

LEGENDS

FROM

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN,

FOR CHILDREN.

BY ELIZA W. BRADBURN.

As grapes on a vine are covered by the leaves which grow about them; so, under the pleasant narratives and fictions of the poets, are couched many useful morals and doctrines.

PLUTARCH.

I have used similitudes.—*Hosea* xii. 10.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD,  
AND SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1829.

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BRADBURN



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Respect from the  
Rev. Thomas Jewell  
to his much esteemed  
friend Mary Ann Coules  
Ballahanech  
H. Andreas

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1109

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

As printed in a form are covered by the laws which govern their issue;  
it is under the pleasant narrative and fables of the Fairy Queen  
concerned many useful truths and doctrines.

I have used the initials J. N. 18

JOHN:

FURNISHED BY JOHN MASON, 15, CITY ROAD,  
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THE LEGEND OF  
THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS,

Or, of Holiness:

AS RELATED BY A LADY TO HER CHILDREN,

ELIZA, EMILY, AND WILLIAM.

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*Eliza*.—HERE is a picture I like very much. How mild and good this beautiful Lady looks! She does not appear in the least degree afraid of the lion that is gazing at her; and I think his countenance seems to say, "I have a great reverence for you, pretty Lady; I will defend you even with my life."

*Emily*.—I should like to know her history. Very likely she lost her way in that forest, and God preserved her from being devoured by the lion, because she was a good woman. It reminds me of Daniel in the den of lions.

*William*.—Mamma is coming, and I dare say she can tell us her name and all about her. Pray, Mamma, who is this Lady?

*Mamma.*—UNA, whose adventures, with those of the RED-CROSS KNIGHT, are recounted in the “Fairy Queen,” written by Spenser, a celebrated poet, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

*Emily.*—Then I suppose we could not read that poem, so as to understand it, without a great deal of explanation; for you told us, the people of England in those days used many words which are now obsolete: I remember you said *obsolete* signifies *no longer in use*.

*Mamma.*—Words of that kind occur so frequently in Spenser’s poems, that it is necessary to read them for the first time with a glossary, which is a dictionary explaining words that have ceased to be common. This alone would render the perusal of the “Fairy Queen” tedious to children.

*William.*—I am sure, Mamma, you will have the kindness, and the patience too, to tell us the meaning of such words, if you have no other objection to our having the book.

*Mamma.*—My dear boy, there are other reasons why this work ought not to be put into your hands now. Should you live a few years longer, you will see the propriety of



my withholding it from children. However, I will satisfy your curiosity respecting the pretty Lady, whose picture pleases you so much.

The "Fairy Queen" is a kind of allegory, which, I have before told you, is a fable, or story, in which one thing is related, and another thing is understood; or, perhaps, it is giving you a more just idea to say, in an allegory the *literal* sense is the representative of a *spiritual* meaning.

This poem originally consisted of twelve Books; but the last six, except a part of one, were unfortunately sent from Ireland to England by a servant, who lost them. Each of the six Books which were published has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest.

The first Book is entitled, "THE LEGEND (OR STORY) OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED-CROSS, OR, OF HOLINESS."

*Emily.*—I believe *Knight* signifies "a warlike gentleman."

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear; and his chief servant, whose business it was to accompany him on his adventures, was termed a *Squire*.

*Eliza.*—Is it proper to inquire, before we have heard this allegory, what Spenser

intended to teach by it? Does he tell his readers, or are we to find it out?

*Mamma.*—In a letter addressed to The Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, our poet says, “The general end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and noble discipline.”

Most of the characters introduced are emblematical of vices or virtues; therefore, the stories of giants, castles, enchantments, &c., are not so trifling as they at first appear, since our poet has found a way to turn them into allegory. This style was more familiar to his first readers than it is to us; for some of the manners and customs which would now excite surprise, and even ridicule, were not quite abolished in Queen Elizabeth’s time; and were known to have been common in several of the preceding reigns. That period is sometimes called the *Age of Chivalry*.

*Emily.*—Pray, Mamma, who is intended by the Fairy Queen?

*Mamma.*—In the letter before mentioned, Spenser says, “I mean GLORY in my general intention; but in my particular, I conceive, the most excellent and glorious person of our Sovereign the QUEEN.” You remember, Elizabeth ascended the throne A. D. 1558. He

sometimes calls her Gloriana. She is represented in the poem as holding an annual feast, in the beginning of which, a tall, clownish young man presented himself, who, falling before the Queen, desired a boon, or favour, as the manner then was, which, during the feast, she might not refuse. This favour was, that he might have the achievement of any adventure which, in the course of that feast, should happen. This being granted, he rested himself on the floor, unfit, through his rusticity, for a better place. Soon after entered a fair Lady, named Una, in a mourning dress, riding on a small white horse or ass, in those days often termed a palfrey; with a Dwarf behind her, leading a warlike steed that bore the armour of a Knight, the spear being in the Dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queen, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been, many years, shut up in a brazen castle, that was besieged by a huge dragon; and she besought Gloriana to assign her a Knight who might set the captives free. Presently that clownish person, starting up, desired the adventure. The Lady told him, unless the armour which she brought would fit him, he could not succeed in the enterprise. Now this armour is de-

scribed in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. —The *Girdle of Truth*, the *Breast-plate of Righteousness*, the *Shield of Faith*, the *Helmet of Salvation*, the *Sword of the Spirit*, which is the word of God, and the feet were shod with the *Preparation of the Gospel of Peace*.

*Emily*.—Pray what is the meaning of the lady's name?

*Mamma*.—Una is the feminine Latin for ONE, and is emblematical of *Truth*, or, True Religion.

*Eliza*.—Then I should think, Mamma, the man who had Truth for a guide, and who wore all the armour you have described, was sure to go in the right way, and overcome all his enemies.

*Mamma*.—After enumerating the various parts of a Christian's armour, the Apostle recommends "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." This implies that there is a possibility of casting away the Shield of Faith, of losing the Girdle of Truth, the Breast-plate of Righteousness, &c., or of neglecting to combat spiritual enemies with the Sword of the Spirit; and a man may have Truth for his beloved friend

and guide at one time, but it does not necessarily follow, that he will never forsake her.

*Eliza.*—Did the armour fit the young clown, Mamma ?

*Mamma.*—Yes; and the change in his appearance and manners was so great, that “he seemed,” to use Spenser’s words, “the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the lady.” He mounted the noble horse brought by the Dwarf, and accompanied Una on the adventure. On his breast he bore *a red cross*, the dear remembrance of his dying Lord, for whose sake he carried that glorious badge. This cross was also engraven on his silver shield. The lovely Lady, who rode beside him, led a milk-white lamb, the emblem of innocence. Her Dwarf followed, carrying what she needed on the journey. As they passed on, the sky was suddenly overcast, and the rain descended in so violent a manner, that they were glad to shelter themselves in a shady grove. The lofty trees, clad in summer’s pride, concealed from them the light of heaven. The wide paths and alleys were considerably worn, and appeared to lead far inward. Una and her Knight went forward, joying to hear the

sweet harmony of the birds, that, shrouded from the tempest, seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky. Much pleased with this agreeable retreat, they remained till the storm ceased, and then wished to return by the path through which they had entered the wood; but not being able to find it, they wandered to and fro, in unknown ways, farthest from the right when they deemed themselves the nearest; and in doubt which to choose of the many turnings that were presented to their view. At length they took the most beaten path, which brought them to a hollow cave, amidst the thickest part of the wood. The Knight dismounted, and gave his spear to the Dwarf. "Be well aware," said the Lady, "lest rashly you provoke sudden mischief. There is often fire without smoke, and peril without show. I am better acquainted than you are with the danger of this place. Though it is now too late to wish you to turn back with disgrace, yet, Wisdom warns, while your foot is in the gate, to stay your steps, ere you are forced to retreat. This is the Wandering Wood, this the Den of Error, a vile monster, hated by God and man; therefore, beware!"

*Emily.*—Is it not very unnatural that

Truth should accompany him to Error's den, without even trying to persuade him not to go into the Wandering Wood, where it was almost impossible to avoid losing his way?

*Eliza.*—Without giving up the most important truths, I think he might be in error about some things. Mamma has told us, you know, Emily, there are religious people who are greatly mistaken on a few points.

*William.*—Oh, do let Mamma go on with the story! I dare say Spenser did not intend to make every thing that was done signify something else, though it is an allegory,—do you think he did, Mamma?

*Mamma.*—No, my dear; I ought to have observed before, that, in the course of the poem, events happen, and persons are introduced, which do not convey any instruction; nor can they be deemed typical, and yet they are necessary in order to connect the allegory, and form it into an interesting story.

When the fearful Dwarf heard the Lady's advice, he exhorted his master to fly; but, full of fire and boldness, he would not be restrained. Looking into the darksome hole, his shining armour made a little gloomy light, by which he plainly saw the monster, half like a horrible serpent, and half resembling

a woman, most loathsome, and full of vile disdain. As Error lay upon the dirty ground, the whole den was overspread by her enormous tail, which was wound up in many windings and knots, armed with a mortal sting. She nourished a thousand young ones, which were of sundry shapes, yet all ill-favoured. As soon as the light occasioned by the armour shone upon them,—

Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

Their mother, much alarmed, rushed out of the den, hurling her hideous tail about her head. Seeing an armed man, she sought to turn back again; for she hated the light, and was accustomed to dwell in darkness, where none might plainly see her, and where she saw nothing distinctly. Like a fierce lion, the Knight leaped upon the flying prey, and, with his powerful sword, prevented her retreat. Therewith enraged, she cried aloud, and, turning fierce, raised her tail, threatening with her angry sting, in order to dismay him. Not in the least terrified, the brave warrior gave the monster a blow which confounded her; yet, kindling rage, all at once she raised her beastly body, with double force, high above the ground, seized upon his shield, and suddenly wrapped her huge train about him; so that in



vain he strove to move hand or foot. He did not, however, part with the Shield of Faith.

Una, seeing the sad condition of her Knight, exhorted him not to yield, as Error would assuredly strangle him if he did not conquer her. Whereupon, exerting himself to the utmost, he got one hand free, with which he grasped her throat, till the pain constrained her to set him at liberty. She then vomited a flood of poison, horrible and black, full of books, papers, and loathly frogs and toads without eyes, which, creeping about, sought to conceal themselves in the grass. These greatly annoyed the Knight, and he was almost choked with the deadly smell, so that his strength began to fail. When the fiend perceived his courage abate, she vomited an amazing number of small serpents, or, rather, deformed monsters, foul and black as ink; which, swarming about his legs, sorely encumbered him, though they could not inflict any wound. Now he resolved speedily to gain or lose the battle; so, using his sword (you remember this was the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God) with more than mortal force, he severed her hateful head from her body. As soon as they saw their parent fall so rudely to the ground,

her scattered brood surrounded the body, expecting to find their wonted entrance at her wide mouth; but, being disappointed, they soon expired. The Lady hastened to congratulate her champion on the victory gained that day, and she prayed he might henceforth meet with similar success.

*Emily.*—The description Milton gives of Sin, in “Paradise Lost,” is something like this allegory of Error. I dare say some of the thoughts which people supposed were his own, he gained from the “Fairy Queen.”

*William.*—And all fair too: What good is there in knowing clever people’s ideas, if we do not make use of them? Do you know, Mamma, whether Milton had the honesty to confess that some of his fine thoughts were taken from this poem?

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear, Milton acknowledged Spenser for his original.

*Eliza.*—Perhaps, when we read more books fit for grown-up people, we shall find out that it is not uncommon for authors to borrow from men who lived a long time before them.

*William.*—Now, Mamma, be so good as to go on with this story; I think it entertains me more than it would if there were no meaning to be found out.

*Emily.*—And that is the case with me, William. I do not interrupt Mamma often, because you do not like it; but I am thinking what every thing signifies. How natural it was that one great, shocking Error should have thousands of little ones!

*William.*—What do you mean? I do not perfectly understand that.

*Emily.*—I thought, if we did not believe Jesus Christ died for our sins, that would be a shocking, great error; and owing to that we should make a great many mistakes about what we must do to obtain pardon, and get to heaven.

*Eliza.*—Very true, Emily; and if we did not believe in the Holy Spirit of God, we must give a wrong meaning to several texts in the Bible; so this great error would produce several others, though perhaps we must not call them *little* errors.

*William.*—I see the sense of it now. Do you think, Mamma, that little girls and boys in general, I mean those that go to school or have governesses at home, know as much about these things as Eliza and Emily?

*Mamma.*—Many children that are said to be well educated have never been made to understand that they are born in sin, and

need a change of heart before they can enter heaven. They know but little of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, and they have scarcely heard of the Holy Spirit, by whom the children of God are sanctified, and who is called the Comforter. I thank God for leading me to teach you the most important truths in your infancy, and I rejoice to observe they are often in your thoughts. And now, my little boy, I will proceed with the adventures of the Red-Cross Knight. He mounted his steed, and, with the Lady and her Dwarf, followed the most beaten path, resolving not to turn to the right hand or the left; so at length they quitted the Wandering Wood.

After travelling a good while, they met an aged pilgrim in a long black dress. His feet were bare, his beard was grey, and a book hung at his belt. There was about him a great appearance of wisdom and solemnity; he seemed simple and void of malice; his eyes were bent to the earth, and all the way he went, he prayed, and often knocked his breast, as one that repented. With a low bow he saluted the Knight, who courteously returned his civility, and then inquired if he knew of any strange events abroad. "Ah, my dear son," answered he, "how should a

silly old man, who lives in a hidden cell, telling his beads all day for his sins, know any tidings of war and worldly trouble? It is not proper for holy fathers to meddle with such things. However, if of homebred evil you desire to hear, and of danger in this neighbourhood, I can inform you of a man that wasteth all this country, far and near." "Of such," replied the Knight, "I chiefly inquire, I will well reward you for showing me the place where that wretch wears out his days. It is a disgrace to Knighthood that he is still alive." "His dwelling is in a wilderness," said the palmer, "to which no man can ever pass but through great distress." Una reminded the warrior that night was approaching, and that he must be weary after his late fight; therefore, she advised him to take timely rest, and begin new work with a new day. "Right well," quoth the aged man, "you have been advised; the day is spent, lodge with me this night." The Knight was satisfied; so they accompanied the godly father to his home. It was a little lowly hermitage, down in a dale hard by a forest, far from the resort of travellers. At a short distance stood a chapel, wherein the hermit was accustomed to say his holy things every

morning and evening, at least so he told his guests ; but this was a very wicked old man, named *Archimago*, that is, Hypocrisy or Fraud.

*William*.—Oh Mamma, who would have suspected he was a deceiver ?

*Eliza*.—I should ; because he prayed as he walked along, for people to see him. You know our Saviour when giving directions about prayer, said, “ When thou prayest, enter into thy closet ; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.” And though he said, in the beginning of his speech, he was “ a silly old man,” afterwards he called himself a holy father. I long to hear what scheme he had for injuring the Red-Cross Knight. I do not expect he induced him to do any thing wrong, because he had destroyed Error.

*Mamma*.—People may be perfectly free from errors on the subject of religion, and yet be overcome by temptation. Our author has shown considerable judgment in making his hero an imperfect character : Had he represented him faultless, many of the incidents I have yet to relate could not have been introduced ; nor do I think the allegory would have been so instructive.

No provision was to be obtained at the little dwelling; but Una and the Knight were thankful for rest, and the evening passed pleasantly away in discourse. Archimago had a store of pleasing words, and he could file his tongue as smooth as glass. Stories he told of Saints and Popes; and before and after each, he repeated, according to the custom of Papists, an Ave-Mary, or short prayer to the holy Virgin. When his visiters had retired to their chambers, this bad old man, by his arts, caused the Knight to dream that the beautiful and good Una was very wicked. Possibly, this might not have had much effect upon his mind; but soon after he awoke, Archimago ran to inform him, with the greatest appearance of friendship, that his Lady loved another Knight better than himself, and that they were then sitting together. In short, he said so much to the disadvantage of Truth, that the Red-Cross Knight rose with the dawning light, armed himself hastily, and rode off, followed by the Dwarf.

*Emily.*—Though I know it is only an allegory, I feel so sorry for Una! How shameful it was for the Dwarf, who had been her servant before she knew the Knight, to forsake her!

*Mamma.*—The force of example is very great, my dear. When one man yields to temptation, and departs from religion, it is not uncommon for others to tread in his steps. When the rosy-fingered morn, to use poetic language, had spread her purple robe through the dewy air, the Royal Virgin arose, and sought her Knight and Dwarf, whom she had been accustomed to find waiting for her. On hearing of their departure, she was in great sorrow, and pursued them with as much speed as her palfrey could make; but all in vain; the light-footed steed of the Red-Cross Knight had borne him far away. The subtle Archimago rejoiced at the success of his arts, and resolved to use other means for injuring Una; for he hated her as the hissing snake, and took pleasure in her distress. Now, as Hypocrisy can take any form, he assumed the appearance of the Knight whom he had lately beguiled. He clad himself in armour which seemed like that St. Paul describes. A red cross was on his coward breast, and he bore a silver shield; so that altogether he might easily be taken for the true St. George, a name by which our hero is sometimes spoken of in the poem. In the mean time the Knight was endeavouring to fly from his thoughts and jealous fear, and being entirely



guided by his own will, you may be sure he acted improperly. While in this state of mind, there met him a faithless Sarazin, well armed. On his broad shield was written *Sans Foy*, which signifies "without faith." I think he is intended to represent Infidelity. He was of great stature, and cared neither for God nor man. He had a fair companion, dressed in scarlet, and much adorned with gold and pearls. On her head was a mitre ornamented with many crowns, the gifts of her admirers. Tinsel trappings covered her palfrey, whose bridle rung with golden bells. When this couple saw the Knight of the Red-Cross advance, the lady bade Sans Foy address himself to the fight, for a foe was near. Desiring to win his Lady's approbation, he spurred his courser forward, and rushed towards St. George, who couched his spear, and met him with equal courage. After a most furious battle, in which Sans Foy asserted his enemy would have been conquered long since, if he had not been protected by the Cross, the Sarazin's head was cleft, his grudging spirit strove with the frail flesh, and at length quitted it. Then the Lady gave a most plausible account of herself, making the Knight believe she was a very

virtuous and modest princess, and that Sans Foy had carried her away contrary to her inclinations. She said her name was *Fidessa*, or Faithful; and, representing herself as friendless and unfortunate, besought his pity. In short, though the Knight did not yield to Infidelity, he was completely deceived by this unsuspected enemy, and assured her, in the kindest manner, that she might consider herself in perfect safety, having lost an old foe, and found a new friend. So he travelled in company with this witch, who was the daughter of Deceit and Shame; her real name was *Duessa*, a word formed from *Duo*, the Latin for "two:" It signifies Falsehood, which is, being one thing or person, and appearing to be another. The hero of my story became so delighted with her society, that he suffered himself to be guided by her; and in process of time ceased to remember *Una*, or Truth, with any affection. Leaving them for a while, I will return to the adventures of Truth. Faithfully she sought her Knight in wood and plain, hill and dale; but no tidings could be heard of him. One day, weary of the journey, she alighted from her palfrey in order to repose a while on the grass. She laid aside her stole, or veil, and her heavenly face

was so bright, it made a sunshine in that shady place. Suddenly out of the thicket rushed a ramping lion hunting for prey. As soon as he spied the Royal Virgin, he ran greedily to devour her tender body; but, on drawing nigh, the sight of her beautiful and holy countenance caused him to forget his fury. He kissed her weary feet and licked her hands, as though acquainted with her injured innocence; and when she wept, the kingly beast, calmed with pity, gazed upon her. He would not leave her desolate, but accompanied her, a strong guard, and a faithful companion. When she slept, he kept both watch and ward; and when she waked, he was ever ready to obey her will.

*Eliza.*—Now I understand the picture; and I think this part of the story is to teach us the power religion often has in softening hard and savage hearts; and that the very worst people may become good, and experience as great a change as that lion did.

*Mamma.*—You are right, my love. With this strange attendant she travelled long through deserts, where there was no sign of inhabitant, till at length she found the track of people's footing in the trodden grass, under the brow of a steep mountain. This path

she followed till she saw a damsel walking slowly, bearing a pot of water on her shoulders.

This was *Abessa*, or Superstition. Una inquired if any dwelling place were at hand ; but no answer was returned, *Abessa* being deaf, dumb, and without proper understanding. However, seeing a lion by her side, she threw down the pitcher, terrified, and fled away home to her blind mother ; who, judging by the young woman's quaking hands, and other signs of fear, that there was danger, fastened the door. Truth arrived and required entrance, which not being granted, the lion presently tore open a way for her. Pent in a darksome corner, almost dead with fear, were the two women. There the mother of Superstition day and night prayed with her beads. Nine hundred Pater-Nosters and thrice nine hundred Ave-Marys she was accustomed to say daily ; and, to augment her painful penance, she sat in ashes three times a week, and wore rough sackcloth next her skin. Fear caused her to forget her beads at this time ; but Truth, with sweet countenance and gentle words, tried to remove their needless dread, and then besought them to let her lodge in their cottage that night. She

lay down, and the lion kept watch at her feet. When all were asleep, a man with a heavy load, knocked loudly and often at the door, using very sinful language because it was not opened as usual to him. This was *Kirk-rapine*, a stout and sturdy thief, who robbed churches of their ornaments, and poor men's boxes of what was given for good purposes; and all that could be obtained by right or wrong, he bestowed upon Abessa and her mother. In a short time the thief forced his way into the house, and was immediately killed by the lion. When Una departed, in the morning, she was followed by Abessa and her mother: The old woman howling, railed upon her, and wished plagues, mischief, and long misery, might be her portion. As they were returning home, they were met by Archimago, dressed like the Red-Cross Knight. He listened to all the old woman said against Una, and, ascertaining which way she went, he soon overtook her. Seeing the Lady was defended by so formidable a champion as the lion, he feared to approach; but turned aside, to a hill, where she soon discovered, as she supposed, her beloved Knight, and hastened to him. The deceiver comforted the Lady; and, as an excuse for leaving her, said he had

been to a strange place, where Archimago told him a powerful felon daily injured many Knights ; that he had killed him, and was now returned to offer her his constant service. Una was most happy to find her Knight faithful, and related all her adventures since they parted.

They had not rode far, when one came fiercely towards them, well armed, with a stern look, which seemed to threaten cruel revenge. On his shield was engraven *Sans Loy*, "without law." He was brother to Sans Foy, lately killed by St. George, who, he supposed, was now before him ; therefore he prepared himself for battle. Archimago, faint with fear, could offer very little resistance. His shield, which, you know, was not the Shield of Faith, but only an imitation of it, was immediately pierced through, and he fell from his horse wounded. The Sarazin, dismounting from his lofty steed, exclaimed, "The life thou tookest from Sans Foy, Sans Loy shall take from thee."

The Lady assured the victor that he who lay on the ground conquered was a true Knight, and besought him not to take his life. Her piteous words did not abate his rage, but rudely rending up his helmet, he was about

to slay him, when he was astonished to see the hoary head of his old friend Archimago, under such a disguise. Without attempting to recover the wicked man, who had fainted, Sans Loy turned to Una, and pulled her from the palfrey, in order to look at her fair face. With gaping jaws the faithful lion sought to tear away his shield; but the foe was as strong as any that ever wielded spear. He retained his shield, drew his sword, and pierced the heart of the noble beast. Then did the Sarazin bear away on his own courser the afflicted Lady, notwithstanding her prayers and tears. Leaving her thus unpleasantly situated, the poet returns to the history of the true Red-Cross Knight. He travelled long with Fidessa, whom he had not yet discovered to be Falsehood; till at length there appeared in sight a stately building, exceedingly ornamented, which seemed to be the palace of some mighty prince. To it led a broad way, that had evidently been much traversed. Indeed great troops of people of every rank were journeying in that direction, both day and night; but few only returned, and they with difficulty escaped in beggary and sad disgrace. As the day was closing in, and Duessa was fatigued, she hastened the

Knight to this dwelling. It was built of bricks, without mortar; the walls were high, but neither strong nor thick, and covered with golden foil. There were many lofty towers and goodly galleries, full of pleasant windows and delightful bowers: So that the whole made a very grand appearance, and spoke the praises of the builder. But it was raised on the weak foundation of a sandy hill, which was continually falling away; and the palace was raised to such a height, that every light breeze shook it. Indeed the back part of the house was in a most ruinous condition, though painted cunningly. The porter *Mal-venue*, "Ill-come," or Unwelcome, had the charge of the gates, which were kept wide open, and none was ever refused entrance. The Knight and Lady passed on to the costly hall, where a vast number of people waited to see the mistress of that sumptuous palace. High above all a cloth of state was spread, and a rich throne, as bright as a sunny day; on which sat a maiden Queen of dazzling beauty, arrayed in gorgeous apparel, glittering with gold and precious stones. Proudly she shone in her princely condition, looking to heaven; for she disdained the earth, while, beneath her scornful feet, lay a dreadful dragon.



In her hand was a mirror, in which she often delighted to view her face.

*Emily.*—I am sorry to interrupt the story, but I cannot find out who this beautiful, grand Queen is ; can you, William ?

*William.*—Indeed I cannot ; so tell us, if you please, Mamma, and the name of the fine building which had only a sandy foundation.

*Mamma.*—This was the *House of Pride*, and *Lucifera* was the mistress of it. In the government of her kingdom, obtained by wrong and tyranny, she followed the bad counsels of some evil beings of whom you will presently hear. *Vanity* introduced the Knight and Duessa into the Queen's presence. They knelt upon the lowest stair of the throne, made obeisance, and informed *Lucifera* they were come to see her royal state. With lofty eyes, half loath to look so low, she thanked them in a disdainful manner, and scarcely bade them rise. The Lords and Ladies did every thing in their power to set themselves off to advantage before the Knight, and they tried their utmost to entertain him ; delighted that a Christian had been induced to bow down before *Pride*. As for *Duessa*, she was well known in that sinful court, and each paid her flattering attentions.

Rising from her stately place, the Queen called for her coach, adorned with gold and gay garlands. It was drawn by unequal beasts, on which rode her counsellors. The first of them, who guided all the rest, was *Idleness*, the nurse of *Sin*. He was arrayed, like a holy monk, in black. In his hand he bore a book of devotion, which was much worn, but seldom read; for he cared little about prayer. Usually drowned in sleep, scarcely could he hold up his head to see whether it were day or night. He withdrew himself from worldly care, and greatly shunned manly exercise; always making the love of contemplation an excuse for neglecting work: And yet at times he led a lawless, riotous life, which occasioned a constant fever. He was carried by a slothful ass.

By his side, on a swine, rode *Gluttony*, more like a monster than a man. He was blown up with luxury, and his eyes were swollen with fatness; for he devoured what would have nourished many poor people. Green vine leaves were his only covering, because he could bear nothing warmer. On his head was an ivy garland, from under which the perspiration trickled down. As he rode, he was still eating something; and

in his hand was a cup, out of which he drank so frequently, that he could scarcely retain his seat. Gluttony was unfit for any business; he seldom knew a friend from a foe; and his body was full of diseases.

Behind rode *Avarice*, upon a camel, loaden with gold; two iron coffers hung on either side, full of precious metal; and in his lap he counted a heap of gold, which was his god. Usury was his only trade. He lived next door to *Death*, and scarcely ever tasted a good morsel. He wore a thread-bare coat and cobbled shoes; for he denied himself every way in order to fill his bags, though he had neither child nor kinsman, to inherit his riches. Such was *Avarice*: A most wretched life he led, through daily care to get, and nightly fear of losing, what was of no use to him.

The next in order was *Envy*, who rode upon a ravenous wolf. This wretched man inwardly fed upon himself, when he saw his neighbour's wealth. He wept and was very sad, because there was no cause of weeping; but he became exceedingly joyful on hearing that any one had sustained injury. His dress was discoloured, and painted full of eyes. In his bosom lay a hateful snake. As

they moved on, he gnashed his teeth at the sight of Avarice's gold, and at the apparent happiness of Lucifera and her attendants. He hated all good works, and the person who performed them; accusing of bad motives those who gave alms to the indigent.

Upon a lion came fierce revenging *Wrath*, in his hand a burning brand, which he waved about his head. His face was as pale as ashes. Sternly he stared at all who dared to look at him, and from his eyes flashed sparks of fire. His hand, trembling through hasty rage, was often laid on his dagger. His raiment was torn to rags, and stained with blood which he had spilt; for he had no government of his hands, and cared not what injury he did, when in a rage. Yet, after the furious fit, he frequently repented of his cruelties. Many mischiefs followed cruel *Wrath*, such as *Strife*, *Murder*, *Despise*, and fretting *Grief*, the enemy of man's life, *Frenzy*, and shaking *Palsy*. Such was the list of *Pride's* counsellors.

*Emily*.—Oh Mamma, what a shocking set! The last seems to me the worst of all: But what connexion is there between *Wrath* and *Pride*?

*Mamma*.—I have heard anger defined as

“Pride very much hurt;” and certainly, if free from pride, we should never feel improper anger. It is possible to “be angry and sin not;” that is, to have a just displeasure against sin; for we read, in the Holy Scriptures, that “God is angry with the wicked every day.”

*William.*—Well, I think Idleness the best of all the counsellors; he does not do much harm.

*Eliza.*—Ah William, you forget he is called “the nurse of Sin.” He did mischief enough, if he only nourished all the other bad ones. And the hymn you repeat so often tells us,—

Satan finds some mischief still  
For *idle* hands to do.

*Mamma.*—Observe how properly Idleness is placed the first in this company, making way for, or leading on, every bad passion.

*Eliza.*—And do not you think, Mamma, it was wise to put Gluttony the next in order? It is very natural for people who have nothing better about which to employ their time, to eat and drink too much.

*Emily.*—And I see a great deal of sense in representing Wrath as followed by Strife,

and Murder, and Grief; for you know, when people are angry, it is natural to quarrel; and fighting often ends in murder that was not intended; and then, Mamma, of course the person who committed the murder, if not hanged for it, must feel grief the rest of his life.

*Mamma.*—Very good reasoning, Emily; I hope you will remember all this, and whenever you are tempted to anger, instantly pray for power to resist it.

*William.*—And I hope I shall, Mamma, in particular, because you think that is my besetting sin. I was just beginning to feel quite vexed with Emily, for talking and preventing you from going on with the story.

*Mamma.*—I am glad you checked yourself, my dear. It gives me pleasure to hear the remarks my little auditors make; and your questions often lead me to give information which must render the story more instructive.

*Emily.*—And more entertaining too, at least to me. I liked that part about the palace better when the meaning of it was explained. I wonder how our Knight felt in such bad company.

*Mamma.*—After enjoying the conversation

of the fair and holy Una, he could experience no real happiness among the friends of Pride : While they sported in the fields, he kept at a distance. Duessa rode near the Queen, as a suitable companion for her. I did not tell you that *Satan* sat upon the beam of the carriage, and, with a smarting whip, lashed forward the counsellors and their beasts, as often as Idleness stood still. A foggy mist covered all the land, and beneath their feet were scattered the skulls and bones of men who had perished in consequence of their wickedness.

When *Lucifera* and her train returned home, they found, newly arrived, *Sans Joy*, or Without Joy, the youngest brother of *Sans Foy* and *Sans Loy*. As soon as he discovered *Sans Foy's* shield in the possession of the Dwarf, he fiercely snatched it away. Instantly encountering him, the Red-Cross Knight recovered the prize. They then began to clash their shields and shake their swords on high, preparing for battle. The Queen commanded them to restrain their fury, promising they should fight the next day, if either had a right to that shield. " Ah dearest Lady," said the Sarazin, " pardon me ; great grief makes me for-

get to hold the reins of reason ; this cowardly traitor has, through guile, slain the bravest Knight that ever fought ; and now he bears his shield reversed ; and, to increase his triumph, he has in his possession the fair Fidessa, my brother's beloved Lady. If you, O Queen, will show equal favour, I will dearly revenge Sans Foy." The Red-Cross Knight answered little, for he intended, with his sword, not with words, to plead his right. He threw down his gauntlet, or iron glove, as a pledge that he would on the morrow try his cause by combat.

The evening was spent in jollity and feasting. Gluttony acted as the Steward, and Idleness was the Chamberlain who summoned them to rest. When night had drawn her black curtain over the sky, Duessa repaired to Sans Joy, and told him that his brother was guilefully ensnared, and brought to a shameful grave, by the Knight of the Red-Cross ; who afterwards put her into a darksome cave, where she had remained ever since, because she did not love him. This false woman proceeded to inform Sans Joy that the Knight wore enchanted arms, and bore a charmed shield, which none could pierce. " Charmed or enchanted," replied



he, fiercely, "I care not, nor need you tell me this. But, fair Fidessa, return from whence you came, and rest till to-morrow, when I shall subdue the foe." As soon as the first beams of morning pierced through the gloomy air, our hero prepared himself to meet the proud Pagan. A green, enclosed by palings, was the appointed scene of battle. On one side, under a royal canopy, sat Lucifera, and on the other Duessa was placed, and by her on a tree hung Sans Foy's shield, as both of them were to be given to the victor.

At the sound of the trumpet they fastened their shields to their wrists, and flourishing their swords, addressed themselves to battle. The Sarazin was wonderfully strong, and he heaped blows like great iron hammers, and the Knight returned thundering strokes, so that deep dented furrows in their armour, and their battered helmets, gave proof of prowess on either side. Streams of blood flowed down, and their deep wounds were terrible to behold. Once Sans Joy had nearly gained the victory, but our Knight, although his faith had been weakened, exerted himself to the utmost, and, using his good sword with all his power, brought him upon his knees and was about to give the death blow, when, by

the art of Duessa, lo, a dark cloud fell upon Sans Joy, and he could nowhere be found. The false woman ran to congratulate the conqueror, exclaiming "The conquest yours, I yours, the shield and glory yours." The heralds hastened to pay homage to him, bringing the shield. He was conducted to the House of Pride and laid in a sumptuous bed, and many skilful men, called leeches in those days, dressed his wounds, while the deceitful Duessa wept bitterly, as if suffering much at the sight of his pain.

Now it happened that soon after the fight, the Dwarf discovered a deep dungeon containing a multitude of wretched captives bewailing themselves night and day. He secretly learned from them, that owing to Pride and other sins they had mortgaged their lives to Avarice, and that Wrath and Envy had provoked the Queen to condemn them to this dungeon, where they must live in woe, and die in wretchedness. When all this was repeated to his master, he resolved to quit so dangerous a habitation, where a similar fate might, possibly, await him: Therefore, early in the morning, Duessa not being in the way, he departed, accompanied by his Dwarf only. They went out by a

private door, that none might know of their flight; but they could scarcely proceed on account of the dead bodies of those who had come to a shameful end in the service of Pride. The Knight was rejoiced at his escape, but sad that he had been obliged to leave Duessa behind.

It is now high time to return to the unfortunate Una, whom we left in the hands of Sans Loy. She was rescued from him by savage, wild men, who, seeing her angelic countenance, offered to worship her. She dwelt a long while in the woods, instructing these people, who would not part with her, in the truths of religion. One day, while thus engaged, she was seen by *Satyrene*, a remarkably brave knight, who was filled with wonder at her heavenly wisdom, and gladly learned faith and truth from her lips. After a time, she communicated to him her wish to leave the forests, and go in search of the Red-Cross Knight, and he kindly offered to accompany her: Accordingly, in the absence of the savages, they departed. Towards the evening they saw a person at a distance, and hastened to make inquiries of him. He appeared to be a simple man in clothes much worn and soiled with dust; his sandals had

become old with the length of the way, and his face was tanned as though he had travelled many a summer's day through the sands of Arabia. In his hand was a pilgrim's staff, to support his weary limbs, and at his back hung a scrip. The lady asked if he knew any thing of her valiant champion, on whose armour was a red cross. "Aye, my dear dame," answered the traveller, "well may I grieve to tell the sad sight. My eyes have seen that Knight both living and dead. This day, this fatal day, I chanced to see a battle between two knights. Both breathed such vengeance, my fearful feet trembled at their strife; but what more need I say? The Red-Cross Knight was slain!" Una was sorely afflicted, and surprised that he should be overcome. Sir Satyrene wished to know where the victor was. "Not far away," replied the man, "by a fountain washing his wounds." Forthwith the good Knight hastened to the spot, and found Sans Loy, whom he defied in reproachful words, bidding him arise and fight, or yield himself as guilty. The Sarazin, catching up his helmet and three-square shield, prepared to encounter him, saying, "In evil hour thy foes have sent thee hither to wreak another's

wrongs upon thyself. Ill thou blamest me, for I never slew the Red-Cross Knight, though I should have killed him, had he been where his arms were." While furiously fighting, Sans Loy cast his eyes upon Una, whom he instantly recognised, and ran towards her. His antagonist pursued with blows which soon made him turn in defence. So the terrified lady escaped; and, not daring to remain in that place, lest her friend should be conquered, she fled away, and was followed by the seeming pilgrim, who was in fact her old enemy Archimago.

*Emily.*—What a deceiver he was! But do you think, Mamma, Spenser was right in representing Truth as being so persecuted and hated by Hypocrisy? It seems to me natural, even for wicked people, to admire what is good.

*Mamma.*—The Bible declares that "the carnal mind is enmity against God;" and certainly in all ages true Religion has been persecuted in one way or other; therefore, the poet is correct when he describes Una as being slandered and "shamefully entreated" by Hypocrisy, Falsehood, Superstition, &c.

*Eliza.*—I suppose she overcomes all her foes in the end; for many verses you have

given us to learn contain a prophecy that the time will come when all who are left on the earth shall know and love God.

*Mamma.*—Repeat two or three of those passages, my dear.

*Eliza.*—“The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

“And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord.”

“And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.”

*William.*—I recollect a short verse about it: “All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee, they shall sing to thy name.”

*Emily.*—Do you remember, Mamma, a gentleman said, one day when I was in the room, that he did not believe the idolaters would ever be converted? He said more than I can repeat, and you read to him a long verse which I should like to hear again, if you please.

*Mamma.*—“For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles,

and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the Heathen; saith the Lord of hosts."

*Eliza.*—The next Sunday we are confined to the house by great rain, as we were last winter sometimes, I intend to copy all the texts I can find on this subject.

*Emily.*—So do I, Eliza, and I will assist you. I wish I had always something of that kind to do on Sunday when we cannot go out.

*William.*—Now pray, sisters, do not prevent Mamma from going on with the story. You left off, Mamma, where Una ran away, leaving her friend and Sans Loy fighting.

*Mamma.*—The poet returns to the adventures of the Red-Cross Knight. He sat down by the side of a stream, under the cooling shade of some trees, in which were sundry birds singing very sweetly; and I am sorry to say he laid aside his armour, which it was his duty to wear constantly. Here he was found by Duessa, who, missing him at the House of Pride, had been diligently searching for him. She affected great delight at seeing the Knight; and he welcomed her very kindly, again giving himself up to her influ-

ence. While engaged in sinful conversation with Falsehood, a dreadful sound was heard, which shook the ground. Our hero started up, but before he could put on his armour, or reach the Shield of Faith, a hideous Giant stalked in sight. He was more than three times the height of the tallest man, and the earth groaned under him for dread. His name was *Orgoglio*, which is formed, I believe, from the Greek for Wrath. A knotty oak was the weapon with which he attacked our poor Knight, who could not use his sword to any purpose. Without armour it is not surprising he was vanquished, carried to the castle of *Despair*, and cast into a deep dungeon.

*Eliza.*—That reminds me of Giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress. I wonder if Bunyan wrote it before or after the "Fairy Queen" was published. Certainly one of the authors borrowed from the other.

*Mamma.*—Bunyan lived about a hundred years after Spenser, from whose poems he borrowed to a great extent.

From the day our poor Knight was taken captive, Duessa became the Lady of this horrible giant. He gave her gold and purple to wear, and placed a triple crown upon her



head; and to create awe in the hearts of men, he set her upon a dreadful beast with seven heads, an iron breast, and a back covered with scales of brass. This beast trod under foot all sacred things and pious precepts formerly taught and obeyed.

*Emily.*—Do you know, Mamma, what became of the Knight's armour?

*Mamma.*—The Dwarf carefully collected every thing his master had left, and leading his horse, departed in search of some one to whom he might communicate his distress. He had not travelled far when he met Una lately escaped from Sans Loy. As soon as she cast her eyes upon the Dwarf, and perceived the Knight's armour, concluding him dead, she fell to the earth in a swoon. Her servant raised her up, and did all in his power to revive the lovely Princess. When a little recovered, she desired the Dwarf to relate every thing he knew respecting him who had undertaken to be her champion; whereupon he gave a full account of all that had happened: How Archimago by his subtlety had induced the Red-Cross Knight to leave herself, his victory over Sans Foy, his affection for Duessa, their adventures at the House of Pride, and finally his being overcome by a

Giant who had carried him away in a state of insensibility.

Una patiently heard this relation to the end, and then resolved to seek till she found, living or dead, her unfaithful Knight. Accordingly, they travelled long over hills, through woods and valleys, often pierced by the keen wind, and overtaken by tempests. At last she fortunately met a knight named *Sir Arthur*, in exceedingly bright armour, in which were some very rare precious stones. His warlike shield was closely covered up, that it might be seen by no mortal eye. It was formed of one perfect diamond, which could never be pierced by spear, nor divided by sword. But what rendered this shield the most remarkable was, the property it had, when the owner pleased, of causing whatever assumed a false appearance to fade away.

Sir Arthur addressed Una with much kindness and courtesy, and on perceiving she was in trouble he begged to know the cause. After some hesitation, she expressed a hope that his wisdom would direct her, or his prowess bring relief. "I am" added she, "the only daughter of a King and Queen, who ruled over a very extensive territory,

and enjoyed much happiness, till their enemy, an enormous dragon, spoiled their kingdom, wasting the whole country. Lest they should fall into his jaws, they were obliged to flee to a strong castle surrounded by brazen walls, where the dragon has besieged them four years.

“ Many adventurous and stout Knights from every part of the world,” continued the Princess, “ have undertaken to subdue that monster, but they all became his prey, owing either to sin, or to their want of faith. At last I went to the court of Gloriana, and there found an innocent Knight who had never made an unjust use of power. My hope of his destroying our foe was very high, for he soon gave proof of uncommon valour.” Una then proceeded to repeat all the Red-Cross Knight’s adventures, and concluded by lamenting his present wretched condition. Sir Arthur answered, “ Certainly, Madam, you have great cause to complain, your woes would make the stoutest heart tremble ; but be of good cheer, take comfort, for I will never forsake you till I have freed your captive Knight.” These kind words revived her sorrowful spirit ; so onward they went, the Dwarf guiding them, till they came in sight

of a strong high castle. "Lo, yonder," exclaimed the Dwarf, "is the place where my unhappy lord lies a thrall to the Giant's hateful tyranny; therefore, dear Sir, make trial of your mighty power." The noble Knight alighted, and with his own Squire, (who is described as a gentle youth, much beloved by Sir Arthur,) went to the castle wall. The gates were fast shut, and there was no watchman, nor any one to give an answer; so the Squire took a small horn which possessed wonderful virtues. No enchantment, no falsehood could bear the terror of that blast. The thrilling sound extended full three miles, and every one who heard it was filled with fear. No gate was so strong, no lock so firm, but at that piercing noise they flew open, or burst asunder. When this bugle was blown before the gate, the castle of Despair quaked, and every door opened. The Giant, dismayed with the sound, hastily rushed forth with stern countenance, to see what had occasioned such horror, and dared thus to provoke his power. After him came Duessa, mounted on her many-headed beast, every tongue of which was on fire, and every mouth was defiled from a recent feast of cruelty. Sir Arthur seized his wondrous shield, and pre-

pared for combat, while the Giant, inflamed with wrath and disdain, lifted up his dreadful club, thinking to slay him at the first encounter. But, wise and wary, he lightly stepped aside, deeming it no shame to avoid so hideous a blow. The Giant had struck with such force, that his club went exceedingly deep into the earth, which trembled as though agitated by an earthquake. While pulling it out of the ground, the Knight smote off his left arm, and forth gushed the blood, like streams of water from the mountain's side. Dismayed with this desperate wound, and impatient of unwonted pain, he roared and yelled, so that the sound filled the neighbouring country. Duessa, knowing the Giant's destruction would be injurious to her, hastened on the beast to his assistance. The Squire stood like a bulwark between his master and them, using his sword most courageously. You perhaps recollect that Duessa, or Falsehood, was represented as a witch in the early part of this allegory. She now took a golden cup, containing charms that had brought many to despair and death, and lightly sprinkling them over the Squire, his courage abated, all his senses were dismayed, and he fell before the cruel beast, which nearly

crushed the life out of his panting breast; for there was no power to move, nor even will to rise. His careful master swiftly advancing cut off one of the beast's heads. He scourged the air with his enormous tail, and through rage and impatience of the excessive smart, would have thrown down his rider, had not the Giant succoured her. And now Sir Arthur would surely have been vanquished by their united forces, if the veil which covered his shield had not been drawn aside in the contest. It cast such amazing brightness around, that no eye could endure it. The beast became blind, and began to stagger. While reeling, his mistress cried aloud, "O help, Orgoglio, help! or else we shall all perish!" But the Giant had no longer power to injure another, or to defend himself, so of course he was presently deprived of life. Duessa cast her golden cup to the ground, and, throwing aside her crowned mitre, was about to depart, but the Squire secured her as his master's prisoner.

With sober gladness and sweet joyous cheer, yet most modestly, Una offered her congratulations on the victory; wishing that He who dwells on high, beholding all things, might requite with usury what had been done

for her that day. She then besought Sir Arthur not to let Duessa escape, as she had beguiled the Red-Cross Knight and brought so much misery upon him. Accordingly she was given in charge to the Squire, while Sir Arthur entered the castle. Seeing no creature, he went all over it, loudly calling, but no answer was returned. At last with creeping crooked pace came forth an exceedingly aged man, with beard as white as snow, guiding his weary steps with a staff, for his eye-sight had failed him long ago. On his arm he carried a bunch of keys covered with rust. These were the keys of every inner door, which however he could not open. These doors, you may suppose, closed when the sound of the bugle died away. As he moved forward, he constantly turned his face backward. This was *Ignaro*, (Ignorance,) the ancient keeper of the castle, and foster-father of the Giant. The good Knight honoured his age, and the appearance there was of holy gravity in this man; and gently inquired where all the people were who inhabited that castle. He answered, "I cannot tell." "Where," inquired Sir Arthur, "is the Knight confined who fell into the power of Orgoglio and became his captive?" "I

cannot tell," replied Ignaro. In short, to every question, the provoking old man returned no other answer than, "I cannot tell." Seeing it was in vain to expect information from him, he took away the keys and opened all the doors.

Now Sir Arthur found the rooms furnished very handsomely, and well stored with every thing which could be wanted; but the floors were polluted, for many innocent persons had been slain there by Orgoglio. Built of marble, curiously carved, stood an altar, on which Christian blood had frequently been shed. There holy Martyrs had often been put to death with cruel malice, and from beneath the altar their holy spirits continually cried to God for vengeance.

After searching in all parts of the castle without discovering the wretched captive, Sir Arthur at length came to an iron door that was locked, but no key among those he took from Ignaro would open it. In the door was a small grate, through which he called aloud, to know if there were any one confined in that place. Then was heard a hollow, dreary, murmuring voice, saying "O, who is he that brings happy choice of death to one dying every hour, and yet obliged to live bound in



darkness? Three months have passed away since I viewed the cheerful face of heaven. Oh, welcome thou that bringest tidings of death!”

When the brave champion of Truth heard these miserable words, his heart thrilled with pity, and horror ran through every joint. With furious force he rent the iron door, but his foot could find no resting place; the interior was dark, and seemed of great depth: Moreover there issued forth a noisome smell. An old proverb says, “Affection hath not nice hands;” so Sir Arthur was deterred by nothing unpleasant from endeavouring to deliver the prisoner; and, after great pains and manifold labours, he drew up the poor wretched Knight of the Red Cross, who presented a woeful spectacle. His eyes were deep sunk in hollow pits, and could not endure the sun; and all his flesh was gone, so that he looked like a skeleton. Una ran with hasty joy to greet her own Knight, whom she did not cease to love notwithstanding his departure from her. She grieved at the amazing change in his appearance, but received him into favour with accustomed kindness. Sir Arthur directed his attention to the Giant stretched in monstrous length,

and to Duessa, the cause of all trouble. The Lady ordered the wicked woman to be deprived of her borrowed beauty, and suffered to depart. When seen as she really was, Falsehood was ugly beyond description, and she fled with precipitation to conceal her deformity from the eyes of men. Lovely Truth and her friends reposed awhile, that the Red-Cross Knight might recover the strength so greatly impaired while in the power of Orgoglio.

*Emily.*—Now, Mamma, that our Knight is safe with Una again, I want to ask you a question or two.

*William.*—And so do I, Mamma, I wished so very much to hear the story that I could not bear to interrupt you, though there were some parts I did not understand.

*Eliza.*—I could not think what virtue Sir Arthur was intended to represent; but I recollected Mamma said in this story some characters are not allegorical, so I thought he only signified a religious friend, who by good advice, or prayer, or some means, delivered the unhappy Knight from the power of Wrath and Despair.

*Mamma.*—Well, children, let me hear your questions. I shall be glad if I can answer

them to your satisfaction. What were you going to ask, Emily?

*Emily.*—Do you think, Mamma, there is any meaning in the terrible beast that Orgoglio gave Duessa?

*Mamma.*—Spenser certainly intended to represent Popery, and the great power its Ministers once possessed, under the figures of Falsehood, seated on a beast with seven heads. The description resembles, in some particulars, a prophecy respecting the Roman Catholic religion in the 17th chapter of the Revelation. There St. John informs us, he was carried away in the Spirit into the wilderness, and he saw a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations. She was seated on a beast, full of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And this woman was drunk with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus.

*William.*—The story is very like that account; for, you know, Duessa was dressed in purple and adorned with gold, and she had a golden cup.

*Emily.*—And the beast was just returned,

from a cruel feast. I dare say he had been killing some of those innocent people whose souls were under the fine altar. Is there not a verse in the Revelation about that ?

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear, you refer to these words, “I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held : and they cried with a loud voice saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth ?”

*Eliza.*—I remember when first Duessa was seen by the Red-Cross Knight, she had a mitre adorned with crowns on her head. I know a mitre is a bishop’s crown ; and being ornamented with crowns, must signify the power of the Popish Church, aided by kings.

*Emily.*—One of my questions was, What could the beast’s trampling on sacred things and commands formerly taught, signify ? But now I think I understand it ; for you have told us that this false religion does not teach all the commandments given in the Bible, and it tells people to do things which are very wicked ; such as to pray to the Virgin Mary, and to dead saints ; and to

buy the forgiveness of their sins from the priests.

*William.*—Every thing is explained that puzzled me; so if Eliza and Emily have no more questions to ask, will you have the goodness, Mamma, to tell us what happened next? I hope Una is not separated again from the Knight.

*Mamma.*—After a time Sir Arthur took leave of his friends, and Una and the Knight of the Red Cross proceeded on their journey.

Now as they travelled, they perceived galloping fast towards them an armed Knight, who seemed escaping from a terrible foe; for as he fled, his eye was cast behind, as if what he feared pursued him. He wore no helmet; his hair stood up with fear, and his face was extremely pale. About his neck was a rope, which ill agreed with his bright armour; but he appeared to have no thought of either arms or rope. In short the man was so terrified, so deprived of sense, that he seemed afraid of himself. The Red-Cross Knight inquired from whom he was running away, and who had put a rope round his neck. No answer was returned. The Knight spoke to him repeatedly; and at last, while every joint trembled, his faltering tongue uttered

these words, "O, stay me not, Sir Knight; for lo, he comes, he comes fast after me." Then looking back, he would fain have continued his flight; but our Knight obliged him to stay, and entreated him to declare the cause of his perplexity. "And am I certainly in safety?" said he, "from him that would have forced me to die? And is the point of death now turned from me, that I may tell this hapless history?" "Fear not," replied the Knight, "no danger is nigh." "Then", said he, "I will recount a rueful case which my eyes lately beheld. I happened to travel with a Knight who was very sad and comfortless. We met a villain that calls himself *Despair*. At first he greeted us, then discoursed of strange tidings and uncommon adventures; so creeping close, like a snake in the grass, he begins to inquire of our states. When he discovered our sorrows, with wounding words and terms of reproach, he snatched from us all hope of relief, which had hitherto reconciled us to life. Then the cunning thief persuaded us to die, giving me this rope, and putting a rusty knife into the hand of my friend. With that sad instrument he killed himself, while I, dismayed with the dismal sight, fled fast

away, half dead with the fear of dying. O that you may be preserved from ever hearing the charmed speech of Despair!" Our knight thought it was impossible for any one to induce him to attempt his own life, and declared he should never rest till he had heard Despair and tried his power. "O Sir," exclaimed the fearful man, "never desire to try his power; his subtle tongue, like honey, melts into the heart, and searches every vein; so that before one is aware, all strength to resist is gone." The Knight was still resolved to visit Despair, and begged the man to be his guide. "To oblige you," answered he, "I will show you his abode, but neither for gold nor pleasure will I remain with you; I would rather die than again see the deadly face of Despair." They soon arrived at his dwelling, low in a hollow cave, beneath a craggy rock. Dark, doleful and dreary, it seemed to yawn for the bodies of men like a greedy grave. On the top, evermore was heard an owl shrieking his baleful note, which drove away every cheerful bird. And all about the ragged rocks were old stocks and roots of trees, on which many wretches had been hanged, whose bodies were now scattered on the

green, and thrown about the cliffs. On the floor of his miserable cave sat Despair, musing sadly. His face was almost concealed by long disordered hair, through which his hollow eyes looked deadly dull, staring as though in amaze. His rawbone cheeks were shrunk into his jaws as if he were starved. His garment consisted only of rags, pinned together by thorns. Beside this wretched creature lay a corpse, whose life was just ebbing away through a wound made by a rusty knife, yet sticking in it.

I do not think, my dear childreu, that you would be either profited or amused by the long conversation between our hero and Despair. I suppose every argument was used that wicked people commonly advance in recommendation of self-murder, and these in the end produced such a visible effect on the Knight's mind, that his enemy brought swords, ropes, poison, fire, and all that might draw him to destruction, and placing a sharp dagger in his hand, urged him to end his troubles, and quit a state in which he was continually adding to his load of sins, and provoking the anger of God. Una snatched the weapon from his hand, saying, "Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight, is this the



battle you have promised to fight with the horrible dragon? Come away, weak man, nor suffer vain words to bewitch your heart. Are you not a partaker of heavenly mercies? Why then should you despair? Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this dreadful place." So up he rose, and straightway mounted his horse. When Despair saw his guest depart in safety, he chose a halter from among the rest and hanged himself, as he had done a thousand times before, but could not die.

*Emily.*—As the Red Cross Knight had suffered so much in the Castle of Despair, I am surprised he ventured to converse with such an enemy.

*Mamma.*—Ah my dear, Christians are too apt to believe themselves possessed of sufficient grace to resist evil. He, who relying on his own strength, wilfully goes into the way of temptation, in order to prove he is able to withstand it, is sure to fall into sin.

Una perceiving that her Knight had not yet regained his former health and vigour, conducted him to the *House of Holiness* that both mind and body might be refreshed, and prepared for the conflict, which awaited him. The ancient family inhabiting this house, was renowned through the world for

sacred learning and a pure unspotted life, It was governed by the wisdom of an elderly matron, whose only joy was to relieve the poor, and administer consolation to wounded spirits. She spent her nights in devotion, and her days in performing good deeds. Celia (or Heavenly) was her name. She had three daughters, *Fidelia*, *Speranza*, and *Clarissa*,—*Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*. When Una and the Knight knocked at the door, which was always locked and carefully guarded, for fear of enemies, it was immediately opened by an aged porter, called *Humility*. In passing, it was necessary to stoop very low, for strait and narrow was the way; but once entered, they saw a spacious court in which it was most pleasant to walk. They were met by *Zeal*, who welcomed the guests with Cheerfulness and Christian courtesy, and gladly introduced them to the hall. There they were received by a gentle Squire of mild demeanour and uncommon politeness. Modesty was apparent in every word and act, and he conducted himself with the utmost propriety towards every person. Such was *Reverence*, who led the way to the lady of the mansion. Her heart swelled with unwonted joy when she beheld Una. “Most

virtuous virgin of heavenly birth, that have so long wandered through the world, to redeem your parents from a tyrant's rage! What favour has brought you hither? Strange it is to see any turn their steps to this habitation. Few there be that choose the narrow path. Men in general keep the broad high-road, and take delight to go astray with the multitude, and become partakers of their evil condition." "I am come," answered Una, "to see you, and to rest my weary limbs, and this good Knight has accompanied me." Celia entertained both in the best manner she could, and nothing was wanting to prove her bountiful and wise. While they were conversing of sundry things, two beautiful damsels entered, arm-in-arm with modest grace. From the crystal face of Fidelia, the eldest, shone sunny beams, and round about her head was glory like the light of heaven. She was arrayed in white. She carried in one hand a golden cup, filled with wine and water, in which a serpent turned himself, so as to create horror in the beholders, but she feared not. In the other hand was a book, signed and sealed with blood, wherein dark things were written, hard to be understood. Her sister Sper-

anza was clad in blue, which became her well ; she did not appear so cheerful as Fidelia. Upon her arm was a silver anchor, whereon she leaned ; and, ever as she prayed, her eyes were directed to heaven. Many kind speeches passed between them and Una. But my story becomes too long. I must not dwell upon every particular. The following day Una requested Fidelia to place the Red-Cross Knight in her school, that he might hear the wisdom of her divine words. She willingly consented, and taught him celestial discipline, and opened his dull eyes that light might shine into them. She also explained the whole of her book, which none could understand without her instructions. Very wonderful was Fidelia's teaching ; for she was able with her words to kill, and raise to life again the heart she had pierced. And when she pleased to exert her power, she could command the sun to stand still in the midst of heaven : Sometimes she dismayed great hosts of warriors ; divided the sea, and caused tribes of people to pass, dry-shod. At her command large mountains would depart from their native seat, and cast themselves into the sea. Taught by Faith and Hope, the Knight grew rapidly in grace.

He was sorely grieved and in anguish at the remembrance of his past wickedness. Then Speranza gave him comfort, and showed him how to take sure hold of her silver anchor, otherwise his great and manifold iniquities would have caused him to forget Fidelia's precepts. Still the Knight's distress on account of sin continued, so that he loathed life; upon which Celia sent for a Physician, named *Patience*, who afforded him considerable relief. Afterwards *Patience*, *Amendment*, *Penance* with an iron whip, *Remorse*, and sad *Repentance*, are represented as using various means for removing the disease of sin: and the Poet informs us they effected a perfect cure.

*William*.—O Mamma, he is quite wrong there, for we know from the Bible that it is only the Blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth us from all sin. It is a sad pity Spenser teaches such a bad doctrine in his poem, but I suppose he knew no better.

*Eliza*.—He was a man of sense; and might have concluded, that if sin could be removed by *Amendment* and *Repentance*, and the others, our blessed Saviour needed not to have died for us.

*Mamma*.—As soon as the Knight had an

easy conscience, he was brought back to Una, who introduced him to *Charissa*, (or *Charity*,) a young woman of exquisite loveliness, and possessing a most bountiful disposition. She wore a yellow dress, and her head was adorned with gems beyond all price. By her side sat a pair of turtle doves, and she was surrounded by a multitude of sweet infants, delighting her with their caresses and little sports. After goodly greeting on either side, Charissa, at the entreaty of Una, instructed the Knight in the commandments of divine love. She exhorted him to carefully shun wrath and hatred, which draw on many the anger of God. Then she showed him the path to heaven; and to guide his weak steps, she called an ancient matron, named *Mercy*. He was led by her in a narrow road, scattered over with thorns and briars, which she continually removed out of his way. When he stumbled, or was about to wander from the right path, Mercy upheld him, and prevented his going wrong. She soon brought him to a Hospital, in which lived seven beads-men, who had vowed to devote their lives to the service of God. The gate was always open, and one of this holy company constantly

sat before it, to invite in travellers that were poor and weary. A beadsman signifies a man who prays, generally one employed in praying for others. The oldest of the seven men was the guardian and steward of the rest : And it was his office to give lodging and entertainment to all that came, not such as should feast him in return ; but he fed and lodged, for Christ's sake, those who had not the ability to receive him into their houses again.

The second was the Almoner, who gave food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty. He was not afraid of ever wanting for himself what he so liberally distributed, nor did he hoard up needless wealth for his children.

The third man took charge of the wardrobe, which contained no gay garments, those plumes of pride and wings of vanity, but suitable raiment for keeping the cold from the bare wretched beings he daily covered. Remembering they are the images of God in earthly clay, if he had no spare clothes to give, he would gladly share his own garments with the naked.

*Emily.*—O Mamma, this part of the story makes me more determined than ever to save my money to buy clothes for the

poor, instead of laying it out foolishly, and making work, as you said, for repentance.

*William.*—And my money shall be spent in the same way; and I will thread your needles sometimes, and read while you and Eliza are making the warm petticoats and things, as I did last winter. Why, Mamma, how much this story would teach us, if we had no one to tell us what is right and wrong!

*Emily.*—And though we have learned what ought to be done, it is well to be reminded again and again. Now we have had warm weather a long time, it scarcely ever comes into my mind how much poor people suffer in winter; and this very morning I was thinking how shabby my doll looked; and that I would save my pocket-money to buy a new one, and I intended to dress it in—

*Eliza.*—Dear Emily, do not tell us now how you would have dressed it! I am so afraid it will be our bed-time before Mamma has finished the story. What did the fourth man do, Mamma?

*Mamma.*—He relieved poor prisoners, and redeemed captives. Even when they were brought into trouble by their own faults, he remembered that God forgiveth us every



hour, and that we ought to show pity. The fifth attended to the sick, and comforted the dying. This, my dear children, is not the least important office of charity. Should our family again be visited by illness, young as you are, you may perform various little kind acts, very agreeable to the sick. And I will take this opportunity of reminding you that particular attention is due to aged and infirm relatives.

*William.*—I will try to remember that, and wait as much as ever I can upon my grandmamma, and read as often as she asks me, without looking cross ; and when your head aches, I will be careful to make no noise, though you are not old. And now, Mamma, for the story, if you please.

*Mamma.*—The sixth man prepared the dead for their graves, and saw them decently buried. The seventh took charge of the widows and orphans, maintaining their right, pleading their cause, and supplying their wants.

In this Hospital Mercy industriously instructed our Knight in every charitable work, and then conducted him up a steep hill, on the top of which was a chapel, and near it a little hermitage, in which an aged man spent

day and night in devotion, and meditating on God and his goodness. His name was *Contemplation*. Mercy told him that Faith desired he would show the New Jerusalem to the Knight. Now the poet informs us that this beautiful city, built of pearls and precious stones, cannot be described by earthly tongue. As they gazed upon it, blessed angels might be seen descending from heaven in gladsome company, and entering the city. There in everlasting peace dwelt the saints who had suffered persecution on earth for the sake of Jesus Christ. This glorious sight was calculated to animate and prepare our hero for the dreadful combat in which he was soon to engage. Christians who frequently meditate on the glory and bliss prepared for all that have *kept the faith and fought the good fight*, are not easily overcome by their spiritual adversaries.

Soon after the Knight's return to Una, they continued their journey, and had not proceeded very far when the Princess exclaimed, "Lo, yonder is the brazen tower, where my beloved parents are imprisoned. From this distance I perceive them on the walls,—how does the sight cheer my spirit!

And on the top of the tower is the watchman waiting to hear glad news O that I may be the bearer of tidings which will ease you of your misery!" No sooner had Una said these words, than a roaring hideous sound filled the air with terror. It was the voice of a dreadful dragon, stretched on the side of a mountain. He roused himself, and hastened to meet the travellers. At the Knight's entreaty, the lady withdrew to a hill, where she could in safety see the battle. The monster's body, horrible and vast at all times, was swollen with wrath and poison, and armed with brazen scales, like a plated coat of steel. His wings resembled large sails. His huge tail, wound up in a hundred folds, spread over his back. When stretched out, it was nearly three furlongs in length, and at the extremity were two stings, both deadly sharp; but these were far exceeded by the sharpness of his cruel claws. As for the dragon's head, who can correctly describe it? His deep devouring jaws gaped like the entrance of a dark abyss, and forth issued a cloud of smoke and sulphur. His blazing eyes, like two bright shields, burned with wrath and sparkled living fire. The Knight ran at him fiercely with his spear;

and in return, the monster's tail swept down to the ground both man and horse. They instantly rose, and again the beast was enraged by the force with which the spear was thrown at his breast, though it was not pierced; and moving wide his wings, he lifted himself from the ground, soared awhile, and then snatched up the man and horse to bear them away. The Knight would not yield, but struggled so hard, that his enemy was obliged to set him free, and using his spear with thrice the strength of an ordinary man, made a wide wound under the dragon's left wing. Then did the monster cry aloud, as raging seas are wont to roar, when a wintry storm threatens the billows which beat against the rocky cliffs. Provoked to the utmost by the pain, he darted flames from his throat, and hurled his hideous tail around the horse's legs, so that the rider fell to the earth. Nimbly rising, he took his mighty sword in hand, and struck so forcibly on the dragon's head, that the beast endeavoured to avoid the blows, though no wound was yet inflicted there. The Knight perceiving this, smote again with more outrageous might. Thereat the foe thought again to fly, but his wounded wing was

unserviceable. Full of vehement anguish, again he roared and sent out flames, that so scorched the poor Knight's face and body, he thought to unlace his helmet and lay aside his armour. Faint, weary, grieved and burned, he began to desire death. Seeing him dismayed, the adversary would not give him time to breathe, and shortly threw him to the ground.

It happened providentially that behind him was a well, whence trickled forth a stream full of great virtues. Before the dragon gained possession of that happy land, and with innocent blood defiled the sacred water, it was called the *Well of Life*. Its efficacy had not ceased; for it could still restore life to the dead, and heal sickness, and wash away guilt. Now when the Knight was overthrown, he fell into this blessed water; while the monster rejoiced as having gained a complete victory. In the meantime, Una feared there was a sad end of the war; but, instead of yielding to despair, she passed the night upon her knees, in fervent supplication, and continual watching. Early in the morning the gentle virgin arose, and looked round for her friend. At length she saw him starting from the *Well of Life*,

with strength renewed for the battle. The beast knew not whether this was the late enemy, or a new foe, that, brandishing on high his bright sword, inflicted a deep wound on his head. There followed a fearful contest, in which the dragon exerted all his force to tear away the *Shield of Faith*, but in vain; for the Knight held it fast, and again wounded his adversary. Then did the beast sorely annoy him with huge flames, enrolled in smoke and brimstone. To save himself from the heat and suffocating stench, he stepped back a little; and so doing, his foot slipped, and he fell into the mire. Near that spot grew a goodly tree, even the *Tree of Life*; and from it issued a kind of balm, which possessed the power of curing deadly wounds, and of bestowing health, and even life; and, at this time, it preserved from death the suffering warrior. And now *Day-light* vanished, and *Night* began to shade with her sable mantle the face of earth, and the ways of men, and to place her burning torch in heaven.

When Truth, our beautiful heroine, witnessed the second fall of her Knight, she little thought what precious balm was healing his wounds, and allaying the scorching

heat, occasioned by the monster's breath. She spent the second night also in watching and prayer, anxiously desiring the dawn. Their foe, likewise, was looking out for day, purposing to devour the Knight of the Red Cross, who, he surely deemed, had fallen to rise no more. Not so; the courageous man, healed and revived, was prepared for resistance; and, at the first onset, killed the dragon: Down he fell, like a huge rocky cliff, whose foundation has been destroyed by the mighty waves;—down he fell, and lay like an enormous mountain.

At this joyful termination of the battle, Una praised God; and thanked her beloved Knight, who had proved himself faithful. The watchman loudly called to the King and Queen, telling them he had seen the dragon's fatal fall. Up-rose, with hasty joy, and feeble speed, that aged Sire, and ordered the brazen gate to be opened; and forthwith peace was proclaimed throughout the land. Then began triumphant trumpets to sound the happy victory; and all the people assembled, as at a solemn festival, to rejoice at the fall of the beast, from whose tyranny they were delivered. Surrounded by Nobles, and followed by all ranks, the aged King

and Queen left the Castle, to welcome the beloved and holy Una; and to offer princely gifts, and a thousand thanks, to their deliverer. They were conducted to the palace with shawms, and trumpets, and sweet clarions; while all the way the people sang most joyfully. After a feast, in which, we are informed, there was nothing riotous or vain, the King began to question his guest concerning his perils and strange adventures: Upon which the Knight gave a full account of all that had happened to him, which highly interested his royal friends. When the relation was ended, the Monarch said he had promised, that he who conquered the dragon, should marry Una, and inherit the kingdom; accordingly he sent for his daughter. Bright as the morning star, when it appears in the east to announce the approach of day, fair as the sweetest flowers of spring, appeared the beautiful virgin. The mournful stole was thrown aside, wherewith she had partially concealed her loveliness from the Knight, during their journey. Now all lily-white was her raiment, which seemed woven of silk and silver. Our poet tells us, his

Ragged rhymes are all too rude and base,



to describe the heavenly form of Truth, and the glorious light of her sunshiny face. The Knight himself, who had often thought her passing fair, wondered much at the celestial sight. Her father was about to address her, when, with flying speed, and breathless haste, a messenger ran into their presence, fell before the King, and, with the profoundest reverence, presented a paper, containing these words :—

“To thee, most mighty King of Eden, these sad lines are addressed, by the woful daughter, and forsaken heiress, of that great Emperor who rules over the Western part of the world. She bids thee be advised for the best, ere thou bestow thy daughter in marriage upon the unknown visiter ; for he has given his hand unto another love, in another country. Since he is mine, bond or free, false or true, living or dead, withhold thy hand, O Sovereign Prince, from making a league with him. Do not suppose that, owing to my woe and weakness, thy strength will overcome my right. Truth is strong in pleading her cause, and shall find friends if required. So bids thee farewell,

“Thy neither friend nor foe,

“FIDESSA.”

Astonished and silent the King sat awhile, and then entreated the Red-Cross Knight to conceal nothing from him, but to declare what he knew of this woman. Our hero answered, this was the false Duessa, who, by her skill and wicked arts, had ensnared him for a time, and then betrayed him to an enemy, when he had no apprehension of being near one. The royal maid confirmed what he said, and expressed her belief that the messenger was her bitter foe Archimago, the most deceitful man alive. Immediately the King ordered his guards to seize him: So he was bound, hand and foot, with iron chains, and cast into a deep dungeon.

Nothing more occurred to interrupt their happiness. The King united our hero to *Truth*; and the marriage was solemnized with great rejoicings. The palace was perfumed with frankincense and precious odours. Music applied all her skill in playing the most melodious notes; and everywhere was heard as it were the sound of many voices, singing before the throne of God. No creature knew whence that heavenly strain proceeded, yet the soul of each was ravished by its sweetness.

*William.*—Thank you, thank you, dear

Mamma, for this long and very entertaining story! I hope there is time for you to answer a few more questions; and I know you wish us to converse with you about what we hear and read.

*Mamma.*—Certainly I do; for by that means you understand and remember it better. As I do not tell stories merely for your entertainment, let me have the pleasure of knowing what instruction may be derived from the Legend of the Red-Cross Knight. If you answer me satisfactorily, I will take an early opportunity of reading another Legend of the poem, with the hope that at least part of it may interest you.

*Emily.*—That is very kind, Mamma. I am sure we shall all try to repeat to you what we have learned from the adventures of Una and her Knight.

*Eliza.*—Do you mean, Mamma, what new things *we* have learned from this story; or what instruction it contains for those poor children who have not kind mothers to teach them?

*Mamma.*—I do not wish you to confine yourselves to what is entirely new to you in the Legend; for, as Emily observed, we need to be reminded of our duty again and again. Before you begin, I wish to make one

remark, because I fear you have not a correct notion of maternal kindness: You are not to judge of a mother's affection by her ability for amusing, or even instructing her children. Some women, of very superior attainments, seem incapable of communicating knowledge to children, in a simple, pleasing manner; and others were so neglected in early life, that they do not possess much general information themselves, and therefore cannot impart it. Now, mothers of this description show their love by placing little boys and girls under the care of pious, intelligent persons, accustomed to teach. It is true kindness that induces parents to give their children a liberal and religious education.

*Emily.*—Do you think, Mamma, clever children are ever so wicked as to despise their fathers and mothers, because they are ignorant?

*Mamma.*—There have been such instances, my dear; and far better it is for children to continue uninformed, unless they learn at the same time to respect and honour their parents. I hope, William, you remember the awful verse you have committed to memory on this subject.

*William.*—“ The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it :” And you explained to me that naughty boys, who run away from home, often die miserably in foreign countries, and are really devoured by large birds and wild beasts.

*Mamma.*—Now, my dears, in turn, make what remarks, and ask what questions, you please.

*Eliza.*—I think the Red-Cross Knight ought not to have believed Archimago, when he spoke ill of Una. He should have waited till the next day, and conversed with her. I once heard in a sermon that it is our duty to judge with the utmost charity, even of what appears to be an improper action, because the motive of the action might be good, or the person might not know he was doing wrong.

*Mamma.*—Sometimes the conduct of a Christian is extraordinary ; and explanation of it is prevented by peculiar and trying circumstances,—perhaps regard for the reputation of a friend. Let us recollect, on such occasions, our Saviour’s command, “ Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

*Emily.*—Is there anything allegorical in Sans Foy having Duessa for a companion?

*Mamma.*—Yes; Sans Foy signifies Infidelity: And a man guilty of unbelief, as it respects God and his religion, often gives credit to the greatest absurdities; therefore his being united to Falsehood is a good figure.

*William.*—In my opinion, Mamma, it was very unlikely a man could keep his armour on, I mean that he could continue good, when he loved Falsehood, and went of his own accord to live in the House of Pride.

*Mamma.*—I think the allegory is defective in this, and in some other parts. It is allowed by critics, that, generally speaking, the design of the Fairy Queen is not equal to the execution of it. A Christian ought not to have been represented as using the Sword of the Spirit, the Shield of Faith, &c., while he was under the influence of Pride and Falsehood.

*Eliza.*—It was quite right of Spenser to let him be easily conquered, and taken prisoner, when he was without armour. It is not mentioned in that part of the poem, but it is said afterwards, that Duessa had betrayed the Knight to the great Giant Orgoglio.

If he had not forsaken the true religion, he would never have been carried captive by Wrath, nor thrown into the dungeon of Despair.

*William.*—I like all that is said about Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa; or, Faith, Hope, and Charity: And Mercy's taking the Knight to the Hospital, where the seven good beadsmen lived. I shall never forget how kind they were to the poor,—feeding and clothing them; and nursing the sick. I hope, Mamma, we shall follow the example of those beadsmen as far as we can.





THE  
LEGEND OF SIR GUYON,  
OR  
Of Temperance.

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*Mamma.*—DURING your late visit, my dears, I fulfilled my promise by looking over the second book of the “Fairy Queen,” to see if it would form a suitable story for you: And as there are some good lessons to be learned from the Legend of Sir Guyon, or *Temperance*, you shall have the substance of it. Such parts as are exceptionable I shall, of course, omit.

*Eliza.*—Thank you, Mamma, for thinking of us and our wishes when we were from home. I hope you are at leisure to relate the story to us now.

*Emily.*—Before you begin, will you be so good as to tell us if Archimago, or Hypocrisy, ever escaped from the dungeon, where he was confined by the father of Una; and if the Red-Cross Knight is mentioned again?

*Mamma.*—The Knight, having promised

to serve Queen Gloriana for six years, was obliged to leave Una with her parents, in the land of Eden; and as soon as Archimago heard of his departure, he found means to free himself from captivity. Full of malice and revenge, he sought by various methods to injure the person and reputation of the good Red-Cross Knight, whose past trials, however, had rendered him too wise and wary to be ensnared. Both these characters are introduced in the commencement of the second Legend.

*William.*—I am afraid, Mamma, that Spenser, with all his cleverness, has not been able to make this Legend so entertaining as the first. I suppose Temperance only means, not eating and drinking too much: What can he say about that?

*Mamma.*—Indeed, my child, this is a very comprehensive virtue; and so far from being confined to eating and drinking, it implies moderation in every desire, in all we say and do. While treating of Temperance, the fine imagination of the author introduces various images of pleasure, riches, &c., which are opposed to it; consequently this is one of the most poetical books of the “Fairy Queen.”

*Emily.*—I know it is our duty to be moderate ; but I do not remember any verse in the Bible about it.

*Eliza.*—I recollect two texts on the subject : “ Let your moderation be known unto all men ; ” and St. Peter says, we should add “ to knowledge, temperance.”

*Mamma.*—St. Paul, in enumerating the fruits of the Holy Spirit, mentions temperance ; and elsewhere he observes, “ Every man that striveth for the mastery, is temperate in all things : Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.” The Apostle adds, “ I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection ; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.”

And now for the story, which may prove more amusing than William expects.

It happened one day that the crafty Archimago met a comely Knight, armed from head to foot. In the description given of his person, it is observed, his countenance cheered his friends, and terrified his enemies. This was Sir Guyon ; and he was attended by *Sobriety*, under the appearance of an aged Palmer, clothed in black : He leaned upon a staff ; and his pace was slow and

equal. Archimago, with fair countenance, and flattering tongue, entreated the Knight to stay his steed, and listen to him. Then he pretended to tremble violently with fear, seeming pale and faint; and at length made up a story of some Knight's using a beautiful Lady most cruelly. So lively a description was given of her golden hair being torn, and of her being threatened with death, that Sir Guyon would listen no longer, but hastened to punish the wretch, who had used a female in that scandalous manner. Hypocrisy guided him first to a Lady, who sat on the ground; her garments were torn, her eyes swollen with weeping, and she wrung her hands, moaning piteously. On being consoled, and questioned respecting the author of her affliction, she said a Red Cross was engraven on his silver shield. Sir Guyon was astonished, for he well knew the Red-Cross Knight's character; nevertheless, he accompanied these deceivers. You have probably conjectured that the distressed damsel was in reality Duessa, or Falsehood. They had not proceeded far when Archimago cried aloud, pointing to a little dale, "Yonder is the man, who behaved so shamefully; he is concealing himself, to escape the

vengeance due to his crimes." Sir Guyon rushed forward; but he would not strike the sacred badge of his Redeemer's death, which shone on the warrior's shield. After a little conversation, the trick was discovered; the deceivers fled; and the Knights parted amicably, with mutual good wishes. The black Palmer continued to guide the steps of his charge; and often prevented his being overcome by Intemperance and Wrath.

*Eliza.*—Pray, Mamma, was Sir Guyon going on a journey to conquer any particular enemy?

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear: You remember, no doubt, that Spenser informs us, Queen Gloriana held a feast twelve days; and that on the first day the Red-Cross Knight was appointed to kill the great Dragon, which usurped the territories of Truth. Well, on the second day, Sobriety, personified as a Palmer, complained that an enchantress, named *Acrasia*, (which signifies Sinful Pleasure,) had occasioned the death of many Knights. Whereupon the Queen commanded Sir Guyon to take her prisoner; and he immediately departed on the expedition. After long travelling, and many adventures, in which the Knight always

bore away the honour from his adversaries, they came to a forest, where, beside a fountain, lay a woman who had just mortally wounded herself. From her side flowed a stream of blood, in which a lovely little babe was bathing his hands, unconscious of the mother's grief. Beside them, on the grass, lay the corpse of a Knight, whose armour was sprinkled with blood. Sir Guyon's kind efforts to restore the Lady were so far successful, that she had strength to inform him the dead Knight was her husband, and that all their troubles were occasioned by the enchantress Acrasia, who dwells in a wandering island, called the Bower of Bliss. "She decoyed my husband," said the dying Lady, "and detained him by words and deeds of wondrous might. Disguised as a Palmer I diligently sought, and at last found, him; but he was so transformed, that for some time he neither knew me nor his own misfortune. When I had induced him to leave the Bower of Bliss, the enchantress gave him something to drink, which caused him to fall down dead, as soon as he had tasted the water of this fountain." Life was ebbing fast away, and the unhappy Lady could not conclude her story. Sir Guyon and the

Palmer decently buried the bodies ; and the former carried the dead Knight's armour, while the good old Palmer took charge of the infant. I should have told you, that Sir Guyon's noble courser was stolen while he was assisting the wounded Lady. In process of time they arrived at an antique Castle, built upon a rock. It was inhabited by three sisters, who, however, had different mothers. The parents being dead, the Castle belonged equally to the daughters ; but they disagreed every day. The eldest and youngest were foes to each other ; yet they combined together against the second, whose name was *Medina*, or Medium. She received Sir Guyon at the gate with frank and Christian courtesy ; yet free from all vanity and lightness in speech or behaviour. Her character forms a fine contrast to the peevishness and reserve of the eldest ; and the levity, sporting, and immodest laughter, of the youngest. The scenes that were witnessed in that Castle I shall pass over : There was a great deal of quarrelling, and the fair *Medina* was continually endeavouring to make peace ; and by kind words to soothe her angry sisters.

*William.*—That was very amiable ; and

it reminds me of, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

*Eliza.*—And of another verse: "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

*Mamma.*—When Sir Guyon departed, he committed the little orphan to the care of Medina, conjuring her to train him up in virtuous love. Not having recovered his horse, he walked patiently by the side of Sobriety, his trusty guide. As they passed on, they saw a man named *Furor*, (Fury,) apparently mad, who was dragging by the hair, along the ground, a youth, whom he sorely beat and wounded. Behind came a wicked old woman, called *Occasion*. Her dress was ragged and dirty; a few untidy grey locks hung before, the back part of her head being quite bald. One leg was lame; and, as she hobbled along, her provoking tongue was full of reproaches, and terms of vile despite, urging *Furor* to heap more vengeance on the wretched stripling. Sometimes she reached stones, sometimes she lent her staff to smite him, though she could not take a step without it. The noble Guyon thrust the hag away; and, then adding more



force, he plucked back the madman. Immediately, as all on fire with rage, Furor turned upon the Knight, whom he fought, and kicked, and bit, and scratched, and tore. A most powerful man he would have been, had he known how to direct his strength; but, when thus frantic, his force was vain; he generally struck wide of the mark, and often hurt himself. Such a rude method of assaulting was strange to Sir Guyon; and in the struggle his adversary overthrew him, and then outrageously beat and bruised his manly face; while Occasion, with many a bitter and odious menace, called upon him to kill the Knight. At length he disengaged himself, and drew his sword; on which the Palmer called out, "Not so, O Guyon; think not the monster can be so mastered: He can neither be conquered by steel nor strength. Whoso will overcome Furor must first restrain Occasion, his mother, the root of all wrath and despite." Therewith the Knight seized the old woman, and firmly fastened an iron lock on her tongue. Even when deprived of speech, she made signs with her crooked hands to urge on her furious son. Sir Guyon bound her hands to a stake, and then had little diffi-

culty in confining Furor with a hundred chains.

Again Sir Guyon and his guide continued their journey, in the course of which they came to a wide inland sea called the Idle Lake. In a little boat bedecked with boughs cunningly woven together, sat a damsel named *Immodest Mirth*, who appeared willing to ferry any one across. Sometimes she sang very loudly, then, though alone, she laughed immoderately, till her breath was almost gone. The Knight requested her to convey him and the Palmer to the other side. She willingly took Sir Guyon on board, but would, for no entreaty, admit the old man. The warrior was loath to leave his guide behind; but Mirth, not allowing him to quit the boat, nor even to bid the Palmer adieu, turned a kind of pin, and instantly the little bark, without sail or oars, made its way swiftly through the sluggish waves, though the water of that lake was thick like troubled mire. By the way, according to her custom, the damsel told merry tales, dressed her head with flowers and gaudy garlands, and laughed with all her might. The Knight was courteous, and at first admired her cheerfulness; but when

he perceived her go beyond the bounds of modest decorum, he despised her, and was disgusted at her loud peals of laughter. Nevertheless, she continued to say and do everything calculated to excite merriment, till they arrived at the Floating Island. It was a chosen spot of fertile land, set like a little nest among the waves. No dainty flower or herb that grows, no arbour dressed with painted blossoms, and smelling sweetly, but might be found there. And on every bough sat a beautiful bird, and every bird had a sweetly thrilling note, all, all combined to allure frail minds to careless, sinful ease. Guyon was much displeased when he discovered to what land Mirth had taken him. "Fair Sir," said she, "be not angry; he who goes a voyage cannot command his way; neither wind nor weather will obey him. Rest here awhile in safety, till the season serves for another passage. It is better to be safe in port than distressed at sea." Therewith she laughed, and ended in jest what was begun in earnest. Notwithstanding the merry damsel exerted all her skill to make the Knight forget his warlike enterprize, he continued wise and watchful, and so averse to her foolish conduct, that at

length she yielded to his request, and landed him on the shore whence he had set sail.

Not finding his faithful friend, the Palmer, he travelled alone till he came to a wood in which was a sort of glen, arched over with boughs and shrubs. There sat an uncouth, savage man; his face tanned with smoke, his head and beard sooty, his eyes bleared, and the nails of his coal-black hands resembled the claws of a bird. Rust and dirt almost concealed the curious workmanship and wild imagery of his iron coat lined with gold. In his lap lay a heap of money, which he delighted to count, and on every side great quantities of precious metal, partly in ingots, partly in large square wedges, and some in round plates, without any inscription. There were also thousands of coins stamped with strange shapes of antique Kings and Governors. As soon as he saw Sir Guyon, he rose in great terror to remove his wealth from the stranger's eyes, and began to pour it through a wide hole into the earth. The Knight stayed his trembling hand, and inquired, "What are you, man, that, dwelling in this desert, conceal riches from the world, and thus render them useless?" "I am," answered he, "*Mammon*,

the God of worldlings. Honour, and renown, and riches, for which men strive incessantly, are my gifts; and if you will serve me, I will bestow upon you all these mountains of gold, yea, ten times as much if your desire be not satisfied." Then he enumerated what might be procured with money; such as shields, arms, steeds, crowns, and even kingdoms; judging these would be temptations to a warrior. "Wealth improperly gained," replied Guyon, "is the root of all disquiet. It is preserved with dread, afterwards spent proudly and lavishly, leaving behind grief and heaviness: From it proceed strife, debate, outrageous wrong, covetousness, and murder." Mammon, in a gentle and seemingly kind manner, urged him to take what portion he pleased. "I may not," said the Knight, "accept anything offered unless I know it was honestly obtained. Perhaps the rightful owner of this gold was unjustly deprived of it." On being assured no other mortal had beheld it, Sir Guyon asked where he lived that he could preserve in safety so much wealth. Mammon invited him to go and see, and presently led him, through the thick covert, a darksome way that descended through the ground. They soon came to a

wide path across an ample plain. By the way-side sat *Strife* and *Internal Pain*, one brandishing a dagger, the other grasping an iron whip; both gnashed their teeth, and threatened the traveller's life. On the other side, forming one company, were *Revenge*, *Despise*, *Treason*, and *Hatred*; *Jealousy* sat alone, biting his bitter lips. *Trembling Fear* fled to and fro, vainly seeking some hiding place. *Sorrow* was lamenting in darkness, and *Shame* concealed his face from every eye. *Horror* soared above them, flapping his iron wings, followed by owls and night-ravens, telling sad tidings of *Death* and *Sorrow*. You will readily suppose our Knight was full of wonder at all he saw. He thoughtfully followed Mammon till they arrived at a little door close to the gate of *Hell*; for there is small space between that dreadful abode of everlasting punishment and the House of Riches. At the entrance, self-consuming *Care* kept watch by day and night. No sooner had they passed the threshold than the door closed; and from behind it sprung a fiend horrible beyond description, that closely followed Sir Guyon, holding on high his cruel talons, ready to seize him as lawful prey, if he yielded to

temptation so far as even to cast a coveting glance upon the treasure about to be displayed. The interior of the House of Riches was wide and strong, like an enormous cavern hewn out of a rock. The roof, and floor, and walls were gold, and on every side nothing was to be seen but great iron coffers ; except that on the ground lay scattered skulls and bones of men who had perished there. Guyon made no remark, and walked on with the two evil ones, till they arrived at an iron door, which opened of its own accord, and showed an amazing store of riches, beyond what eye of man had ever seen. " Lo here," exclaimed Mammon, " is the world's bliss. All men aim to be rich, and you, O warrior, may be made happy." " Certainly," answered Sir Guyon, " I will not receive what you offer ; I seek happiness, which is never found in gold." Thereat the fiend gnashed his teeth in a rage ; for he expected so glorious a sight would have overcome the beholder's temperance, and then he would have destroyed him instantly. When Mammon found this temptation had not produced the desired effect, he conducted him to another room, in which a hundred furnaces burned brightly, and many horrible

and deformed beings were engaged in melting gold. Some stirred the liquid metal, some carried away the dross, while others fed the flames with great quantities of fuel, and increased the heat with a pair of enormous bellows. As soon as they saw a creature from earth clad in shining armour, they withdrew from their hot work, and stared upon him with fiery eyes, which almost dismayed the brave Knight. "Behold," said, Mammon, "what you desired to see, and what was never before exposed to mortal eye, the place whence all wealth proceeds. Here is the source of the world's good. Be advised, change your wilful mood, and accept riches now, lest you should hereafter repent of having neglected such an opportunity." Sir Guyon replied, "Once for all, I refuse all your offers; I possess everything I need. Why should I covet more than I have occasion to use?" Thus he continued temperate: So the fiend, who watched over him for evil, was again disappointed; and Mammon, hiding his displeasure, tempted him to sin in a different manner. He brought him through a dark, narrow passage, to a large gate, guarded by *Disdain*, a sturdy villain made of gold, though he possessed both life and



sense. He stood in an attitude of defiance, grasping an iron club. He raised it on high to strike the Knight, who instantly prepared for battle. Mammon interfered, and conducted our hero into what had the appearance of a spacious temple. The massy roof was supported by great golden pillars decked with crowns, diadems, and vain titles. A multitude of people, assembled from every nation under the sky, with considerable uproar pressed towards the upper part, where, on an exalted throne, sat *Ambition*, richly clad in robes of royalty, which surpassed the splendour of earthly princes. Her face appeared to be wonderfully fair, but her beauty was procured by art. She held a long chain, every link of which was a step of dignity. The upper part was out of sight; and the crowd anxiously strove to ascend it by various methods, such as riches, bribes, flattery, &c. Those who had climbed up a little way kept others low; those that were low held down such as endeavoured to rise. In short, every one tried to cast down his companion. This Queen-like woman was the daughter of Mammon, who offered her in marriage to Sir Guyon: But he resisted this temptation also, not yielding to Ambition. Mammon was

greatly exasperated; yet he restrained his wrath, and sought once more to ensnare him. Not far distant, still under ground, was a garden that produced all kinds of poisonous plants. In the centre grew a large and goodly tree, bearing apples of exquisite beauty; and overshadowed by the luxuriant boughs was a silver seat, very inviting to a weary traveller. Mammon urged the Knight to repose himself, and partake of the delicious fruit: But had he sat on the silver seat, and tasted the apples of that beautiful tree, the fiend that waited behind would have torn him to a thousand pieces. The good Sir Guyon continued watchful in every season of temptation, and therefore he was preserved from sin. The poet informs us three days were thus passed without food or sleep, but longer Mammon was not permitted to detain him beneath the surface of the earth; so he led him back to the wood where they had first met. On being restored to the air, he fell down in a swoon, and remained insensible till he was found by his ancient friend, the Palmer, from whom he had been separated by Mirth. When the reverend man drew nigh, he saw a beautiful and blessed angel taking charge of Guyon in his help-

lessness. The heavenly spirit said he would soon revive, and commended him to the old man's care ; promising, at the same time, to evermore succour and defend Sir Guyon.

*Eliza.*—Though this is an allegory, we know that angels do really watch over us. I have learned a verse about it in one of your favourite Psalms : “ He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.”

*Emily.*—If I thought much about the angels taking care of me, I am afraid I should be inclined to pray to them in the time of danger, instead of praying to God.

*Eliza.*—I do not believe you will ever think of praying to the angels, if you remember the first part of the verse, “ He” (that is, *God*) “ shall give his angels charge.” Mamma once explained to me, it was owing to the mercy of God that the angels did us any service ; therefore we must thank Him for their help. I believe that is the sense of what she said, though the words were different.

*William.*—As God can do all things without any assistance, I should like to know why he employs angels to keep us from harm.

*Mamma.*—Probably, to promote love be-

tween those heavenly ministering spirits and the human beings committed to their care.

*Eliza.*—If we go to Heaven, (and I pray every day that we may,) I dare say our guardian angels will love us more than they would if God had never sent them to watch over us; and we shall be very grateful to them, and love them better than if they had cared nothing about us; so that we shall all be the happier.

*Emily.*—How pleased the Knight would be when he recovered, to see the old Palmer!

*Mamma.*—Yes, he was much attached to Sobriety, and rejoiced to be under his guidance. As soon as Sir Guyon had regained his usual strength, they embarked for the island inhabited by Acrasia. They had been at sea two days without beholding land, when they heard a loud roaring, and the waves began to rise so high, that the little vessel was in danger of being lost. “Palmer, steer aright,” cried the boatman, “and keep an even course, for we are obliged to pass the Gulf of Greediness; and whoever ventures too near that direful deep is sure to be swallowed up.” Now the Palmer so managed the helm, that the boat cleared the Gulf of

Greediness, and also the Rock of Vile Reproach, a dangerous and detestable place, where thousands, after spending all their substance in riotous living, make violent shipwreck of fame and life. On the sharp cliffs were many fragments of vessels, and bodies of men who had perished there. A little beyond, they passed a fair and fruitful island. The tall trees were clothed in leaves and adorned with red and white blossoms, while grass of a delectable hue overspread the whole land. On a bank sat a pretty damsel dressing her hair: She called to them to approach, and then laughed. Perceiving they would not even turn towards her, she ran to a little boat which lay close to the shore, and instantly followed them, jesting, laughing, and acting in a very bold manner. This was Immodest Mirth, who had ferried Sir Guyon over the Idle Lake. The Palmer sharply rebuked her for such levity and immodest behaviour, and soon caused her to depart. By great watchfulness they passed without injury the Quicksand of Unthrifty-head, the Whirlpool of Decay, and some other dangers; and, at length, reached the country in which the Bower of Bliss was situated. This name was given to the abode

of Acrasia by persons who seek all their happiness in this life. There was, in reality, no true pleasure to be found in the Bower, though all the delights of nature were collected there. I have frequently told you, my dear children, that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. A consciousness that you are displeasing the Almighty will render you miserable, though surrounded by gratifications of every kind; for Heaven itself would not make you happy without the favour of God.

Sir Guyon was filled with admiration at the beauties of nature which everywhere met his eye. Over the porch was a luxurious vine, whose heavy clusters hung down, presenting themselves, in the most tempting manner, to all who passed beneath. A lady named *Excess*, with very fine and delicate hands, was pressing the largest grapes into a golden cup, which she presented to the Knight; but he threw it violently to the ground, and passed on, notwithstanding the woman's anger.

Now, of all the gratifications, I think you would have been the most delighted with the music. Spenser describes it as a melodious sound of all that can delight a dainty

ear ; for combined in one harmony were human voices, the notes of every tuneful bird, musical instruments, and winds and waters. The joyous birds sweetly attuned their notes to the voices ; the angelical, soft, thrilling voices made divine response to the instruments ; the silver-sounding instruments met the base murmur of a waterfall ; and the billows, with discreet difference, now soft, now loud, called unto the wind ; while the gentle, warbling wind low answered mournfully to all. Our hero's manly heart would have been overcome, had he not constantly borne in mind, that the owner of this Paradise was a most wicked woman ; and that she had, by her enchantments and a sinful use of the bounties of nature, caused the shameful death of many Knights. As it was well known that unless Acrasia were taken prisoner at once she would certainly escape, the skilful Palmer, Sobriety, had made a net which neither guile nor force could break. This was thrown over the enchantress the moment she was found sitting on the lawn. Then Sir Guyon and his guide, without regarding her beauty, confined her limbs with chains of adamant, and led her away completely conquered.

*William.*—Had Acrasia no friends to take her part, and endeavour to set her free ?

*Mamma.*—You shall hear what sort of friends she had. As Sir Guyon and the Palmer were leading her from the Bower of Bliss, several wild beasts rushed upon them, and endeavoured to rescue the wicked woman. The Palmer threatened them with his staff, which possessed the power of subduing all monsters, and immediately the animals were filled with fear. He then informed the Knight that these were admirers of Acrasia, who had induced them to commit various sins, such as gluttony, drunkenness, rage, cruelty, &c., and then transformed them into beasts. And, certainly, sin indulged in does reduce men to the level of brutes.

*Emily.*—Is nothing more said about Acrasia, Mamma ? I should like to know what became of her.

*Mamma.*—The story is continued no farther : Indeed, nothing more is necessary, as the Knight, under the guidance of the Palmer, has resisted every allurement to sinful pleasure ; or, to speak allegorically, Sir Guyon, by Temperance, has taken Acrasia prisoner.



## THE HOUSE OF DISCORD.

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*Eliza.*—Do you intend, Mamma, to relate the next Legend to us ?

*Mamma.*—No, my dear, I find that neither that nor the following Books contain much instruction for children. There are, however, two descriptions in the fourth Legend which will please. One is of *Até*, (or *Discord*,) the mother of *Debate* and *Dissension*. Her dwelling was a darksome delve, far under ground, with numerous well-trodden paths leading to it, emblematical of the facility with which quarrels are begun ; but to him who wished to quit this wretched abode, the ground seemed covered with briars and thorns, so that escape was extremely difficult. The ruinous walls were hung with the trophies of *Discord* ; such as torn robes, broken sceptres, shields ; representations of ransacked cities, conquered armies, and whole nations led into captivity. There were, likewise, altars that had been defiled

by murder, and monuments to the memory of friends who had become enemies, and of brothers who had hated one another. Such was the interior of Discord's habitation. Without it, the ground was full of large weeds, which were produced from very little seeds called words, sown by the wicked Até. —And true it is, my children, that a few malicious words often occasion the greatest troubles in life. Discord is represented as feeding upon these seeds, being nourished by contentious speeches. Her eyes are described as looking contrary ways; her tongue was divided, and both parts of it spake, and carried on a contention; her ears, unlike each other, were both deformed, and filled with false rumours; her feet also were odd, and when one attempted to go forward the other went backward. As soon as one hand reached any thing, the other always pushed it away; so that she was continually spoiling even her own work.

## THE DWELLING OF CARE.

*William.*—WILL you oblige us now, Mamma, with the other description you spoke of?

*Mamma.*—A Knight, in his travels, was overtaken by a storm, and in order to shelter himself he hastened to a little miserable cottage, under the side of a steep hill. On approaching it, the sound of many hammers was heard; and the warrior soon found the inhabitant of that hovel intent upon his work. He presented a truly wretched appearance, having hollow eyes and meagre cheeks, as if he had long been pent in a dungeon. His face was besmeared with smoke, which nearly deprived him of sight; his grey hair and beard were uncombed; his garments were torn to rags. The name of this man was *Care*. A blacksmith by trade, he worked day and night in making small iron wedges, named unquiet thoughts, which invade careful minds. He had pressed into

his service six mighty men, all possessing different degrees of strength. They were constantly beating the anvil in order: The one who had the least power first, and so on to the strongest, who struck as if he would rend asunder a rock of diamond. The Knight watched them for some time, and then inquired their design in labouring thus; but no one would cease from work a moment to answer. A pair of bellows, called Sighs, was blown by *Pensiveness*. At length the traveller lay down upon the floor to rest his weary limbs; but vainly he endeavoured to sleep; for the sound of the hammers continued. *Pensiveness* incessantly blew the bellows, dogs barked and howled round the house, a cock crowed, and an owl shrieked loudly. If, by chance, he closed his eyes, and began to doze, one of the blacksmith's servants gave him a rap on the head with his hammer, which roused him up in a fright; or his very soul was afflicted by Care himself, who pinched him with a pair of red-hot tongs.

*Emily*.—I should like to know what is the meaning of Care's servants having different degrees of strength, and why the one who had the least might struck the anvil first, and why the last was so very powerful.

*Mamma.*—I suppose, my love, the poet wished to teach us, that if we permit one anxious thought to occupy our minds, it is succeeded by a stronger, that by another of still greater force, and so on, till the last is almost insupportable.

*Eliza.*—Do you think, Mamma, people who have met with great misfortunes can help being full of anxiety?

*Mamma.*—God never gives a command without being willing to grant us grace to obey it; and we are directed by St. Peter, who wrote under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to cast all our care upon God. The passage I refer to is this: “God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble: Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.” Take notice, my dears, it is they who humble themselves under the mighty hand of God that have the high privilege of casting all their care upon him.

*William.*—It seems to me, Mamma, that religion must be a great comfort to men and women who have many things to vex and grieve them. When they are really able to

cast all their care upon God, I dare say nothing makes them very unhappy.

*Mamma.*—They who continually cast all their care upon God, love his law or will ; and peace is their blessed portion.

*Emily.*—I know the verse you are thinking of : “ Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.” In the Prayer-Book translation it is, “ They are not offended at it.” Which of the two do you think, Mamma, is the true meaning ?

*Mamma.*—To me, my dear, both translations convey the same sense, which is simply this : Nothing that is the will of God offends him who loves the will or law of God.

*Eliza.*—Do you know, Mamma, why the Psalms are not the same in the Prayer-Book as in the Bible ? There is not the least difference in the Epistles and Gospels.

*Mamma.*—The Prayer-Book was compiled above sixty years before the present English translation of the Bible was completed. Some time afterwards those portions of the Scripture called the Epistles and Gospels were copied from the New Translation ; but the Psalms remain as they were originally published, except the improvement in spelling.

*Eliza.*—The Prayer-Book is sometimes called the Liturgy: Pray, Mamma, what does that word mean?

*Mamma.*—Liturgy is derived from the two Greek words for *public* and *work*. Properly speaking, it includes all the ceremonies belonging to public worship, though used in a more restrained sense to signify The Book of Common-Prayer. The Liturgy of the Church of England was composed in 1547, when the youthful King Edward the Sixth began to reign. Various alterations were afterwards made in the service, such as leaving out prayers for departed souls, and what tended to make the people believe the bread eaten in the Lord's Supper was really our Saviour's body.

*Eliza.*—I suppose, Mamma, that Queen Mary, who succeeded her brother Edward in 1553, did not approve of these alterations, because she was a Papist.

*Mamma.*—She enacted that the service should stand as it was used in the last year of Henry the Eighth, and the Reformed Liturgy was abolished. It was, however, re-established, with a few alterations and additions, by Queen Elizabeth.

*Emily.*—I know the words are spelt dif-

ferently now: But are the prayers exactly the same, in every other respect, as they were so long ago?

*Mamma.*—No, my dear; James the First added five or six new prayers and thanksgivings, and all that part of the Catechism which contains the doctrine of the Sacraments. Some farther alterations were also introduced by his order. The last review of the Liturgy was in 1661, the year after Charles II. was restored to the throne.

*Eliza.*—Talking of translations reminds me of something you once told me about the Septuagint. Will you be so good, Mamma, as to repeat it, for the sake of Emily and William?

*Mamma.*—When relating “The Story of Paradise Lost,” I informed you that the Old Testament was written in the Hebrew language. It is supposed to have been translated by seventy-two men into Greek; and this is called the *Septuagint*, or the *Septuagint Version*.

*Eliza.*—I think you said *Septuagint* is the Latin for seventy; and that the translation was made to please some great king.

*William.*—Dear Mamma, pray tell us all you know about it.



*Mamma.* — Ptolemy Philadelphus, who reigned over Egypt about two hundred and eighty-five years before Christ, encouraged learning with great liberality. He erected a noble library at Alexandria, intending to enrich it with all the curious and important works of antiquity; and being informed that the Jews were in possession of a very valuable book, containing the Laws of Moses, and the history of the people, written in Hebrew, their native language, he was desirous of enriching his library with a Greek translation of it. Accordingly, he made his request known to the High Priest of the Jews; and to engage him to comply with it, set at liberty a great number of Jews, who had been reduced to slavery by his father, Ptolemy Soter. The King easily obtained what he desired. Eleazar, the High Priest, sent back his Ambassadors with an exact copy of the Mosaical Law, written in letters of gold, and six elders of each tribe, in all seventy-two, who were received very respectfully by Ptolemy, and then conducted to the Isle of Pharos, where they were lodged in a house prepared for their reception, and supplied with every thing necessary. They began the translation immediately, and com-

pleted it in seventy-two days. The whole being read in the presence of the King, he admired the profound wisdom of the Laws of Moses, and the Elders returned to Jerusalem laden with presents for themselves, the High Priest, and the temple. I have read that all the Christian writers, during one thousand five hundred years after the birth of our Saviour, admitted this account of the Septagint as an undoubted fact; but since the Reformation, critics have called it in question, because it was attended with circumstances which they think inconsistent or unlikely to be true. Dr. Adam Clarke says, "A more probable account is, that *five* learned and judicious men only were engaged in the translation, which was afterwards examined, approved, and allowed as a faithful version by the seventy or seventy-two Elders who constituted the Alexandrian Sanhedrim."

*William.*—Was all the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, translated at one time?

*Mamma.*—It is believed by many that at first only the Pentateuch was translated into Greek, and that "the other Books were translated at different times, by different men, as the necessity of the case demanded,

or the providence of God appointed.”—Emily, do you know the meaning of the word Pentateuch ?

*Emily.*—I know that the five Books of Moses are called the Pentateuch ; but no one ever told me why that name was given to them.

*Mamma.*—It is formed from two Greek words, signifying *five* and an *instrument* or *volume*.

*Eliza.*—I have heard my uncle and other gentlemen, when speaking of different parts of the Bible, mention *the Vulgate*, and repeat Latin. I knew what language it was, because William has learned many of the words in the Latin Grammar. Pray, Mamma, what is *the Vulgate* ?

*Mamma.*—It is the name given to one of the most ancient translations of the Scriptures into Latin. The meaning of this seems to be the *vulgar* or *common translation*, being in the language which was used by the Latin Church.

*William.*—Who would suppose, Mamma, that Legends from the “ Fairy Queen ” could lead to your explaining *Septuagint* and *Vulgate*, and relating what may be called the history of the Prayer-Book ?

*Mamma.*—We have really wandered very far from the adventures of Sir Guyon. Let us return to the story, and see what you have learned from your afternoon's entertainment. It contains two or three excellent lessons for children. Which is the first, Emily?

*Emily.*—Towards the beginning of the Legend there is an account which teaches us how disagreeable quarrelling is, and how amiable it is to try to make peace. I know we should avoid contention; not only because it is unpleasant to every one present, and very low-bred, but because it makes God angry.

*Mamma.*—Repeat those verses in the Proverbs which you learned the last time you were guilty of this sin. I have had great pleasure in observing that there has been no dissension among you for some weeks.

*Emily.*—I think, Mamma, it is owing to our following your advice. We pray every day that God would preserve us from quarrelling; and afterwards we repeat all the texts of Scripture we know about it. Those we learned last are,—“It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman.” “A continual drop-

ping, in a very rainy day, and a contentious woman are alike." "As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire, so is a contentious man to kindle strife." "Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

*William.*—And when I am playing with boys that are rude to me, and I feel just ready to quarrel with them, I think of the words my Uncle said to me and my cousin a great while ago, when we were disputing, and ready to fight, "It is an honour for a man to cease from strife." And he told us we ought to pray much for humility, because "from pride cometh contention."

*Eliza.*—I was much struck, Mamma, with there being so many plain paths to the dwelling of Discord, when people were going thither; though it appeared very difficult to come back again. I know it is much more easy to begin a quarrel than it is to end one.

*Emily.*—I think the poet describes the interior of Até's house very cleverly. What an evil disposition she must have had to raise monuments in honour of friends who had become enemies, and of brothers who had hated one another! And what a picture

he has drawn of Até herself! I see the meaning of her being nourished by words; for Discord must die, if people did not speak.

*Mamma.*—It is on that account I have so often cautioned you to refrain from all expressions calculated to irritate, or give offence. You remember Furor could never be overcome while the tongue of Occasion was at liberty.

*Eliza.*—I am sure, Mamma, you very much dislike the conduct of Immodest Mirth.

*Mamma.*—Yes; such bold behaviour is particularly disgusting in a female. I have never had the pain of witnessing any forwardness in yourself or Emily; but I must caution you against loud and excessive laughter, an impropriety too common in lively girls who are not kept under much restraint.

*William.*—What dreadful danger Sir Guyon was in when walking with Mammon through the House of Riches! O, Mamma, that horrible evil being who was ready to tear him to pieces if he looked with a covetous eye upon the treasures he saw! I should be miserable if I thought a wicked spirit was always ob-

-serving my actions, and wanting me to sin, that he might punish me.

*Emily.*—You forget that “the devil walketh about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.” I dare say some of the fallen angels are with us constantly. For my part, I think if I saw the wicked spirits that tempt us, the fear of falling into their power would keep me from doing wrong, and so it might be of use to me.

*Eliza.*—I would rather be kept from sin by the fear of displeasing God, and by the remembrance that He is always watching over me. I wish I thought of it oftener.

*Mamma.*—I wish you did, my love. A constant sense of the presence of God has a blessed influence on the mind, tending to make us watchful over our actions, words, and even thoughts; because we know it is He who sees us every moment, that will surely bring us into judgment for all we think, speak, and do.

*William.*—We know from the Bible that God fills heaven and earth; but do you think, Mamma, that the ancient Heathens, I mean the most sensible among them, who believed there was one God, superior to all their foolish idols, believed he is everywhere?

*Mamma.*—They acknowledged that the great God possessed a sort of general government over the universe, regulating the motions of the sun, the moon, and other heavenly bodies ; but they appeared to have no conception of his regarding the least things as well as the greatest.

*William.*—I do not suppose it would have ever entered into any one's mind, unless God had declared it, that so high and glorious a being would take notice of little birds and beasts, and provide food for them.

*Eliza.*—Now I think, William, it is perfectly natural to suppose God would take care of every thing He has made. Whatever he condescended to create could not be beneath his notice ; and, besides, even the very smallest insects are quite as wonderful as the largest animals we are acquainted with.

*Emily.*—If you have said all you wished on that subject, Eliza, perhaps Mamma will be able to tell us something about Spenser's life. I wonder if he were a good man ?

*Mamma.*—Very little is known of his character as a man : As a poet, he deserves to be remembered with the greatest veneration. *The Fairy Queen* is by some deemed the most important poem in the English language,



because if it had not been composed, Milton would probably never have written "Paradise Lost" as he did; nor should we have been favoured with the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War," by good John Bunyan.

Edmund Spenser, descended from an ancient family of that name in Northamptonshire, was born in London, 1553. He finished his education at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, and left the University at the age of twenty-three, it is said for want of a subsistence.—Concerning his first introduction to Sir Philip Sydney, who was a renowned patron of genius and literature, there is a story told by some writers, and doubted by others. It is this:—Spenser being unknown to Sir Philip, went to his house, and sent in a canto of the "Fairy Queen." On reading part of it, Sir Philip ordered his steward to give the bearer fifty pounds. After reading a little farther, he desired him to give another fifty. On proceeding with the verses, he was so charmed that he directed the steward to pay the poet two hundred pounds; and to do so immediately, or he should be induced to give him his whole estate.

You will like to hear another little story, related by some as a fact:—It is said Queen

Elizabeth, upon Spenser's presenting some poems to her, ordered him a gratuity of a hundred pounds. The Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, objected to it; saying, with some scorn, of the poet, "What! all this for a song?" The Queen replied, "Then give him what is reason." Spenser waited for some time; but had the mortification to find himself disappointed of her Majesty's intended bounty. Upon this, he took a proper opportunity to present a paper to the Queen, in the manner of a petition, in which he reminded her of the orders she had given, in the following lines:—

I was promised on a time  
 To have reason for my rhyme:  
 From that time unto this season  
 I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.

*William.*—I have great pleasure in hearing anecdotes of famous men. I can almost fancy I am acquainted with them.—What else do you know of Spenser, Mamma?

*Mamma.*—One writer informs us, that he was in Ireland when the rebellion broke out in 1598; but, being plundered of his fortune, he was obliged to return into England, where he died the same, or the next year, and was

buried at Westminster Abbey, near the famous Geoffrey Chaucer, with due solemnity, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. Drummond, however, gives a different account: He says, "Ben Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Desmond's rebellion; his house and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife narrowly escaped; that he afterwards died in King Street, Dublin, by absolute want of bread." If the last statement be true, it is most probable that the Earl of Essex ordered Spenser's body to be conveyed to England.

*Emily.*—O, I cannot bear to think that the man who has given so much pleasure to me, and perhaps to thousands of people, by his poetry, died of want! I suppose many others suffered much during those riots.

*Mamma.*—You shall hear a little of what Spenser says of the miseries endured after the rebellion: "Out of every corner of the woods and glens, the people come creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they ate the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea, and one another soon after; insomuch as the

very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves. And if they found a plat of water-cresses, or shamrocks, there they flocked, as to a feast, for the time."

*William.*—Poor miserable people! Perhaps those were some of the very men that had been wishing for the rebellion. Pray do not let us talk about it any longer. Do you know, Mamma, whether that gentleman who so exceedingly admired the "Fairy Queen" wrote any poetry himself?

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear, besides several smaller pieces in prose and verse, he wrote a celebrated romance, called "Arcadia," which is often quoted by Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary. He is also described by the writers of that age, as the perfect model of an accomplished gentleman: "Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valour, and elegant erudition, all concurred to render him the ornament and delight of the English Court." This account may excite your admiration; but you will also *love* Sir Philip Sydney, when you have heard the following anecdote:—"After a battle, when he was lying on the field mangled with wounds, a bottle of water was brought to relieve his thirst. But observing a soldier near him, in

a like miserable condition, he said, ‘ *This man’s necessity is still greater than mine :*’ and he resigned to him the bottle of water.”

*Emily.*—O, Mamma, how unspeakably kind! It was even beyond doing as he would be done by. I do not think Sir Philip would have taken the water from any one who was suffering.

*Eliza.*—You have mentioned Poets borrowing from Spenser; do you believe, Mamma, that all he wrote was his own imagining?

*Mamma.*—No, my dear, he copied largely from Ariosto and Tasso, who were Italians, and the most fashionable poets of his age; also from Chaucer, who is styled the Father of English poetry. He was born in London, 1328. Dr. Johnson says he was the first English poet who wrote *poetically*. He had also the merit of improving our language considerably by the introduction and naturalization of words from the Provençal, at that time the most polished dialect in Europe. I have read that Chaucer was equally great in every species of poetry which he attempted, and that his poems in general possess every kind of excellence, even to a modern reader, except melody and accuracy

of measure, defects to be attributed to the state of our language, which you may suppose was very imperfect five hundred years ago. Chaucer was held by Dryden in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians regarded Homer, and the Romans Virgil.

*Eliza.*—I hope, Mamma, you know something of Bunyan that will interest us. I remember he was once put into prison.

*Mamma.*—Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. He was the son of a tinker; and in the early part of his life was a soldier in the Parliament army, and a great reprobate; but being at length deeply struck with a sense of his guilt, he laid aside his profligate courses, became remarkable for his sobriety, and applied himself to obtain some degree of learning. He was admitted a member of a Baptist congregation at Bedford, and soon after began to preach; but in 1660, being taken up, and tried for presuming to preach, he was cruelly sentenced to perpetual banishment; and in the mean time committed to jail, where necessity obliged him to learn to make long-tagged thread laces for his support: To add to his distress, he had a wife and several children, among whom was a blind girl. In

this unjust and cruel confinement he was detained above twelve years, and during that time wrote many of his tracts, but he was at length discharged by the humane interposition of Dr. Barlow; and was afterwards chosen Pastor of a congregation at Bedford. He died in London 1688. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into most European languages, and I suppose no work, except the Bible, was ever more universally read. He borrowed largely from Spenser's poems, and in some respects improved upon the original.

*William.*—I have not read the "Pilgrim's Progress" for some time. If my sisters have no objection, it shall be our next Sunday book, and we can notice every thing he has copied from the "Fairy Queen," I mean from those Legends we have heard.

*Emily.*—That will be a very good plan, William; and when we have gone through the "Pilgrim's Progress," we can read "The Holy War," which will be more interesting to me, now Mamma has told us the stories of the Red-Cross Knight, and Sir Guyon.

*Mamma.*—When you are at a loss for an occupation suitable for the Sabbath-Day, I

recommend you to search the Holy Scriptures for poetical allegories. There are many examples of this noble and ancient kind of writing in the Bible, especially in the Prophets, in which we find a spirit of poetry surprisingly sublime and majestic. The East where they were composed seems to have been the region of these figurative and emblematical writings. Sir John Charadin, in his Travels, has given a translation several pieces of modern Persian poetry, which show there are traces of the same genius remaining among the present inhabitants of those countries,

*Emily.*—I think you have not told us any thing about Spenser's poetry, Mamma. Did he write in blank verse ?

*Mamma.*—People differ very much, my dear, in their opinion of his versification, &c.

The whole of the "Fairy Queen" is written in verses containing nine lines, and in every verse four lines rhyme together, and three, and two. If I relate the Legends to you again a year or two hence, perhaps you will be interested in knowing what critics say on the advantages and disadvantages of the Spenserian Stanza, as it is called ; and I may also furnish you with observations which



various writers have made on Spenser's Poems.

*Eliza.*—Pray, Mamma, is there any thing about the Heathen Mythology in the Legend of the Red-Cross Knight, and Sir Guyon?

*Mamma.*—Yes, my dear: I purposely omitted those passages in which Pagan Deities are introduced; for they ought not to be represented as acting in a Christian allegory. When you are farther advanced in your studies, I purpose reading with you the greatest part of this poem; and one or two other compositions of the same kind, which merit attention, because they are the pictures of ancient usages; and, indeed, they not unfrequently preserve some curious historical facts, and throw considerable light on others, by representing the manners, genius, and character, of our ancestors.

*Eliza.*—I should like to hear a few verses from the "Fairy Queen," if you will be so good as to repeat them.

*Emily.*—So should I, very much. I want to know some of the old-fashioned words, as Mamma can explain them to us.

*Mamma.*—There are many verses which contain no words you are unacquainted

with, though in Spenser's Poems we continually meet with expressions no longer in common use. I will read a few extracts, which will give you an idea of his style :—

DESCRIPTION OF FAITH AND HOPE.

THUS as they 'gan of sundry things devise,  
 Lo, two most goodly virgins came in place,  
 Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise,  
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
 They number'd even steps, and equal pace :  
 Of which the eldest that Fidelia hight,\*  
 Like sunny beams drew from her crystal face,  
 That could have daz'd the rash beholder's sight,  
 And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arrayed all in lily white,  
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
 With wine-and-water fill'd up to the height,  
 In which a serpent did himself enfold,  
 That horror made to all that did behold ;  
 But she no whit did change her constant mood :  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold  
 A book, that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood,  
 Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
 Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well ;  
 Not all so cheerful seemed she of sight,  
 As was her sister : Whether dread did dwell,  
 Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell.

\* *Hight*, named.

Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,  
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befel ;  
 And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,  
 Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swerved other way.

---

AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DRAGON BY  
 THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

ALL the rascal many ran,  
 Heaped together in rude rabblement,  
 To see the face of that victorious man,  
 Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,  
 And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.  
 But when they came where that dead dragon lay,  
 Stretch'd on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
 The sight with idle fear did them dismay,  
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch or once assay.\*

Some fear'd and fled : Some fear'd, and well it feign'd :  
 One that would wiser seem than all the rest,  
 Warn'd him not touch ; for yet perhaps remain'd  
 Some lingering life within his hollow breast,  
 Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest  
 Of many dragonets,—his fruitful seed :  
 Another said, that in his eyes did rest  
 Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed.  
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, when as her fool-hardy child  
 Did come too near, and with his talons play,  
 Half dead through fear, her little babe revil'd,

\* *Assay*, attack.

And to her gossips 'gan in counsel say ;  
 " How can I tell, but that his talons may  
 Yet scratch my son, or rend his tender hand ?"  
 So diversely themselves in vain they fray ; \*  
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him, nigh stand,  
 To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

---

MAMMON CONDUCTS SIR GUYON TO THE HOUSE  
 OF RICHES.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the door  
 Did open, and afforded way ;  
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,  
 Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay.  
 Soon as he entered was, the door straightway  
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt  
 An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day,  
 The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,  
 And ever as he went, due watch upon him kept.

Well hoped he ere long that hardy guest,  
 If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,  
 Or lips he laid on thing that lik'd him best,  
 Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,  
 Should be his prey. And therefore still on high  
 He over him did hold his cruel claws,  
 Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die,  
 And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,  
 If ever he transgress'd the fatal Stygian laws.

\* *Fray*, frighten.

## DESCRIPTION OF DANGER AND FEAR.

DANGER, cloth'd in ragged weed,  
 Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made,  
 Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need  
 Strange horror, to deform his griesly shade.  
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
 In th' other was ;—this Mischief, that Mishap :  
 With th' one his foes he threaten'd to invade,  
 With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap ;  
 For whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,  
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,  
 But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro :  
 And his own arms when glittering he did spy,  
 Or clashing heard, be fast away did fly,  
 As ashes pale of hue, and wingy heel'd :  
 And evermore on danger fix'd his eye,  
 'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,  
 Which his right hand, unarm'd, fearfully did wield.

## DESCRIPTION OF GRIEF AND FURY.

NEXT him went Grief and Fury, match'd yfere ; \*  
 Grief, all in sable, sorrowfully clad,  
 Down-hanging his dull head, with heavy cheer,  
 Yet inly being more than seeming sad :  
 A pair of pincers in his hand he had,  
 With which he pinched people to the heart,  
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they led,  
 In wilful langour and consuming smart,  
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

\* *Yfere*, together.

But Fury was full ill apparelled

In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,

With ghastly looks, and dreadful drerihead ; \*

For from her back her garments she did tear,

And from her head oft rend her snarled hair :

In her right hand a fire-brand she did toss

About her head, still roaming here and there :

As a dismayed deer in chase embost, †

Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

---

MUSIC.

EFTSOONS ‡ they heard a most melodious sound

Of all that might delight a dainty ear,

Such as at once might not on living ground,

Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :

Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,

To read what manner music that mote § be ;

For all that pleasing is to living ear

Was there consorted in one harmony,

Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrowded in cheerful shade,

Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;

Th' angelical soft trembling voices made

To th' instruments divine respondence meet :

The silver sounding instruments did meet

With the base murmur of the water's fall :

The water's fall with difference discreet,

Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :

The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

\* *Drerihead*, sorrow. † *Embost*, in this passage, must mean pursued, but the true signification is covered, overlaid.

‡ *Eftsoons*, quickly.

§ *Mote*, might.

*Eliza.*—O Mamma, it is surely impossible for earthly words to describe music better. I never heard any verses on the subject that delighted me so much.

*Emily.*—And I admire them exceedingly, though I have not so much taste for poetry as Eliza has. It seems to me, Mamma, that Spenser imagined things very cleverly; and that he had the art of making me fancy I can see and hear what he writes about.

*Mamma.*—He possessed a wonderful imagination; and his descriptive powers were of the highest order.

*William.*—I know people do not converse in poetry; but, except that, was the language which Spenser used, generally spoken in the reign of Elizabeth?

*Mamma.*—By persons of education, I suppose it was: But he adopted many expressions from elder poets; and often introduced foreign words for the sake of the rhyme, which also compelled him frequently to coin new English words, such as *unmercify'd*, *unruliment*.

*William.*—I do not know *why*, but there is something in the old words which pleases me very much.

*Mamma.*—You remind me of Ben Jon-

son's sentiments concerning the use of old words in poetry. He observes, "Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do lend a kind of gracelike newness."

*Eliza.*—If you will have the kindness, Mamma, to repeat the names of the characters introduced, I think we shall remember the allegories better.

*Mamma.*—Willingly, my love; and I hope they will also remind you of the excellent lessons taught by these Legends.

*The Knight of the Red Cross,*—a Christian.

*Una,*—Truth or Religion.

*Error,*—a Monster living in the Wandering Wood.

*Archimago,*—Hypocrisy.

*Sans Foy,*—Infidelity, or Unbelief.

*Duessa,*—Falsehood; also Popery.

*Abessa,*—Superstition.

*Sans Loy,*—Lawless.

*Queen Lucifera,*—Pride:

(*Her Counsellors,*)—Idleness, Gluttony  
Avarice, Envy, and Wrath.



*Sans Joy*,—Joyless.

*Giant Orgoglio*,—Wrath.

*Despair*.

*Celia*.

*Fidelia*,—Faith.

*Speranza*,—Hope.

*Charissa*,—Charity.

*Mercy*.

*The Great Dragon*,—the Devil.

*Sir Guyon*,—The Knight of Temperance

*The Black Palmer*,—Sobriety.

*Furor*,—Fury.

*Occasion*,—his Mother.

*Immodest Mirth*.

*Mammon*,—the World, or Riches.

*Acrasia*,—Sinful Pleasure.

*Care*.

*Discord*.

THE END.

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