you shall for ever take a mortal form, and dwell with mortal men.”

A despairing cry broke from the listening Fairies,

and they clung round the Fay with imploring words and entreating looks, beseeching her to stay; but proud in her own strong will, and defiant of all, she broke from their loving embraces, and bidding them a triumphant "Adieu," she sprang upon a sunbeam, and was swiftly borne to earth.

Certainly her heart misgave her when she heard the magic gates close with a sharp click, as if shutting her out for ever, and the wail of agony which hailed her departure smote sadly on her ear, but the foolish joy of being free—of visiting mortals—drove the remembrance from her heart, and in a moment she found herself standing alone—on earth.

"Where shall I go first?" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, "all seems so lovely I don't know which to choose;—ah! I know! *there's* a beautiful palace, surrounded by such a magnificent garden; talk of our flowers in Fairy Land!" and the Fay laughed merrily at the mere comparison, "there is sure to be happiness here," she added with delight. So with a smile of triumph at her own cleverness, she flew through an open window, and alighted noiselessly in the centre of a splendid apartment.

Everything within and around was exquisite; all that wealth could purchase was there; the Fairy saw herself reflected a hundred times in dazzling mirrors, as she stepped lightly about on soft velvet chairs, peeping at everything with delighted surprise; yet she *could not* help thinking the green

turf in Fairy Land was softer still to her feet, and as for the mirrors!—it must be confessed she could see her own sweet face just as well in the limpid streams, whose waters were ever clear: nevertheless, she paused not to think too much, but flew heedlessly around admiring all,—seeing all.

Suddenly she stopped in alarm!—what was that lying so pale and listless on a soft down couch?—a little boy,—a prince—the heir to all the wealth around! But what availed riches? it could not purchase health. The pallid cheek looked whiter still, contrasted with the crimson velvet cushion against which it rested;—the little thin hands hung idly down, he could not even play with the many toys strewn around, tempting him to merriment. No!—no! the little prince was dying! All the world's wealth could not bribe the stern Reaper to spare the flower; but as the moments all too swiftly sped, the little blossom was borne nearer and nearer to his heavenly home.

The kind-hearted Fay printed a soft kiss on the white brow, contracted with pain, and the child smiled softly, thinking it was a breath of the sweet summer winds fanning his throbbing head; it made him brighter for the time. As to the Fay, she no longer hoped to find happiness in the palace she had deemed so lovely; so, after breathing a sorrowed blessing over the little sufferer, she flew away hoping to find bliss elsewhere.