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W. L. Sheppard

THE
ORLANDO FURIOSO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO
//

WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

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THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLIII

ARGUMENT.

*Rinaldo from his courteous landlord hears
What folly had destroyed his every good;
Next learns another story, as he steers
Towards Ravenna with the falling flood:
Then last arrives where, conqueror o'er his foes
Orlando was, but in no joyful mood.
He, that the Child a Christian made whilere,
Christens Sobrino, and heals Olivier.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLIII.

I.

O EXECRABLE avarice! O vile thirst
Of sordid gold! it doth not me astound
So easily thou seizest soul, immersed
In baseness, or with other taint unsound;
But that thy chain should bind, amid the worst,
And that thy talon should strike down and wound
One that for loftiness of mind would be
Worthy all praise, if he avoided thee.

II.

Some earth and sea and heaven above us square,
Know Nature's causes, works, and properties;
What her beginnings, what her endings are;
And soar till Heaven is open to their eyes:
Yet have no steadier aim, no better care,
Stung by thy venom, than, in sordid wise,
To gather treasure: such their single scope,
Their every comfort, and their every hope.

III.

Armies by him are broken in his pride,
And gates of warlike towns in triumph past:
The foremost he to breast the furious tide
Of fearful battle; to retire the last;
Yet cannot save himself from being stied
Till death, in thy dark dungeon prisoned fast.
Of others that would shine thou dimm'st the praise;
Whom other studies, other arts would raise.

IV.

What shall of high and beauteous dames be said?
Who (from their lovers' worth and charms secure)
Against long service, I behold, more staid,
More motionless, than marble shafts, endure:
Then Avarice comes, who so her spells hath laid,
I see them stoop directly to her lure.
—Who could believe?—unloving, in a day
They fall some elder's, fall some monster's prey.

V.

Not without reason here I raise this cry:
—Read me who can, I read myself—nor so
I from the beaten pathway tread awry,
Nor thus the matter of my song forego.
Not more to what is shown do I apply
My saying, than to what I have to show.
But now return we to the paladine,
Who was about to taste the enchanted wine.

VI.

Fain would he think awhile, of whom I speak,
(As said) ere to his lips the vase he bore ;
He thought ; then thus : “ When finding what we seek
“ Displeases, this ’tis folly to explore.
“ My wife’s a woman ; every woman’s weak.
“ Then let me hold the faith I held before.
“ Faith still has brought, and yet contentment brings.
“ From proof itself what better profit springs?

VII.

“ From this small good, much evil I foresee:
“ For tempting God moves sometimes his disdain.
“ I know not if it wise or foolish be,
“ But to know more than needs, I am not fain.
“ Now put away the enchanted cup from me ;
“ I neither will, nor would, the goblet drain ;
“ Which is with Heaven’s command as much at strife,
“ As Adam’s deed who robbed the tree of life.

VIII.

“ For as our sire who tasted of that tree,
“ And God’s own word, by eating, disobeyed,
“ Fell into sorrow from felicity,
“ And was by misery evermore o’erlaid ;
“ The husband so, that all would know and see ;
“ Whatever by his wife is done and said ;
“ Passes from happiness to grief and pain,
“ Nor ever can uplift his head again.”

IX.

Meanwhile the good Rinaldo saying so,
And pushing from himself the cup abhorred,
Beheld of tears a plenteous fountain flow
From the full eyes of that fair mansion's lord;
Who cried, now having somewhat calmed his woe,
" Accursed be he, persuaded by whose word,
" Alas ! I of the fortune made assay,
" Whereby my cherished wife was reft away !

X.

" Wherefore ten years ago wast thou not known,
" So that I counselled might have been of thee ?
" Before the sorrows and the grief begun,
" That have nigh quenched my eyes ; but raised shall be
" The curtain from the scene, that thou upon
" My pain mayst look, and mayst lament with me ;
" And I to thee of mine unheard-of woe
" The argument and very head will show.

XI.

" Above, was left a neighbouring city, pent
" Within a limpid stream that forms a lake ;
" Which widens, and wherein Po finds a vent.
" Their way the waters from Benacus take.
" Built was the city, when to ruin went
" Walls founded by the Agenorean snake ¹.
" Here me of gentle line my mother bore,
" But of small means, in humble home and poor.

XII.

- “ If Fortune’s care I was not, who denied
“ To me upon my birth a wealthy boon,
“ Nature that want with graceful form supplied;
“ So that in beauty rival had I none.
“ Enamoured of me in youth’s early tide
“ Erewhile was dame and damsel more than one:
“ For I with beauty coupled winning ways;
“ Though it becomes not man himself to praise.

XIII.

- “ A sage within our city dwelled, a wight,
“ Beyond belief, in every science great;
“ Who, when he closed his eyes on Phœbus’ light,
“ Numbered one hundred years, one score and eight:
“ A savage life he led and out of sight,
“ Until impelled by love, the senior late
“ By dint of gifts obtained a matron fair,
“ Who secretly to him a daughter bare;

XIV.

- “ And to prevent the child from being won,
“ As was erewhile the mother, that for gain
“ Bartered her chastity, whose worth alone
“ Excels what gold earth’s ample veins contain,
“ With her he from the ways of man is gone,
“ And where he spies the loneliest place, his train
“ Of demons forces, in enchantment skilled,
“ This dome so spacious, fair, and rich, to build.

XV.

- “ By ancient and chaste dames he there made rear
“ This daughter, that in sovereign beauty grew;
“ Nor suffered her to see or even hear
“ A man beside himself; and, for her view,
“ —Lest lights should lack, whereby her course to
steer—
“ The senior every modest lady, who
“ E’er on unlawful love the barrier shut,
“ Made limn in picture, or in sculpture cut.

XVI.

- “ Nor he alone those virtuous dames, who, sage
“ And chaste, had so adorned antiquity,
“ Whose fame, preserved by the historic page,
“ Is never doomed its dying day to see;
“ But those as well that will in future age
“ Everywhere beautify fair Italy,
“ Made fashion in their well-known form and mien;
“ As eight that round this fount by thee are seen.

XVII.

- “ What time the damsel ripe for husband shows,
“ So that the fruit may now be gathered, I
“ (Did chance or my misfortune so dispose?)
“ Am worthiest found; and those broad lands that lie
“ Without the walls which that fair town enclose,
“ —The fishy flat no less than upland dry—
“ Extending twenty miles about that water,
“ He gives me for a dowry, with his daughter.

XVIII.

- “ She was so mannered, was so fair of hue,
“ None could desire she other gifts should bring;
“ So well to broider was she taught, and sew,
“ Minerva knew not better; did she sing,
“ Or play, or walk, to those that hear and view,
“ She seems a heavenly, and no mortal thing;
“ And in the liberal arts was skilled as well
“ As her own sire, or scarce behind him fell.

XIX.

- “ With genius high and beauty no less bright,
“ Which might have served the very stones to move,
“ Such love, such sweetness did the maid unite,
“ Thinking thereof meseems my heart is clove.
“ She had no greater pleasure or delight
“ Than being with me, did I rest or rove.
“ ’Twas long ere we had any strife; in fine
“ We quarrelled; and the fault, alas! was mine.

XX.

- “ Five years my consort’s father had been dead,
“ Since to the yoke I stooped, and pledged my vow;
“ When in short time (the manner shall be said)
“ Began the sorrows that I feel even now.
“ While me with all his pinions overspread
“ Love of the dame, whose praises thus I blow,
“ A noble townswoman with love of me
“ Was smit; more sorely smitten none could be.

XXI.

- “ She, in all magic versed, was of such skill
“ As never was enchantress ; by her say
“ Moved solid earth, and made the sun stand still,
“ Illumined gloomy night and darkened day :
“ Yet never could she work upon my will,
“ The anguish of her amorous wound to allay ?
“ With salve I could not give, except with scathe
“ Of her to whom erewhile I pledged my faith.

XXII.

- “ Not because she right gentle was and bright,
“ Nor because I believed her love so true,
“ Nor for large gift, nor promise often plight,
“ Nor yet because she never ceased to sue,
“ Could she from me obtain one spark of light
“ From that first flame my gentle consort blew :
“ So mates and masters every will in me
“ The knowledge of my wife’s fidelity.

XXIII.

- “ I in the hope, belief, and certitude
“ My wife to me was faithful evermore,
“ Should with contempt the beauty have eschewed
“ Of that famed daughter which fair Leda bore ;
“ And all the wit and wealth, wherewith was wooed
“ The illustrious shepherd upon Ida hoar.
“ But no repulse withal with her avails,
“ Who me, for ever at my side, assails.

XXIV.

- “ One day that me beyond my palace sees
“ That weird enchantress, who Melissa hight,
“ And where she can discourse with me at ease,
“ She finds a way whereby my peace to blight ;
“ And, goading me with evil jealousies,
“ The faith I nursed at heart, she puts to flight.
“ She ’gan commending my intent to be
“ Faithful to her who faithful was to me.

XXV.

- ‘ But that she faithful is, ye cannot say,
‘ Save of her faith ye have assurance true ;
‘ If she fails not withal, where fail she may,
‘ She faithful, modest may be deemed by you :
‘ But is she never from your side away,
‘ Is not permitted other man to view,
‘ How does this boldness come, that you would be
‘ The warrant of her untried modesty?

XXVI.

- ‘ Go forth awhile ; go forth from home alone ;
‘ And be the bruit in town and village spread
‘ That she remains behind, and you are gone ;
‘ Let lovers and let couriers have their head :
‘ If, unpersuaded still by prayer and boon,
‘ She does no outrage to the marriage bed ;
‘ Though doing so she deem herself unseen,
‘ Then faithful you the dame may justly ween.’

XXVII.

- “ I with such words and such-like words was plied,
“ Till so on me the shrewd enchantress wrought,
“ I wished to see my consort’s virtue tried
“ By certain proof, and to the touchstone brought.
— ‘ Now grant we (I to that witch-lady cried)
‘ She prove what cannot by myself be thought,
‘ How by some certain token can I read
‘ If she will merit punishment or need ?’

XXVIII.

- ‘ A drinking-cup will I for that assay
‘ Give you (she said) of virtue strange and rare :
‘ Such was for Arthur made by Morgue the fay³,
‘ To make him of Genevra’s fault aware.
‘ The chaste wife’s lord thereof may drink ; but they
‘ Drink not, whose wedded partners wanton are :
‘ For, when they would the cordial beverage sup,
‘ Into their bosom overflows the cup.

XXIX.

- ‘ Before departing, you the test shall try,
‘ And, to my thinking, now shall you drink clean ;
‘ For clean as yet I think your consort, I :
‘ The event however shall by you be seen.
‘ Yet will I warrant not your bosom dry,
‘ Should you repeat the proof ; for if, between
‘ The cup and lip, the liquor be not shed,
‘ You are the happiest wight that ever wed.’

XXX.

“ The offer I accept, the vase to me
“ Is given, and trial made with full success ;
“ For hitherto (as hoped) confirmed I see
“ My gentle consort’s worth and faithfulness.
‘ Leave her awhile (Melissa said), and be
‘ A month or twain a truant, more or less :
‘ Then homeward wend ; again the goblet fill ;
‘ And prove if you the beverage drink or spill.’

XXXI.

“ I thought it hard to leave my consort’s side ;
“ Not as so much about her truth in pain,
“ As that I could not for two days abide,
“ Nay, not an hour without her could remain.
‘ —You in another way (Melissa cried)
‘ Guided by me, the truth shall ascertain ;
‘ Voice, vesture shall you change ; and to her sight
‘ Present yourself, disguised like other wight.’

XXXII.

“ Sir, a fair city nigh at hand, defends
“ Twixt fierce and threatening horns the foaming Po ;
“ Whose jurisdiction to the shore extends,
“ Where the sea’s briny waters come and go :
“ This yields in ancientry, but well contends
“ With neighbouring towns in rich and gorgeous show :
“ A Trojan remnant its foundations placed,
“ Which scaped from Attila’s destructive waste⁴.

XXXIII.

- “ A rich, a youthful, and a handsome knight
“ Bridles this city with his sovereign sway;
“ Who, following a lost falcon in its flight,
“ Entering by chance my dwelling on a day,
“ Beheld my wife, who pleased him so at sight,
“ He bore her impress in his heart away;
“ Nor ceased to practise on her, with intent
“ To incline the matron to his evil bent.

XXXIV.

- “ So often she repels the cavalier
“ That finally his courtship is foregone;
“ But her fair image graved by Love will ne’er
“ Be razed from memory; me Melissa won
“ (So well she soothed and flattered) of that peer
“ The face and figure to the sight to don;
“ And changed me—nor well how can I declare—
“ In voice and visage and in eyes and hair.

XXXV.

- “ I, having to my lady made a show
“ As eastward bound and gone,—like him that wooed,
“ Her rich and youthful lover, altered so,
“ His semblance, walk, voice, vest in me are viewed,
“ Homeward, attended by Melissa, go,
“ Into a page upon her side transmewed;
“ Who the most costly jewels with her bore
“ E’er brought from Ind, or Erithræan shore.

XXXVI.

- “ I enter safely, that my palace knew,
“ And with me wends Melissa ; and there I
“ So wholly at her ease Madonna view,
“ No woman or attendant squire is by.
“ To her with suppliant prayer forthwith I sue,
“ And next those goads to evil deed apply ;
“ Show emerald, ruby, diamond, that might serve
“ To make the firmest heart from honour swerve ;

XXXVII.

- “ And I declare to her the gift is small
“ To that, which she may hope to make her own ;
“ Then of the vantage speak, that from his hall
“ Her husband at the present time is gone ;
“ And I how long it was to her recall,
“ Since, as she knew, to her my love was shown ;
“ And that my loving with such faith, in the end
“ Might worthily to some reward pretend.

XXXVIII.

- “ At first she was somedeal disturbed ; became
“ Like scarlet ; nor would listen to my say ;
“ But seeing those bright jewels flash like flame,
“ Her stubborn heart was softened, and gave way ;
“ And in brief speech and feeble said the dame
“ What to remember takes my life away :
“ She with my wishes, said, she would comply,
“ If sure to be unseen of watchful eye.’

XXXIX.

- “ Me my wife’s words like poisoned weapon thrill,
“ And pierce my suffering spirit through and through:
“ Through bones and veins there went a deadly chill;
“ My tongue clave to my throat⁵: The witch withdrew
“ With that the magic mantle, and at will
“ Transformed me to mine ancient shape anew.
“ —Bethink thee of what hue my wife became,
“ Taken by me in such notorious shame!

XL.

- “ Of deadly hue we both of us remain ;
“ We both stand silent; both with downcast eye.
“ So feeble is my tongue, that I with pain,
“ So faint my voice, that I with pain can cry;
“ Thou wouldst betray me then, O wife, for gain,
“ If there was one that would my honour buy !
“ She nought replies ; nor save by tears she speaks,
“ Which furrow, as they fall, her woeful cheeks.

XLI.

- “ Shame stings her sore, but yet in sorer wise
“ Wrath at the outrage I to her had done;
“ And so without restraint it multiplies,
“ And into rage and cruel hate is run,
“ To fly from me forthwith does she devise ;
“ And, what time from his car dismounts the sun,
“ Runs to the shore, aboard her pinnace wends,
“ And all that night the stream in haste descends ;

XLII.

- “ And she at morn presents herself before
“ Him that had loved her once, the cavalier,
“ Whose semblance and whose borrowed face I wore
“ When, to my shame, I tempted her whilere.
“ To him that loved, and loves her evermore,
“ Her coming, it may be believed, is dear.
“ From thence she bade me never entertain
“ The hope she 'd love me or be mine again.

XLIII.

- “ Alas! with him she dwells in mickle glee
“ Even from that day, and makes of me a jest;
“ And of that evil which I brought on me
“ I languish yet, and find no place of rest.
“ Justly this growing ill my death will be,
“ Of little remnant now of life possess.
“ I well believe I in a year had died,
“ But that a single comfort aid supplied.

XLIV.

- “ That comfort was; of all which harboured were
“ Here for ten years (for still to every guest
“ Beneath my roof I bade the vessel bear)
“ Was none but with the wine had bathed his breast.
“ To have so many comrades in my care,
“ Some little soothes the griefs that so molest.
“ Thou only of so many hast been wise,
“ Who wouldst forbear the perilous emprise.

XLV.

“ My wish, o’erpassing every fitting bound,
“ To know what husband of his wife should know,
“ Is cause, by me no quiet will be found,
“ Whether my death be speedy or be slow.
“ Thereat at first Melissa joys; but drowned
“ Forthwith is her light mirth; for of my woe
“ Esteeming her the cause, that dame so sore
“ I hated, I would not behold her more.

XLVI.

“ Impatient to be treated with disdain
“ By me,—of her more loved than life, she said—
“ Where she forthwith as mistress to remain
“ Had hoped, when thence the other was conveyed,
“ —Not to behold such present cause of pain,
“ Her own departure little she delayed;
“ And went so far away, no further word
“ By me was ever of that woman heard.”

XLVII.

His tale the mournful cavalier so taught;
And when he now had closed his history,
With pity touched, sometime immersed in thought
Rinaldo mused, and after made reply:
“ Right ill advice to thee Melissa brought,
“ Who moved thee thus to anger wasps; and I
“ Perceive in thee small wisdom, that wouldst sound
“ A thing which thou wouldst gladly not have found.

XLVIII.

“ If she, thy wife, by avarice was inclined
“ To break her faith and be to thee untrue,
“ Muse not : nor first nor last of womankind,
“ She, worsted, from such cruel war withdrew ;
“ And by a meaner bribe yet firmer mind
“ Is even tempted fouler deed to do.
“ Of men, of how many we hear, that sold
“ Their patrons and their friends for sordid gold ?

XLIX.

“ With such fierce arms thou ill didst her assail,
“ If to behold a brave defence thou sought.
“ Knowst thou not, against gold of no avail
“ Is stone, or steel to hardest temper wrought ?
“ Meseems that thou in tempting her didst fail
“ More than herself, that was so quickly caught.
“ I know not, had she tempted thee as much,
“ If thou, thyself, hadst better stood the touch.”

L.

Here ends Rinaldo, and—the parley done—
Rises and to his rest desires to go:
‘ Awhile will he repose ; and then be gone,
‘ An hour or two before the daylight show.’
But little time has Aymon’s warlike son ;
Nor idly will that little time bestow.
To him the mansion’s master made reply,
‘ He in his house might at his pleasure lie.

LI.

‘ For bed and bower, within, were ready dight;
‘ But—would he take his counsel for his guide—
‘ In comfort might he sleep throughout the night,
‘ And yet advance some miles; “ For thou,” he cried,
“ Shalt have a pinnace, that with rapid flight
“ And without risque shall with the current glide.
“ Therein shalt thou all night pursue thy way,
“ And on thy journey gain withal a day.”

LII.

Good seemed that proffer in Rinaldo’s eyes,
And to the courteous host large thanks he paid;
Then for the pinnace which that lord supplies,
That waits him with her crew, the warrior made.
Here, at full ease reclined, Rinaldo lies,
While with the stream his frigate is conveyed;
Which, by six oars impelled, flies fast and fair,
And cleaves the water, as a bird the air.

LIII.

As soon as he reclines his weary head,
Asleep is Mount Albano’s cavalier;
Having erewhile ‘ that they shall wake him,’ said,
‘ As soon as they Ferrara’s city near.’
Melara lies left of that river’s bed,
Sermide to the right; they in their rear
Next leave Stellata and Figarolo;
Where his two horns are lowered by angry Po.

LIV.

Of those two horns *that* which t'ward Venice goes
Rinaldo's pilot left, and took the right;
Then the Bodeno past. Already shows
Faintly the eastern blue, and fades from sight;
For now Aurora from her basket throws
All her rich flowers, and paints it red and white;
When viewing the two castles of Tealdo,
Again his head uplifts the good Rinaldo.

LV.

“ O happy town ! whereof ” (the warrior cried)
“ Spake Malagigi, having, far and near,
“ The fixt and wandering fires of heaven espied,
“ And forced some subject spirit to appear,
“ To me foretelling that in future tide,
“ —What time with him I took this way whilere—
“ Even to such pitch thy glorious fame should rise,
“ Thou from all Italy wouldst bear the prize.”

LVI.

So saying, in his barge he all this while
Hurries, as if the bark with pinions flew,
Scowering the king of rivers, to that isle
Nearest the town⁶; and, though it not to view
(Deserted and neglected then) doth smile,
This yet rejoices to behold anew;
Nor makes small mirth thereat; because aware
Hereafter how adorned 'twill be and fair.

LVII.

Before when he with him that way had gone,
From Malagigi, his cousin, did he hear
That when seven hundred times his course had run,
Circling the heaven in Aries, the fourth sphere⁷,
Of islands this should be the fairest one
In sea, or pool, or river, far and near,
So that who this beheld, would brook no more
To hear *that* praised which fair Nausicæa bore⁸.

LVIII.

He heard, ' it in fair mansions would outdo
' That island which Tiberius held so dear;
' And trees that in Hesperian gardens grew
' Would yield to what this beauteous place should bear;
' —So rare its race of beasts—no fairer shew
' Herded or housed erewhile by Circe were⁹;
' Venus with Loves and Graces there should sport,
' Nor more in Gnide and Cyprus keep her court;

LIX.

' And so would flourish through his study and care,
' Who will with knowledge and with power should blend;
' And who so safely should that bright repair
' With circling wall and sheltering dyke defend,
' The united world's assault it well might dare,
' Nor call on foreign power its aid to lend;
' And that Duke Hereules' sire and Hereules' son¹⁰
' Was he by whom this marvel should be done.'

LX.

So wends the warrior summing in his mind
What erst to him had told his cousin wise;
What time the sage of future things divined,
Whereof with him he often wont devise;
And aye contemplating that city blind,
“How can it ever be,” Rinaldo cries,
“That in all liberal and all worthy arts
“Shall flourish so these waste and watery parts?”

LXI.

“And that to city of such amplitude
“And beauty such a petty burgh should grow,
“And where but marsh and miry pool is viewed,
“Henceforth should full and fruitful harvests glow?
“Even now I rise, to hail the gentle blood,
“The love, the courtesy thy lords shall show,
“O thou fair city, in succeeding years;
“Thy burghers’ honours and thy cavaliers’.

LXII.

“The grace ineffable of powers above,
“Thy princes’ wisdom, and their love of right,
“Shall with perpetual peace, perpetual love
“Preserve thee in abundance and delight;
“And a defence from all the fury prove
“Of such as hate thee; and unmask their spite.
“Be thy content thy neighbours’ wide annoy,
“Rather than thou shouldst envy other’s joy!”

LXIII.

While thus Rinaldo speaks, so swiftly borne
By the quick current flies that nimble yawl;
Not to the lure more swiftly makes return
The falcon, hurrying at his lord's recall.
Thenceforth the right-hand branch of the right horn
Rinaldo takes; and hid are roof and wall:
St. George recedes; recede from that swift boat
The turrets OF GAIBANA and OF THE MOAT.

LXIV.

Montalban's martial lord (as it befell,
That thought moved thought, which others moved
again)
In memory chances on the knight to dwell,
That him at supper late did entertain;
That, through this city's cause, the truth to tell,
Hath reason evermore to be in pain;
And of the magic vessel him bethinks
Which shows his consort's guilt to him that drinks;

LXV.

And him bethinks therewith of what the knight
Related; how of all that he had tried,
Who of his goblet drank, there was no wight
But spilt the wine he to his lips would guide.
Now he repents him; now, "'Tis my delight,"
(Mutters) "that I the proof would not abide:
" Succeeding I should prove but what I thought;
" And not succeeding, to what pass am brought!

LXVI.

“ This my belief I deem a certainty ;
“ And faith could have but small increase in me :
“ So, if I this should by the touchstone try,
“ My present good would little bettered be :
“ But small the evil would not prove, if I
“ Saw of my Clarice what I would not see.
“ This were a thousand against one to stake ;
“ To hazard much where I could nothing take.”

LXVII.

The knight of Clermont buried in this mood,
Who lifted not his visage from the floor,
A mariner with much attention viewed,
That overright was seated at his oar ;
And, for he deemed he fully understood
The thought that prest the cavalier so sore,
Made him (well-spoken was the man and bold)
Wake from his muse, some talk with him to hold.

LXVIII.

The substance of the talk between the two
Was, ‘ that the husband little wit possest,
‘ Who, wishing to assay if she was true,
‘ Had tried his wife by too severe a test :
‘ For woman, proof to gold and silver, who,
‘ Armed but with modesty, defends her breast,
‘ This from a thousand faulchions will defend
‘ More surely, and through burning fires will wend.’

LXIX.

The mariner subjoined ; " Thou saidest well ;

" With gifts so rich he should not her have prest ;

" For, these assaults, these charges, to repel,

" Not good alike is every human breast.

" I know not if of wife thou hast heard tell

" (For haply not with us the tale may rest)

" That in the very sin her husband spied,

" For which she by his sentence should have died.

LXX.

" My lord should have remembered, gold and meed

" Have upon every hardest matter wrought :

" But he forgot this truth in time of need ;

" And so upon his head this ruin brought.

" Ah! would that he in proof, like me, a deed

" Done in this neighbouring city had been taught,

" His country and mine own ; which lake and fen,

" Brimming with Mincius' prisoned waters, pen.

LXXI.

" I of Adonio speak, that in a hound

" A treasure on the judge's wife conferred."

" Thereof," replied the paladin, " the sound

" Hath not o'erpast the Alps ; for never word

" Of this in neighbouring France, nor in my round

" Through far and foreign countries have I heard :

" So tell, if telling irks not," said the peer,

" What willingly I bown myself to hear."

LXXII.

The boatman then ; “ Erewhile was of this town
“ One Anselm, that of worthy lineage came ;
“ A wight that spent his youth in flowing gown,
“ Studying his Ulpian¹¹: he of honest fame,
“ Beauty, and state assorting with his own,
“ A consort sought, and one of noble name :
“ Nor vainly ; in a neighbouring city, crowned
“ With superhuman beauty, one he found.

LXXIII.

“ She such fair manners and so graceful shows,
“ She seems all love and beauty ; and much more
“ Perchance than maketh for her lord’s repose ;
“ Than well befits the reverend charge he bore.
“ He, wedded, strait in jealousy outgoes
“ All jealous men that ever were before :
“ Yet she affords not other cause for care
“ But that she is too witty and too fair.

LXXIV.

“ In the same city dwelt a cavalier,
“ Numbered that old and honoured race among,
“ Sprung from the haughty lineage, which whilere
“ Out of the jaw-bone of a serpent sprung :
“ Whence Manto¹², doomed my native walls to rear,
“ Descended, and with her a kindred throng.
“ The cavalier (Adonio was he named)
“ Was with the beauties of the dame inflamed ;

LXXV.

- “ And for the furtherance of his amorous quest,
“ To grace himself, began his wealth to spend,
“ Without restraint, in banquet and in vest,
“ And what might most a cavalier commend:
“ If he ‘Tiberius’¹³ treasure had possest,
“ He of his riches would have made an end.
“ I well believe two winters were not done,
“ Ere his paternal fortune was outrun.

LXXVI.

- “ The house erewhile, frequented by a horde
“ —Morning and evening—of so many friends,
“ Is solitary; since no more his board
“ Beneath the partridge, quail, and pheasant bends.
“ Of that once noble troop upon the lord,
“ Save beggars, hardly any one attends.
“ Ruined, at length he thinks he will begone
“ To other country, where he is unknown.

LXXVII.

- “ He leaves his native land with this intent,
“ Nor letteth any his departure know;
“ And coasts, in tears and making sad lament,
“ The marshes that about his city go:
“ He his heart’s queen, amid his discontent,
“ Meanwhile forgets not, for this second woe.
“ Lo! him another accident that falls,
“ From sovereign woe to sovereign bliss recalls!

LXXVIII.

“ He saw a peasant who with heavy stake
“ Smote mid some sapling trunks on every side :
“ Adonio stopt, and wherefore so he strake,
“ Asked of the rustic, that in answer cried,
‘ Within that clump a passing ancient snake,
‘ Amid the tangled stems he had espied :
‘ A longer serpent and more thick to view
‘ He never saw, nor thought to see anew ;

LXXIX.

‘ And that from thence he would not wend his way
‘ Until the reptile he had found and slain.’
“ When so Adonio heard the peasant say,
“ He scarce his speech with patience could sustain,
“ Aye reverence to the serpent wont to pay,
“ The honoured ensign of his ancient strain ;
“ In memory that their primal race had grown
“ Erewhile from serpent’s teeth by Cadmus sown ;

LXXX.

“ And by the churl the offended knight so said,
“ And did withal, he made him quit the emprise ;
“ Leaving the hunted serpent neither dead,
“ Nor injured, nor pursued in further wise.
“ Thither, where he believes would least have spread
“ The story of his woe, Adonio hies ;
“ And in discomfort and in sorrow wears,
“ Far from his native land, seven weary years.

LXXXI.

- “ Neither for distance nor for straitened cheer,
“ Which will not let Thought run its restless round,
“ Ceased Love, so wont to rein the cavalier,
“ Aye to inflame his heart, aye vex his wound :
“ At length those beauties, to his eyes so dear,
“ Parforce must he revisit, homeward bound.
“ Unshorn, afflicted, he, in poor array,
“ Thither returns, from whence he went his way.

LXXXII.

- “ My city, at the time whereof I tell,
“ To Rome was fain to send an embassy ;
“ That sometime near his holiness should dwell ;
“ And for how long a time could none foresee.
“ Upon our judge the lot of envoy fell :
“ O day, that ever wept by him will be !
“ To be excused, Anselmo promised, prayed,
“ And bribed ; but at the last parforce obeyed.

LXXXIII.

- “ As no less cruel and less hard to abide
“ He deemed a woe which caused such piteous smart,
“ Than had he seen a hostile hand his side
“ Lay bare, and from his bosom pluck his heart :
“ Dead-white with jealous fear his cheek is dyed,
“ Through doubt of his fair consort while apart ;
“ And in the mode he deems may best avail,
“ He supplicates her not in faith to fail.

LXXXIV.

‘ Nor beauty,’ to his wife the husband cries,
‘ Nor noble blood, nor fortune, are enow
‘ To make a woman to true honour rise,
‘ Save chaste in name and deed ;’ subjoining how
‘ The virtue that mankind most highly prize
‘ Is that which triumphs after strife ; and now
‘ Through his long absence, a fair field and wide
‘ Is opened where that virtue may be tried.’

LXXXV.

“ With such persuasions, and with many more
“ Anselm exhorts the lady to be true.
“ His going doth his woful wife deplore.
“ O heaven, what tears, what loud complaints ensue !
“ Immersed in her despair, that lady swore,
“ Sooner the sun bedimmed the world should view
“ Than she would break her faith ; she would expire
“ Sooner than she would cherish such desire.

LXXXVI.

“ Though to the lady’s promise and protest
“ He lent belief, and somewhat calmed his fears,
“ Until he further hear he will not rest ;
“ And till he can find matter for his tears.
“ A soothsayer he among his friends possest,
“ Prized for his knowledge, as the first of seers ;
“ Who of all witchery and of magic art
“ Had read the whole, or read the greater part.

LXXXVII.

- “ To him before departing does he pray,
“ To take the charge upon himself to see
“ If true would be Argia while away
“ (So name his consort), or the contrary.
“ Won by his prayers, he takes the time o’ the day;
“ Figures the heavens as they appear to be.
“ Anselmo left him at his work, and came
“ His answer on the following day to claim.

LXXXVIII.

- “ The astrologer is silent, loath to expose
“ A matter that will work the doctor woe;
“ And would excuse himself with many a gloze:
“ But when he sees, he would the evil know,
“ Argia will break faith with him,’ he shows,
“ As soon as he shall from his threshold go.
“ Nor prayer shall soften her, nor beauty fire:
“ Corrupted will she be by gain and hire.’

LXXXIX.

- “ When to Anselmo’s early doubt and fear
“ Are joined the threatnings of the signs above,
“ How stands his heart may well to thee appear,
“ If thou hast known the accidents of love;
“ And worse than every woe, wherewith whilere
“ The afflicted spirits of that husband strove,
“ Is that it by the prophet is foretold,
“ Argia’s honour will be bought and sold.

XC.

“ Now to support his wife, as best he may,
“ From falling into such an evil deed.
“ For man, alas, will sometimes disarray
“ The altar, when he finds himself in need,
“ What gold and gems the judge had put away,
“ (A plenteous store) he leaves ; and field and mead,
“ Rents, fruits, and all possessions whatsoe’er
“ Leaves to his consort ; all his worldly gear :

XCI.

‘ With power,’ he said, ‘ not only without measure,
‘ These, as thou needest, to enjoy and spend,
‘ But do with them according to thy pleasure,
‘ Consume and fling away, and give and vend :
‘ Other account I ask not of my treasure,
‘ If such as now I find thee in the end ;
‘ But such as now remain ;—at thy command
‘ (Even shouldst thou squander both) are house and
land.

XCII.

‘ Unless she heard he thither made repair,
‘ He prayed that she would dwell not in the town ;
‘ But would a farm of his inhabit, where
‘ She might with all convenience live alone.’
“ And this besought he of his consort fair,
“ As thinking, that the rustics, which on down
“ Pasture their flocks, or fruitful fallows till,
“ Could ne’er contaminate her honest will.

XCIII.

- “ Her fearful husband still embracing close,
“ Her arms about his neck Argia threw:
“ A burst of tears her visage overflows:
“ For from her eyes two streams their way pursue.
“ She grieves, ‘ he guilty should his wife suppose;
“ As if she hath already been untrue:
“ For his suspicion to its source she traced;
“ That in her faith no faith Anselmo placed.’

XCIV.

- “ Citing their long farewell, I should exceed.
“ —To thee at length,’ he so the dame address,
“ I recommend my honour ;’—and indeed
“ Took leave, and on his road in earnest prest;
“ And truly felt, on wheeling round his steed,
“ As if his heart was issuing from his breast.
“ She follows him as long as she can follow
“ With eyes whose tears her furrowed visage hollow.

XCV.

- “ Poor, pale, unshorn, and wretched (as whilere
“ To you in former strain by me was said),
“ Homeward meanwhile the wandering cavalier,
“ Hoping he there should be unknown, had made.
“ Beside the lake that pilgrim journeyed, near
“ The city, where he gave the serpent aid,
“ In that thick brake besieged by village swain,
“ Who with his staff the reptile would have slain.

XCVI.

- “ Arriving here, upon the dawn of light,
“ For yet some stars were glimmering in the skies,
“ Approaching him, in foreign vesture dight,
“ Along the shore, a damsel hé espies.
“ Though neither squire nor waiting-wench in sight
“ Appears, yet noble is the lady’s guise.
“ With pleasing visage she Adonio boards,
“ And then breaks silence in the following words.

XCVII.

- ‘ Albeit thou know’st me not, O cavalier,
‘ I am thy kin, and greatly bound to thee :
‘ I am thy kin ; for of the lineage clear
‘ Derived of haughty Cadmus’ seed are we.
‘ I am the fairy Manto, that whilere
‘ Laid the first stone of this rude villagery ;
‘ And (as thou haply mayst have heard it famed)
‘ Mantua from me the rising town was named.

XCVIII.

- ‘ O’ the fairies am I one : with that to show
‘ Our fatal state, and what it doth import ;
‘ We to all other kinds of ill below
‘ Are subject by our natal influence, short
‘ Of death ; but with immortal being such woe
‘ Is coupled, death is not of direr sort.
‘ For every seventh day we all must take,
‘ By certain law, the form of spotted snake.

XCIX.

- ‘ So sad it is that loathsome coil to fill,
‘ And prone, at length, upon the ground to crawl ;
‘ Equal to this there is no worldly ill ;
‘ So that immortal life is cursed by all.
‘ And thou the debt I owe thee (for my will
‘ Is to inform thee of its cause withal)
‘ Shalt know as well ; how on that fatal day
‘ Of change we are to countless ills a prey.

C.

- ‘ So hated as the serpent beast is none ;
‘ And we that wear its evil form, alarm,
‘ Outrage, and war endure from every one :
‘ For all that see us, hunt and do us harm :
‘ Unless we can to ground for shelter run,
‘ We feel how heavy falls man’s furious arm.
‘ Happier it were to die, than languish—broke,
‘ Battered, and crippled by the cruel stroke.

CI.

- ‘ My mighty obligation due to thee
‘ Is that, when once thou didst this greenwood thread,
‘ Thou from a rustic’s fury rescuedst me,
‘ By whose ill handling was I sore bested.
‘ But for thine aid, I should not have got free,
‘ Without a broken spine or battered head :
‘ With body crooked and crushed I should have lain,
‘ Albeit I could not by his arm be slain.

CII.

- ‘ Because thou hast to know upon the day
‘ We sprang from earth with scales of dragon dight,
‘ —Subject to us at other times—to obey
‘ The heavens refuse ; and we are void of might :
‘ At other seasons, at our simple say
‘ The circling sun stands still, and dims its light :
‘ Fixt earth is moved, and in a circle wheels :
‘ Ice at our word takes fire, and fire congeals.

CIII.

- ‘ Now here, prepared to render thee the meed
‘ Of benefit then done to me, I stand ;
‘ For now, dismantled of my dragon weed,
‘ Vainly no grace of me wilt thou demand.
‘ Even now, thrice richer art thou by my deed,
‘ Than when thou heirdst erewhile thy father’s land :
‘ Nor will I that henceforth thou shalt be poor ;
‘ But wealth, the more ’tis spent, augment the more :

CIV.

- ‘ And because with that ancient knot thou still,
‘ I know, art tangled, which by Love was tied,
‘ The mode and order, how thou mayst fulfil
‘ Thy wishes, shall by me be signified.
‘ Now that her lord is absent, ’tis my will
‘ My scheme without delay by thee be tried ;
‘ Go forth the lady at her farm to find,
‘ Without the town ; nor will I stay behind.’

CV.

- “ She her discourse continuing, ’gan advise
“ What form he to that lady’s eyes should take :
“ I say, what vesture wear, and in what wise
“ Should speak, how tempt her; what entreaties make :
“ And said, how she her figure would disguise ;
“ For, save the day wherein she was a snake,
“ Upon all others went the fairy drest
“ In whatsoever figure pleased her best.

CVI.

- “ She in a pilgrim’s habit clothed the knight,
“ Such as from door to door our alms entreat :
“ Into a dog she changed herself to sight ;
“ The smallest ever seen, of aspect sweet,
“ Long hair, than ermine’s fur more snowy white ;
“ And skilled withal in many a wondrous feat.
“ Towards Argia’s villa, so transmewed,
“ The fairy and the knight their way pursued ;

CVII.

- “ And at the labourer’s cabins in his round
“ The stripling halts, before he stops elsewhere ;
“ And certain rustic reeds begins to sound ;
“ His dog is up, and dances to the air.
“ The dame, that hears the voice and cry rebound,
“ Is by the rumour moved to see the pair.
“ Into her court she has the pilgrim brought,
“ As Anselm’s evil destiny had wrought :

CVIII.

“ And here Adonio gives the dog command ;
“ And here by that obedient dog is shown
“ Dance of our country and of foreign land,
“ With paces, graces, fashions of his own ;
“ And finally he does, amid that band,
“ With winning ways what else is to be done,
“ With such attention of the admiring crew,
“ None winked their eyes, their breath they scarcely
drew.

CIX.

“ Great marvel in the dame, then longing, bred
“ That gentle dog : she one that her had nursed
“ With no mean offer to his master sped.
— ‘ If all the riches for which women thirst’
“ (To her embassadress in answer said
“ The wary pilgrim) ‘ in my bags were pursed,
‘ There is not in that treasure what would boot
‘ To purchase of my dog one single foot :’

CX.

“ And he, the truth of his discourse to show,
“ Into a corner took the beldam old,
“ And bade the dog in courtesy bestow
“ Upon that messenger a mark of gold.
“ The dog obeyed, and shook himself ; and lo !
“ The treasure ! which he bade her have and hold :
“ Thereto he added, ‘ Thinkest thou by ought
‘ A dog so fair and useful can be bought ?

CXI.

- ‘ For whatsoever I of him demand,
‘ I empty-handed never go away;
‘ Now pearl, now ring will he shake from him, and
‘ Now gift me with some rich and fair array.
‘ Yet tell madonna he is at her command ;
‘ But not for gold ; for him no gold can pay ;
‘ But if I for one night her arms may fill,
‘ Him may she take and do with him her will.’

CXII.

- “ So said, a gem, new-dropt, on her he prest,
“ And bade her to the lady bear the boon.
“ That in the costly produce she possess
“ Ten, twenty ducats’ value deemed the crone.
“ She bore the message to the dame addressed,
“ And after wrought on her till she was won
“ To buy the beauteous dog, ‘ who might be bought
‘ By payment of a price which costeth nought.’

CXIII.

- “ Argia somewhat coy at first appears ;
“ Partly that she her faith will not forego ;
“ Partly that she believes not all she hears
“ That beldam of the dog and pilgrim show.
“ The nurse insists, and dins into her ears,
‘ That seldom such a chance occurs below ;’
“ And makes her fix another day to see
“ That dog, when fewer eyes on her shall be.

CXIV.

- “ The next appearance which Adonio made
“ Was ruin to the doctor ; for the hound
“ Doubloons, by dozens and by dozens, braid
“ Of pearl, and costly jewels scattered round.
“ So that Argia’s pride of heart was laid ;
“ And so much less the dame maintained her ground,
“ When she in him, who made the proffer, viewed
“ The Mantuan cavalier that whilom wooed.

CXV.

- “ The harlot nurse’s evil oratory,
“ The prayer and presence of the suitor lord,
“ The occasion to acquire that mighty fee,
“ Which wretched Anselm’s absence would afford,
“ The hope that none would her accuser be,
“ So vanquish her chaste thoughts, she makes the
 accord—
“ Accepts the wondrous dog ; and, as his pay,
“ To her leman yields herself a willing prey.

CXVI.

- “ The fruits of love long culled that cavalier
“ With his fair lady ; unto whom the fay
“ Took such affection, whom she held so dear,
“ That she obliged herself with her to stay.
“ Through all the signs the sun had travelled, ere
“ The judge had leave to wend his homeward way.
“ He finally returned ; but sore afraid
“ Through what the astrologer erewhile had said.

CXVII.

- “ Arrived, his first employment is to run
“ To that astrologer’s abode, and crave,
‘ If shame and evil to his wife be done;
‘ Or if she yet her faith and honor save.’
“ The heavens he figured; and to every one
“ Of the seven planets its due station gave;
“ Then to the judge replied ‘ that it had been
‘ Even as he feared, and as it was foreseen.

CXVIII.

- ‘ By richest presents tempted to forego
‘ Her faith, a prey was she to other wight.’
“ This to the doctor’s heart was such a blow;
“ Nor lance, nor spear, I deem, so sorely smite.
“ To be more certified he wends (although
“ He is too well assured the seer is right)
“ To that old nurse; and, drawing her apart,
“ To learn the truth employs his every art.

CXIX.

- “ He in wide circles doth about her wind,
“ Hoping now here, now there, to spy some trace:
“ But nought in the beginning can he find,
“ With whatsoever care he sifts the case.
“ For she, as not unpractised in that kind,
“ Denies, and fronts him with untroubled face;
“ And, as well taught, above a month stands out,
“ Holding the judge ’twixt certainty and doubt.

CXX.

- “ How blest would doubt appear, had he that wound
“ Foreseen, which would be given by certainty!
“ When out of that false nurse at last he found
“ He could not fish the truth by prayer or fee,
“ Touching no chord but yielded a false sound,
“ He shrewdly waits his time till there should be
“ Discord between the beldam and his wife:
“ For whereso women are, is stir and strife.

CXXI.

- “ And even that Anselmo waited, so
“ Befell; since, angered by the first despite,
“ Unsought of him, to him that nurse did go,
“ To tell the whole; and nothing hid from sight.
“ How sank his heart beneath that cruel blow,
“ 'Twere long to say; how prostrate lay his sprite.
“ So was the wretched judge with grief opprest,
“ He of his wits well-nigh was dispossess;

CXXII.

- “ And finally resolved to die, so burned
“ His rage, but first would kill the faithless dame;
“ And he with one destructive faulchion yearned
“ To free himself from woe and her from shame.
“ Stung by such blind and furious thoughts, returned
“ Anselmo to the city, in a flame;
“ And to the farm despatched a follower true,
“ Charged with the bidding he was bound to do.

CXXIII.

- “ He bids the servant to the villa go,
“ And to Argia in his name pretend ;
“ He by a fever is reduced so low,
“ She hardly can arrive before his end.
“ Hence without waiting escort—would she show
“ Her love—she with his man must backward wend,
“ (Wend with him will she surely, nor delay)
“ And bids him cut her throat upon the way.

CXXIV.

- “ The serving-man to call his lady went
“ Prepared his lord’s command on her to do.
“ Having her little dog at starting hent,
“ She mounted and began her journey, through
“ The dog advised of Anselm’s ill intent,
“ But bid no less her purpose to pursue ;
“ For he had taken thought for her ; and aid
“ Should in the time of peril be purveyed.

CXXV.

- “ The servant from his pathway turns aside,
“ And through bye-roads and solitary goes ;
“ Purposely lighting on a stream, whose tide
“ From Apennine into our river flows ;
“ Where, both of farm and busy city wide,
“ A holt, and dark and dismal greenwood grows.
“ Silent appeared the gloomy place, and one
“ Fitting the cruel deed which should be done.

CXXVI.

- “ He drew his sword on her, and signified
“ The mandate by her angry husband given;
“ That so she might entreat, before she died,
“ Forgiveness of her every sin from Heaven.
“ I know not how; she vanished from his side,
“ When through her flank the blade he would have
driven.
“ Vainly long time he seeks her, then remains
“ Foiled and outscorned, for guerdon of his pains.

CXXVII.

- “ He all astound and with bewildered face,
“ And full of shame, to seek his lord returns;
“ Who from the servant that unwonted case,
“ Unweeting how the thing had happened, learns:
“ Nor knows the fairy Manto fills a place
“ About Argia, prompt to serve her turns.
“ Because the nurse, that all the rest revealed
“ (I know not wherefore, I), had this concealed.

CXXVIII.

- “ He knows not what to do: the outrage sore
“ Avenged he has not, nor his pain allaid:
“ What was a mote is now a beam; so sore
“ It prest him; on his heart so heavy weighed.
“ So plain is what was little known before,
“ He fears that it will shortly be displaid.
“ At first, he haply might have hid his woe;
“ Which Rumour now throughout the world will blow.

CXXIX.

- “ Full well he wots, that since his evil vein
“ He to his wife, unhappy wretch ! hath shown,
“ Not to be subject to his yoke again,
“ She to some strong protector will have flown ;
“ Who to his ignominy will maintain,
“ And utter scorn, the lady as his own :
“ And haply may she to some losel flee,
“ Who will her paramour and pander be.

CXXX.

- “ For remedy ; he sends in haste a band
“ Of messengers, with letters far and nigh.
“ Some of Argia here, some there demand ;
“ Nor town unsearched is left in Lombardy.
“ Next he in person goes ; nor any land
“ Leaves unexamined by himself or spy.
“ Yet cannot he discover means or way
“ For learning where concealed his consort lay.

CXXXI.

- “ The servant last he called on whom was laid
“ The ill hest, but who had served not his despite ;
“ And thither by his guidance was conveyed,
“ Where (as 'twas said) she vanished from his sight ;
“ Who haply lurked by day in greenwood-shade,
“ And to some friendly roof retired at night.
“ He thither guided, where but forest-trees
“ He thinks to find, a sumptuous palace sees.

CXXXII.

- “ This while for bright Argia in that part
“ The fay had made with speedy toil prepare
“ An alabaster palace by her art,
“ Gilded within, without, and everywhere.
“ So wonderful, no tongue could tell, no heart
“ Conceive, how rich within, without how fair :
“ That, which thou deemed so fair, my master’s home,
“ Is but a cottage to that costly dome.

CXXXIII.

- “ Curtain and cloth of arras deck the wall,
“ Sumptuously woven and in different wise,
“ In vaulted cellar and in littered stall;
“ Not only spread in latticed galleries,
“ Not only spread in lordly bower and hall.
“ Vase, gold and silver, gems of many dyes,
“ Carved into cup and charger, blue, red, green,
“ And countless cloths of silk and gold are seen.

CXXXIV.

- “ He chanced upon the costly dome (as I
“ To you was in my story making known)
“ When he expected not a hut to spy,
“ And but a weary waste of woodland lone.
“ As he beheld the dome with wondering eye,
“ Anselmo thought his intellects were gone :
“ That he was drunk, or dreamed that wondrous sight
“ He weened, or that his wits had taken flight.

CXXXV.

- “ An Æthiop woman posted at the door,
“ With blubber lip and nostril, he descries.
“ Nor will he see again, nor e’er before
“ Had seen a visage of such loathsome guise :
“ Ill-favoured—such was Æsop feigned of yore :
“ If there, she would have saddened Paradise.
“ Greasy and foul and beggarly her vest ;
“ Nor half her hideousness have I exprest.

CXXXVI.

- “ Anselm, who saw no other wight beside
“ To tell who was that mansion’s lord, drew nigh
“ To the Æthiopian, and to her applied ;
“ And she ; ‘ The owner of this house am I.’
“ The judge was well assured the negress lied,
“ And made that answer but in mockery :
“ But with repeated oaths the negress swears ;
“ ’Tis hers, and none with her the mansion shares ;

CXXXVII.

- ‘ And would he see the palace, him invites
‘ To view it at his ease ; and recommends
‘ If there be ought within which him delights,
‘ To take it for himself or for his friends.’
“ Anselmo hears, and from his horse alights,
“ Gives it his man ; and o’er the threshold wends ;
“ And by the hag conducted, mounts from hall
“ Below to bower above, admiring all.

CXXXVIII.

- “ Form, site, and sumptuous work doth he behold,
“ And royal ornament and fair device;
“ And oft repeats, not all this wide world’s gold
“ To buy the egregious mansion would suffice.
“ To him in answer said that negress old;
‘ And yet this dome, like others, hath its price;
‘ If not in gold and silver, price less high
‘ Than gold and silver will the palace buy :’

CXXXIX.

- “ And she to him prefers the same request,
“ Which erst Adonio to Argia made.
“ A fool he deemed the woman and possest,
“ Who for a boon so foul and filthy prayed.
“ Yet ceased she not, though more than thrice repress;
“ And strove so well Anselmo to persuade,
“ Proffering, for his reward, the palace still,
“ She wrought on him to do her evil will.

CXL.

- “ The wife Argia, that is hid fast by,
“ When in such sin her husband she describes,
“ Springs forth and saith; ‘ Ah! worthy deed! which I
‘ Of doctor, that was deemed so passing wise,
‘ Found in such foul and filthy work, espy!’
“ Bethink thee, if his kindling blushes rise;
“ If he stands mute! why opens not thy hollow
“ And central womb, O earth, the wretch to swallow?

CXLI.

- “ To clear herself and shame him, doth she stun
“ Anselmo, never ceasing to upbraid.
‘ What pain should by thyself be undergone
‘ For this so filthy deed, (*Argia* said)
‘ If thou would’st take my life for having done
‘ What Nature prompted and a lover prayed;
‘ One that was fair and gentle, and who brought
‘ A gift, compared wherewith, this dome is nought?

CXLII.

- ‘ If worthy of one death thou deemest me,
‘ Worthy art thou a hundred deaths to die :
‘ And, though my pleasure might I do on thee,
‘ So passing puissant in this place am I,
‘ No other or worse vengeance done shall be
‘ Upon my side, on thy delinquency.
‘ The give against the take, O husband, place;
‘ And, as ’twas granted thee, so grant me grace :

CXLIII.

- ‘ And be there peace between us, and accord
‘ That all be to forgetfulness consigned;
‘ Nor thee *I* of thy fault by deed or word,
‘ Nor me of mine, henceforward *thou* remind!
“ This seemed a goodly bargain to her lord;
“ Nor to such pardon was he disinclined.
“ Thus peace and concord they at home restore,
“ And love each other dearly evermore.”

CXLIV.

So said the mariner, and some brief fit
Of laughter in Montalban's master stirred;
And made his visage burn, as if 'twas lit
With fire, when of Anselmo's shame he heard.
Rinaldo greatly praised Argia's wit,
Who by such quaint device had trapped that bird;
Who fell into the net wherein the dame
Herself erewhile had fallen, but with less shame.

CXLV.

When the sun climbed a steeper road, the knight
Ordered the board with food to be supplied,
Which the good Mantuan landlord overnight
Took care with largest plenty to provide;
While the fair town, upon the left, from sight
Retired, and on the right that marish wide.
Argenta is come and gone, with circling walls
And stream into whose bed Santerno falls¹⁴.

CXLVI.

Then was not fair Bastia built, deem I,
Which little cause of boast affords to Spain
(That there her banner has been raised on high),
And causes deeper sorrow to Romagne.
Thence in strait line their bark, that seems to fly,
To the right shore the boatmen drive amain:
Next through a stagnant channel make, that near
Ravenna brings by noon the cavalier¹⁵.

CXLVII.

Though oft of money he had small supply,
Then was the knight so well bested, he made
The weary rowers, in his courtesy,
A parting present, ere farewell was said.
Here changing horse and guide, to Rimini
Rinaldo rode that very eve, nor stayed
In Montefiore till the night was done;
And well nigh reached Urbino with the sun.

CXLVIII.

Then Frederick was not there of gentle lore,
Nor was Elizabeth nor Guido good;
Francis Maria nor sage Leonore;
Who would in courteous, not in haughty mood,
Have forced so famed a paladin for more
Than one short eve, with them to make abode;
As they long did, and do unto this day,
By dames and cavaliers who pass that way.

CXLIX.

Since here none takes his rein, Rinaldo bends
His course an-end to Cagli; o'er the height,
Rifted by Gaurus and Metaurus, wends
Past Apennine, no longer on his right,
Umbri and Tuseans; and at Rome descends.
From Rome to Ostia goes Montalban's knight:
Thence to the city sails; wherein a grave
His pious son to old Anchises gave.

CL.

There changes bark ; and thence in haste he goes,
Bound towards Lampedosa's island-shore,
That place of combat chosen by the foes,
And where they had encountered Frank and Moor.
Rinaldo grants his boatmen no repose ;
That do what can be done by sail and oar.
But with ill wind and strong the warrior strives ;
And, though by little, there too late arrives.

CLI.

Thither he came what time Anglante's peer
The useful and the glorious deed had done ;
Had slain those paynim kings in the career,
But had a hard and bloody conquest won :
Dead was Sir Brandimart ; and Olivier,
Dangerously hurt and sore, sate woe-begone,
Someddeal apart, upon the sandy ground,
Martyred and crippled by his cruel wound.

CLII.

From tears could not the mournful Count refrain,
When brave Rinaldo he embraced, and said,
How in the battle Brandimart was slain.
Such love, such faith endeared the warrior dead.
Nor less Rinaldo's tears his visage stain
When he so cleft beholds their comrade's head.
Thence to embrace bold Oliviero, where
He sits with wounded foot, he makes repair.

CLIII.

All comfort that he could he gave; though none
Could good Rinaldo to himself afford;
Because he came but when the feast was done;
Yea after the removal of the board.
The servants wend to the demolished town,
There hide the bones of either paynim lord
Beneath Biserta's ruined domes, and nigh
And far, the fearful tidings certify.

CLIV.

At the fair conquest won by Roland's blade,
Sansonet and Astolpho make great cheer;
Yet other mirth those warriors would have made
Had Brandimart not perished; when they hear
That he is dead, their joy is so allayed
They can no more the troubled visage clear.
Which of them now the tidings of such woe
To the unhappy Flordelice shall show?

CLV.

The night preceding that ill-omened day
Flordelice dreamed the vest of sable grain
That she had made, her husband to array,
And woven with her hand and worked with pain,
Before her eyes all sprinkled-over lay
With ruddy drops, in guise of pattering rain.
That she had worked it so the lady thought;
And then was grieved at seeing what was wrought.

CLVI.

And seemed to say, " Yet from my lord have I
" Command to make it all of sable hue;
" Now wherefore is it stained with other dye
" Against his will, in mode so strange to view?"
She from that dream draws evil augury;
And thither on that eve the tidings flew:
But these concealed Astolpho from the dame
Till he to her with Sansonetto came.

CLVII.

When they are entered, and she sees no show
Of joyful triumph, she, without a word,
Without a hint to indicate that woe,
Knows that no longer living is her lord.
With that her gentle heart was riven so,
And so her harassed eyes the light abhorred,
And so was every other sense astound,
That, like one dead, she sank upon the ground.

CLVIII.

She in her hair, when life returns again,
Fastens her hand; and on her lovely cheeks,
Repeating the beloved name in vain,
With all her force her scorn and fury wreaks;
Uproots and tears her locks, and in her pain
Like woman, smit by evil demon, shrieks,
Or, as Bacchante at the horn's rude sound,
Erewhile was seen to run her restless round.

CLIX.

Now to the one, to the other now her prayer
She made for knife, wherewith her heart to smite;
Now she aboard the pinnace would repair
That brought the corse of either paynim knight,
And would on either, lifeless as they were,
Do cruel scathe, and vent her fierce despite.
Now would she seek her lord, till at his side
She rested from her weary search, and died.

CLX.

“ Ah! wherefore, Brandimart, did I let thee
“ Without me wend on such a dire emprise?
“ She ne’er before did thy departure see,
“ But Flordelice aye followed thee,” she cries:
“ Well aided mightest thou have been by me;
“ For I on thee should still have kept my eyes;
“ And when Gradasso came behind thee, I
“ Thee might have succoured with a single cry;

CLXI.

“ And haply I so nimbly might have made
“ Between you, that the stroke I might have caught,
“ And with my head, as with a buckler, stayed:
“ For little ill my dying would have wrought.
“ Anyhow I shall die; and—that debt paid—
“ My melancholy death will profit nought:
“ When, had I died, defending thee in strife,
“ I could not better have bestowed my life.

CLXII.

“ Even if averse had been hard Destiny,
“ And all heaven’s host, when thee I sought to aid,
“ At least my tears had bathed thy visage, I
“ Should the last kiss thereon, at least, have laid;
“ And, ere amid the blessed hierarchy
“ Thy spirit mixt, ‘Depart’—I should have said—
“ In peace, and wait me in thy rest; for there,
“ Where’er thou art, I swiftly shall repair.

CLXIII.

‘ Is this, O Brandimart, is this the reign,
‘ Whose honoured sceptre thou wast now to take?
‘ With thee to Dommogire, thy fair domain,
‘ Thus wend I; me thus welcome dost thou make?
‘ Alas! what hope to-day thou renderest vain!
‘ Ah! what designs, fell Fortune, dost thou break!
‘ Ah! wherefore fear I, since a lot so blest
‘ Is lost, to lose as well the worthless rest?’”

CLXIV.

Repeating this and other plaint, so spite
And fury waxed, that she in her despair
Made new assault upon her tresses bright,
As if the fault was wholly in her hair:
Wildly her hands together doth she smite,
And gnaw; with nails her lip and bosom tear.
But I return to Roland and his peers;
While she bemoans herself and melts in tears.

CLXV.

Roland with Olivier, who much requires
Some leech's care, his anguish to allay;
And who, himself, some worthy place desires
As much, wherein Sir Brandimart to lay,
Steers for the lofty mountain, that with fires
Brightens the night, with smoke obscures the day.
The wind blows fair, and on the starboard hand,
Not widely distant from them, lies that land.

CLXVI.

With a fresh wind, that in their favour blows,
They loose their hawser at the close of day:
In heaven above the silent goddess shows
Her shining horn, to guide them on their way;
And on the following morn before them rose
The pleasant shores that round Girgenti lay.
Here Roland orders for the ensuing night
All that is needful for the funeral rite.

CLXVII.

He, when he saw his order duly done,
And now the westering sun's fair light was spent,
With many nobles, who from neighbouring town,
At his invital, to Girgenti went,
—The shore with torches blazing up and down,
And sounding wide with cries and loud lament,—
Thither returned where late, of life bereft,
His friend, beloved in life and death, was left.

CLXVIII.

There stands Bardino, weeping o'er the bier,
Who under Age's heavy burden bows ;
Who, in the tears on shipboard shed whilere,
Might well have wept away his eyes and brows :
Upbraiding skies and stars, the cavalier,
Like lion, in whose veins a fever glows,
Roars as he wreathes his wayward hands within
His hoary hair, and rends his wrinkled skin.

CLXIX.

Upon the paladin's return the cry
Redoubled, and the mourning louder grew.
Orlando to the corse approached more nigh,
And speechless stood awhile, his friend to view,
Pale, as at eve is the acanthus' dye
Or lily's, which were plucked at morn : he drew
A heavy sigh, and on the warrior dead
Fixing his stedfast eyes, the County said :

CLXX.

“ O comrade bold and true, that here liest slain,
“ And who dost live in heaven above, I know,
“ Rewarded with a life, thy glorious gain,
“ Which neither heat nor cold can take, my woe
“ Forgive, if thou beholdest me complain :
“ Because I sorrow to remain below,
“ And not to share in such delights with thee ;
“ Not that thou art not left behind with me.

CLXXI.

- “ Alone, without thee, there is nought I may
“ Ever possess, without thee, that can please.
“ If still with thee in tempest and affray,
“ Ah! wherefore not with thee in calm and ease?
“ Right sore must be my trespass, since this clay
“ Will not to follow thee my soul release.
“ If in thy troubles still I bore a burden,
“ Why am I not a partner of thy guerdon?

CLXXII.

- “ Thine is the guerdon; mine the loss; thy gain
“ Is single; but not single is my woe:
“ Partners with me in sorrow are Almayne,
“ And grieving France and Italy; and oh!
“ How will my lord and uncle, Charlemagne,
“ How will his paladins lament the blow!
“ How will the Christian church and empire moan,
“ Whose best defence in thee is overthrown!

CLXXIII.

- “ Oh! how thy foes will by the death of thee
“ Be freed henceforward from alarm and fear!
“ Alas! how strengthened paynimry will be!
“ What hardiment will now be theirs! what cheer!
“ What of thy consort will become? I see
“ Even here her mourning, and her outeries hear.
“ Me she accuses, haply hates, I know;
“ In that, through me, her every hope lies low.

CLXXIV.

“ Yet by one comfort, Flordelice, is followed
“ His loss, for us that reft of him remain :
“ His death, with such surpassing glory hallowed,
“ To die all living warriors should be fain.
“ Those Decii; Curtius, in Rome’s forum swallowed;
“ Codrus, so vaunted by the Grecian train;
“ Not with more honour to themselves, with more
“ Profit to others, went to death of yore.”

CLXXV.

These sad laments and more Orlando made ;
And all this while white friars, and black, and gray,
With other clerks, by two and two arrayed,
Behind in long procession took their way ;
And they to God for the departed prayed,
That he would to his rest his soul convey.
Before and all about were torches reared,
And changed to day the sable night appeared.

CLXXVI.

They raise the warrior’s bier, and ranged to bear
By turns that honoured weight were earl and knight.
The pall was purple silk, with broidery rare
Of gold, and pearls in costly circles dight.
Thereon, of lordly work and no less fair,
Cushions were laid, with jewels shining bright.
On which was stretched the lifeless knight in view,
Arrayed in vest of like device and hue.

CLXXVII.

A hundred men had past before the rest,
All taken from the poorest of the town;
And in one fashion equally were drest
Those beadsmen all, in black and trailing gown.
A hundred pages followed them, who prest
A hundred puissant steeds, for warfare bown;
And by those pages backed, the portly steeds
Went, sweeping wide the ground with sable weeds.

CLXXVIII.

Banners in front and banners borne in rear,
Whose field with diverse ensignry is stained,
Unfurled accompany the funeral bier;
Which from a thousand vanquished bands were gained,
For Cæsar and for Peter's church whilere,
By that rare force, which now extinct remained.
Bucklers by other followers carried are,
Won from good warriors, whose device they bear.

CLXXIX.

By hundreds and by hundreds followed more,
Ordained for different tasks, the steps of those;
Who burning torches like those others bore.
Mantled, say rather closely muffled, goes
Roland in sables next, and evermore
His eyes suffused and red with weeping shows.
Nor wears a gladder face Montalban's peer.
At home his wound detains Sir Olivier.

CLXXX.

The ceremonies would be long to say
In verse, wherewith Sir Brandimart was mourned ;
The mantles, black or purple, given away ;
The many torches which that eve were burned.
Wending to the cathedral, where the array
Past on its road, were no dry eyes discerned :
All sexes, ages, ranks, in pitying mood
Gazed upon him so youthful, fair, and good.

CLXXXI.

He in the church was placed ; and, when with vain
Lament the women had bemoaned the dead,
And *Kyrie eleison*, by the priestly train,
And other holy orisons were said,
In a fair ark, upraised on columns twain,
Was reared, with sumptuous cloth of gold o'erspread.
So willed Orlando ; till he could be laid
In sepulchre of costlier matter made :

CLXXXII.

Nor out of Sicily the Count departs,
Till porphyries he procures and alabasters,
And fair designs ; and in their several arts
Has with large hire engaged the primest masters.
Next Flordelice, arriving in those parts,
Raises the quarried slabs and rich pilasters ;
Who, good Orlando being gone before,
Is hither wafted from the Africk shore.

CLXXXIII.

She, seeing that her tears unceasing flow,
And that of long lament she never tires ;
Nor she, for mass or service said, her woe
Can ease, or satisfy her sad desires,
Vows in her heart she thence will never go
Till from the wearied corse her soul expires ;
And builds in that fair sepulchre a cell ;
There shuts herself ; therein for life will dwell.

CLXXXIV.

Thither in person, having courier sent
And letter, Roland goes, her thence to take ;
Her, would she wend to France, with goodly rent
Would gift, and Galerana's inmate make ;
As far as Lizza convoy her, if bent
On journeying to her father ; for her sake,
If wholly she to serve her God was willed,
A monastery would the warrior build.

CLXXXV.

Still in that sepulchre she dwelt, and worn
By weary penance, praying night and day,
It was not long, ere by the Parcæ shorn
Was her life's thread : already on their way
Were the three Christian warriors, homeward borne,
From the isle in whose old caves the Cyclops lay,
Sorrowing and afflicted sore in mind
For their fourth comrade who remained behind.

CLXXXVI.

They would not go without a leech, whose skill
Might ease the wound of warlike Olivier;
Which, as in the beginning it could ill
Be salved, is hard to heal. Meanwhile they hear
The champion so complain, his outcries fill
Orlando and all that company with fear.
While they discoursed thereon, the skipper, moved
By a new notion, said what all approved.

CLXXXVII.

‘ A hermit not far distant hence, he said,
‘ A lonely rock inhabits in this sea;
‘ Whose isle none, seeking succour, vainly tread,
‘ Whether for counsel or for aid it be;
‘ Who hath done superhuman deeds; the dead
‘ Restores to life; and makes the blind to see;
‘ Hushes the winds; and with a sign o’ the cross
‘ Lulls the loud billows when they highest toss;

CLXXXVIII.

‘ And adds they need not doubt, if they will go
‘ To seek that holy man to God so dear,
‘ But he on Olivier will health bestow;
‘ Having his virtue proved by signs more clear.’
This counsel pleases good Orlando so,
That for the holy place he bids him steer;
Who never swerving from his course, espies
The lonely rock, upon Aurora’s rise.

CLXXXIX.

Worked by good mariners, the bark was laid
Safely beside the rugged rock and fell:
The marquis there, with crew and servants' aid,
They lowered into their boat; and through the swell
And foaming waters in that shallop made
For the rude isle; thence sought the holy cell;
The holy cell of that same hermit hoar,
By whom Rogero was baptized before.

CXC.

The servant of the Lord of Paradise
Receives Orlando and the rest on land;
Blesses the company in cheerful wise;
And after of their errand makes demand;
Though he already had received advice
From angels of the coming of that band.
'That they were thither bound in search of aid
'For Oliviero's hurt,' Orlando said;

CXCI.

'Who, warring for the christian faith, in fight
'To perilous pass was brought by evil wound.'
All dismal fear relieved that eremite,
And promised he would make him wholly sound.
In that no unguents hath the holy wight,
Nor is in other human medicine found,
His church he seeks, his knee to Jesus bows,
And issues from the fane with cheerful brows;

CXCI.

And in the name of those eternal Three,
The Father, and the Son, and Holy Ghost,
On Oliviero bade his blessing be.
Oh ! grace vouchsafed to faith ! his sainted host
From every pain the paladin did free ;
And to his foot restored its vigour lost.
He moved more nimble than before, and sure ;
And present was Sobrino at the cure.

CXCII.

Sobrino, so diseased that he descried
How worse with each succeeding day he grew,
As soon as he that holy monk espied
The manifest and mighty marvel do,
Disposed himself to cast Mahound aside,
And own in Christ a living God and true.
He, full of faith, with contrite heart demands
Our holy rite of baptism at his hands.

CXCIII.

So him baptized the hermit ; and as well
That monarch made as vigorous as whilere.
At this conversion no less gladness fell
On Roland and each christian cavalier,
Than when, restored from deadly wound, and well
The friendly troop beheld Sir Olivier.
Roger more rejoiced than all that crew ;
And still in faith and grace the warrior grew.

CXC.V.

Rogero from the day he swam ashore
Upon that islet, there had ever been.
That band is counselled by the hermit hoar,
Who stands, benign, those warlike knights between,
' Eschewing in their passage mire and moor,
' To wade withal through that dead water, clean,
' Which men call life; wherein so fools delight;
' And evermore on heaven to fix their sight.'

CXC.VI.

Roland on shipboard sends one from his throng,
Who fetches hence good wine, hams, cheese, and bread;
And makes the sage, who had forgotten long
All taste of partridge since on fruits he fed,
Even do for love, what others did, among
Those social guests for whom the board was spread.
They, when their strength by food was reinforced,
Of many things amid themselves discoursed;

CXC.VII.

And as in talk it often doth befall
That one thing from another takes its rise,
Roland and Olivier Rogero call
To mind for that Rogero, in such wise
Renowned in arms; whose valour is of all
Lauded and echoed with accordant cries.
Not even had Rinaldo known the knight
For him whose prowess he had proved in fight.

CXCVIII.

Him well Sobrino recognized whilere,
As soon as with that aged man espied;
But he at first kept silence; for in fear
Of some mistake the monarch's tongue was tied.
But when those others know the cavalier
For that Rogero, famous far and wide,
Whose courtesy, whose might and daring through
The universal world loud Rumor blew,

CXCIX.

All, for they know he is a Christian, stand
About him with serene and joyful face:
All press upon the knight; one grasps his hand;
Another locks him fast in his embrace:
Yet more than all the others of that band
Him would Montalban's lord caress and grace:
Why more than all the others will appear
In other strain, if you that strain will hear.

NOTES TO CANTO XLIII.

1.

*Their way the waters from Benacus take.
Built was the city, when to ruin went
Walls founded by the Agenorian snake.*

Stanza xi. lines 4, 5, 6.

Benacus is the ancient name of the Lago di Garda; the city is Mantua; and the “walls founded by the Agenorian snake” those of Thebes, built by the follower of Cadmus, son of Agenor; viz. those who sprung from the teeth of the serpent which Cadmus had slain.

2.

By her say

*Moved solid earth, and made the sun stand still,
Illumined gloomy night, and darkened day:
Yet never could she work upon my will,
The anguish of her amorous wound to allay.*

Stanza xxi. lines 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Ariosto, who was an admirer and imitator of Ovid, seems to have had Medæa in his recollection.

“ Nubilaque induco
 Stantia concutio cantu freta . . .
 concussaue sisto.”

And again,

“ Nil dea, nil Hecatês sacra potentis agunt.”

3.

Such was for Arthur made by Morgue the fay.

Stanza xxviii. line 3.

Morgue the fay, or Morgana, according to the romances of the Round Table, was sister to King Arthur. This story of her may be found in many romances, fabliaux, and ballads; among other collections, in *Percy's Reliques*, &c.

4.

Sir, a fair city nigh at hand, &c.

*A Trojan remnant its foundations placed,
Which scaped from Attila's destructive waste.*

Stanza xxxii. lines 1, 7, 8.

Ferrara; which, according to common opinion, was founded by fugitive Paduans, the supposed descendants of the followers of Antenor.

5.

*Through bones and veins there went a deadly chill;
My tongue clave to my throat.*

Stanza xxxix. lines 3 and 4.

. " Mihi frigidus horror
Membra quatit.
. vox faucibus hæsit."

6.

To that isle

Nearest the town.

Stanza lvi. lines 3 and 4.

An island on the Po termed Belvedere, in the time of Ariosto famous for its buildings, gardens, and menageries.

7.

Circling the heaven in Aries, the fourth sphere.

Stanza lvii. line 4.

The astronomical year beginning with the entrance of the sun into *Aries*.

8.

To hear that praised which fair Nausic   bore.

Stanza lvii. line 8.

The island of Ph  acia.

9.

Herded or housed erewhile by Circe were.

Stanza lviii. line 6.

The reading of the edition printed in conformity to that revised by Ariosto, and from which I have taken my text, is

“ Quante

Vi sien n   in mandra Circe ebbe n   in *hara*.”

Hara, from the Latin, means a sty. The orthography of the other editions (*ara*) may mislead the reader in the construction of this passage.

10.

And that Duke Hercules' sire and Hercules' son.

Stanza lix. line 7.

Alphonso the first was son of Hercules the first, and father of Hercules the second, dukes of Ferrara.

11.

Studying his Ulpian.

Stanza lxxii. line 4.

A writer on law of the time of Alexander Severus.

12.

Whence Manto, &c.

Stanza lxxiv. line 5.

Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, is not represented in mythology as the foundress of Mantua, but as the mother of Ocnus or Bianor, who built, and named, it after her.

13.

If he Tiberius' treasure had possess.

Stanza lxxv. line 5.

Not the more famous emperor of that name, but the successor of Justinus the younger, and famous for his immense treasures.

14.

And stream into whose bed Santerno falls,

Stanza cxlv. line 8.

May, perhaps, puzzle some readers; the more so as the Santerno is not laid down in the common maps of Italy, or indeed described in common geographical dictionaries. It is a torrent which flows into the Reno; which river in this place occupies the ancient chaunel of that branch of the Po called *Primaro*, or *Po di primaro*.

15.

*Next through a stagnant channel make, that near
Ravenna brings by noon the cavalier.*

Stanza cxlvi. lines 7 and 8.

This is the navigable canal mentioned by Pliny which was fed by the waters of the Po, and ran from that river to the port of Ravenna. It seems to have been gradually filled up, and no trace of it is found in modern maps. Harrington, speaking of it, says, "but now it is scant navigable."

The reader, conversant with the Italian, will see that I have changed one incident in the story related in this canto; which, as it appeared to me, could not suffer translation. In doing so I have followed the example of Hoole. Harrington, the courtier and godson of Queen Elizabeth, to whom he has dedicated his work, was less scrupulous, and may be pronounced much grosser than his original: for Ariosto has at least had the grace,

" . . . Malè nominatis
 parcere verbis."

Whereas his first translator has, by a corresponding rhyme, indicated that a blank left by him in a stanza of this canto is to be filled up by a word which would hardly now be found in the most offensive ballad circulated within the liberties of St. Giles's. I am led to mention this more especially, because the fact seems to throw some doubt on the prevalent opinion, that the spirit of the age of Ariosto, and its neighbouring æras, was much coarser and more licentious in Italy than in England. It is not, however, *decisive* of the contrary, and may perhaps be considered by some as rather indicative of individual than of national character; for coarseness was the characteristic of Harrington, although the godson and the courtier of a virgin queen. From this source indeed are derived all his defects as a translator; hence the light and often half-veiled pleasantry

of Ariosto is by him too often breadthened into buffoonery; and idiom, in the management of which Ariosto is inimitable, converted into arrant slang. His translation of part of a stanza, which is next but one to that to which I have referred, may illustrate what I have said. The original makes the judge's wife observe to him, that they had better *set the give against the take*, and forgive each other their mutual offences:

“ Di par l' avere e 'l dar, marito, poni;
Fà com' io a te, che tu a me ancor' perdoni.”

Which Harrington renders,

“ I pardon thee, and thou shalt me forgive;
And quite each other all old debts and driblets,
And set the hare's head against the goose giblets.”

Canto cxliii. stanza 136.

Now nothing like these blots is to be found in the Fairfaxes or other distinguished poets of the period whereof we are speaking, whether lyrical or dramatical, and the passage which I have last cited could not have been the familiar language of his day, because Harrington has thought it necessary to explain it in a marginal note. If, however, it may be contended that the grossness of *one* author is not enough to justify us in taxing his court or country with grossness, the extreme favour with which his work was received may, perhaps, fairly lead to such an inference.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLIV.

ARGUMENT.

*Rinaldo his sister to the Child hath plight,
And to Marseilles is with the warrior gone:
And having crimsoned wide the field in fight,
Therein arrives King Otho's valiant son.
To Paris thence: where to that squadron bright
Is mighty grace and wondrous honour done.
The Child departs, resolved on Leo's slaughter,
To whom Duke Aymon had betrothed his daughter.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLIV.

I.

IN poor abode, mid paltry walls and bare,
Amid discomforts and calamities,
Often in friendship hearts united are,
Better than under roof of lordly guise,
Or in some royal court, beset with snare,
Mid envious wealth, and ease, and luxuries;
Where charity is spent on every side,
Nor friendship, unless counterfeit, is spied.

II.

Hence it ensues that peace and pact between
Princes and peers are of such short-lived wear.
To-day king, pope, and emperor leagued are seen,
And on the morrow deadly foemen are.
Because such is not as their outward mien
The heart, the spirit, that those sovereigns bear.
Since, wholly careless as to right or wrong,
But to their profit look the faithless throng.*

III.

Though little prone to friendship is that sort,
Because with those she loveth not to dwell,
Who, be their talk in earnest or in sport,
Speak not, except some cozening tale to tell;
Yet if together in some poor resort
They prisoned are by Fortune false and fell,
What friendship is they speedily discern;
Though years had past, and this was yet to learn.

IV.

In his retreat that ancient eremite
Could bind his inmates with a faster noose,
And in true love more firmly them unite,
Than other could in domes where courtiers use;
And so enduring was the knot and tight,
That nothing short of death the tie could loose.
Benignant all the hermit found that crew;
Whiter at heart than swans in outward hue.

V.

All kind he found them, and of courteous lore;
Untainted with iniquity, in wise
Of them I painted, and who nevermore
Go forth, unless concealed in some disguise.
Of injuries among them done before
All memory, by those comrades buried lies:
Nor could they better love, if from one womb
And from one seed that warlike band had come.

VI.

Rinaldo more than all that lordly train
Rogeró graced and lovingly caressed;
As well because he on the listed plain
Had proved the peer so strong in martial gest,
As that he was more courteous and humane
Than any knight that e'er laid lance in rest:
But much more; that to him on many a ground
By mighty obligation was he bound.

VII.

The fearful risk by Richardetto run
He knew, and how Rogeró him bested;
What time the Spanish monarch's hest was done,
And with his daughter he was seized in bed;
And how he had delivered either son
Of good Duke Buovo (as erewhile was said)
From Bertolagi of Maganza's hand,
His evil followers, and the paynim band.

VIII.

To honour and to hold Rogeró dear,
Him, Sir Rinaldo thought, this debt constrained;
And that he could not so have done whilere,
The warlike lord was sorely grieved and pained;
When one for Africk's monarch couched the spear,
And one the cause of royal Charles maintained:
Now he Rogeró for a Christian knew,
What could not then be done he now would do.

IX.

Welcome, with endless proffers, on his side,
And honour he to good Rogero paid.
The prudent sire that in such kindness spied
An opening made for more, the pass assayed:
“ And nothing else remains,” that hermit cried,
“ (Nor will, I trust, my counsel be gainsaid)
“ But that, conjoined by friendship, you shall be
“ Yet faster coupled by affinity.

X.

“ That from the two bright progenies, which none
“ Will equal in illustrious blood below,
“ A race may spring, that brighter than the sun
“ Will shine, wherever that bright sun may glow;
“ And which, when years and ages will have run
“ Their course, will yet endure and fairer show,
“ While in their orbits burn the heavenly fires:
“ So me, for your instruction, God inspires.”

XI.

And his discourse pursuing still, the seer
So spake, he moves Rinaldo by his rede
To give his sister to the cavalier;
Albeit with either small entreaties need.
Together with Orlando, Olivier
The counsel lauds, and would that union speed:
King Charles and Aymon will, he hopes, approve,
And France will welcome wide their wedded love.

XII.

So spake together peer and paladine:
Nor knew that Aymon, with King Charles' consent,
Unto the Grecian emperor Constantine
To give his gentle daughter had intent;
Who for young Leo, of his lofty line
The heir and hope, to crave the maid had sent.
Such warmth the praises of her worth inspired,
With love of her unseen was Leo fired.

XIII.

To him hath Aymon answered; ' he, alone,
' Cannot conclude thereon in other sort,
' Until he first hath spoken with his son,
' Rinaldo, absent then from Charles's court;
' Who with winged haste, he deems, will thither run,
' And joy in kinsman of such high report;
' But from the high regard he bears his heir,
' Can nought resolve till thither he repair.'

XIV.

Now good Rinaldo, of his father wide,
And of the imperial practice knowing nought,
Promised his beauteous sister as a bride,
Upon his own, as well as Roland's thought
And the others, harboured in that cell beside;
But most of all on him the hermit wrought;
And by such marriage, 'twas the peer's belief,
He could not choose but pleasure Clermont's chief.

XV.

That day and night, and of the following day
Great part, with that sage monk the warriors spent;
Scarce mindful that the crew their coming stay,
Albeit the wind blew fair for their intent.
But these, impatient at their long delay,
More than one message to the warriors sent;
And to return those barons urged so sore,
Parforce they parted from the hermit hoar.

XVI.

The Child who, so long banished, had not strayed
From the lone roek, whereon the waters roared,
His farewell to that holy master made,
Who taught him the true faith: anew with sword
Orlando girt his side, and with the blade,
Frontino and martial Hector's arms restored;
As knowing horse and arms were his whilere,
As well as out of kindness to the peer;

XVII.

And, though the enchanter'd sword with better right
Would have been worn by good Anglantes' chief,
Who from the fearful garden by his might
Had won the blade¹ with mickle toil and grief,
Than by Rogero, who that faulchion bright
Received with good Frontino, from the thief,
He willingly thereof, as with the rest,
As soon as asked, the warrior repossess.

XVIII.

The hermit blessings on the band implores :

They to their bark in fine return ; their sails
Give to the winds, and to the waves their oars ;
And such clear skies they have and gentle gales,
Nor vow nor prayer the patron makes ; and moors
His pinnace in the haven of Marseilles.
There, safely harboured, let the chiefs remain,
Till I conduct Astolpho to that train.

XIX.

When of that bloody, dear-bought victory

The scarcely joyful tale Astolpho knew,
He, seeing evermore fair France would be
Secure from mischief from the Moorish crew,
Homeward to send the king of Æthiopy
Devised, together with his army, through
The sandy desert, by the self-same track,
Through which he led them to Biserta's sack.

XX.

Erewhile restored, in Afric waters ride

Sir Dudon's ships which did the paynims rout ;
Whose prows (new miracle!) and poop, and side,
As soon as all their sable crews are out,
Are changed anew to leaves ; which far and wide,
Raised by a sudden breeze, are blown about ;
And scattered in mid-air, like such light gear,
Go eddying with the wind, and disappear.

XXI.

Home, horse and foot, the Nubian host arraid
By squadrons, all, from wasted Africk go;
But to their king, first, thanks Astolpho paid,
And said, he an eternal debt should owe;
In that he had in person given him aid
With all his might and main against the foe.
The skins Astolpho gave them, which confined
The turbid and tempestuous southern wind.

XXII.

I say, enclosed in skins that wind he gave,
Which in such fury blows at noon, on high
It moves the shifting plain in many a wave,
And fills with eddyng sand the troubled sky,
To carry with them, and from scathe to save
Their squadrons, lest the dusty whirlwind fly;
And bids them, when arrived at home, unnoose
The bladder's vent, and let their prisoner loose.

XXIII.

When they have lofty Atlas' passes won,
The horses that the Nubian riders bear,
Turpin relates, are changed at once to stone;
So that the steeds return to what they were.
But it is time the Duke to France was gone;
Who having thus provided, in his care,
For the main places in the Moorish land,
Made the hippogryph anew his wings expand;

XXIV.

He reached Sardinia at one flight and shear,
Corsica from Sardinia; and then o'er
The foaming sea his venturous course did steer,
Inclining somewhat left the griffin's soar.
In the sea-marshes last his light career
He stopt, on rich Provence's pleasant shore:
Where to the hyppogryph by him is done
What was erewhile enjoined by sainted John.

XXV.

To him the charge did sainted John commit,
When to Provence by that winged courser borne,
Him nevermore with saddle or with bit
To gall, but let him to his lair return.
Already had the planet, whither flit
Things lost on earth, of sound deprived his horn:
For this not only hoarse but mute remained,
As soon as the holy place Astolpho gained.

XXVI.

Thence to Marseilles he came; and came the day
Orlando, and Rinaldo, and Olivier
Arrived therein, upon their homeward way,
With good Sobrino, and the better peer,
Roger: not so triumphs that array,
Touched by the death of him, their comrade dear,
As they for such a glorious victory won
—But for that sad disaster—would have done.

XXVII.

Of the kings slain upon the paynim part,
The news from Sicily to Charles were blown,
Sobrino's fate, and death of Brandinart;
Nor less of good Rogero had been shown.
Charles stood with jocund face and gladsome heart,
Rejoicing he had from his shoulders thrown
The intolerable load wherof the weight
Will for long time prevent his standing straight.

XXVIII.

To honour those fair pillars that sustain
The state—the holy empire's corner-stone—
The nobles of his kingdom Charlemagne
Dispatched, to meet the knights, as far as Sâone;
And from his city with his worthiest train,
King, duke, and her, the partner of his throne,
Issued amid a fair and gorgeous band
Of noble damsels, upon either hand.

XXIX.

The emperor Charles with bright and cheerful brow,
Lords, paladins and people, kinsmen, friends,
Fair love to Roland and the others show.
Mongrana and Clermont's cry the welkin rends.
No sooner, mid that kind and festal show,
The interchange of fond embracements ends,
Than Roland and his friends Rogero bring,
And mid those lords present him to the king;

XXX.

And him Rogero of Risa's son declare,
And vouch in valour as his father's peer,
“Witnesses of his worth our squadrons are,
“They best can tell his prowess with the spear.”
Meanwhile, the noble and the lovely pair,
Marphisa and gentle Bradamant appear.
This runs to fold Rogero to her heart;
More coy, that other stands someddeal apart.

XXXI.

The emperor bids Rogero mount again,
Who from his horse had lit, in reverence due;
And, side by side, with him his courser rein;
Nor aught omits that monarch which may do
The warrior honour, mid his martial train:
How the true faith he had embraced he knew;
Of all instructed by that band before;
When first those paladins set foot ashore.

XXXII.

With pomp triumphal and with festive cheer
The troop returns within the city-walls:
With leaves and garlands green the streets appear,
And tapestried all about with gorgeous palls.
Of herbs and flowers a mingled rain, where'er
They wend, upon the conquering squadron falls,
Which with full hands from stand and window throw
Damsel and dame upon the knights below.

XXXIII.

At every turn, in various places are,
Of sudden structure arch and trophy high,
Whereon Biserta's sack is painted fair,
Ruin and fire, and feat of chivalry :
Scaffolds, upraised for different sports elsewhere
And merrimake and stage-play meet the eye ;
And, writ with truth, above, below, between,
To THE EMPIRE'S SAVIOURS, everywhere is seen.

XXXIV.

With sound of shrilling pipe and trumpet proud,
And other festive music, laughter light,
Applause and favour of the following crowd,
Which scarce found room, begirt with dame and knight,
The mighty emperor, mid those greetings loud,
Before the royal palace did alight :
Where many days he feasted high in hall
His lords, mid tourney, mummer, mask and ball.

XXXV.

His son to Aymon on a day made known
His sister he would make Rogero's bride ;
And, before Olivier and Milo's son *,
Her to the Child by promise had affianced ;
Who think with him that kindred is there none
Wherewith to league themselves, on any side,
For valour or nobility of blood,
Better than his ; nay, none so passing good.

* Orlando.

XXXVI.

Duke Aymon heard his heir with some disdain;
That, without concert with him, and alone
He dared to plight his daughter, whom he fain
Would marry to the Grecian emperor's son;
And not to him that has no kingly reign,
Nay has not ought that he can call his own;
And should not know, how little nobleness
Is valued without wealth; how virtue less.

XXXVII.

But Beatrice, his wife, with more despise
Arraigns her son, and calls him arrogant;
And moves each open way and hidden sleight
To break Rogero's match with Bradamant;
Resolved to tax her every means and might
To make her empress of the wide Levant.
Firm in his purpose is Montalban's lord,
Nor will in aught forego his plighted word.

XXXVIII.

Beatrice who believes the highminded fair
Is at her hest, exhorts her to reply,
' Rather than she will be constrained to pair
' With a poor knight, she is resolved to die;
Nor, if this wrong she from Rinaldo bear
Will she regard her with a mother's eye:
Let her refuse and keep her stedfast course;
For her free will Rinaldo cannot force.

XXXIX.

Silent stands mournful Bradamant, nor dares
 Meanwhile her lady-mother's speech gainsay;
To whom such reverence, and respect, she bears,
She thinks no choice is left but to obey.
Yet a foul fault it in her eyes appears,
If what she will not do, she falsely say:
She will not, for she cannot; since above
All guidance, great or small, is mighty Love.

XL.

Deny she dared not, nor yet seem content;
 So, sighed and spake not; but—when uncontrolled
She could—she gave her secret sorrow vent,
While from her eyes the tears like billows rolled;
A portion of the pains that her torment,
Inflicting on her breast and locks of gold:
For this she beat, and those uptore and brake;
And thus she made lament, and thus she spake.

XLI.

“ Ah! shall I will what she wills *not*, by right
“ More sovereign mistress of my will than I?
“ Hers shall I hold so cheaply, as to slight
“ A mother's will, my own to satisfy?
“ Alas! what blemish is so foul to sight
“ In damsel? What so ill, as to affy
“ Myself to husband, reckless of *her* will,
“ Which 'tis my duty ever to fulfil?

XLII.

- “ Wo worth the while! and shall I then to thee
“ By filial love be forced to be untrue,
“ O my Rogero, and surrender me
“ To a new hope, a new love, and a new
“ Desire; or rather from those ties break free,
“ From all good children to good parents due;
“ Observance, reverence cast aside; and measure
“ My duty by my happiness, my pleasure?

XLIII.

- “ I know, alas! what I should do; I know
“ That which a duteous daughter doth behove;
“ I know; but what avails it, if not so
“ My reason moves me as my senses move;
“ If she retires before a stronger foe;
“ Nor can I of myself dispose, for Love;
“ Nor think how to dispose; so strict his sway;
“ Nor, saving as he dictates, do and say?

XLIV.

- “ Aymon and Beatrice's child, the slave
“ Of Love am I; ah! miserable me!
“ I from my parents am in hope to have
“ Pardon and pity, if in fault I be:
“ But, if I anger Love, whose prayer shall save
“ Me from his fury, till one only plea,
“ Of mine the Godhead shall vouchsafe to hear;
“ Nor doom me dead as soon as I appear?

XLV.

- “ Alas! with long and obstinate pursuit,
“ To our faith to draw Rogero have I wrought;
“ And finally have drawn; but with what boot,
“ If my fair deed for other's good be wrought?
“ So yearly by the bee, whose labour's fruit
“ Is lost for her, is hive with honey fraught.
“ But I will die ere I the Child forsake,
“ And other husband than Rogero take.

XLVI.

- “ If I shall not obey my father's hest,
“ Nor mother's, I my brother's shall obey,
“ Of greater wisdom far than them possest;
“ Nor Time hath made that warrior's wit his prey;
“ And what *he* wills by Roland is profest;
“ And, one and the other, on my side are they;
“ A pair more feared and honoured far and wide
“ Than all the members of my house beside.

XLVII.

- “ If them the flower of Clermont's noble tree,
“ The glory and the splendour all account;
“ If all believe our other chivalry
“ They, more than head o'ertops the foot, surmount;
“ Why would I Aymon should dispose of me,
“ Rather than good Rinaldo and the Count?
“ I should not; so much less, as not affied
“ To Leo, and Rogero's promised bride.”

XLVIII.

If cruel thoughts the afflicted maid torment,
Rogero's mind enjoys not more repose;
For albeit those sad tidings have not vent
Yet in the city, he the secret knows.
He o'er his humble fortunes makes lament
Which his enjoying such a good oppose;
As unendowed with riches or with reign,
Dispensed so widely to a worthless train.

XLIX.

Of other goods which Nature's hand supplies,
Or which acquired by man's own study are,
He such a portion in himself espies,
Such and so large was never other's share:
In that, no beauty with his beauty vies;
In that, resistance to his might is rare.
The palm by none from him can challenged be,
In regal splendour, magnanimity.

L.

But they at whose disposal honours lie,
Who give at will, and take away renown;
The vulgar herd; and from the vulgar I,
Except the prudent man, distinguish none;
Nor emperor, pope, nor king, is raised more high
Than these by sceptre, mitre, or by crown,
Nor save by prudence; save by judgement, given
But to the favoured few by partial Heaven;

LI.

This vulgar (to say out what I would say)
Which only honours wealth, therewith more smit
Than any worldly thing beside, nor they
Aught heed or aught esteem, ungraced with it,
Be beauty or be daring what it may,
Dexterity or prowess, worth, or wit,
Or goodness—yet more vulgar stands confest
In that whereof I speak than in the rest.

LII.

Rogero said; “If Aymon is disposed
“An empress in his Bradamant to see,
“Let not his treaty be so quickly closed
“With Leo; let a year be granted me:
“In that, meanwhile, I hope, by me deposed
“Shall Leo with his royal father be,
“And I, encircled with their forfeit crown,
“Shall be for Aymon no unworthy son.

LIII.

“But if he gives without delay, as said,
“His daughter to the son of Constantine,
“If to that promise no regard be paid,
“Which good Rinaldo and the paladine,
“His cousin, erst before the hermit made,
“The Marquis Olivier and King Sobrine,
“What shall I do? such grievous wrong shall I
“Endure, or, rather than endure it, die?

LIV.

- “ What shall I do? her father then pursue,
“ On whom for vengeance this grave outrage cries?
“ I heed not that the deed is hard to do,
“ Or if the attempt in me is weak or wise:—
“ But presuppose that, with his kindred crew
“ Slain by my hand that unjust elder dies;
“ This will in nothing further my content;
“ Nay it will wholly frustrate my intent.

LV.

- “ ’Twas ever my intent, and still ’tis so,
“ To have the love, not hatred, of that fair;
“ But should I Aymon slay, or bring some woe,
“ By plot or practice, on his house or heir,
“ Will she not justly hold me as her foe,
“ And me, that foeman, as her lord forswear?
“ What shall I do, endure such injury?
“ Ah! no, by Heaven! far rather I will die.

LVI.

- “ Nay die I will not; but with better right
“ Shall Leo die, who so disturbs my joy;
“ He and his unjust sire; less dear his flight
“ With Helen paid her paramour of Troy;
“ Nor yet in older time that foul despite,
“ Done to Proserpina, cost such annoy
“ To bold Pirithous, as for her I’ve lost
“ My grief of heart shall son and father cost.

LVII.

- “ Can it be true, my life, that to forsake
“ Thy champion for this Greek should grieve not thee?
“ And could thy father force thee him to take,
“ Though joined thy brethren with thy sire should be?
“ But ’tis my fear that thou would’st rather make
“ Accord withal with Aymon than with me;
“ And that it seemeth better in thy sight
“ To wed with Cæsar than with simple wight.

LVIII.

- “ Can it be true that royal name should blind,
“ Imperial title, pomp and majesty,
“ And taint my Bradamant’s egregious mind,
“ Her mighty valour and her virtue high,
“ So that, as cheaper, she should cast behind
“ Her plighted faith, and from her promise fly?
“ Nor sooner she a foe to Love be made,
“ Than she no longer say, what once she said?”

LIX.

These things Rogero said, and more beside,
Discoursing with himself, and in such strain
Oftentimes the afflicted warrior cried,
That stander by o’erheard the knight complain,
And more than once his grief was signified
To her that was the occasion of his pain;
Who no less for his cruel woe, when known,
Lamented than for sorrows of her own.

LX.

But most, of all the sorrows that were said
To vex Rogero, most it works her woe
To hear that he afflicts himself, in dread
Lest for the Grecian prince she him forego.
Hence this belief, this error, from his head
To drive, and comfort on the knight bestow,
The trustiest of her bower-women, one day,
She to Rogero bade these words convey.

LXI.

“ Rogero, I what I was till death will be;
“ And be more faithful, if I can be more:
“ Deals Love in kindness or in scorn with me;
“ Hath doubtful Fortune good or ill in store;
“ I am a very rock of faith, by sea
“ And winds unmoved, which round about it roar.
“ Nor I have changed for calm or storm, nor I
“ Will ever change to all eternity.

LXII.

“ Sooner shall file or chisel made of lead
“ To the rough diamond various forms impart,
“ Than any stroke, by fickle Fortune sped,
“ Or Love’s keen anger, break my constant heart:
“ Sooner return, to Alp, their fountain-head,
“ The troubled streams that from its summit part,
“ Than e’er, for change or chances, good or nought,
“ Shall wander from its way my stedfast thought.

LXIII.

- “ All power o’er me have I bestowed on you,
“ Rogero; and more than others may divine:
“ I know that to a prince whose throne is new
“ Was never fealty sworn more true than mine;
“ Nor ever surer state, this wide world through,
“ By king or keysar was possess’d than thine.
“ Thou need’st not dig a ditch nor build a tower,
“ In fear lest any rob thee of that power.

LXIV.

- “ For if thou hire no aids, assault is none,
“ But what thereon shall aye be made in vain;
“ Nor shall it be by any riches won:
“ So vile a price no gentle heart can gain:
“ Nor by nobility, nor kingly crown,
“ That dazzle so the silly vulgar train;
“ Nor beauty, puissant with the weak and light,
“ Shall ever make me thee for other slight.

LXV.

- “ Thou hast no cause, amid thy griefs, to fear
“ My heart should ever bear new impress more:
“ So deeply is thine image graven here,
“ It cannot be removed: that my heart’s core
“ Is not of wax is proved; for Love whilere
“ Smote it a hundred times, not once, before
“ He by his blows a single scale displaced,
“ What time therein his hand thine image traced.

LXVI.

“ Ivory, gem, and every hard-grained stone
“ That best resists the griding tool, may break :
“ But, save the form it once hath taken, none
“ Will ever from the graver’s iron take.
“ My heart like marble is, or thing least prone
“ Beneath the chisel’s trenchant edge to flake :
“ Love this may wholly splinter, ere he may
“ Another’s beauty in its core enlay.”

LXVII.

Other and many words with comfort rife,
And full of love and faith, she said beside ;
Which might a thousand times have given him life,
Albeit a thousand times the knight had died :
But, when most clear of the tempestuous strife,
In friendly port these hopes appeared to ride,
These hopes a foul and furious wind anew
Far from the sheltering land to seaward blew.

LXVIII.

In that the gentle Bradamant, who fain
Would do far more than she hath signified,
With wonted daring armed her heart again ;
And boldly casting all respect aside,
One day stood up before King Charlemagne ;
And, “ Sire, if ever yet,” the damsel cried,
“ I have found favour in your eyes for deed
“ Done heretofore, deny me not its meed ;

LXIX.

“ And I entreat, before I claim my fee,
“ That you to me your royal promise plight,
“ To grant my prayer; and fain would have you see
“ That what I shall demand is just and right.”
“ Thy valour, damsel dear, deserves from me
“ The boon wherewith thy worth I should requite
(Charles answered), “ and I to content thee swear,
“ Though of my kingdom thou should’st claim a share.”

LXX.

“ The boon for which I to your highness sue,
“ Is not to let my parents me accord
(Pursued the martial damsel) save he shew
“ More prowess than myself, to any lord.
“ Let him contend with me in tourney, who
“ Would have me, or assay me with the sword.
“ Me as his wife let him that wins me, wear;
“ Let him that loses me, with other pair.”

LXXI.

With cheerful face the emperor made reply,
‘ The entreaty was well worthy of the maid;
‘ And that with tranquil mind she might rely,
‘ He would accord the boon for which she prayed.’
This audience was not given so secretly,
But that the news to others were conveyed;
Which on that very day withal were told
In the ears of Beatrice and Aymon old;

LXXII.

Who against Bradamant with fury flame,
And both alike, with sudden anger fraught,
(For plainly they perceive, that in her claim
She for Rogero more than Leo wrought)
And active to prevent the damsel's aim
From being to a safe conclusion brought,
Privily take her from King Charles's court,
And thence to Rocca Forte's tower transport.

LXXIII.

A castle this, which royal Charlemagne
Had given to Aymon some few days before,
Built between Carcasson and Perpignan,
On a commanding point upon the shore.
Resolved to send her eastward, there the twain
As in a prison kept her evermore.
Willing or nilling, so must she forsake
Rogero, and for lord must Leo take.

LXXIV.

The martial maid of no less modest vein
Than bold and full of fire before the foe,
Albeit no guard on her the castellan
Hath set, and she is free to come or go,
Observant of her sire, obeys the rein:
Yet prison, death, and every pain and woe
To suffer is resolved that constant maid
Before by her Rogero be betrayed.

LXXV.

Rinaldo, who thus ravished from his hand,
By ancient Aymon's craft his sister spied,
And saw he could no more in wedlock's band
Dispose of her, by him in vain affied,
Of his old sire complains, and him doth brand,
Laying his filial love and fear aside :
But little him Rinaldo's words molest ;
Who by the maid will do as likes him best.

LXXVI.

Rogero, hearing this and sore afraid
That he shall lose his bride; and Leo take,
If left alive, by force or love the maid,
Resolved within himself (but nothing spake)
Constantine's heir should perish by his blade;
And of Augustus him a god would make⁹.
He, save his hope deceived him and was vain,
Would sire and son deprive of life and reign.

LXXVII.

His limbs in arms, which Trojan Hector's were,
And afterwards the Tartar king's, he steeled;
Bade rein Frontino, and his wonted wear
Exchanged, crest, surcoat and emblazoned shield.
On that emprise it pleased him not to bear
His argent eagle on its azure field.
White as a lily, was a unicorn
By him upon a field of crimson worn.

LXXVIII.

He chose from his attendant squires the best,
And willed none else should him accompany;
And gave him charge, that ne'er by him exprest
Rogero's name in any place should be;
Crost Meuse and Rhine, and pricked upon his quest
Through the Austrian countries into Hungary;
Along the right bank of the Danube made,
And rode an-end until he reached Belgrade.

LXXIX.

Where Save into dark Danube makes descent,
And to the sea, increased by him, doth flow,
He saw the imperial ensigns spread, and tent
And white pavilion, thronged with troops below.
For Constantine to have that town was bent
Anew, late won by the Bulgarian foe.
In person, with his son, is Constantine,
With all the empire's force his host to line.

LXXX.

Within Belgrade, and through the neighbouring peak,
Even to its bottom which the waters lave,
The Bulgar fronts him; and both armies seek
A watering-place in the intermediate Save.
A bridge across that rapid stream the Greek
Would fling; the Bulgar would defend the wave;
When thither came Rogero; and engaged
Beheld the hosts in fight, which hotly raged.

LXXXI.

The Greeks in that affray were four to one,
And with pontoons to bridge the stream supplied ;
And a bold semblance through their host put on
Of crossing to the river's further side.
Leo meanwhile was from the river gone
With covert guile ; he took a circuit wide,
Then thither made return ; his bridges placed
From bank to bank, and past the stream in haste.

LXXXII.

With many horse and foot in battle dight,
Who nothing under twenty thousand rank,
Along the river rode the Grecian knight ;
And fiercely charged his enemies in flank.
The emperor, when his son appeared in sight,
Leading his squadrons on the farther bank,
Uniting bridge and bark together, crost
Upon his part the stream with all his host.

LXXXIII.

King Vatran, chief of the Bulgarian band,
Wise, bold, withal a warrior, here and there
Laboured in vain such onset to withstand,
And the disorder of his host repair ;
When Leo prest him sore, and with strong hand
The king to earth beneath his courser bare ;
Whom at the prince's hest, for all too fierce
Is he to yield, a thousand faulchions pierce.

LXXXIV.

The Bulgar host hath hitherto made head ;
But when they see their sovereign is laid low,
And everywhere that tempest wax and spread,
They turn their backs where erst they faced the foe.
The Child, who mid the Greeks, from whom they fled,
Was borne along, beheld that overthrow,
And bowned himself their battle to restore,
As hating Constantine and Leo more.

LXXXV.

He spurs Frontino, that in his career
Is like the wind, and passes every steed ;
He overtakes the troop, that in their fear
Fly to the mountain and desert the mead.
Many he stops and turns ; then rests his spear ;
And, as he puts his courser to his speed,
So fearful is his look, even Mars and Jove
Are frightened in their azure realms above.

LXXXVI.

Advanced before the others, he descried
A cavalier, in crimson vest, whereon
With all its stalk in silk and gold was spied
A pod, like millet, in embroidery done :
Constantine's nephew, by the sister's side,
He was, but was no less beloved than son :
He split like glass his shield and scaly rind ;
And the long lance appeared a palm behind.

LXXXVII.

He left the dead, and drew his shining blade
Upon a squadron, whom he saw most nigh ;
And now at one, and now at other made ;
Cleft bodies, and made heads from shoulders fly.
At throat, at breast and flank the warrior laid ;
Smote hand, and arm, and shoulder, bust, and thigh ;
And through that champaign ran the reeking blood,
As to the valley foams the mountain-flood.

LXXXVIII.

None that behold those strokes maintain their place ;
So are they all bewildered by their fear.
Thus suddenly the battle changed its face :
For, catching courage from the cavalier,
The Bulgar squadrons rally, turn, and chase
The Grecian troops that fled from them whilere.
Lost was all order in a thought, and they
With all their banners fled in disarray.

LXXXIX.

Leo Augustus on a swelling height,
Seeing his followers fly, hath taken post ;
Where woful and bewildered (for to sight
Nothing in all the country round is lost)
He from his lofty station eyes the knight,
Who with his single arm destroys that host ;
And cannot choose, though so his prowess harms,
But praise that peer and own his worth in arms.

XC.

He knew full well by ensignry displaid,
By surcoat and by gilded panoply,
That albeit to the foe he furnished aid,
That champion was not of his chivalry;
Wondering his superhuman deeds surveyed;
And now an angel seemed in him to see,
To scourge the Greeks from quires above descended,
Whose sins so oft and oft had heaven offended;

XCI.

And, as a man of great and noble heart,
(Where many others would have hatred sworn)
Enamoured of such valour, on his part,
Would not desire to see him suffer scorn:
For one that died, six Grecians' death less smart
Would cause that prince; and better had he borne
To lose as well a portion of his reign,
Than to behold so good a warrior slain.

XCII.

As baby, albeit its fond mother beat
And drive it forth in anger, in its fear
Neither to sire nor sister makes retreat;
But to her arms returns with fondling cheer:
So Leo, though Rogero in his heat
Slaughters his routed van and threats his rear,
Cannot that champion hate; because above
His anger is the admiring prince's love.

XCIII.

But if young Leo loved him and admired,
Meseems that he an ill exchange hath made ;
For him Rogero loathed ; nor aught desired
More than to lay him lifeless with his blade :
Him with his eyes he sought ; for him inquired ;
But Leo's fortune his desire gainsayed ;
Which with the prudence of the practised Greek,
Made him in vain his hated rival seek.

XCIV.

Leo, for fear his bands be wholly spent,
Bids sound the assembly his Greek squadrons through :
He to his father a quick courier sent,
To pray ' that he would pass the stream anew ;
' Who, if the way was open, well content
' Might with his bargain be ;' and with a few
Whom he collects, the Grecian cavalier
Recrost the bridge by which he past whilere.

XCV.

Into the power o' the Bulgars many fall,
Slain from the hill-top to the river-side ;
And they into their hands had fallen all,
But for the river's intervening tide.
From the bridge many drop, and drown withal ;
And many that ne'er turned their heads aside,
Thence to a distant ford for safety made ;
And many were dragged prisoners to Belgrade.

XCVI.

When done was that day's fight, wherein (since borne
To ground the Bulgar king his life did yield)
His squadrons would have suffered scathe and scorn,
Had not for them the warrior won the field,
The warrior, that the snowy unicorn
Wore for his blazon on a crimson shield,
To him all flock, in him with joy and glee
The winner of that glorious battle see.

XCVII.

Some bow and some salute him ; of the rest
Some kist the warrior's feet, and some his hand.
Round him as closely as they could they prest,
And happy those are deemed, that nearest stand ;
More those that touch him ; for to touch a blest
And supernatural thing believes the band.
On him with shouts that rent the heavens they cried,
To be their king, their captain, and their guide.

XCVIII.

' As king or captain them will he command
' As liked them best,' he said, ' but will not lay
' On sceptre or on leading-staff his hand ;
' Nor yet Belgrade will enter on that day :
' For first, ere farther flies young Leo's band,
' And they across the river make their way,
' Him will he follow, nor forego, until
' That Grecian leader he o'ertake and kill.

XCIX.

‘ A thousand miles and more for this alone
‘ He thither measured, and for nought beside.’
He saith ; and from the multitude is gone,
And by a road that ’s shown to him doth ride.
For towards the bridge is royal Leo flown ;
Haply lest him from this the foe divide :
Behind him pricks Rogero with such fire,
The warrior calls not, nor awaits, his squire.

C.

Such vantage Leo has in flight (to flee
He rather may be said than to retreat)
The passage open hath he found and free ;
And then destroys the bridge and burns his fleet.
Rogero arrived not, till beneath the sea
The sun was hid ; nor lodging found ; his beat
He still pursued ; and now shone forth the moon :
But town or village found the warrior none.

CI.

Because he wots not where to lodge, he goes
All night, nor from his load Frontino frees.
When the new sun his early radiance shows,
A city to the left Rogero sees ;
And there all day determines to repose,
As where he may his wearied courser ease,
Whom he so far that livelong night had pressed ;
Nor had he drawn his bit, nor given him rest.

CII.

Ungiardo had that city in his guard,
Constantine's liegeman, and to him right dear ;
Who, since upon the Bulgars he had warred,
Much horse and foot had sent that emperor ; here
Now entered (for the entrance was not barred)
Rogeró, and found such hospitable cheer,
He to fare further had no need, in trace
Of better or of more abundant place.

CIII.

In the same hostelry with him a guest
Was lodged that evening a Romanian knight ;
Present what time the Child with lance in rest
Succoured the Bulgars in that cruel fight ;
Who hardly had escaped his hand, sore prest
And scared as never yet was living wight ;
So that he trembled still, disturbed in mind,
And deemed the knight of the unicorn behind.

CIV.

He by the buckler knew as soon as spied
The cavalier, whose arms that blazon bear,
For him that routed the Byzantine side ;
By hand of whom so many slaughtered were.
He hurried to the palace, and applied
For audience, weighty tidings to declare ;
And, to Ungiardo led forthwith, rehearsed
What shall by me in other strain be versed.

NOTES TO CANTO XLIV.

1.

*Who from the fearful garden by his might
Had won the blade.*

Stanza xvii. lines 3 and 4.

To wit, the garden of Falerina; the destruction of which forms one of the wildest and most beautiful episodes of the *Innamorato*.

2.

And of Augustus him a god would make.

Stanza lxxvi. line 6.

The Roman emperors were deified as soon as dead; and, as the Grecian emperors were their successors, Ariosto makes Rogero destine the same honours to Leo.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLV.

ARGUMENT.

*Young Leo doth from death Rogero free ;
For him Rogero Bradamant hath won,
Making that maid appear less strong to be,
Disguised in fight like Leo; and, that done,
Straight in despite would slay himself; so he
By sorrow, so by anguish is fordone.
To hinder Leo of his destined wife
Marphisa works, and kindles mighty strife.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLV.

I.

By how much higher we see poor mortal go
On Fortune's wheel, which runs a restless round,
We so much sooner see his head below
His heels; and he is prostrate on the ground.
The Lydian, Syracusan, Samian * show
This truth, and more whose names I shall not sound;
All into deepest dolour in one day
Hurled headlong from the height of sovereign sway.

II.

By how much more deprest on the other side,
By how much more the wretch is downwards hurled,
He so much sooner mounts, where he shall ride,
If the revolving wheel again be twirled.
Some on the murderous block have well-nigh died,
That on the following day have ruled the world.
Ventidius, Servius, Marius this have shown
In ancient days; King Lewis in our own;

* Cræsus, Dionysius, and Polycrates.

III.

King Lewis, stepfather of my duke's son ;
Who, when his host at Santalbino fled,
Left in *his* clutch by whom that field was won,
Was nigh remaining shorter by the head.
Nor long before the great Corvinus * run
A yet more fearful peril, worse bested :
Both throned, when overblown was their mischance,
One king of Hungary, one king of France.

IV.

'Tis plain to sight, through instances that fill
The page of ancient and of modern story,
That ill succeeds to good, and good to ill ;
That glory ends in shame, and shame in glory ;
And that man should not trust, deluded still,
In riches, realm, or field of battle, gory
With hostile blood, nor yet despair, for spurns
Of Fortune ; since her wheel for ever turns¹.

V.

Through that fair victory, when overthrown
Were Leo and his royal sire, the knight
Who won that battle to such trust is grown,
In his good fortune and his peerless might,
He, without following, without aid, alone
(So is he prompted by his daring sprite)
Thinks, mid a thousand squadrons in array,
—Footmen and horsemen—sire and son to slay.

* Mathias Corvinus.

VI.

But she, that wills no trust shall e'er be placed
In her by man, to him doth shortly show,
How wight by her is raised, and how abased ;
How soon she is a friend, how soon a foe ;
She makes him know Rogero, that in haste
Is gone to work that warrior shame and woe ;
The cavalier, which in that battle dread
With much ado had from his faulchion fled.

VII.

He to Ungiardo hastens to declare
The Child who put the imperial host to flight,
Whose carnage many years will not repair,
Here past the day and was to pass the night ;
And saith, that Fortune, taken by the hair,
Without more trouble, and without more fight,
Will, if he prisons *him*, the Bulgars bring
Beneath the yoke and lordship of his king.

VIII.

Ungiardo from the crowd, which had pursued
Thither their flight from that ensanguined plain,
(For, troop by troop, a countless multitude
Arrived, because not all the bridge could gain)
Knew what a cruel slaughter had ensued :
For there the moiety of the Greeks was slain ;
And knew that by a cavalier alone
One host was saved, and one was overthrown ;

IX.

And that undriven he should have made his way
Into the net, and of his own accord,
Wondered, and showed his pleasure at the say
In visage, gesture, and in joyful word.
He waited till Rogero sleeping lay;
Then softly sent his guard to take that lord;
And made the valiant Child, who had no dread
Of such a danger, prisoner in his bed.

X.

By his own shield accused, that witness true,
The Child is captive in Novogorood²,
To Ungiardo, worst among the cruel, who
Marvellous mirth to have that prisoner shewed.
And what, since he was naked, could he do,
Bound, while his eyes were yet by slumber glued?
A courier, who the news should quickly bear,
Ungiardo bids to Constantine repair.

XI.

Constantine on that night with all his host,
Raising his camp, from Save's green shore had gone:
With this in Beletieche he takes post,
Androphilus', his sister's husband's town,
Father of him, whose arms in their first joust
(As if of wax had been his habergeon)
Had pierced and carved the puissant cavalier,
Now by Ungiardo pent in dungeon drear.

XII.

Here from attack the emperor makes assure
The city walls and gates on every side;
Lest, from the Bulgar squadrons ill secure,
Having so good a warrior for their guide,
His broken Grecians worse than fear endure;
Deeming the rest would by his hand have died.
Now he is taken, these breed no alarms;
Nor would he fear the banded world in arms.

XIII.

The emperor, swimming in a summer sea,
Knows not for very pleasure what to do:
“Truly the Bulgars may be said to be
“Vanquished,” he cries, with bold and cheerful brow.
As *he* would feel assured of victory,
That had of either arm deprived his foe;
So the emperor was assured, and so rejoiced,
When good Rogero’s fate the warrior voiced.

XIV.

No less occasion has the emperor’s son
For joying; for besides that he anew
Trusts to acquire Belgrade, and tower and town
Throughout the Bulgars’ country to subdue,
He would by favours make the knight his own,
And hopes to rank him in his warlike crew:
Nor need he envy, guarded by his blade,
King Charles’, Orlando’s, or Rinaldo’s aid.

XV.

Theodora was by other thoughts possest,
Whose son was killed by young Rogero's spear;
Which through his shoulders, entering at his breast,
Issued a palm's breadth in the stripling's rear;
Constantine's sister she, by grief oppress'd,
Fell down before him; and with many a tear
That dropt into her bosom, while she sued,
His heart with pity softened and subdued.

XVI.

" I still before these feet will bow my knee,
" Save on this felon, good my lord," (she cried)
" Who killed my son, to venge me thou agree,
" Now that we have him in our hold; beside
" That he thy nephew was, thou seest how thee
" He loved; thou seest what feats upon thy side
" That warrior wrought; thou seest if thou wilt blot
" Thine own good name, if thou avenge him not.

XVII.

" Thou seest how righteous Heaven by pity stirred
" From the wide champaign, red with Grecian gore,
" Bears that fell man; and like a reckless bird
" Into the fowler's net hath made him soar;
" That for short season, for revenge deferred,
" My son may mourn upon the Stygian shore.
" Give me, *my* lord, I pray, this cruel foe,
" That by his torment I may soothe my woe."

XVIII.

So well she mourns; and in such moving wise
And efficacious doth she make lament;
(Nor from before the emperor will arise,
Though he three times and four the dame has hent,
And to uplift by word and action tries)
That he is forced her wishes to content;
And thus, according to her prayer, commands
The Child to be delivered to her hands;

XIX.

And, not therein his orders to delay,
They take the warrior of the unicorn
To cruel Theodora; but one day
Of respite has the knight: to have him torn
In quarters, yet alive; to rend and slay
Her prisoner publicly with shame and scorn,
Seems a poor pain; and he must undergo
Other unwonted and unmeasured woe.

XX.

At the commandment of that woman dread,
Chains on his neck and hands and feet they don;
And put him in a dungeon-cell, where thread
Of light was never by Apollo thrown:
He has a scanty mess of mouldy bread;
And sometimes is he left two days with none;
And one that doth the place of jailer fill
Is prompter than herself to work him ill.

XXI.

Oh! if Duke Aymon's daughter brave and fair,
Or if Marphisa of exalted mind
Had heard Rogero's sad estate declare,
And how he in this guise in prison pined,
To his rescue either would have made repair,
And would have flung the fear of death behind:
Nor had bold Bradamant, intent to aid,
Respect to Beatrice or Aymon paid.

XXII.

Meanwhile King Charlemagne upon his side,
Heeding his promise made in solemn sort,
That none should have the damsel for his bride,
That of her prowess in the field fell short;
Not only had his sovereign pleasure cried
With sound of trumpet in his royal court,
But in each city subject to his crown.
Hence quickly through the world the bruit was blown.

XXIII.

Such the condition which he bids proclaim:
‘ He that would with Duke Aymon's daughter wed
‘ Must with the sword contend against that dame
‘ From the sun's rise until he seeks his bed;
‘ And if he for that time maintains the game,
‘ And is not overcome, without more said,
‘ The lady is adjudged to have lost the stake;
‘ Nor him for husband can refuse to take.

XXIV.

‘ The choice of arms must be by her foregone,
‘ No matter who may claim it in the course :’
And by the damsel this may well be done,
Good at all arms alike, on foot or horse.
Aymon, who cannot strive against the crown,
—Cannot and will not—yields at length parforce.
He much the matter sifts, and in the end
Resolves to court with Bradamant to wend.

XXV.

Though for the daughter choler and disdain
The mother nursed, yet that she honour due
Might have, she garments, dyed in different grain,
Had wrought for her, of various form and hue.
Bradamant for the court of Charlemagne
Departs, and finding not her love, to her view
His noble court appears like *that* no more,
Which had appeared to her so fair before.

XXVI.

As he that hath beheld a garden, bright
With flowers and leaves in April or in May,
And next beholds it, when the sun his light
Hath sloped toward the north, and shortened day,
Finds it a desert horrid to the sight;
So, now that her Rogero is away,
To Bradamant, who thither made resort,
No longer what it was appeared that court.

XXVII.

What is become of him she doth not dare
Demand, lest more suspicion thence be bred;
But listens still, and searches here and there;
That this by some, unquestioned, may be said;
Knows he is gone, but has no notion where
The warrior, when he went, his steps had sped;
Because, departing thence, he spake no word
Save to the squire who journeyed with his lord.

XXVIII.

Oh! how she sighs! how fears the gentle maid,
Hearing Rogero, as it were, was flown!
Oh! how above all other terrors, weighed
The fear, that to forget her he was gone!
That, seeing Aymon still his wish gainsayed,
And that to wed the damsel hope was none,
He fled, perchance, so hoping to be loosed
From toils wherein he by her love was noosed;

XXIX.

And that with further end the youthful lord
Her from his heart more speedily to chase,
Will rove from realm to realm, till one afford
Some dame, that may his former love efface;
Even, as the proverb says, that in a board
One nail drives out another from its place.
A second thought succeeds, and paints the youth
Arraigned of fickleness, as full of truth;

XXX.

And her reproves for having lent an ear
To a suspicion so unjust and blind;
And so, this thought absolves the cavalier;
And that accuses; and both audience find;
And now this way, now that, she seemed to veer;
Nor this, nor that—irresolute of mind—
Preferred: yet still to what gave most delight
Most promptly leaned, and loathed its opposite;

XXXI.

And thinking, ever and anon, anew
On that so oft repeated by the knight,
As for grave sin, remorse and sorrow grew
That she had nursed suspicion and affright;
And she, as her Rogero were in view,
Would blame herself, and would her bosom smite;
And say; “I see ’twas ill such thoughts to nurse,
“ But he, the cause, is even cause of worse.

XXXII.

“ Love is the cause; that in my heart inlaid
“ Thy form, so graceful and so fair to see;
“ And so thy daring and thy wit pourtrayed,
“ And worth, of all so bruited, that to me
“ It seems impossible that wife or maid,
“ Blest with thy sight, should not be fired by thee;
“ And that she should not all her art apply
“ To unbind, and fasten thee with other tie.

XXXIII.

- “ Ah! wellaway! if in my thought Love so
“ Thy thought, as thy fair visage, had designed,
“ This—am I well assured—in open show,
“ As I unseen believe it, should I find;
“ And be so quit of Jealousy, *that* foe
“ Would not still harass my suspicious mind;
“ And, where she is by me repulsed with pain,
“ Not quelled and routed would she be, but slain.

XXXIV.

- “ I am like miser, so intent on gear,
“ And who hath this so buried in his heart,
“ That he, for hoarded treasure still in fear,
“ Cannot live gladly from his wealth apart.
“ Since I Rogero neither see nor hear,
“ More puissant far than Hope, O Fear! thou art;
“ To thee, though false and idle, I give way;
“ And cannot choose but yield myself thy prey.

XXXV.

- “ But I, Rogero, shall no sooner spy
“ The light of thy glad countenance appear,
“ Against mine every credence, from mine eye
“ Concealed (and woe is me), I know not where,—
“ Oh! how true Hope false Fear shall from on high
“ Depose withal, and to the bottom bear!
“ Ah! turn to me, Rogero! turn again,
“ And comfort Hope, whom Fear hath almost slain.

XXXVI.

- “ As when the sun withdraws his glittering head,
“ The shadows lengthen, causing vain affright;
“ And as the shadows, when he leaves his bed,
“ Vanish, and reassure the timid wight:
“ Without Rogero so I suffer dread;
“ Dread lasts not, if Rogero is in sight.
“ Return to me, return, Rogero, lest
“ My hope by fear should wholly be opprest.

XXXVII.

- “ As every spark is in the night alive,
“ And suddenly extinguished when 'tis morn;
“ When me my sun doth of his rays deprive,
“ Against me felon Fear uplifts his horn:
“ But they the shades of night no sooner drive,
“ Than Fears are past and gone, and Hopes return.
“ Return, alas! return, O radiance dear!
“ And drive from me that foul, consuming Fear.

XXXVIII.

- “ If the sun turn from us and shorten day,
“ Earth all its beauties from the sight doth hide;
“ The wild winds howl, and snows and ice convey;
“ Bird sings not; nor is leaf or flower espied.
“ So, whensoever thou thy gladsome ray,
“ O my fair sun, from me dost turn aside,
“ A thousand, and all evil, dreads, make drear
“ Winter within me many times a year.

XXXIX.

“ Return, my sun, return! and springtide sweet,
“ Which evermore I long to see, bring back;
“ Dislodge the snows and ice with genial heat;
“ And clear my mind, so clouded o’er and black.”
As Philomel, or Progne, with the meat
Returning, which her famished younglings lack,
Mourns o’er an empty nest, or as the dove
Laments himself at having lost his love;

XL.

The unhappy Bradamant laments her so,
Fearing the Child is reft from her and gone;
While often tears her visage overflow:
But she, as best she can, conceals her moan.
Oh! how—oh! how much worse would be her woe,
If what she knew not to the maid were known!
That, prisoned and with pain and pine consumed,
Her consort to a cruel death was doomed.

XLI.

The cruelty which by that beldam ill
Was practised on the prisoned cavalier,
And who prepared the wretched Child to kill,
By torture new and pains unused whilere,
While so Rogero pined, the gracious will
Of Heaven conveyed to gentle Leo’s ear;
And put into his heart the means to aid,
And not to let such worth be overlaid.

XLII.

The courteous Leo that Rogero loved,
Not that the Grecian knew howe'er that he
Rogero was, but by that valour moved
Which sole and superhuman seemed to be,
Thought much, and mused, and planned, how it behaved
—And found at last a way—to set him free;
So that his cruel aunt should have no right
To grieve or say he did her a despite.

XLIII.

In secret, Leo with the man that bore
The prison-keys a parley had, and said,
'He wished to see that cavalier, before
'Upon the wretch was done a doom so dread.'
When it was night, one, faithful found of yore,
Bold, strong, and good in brawl, he thither led;
And—by the silent warder taught that none
Must know 'twas Leo—was the door undone.

XLIV.

Leo, escorted by none else beside,
Was led by the compliant castellan,
With his companion, to the tower, where stied
Was *he*, reserved for nature's latest pain.
There round the neck of their unwary guide,
Who turns his back the wicket to unchain,
A slip-knot Leo and his follower cast;
And, throttled by the noose, he breathes his last⁴.

XLV.

—The trap upraised, by rope from thence suspended
For such a need—the Grecian cavalier,
With lighted flambeau in his hand, descended,
Where, straitly bound, and without sun to cheer,
Rogero lay, upon a grate extended,
Less than a palm's breadth of the water clear:
To kill him in a month, or briefer space,
Nothing was needed but that deadly place.

XLVI.

Lovingly Leo clipt the Child, and, "Me,
" O cavalier! thy matchless valour," cried,
" Hath in indissoluble bands to thee,
" In willing and eternal service, tied;
" And wills thy good to mine preferred should be,
" And I for thine my safety set aside,
" And weigh thy friendship more than sire, and all
" Whom I throughout the world my kindred call.

XLVII.

" I Leo am, that thou what fits mayst know,
" Come to thy succour, the Greek emperor's son:
" If ever Constantine, my father, trow
" That I have aided thee, I danger run
" To be exiled, or aye with troubled brow
" Regarded for the deed that I have done;
" For thee he hates because of those thy blade
" Put to the rout and slaughtered near Belgrade."

XLVIII.

He his discourse with more beside pursues,
That might from death to life the Child recall;
And all this while Rogero's bands doth loose.
"Infinite thanks I owe you," cries the thrall,
"And I the life you give me, for your use
"Will ever render back, upon your call;
"And still, at all your needs, I for your sake,
"And at all times, that life will promptly stake."

XLIX.

Rogero is rescued; and the gaoler slain
Is left in that dark dungeon in his place;
Nor is Rogero known, nor are the twain:
Leo the warrior, free from bondage base,
Brings home, and there in safety to remain
Persuades, in secret, four or six days' space:
'Meanwhile for him will he retrieve the gear
'And courser, by Ungiardo reft whilere.'

L.

Open the gaol is found at dawn of light,
The gaoler strangled, and Rogero gone.
Some think that *these* or *those* had helped his flight:
All talk; and yet the truth is guessed by none.
Well may they think by any other wight
Rather than Leo had the deed been done;
For many deemed he had cause to have repaid
The Child with scathe, and none to give him aid.

LI.

So wildered by such kindness, so immersed
In wonder, is the rescued cavalier,
So from those thoughts is he estranged, that erst
So many weary miles had made him steer,
His second thoughts confronting with his first,
Nor these like those, nor those like these appear.
He first with hatred, rage, and venom burned;
With pity and with love then wholly yearned.

LII.

Much muses he by night and much by day;
—Nor cares for ought, nor ought desires beside—
By equal or more courtesy to pay
The mighty debt that him to Leo tied.
Be his life long or short, or what it may,
Albeit to Leo's service all applied,
Dies he a thousand deaths, he can do nought,
But more will be deserved, Rogero thought.

LIII.

Thither meanwhile had tidings been conveyed
Of Charles' decree; 'that who in nuptial tye
'Would yoke with Bradamant, with trenchant blade
'Or lance must with the maid his prowess try.'
These news the Grecian prince so ill appaid,
His check was seen to blanch with sickly dye;
Because, as one that measured well his might,
He knew he was no match for her in fight.

LIV.

Communing with himself, he can supply
(He sees) the valour wanting with his wit;
And the strange knight with his own ensignry,
Whose name is yet unknown to him, will fit:
Him he against Frank champion, far and nigh,
Believes he may for force and daring pit;
And if the knight to that emprise agree,
Vanquished and taken Bradamant will be.

LV.

But two things must he do ; must, first, dispose
That cavalier to undertake the emprise ;
Then send afield the champion, whom he chose,
In mode, that none suspect the youth's disguise :
To him the matter Leo doth disclose ;
And after prays in efficacious wise,
That he the combat with the maid will claim,
Under false colours and in other's name.

LVI.

Much weighs the Grecian's eloquence ; but more
Than eloquence with good Rogero weighed
The mighty obligation which he bore ;
That debt which cannot ever be repaid.
So, albeit it appeared a hardship sore
And thing well-nigh impossible, he said,
With blither face than heart, ' that Leo's will
' In all that he commands he would fulfil.'

LVII.

Albeit no sooner he the intent exprest,
Than with sore grief Rogero's heart was shent ;
Which, night and day, and ever, doth molest,
Ever afflict him, evermore torment :
And though he sees his death is manifest,
Never will he confess he doth repent :
Rather than not with Leo's prayer comply,
A thousand deaths, not one, the Child will die.

LVIII.

Right sure he is to die ; if he forego
The lady, he foregoes his life no less.
His heart will break through his distress and woe,
Or, breaking not with woe and with distress,
He will, himself, the bands of life undo,
And of its clay the spirit dispossess.
For all things can he better bear than one ;
Than see that gentle damsel not his own.

LIX.

To die is he disposed ; but how to die
Cannot as yet the sorrowing lord decide :
Sometimes he thinks his prowess to belie,
And offer to her sword his naked side :
For never death can come more happily
Than if her hand the fatal faulchion guide :
Then sees, except he wins the martial maid
For that Greek prince, the debt remains unpaid.

LX.

For he with Bradamant, as with a foe,
Promised to do, not feign, a fight in mail,
And not to make of arms a seeming show;
So that his sword should Leo ill avail.
Then by his word will he abide; and though
His breast now these now other thoughts assail,
All from his bosom chased the generous youth,
Save that which moved him to maintain his truth.

LXI.

With the emperor's licence, armour to prepare,
And steeds meanwhile had wrought his youthful son;
Who with such goodly following as might square
With his degree, upon his way was gone:
With him Rogero rides, through Leo's care,
Equipt with horse and arms, that were his own.
Day after day the squadron\$ pricks; nor tarries
Until arrived in France; arrived at Paris.

LXII.

Leo will enter not the town; but nigh
Pitches his broad pavilions on the plain;
And his arrival by an embassy
Makes known that day to royal Charlemagne.
Well pleased is he; and visits testify
And many gifts the monarch's courteous vein.
His journey's cause the Grecian prince displayed,
And to dispatch his suit the sovereign prayed:

LXIII.

‘ To send afield the damsel, who denied
‘ Ever to take in wedlock any lord
‘ Weaker than her: for she should be his bride,
‘ Or he would perish by the lady’s sword.’
Charles undertook for this; and, on her side,
The following day upon the listed sward
Before the walls, in haste, enclosed that night,
Appeared the martial maid, equipt for fight.

LXIV.

Rogero past the night before the day
Wherein by him the battle should be done,
Like that which felon spends, condemned to pay
Life’s forfeit with the next succeeding sun:
He made his choice to combat in the fray
All armed; because he would discovery shun:
Nor barded steed he backed, nor lance he shook;
Nor other weapon than his faulchion took.

LXV.

No lance he took: yet was it not through fear
Of that which Argalià whilom sway’d;
Astolpho’s next; then hers, that in career
Her foemen ever upon earth had laid:
Because none weened such force was in the spear,
Nor that it was by necromancy made;
Excepting royal Galaphron alone;
Who had it forged, and gave it to his son.

LXVI.

Nay, bold Astolpho, and the lady who
Afterwards bore it, deemed that not to spell,
But simply to their proper force, was due
The praise that they in knightly joust excel ;
And with whatever spear they fought, those two
Believed that they should have performed as well.
What only makes that knight the joust forego
Is that he would not his Frontino show.

LXVII.

For easily that steed of generous kind
She might have known, if him she had espied ;
Whom in Montalban, long to her consigned,
The gentle damsel had been wont to ride.
Rogero, that but schemes, but hath in mind
How he from Brandamant himself shall hide,
Neither Frontino nor yet other thing,
Whereby he may be known, afield will bring.

LXVIII.

With a new sword will he the maid await ;
For well he knew against the enchanted blade
As soft as paste would prove all mail and plate ;
For never any steel its fury stayed ;
And heavily with hammer, to rebate
Its edge, as well he on this faulchion layed.
So armed, Rogero in the lists appeared,
When the first dawn of day the horizon cheered.

LXIX.

To look like Leo, o'er his breast is spread
The surcoat that the prince is wont to wear;
And the gold eagle with its double head
He blazoned on the crimson shield doth bear;
And (what the Child's disguisement well may stead)
Of equal size and stature are the pair.
In the other's form presents himself the one;
That other lets himself be seen of none.

LXX.

Dordona's martial maid is of a vein
Right different from the gentle youth's, who sore
Hammers and blunts the faulchion's tempered grain,
Lest it his opposite should cleave or bore.
She whets her steel, and into it would fain
Enter, that stripling to the quick to gore:
Yea, would such fury to her strokes impart,
That each should go directly to his heart.

LXXI.

As on the start the generous barb is spied,
When he the signal full of fire attends;
And paws now here now there; and opens wide
His nostrils, and his pointed ears extends;
So the bold damsel, to the lists defied,
Who knows not with Rogero she contends,
Seemed to have fire within her veins, nor found
Resting-place, waiting for the trumpet's sound.

LXXII.

As sometimes after thunder sudden wind
Turns the sea upside down ; and far and nigh
Dim clouds of dust the cheerful daylight blind,
Raised in a thought from earth, and whirled heaven-
high ;
Scud beasts and herd together with the hind ;
And into hail and rain dissolves the sky ;
So she upon the signal bared her brand,
And fell on her Rogero, sword in hand.

LXXIII.

But well-built wall, strong tower, or aged oak,
No more are moved by blasts that round them rave,
No more by furious sea is moved the rock,
Smote day and night by the tempestuous wave,
Than in those arms, secure from hostile stroke,
Which erst to Trojan Hector Vulcan gave,
Moved was he by that ire and hatred rank
Which stormed about his head, and breast, and flank.

LXXIV.

Now aims that martial maid a trenchant blow,
And now gives point ; and wholly is intent
'Twixt plate and plate to reach her hated foe ;
So that her stifled fury she may vent :
Now on this side, now that, now high, now low
She strikes, and circles him, on mischief bent ;
And evermore she rages and repines ;
As balked of every purpose she designs.

LXXV.

As he that layeth siege to well-walled town,
And flanked about with solid bulwarks, still
Renews the assault; now fain would batter down
Gateway or tower; now gaping fosse would fill;
Yet vainly toils (for entrance is there none)
And wastes his host, aye frustrate of his will;
So sorely toils and strives without avail
The damsel, nor can open plate or mail.

LXXVI.

Sparks now his shield, now helm, now cuirass scatter,
While straight and back strokes, aimed now low, now
high,
Which good Rogero's head and bosom batter,
And arms, by thousands and by thousands fly
Faster than on the sounding farm-roof patter
Hailstones descending from a troubled sky.
Rogero, at his ward, with dexterous care,
Defends himself, and ne'er offends the fair.

LXXVII.

Now stopt, now circled, now retired the knight,
And oft his hand his foot accompanied;
And lifted shield, and shifted sword in fight,
Where shifting he the hostile hand espied.
Either he smote her not, or—did he smite—
Smote, where he deemed least evil would betide.
The lady, ere the westering sun descend,
Desires to bring that duel to an end.

LXXVIII.

Of the edict she remembered her, and knew
Her peril, save the foe was quickly sped:
For if she took not in one day, nor slew
Her claimant, she was taken; and his head
Phœbus was now about to hide from view,
Nigh Hercules' pillars, in his watery bed,
When first she 'gan misdoubt her power to cope
With that strong foe, and to abandon hope.

LXXIX.

By how much more hope fails the damsel, so
Much more her anger waxes; she her blows
Redoubling, yet the harness of her foe
Will break, which through that day unbroken shows;
As he, that at his daily drudgery slow,
Sees night on his unfinished labour close,
Hurries and toils and moils without avail,
Till wearied strength and light together fail.

LXXX.

Didst thou, O miserable damsel, trow
Whom thou wouldst kill, if in that cavalier
Matched against thee thou didst Rogero know,
On whom depend thy very life-threads, ere
Thou killed him thou wouldst kill thyself; for thou,
I know, dost hold him than thyself more dear;
And when he for Rogero shall be known,
I know these very strokes thou wilt bemoan.

LXXXI.

King Charles and peers him sheathed in plate and shell
Deem not Rogero, but the emperor's son ;
And viewing in that combat fierce and fell
Such force and quickness by the stripling shown ;
And, without e'er offending her, how well
That knight defends himself, now change their tone ;
Esteem both well assorted ; and declare
The champions worthy of each other are.

LXXXII.

When Phœbus wholly under water goes,
Charlemagne bids the warring pair divide ;
And Bradamant (nor boots it to oppose)
Allots to youthful Leo as a bride.
Not there Rogero tarried to repose ;
Nor loosed his armour, nor his helm untied :
On a small hackney, hurrying sore, he went
Where Leo him awaited in his tent.

LXXXIII.

Twice in fraternal guise and oftener threw
Leo his arms about the cavalier ;
And next his helmet from his head withdrew,
And kiss'd him on both cheeks with loving cheer.
" I would," he cried, " that thou wouldst ever do
" By me what pleaseth thee ; for thou wilt ne'er
" Weary my love : at any call I lend
" To thee myself and state ; these freely spend ;

LXXXIV.

“ Nor see I recompense, which can repay
“ The mighty obligation that I owe;
“ Though of the garland I should disarray
“ My brows, and upon thee that gift bestow.”
Rogero, on whom his sorrows press and prey,
Who loathes his life, immersed in that deep woe,
Little replies; the ensigus he had worn
Returns, and takes again his unicorn;

LXXXV.

And showing himself spiritless and spent,
From thence as quickly as he could withdrew,
And from young Leo's to his lodgings went;
When it was midnight, armed himself anew,
Saddled his horse, and sallied from his tent;
(He takes no leave, and none his going view;)
And his Frontino to that road address,
Which seemed to please the goodly courser best.

LXXXVI.

Now by straight way and now by crooked wound
Frontino, now by wood and wide champaign;
And all night with his rider paced that round,
Who never ceased a moment to complain:
He called on Death, and therein comfort found;
Since broke by him alone is stubborn pain;
Nor saw, save Death, what other power could close
The account of his insufferable woes.

LXXXVII.

- “ Whereof should I complain,” he said, “ wo is me !
“ So of my every good at once forlorn?
“ Ah ! if I will not bear this injury
“ Without revenge, against whom shall I turn?
“ For I, besides myself, none other see
“ That hath inflicted on me scathe and seorn.
“ Then I to take revenge for all the harm
“ Done to myself, against myself must arm.

LXXXVIII.

- “ Yet was but to myself this injury done,
“ Myself to spare (because this touched but me)
“ I haply could, yet hardly could, be won ;
“ Nay, I will say outright, I could not be.
“ Less can I be, since not to me alone,
“ But Bradamant, is done this injury ;
“ Even if I could consent myself to spare,
“ It fits me not unvenged to leave that fair.

LXXXIX.

- “ Then I the damsel will avenge, and die,
“ (Nor this disturbs me) whatsoe’er betide ;
“ For, bating death, I know not aught, whereby
“ Defence against my grief can be supplied.
“ But I lament myself alone, that I,
“ Before offending her, should not have died.
“ O happier Fortune ! had I breathed my last
“ In Theodora’s dungeon prisoned fast !

XC.

“ Though she had slain, had tortured me before
“ She slew, as prompted by her cruelty,
“ At least the hope would have remained in store
“ That I by Bradamant should pitied be :
“ But when she knows that I loved Leo more
“ Than her, that, of my own accord and free,
“ Myself of her, I for his good, deprive,
“ Dead will she rightly hate me or alive.”

XCI.

These words he said and many more, with sigh
And heavy sob withal accompanied,
And, when another sun illumed the sky,
Mid strange and gloomy woods himself espied;
And, for he desperate was and bent to die,
And he, as best he could, his death would hide;
This place to him seemed far removed from view,
And fitted for the deed that he would do.

XCII.

He entered into that dark woodland, where
He thickest trees and most entangled spied:
But first Frontino was the warrior's care,
Whom he unharnessed wholly, and untied.
“ O my Frontino, if thy merits rare
“ I could reward, thou little cause” (he cried)
“ Shouldst have to envy him, so highly graced,
“ Who soared to heaven, and mid the stars was placed^b.

XCIII.

“ Nor Cillarus, nor Arion⁶, was whilere
“ Worthier than thee, nor merited more praise;
“ Nor any other steed, whose name we hear
“ Sounded in Grecian or in Latin lays.
“ Was any such in other points thy peer,
“ None of them, well I know, the vaunt can raise;
“ That such high honour and such courtesy
“ Were upon him bestowed, as were on thee.

XCIV.

“ Since to the gentlest maid, of fairest dye,
“ And boldest that hath been, or evermore
“ Will be, thou wast so dear, she used to tie
“ Thy trappings, and to thee thy forage bore:
“ Dear wast thou to my lady-love: Ah! why
“ Call I her mine, since she is mine no more?
“ If I have given her to another lord,
“ Why turn I not upon myself this sword?”

XCV.

If him these thoughts so harass and torment,
That bird and beast are softened by his cries;
(For, saving these, none hears the sad lament,
Nor sees the flood that trickles from his eyes)
You are not to believe that more content
The Lady Bradamant in Paris lies;
Who can no longer her delay excuse,
Nor Leo for her wedded lord refuse.

XCVI.

Ere she herself to any consort tie,
Beside her own Rogero, she will fain
Do whatso can be done ; her word belie ;
Anger friends, kindred, court, and Charlemagne ;
And if she nothing else can do, will die,
By poison or her own good faulchion slain :
For not to live appears far lesser woe,
Than, living, her Rogero to forego.

XCVII.

“ Rogero mine, ah ! whither gone ” (she cried)
“ Art thou ; and canst thou so far distant be,
“ Thou heardest not this royal edict cried,
“ A thing concealed from none, excepting thee ?
“ Faster than thee would none have hither hied,
“ I wot, hadst thou known this ; ah ! wretched me !
“ How can I e’er in future think of aught,
“ Saving the worst that can by me be thought ?

XCVIII.

“ How can it be, Rogero, thou alone
“ Hast read not what by all the world is read ?
“ If thou hast read it not, nor hither flown,
“ How canst thou but a prisoner be, or dead ?
“ But well I wot, that if the truth were known,
“ This Leo will for thee some snare have spread :
“ The traitor will have barred thy way, intent
“ Thou shouldst not him by better speed prevent.

XCIX.

- “ From Charles I gained the promise, that to none
“ Less puissant than myself should I be given;
“ In the reliance thou wouldst be that one,
“ With whom I should in arms have vainly striven.
“ None I esteemed, excepting thee alone:
“ But well my rashness is rebuked by Heaven:
“ Since I by one am taken in this wise
“ Unfamed through life for any fair emprise.

C.

- “ If I am held as taken, since the knight
“ I had not force to take nor yet to slay;
“ A thing that is not, in my judgment, right;
“ Nor I to Charles’s sentence will give way,
“ I know that I shall be esteemed as light,
“ If what I lately said, I now unsay;
“ But of those many ladies that have past
“ For light, I am not, I, the first or last.

CI.

- “ Enough I to my lover faith maintain,
“ And, firmer than a rock, am still found true!
“ And far herein surpass the female train,
“ That were in olden days, or are in new!
“ Nor, if they me as fickle shall arraign,
“ Care I, so good from fickleness ensue;
“ Though I am lighter than a leaf be said,
“ So I be forced not with that Greek to wed.”

CII.

These things and more beside the damsel bright
(’Twixt which oft sobs and tears were interposed),
Ceased not to utter through the livelong night
Which upon that unhappy day had closed.
But, when within Cimmeria’s caverned height
Nocturnus with his troop of shades reposed,
Heaven, which eternally had willed the maid
Should be Rogero’s consort, brought him aid :

CIII.

This moves the haught Marphisa, when ’tis morn,
To appear before the king ; to whom that maid
Saith, ‘ to the Child, her brother, mighty scorn
‘ Was done ; nor should he be so ill appaid,
‘ That from him should his plighted wife be torn ;
‘ And nought thereof unto the warrior said ;
‘ And on whoever lists she will in strife
‘ Prove Bradamant to be Rogero’s wife ;

CIV.

‘ And this, before all others, will prove true
‘ On her, if to deny it she will dare ;
‘ For she had to Rogero, in her view,
‘ Spoken those words, which they that marry swear ;
‘ And with all ceremony wont and due
‘ So was the contract sealed between the pair,
‘ They were no longer free ; nor could forsake
‘ The one the other, other spouse to take.’

CV.

Whether Marphisa true or falsely spake,
I well believe that, rather with intent
Young Leo's purpose, right or wrong, to break,
Than tell the truth, she speaks; and with consent
Of Bradamant doth that avowal make:
For to exclude the hated Leo bent,
And of Rogero to be repossess,
This she believes her shortest way and best.

CVI.

Sorely by this disturbed, King Charlemagne
Bade Bradamant be called, and to her told
That which the proud Marphisa would maintain;
And Aymon present in the press behold!
—Bradamant drops her head, nor treats as vain,
Nor vouches what avows that virgin bold,
In such confusion, they may well believe
That fierce Marphisa speaks not to deceive.

CVII.

Joy good Orlando and joy Rinaldo show,
Who view in valorous Marphisa's plea
A cause the alliance shall no further go,
Which sealed already Leo deemed to be;
And yet, in spite of stubborn Aymon's no,
Bradamant shall Rogero's consort be;
And they may, without strife, without despite
Done to Duke Aymon, give her to the knight.

CVIII.

For if such words have pass'd between the twain,
Fast is the knot and cannot be untied;
They what they vowed more fairly will obtain,
And without further strife are these affied.
“ This is a plot, a plot devised in vain;
“ And ye deceive yourselves (Duke Aymon cried)
“ For, were the story true which ye have feigned,
“ Believe not therefore that your cause is gained.

CIX.

“ For granting what I will not yet allow,
“ And what I to believe as yet demur;
“ That weakly to Rogero so her vow
“ Was plighted, as Rogero's was to her;
“ Where was the contract made, and when and how?
“ More clearly this to me must ye aver.
“ Either it was not so, I am advised;
“ Or was before Rogero was baptized.

CX.

“ But if it were before the youthful knight
“ A christian was, I will not heed it, I;
“ For 'twixt a faithful and a paynim wight,
“ I deem that nought avails the marriage-tie.
“ For this not vainly in the doubtful fight
“ Should Constantine's fair son have risked to die;
“ Nor Charlemagne for this, our sovereign lord
“ Will forfeit, I believe, his plighted word.

CXI.

“ What now you say you should before have said,
“ While yet the matter was unbroke, and ere
“ Charles at my daughter's prayer that edict made
“ Which has drawn Leo to the combat here.”
Orlando and Rinaldo were gainsayed
So before royal Charles by Clermont's peer;
And equal Charlemagne heard either side,
But neither would for this nor that decide.

CXII.

As in the southern or the northern breeze
The greenwood murmurs; and as on the shore,
When Æolus with the god that rules the seas
Is wroth, the hoarse and hollow breakers roar⁸,
So a loud rumour of this strife, that flees
Through France, and spreads and circles evermore,
Affords such matter to rehearse and hear,
That nought beside is bruited far or near.

CXIII.

These with Rogero, those with Leo side;
But the most numerous are Rogero's friends,
Who against Aymon, ten to one, divide.
Good Charlemagne to neither party bends;
But wills that cause shall be by justice tried,
And to his parliament the matter sends.
Marphisa, now the bridal was deferred,
Appeared anew, and other question stirred;

CXIV.

And said, "In that another cannot have
" Bradamant, while my brother is alive,
" Let Leo, if the gentle maid he crave,
" His foe in listed fight of life deprive;
" And he, that sends the other to his grave,
" Freed from his rival, with the lady wive."
Forthwith this challenge, as erewhile the rest,
To Leo was declared at Charles' behest.

CXV.

Leo who if he had the cavalier
Of the unicorn, believed he from his foe
Was safe; and thought no peril would appear
Too hard a feat for him; and knew not how
Thence into solitary woods and drear
That warrior had been hurried by his woe;
Him gone for little time and for disport
Believed, and took his line in evil sort.

CXVI.

This shortly Leo was condemned to rue:
For he, on whom too fondly he relied,
Nor on that day nor on the following two
Appeared, nor news of him were signified;
And combat with Rogero was, he knew,
Unsafe, unless that knight was on his side:
So sent, to eschew the threatened scathe and scorn,
To seek the warrior of the unicorn.

CXVII.

Through city, and through hamlet, and through town,
He sends to seek Rogero, far and near :
And not content with this, himself is gone
In person, on his steed, to find the peer.
But of the missing warrior tidings none
Nor he nor any of the Court would hear
But for Melissa: I for other verse
Reserve myself, her doings to rehearse.

NOTES TO CANTO XLV.

1.

——— *since her wheel for ever turns.*

Stanza iv. line 8.

THE sentiments in this and the preceding stanzas, which are sufficiently obvious, are, I believe, to be found in parts in many of the classical poets, and may be found summed in two passages of Seneca the tragedian.

Nulla sors longa est. Dolor ac voluptas
Invicem cedunt ;
Ima permutat brevis hora summis.

.
.

Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
Nemo confidat nimium secundis:
Nemo disperet meliora, lapsus,
Miscet hæc illis; prohibetque Clotho
Stare Fortunam; rotat omne Fatum.

2.

In Novogorood.

Stanza x. line 2.

So I translate *Novengrado*, as this city is called in the original; but I cannot conjecture what place is meant by *Beleticche*, which is mentioned in the succeeding stanza; and leave it as I find it.

3.

One nail drives out another from its place.

Stanza xxix. line 6.

This image, which Ariosto has used on a former occasion, is to be found in Petrarch, and in Cicero, who says, “*et jam novo quodam amore veterem amorem, tanquam clavo clavum ejiciendum putat.*”

4.

And, throttled by the noose, he breathes his last.

Stanza xlv. line 8.

Leo's romantic generosity to Roger, and injustice and cruelty to his jailer, will, perhaps, to many, hardly seem consistent with the chivalric character with which Ariosto has invested him; I think, however, to speak familiarly, that the poet knew what he was about, and that the conduct of Leo is not to be considered as unnatural; indeed it differs little from that of the most chivalric of our monarchs upon a very memorable occasion. Leo honours and benefits the knight who has waged desperate war upon his father and himself, and murders the burgher-Castellain, against every principle of justice and humanity. Edward III. degraded, and threatened with death, with the apparent intention of executing his threat, six citizens of Calais, who had done their duty by assisting in the defence of their town against him in legitimate warfare; and afterwards honoured and rewarded a troop of knights who treacherously attacked it, and failed in their enterprise; men whose conduct might have justified his severest rigour on their falling into his power.

I give the story in the words of Hume; who begins by mentioning the first cruel conditions imposed by Edward III. on the surrender of Calais; but observes that he mitigated these, and “insisted that six of the most considerable citizens should be sent to him, to be disposed of as he thought proper; that they should come to his camp carrying the keys of the city in

their hands, bareheaded and barefooted, with ropes about their necks; and on these conditions he promised to spare the lives of all the remainder.

“ When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, it struck the inhabitants with new consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction for signalizing their valour in a common cause appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened, and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution in so cruel and distressful a situation. At last one of the principal inhabitants, called Eustace de St. Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, stepped forth, and declared himself willing to encounter death for the safety of his friends and companions; another, animated by his example, made a like generous offer; a third and a fourth presented themselves to the same fate, and the whole number was soon completed. These six heroic burgesses appeared before Edward in the guise of malefactors, laid at his feet the keys of their city, and were ordered to be led to execution. It is surprising that so generous a prince should ever have entertained such a barbarous purpose against such men, and still more that he should seriously persist in the resolution of executing it. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from that infamy. She threw herself on her knees before him, and, with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she carried them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them, and, after making them a present of money and clothes, dismissed them in safety.

“ The king took possession of Calais, and immediately executed an act of rigour more justifiable, because more necessary, than that which he had before resolved on. He knew that, notwithstanding his pretended title to the crown of France, every Frenchman regarded him as a mortal enemy. He therefore ordered all the inhabitants of Calais to evacuate the town, and he peopled it anew with English; a policy which probably preserved so long to his successors the dominion of that im-

portant fortress. He made it the staple of wool, leather, tin, and lead—the four chief if not the sole commodities of the kingdom for which there was any considerable demand in foreign markets. All the English were obliged to bring thither these goods; foreign merchants came to the same place in order to purchase them; and at a period when posts were not established, and when the communication between states was so imperfect, this institution, though it hurt the navigation of England, was probably of advantage to the kingdom.

“Through the mediation of the pope’s legates, Edward concluded a truce with France; but, even during this cessation of arms, he had very nearly lost Calais, the sole fruit of all his boasted victories. The king had intrusted that place to Aimery de Pavie, an Italian, who had discovered bravery and conduct in the wars, but was utterly destitute of every principle of honour and fidelity. This man agreed to deliver up Calais for the sum of twenty thousand crowns; and Geoffroy de Charni, who commanded the French forces in those quarters, and who knew that, if he succeeded in this service, he should not be disavowed, ventured, without consulting his master, to conclude the bargain with him. Edward, informed of this treachery by means of Aimery’s secretary, summoned the governor to London on other pretences, and, having charged him with the guilt, promised him his life, but on condition that he would turn the contrivance to the destruction of the enemy. The Italian easily agreed to this double treachery. A day was appointed for the admission of the French; and Edward having prepared a force of about a thousand men, under Sir Walter Manny, secretly departed from London, carrying with him the Prince of Wales, and, without being suspected, arrived the evening before at Calais. He made a proper disposition for the reception of the enemy, and kept all his forces and the garrison under arms. On the appearance of Charni, a chosen band of French soldiers was admitted at the postern; and Aimery, receiving the stipulated sum, promised that, with their assistance, he would immediately open the great gate to the troops, who

were waiting with impatience for the fulfilling of his engagement. All the French who entered were immediately slain or taken prisoners. The great gate opened; Edward rushed forth with cries of battle and of victory. The French, though astonished at the event, behaved with valour. A fierce and bloody engagement ensued. As the morning broke, the king, who was not distinguished by his arms, and who fought as a private man under the standard of Sir Walter Manny, remarked a French gentleman, called Enstace de Ribaumont, who exerted himself with singular vigour and bravery, and he was seized with a desire of trying a single combat with him. He stepped forth from his troop, and, challenging Ribaumont by name (for he was known to him), began a sharp and dangerous encounter. He was twice beaten to the ground by the valour of the Frenchman. He twice recovered himself. Blows were redoubled with equal force on both sides. The victory was long undecided, till Ribaumont, perceiving himself to be left almost alone, called out to his antagonist, 'Sir Knight, I yield myself your prisoner,' and at the same time delivered his sword to the king. Most of the French being overpowered by numbers, and intercepted in their retreat, lost either their lives or their liberty.

"The French officers who had fallen into the hands of the English were conducted into Calais, where Edward discovered to them the antagonist with whom they had the honour to be engaged, and treated them with great regard and courtesy. They were admitted to sup with the Prince of Wales and the English nobility; and, after supper, the king himself came into the apartment, and went about conversing familiarly with one or other of his prisoners. He even addressed himself to Charni, and avoided reproaching him in too severe terms with the treacherous attempt which he had made upon Calais during the truce; but he openly bestowed the highest encomiums on Ribaumont, called him the most valorous knight that he had ever been acquainted with, and confessed that he himself had at no time been in so great danger as when engaged in combat

with him. He then took a string of pearls which he wore about his own head, and throwing it over the head of Ribau-mont, he said to him, ' Sir Eustace, I bestow this present upon you as a testimony of my esteem for your bravery, and I desire you to wear it a year for my sake. I know you to be gay and amorous, and to take delight in the company of ladies and damsels. Let them all know from what hand you had the present. You are no longer a prisoner; I acquit you of your ransom; and you are at liberty to-morrow to dispose of yourself as you think proper.' "

Such is the text of Hume, who, after telling the story thus confidently, throws a doubt upon Edward's conduct towards the six citizens of Calais in his notes, and observes, that it rests upon the sole authority of Froissart. As to this objection, I should say that, judging from internal evidence, it would be difficult to find a more honest chronicler. *But if* Froissart is to be suspected of partiality, he is more to be suspected of leaning towards Edward, who is the hero of his tale, than of depreciating his character.

Another mode of explaining the thing, and more worthy of consideration, has been suggested as well by Hume as by a distinguished modern historian; to wit, by the supposition that the punishment of the burghers was never intended, but threatened only with a view of striking terror, and that their pardon at the intercession of Philippa was a measure pre-concerted and acted for stage-effect. This ingenious supposition is, however, gratuitous, and (what is more) is, as I think, inconsistent with the circumstances of the story. For it was useless to strike terror into the inhabitants of Calais, which Edward was about to dispeople for his future security; and if we could suppose that he thought of striking terror into any other cities which he might hereafter conquer (and he was then about to discontinue the war), the sentence executed upon the whole population of Calais was more likely to produce such an effect than the threatened punishment of half a dozen of her municipalities. For myself, I think the authority of Froissart suf-

ficient to establish the fact; and I see nothing in the story which should reasonably startle belief. We are too apt to believe in the regular and consistent influence of the *beautiful ideal* of chivalry upon the spirit of those who professed it, and, instead of recurring to more authentic sources of information, take this purely from the old romances or (what is much more questionable) from their echoes—from the

“ Primaleons, Pantagruels, knights of the sun,
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister.”

In the age of chivalry, which is in question, the debased condition of the middling and lower orders of society procured them little or very uncertain sympathy from their superiors. I suspect that Edward looked upon the heroism of the citizens of Calais very much as a generous Turk may be supposed to have looked upon any similar act of virtue displayed by a band of Candiots or Romeliots during the late Greek insurrection; and if the feelings of the chivalrick Edward III. were such as I conceive, were they not very similar to those which in a much more civilized age actuated the liberal and generous William III. when he expressed himself contemptuously upon the death of a civilian volunteer who had fallen fighting for his country? Edward, who honoured valour in knights, punished it in burghers as a quality presumptuous and misplaced: and is not this, in truth, the spirit wherein William III., who would have honoured such a death in a military man, contemplated the death of the civilian? for why should he have sought to take all dignity from his catastrophe, but because he thought that to aspire to “fight nations’ battles and be crowned with honour” was impertinent in one that was not bred a soldier? He considered military courage in a citizen, as a fine lady would consider personal delicacy in a scavenger; and this is the key to the supposed inconsistency of Edward, and Ariosto may be said to have painted Leo from the life.

From thus questioning the consistency of the chivalrick virtues, of the practical effects of which, I think, Ariosto had a very accurate notion, I am far from meaning to draw a general

Inference unfavourable to the code of chivalry; for if its professors did not always act up to its ideal of perfection, the reproach which is made to them may be extended to the professors of every code that is, was, or ever will be. Chivalry was assuredly the day-star of the dark ages on which it dawned; and its last glimmers yet gild the vulgarities of the happier but homelier æras which have succeeded them.

5.

Who soared to heaven and mid the stars was placed.

Stanza xcii. line 8.

Pegasus.

6.

Nor Cillarus, nor Arion.

Stanza xciii. line 1.

Cillarus was the horse of Castor, and Arion that of Adrastus.

7.

Nocturnus with his troop of shades reposed.

Stanza cii. line 5.

Nocturnus is here made the god of night. Is it a proper name (as it is suggested to me) formed out of an epithet? since Statius, in the *Thebaid*, speaking of Lucifer reappearing as Vesperus, says,

“Mutato Nocturnus equo.”

8.

As in the southern or the northern breeze

The greenwood murmurs; and as on the shore,

When Æolus with the god that rules the seas

Is wroth, the hoarse and hollow breakers roar.

Stanza cxii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

“Qualia succinctis ubi trux insibilat Eurus,
Murmura pinetis fiunt, vel qualia fluctus
Æquorei faciunt, si quis procul audiat illos.”

OVID.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLVI.

ARGUMENT.

*After long search for good Rogero made,
Him Leon finds, and yields to him his prize:
Informed of all—already with that maid
He wives; already in her bosom lies:
When thither he that Sarza's sceptre swayed
To infect such bliss with impious venom hies,
But falls in combat; and, blaspheming loud,
To Acheron descends his spirit proud.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XLVI.

I.

I, IF my chart deceives me not, shall now
In little time behold the neighbouring shore;
So hope withal to pay my promised vow
To one, so long my guide through that wide roar
Of waters, where I feared, with troubled brow,
To scathe my bark or wander evermore.
But now, methinks—yea, now I see the land;
I see the friendly port its arms expand.

II.

A burst of joy, like thunder to my ear,
Rumbles along the sea and rends the sky.
I chiming bells, I shrilling trumpets hear,
Confounded with the people's cheerful cry;
And now their forms, that swarm on either pier
Of the thick-crowded harbour, I descry.
All seem rejoiced my task is smoothly done,
And I so long a course have safely run.

III.

What beauteous dames and sage, here welcome me!
With them what cavaliers the shore adorn!¹
What friends! to whom I owe eternity
Of thanks for their delight at my return.
Mamma, Ginevra, with the rest I see,
Correggio's seed², on the harbour's furthest horn.
Veronica de Gambara³ is here,
To Phœbus and the Aonian choir so dear.

IV.

With Julia, a new Ginevra is in sight⁴,
Another offset from the selfsame tree;
Hippolita Sforza, and Trivultia bright⁵,
Bred in the sacred cavern, I with thee
Emilia Pia, and thee, Margherite,
Angela Borgia, Graziosa, see,
And fair Richarda d' Este⁶. Lo! the twain,
Blanche and Diana, with their sister train⁷!

V.

Beauteous, but wiser and more chaste than fair,
I Barbara Turca, linked with Laura, know⁸:
Nor beams the sun upon a better pair
'Twixt Ind and where the Moorish waters flow.
Behold Ginevra! that rich gem and rare
Which gilds the house of Malatesta so⁹,
That never worthier or more honoured thing
Adorned the dome of Keysar or of king.

VI.

If she had dwelt in Rimini of yore,
What time, from conquered Gaul returning home,
Julius stood fearing on the river-shore,
To ford the stream and make a foe of Rome,
He every banner would have bowed before
That dame, discharged his trophies, and such doom,
Such pact would have received as liked her best;
And haply ne'er had Freedom been opprest.

VII.

The consort of my lord of Bòzzolo
Behold! the mother, sisters, cousinhood¹⁰;
Them of Torello; Bentivòglio,
Pallavìgini's and Visconti's brood¹¹!
Lo! she to whom all living dames forego
The palm, and all of Grecian, Latin blood,
Or barbarous, all that ever were, whose name
For grace and beauty most is noised by Fame;

VIII.

Julia Gonzaga¹², she that wheresoe'er
She moves, where'er she turns her lucid eyes,
Not only is in charms without a peer,
But seems a goddess lighted from the skies:
With her is paired her brother's wife¹³, who ne'er
Swerved from her plighted faith—aye good and wise—
Because ill Fortune bore her long despite;
Lo! Arragonian Anna, Vasto's light¹⁴!

IX.

Anne gentle, courteous, and as sage as fair,
Temple of Love and Truth and Chastity :
With her, her sister¹⁵ dims all beauty, where
Her radiance shines. Lo! one that hath set free
Her conquering lord from Orcus' dark repair,
And him in spite of death and destiny
(Beyond all modern instance) raised on high,
To shine with endless glory in the sky.

X.

My ladies of Ferrara, those of gay
Urbino's court are here; and I descry
Mantua's dames, and all that fair array
Which Lombardy and Tuscan town supply.
The cavalier amid that band, whom they
So honour, unless dazzled is mine eye
By those fair faces, is the shining light
Of his Arezzo, and Accolti hight¹⁶.

XI.

Adorned with scarlet hat, and scarlet pall,
His nephew Benedict¹⁷, lo! there I see;
With him Campeggio and Mantua's cardinal¹⁸;
Glory and light of the consistory;
And (if I dote not) mark how one and all
In face and gesture show such mighty glee
At my return, no easy task 'twould seem
So vast an obligation to redeem.

XII.

With them Lactantius is, Claude Ptolemy,
Trissino, Pansa, and Capilùpi mine ¹⁹,
Latino Giovenàl ²⁰, it seems to me;
Sasso²¹, and Molza²², and Florian hight Montine²³;
With him, by whom through shorter pathway we
Are led to the Ascræan font divine,
Julio Camillo²⁴; and meseems that I
Berna, and Sanga, and Flamìnio²⁵ spy.

XIII.

Lo ! Alexander of Farnese ²⁶, and O
Learned company that follows in his train !
Phædro, Cappella, Maddalen', Portio,
Surnamed the Bolognese, the Volterrane ²⁷.
Blosio, Pierio, Vida, famed for flow
Of lofty eloquence of exhaustless vein;
Mussùro, Làscari, and Navagèro,
And Andrew Maro, and the monk Sevèro ²⁸.

XIV.

Lo ! two more Alexanders ! of the tree
Of the Orològi one, and one Guarìno:
Màrio d' Olvìto, and of royalty
That scourge, divine Piètro Aretìno.
I two Giròlamos amid them see,
Of Veritàe and the Cittadìno;
See the Mainàrdo, the Leonicèno,
Panizzàto, Cèlio, and Teocrèno ²⁹.

XV.

Bernardo Capel, Peter Bembo here

I see, through whom our pure, sweet idiom rose,
And who, of vulgar usage winnowed clear,
Its genuine form in his example shows.
Behold an Obyson, that in his rear
Admires the pains which he so well bestows.
I Fracastòro, Bevezzano note,
And Tryphon Gabriel, Tasso more remote³⁰.

XVI.

Upon me Nicholas Tièpoli

And Nicholas Ammànio fix their eyes;
With Anthony Fulgoso, who to spy
My boat near land shows pleasure and surprise.
There, from those dames apart, my Valery
Stands with Barignan³¹, haply to devise
With him how, evermore by woman harmed,
By her he shall not evermore be charmed.

XVII.

Of high and superhuman genius, tied

By love and blood, lo! Pico and Pio true;
He that approaches at the kinsmen's side,
—So honoured by the best—I never knew;
But, if by certain tokens signified,
He is the man I so desire to view,
That Sannazàro³², who persuades the nine
To leave their fountain for the foaming brine.

XVIII.

Diligent, faithful secretary, lo !

The learned Pistòphilus³³, mine Angiar here,
And the Acciajuòli their joint pleasure show
That for my bark there is no further fear.
There I my kinsman Malaguzzo know ;
And mighty hope from Adoardo hear,
That these my nest-notes shall by friendly wind
Be blown from Calpe's rock to furthest Ind.

XIX.

Joys Victor Fausto; Tancred joys to view³⁴

My sail; and with them joy a hundred more.
Women and men I see, a mingled crew,
At my return rejoicing, crowd the shore.
Then, since the wind blows fair, nor much to do
Remains, let me my course delay no more;
And turning to Melissa, in what way
She rescued good Rogero let me say.

XX.

Much bent was this Melissa (as I know

I many times have said to you whilere)
That Bradamant in wedlock should bestow
Her hand upon the youthful cavalier;
And so at heart had either's weal and woe,
That she from hour to hour of them would hear:
Hence ever on that quest she spirits sent,
One still returning as the other went.

XXI.

A prey to deep and stubborn grief, reclined
Mid gloomy shades Rogero they descried;
Firm not to swallow food of any kind,
Nor from that purpose to be turned aside;
And so to die of hunger he designed:
But weird Melissa speedy aid supplied;
Who took a road, from home forth issuing, where
She met the Grecian emperor's youthful heir;

XXII.

Leo that, one by one, dispatched his train
Of followers, far and wide, through every bourn,
And afterwards, in person, went in vain,
To find the warrior of the unicorn.
The wise enchantress, that with sell and rein,
Had on that day equipt a demon, borne
By him, in likeness of a hackney horse,
Constantine's son encountered in her course.

XXIII.

“ If such as your ingenuous mien” (she cried
To Leo) “ is your soul's nobility,
“ And corresponding with your fair outside
“ Your inward goodness and your courtesy,
“ Some help, some comfort, sir, for one provide
“ In whom the best of living knights we see;
“ Who, save ye help and comfort quickly lend,
“ Is little distant from his latter end.

XXIV.

“ The best of knights will die of all, who don,
“ Or e’er donned sword and buckler, the most fair
“ And gentle of all warriors that are gone,
“ Or who throughout the world yet living are,
“ And simply for a courteous deed, if none
“ Shall comfort to the youthful sufferer bear.
“ Then come, sir, for the love of Heaven, and try
“ If any counsel succour may supply.”

XXV.

It suddenly came into Leo’s mind
The knight of whom she parleyed was that same,
Whom throughout all the land he sought to find,
And seeking whom, he now in person came.
So that obeying her that would persuade
Such pious work, he spurred behind the dame;
Who thither led (nor tedious was the way)
Where nigh reduced to death the stripling lay.

XXVI.

They found Rogero fasting from all food
For three long days, so broken down; with pain
The knight could but upon his feet have stood,
To fall, albeit unpushed, to ground again.
With helm on head, and with his faulchion good
Begirt, he lay reclined in plate and chain.
A pillow of his buckler had he made,
Where the white unicorn was seen pourtraid.

XXVII.

There thinking what an injury he had done
To his lady love—how ingrate, how untrue
To her had been—not simple grief alone
O'erwhelmed him, to such height his fury grew,
He bit his hands and lips; while pouring down
His cheeks, the tears unceasing ran, and through
The passion that so wrapt his troubled sprite,
Nor Leo nor Melissa heard the knight.

XXVIII.

Nor therefore interrupts he his lament,
Nor checks his sighs, nor checks his trickling tears.
Young Leo halts, to hear his speech intent;
Lights from his courser, and towards him steers:
He knows that of the sorrows which torment
Love is the cause; but yet from nought appears
Who is the person that such grief hath bred;
For by Rogero this remains unsaid.

XXIX.

Approaching nearer and yet nearer, now
He fronts the weeping warrior, face to face,
Greets with a brother's love, and stooping low,
His neck encircles with a fast embrace.
By the lamenting Child I know not how
Is liked his sudden presence in that place;
Who fears annoy or trouble at his hand;
And lest he should his wish for death withstand.

XXX.

Him with the sweetest words young Leo plied,
And with the warmest love that he could show,
“ Let it not irk thee,” to the Child he cried,
“ To tell the cause from whence thy sorrows flow:
“ For few such desperate evils man betide,
“ But that there is deliverance from his woe,
“ So that the cause be known; nor he bereft
“ Of hope should ever be, so life be left.

XXXI.

“ Much grieve I thou wouldst hide thyself from me,
“ That know me for thy faithful friend and true;
“ Not only now I am so bound to thee,
“ That I the knot can never more undo;
“ But even from the beginning, when to be
“ Thy deadly foeman I had reason due.
“ Hope then that I will succour thee with pelf,
“ With friends, with following, and with life itself.

XXXII.

“ Nor shun to me thy sorrow to explain,
“ And I beseech thee leave to me to try
“ If wealth avail to free thee from thy pain,
“ Art, cunning, open force, or flattery.
“ If my assistance is employed in vain,
“ The last relief remains to thee to die:
“ But be content awhile this deed to shun
“ Till all that thou canst do shall first be done.”

XXXIII.

He said; and with such forceful prayer appealed;
So gently and benignly soothed his moan;
That good Rogero could not choose but yield,
Whose heart was not of iron or of stone;
Who deemed, unless he now his lips unsealed,
He should a foul discourteous deed have done.
He fain would have replied, but made assay
Yet twice or thrice, ere words could find their way.

XXXIV.

“ My lord, when known for what I am (and me
“ Now shalt thou know),” he made at last reply,
“ I wot thou, like myself, content wilt be,
“ And haply more content, that I should die.
“ Know me for him so hated once by thee;
“ Rogero who repaid that hate am I;
“ And now 'tis many days since with intent
“ Of putting thee to death from court I went.

XXXV.

“ Because I would not see my promised bride
“ Borne off by thee; in that Duke Aymon's love
“ And favour was engaged upon thy side.
“ But, for man purposes, and God above
“ Disposes, thy great courtesy, well tried
“ In a sore need, my fixt resolve did move.
“ Nor only I renounced the hate I bore,
“ But purposed to be thine for evermore.

XXXVI.

“ What time I as Rogero was unknown,
“ Thou madest suit I would obtain for thee
“ The Lady Bradamant; which was all one
“ As to demand my heart and soul from me.
“ Whether thy wish I rather than mine own
“ Sought to content, thou hast been made to see.
“ Thine is the lady; her in peace possess;
“ Far more than mine I prize thy happiness.

XXXVII.

“ Content thee, that deprived of her, as well
“ I should myself of worthless life deprive;
“ For better I without a soul could dwell
“ Than without Bradamant remain alive.
“ And never while these veins with life-blood swell
“ Canst thou with her legitimately wive:
“ For vows erewhile have been between us said;
“ Nor she at once can with two husbands wed.”

XXXVIII.

So filled is gentle Leo with amaze
When he the stranger for Rogero knows,
With lips and brow unmoved, with stedfast gaze
And rooted feet, he like a statue shows;
Like statue more than man, which votaries raise
In churches, for acquittance of their vows.
He deems that courtesy of so high a strain
Was never done nor will be done again;

XXXIX.

And that he him doth for Rogero know
Not only that goodwill he bore whilere
Abates not, but augments his kindness so,
That no less grieves the Grecian cavalier
Than good Rogero for Rogero's woe.
For this, as well as that he will appear
Deservedly an emperor's son—although
In other things outdone—he will not be
Defeated in the race of courtesy;

XL.

And says, "That day my host was overthrown,
" Rogero, by thy wond'rous valour, though
" I had thee at despite, if I had known
" Thou wast Rogero, as I know it now,
" So me thy virtue would have made thine own,
" As then it made me, knowing not my foe;
" So hatred from my bosom would have chased,
" And with my present love have straight replaced.

XLI.

" That I Rogero hated, ere I knew
" Thou wast Rogero, will I not deny.
" But think not that I further would pursue
" The hatred that I bore thee; and had I,
" When thee I from thy darksome dungeon drew,
" Descried the truth, as this I now descry,
" Such treatment shouldst thou then have had, as thou
" Shalt have from me, to thine advantage, now;

XLII.

- “ And if I willingly had done so then,
“ When not, as I am now, obliged to thee;
“ How much more gladly should I now; and when,
“ Not doing so, I should with reason be
“ Deemed most ungrateful amid ingrate men;
“ Since thou foregoest thine every good for me!
“ But I to thee restore thy gift, and, more
“ Gladly than I received it, this restore.

XLIII.

- “ The damsel more to thee than me is due;
“ And though for her deserts I hold her dear,
“ If that fair prize some happier mortal drew,
“ I think not I my vital thread should shear:
“ Nor would I by thy death be free to woo:
“ That from the hallowed bands of wedlock clear
“ Wherein the lady hath to thee been tied,
“ I might possess her as my lawful bride.

XLIV.

- “ Not only Bradamant would I forego,
“ But whatsoe'er I in the world possess;
“ And rather forfeit life than ever know
“ That grief, through me, should such a knight oppress.
“ To me is thy distrust great cause of woe,
“ That since thou couldst dispose of me no less
“ Than of thyself, thou—rather than apply
“ To me for succour—wouldst of sorrow die.”

XLV.

These words he spake, and more to that intent,
Too tedious in these verses to recite;
Refuting evermore such argument
As might be used in answer by the knight:
Who said, at last, "I yield, and am content
"To live; but how can ever I requite
"The obligation, which by me is owed
"To thee that twice hast life on me bestowed?"

XLVI.

Melissa generous wine and goodly cheer
Thither bade carry, in a thought obeyed;
And comforted the mourning cavalier,
Who would have sunk without her friendly aid.
Meanwhile the sound of steeds Frontino's ear
Had reached, and thither had he quickly made:
Him Leo's squires at his commandment caught,
And saddled, and to good Rogero brought;

XLVII.

Who, though by Leo helped, with much ado
And labour sore the gentle courser scaled.
So wasted was the vigour which some few
Short days before, in fighting field, availed
To overthrow a banded host, and do
The deeds he did, in cheating armour mailed.
Departing thence, ere they had measured more
Than half a league, they reached an abbey hoar:

XLVIII.

Wherein what of that day was yet unworn
They past, the morrow, and succeeding day;
Until the warrior of the unicorn
His vigour had recruited by the stay.
He, Leo, and Melissa then return
To Charles's royal residence; where lay
An embassy, arrived the eve before,
Which from the Bulgars' land a message bore.

XLIX.

Since they that had for king proclaimed the knight
Besought Rogero thither to repair
Through these their envoys, deeming they would light
On him in Charles's court, where they should swear
Fidelity, and yield to him his right;
And he from them the crown receive and wear.
Rogero's squire who served this band to steer
Has published tidings of the cavalier.

L.

He of the fight has told which at Belgrade
Erewhile Rogero for the Bulgars won;
How Leo and his sire were overlaid,
And all their army slaughtered and undone;
Wherefore the Bulgars him their king had made;
Their royal line excluding from the throne:
Then how Ungiardo took the warrior brave,
And him to cruel Theodora gave.

LI.

He speaks with that of certain news, which say
‘ How good Rogero’s jailer was found dead,
‘ The prison broke and prisoner away :’
Of what became of him was nothing said.
—Towards the city by a secret way
(Nor was his visage seen) Rogero sped.
He, on the following morning, and his friend,
Leo, to Charles’s court together wend.

LII.

To Charles’s court he wends; the bird he bore
Of gold with its two heads—of crimson hue
Its field—and that same vest and ensigns wore,
As was erewhile devised between the two;
And such as in the listed fight before
His bruised and battered armour was in shew.
So that they quickly knew the cavalier
For him that strove with Bradamant whilere.

LIII.

In royal ornaments and costly gown,
Unarmed, beside him doth young Leo fare.
A worthy following and of high renown
Before, behind him, and about him are.
He bowed to Charlemagne, who from his throne
Had risen to do honour to the pair :
Then holding still Rogero by the hand,
So spake, while all that warrior closely scanned.

LIV.

“ Behold the champion good, that did maintain
“ From dawn till fall of day the furious fight;
“ And since by Bradamant nor taken, slain,
“ Nor forced beyond the barriers was the knight,
“ He is assured his victory is plain,
“ Dread sir, if he your edict reads aright;
“ And he hath won the lady for his wife:
“ So comes to claim the guerdon of the strife.

LV.

“ Besides that by your edict's tenor none
“ But him can to the damsel lift his eyes,
“ —Is she deserved by deeds of valour done,
“ What other is so worthy of the prize?
“ —Should she by him that loves her best be won,
“ None passes him, nor with the warrior vies;
“ And he is here to fight against all foes
“ That would in arms his right in her oppose.”

LVI.

King Charlemagne and all his peerage stand
Amazed, who well believed the Grecian peer
With Bradamant had striven with lifted brand
In fight, and not that unknown cavalier.
Marphisa, thither borne amid the band,
That crowded round the royal chair to hear,
Hardly till Leo made an ending staid;
Then prest before the listening troop, and said:

LVII.

“ Since here Rogero is not, to contest
“ The bride’s possession with the stranger knight,
“ Lest he, as undefended, be oppress,
“ And forfeit so without dispute his right,
“ On his behalf I undertake this quest,
“ —His sister I—against whatever wight
“ Shall here assert a claim to Bradamant,
“ Or more desert than good Rogero vaunt.”

LVIII.

She spake this with such anger and disdain,
Many surmised amid the assistant crew,
That, without waiting leave from Charlemagne,
What she had threatened she forthwith would do.
No longer Leo deemed it time to feign;
And from Rogero’s head the helm withdrew;
And to Marphisa, “ For himself to speak,
“ Behold him here and ready !” cried the Greek.

LIX.

As looked old Ægeus at the accursed board³⁵,
Seeing it was his son to whom—so willed
His wicked consort—that Athenian lord
Had given the juice from deadly drugs distilled;
Whom he, if he had recognised his sword
Though but a little later, would have killed;
So looked Marphisa when, disclosed to view,
She in the stranger knight Rogero knew;

LX.

And ran forthwith to clip the cavalier;
Nor could unclasp her arms: with loving show
Charlemagne, Roland, and Rinaldo, here
And there, fix friendly kisses on his brow.
Nor him Sir Dudon, nor Sir Olivier,
Nor King Sobrino can caress enow:
Nor paladin nor peer, amid the crew,
Wearies of welcoming that warrior true.

LXI.

Leo, who well can play the spokesman, now
That warlike band hath ceased to clip the knight,
Tells before Charles and all that audience, 'how
' Rogero's daring, how Rogero's might,
' —Albeit to his good squadron's scathe and woe—
' Which at Belgrade he witnessed in that fight,
' So moved him that they overweighed all harms
' Inflicted on him by the warrior's arms.

LXII.

' So that to her Rogero being brought,
' Who would all havoc of the youth have made,
' He setting all his family at nought,
' Had out of durance vile the knight conveyed;
' And how Rogero, that the rescue wrought
' By Leo might be worthily repaid,
' Did that high courtesy; which can by none,
' That ever were or e'er will be, outdone;'

LXIII.

And he from point to point continuing, said
‘ That which Rogero had for him achieved;
‘ And after, how by sorrow sore bested,
‘ In that to leave his cherished wife he grieved,
‘ He had resolved to die, and, almost dead,
‘ Was only by his timely aid relieved;’
And this he told so movingly, no eye
Remained, amid those martial many, dry.

LXIV.

So efficaciously he after prayed
To the obstinate Duke Aymon, not alone
The stubborn sire of Bradamant he swayed,
And to forego his settled purpose won;
But that proud lord in person did persuade
To beg Rogero's pardon, and his son
And son-in-law to be beseech the knight;
And thus to him his Bradamant was plight.

LXV.

To her, where, of her feeble life in doubt,
She in a secret chamber made lament,
Through many a messenger, with joyful shout
And mickle haste, the happy tidings went.
Hence the warm blood, that stagnated about
Her heart, by her first sorrow thither sent,
Ebbd at this notice in so full a tide,
Well nigh for sudden joy the damsel died.

LXVI.

Of all her vigour is she so foregone,
She cannot on her feeble feet rely :
Yet what her force must needs to you be known,
And what the damsel's magnanimity.
None doomed to prison, wheel or halter, none
Condemned some other evil death to die,
About whose brows the sable band is tied,
Rejoices more to hear his pardon cried.

LXVII.

Joys Clermont's, joys Mongrana's noble house³⁶,
Those kindred branches that fresh knot to view.
With equal grief Count Anselm overflows,
Gan, Falcon, Gini and Ginami's crew :
Yet they meanwhile beneath contented brows
Conceal the dark and envious thoughts they brew.
As the fox waits the motions of the hare,
They wait their time for vengeance, and forbear.

LXVIII.

Besides that oftentimes before the rage
Of Roland and Rinaldo on them fell,
Though they were calmed by Charles's counsel sage,
And common danger from the infidel,
They had new cause for grief in Bertolage
Slain by their foemen and Sir Pinnabel :
But they concealed their hatred, and endured
Those griefs, as of the matter ill assured.

LXIX.

Those envoys of the Bulgars that had made
For Charles's court (as hath erewhile been shown),
Hoping to find the knight, whose shield pourtrayed
The unicorn, elected to their throne,
Bless the good fortune which their hope repayed,
Seeing that valiant warrior, and fall down
Before his feet, and him in humble speech
' Again to seek their Bulgary beseech;

LXX.

' Where kept for him in Adrianople are
' The sceptre and the crown, his royal due :
' But let him succour to his kingdom bear;
' For—to their further scathe—advices shew
' Constantine doth a mighty host prepare,
' And thitherward in person moves anew;
' And they—of their elected king possess—
' Hope the Greek empire from his hands to wrest.'

LXXI.

He accepts the realm, by their entreaties won;
And, to afford them aid against their foes,
Will wend to Bulgary when three months are done;
Save Fortune otherwise of him dispose.
When this is heard by that Greek emperor's son,
' He bids Rogero on his faith repose;
' For since by him the Bulgars' realm is swayed,
' Peace between them and Constantine is made;

LXXII.

‘ Nor needeth he depart in haste, to guide
‘ His Bulgar bands against the Grecian foe;
‘ For all that he had conquered far and wide,
‘ He will persuade his father to forego.’
None of the virtues, in Rogero spied,
Moved Bradamant’s ambitious mother so,
Or so to endear her son-in-law availed,
As hearing now that son a sovereign hailed.

LXXIII.

The rich and royal nuptials they prepare
As well befits him, by whose care ’tis done,
’Tis done by Charles; and with such cost and care
As if ’twere for a daughter of his own.
For such the merits of the damsel are,
And such had all her martial kindred shown,
Charles would not think he should exceed due measure
If spent for her was half his kingdom’s treasure.

LXXIV.

He a free court bids cry; whither his way
Securely every one that wills may wend;
And offers open lists till the ninth day
To whosoever would in arms contend;
And bids build bowers afield, and interlay
Green boughs therein, and flowers and foliage blend;
And make those bowers so gay with silk and gold,
No fairer place this ample world doth hold.

LXXV.

Guested within fair Paris cannot be
The countless foreign bands that thither fare;
Who, rich and poor, of high and low degree,
And Greeks and Latins and Barbarians are.
There is no end of lord and embassy
That thither from all ends of earth repair;
All lodged conveniently, to their content,
Beneath pavilion, booth, and bower and tent.

LXXVI.

The weird Melissa against the coming night
With singular and matchless ornament
Had for that pair the nuptial chamber dight;
Whereon long time before she had been bent:
Long time before desirous of the rite
Had been that dame, presageful of the event;
Presageful of futurity, she knew
What goodly fruit should from their stem ensue.

LXXVII.

She had prepared the genial, fruitful bed,
Under a broad pavilion; one more rich,
Adorned, and jocund, never overhead
(Did this for peace or war its master pitch)
Was in the world, before or after, spread;
And this from Thracian strand had borne the witch.
The costly prize from Constantine she bore,
Who for disport was tented on that shore.

LXXVIII.

She with young Leo's leave, or rather so
The Grecian's admiration to obtain,
And a rare token of that art to show,
Which on Hell's mighty dragon puts the rein,
And at her pleasure rules that impious foe
Of Heaven, together with his evil train,
Bade demons the pavilion through mid air
To Paris from Constantinople bear.

LXXIX.

From Constantine that lay therein, who swayed
The Grecian empire's sceptre, at mid-day
This with its cordage, shaft whereby 'twas stayed,
And all within and out, she bore away;
And of the costly tent, through air conveyed,
For young Rogero made a lodging gay.
The bridal ended, this her demon crew
Thither, from whence 'twas brought, conveyed anew.

LXXX.

Two thousand tedious years were nigh complete,
Since this fair work was fashioned by the lore
Of Trojan maid, warmed with prophetic heat;
Who, 'mid long labour and 'mid vigil sore,
With her own fingers all the storied sheet
Of the pavilion had embroidered o'er;
Cassandra hight; that maid to Hector brave
(Her brother he) this costly present gave.

LXXXI.

The curtiest cavalier, the kindest shoot
That ever from her brother's stock should grow
(Albeit she knew far distant from its root,
With many a branch between, should be that bough)
In silk and gold upon the gorgeous suit
Of hangings had she wrought in goodly show.
Much prized that gift, while living, Priam's son,
For its rare work and her by whom 'twas done.

LXXXII.

But when by treachery perished Priam's heir³⁷,
And Greeks the Trojans scathed in cruel sort,
When her gates opened by false Sinon were,
And direr ill was done than tales report,
This plunder fell to Menelaüs' share,
Wherewith to Egypt's land he made resort;
There left it to King Proteus, Egypt's lord,
In ransom for his prisoned wife restored³⁸;

LXXXIII.

She Helen hight: her Menelaüs to free,
To Proteus the pavilion gave away;
Which, passing through the line of Ptolemy,
To Cleopatra fell; from her in fray
Agrippa's band on the Leucadian sea
Bore off the treasure, amid other prey.
Augustus and Tiberius heired the loom,
Kept till the time of Constantine in Rome:

LXXXIV.

That Constantine, whom thou shalt ever rue
Fair Italy, while the heavens above are rolled.
Constantine to Byzantium, when he grew
Weary of Tyber, bore the tent of old.
Melissa from his namesake this withdrew,
Its pole of ivory and its cords of gold,
And all its cloth with beauteous figures fraught ;
Fairer Apelles' pencil never wrought.

LXXXV.

Here the three Graces in gay vesture gown'd
Assisted the delivery of a queen³⁹.
Not in four ages in this earthly round
Was ever born a boy so fair of mien.
Jove, Venus, Mars, and Mercury renowned
For fluent speech, about the child are seen :
Him have they strewed, and strew with heaven's
perfume,
Ambrosial odours and ætherial bloom.

LXXXVI.

' Hippolytus' a little label said,
Inscribed upon the baby's swaddling clothes.
By the hand him Fortune leads in age more staid ;
And Valour as a guide before him goes.
An unknown band in sweeping vest arraid,
With long descending locks, the tapestry shows,
Deputed by Corvinus to desire
The tender infant from his princely sire⁴⁰.

LXXXVII.

He reverently parts from Hercules' side,
From her, his lady mother, Eleanor;
And to the Danube wends; where far and wide
They meet the boy, and as a god adore.
The prudent king of Hungary is descried,
Who does due honour to his ripened lore,
In yet unripe, yea, raw and tender years,
And ranks the stripling above all his peers.

LXXXVIII.

One is there that in his green age and new
Places Strigonia's crozier in his hand.
Him ever at Corvinus' side we view;
Whether he doth in court or camp command,
Whether against the Turk, or German crew
The puissant monarch leads his martial band,
Watchful Hippolytus is at his side,
And gathers virtue from his generous guide.

LXXXIX.

There is it seen, how he his blooming age
Divides mid arts and wholesome discipline:
The secret spirit of the ancient page
There Fuscus well instructs him to divine:
"This must thou shun, that follow"—seems the sage
To say—"if thou immortally wouldst shine."
Fashioned withal with so much skill and care
By her who wrought that work, their gestures were.

XC.

A cardinal he next is seen, though young
In years, at council in the Vatican;
Where for deep wisdom graced by eloquent tongue,
With wonder him the assembled conclave scan.
“What will he be”—they seem to say among
Themselves—“when he is ripened into man?
“Oh! if on him St. Peter’s mantle fall,
“What a blest æra! what a happy call!”

XCI.

That brave youth’s liberal pastimes are designed
In other place; on Alpine mountain hoar
Here he affronts the bear of rugged kind;
And there in rushy bottom bays the boar:
Now on his jennet he outgoes the wind,
And drives some goat or gallant hind before;
Which falls o’ertaken on the dusty plain,
By his descending faulchion cleft in twain.

XCII.

He is descried, amid a fair array
Of poets and philosophers elsewhere.
This pricks for him the wandering planets’ way;
These earth, these heaven for his instruction square.
Some chant sad elegies, some verses gay,
Lays lyric or heroic; singers there
He with rich music hears; nor moves a pace
But what in every step is sovereign grace.

XCIII.

The first part of the storied walls pourtraied
That noble prince's gentle infancy.
Cassandra all beside had overlaid
With feats of justice, prudence, modesty,
Valour, and that fifth virtue, which hath made
With those fair sisters closest amity;
I speak of her that gives and that bestows.
With all these virtues gilt, the stripling glows.

XCIV.

In this part is the princely youth espied
With that unhappy duke, the Insubri's head⁴¹;
In peace they sit in council at his side,
Together armed, the serpent-banner spread.
The youth by one unchanging faith is tied
To him for ever, well or ill bested;
His follower still in flight before the foe,
His guide in peril, his support in woe.

XCV.

Him in another quarter you descry,
For his Ferrara and her duke in fear,
Who by strange proofs doth sift, and certify
To his just brother, vouched by tokens clear,
The close device of that ill treachery,
Hatched by those kinsmen whom he held most dear;
Hence justly he becomes that title's heir,
Which Rome yet free bade righteous Tully bear.

XCVI.

Elsewhere in martial panoply he shone,
Hasting to help the church with lifted blade;
With scanty and tumultuous levy gone
Against well-ordered host in arms arraid:
And lo! the coming of that chief alone
Affords the priestly band such present aid,
Extinguished are the fires before they spread.
He came, he saw, he conquered, may be said.

XCVII.

Elsewhere he stands upon his native strand,
Fighting against the mightiest armament,
That whensoever against Argive land,
Or Turkish, from Venetian harbour went;
Scatters and overthrows the hostile band,
And—spoil and prisoners to his brother sent—
Nothing reserves save that unfading bay;
The only prize he cannot give away.

XCVIII.

Upon those figures gazed the courtly crew,
But read no meaning in the storied wall:
Because there was not any one to shew
That these were things hereafter to befall.
Those fair and quaintly fashioned forms they view
With pleasure, and peruse the scrolls withal:
But Bradamant, to whom the whole was known,
By wise Melissa taught, rejoiced alone.

XCIX.

Though not instructed in that history
Like gentle Bradamant, the affianced knight
Remembers how amid his progeny
Atlantes often praised this Hippolyte.
—Who faithfully could verse such courtesy,
As Charlemagne vouchsafed to every wight?
With various games that solemn feast was cheered,
And charged with viands aye the board appeared.

C.

Who is a valiant knight, is here deseried;
For daily broke a thousand lances lay:
Singly to combat or in troops they ride;
On horseback or afoot, they mix in fray.
Worthiest of all Rogero is espied,
Who always conquers, jousting night and day;
And so, in wrestling, dance, and every deed,
Still from his rivals bears away the meed.

CI.

On the last day, when at their festive cheer
Was seated solemnly the assembled band,
Where at Charles' left was placed the wedded peer,
And Bradamant upon his better hand,
Across the fields an armed cavalier,
Of semblance haughty, and of stature grand,
Was seen to ride towards the royal table;
Himself and courser wholly clothed in sable.

CII.

The King of Argier he; that for the scorn
Received from her, when on the bridge he fell,
Never to clothe himself in arms had sworn,
Nor draw the faulchion nor bestride the sell,
Till he had like an anchoret outworn
A year and month and day in lowly cell.
So to chastise themselves for such like crimes
Were cavaliers accustomed in those times.

CIII.

Albeit of Charles and Agramant the Moor
Had heard the several fortunes while away,
Not to forswear himself, he armed no more
Than if in nought concerned in that affray:
But when the year and month were wholly o'er,
And wholly past was the succeeding day,
With other courser, harness, sword, and lance,
The king betook him to the court of France.

CIV.

He neither lighted from his horse, nor bowed
His head; and, without sign of reverence due,
His scorn for Charlemagne by gestures showed,
And the high presence of so fair a crew.
Astound and full of wonder stood the crowd,
Such licence in that haughty man to view.
All leave their meat, all leave their talk, to hear
The purpose of the stranger cavalier.

CV.

To Charles and to Rogero opposite,
With a loud voice, and in proud accent, " I
" Am Rodomont of Sarza," said the knight,
" Who thee, Rogero, to the field defy;
" And here, before the sun withdraws his light,
" Will prove on thee thine infidelity;
" And that thou, as a traitor to thy lord,
" Deserv'st not any honour at this board.

CVI.

" Albeit thy felony be plain and clear,
" Which thou, as christened, canst not disavow;
" Nathless to make it yet more plain appear,
" This will I prove upon thee; and, if thou
" Canst find a knight to combat for thee here,
" Him will accept;—if one be not enow—
" Will four, nay six accept; and will maintain
" My words against them all in listed plain."

CVII.

Rogero, with the leave of Pepin's son,
Uprose at that appeal, and thus replied;
" That he—nor he alone—but every one,
" Who thus impeached him as a traitor, lied;
" That so he by his king had ever done,
" Him none could justly blame; and on his side,
" He was prepared in listed field to shew
" He evermore by him had done his due.

CVIII.

“ He can defend himself; nor need he crave
“ Another warrior’s help that course to run;
“ And ’tis his hope to show him he would have
“ Enough, perhaps would have too much, of one.”
Thither Orlando and Rinaldo, brave
Olivier, and his white and sable son*,
Thither good Dudon and Marphisa wend;
Who fain with that fierce paynim will contend.

CIX.

They tell Rogero that, ‘ as newly wed
‘ The combat he in person should refuse.’
“ Take ye no further pains,” the warrior said,
“ For such would be for me a foul excuse.”
The Tartar’s arms were brought, which cut the thread
Of more delay and of all further truce:
With spurs Orlando deck’d the youthful lord,
King Charlemagne begirt him with the sword.

CX.

Marphisa and Bradamant in corslet case
His breast, and clothe him in his other gear.
Astolpho led his horse of noble race:
Sir Dudon held his stirrup: far and near
Rinaldo and Namus made the mob give place,
Assisted by the Marquis Olivier.
All from the crowded lists they drive with speed,
Evermore kept in order for such need.

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

CXI.

The pale-faced dames and damsels troop, in guise
Of pigeons round the lists, a timid show;
When, homeward bound, from fruitful field they rise,
Scared by wide-sweeping winds, which loudly blow,
Mid flash and clap; and when the sable skies
Threat hail and rain, the harvest's waste and woe:
A timid troop, they for Rogero fear,
Ill matched they deem with that fierce cavalier.

CXII.

So him deemed all the rabble; and so most
Of those bold cavaliers and barons thought;
In that they had not yet the memory lost
Of what that paynim had in Paris wrought,
When singly fire and sword the warrior tost,
And much of that fair town to ruin brought;
Whose signs remained, and yet will long remain:
Nor ever greater havoc plagued that reign.

CXIII.

Bradamant's heart above those others' beat:
Not that she deemed the Saracen in might,
Or valour which in the heart-core hath its seat,
Was of more prowess than the youthful knight;
Nor (what oft gives success in martial feat)
That with the paynim was the better right.
Yet cannot she her some ill misgivings quell.
But upon those that love such fear sits well.

CXIV.

Oh! in her fear for him, how willingly
She battle for Rogero would have done!
If lifeless on the listed field to lie
Surer than sure,—in fight with Ulien's son*.
More than one death would she consent to die,
If she withal could suffer more than one,
Rather than she in that unhappy strife
Would see her cherished consort risk his life.

CXV.

But prayer availed not on the damsel's part
To make Rogero leave to her the quest:
She then with mournful face and beating heart
Stood by to view that pair to fight address.
From right and left the peer and paynim start,
And at each other run with lance in rest.
The spears seem ice, as they in shivers fly,
The fragments birds, that mount through middle sky.

CXVI.

Rodomont's lance which smote in the career
Upon mid-shield, yet harmed it little; so
Perfect was famous Hector's iron gear,
Hardened by Vulcan's hand, and safe from blow.
As well against the shield his levelled spear
Rogero guides, and that good buckler—though
Well steeled within and out, with bone between,
And nigh a palm in thickness—pierces clean;

* Rodomont.

CXVII.

And—but his lance resists not that fierce shock,
And at the first assault its splinters fly,
And bits and fragments of the shivered stock
Seem fledged with feathers they ascend so high;
Were his arms hewn from adamantine rock,
The spear would pierce the paynim's panoply;
And end that battle: but it breaks withal,
And on their croups both staggering coursers fall.

CXVIII.

With bridle and with spur the martial pair
Raise their proud horses nimbly from the ground;
And having broke their spears, with faulchions bare
Return, to bandy fierce and cruel wound.
Wheeling with wondrous mastery, here and there,
The bold and ready coursers in a round,
The warriors with their biting swords begin
To try where either's armour is most thin.

CXIX.

Rodomont had not that hard dragon-hide
Which heretofore had cased the warrior's breast;
Nor Nimrod's trenchant sword was at his side;
Nor the accustomed helm his temples prest.
For on that bridge which spanned the narrow tide,
A loser to Dordona's lady *, vest
And arms suspended from the votive stone
He left; as I, meseems, erewhile have shown.

* Bradamant.

CXX.

Clad was the king in other goodly mail;
Yet not like that first panoply secure:
But neither this, nor that, nor harder scale
Could Balisarda's deadly dint endure;
Against which neither workmanship avail,
Enchantment, temper, nor prime steel and pure.
So here so there Rogero plied his sword,
He more than once the paynim's armour bored.

CXXI.

When Rodomont beholds in that fierce close
His widely crimsoned arms, nor can restrain
The greater portion of those griding blows
From biting to the quick, through plate and chain,
He with more fury, with more rage o'erflows,
Than in mid winter the tempestuous main,
Flings down his shield, and with both hands outright
Lays at Rogero's helm with all his might.

CXXII.

With that excessive force, wherewith the gin,
Erected in two barges upon Po,
And raised by men and wheels, with deafening din
Descends upon the sharpened piles below,
With all his might he smote the paladin.
With either hand; was never direr blow:
Him the charmed helmet helped, or—such its force—
The stroke would have divided man and horse.

CXXIII.

As if about to fall, the youthful lord
Twice nodded, opening legs and arms; anew
Rodomont smote, in that he would afford
His foe no time his spirits to renew:
Then threatened other stroke; but that fine sword
Bore not such hammering, and in shivers flew;
And the bold Saracen, bereft of brand,
Was in the combat left with unarmed hand.

CXXIV.

But not for this doth Rodomont refrain:
He swoops upon the Child, unheeding aught:
So sore astounded is Rogero's brain;
So wholly overclouded is his thought.
But him the paynim well awakes again,
Whom by the neck he with strong arm has caught,
And gripes and grapples with such mighty force,
He falls on earth, pulled headlong from his horse.

CXXV.

Yet leaps from earth as nimbly, moved by spleen
Far less than shame; for on his gentle bride
He turned his eyes, and that fair face serene
Now troubled the disdainful warrior spied.
She in sore doubt her champion's fall had seen;
And well nigh at that sight the lady died.
Rogero, quickly to revenge the affront,
Clutches his sword and faces Rodomont.

CXXVI.

He at Rogero rode, who that rude shock
Shunned warily, retiring from his ground,
And, as he past, the paynim's bridle took
With his left hand, and turned his courser round;
While with his right he at his rider struck,
Whom he in belly, flank and breast would wound;
And twice sore anguish felt the monarch, gored
In flank and thigh, by good Rogero's sword.

CXXVII.

Rodomont, grasping still in that close fight
The hilt and pommel of his broken blade,
Layed at Rogero's helmet with such might,
That him another stroke might have dismaid:
But good Rogero, who should win of right,
Seizing his arm, the king so rudely swayed,
Bringing his left his better hand to speed,
That he pulled down the paynim from his steed.

CXXVIII.

Through force or skill, so fell the Moorish lord,
He stood his match, I rather ought to say
Fell on his feet; because Rogero's sword
Gave him, 'twas deemed, advantage in the fray.
Rogero stands aloof, with wary ward,
As fain to keep the paynim king at bay.
For the wise champion will not let a wight
So tall and bulky close with him in fight;

CXXIX.

Rogero flank and thigh dyed red beheld,
And other wounds; and hoped he would have failed
By little and by little, as it welled;
So that he finally should have prevailed.
His hilt and pommel in his fist yet held
The paynim, which with all his might he scaled
At young Rogero; whom he smote so sore,
The stripling never was so stunned before.

CXXX.

In the helmet-cheek and shoulder-bone below
The Child was smit, and left so sore astound,
He, tripping still and staggering to and fro,
Scaree kept himself from falling to the ground.
Rodomont fain would close upon his foe;
But his foot fails him, weakened by the wound,
Which pierced his thigh: he overtasked his might;
And on his kneepan fell the paynim knight.

CXXXI.

Rogero lost no time, and with fierce blows
Smote him in face and bosom with his brand;
Hammered, and held the Saracen so close,
To ground he bore that champion with his hand.
But he so stirred himself, again he rose:
He gripes Rogero so, fast locked they stand.
Seconding their huge vigour by address,
They circle one another, shake, and press.

CXXXII.

His wounded thigh and gaping flank had sore
Weakened the vigour of the Moorish king:
Rogero had address; had mickle lore;
Was greatly practised in the wrestlers' ring:
He marked his vantage, nor from strife forbore;
And, where he saw the blood most freely spring,
And where most wounded was the warrior, prest
The paynim with his feet, his arms, and breast.

CXXXIII.

Rodomont filled with spite and rage, his foe
Takes by the neck and shoulders, and now bends
Towards him, and now pushes from him; now
Raises from earth, and on his chest suspends;
Whirls here and there and grapples; and to throw
The stripling sorely in that strife contends.
Collected in himself, Rogero wrought,
To keep his vantage taxing strength and thought.

CXXXIV.

So shifting oft his hold, about the Moor
His arms the good and bold Rogero wound;
Against his left flank shoved his breast, and sore
Strained him with all his strength engirdled round.
At once he past his better leg before
Rodomont's knees and pushed, and from the ground
Uplifted high in air the Moorish lord;
Then hurled him down head foremost on the sward.

CXXXV.

Such was the shock wherewith King Rodomont
With battered head and spine the champaign smote,
That, issuing from his wounds as from a font,
Streams of red blood the crimsoned herbage float.
Roger, holding Fortune by the front,
Lest he should rise, with one hand griped his throat,
With one a dagger at his eyes address;
And with his knees the paynim's belly prest.

CXXXVI.

As sometimes where they work the golden vein
Within Pannonian or Iberian cave,
If unexpected ruin whelm the train
By impious avarice there condemned to slave,
So with the load they lie opprest, with pain
A passage can their prisoned spirit have:
No less opprest the doughty paynim lay,
Pinned to the ground in that disastrous fray.

CXXXVII.

Rogero at his vizor doth present
His naked poniard's point, with threatening cry,
'That he will slay him, save he yields, content
'To let him live, if he for grace apply.'
But Rodomont, who rather than be shent
For the least deed of shame, preferred to die,
Writhed, struggled, and with all his vigour tried
To pull Rogero down, and nought replied.

CXXXVIII.

As mastiff that below the deer-hound lies,
Fixed by the gullet fast, with holding bite,
Sorely bestirs himself and vainly tries,
With lips besmeared with foam and eyes alight,
And cannot from beneath the conqueror rise,
Who foils his foe by force, and not despite;
So vainly strives the monarch of Argièr
To rise from underneath the cavalier.

CXXXIX.

Yet Rodomont so twists and strives, he gains
The freedom of his better arm anew;
And with the right hand, which his poniard strains,
For he had drawn his deadly dagger too,
Would wound Rogero underneath the reins :
But now the wary youth the error knew
Through which he might have died, by his delay
That impious Saracen forthwith to slay ;

CXL.

And smiting twice or thrice his horrid front,
Raising as high as he could raise in air
His dagger, buried it in Rodomont ;
And freed himself withal from further care.
Loosed from the more than icy corse, to font
Of fetid Acheron, and hell's foul repair,
The indignant spirit fled, blaspheming loud ;
Erewhile on earth so haughty and so proud.

NOTES TO CANTO XLVI.

1.

What fair dames and sage, &c.

Stanza iii. line 1.

HARRINGTON has left out the first fifteen stanzas of this canto. Hoole apparently undertook them, with the intention to do what he could with them, and, where he was puzzled, to "skip and go on." My first disposition, on undertaking this work, was in all such passages to adopt what has been done by Harrington; but I changed my mind upon a second consideration of the subject. In this I was influenced by more reasons than one. In the first place I observed that circumstances in some descriptions, like that before us, often threw light on something in others. Thus in canto iii. stanza 56. referring to the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este,

La cui fiorita età vuole il ciel giusto,
Ch' abbia un Maron, come un altro ebbe Augusto,

To whose glad æra hath indulgent Heaven
A Maro with a new Augustus given,

the English reader, unless more than usually conversant with the biography of those times, understands Ariosto as guilty

of a monstrous piece of self-conceit, in designating himself by *Maro* as Augustus by Alphonso of Este. The thirteenth stanza, however, of the present canto seems to free him from such a suspicion, making it clear that he simply referred to Andrew Maro (*Andrea Marone*) a poet, living under the protection of the House of Este, and here classed by him with *Vida* and many other distinguished persons. Now if this observation applies to all Ariosto's galleries of portraits, many of the originals of which, bating their rank and riches, cannot certainly deserve the attention of any age but their own, how much more deserving of regard is the group before us, consisting of the wits and learned men who shed their splendor on the age of the Medici! Besides this consideration, I observed that there were generally many beauties scattered through the catalogues of persons which the poet has given us, and I thought it a pity to throw away sand when grains of gold were contained in it. Thus in stanza lv. canto iii. we have as fine a burst of martial music as is often to be heard in the *Furioso*.

Costui farà col senno e con la lancea,
 Ch' avrà l' onor ne i campi di Romagua
 D' aver dato a l' esercito di Francia
 La gran vittoria contra Giulio e Spagna.
 Nuoteranno i destrier sin a la pancia
 Nel sangue uman per tutta la campagna;
 Ch' a seppellire il popol verrà maneo,
 Tedesco, Greco, Ispano, Italo, e Franco.

'Tis he who that his wisdom and his lance
 Shall win the praise, that in Romaguan plain
 He opens to the chivalry of France
 The victory over Julius leagued with Spain.
 Girth-deep in human gore shall steeds advance
 Where graves are insufficient for the slain,
 Which everywhere on that wide campaign reek,
 Italian, Spaniard, German, Frank, and Greek.

We have again a beautiful imitation of Virgil's *luctus ne quære tuorum* in the same canto: but it is unnecessary to multiply illustrations. At any rate, the reader will not think, I imagine, that I have made versions of such parts of the *Furioso*, as those to which I have alluded, for my own pleasure, unless he be one of those who finds amusement in untying a knot, or in re-packing clothes in a trunk of the same dimensions as that in which they were before contained.

Most indeed must admit that I have here (as in other similar cases) undertaken a painful as well as an ungrateful task. Nor was it a less unprofitable labour to Ariosto, as it would appear. Ugo Foscolo once told me that, so ill was his praise appreciated at the time, that some of those commemorated in this canto were indignant at having been mentioned by him. I do not know on what he founded this statement, unless he inferred it from the conduct of one who has repaid Ariosto's praise with censure, or spoke from a confused remembrance of letters of other worthies which I shall cite; but (however this may be) Ariosto certainly displeased, and in one instance at least made a bitter enemy, by his omissions. This was the famous critic Sperone Speroni, not mentioned in the present catalogue, who writes thus to Bernardo Tasso:—"The poem of Ariosto may be likened to a woman, who has few really beautiful features, and is pleasing through a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which makes her only recommendation; and perhaps that *je ne sais quoi* which we feel and acknowledge in him is none of his own, but borrowed. That is to say, the invention and disposition of his work, together with the names of the knights, were *his*, whom he has not deigned, (or, to speak more properly,) has not dared, to name, fearing lest the world should find out that he had done by Boiardo as Martano did by Gryphon; and whoever doubts this may go and hear the miserable screech of five or six cantos which he has set up, and in which he has wretchedly stopt short, because he had no other dependence than that weak and worthless wind of his which breathes through them. He has died more like a goose than a swan," &c.

A curious contrast to this letter is to be found in another from a much more distinguished person, the famous Machiavel, whom (strange to say!) Ariosto has also omitted in his list of distinguished friends. In this letter, addressed to Alamanni in 1517, he says, "I have lately read Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and really the poem is beautiful throughout, and in many places admirable. If he is where you are, commend me to him, and tell him, I only grieve that, having recorded so many poets, he should not have given me a place as one; and that he has done by me in his *Orlando* what I will not do by him in my *Golden Ass*." Machiavel, however, has neither mentioned Ariosto nor any one else in his *Golden Ass*, having been probably deterred from doing so by the objections which, upon consideration, offered themselves to such a practice.

These are well put in a letter from Bernardo Tasso, himself named in this canto, to Andrea Gallo. "Heaven pardon Ariosto," he says, "who by the introduction of this abuse into poems has obliged those who write after him to follow in his steps. He dwells so much upon the thing, and will make mention of *so many*, that he wearies us."

The objection of Bernardo Tasso will necessarily have yet greater force with the modern reader, who will take less interest in this catalogue; for it must be confessed that out of those who figure in it there are some who do not seem to have deserved their place; and who indeed, but for this mention of them, would be unknown to posterity. There is, however, nothing in this that should occasion us surprise; for sympathising, as every one does more or less with the opinions of those by whom he is surrounded, who can be an impartial judge of cotemporary merit? But if present praise is never a security for posthumous fame, it must have been yet less so in the case of many of those eulogized by Ariosto, who were of all poets the most ephemeral, to wit, *improvisatori*. Maffei, the author of the *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, says, "I am of opinion that these poets pleased from being accustomed to accompany their verses with the lute, singing them extempo-

rarity. How otherwise can we account for the excessive applause bestowed upon Bernardo Accolti?"—one of the worthies celebrated in this canto.—“He was overwhelmed with encomiums in the court of Urbino, where he sighed for the duchess, as may be gathered from a letter of Bembo. He lived to enjoy the munificence of Leo X.; and when it was rumoured that he was about to recite his verses, the shops used to be shut; and the most learned men crowded to hear him: but considering one of his triplets, which was the wonder of the court of Leo, I find nothing in it but a thought for which he was indebted to scripture, and that expressed without elegance.”

I was disposed to do by these persons in my notes what I have done with respect to other cotemporaries celebrated by Ariosto; that is to say, to use such notices of them as had been furnished by Hoole, correcting his sins of omission and commission as I could. But when I came to examine his commentary upon this canto, I found such a task impossible, from his utter confusion of places and persons. A single example of this may suffice. Not knowing that *Aretino* simply means ‘of or belonging to Arezzo,’ (a mistake, however, in which it must be confessed that he has many companions) he has confounded the *Unico Bernardo Accolti Aretino* lately mentioned with the infamous *Pietro Aretino*, though the two persons are separately commemorated by Ariosto in the same page. Under such circumstances, I thought there would be less trouble in writing a commentary myself than in attempting to correct one which appeared to be incorrigible. I found, however, that I was utterly incompetent to the task; for the execution of which I have in consequence resorted to my friend Mr. Panizzi, of the London University, who has furnished me with the following notes. But notwithstanding his learning and industry, well proved by his excellent work on the romantic narrative poetry of the Italians, some of the names of those celebrated have escaped even his researches. I am, however, disposed to consider these as flies preserved in amber.

2.

*Mamma, Ginevra, with the rest I see,
Correggio's seed.*

Stanza iii. lines 5 and 6.

"Of these ladies I know nothing."—PANIZZI.

3.

Veronica de Gambera.

Stanza iii. line 7.

"VERONICA DA GAMBERA was daughter of Count Gian-Francesco Gambera, and married to Giberto X. Lord of Correggio, whom she lost nine years after their marriage, when she was scarcely 33 years of age. She caused to be engraved on the door of her apartment the two beautiful lines,

' Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro.'

And she was more firm of purpose than Dido. She governed Correggio during the minority of her two sons, Girolamo and Ippolito. Her letters are remarkable for their easy elegance; and her poetry for its loftiness and vigour of ideas. Her conduct was irreproachable; and she held a literary correspondence with the greatest men of her age, of whom she was a generous patroness. Charles V. visited her twice at Correggio."
—PANIZZI.

4.

With Julia, a new Ginevra is in sight.

Stanza iv. line 1.

"Of these ladies I know nothing."—PANIZZI.

5.

Hippolita Sforza, and Trivultia bright.

Stanza iv. line 3.

"HIPPOLITA SFORZA married to Alessandro Bentivoglio

of Ferrara, and is praised by Bandello (who dedicated to her the first of his novels) as a beautiful and learned woman, capable of appreciating the merit of Latin poetry. He also mentions the literary meetings which were held in her gardens at Milan, her native place.

“DAMIGELLA or DOMITILLA TRIVULCIA was wife of Francesco Torello, Lord of Montecchiarugolo. She was renowned for her talents, her sweet voice, her knowledge of music, her grace, and her learning, as well as for her rare beauty. I suspect it is to her that the epigram of Ariosto

Quod genere et censu præstes *Trivultia* multis

is addressed. Ariosto wrote another epigram,

Sis dives, generosa, bella, casta,

which cannot have pleased her so much, as he accuses her of being proud.”—PANIZZI.

6.

*Emilia Pia, and thee, Margherite,
Angela Borgia, Graziosa, see,
And fair Richarda d'Este.*

Stanza iv. lines 5, 6, 7.

“EMILIA PIA was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Urbino when it was the asylum of the muses under the Duke Guidobaldo da Montefeltro. Pia was married to Antonio, Count of Montefeltro, the duke's brother, who left her a widow when very young. She continued to reside at the duke's court in the most intimate friendship with Elizabetta his wife, who also was left early a widow. Of the elegance of that refined court, of the accomplishments, beauty, and purity of morals of these two ladies, Castiglione's *Cortigiano* may give an idea. See also above, canto xxvi. stanzas 49 and 50; and canto xliii. stanza 148.

“ I do not know who MARGHERITE, ANGELA BORGIA, and GRAZIOSA were.

“ RICHARDA here named is not the same lady mentioned above, canto xiii. stanza 67. This was Ricciarda, Marchioness of Saluzzo, wife of Niccolò III. d'Este. She died in 1474.”—PANIZZII.

7.

Blanche and Diana, with their sister train.

Stanza iv. line 8.

“ DIANA and BIANCA (Blanche) were daughters of Sigismondo of Este; the former married to Uguccione de' Contrari, and the latter to Alberigo Sanseverino, both knights of Ferrara. Sigismondo was son of Niccolò III. and of Ricciarda of Saluzzo, his third wife, and from him descended the branch of the Estes, Lords of San Martino in Rio. Diana of Este was mentioned above, canto xlii. stanza 90.”—PANIZZII.

8.

I Barbara Turca, linked with Laura, know.

Stanza v. line 2.

“ I know nothing of this BARBARA. The family of the Turchi was, however, an ancient and powerful family at Ferrara.

“ LAURA I suspect to be Laura Danti, afterwards Laura Enstochia, first the mistress then the third wife of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara. Her marriage has been indisputably proved by Muratori; yet on the plea that this lady was never lawfully wedded to Alfonso, the Popes robbed the House of Este of Ferrara.”—PANIZZII.

9.

*Behold Ginevra! that rich gem and rare
Which gilds the house of Malatesta, &c.*

Stanza v. lines 5 and 6.

“ This is, I think, GINEVRA MALATESTA, celebrated for her beauty and for the vehement affection which Bernardo Tasso bore to her. She was married to a knight of the family of Obizzi of Ferrara, and on her marriage Tasso wrote a most elegant sonnet. The Malatestas were lords of Rimini or Arimino.”—PANIZZI.

10.

*The consort of my lord of Bozzolo
Behold! the mother, sisters, cousinhood.*

Stanza vii. lines 1 and 2.

“ I suppose that Ariosto alludes to the lady of FEDERIGO GONZAGA, lord of Bozzolo, whose mother, Francesca Fieschi, as well as the sister, Cammilla Gonzaga, married to the Marquis Tripalda, and the relations, Isabella and Cammilla Gonzaga da Gazzuolo, are celebrated as very accomplished ladies by cotemporary authors. It is, however, difficult to ascertain who were the ladies meant, as the house of Gonzaga, then divided into the branches of Mantova, Bozzolo, Gazzuolo, Luzzara, San Martino, Sabbioneta, &c. counted several ladies of very prominent merits, many of whom bore the same christian name.”—PANIZZI.

11.

*Them of Torello, Bentivoglio,
Pallavigini's and Visconti's brood.*

Stanza vii. lines 3 and 4.

“ Four of the noblest families of Italy, and the former one of the oldest in the world. They are still existing, except the last. They were all related to Este, Gonzaga, Montefeltro; and many ladies of those families were celebrated for their accomplishments and beauty in the poet's time.”—PANIZZI.

12.

Julia Gonzaga.

Stanza viii. line 1.

“ This lady, celebrated for her learning, and still more for her extraordinary beauty, was married, when very young, to Vespasiano Colonna, duke of Trajetto and earl of Fondi, who was old and infirm, and very soon afterwards died. Julia, after his death, refused the most splendid offers of marriage, and lived in a secluded manner at Fondi. Ariadeno Barbarossa, the famous pirate, afterwards dey of Tunis, on hearing her beauty so much praised, landed 2000 men at Fondi one night, in 1534, to carry her off to the Sultan Solymán II. She had scarcely time to jump out of a window and fly from her brutal enemies, and, undressed as she was, succeeded in making her escape to the neighbouring mountains.”—PANIZZI.

13.

With her is paired her brother's wife.

Stanza viii. line 5.

“ ISABELLA COLONNA, married to Luigi, brother of Giulia Gonzaga, surnamed Rodomonte on account of his bravery. The pope opposed their marriage, but the steady attachment of Isabella triumphed over all obstacles. To this Ariosto has alluded more at length in canto xxxvii. stanza 9, et seq. Rodomonte Gonzaga was a great friend of Ariosto, and wrote some stanzas in praise of the *Furioso*. He was lord of Gazzuolo, and is mentioned also canto xxvi. stanza 50.”—PANIZZI.

14.

Lo! Arragonian Anna, Vasto's light.

Stanza viii. line 8.

“ ANNA, daughter of Ferrante d'Arragona, duke of Montalto, married to Alfonso Davalo, Marquis Vasto—a great general, a good poet, and a splendid patron of literature, who, on the

18th of October, 1531, settled an annuity of one hundred golden ducats on Ariosto. He is praised more than once in the poem: see canto xv. stanza 28; canto xxxiii. stanza 24, et seq.; and canto xxxiii. stanza 47."—PANIZZII.

15.

*With her, the sister dims all beauty, where
Her radiance shines. Lo! one that hath set free
Her conquering lord from Orcus' dark repair.*

Stanza ix. lines 3, 4, 5.

“GIOVANNA D'ARRAGONA, married to Ascanio Colonna.

“VITTORIA, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, married to Ferdinando Francesco, son of Alfonso Davalo (not the one just mentioned, but an older one), marquis of Pescara. He was one of the greatest generals of his day, and died of the wounds which he received at the battle of Pavia, where he had a great share in the capture of King Francis I. of France. There was a scheme set on foot for making him king of Naples. He pretended to acquiesce in some proposals concerning this, only to betray the conspirators and the Italian powers who were privy to it to Charles V. The reciprocal love of Vittoria and Francesco has never been surpassed. In her thirty-third year Vittoria lost her husband; a loss for which she was inconsolable all her life. Her poems are very good, and no lady has ever written better. She was as beautiful and virtuous as accomplished. Hence the infamous Aretino calumniated her. She was in correspondence with all the great geniuses of her age, more particularly with Veronica Gambara, mentioned above. She, as well as her husband, is always mentioned by Ariosto in the highest terms of praise: see canto xxxiii. stanzas 47 and 53, and canto xxxvii. stanza 16, et seq.”—PANIZZII.

16.

*The shining light
Of his Arezzo, and Accolti light.*

Stanza x. lines 7 and 8.

“BERNARDO ACCOLTI, surnamed l'Unico Accolti or l'Unico

Aretino, son of the historian Benedetto Accolti, than whom no poet was ever more popular. The poetry he has left does not answer the high reputation he enjoyed. As an *improvisatore* he must have been much distinguished, since he was admired at the court of Urbino."—PANIZZI.

17.

His nephew Benedict, &c.

Stanza xi. line 2.

"BENEDETTO ACCOLTI, bishop of Cadiz, next of Cremona, and afterwards archbishop of Ravenna. He was, together with Sadoleto, secretary to Clement VII. when only twenty-five years of age, and cardinal when thirty years old. He was long imprisoned by order of Paul III. without any one knowing why, and was liberated by the intercession of the cardinal of Mantua, here mentioned, on paying a large fine. Not only was he a good poet, but the liberal patron and warm friend of the greatest men of his days."—PANIZZI.

18.

With him Campeggio and Mantua's cardinal.

Stanza xi. line 3.

"ERCOLE GONZAGA, son of Francesco, last marquis, and brother of Federigo, first duke, of Mantua, one of the presidents of the Council of Trent, was 'Mantua's cardinal.'

"Campeggio was LORENZO CAMPEGGI, from whose family sprang so many learned civilians in the sixteenth century. Lorenzo was professor of law at Padua and Bologna, then (having lost his wife and become a priest) judge of the Rota at Rome, bishop of Feltre, and finally cardinal. Leo X. and Clement VII. sent him either as legate or as nuncio to the first potentates of Europe. He was twice legate in this country; first from Leo X., then from Clement VII. to judge with Wolsey the validity of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Arragon."—PANIZZI.

19.

*With them Lactantius is, Claude Ptolemy,
Trissino, Pansa, and Capilupi mine.*

Stanza xii. lines 1 and 2.

“OF LATTANZIO TOLOMMEI, Giovio says, ‘Nihil enim vel aspectu arduum, vel reipsâ difficile, vel magnitudine immen- sum morari posse existimo Lactantium Ptolomeum Senensem, tum familiæ atque opum dignitate tum reconditis artibus atque animi virtute nobilissimum.’ I know nothing more of him.

“CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI was a whimsical character. He was doctor of civil law, but for some unknown reason insisted on being *undoctored* and passing through the same formalities with which the degree had been conferred upon him. He tried to bring Italian hexameter and pentameter verses into fashion, and failed. He was of the court of Cardinal Ippolito of Este the younger, nephew of that Cardinal Ippolito to whom Ariosto dedicated his poem.

“THREE brothers CAPILUPI were contemporaries of Ariosto—Lelio, Ippolito, and Cammillo, the first of whom was celebrated for his great skill in composing poems with verses studiously taken from other poets. The brothers Capilupi were considered good poets themselves, and Ippolito and Cammillo enjoyed the reputation of good statesmen and diplomatists.

“PAULO PANSA, of whom Giovio says, ‘Veluti ab joco ad studia Latinorum carminum, in quibus serius atque felicius se exercet, ingenium traduxit.’ I know nothing more of him.

“GIORGIO TRISSINO (in the original Dresino), the author of *Sofonisba* and *L’Italia Liberata*, was the first who attempted to write a tragedy and an epic poem after the classical models. He was not ashamed, in return for Ariosto’s compliment, of saying, in his poem,

L’Ariosto

Con quel *Furioso* suo che piace al volgo !!!”

—PANIZZI.

20.

Latino Giovenale.

Stanza xii. line 3.

“LATINO GIOVENALE DE’ NANNETTI, praised by Bembo, his friend, as a writer of good Italian verses. His Latin verses are certainly very elegant. He was a learned antiquary and a distinguished diplomatist. After having been nuncio to several courts, he was appointed commissioner for the preservation of antiques at Rome.”—PANIZZI.

21.

Sasso.

Stanza xii. line 4.

“PAMFILO SASSI, who is said to have died in 1527. Giraldi says of him, ‘Extemporalis poeta . . . in faciendis versis promptissimus. . . . Illi memoria penè divina. . . . Minus omnino Sassio judicii ac liuæ.’ Giovio (who wrote after the plunder of Rome in 1527) writes, ‘Retinet adhuc Pamphilus Saxius Mutinensis pristinum illum volucris et exultantis ingenii furorem, et in hæc exactâ ætate Latinis etiam et Hetruscis epigrammatis cum florentissimis juvenibus colludit.’”—PANIZZI.

22.

And Molza.

Stanza xii. line 4.

“FRANCESCO MARIA MOLZA, celebrated for his fondness of the fair sex, his extensive learning, and his truly exquisite poetry, both Latin and Italian. He was the neatest imitator of Tibullus. His name occurs above, canto xxxvii. stanza 12. Bayle is mistaken when he thinks that upon him was written the following epitaph, which I transcribe for its singularity. It is still to be read in the cathedral of Modena. ‘Si aulmarum auctio fieret Franciscum Molzam licetarentur virtutes patria et Catharina, ejus uxor, quæ illi et sibi vivens hoc posuit.’

Our Francesco Maria was not married to a Catharina. He was, however, from Modena, where the family still exists."—PANIZZI.

23.

And Florian hight Montine.

Stanza xii. line 4.

"To FLORIANO MONTINO, Manardo the physician, whom I shall presently mention, dedicated his book *Epistolarum Medicinalium*, 'propter antiquam inter nos amicitiam, singularemque tuam eruditionem optimis moribus conjunctam.' I suspect this Floriano to be Floriano de' Floriani da Montagnana, who married a lady of the court Cornaro at Asola, on which occasion Bembo supposes the dialogues to have taken place which he wrote with the title of *Asolani*."—PANIZZI.

24.

Julio Camillo.

Stanza xii. line 7.

"GIULIO CAMMILLO DELMINIO, who could talk much and say nothing. He boasted of having invented a certain *Teatro* (nobody ever understood what it was to be) by means of which in a month a person of rank (for Delminio protested he would not teach any other) might learn all that has ever been known, and easily equal the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero. Francis I. of France took two lessons from him. He imposed upon some, but was little valued by most of his contemporaries."—PANIZZI.

The dialogue among the *Erasmi colloquia*, entitled *Ars notoria*, shows this to have been among the European follies of the day.

25.

Berna, and Sanga, and Flaminiò spy.

Stanza xii. line 8.

"GIOVANNI BATTISTA SANGA was a good Latin poet, and secretary to Cardinal Bibiena, then to Giberti when Datario, then to Cardinal Salviati, then to Clement VII.

“FRANCESCO BERNI, or BERNA, or BERNIA, a poet very well known. He succeeded Sanga as Giberti's secretary; and when the latter retired to his diocese of Verona, Berni followed him thither. In the translation of Rose's *Orlando Innamorato* (Introd. p. xxxix.) it is said by mistake that he was then in the service of Cardinal Bibiena. The cardinal died eight years before that, in 1520. To this cardinal Berni alluded when he spoke of

A cardinal allied to him by blood,
And one that neither did him harm nor good.

See *ibid.* p. xlv.

“MARC' ANTONIO FLAMMINIO, whose lyric Latin verses are by common Italian consent the most exquisite poems in that language written after the middle ages. Flamminio was one of the most amiable men that ever lived. He was a favourite of Leo X., of Giberti, whom he followed to Verona, of Alexander Farnese (Pope Paul III. mentioned next), and of Cardinal Polo, who glories in having prevented him from turning protestant. His death was considered a national calamity.”—PANIZZI.

26.

Lo! Alexander of Farnese.

Stanza xiii. line 1.

“ALESSANDRO FARNESE and MARCELLO CERVINI (afterwards Pope Marcello II.) formed the princely scheme of publishing, at their own expense, the Greek MSS. of the Vatican Library. They established a press, and called the printer Blado to Rome for that purpose. Farnese was a great patron of literature. When pope he created cardinals some of the greatest men of his age; amongst others, Contarini, Polo, Bembo, Pio, Sadoletto, his friend Cervini, &c.”—PANIZZI.

27.

*Phædro, Cappella, Maddalen', Portio,
Surnamed the Bolognese, the Volterrane.*

Stanza xiii. lines 3 and 4.

“TOMMASO INGHIRAMI, having performed with great ap-

plause the part of Phædra in Seneca's Hyppolitus, was surnamed FEDRO. He was a good Latin poet, and librarian to the Vatican. Erasmus says he was called the Cicero of his age.

“ BERNARDINO CAPPELLA, praised as a good Latin poet by Giral-di.

“ EVANGELISTA FAUSTO MADDALENI is mentioned as an elegant Latin poet by Giral-di, who says that he would have done more had not his wife left him little leisure for the muses.

“ CAMMILLO PORZIO, or DE' PORCARI (not the historian), professor of literature, and a distinguished courtier of Leo X., who made him a bishop. He and Fedro are thus celebrated by Giovio:—‘ Interiit illa tota vetus disciplina rectè ac temperatè Latinas voces exprimendi et rotunda facundia orationes et carmina recitandi postquam T. Phædrus et Portius Canillus præclara Acad. Romanæ Lumina fato extincta optimas literas felicioris eloquentiæ huc orbatas reliquerunt.’

“ FILIPPO BEROALDO DA BOLOGNA the youngest, a Latin poet, and librarian to the Vatican, was surnamed the Bolognese. He died in 1518.

“ There were two MAFFEI from Volterra, called each of them Volterrano—MARIO and RAFFAELLE. I think Ariosto speaks of the former, as he, as well as most of those mentioned in this stanza, were members of the Roman Academy, and are praised by Sadoletto in one of his letters almost in the same order as they are mentioned by Ariosto.”—PANIZZI.

28.

*Blosio, Pierio, Vida, famed for flow
Of lofty eloquence of exhaustless vein;
Mussùro, Làscari, and Navagèro,
And Andrew Maro, and the monk Sevèro.*

Stanza xiii. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

“ BIAGIO PALLAI, who, according to the fashion of the day, on entering the Roman Academy, had his vulgar name changed into the more classically sounding name of Blosio Palladio, was an elegant Latin poet, and one of the heads of the

university of Rome, the Sapienza. He was secretary to Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., and in the name of the former he wrote the privilege for the corrected edition of Ariosto's poem of 1532, dated on the 31st of January of that year. He was elected bishop of Foligno by the latter of these popes. Ariosto mentions him as a friend in his satire addressed to Pistofilo, which begins

‘Pistofilo tu scrivi che se appresso,’

of which a translation by Lord Holland may be seen at the end of the fifth volume of this translation.

“GIAMPIETRO or (as he was called afterwards) PIERIO VALERIANI was an adherent of the Medici. He enjoyed the favour of Leo X., was elected professor of literature by Clement VII., and then trusted with the education of Ippolito and Alexander de’ Medici, two pupils who did not great credit to their masters. Pierio was a good historian, an elegant Latin poet, and a very learned man.

“MARCO GIROLAMO VIDA, bishop of Alba, whose poems *Christiados*, *Scacchia Ludus*, *Ars Poetica*, *Bombices*, are too well known to require any praise. He was called *Virgilius redivivus*; and, if any thing, he may be said to have been excessively Virgilian. His generous disposition rendered him very popular among the poor of his diocese.

“MARCO MUSURO of Creta (whom Ariosto calls Musura in his satire addressed to Bembo), a pupil of John Lascari; a man of extensive learning, professor at the university of Padua, and archbishop of Malvasia. A few Latin epigrams only have survived him. Erasmus says that he was ‘*Latinæ linguæ usque ad miraculum doctus: quod vix ulli Græco contigit.*’

“GIOVANNI LASCARI of Constantinople fled to Italy on the conquest of that city by the Turks, and was educated at Padua. His extensive learning and amiable character rendered him a favourite of Lorenzo il Magnifico, Leo X., and Charles VIII., as well as Francis I. of France.

“ANDREA NAVAGERO, not the historian of Venice, whose work was published by Muratori, R. I. S., vol. 22d, but a learned

man, second to none in taste and elegance in his Latin verses, and who died at Blois in France on the 8th of May, 1529. He detested so much Martial's poetry that he sacrificed every year to Vulcan a copy (some say more) of his epigrams. Six lines of this author may serve as a favourable specimen of his Latin poetry.

‘ Auræ quæ levibus percurritis aera pennis
 Et strepitis blando per nemora alta sono;
 Serta dat hæc vobis, vobis hæc rusticus Idmon
 Spargit odorato plena canistra croco.
 Vos lenite æstum, et paleas sejungite inanes
 Dum medio fruges ventilat ille die.’

“ANDREA MARONE; a man who was never equalled for his facility of making good Latin verses impromptu, and whose genius is described by Giovio, who knew him, as *incredibile, portentosum*. The same historian, to give us an idea of the manner in which Marone made his extemporaneous verses, uses the following words:—‘Fidibus et cantu musas invocat; et quum simul coniectam in numeros mentem alacriore spiritu inflaverit, tanta vi in torrentis modum concitatus fertur, ut fortunâ et subitariis tractis ducta, multum ante provisa et meditata carmina videantur. Canenti defixi exardent oculi, sudores manant, venæ contumescunt, et, quod mirum est, eruditæ aures, tamquam alienæ ac intentæ omnem impetum profluentum numerorum exactissimâ ratione moderantur.’ He was mentioned by our poet, above, c. iii. st. 56, as equal to his namesake Virgil; and also in the satire to A. Ariosto and Bago, which begins

Io desidero intendere da voi;

where the poet advises Marone to give up making verses and learn an art to please his eminence of Este, who disliked Ariosto because he was a poet.

“THE MONK SEVERO. Perhaps Severo Varino, called also Severo da Piacenza, or da Firenzuola, a learned Benedictine; or Severo da Volterra, a Benedictine also, and a poet, among whose MSS. there were sonnets addressed to Ariosto, as Porcacchi informs us.”—PANIZZI.

29.

*Lo! two more Alexanders! of the tree
Of the Orològi one, and one Guarino:
Màrio d' Olvìto, and of royalty
That scourge, divine Piètro Aretino.
I two Giròlamos amid them see,
Of Veritàe and the Cittadino;
See the Mainàrdo, the Leonicèno,
Panizzàto, Cèlio, and Teocrèno.*

Stanza xiv.

“ ALESSANDRO OROLOGI, a gentleman from Padua: (Fornari). I know nothing more of him.

“ ALESSANDRO GUARINI, secretary to the duke of Ferrara. He published an edition of Catullus corrected by his father, with notes of his own.

“ MARIO EQUICOLA D'ALVITO (and not Olvito, as all the editions of Ariosto say) took his name from the place of his birth. He wrote a history of Mantua, a treatise on poetry, and another on the nature of love. He was secretary to Isabella d'Este, Marchioness Gonzaga of Mantua, of whom Ariosto makes a splendid panegyric, canto xiii. st. 59, et seq., to her husband Francis, and to her son Frederick, with whom Mario was besieged in Pavia. Calcagnini describes him as ‘mann strenuum, lingua disertum, ingenio clarissimum.’

“ PIETRO ARETINO. The basest and most impudent wretch that ever lived, with neither talents nor honour. He called himself ‘diviuo’ and ‘flagello de’ principi,’ but none ever flattered them more barefacedly. He attacked in the most scurrilous manner all those from whom he had nothing to fear. He took his name from Arezzo, his native place, being a bastard. His father was, it is said, Luigi Bacci. The following epitaph was considered appropriate to his merits:

‘ Qui giace l’Aretin poeta Tosco
Che disse mal d’ognun, fuor che di Dio,
Scusandosi col dir: non lo conosco.’

“GIROLAMO VERITÀ is said to have been an elegant poet, and a man fond of scientific pursuits. Giovio says, ‘Laudatur in Veriteii Veronensis carmine nitidissimus candor, atque in omnem semper partem diffusus et æquabilis.’”

“GIROLAMO CITTADINO was a friend of Bembo, who, in a letter, praises two sonnets of his. He lived at Ferrara, as I learn from Bandello, in the service of Ippolita Sforza, mentioned above, stanza 4. Giovio praises him as a good Latin poet.—‘Hieron. Cittadinus Insuber poemata sua odoratis atque venereis floribus mollissimè conspergit.’”

“NICCOLO LEONICENO, a distinguished physician, of great learning, an elegant writer of Latin verses, when young, and of a most pure life. He was one of the first who dared to question the authority of Pliny, and died, 96 years old, at Ferrara, in 1524.

“GIOVANNI MAINARDI (not Mainardi, as is erroneously printed in all Ariosto's editions), a physician of note. He travelled much, and was one of the first who boldly appealed to reason and observation instead of authority, as may be seen from the first of his *Epistolarum Medicinalium*, already quoted. Calcagnini wrote to Erasmus that he was ‘vir Græcè et Latine doctissimus. Scripsit plurima digna immortalitate; sed vir minime ambitiosus ea nondum publicam materiam fecit: hoc superstite, minus Leonicenum desideramus.’”

“BENEDETTO TAGLIACARNE, or TEOCRENO (as he chose to call himself), was named tutor to the son of Francis I. of France, who appointed him to the bi-hopric of Grasse. Teocreno had spoken slightly of Erasmus; and hence we may understand why Olivarius called him a pedant. He generally is considered to have been a learned man.

“CELIO CALCAGNINI, a learned man, but an affected writer, highly esteemed by Erasmus. Before Copernicus published his astronomical system in 1543, Calcagnini published a book to demonstrate ‘quod cælum stet, terra autem moveatur.’ Having followed the cardinal of Esté to Hungary, he was appointed professor of literature at Ferrara on his return; whilst Ariosto,

who did not like to go, lost his eminence's good graces. In the satire addressed to A. Ariosto and Bagno, quoted above, the poet relates it himself, and adds, that he cares not for the cardinal preferring Marone and Celio to him. Calcagnini is also praised above, canto xlii. stanza 90. These reasons make me think that it was Celio Calcagnini, and not Celio Richeri from Rovigo, who took the name of Celio Rodigino, a learned man also then living, of whom Ariosto speaks here. This Celio had been a pupil of Leonicens, and was then professor of literature at Ferrara.

"NICCOLÒ MARIA, or MARTO PANIZZATO, of Ferrara; a poet of some note, according to Giraldis. He was professor of literature in that city, and it has been said that Ariosto studied under him."—PANIZZI.

30.

Bernardo Capel, Peter Bembo here

*I see, through whom our pure, sweet idiom rose,
And who, of vulgar usage winnowed clear,
Its genuine form in his example shows.
Behold an Obyson, that in his rear
Admires the pains which he so well bestows.
I Fracastòro, Bevezzano note,
And Tryphon Gabriel, Tasso more remote.*

Stanza xv.

"BERNARDO CAPELLO, a Venetian nobleman, and a pupil of Bembo. He was iniquitously banished by the Council of X. on account of his freedom of speech in the senate—'numquam suspicatus,' as very properly Egnazio says, 'ut in liberâ civitate, nimia libertas sibi officere posset.' He went to Rome, where he was very well received by Cardinal Farnese, and died an exile. His lyric poetry is excellent. He was a poet, not a timid imitator of Petrarca. Giovio mentions a Carlo Capello of whom I never heard; and perhaps it is a mistake in the name:—'Carolus Capellum nobilem Venetum, qui Græcè etiam profecit, generosum poetam evadere perspicimus.'

"PIETRO BEMBO, a Venetian, whose family ranked among the very first of that proud republic. He was a learned and

accomplished man, of a kind and amiable disposition. He wrote the most Ciceronian Latin, and his name stands very high in the annals of Italian literature. He deserves more credit for the patronage which he granted to literature than for his own works. He was, with Sadoletto, secretary to Leo X.; and to this excellent colleague he owed his cardinalship, as it was only by his intercession that Paul III. was induced to pass over Bembo's juvenile levities. He was then bishop, first of Gubbio, and afterwards of Bergamo. Capello and Bembo were mentioned above, canto xxxvii. stanza 8; and Bembo again, canto xlii. stanza 86. To him Ariosto addressed the satire which begins

‘ Bembo, io vorrei com' è il comun desio;

and also a very curious and interesting Latin elegy, beginning

‘ Me tacitum perferre meæ peccata puellæ?’

“GASPAR OBIZZI, a friend of Bembo, who addressed to him his 58th sonnet, praising his poetry. I do not know whether he was the one who married Ginevra Malatesta, mentioned above, stanza 5.

“GIROLAMO FRACASTORO, whose name is well known as that of a man who in his Latin poem *De Morbo Gallico* vied with Virgil. Fracastoro was, moreover, a great physician, zoologist, astronomer, and geographer. He is said to have been the first to use a kind of telescope to observe the stars. He was highly respected and esteemed by all those who knew him for his kind and generous disposition.

“AGOSTINO BEVAZZANO, or BEAZZANO, a great friend of Bembo, who introduced him to Leo X., by whom he was patronised. He was an indifferent Italian poet, but wrote very elegant Latin verses.

“TRIFON GABRIELLO, of a patrician family of Venice, is celebrated as a learned and upright man. Of him was said by Valiero, his countryman, ‘Gabriela familia Venetum Socratem peperisse existimatur Tryphonem.’ Speroni, alluding to this surname, says, ‘Che a guisa di Socrate non iscrisse mai cosa alcuna, ma insegnavà ciò che sapeva.’ A sonnet of his to Bembo,

which is printed, gives a very poor opinion of his poetical talents. Bernardo Tasso confesses himself highly indebted to his suggestions respecting his poem *Amadigi*.

“BERNARDO TASSO, father of Torquato; a distinguished lyric poet, peculiarly soft and sweet, and the author of a romanesque poem, *The Amadigi*, in 100 cantos, in which he tried to surpass Ariosto. Although he failed in this, the work is full of poetry. *The Furioso*, *The Innamorato*, *The Morgante*, and *The Amadigi*, are the best poems of this class. The first and last distant ‘longo intervallo’ no doubt.”—PANIZZI.

31.

Upon me Nicholas Tiepoli

And Nicholas Amànio fix their eyes;

With Anthony Fulgoso, who to spy

My boat near land shows pleasure and surprise.

There, from those dams apart, my Valery

Stands with Barignan, &c.

Stanza xvi. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

“NICCOLO TIEPOLO, of a patrician family of Venice, was honoured by Pope Julius II., who conferred upon him the degree of doctor with his own hands, as, according to Bembo, in a letter to the duchess of Ferrara, the famous Lucrezia Borgia, he had given proofs ‘d’essere il più valente disputante e filosofo che per avventura in Italia oggi sia.’ Giovio wrote, ‘Floret Venetiis pulcherrimorum carminum laude illustri ac elaboratus Teuplus.’

“NICCOLO AMANIO (not Ammanio, as it is erroneously printed in all modern Ariosto’s editions) is mentioned by Bandello in his first novel, who calls him ‘dotto Dottore e soavissimo poeta;’ and Giovio praised in him ‘pressum et floridum dicendi genus.’

“ANTONIO FULGOSO, or FREGOSO, or CAMPOFREGOSO, of a patrician family of Genoa, and whose relation, Federigo Fulgoso, was mentioned in so friendly and playful a manner by

Ariosto, canto xlii. stanza 20. Antonio wrote some Latin verses now forgotten, and was surnamed *Fileremo*, on account of his fondness of seclusion.

“GIOVANNI FRANCESCO VALERIO, an illegitimate son of a nobleman of the patrician family Valerio of Venice. He was a prelate, and was put to death as a traitor to his republic, for having bribed the secretaries of the senate, and communicated the secrets of the state to the Turks. A volume of tales which he wrote was never published, and I consider it fortunate for young readers, as one may deduce from the story of *Fiammetta* the merit of which Ariosto attributes to him.—See canto xxvii. stanza 137, and canto xxviii. stanza 78. Giovio praises him as a poet: ‘Valerius cum in versis tum in amatoriis dissertationibus elegans, acutus, salsus.’ He was a favourite with the great and the literati his cotemporaries.

“PIETRO BARIGNANO, a poet, of whom Giovio said, ‘Laudatur Barenianus e Brixia uti circumscriptus, suavis, et floridus.’ Why he kept aloof from the ladies, ‘not to be still a martyr to their charms,’ may be learned from Fornari.”—PANIZZI.

32.

*Of high and superhuman genius, tied
By love and blood, lo! Pico and Pio true;*

.
.
.

*He is the man I so desire to view,
That Sannazàro.*

Stanza xvii. lines 1, 2, 6, 7.

“GIAN FRANCESCO PICO, lord of Mirandola, son of the famous Giovanni Pico, had as much talent as his uncle, and used it much better. He was one of the most learned men of his days, and highly esteemed by his contemporaries.

“ALBERTO PIO, lord of Carpi, son of a sister of Giovanni Pico, aunt of Gian Francesco. He was a learned man, and a

great patron of literature. His name is connected with that of Erasmus, on account of a theological dispute which took place between them. He was accused of having excited Leo X. to make war on the duke of Ferrara, who eventually succeeded in depriving Pio of his dominions. It is remarkable that Ariosto, living at the court of Ferrara, could so nobly praise Pio, who appears to have been a great friend of his. To him is addressed Ariosto's *carmen*,

‘Alberte, proles inclyta Cæsarum;’

and also another on the death of his mother:—

‘Fama tuæ matris crudeli funere raptæ,’

where Ariosto uses the comparison to be read in the *Furioso*, *canto i. stanza 69*. I here transcribe the verses, that the scholar may compare Ariosto's Italian and Latin style.

‘Deprensus veluti sub querno tegmine pastor
Cujus glandiferos populatur fulmine ramos
Jupiter, ut rutilo reteguntur lumine sylvæ,
Et procul horrenti quatitur nemus omne fragore;
Labitur ille impos mentis, rigor occupat artos,
Stant immoti oculi, ora immota, immobile pondus.’

“JACOPO SANNAZZARO, who, on entering the academy of Pontano, changed, according to the fashion of the day, his christian name for that of Azzio Siucero. He was one of the first, about the end of the fifteenth century, who returned to the elegance and sweetness of Petrarca's language. He wrote eclogues, some describing the life and costumes of shepherds, some of fishermen;—but we must remember he spoke of fishermen in the Bay of Naples. He was equal to Vida, and some even say to Fracastoro in his Latin poems, of which that *De Partu Virginis* is the most celebrated, and very justly so. He died in 1530, and his sepulchre not being far from that of Virgil, Bembo wrote on him the following epitaph:—

‘Da sacro cineri flores: hic ille Maroni
Sincerus Musâ proximus, ut tumulo.’”

—PANIZZI.

33.

*The learned Pistophilus, mine Angiar here,
And the Acciajudli their joint pleasure show
That for my bark there is no further fear.
There I my kinsman Malaguzzo know;
And mighty hope from Adoardo hear, &c.*

Stanza xviii. lines 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

“BONAVENTURA PISTOFILO, secretary to the duke of Ferrara, a patron of literature, and a poet, to whom, Giovio says, ‘molliores musæ delicata ubera præbuerunt.’ To him Ariosto addresses one of his satires, as I have observed.

“PIETRO MARTIRE D’ANGHIARI, or D’ANGHIERA, was a celebrated traveller and historian. Here, however, I suppose Ariosto spoke of Girolamo Angeriano, whom Giovio says, ‘Amatoria judiciis hominum famæ commendata celebrem fecerunt.’

“PIETR’ ANTONIO and JACOPO ACCIAJUOLI are highly praised by Giraldi; Jacopo more particularly, whose Latin verses were also the subject of Calcagnini’s encomiums. They were of a Florentine family, but had settled at Ferrara.

“ANNIBAL MALAGUZZI, from Reggio in Lombardy, where the family still exists, was Ariosto’s first cousin, since Daria, sister of Valerio Malaguzzi, was the poet’s mother. He was an intimate friend of Ariosto, who addressed to him the satire, ‘Poi che Annibale intendere vuoi come;’ and the other, ‘Da tutti gli altri amici, Annibal, odo.’

“Of this ADOARDO I know nothing.”—PANIZZI.

34.

Joy's Victor Fausto; Tancred joys to view.

Stanza xix. line 1.

“VITTOR FAUSTO succeeded Musuro as professor of Greek, and was, moreover, famous for having invented a ship of a large size, properly a galley called *quinquereme*, of which a description may be found in a letter of Bembo to Barrusio, May 29th, 1529.

"ANGIOLO TANCREDI was professor at the university of Padua, and an intimate friend of Francesco Negro, also a professor there, who afterwards went to the court of the Cardinal d'Este, to whom the *Furioso* is dedicated."—PANIZZI.

35.

As looked old Ægeus at the accursed board.

Stanza lix. line 1.

"Ægeus, king of Athens, being on his travels entertained at the house of Pittæus, in Trezene, had an intrigue with Etra his daughter, and when he departed left with her his sandals and sword, charging her, if she should be brought to bed of a boy, to send him to Athens with these tokens. She was afterwards delivered of Theseus, who being grown up, took the sword and sandals, deposited with Etra by his father, and went to Athens, where he found all the city in confusion by the machinations of Medea, who, at the arrival of Theseus, made him suspected by Ægeus, and persuaded the king to destroy him at a banquet by poison; but fortunately, as the youth reached out his hand to receive the cup, Ægeus perceived his sword, and embracing him, acknowledged him for his son."—HOOLE.

36.

Joys Clermont's, joys Mongrana's noble house.

Stanza lxvii. line 1.

Mr. Panizzi seems to be of opinion that Ariosto considered Mongrana as the same as Risa, or Reggio. Mongrana, or Reggio, then was the house of Rogero, and Clermont the house of Bradamant.

37.

But when by treachery perished Priam's heir.

Stanza lxxxii. line 1.

"Ariosto, with the romantic writers in general, whenever the siege of Troy is alluded to in his poem, gives the story a partial turn in favour of the Trojans, from whose great hero

Rogero is said to derive his origin. In the xxxivth Book, he makes St. John impute the account given by Homer of the Grecian heroes and heroines to the venality of the poet. He always speaks of the death of Hector as brought about by treachery. To this we may observe, that our great countryman, Shakspeare, whose materials are often drawn from popular stories, particularly from an old story book of the siege of Troy, has, in his *Troilus and Cressida*, represented the characters of the Trojans superior to the Greeks, and has made Achilles kill Hector at an unfair advantage."—HOOLE.

38.

*There left it to King Proteus, Egypt's lord,
In ransom for his prisoned wife restored.*

Stanza lxxxii. lines 7 and 8.

"Ariosto here alludes to a story of Helen told by Herodotus, that Paris, returning with Helen from Troy, was received by Proteus king of Egypt, who afterwards sending away Paris, detained Helen, with all her treasure, at his court; and Ariosto here relates, that she was ransomed by Menelaus for this tent, which he gave to Proteus."—HOOLE.

39.

*Here the three Graces in gay vesture gown'd
Assisted the delivery of a queen.*

Stanza lxxxv. lines 1 and 2.

"Leonora of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinando king of Naples, to whom the poet here gives the title of queen, married to duke Hercules I. by whom she had Hippolito of Este, Ariosto's patron, whose birth is here celebrated."—HOOLE.

40.

*Deputed by Corvinus to desire
The tender infant from his princely sire.*

Stanza lxxxvi. lines 7 and 8.

"Beatrice, sister of Leonora, and wife of the great Matteo Corvino king of Hungary, being without children, sent for young

Hippolito from his parents; who, arriving in Hungary, was received by the king with every mark of esteem and affection: He afterwards made him archbishop of Strigonia, before he was eight years of age. Ludovico Sforza, called Il Moro, the duke of Milan, who had married Beatrice, the sister of Hippolito, hearing of his great virtues, procured for him the bishopric of Milan; after which, being very young, he was created cardinal, and taken to assist him in the government.”
—HOOLE.

41.

There Fuscus, &c.

Stanza lxxxix. line 4.

“Tommaso Fusco, first tutor to Hippolito, and afterwards his private secretary. Cœlio Calcagnino dedicated to him his translation of Lucian.”—HOOLE.

42.

*In this part is the princely youth espied
With that unhappy duke, the Insubri's head.*

Stanza xciv. lines 1 and 2.

“Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, deposed by Louis XII.”—HOOLE.

43.

Upon those figures gazed the courtly crew.

Stanza xcvi. line 1.

“In the old poem of *Aspramonte*, is a description of the bridal bed of Rogero and Gallicella, the father and mother of our Rogero, from which, possibly, Ariosto might take his hint for the pavilion and bed here described. See *Aspramonte*, c. x.”
—HOOLE.

44.

*To font
Of fetid Acheron, and hell's foul repair,
The indignant spirit fled.*

Stanza cxi. lines 5, 6, 7.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

Ariosto is particularly happy (as it appears to me) in this his last imitation, in which he has added the point of Virgil to the more satisfactory conclusion of the modern novelist. He leaves his readers satisfied. Would I could entertain such a hope, on thus finishing my task!

AN
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OF

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Rogero carried away by the hippogryph, I. iv. 46. Goes to

Rogero, continued.

Alcina's city, I. vi. 70. Is stopped by monsters, I. vi. 60. Conquers Eriphila, II. vii. 6. Conquers Alcina by the brightness of the enchanted shield, II. viii. 11. Arrives in Logistilla's kingdom, II. x. 43. Delivers Angelica, II. x. 110. Endeavouring to force her, she disappears through the virtue of her ring, II. xi. 6. Complains of her unkindness, II. xi. 8. Wishing to assist Bradamant, he is decoyed into Atlantes' enchanted castle, II. xi. 17. Fights all the knights of Pinabello, and is conqueror by the power of the shield, and in indignation at his victory, throws the shield into a well, IV. xxii. 67. Delivers Richardetto from being burnt, and is apprised that he is a brother of his lady, V. xxv. 17. Writes a letter to Bradamant, V. xxv. 86. With Marphisa rescues Malagigi and Vivian from the hands of those of the house of Maganza, V. xxvi. 26. Led by Hippalca where Rodomont had taken his stand, fights with him for Frontino, V. xxvi. 117. Kills Mandricardo, V. xxx. 68. Endeavouring to part Bradamant and Marphisa, entices the latter to fight with him, VI. xxxvi. 51. Separates from Bradamant, VII. xxxvi. 83. Conquers Dudo, and delivers seven kings; going to Africa is shipwrecked, VII. xli. 4. Being nearly drowned, makes a vow to be baptized, and succeeds in getting to shore, where he is baptized by a hermit, VII. xli. 47. Quits Paris to go and kill Leo, and being arrived at the Save meets the army of Constantine, and fighting for the Bulgarians, routs and destroys it, VIII. xlv. 76. Is taken at Novengorod, and put in prison, then set at liberty by Leo, VIII. xlv. 5. Fights for Leo, conquers Bradamant, and retires into a desert, determined to die, VIII. xlv. 85. Marries Bradamant, and kills Rodomont, VIII. xlv. 100, 140.

Sacripant is unhorsed by Bradamant, I. i. 62. Made prisoner by Rodomont, VI. xxxv. 54.

Sansonet in Jerusalem and Damascus, III. xviii. 97. In the castle of Pinabello, IV. xxii. 52. Goes to the relief of Paris, VI. xxxi. 51. To Africa to storm Biserta, VII. xxxix. 30.

Sobrino is cured by the care of Orlando, and baptized by the hermit, VIII. xliii. 194.

Tale of Richardetto and Flordespina, V. xxv. 50.

Urania gives Bradamant an account of herself, the three kings, and golden shield, VI. xxxii. 50.

Virtues and praises of some princes, whose images Ariosto feigns to have been carved on one of Merlin's fountains, V. xxvi. 34. Of Hippolitus of Este, VI. xxxv. 8.

Vivian, V. xxvi. 38.

Zerbino proves himself strong in fight, III. xvi. 59. Is enraged with the knight who wounded Medoro, IV. xix. 13. Is unhorsed, and forced to take the defence of Gabrina, IV. xx. 126. Unhorses and wounds Hermonides of Holland, who relates to him afterwards the wickedness of Gabrina, IV. xxi. 10. Gives the defence of Gabrina in charge to Odorico as a punishment, who is the cause of her being hanged, IV. xxiv. 40. Is mortally wounded by Mandricardo, IV. xxiv. 70. In dying he tries to console Isabella, IV. xxiv. 83.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OF THE

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

ADONIO, a knight of Mantua.

AGRAMANT, Emperor of Africa, son of Trojano, son of Agolantes, who was also the father of Almontes, and Galaciella. The family descended from Alexander the Great.

AGRICALTES, King of Ammonia.

ALARDO, son of Aymon.

ALCABRUN, the head of a Scottish clan of Highlanders.

ALCINA, a fairy, Morgana's sister.

ALDA, wife of Orlando, daughter of Rinieri of Vienne.

ALDIGIERO, a bastard son of Buovo. See Malagigi.

ALERIA, an Amazon, married to Guido the savage.

ALFEUS, a physician and astrologer.

ALMONIO, a faithful follower of Zerbino.

ALMONTES, father of Dardinello.

ALTEO, a Saracen.

ALZIRDO, King of Tremisene.

AMBALDO, a Parisian.

AMMIRANTE (or *Lamirante*). Probably not a proper name, but a title, viz. *the admiral*. It is used speaking of a Spanish warrior.

AYMON, son of Bernard of Clermont, Duke of Dordona, father of Rinaldo, Alardo, Guicciardo, Bradamant, and Ricciardetto; and brother of Milo, the father of Orlando.

ANALARDO, Lord of Barcellona.

ANDROPHILUS, brother-in-law of Constantine, the Greek emperor.

ANDRONICA, a follower of Logistilla.

ANDROPONO, a priest.

———, a Greek warrior.

ANGELICA, daughter of Galaphron, King of Catay, and sister of Argalia.

ANGELINO, of Bordeaux.

———, a Christian knight.

ANGIOLIERO, ditto.

ANGIOLINO, ditto (probably the same as Angelino).

ANSELMO, Count of Altaripa, a Maganzese.

———, of Stamford.

———, of Flanders.

ANTONA. See Southampton.

AQUILANT, brother of Gryphon, and son of Olivieri.

ARAMON, of Cornwall.

ARBANTES, son of Cimosco.

ARCHIDANTES, Count of Saragossa.

ARDALICO, son of the Count of Flanders.

ARGALIA. See Angelica.

ARGALIFFA (or *Largalifu*), a Spanish warrior.

ARGANIO, leader of the troops from Libicana.

ARGEIO, a Servian knight, married to Gabrina.

ARIMANO, Duke of Somerset.

ARIODANTES, an Italian knight at the court of Scotland, Duke of Albany.

ARMANO, Earl of Forbes.

ARNALDO, of Thoulouse.

ARRALICO, a Saracen.

ARUNDEL, Earl of.

ASTOLPHO, son of Otho, King of England, who was one of the sons of Bernard of Clermont, or Chiaramonte.

———, King of Lombardy.

ATHOL, Earl of.

ATLANTES, an enchanter, Rogero's tutor.

AVINO, one of Namus's sons.

- AVOLIO (or *Avorio*), brother to the above.
- BALASTRO, leader of the troops from Alzerbe.
- BALIFRONTES, leader of the troops from Cosca.
- BALINVERNO, an exiled sovereign. See Malgarino.
- BALIVERZO, the greatest rogue among the paynims. (Bojardo calls him King of *Normandia*—meaning, not Normandy in France, but the northern country from which the Northmen, or Normans came.)
- BALUGANTES, leader of the troops from the kingdom of Leon, and Marsilius's brother.
- BAMBIRAGO, King of Arzilla.
- BARDINO, Brandimart's attendant.
- BARICONDO, leader of the army from Majorca.
- BATH, Bishop of.
- BAVARTES, one of Marsilius's knights.
- BEATRICE, Aymon's wife, daughter of Namus, and sister of Ermellina, married to Ogier the Dane.
- BERKELEY, Marquis of.
- BERLINGHIERO, one of Namus's sons.
- BERTA, Orlando's mother, wife of Milo, then of Gano, and sister of Charlemagne.
- BERTOLAGI, of Bayonne, a Maganzese.
- BIANCA, a fairy.
- BIANZARDIN, leader of the troops from Asturias.
- BIRENO, Duke of Zealand.
- BOGIO, of Vergalle, a Christian knight.
- BRADAMANT, daughter of Aymon and Rogero's lady.
- BRANDIMART, son of Monodantes, King of the distant Islands.
- BRANZARDO, King of Bugia.
- BRUNA, a fairy.
- BRUNELLO, a thief, King of Tingitana.
- BUCIFARO, King of Algazera.
- BURALDO, leader of the Garamanti.
- CAICO, King of Almansilla.
- CALAMIDORO, of Barcellona.
- CALIGORANT, a giant.

- CARMONDO, King of Damascus.
 CASIMIRO, a Saracen.
 CHARLEMAGNE.
 CHELINDO, of Aragon.
 CILANDRO, son of Marganorre.
 CLARINDO, King of Bolga.
 CLAUDIO DAL BOSCO.
 ———, of Tours.
 CLERMONT (*Chiaramonte*), the family name of Bernardo, father
 of Aymon, &c.
 CLODIONE, son of Fieramonte, King of the Franks.
 CLORIDANO, from Tolomitta, a faithful follower of Dardinello.
 COREBO, of Bilbao, a faithful follower of Zerbino.
 CORIMBO, from Agamia.
 CORINEO, King of Mulga.
 CORRADO, a German.
 COSTANTINE, Emperor of Greece.
 CYMOSCO, King of Friesland.
- DALINDA, a maid of honor of Ginevra, loved by Polinesso.
 DARDINELLO, son of Almontes, King of Zumarra.
 DERBY, Earl of.
 DESMOND, Earl of.
 DICILLA, one of Logistilla's followers.
 DIONYSIUS, of Tours.
 DORALICE, daughter of Stordilano, King of Grenada; loved by
 Rodomont, but marries Mandricardo.
 DORCHINO, a Saracen.
 DORDOGNE, one of the titles of Bradamant: "La Donna di
 Dordona."
 DORICONT, one of Marsilius's knights.
 DORIFEBO, leader of the Catalans.
 DORILONE, leader of the troops from Setta.
 DORSET, Earl of.
 DRUSILLA, wife of Olindro of Lungavilla.
 DUDO, son of Ogier the Dane.
 DULFIN DAL MONTE.

EDWARD, Earl of Shrewsbury.

ELIO DAL MONTE.

ERIFILLA, a giantess.

ERMANTE, Earl of Abergavenny.

ERMOFILO, a knight from Damascus.

ERMONIDES, of Holland.

ERROL, Earl of.

ESSEX, Earl of.

ETEARCO, a Saracen.

FALSIRONE, Marsilius's brother, leader of the troops from New Castile.

FARURANTES, of Maurina.

FERRAU (or *Ferraguto*, *Ferracuto*, *Ferraute*, and *Ferrautte*), son of Falsirone, leader of the troops from Saragossa.

FIERAMONTE, Duke of York.

FILANDRO, a Dutch knight, in the service of Heraclius, the Greek emperor: loved by Gabrina, who forces him to marry her.

FINADURRO, leader of the troops from the Canary Islands, and from Morocco.

FLORDELICE, daughter of Dolistone, and loved by Brandimart.

FLORDESPINA, daughter of Marsilius.

FOLICONE (or *Follicone*, or *Fulicone*), Count of Almeria, a bastard son of Marsilius, and one of his knights.

FOLVO, King of Fiessa, or Fiersa.

GABRINA, wife of Argeo, then of Filandro.

GALACIELLA. See Agramant.

GALAPHRON, King of Catay.

GALERANA (or *Galeana*), daughter of Galafro, King of Spain, sister of Marsilius, and wife of Charlemagne.

GANELONE (or *Gano da Pontieri*), the head of the race of Maganza.

GARDO, a Saracen.

GINEVRA, daughter of the King of Scotland: marries Ariodantes.

GODFREY, Duke of Buckingham.

GRADASSO, King of Sericana.

GRANDONIO, of Volterra, leader of the Algarbi.

GRILLO, a Christian warrior.

GRYPHON, brother of Aquilant.

GUALTIERO, of Paris.

GUICCIARDO, son of Ayinon.

GUIDO, the savage, a natural son of Aymon.

HENRY, Duke of Clarence.

———, Earl of Salisbury.

HIPPALCA, a confidential maid of Bradamant.

JOCONDO LATINI, a Roman.

IROLDO, a knight of Babylon.

ISABELLA, daughter of the King of Galicia, married to Zer-
bino.

ISOLIERO, Lord of Pampeluna, son of Falsirone, leader of the
troops from Navarre.

IVONE, King of Bordeaux, father of Clarice, Rinaldo's wife.

KENT, Earl of.

KILDARE, Earl of.

LABRETTO, Duke of.

LANGHIRANO, a Spanish warrior.

LAODICEA, Lord of.

LEO, son of the Emperor Constantine.

LEONETTO, Duke of Lancaster.

LEWIS, a Provençal.

LIBANIO, King of Constantina.

LOGISTILLA, a fairy, Alcina's and Morgana's sister.

LUCINA, daughter of Tibiano, King of Cyprus and Rhodes;
wife of Norandino, King of Damaseus.

LURCANIO, Earl of Angus, brother of Ariodantes.

MADARASSO, leader of the soldiers from Malaga and Seville.

MAGANZA, the family title of a race of traitors, hence called
Maganzesi.

- MALABUFERSO, King of Fezano.
- MALAGIGI, a famous enchanter, son of Buovo.
- MALAZUR, a cunning Spanish warrior.
- MALGARINO, an exiled monarch, in Marsiglius's court and army.
- MALZARISE, as above.
- MANDRICARDO, Emperor of Tartary, son of Agrican.
- MANILARDO, King of Noritia.
- MAR, Earl of.
- MARBALUSTO, a giant, King of Orano.
- MARCH, Earl of.
- MARK and MATTHEW, two knights from the plains of St. Michel, near Paris.
- MARPHISA, an Indian queen, daughter of Rogero of Risa, and of Galaciella.
- MARGANO, a Saracen.
- MARGANORRE, a brutal tyrant.
- MARSILIUS, King of Spain.
- MARTANO, a great coward, loved by Origilla.
- MATTALISTA, Flordespina's brother, leader of the troops from Toledo, Calatrava, &c.
- MEDORO, a faithful follower of Dardinello; Cloridano's friend; and, ultimately, Angelica's husband.
- MELISSA, a witch or enchantress. (There are two.)
- MERLIN, a famous enchanter.
- MONGRANA, the family title of the descendants of Sinibaldo, uncle to Bernard of Clermont (Chiaramonte). They descended from Buovo d'Antona (Bevis of Southampton).
- MORATTO, an Irish chief.
- MORGANA, a fairy, Alcina's sister.
- MORGANTE, like Malgarino; whom see.
- MOSCHINO, who disliked water, and yet was drowned.
- MOSCO, of Arragon.
- NAMUS, Duke of Bavaria.
- NORANDINO, King of Damascus.
- NORFOLK, Duke of.
- NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl of.

OBERTO, King of Ireland.

———, of Tours.

ODO, of Paris.

ODORICO, a treacherous follower of Zerbino.

OGIER (or *Uggero*, the Dane), a paladin, married to Ermelina (or *Armellina*), Namus's daughter, from whom was born Dudon.

OLDRADO, Duke of Gloucester.

———, a Flemming.

OLIMPIA, a daughter of the Count of Holland: loved and betrayed by Bireno. She then marries Oberto, King of Ireland.

OLIMPIO DALLA SERRA, Ferrau's favourite, a musician.

OLINDRO, of Lungavilla, Drusilla's husband.

OLIVIERO, or Uliviero, of Burgundy: a famous paladin, son of Rinieri of Vienna, brother of Alda, and father of Gryphon and Aquilant.

OMBONNO, a knight from Damascus.

ORGHETTO, a Maganzese.

ORIGILLA, a coquette, loved by Gryphon.

ORLANDO, the famous paladin.

ORMIDA, the leader of the troops from Marmond.

ORRILLO, an enchanted robber, living near the Nile.

OTHO, King of England.

OXFORD, Earl of.

PALIDON, of Moncalieri.

PEMBROKE, Earl of.

PINABELLO, son of Anselmo, Count of Altaripa.

PINAMONTE, a Londoner.

POLINESSO, Duke of Albany, Great Constable of Scotland.

PRANDO, a Norman.

PRASILDO, a knight of Babylon.

PRUSIONE, King of Alvaracebie.

PULIANO, King of Nasamona.

RAYMOND, Earl of Devonshire.

RAYMOND, a Londoner.

RICCARDO, a paladin.

RICHARD, Earl of Warwick.

RICHARDETTO, son of Aymon.

RICHARDO, one of Aymon's sons, according to Ariosto.

RICHMOND, Earl of.

RIMEDONTES, leader of the troops from Getulia.

RINALDO, of Montalbano, son of Aymon.

RINIERI, of Vienne (in Dauphiny), son of Gherardo da Fratta.

RODOMONT, son of Ulieno, King of Sarza and Algiers.

ROGERO, son of Rogero of Risa, and of Galaciella: marries
Bradamant.

SACRIPANT, King of Circassia.

SALAMON, King of Little Britanny.

SALINTERNO, High-Marshal of the kingdom of Damascus.

SANSONETTO, a knight, converted to Christianity by Orlando,
Governor of Jerusalem.

SATALLONE, of Paris.

SELEUCIA, Lord of.

SENAPUS, Emperor of Ethiopia.

SERPENTINO, son of Balugantes, leader of the troops from Gal-
licia.

SIDONIA, Lord of.

SOBRINO, King of Algoccio.

SOPHROSINA, a lady of Logistilla.

SORIDANO, King of Hesperia.

SOUTHAMPTON, Earl of.

SPINELLOCCIO, a Norman.

STORDILANO, King of Grenada.

STRAFFORD, Duke of.

SUFFOLK, Earl of.

TANACRO, son of Marganorre.

TEODORA, wife of Androphilus.

TESIRA, King of Lisbon.

TIRSE, a knight from Apamia.

THRASON, Duke of Mar.
TURPIN, Archbishop of Rheims.

UBERTO, of Mirford.
UGHETTO, of Dordona.
UGO, of Tours.
ULANIA, a lady from Iceland.
UNGIARDO, a Greek baron.

VATRANO, chief of the Bulgarians.
VIVIANO, son of Buovo.

WALES, Prince of, son of Otho.
WILLIAM of Burnich.
WINCIESTER, Earl of.

ZERBINO, Duke of Rosshire, son of the King of Scotland.

PANIZZI.

ERRATUM.

Page 123, stanza xiv. line ult. *for* King Charles', *read* King Charles.

THE END.

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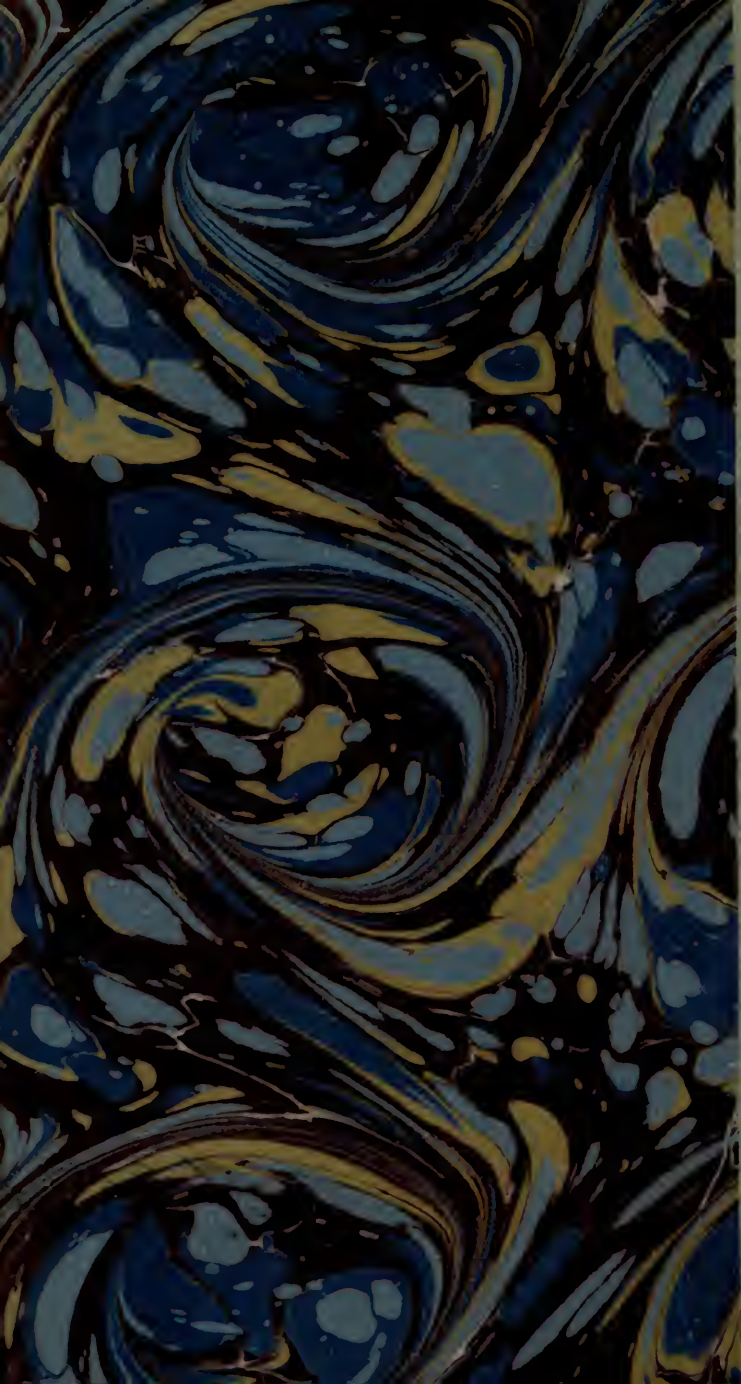
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