

THE FAËRY REAPER.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

'Tis on Eilanowen,
There's laughter surely!
For the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain.
It springs by moonlight
So stillly and purely,
And it drinks no sunlight,
Or silver rain;
Though the shoots upreeping
No man may see.
When men are reaping,
It reaped must be;
But to reap it rightly,
With sickle keen,
They must lead there nightly
A pure colleen!

Yes, pure completely
Must be that maiden,
Just feeling sweetly
Her love's first dream.
Should one steal thither
With evil laden,
The crop would wither
In the pale moon's beam!
For midnights seven,
While all men sleep,
'Neath the silent heaven
The maid must reap;
And the sweeter and whiter
Of soul is she,
The better and brighter
Will that harvest be!

In Lough Bawn's bosom
The isle is lying,
Like a bright green blossom
On a maiden's breast—
There the water-eagle
O'er head is flying,
And beneath the sea-gull
Doth build its nest.
And across the water
A farm gleamed fair,
And the farmer's daughter
Dwelt lonely there;
And on Eilanowen
She'd sit and sing,
When the Fays were sowing
Their seeds in spring.

She could not hear them,
Nor see them peeping;
Though she wandered near them
The spring-tide through,
When the grouse was crowing,
The trout was leaping,
And with harebells blowing
The banks were blue.
But not by moonlight
She went that way.
And on Eilanowen
They walked each night,
Her footprints sowing
White lilies white!

When the sun above her
Was brightly blazing,
She'd bare (God love her!)
Each round white limb.
Unseen, unnoted,
Safe fay-folk gazing,
Dark-haired, white-throated,
She'd strip to swim!
Out yonder blushing
A space she'd stand,
Then falter flushing
Across the strand—
Till the bright still water
Would sparkle sweet,
As it kissed and caught her
From neck to feet!

There, sparkling round her
With fond caresses,
It clasped her, crowned her,
My maiden fair!
Then brighter glowing
From its crystal kisses,
The bright drops flowing
From her dripping hair,
Outleaping, running
Beneath the sky,
The bright light sunning
Her limbs, she'd fly—
And with tinkling laughter
Of elfin bowers
The Fays ran after
With fruit and flowers!

Could the Fays behold her,
Nor long to gain her?
From foot to shoulder
None white as she!
They cried, "God keep her,
No sorrow stain her!"
The Faëry Reaper
In truth she'll be!"
With stalks of amber
And silvery ears,
From earth's dark chamber
The grain appears.
'Tis harvest weather!
The moon swims high!
And they flock together
With elin cry!

Now, long and truly
I'd loved that maiden;
And served her duly
With kiss and sign;
And that same season
My soul love-laden
Had found sweet reason
To wish her mine.
For her cheek grew paler,
Her laughter less,
And what might all her
I could not guess.
Each harvest morn
And with weary sorrow
Her eyes seemed wet.

"Oh, speak, mavourneen,
What ails ye nightly?
For sure each morning
'Tis sad ye seem!"
Her eyes not weeping
Looked on me brightly;
"Each night when sleeping
I dream a dream."
'Tis on Eilanowen
I seem to be,
And bright grain growing
I surely see;
A golden sickle
My fingers keep,
And my slow tears trickle
On what I reap!

"The moon is gleaming.
The faeries gather,
Like glow-worms gleaming,
Their eyes flash quick;
I try while reaping
To name 'Our Father!'

* The osprey.

But round me leaping
They pinch and prick—
On the stalks of amber,
On the silvery ears,
They cling, they clamber,
Till day appears!
And here I'm waking
In bed, once more,
My bones all aching,
My heart full sore!"

I kissed her, crying,
"God bless your reaping!
For sure no sighing
Can set you free.
They'll bless your wedding
Who vex your sleeping;
So do their bidding,
Ma cushla chree!
But oh, remember!
Your fate is cast,
And ere December
Hath fairly past,
The Faëry Reaper
Must be a bride,
Or a sad, cold sleeper
On the green-hill-side!"

"Sure wedding's better
Than dying sadly!"
She smiled, and set her
Soft hand in mine.
For three nights after
She labored gladly,
'Mid fairy laughter,
And did not pine;
And when the seven
Long nights were run,
Full well 'neath heaven
That work was done;
Their sheaves were slanted,
Their harvest made,
And no more they wanted
A mortal's aid.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]
CRITICISM ON MY TWO WEEKS
HOLIDAY.

Proverbially a man may have too much of a good thing, or a woman too for that matter. Unfortunately each has been my case for the last few days, having had a superfluity of time at my disposal, of which I could by no means get comfortably rid. Like an old cab horse that can manage to get through its day's work if it is tightly strapped up, but collapses the moment it is unfastened, so I can contrive to do a tolerable share of work "on compulsion," as old Jack Falstaff says, but when left to the freedom of my own will, it is some days before I can realise the sweets of liberty and proceed rationally and profitably about some good work. So for the first week of a well earned holiday I contrived to devour a small library of useful and useless literature, till the head getting muddled and the power of attention completely exhausted, I am perforce set pedestrianising or driving, or boating, with as much extra vigor as was before exhibited of slackness. This unfortunate state of matters proceeds from a want of elasticity of temperament, and is more common than is imagined, rendering the victims of it subject to great depressions and great exaltations of spirits, not resulting naturally and *per saltum*, and continuing in either case to a dangerous length not at all to be desired. However, during these dull moods a good deal of miscellaneous reading is done which fits some how into one's stock of information and becomes useful some day.

Of the books devoured lately to render life endurable, the first in my remembrance is *Our Mutual Friend*, by Dickens, read now for the first time. This fact may seem very strange to some, but after reading most of Dickens' works, his mannerisms have grown upon him in such a degree "in his last novels," that any person with the slightest pretension to classical taste is shocked by the perusal, in spite of their acknowledged genius. Pet turns of phrase continually recurring to express some social or economical monstrosity are at the best unpleasant. Did ever such people exist as the Veneerings, the Podsnaps, Lady Fippen, and Mr. Freemont? Silas Wegg and Mr. Venus are monstrosities. His good people are too good, and his bad unredeemed by an excellence. Such disinterested self denial as that of *Our Mutual Friend*, such a sudden conversion from frivolity and heartlessness to deep feeling and nobility of character as that of his pretty testamentary wife, such a pair of amiable old humbugs as the Golden Dustman and his wife do not exist in *verum natura*. Indeed all seem too strongly drawn. Not such is the method of the great masters of fiction. Take up either Shakespeare, Fielding or Scott, and the characters are flesh and blood, such as we meet with daily in our walk through life; whereas in Dickens they seem to be but caricatures. Still just this kind suits the taste of some, when again many of our wives and daughters, and not a few of our model young men, long for gentle mental titillation, which shall combine somewhat of the pious, somewhat of the literary, and a good deal of the *wisshy-washy*. Such writers as the last mentioned may be sure of a long and appreciative audience, as long as there are myriads of tolerably educated, well-to-do people, too lazy or too feeble to think for themselves. To the best minds of the lower, as well as to the best of the higher classes, such writer is not and cannot be acceptable; but to the immense herd of the common place, vulgar, middle class, it must be as marrow to their bones.

It is a sad case, but it is true, that in this utilitarian age, the best writing will be to the great reading public that which pays best, or rather what jumps with their humour will be by them handsomely paid for.

In other words, the successful author will not be the one who leads the public ahead of and away from its shows and shibboleths to fresh fields and pastures new, to a purer ether, a diviner air; but who skillfully hitting between wind and water, its in reality the mouth piece of a

common place age, which he is acute enough to be able to appear to direct.

Thus far of criticism and no farther, for the *tedium vite* under which we labored for several days had to be got rid of by more energetic measures, criticising, of course, under the circumstances, with infinite spleen, the works of the best or any author. Therefore a run for the train, a farewell to Canada for a few days—and on returning, I will discourse upon some of our American Cities, as viewed through my spectacles.

F. E. K.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Jackson was about six feet tall, very lank and long-limbed. When he walked it was with a long, methodical stride, and accompanied with a leisurely, pendulum-like swaying of the arms. He wore a military cap, the visor of which nearly touched his nose, and his eyes seemed always fixed on the ground. When I knew him he always wore short whiskers and moustache, which concealed the lower part of his face. But I remember distinctly meeting him one day on the first Bull Run battlefield, the day after the battle, and getting a view of his mouth. The mouth is usually a great index of character; but any one would search Jackson's mouth in vain for any sign of greatness. His lips were thin and red, his upper lip short and the corners of his mouth slightly upturned; the whole mouth expressing in a most unmistakable way a vast amount of sweetness and gentleness, but giving no hint of courage, endurance, perseverance, or any sort of genius. Jackson's voice was like his mouth, very soft, kindly, and inarticulate, sometimes like a faint jabber. His forehead, nose and chin were prominent, and corresponded more with his character. It is pretty safe to say that while his appearance and carriage were somewhat eccentric, his looks were entirely destitute of anything *distingué*, and that he passed for an ordinary-looking man.

Jackson's military character was a very strong one, totally unlike that of any of the great generals of modern times. Its peculiarities lay in its simplicity. Jackson was never known to devise a complicated campaign. Gen. Lee's plans consisted of a hundred parts, and, although, they were concocted with consummate ability, some of them always broke down on the day of battle. But Jackson's strategy consisted simply in reaching some point before his opponent had the slightest idea he could do it, and then fighting him with a good deal of dash. All his wonderful feats were accomplished by rapid marching, so that the rest of his army used to call his troops "Jackson's foot cavalry." And it is a very singular fact that, although the Federal generals knew that Jackson was as fleet as the wind, and were always making allowances in their plans for the extraordinary rapidity of his movements, he continued to the day of his death to surprise them in the same way.

Gen. Burnside, having very foolishly crossed the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, where Lee was ensconced in impregnable natural fortifications, and having been dreadfully cut to pieces during the afternoon and evening, Lee called a council of war late in the night to determine what should be done to follow up his advantage. Among the Major-Generals present was Jackson, who, as soon as he got a seat, was fast asleep, and remained so throughout the conference. When every one else had given his opinion, Jackson was, with some difficulty waked up, and requested to say what he thought had better be done with the enemy, and the only words that could be extracted from him were: "Drive 'em in river; drive 'em in river;" after mumbling which he instantly relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. Nothing could be more characteristic of the great captain than this incident. The other Generals were full of marching and counter marching, of combinations, and tricks, and heroic ventures; Jackson had only one weapon—surprise. He knew that Burnside's men were lying along the bank of the river in multitudes, in a terribly demoralized condition, and that a night attack would strike them with terror, and drive them like sheep into the Rappahannock. He afterward explained that it was a part of his plan that the attack should be made in the darkest part of the night, with fixed bayonets, and that the Confederates, in order to avoid slaughtering each other, should strip themselves stark naked. Truly this was an original and startling project. But I have never yet seen any one who doubted that, if it had been carried out, not a baker's dozen of Burnside's troops would have escaped.

The admiration and love of the Southern army for Jackson was something wonderful. There never was a clearer case of hero-worship. He was regarded as a faultless man, and an invincible man; and I suppose he could at any time have got his men to march out by platoons and be shot, if it would have gratified him in the slightest degree. At his death the whole South was in tears, and not more for their irreparable loss than on account of their tender love for the man. As regards Jackson's relations with Lee and the other great Southern Generals, it was obvious to me that they felt toward each other like brothers, and never knew what the feeling of jealousy was. Lee was always thrusting Jackson forward whenever anything glorious was to be done, and Jackson always showed the most sincere admiration and respect for Lee's plans and orders. When victory perched on their banners, Lee hugged Jackson and told him the credit was all due to him; then Jackson would declare that Lee was the man that deserved all the praise; and then both of them would agree that to God belonged all the glory.

VARIETIES.

THE name of the new Roman Catholic Club in London is to be the *Tiara*, an allusion, of course, to the triple crown of his Holiness.

A Pennsylvania camp meeting was recently broken up by six poor little skunks. The devil comes in various guises, and this particular one is not to be prayed down.

As a novelty, the application of the camera obscura has been introduced in railway carriages, exhibiting to the traveler a moving picture of the country through which he is passing.

THE projected bicycle ride from Vienna to Paris has failed. The bicycle broke at the end of fifty miles, and Mr. Nairns was unable to find a blacksmith who could repair it. He went on to Paris by rail.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Khedive of Egypt with \$100,000 pay for the first year, and \$25,000 a year afterward. Gen. Johnston is said not to have accepted the offer.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN has written eleven elaborate letters to prove that the best thing France can do is to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany against all comers, especially against Russia. Only one single journal of the French press is in favor of the idea he is running.

THE most prominent lecturers this winter will be Theodore Tilton, Moncre D. Conway, Richard A. Proctor, Carl Schurz, Wendell Phillips, Bret Harte, and Bayard Taylor. Schurz is set down as the most indefatigable lecturer in America; his health being strong, he is enabled to speak night after night, generally five out of every week.

THE Duc d'Aumale is described as slender, correct, and halting with the left leg like a soldier cured of an old wound. He has a fine head, a well-formed nose, an intelligent forehead, slightly protruding cheekbones, and his grave metallic voice has that natural vibration which conceals unexpected emotions.

IN France the telegraphic service has yielded the past year an excess of \$400,000 over expenses. The year before expenses and receipts balanced, but always previously there was a deficit. Thus it appears that cheap despatches do develop an increased use of the wires; but it takes longer to get the effect in France than it did to get the equivalent effect in cheap postage.

THE convent is about to deprive France of one of her heroines, Mdle. Hassi de la Tour. This modern Charlotte Corday killed a Prussian officer who had offered her an insult at her father's residence, which had just been invaded by the enemy during the late war. The German troops were about to take her life, when Prince Frederick Charles came forward and pardoned the courageous young lady.

Now that there is no hope from Bessemer, it may be useful to mention that the following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach was introduced by Dr. Halahan, and is very palatable and agreeable:—Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add a pint of fresh milk, a pint of water, sugar to make it palatable; boil, and drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

DOMESTIC.

CHOWDER.—Cut three or four slices of fat pork; fry them a very little; lay them in the bottom of a stew-kettle. Cut a fresh cod into thin slices, place two slices of fish on the pork; then put in layers of split crackers, pare and wash eight potatoes, and cut them into thin slices; put on a layer of the sliced potatoes, then alternately the other materials, till the kettle is full; season with pepper and a little salt. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with a tea-cupful of cold water, and pour in after the chowder begins to stew. Put in a quart of water, cover the stew-kettle very tight, and let it stew three hours.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—He took the thin, long-handled frying-pan from its nail, and putting it on the stove heated it quite hot. In this he put the piece of steak previously pounded, but to their surprise he did not put a particle of butter in the frying-pan, and did not salt the steak. He allowed the steak to merely glaze over and then turned it quickly to the other side, turning it several times in this manner until it was done. Four minutes were not employed in the operation, but a juicier steak was never eaten. It was, when done, laid on the platter, previously warmed, and was buttered and salted and set a moment in a hot oven. Allowing the steak to heat but a moment on each side, helped it to retain all its sweet juices, and putting the salt on at the last moment after it was on the platter, drew out its juices.

TOOTHACHE.—A gentleman says, after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlour, who said he would not retain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me, while I briefly told him how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."
"How? how? inquired I; "do it in pity."
"Instantly," said he, "Betty, have you any alum?"
"Yes."
"Bring it and some common salt."
They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.
"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible."
It was so. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.

HUMOROUS.

A BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.—A carpenter's shop.

HIGH LIVING FOR HARD TIMES.—Rooms in the attic.

A CRACK invisible to the naked eye.—The crack of a whip.

IS it any proof that logic has legs because it always stands to reason?

WHAT is the greatest stand ever made for civilization?—The inkstand.

WHAT man must have his glass before he can do a day's work?—A glazier.

A NEGRO's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and then gib one general convulsion."

"MADAM," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." Quoth the lady: "what a fact you must be!"

A WOMAN will reach up and pull at a window-sash for a few seconds quite good-naturedly, but when it doesn't come down, and she turns around and sees her husband looking comfortably on, she mentally asks herself, "Is civilization a failure?"