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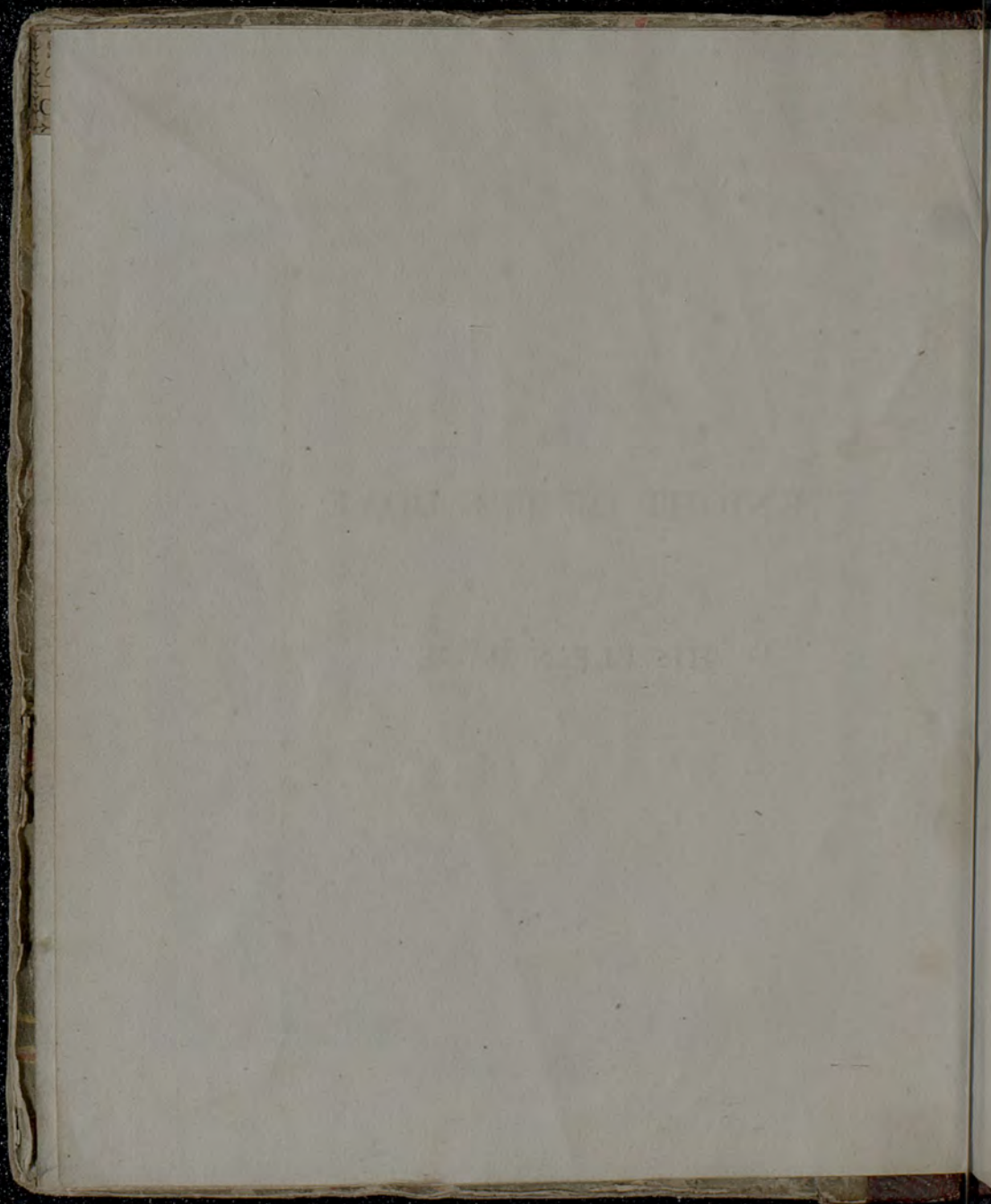
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1826

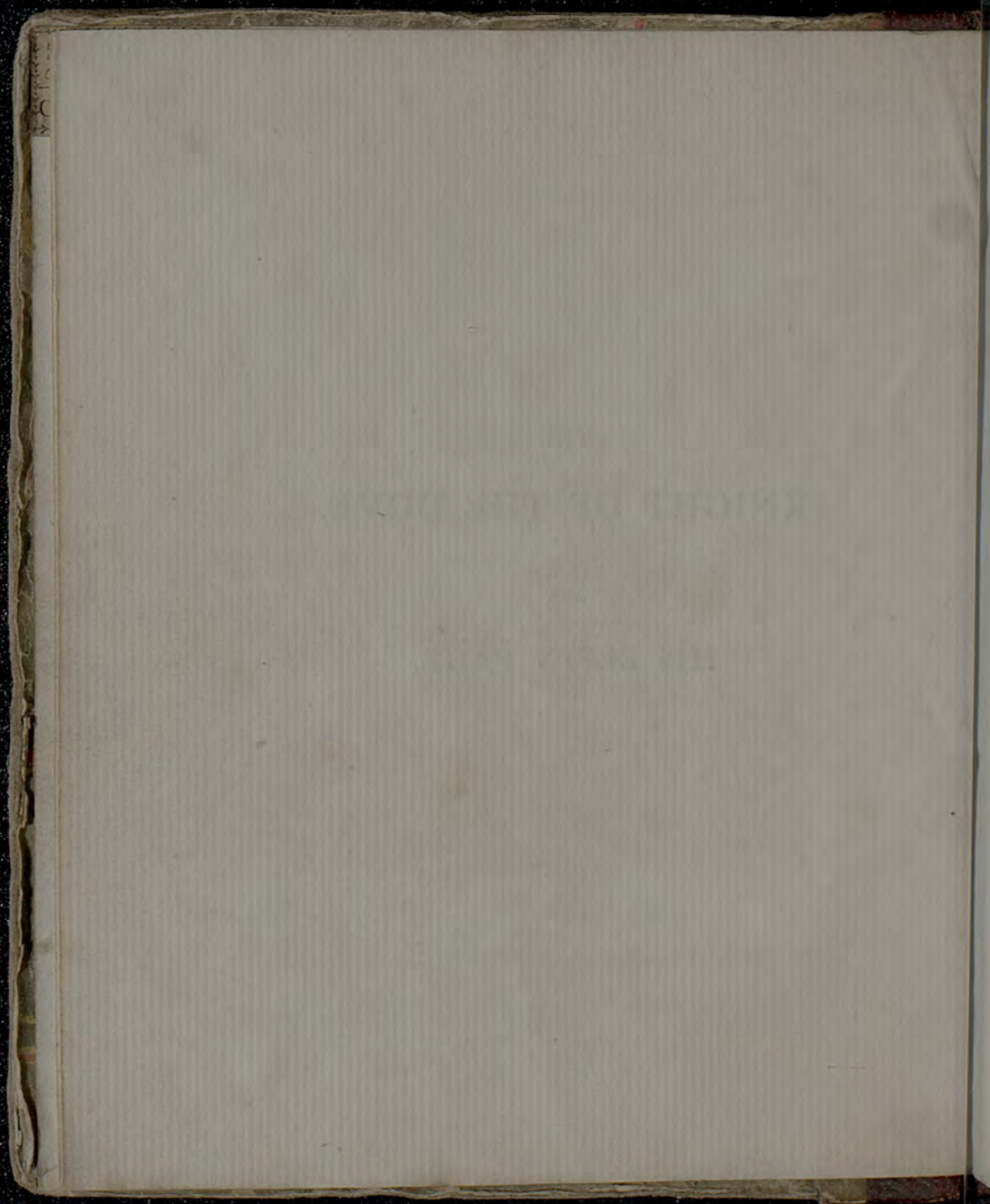


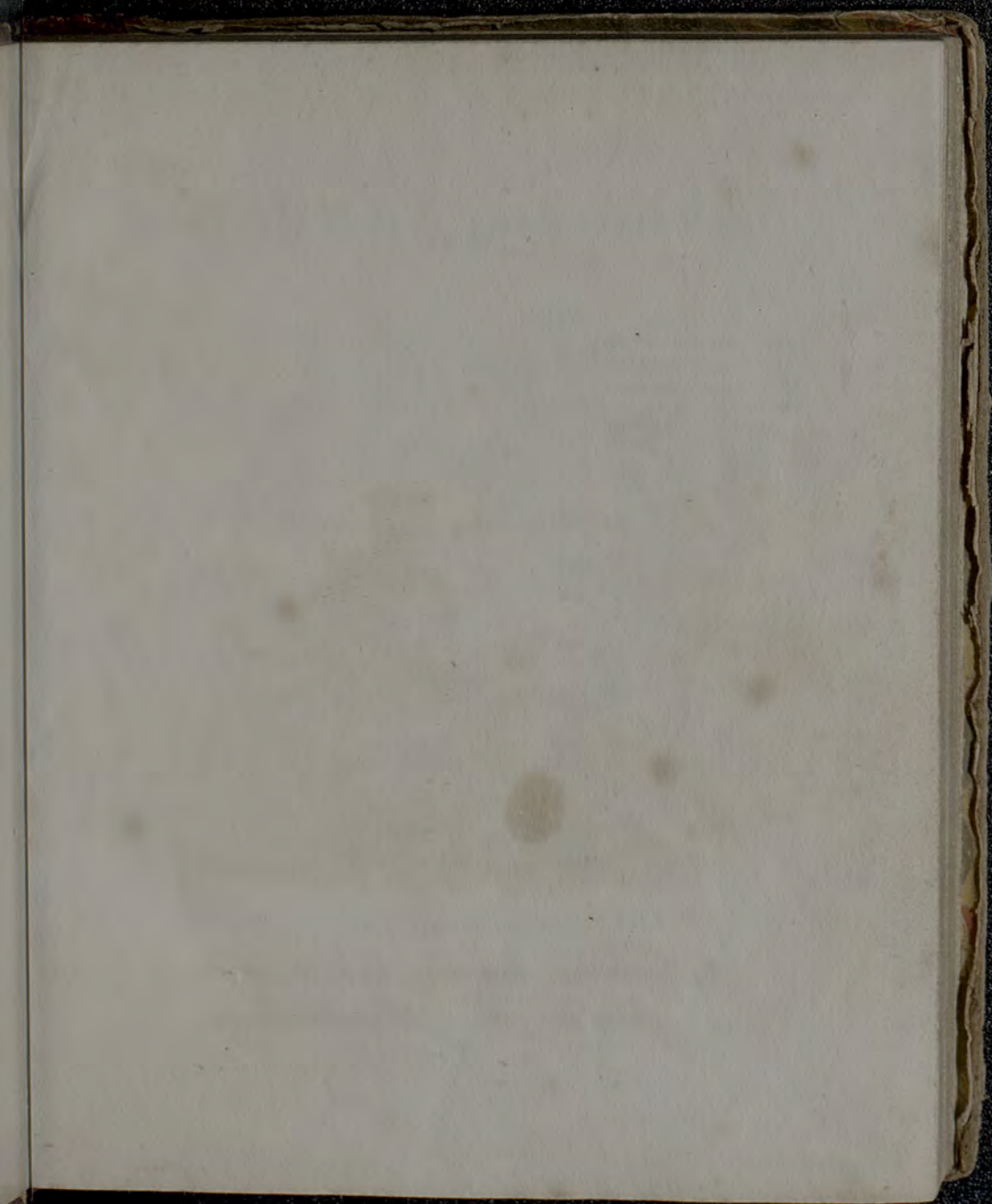
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THE
KNIGHT OF THE DOVE,
AND
HIS ELFIN PAGE.





FRONTISPIECE



*Alphonso receiving his Armour
from the Fairy Benevolenza.*

see Page 13.

THE
KNIGHT OF THE DOVE,
AND
HIS ELFIN PAGE.

A Fairy Tale.

EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

BY MRS. JAMIESON,
AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF BRILLANTE, ETC.

LONDON:
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1826.

THE KNIGHT OF THE DOVE

HIS ELIXIR

C. and C. Whittingham, Chiswick.

THE
THE KNIGHT OF THE DOVE,
AND
HIS ELFIN PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of those enchanting islands which lie on the borders of fairy land lived king Fortitudo and his beautiful wife Sensitiva. She was the daughter of a neighbouring monarch, whose kingdom lay within the dominions of one of the gentlest of the fairy tribe,

those of the Fairy Sensitiva. All her subjects and those persons who came within her immediate jurisdiction were distinguished by sweetness, gentleness, and timidity; some few, indeed, by a union with beings of a far different mould (the inhabitants of Fortezza), had acquired a firmness of character, which gave grace and energy to the melting softness of their original nature. And it was with the view of adding to the ultimate happiness of Sensitiva that her father had consigned her in marriage to the arms of Fortitudo, king of that rude but noble

island. One son, who was their elder child, and one daughter, were the fruits of their marriage; both eminently beautiful, both endowed with rare and estimable mental qualifications; for at their birth presided the benign fairy Benevolenza.

Esteeming equally the inhabitants of the two islands of Sensitiva and Fortezza, she had resolved to bestow upon the little prince and princess all those qualifications which are valued by faries as well as by mortals.

Benevolenza was, however, aware that the two cherubs would rather need *trials* than *pleasures*, for with such parents she had no fears for their comfort and happiness; but many from the apprehension that the sensitive fondness of the mother would mar nature's finest work by indulgence.

In the midst, therefore, of the feast which was held in honour of the birth of the young princess, when many guests of high distinction were assembled, when a troop of fairies, light as

the gossamer floating in a western breeze, were sporting around, and weaving fantastic wreaths of magic flowers to encircle the smiling babe, she rose from her fairy seat, and thus began.

“Fortitudo, king of the noble isle, listen while I unfold the future destiny of thy lovely offspring. Thy son shall be greater than thyself. But he must achieve greatness by patience, by perseverance, by courage, and by a nobility of mind superior to the

allurements of pleasure." Here the fairy tribe ceased their frolicsome motions, and listened to the fateful predictions of Benevolenza, as she resumed thus: "Thy daughter shall be all that woman should be; but her education must be commenced far from the maternal eye, for Sensitiva has not yet acquired strength of mind enough to subdue her own feelings: how then will she be equal to the task of directing those of her daughter; yet till the lovely Rosabella attains the age of three, she will remain

under the parental roof; at that period you must resign her. As for the young prince Alphonso, I have no fears on his account: he will be under your guidance, Fortitudo. His peculiar fate time will show."

The fairy's speech threw a gloom over the entertainment. Sensitiva wept bitterly, and clasping the little Rosabella to her bosom, she declared she never would part with her beautiful treasure. Benevolenza, however, contrived to calm the feelings of

the queen, and the remainder of the day passed in revelry and merriment; for the griefs and joys of Sensitiva were alike fleeting and transitory.

The infancy of Rosabella glided away imperceptibly, and the prediction of the fairy was forgotten. At length, however, the fatal moment arrived which was to tear her from the arms of her weak but affectionate mother. A plain chariot, but of elegant form, drawn by two huge elephants, the Indian emblem of wisdom,

stopped at the palace of Fortitudo. A venerable dame descended from the vehicle, and entered without ceremony the great hall. She deliberately passed up the spacious staircase, entered the apartment of the young princess, raised her in her arms, and placing her in the carriage, drove quietly away, notwithstanding the attempts of the guards and attendants to prevent her. Her aspect was mild and imposing; in her hand she held a wand, powerful to command, but this she never applied

without an absolute necessity. Her name was Prudenza; and ere she quitted the palace she left the following message for the king and queen.

“Prudenza has taken charge of the little Rosabella. As the kingdom of Prudenza may be found everywhere and yet nowhere, let Alphonso, to quiet his mother’s feelings, immediately proceed in search of his sister. When he finds her, the family of Fortitudo shall be reunited.

CHAP. II.

WHEN the king and queen arose in the morning, not one of the attendants dared to deliver Prudenza's message to Sensitiva, who, as usual, repaired to her daughter's apartment, but found her not. Her dismay can be imagined. Her agony was indeed so great that her attendants despaired of her existence. The king in the meanwhile, having heard the message of the fairy, endeavoured to calm the

feelings of the queen, and at last succeeded.

The young prince Alphonso at first wept bitterly for the loss of his sister, but he dried his tears when told *he* was to recover her, and requested his father immediately to permit his departure. This proposal, however, was violently opposed by Sensitiva; but Fortitudo, taking his little son into his own armoury, bade him choose a complete suit of armour. The young prince obeyed; and couch-

ing a spear, he had already in his imagination, conquered a host of foes who impeded his approach to his sister.

While the father and son were thus engaged, they were surprised at the sudden appearance of Benevolenza.

“I am come,” said the good fairy, “to make a valuable present to the youthful knight of the Dove,” for such was the title which Alphonso assumed, in honour of his sister Rosabella.

Fortitudo and Alphonso bowed with profound respect to Benevolenza, who, waving her wand, chanted the following lines, at the same time drawing on the ground a magic circle :

Ye mystic sprites, appear,
Ye fairy elves, draw near,
And joy the young knight's heart.
Your choicest, richest gifts unfold,
The robe of silk, the cloth of gold,
The burnish'd casque of beauteous mould,
The glittering sword, which laughs at fear,
And mocks a foe's approach though near,
And shield of matchless art.

These are thine own, dear youthful knight,
Take them, and wear them in the fight;
“And be with caution bold.”
Behold yon fleecy cloud
Its azure tints display,
Behold the elfin page
To cheer thee on thy way.
And THOU—thou tiny sprite,
In danger’s thickest fight,
Watch o’er the Dovelike knight,
And shield him from dismay.
Impatient, panting at the gate,
Thy barbed coursers anxious wait,
In all the pomp of knighthood’s state,
To bear thee far away.
Hence, haste, achieve the daring deed,
Receive bright honour’s richest meed,
The thanks of those that stand in need,
Hence, hence, dear youth, away!

As the fairy proceeded in the recitation of these lines, a clanging sound of arms was heard, and within the magic circle rose a troop of sprites, each bearing some one of the articles she mentioned, and last of all appeared the fleecy cloud, which opening, discovered the elfin page. Gently descending, he approached Alphonso with respect, and bowing lowly towards him, as in duty bound, he began to arm the grateful and astonished youth, chanting these words at the same time:

Accept my service, gentle knight;

Although I'm but an elfin wight,

I still may prove thy friend.

The swiftest foot may fail in speed,

The strongest arm may fail in need;

My counsels then attend.

Honour shall be thy bright reward,

Success shall crown thy beamy sword,

If prudence be thy guide.

No warrior I, indeed 'tis true,

No brave foe's blood my hands bedew :

Yet on life's stormy tide

I'll steer thy tender bark aright.

Then take my service, gentle knight,

My elfin love beside.

When Alphonso was completely
equipped, he could not help casting

a glance of approbation on his own brilliantly adorned figure. His helmet was black; but so thickly studded with diamonds that, when the sun shone upon it a thousand varying rays of light dazzled the eyes of the spectators. The black heron's wing, a mark of royalty in the east, was placed on each side of it; and a light plume of white feathers waved gracefully on the top, shading a dove's head, with ruby eyes. The rest of his armour was black likewise, but beautifully inlaid with silver; and,

where rivets were necessary, diamonds supplied the place of ordinary nails. As all armour is composed of various parts, which are so made as to enable the wearer to bend his limbs or body in every direction; these rivets, being necessarily numerous, gave the suit a most splendid appearance*. The shield was black,

* The different parts which compose a suit of armour are as follow :

Helmet, for the head.

Beaver, the part which opened in front.

Visor, opposite the eyes.

except the border, which consisted of a delicate inlaid work of silver net-work, and in the middle was a silver dove with ruby eyes, and beneath it this motto :

“SUCH IS SHE WHOM I SEEK.”

Gorget, round the neck.

Breastplate, in the front of the body.

Back piece, for the back.

Rest, near the right armpit, for the lance.

Placate, over the breastplate to strengthen it.

Pauldron, for the shoulders.

Bassards, for the arms.

Gauntlets, for the hands.

Reinguards, for the lower part of the back.

Cuisses, for the thighs.

Upon his shoulders was fastened a purple velvet robe, embroidered in silver. Upon his sword blade was engraved the following line:

“ I NEVER FAIL THE PRUDENT.”

Greeves, for the legs.

A sword, a spear, a shield, and the *miserecordia*, a dagger with which the conqueror killed his antagonist if he refused to confess himself vanquished.

The *Tabard*, the family arms of the wearer, on silk.

The horse, too, was armed, having a head-piece, a breastplate, and superb silk or velvet trappings, upon which were embroidered the arms of his master.

His spear was taken from his father's armoury. It was perfectly unornamented, but possessed virtues of the first order. It was powerful against the attacks of lassitude, idleness, timidity, irresolution, and presumption. And thus armed, and under the immediate direction of the elfin page, *the knight of the dove* left the palace of his father without taking personal leave of his mother. Sensitivia not having yet recovered the loss of her daughter, Fortitudo thought it prudent to spare her this pain.

CHAP. III.

AT the gate of the castle stood two barbed steeds; the one most richly caparisoned, this belonged to the knight: the other was a little lightly formed animal, simply harnessed, yet possessing an eye of fire no ways inferior to that of the more finely formed Orion, the steed of Alphonso.

“Pray, sir knight,” said the page, as soon as they had left the imme-

diate precincts of the castle, "whither do we bend our steps?"

Alphonso did not immediately reply to this question; for, upon arriving at the top of a high hill, he caught another glance of his home, and on one of the turrets he fancied he espied his father. Waving, therefore, his spear in token of adieu, he closed his vizor, which had hitherto been open, and for a few moments gave way to that grief so natural to his age when parting with a beloved pa-

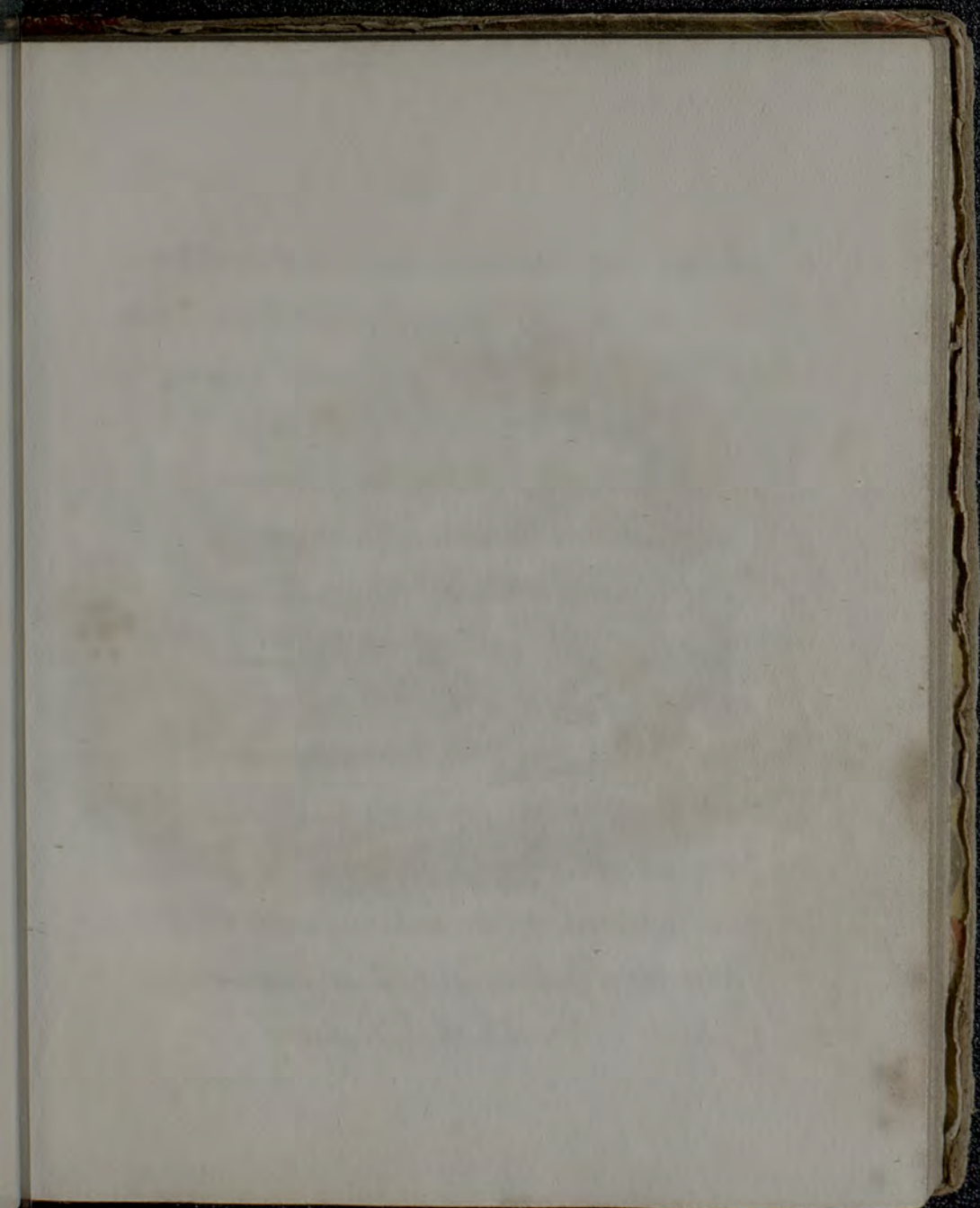
rent. Roused at length by the garrulity of his page, he replied to the repeated question of "Whither do we bend our steps?" by saying, "We must endeavour to discover the territories of the fairy Prudenza."

"In good truth then, my master," rejoined the page Florizel (for so he was called), "It is a country some people never find all their lives; but we may be more fortunate. Listen, sir knight, perhaps the fairy Benevolenza may have given us some

good intelligence respecting that same country."

Florizel then drew from his pocket a scroll, upon which certain characters were engraven, which he seemed to understand very well, though Alphonso could make nothing at all of them.

Scarcely had they gone fifty miles (their horses were fairy horses) when the knight confessed himself a little weary.





*Alphonso's first interview
with the Dwarf*

see Page 27.

"Rest then, sir, beneath yon aged oak," replied his page: "Rest on the green turf."

The travellers accordingly drew near a cluster of oaks, and took their seats. "I am hungry too," said Alphonso, "and we have no provisions." At this moment, a gentle noise of feet was heard, and from behind one of the trees there appeared a misshapen dwarf, but of so merry a countenance that Alphonso felt an inclination to laugh, when a twitch

from the elfin page, and a look, checked him.

“Sir Knight,” said the dwarf, “what! weary and hungry, and not seek relief in yon superb castle? let me conduct you thither. Ah! from the device on your shield, you seek a fair wanderer, who is, I guess, the happy inmate of yonder house. There, in company with damsels all made up of sweetness, gentleness, and soft pleasure, the lady you seek is to be found. Let me conduct you to my

mistress. Behold, a carriage waits to convey you to her dwelling."

"My master," interrupted the elfin page, "needs but little rest, and ere to-morrow dawns, we must, if possible, reach the land of Prudenza, a country far away from this, I ween. Come, sir knight, let us begone."

The dwarf frowned upon the page; and, beckoning with his hand, a troop of boys and girls appeared, bound in rosy wreaths, and singing as they danced along, surrounding the knight,

the page, and the dwarf. The latter seized the knight's arm, and was forcing from his hand the bridle of his horse which he still held, when the page advancing, bade the knight couch his spear and rid himself of his troublesome visitors. The knight was weary and hungry—the castle looked inviting—the boys and girls appeared so happy, and the dwarf was so ludicrously persuading, that the page twice repeated his command ere Alphonso had courage to grasp his spear. “Now, now,” cried Florizel, “the sky lowers, another

instant and all will be lost:—courage, sir knight! couch your spear, and disperse your foes.”

The knight reluctantly obeyed; but scarcely had he begun to raise his spear when his strength returned; and as he couched his friendly lance, the children shrieked and fled, the dwarf limped hastily away, the gay castle changed its appearance, and became a loathsome dwelling, from whence issued a miserable race of wretched squalid children all quar-

reling, and some fighting, their forms distorted, and their language so disgusting that Alphonso clapped spurs to his horse's sides and was soon out of sight and hearing. His page followed; and when Alphonso could find leisure to speak, he turned towards his friend, exclaiming, "Oh my dear little page, what should I do without you?"

"Now, sir knight," replied Florizel, "let us rest in yon hovel, 'twill shelter us from a storm which the

fairy Malevolienza intends raising at the request of her dear friend Indolenza, whose toils we have so lately escaped. Bound to revenge, she has, for a few seconds, shaken off her natural habits to solicit the assistance of the wicked fairy who even now—Ah, see the lightnings glare, the thunders roll!—spur on your steed, noble knight; if we gain the cot, all will be well. The power of Malevolienza is principally confined to the great. In the cottage on the top of the hill we shall find repose. It is inhabited by

a happy being, whose name is Contento. Grasp your spear, my master," continued the page, "spur on your charger, for see, the lightning pursues us."

Alphonso did as he was desired. The fairy steeds pursued their way up the hill with rapidity, and they soon gained its summit, where the mild master of the cot was ready to receive them with open arms. Having assisted them to dismount, he led their steeds to a neighbouring

shed and quickly returned, introducing to them his much loved wife Patienza. The storm still raged without; but the knight, grasping his spear, and encouraged by the smiles of Contento and Patienza, heeded not the terrific tempest which Malevolienza had raised to overwhelm him with dismay and regret for slighting her friend Indolenza.

The fury of the storm at length abated, having wasted its strength

without injuring those for whom it was raised. And when the setting sun peeped from beneath the dark and lurid clouds, shedding a golden ray athwart the gloomy sky, our travellers proposed to depart. Their hosts, however, pressed their stay, and Florizel consenting, Alphonso, who was weary from this day's extraordinary exertion, threw himself upon a truss of straw, making a pillow of his shield, and soon sunk into a downy sleep. His dreams were of

home; and the praises he received from his father for his conduct on this day's journey, though in a dream only, cheered his soul, and helped to fortify it against new dangers.

CHAP. IV.

EARLY on the following morning he rose, with spirits light and buoyant, and taking an affectionate leave of his host and hostess, he proposed to quit their humble dwelling. Ere he left the cot Contento and Patienza presented him with two powerful amulets, gems of inestimable value, since they were deeply impregnated with the virtues of their former pos-

sessors. He bound them on his heart; and thus armed he sallied forth, accompanied by his faithful page. The morning passed without any adventure, and our travellers were amusing the time with the charms of rational conversation, when, all at once, they were interrupted by sounds of delicious harmony: a bright cloud appeared before them, which, opening, disclosed to the astonished knight, the figure of the fairy Benevolenza and his beloved sister Rosabella. The cloud descended gradually: the

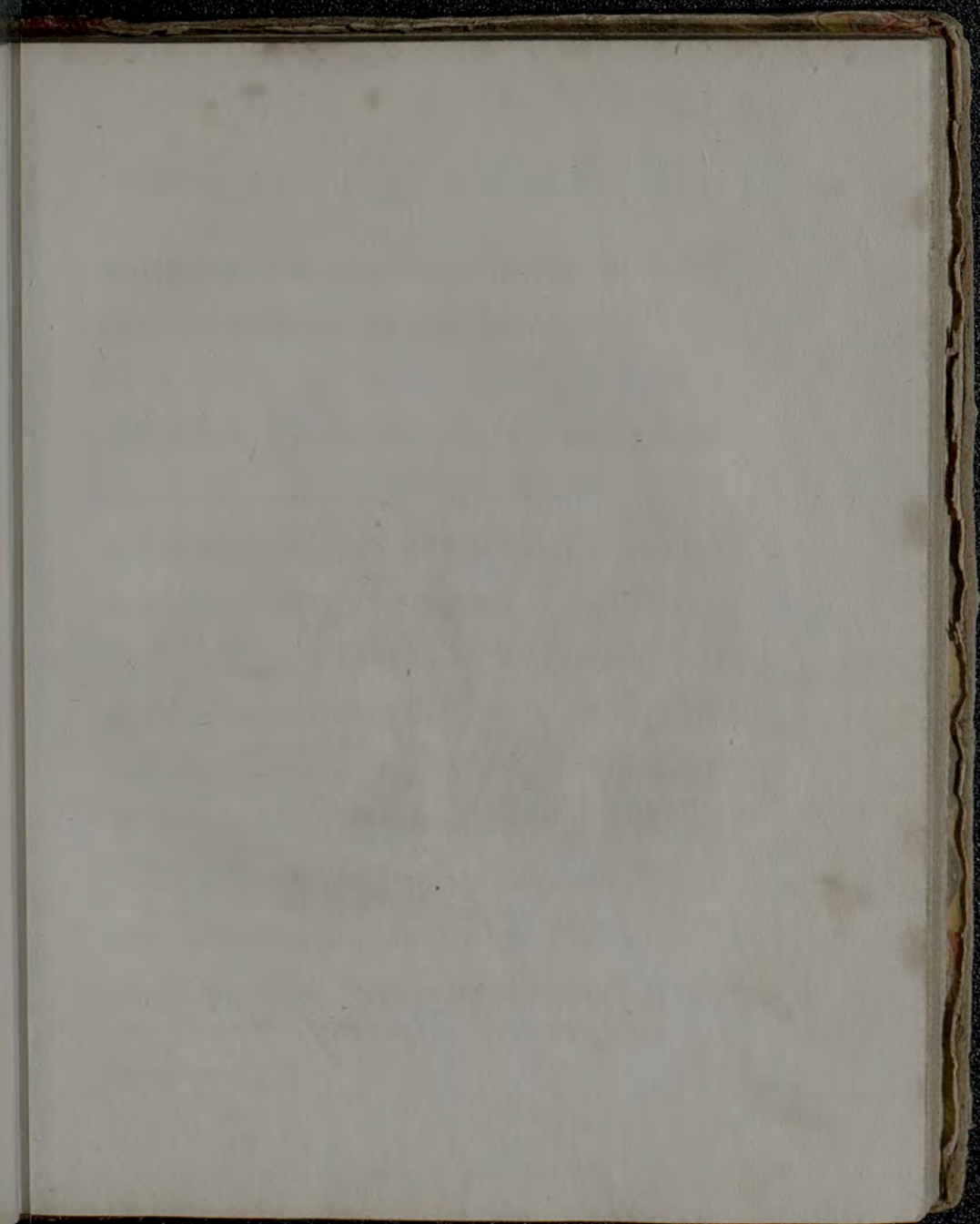
chief figure pointed with her silvery wand to a distant wood, whither the cloud gently glided along, disclosing all that the imagination can conceive of what is beautiful from a combination of colour and graceful motion, accompanied by seraphic sounds.

Alphonso stood entranced; the page himself was awe-struck at the sudden appearance of his mistress, and our travellers followed with admiring eyes the brilliant pageant before them. The two figures still

waved their hands, pointing to the wood and beckoning them on.

The elfin page was for an instant uncertain what he should do. Some time elapsed before he referred to his tablets; he then found the whole a delusion. While he was thus employed the knight had clapped spurs to his courser and was almost beyond pursuit. The page in dismay followed the unhappy Alphonso, calling out in agony, "Couch your spear, my master, oh, couch your spear.

Alas! he hears me not. O! he is lost, lost, lost; and what will become of him and Florizel?" The poor little page soon felt the effects of his vacillating conduct, for his beautiful steed assumed the form of a poor starved donkey, and himself felt his youthful limbs relax in vigour, his fair round form shrivel into the lean and worn out figure of decayed age, and his robes of celestial blue changed into tattered rags of various hues. His once bright eye lost its fire; its visual ray became dim and sightless,





Florizel's Transformation.

see Page 43.

while the voice of Benevolenza in stern accents addressed him thus :

“Thou hast allowed thyself to be deceived, and art no longer worthy of thine office. He who is *blind* cannot conduct another. Thus remain until Alphonso, by the exercise of his own virtue, regain the road to the land of Prudenza.”

Poor Florizel at this moment felt his hand grasped by a child, who was deputed to conduct him to an

asylum, till the knight should release and restore him to his original brightness. In the abode of poverty we leave him, to follow the adventurous knight, who had thus madly rushed on destruction.

Scarcely had his foaming courser reached the enchanted wood than he began to paw the ground and champ his golden bit with rage. Alphonso in an instant saw his error, and endeavoured to turn the noble beast, who willingly yielded obedience to

his master's hand and wheeled round;
but a hundred voices burst upon the
ear of the knight, shrieking out,

In vain, in vain, in vain, you'd fly;
The spell is fast, no help is nigh.
Seize him, seize him, bind him fast,
Lead him to his rich repast,
Where snails their slimy court do keep,
Where worms along the wall do creep.
Seize him, seize him, plunge him deep,
Into a dungeon's dreary gloom—there to weep.

The most dreadful yells assailed
the ears of Alphonso. Little pigmy
sprites of the most hideous forms

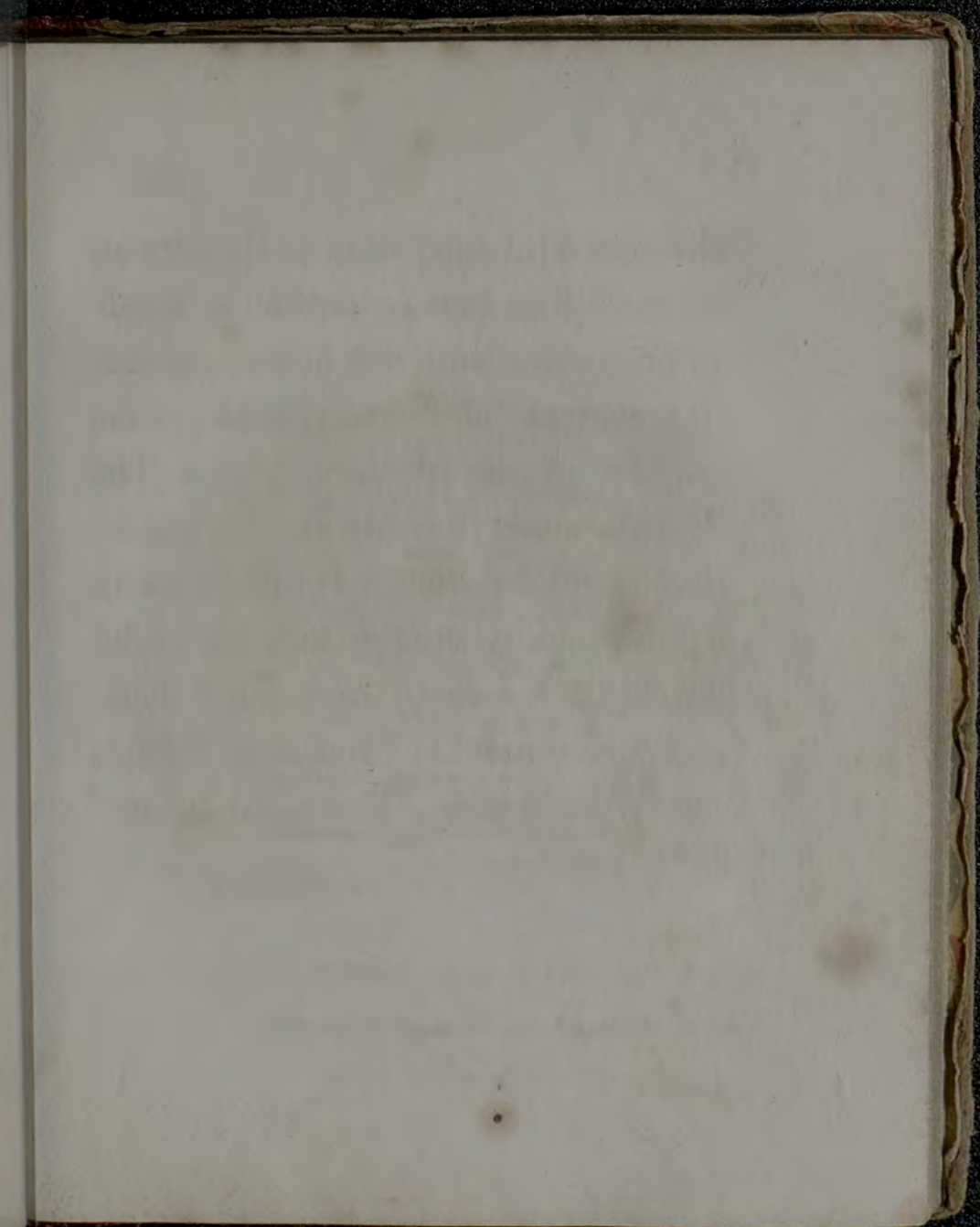
jumped round in every direction, and so completely overpowered his faculties by their discordant noise, that he stood motionless, while the figure which represented Benevolenza resumed its native ugliness in the person of Malevolienza. Descending from her cloudy seat, she seized his spear, while the little deformed dwarf who had personated the lovely Rosabella, rushed forward and grasped his sword. Thus disarmed, what remained for Alphonso? Patience; for he felt the two amulets press

closely on his heart, and with a sigh of resignation he mentally owned his punishment was but the just reward of his credulity and presumption.

The dwarf hurried him along the wood with considerable rapidity till they reached a dismal lonely castle, surrounded by a stagnant moat. The drawbridge was slowly lowered at their approach; Alphonso having passed over, it was again raised, and he was left alone with the dwarf, who tauntingly welcomed him into the castle of Indolenza. A drowsiness crept

through Alphonso's frame; the very air seemed to move laggishly in this abode of idleness; and the heavy vapours had scarcely power to rise above the surface of the drowsy lake. The dwarf seemed the only active thing in this torpid dwelling. He maliciously tripped along, though limping as he went, till he came to a huge door, which he unlocked, and then thrusting in the luckless knight, he turned the key and left him.

Poor Alphonso threw himself on the ground and wept bitterly. Where





*Alphonso a Prisoner in the
Castle of Indolenza.*
see Page 49.

now was his elfin page? Where his father, mother, sister?—all lost to him, and through his own folly. “For alas!” he cried, “I feel I soon shall die; a cold chill runs through all my limbs; my nerves fail, my heart forgets to beat. I die, I die, I die.” The last words faltered on his tongue, and he sunk on the ground cold and senseless.

CHAP. V.

IN this state of insensibility Alphonso remained some hours, and it is very probable that the pernicious vapours of this loathsome dungeon might have terminated his existence had not the kind fairy Benevolenza protected him. She refreshed his harassed mind with pleasing dreams, shed over his head fresh balmy air, and by her power cleansed the dreary dwelling of its

noxious vapours. Thus far her power extended, but no farther. Alphonso was doomed to be his own liberator; and in the dreams she raised, she pointed out to him the means by which he might effect his own release.

Although the castle Indolenza belonged to the fairy of that name, yet she had taken into her favour a knight, who ruled with absolute sway throughout her dominions. He was called the 'Knight of the Ferocious Countenance.' "Challenge this knight

to single combat," said the fairy; "demand thy spear and sword, and attack him, fearing nothing; be courageous, bold, and resolute, and he shall fall before thee. But remember, Alphonso, he will avail himself of all the power of Indolenza to affright thee: if thy courage fail for one instant, all will be lost:—be wary, be diligent, be prudent."

When Alphonso waked the next morning he was much refreshed, and having distinctly recollected all that

had passed in his dreams, he resolved on obeying the dictates of the fairy to whom he owed so much. Yet still doubting whether this dream might not be an illusion, he fell on his knees and implored his benefactress to give him some waking proof that the command was really given by her.

Benevolenza, pleased with his caution, condescended to appear before him, and assure him personally of her favour, and that the only way

for him to obtain deliverance was to challenge the 'knight of the ferocious countenance.'

When, therefore, the dwarf appeared with his coarse and scanty meal, Alphonso gave defiance to the favourite of Indolenza, and challenged him to single combat, by throwing down his gauntlet. The dwarf took it up, and turning it on every side, he laughed so heartily that he was obliged to hold both his sides. "Ha! ha! ha!" and he grinned horribly at the same

time, "*You* encounter the knight of the ferocious countenance! *You* whose coat of mail would scarcely admit his thumb! A right merry sight it will be: but I will give your message, valiant knight. Ha! ha! ha!"

So saying, the hideous dwarf left the dungeon, and quickly returned, bending under the weight of the gauntlet of the terrific knight. Fortitudo started and changed colour at the sight of it, but the voice of Benevolenza whispered in his ear; "Fear nought, but attack this disgrace of knighthood."

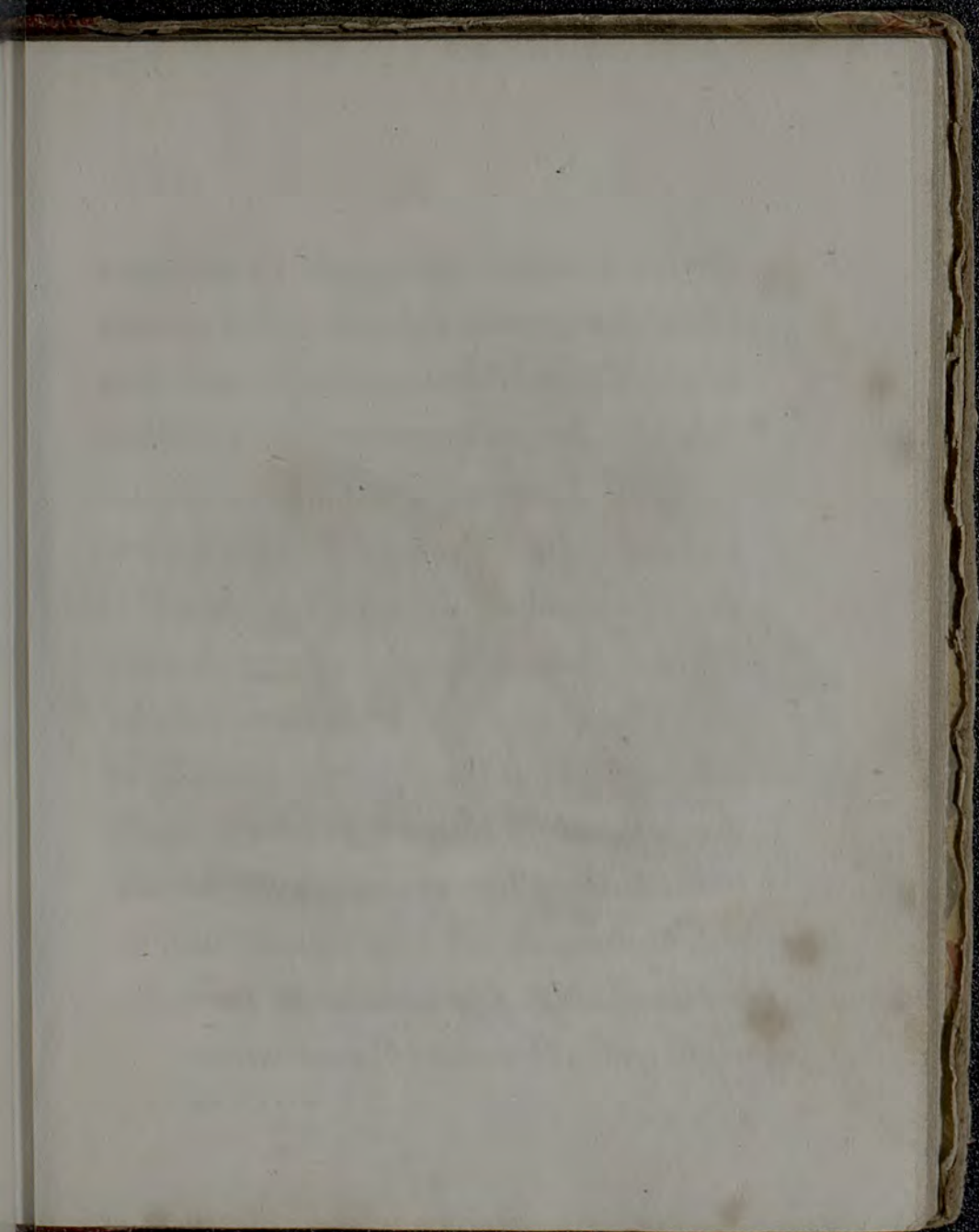
‘The knight of the dove’ felt encouraged by this kindness, persisting in his first resolution, and the dwarf again left the dungeon laughing more heartily than before.

An unusual noise was heard in the castle of Indolenza on the following morning. Busy footsteps sounded along the dismal passages; and at length the door of the dungeon opened and the dwarf appeared, bearing the spear and sword of Alphonso, who eagerly grasped them. The touch of the spear had given the

dwarf a momentary vigour; but, on relinquishing his hold of it his limbs soon relaxed into that languid expression which was the natural habit of all persons or things connected with the castle of Indolenza, although the demon of malice sometimes gave them a temporary vigour.

And now the 'knight of the dove' joyfully left the dungeon, and traversed the gloomy passages with a firm step. His trusty spear supported him and gave vigour to his youthful

form. In the large court of the castle Indolenza and her suite were assembled. On one side sat Somnus, god of sleep, holding a dormouse; on the other reclined Lassitude, a languid female with eyes half shut. Morpheus himself, the god of dreams, had fled this dreary abode, for his light wings, oppressed by the heaviness of the atmosphere, refused their office. At the feet of Indolenza sat her champion knight, his vizor up, displaying a countenance on which sat ferocious cruelty. At sight of Fortitudo he





*The Combat of Alphonso with the
Knight of the Ferocious Countenance.*
see Page 59.

laughed outright, and Indolenza herself uttered an expression of astonishment when comparing the elfin knight with the gigantic figure of her favourite.

At length the trumpet sounded, the lists were opened, and the "knight of the dove" entered the area, and taking his station, a herald read his defiance, which was answered by another herald, accepting the combat in the name of 'the *knight of the ferocious countenance*.'

Every point of ceremony being settled, the knight rose from his seat at the foot of Indolenza, and mounted his charger, which rode round the area pawing as he went: and now Alphonso demanded *his* charger, but the steed was no where to be found. "On foot, then, I will attack the knight," cried Alphonso, "let him dismount." In disdain the veteran knight obeyed, and was rushing impetuously on his tiny adversary, when the latter dexterously passing under the upraised arm, struck his foe with

his trusty spear just under the ribs. With a tremendous crash the huge knight fell, and Alphonso, drawing from his breast the misericordia (a dagger), bade the prostrate knight confess himself vanquished.

But the blow was fatal; and while the whole court was in confusion upon the death of the knight, the fairy Benevolenza caught up Alphonso and conveyed him in a trance to her own blissful bowers. There she left him for a time, and when he awoke the

whole of his adventures appeared like a frightful dream. In this palace he remained one week, enjoying temperately all the delights of fairy land, where delicious odours, seraphic sounds, graceful motion, and benevolent actions alternately charmed and delighted the happy mortals who were so highly favoured as to gain admittance to these blissful regions.

CHAP. VI.

BUT the trials of Alphonso were not yet over, and having received instructions from the fairy where he should find poor Florizel, he set off in possession of certain magic words, which were to restore his elfin page to his former state.

When Alphonso arrived at the place whither he was directed, he inquired for his hapless page. He

was immediately answered by a little old man in words of frantic joy, who appeared instantly to recognise the voice of his master. "It is himself," he repeated, "it is himself. Oh, my dear master, do you not know me? Alas! I had forgotten I am no longer the elfin page, but a poor decrepid blind old man. Alas! alas! this sorrow is worse than all the rest, my beloved master does not recollect me."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Alphonso; "are you indeed my unfortu-

nate page? Poor Florizel, but thou hast been patient. Ah, then, my dear little page, let me lead thee to the river's shady banks."

Florizel followed Alphonso to the brink of the stream, when the knight plunged the little old man into the water, repeating,

"Three times sink, and three times rise,
Prudenza's voice no more despise:
Shake off the form of frosty age,
Be once again my ELFIN PAGE."

Florizel, who had been terrified at the commencement of this ceremony, gladly obeyed his master's voice, and leaping on shore, was overcome with joy at finding himself clad in his suit of celestial blue, and his limbs again round, fair, and supple. To complete his happiness, his little horse also resumed his form, and appeared as delighted as his master, against whose shoulder he was rubbing his head, and pawing the ground.

After some few moments passed

in congratulatory joy, our travellers resumed their journey to the land of Prudenza.

As they travelled along, the knight detailed to his companion the particulars of his late adventures, and the page in return described the misery he had endured while in the disguise of a poor, decrepid, and old man, from the insolence and unfeelingness of those with whom he lived.

“Pray,” said the knight, “what

country are we traversing now? for the air blows keenly and freshly. I think we must be approaching the sea. Hark! do you not hear the waves lash the shore behind those rocks?"

Florizel had recourse to his tablets. "You must be upon your guard, sir knight, for those rocks are defended by marine monsters, placed by Malevoglienza to impede our progress. One only resource is left us: we must scale the rocks." "But how can

that be accomplished?" resumed the knight, "they appear perpendicular."

"I will mount first," replied the faithful page, "only fear you not; and as for our horses—why, they must be left behind, unless they can themselves find a road by which they may ascend."

"I would not leave Orion behind for all the world," said the knight, patting his spirited courser; "but I

will dismount and see what can be done."

As he said this, he was in the act of springing from his horse, when Florizel exclaimed, "Stop, sir knight. keep firm your seat; and fear nought; Orion," said the page, "noble steed, show thyself worthy of thine origin."

He said no more, when the courser instantly striking forwards made towards the rock, followed by his four

footed companion; and before the knight could recover his astonishment, they had reached half way towards the summit, by a path which had at first escaped the glance of the elfin page. They looked with an awful sensation from the eminence upon which they were placed, and they soon perceived that the defiles between the rocks were indeed filled by marine and amphibious monsters. Alphonso dismounted and sprang round Florizel's neck, exclaiming, "Ah! my dear little page, what

should I do without thee? But come, let us hasten on."

After traversing the level summit of the mountains, they came to the opposite edge, and found them perpendicular from the sea at the bottom. "Now," said the knight, "what shall we do?"

Florizel referred to his tablets; then, leading the knight's charger to the edge of the precipice, he gave him a push, and headlong went poor

Orion with Alphonso on his back, whirling in the air till he plunged in the salt sea, snorting and floundering through the waves; while his rider, amazed at his situation, could scarcely believe he was alive, till he was addressed by Florizel thus: "How fares my noble master? Fear not!—yet we sink, we sink!—but we are doomed to see the wonders of the deep before we again touch the firm land."

Terror was nearly overpowering

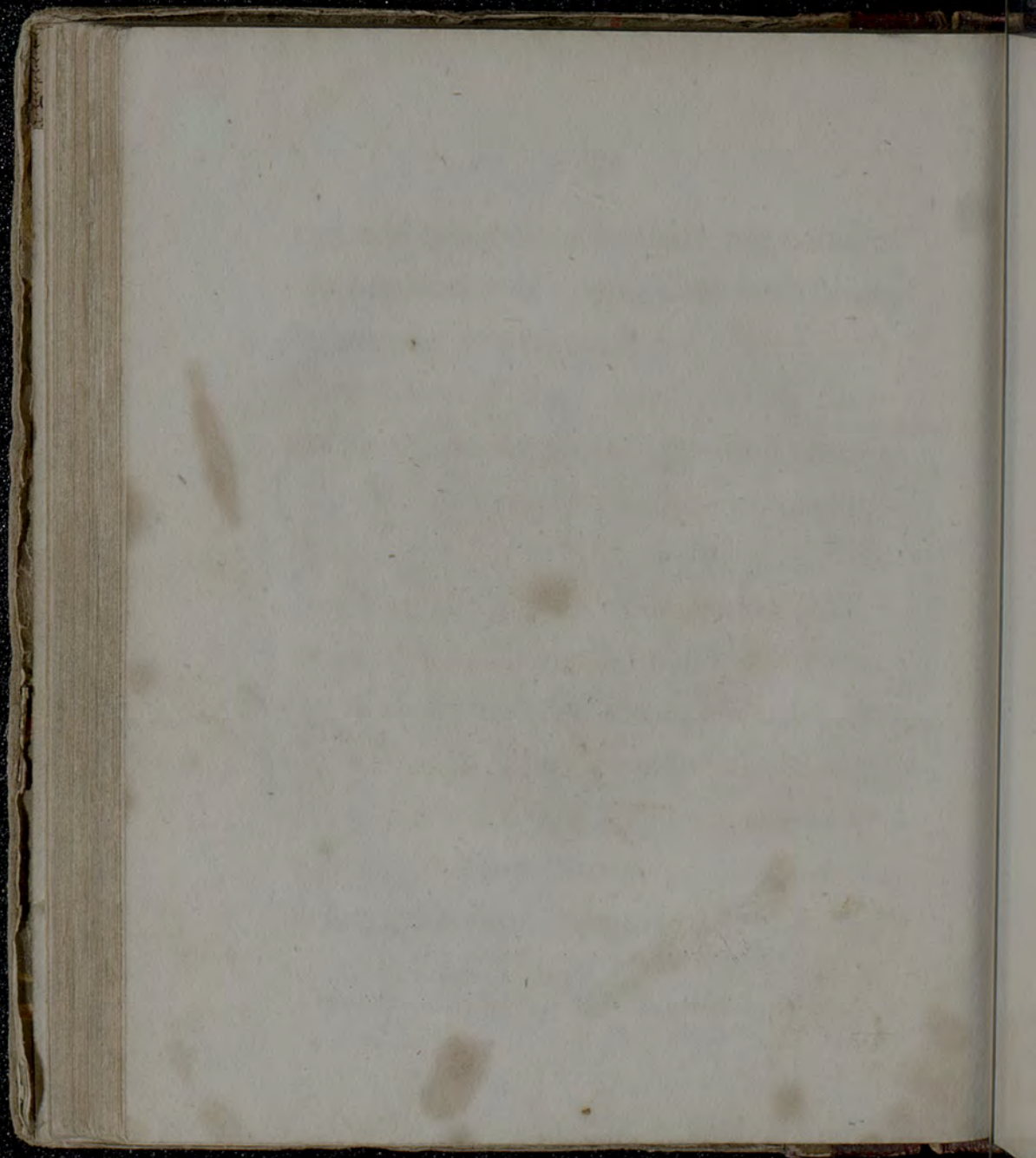
poor Alphonso, when his page called to him to be of good cheer and firmly grasp his spear.

Down they went a hundred fathoms, encircled by the world of waters, while around them swam the finny tribe. At length they reached the bottom, where the azure waves, gliding over their heads, formed the sky of these nether regions. Here they paused a short time, then, lowly bending, drew near a cave, from whence issued sounds of harmony



Nodot sc 38 Grand

*Alphonso and Florizel
approaching the Grot of the Sea nymph.*
see Page 74.



itself. At the sight of the knight and his elfin page, the seanymphs fled. But one, the chiefest, advanced with stately mien, and asked "what daring mortals they were thus to intrude upon her privacy?"

Alphonso then declared the particulars which led to their intrusion, and humbly craved permission to rest their weary limbs in some retired cave.

"Rest! sir knight," said the nymph.
"Thou must be highly favoured, or

ne'er couldst thou have reached this
sacred spot unhurt. I'll lead thee
to a cave where thou and thine elfin
page may rest. Thy steeds too shall
be carefully attended."

The knight gazed with astonish-
ment at the scene before him. The
cave was composed of coral rock,
but the roof was formed of bright
stalictites, forming the most beautiful
arch of richest fret work. The floor
was all inlaid with coloured marbles,
spars, precious stones, and amber,
while the seats and couches covered

with seaweed and the flossy silk
of the pinna marina invited them
to repose, to which the gentle undu-
lation of the distant waves lent its
lulling influence, and quickly steeped
their senses into sweet forgetfulness.

CHAP. VII.

How long they slept they knew not, but they were awakened by soft singing; and, hastily arising, they repaired to the grot of the nymph, to whom they paid their respects with lowly reverence.

A repast was placed before them, served up in shells of mother of pearl; and their drink was presented to them in conques. The fairest

nymphs attended, and the time passed in quiet and serene pleasure. At length the nymph requested to know the knight's adventures; and when he had detailed them to her, she congratulated him upon his good conduct, and advised him to persevere in the same praiseworthy manner. "Thy travels, sir knight," she added, "soon will end: one more trial awaits thee, and that is a severe one. Thy sister Rosabella is no longer with the good fairy Prudenza."

Alphonso, at hearing this intelligence, started from his seaweed seat, and grasping his spear, asked "where she was?"

"Be seated, sir knight," resumed the fairy, smiling, "she is not far from thee at this moment; but she no longer wears her own sweet form, although she still is beautiful. Coralla," continued the nymph, addressing one of her attendants, "fetch hither my favourite dolphin."

The elfin page referred to his tablets, and, with tears in his eyes, declared to Alphonso that this dolphin was the unfortunate Rosabella.

In an agony of tears the knight awaited the approach of the beautiful dolphin, which recognized him directly, and rolled over at his feet. Alphonso was motionless with astonishment, and listened with sensations of horror to the story of his sister's transformation.

When the wicked fairy Malevoglien-za found that Alphonso had escaped from the castle of Indolenza, and that the family of King Fortitudo were about to be reunited, as the fairy Prudenza had resolved upon taking up her abode in the palace at Fortezza, in order to educate the young princess, she resolved, if possible, to thwart this benevolent intention. She therefore disguised herself as one of the attendants of the good fairy; and one day when

Prudenza was asleep, she stole the beautiful child and bore it away. Having reached the seashore on her way to her own palace, she stopped her chariot; during which time she cruelly beat the little girl, who wept unceasingly at being torn from the arms of her kind protectress. The cries of the child reached the nymph of the grot, who rising from her native element "demanded the cause of Rosabella's tears?" Malevoglien-za, enraged at being thus questioned, seized the child, and hurling

her into the sea, exclaimed, "Be a dolphin till a more powerful fairy than I release thee!" The seanymp shrieked, and plunged in after Rosabella. Soon distinguishing the timid stranger from the rest of the finny tribe, she guided her to a neighbouring grotto, where apart from her fishy friends she lived in peace and solitude. "The wicked fairy is still in this neighbourhood," added the nymph, "and much I fear, Alphonso, she will impede thy exit from the world of waters. Rest yet awhile,

and I will give my dolphins charge over thy light bark, for thou must take a long and dangerous voyage ere thou canst reach the dwelling of the master of the deep. In his presence shall be dispelled the charm which binds thy sister. Thy faithful steeds shall in my keeping rest secure, whilst thou and thine elfin page dare the dangers of the deep."

CHAP. VIII.

POOR Alphonso was perfectly overwhelmed at the idea of leaving his sister in such a form; and he eagerly inquired when he might set off. "On the instant, if you wish it," was the reply of the seanymp; and preparations were immediately made for his departure. A small light boat made of osiers, pitched within and without, with one mast, and one sail made of woven seaweed, was seen to glide,

apparently self-moved, from behind a rock. At the bow of this boat was a sort of half deck, beneath which the attendant nymphs deposited a small stock of provision.

“Keep the middle of the stream,” said the nymph, “till you enter the great ocean, then this bark, self-guided, will steer towards Neptune’s court. But the following dangers await thee. Pleasure and Indolence are in league against thee. If deceived by appearances, thou dost

attempt to divert the vessel from its course, or allow thyself to be overtaken by the power of sleep, deeply wilt thou repent thy folly. Farewell, Alphonso;—farewell, Florizel.”

As the nymph concluded this speech she left them, and they were conducted by her attendants to a grotto, excavated in a huge rock, to which they ascended by artificial steps, and through which ran a gently flowing stream, into which the little boat was launched; and

Alphonso and Florizel having taken their seats, it instantly began to move. Two small lamps were placed at its head, which, reflecting against the sides of the grotto (that assumed the form of a long and arched passage), produced the most brilliant effect. Much did Alphonso long to grasp at some of the glittering spars; much did he wish to pluck some of the luxuriant aquatic plants which fringed the sides of this subterranean stream, but the fear of offending the nymph prevented him. Here no

bats flitted before them; no noisome vapours rose from the pure stream; no noxious reptiles crept along the sides of the crystal vault. All was perfectly unsullied by aught that could offend the sight or smell. Long did they pursue their delightful voyage. Soothed by the rippling of the gentle waves, and undisturbed by any other sound, they mused the hours away. At length they came to a place where the arch grew loftier; the stream widened, and their voices were echoed back from every side

of the rock. Their little bark moved faster, and they distinctly heard the lashing of mighty waves against the rock. A faint glimmering of daylight appeared in the distance like a tiny star; the two lamps gradually became extinct, and they were left in total darkness. Alphonso grasped his spear, when suddenly their attention was arrested by the following song:

Courage, gentle trusty knight,
Be true in love, be brave in fight:
The road is long, the way is drear,
But valiant knight should scorn at fear.

Ah! courage, gentle trusty knight,
Behold the daystar, soft and bright.
Thy faithful fairy guides thy bark;
I hear her voice—ah! listen! hark!

Here the voice ceased, when a sudden blaze of light illumined the cavern; and suspended over their heads, in brilliant panoply, stood the fairy Benevolenza, while rising from the stream appeared the seanymp, and by her side frolicked the beautiful dolphin.

Alphonso and Florizel rose from their seats amazed, and bowing low

to the fairy beings in silence, best expressed their gratitude for the high honour which had been thus conferred upon them.

“Be watchful, be wary and diligent,” said Benevolenza. “Remember the seanymp’s advice. Thou hast been warned. Oh, beware of presumption; beware of the allurements of pleasure; beware of yielding to the power of the drowsy God. Malevoglienza and Indolenza are still thy foes, and will not fail to

profit by every occasion which thine own misconduct may produce. Farewell, sir knight; farewell, thou elfin page. I repeat again, be watchful, be wary, and be diligent."

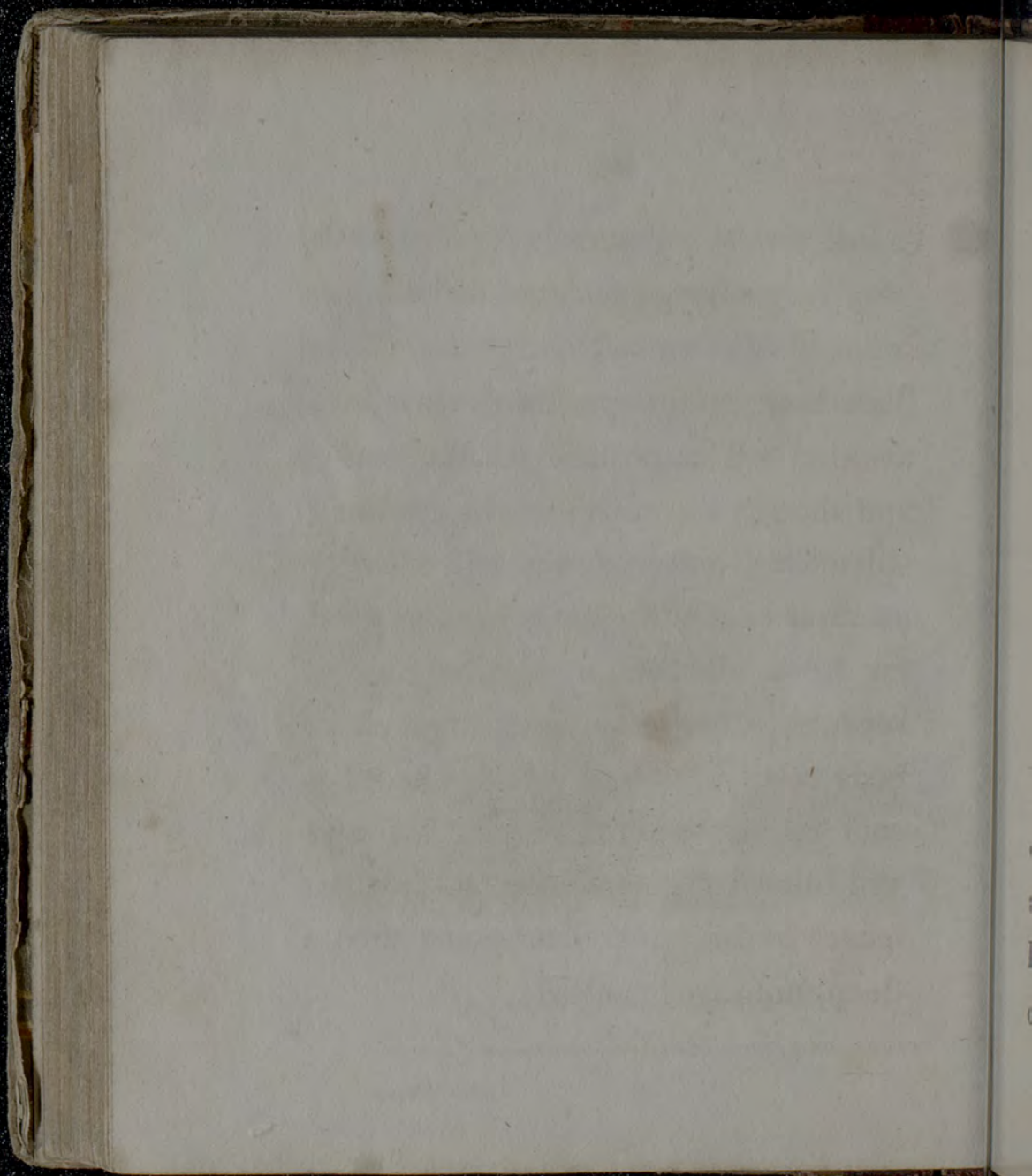
All was in an instant dark, and the boat advanced rapidly towards the mouth of the cave, and our voyagers were soon launched upon the bosom of the mighty deep.



Neel et J. G. Girard

*Alphonso and Florizel
emerging from the Subterranean Cavern.*

see Page 94.



CHAP. IX.

THE boat of the youthful travellers avoided all approach to the land; and though the sun shone in meridian splendour, and its rays fell intently on their heads, the little bark steered far from all shelter, through many verdant islets like emeralds set in beds of crystal, and which offered a cool retreat where weeping willows and other trees that love to dip their leaves in the translucent wave shed a deep umbrageous shade.

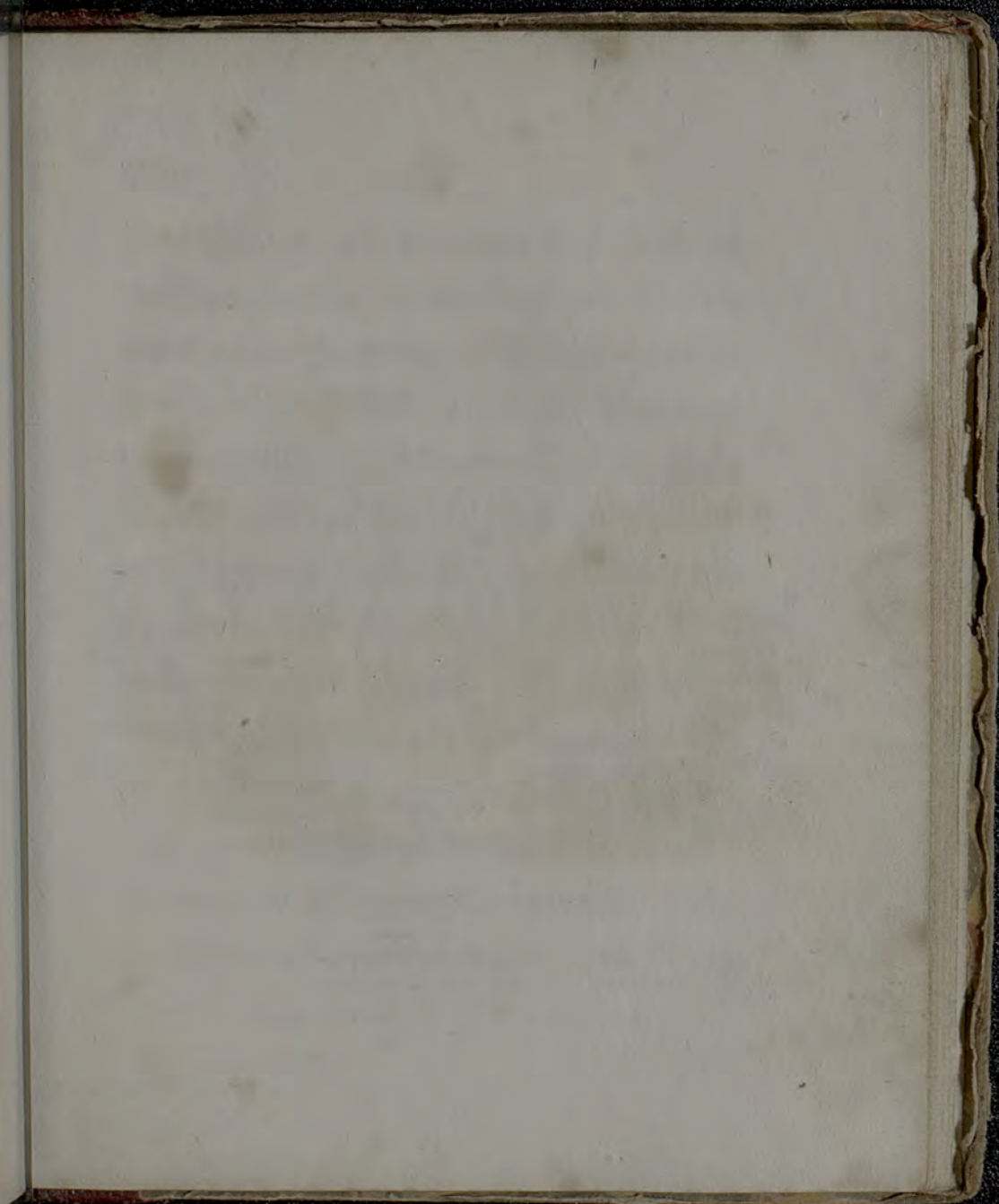
Long had Alphonso endured without a murmur the perpendicular rays of the brilliant orb of day; but the intense heat at length drew from him a fervent wish that he might be sheltered for a few short hours.

“Courage, sir knight,” exclaimed the page; “remember, be cautious, be diligent, be wary.”

At this moment they heard soft voices, and saw a group of knights and ladies reclining beneath shady alcoves in one of the neighbouring islets. The scene was delicious; and

Alphonso regretted that he was denied the pleasure of reposing his weary limbs beneath the refreshing groves. But the boat instinctively passed rapidly on, and as the evening approached a gentle breeze sprang up, which fanned their fainting limbs. Refreshed by the delicious coolness, the knight and his page congratulated each other on having escaped the dangerous allurements of pleasure, and resolved to be equally upon their guard against the attacks of sleep. But the drowsy god had

promised Indolenza he would subdue them; and notwithstanding their watchful efforts, their eyelids involuntarily closed; thus while both professed to be awake, they were both in danger of sinking into a state of total forgetfulness. They therefore resolved to watch and sleep alternately. The knight first stretched his limbs to rest; and the elfin page, knowing that all depended upon his own watchfulness, was doubly diligent to keep awake. Long time he combated the influence of that god,





Tales no 39. Girard.

Alphonso & Florizel wrecked.
see Page 99.

to which even Prudenza had yielded. At length his weary eyelids closed, his listless head sunk upon his shoulder. One fatal moment of sweet forgetfulness overcame him, from which he was aroused by the violent agitation of the little boat, which tossed to and fro was driven by opposing winds against the rocks, where it upset, and instantly disappeared, leaving the now luckless wights struggling with the boisterous waves for life and existence. The shriek of Florizel when roused from

his transitory slumbers had awakened poor Alphonso. Long he struggled with the foaming deep, but his strength failed him, his exhausted and weary limbs refused their office, and, but for the friendly care of Benevolenza, who still watched over him, he would have been left a prey to the monsters of the deep; at her command the seanymp, attended by the timid dolphin, bore him gently to the beach, cold and senseless. The elfin page, who was still struggling with the waves, seeing

his beloved master lifeless as he supposed, was, in despair, about to yield himself a prey to the devouring element, when the seanymp quitted his master approached the tiny squire.

“Frantic Florizel,” she cried, “live for thy master’s sake; for see, Malevoglienza descends, and unless thou canst reach the shore and attack ~~her~~ with the spear of the unhappy Alphonso, all is lost.”

Florizel seized the spear which the nymph presented to him, and

straining every nerve, he made for the shore with all possible speed; but before he reached it, the misshapen dwarf had raised the knight in his arms and placed him in the chariot with Malevoglienza. Shouts of laughter then burst upon the ears of the distracted page, and the dwarf, shrieking and laughing louder than before, pointed to the senseless knight with exultation and mounted the car, which soon vanished from the sight of Florizel, leaving him overwhelmed with grief and despair.

CHAP. X.

THE knight in the mean while was borne far away, and consigned to the charge of the dwarf, who took the form of the elfin page.

When Alphonso first roused from his trance, he looked with amazement around him. He was lying on a beautiful couch in a splendid apartment. His faithful spear and shield

were beside him, as he supposed. His armour, his robe, were unsullied, and of his late wreck not a trace remained. Himself was in no way weary, his limbs were not bruised, neither could he believe that he had been in such imminent peril. The appearance of his pretended page completed the enchantment. Him he embraced with transport, and invited him to be seated beside him.

Under the impression of perfect safety, the most dangerous of all situ-

ations, we shall quit the knight and return to the elfin page, whom we left on the shore in an agony of despair. The seanympth also remained in deep distress, not knowing how to advise poor Florizel to act. They were roused from their musings by the sound of Benevolenza's voice, which, gentle as it was, struck terror to the heart of poor Florizel.

“Unhappy page!” she exclaimed, “where is *the knight of the dove*? Where all the golden views which

on this morning's dawn cheered your heart? All vanished—all lost. Thy punishment is fixed, nor shalt thou see thy master in thine own light form until he who usurps it is fast bound in chains of iron. I pity thee, but cannot assist thee."

The dismay of poor Florizel may be imagined, as she proceeded; for ere she had concluded her speech, his nails assumed the appearance of birds' talons; his legs and arms lost their form; his robes fell from

him, and eagles' feathers began to usurp their place. A chill ran through all his frame as his transmogrification into a bird took place. But who can paint his dismay when, instead of the heavy sigh that rose from his heart, an eagle's scream was heard, which, shrill and piercing, startled even himself. The seanymphe drew her long floating hair over her face, and clasping her hands upon her bosom, sunk to her native realm, weeping as she went.

Poor Florizel remained motionless till she had completely disappeared; he then soared from the ground, and perching on the summit of a rock, looked around him with anxiety and grief at the dreary prospect before him. In one direction lay the sea, as far as eye could glance; and in the opposite one appeared a dreary range of interminable rocks.

He however bent his flight along the seashore, hoping to find some

termination to the desolate coast, or that he might discover a friendly stream by which he could direct his course towards a habitable part of the globe.

Till night he flew, then closed his weary wings and rested till the morn, when he resumed his flight, but took the opposite direction, bearing more inland. At length, after many days' flight, he came to a wood, which he soon recognised as that where Al-

phonso had been before surprised. Fearlessly he entered the enchanted ground, and perched on the highest tree. He had not sat there long, when he saw the knight advance, bound in long chains, and supinely leaning on the misshapen dwarf, whom he addressed and caressed as his elfin page. His looks were languid, and his face was pale and sickly; he talked of the next day's amusement, expressed the greatest pleasure and delight in his present

mode of life, and appeared to have lost all idea of encountering further peril.

Poor Florizel contemplated the piteous state of his master with feelings of indignation and pity. "Ah!" thought he, "and this misfortune originates in me. Oh! what shall I do to extricate him from his luckless state, more piteous and more dangerous far than if he lay chained in a dungeon's gloom?"

The page having mused thus, took his flight, and alighted just before Alphonso, who, a prey to indolence and pleasure, was terrified at the sight of the majestic bird, shrieked and sought shelter behind the dwarf, whom he still mistook for his page. Florizel advanced gently towards his master, and stooped his head before him; but when the dwarf came near he pecked him violently. The monster screamed with agony, and aimed a blow at the eagle, which

it avoided by soaring in the air; but again descending, he bowed his head, till at last the knight became a little familiarised to the noble bird, and ventured to stroke him, though the dwarf cautioned him from touching the *vicious animal*. Whenever the odious dwarf attempted to come near Florizel, he opened his large beak, and several times wounded him. This contest continued for some time, till the dwarf urged Alphonso to return home to the castle. But the eagle got between the knight

and his jailer, and gently driving Alphonso forward, and forcing back the dwarf at the same time, he had nearly got his beloved master out of the enchanted wood, when the appearance of another eagle disputed the ground with him. A fierce contest ensued between the two birds, while the dwarf, seizing the knight, hurried him back to the castle of Indolenza, and having just thrust him within the gates, he returned to the place of combat, bearing in his hand an iron chain. In the black eagle he recog-

nised his mistress. Who her antagonist was he could not devise, but he concluded she whom he considered as all powerful would subdue it; and he therefore brought the iron chain to confine and conduct the daring eagle to the dungeon keep.

He was, however, mistaken in his calculation, for Florizel so valiantly attacked his foe that in a short time she was quite disabled, and fell to the ground wounded and bleeding. She no sooner touched the earth than

she resumed her own form. The dwarf was now hastening for her chariot, when the triumphant eagle seized the iron chain, and rising from the ground he flew with it over the head of the misshapen imp, and wheeling round in the air, he at length pounced down upon the luckless wight, whom he completely entangled in his toils. In vain the dwarf struggled to extricate himself. Florizel held one end of the chain fast in his talons, while with his beak he further entwined his enemy in the

chain. Exhausted with the struggle, the dwarf sunk upon the ground, when, to the delight of the page, he felt himself fast resuming his native shape. In a transport of joy, he poured forth his thanks to the good fairy Benevolenza, then bound the unlucky dwarf to a tree, and hastened to the castle, where, he was refused admittance.

CHAP. XI.

FLORIZEL did not, however, despair ultimately of success; and having returned to the wood, he by threats extorted from the dwarf the means by which he was to gain admittance into the castle.

The dwarf was for a long time sulky, until at length the chastisement of the page compelled him to speak.

“Alphonso cannot be released unless you have his spear,” said the dwarf, sulkily, “and that is in the possession of the fairy Malevoglienza, who seized it when you aimed unsuccessfully at her by the seashore.”

“How is it to be acquired?” asked the page.

“By stratagem,” replied the dwarf, “and if you will unbind me, I will tell you more.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the page, “I need not your assistance; so long have I been denied the privilege of using my senses effectually, that I had forgotten the fairy’s tablets.”

Upon referring to this precious gift, he there found that he must again assume the form of decrepit age. “Most willingly!” ejaculated the page, and his form instantly assumed the feeble shape of a poor old man. To the castle he imme-

diately bent his steps, where he was admitted, after much entreaty, and given a night's lodging. The dreary aspect of the castle, and the lazy step of all the attendants bespoke the mistress whom they served. The domestics attached to Malevoglienza were of a more active cast and more suspicious; yet, by feigning much anxiety to see the two fairies, Florizel succeeded in being admitted to their presence. Here, by humble prostrations, he by degrees approached close to Malevoglienza, by whose

side rested the powerful spear; and while his eyes were fixed intently upon the fairy, he made a sudden spring and grasped the prize; he instantly resumed his shape, and brandishing aloft the never failing talisman he fled, driving the attendants all before him. With the lightning's speed he overran the different corridors of the extensive building, and at last forced open an apartment where Alphonso lay stretched in languid slumbers on his downy couch.

“Rise, rise, sir knight; rise, my master,” exclaimed the page, shaking Alphonso rather roughly, “rise, rise, and grasp thy spear, all will else be lost; fly quickly, fly this loathsome dwelling.”

Florizel forced the spear into his master's hand, who instantly became sensible to its effects. He started from his couch, seized his plummy helm, and followed Florizel without uttering a word. They soon reached the drawbridge; here, however, stood

Malevoglienza to prevent their exit; but the knight and his page plunged into the moat, and by each holding opposite ends of the spear soon reached dry land. In haste they fled, nor did they relax their speed till weary nature sunk them to the ground. Soon they fell asleep, and when they awoke the next morning they found themselves again in their little boat in the middle of the ocean.

Merrily did their bark glide on, and ere the close of the second day

they saw in the distance a splendid marine pageant. Still their little boat kept the straight course, till it faced the monarch of the deep, who, with his queen Amphitrite and all his finny court, was enjoying himself on the surface of the deep.

Alphonso and Florizel were overpowered at the idea of being in such august presence; but their fears were assuaged when rising from the bosom of the waves the seanymph stood beside them. Lowly she bent her

lovely head, and in a few words explained their errand and her own. The monarch smiled, but declared the deed beyond his power. "The lovely Rosabella," said Neptune, "must be released from the spell which binds her by the power of Benevolenza, who alone can counteract the machinations of the fairy Malevoglienza. Behold, she appears."

Scarcely had he concluded when a cloud of varying hues appeared like a small speck above them. Gra-

dually it descended, and disclosed the form of the benign fairy. Neptune himself bowed to her honoured presence, while Amphitrite rising from her seat welcomed the fairy with gracious smiles.

“Alphonso!” said Benevolenza, “thy task is done. Rosabella shall resume her shape when the nymph of the grot shall have conveyed her to our presence.”

The nymph plunged into the waves, but quickly rose again, and sporting

by her side was seen the beauteous
dolphin. Soon as she appeared Bene-
volenza waved her wand, and re-
peated the following lines :

The spell's unbound—the charm is o'er,
Resume thy lovely form once more;
Now thy golden tresses braid,
Sweet Rosabella, beauteous maid;
Now thy flowing robes entwine
Round that sylphic form of thine;
While rising from the briny deep,
We hail thee sweetest of the sweet.

The gentle Rosabella by degrees
resumed her natural form as the fairy
proceeded, and the king of the

dove, clasping her in his arms wept for joy. All parties rejoiced in the restoration of the little princess; and the knight received the congratulations of Neptune and Amphitrite; even the unwieldy tritons and the cold sea-nymphs gambled and frolicked round the little boat in order to express, that they too partook of the general happiness.

“There is,” said the fairy Benevolenza, “one deed of prowess more for the “knight of the dove” to at-

chieve. He and his elfin page must attack the castle of Indolenza, and then he will return to his father's palace, where his parents anxiously await his presence."

"Most willingly," replied the knight, "will I undertake this enterprise, praying that the benign being who has so often befriended me will not fail me in this my most important undertaking. I am impatient for the fight;—but where is my steed Orion?"

CHAP. XII.

BEFORE Alphonso could say more, he found himself on the shore, mounted on his barbed steed, with Florizel by his side. In high spirits they set off on their perilous undertaking, and arrived at sun-set within the precincts of the dwelling of the fairies Indolenza and Malevoglienza. Having refreshed themselves, the knight drew his vizor over his face, placed his shield upon

his arm, and grasping his spear, he commanded his page, who acted also in the quality of esquire, to sound the bugle at the gate, and summon the castle to surrender.

The dwarf appeared on the walls, but he had not forgotten his late disgrace, and at the sight of Florizel he instantly left the ramparts without making any reply. "Sound again," said the knight; and the page sounded till the welkin rung.

Still no one appeared. At length a knight was seen to issue from the portal, cross the drawbridge, and descend into the plain.

“Sir knight,” said Alphonso, “you pass no further—there is my gauntlet—no one shall go beyond the boundaries of the castle without my permission.” The eyes of the stranger knight flashed fire at this defiance; and, at this moment another knight issued from the castle, but of so languid an aspect, that the truth darted

upon the mind of the elfin page, and he whispered in the ear of his master, that the two knights were the fairies themselves; "Couch your spear, my master," he exclaimed; "quick, lest they escape."

Alphonso spurred on Orion; and, with one blow unhorsed the second knight who had appeared; then hastily turning round, he was compelled to use all his skill in defending himself from the more violent attack of Malevoglienza, who, enraged at the fall

of her companion, rushed with so much fury against the knight that he was unhorsed in an instant. At this critical moment he drew his sword, and as the fairy approached he called aloud, "Oh Benevolenza! leave me not a prey to this wicked being who has always been a foe to the human race."

"Thy prayer is heard," said Benevolenza, who suddenly appeared, clothed, not as before in long flowing robes of various hues, but armed cap

à pié advancing towards Malevoglien-
zenza, brandishing at the same time
a glittering spear, and exclaiming:

“Justice is but another name for
Benevolence; and in punishing the
crimes of Malevoglienzenza and Indo-
lenza, I am fulfilling the duties of my
station, and most essentially bene-
fitting mankind.”

As she raised her glittering spear
and shield, Malevoglienzenza, unable to
encounter the terrors of her coun-

tenance, shrunk abashed, while the crumbling towers and falling castle foretold her future fate. With a shriek of despair she gazed upon the ruin which surrounded her; then rushing towards the castle, which was enveloped in a flame, she was seen for a short time struggling with her fate. At length a tremendous peal of thunder was followed by a trembling of the ground. The terrors of the scene increased—the earth opened in several places—the castle sunk with a tremendous crash—and

while the knight and his elfin page stood almost senseless at the appalling scene, the clouds rolled gradually away, the thunder ceased, the bright god of day again shone transcendent forth; celestial odours breathed around, a chorus of voices was heard, while rising from the ruins of the castle of Indolenza, a building of exquisite beauty, burst on their astonished sight.

But how shall we express the delight of Alphonso when he saw For-

titudo, Sensitiva, and his sister Rosabella issue from its great gates, attended by all their court. In an instant he was clasped in the arms of his affectionate parents. After the first effusions of their joy were over, he introduced to their notice his elfin page, who was most graciously received. In the midst of the happy and rapid changes which were taking place round Alphonso, one, alas! was calculated to excite feelings of a most painful nature in the bosom of the youthful knight; for the fairy Benevolenza, approaching poor Florizel, addressed

him thus, waving her wand over him
at the same time:

“ Like rainbow tints, in gloomy sky,
That cheer the anxious gazer’s eye,

Thy little life has shone:

Alphonso’s steps thou hast beguiled,
Through many a dreary lonesome wild,

And ’neath the scorching sun.

Like rainbow tints, when storms are o’er,
That fade and die—are seen no more,

When smiles the azure sky:

So fade thy glories, beauteous page,
Alphonso’s joys—thy fate presage—

Thou, FLORIZEL, must DIE!”

“ Farewell, my master!” exclaimed
Florizel, “farewell! my life has been
devoted to thy service, and now that

my assistance is no longer necessary, my existence ends—farewell! farewell!” The last words were scarcely audible, for his light form gradually became thin and transparent, till at last it assumed the appearance of “air, thin air;” and the same fleecy cloud with its azure tints which had first disclosed him, soon veiled him completely from the eyes of his beloved master, towards whom his arms were fondly stretched while the slightest trace of his shadowy form remained.

The knight shed a tear to the memory of his affectionate page, but the actual blessings he still retained forbade any improper display of violent grief upon the occasion, yet he ever retained the most affectionate remembrance for the memory of his elfin page, and the anniversary of his disappearance was always set apart by Alphonso as a day sacred to grateful recollections.

Benevolenza and Prudenza took up their abode in the palace of For-

titudo, and the little princess Rosabella, under their watchful eye, became one of the most prudent and most amiable princesses in the world. Alphonso, in the course of time, was declared a greater man than his father, and married a princess whom Prudentia fetched for him from a far distant country.

Once every year they repaired to the seashore in order to pay their respects to the sea-nymph to whom they were so much indebted, nor was

the cot where dwelt Contento and Patienza forgotten.

In the exercise of every virtue did Alphonso pass a long and exemplary life, and when he died his children succeeded to his kingdom, and reigned with honour over a happy people.

FINIS.

