

"indulgent ease" reigns supreme. Not without wisdom are his words, so skillfully strung together.

"What," he sings, "What is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform?"

And surely there is reason in what he says—

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
But sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untiring may obtain."

And so the tired traveller's ear is turned to catch the seductive strains, his fancy is taken, and he yields to the alluring influence of the enchanter's tale. The persuasive argument, the "siren melody" have done their work. Perchance there is one wise enough to perceive a hook beneath the tempting bait, and he is moving on, though reluctantly and with a backward glance, when the wizard springs to lay his hand upon him, and straightway he falls captive to the magic touch.

Within the domain of Indolence is repose personified. There are wooded hills and sunny vales, shady groves, and velvet lawns, loveliest flowers and silvery streams. A spirit of calm pervades the whole landscape.

Amid the dimmest shade stands the castle. The interior is the abode of luxury and elegance. There is a breath of languor in the air, soft couches invite reclining, tables laden with rich fruits, rare wines, arouse the appetite, while entrancing music floats on every breeze. The doors know "no shrill alarming bell," but what sounds there are, induce rather than repel sleep. Rest and repose reign on every hand. The inmates wander at will thro' hall or glade, lounge around the fountain, or trace the legend woven within the costly tapestry. Their only labor is to kill the time. Every sense is steeped in the most luxurious, but unreal and enervating delights.

The days pass and at last the evil influences of a life of lazy leisure begin to take effect. The inevitable results of living in such a "soul-deadening" place become apparent in various forms of disease, the loss of powers unused, the complete surrender of manly strength. Idleness works its perfect work of ruin. The victims of Indolence find themselves hopeless captives, bound down by the iron chains of self-indulgence. Upon such a scene falls the curtain of the first canto.

At the opening of the second canto, is introduced the rescuing Knight. The Knight of Arts and Industry arises