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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

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VOL. IV.

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# ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES;

BY JOHN HOOLE.

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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. IV.

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1799.



## THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the mad feats of Orlando. The poet takes leave of Angelica. Dissentions in the camp of Agramant renewed. Rogero and Mandricardo first named by lot to decide their quarrel for the shield of Hector. Description, and issue of their combat. Bradamant laments the absence of her lover, and hears tidings of him by Hippalca. Rinaldo arrives at Mount Albano, and prepares with his brethren Guichardo, Richardo, Richardetto, and Alardo, and his kinsmen Vivian and Malagigi, to go to the assistance of Charles. Bradamant remains behind at Mount Albano.

THE  
THIRTIETH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

WHEN Reason, that should still in bounds  
restrain  
Each sudden warmth, to Passion gives the rein;  
And blindfold Rage our hand or lips can move  
To injure those who merit most our love;  
Though we with tears our errors past bemoan, 5  
Such tears can never for th' offence atone.  
In vain, alas! I sorely now repent  
Those words in which I gave my anger vent;  
Since like a wretch I fare, who while distressed  
With slow disease, has long his plaints suppress, 10  
Till hopeless grown, to wild impatience driven,  
He arms his tongue against dispensing Heaven:

His health restor'd, he owns his crime with grief,  
But words once spoke admit of no relief.

Yet, ever-courteous dames! I hope from you 15  
To meet that grace for which I lowly sue.

Forgive, what from a lover's frenzy came,  
And to my beauteous foe transfer the blame;

She plunges me in ills, she bids me burn  
With fierce resentment, that indulg'd must turn 20

On my own head—Heaven only knows if love  
So true as mine, deserves such fate to prove.

Not less my madness than Orlando's rage,  
And such as well may pity's ear engage;  
Like his, who wandering now from hill to plain, 25  
Had travers'd o'er Marfilius' wide domain.

Day following day from place to place he flew,  
While at his back the lifeless beast he drew.

At length he reach'd a stream whose ample tide  
Pour'd to the sea; there on the turfy side 30

The carcase left, and swiftly plunging o'er,  
He gain'd by stress of arms the further shore.

When near the banks a village-swain he view'd,  
Who brought his horse to water at the flood,  
And onward held his way, nor thought of fear 35  
To see one naked like Orlando near.

Let me (the madman cry'd) thy courser take,  
With my good mare I mean th' exchange to make



Look if thou wilt—behold she lies at hand,  
 For dead I left her there on yonder strand. 40  
 I left her dead—but well I know thy care  
 Will bind her wounds and every hurt repair.  
 Give me thy steed—and with him further pay  
 For such a fair exchange—dismount I pray  
 In courtesy to speed me on my way. 45 }

Loud laugh'd the swain, but answering not a word  
 The madman left, and turn'd him to the ford.  
 Thou hear'st me not—(enrag'd Orlando cry'd)  
 Give me thy horse—and with a lengthen'd stride  
 Advancing swift, a staff the herdsman took 50  
 Of knotty oak, with which the earl he struck:  
 At this the Paladin was rous'd to ire,  
 He gnash'd his teeth, his eye-balls flash'd with fire.  
 With hand unarm'd he dealt a crashing wound,  
 And stretch'd the peasant lifeless on the ground. 55  
 He mounts his steed, he scours the public ways,  
 And towns and villages in ruin lays:  
 No rest, no provender the beast he gives,  
 But in a few short days disabled leaves.

---

Ver. 54. *With hand unarm'd—*] The Italian is,  
 Sul capo del pastore un pugno ferra  
 Che spezza l'osso——

Literally,

He struck the shepherd a blow on the head, with his fist, and  
 split his skull.

Nor will Orlando long on foot remain, 60

But soon by force another steed obtain :

Whate'er he meets his lawless prize he makes ;

He kills the rider, and the courser takes.

Arriv'd at Malaga, the frantic knight

Fill'd every part with tumult and affright : 65

Such was the ravage of his fearful hand,

Two years suffic'd not to recruit the land.

Such numbers slain he left where'er he pass'd,

Such buildings burnt, to earth so many cast,

That half the country look'd a dreary waste. 70

To Zizera he thence pursu'd his way,

That near the straits of Zibelterra lay.

There loosen'd from the strand a bark he view'd,

In which a troop for solace on the flood

Enjoy'd the freshness of the morning breeze, 75

And skimm'd the surface of the tranquil seas :

On them Orlando call'd aloud to stay,

And him their partner in the bark convey.

In vain he call'd, when none to hear inclin'd ;

A guest like him could little welcome find. 80

Swift o'er the level tide the vessel flies,

As sails the swallow through the liquid skies.

At this, with blows on blows Orlando drives

His steed though loth, and at the sea arrives.

The



The steed reluctant enters in the waves, 85  
Long vainly struggling: now the water laves  
His knees and breast; now swells on either side,  
Till scarce his head appears above the tide.  
No more returning shall he quit the surge,  
While o'er his ears the madman waves the scourge.  
Ah! wretched steed! whose life must soon be lost, 90  
Unless thou swimm'st to Afric's distant coast.  
Now more and more, withdrawing from the land,  
Orlando loses sight of hills and strand.  
Far in the sea he wades; between his eyes 95  
And objects lost the billows fall and rise:  
Till now unequal to the watery strife,  
The beast concludes his swimming and his life:  
He sunk, and with the steed had sunk his load,  
But self-supported on the heaving flood, 100  
His nervous arms and legs Orlando ply'd,  
And from his mouth expell'd the briny tide;  
While Fortune, that o'er madmen still presides,  
From death preserves him, and to Setta guides;  
Then lands him safe, where near arose in sight 105  
The walls in distance twice an arrow's flight:  
At length he found along the tented coast  
Encamp'd in swarthy bands a countless host.



But let us leave the earl, till better time  
To him again recall the wandering rhyme. 110

What next to fair Angelica befel,  
Who late escap'd the madman's hand so well,  
And how she found a ship in happy hour  
To bear her safe for India's spicy shore;  
There gave Medoro o'er her realms to reign, 115  
Others may sing in more exalted strain:  
I hasten to the Tartar knight, who gain'd  
Such conquest o'er his rival, as obtain'd  
The fairest dame to fill a lover's arms  
That Europe boasts in all her bloom of charms, 120  
Since from our clime Angelica retir'd,  
And Isabella chaste to Heaven aspir'd.

Though Mandricardo heard with conscious pride  
The dame in his behalf the cause decide,  
Yet short enjoyment could that chance afford, 125  
When quarrels still on foot requir'd his sword.  
There young Rogero call'd him to the field,  
And claim'd the argent eagle on his shield:

---

Ver. 109. *But let us leave the earl,—*] He returns to Orlando,  
Book xxxix, ver. 277.

Ver. 116. *Others may sing,—*] Angelica and Medore appear no  
more in the course of this work.

Gradasso, king of Sericana's lands,  
For Durindana here the fight demands. 130  
King Agramant, and king Marfilius try'd  
To make each warrior's angry strife subside:  
But nor Rogero will the Tartar knight  
Permit to bear great Hector's shield in fight;  
Nor stern Gradasso let the Tartar wield 135  
The sword Orlando brandish'd in the field.

Then Agramant—No more at variance fall,  
Let chance of lots each knight to battle call:  
And let us prove, whom Fortune first may name;  
Of him she favours, I confirm the claim: 140  
If yet you hold your sovereign's love so dear,  
To what he offers lend a willing ear:  
When lots decide who first the fight shall wage,  
Let him, whose name appears, his faith engage  
On his own head at once each strife to take, 145  
And, conquering for himself, a conquest make  
For either's claim; or if his loss ensues,  
He, losing for himself for each shall lose;

So

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er. 148.— *for each shall lose:*] It may not be amiss to take a retrospect, in order to see how the matter was settled by Agramant, which seems rather to require some explanation. By the lots that were drawn, the combatants stood thus: first, Rodomont



So nearly, held in equal balance, weighs  
Rogero's and Gradasso's martial praise, 150  
That he whose prowess can in combat stand  
With either knight, may prove his valiant hand

---

mont and Mandricardo : second, Mandricardo and Rogero : third, Rodomont and Rogero : fourth, Mandricardo and Marphisa. The list being prepared for the fight between Rodomont and Mandricardo, while these knights are arming themselves a new dispute arises between them and Gradasso and Sacripant, for Durindana and Frontino, which puts a stop to the expected combat between Rodomont and Mandricardo. Marphisa adds to the confusion by carrying off Brunello prisoner, whom she accuses of stealing her sword ; and Rogero seeing the order of the lots disturbed, claims again his horse from Rodomont. Agramant, to settle the first dispute between Rodomont and Mandricardo, orders the cause to be determined by Doralis, who chusing Mandricardo, her former lover quits the camp with indignation. The list now remained according to the first lots, to be entered by Rogero and Mandricardo, but Gradasso persisting still to claim Durindana from Mandricardo, Agramant proposes that lots should be again drawn to determine whether Rogero or Gradasso should first engage with Mandricardo, and to prevent future strife, proposes that whoever draws the lot of combats shall determine both his own claim and the claim of the knight who loses the lot ; that when Rogero wins or loses, he shall not only win or lose the eagle for himself, but Gradasso shall, in right of his conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, take possession of Durindana or relinquish his claim ; and in like manner Rogero shall in right of Gradasso's conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, continue to bear the shield of Hector, or relinquish the claim. In this last disposition of the lots, no provision seems to be made for the termination of Marphisa's quarrel with Mandricardo.

At



At all assays—let conquest grace the side,  
Which Heaven's eternal justice shall provide :  
But no dishonour on the loser fall, 155  
Whate'er betide, impute to Fortune all.

Silent Rogero and Gradasso heard  
The prudent council of their king rever'd,  
And each agreed, whom chance the knight might  
make,

The cause of either on himself should take. 160

The names inscrib'd within an urn they threw,  
And, shaking round, the lots a stripling drew.

Wrote on the first Rogero's name they find,

But bold Gradasso's name remain'd behind.

What words can speak the joy Rogero feels, 165

Soon as the fateful vase his lot reveals :

Nor less the Sericanian chief repines :

But who shall that oppose which Heaven de-  
signs?

And now Gradasso with officious cares,

Rogero for the dreadful list prepares ; 170

By long experience in the fields of fight,

To win the day instructs the youthful knight :

His veteran skill directs him how to wield

The trenchant sword, or list the covering shield ;

What

What to his arm the foe may open leave, 175  
Which stroke may reach, and which his aim de-  
ceive;

When Fortune's offers to accept or shun,  
And all war's arts he points him one by one.  
The lists prepar'd; ere since the lots were cast  
On either side the remnant day was past, 180  
As custom wills, in many a kind address  
(As each inclines) for either knight's success,  
And all the signs of love that parting friends ex-  
press. }

The people, eager to behold the fight,  
Throng every passage with the dawning light; 185  
While some impatient for the day's return,  
Wait in the list all night th' approach of morn.  
The vulgar herd, still caught with outward shows,  
Desire the noble knights in arms to close;  
These judge not of events: but all whose mind 190  
Can from the present see what lurks behind,  
Midst whom Marfilius and Sobrino know  
What most can work their country's weal or  
woe,

Condemn the fight, while Agramant they blame  
Through whom the quarrel to such issue came: 195  
Nor

Nor ceas'd they to the monarch's thought to call  
What ruin must the Moorish race befall,  
Whether, by angry destiny decreed,  
Rogero or the Tartar prince should bleed:  
Since one such warrior lost must weaken more 200  
Their force to meet the son of Pepin's power,  
Than thousands slain, amidst whose numerous band  
Not one perhaps could boast of heart or hand.

King Agramant the important truth confess'd: }  
But how repeal his grant? In vain he press'd 205 }  
The noble knights, and each by turns address'd. }  
He urg'd how weak their present cause of strife,  
How little such deserv'd the risk of life:

But if they scorn'd to hear the sound of peace,  
At least some months might each from quarrel cease,  
Till Charles was exil'd from th' imperial land, 211  
His crown and mantle won; and from his hand  
The sceptre wrench'd, no more his sway to own,  
And Afric rais'd on Gallia's ruin'd throne.

In vain to this, to that the monarch sues, 215  
Their sovereign both revere, yet both refuse  
To yield in this, where he who first gives way  
They deem must all a foldier's fame betray.

But more than Agramant, and more than each  
That urg'd the Tartar with dissuasive speech, 220

King



Then from her rosy lips new sweets he seeks,  
Weeps to her words, and thus in answer speaks.

For Heaven's dear sake, my fair, thy grief control,  
Nor let so flight a cause afflict thy soul: 270

Did Charles and Afric's king, with all the bands  
Collected here from French and Moorish lands,  
Unite their force to work my single harm,  
No terror should thy gentle breast alarm.

To thee my prowess little must appear, 275  
If one Rogero thus can raise thy fear.

Thou may'st remember when I dauntless dar'd  
(No sword or scymetar my side to guard)  
With broken spear, amidst a numerous band,  
To rush and quell them with my single hand. 280  
Gradasso's self, though grief and shame oppress  
His secret soul, if question'd will confess  
That him in Syria once I captive made:  
Yet not with his Rogero's worth is weigh'd.

Nor

---

Risit Echionius juvenis, tenerumque dolorem  
Conjugis amplexu solatur et oscula mœstis  
Tempestiva genis posuit——  
——Solve metus, animo——

THEB. Lib. ii.

The smiling hero clasps her to his breast,  
And with the stamp of love her cheeks impress'd,  
Prevents with blandishments the rising tears,  
And kindly then dispels her jealous fears.

LEWIS.

Ver. 283. *That him in Syria once—*] Alluding to the adventure at

Nor king Gradasso will a truth disown 285  
Which to your Ifolero well is known,  
To Sacripant, who gives Circassia fame ;  
Gryphon and Aquilant, of warlike name ;  
To hundreds more, that equal fortune found,  
By cruel foes in captive fetters bound, 290  
Alike of Mahomet and Christian feed,  
Whom in one day this arm from bondage freed.  
Still must remembrance wake in every thought  
What mighty deeds that glorious day I wrought :  
And shall Rogero now (a child to fame) 295  
In single trial shake my martial name ?  
Fear'st thou Rogero, when in fight I wear  
Great Hector's arms and Durindana bear ?  
Why did I not in lifted field engage  
With Sarza's king, for thee the fight to wage? 300  
Such had my valour prov'd, thy constant mind  
Had surely then Rogero's fall divin'd :  
For Heaven's sake, calm thy doubts, thy grief as-  
suage,  
Nor let these trickling tears so ill presage :

---

at the castle of the fairy, where he conquered Gradasso in single combat, won the armour of Hector, and set so many prisoners at liberty. See note, B. xiv. ver. 240.

Ver. 286. — *to your Ifolero* —] He gives him this appellation as being a Spaniard, and the countryman of Doralis.



King Stordilano's lovely daughter strove  
With prayers and tears his steadfast mind to move;  
Begg'd him to grant what Afric's prince requir'd,  
What with their prince the noblest peers desir'd.

Ah! me (she cry'd) what more shall soothe my  
breast, 225

Or calm henceforth my troubled thoughts to rest?  
When some new cause for ever can prevail  
To make thee sheath thy limbs in plate and mail?  
What have I gain'd, so late o'erjoy'd to find  
My hand decreed without the fight design'd 230  
With Sarza's chief—if still to risk thy life  
I view so soon another kindled strife?

Alas! in vain was once my proudest boast,  
That such a knight, the bravest of his host,  
Could for my beauty, prodigal of breath, 235  
Engage a squadron in the face of death;  
Since now too late I find the slightest cause,  
For equal risk thy sword in battle draws:  
Nor was it love for these unhappy charm  
That urg'd thee then, but savage thirst of arms! 240  
Yet if sincere, as all thy words would show,  
Love's faithful flames within thy bosom glow;  
By Love I here adjure thee, by the grief  
That rends my heart, and now implores relief;

Repine

Repine not though Rogero's hand may wield 245  
The argent eagle in an azure field.

What good awaits, what evil can be thine,  
Should he retain it, or the crest resign?

Thy battle much may lose, but little gain:  
Should now thy arms Rogero's bird obtain, 250  
Small prize for mighty toil! but should'st thou find  
With face averted Fortune here unkind—

(Nor deem her ever fix'd) what tortures wait  
This heart that shudders but to doubt thy fate!  
Though life to thee so worthless may appear, 255  
Thy judgment holds a painted bird more dear,  
Yet, for my sake, prolong thy valu'd breath,  
The death of one includes the other's death;  
But, ah! more wretched far my state must prove,  
If first I see the death of him I love. 260

In words like these she pours the strain of woe,  
While sighs to sighs in quick succession flow:  
The live-long night her tender plaints increase,  
The live-long night she woos her lord to peace,  
While from her eyes, which trickling tears suffuse, 265  
He sucks, with many a kiss, the balmy dew:

Then

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Ver. 265. *While from her eyes—*] This passage may be taken from Statius, where Argia endeavours to persuade Polynices to quit the siege of Thebes.



For know 'tis Honour calls me to the field, 305  
And not an eagle painted on a shield.

Thus he; while yet, with anxious fears oppress,  
The fair in moving words her suit address'd;  
Words that might shake the most determin'd soul,  
Might soften rocks and savage beasts control. 310  
A woman she, with beauty's naked charms,  
So nearly vanquish'd him renown'd in arms,  
He promis'd, if again the king requir'd  
To stay the fight, to grant the peace desir'd.

But scarce Aurora had with light begun 315  
To streak the east and usher in the sun,  
When bold Rogero, to defend his fame,  
And to the glorious bird assert his claim,  
Appears in arms, where crowds the list enclose,  
And from his horn a stern defiance blows. 320

Soon as this sound, the rattling peal of war,  
The Tartar rous'd, no longer will he bear  
A word of peace, but from the couch he flies  
With headlong speed, and loud for arms he cries;  
While in his look such savage fury glares, 325  
That Doralis herself no further dares  
To plead for truce or peace, compell'd t' obey  
Her knight's stern will, and give the battle way.  
Himself his limbs in shining mail attires,  
And scarce, impatient, waits th' attending squires; 330

Then

Then mounts the generous courser, that before,  
In combat, Paris' great defender\* bore.

Soon came the king, the nobles take their seat,  
And soon in arms the eager knights must meet.  
Already now their shining helms are lac'd, 335  
In either hand each ashen lance is plac'd.

The signal sounds ; and at the dreadful blast,  
A thousand cheeks are pale and hearts aghast :  
So fierce they pour t' obey the trumpet's call,  
That earth appears to open, heaven to fall ! 340  
On either hand each knight is seen to wield  
The silver eagle on his honour'd shield :

The bird, that once in air could Jove sustain ;  
That oft was seen amidst th' embattled train,  
With other pinions on Thessalia's plain. 345 }

While either knight, at such a hideous shock,  
Seems as a tower to winds, to waves a rock ;  
The crashing spears break short, and to the sky  
(As Turpin truly writes) the shivers fly ;

---

\* ORLANDO.

Ver. 344. — *th' embattled train,*] The poet alludes to the battles of Cæsar and Pompey, where either army bore the Roman eagle : he says with *other* pinions, the Roman eagle being black, the Etesian eagle white.



Whence from the fiery region (strange to tell!) 350  
Again on earth the burning fragments fell.

The knights, as those who know not terror, drew  
Their flashing swords the combat to renew :

At either's helm they aim the trenchant steel :

Together met, at once their vizors feel 355

The fearful strokes : but neither knight would try  
Ungenerous arts, or make the courser die

T' o'erthrow his lord—for wherefore should the steed  
Who knows not battle's guilt in battle bleed ?

Yet he who thinks the knights such compact made,  
But errs, and never heard the laws that sway'd 361

The times of old, when shameful was that arm  
Esteem'd of all, that could the courser harm.

Their vizors struck, though fenc'd with double fold  
Of temper'd plates, could scarce the tempest hold.

Swift and more swift the gleaming swords assail, 366

Blows follow blows, descending thick as hail,

That breaks the trees, destroys the golden grain,

And marrs the harvest of th' expecting swain.

Oft have you heard of Durindana's fame, 370

What fatal wounds from Balisarda came,

Judge what their strokes must prove which two

such warriors aim.

But

But while so wary each his guard maintain'd,  
No blow descended worthy either's hand :  
The Tartar first his dreadful sword impell'd 375  
That through the middle of the buckler held  
Its biting course, thence through the corselet hew'd,  
And to the flesh its cruel way pursu'd.  
A wound so dreadful freezes every heart  
Of those that favour'd good Rogero's part ; 380  
And would but Fortune so exert her sway,  
To give the palm where general suffrage lay,  
Stern Mandricardo soon must fall or yield ;  
And thus this stroke offended half the field.  
But sure some Angel's interposing power 385  
Preserv'd Rogero in that dangerous hour.  
All terrible in wrath the warrior burn'd,  
And to the foe his answer swift return'd :  
At Mandricardo's helmet from above  
He rais'd the sword, but with such haste he drove,  
It fell not edgeways : nor the knight I blame, 391  
Whose noble warmth deceiv'd his better aim.  
And had not Balifarda fail'd to wound,  
In vain the foe had Hector's helmet found.  
So sorely Mandricardo felt the stroke, 395  
Senseless he seem'd, the reins his hand forsook ;  
C 3 And



And threatening headlong thrice to fall, he reel'd,  
While Brigliadoro cours'd around the field;  
That Brigliadoro, once Orlando's care,  
Who still laments a foreign lord to bear. 400  
Not with such rage the trodden serpent glows;  
Not half so fierce the wounded lion shows:  
As Mandricardo to himself restor'd  
From the late fury of Rogero's sword:  
The deeper wrath and pride inflam'd his breast, 405  
The more his strength and valour shone confes'd.  
He spurs his steed, and to Rogero flies,  
He lifts his sword, he measures with his eyes,  
High on his stirrups rais'd in fell design  
With one fierce stroke to cleave him to the chine.  
Rogero, heedful of the foe's intent, 411  
While yet the hand hung threatening in descent,  
Beneath his arm impell'd the pointed blade,  
And through the mail an ample passage made,  
Then from the wound with life blood smoking drew  
His Balifarda dy'd to crimson hue; 416  
And took such vigour from the stroke away,  
That Durindana fell with lighter sway,  
Though backward to his courser's crupper sent,  
His brows, with anguish writh'd, Rogero bent; 420  
And

And had his helm of common steel been fram'd,  
 That stroke had well the striker's force proclaim'd.  
 Rogero to his steed the spur apply'd,  
 And swift at Mandricardo's better side  
 The weapon aim'd, where jointed armour clos'd 425  
 With strongly temper'd plates, in vain oppos'd:  
 The fatal falchion, forg'd with potent charms,  
 Where'er it falls divides the strongest arms;  
 Through plate and mail a speedy course it found,  
 And in the Tartar's side infix'd a wound; 430  
 Who, loud blaspheming, with such fury raves,  
 As roaring ocean black with stormy waves.  
 Prepar'd to prove his strength, the fatal shield  
 That bears the eagle on its azure field,  
 With fierce impatience to the ground he cast, 435  
 And grasp'd with either hand his falchion fast.  
 Full dearly hast thou prov'd (Rogero cry'd)  
 Thou ill deserv'st the crest thou throw'st aside;  
 Now thrown aside, cleft by thy sword before,  
 Claim not to this thy right or title more. 440

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Ver. 432. *As roaring ocean—*] So Spenser when the monster is wounded by the Red-Cross knight:

He cry'd, as raging seas are wont to roar.

B. I. c. xi. ft. 21.

Ver. 439. —*cleft by thy sword before,*] See ver. 376, where Mandricardo cuts through Rogero's shield.



Thus he ; but while he spoke was doom'd to feel  
The fatal edge of Durindana's steel.  
Divided sheer its force the vizor prov'd,  
At happy distance from his face remov'd ;  
Next through the saddle-bow with dire descent, 445  
Through iron plates the gleaming falchion went,  
Through skirted mail the jointed cuishes found,  
And in his thigh impress'd a ghastly wound.  
From both the combatants the gushing tide  
To purple hue their shining armour dy'd ; 450  
That doubtful yet it seem'd of either knight  
Who best might claim th' advantage of the fight :  
But soon Rogero shall that doubt decide ;  
The fatal sword, by which such numbers dy'd,  
He whirl'd around, and the sharp point impell'd 455  
Where late the Tartar knight his buckler held :  
Corselet and side he pierc'd with thrilling smart,  
And found a passage to his panting heart,  
His heart unguarded by his ample shield ;  
Stern Mandricardo now to fate must yield ; 460  
Must yield the eagle to its youthful lord ;  
Must yield his title to the glorious sword ;  
And ah ! for final issue to the strife,  
With sword and targe must yield his dearer life.

He

He dy'd ; nor yet without revenge he dy'd, 465  
For, ere the hostile weapon pierc'd his side,  
His falchion, won so ill, he rais'd anew,  
Whose edge had cleft Rogero's brows in two,  
But that the wound the Tartar knight receiv'd,  
Of wonted strength his furious arm bereav'd. 470  
From Mandricardo as Rogero took  
His wretched life, the Tartar aim'd the stroke ;  
And through the helm with unresisted sway,  
Deep Durindana forc'd its cruel way.  
Back fell Rogero senseless on the ground, 475  
A purple current gushing from the wound.  
First fell Rogero, while the Tartar knight  
Still kept his seat, as victor of the fight,  
And each believ'd his valiant arm had gain'd  
The wreath in such a glorious list obtain'd. 480  
Fair Doralis, in that day's fight deceiv'd  
With fears and hopes, th' event with all believ'd ;  
And gave with lifted hands her thanks to Heaven  
For such an issue to the combat given :  
But when appear'd to all the Pagan train 485  
Rogero living, Mandricardo slain ;

In

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Ver. 486. *Rogero living, Mandricardo slain.*] I believe every reader will agree that this combat is admirably described, that all the turns of fortune are painted in the most lively colours, the expectation



In different breasts new passions take their turn,  
These smile that wept, and those that triumph'd  
mourn.

The king, the lords, and knights the most renown'd,  
To brave Rogero, scarcely from the ground 490  
With anguish rais'd, a friendly greeting give,  
And in their arms the conquering youth receive.  
All with the knight rejoice, and all express  
Sincere the thoughts their secret souls confess:  
All save Gradasso, who within conceals 495  
Far other feeling than his tongue reveals:  
His outward looks the marks of joy impart,  
But hidden envy rankles at his heart,  
While oft he calls the lot of fate accurs'd  
That from the urn disclos'd Rogero first. 500  
How shall I speak the marks of love sincere  
By royal Agramant, who held him dear,  
Giv'n to the youth, without whose valiant hand  
The king refus'd t' embark from Afric's land,  
To spread his martial banners to the wind, 505  
Or trust the force of all his powers combin'd?  
And now by him the Tartar chief o'erthrown,  
He deems all strength compriz'd in him alone.

---

expectation artfully kept up, and the issue unexpectedly brought  
about by the death of Mandricardo and the victory of Rogero.

Not

Not only to Rogero's weal inclin'd  
The manly sex, but woman's gentler kind; 510  
From Spain and Afric, many a lovely dame,  
That with the banded powers to Gallia came, }  
With looks and tongue would now his worth and }  
praise proclaim.

Ev'n Doralis whose streaming eyes bewail  
Her noble lover senseless, cold, and pale, 515  
Even she perchance had join'd the general voice,  
But sense of shame, that curbs the female choice,  
Forbade her speech—yet such his charms of face,  
His courage, virtue, every winning grace,  
That she who once had prov'd her wavering heart 520  
So prompt to feel the point of Cupid's dart,  
Rather than robb'd of love's soft bliss to live,  
Her charms would gladly to Rogero give.

Her joys on living Mandricardo fed,  
But what can profit Mandricardo dead? 525  
Behoves her now to seek another guide,  
Vigorous and young, that ever at her side, }  
Might night and day for all her wants provide. }

Meanwhile a leech of every leech best read  
In healing arts, was to Rogero led; 530  
Each wound explor'd, he soon with looks assur'd  
Pronounc'd the noble knight of life secur'd.

Now

Now bade king Agramant with friendly care  
 Rogero to his royal tent to bear,  
 By night, by day to have him ever near, 535  
 So dear he lov'd him, held his life so dear.  
 Behind his bed on high the monarch plac'd  
 The shield and arms that Mandricardo grac'd,  
 Save Durindana, that all-famous sword,  
 Now made the prize of Sericana's lord : 540  
 Rogero won his arms and gallant steed,  
 Which good Anglante's knight in madness freed ;  
 But him to Agramant Rogero gives,  
 Who gladly at his hand the gift receives.

Now leave we these awhile, and change the strain  
 To her who for Rogero mourns in vain : 546  
 'Tis mine to tell the heart-consuming cares  
 That Bradamant for her Rogero bears.

Hippalca now to Mount Albano came,  
 With certain tidings to the love-sick dame : 550  
 She told how late by Rodomont beset,  
 She lost Frontino, how at length she met  
 With Richardetto at the wizard's fount,  
 Rogero, and the lords of Agrismont ;  
 That thence Rogero hasten'd to demand 555  
 Frontino taken from a damsel's hand ;

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Ver. 545. *Now leave we these—*] He returns to Rogero and Agramant, Book xxxi. ver. 577.

But



But straying from the path, he fail'd to find  
The Sarzan prince, and miss'd the fight design'd.  
Then (as he will'd) the trusty maid explain'd  
What from Albano's walls the youth detain'd. 560

Thus she, and from her breast the lines she drew,  
Those lines, which now the dame with alter'd hue  
More sad than pleas'd receiv'd, with beating heart  
Perusing that which little eas'd her smart :

For while she hop'd on him to feast her eye, 565  
She found his words alone her bliss supply.

Hence on her lovely features mix'd appear  
Soft disappointment and intruding fear ;

Yet oft the leaf she kiss'd, while still she bent  
Her thoughts on him whose hand the greeting sent.  
Her sighs are fire to burn the amorous page, 571  
Her tears are rivers that the heat assuage.

How oft she reads—how oft again enquires  
What more from him, the lord of her desires,  
The damsel brought ; again the truth she knows ; 575  
Again she fears—again her sorrow flows ;

And still had flow'd—but hope again repress'd  
The doubts and fears that shook her tender breast.

Rogero said (and to Hippalca vow'd  
By every faint to make his promise good) 580

Some

Some twenty days should see her weep no more,  
But to her fight her absent mate restore.

Ah! who can Fortune's fickle turns decide  
That holds her rule o'er every state? (she cry'd)  
And chief in war, where every chance we prove, 585  
Some chance may keep him ever from my love.  
Alas! Rogero, who would e'er divine  
That whilst I lov'd thee with a love like mine,  
Beyond myself—less friendship wouldst thou show  
To me, to all—than to thy greatest foe! 590  
To those thou should'st oppose, thou giv'st success,  
And whom thy arms should aid, thy arms oppress.  
Shall we with praise or blame thy deeds regard,  
That thus can punish and can thus reward?  
Hast thou not heard (a story known so well) 595  
That by Troyano's arms thy father fell?  
And lo! thy sword Troyano's son attends,  
From shame preserves him and from death defends.  
Is this thy vengeance for a parent slain?  
Shall those who combat for his sake obtain 600  
Such dire return, that weltering in their gore  
Thou mak'st me still their wretched end deplore?

The damsel thus her absent knight reproves,  
And with her tears invokes whom most she loves:

Not

Not once, but oft Hippalca (gentle maid) 605  
Would sooth her woes, would oft the fair persuade  
To trust Rogero, and with patient mind  
Await the period to her fears assign'd.  
Hippalca's words and hope with these impress,  
Hope ever present in the wretch's breast, 610  
Assuage her grief and urge her now to stay  
At Mount Albano till th' expected day,  
A day but ill observ'd—though him she lov'd,  
For absence mourn'd unjustly she reprov'd,  
Whom now one cause, another now detain'd, 615  
And thus his seeming breach of faith constrain'd.

Meanwhile in anguish on his painful bed  
The youthful knight his feeble members spread,  
Struggling with death, from wounds receiv'd in fight,  
From wounds inflicted by the Tartar knight. 620

Now came the day desir'd; from rosy morn  
Till fable eve she waits his wish'd return;  
No tidings known but what Hippalca brought;  
And since her brother Richardetto taught,  
How brave Rogero at his greatest need 625  
His life had ransom'd and his kinsmen freed:  
All this she gladly hears, but with it hears  
What mingles with her joy intruding fears:

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Ver. 626. —*his kinsmen freed:*] Vivian and Malagigi. See Book xxvi.



Much was the talk of her, for female charms  
 No less extoll'd, than noble feats of arms; 630  
 Marphisa she, who with Rogero's sword  
 Had Afric's king to life and hope restor'd.  
 So brave a friend might Bradamant approve,  
 But here a thousand doubts alarm'd her love.  
 No light suspicion had the dame possess'd, 635  
 That were Marphisa fair, as fame express'd,  
 Such friendship might by slow degrees impart  
 A warmer passion to his gentle heart.  
 But now she chides the thought; again she cheers  
 Her mind with hope; again by turns she fears; 640  
 At Mount Albano still resolves t' await  
 In all the tumult of her anxious state,  
 The day that must decide her doubtful fate.  
 As there she stay'd, the \*lord of that fair tower  
 Who of his brethren first the title bore, 645  
 (Not first in birth, but first in mighty name,  
 For two in † birth asserted earlier claim)  
 Rinaldo, who with martial prowess won  
 All praise from them, as from the stars the sun,  
 The castle reach'd at early dawn of day, 650  
 One page alone attendant on his way.

\* RINALDO.

† GUICHARDO, and RICHARDO.

While thus he pass'd, as wont, from place to place  
 The flight of fair Angelica to trace,  
 Near Paris' walls he heard th' unwelcome hour  
 Approach'd, that to the fell Maganzan's\* power 655  
 Must Malagigi and must Vivian yield;  
 And hence to Agrismont his course he held,  
 Where soon he found that, freed from slavish bands  
 By brave Rogero and Marphisa's hands,  
 Their foes o'erthrown or slain, the brother-pair 660  
 And Richardetto with their friends to share  
 The general joy, to Mount Albano went:  
 Rinaldo, at the great deliverance sent,  
 No less rejoic'd; and deem'd each day a year  
 That kept him far from those he held so dear. 665  
 To Mount Albano hence with eager haste  
 Rinaldo came, and there his friends embrac'd,  
 His wife, his brethren, every kindred name,  
 But chiefly those who late from thralldom came.

Each

## \* BERTOLAGI.

Ver. 668. *His wife,—*] The discovery here first made of Rinaldo's marriage, will doubtless surprise the English reader, as not the least hint has been given of such a circumstance in any former part of the poem: her name is indeed mentioned in Boyardo. (See note to book xxxix. ver. 473.) But by all the romance writers he is described to be a married man; and in the poem of Tasso called after his name, RINALDO, is a full account

Each round the Paladin impatient clung 670  
With fond delight and on his aspect hung :  
As round their dam rejoice the callow brood,  
When in her bill she brings th' expected food.  
Two days he stay'd, the third his home forfook,  
And with him all his martial kindred took : 675  
With him Richardo, Richardetto rode,  
Guichardo, eldest born of Amon's blood :  
Th' example Vivian and Alardo warm'd,  
And Malagigi with the warriors arm'd.

But Bradamant who there expecting stay'd, 680  
To wait her knight's return, so long delay'd ;  
To plead excuse a sudden sickness feign'd  
That from so brave a troop her arms detain'd.  
Well might the noble virgin then complain,  
Though not of fever, or corporeal pain : 685  
Sick with desire, her soul was doom'd to prove  
The cruel, strange vicissitudes of love.  
His banner thus from Mount Albano spread,  
The flower of all his train Rinaldo led :  
How these to Paris came, what thence befel 690  
In aid of Charles, th' ensuing book shall tell.

---

of his love for Clarice and history of his marriage. However, there is certainly something very strange in the conduct of Ariosto in this matter, which must affect the character of his hero.



THE  
THIRTY-FIRST BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO and his companions, in their way to the Christian camp, meet an unknown knight, who challenges them to run at tilt. Richardetto, Alardo, and Guichardo, are overthrown. Rinaldo then engages the stranger, but neither having the advantage, Rinaldo dismisses his train, and the two champions proceed to try their strength on foot, till they are parted by the night. The stranger discovers himself to Rinaldo. They overtake Rinaldo's companions, and arrive together near Paris, where they are joined by Gryphon and Aquilant. Rinaldo hears the news of Orlando's madness. Rinaldo and his company attack the trenches of the Moors by night, and are joined by Charles. Valour of Rinaldo. Brandimart goes with Flordelis in search of Orlando: his adventure at Rodomont's bridge. The forces of Agramant are defeated with great slaughter, and Agramant himself constrained to retreat to Arli. Gradasso seeks out Rinaldo, and challenges him to finish the combat formerly begun between them for Bayardo: a day is appointed, and the two knights meet to decide their difference.

THE  
THIRTY-FIRST BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

WHAT state of man such rapture can impart  
As the soft passions of an amorous heart?

What life so blest as his, decreed to prove  
With pleasing chains the servitude of Love;  
But that the foe of every love-born breast, 5  
That fear, suspicion, that all-dreadful pest  
Call'd Jealousy, the bane of human joys,  
With canker'd tooth the lover's peace destroys?

Whatever else embitters for awhile  
Life's sweetest cordial, serves but as a foil 10  
To enhance the good: as water to the taste  
Of those who thirst, or food to those who fast:  
And he, who never war's destruction knows  
Can prize not peace, nor aught that peace bestows.



And while we pine, with longing eyes disjoin'd 15  
From objects ever present to the mind,  
Reflection tells, that absence must improve  
The dear delight of meeting those we love:  
'Tis thus, unrecompens'd, we can sustain  
A length of service, while the hopes remain 20  
That every year of loyal duty past  
Shall find, though late, its full reward at last:  
Remembrance still of once corroding cares,  
Repulse, disdain, all that a lover bears  
To rend his soul, gives joy a double zest, 25  
When joy renews the sun-shine of the breast.  
But if that plague, from hell's dire mansion brought,  
Infects with deadly bane the secret thought,  
Thenceforth shall pleasure woo the sense in vain,  
All pleasure then corrupted turns to pain. 30  
Lo! this the fatal stroke, the venom'd wound,  
For which no salve, no medicine can be found.  
Here nought avails—nor verse, nor sage's care,  
Nor long observance of a kindly star:  
Nor all th' experienc'd charms approv'd of yore 35  
By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore.

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Ver. 36. *By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore.*] Zoroaster, a king of the Bactrians, famous for his knowledge in the occult sciences.



O jealousy! that every woe exceeds,  
And soon to death the wretched sufferer leads:  
Thou canst with cruel falsehood reason blind,  
And burst the closest ties that hold mankind. 40  
O jealousy! in whose dire tempest tost,  
Has hapless Bradamant each comfort lost!  
I speak not here of thoughts that first depress'd  
With tender doubts and fears, her virgin breast,  
From what Hippalca and her brother said; 45  
But heavier tidings to her ears convey'd  
By later means; such tidings as in woe  
Plung'd her more deep, which soon the Muse shall  
show.

But to Rinaldo now I turn the strain,  
Who led to Paris' walls his martial train. 50

Next day, at evening close, a knight they spy'd  
Advancing near, a damsel at his side:  
Black was his surcoat, black his mournful shield,  
Save that a bend of argent cross'd the field.  
He Richardetto challeng'd to the course, 55  
Who by his aspect seem'd a chief of force;  
And he, who paus'd not, when to combat dar'd,  
Wheel'd round his steed, and for the tilt prepar'd.

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Ver. 49. *But to Rinaldo now—*] He returns to Bradimant,  
Book xxxii. ver. 71.

No further parley held; with equal speed  
These noble knights, to win the victor's meed, 60  
Together rush'd : apart Rinaldo flood,  
And, with his warlike friends, th' encounter view'd.  
Firm let me guide the spear, and soon I trust  
To stretch my rival headlong in the dust—  
Thus to himself bold Richardetto thought, 65  
But different far his adverse fortune wrought.  
Full on his helm, beneath the vizor's fight  
With such a fury drove the stranger-knight,  
He bore him from the seat, with matchless strength,  
Beyond his courser twice the lance's length. 70  
T' avenge the fall Alardo turn'd his rein  
With ready speed, but sudden on the plain  
Senseless he fell: so cruel was the stroke,  
Through plated shield the thundering weapon broke.  
Full soon his spear in rest Guichardo held, 75  
Who view'd his brethren prostrate on the field;  
Though loud Rinaldo cry'd—Forbear the fight,  
To me the third attempt belongs by right.  
Thus he: but while he stood with helm unlac'd,  
Guichardo eager, with preventive haste, 80  
Th' encounter dar'd; nor better could maintain  
His seat, but with his brethren press'd the plain.

With



With emulation next their force to prove,  
Richardo, Vivian, Malagigi move :  
But now prepar'd, Rinaldo first address'd 85  
His ready weapons and their speed repress'd.  
Time summons us (he cries) to Paris' walls ;  
And ill it seems, when such high duty calls,  
To loiter here—nor will I wait (he said)  
Till each of you by turns on earth is laid. 90  
This to himself he spoke, which loud proclaim'd  
Had touch'd his comrades, and their courage sham'd.

Each warrior now had measur'd on the field  
The space to run, and each his courser wheel'd.  
Rinaldo fell not, for his single hand 95  
Compriz'd the strength of all the knightly band:  
Like brittle glass the spears in shivers broke ;  
Yet shrunk not back the warriors from the stroke  
One foot, one inch,—while with the sudden force  
Driven on his crupper fell each warrior-horse: 100  
But swift Bayardo rose, as swift pursu'd  
His interrupted course with speed renew'd:  
Not so the adverse steed, that tumbling prone  
His shoulder lux'd and broke his spinal bone.  
The champion, who his slaughter'd courser view'd,  
His stirrups left, and soon dismounted stood, 106  
To

To Amon's gallant son (whom near he spy'd  
With hand unarm'd in sign of truce) he cry'd.

Sir knight! the trusty steed that lifeless here  
Lies by thy force, I held, while living, dear; 110  
And knighthood sure must feel a deadly stain,  
To let him thus without revenge be slain.

Come on—exert thy skill, thy utmost might,  
For thou and I must prove a closer fight.

Rinaldo then—If for thy courser dead, 115

And this alone, thou to the strife art led,  
Dismiss thy care—and one from me receive,  
Equal to him whose death thou seem'st to grieve.

Ill dost thou judge (the stranger thus rejoin'd)  
If for a courser's loss thou think'st my mind 120

So sore distress'd—hear what I now demand——

As fits a knight, with sword to sword in hand,  
To prove thy further nerve—if thou as well  
Canst wield thy weapon, or canst mine excel.

Then, as thou wilt, on foot, or from the steed 125  
Pursue the fight, but let the fight succeed.

I ask but this—be each advantage thine,  
So much I thirst to match thy arm with mine.

Thus he, nor in suspense Rinaldo stay'd—  
The battle claim'd I here engage (he said) 130

And

And to remove thy doubts of this my train,  
Let all depart and I alone remain.

One only page I here retain, to hold  
My trusty steed—So spoke the baron bold,  
And as he spoke, dismiss'd his noble band: 135  
They part observant to their lord's command.

The courtesy by good Rinaldo shown,  
Claim'd all the praises of the knight unknown.  
The Paladin alighting, with the rein  
Entrusts his page Bayardo to detain. 140

And when no more his standard he beheld,  
Already now far distant on the field,  
His buckler firm embracing, from his side  
He drew the falchion, and the knight defy'd.

Thus was the fight begun, and ne'er between 145  
Two noble chiefs was deadlier combat seen:  
Each little deem'd at first th' opponent's strength  
Would draw the trial to such dangerous length.  
By turns huge strokes they give, by turns receive;  
And neither yet has cause t' exult or grieve. 150  
With valour skill combines; and wide around  
Loud echoes spread the batter'd armour's sound.  
Piecemeal to earth their riven shields they send,  
Lay bare the mail, and plates asunder rend.

Here



Here less imports an arm to reach the foe, 155  
Than well-taught art to ward each coming blow;  
Where both so equal in the dangerous strife,  
The first mistake might hazard fame and life.  
Thus held the fight, till in his wavy bed  
The sinking sun had veil'd his golden head, 160  
And now from shore to shore's extremest bound,  
Night's fable shade had veil'd th' horizon round.  
No rest each warrior knows—no little cause  
Can stay that sword which rival glory draws:  
That sword which rancour nor revenge could raise  
To mortal arms, but restless thirst of praise. 166

Meantime Rinaldo ponder'd in his thought  
What unknown warrior so undaunted fought,  
Who not alone withstood his fiercest might,  
But oft his life endanger'd in the fight; 170  
And now he gladly would the combat cease,  
(Did fame permit) and join their hands in peace.  
Not less the stranger-knight (who little knew  
That he, who 'gainst him now his weapon drew  
From malice free, was Mount Albano's lord) 175  
Confess'd the thunder of his rival's sword,  
By none surpass'd; and wish'd, but wish'd in vain,  
The fight untry'd t' avenge his courser slain.

Fain would he now the dangerous sport elude,  
But conscious honour such design withstood. 180  
Deep and more deep the glooms of evening rose,  
Till darknefs seem'd to mock their random blows :  
Ill could they strike, and worse could ward the blade,  
Conceal'd in either's hand with murky shade.

The lord of Mount Albano first address'd 185  
His gallant foe—The hour requires to rest :  
Defer the fight till slow Arcturus' wain  
Has left its place in Heaven's o'er-spangled plain.  
Meanwhile in our pavilion shalt thou meet  
A friendly welcome and secure retreat, 190  
Attend as ourself, and at our hands  
Receive such honour as thy worth demands.

Thus far Rinaldo, nor in vain he spoke,  
His proffer'd grace the courteous baron took :  
And now Rinaldo from his ready squire 195  
Receiv'd a stately steed with rich attire ;  
To sword and spear well train'd in every fight,  
And with this gift he grac'd the stranger knight,  
Who knew ere long the chief with whom he came  
Was Clarmont's leader, as by chance the name 200  
Escap'd his lips, while journeying thus they went  
To join the warriors at Rinaldo's tent.

These

These noble knights were near by kindred ties,  
 Brethren by blood ; and hence new passions rise,  
 That conflicts in the stranger's bosom move, 205  
 Who sheds the mingled tear of joy and love.

This youth was Guido savage, who before  
 On stormy seas such toils and dangers bore  
 With Olivero's sons\*, Marphisa bold,  
 And Sanfonetto, as the Muse has told. 210

This knight, in Pinabello's fraudulent hands  
 A prisoner fall'n, was held in shameful bands  
 From his lov'd friends, and there compell'd was stay'd  
 T' enforce an impious law his host had made.

Guido who now with eager gaze beheld 215  
 Rinaldo, who in arms such chiefs excell'd,

\* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Ver. 207. *This youth was Guido savage,—*] This Guido was the champion with whom Marphisa fought amongst the Amazons (see Bookxix. and xx.) and who after wards with Gryphon, Aquilant, and Sanfonetto, being sworn to defend the law made by Pinabello, was cast down by the enchanted light of Rogero's shield : the poet gives no further account of him till his meeting with Rinaldo in this book, nor does it appear how, or where he parted from the other knights : the lady in his company was Aleria his favourite wife, whom he brought from the land of the Amazons.

Ver. 208. *On stormy seas—*] Alluding to the storm before they landed amongst the Amazons.

On



On whom so oft he wish'd to bend his fight,  
As sighs the blind to view the long-lost light,  
With transport thus began—O! honour'd lord!  
What ill-starr'd chance could ever lift my sword 220  
On one, for whom such rooted love I feel,  
For whom, o'er all, I glow with kindly zeal.  
My name is Guido—me Constantia bore  
To noble Amon on the Euxine shore:  
Not less than thine my ancestry I trace, 225  
An alien branch of Clarmont's noble race:  
A fond desire my journey hither drew,  
Thyself and all my kindred friends to view:  
But when I reverence meant, behold I give  
Such greeting only foes from foes receive! 230  
If to my fault indulgence may be shown,  
Thy valiant followers and thyself unknown,  
O! say, what fair amends can such offence atone? }

Courteous he said; and now on either side  
Th' embrace exchang'd, Rinaldo thus reply'd. 235  
Here cease—no more disturb thy generous mind  
T' excuse the fight, since from our ancient kind  
Thou spring'st a genuine shoot—no proof we claim  
Beyond the last to speak thy lineal fame.  
Thy birth were doubtful, were thy courage less, 240  
But high soul'd thoughts a race as high confess.

No lions fierce from timorous deer proceed;  
Nor doves from eagles, or from falcons breed.

So spoke the knights, and now their way pursu'd,  
And, as they pass'd, their friendly talk renew'd. 245  
The tent they reach'd, where to his comrades bold,  
Of savage Guido found, Rinaldo told;  
That Guido whom so long they wish'd to view,  
Whom Fortune thither to their wishes drew.  
The welcome tidings gladden'd every breast, 250  
And all in him his mighty fire confess'd.

I pass the greetings of his noble race,  
How oft, with joy unhop'd, the fond embrace  
Sage Malagigi, Richardetto brave,  
Alardo, Aldiger, and Vivian grave: 255  
How lords and knights to him observance paid,  
What he to them, and they in answer said.  
At every time the kinsmen had beheld  
Guido with joy—but now the joy excell'd  
Beyond compare, when public need requir'd 260  
Each arm and sword, and every bosom fir'd.

Now rose the sun, from ocean's blue profound,  
With orient rays his shining temples bound:  
When with the brethren, all the warrior-kind  
Of Amon's race, the banners Guido join'd. 265  
Day

Day following day, the band their march pursu'd,  
Till now the shores of winding Seine they view'd,  
Whence, scarce ten miles remote, the guarded towers  
Of Paris rosè, besieg'd by Pagan powers.

Here Gryphon with his Aquilant they found, 270  
The brother chiefs for arms of proof renown'd,  
Of Sigismunda born—with these appear'd  
A dame, that seem'd far other than the herd  
Of vulgar females; splendid to behold  
Round her white vests she wore a fringe of gold. 275  
Lovely her mien, replete with every grace,  
Though tears stood trembling on her mournful face,  
While by her gestures and her looks intent,  
She seem'd on some important converse bent. 279

These knights to Guido known, nor less to these  
Was he, with whom so late they ploug'd the seas.  
Behold a pair (he to Rinaldo cries)

Whose like in battle scarce the world supplies:  
Let these for Charles with us united stand,  
And soon I trust will shrink yon Pagan band. 285  
Rinaldo then confirm'd the praise he gave,  
And own'd each warrior brave amongst the brave;  
One clad in white, and one in fabel vest,  
And each in arms of sumptuous fashion dress'd.



No less the brother champions saw and knew 290  
 Rinaldo, Guido, all the generous crew;  
 These greeting fair Rinaldo, they embrac'd,  
 And cast a veil o'er all unkindness past:  
 Time was, at strife (which now were long to tell)  
 The gallant warriors, for Truffaldin fell! 295  
 But now in brothers' love and friendship join'd,  
 All former hate was scatter'd to the wind.  
 To Sanfonetto next (the last who came)  
 Rinaldo turning, to his noble name  
 Due honours paid, for oft Albano's knight 300  
 His praise had heard, and own'd his force in fight.  
 When now the dame more near Rinaldo drew,  
 And mark'd (for well each Paladin she knew)

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Ver. 295. — *Truffaldin*.—] Truffaldin was a Pagan in Albracca, who, taking Sacripant prisoner by surprize, offered treacherously to betray the city into the hands of king Agrican; but the proposal was generously rejected by Agrican. Having possession of the fort, he refused admittance to Orlando till Angelica had promised him protection from punishment. The knights were divided in parties about him. Rinaldo fought with Gryphon who defended him. Orlando, being armed by Angelica, left the walls to engage with Rinaldo. At length Rinaldo having seized Truffaldin dragged him at his horse's tail, and put an end to his life.

ORL. INNAM. B. i, c, xiv. xx. xxvi.

His

His mien and arms—the to the generous chief  
Disclos'd a tale that fill'd his soul with grief. 305  
O prince! (she said) thy kinsman so belov'd,  
Whose saving arm our church, our empire prov'd,  
Orlando, once so wise, so far renown'd  
For deeds of prowess, roves the world around,  
Of better sense distraught; nor can I tell 310  
From what strange cause this dire mischance befel.  
These eyes beheld his cuirass, sword and shield  
Dispers'd at random o'er the wood and field:  
A courteous knight I saw with pious pains  
Collect the mail and weapons from the plains, 315  
And these collecting on a sapling near  
In martial pomp the splendid trophy rear.  
But thither came, on that ill-fated day,  
The son of Agrican, who bore away  
The hapless champion's sword—think what disgrace,  
What loss may thus attend the Christian race, 321

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Ver. 314. *A courteous knight I saw—*] Flordelis, as the reader may recollect, was present when Zerbino and Isabella collected together the arms of Orlando, and was witness to the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, in which the former received his death's wound; but it does not appear that Flordelis knew either Zerbino or Isabella.

That Durindana, by the Tartar worn,  
 Should once again a Pagan's side adorn.  
 With this he Brigliadoro thence convey'd,  
 That near unrein'd without a master stray'd. 325  
 Few days are pass'd since I Orlando left  
 Naked, devoid of shame, of sense bereft:  
 Who (strange to tell) unhous'd, unshelter'd lies,  
 And fills each cave and wood with dreadful cries.  
 She said; and told how on the bridge she view'd, }  
 Where close engag'd with Rodomont he stood, 331 }  
 Till both, embrac'd, fell headlong in the flood. }  
 To every chief that held Orlando dear,  
 (The dame pursu'd) to every courteous ear  
 The tale I tell, till one with pious care 335  
 To Paris, or some friendly place shall bear  
 The wretched chief, and art or medicine find  
 To cure the frenzy of his moon-struck mind:  
 And ah! could Brandimart his sufferings know, }  
 How would his soul with tender pity glow, 340 }  
 And every means essay to heal his kinsman's woe! }  
 This dame was Flordelis, the lovely wife  
 Of Brandimart, far dearer than his life:  
 At Paris him she sought, but sought in vain:  
 And now she told how, midst the Pagan train, 345

Debate



Debate and hatred for that famous sword  
 Embroil'd Gradasso and the Tartar lord;  
 Till Mandricardo stern of life bereft,  
 The fatal sword was to Gradasso left.

Struck with the news Rinaldo stood oppress'd, 350  
 And thrilling sorrow fill'd his noble breast:  
 His heart in melting softness seem'd to run,  
 Like fleecy snows dissolving to the sun;  
 Resolv'd, where'er forlorn Orlando stray'd,  
 To trace his steps, and yield him friendly aid; 355  
 But since by chance, or Heaven's all-ruling mind,  
 He saw near Paris' walls his squadron join'd,  
 He first decreed to raise the siege, and chase  
 From royal Charles th' exulting Pagan race;  
 But, anxious for th' event, delay'd th' assault 360  
 Till night had shaded o'er th' ethereal vault,  
 And through the camp the toils of day had shed  
 Lethan sleep on every drowsy head.

Far in the wood to wait th' appointed hour  
 All day conceal'd he kept his banded power; 365  
 But when the sun th' darkening skies forsook,  
 And to the lower world his journey took;  
 When harmless serpents, bears, and all the train  
 Of fabled beasts, adorn the starry plain,

Unseen

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Ver. 368. *When harmless serpents,—*] By this expression is meant

Unseen in presence of the greater light, 370  
Rinaldo leads his troop, and to their might  
With Vivian, Guido's, Sanfonetto's fame,  
Adds Gryphon, Aquilant, Alardo's name.  
His first attack surpriz'd the sleeping guard,  
And these he slew; for no defence prepar'd: 375  
The trembling Moors, in evil hour perceive  
No cause for mirth but ample cause to grieve.  
How should a naked, timorous, feeble train  
With such a force th' unequal strife maintain?  
To strike the Saracens with deeper dread, 380  
When to the charge his band Rinaldo led,  
He pour'd the horn and trumpet's clangor round,  
And bade each tongue his well-known name re-  
found.  
Touch'd by the spur Bayardo seem'd not slow,  
But leapt at once the trenches of the foe: 385  
The foot he trampled, and the horse o'er-turn'd,  
And tents to earth and rich pavilions spurn'd.  
Amid the Pagans none so bold appear'd,  
But every hair was bristled when they heard

---

the constellations of stars, to which the poets have affixed the names of the goat, the bull, the lion, the serpent, and other animals, feign'd to have been placed in the Heavens.

Rinaldo's name above the tumults rise, 390  
And Mount Albano echo'd to the skies!  
Swift fled the troops of Spain, as swift the Moor,  
None stay'd behind their riches to secure.  
Him Guido follow'd, and with equal might  
The sons of Olivero rush'd to fight. 395  
Not less Richardo, nor Alardo less,  
With Aldiger and Vivian, cleave the press:  
Guichardo next with Richardetto moves,  
And each in arms his single valour proves.  
Seven hundred that in Mount Albano dwell'd 400  
And round the neighbouring towns, Rinaldo held  
Beneath his rule: these rais'd the fearless hand,  
In heat or cold, a firm determin'd band.  
Not braver troops of old Achilles sway'd,  
Though the gaunt Myrmidons his word obey'd. 405  
Each in himself such dauntless force compriz'd,  
A hundred here a thousand foes despis'd.  
Though good Rinaldo might not boast to hold  
Extended land, or heaps of treasur'd gold:

Yet

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Ver. 408. *Though good Rinaldo—*] The low state of Rinaldo's finances is mentioned in several of the old romances; and in the adventure of the fairy of riches in Boyardo, where he is set at liberty by Orlando, he attempts to carry off a chair of solid gold, alledging



Yet such his conduct, such his fair regard 410  
 To every warrior, while with all he shar'd  
 His little store, that none amidst the crew  
 For proffer'd favour from his side withdrew.  
 From Mount Albano ne'er these bands he took,  
 But when some weighty cause their arms bespoke 415  
 To parts remote; and now to aid his prince  
 He left his castle-walls with weak defence.  
 His train, assailing now the Moorish host,  
 Was matchless train whose valour's praise I boast,  
 To rag'd, as on Galefus' verdant mead, 420  
 The savage wolf amidst the woolly breed:  
 Or oft as near Ciniphius' held in chace,  
 The lordly lion rends the bearded race.

Imperial Charles (who heard Albano's force,  
 Prepar'd t' attack the camp with silent course) 425  
 !

that it will furnish the pay of his troops; this action of Rinaldo, and some other passages in the romances, will serve to explain the observation of the curate and barber in their scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, where Rinaldo and his train are called greater thieves than Cacus. Ariosto in taking up the story, has judiciously dropt this part of his character.

Ver. 420. — *Galefus*—] Galefus, a river near Tarentum, where the sheep from the fertility of the pasture had remarkable thick wool.

Ver. 422. — *Ciniphius*—] The Cyniphians were a people of Africa, whose country was extremely fruitful.

Stood

Stood ready arm'd, and at th' expected hour  
Join'd, with his Paladins, Rinaldo's power.  
With him came wealthy Monodontes' \* son,  
Whose love and truth fair Flordelis had won.  
Him long she fought, and now, from far reveal'd,  
Observ'd his buckler blazing o'er the field. 431  
When Brandimart his dearest confort view'd,  
The fight forgotten, gentler thoughts ensu'd:  
He ran, he held her close in speechless blifs,  
And press'd her lips with many an ardent kifs. 435

Great was the trust of ancient times display'd  
In the fair confort or the blooming maid.  
Who, unaccompany'd, could safely rove  
In lands unknown, through mountain, field, or grove.  
And, when returning, found their dear-held name  
Clear as their form from breath of tainting fame! 441

Here to her lord the dame began to tell  
What dreadful chance Anglante's knight besel:  
Not from report the fatal tale she drew,  
Her mournful eyes had prov'd th' event too true:  
Then of the bridge she told where every knight 446  
Was stay'd by Rodomont in dangerous fight;

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\* BRANDIMART.

Ver. 427. — [with his Paladins,] In the xxviii Book, ver. 232, he tells us that the Paladins, except Ugero and Olivero, were made prisoners, and no mention has been since made of their deliverance.

Who

Who vests and armour won from chiefs o'erthrown,  
Had hung to grace the monumental stone :  
She told, how far transcending every thought, 450  
She saw the deeds by mad Orlando wrought,  
Who on the bridge engag'd the Pagan foe,  
And headlong plung'd him in the flood below.  
But Brandimart, who dear Orlando lov'd,  
With truth by friends, by sons, by brothers prov'd; 455  
Resolv'd, through every threaten'd toil, to find  
The wretched earl, and heal his frantic mind.

In armour dight, he mounted on his steed,  
And took the path his dame prepar'd to lead  
To where she late unblest Orlando view'd : 460  
Now near they drew where Algier's monarch stood  
To guard the bridge ; and now arriv'd in fight,  
The ready watchman to the Pagan knight  
The wonted signal gave, and lo ! with speed  
His squire attending brought his arms and steed : 465  
His arms were lac'd, his foaming courser rein'd,  
What time good Brandimart the banks had gain'd :  
Then with a thundering voice in impious pride,  
To Brandimart the ruthless Pagan cry'd :  
Whoe'er thou art, by fortune hither led 470  
Through error or design these shores to tread,  
Alight—despoil thine arms—and yonder tomb  
Grace with the trophy ere I seal thy doom ;

And



And give thy life a victim, for the sake  
Of her pale ghost—then shall my fury take 475  
What thou may'st now thy willing offering make. }

He ended—Brandimart indignant burn'd,  
And answer with his spear in rest return'd:  
Battoldo spurr'd (his gentle courser's name  
Battoldo call) he with such ardor came 480  
To meet the foe, as well his strength proclaim'd  
A match for all in lists of combat fam'd;  
While Rodomont as swift to battle drew,  
And o'er the bridge with hoofs resounding flew.  
His steed that oft the narrow pass had try'd, 485  
And oft, as fortune chanc'd on either side  
Had headlong plung'd, now ran without dismay,  
Nor fear'd the perils of the downward way.  
Battoldo little us'd such path to keep,  
Shook in each joint to view the fearful steep: 490  
Trembles the bridge, and to the burthen bends;  
The bridge, whose sides nor fence nor rail defends.  
Alike their beam-like spears the warriors drove,  
Such as they grew amid their native grove:  
Alike they rush'd, and in the meeting strife, 495  
Well far'd each generous steed to 'scape with life;  
Yet both at once before the shock gave way,  
And on the bridge beneath their riders lay;

The spur had rouz'd them, but the plank unmeet  
No space afforded to their floundering feet: 500  
Plung'd in the stream both equal fortune found,  
And with their fall made waves and skies resound,  
So roar'd out Po, receiving in his tide  
The youth \* that ill his father's light could guide.  
Prone sunk the courfers with the ponderous weight  
Of either knight that firmly kept his seat: 506  
While to the river's secret bed they fell,  
To search what nymph or naiad there might dwell.  
Not this the first or second venturous leap  
The Saracen had prov'd; hence well the deep, 510  
The shallows well he knew; where roll'd the flood  
With bottom firm, where soft with ooze and mud.  
Head, breast, and sides, triumphant o'er the waves  
He rears, and now at great advantage braves  
The Christian knight, whose courser whirling round  
An eddy buries in the sands profound, 516  
Where deep infix'd, and by no strength releas'd  
Certain destruction threatens man and beast.  
The water, foaming with resistless force,  
Bears to the deepest current knight and horse, 520  
Together roll'd—while Brandimart beneath  
His steed lies struggling in the jaws of death.

Fair Flordelis afflicted, from above,  
Tears, vows, and prayers, employs to save her love.

Ah! Rodomont, by her, whom dead thy soul 525  
Reveres so high—thy cruel thoughts control:

Permit not here, by such inglorious death,  
So true, so brave a knight, to yield his breath.

Ah! courteous lord! if e'er thy heart could love,  
Think what for him my bleeding heart must prove;  
Suffice, that now he bears thy captive chain, 531  
Suffice, with thee his arms and vest remain:

And know of all, by right of conquest thine,  
No nobler spoils adorn the virgin-shrine.

She said; and such persuasive prayers address'd 535  
As touch'd the Pagan king's obdurate breast;  
Then to her lord his saving hand he gave,  
Her lord whom buried deep beneath the wave  
His courser held; where without thirst he quaff'd  
Compell'd from rushing streams the plenteous  
draught— 540

But ere the Pagan would his aid afford,  
He took from Brandimart his helm and sword,  
Then drew the knight half lifeless to the shore,  
And clos'd, with others, in the marble tower.

Soon as the dame beheld him prisoner led, 545  
All comfort from her tender bosom fled;

Yet



Yet less she mourn'd than at the dreadful fight  
When late the stream o'erwhelm'd her faithful knight.  
Now self-reproach oppress'd her gentle thought;  
By her the luckless chief was thither brought; 550  
By her he fell, by her was captive made;  
And Flordelis her Brandimart betray'd!

Departing thence she ponder'd in her mind  
Some gallant knight of Pepin's court to find:  
The Paladin Rinaldo far renown'd, 555  
Guido, or Sanfonetto, fearless found  
At all assays, some chief whose matchless hand  
Might dare the Saracen by flood or land;  
Who though not braver than her own true knight,  
With fortune more to friend might wage the fight.  
Full long she journey'd ere she chanc'd to greet 561  
A champion for such bold encounter meet:  
Whose arm in battle might the task atchieve,  
T' o'erthrow the Pagan and her lord relieve  
From cruel thrall: full many a day she fought 565  
Till chance before her sight a warrior brought  
Of gallant mien, whose arms a furcoat bore  
With trunks of cypress fair embroider'd o'er:  
But who the knight, some future time shall tell,  
First turn to what at Paris' walls befel, 570

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Ver. 569.—*some future time shall tell,*] He returns to Flordelis,  
Book xxxv. ver. 245.

Where deep destruction crush'd the Moorish bands  
From Malagigi and Rinaldo's hands.

The countless numbers chac'd in speedy flight,  
Or driven to Stygian realms from upper light,  
The mantling shade from Turpin's view conceal'd,  
Else had his page the slain and fled reveal'd. 576  
To Agramant a knight the news convey'd,  
Who lock'd in sleep in his pavilion laid  
No danger heard; and only wak'd to know  
Swift flight alone could save him from the foe. 580  
He starts from rest, he casts around his eyes,  
And guideless, disarray'd his soldiers 'spies:  
Naked, unarm'd, now here now there they yield:  
No time allows to grasp the fencing shield.  
Confus'd in counsel, and in thought distress, 585  
The monarch fits his cuirass to his breast;  
When Falsirones (sprung from boasted race)  
Grandonio, Balugantes, near the place  
Approach'd, his danger to the king betray,  
That death or slav'ry threats the least delay; 590  
And could he thence his person safely bear  
He well might boast propitious fortune's care.

Marfilius thus, alike Sobrino sage  
With all the peers (whom equal cares engage)  
Would

Would urge his flight, while by Rinaldo led 595

Destruction pointed at the monarch's head.

He, with the remnants of his routed train

In Arli or Narbona might remain :

Both strongly built and both provided well

With martial stores could long a siege repel: 600

Himself preserv'd, his bands with new supplies

Recruited, on some future day might rise

T' avenge his own disgrace, the nation's shame

On Christian Charles and all the hated name.

King Agramant at length compell'd to yield 605

Consents for Arli's town to quit the field,

While deeper night descending round him throws

Her friendly veil to screen him from his foes.

Thus twice ten thousand of the Pagan train,

The banded powers of Afric and of Spain, 610

Fled from Rinaldo, 'scap'd the sanguine plain. }

Those whom Rinaldo's, whom his brethren's sword,

Whom the twin-offspring of \* Vienna's lord

Stretch'd in their blood, and whom Albano's crew

(The brave seven hundred) in the battle flew; 615

With those by gallant Sanfonetto kill'd,

And those that flying Seine's deep current fill'd;



The tongue that counts, may count the vernal  
flowers

When Flora or Favonius paints the bowers.

'Tis fam'd that Malagigi bore a share 620

In that night's glory of successful war:

Not that his arm the fields with blood imbru'd,

Or knights unhors'd, or helms afunder hew'd:

But by his arts he made the fiends repair

From black Tartarean glooms to upper air, 625

With many a banner feign'd and bristled lance,

That seem'd in number twice the host of France.

Such trumpet's notes he caus'd to echo round,

Such drums to rattle, and such shouts to sound,

Such neigh of courfers prancing o'er the plain, 630

Such dreadful cries, like groans of warriors slain,

That seem'd with horror's mingled din to fill

The distant lands, each forest, vale, and hill,

And struck such fear in every Moorish breast,

That each to flight his trembling feet address'd. 635

Nor yet the king of Afric's anxious thought

Rogero wounded in his tent forgot;

But on a gentle steed of easy pace

He bade his friends the feeble warrior place,

Till, 'scap'd the slaughter of the dreadful hour, 640

A bark he gain'd, and thence the warrior bore

To Arli safe, where at his high command  
 Must meet the relicks of each shatter'd band.  
 Those who from Charles and from Rinaldo fled,  
 (Twice fifty thousand) o'er the country spread; 645  
 For safety, mountain, wood, and cave explor'd,  
 To shun the furies of the Gallic sword,  
 While oft they found the guarded pass deny'd,  
 And with their blood the verdant herbage dy'd.

Not so the king of Sericane withdrew 650  
 (His tents at distance pitch'd) but when he knew  
 That he, who thus with unresisted might  
 Affail'd the camp, was Mount Albano's knight,  
 His swelling breast with martial fury glow'd,  
 His looks, his gesture sudden transport show'd; 655  
 With grateful thanks he prais'd the powers of Heaven  
 That on this night so rare a chance had given;  
 A chance that to his hand might bring the steed,  
 Far-fam'd Bayardo of unrivall'd breed.

Long had the monarch fought (as you full well  
 From other lips, I trust, the tale can tell) 661

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Ver. 645. (*Twice fifty thousand*)—] Here seems an inconsistency, for ver. 609, he says, twice ten thousand.

Ver. 660. *Long had the monarch fought*—] Boyardo gives the account, that Gradasso, a mighty king of the East, had gathered together an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, in order to invade France, and get possession of Durindana and Bayardo. ORLANDO, B. i. c. i.

To brace good Durindana at his side,  
And that fair courser in the field bestride:  
For this to France he cross'd the surgy main,  
A hundred thousand warriors in his train ; 665  
And in the generous steed t' assert his right,  
Had call'd Rinaldo forth to single fight:  
These on the margin of the briny flood,  
In equal arms to end the contest stood:  
But Malagigi by his magic art 670  
Compell'd his noble kinsman to depart,

Borne

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Ver. 670. *But Malagigi by his magic art*] This adventure is given at large by Boyardo, which we shall here relate; and to which, though it has no immediate connection with the present subject, we shall, for the entertainment of the reader, add another adventure of Rinaldo, as a master-piece in the terrible kind.

Angelica being returned to India (see General View of Boyardo's story) and lamenting the hopeless passion which she had conceived for Rinaldo, commanded Malagigi, whom she had kept in confinement, to be brought before her, and offered to restore him to liberty, provided he would find means to bring Rinaldo to her, but plight his word, if he failed in the attempt to return again to his prison. Malagigi accepted the terms, and departed for France: where, on his arrival, he used every argument to persuade Rinaldo to give a favourable return to Angelica's passion; but Rinaldo, who had drank of the waters of hatred, was deaf to his entreaties. Malagigi,



Borne in a bark that spread th' inviting sail:  
 But here 'twere long to tell the wondrous tale;  
 And ever, from that day, the Pagan knight  
 The gentle Paladin esteem'd but light.

675

When

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lagigi, exasperated at his refusal, resolved to have recourse to magic; and hearing that Gradasso and Rinaldo would soon meet to decide in single combat their title to Bayardo, he made two demons take the form of heralds: of these he sent one to Gradasso, to tell him, that Rinaldo would expect him in arms next day by the sea-side; and the other he sent to Rinaldo, to tell him, that Gradasso would wait for him at day-break. Next morning Rinaldo came to the place appointed, where at first he saw nothing but a small bark anchored by the shore: at length a demon, in the shape and arms of Gradasso, appeared; but when Rinaldo prepared to begin the combat, the phantom retired. Rinaldo thinking his enemy fled, pursued him till the seeming warrior entered the vessel, and Rinaldo following him with great eagerness, a sudden wind sprung up, and carried him out to sea, when the demon disappeared\*. Soon after the departure of Rinaldo, Gradasso came to meet him, but having waited the whole day without seeing his enemy, he departed in great indignation.

In the mean time Rinaldo, who now perceived that some supernatural power had deluded him, was inconsolable for the disgrace that he must suffer from the imputation of cowardice. He was often tempted to destroy himself; and in the meanwhile the vessel pursued her way with extended sails towards the east, and at last ran ashore at a

\* From Virgil, *Æn.* B. X. where Juno deceives Turnus with a phantom *Æneas* like.

When now Gradasso heard the chief who came  
Against the Pagans, bore Rinaldo's name,  
He sheath'd his limbs in steel, his shield embrac'd,  
Then through the shades on good Alfana \* plac'd,  
His

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\* GRADASSO'S mare.

delicious garden, in the middle of which stood a stately palace, surrounded by the sea.

Rinaldo, upon his landing, was accosted by a damsel, who, taking him by the hand, led him into the palace, which was built of the most costly marbles, and richly ornamented with gold and exquisite workmanship, supported on pillars of crystal. A company of beautiful damsels here received the knight, and refreshed him with a magnificent collation, at the same time entertaining him with their melodious voices: at last, one of them addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, whatever you see is yours, and whatever you can wish more, shall be granted you; for know, that all this is the gift of our sovereign lady and mistress; a queen, who for your love has drawn you from Spain." Rinaldo heard her with surprise, but when she mentioned the name of Angelica, a name he so detested, he started from his seat; on which the damsel cry'd out: "Stir not, thou art our prisoner." Rinaldo, however, regardless of what she said, flew to the sea-shore, determined either to make his escape, or throw himself into the sea: but it so fortun'd, that he found the vessel in which he came, and instantly going on board, set sail from the island. He had not gone far, when he made land again, and going on shore, was addressed by an old man, who seemed in great affliction, and implored his assistance to recover his daughter, who had been taken from him by a cruel villain: Rinaldo, without hesitation, followed

His rival fought, and all he met o'erthrew 680

With rout and terror of the Christian crew:

With equal panic fled before his lance

The troops of Lybia and the troops of France.

Now

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the old man ; who having conducted him some way, blew a horn, when Rinaldo, lifting up his eyes, beheld a rock in the sea, on the top of which stood a castle: at the sound of the horn a draw-bridge was let down, on which appeared a giant of an enormous size; Rinaldo engaged the giant with undaunted courage, but falling into a snare, he was bound and carried prisoner to the castle, the walls of which were dyed red with human blood. He was now met by an old woman clothed in black garments, of a pale and ghastly countenance, who addressed him in these words:

“ Perchance thou hast not heard of the dreadful custom observed at this castle; therefore, while thou hast yet to live, hearken to the tale I am about to tell thee, for to-morrow thou shalt surely die. There formerly inhabited on that rock, which is called Alta-ripa (steep rock) a noble knight, named Gryphon, who hospitably received all strangers that travelled this way. This knight had for his wife a fair and virtuous dame, called Stella: it so fortune'd, that my husband Marchino, passing through these parts was entertained by Gryphon, when he fell in love with Stella, and being resolved to possess her, planted an ambush for Gryphon, slew him, and having massacred all his people, took possession of the castle; but in vain endeavoured to gain his desire of Stella, who repulsed him with horror, her mind being full of the idea of her murdered husband, and continually pondering on the means of revenging his death. The rage I felt at the falsehood

hood



Now here, now there, amidst the warring crowd  
He seeks, and on Rinaldo calls aloud;                    685  
Still turning where he sees the numerous slain  
With deepest carnage load the dreadful plain.

At

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hood and perfidy of Marchino, urged me to an act of cruelty, scarce to be credited by those who know not the fury of a jealous woman. I had two young sons by Marchino; these I killed, and having baked their limbs, set them before their father, who, unconscious of the horrid meal, satisfied his hunger with his own offspring. I then secretly made my escape, and went to the king of Orgagna, who had long sued for my love, who was a near kinsman to Stella, and incited him to revenge the death of Gryphon. I had left behind me at the castle the heads of my murdered children, which served as an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Stella: these she took, and carried them to Marchino, with dreadful exclamations, reproaching him with his bloody villainy in the death of Gryphon, and the massacre of his people. Marchino, in a phrenzy of fury would have slain the dame; but his lustful passion, which, even in the present moment, was kept alive by her beauty, instigated him to a revenge more dreadful than a thousand deaths: he ordered the putrid dead corpse of Gryphon, still unburied, to be brought before him, and caused the lady to be bound to it, in which condition he accomplished his unheard of and hellish purpose.

The king of Orgagna and I now arrived with a numerous force; which when the villain heard, he caused the lady to be murdered, and afterwards, to shew how far human wickedness could reach, continued, with horrid abomination, to defile her breathless

At length the knight he met, and soon oppos'd,  
 Sword clash'd with sword, when first their spears  
     had clos'd

In equal joust, when shiver'd with their might 690 }  
 A thousand splinters soar'd with wondrous flight }  
 To touch the spangled chariot of the night. }

Soon

body. The troops which we brought soon made themselves masters of the castle. Marchino was immediately torn in pieces by the fury of the people, and the remains of the wretched Gryphon and Stella were deposited together in a magnificent tomb erected for that purpose. The king of Orgagna then departing, left me mistress of the castle; when in the ninth month of my residence, we heard a most dreadful noise in the tomb, which terrified the three giants whom the king had left with me for my defence.

It happened that one of the giants, who was bolder than the rest, ventured to remove a little the stone that covered the entrance; but he instantly repented his rashness, for a monster that was enclosed therein thrust forth one of his claws, drew the giant forcibly through the opening, and swallowed him in a moment. No one henceforth was hardy enough to approach the tomb, which I caused to be surrounded with a wall of vast strength: by a device the tomb was then thrown open, from which issued a most tremendous monster, whose form my tongue cannot describe, but which you will behold with your own eyes, when you shall be cast to him to be devoured. By a dreadful custom here established, from all the strangers that arrive, one is every day given for food to this monster, and as we have sometimes more than the daily sacrifice requires, the rest are put to death.

Soon as Gradaffo, lefs by arms or veft,  
Than by his ftrokes the Paladin confefs'd;  
And knew Bayardo by his thundering force 695  
That urg'd through yielding ranks his raging courfe,  
Mastering

---

death, and their bleeding limbs expofed, as you fee, at the entrance of the caſtle. This monſter will receive no nourifhment but the fleſh of man, and ſhould he fail of his wonted pray, he would break through the wall that encloſes him. For me, wretch that I am! the continual remembrance of that villain, and the meditation on his unparalleled wickedneſs, have ſo deadened in me every ſenſe of humanity, that my ſoul ſeems now only delighted with ſcenes of miſery and ſlaughter!"

After the old woman had finiſhed her dreadful narrative, and Rinaldo perceived that his ſentence was inevitable, he begged, that at leaſt he might be allowed to meet the monſter with all his armour, and with his ſword: to which the hag replied, with a ghafly ſmile, that he might wear his armour, and take what weapons he choſe, but that nothing could ſave his life from that fury, againſt which ſtrength or courage was of no avail.

Next morning Rinaldo was let down within the wall, completely armed with his ſword drawn; when the monſter, dreadfully gnawing his teeth to the terror of all, ſtood ready to devour him, while the knight advanced with undaunted reſolution. It is no eaſy task to deſcribe the form of this horrible animal, that was doubtleſs the diabolical offspring of Marchino from the dead body of Stella. In ſize he was larger than an ox, his muzzle was like a ſerpent's, his  
mouth



Mastering the field—his eager lips assail'd  
The knight with loud reproach, as one who fail'd  
To seek his foe th' appointed day of fight, 699  
And keep the faith that knight demands from knight.  
Thou

---

mouth was of vast width, and his teeth long; his head had the fierceness of a wild boar when in its utmost fury, and from each temple issued a horn that cut the air with a roaring noise: his skin was of divers colours, impenetrable by any weapon; his eyes were like fire, and his hands, resembling the hands of man, were armed with the claws of a lion, and he rent asunder with these and with his teeth, armour of the strongest proof. This monster came with open mouth upon Rinaldo, and a most dreadful battle ensued between them, which lasted from the morning till the evening, and in which the knight vainly endeavoured to pierce the hide of his enemy, who on the other hand had torn away his armour in many places, and wounded him in a terrible manner: Rinaldo now began to grow weak with the loss of blood, when aiming with all his remaining strength a furious stroke, the monster seized his sword and drew it from him. While Rinaldo stood thus unarmed, expecting instant death, Angelica waited with the utmost impatience for the return of Malagigi: at last he came, but without Rinaldo, and related to her the dreadful adventure that had befallen him, urging her to go immediately to the assistance of the knight. Angelica, terrified at the danger of Rinaldo, began to load Malagigi with reproaches, but he told her there was not a moment to lose, and immediately put into her hands a cord, a file, and a large cake of wax. Angelica then called up a demon, who transported her at once through the air, to  
the

Thou thought'st perhaps (the haughty Pagan said)  
The danger late impending o'er thy head  
So well escap'd, I ne'er again should greet  
Thy arm in fight, but lo! once more we meet!

And

---

the place where Rinaldo was reduced to the last extremity. Just before the arrival of Angelica, casting round his eyes to discover any possible means of escaping the jaws of the monster, he espied a beam ten feet from the ground that jutted out from the wall, and exerting all his force, he leapt, and seizing it took his place thereon beyond the reach of the monster, that weighed down with his enormous bulk, in vain endeavoured repeatedly to seize him. It was now night, and Rinaldo, while he clung to the beam, saw something by the light of the moon that seemed to hover near him, and soon discovered the form of a damsel: this was Angelica; but as soon as he beheld her face he was ready to quit the beam, and expose himself to the enraged monster rather than be preserved by her assistance. Angelica entreated him in the most soothing manner to seek shelter in her arms from so dreadful a peril; but Rinaldo obstinately persisted in refusing to listen to her, and threatened, unless she left him, to quit his present station. On this, Angelica casting the cord she had brought with her at the monster, at the same time laying the cake of wax before him, departed. The monster immediately seized the wax, and closing his jaws was prevented again from opening them: enraged at this, and leaping here and there with inconceivable fury, he entangled himself in the cord, which Rinaldo seeing, quitted the beam, and recovering his sword, attacked his enemy, unable now to make defence; but when the knight found that all attempts to wound him were

And know, to thy confusion, couldst thou bend 705  
 Thy flight to Hell or to high Heaven ascend,  
 Didst thou that steed bestride, my feet should tread  
 The skies' pure plains, or shades that veil the dead,  
 T' enforce my right--and if thou wilt resign  
 Thy boasted claim, and let yon steed by mine, 710

were fruitless, he leaped upon his back and strangled him. The monster being dead, Rinaldo sought some opening in the wall, the height of which it was impossible to scale; at last he espied an iron grate that opened next the castle, which he for some time in vain tried to force, till seeing the file which Angelica had left behind her, he opened the grate with this; and was preparing at day break to quit the place, when he was met by a monstrous giant, who as soon as he saw him uttered a loud cry, and fled. The people of the castle, alarmed by the giant, attacked Rinaldo in great numbers, but the knight with his sword Falsberta so exerted himself, that he soon slew or put them to flight: he was afterwards attacked by the giant who had first made him prisoner, whom he overcame; and then advanced to the castle, where the old hag had fortified herself, and where the other giant had taken shelter: this giant now causing the gate to be opened, rushed out against Rinaldo, but was soon slain by him; all which being seen by this detested hag, she, in rage and desperation, threw herself from a balcony a hundred feet high, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement. Rinaldo then forced the gates, put all within to the sword, and departed thence in search of other adventures."

ORL. INN. Book I. C. v, vi, vii, viii, ix.

Then



Then live secure---but never hope again,  
Unhors'd to seize a generous courser's rein,  
If thus thy recreant deeds the name of knighthood  
    stain.

He said : when lo! th' insulting speech to hear,  
Stood Guido bold and Richardetto near :      715

Both from their sheath their shining weapons bar'd,  
And to chastise the Saracen prepar'd :

But Swift Rinaldo interpos'd, and said :

Shall others take my quarrel on their head?

Think ye, without your aid, this arm too weak 720

From him that wrongs me just revenge to seek?

Then to the king he turn'd, and thus began :

Gradasso ! hear---while meeting man to man,

If thou attend'st, sincerely will I show

I came to find thee like a generous foe :      725

My sword might prove the truth and here defy

The tongue that dares to give my fame the lie;

But ere we close in combat shalt thou hear

What undisguis'd my wounded name shall clear.

Then let Bayardo stand, the noble spoil,      730

Design'd by both to crown the victor's toil.

He said ; the king of Sericane inclin'd

To courteous lore, like every gallant mind,

Consents to hear the generous warrior tell  
 What chance to draw him from the fight befel, 735  
 Now to a stream the knights retir'd apart,  
 Rinaldo there, with words devoid of art,  
 Remov'd the veil that o'er the truth was spread,  
 Invoking Heaven to witness what he said;  
 Then call'd before 'em Buovo's \* prudent son, 740  
 Conscious alone of all his art had done,  
 Who question'd, soon confirm'd whate'er the knight  
 Had told, and own'd the fraud of magic flight.

Rinaldo then pursu'd---What here is known  
 By living witness, shall alike be shown 745  
 By proof or arms, which ready (when or where  
 Thyself shall name) t' enforce the truth I bear.

Gradasso with a warrior's generous heat,  
 Reflected how he came in vain to meet  
 The Christian leader; yet resolv'd to gain 750  
 The generous courser, fought so long in vain,  
 Howe'er he doubted, or the tale believ'd,  
 Rinaldo's plea with seeming faith receiv'd.

No more to Barcelona's billowy strand,  
 Where first they went to combat hand to hand, 755  
 But each agreed at early dawn of day  
 To a clear neighbouring fount to bend his way;

Rinaldo thither must conduct the steed  
 Between them plac'd, the victor's future meed :  
 Then should the king or slay, or captive make 760  
 Albano's lord, 'tis his the steed to take ;  
 But should his boasted claim Gradasso yield  
 To Clarmont's knight, Rinaldo from the field  
 Must for his prize fam'd Durindana wield.

With wonder great, with heart-corroding care, 765  
 Rinaldo heard by Flordelis the fair,  
 (As late I told) that from his kinsman's head,  
 Unblest Orlando, every sense was fled ;  
 What discord for his arms the camp engag'd,  
 How chief with chief in dire contention rag'd, 770  
 'Till stern Gradasso's arm the sword obtain'd,  
 By which a thousand wreaths Orlando gain'd.

The terms thus settled, to his social train  
 Gradasso now return'd, though oft in vain  
 The Paladin besought the Pagan knight 775  
 Beneath his tent t' await the morning light.  
 At dawn Rinaldo and the king, dispos'd  
 For cruel fight, their limbs in armour clos'd ;

---

Ver. 765. *With wonder great,—*] This stanza in the original appears inartificially introduced, as it makes a disagreeable break in the narrative : it might possibly be transposed to advantage, but this was a liberty I did not think myself authorized to take.



And near a fountain side the battle fought,  
For Durindana and Bayardo fought. 780

With sad presage Rinaldo's friends beheld  
His arm engag'd in such a dreadful field :  
Great was Gradasso's courage, great his might,  
Great was his skill well-prov'd in many a fight,  
And since he now the fatal sword had won 785

That lately grac'd the side of Milo's \* son,  
Each for Rinaldo felt his hope to fail,  
And at his danger many a cheek grew pale.  
But Vivian's † brother, o'er the rest dismay'd,  
The contest view'd, and gladly would have stay'd  
Th' impending fight, but that he fear'd to raise 791  
In good Rinaldo's breast a quenchless blaze ;  
Who still in mind the time resentful bore  
When Malagigi's ship decoy'd him from the shore.

While doubts and fears in every bosom grew, 795  
No doubt, no fear, the bold Rinaldo knew.  
Secure he goes, resolv'd one glorious day  
Should wipe his late imputed stains away,  
And silence those who joy'd in his disgrace,  
Proud Altafoggia and Pontieri's race. 800  
Boldly he goes in heart secure to crown  
His conquering brow with laurels of renown.

\* ORLANDO

† MALAGIGI.

Ver. 794. *When Malagigi's ship—*] See note to ver. 670

When

When now, from different parts, these sons of fame  
At once together to the fountain came,  
They first, in faith unstain'd, exchang'd embrace 805  
With fair and open looks, as if the race  
Of Clarmont and of Sericane had stood  
Ally'd in friendship and ally'd in blood.

But, here deferr'd, some future time shall tell  
What dreadful blows from either weapon fell. 810

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST BOOK.

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THE  
THIRTY-SECOND BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE distressed situation of Agramant. Marphisa comes to his assistance. Death of Brunello. Lamentation of Bradamant for the absence of Rogero. She unexpectedly hears news of her lover that reduces her to despair, and departs from Mount Albano. In her way she lights on Ulania, ambassadress from the queen of Iceland. Subject of her embassy. Bradamant arrives at Sir Trifram's lodge. The strange custom observed there. She unhorses three kings, and is hospitably received by the lord of the castle, who relates the adventure of Clodio, the son of Pharamond, and his wife, from which their law was first instituted. Defence of Ulania by Bradamant.

THE  
THIRTY-SECOND BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

REMEMBRANCE, what I late prepar'd to tell,  
What some new chance could from my mind  
expel,

Again recalls—a story that could make  
A fair-one wretched for Rogero's fake;  
And with a deadlier arrow pierce her breast, 5  
Than that which Richardetto's words impress'd.  
Of this I meant to speak, but midst the thought  
Another subject good Rinaldo brought:  
Then Guido drew no less my Muse astray  
With new adventures to beguile her way. 10  
Now this, now that by turns attention gain'd  
And ill my memory Bradamant retain'd.  
To her again I turn, before I tell  
What 'twixt Rinaldo and Gradasso fell:

---

Ver. 14. — *Rinaldo and Gradasso*—] He returns to these, Book  
xxxiii. ver. 561.



But first king Agramant the tale recalls 15  
 Of him to speak, who drew to Arli's walls  
 The relicks of his host that 'scap'd by flight  
 The sword and horrors of that dreadful night.  
 Plac'd on a river near the surgy main,  
 Afric in front, and near the coasts of Spain, 20  
 The city could relieve th' afflicted powers,  
 Could yield them succour and supply with stores.  
 Through all the kingdom to recruit his force  
 Marfilius wrote to muster foot and horse  
 Whate'er their kind: at Barcelona arm'd 25  
 For zeal or hire, full many vessels swarm'd  
 Well mann'd for fight: meantime in deep debate  
 King Agramant at daily council fate.  
 No means he spar'd: and with exactions prest  
 Fair Afric groan'd through all her towns distress'd.  
 To Rodomont he sent, but sent in vain, 31  
 With proffers, would the warrior rise again  
 In Afric's cause, to give him for his bride  
 Almontes' daughter, to himself ally'd,  
 And with her hand unite to Sarza's power 35  
 The mighty kingdom of Oran in dower.

---

Ver, 15. — *king Agramant*—] See Book xxxi. ver. 605.  
 where Agramant, totally defeated, was obliged to retreat to Arli.

The

The haughty chief refus'd the bridge to leave,  
Where, many a knight accustom'd to bereave  
Of arms and vest, he these with pomp display'd  
To deck the tomb that held the murder'd maid\*. 40  
But not like Rodomont Marphisa left  
Her king at need, of every aid bereft:  
Soon as she heard that all the martial train  
Of Agramant were captives, fled, or slain;  
That Charles had won, and with the remnant force  
Her king at Arli lay, she bent her course 46  
To Arli strait, with proffers large to spend  
Her wealth and life his honour to defend.  
With her Brunello (late her fetter'd slave)  
She brought, and to the king uninjur'd gave. 50  
Ten days and nights she kept him fill'd with dread,  
The fatal noose impending o'er his head.  
But when she thither found no friend repair  
By force to free him, or to save by prayer,  
In such base blood she scorn'd to soil her hands, 55  
And freed his trembling limbs from galling bands.  
Well may you deem from aid like hers receiv'd,  
What heart-felt joy the drooping king reliev'd;  
How much he priz'd it (to Brunello's woe)  
He meant her wretched prisoner's fate should show:

---

\* ISABELLA.

Ver. 37. *The haughty chief*—] See Book xxxv. ver. 296. where Rodomont appears again.

The sentence she enforc'd, himself resum'd, 61

And freely to the tree Brunello doom'd;

Then in a lonely wood, of life bereft,

His corpse a prey to crows and vultures left.

Rogero, who before at equal need 65

From deadly cords his caitiff neck had freed,

In his sick tent now pale and wounded laid,

(So will'd high Heaven) no more could yield him  
aid;

And when the tidings came, they came too late;

Thus, without friend, Brunello met his fate. 70

Meanwhile impatient of the long delay,

Had Bradamant accus'd each tardy day,

That twice ten times must dawn, ere face to face

She sees her knight the Christian faith embrace.

Less slow each lagging hour to him returns 75

Who pines in prison, or in exile mourns,

'Till freed he lives, or sees in prospect rise

His dear-lov'd country to his longing eyes.

Sick with suspense she chides each heavenly speed,

Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed; 80

Now

Ver. 71. *Meanwhile impatient—*] He returns to Agramant and  
Marphisa, Book xxxv. ver. 486.

Ver. 80. *Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed;*] Names  
of



Now thinks some chance the rolling wheels have  
stay'd

Of Phœbus' car, beyond its wont delay'd,  
To her more lengthen'd seem'd each day and night,  
Than that great day, when Heaven's meridian light  
The \* Hebrew stopt; or that fam'd night design'd  
To give a young Alcides to mankind. 86

How oft with envy in their secret place  
She view'd the dormouse, bear, and badger race  
Doze out the months: with these she fain would take  
A long unbroken sleep, nor ever wake 90

To

\* JOSHUA.

of two of the four horses that are feigned to draw the chariot of the sun: Thus Ovid,

Interea volucres Pyrois, Eous et Ethon,

Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon —

MET. B. ii.

Ver. 88. *She view'd the dormouse, bear, and badger race*

*Doze out the months:—*] The common opinion is, that these animals sleep a great part of the year without taking sustenance.

“ Towards the approach of the cold season the dormice form little magazines of nuts and acorns, and having laid in their hoard, shut themselves up for the winter. As soon as they feel the first advances of the cold, they prepare to lessen its effect, by rolling themselves up in a ball: in this manner they continue, usually asleep, but oftentimes waking, for above five months in the year; their nests are lined with moss, grass, and dead leaves. The bear retires to some cavern or hollow

To light or sense, till her returning knight  
 Should call her once again to sense and light.  
 Now here, now there, she shifts her restless head  
 On downy plumes whence Sleep was ever fled:  
 Oft was she wont to watch the breaking skies, 98  
 And see, with eager gaze, the morn arise;  
 When Tithon's spouse, o'er every fleecy cloud  
 The lilies white and blushing roses strow'd:  
 Nor less she long'd, when full reveal'd the morn,  
 To see the stars again the skies adorn. 100  
 Now, fill'd with hope, she waits each hour to hear  
 Some messenger proclaim Rogero near.  
 Oft to a tower she climbs, that prospect yields  
 Of tufted forests and extended fields.

---

hollow of some enormous old tree, where it passes some months of the winter without provisions, or without ever stirring abroad, but is not entirely deprived of sensation like the bat or dormouse. The badger is a solitary animal, and digs in self a deep hole with great assiduity, where it sleeps the greater part of its time, particularly in winter.

GOLDSMITH'S History of Earth and  
 animated Nature, Vol. iv.

Ver. 97. *When Tithon's spouse,—*] Aurora, who falling in love with Tithonus, son of Laomedon, brother to Priam king of Troy, carried him off and took him for her husband: of this marriage was born Memnon, who coming to the aid of Priam, was slain by Achilles.

If

If from afar she marks the gleaming light      105  
Of arms, or aught that speaks a coming knight,  
She thinks her plighted spouse Rogero nigh,  
And clears her brow and wipes her tearful eye:  
If one unarm'd, or one on foot she views,  
She hopes some messenger with gentle news.      110

To meet her knight her armour now she takes,  
And hastening to the plain the hill forfakes:  
No knight she meets; then thinks a different way  
To Mount Albano might his steps convey.  
Again all-anxious to her home she turns,      115  
Again expects him, and again she mourns.  
Now twenty suns had risen, nor yet appears  
Her tardy lord, nor tidings yet she hears:  
While such her plaints, that in the realms below  
The snaky fiends had wept to hear her woe:      120  
With piteous sighs she rends her golden hairs,  
Nor her fair face or heaving bosom spares.

Then thus—Ah! wretched, wretched maid (she  
cries)

To follow one, who, while thou follow'st, flies!  
Him wilt thou prize who treats thee thus in scorn,  
Or him implore who never makes return?      126  
Shall he my heart possess who bears me hate?  
Who holds his virtues at so high a rate,



Some goddess must forsake her seats above  
 To kindle in his breast the flames of love? 130  
 He knows to him my heart, my vows I give,  
 Nor will he yet my heart or vows receive :  
 For him I bleed, for him, alas ! I die,  
 Yet he obdurate can relief deny.  
 He flies me now—nor more attends my pain 135  
 Than the deaf adder heeds the charmer's strain.  
 Ah ! Love !—repress his speed who leads the race  
 So swift, while I pursue with tardy pace ;  
 Or to her happy state a maid restore,  
 Ere her fond bosom own'd another's power. 140  
 But wherefore should I hope in vain to move  
 With prayers or plaints the ruthless God of love?  
 That God, to whom my anguish transport gives,  
 Who drinks my tears, and in my suffering lives !  
 Ah ! luckless maid ! of what shall I complain, 145  
 But the vain prospect of desire as vain ;  
 Desire that lifts me to so bold a flight,  
 My pinions shrivel in the sultry height :

---

Ver. 136. *Than the deaf adder—*] An expression drawn from the verse in the Psalms :—" the adder refuses to hear the voice of the charmer."

Ver. 148. *My pinions shrivel —* ] Rather an obscure allusion to the fable of Icarus, whose wings were melted in his flight too near the sun.

All unsupported now I fall from Heaven;  
Nor here a period to my fate is given: 150  
Again I soar, again I catch the flame:  
My daring endless, and my fall the same!  
Yet more than all must I condemn the breast  
That such desire could harbour for her guest:  
A guest that Reason from her seat compell'd, 155  
And every sense subdu'd in bondage held.  
From bad to worse my wretched soul is tost,  
Nor can I passion rule where rule is lost!  
Yet wherefore should I now myself reprove?  
What crimes, alas! are mine but crimes of love?  
What wonder that the soft, the frailer sense 161  
Of womankind should make but weak defence?  
Was I requir'd t' oppose with wisdom's arms,  
His looks, his speech, his more than manly charms?  
Most wretched he, forbid with longing sight 165  
To view the beams of Sol's all-cheering light!  
Not destiny alone impell'd my course,  
Another's words, and words of mighty force,  
From this beginning love foretold my doom,  
My future bliss and great events to come. 170  
If Merlin's prophecy no credit claim'd,  
If every counsel for deceit was fram'd,

Him

Him may I well reproach—but never more  
Can free my soul from him my thoughts adore.  
All, all my plaints (for ever fix'd to mourn) 175  
To Merlin and Melissa must return,  
Who brought, by help of many a hellish spright,  
Fallacious visions to deceive my sight  
With unborn sons; and with expectance vain  
Involv'd me thus in love's perplexing chain: 180  
Yet, ah! what cause could thus excite their hate,  
But envy of my happy virgin state?

Thus she; while with despair and grief oppress'd,  
She seem'd to banish comfort from her breast:  
But soon the flatterer Hope intruding brought 185  
Delusive aid, recalling to her thought  
Roger's parting words, and bade her still  
(Whatever fears her gentle soul might fill)  
Await his wish'd return; and thus with wiles  
Beyond the twenty days fond Hope beguiles 190  
Her easy heart, and soothes her to behold  
Another month in expectation roll'd.

With mind more calm, as on a certain day  
(Such was her wont) she pass'd the public way  
To meet her lord, she heard what must destroy 195  
Each little glimpse of every promis'd joy.



For near Albano's walls the noble dame  
Beheld a knight of Gascony, who came  
From Afric's camp, a prisoner there confin'd  
What time near Paris walls the battle join'd. 200  
With him she commun'd, much of him enquir'd  
To lead him to the point she most desir'd:  
Rogero nam'd, her wish no further fought,  
On him alone hung every anxious thought.  
The knight who knew the peers of Afric well, 205  
Reveal'd whate'er the noble youth besel,  
Whom late he saw with Mandricardo stand  
Oppos'd in combat, when with conquering hand  
The chief he slew, and from that glorious day  
A tedious month with wounds enfeebled lay. 210  
Here had he clos'd, his tale had well explain'd  
The cause that good Rogero thus detain'd.  
To this he adds, that to the camp there came  
A gallant maid, Marphisa was her name,  
No less renown'd for beauty than for arms; 215  
In valour first, and first in female charms:  
That her Rogero, she Rogero lov'd,  
Scarce ever seen apart—that all approv'd  
Their growing loves—and prince and peer believ'd  
That each from each the pledge of faith receiv'd;  
And

And hop'd the knight recover'd from his bed 221  
Of pain and sickness, would the virgin wed;  
From which fair union warriors yet unborn  
In future ages might the world adorn.

This wish'd alliance spread from man to man 225  
In loud report that through the country ran,  
By signs confirm'd—with good Rogero came  
In aid of Agramant the martial dame;  
And when Marphisa from the camp in scorn  
(As late I told) had false Brunello borne, 230  
Uncall'd she back resum'd her former way,  
When in his bed Rogero wounded lay.  
On him alone seem'd bent her anxious mind;  
To him alone her visits seem'd design'd;  
For oft beside his couch from morning light 235  
Till evening shade she watch'd the wounded knight.  
Each wonder'd much that she whose soul despis'd,  
All human race, nor power, nor riches priz'd,  
Should for Rogero vail her wonted pride,  
Should smile on him, and frown on all beside. 240

While thus the Gascon knight confirms his tale,  
At every word heart-rending pangs assail  
The wretched Bradamant: a chillness creeps  
Through all her veins, and scarce her seat she  
keeps.

Without a word she turns her courser's rein, 245  
While wrath and jealousy within maintain  
A mingled war: each hope dissolv'd in air,  
Back to her home she hastes in wild despair.  
Behold all arm'd the wretched virgin spread  
With face declin'd upon her lonely bed! 250  
From listening ears to hide her grief she tries,  
Her grief that seeks to break in plaintive cries;  
Till oft revolving what the knight had told,  
No longer can her breast its anguish hold.

Then thus—In whom hereafter shall I trust? 255  
All, all are false, ungrateful and unjust!  
Since, dear Rogero, thou canst faithless prove,  
Rogero once so priz'd for truth and love.  
Of all the sorrows, all the tears that flow  
From public sufferings or domestic woe, 260  
My wrongs are first—and since no living knight  
Excels thy mien in peace, thy arm in fight;  
Since none with thee for prowess can compare,  
For courtly grace, for all that wins the fair,  
Why can we not amidst thy palms entwine 265  
Another wreath, and constancy be thine?  
Yet know'st thou not (this noblest gift with-held)  
No virtue, courage, ever yet excell'd!



As objects only by reflection bright,  
Viewless themselves, must shine by borrow'd light.  
Alas! how easy was an artless maid 271  
By him she lov'd beyond herself betray'd!  
By him whose words her fond belief had won  
To think the day-spring dark, and cold the sun!  
Sure no remorse can e'er thy bosom move, 275  
If unrepenting thou behold'st her love  
Who dies by thee—all crimes with thee are light,  
If breach of faith is little in thy fight.  
Since she who loves, such pains to thee must owe,  
Thou can'st not more t' afflict thy direst foe. 280  
Sure justice never will in Heaven awake,  
Unless swift vengeance reach thee for my sake,  
Midst all the sins with which mankind are curst,  
If dire ingratitude is deem'd the worst;  
If for this cause the fairest angel driven 285  
To chains and woe was hurl'd from highest Heaven;  
If heavier sins with heavier scourge must smart,  
Unless repentance purify the heart;  
Heed, lest on thee some dreadful scourge be sent,  
Who, thus ingrate, refusest to repent! 290  
Of theft, no little crime amidst the train  
Of human crimes, with justice I complain:

Not

Not for my heart detain'd—that heart be thine—

At such a theft I never shall repine:

But thou thyself art mine, and in despite 295

Of every claim, thou robb'ft me of my right.

Restore thyself—for never shall he thrive

Who can another of his right deprive.

Thou leav'ft me, cruel!—yet from thee to fly

Alas! my will and power alike deny! 300

But not from life—to end this hated breath,

And leave my griefs and thee in welcome death.

O! had I dy'd while treasur'd in thy breast,

What fate so envy'd, and what death so blest!

She said; and fix'd to die, with furious haste 305

Leapt from the bed, while at her heart she plac'd

The sword's determin'd point, but soon she found

Her arms prevent the meditated wound.

Meantime a better Genius seem'd to warn

Her desperate thoughts—O! virgin, nobly born! 310

Think of thy high descent, thy spotless name,

Nor give this period to a life of fame!

Seek yonder camp—there nobler mayst thou try

(If such thy wish) the honour'd means to die.

Before Rogero shouldst thou yield thy breath, 315

Some tears even he may shed to grace thy death:

But should his sword thy breast of life bereave,  
 What lover could a happier fate receive?  
 And just it seems that he thy life should take,  
 That life his cruelty could wretched make. 320  
 Who knows, before thou dy'st, but vengeance due  
 To thy wrong'd vows Marphisa may pursue?  
 Whose fraud (as ill beseems a virtuous maid)  
 Has won Rogero and thy love betray'd.

These better thoughts approv'd, the virgin fram'd  
 A surcoat new that o'er her arms proclaim'd 326  
 Her state of mind, and such as might imply  
 A soul despairing, and resolv'd to die.  
 Well suited to her grief, her vest receives  
 The faded hue of sapless wither'd leaves, 330

Ver. 326. *A surcoat new*,—] The custom of assuming arms and devices expressive of the good or ill fortune of the wearer, was one great characteristic of the heroes and heroines of chivalry: thus Orlando in the eighth book puts on black armour. Guido in the nineteenth book is thus described:

Clad like his steed, in fable weeds of woe,  
 The champion came, as if he meant to show  
 An emblem of his own distressful state,  
 How small his comforts, and his griefs how great!

So Ariodantes, Book vi. wears a shield fringed with yellow-green, the colour of Bradamant's scarf.

Torn



Torn from the bough; or such as autumn shows  
 When from the root the sap no longer flows;  
 The veil with cypress trunks embroider'd o'er,  
 That sever'd like her hopes could sprout no more.  
 The horse, which once Astolpho rode, she took, 335  
 Then grasp'd the golden lance, whose lightest stroke  
 Each knight unhors'd; nor how the lance she gain'd  
 Need here be told, or how the duke obtain'd  
 The weapon first, suffice that this she bore  
 All unsuspecting of its wondrous power. 340

Thus, unaccompany'd, the virgin went  
 Without a squire, and from the hill's descent  
 To Paris' walls pursu'd her eager way,  
 Where late encamp'd the Pagan army lay:  
 For yet she heard not that Rinaldo's might 345  
 With aid of Charles and many a noble knight  
 From Mount Albano and the Christian train  
 Had rais'd th' impending siege and thousands slain.  
 She leaves Cadurci now, and now she leaves  
 Chaorfe's town, nor more behind perceives 350

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Ver. 338. — *how the duke obtain'd*

*The weapon first,* —] Bradamant received this lance from Astolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 104. which lance came into the duke's possession after it was left behind by Argalia. See General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

Dordona's mount, and soon the towers espies  
Of Clarmont and of Montferrante rise:

When, as she journey'd, on her way was seen  
A dame of comely form and courteous mien:

A buckler at her saddle-bow was ty'd, 355

And three bold knights attended at her side:

Before, behind, in long procession came

Damfels and squires that waited on the dame.

Brave Amon's daughter who to learn desir'd

Her name, of one amidst her train enquir'd. 360

To the great leader of the Franks (he cries)  
From where within the arctic circle lies

A land remote, she plough'd with heavy toil

A length of ocean from Perduta's isle:

Perduta some, and some Islanda name 365

This distant isle, where reigns a queen whose fame

For peerless form was sure by Heaven design'd

The first of all her sex's lovely kind.

The shield thou see'st to royal Charles she sends,

And this condition with the shield commends; 370

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Ver. 354. *A dame of comely form—*] Nothing can be told with more ease of language, or vigour of description, than this pleasingly romantic incident: the demeanour of Bradamant, her meeting the shepherd, arrival at the lodge, the jousts by moon-light, her defence of Ulania, are all circumstances that can never be too much admired.

That

That this high gift shall grace the bravest knight  
Whom such he holds in dreadful fields of fight:  
She by herself, by all the world esteem'd  
The fairest dame, would seek a champion deem'd  
The first in arms, for long her secret mind 375  
A purpose, nothing e'er shall shake, design'd;  
That he alone who bears his victor-sword  
O'er every chief, shall be her spouse and lord.  
At Charlemain's imperial court she thought  
The first of gallant knights might best be fought.  
Yon three, that as her guard attend the dame, 381  
All three are kings, and from three kingdoms came:  
One Sweden, Gothland one, one Norway fways,  
And few with these in arms have equal praise.  
These three, whose lands beneath another sky, 385  
Less distant than the isle Perduta lie;  
(So call'd, as few amidst the sailor-train  
Were ever known to stem the northern main)  
These kings enamour'd have alike pursu'd  
The fair queen's love, and for their comfort woo'd;  
And for her sake transcendent acts have done, 391  
To last while planets circle round the sun.  
But she to these, to none her hand will yield,  
Who stands not first, the phoenix of the field.



I little prize (thus oft declar'd the dame) 395

Your deeds that here such boasted merit claim:

Amidst the three, should one outshine as far

His rivals, as the sun each little star,

I give him praise—but thinks he hence from all

The knights on earth, to him the palm must fall?

To Charlemain, whom through the world I hold 401

The wisest prince, I send a shield of gold,

On this condition, that amidst his court,

Him, who in arms may bear the first report,

The monarch with this honour'd gift shall grace,

Whether a subject or of alien race. 406

His judgment be my guide; and when his voice

Shall on the bravest champion fix the choice,

Let one of you, who dares in fight the best,

That fatal buckler from the victor wrest, 410

And to my hand restore: such knight shall prove

My vow'd affection, far all knights above,

And sovereign of my heart possess my throne and  
love. }

Thus from the remotest ocean has she sent

Three potent kings, who come with sworn intent

From him who wins it, to redeem the shield, 416

Or by his sword lie breathless on the field.

Thus

Thus spoke the squire, while Bradamant to hear  
Th' unwonted story gave attentive ear.

The tale complete, the speaker spurr'd again 420  
His steed, and soon regain'd the courtly train.

More slow the virgin kept her steed behind,  
While many a thought came crowding on her mind.  
Yon shield (she thought) in France may raise debate,  
And sow the seeds of envy, strife, and hate 425

In every Paladin and rival knight,  
Should Charles attempt to fix the claimant's right.  
This thought disturb'd, but ah! her former thought  
Far deeper anguish in her bosom wrought,  
That false Rogero could from her depart, 430  
And on Marphisa fix his changeful heart.

So deep in this was buried every sense  
That, mindless of the way, she heeds not whence,  
Or what her course, or where she next may meet,  
To rest at night, a hospitable feat. 435

As when some vessel by the mastering wind,  
Or torrent surge, is from the land disjoin'd,  
Her rudder lost, no pilot for her guide,  
She floats at random on th' uncertain tide:

So rov'd the virgin, while Rogero still 440  
Engross'd her soul—at Rabicano's will

She

She rov'd; while distant many a mile remain  
 Her thoughts that should direct the guiding rein.  
 At length she lifts her eyes and sees the sun  
 Near Bocchus' realm his evening journey run, 445  
 And like the sea-gull now in ocean's breast,  
 Beyond Morocco dive to wonted rest;  
 And ill she judges, if she means to stray  
 In opening fields along the darkling way,  
 While the night air with chilly vapour blows, 450  
 Denouncing drizzling rain and freezing snows.

Her courser urging Bradamant pursues  
 The track with greater speed, and soon she views  
 A shepherd-boy retiring from the plain,  
 Who slowly drives before his bleating train. 455  
 Of him the dame entreats some place to show  
 That, fair or homely, shelter might bestow;  
 However homely, better there to lie  
 Than pass the night beneath th' inclement sky.

For five long leagues, I know not where can rest  
 (Reply'd the shepherd) a benighted guest, 461  
 Save at a place which Trifram's lodge we call,  
 But there t' abide the chance to few may fall.

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Ver. 445. *Near Bocchus' realm—*] Bocchus, a king who reigned  
 in the farthest parts of Mauritania.



What knight should there to find repose intend,  
His spear must win it, and his spear defend: 465  
If thither comes a warrior when the place  
No knight has hous'd, the lord with courteous grace  
Admits the entering guest, but makes him swear  
That should a new one to the rock repair,  
His arm the stranger on the plain shall meet: 470  
Should none arrive, he peaceful keeps his feat.  
When two knights joust, the warrior, doom'd to yield,  
Must quit the fort and sleep in open field.  
If four, or five, or more, in social train  
At once appear, they ready entrance gain: 475  
But ill he fares, who comes an after-guest:  
With whom the troop, already hous'd, shall rest  
By turns the lance: should one, receiv'd within,  
Possess the place which others come to win;  
These, one by one, shall call him to the plain, 480  
And he with all in turn the strife maintain.  
So when the lodge admits a dame or maid,  
Alone or with companion thither led,  
If chance another comes, whoe'er can gain  
Th' award for beauty, shall her feat maintain: 485  
But she, whose form her rival's charms outshine,  
For air unshelter'd must the place resign.

Instruct me, swain (she cry'd) yon lodge to find:  
The simple swain with ready tongue rejoin'd,  
And pointed with his hand the nearest way 490  
To where six miles remote the dwelling lay.

Though well his speed good Rabicano ply'd,  
Though Bradamant in either bleeding side  
Drove deep the spur, yet through the miry road  
Slippery with clay, with drenching waters flow'd, 495  
The lodge she reach'd not till the darkening night  
Had quench'd in shade the world's all-cheering light.  
She found the portal barr'd, then loud address'd  
The watchful guard, and claim'd her right of guest.  
The place was fill'd (he answer'd to the dame) 500  
With knights and damsels that but newly came,  
And round the blazing hearth impatient stood  
To fate their hunger with refreshing food.  
If still they fast, I trust (the virgin cries)

'Tis not for them the cook his fare supplies. 505  
Go—bear my message—I their force defy,  
The law I know, and with the law comply.

The guard departing to the knights convey'd  
The bold defiance of the martial maid,  
That from warm shelter call'd them forth to dare 510  
Th' inclement chillness of nocturnal air:

And now the clouds a plenteous shower began:  
Yet each his weapons seiz'd, and man by man  
Went where the virgin stood their force to wait;  
The rest remain'd within the castle-gate. 515

Three knights were these, in armsesteem'd so well,  
That few on earth their valour could excel:  
These were the warriors that the day were seen,  
With that fair envoy from Islanda's queen,  
To whom they boasted oft with sword or lance 520  
To bring again the golden shield from France:  
These three had far outrode the martial dame,  
And hence before her to the castle came:  
Few knights there were so well at tilt could run,  
But midst those few the martial fair was one, 525  
Who meant not there unshelter'd to remain,  
Foodless, alone, and wet with drizzling rain.

Meanwhile from windows and the turrets height  
Spectators stand to view th' approaching fight,  
Seen by the moon, while through the shower that  
streams 530

From broken clouds, she darts her watry beams.  
As some fond youth whom beauty fires to love,  
When at his fair-one's porch he waits to prove  
The lover's dear reward, with rapture hears  
The bolt slow moving in his longing ears: 535  
So



So Bradamant, whose generous bosom fir'd  
With honour's praise, to noble deeds aspir'd,  
Rejoices when she hears the gates unbar,  
And sees the draw-bridge lower'd, and deck'd for war  
Beholds the champions issue to the plain: 540  
Soon as she view'd them near, she turn'd her rein  
The length of field to measure for the course,  
Then back at speed impell'd her foaming horse.  
That spear she bore, which trusted to her hand  
Her kinsman gave, which nothing could withstand,  
Which each opponent humbled in the dust, 546  
Though Mars himself, oppos'd, receiv'd the thrust.  
The king of Sweden who the first to meet  
The virgin mov'd, was first to lose his feat:  
Against his helm the lance so strongly came, 550  
The lance that ne'er deceiv'd the guider's aim.  
Next Gothland's monarch ran, who headlong far  
Fell from his steed with heels high rais'd in air.  
In filth and mire the third half stifled lay,  
Roll'd o'er and o'er amidst the watery way. 555  
Thus with three strokes three knights to earth she  
drove,  
With heads cast downward and with feet above.  
Then to the lodge she went, but ere her right  
Was there confirm'd to pass at ease the night,

An oath she took, whenever call'd, to leave 560  
The fort, and each new challenger receive.

Struck with her gallant deeds, the castle's lord  
To her such welcome as his walls afford,  
With every honour gave: the noble dame  
Who with the three from far Perduto came 565  
To distant France, receiv'd with courteous air  
The warrior-maid, for courteous was the fair.  
Now each saluting each, with smiling look  
Th' ambassadres arising gently took  
The martial hand of Bradamant, and led 570 }  
The new-come guest, where sparkling deepest red, }  
A genial warmth the glowing embers shed. }

Now to disarm, the virgin cast aside  
Her glittering shield, and next her helm unty'd;

Ver. 573. *Now to disarm,—*] The discovery of Britomartis in Spenser is a close copy of Ariosto.

— when as vailed was her lofty crest,  
Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay  
Upbouden, did themselves adown display,  
And raught unto her heels; like sunny beams,  
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,  
Their vapour vaded shew their golden gleams,  
And thro' the pergent air shoot forth their azure streams.

Book iii, c. ix. st. 20.

When

When with her helm she rais'd a cawl of gold 575  
Where hid beneath her braided locks were roll'd;  
Her wavy tresses now, no more confin'd,  
Fell o'er her neck and hung in curls behind:  
And now to all she stood a dame reveal'd,  
In beauty first, as in the martial field. 580  
As when, the scene undrawn, with sudden light  
The stage gay rushes on the dazzled sight;  
Where many a sumptuous pile and arch is plac'd,  
With gold, with painting, and with sculpture grac'd:  
Or as the sun is wont from clouds, that spread 585  
Their envious mist, to lift his radiant head:  
So when her shining helm the virgin rears,  
Her charms shine forth and Paradise appears!

Full soon the lord of that fair dwelling knew  
In her, who oft before had met his view, 590  
The noble Bradamant, and graceful paid  
His praise and homage to the glorious maid.  
Plac'd round the blazing hearth their moments roll  
In sweet discourse, the banquet of the soul;  
While for the board the menial train prepare 595  
Their limbs to strengthen with corporeal fare.  
Then of her host enquir'd the martial dame  
How first this custom, new, or ancient, came;

With



With stranger's us'd, by whom and when devis'd;  
And in these words her host his tale compriz'd. 600

When Pharamond the sceptre sway'd, his son  
The youthful Clodio to his nuptials won  
A beauteous dame, in pride of bloomy prime,  
Of manners rare in that uncultur'd time,  
Gentle beyond her sex ! her dear he lov'd, 605  
So dear he scarcely from her sight remov'd.  
Not less from Io went the watchful swain,  
For equal to his love was Clodio's jealous pain.  
Here in this lone retreat, which to his care  
His father gave, he kept the treasur'd fair. 610  
He seldom issu'd hence ; and with him dwell'd  
Ten knights, who first for arms in France excell'd.  
It chanc'd, while here he stay'd, Sir Tristram came  
Before the gate, with him a lovely dame,  
Who by a giant fierce in fetters bound, 615  
Late from his valorous force deliverance found.

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Ver. 607. — *from Io went the watchful swain,*] Juno having found means to get into her power Io, the mistress of Jupiter, after she was turned into a cow by her lover to conceal her from his wife, gave her in charge to Argus, who had a hundred eyes, and watched her day and night.

Ver. 614. — *a lovely dame,*] Isotta—The loves of Tristram and Isotta are famous in romance.

See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

Sir Tristram hither came, what time the sun  
Oppos'd to Seville's shores, had nearly run  
His evening stage, and here besought to rest,  
(No other place t' admit a wandering guest 620  
For ten long miles) for doting Clodio us'd  
To jealous fears, his earnest suit refus'd;  
Resolv'd, whate'er his rank, no stranger there  
Should enter while his walls contain'd the fair:  
Long urg'd the knight his just request in vain, 625  
Not prayer, nor reason could admittance gain.  
Since mild intreaty fails (enrag'd he cries)  
Force shall compel what thy base heart denies.  
With bold defiance then the gallant knight  
Call'd Clodio and his ten to mortal fight, 630  
And offer'd with his pointed spear to show  
That deeds like this from recreant spirits flow:  
Such terms propos'd—should he his feat maintain,  
And Clodio with his warriors press the plain,  
Himself would there (though now refus'd a guest)  
Abide, and from the gates exclude the rest. 636

The son of Pharamond, impell'd by shame,  
At risk of life, essay'd the list of fame,  
Where, in the joust, he lost his luckless feat,  
Where all his ten receiv'd a like defeat 640

From

From conquering Tristram, who the portal clos'd  
Against its master, with the ten expos'd  
To lie unshelter'd: entering now he view'd  
The beauty that had Clodio's heart subdu'd;  
Whom Nature (what to numbers she deny'd) 645  
With every gift of female grace supply'd.  
Her Tristram fair bespoke: meanwhile without  
Her consort rag'd with fear and jealous doubt;  
Nor ceas'd to urge the knight with humble prayer,  
Forth from the lodge to send his wedded fair. 650  
But Tristram, though he little seem'd to prize  
His lovely captive, though with careless eyes  
All charms but his Isotta's he beheld,  
So well the magic potion had repell'd  
Each other love; yet now, with just return 655  
Resolv'd to wreak discourteous Clodio's scorn,  
Reply'd---To knighthood must I deem it shame,  
From sheltering roof t' expel so fair a dame.  
If Clodio murmurs thus abroad to lie  
Alone, unpair'd, beneath the open sky; 660  
A dame I have, that like a rose new blown  
In beauty blooms, yet equals not his own,

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Ver. 654. *So well the magic potion—*] See Note to Book iv. ver.  
373.



Her will I bid (if such his wish) to wait  
 Without the walls, and soothe his luckless fate.  
 But just it seems the fair of brightest charms 665  
 Should rest with him who bravest shines in arms.

The wretched Clodio thus compell'd to stay  
 Without his gate, for slow-returning day,  
 Less felt the chilling damp and freezing air  
 Than sad reflection of his absent fair : 670  
 Listening he stood, while jealous fancy brought  
 Full many an image to distract his thought,  
 Of those that now with gentle sleep oppress  
 Pass'd all the quiet night in guiltless rest.

The light was ris'n, when to his arms again 675  
 Sir Tristram gave the dame, and eas'd his pain,  
 With faith exchange'd upon his knightly word,  
 Her, as she was, uninjur'd he restor'd.  
 For though he deem'd his base discourteous mind  
 Deserv'd from him the heaviest scourge to find, 680  
 Yet this alone his vengeance should suffice,  
 That all night long beneath unshelter'd skies

The

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Ver. 682. — *beneath unshelter'd skies*] Spencer has an imitation of this passage, on which Mr. Upton observes thus :

“ If the reader takes any pleasure in seeing how one poet imitates or rivals another, he may have an agreeable task in comparing the episode,

The youth he kept ; nor would he yet approve  
 That plea, which call'd his crime the crime of love.  
 Far other thoughts should generous love impart ; 685  
 He melts the stern, not steels the gentle heart.

Sir Tristram gone, but little Clodio stay'd ;  
 He to a trusty friend in charge convey'd  
 The castle's keep, by his condition bound,  
 Each dame and knight that there reception found,  
 Should hold their place by beauty or by arms, 691  
 But yield to stronger nerves or brighter charms.  
 Thus was the law begun, and thus maintain'd,  
 Has to this hour unbroken still remain'd.

episode, where the fair company Satyrane, Paridel, Britomart, and the Squire of dames, are excluded, in a tempestuous night, from old Malbecco's castle, with a like disaster in Ariosto, where Bradamant (whom Britomart in many circumstances resembles) arriving at the castle of Sir Tristram, battles it with three knights, and afterwards discovers her sex. Let the reader compare old Lidgate's Canterbury tale, where Polemite and Tydeous arrive at the palace of king Adrastus in a stormy night. Is it worth while to mention here that silly romance, named, the History of Prince Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, which has the same kind of adventure ? See Part ii. Book i. c. 65. How Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadon came to a lodging, where they must joust with two knights."

Upton's Notes on Spenser, Book iii. c. ix. ft. 11.

So spoke the host, and as the tale he ceas'd, 695  
He bade the menial train prepare the feast;  
Where in the hall a table fair was plac'd,  
The spacious hall with regal splendor grac'd:  
Hither by torches' light the guests convey'd,  
But chief the northern fair and martial maid, 700  
Gaz'd on the stately walls, where every part  
With story'd forms confess'd the painter's art.  
In rapt attention each the figures view'd,  
And while she gaz'd forgot the want of food;  
Though either's strength not little claim'd repast, 705  
With toil and travel spent, or spent with fast.  
The seneshall and cook displeas'd behold  
The meats neglected in the vases cold,  
Till one at length with better counsel cries:  
Your hunger satiate first, and then your eyes. 710

Now each was plac'd in order at the board  
To taste the viands, when the castle's lord  
Reflects that much against the law he err'd  
Who thus, at different times arriv'd, preferr'd  
Two female guests; one only must remain, 715  
And one depart: the fairest might retain  
Her seat secure; the vanquish'd maid must go  
Where chill rains beat, and winds inclement blow.



Two matrons then with other dames that dwell'd  
Beneath his roof, whose judgment most excell'd, 720  
He call'd, and bade them with impartial eyes  
Behold the virgins, and award the prize.

With general suffrage all the prize declare  
To Amon's daughter, who the northern fair  
Had now no less eclips'd with female charms 725  
Than late her knights with manly deeds of arms.  
Then to the dame whose sad presaging mind  
This luckless chance already had divin'd,  
The host began—Thou must not now complain  
If, gentle damsel, we our law maintain 730  
Some other dwelling for thyself provide,  
Since 'tis decreed, by present judgment try'd,  
That yonder virgin's features, mein, and grace,  
(All unadorn'd) thy every charm efface.

As when from humid vales thick vapours rise, 735  
And with a sable cloud obscure the skies,  
Sudden the golden sun, erewhile so bright,  
Is lost in shade of momentary night:  
So when the damsel hears her heavy doom,  
Expell'd to drenching rain and dreary gloom, 740  
Her features change, no more she looks the same,  
The gay, the lovely, all-accomplish'd dame.

But noble Bradamant, whose pitying heart  
Had now resolv'd to take the virgin's part,  
Thus wisely spoke—But ill I deem is try'd 745  
That cause where hasty judgment shall decide  
Ere each is heard—for her my suit I move ;  
Howe'er compar'd our person's gifts may prove,  
Imports not now—I not as woman came,  
Nor shall, while here, the rights of woman claim. 750  
Yet who will dare affirm, while thus array'd  
These arms conceal a man or blushing maid?  
Ne'er let us utter what we ne'er can know,  
And chiefly when it works another's woe.  
Like me, may numbers length of tresses wear, 755  
Nor more from this the female sex declare.  
'Tis known to all who here at tilt I ran,  
And if the lodge I won as maid or man :  
Why will you then assign the woman's name  
To one, whose deeds the manly sex proclaim? 760  
Your law requires that dames should be excell'd  
By fairer dames, but not by warriors quell'd:  
Yet grant I might a woman prove (which I  
Nor wholly grant, nor wholly shall deny)  
What though I equall'd not her beauty's bloom, 765  
Would you, for that, my valour's right resume?  
Or

Or make me lose from want of female charms  
What late my virtue gain'd by dint of arms?  
But should the strictness of your law require  
That one of us must from the lodge retire 770  
Whose beauty fails—yet would I here remain  
(Whate'er your sentence) and my place maintain.  
Hence I infer, between yon dame and me,  
That all unequal must the contest be:  
With me contending may she greatly lose, 775  
And should she win, no gain o'er me ensues.  
To both must justice weigh, in balance even,  
The loss or gain, ere sentence can be given.  
Honour and reason, every gentle sense  
Forbids to drive this holy virgin hence. 780  
If any in his strength so far can trust,  
To call the judgment I have pass'd unjust,  
Lo! with this weapon I his force defy,  
And prove the truth, while he defends the lie.

Great Amon's daughter by compassion sway'd 785  
To see unjustly a defenceless maid  
Expell'd to where the chilling rain descends  
And not a roof or cot its shelter lends,  
With many a reason urg'd and gentle word  
Persuades to generous thoughts the generous lord:  
But chief her dauntless courage wins the cause; 791  
He yields, and pleads no more the castle's laws.



As parch'd beneath the sun's meridian fires,  
When the brown turf refreshing streams requires,  
If some fair flower, that hung its languid head, 795  
Feels on its stalk the kindly moisture shed,  
Again it springs, again each sweet resumes,  
And fresh again in vernal beauty blooms!  
So from this bold defence the maid derives  
Recover'd life, and every charm revives. 800

Now on the favourable cates that long had spread  
The board untouch'd, each guest impatient fed,  
No other champion chancing there to light,  
And damp the social pleasures of the night.  
The feast each honour'd save the martial fair: 805  
In sorrow fix'd, abandon'd to despair,  
A thousand jealous thoughts unjustly brood  
In her torn breast, and pall the taste of food.  
The banquet o'er, which all perchance in haste  
Had urg'd, to give in turn their eyes repast; 810  
Fair Bradamant arose; and near was seen  
To rise, the envoy of Islanda's queen.  
The lord a signal gave; at his commands  
A menial ran, and soon with ready hands  
Through the wide hall was kindled many a light:  
'Th' ensuing book the sequel shall recite. 816

THE  
THIRTY-THIRD BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT hears from her host an explanation of the pictures in Sir Tristram's lodge, representing the future wars of France in Italy. The manner in which Bradamant passes the night: next morning she departs, and unhorses the three kings a second time. Description of the combat between Rinaldo and Gradasso for Rinaldo's horse Bayardo. Their combat strangely broken off. Gradasso gets possession of Bayardo, and embarks for his own country. The flight of Astolpho through the air, till having travelled over many countries, he at last arrives at the capital of king Senapus, in Æthiopia, and undertakes to drive away the Harpies from his table.



THE  
THIRTY-THIRD BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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**T**IMAGORAS, Parrhasius, far renown'd ;  
With wreaths as fair Apollodorus crown'd :  
Protogenes, Timanthes, ever fam'd :  
Appelles, first of heavenly artists nam'd :

Zeuxis

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Ver. 1. *Timagoras,—Parrhasius,—*] Timagoras was a painter of Chalcedon, and in painting excelled all the artists of his age, who in vain endeavoured to contend with him.

Parrhasius was born at Ephesus, the son and disciple of Evenor and cotemporary with Zeuxis. He spoke contemptuously of all others, and stiled himself the prince of painting.

Ver. 2. — *Apollodorus—*] This painter is mentioned by Pliny, who relates, that he was the great improver of the art of painting, which after him Zeuxis brought to such perfection.

Ver. 3. *Protogenes, Timanthes—*] Protogenes was a native of Canus, a city subject to the Rhodians, and was contemporary with Apelles.

Zeuxis and Polygnotus: all the train 5  
 That flourish'd once, in mem'ry shall remain,  
 Though Clotho long has mix'd them with the dead,  
 And time on every work oblivion spread:

---

Apelles. His famous work was the picture of Jalefus, which saved the city of Rhodes when besieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it but on that side where Protogenes worked, he chose rather to abandon his design than destroy so fine a picture. It is said that the king sending for him, asked him "with what assurance he could work in the suburbs of a city that was besieged?"—his answer was, "That he understood the war he had undertaken was against the Rhodians, and not against the arts."

Timanthes lived in the reign of Phillip of Macedon; the place of his birth is not known, but he was one of the most learned and judicious painters of his age. He drew the famous picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, where, unable to express the sorrows of a father on such an occasion, he concealed the face of Agamemnon with a veil.

Ver. 4. *Apelles*,—] Apelles, the first in fame of all the ancient painters, was born in the Island of Coös, in the Archipelago. He was much beloved by Alexander the Great, who employed him to draw the portrait of a favourite mistress named Campaspe, when finding that the painter was deeply enamoured of her beauty, he generously resigned her to him. His most celebrated picture was a Venus rising from the waves, on which the following lines were written by Ovid.

Si Venerem Coös nunquam pinxisset Apelles,

Merfa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Apelles' pencil heavenly Venus drew,

Or stil the waves had veil'd her charms from view.

Yet

Yet shall they live and live to future days,  
 While writers tell and readers learn their praise. 10  
 Our age may boast with these an equal band  
 In painting's school to lift the forming hand.

Ver. 5. *Zeuxis and Polygnotus*:—] Zeuxis was a native of Hera-  
 clea in Macedonia, and lived 400 years before the birth of Christ,  
 being contemporary with Timanthes and Parrhasius. He painted  
 the famous picture of Helen, for which he is said to have selected the  
 finest parts from five of the most beautiful virgins sent to him for  
 that purpose. An incredible story is related of his death, that hav-  
 ing drawn the picture of an old woman with exquisite humour, he  
 fell into such a fit of laughter at the contemplation of his own work  
 that he expired.

Polygnotus was a painter of Athens after Zeuxis. He was the  
 first who revived the dignity of painting in Greece, which had fallen  
 into disrepute.

Ver. 13.—*Leonardo! Gian' Bellino*—] Leonardo da Vinci was  
 of a noble family in Tuscany, and a man of universal knowledge.  
 He painted at Florence, Rome, and Milan. He drew a picture of  
 the last Supper, but did not finish the head of Christ, because he  
 could not find an image answerable to his idea before he was  
 obliged to leave Milan. He did the same by Judas; but the prior  
 of the convent being impatient to see the piece finished, pressed him  
 so earnestly, and probably indecently, that he drew the head of the  
 importunate friar upon the shoulders of Judas. He was greatly  
 esteemed by Francis I. and died in the arms of that monarch, who  
 came to visit him in his last sickness.

Giovanni Bellino laid the foundation of the Venitian school by  
 the use of oil: he died in the year 1512, aged ninety years.

Lo!



Lo! Leonardo! Gian' Bellino view;  
 Two Doffi, and Mantegna reach'd by few:  
 With these, an Angel, Michael styl'd Divine, 15  
 In whom the sculptor and the painter join:  
 Bastiano, Titian, Raphael, three that grace  
 Cadora, Venice, and Urbino's race:

Each

Ver. 14. *Two Doffi*,—] The two Doffi were of Ferrara, and were much employed by Alphonso duke of Ferrara. The elder growing old had a pension for his subsistence, and his younger brother, whose name was Baptista, surviving him, painted many excellent pieces after the death of his brother.

*Mantegna* was born in a village near Padua, and in his youth kept sheep, but his genius discovering itself very early, he was put to a painter, who adopted him for his son. He painted for the duke of Mantua, and executed that fine piece of the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, in nine parts, in the royal palace of Hampton Court. He died at Mantua in the year 1517, aged 66.

Ver. 15.—*An Angel, Michael*—] Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born in the year 1474 at Arezzo in Tuscany. This seems rather a play upon his name of Angelo (Angel.) He was not only a great painter but an excellent architect and statuary, particularly the latter. He painted his great picture of the last Judgment, at the command of Pope Paul III. He was beloved by all the sovereign princes of his time, and died at Rome in the year 1564, at 90 years old.

Ver. 17. *Bastiano, Titian, Raphael*—] Bastiano del Piombo took his name from an office given him by Pope Clement in the lead mines. He was born at Venice, and first studied under Gian' Bellino, and after Raphael's death became the chief painter in Rome,

Julio

Each genius that can past events recall  
 In living figures on the story'd wall: 20  
 But none have yet appear'd, whose wondrous art  
 Could future deeds by pencill'd forms impart:  
 Yet

Julio Romano only disputing the prize with him. It is rather singular that Julio Romano has not a place here in Ariosto's list. Bastiano died in 1547, aged 62 years.

Titiano Vecelli was born at Cadora, a province in the state of Venice, in the year 1477. He was of noble extraction, being descended from the ancient family of the Vecelli: He drew the portrait of the emperor Charles V. three times, and that monarch used to say on the occasion, that he had been made thrice immortal by the hands of Titian. He was universally esteemed, full of years, honours, and wealth, and died at last of the plague, aged ninety-nine years.

Raphael Sanzio, born at Urbino in the year 1483, was one of the handsomest and best tempered men living. He is acknowledged to have been the prince of modern painters, and is often stiled, the divine Raphael, for the inimitable graces of his pencil: he was beloved in the highest degree by Pope Julius II. and Leo X. he was admired and courted by all the princes and states in Europe, and particularly by our Henry VIII. who would have brought him over to England: he lived in the greatest splendor; but his passion for the fair sex destroyed him in the flower of his age; for being taken with a burning fever, and having concealed from his physicians the true cause of his distemper, he was improperly dealt with, and died in the year 1520, on the same day that he was born, in the thirty-

Yet have we known some favour'd men adorn  
 A mystic painting ere the men were born.  
 But such effect exceeding human power, 25  
 Is only work'd by help of magic lore.  
 'The hall I late describ'd had Merlin wrought  
 In one short night, by subtle demons brought  
 From shades infernal, by his book compell'd,  
 His book all potent! whether sacred held 30

seventh year of his age. Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph, in which are these lines, which Mr. Pope has translated, and with the most injudicious flattery applied to his friend Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Hic est ille Raphaël, timuit quo sospite vinci  
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Living great nature fear'd he might outvie  
 Her works, and dying fears herself may die.

POPE'S Epitaph on the Sir G. Kneller.

Ariosto was himself contemporary with all the modern artists here mentioned: he knew Titian well, who drew his picture. The author of the Essay on Pope, in an anecdote taken from Richardson, mentions, that Raphael with great modesty consulted his friend Ariosto, who was an excellent scholar, on the characters, lives, and countries of the persons whom he was to introduce in the picture of Theology. All that Raphael is ever known to have written, is four letters and a sonnet addressed to Ariosto.

Essay on POPE, vol. ii. p. 462.

To



To black Avernus, or the shades that hide  
Nurfinia's caves, or drear Cocytus' tide.

But turn we now to where the noble band  
To view the pictur'd tales impatient stand,  
While torches, rear'd in many a hand, display 35  
Their mingled rays and emulate the day.  
Then thus the castle's lord—The wars that rise  
In yonder forms to meet your wondering eyes,  
Are yet unfought—the sage's two-fold art  
Reveals the painter's and the prophet's part. 40  
There, in Italian plains our troops are view'd,  
By turns subduing and by turns subdu'd.  
Whatever good or evil chance attend  
The powers that France beyond the Alps shall send

---

Ver. 31. —*the shades that hide*

*Nurfinia's caves,*—] The poet here alludes to those fabulous and imaginary caves or grottos said to be in the mountains of Norcia, and to have been inhabited by the Sybils, of which many fictions are related. Petrarch tells us, that in these mountains is an opening that leads to the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, where she resided with many of her virgins, all whom every Friday assumed the form of serpents; that whoever entered the cave should not return till a year, a month, and a day were expired, and that if he should, through forgetfulness, not depart at the end of that time, he would remain there for ever.

In this apartment Merlin bids appear, 45  
 Before th' events by many a hundred year.  
 Dispatch'd from Britain's king the prophet came  
 To Gallia's king, who held his regal claim  
 From Marcomir—then hear with what intent  
 This hall he fram'd, and why from Arthur sent. 50

King Pharamond, who with his numerous host  
 Has first from France maintain'd his daring post  
 Beside the Rhine, now meditates to check  
 Beneath his yoke Italia's haughty neck:  
 Nor arduous seem'd the task, when day by day 55  
 Beheld the Roman empire's power decay.  
 With British Arthur hence he wills to make  
 A solemn league the war in hand to take.  
 Arthur who ne'er without the counsel sage  
 Of prophet Merlin would in arms engage, 60  
 (That Merlin, from a demon sprung, whose view  
 Could trace events, and all the future knew)

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Ver. 49. —*Marcomir*—] The name of a king, said to have reigned in France before Pharamond.

Ver. 51. —*Pharamond*—] Pharamond, king of France, reported to be the first who established the Salic law: he lived about the year 418; he has been always held up as a great prince, but his history is much involved in fable.

From

From him had learnt, and Pharamond he shows  
To what he rashly must his troops expose,  
Should he, ill-fated, on those lands descend 65  
Which Alps, and seas, and Appenines defend.  
Him Merlin tells that scarce in future days,  
A king that o'er the Franks his sceptre sways,  
But sees in Italy his martial train,  
By raging pestilence and famine slain: 70  
Short is their time to joy, and long to mourn,  
With little gain, with mighty loss they turn  
From fruitful fields, where not a venturous hand  
Shall plant the lily in forbidden land.  
See! Pharamond on him so far depend, 75  
He seeks on other foes his arms to bend;  
When Merlin at his will (so goes the fame)  
Employ'd his fiends this magic hall to frame,  
That every eye might pictur'd here behold  
The future actions of the Franks foretold; 80  
And each descendent of the nation know  
That while their powers against a barbarous foe  
With social aid defend th' Italian state,  
Conquest and honour shall their arms await.  
But should they ever seek with hostile sway 85  
To make fair Italy their yoke obey,  
Such rash design must seal their certain doom,  
And build beyond those hills their fatal tomb.



So spoke the host; directing as he stood  
 Each dame's attention: Sigisbert he shew'd, 90  
 Who, tempted by Mauritius' wealthy stores,  
 From Jove's steep mount his numerous army pours.  
 Behold on Sambro and Ticino's plain,  
 He spreads his troops, whose inroad to sustain  
 See Eutar comes, and with resistless force 95  
 And dreadful slaughter stops their daring course.  
 See mighty Clovis from the heights descend,  
 A hundred thousand on his march attend.

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Ver. 90. —*Sigisbert he shew'd,*] Mauritius emperor of Constantinople and successor to Tiberius, being desirous to drive the Lombards out of Italy, incited Sigisbert, with large offers, to undertake the expedition. Sigisbert, with a vast army, passed the mountains and entered Cisalpine Gaul, but Eutar, king of the Lombards, feigning a retreat, attacked him unawares, and cut all his army to pieces. EUGENICE.

Ver. 92. —*Jove's steep mount*—] A mountain of the Alps, one of the passes into Italy.

Ver. 97. *See mighty Clovis*—] Clovis V. king of France marched with a great army into Italy against the Lombards, and thought, by taking advantage of the civil discords that had sprung up amongst them, to obtain an easy conquest. Grimaoldo, duke of Bonivento, having few forces to oppose him, feigned at first an intention of attacking him, and then, retreating, left his camp full of provisions and wine. The Franks entering the camp, the soldiers gave themselves to excess till they grew intoxicated, and Grimaoldo coming upon them in the night, when they were asleep, killed every man. PORCACCHI.

See

See Bonivento's gallant duke oppose,  
 With strength unequal, such a host of foes. 100  
 Behold he feigns a passage free to leave;  
 His well-laid snares the hostile train deceive;  
 Who, lur'd by wines of Lombardy, remain  
 Like insects caught, with fearful havock slain.  
 See Childibert has sent a numerous band 105  
 Of Franks and captains to Italia's land:  
 But he, alike with Clovis, ne'er shall view  
 His arms the power of Lombardy subdue;  
 Nor spoils nor palms are his—th' avenging sword  
 Of Heaven descending has his battle gor'd. 110  
 The dead are heap'd: his men the climate burns;  
 The flux destroys—nor one of ten returns.

Of Pepin now, and now of Charles he speaks,  
 And shows where each th' Italian border seeks,  
 And

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Ver. 105. *See Childibert*—] Childibert, uncle of Clovis, desirous of revenging the death of his nephew, sent three generals, with three great armies, into Lombardy, against Grimaoldo: one general dying, his army joined the other two: but a dreadful distemper breaking out amongst them, and they being disappointed of the succours which they expected from the emperor, the remainder returned home. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 113. *Of Pepin now*,—] Stephano the second, being raised to the papal chair, Astolpho king of Lombardy disturbed the tranquillity

And where on each a like success attends, 115  
 Since this, nor that, the realm he seeks offends.  
 This, from oppression Stephano reprieves,  
 That, Adrian first and Leo next relieves:  
 Astolpho one; and one subdues his \* heir,  
 And to its rights restores the Papal chair. 120  
 A youthful Pepin there his legions pours  
 That from Fornaci reach to Judah's shores.

## \* DESIDERIUS.

quillity of the church: the pope, endeavouring to conciliate him with gifts, had recourse to Pepin king of France for assistance, who passed into Italy, and compelled Alphonso to sue for peace. Pepin, having left Italy, Alphonso recommenced hostilities against the pope, and was once more compelled by Pepin to make peace. To pope Adrian succeeded Leo III. who being ill treated by Pascal and Campolo, a priest and officer of the church, in the middle of divine service, and being threatened with imprisonment fled to Charlemain, who sent him with great honours to Rome, and afterwards coming there himself, was anointed by the pontiff emperor of the Romans.

EUGENICO.

Ver. 121. *A youthful Pepin—*] Pepin, son of Charles the Great, went against the Venetians, and having taken many islands, he caused a bridge to be built, that his soldiers, little used to naval fights, might find less risk. But while the Venetians defended themselves, there arose so fierce a storm, that the bridge was demolished, the soldiers were buried under the ruins, and the king was forced to abandon his enterprize. PORCACCHI.



See, near Rialto structur'd by his hands,  
 The towering bridge of Malamocoa stands :  
 Here burns the fight, and hence he seems to fly ; 125  
 He leaves his men beneath the waves to die ;  
 While broke by tides, and by strong winds o'er-  
     thrown

The huge pile falls, a mass of useless stone.  
 Behold Burgundian Lewis vanquish'd swear  
 No more in Italy the sword to bear ;                   130  
 Behold him soon his plighted faith forego,  
 And once again a captive to the foe.  
 Behold where, mole-like, quench'd his visual ray  
 Him o'er the Alps his mourning friends convey.  
 See Arli's Hugo chace with conquering bands 135  
 The Berengarii from Italian lands:

These

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Ver. 129. *Behold Burgundian Lewis—*] Lewis, king of Burgundia, making an expedition into Italy, was conquered by the emperor Berengarius I. and made prisoner, but set at liberty on his taking an oath never more to invade Italy. The Burgundian, afterwards forgetting his oath, renewed hostilities, and being again taken prisoner by Berengarius II. was, as a punishment for his breach of faith, deprived of his sight, and in this condition he returned home.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 135. *See Arli's Hugo—*] Hugo, count of Arli, called in by the Italians to their assistance against the Berengarii: he succeeded greatly at first, but being afterwards overpowered, was constrained

These once or twice he routs; while these the Huns  
By turns assist, by turns Bavaria's sons;  
Till forc'd by stronger power he ends the strife,  
On terms impos'd, and soon concludes his life; 140  
Not long his successor alive remains,  
When Berengarius o'er the kingdom reigns.  
See Italy another Charles invade  
To give the holy pastor needful aid:

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to ask for peace, and retired to Arli, leaving his son Lothario behind him, who soon after died.

EUGENICO.

Ver. 143. *See Italy another Charles invade*] Pope Clement IV. invited Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis king of France, against Manfred, an enemy to the church, who had usurped the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Charles arriving, overthrew Manfred at Benevento, slew him, and took possession of Sicily. Corradino, to whom the kingdom belonged in right of succession, brought a force from Germany, engaged Charles, but was defeated, made prisoner, and at last beheaded. Charles reigning in Sicily, the Franks began to exercise great tyranny over the Sicilians; and, among other enormities, committed violence on their wives. Hence a plot was concerted all over the island, that as soon as the vesper bell rung, the Sicilians ready armed should sally forth from their houses, and fall upon the Franks; this was put in execution, and eight thousand Franks were slain to revenge the dishonour offered to the Sicilians in the persons of their wives. PORCACCHI.

Two

Two kings by him in two fierce battles slain, 145

Manfred and Corradino press the plain!

But soon his people swoln with great success,

With wrong on wrong the conquer'd realm oppres.

See! through the crowded street while vespers call

To hallow'd rites, in murder'd heaps they fall! 150

The host then show'd (when many a rolling year

Should whirl the planets in their changing sphere)

A Gallic leader from the hill descend,

And on Visconti's earls the combat bend.

See! Alexandria by the threaten'd force 155

Of France begirt with mingled foot and horse:

Within the walls the duke has fix'd the guard, }

Without, an ambush for the foe prepar'd, }

See by his toils the heedless Franks ensnar'd. }

Lo, Armoniaco their luckless head; 160

See, some to Alexandria captive led,

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Ver. 151. *The host then show'd*—] The count of Armagnac, a Frank, came with twenty thousand soldiers in aid of the Florentines and Bolognese, against Galeazzo duke of Milan, who, having left a numerous garrison in Alexandria, with the rest of his forces attacked the enemy; at the same time that they were attacked by those from the city, and cut all the Franks to pieces; the count dying soon after prisoner of his wounds. PORCACCHI.

While



While the warm deluge doubling either flood,  
 The Po and Tanacro run purple blood.  
 One call'd of Marca, then in turn he show'd  
 Three Anjoinini nam'd—and thus purfu'd. 165  
 Behold how oft have these with numerous bands  
 Disturb'd the Brucian and the Dacian lands;  
 The Marsians vex'd, and Salentinian train:  
 Yet vain the force of France, and all as vain  
 The Latian succours, there to give a place 170  
 To one small remnant of the Gallic race.  
 Oft as the Frank his force for battle shows,  
 Alphonso and Ferrantes shall oppose,  
 And to their native lands expel their foes.

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Ver. 164. *One call'd of Marca*—] Joan queen of Naples took for her husband James count of Marca, who descended from the kings of France, on condition that he should be contented with the title of prince of Taranto, duke of Calabria, and vicar of the kingdom; and that the administration of public affairs should remain with her. But he, attempting to seize the whole government, and calling himself king, she, with the assistance of Francis Sforza, deprived him of all. Ludovico, Rinieri, and John of Anjou, asserting their pretensions to the crown, were severally defeated by Alphonso and Ferrando: these the poet calls the Anjoinini. PORCACCII.

See

See Charles the eighth, who from the Alps descends,  
 While all the flower of France his march attends. 176  
 He passes Liri; not a sword he draws,  
 Or rests a spear, yet to his sovereign laws  
 The realm submissive yields, save where oppress'd  
 Beneath the rock Typhœus heaves his breast. 180  
 Here, not unquestiō'd, conquering Charles arrives, }  
 Against him Inico del Vasto strives, }  
 In whom the race of Avolo survives. }

The castle's lord directing thus the view  
 Of Bradamant to forms which Merlin drew, 185  
 And pointing Ischia to her sight he said:  
 Ere more from chief to chief your eyes are led,

---

Ver. 175. *See Charles the eighth*—] Charles VIII. king of France, assisted by Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, a mortal enemy to Alphonso of Arragon king of Naples, came with all the French nobility, and a vast army into Italy. Alphonso, giving way to the better fortune of Charles, left the kingdom to his son Ferrando, and retired with his treasures to Sicily. Ferrando, unable to make head against the Franks, was soon divested of all his fortresses and places except the isle of Ischia, gallantly defended by Inico del Vasto. At length all the princes of Italy alarmed at the rapid victories of Charles, entered into a league against him. The Neapolitans detesting the haughty government of the Franks, recalled Ferrando, who, assisted by the Venetians, recovered the kingdom.

PORCACCCHI.

Hear

Hear what to me reveal'd in times of old,  
 While yet a child my aged grandfire told,  
 Truths which to him his father oft made known, 190  
 Through fons succeeding fons deliver'd down  
 From Merlin's self, whose wondrous art display'd  
 Yon story'd deeds in various tints pourtray'd;  
 Who when he shew'd yon castle on the rock  
 To Pharamond, he thus the king bespoke. 195  
 "From him whose gallant arms yon height defend  
 A chief, his country's glory, shall descend:  
 Less graceful Nereus, less in battle nam'd  
 Achilles; less for art Ulysses fam'd:  
 Less swift was Ladas; less in council sage 200  
 Nestor who taught so long a wondering age.  
 Nor yet so merciful or liberal found  
 Was ancient Cæsar through the earth renown'd.  
 The gifts of these in nothing can compare  
 With him who draws in Ischia vital air: 205

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Ver. 197. *A chief, his country's glory,—*] Alphonso del Vasto, mentioned Book xv.

Ver. 198. — *Nereus,—*] A Grecian commander, celebrated for the beauty of his person by Homer.

Ver. 200. — *Ladas;—*] The name of a messenger of Alexander the Great, remarkable for his swiftness, mentioned by Catullus, Martial, and Solinus.

If



If Crete can vaunt (all other isles above)  
Her soil the birth-place of supernal Jove,  
If Thebes may Hercules and Bacchus boast,  
And the twin-offspring glad the Delian coast,  
Lo! to this isle yon marquis' birth is given, 210  
With every grace endow'd from favouring Heaven:  
This hero will be known (thus Merlin said,  
His words repeating oft) when most his aid  
The Roman empire shall, oppress'd, demand,  
And challenge freedom from his saving hand." 215  
But wherefore should I now the deeds foretel  
On which far better here your sight may dwell?

Thus speaks the host, and each attention calls  
Where Charles' high actions grace the story'd walls.  
See Lewis now (he cries) whose calmer thought 220  
Repents that Charles he to Italia brought;  
He brought him there to gall a rival foe,  
But not to work his total overthrow.  
Behold him now a league with Venice make  
Against the king, and now prepare to take 225  
The monarch captive, who with dauntless mind  
Impels his spear, and 'scapes the fate design'd.  
Far other chance his hapless powers sustain,  
That to defend the conquer'd realm remain.

Ferrantes now returns with mighty aids                    230  
 From Mantua's lord, and there the foe invades;  
 But, lo! by fraud one hapless leader lost,  
 With deep regret the victor's joy has crost.

So spoke the host; and speaking thus, where stood  
 Alphonso, marquis of Pescara, show'd:                    235  
 This chief, whose acts in many a dreadful fight,  
 Shall shine resplendent as Pyropus' light,  
 Behold o'ertaken in the double snares  
 The treacherous Ethiopian's guile prepares:  
 Behold where sudden slain on earth he lies,                    240  
 In whom the age's greatest champion dies.  
 See! the twelfth Lewis from the hills descend,  
 And with Italian scouts his army bend

T' uproot

Ver. 235. *Alphonso, marquis of Pescara,—*] After the departure of Charles VIII. king Ferrando was received into Naples, and only one castle held out for the Franks, when a Moorish slave devised a scheme to introduce the Arragonefe into the church of St. Cruz. The treacherous Moor calling the marquis one night to a parley on the walls, shot him with an arrow in the throat. FORCACCHI.

Ver. 242. *See! the twelfth Lewis—*] Lewis the XIIth king of France, successor to Charles VIII. and a constant enemy to Ludovico Sforza, had resolved to take from him the government, for which intent he made a league with pope Alexander VI. with the Venetians, and with Ferrando king of Spain. He drove Ludovico from

T' uproot the mulberry, and the lily place  
 In fruitful fields where rul'd Visconti's race. 245  
 Thence o'er Garagliano's stream intent  
 To frame a passage, he his people sent,  
 (As Charles had done)---them soon the foe annoys,  
 The flood o'erwhelms them, and the sword destroys:  
 Not less of slaughter Puglia's battle stains, 250  
 When Gallia's troops forsake the dreadful plains.  
 Ferrantes there, the chief of Spanish blood  
 (Consalvo nam'd) has twice their force subdu'd:  
 While Fortune Lewis here with frowns pursues,  
 In that rich country him with smiles she views, 255  
 Where fair between the Alps and Apennines  
 To Adriatic seas the Po declines.

Thus he ; then points the traitor forth, who sold  
 The castle given him by his lord to hold :  
 The fraudulent Swiss he shows who prisoner makes  
 The man that him for his defender takes. 261

These

---

from his government who fled to the emperor in Germany, having left the defence of his castle of Milan to Bernardin di Cotte, who betrayed it into the hands of the Turks. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 244. *T' uproot the mulberry,—*] Under the symbol of a mulberry-tree, the poet figures Ludovico Sforza, who was called il Moro (a mulberry-tree) from the darkness of his complexion. ZATTA.

Ver. 260. *The fraudulent Swiss—*] The Switzers, being corrupted  
 VOL. IV. L



These deeds, without a single sword or lance,  
 Have giv'n the conquest to the powers of France.  
 In Italy he Cæsar Borgia shows  
 Who greater, by his monarch's favour, grows; 265  
 Each lord of Rome, each baron of renown,  
 Rais'd by his smile, or exil'd by his frown.  
 He tells the king, who from Bologna fair  
 Removes the saw and plants the acorns there;  
 Who next the rebel Genoese pursues 270  
 And their strong city to his rule subdues.

Behold

---

rupted by the bribes of the Franks, betrayed him to them: Ludovico was carried into France, where he remained five years in prison, and then died.

PORCACCIO.

Ver. 264. *In Italy he Cæsar Borgia shows*] Cæsar Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI. by the favour of Lewis XII. king of France, took to wife Charlotte d'Alabrette of the blood royal, he having renounced the cardinal's hat.

PORCACCIO.

Ver. 269. *Removes the saw and plants the acorns there;*] By the saw, he means the Bentivogli, their arms being a saw; and by the acorns, Pope Julius II; for the pope, by the aid of the Franks, drove the Bentivogli from Bologna.

PORCACCIO.

Ver. 270. —*the rebel Genoese*—] The Genoese having, in opposition to the nobles, created Paulo de Nove Doge, a man taken from the dregs of the people, and asserted at the same time that Genoa

Behold (he cries) what ghastly piles of slain  
 Are stretch'd on Ghiradada's fatal plain !  
 Each city to the king her gate unfolds,  
 And Venice scarce against his prowess holds. 275  
 Ill brooks the pontiff his increasing power:  
 For passing now Romania's confines o'er,  
 Modena from Ferrara's duke he takes,  
 And every old possession doubtful makes.  
 Behold the army of the Franks have won 280  
 And given to sack and pillage Brescia's town:  
 Lo! where their aid they to Felfina yield,  
 And rout the Church's forces in the field.  
 Here France and Spain oppos'd, at once unite  
 Their closing ranks and dreadful glows the fight; 285

was not subject to any prince, thereby openly declaring themselves rebels to the king of France, Lewis marched against them with a powerful army, and the city surrendered to him at discretion.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 273. — *Ghiradada's fatal plain !*] The Venetians sent a numerous army, under the Count di Pigliano and Bartolomeo Alviano; they engaged the army of the French at Ghiradada, though contrary to the opinion of Pigliano, the Venetian general. After an obstinate battle the Venetians were defeated with great loss; the gates of Bergamo, Brescia, and Cremona, were thrown open to Lewis; many other places surrendered to him, and he prepared to attack Venice itself, PORCACCHI.





Behold your army (lately doom'd to feel  
 The sad reverse of fickle Fortune's wheel)  
 Another king succeeding, bend their care  
 T' avenge the shame inflicted by Navarre : 305  
 With better omens to the fight they turn :  
 King Francis see with generous ardor burn ;  
 He breaks the Switzer's pride, whose barbarous host  
 Had swell'd their titles with presuming boast ;  
 And stil'd themselves by Heaven's high will pre-  
 par'd 310

The scourge of princes and the church's guard.  
 Spite of the league, he makes proud Milan bend,  
 And there in young Sforzesco finds a friend.  
 See! Bourbon, when the Belgian troops advance,  
 Defends the city for the king of France. 315  
 Behold where now on other thoughts intent,  
 King Francis ponders many a great event,  
 His people's cruelty and pride unknown,  
 That lost him soon fair Milan's conquer'd town.

---

feated the French army ; for which victory the pope bestowed on the  
 Switzers the title of Defenders of the Holy Church.

Ver. 314. *See! Bourbon,—*] Ferrando, king of Spain, being  
 dead, the emperor Maximilian invaded Lombardy with fourteen  
 thousand Switzers and seven thousand Belgians, with an intention  
 of laying siege to Milan defended by Trivulzio and Charles of  
 Bourbon. EUGENICO.

PORCACCII.

Another Francis see, alike in name 320  
 And virtue to his great forefather's fame.  
 The Franks expell'd, he wins his native foil,  
 And holy church rewards his pious toil.  
 France turns again, but on Ticino's shores  
 Brave Mantua's duke repels th' advancing powers:  
 And Frederic, ere his cheek unfledg'd displays 326  
 The bloom of manhood, merits lasting praise:  
 He with his sword and lance, with every art  
 Of war, that makes the soldier's noblest part,  
 Can Pavia's walls defend from Gallic rage, 330  
 And Leo's fury on the seas engage.  
 Then two, that bear the rank of marquis, stand,  
 Our dread, and glory of th' Italian land.  
 Both from one blood, both own one natal earth:  
 The first from that Alphonso drew his birth; 335  
 The marquis taken in the negro's toil  
 Whose blood thou see'st distain the mourning foil.

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Ver. 320. *Another Francis see,—*] The emperor Charles V. made a league with pope Leo, in order to drive the French out of Milan and restore Francisco Sforza, nephew of the first Francis, and son of Ludovico il Moro. The French were become odious to the Milanese from the pride of Lautrèc and his brother. Sforza at length engaging Lautrèc put him to flight, and entering the city by night was made duke. EUGENICO.

Behold

Behold how by his prudent counfels given,  
From Italy th' invading Franks are driven.  
The fecond chief, whose noble mien declares 340  
His noble foul, the rule o'er Vasto bears,  
Alphonfo nam'd—lo ! this the gallant knight  
Whose form fo late I pointed to your fight  
In Ifchia's ifle, of whom the fage of old  
To royal Pharamond fo much foretold ; 345  
Whose birth high Heaven to diftant time delay'd  
When harrafs'd Italy requires his aid ;  
What time the holy church and empire moft  
Such valour claim againft a barbarous hoft ;  
He with his kinfman of Pescara ftands ; 350  
And Proſpera Colonna near commands.  
Through him th' Helvetian makes his fwift return,  
Through him the Franks their former triumphs  
mourn.

Behold again her armies France addrefs  
With better hope to heal her ill fuccefs. 355

---

Ver. 354. *Behold again her armies—*] King Francis refolving to recover the Duchy of Milan paſſed into Lombardy with a great army, when all ſubmitted to him except Padua ; but being attacked in the night by the Marquiſſes of Pescara and Vaſto, he was vanquiſhed and made priſoner, though afterwards ſet at liberty upon giving up his ſons for hoſtages. EUGENICO,



One camp the king in Lombardy extends ;  
And one, prepar'd for Naple's siege, he sends :  
But she \* (by whom the hopes of human kind  
Are tost like chaff, that flits before the wind ;  
Like grains of sand, that whirling round and round,  
The tempest lifts, or scatters o'er the ground) 361  
His every purpose foils—while at his call  
He deems that thousands wait near Pavia's wall,  
The monarch little heeds the war's array,  
Nor marks how ranks increase, or ranks decay, 365  
By selfish counsellors himself deceiv'd  
The simple dictates of his heart believ'd ;  
Hence, when at night the camp was rouz'd to arms,  
The bands but thinly answer'd to th' alarms ;  
The wary Spaniards in their works they view, 370  
In dread assault, who bring the generous two  
Of Avolo's high blood, with them to dare  
The fiercest terrors of invasive war.  
Behold the noblest of the race of France  
Stretch'd on the plain—behold how many a lance,  
How many a sword the dauntless king defies : 376  
Behold beneath him slain his courser lies !  
On foot he combats, bath'd in hostile blood :  
But virtue, that superior force has stood,

---

\* FORTUNE.

At length to numbers yield—behold him made 380  
A prisoner now, and now to Spain convey'd.

Pescara thus the honours shall divide

With him that ever battles at his side:

With Vasto's lord such wreaths Pescara gains,

A host defeated and a king in chains. 385

One camp at Pavia broken; one whose course

Is bent for Pavia, dwindles in its force;

Cut from supplies, it halts in middle way,

Like dying flames when oil and wax decay.

Lo! where the king in Spanish prison leaves 390

His sons, while him once more his land receives;

And while in Italy the war he bears,

On his own realm another war prepares.

What devastation and what slaughter spread

On every side, have Rome's distraction bred! 395

All laws are trampled, human and divine,

Virgins are forc'd, and burnt the sacred shrine!

The camp beholds the league in ruin fall,

Each tumult hears, yet, deaf to honour's call,

Shrinks from the field, and leaves to hostile hands

Great Peter's successor in shameful bands. 401

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Ver. 394. *What devastation—*] In this passage the poet describes the miserable sack of Rome, and the taking of the chief pontiff Clement VII, by the Belgian foldiers under the command of Bourbon.

FORCACCHI.

The

The king has, by Lotrecco led, combin'd  
 His force, no more on Lombardy design'd:  
 But from profane and impious power to free  
 The head and members of the holy see. 403  
 He finds the pontiff freed, besieg'd the town  
 Where lies the Syren, and the realm o'erthrown.  
 Behold th' imperial ships the harbour leave,  
 Their succour for the town besieg'd to give:  
 Behold where Dorea fails their force to meet, 410  
 Who sinks and burns and breaks their scatter'd fleet.  
 See Fortune shifts at length her changeful face,  
 Till now so friendly to the Gallic race;  
 For slain by fevers, not by sword or lance,  
 Of thousands scarce a man revisits France. 415

Such were the story'd deeds that brightly glow'd  
 In magic tints by Merlin's art bestow'd:  
 Here long to tell—each guest with new delight  
 Return'd to gaze, unfated with the fight,

Ver. 407. *Where lies the Syren—*] By this city he means Naples, anciently called Parthenope, from a name of one of the Syrens, said to have been buried there. PORCACCII.

Ver. 410. *Behold where Dorea—*] He alludes here to the great naval engagement at Cape d' Orfo between the Imperialists and the French while Naples was besieged, when the French fleet was commanded by Count Philip Dorea, who held the place of Andrew Dorea, of whom so much is said in the xvth Book. PORCACCII.

And



And oft beneath they read each subject told 420  
In characters of fair-recording gold.

The beauteous dames and all the social crew  
Beguil'd with talk the hours that swifter flew:  
At length the castle's lord to welcome rest,  
With honour due, conducted every guest, 425

Now all the house to balmy sleep resign'd,  
On her soft couch the martial fair reclin'd,  
Oft chang'd from right to left her weary side,  
But still in vain to soothe her cares she try'd:  
Till near the dawn she clos'd awhile her eyes, 430  
When to her sight Rogero seem'd to rise,  
And thus to speak—Ah! wherefore now complain  
Of lying tales and waste thy youth in vain?  
First shalt thou see the rivers backward flow,  
Ere for another I thy love forego. 435

When thee I scorn—no longer I delight  
In vital air, or cheering rays of light!  
Then thus he seem'd to say—Behold me here  
T' embrace that faith which Christian knights revere,  
My promise keep---chide not my long delay, 440  
Far other wounds than love have caus'd my stay.

At this her slumber fled, and with it flew  
Her dear Rogero from her longing view:

The damfel then her heavy grief renew'd,  
And thus in secret her complaint pursu'd. 445

What gives me joy, to lying dreams I owe,  
What gives me pain, from waking truths I know.  
As shadows vain my fleeting blifs removes ;  
But, ah ! my constant woe no shadow proves.  
Why, flies, alas ! from waking eye or ear, 450  
What late I seem'd to see, what late to hear ?  
What are ye, wretched eyes ! that clos'd can show  
Each wish'd-for joy, and open but to woe ?  
Sleep sooths with hope of peace my future life,  
But when I wake, I wake to pain and strife. 455  
Sweet sleep, alas ! such fancy'd peace can make,  
But soon to truth and wretchedness I wake.  
If sorrow springs from truth, from falseh joy,  
O ne'er may truth these eyes, these ears employ !  
To pleasure since I sleep, and wake to pain, 460  
O ! let me sleep, and never wake again.  
Thrice happy you, among the bestal kind,  
For six long months to quiet rest consign'd :

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Ver. 452. *What are ye, wretched eyes !—*] This speech of Bradamant abounds with those puerile conceits in which the writers of that age, and particularly the Italians, so much delighted. In this respect even Tasso, in other parts so truly classical, is equally faulty with Ariosto : we see nothing of this kind in Homer or Virgil.

Does

Does such a state as mine death's image give?

I wake, alas! to die, but sleep to live. 465

If death indeed resembles such repose,

Come, welcome Death, these eyes for ever close!

Now in the east the sun his beams had shed,  
And ting'd the vapoury clouds with blushing red,  
Bright and more bright effus'd the golden ray, 470  
And gave the promise of a fairer day;

When, starting from her short and troubled rest,

Soon Bradamant her limbs in armour drefs'd;

And grateful thanks return'd the courteous lord

For every honour at his bed and board. 475

Already now th' ambassadrefs she found

Who with her squires and dames attending round,

Had left the lodge, and issu'd at the gate,

Where stood the three her coming thence to wait,

Where till the morn their irksome hours they pass'd,

Their loose teeth chattering to the chilly blast; 481

Drench'd in the rain, and every need deny'd,

No food to knight, nor food to steed supply'd,

Battering the slimy foil—but o'er the rest

This dire reflection pain'd each wretched breast, 485

That she the witness of their luckless chance

Would bear the fatal tidings back from France;

And



And to their queen ador'd the story tell,  
How, the first spear they met at tilt, they fell.  
They now resolv'd to die or heal their shame, 490  
That so Ulania (such the virgin's name  
Till now untold) might banish from her thought  
What ill effect their late defeat had wrought.

When issuing from the castle they descry'd  
Brave Amon's daughter, each again defy'd 495  
The generous dame, nor deem'd a maid to find  
Where every act proclaim'd a manly kind.  
Of stay impatient, Bradamant refus'd  
T' accept their joust, but every art they us'd  
To fire her ardor, till the martial fair 500  
No longer could unblam'd the course forbear.  
Her spear she levels, with three strokes she sends  
The three to earth; and thus the contest ends.  
No more she turn'd, but eager to pursue  
Her purpos'd journey, vanish'd from their view. 505

The hapless three who came so far to gain  
The golden shield, rose slowly from the plain,  
While lost in shame, and speechless with surprise,  
Each from Ulania turn'd his downcast eyes.  
How oft with her, as from Ilanda's coast 510  
They voyag'd, each had made his haughty boast,

That

That not a knight or Paladin should stand  
The least of these in battle hand to hand.  
And now the virgin further to depress  
Their courage, baffled by their ill success, 515  
And quench their pride, declar'd that not the force  
Of knight or Paladin had won the course ;  
But that a female arm (in fight renown'd)  
Had hurl'd each mighty champion to the ground.  
What think ye, since a virgin could suffice 520  
T' unhorse three knights like you (Urania cries)  
Must great Orlando or Rinaldo prove  
So justly held all martial names above ?  
Did one of these possess the golden shield,  
Say, would ye better then maintain the field, 525  
Than with a woman here—but well I guess  
That each will now th' ungrateful truth confess.  
Then cease—nor further seek t' essay your might,  
For he, who rashly dares through France invite  
A second proof, may rush on greater harms 530  
To blot with new disgrace his boasted arms :  
Unless perchance he blest that fate may call,  
Which gives him by such valorous hands to fall.  
When thus Urania show'd a woman's power  
Had stain'd their glory, never stain'd before, 535  
When

When many a squire, and many a damsel near,  
 Confirm'd a truth each warrior blush'd to hear;  
 Such shame, such anguish, every knight impress'd,  
 As urg'd at first against its master's breast  
 To turn the steel—and now with frantic haste 540  
 Each from his limbs the plate and mail unbrac'd;  
 Each from his side ungirt the falchion drew,  
 And in the castle's moat the weapon threw,  
 And vow'd one year despoil'd of arms, to lead  
 A life of penance for the shameful deed; 545  
 From place to place forlorn on foot to stray  
 Through rocky paths, rough hills, or thorny way;  
 Nor when the year should run its circling race,  
 To mount the courser or the cuirass lace,  
 Unless his valour first should win by force 550  
 The shining armour and the warrior horse.  
 And hence on foot, at fair Ulania's side  
 They wait to punish their o'erweening pride: }  
 Therest in meet array and glittering splendor ride. }  
 Now Bradamant to Paris urg'd her way, 555  
 And reach'd a castle at declining day,

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Ver. 554. — *and glittering splendor ride.*] Ulania appears again, Book xxxvii, ver. 185, and these three kings are mentioned in the same book.

Where



Where first the news she heard that Afric's bands  
Were quell'd by Charles and her brave brother's  
hands.

Here treatment fair she met at bed and board,  
But this to her can little ease afford; 560  
Lost is her appetite for food and rest,  
And gentle peace is banish'd from her breast.

Yet let me not so far her tale pursue  
As not again those noble knights to view,  
Who each, by compact meeting, fast beside 565  
A lonely fount his beast securely ty'd.  
Their battle, which the muse prepares to tell,  
Was not in wealth or empire to excel,  
But to decide who victor from the plain  
Should Durindana and Bayardo gain. 570

Without a trumpet's breath to give the sign,  
Or herald's voice to bid the champion's join;  
Without a master to direct, or raise  
In either's breast the thirst of noble praise;  
At once, as by accord, their swords they drew, 575  
And each on each with generous ardor flew.

Ver. 563. *Let me not so far—*] He returns to Bradamant;  
Book xxxv. ver. 231.

Ver. 564. — *those noble knights—*] The last we heard of  
these two knights was in Book xxxi. the end.

Now swift, now heavy fell the founding blows,  
Deep and more deep the kindling combat glows.  
No swords like these could through the world be  
found,

So fram'd at all essays with temper found, 580

But meeting thus, had shiver'd as they clos'd:

While these, so temper'd, edge to edge oppos'd,

A thousand times in horrid crash could meet,

And still with blade unhurt each stroke repeat.

Now here, now there his steps Rinaldo ply'd 585

And every art of long experience try'd

To shun the blows, as Durindana fell,

Whose all-destroying edge he knew so well:

Or where they reach'd, they reach'd with empty  
found,

Where fierce the stroke, but feeble was the wound.

With greater skill the gallant Christian foe 591

Has stunn'd the Pagan's arm with many a blow;

Now at his flank, now where the cuirass ends

And helmet joins, the whirling sword he sends;

But finds the plates and rattling mail unbroke, 595

With adamantine proof resist each stroke

His weapon aim'd; for more than mortal charms

Secur'd the Pagan knight's impassive arms.

Thus

Thus long, with like success, on either side  
These eager knights the doubtful combat ply'd; 600  
Nor swerv'd a single look, while each intent,  
His eye upon his rival's features bent:  
When, lo! a different conflict chanc'd, that turn'd  
The rage of strife which either bosom burn'd:  
Rouz'd at a dreadful noise, each turns his eyes, 605  
And fore beset the steed Bayardo 'spies.  
They see Bayardo with a monster join'd  
In dangerous fight; he seem'd of feather'd kind,  
A bird of wondrous size and dreadful strength,  
And full three yards his bill's enormous length: 610  
His other parts the form obscene display'd  
Of lonely bats that haunt the gloomy shade.  
His plumes were inky black, of vast extent;  
His hooky claws on spoil and ravine bent.  
His eyes were fire, and cruel was his look, 615  
And like two sails his ample wings he shook.  
Ne'er have I seen, nor heard in times of old  
Of such a bird, save this by Turpin told;

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Ver. 616. — *like two sails*—] Thus Spenser, speaking of a dragon's wings, says:

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,  
Were like two sails, —

FAIRY QUEEN, Book i. c. xii. st. 10.



And hence I deem some fiend might cheat the  
fight,

Somelying Demon drawn from deepest night 620  
By Malagigi's art, to stay the fight.

So deem'd Rinaldo, and with anger mov'd,  
When next they met his kinsman he reprov'd;  
But Malagigi, who the charge deny'd,

The deed, imputed to himself, to hide, 625  
Swore by that light from which the morning drew  
Her beams, that hence nor blame nor guilt he knew.  
Yet whether bird or demon—from the skies

The monster falls, and on Bayardo flies  
With sharpen'd claws, but soon with fierce disdain  
The fiery courser snaps the brittle rein: 631

He snorts, he foams, he plies his spurning heels;  
Again in air the feather'd monster wheels  
Retiring swift; again th' assault renews

With pungent nails, and circling round pursues 635  
The generous steed, who worsted in the fight,

Forfakes th' unequal fray and speeds his flight:

Swift to the neighbouring wood Bayardo flew,

Where thickest trees with tangling branches grew,

While with quick flight impelling from above, 640

The winged monster good Bayardo drove

From

From shade to shade, till now a gloomy cave  
 To the tir'd steed a welcome shelter gave.  
 The track here lost, and baffled of his aim,  
 The pest ascends to seek a different game. 645

When king Gradasso and Rinaldo view'd  
 Bayardo's loss, no more their hands pursu'd  
 A fruitless strife; but either knight agreed  
 With separate course to seek th' affrighted steed;  
 When he, whom Fortune favour'd first, should bring  
 The beast recover'd to the crystal spring; 651  
 And there, in single trial, man to man,  
 Conclude the combat they so late began.

The fountain left, the knight's prepar'd to trace	}
Bayardo's flight, but soon his rapid pace	
Had left each knight behind in hopeless chace.	

As near Gradasso's side Alfana stood,  
 Her seat he gain'd, and spurring through the wood  
 Soon left the Paladin with doubt oppress'd  
 The chance revolving in his careful breast. 660  
 Bayardo's track full soon Rinaldo lost,  
 Bayardo, that in devious windings crost  
 The thorny maze, and sought the thickest shade,  
 And hollow rocks, and through deep torrents made  
 His furious way, from that dire fiend to fly, 665  
 Whose griping talons urg'd him from the sky.

Now here, now there, Rinaldo rov'd in vain,  
Till to the fountain's side he turn'd again;  
There paus'd awhile in hope (as each agreed)  
To see Gradasso thither bring the steed: 670  
But when all hope was vanish'd from his thought,  
Alone, on foot, the Christian camp he fought  
Pensive and sad—But turn we now to tell  
What better chance the rival knight beset;  
Whom fortune led with favour'd course so near, 675  
Bayardo's neighing reach'd his joyful ear,  
Till in a cavern deep immers'd from sight,  
He found him trembling, fearful of the light:  
He durst not issue forth, but there remain'd  
Till him the Pagan's eager hand detain'd; 680  
Who while he knew his promise given, to lead  
The courser back, yet little seems to heed  
His plighted faith, but to himself he cries:  
Who covets strife, with strife may win the prize:  
Why should I risk the chance of arms to gain 685  
What fortune bids me now in peace retain?  
From furthest east I came with great design  
To make this generous steed Bayardo mine;  
And much he errs who thinks I shall forego  
What chance vouchsafes so aptly to bestow; 690

If



If e'er Rinaldo would his steed regain,  
 As I to France, let him with equal pain  
 To India bend his course, the toil no more,  
 For him to traverse Sericana o'er,  
 Than twice for me to tread on Gallia's shore. 695

He said; and speaking, by the readiest way  
 To Arli hasten'd, where his vessels lay,  
 There swift embark'd and with him thence convey'd  
 The far-fam'd steed and death-bestowing blade \*.  
 But cease we here—some other time shall tell 700  
 What fortune to the Pagan price befel;  
 We bid Rinaldo now and France farewell.

Astolpho's voyage let us next pursue,  
 Whose steed with rapid eagle-pinions flew.  
 When now the knight had Galia's land survey'd 705  
 'Twixt sea and sea, from where far winding stray'd  
 The silver Rhine, to where the subject plain  
 Joins high Pyrene's foot, he turns his rein  
 To where the western mountains sever France  
 from Spain.

## \* DURINDANA.

Ver. 700. —*some other time shall tell*] He returns to Gradasso, Book xl. ver. 360.

Ver. 702. *We bid Rinaldo—*] He returns to Rinaldo, Book xxxviii. ver. 55. ver. 505.

Ver. 703. *Astolpho's voyage—*] The last we heard of Astolpho was Book xxiii. ver. 116. where he left his horse and arms with Bradamant.

Thence proud Navarre, and Aragon he views, 710  
 While every eye amaz'd his flight pursues,  
 Far Teracona to the left remains,  
 Biscaglia to the right; and now he gains  
 Castilia's realm, then Lisbon's towers descries,  
 And next o'er Seville and Cordova flies; 715  
 Nor leaves a Spanish city to explore  
 That stood remote from sea, or grac'd the shore.  
 Gades he saw, and now the bounds he trac'd,  
 Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd.  
 Now from th' Atlantic wave his course he bore 720  
 By Afric's coast to reach th' Egyptian shore.  
 The Baleares far beneath him lay;  
 Evisa rose conspicuous in his way;  
 Then tow'rd's Arzilla, o'er the sea he rides,  
 The sea that form Arzilla Spain divides. 725  
 Morocco, Fez, Ippona, cities nam'd  
 Among the First; Algiers and Bugia fam'd  
 For wealth and honours, next his eyes behold,  
 Not crown'd with empty wreaths, but crown'd with  
 gold.

Next Tunis and Biserta's sun-burnt soil 730  
 He sees, and Capys, and Alzerbe's isle;  
 To Tripoly and Tolomita speeds,  
 Bernisca views, and where old Nilus leads  
 His fattening streams to water distant meads.

Each

Each land he marks from Afric's billowy shore 735  
 The rugged Atlas crown'd with forests hoar.  
 Then turning from Carena's ridge of hills,  
 Above the Cyrenean spires he wheels;  
 And near the confines of her burning sands  
 He Abbajada sees in Nubian lands : 740  
 He leaves the tomb of Battus far behind,  
 And Amon's fane, which we no more can find.  
 Another Tremizen he views, whose race  
 Th' unhallow'd faith of Mahomet embrace :  
 Then tow'rd's a second Ethiopia turns, 745  
 Beyond where Nilus pours his fruitful urns :  
 His wings he then to Nubia's city plies,  
 That twixt Dabada and Coalles lies :  
 Here Saracens, and Christians there prepar'd,  
 With ready arms their country's frontier guard. 750  
 In Ethiopia king Senapus reigns,  
 Who, for a sceptre, in his hand sustains

The

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Ver. 738.—*Cyrenean spires*—] He means the cities of the Mediterranean in the province of Cyrene.

Ver. 741.—*the tomb of Battus*] The city of Cyrene in Asia was built by Battus : Catullus says,

Et Batti veteris sacum sepulchrum.

Ver. 751.—*king Senapus reigns*,] The relation which the poet makes of the wealth and power of this prince, called by us (as he afterwards



The holy cross ; who boasts of wealth and power,  
 Of towns and subjects to the red-sea shore.  
 Our faith he keeps, that faith whose heavenly light  
 Can lead him from the realms of death and night :  
 Here, as the tenets of their law require, 757  
 (If fame deceive not) they baptize with fire :  
 Astolpho now to Nubia's palace flew,  
 And there alighting near Senapus drew. 760  
 The seat where Ethiopia's soveraign dwell'd,  
 In wealth and beauty more than strength excell'd ;

afterwards says) Prester John, though blended with fable, is partly historical. Under the name of Abyssinia, or the kingdom of Prester John, were formerly comprehended all the countries between the lake Niger and the straits of Babel-mandel on one side, and all between the mountains of the moon and the cataracts of the Nile: the last was the length from north to south, and the other from east to west: Abyssinia had to the south Monomotapa; to the east Zanguebar and the Red Sea: to the south Egypt and Nubia, and to the west the country of Negroes called Congo. Ariosto calls the country of Senapus all Nubia; but it has been before shewn that our author is by no means correct in his geography.

Ver. 758.—*baptize with fire:*] The Nubians relate that their ancestors received the faith from St. Matthew, and that they were baptized with fire, being marked with a burning iron in the face or some part of the body, with the sign of the cross, in allusion to that text of Scripture: "I baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The bars and bolts that every gate defend,  
The massy chains that from the bridge depend,  
Whate'er in other cities we behold 765  
Of iron wrought here flam'd of beaten gold;  
Though mines they boasted fruitful to produce  
Strong metals to apply for every use.

On columns huge, of shining crystal rais'd,  
With matchless pomp the regal palace blaz'd: 770  
Each spacious room thick set with precious stone,  
With red and purple, gold and azure shone:  
Gems of all hues! where in fair order beam'd  
The fiery ruby, where the emerald gleam'd  
With softer light, and where the saphire show'd 775  
Its azure tint, or yellow topaz glow'd.

The walls, the roofs, the pavement struck the  
light,

Thick sown with pearls, with dazzling jewels bright.  
This climate balsam breeds and midst her store  
Jerusalem's rich land can boast no more. 780

Hence musk is brought, hence every rich perfume,  
Hence amber, hence all Ocean's treasures come.

Whate'er through earth of costly name we prize,  
This happy region for mankind supplies.

The Soldan who th' Egyptian sceptre sways, 785  
As fame declares, his vassal tribute pays

To this great king whose hand can turn aside,  
And bid the Nile in other channels glide;  
Whence Famine must her scourge on Cairo spread,  
And desolation round the country shed: 790  
His name Senapus, by his subjects known,  
By us, 'tis Prester call'd, or Prester-John.  
Of all that Ethiopia's kingdom held,  
This king in honours, wealth, and might excell'd:  
But what avail'd his honours, wealth, or might, 795  
When wretched blindness veil'd his visual light?  
Yet this his least of ills---a deeper woe  
This hapless prince was doom'd to undergo,  
Who, while his wealth all other wealth outshin'd,  
In plenty's lap with endless famine pin'd. 800  
When hunger urg'd him to the genial board,  
With nectar'd draughts and various viands stor'd,  
Scarce was he seated, when th' avenging crew  
Of hell-bred harpies, horrible to view,  
With ravenous talons seiz'd the savoury treat, 805  
O'erturn'd the vases and devour'd the meat:  
Their glutton maws surcharg'd, the birds unclean  
Defil'd the remnant cates with filth obscene.

The cause was this---In early life so rais'd  
Above the world, o'er every monarch prais'd, 810

Like



Like Lucifer with pride his bosom burn'd,  
Against his Maker impious arms he turn'd,  
And to the mountain led his numerous force,  
Whence Egypt's mighty stream derives its source.  
'Twas fam'd, that where the hoary mountain rear'd  
Its head to Heaven, and o'er the clouds appear'd, 816  
Was Paradise of old, those happy bowers  
Where Adam pass'd with Eve the blissful hours.  
With elephants and camels, with a train  
Of countless foot that 'cumber'd all the plain, 820  
He march'd, resolv'd whatever race unknown  
Might there reside, to bend them to his throne.  
But Heaven's high will oppos'd his rash intent,  
And midst his host a vengeful angel sent,  
Whose dreadful power a hundred thousand slew, 825  
And o'er his eyes eternal darkness drew;  
Then to his festive board dispatch'd the band  
Of horrid monsters from th' infernal strand.  
The wretched king of all relief despair'd,  
From what a fear, of foresight deep, declar'd, 830  
That rapine should no more his table waste,  
Nor ordure mingle with each day's repast,  
When on a winged steed a stranger-knight  
Was seen through air to guide his rapid flight.

This

This, passing all belief, had long suppress'd 835  
 Each little hope that linger'd in his breast.

Soon as the crowds beheld, with wondering eye,  
 Above the walls, above the turrets high,  
 Th' approaching knight, one flew with eager zeal  
 To Nubia's king, these tidings to reveal: 840  
 The prophecy recalling to his mind,  
 For joy he leaves his faithful staff behind,  
 And with extended arms and guideless feet,  
 Impatient comes the flying guest to meet.

Astolpho, wheeling many a round in air, 845  
 At length alights within the castle square:  
 The fightless monarch, to his presence led,  
 With lifted hands before him kneel'd, and said.

Angel from God! thou new Messiah, hear  
 A wretch, alas! unworthy to prefer 850  
 His guilty suit--yet think 'tis man's to fall  
 In error still, but thine to pardon all!

Ver. 845. *Astolpho, wheeling many a round in air,]* See the whole passage—*Con spaziose rote.*—So in the ivth book—*larghe rote.*—

Milton adopts a similar expression in the flight of Satan, Book iii. ver. 741.

Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel—

My crime I know, nor dare I sinful pray  
To view, with sight restor'd, the beams of day: 854  
Though sure to thee such sovereign power is given,  
God's favour'd nunciate from the blest in Heaven!  
Suffice, I live in never-ending gloom:

But let not famine still my age consume:

Ah! stretch thy hand—thy saving help afford,

And chase the Harpies from my wretched board.

Then midst my palace walls I vow to raise 861

A marble temple sacred to thy praise,

On every part resplendent to behold

With dazzling gems, the roof and gates of gold!

Thy name shall to the fane a title give, 865

And there thy miracle in sculpture live.

So speaks the king, who rolls his sightless eyes,  
While oft to kiss the warrior's feet he tries.

Astolpho then—From God no angel I,

Nor new Messiah lighted from the sky; 870

But mortal man, like thee to error prone,

Unworthy of the grace that Heaven has shown:

Yet all I can—this arm its force shall prove,

By death or flight the monsters to remove:

If I succeed—to God thy thanks repay, 875

Who for thy succour hither wing'd my way.

For



For him alone be all thy vows fulfill'd,  
To him thy altars raise, thy temples build.

As thus they commun'd, with th' attendant state  
Of circling peers that reach'd the palace gate; 880  
The monarch bade his train the table spread;  
With wine and cates, and life-sustaining bread;  
He hop'd at length, long shrunk with pining fast,  
To satiate now with undisturb'd repast.

Within a sumptuous hall, beside him plac'd, 885  
Alone Astolpho with Senapus grac'd  
The regal feast; and now the feast appear'd  
When soon in air a dreadful noise was heard  
Of rushing wings; and, lo! the Harpy-crew  
Lur'd by the viands round the table flew. 890  
Sev'n in a band they came, of dreadful mien,  
With woman's face, with features pale and lean  
Through seeming fast; from every withering look  
Fear, worse than death, the boldest bosom shook:

---

Ver. 892. *With woman's face,—*] Imitated closely from Virgil.

Virginei volucrum vultus, foedissima ventris

Proluvies, unæque manus, et pallida semper

Ora fame ———

ÆNEID iii. ver. 218.

With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,

Foul paunches, and with ordures still unclean,

With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

DRYDEN, ver. 282.

Large

Large were their wings deform'd, their brutal paws,  
Of ravenous force, were arm'd with hooky claws: 896  
Vast was each fetid paunch, with many a fold  
Of serpent-tail behind in volumes roll'd.

They seize the meats, o'erturn the golden vase,  
And leave their loathsome ordure in the place, 900  
While their foul wombs a horrid stench exhale,  
That choaks the sense and loads the tainted gale.

Astolpho now his shining falchion bares,  
And swift t'assault the dreadful crew prepares;  
Now on his neck, or tail, his weapon tries; 905  
Now on the breast, or wing, his force applies;  
As from soft wool returns the bloodless sword;  
The fated plumes and skin no pass afford.  
Meanwhile of every dish and vase they make  
Their greedy havock, nor the hall forsake, 910  
Till each, with rapine has the viands shar'd  
Or filth polluted what their hunger spar'd.

Senapus in the duke his hope had plac'd  
To see the harpies from his table chac'd,  
And, now his hope deceiv'd, again he mourn'd, 915  
Again he sigh'd, again despair return'd.

At length, his magic horn recall'd to mind,  
From which such aid he oft was wont to find

At all assays, the duke resolv'd to prove  
 Its virtue now the monsters to remove: 920  
 But first he bade the king and nobles near  
 With ductile wax to bar the listening ear  
 From all access—else each, with fear aghast,  
 Would fly the palace at the dreadful blast.

He mounts the griffin-steed, one hand sustains 925  
 The polish'd horn, one holds the straiten'd reins;  
 He bids, by signs, the seneschal replace  
 The savoury viands, and the plenteous vase.  
 Then, in a new saloon, the train prepare  
 The festive table spread with costly fare, 930  
 When swift the harpies to their prey return,  
 As swift Astolpho to the rattling horn  
 His lips applies; when, with unguarded ear  
 The fiends receive the sound, and struck with fear  
 Each backward shrinks, and stretching to the wind  
 Her pinions, leaves the feast untouch'd behind. 936  
 To chase their flight, the champion spurs his steed,  
 That spreads his strong-plum'd wing with ready  
 speed.

He quits the hall, from court and city flies,  
 And soaring drives the monsters through the skies.  
 Astolpho swells each note with double force, 941  
 While tow'ards the burning zone with headlong  
 course



The harpies speed, till now the hill they gain,  
Whose towering head o'erlooks the subject plain,  
Whence, (fame relates) the Nile's first fountain  
glides,

And gladdens Egypt with its fattening tides. 946

Beneath the mountain, opening deep and wide,  
A cave descended in its rugged side,  
Through which ('twas said) a dreadful passage led  
To reach th' infernal mansions of the dead. 950

The band of spoilers hither flew to meet  
From every new research a safe retreat;  
And sinking pierc'd to black Cocytus' shore,  
Where that dread-dealing blast could sound no more.  
At this dire mouth that op'd the secret way 955  
To those who lost the cheering beams of day,  
The glorious duke his horn's deep clangor ceas'd,  
And clos'd the pinions of his winged beast.

But ere I further shall his steps pursue,  
To keep the custom of my tale in view, 960  
Since every leaf is fill'd, the book I close,  
And here concluding seek awhile repose.

END OF THE THIRTY-THIRD BOOK.

the time (and, all the while, the  
the morning, the day, the night, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the

And, as the morning came, the day, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the  
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## THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK

And, as the morning came, the day, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the  
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## ORLANDO TURNER.

And, as the morning came, the day, the  
the day, the night, the day, the night, the  
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THE  
THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.



## THE ARGUMENT.

ASTOLPHO pursues the harpies to the mouth of the infernal region, at the foot of a high mountain. He enters, and meets with the ghost of Lydia, daughter of the king of Lydia, who relates to him her story and the cause of her punishment. He hears the names of several condemned to suffer there for crimes committed on earth. Astolpho attempts to penetrate further into that place of torment, but is obliged to return. He then flies to the top of the mountain, where he finds the terrestrial Paradise. Description of the place. He is welcomed by Saint John the Evangelist, the prophets Enoch and Elias. Saint John instructs Astolpho concerning the manner of restoring Orlando to his senses. He conveys the knight, in a chariot, to the region of the moon; the many wonders Astolpho saw there, and among the rest Orlando's wit, which the Evangelist permits him to take with him. Saint John shows the knight the three fatal sisters spinning the thread of life.

THE  
THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

INSATIATE harpies! foul detested band!

The scourge of justice on a sinful land,  
The righteous punishment by Heaven assign'd  
For Italy, with tenfold error blind!

Where harmless infants, tender mothers die                   5  
With meager want; for while a vain supply  
Each day prepares, they see their destin'd food  
At once devour'd by this infernal brood.

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Ver. 1. *Insatiate harpies!*—] In general the Italian commentators make the harpies to signify Avarice. Others may imagine, and with some reason, that the poet rather means to satyryze the vice of gluttony, which perhaps might be prevalent in his age. Fonari says, of which opinion is likewise Sir John Harrington, that Ariosto meant by harpies, the soldiers of the enemy, whose avarice and rapacity had plundered Italy.

Ill chance betide who first unclos'd the cave,  
 (Which years had shut) and thus a passage gave 10  
 Whence gluttony and all uncleanness spread  
 O'er Italy their venom'd bane have shed.  
 Fair Virtue then was banish'd from mankind,  
 And peace and temp'rance from the world disjoin'd;  
 Whence pain, and poverty, and impious strife 15  
 Have vex'd, and long shall vex the sweets of life,  
 Till time shall come, when thus with 'wakening cries  
 Our country bids her sons from Lethe rise.

“ Is there not one that dares the worth unfold  
 “ Which Calais and Zetes show'd of old; 20  
 “ To many a house his saving hand afford,  
 “ And free from filth and spoil the genial board;  
 “ As those could help to aged Phineas bring,  
 “ And since Astolpho to the Nubian king?”

With dreadful sound the Paladin had chac'd 25  
 The brutal harpies through th' ærial waste;  
 Till at a mountain's foot his flight he stay'd,  
 Where in a gaping cavern's fearful shade

The

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Ver. 20. —*Calais and Zetes*—] Feigned by the poets to have been sons of the wind Boreas and Orithya, daughter of king Eri-  
 cheus; they were born with wings and drove the harpies from the  
 table



The monsters enter'd—Hence with wondering ears  
 Laments and groans the listening warrior hears, 30  
 That reach'd through winding vaults the upper air;  
 Sure sign of Hell and endless torments there.

Astolpho now resolves t' explore the way,  
 And visit beings lost to cheerful day,  
 To earth's deep centre undismay'd to go, 35  
 And search the secrets of the world below.  
 Why should I doubt to enter here (he cries)  
 When such defence my trusty horn supplies,  
 Whose sound can Pluto's self and Satan quell,  
 And from his post the three-mouth'd dog repel? 40

table of blind Phineas, king of Thrace, in the same manner as is here told of Astolpho. See OVID'S METAM.

Ver. 39. *Pluto, Satan, and Cerberus,*—] In like manner Tasso blends the Heathen fables with the Christian doctrines. See Jerusalem Delivered, Book iv. Spenser, in a description of Hell according to the Heathen mythology, after the mention of Tantalus, introduces the soul of Pilate washing his hands in the infernal river

He look'd a little further and espy'd  
 Another wretch, whose carcass deep was drent  
 Within the river——

The knight him calling, asked who he was,  
 Who lifting up his head him answer'd thus:  
 I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas! &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. II. C. 7. st. 61.

He

He said; and lighting from his seat with speed,  
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree his feather'd steed,  
Then grasp'd his horn, his every hope and aid,  
And fearless plung'd amid the murky shade.  
Ere far he reach'd, thick wreaths of noisome smoke 45  
And steams of sulphur on his senses broke:  
His sight and smell the stifling fumes confess'd,  
Yet onward still th' embolden'd hero press'd;  
But as he press'd, the darkness deeper spread,  
And grosser vapours noxious poison shed. 50  
When, lo! as if suspended from above,  
He sees an object, scarce distinguish'd, move,  
Move, as by winds some wretched corse is blown,  
Long time expos'd to rains and parching sun;  
So faint the straggling beams of wandering light 55  
In these dire realms of smoke and dreary night.  
In vain the duke explores with heedful care  
What mocks his eyes, and seems to flit in air:  
Then from the sheath his shining sword he drew,  
And thrice he struck, when soon the warrior knew  
The seeming image but an empty shade, 61  
That like a cloud deceiv'd his mortal blade.  
Then thus he heard a female voice complain:  
Ah! come not here to work me further pain!  
Suffice—this smoke torments my wretched ghost, 65  
This smoke that rises from the burning coast.

The duke, with terror seiz'd, his step repress'd,  
 And in these words the hapless shade address'd :  
 So may high Heaven these stifling fumes repel,  
 As thou shalt deign thy mournful state to tell ; 70  
 Thy tidings to our living world I bear,  
 If this can aught avail to soothe thy care.  
 The ghost reply'd—To visit but in name  
 The cheerful realms of light from which I came,  
 So grateful seems, that gladly I disclose, 75  
 For such reward, the story of my woes ;  
 Else should I now with lips unwilling tell  
 My name, and earthly state from which I fell.

Once was I Lydia call'd, of royal strain,  
 (Whose fire o'er Lydia held his wide domain) 80  
 By God's eternal judgment here expos'd  
 To endless pains, with poisonous smoke enclos'd ;  
 Who, while alive, such scorn and hatred show'd  
 To one, whose heart with love's affection glow'd.  
 Unnumber'd others fill this dreary gloom, 85  
 Whom to like penance like offences doom.  
 Here cruel Anaxarete in woe,  
 Encompass'd round with denser fumes below

Is

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Ver. 87. — *Anaxarete* —] Anaxarete was a beautiful damsel  
 of Cyprus, beloved by Iphis, a native of the same place, who, in  
 desperation at not being able to move her to return his passion, was  
 determined



Is deeper plac'd ; on earth her body turns  
 To harden'd stone, while here her spirit mourns ; 90  
 Unfeeling maid ! who view'd in shameful death  
 Her pendant lover yield his wretched breath.  
 Daphne is here, who now regrets the pace  
 That held Apollo once so long in chace.  
 'Twere hard to tell th' unbodied female train 95  
 That here for black ingratitude remain ;  
 Or speak the crimes of every dame or maid,  
 Where countless numbers fill the mournful shade ;  
 But harder still each man ingrate to name,  
 Whose deeds on earth here equal vengeance claim,  
 Where each in death severer judgment mourns, 101  
 The vapour smokes him, and the furnace burns.  
 Since dames are form'd more easy to believe,  
 Man merits heavier pains who shall deceive  
 Their weaker sex—this Jason has confess'd, 105  
 This Theseus finds, and he \*, the wandering guest, >  
 Whose arms the Latian's ancient realm oppress'd.]

\* ÆNEAS.

determined never to depart from her threshold : Venus, exasperated at the cruelty of Anaxarete, changed her into stone. See OVID METAM.

Ver. 93. *Daphne is here,*] Nothing can be wilder than this idea of Ariosto, who in a region of future punishment upon a Christian system, places Daphne for running away from Apollo.

This

This well he knows, who could for Tamar's love  
His brother Absalom to hatred move.

Here shades on shades lament their former lives, 110  
Their husbands some, and some betray'd their wives,  
Now of myself above the rest I tell,

And show the crime that doom'd me here to dwell.

Great was my beauty when this deathless mind  
Was cloath'd in flesh, and though of womankind 115  
None match'd my form, I know not which was  
most,

My person's charms, or pride those charms to boast.  
A knight there was in Thrace, whose noble name  
For martial prowess stood the first in fame,

Ver. 106. — *he, the wandering guest,*] I know not what the defenders of Æneas will say to Ariosto, for placing their hero in such company; but, upon the whole, I believe the ladies will not think themselves the less obliged to him. Surely, let every one frankly confess his feelings on the impartial perusal of the Æneid, and he will not declare his heart strongly affected in favour of a character, which it is supposed was meant by Virgil for a model of perfection. Who does not revolt at the great incident of the ivth book, and at the other incidents in the latter part of the poem, where a foreign prince comes to separate two lovers, apparently plighted to each other, and for whom I will venture to affirm, that every reader of sensibility feels an interest? May it not, with the utmost deference to great authority, be observed, that this conduct seems wonderful in a writer of such consummate judgment as Virgil?

Who oft had heard from foreign tongues declare 120  
My blooming grace, the fairest of the fair:

Fir'd with my praise, to me th' enamour'd youth  
Decreed the tender of his love and truth;

Nor thought, such merit pleading on his side,  
To find his heart refus'd, his suit deny'd, 125

To Lydia then he came, where when he view'd  
My every grace, he found his soul subdu'd.

Awhile residing at my father's court

Amidst the knights that thither made resort,

His honours grew, and oft in fight so well 130

His sword prevail'd; that now 'twere long to tell,

What deeds he wrought for one whose thankless  
mind

But ill deserv'd such matchless worth to find.

By him my fire Cilicia's kingdom won,

And Caria and Pamphilia's land o'er-run. 135

Without his counsel never would he show

The martial troops array'd against a foe.

The knight, who deem'd his service well might  
claim

The royal favour, to the monarch came,

And begg'd, for all his hard-earn'd glorious spoils,

My hand in marriage to reward his toils. 141

His suit the king refus'd, who sought to join

His daughter to some prince's nobler line,  
Not



Not to a knight, to whom the fates afford  
No wealth or power, save honour and his sword, 145  
So much, alas! could gold my fire entice,  
Detested avarice! nurse of every vice!  
To worth or virtue he inclines his ears,  
As the dull ass the heavenly minstrel hears.

When now the knight (Alcestes was his name) 150  
Found that withheld, to which he urg'd his claim  
Of just desert, he left us with a threat  
The king hereafter should too late regret  
My hand deny'd: Armenia then he gain'd, 154  
Whose king with Lydia's king long strife maintain'd,  
And late with grief had seen more powerful grow  
The hated empire of his deadly foe.  
Him soon Alcestes urges to prepare  
His bands, and on my fire renew the war:  
Himself, so fam'd in battle, at their head, 160  
Against the Lydian realm the forces led.  
He vow'd to conquer in Armenia's right  
Whate'er he won, save only to requite  
His glorious service, he reserv'd my charms  
Of all the spoils that crown'd the victor's arms. 165  
How shall I tell when my fiern lover fought,  
What foes, what ruin on my fire he brought!

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Ver. 149. *As the dull ass—*] An old proverb—*Afinus ad lyram.*  
See ERASMUS.

His armies thrice he broke, and ere the sun  
 One year had circled, all his towns he won;  
 All, save a castle, strongly built, that rose 170  
 On hanging cliffs; here from th' exulting foes  
 The king retir'd, and here with fearful haste,  
 His nearest friends and choicest treasure plac'd.  
 But now so close the siege Alcestes press'd,  
 That soon my wretched father, sore distress'd, 175  
 Had gladly made me with a kingdom's dower  
 His wife, the slave or vassal of his power,  
 T' avert the greater ill—for well he knows  
 This fort at length must yield before the foes, }  
 And he his life in cruel bondage close. 180 }

Now every means of safety to pursue  
 In such extreme, he fix'd on me, who drew  
 Such ruin down, to quit this last retreat,  
 And in his camp incens'd Alcestes meet.  
 To him, (so bade my fire) I took my way, 185  
 My captive person at his feet to lay,  
 And beg him at our prayer his wrath to cease,  
 T' accept our proffer'd terms, and grant the peace.  
 Alcestes when my near approach he heard,  
 With eager haste to meet my steps appear'd: 190  
 Pale in my sight the trembling lover stood,  
 And less my victor than my prisoner show'd.

I saw big passion struggling in his breast,  
And for new wiles my purpos'd speech suppress'd ;  
Then took the fair occasion to reprove 195  
The dire effects of his disastrous love ;  
I curs'd a love that thus oppress'd my fire,  
And fought by force t' accomplish its desire ;  
That waited not till time with stealing pace  
(Ere many days) had crown'd with better grace 200  
His fondest wish, but fully'd thus the fame  
Which once with king and peers his deeds might  
claim.

Though Lydia's sovereign might his suit deny,  
As one, whom nature fram'd not to comply  
With first demands, ill suited the pretence 205  
(I cry'd) to break his faith for such offence.  
Should still my father with determin'd mind  
Refuse my hand, my prayers a way might find  
To bend his will, or if they fail'd to bend,  
Who knew what next my bosom would intend? 210  
But since he sought far other means to prove,  
My soul was fix'd to spurn his hated love ;  
And though I came, compell'd by cruel fate,  
In dear compassion for a parent's state,  
Yet little transport could attend those charms 215  
Which force, not choice, had yielded to his arms.



Soon might this hand the purple current spill  
Of loathsome life, thus offer'd to fulfil  
The cruel wishes of ungovern'd will. }

In words like these I spoke, for well I view'd 220  
His haughty spirit by my looks subdu'd.  
I saw his face with sudden grief o'ercast ;  
So mourn sequester'd faints offences past.  
Low at my knees he bent, and humbly pray'd  
While from his side he drew the shining blade, 225  
The murderous weapon at his hand to take,  
And for his fault his life an offering make.

He thus dispos'd, I deem'd the conquest won,  
And to complete the work so well begun,  
I gave him fraudulent hopes he yet might prove 230  
By future deeds deserving of my love ;  
If, former guilt aton'd, his arm once more  
Would to his ancient feat my fire restore,  
And seek henceforth to win a mistress' charms  
By gentle service, not by force of arms. 235  
His faith now pledg'd, he to the fort again  
Restor'd me free and guiltless of a stain ;  
Nor ask'd one kiss his sufferings to requite—  
Judge if he felt affection's burthen light !  
Judge if for me Love fill'd not all his heart ; 240  
If love for me employ'd not every dart.

Armenia's king he fought, to whose domain  
His lips had vow'd whate'er his sword might gain;  
And urg'd him close, with every bland address,  
To let my fire again his realms possess, 245  
To him resign each conquer'd Lydian town,  
And bound his empire with Armenia's crown.  
The king, whose cheek with wrath indignant burn'd,  
To young Alcestes answer proud return'd;  
And vow'd no more his army to disband, 250  
While yet my father held a foot of land;  
But since a worthless woman's word could turn  
Alcestes' purpose, let Alcestes mourn  
Such fickle change, 'twas not for him to lose,  
At his request, a victor's glorious dues. 255

Again Alcestes urg'd, again he pray'd;  
Not prayer, nor reasons could the king persuade.  
At length, incens'd, he swore in threatening strain  
That force should win what mildness fail'd to gain,  
Rage kindling rage with many a wrathful word, 260  
Against the king Alcestes bar'd his sword,  
And slew him, spite of each surrounding friend,  
Who with drawn weapon would his prince defend.  
That day th' Armenians fled before his hand,  
And his brave followers aided with a band 265  
Of Thracians and Cilicians by his pay maintain'd. }

Nor fail'd the knight his fortune to pursue,  
Yet from my fire no smallest stipend drew  
T' assist the war; but in a month restor'd  
The Lydian kingdom to its ancient lord. 270  
For all the loss that Lydia's crown sustain'd,  
Beside the riches which in battle gain'd  
He gave my fire, he to his empire joins  
The lands subdu'd, and levies heavy fines  
Through all Armenia, Cappadocia's reign, 275  
And rude Hircania to the distant main.

Instead of triumph his return to greet  
We fain with death the victor chief would meet,  
But fear withheld us, since we knew full well  
He, strong in friends, could every force repel: 280  
Hence, feigning love, I gave him, day by day,  
Such flattering hope as better might betray;  
But, ere our nuptials, wish'd him for my sake  
On other foes his proof of arms to make.  
Now singly, now attended by a few, 285  
I sent him strange adventures to pursue;  
To seeming death I sent—but still I found  
With glorious conquest all his labours crown'd.  
Whene'er he went—the fight he victor wag'd;  
Full oft with monsters front to front engag'd, 290  
Giants



Giants and Leftrigons, whose savage band  
With brutal force infested Lydia's land.  
Not so Alcides, by his step-dame's wiles  
And fierce Euryftheus, was expos'd to toils,  
In Lerna's lake, in Thrace, Nemea's wood, 295  
Etolia's vallies, near Iberus' flood;  
In Erymanthus' groves, along the strand  
Of winding Tyber, or Numidia's sand;  
As this brave youth, on whom my art had wrought  
With feign'd endearments, while each murderous  
thought 300

On every trial urg'd his dauntless might,  
To drive a hated lover from my fight.  
My aim deceiv'd—another scheme I try'd,  
From those he lov'd his friendship to divide.  
What shall I say? The empress of his soul, 305  
My word, my nod could every deed control:  
To me he sacrific'd each dearest name,  
The ties of amity and calls of fame;  
Till all my father's foes remov'd I view'd,  
And rash Alcestes by himself subdu'd. 310  
Lost were his friends—and what till then conceal'd  
I kept, now undisguis'd my tongue reveal'd.  
I own'd what hatred had my bosom fir'd,  
And own'd I every way his death desir'd.

Yet pondering what I wish'd, too well I knew 315  
That public odium would the deed pursue  
Which reach'd his life; his worth to all display'd  
Would move their rage for service so repaid.  
Hence (all I could) I doom'd the hapless knight  
To live for ever banish'd from my sight: 320  
To every plaint I turn'd a deafen'd ear,  
Nor letters would receive, nor message hear.  
Struck with my base ingratitude, he pin'd  
With secret anguish, till his health declin'd  
From bad to worse, and while in vain he strove 325  
With many a prayer my stubborn heart to move,  
On his sick bed in agonizing throes  
He found a period to his life and woes.  
Lo! here the judgment that my sin pursues  
With stifling fumes, while tears my eyes suffuse;  
And here in sorrow must I ever dwell, 331  
Since no redemption can be found in Hell.

When wretched Lydia thus had ceas'd to speak  
The fearless duke press'd on, resolv'd to seek  
What other shades might there in pains reside; 335  
But deeper darkness further pass deny'd.  
The smoke whose wreaths th' offending ghosts en-  
close

In vaporous torment, dense and denser grows.

And

And now the warrior turn'd his eager feet  
With backward tread, in safety to retreat, 340  
Left life, with vapours clogg'd, should quit her  
weary seat;

Now with light step the dreary path he press'd,  
The rock quick sounding as his speed increas'd,  
Ascending still, till shot from upper day  
He sees through mournful night a trembling ray;  
At length the realms of woe and pain he leaves, 346  
And issuing to our world new light and life receives.

Against those ravenous fiends the pass to close,  
And back to earth their fearful course oppose,  
Huge stones he heaves, and with his trenchant blade  
Hews many a tree of thick and odorous shade: 351  
Then to the work his noble hands he bends,  
And with strong fence the dreary mouth defends.  
Where long, high-heap'd, the crags and trunks re-  
main,

And Hell's dire harpies in their cave restrain. 355  
But while Aistolpho in th' infernal womb  
Remain'd in smoke and subterraneous gloom,  
His burnish'd arms the pitchy fumes confess'd,  
That, deep pervading, pierc'd the covering vest:  
And now he seeks to cleanse each sully'd limb; 360  
When issuing from a rock he finds a stream



That forms an ample lake, where plung'd he laves  
From head to foot in limpid cleansing waves.

His courser then he mounts, and upward springs  
To reach the mountain's top with daring wings; 365  
And view those seats by fame reported near  
The silver circle of the lunar sphere.

Such ardent wishes in his bosom glow,  
He pants for Heaven and spurns the world below,  
Ascending till with rapid steady flight 370  
He gains the mansions of supernal light.

Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields  
As the fair turf of those celestial fields,  
O'er whose glad face the balmy season pours  
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers. 375  
He sees the meads one intermingled blaze,  
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling  
rays

With endless tints: he mark'd the ruby's hue,  
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.  
At once the trees with leaves unfading grow; 380  
The fruits are ripen'd and the blossoms blow;

---

Ver. 365. *To reach the mountain's top—*] Ariosto here imitates Dante in describing this mountain, where he places the terrestrial paradise, and, after him, makes Astolpho purify himself with ablutions, from the smoke of the infernal regions, before he enters the seat of bliss.

While frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing  
 Amidst the boughs in notes melodious sing.  
 Still lakes and murmuring streams, with waters clear,  
 Charm the fix'd eye and lull the listening ear. 385  
 A softening genial air, that ever seems  
 In even tenor, cools the solar beams  
 With fanning breeze, while from th' enamell'd field  
 Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield  
 Of grateful smell, the stealing gales dispense 390  
 The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.  
 Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,  
 Like living flame, emits a streamy light,  
 And wrapt in splendors of refulgent day,  
 Outshines the strength of every mortal ray. 395

Astolpho gently now directs his steed  
 To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead  
 In circuit wide, and views with raptur'd eyes  
 Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.  
 With this compar'd, he deems our world below 400  
 A dreary desert and a seat of woe,

---

Ver. 388.— *while from th' enamell'd field*] The following passage has much of the spirit of this description of Ariosto.

————— now gentle gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. PARAD. LOST, B. iv. v. 156.  
 By

By Heaven and Nature from their wrath bestow'd  
In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew  
In steadfast gaze, transported at the view: 403  
One gem entire they seem'd, of purer red  
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed;  
Such walls as no Dedalean art could raise,  
Stupendous work transcending mortal praise.  
No more let man the boasted seven proclaim, 410  
Those wonders of the world so chronicled by Fame!

Before the palace, at the shining gate  
A sage appears the duke's approach to wait,  
Whose aged limbs a vest and mantle hide,  
This milky hu'd, and that with crimson dy'd: 415  
Adown his breast a length of beard he wears  
All silvery white, and silvery white his hairs:  
His mien bespeaks th' elect of heavenly grace,  
And Paradise seems open'd in his face.

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Ver. 411. *Those wonders of the world—*] The wonders of the world to which the poet alludes, were seven in number according to Pliny. I. The city of Babylon. II. The temple of Diana at Ephesus. III. The statue of Jupiter Olympus. IV. The colossus of Rhodes. V. The palace of Cyrus, built by Memnon. VI. The pyramids of Egypt. VII. The sepulchre of Mausolus, built by his wife Artemisia, queen of Caria.

Then



Then to the champion, who his feat forfook 420  
With reverend awe, he with benignant look  
These words address'd—O thou! by God's high will  
Alone conducted to this holy hill;  
While little yet thou see'st the mighty cause  
That to this place thy mystic journey draws: 425  
Without a miracle thou could'st not steer  
So high above the Arctic hemisphere,  
Sent from afar, unconscious, to debate  
With me the welfare of the Christian state;  
How Charles with needful succour to retrieve; 430  
And from its foes our hallow'd faith relieve.  
Not to thy wisdom or superior might,  
Hither, O son! ascribe thy daring flight:  
For know, if God's assisting hand had fail'd,  
Nor horn, nor winged steed had aught avail'd. 435  
Hereafter more at leisure shall we dwell  
On themes so high; then shalt thou hear me tell  
What Heaven designs; but first with due repast  
Refresh thy strength, unnerv'd with length of fast.

So spoke the holy fire: the duke amaz'd 440  
With heart-felt awe and mute attention gaz'd:  
When now the Saint disclos'd his sacred name,  
He, from whose pen th' eternal gospel came,

That

That holy John, who while on earth, possess'd,  
 So dear a place in his Redeemer's breast; 445  
 Of whom the fame among his brethren spread,  
 That time should ne'er consign him to the dead:  
 And thus we find in heavenly writ display'd,  
 The Son of God to Peter answer made :  
 " Why art thou troubled ? What if I decree 455  
 His tarrience here my last return to see ?"  
 Yet told he not this faint should never die,  
 Though what he told might well no less imply.  
 Lo ! hither was he borne, and here to share  
 With him in bliss, he found a heavenly pair: 455  
 Here ancient Enoch, here Elias dwell'd,  
 Who neither had the hour of death beheld,

---

Ver. 444. *That holy John,—*] The following lines allude to a passage in the New Testament, from which some of the early Christians have inferred that Saint John was exempted from death. The legend says, that having attained the age of one hundred years, he caused a tomb to be built, and shut himself therein alive ; but that a wonderful light soon surrounded the tomb, which blinded the eyes of the spectators : the light vanishing and search being made, the apostle was seen no more. Such a tradition joined to the text, was, for a poet like Ariosto, a sufficient foundation for a fiction, by no means the wildest in his poem, when we consider the innumerable legends of saints, the belief of which was in his time so prevalent throughout the Christian world.

Above

Above our air, which noxious fumes annoy,  
These happy three unfading spring enjoy,  
Till the last notes th' Angelic trump shall sound, 460  
And CHRIST in clouds appear with glory crown'd.

Each faint with welcome comes the knight to meet,  
And courteous lead him to their blest retreat,  
Where, near at hand, fair ample stalls retain  
His flying courser, fed with generous grain. 465  
Before the knight delicious fruits were plac'd;  
Fruits cull'd in Paradise, whose flav'rous taste  
He surely thought might some forgiveness win  
For our first parent's disobedient sin.

When now th' adventurous duke was well supply'd  
With every need such dwelling could provide; 471  
When nature's calls refresh'd; when genial food,  
And balmy slumber had his strength renew'd;  
Aurora rising, who with blushing charms  
All night repos'd in old Tithonus' arms; 475  
He left his early couch, and near him stood  
The sage disciple so belov'd of God,  
Who grasp'd his hand, and in discourse reveal'd  
High truths in converse long, though here conceal'd.

Then thus—Since leaving France thou mayst not  
tell 480

What to thy dear Orlando there befall;

Learn



Learn that the chief whose valour once in fight  
 Maintain'd the truth, forsaking now the right,  
 Is scourg'd by GOD, who when his anger moves,  
 With heavier wrath afflicts whom most he loves. 485  
 Thy dear Orlando, at his favour'd birth  
 Endow'd by Heaven above the sons of earth  
 With nerves and courage, gifted to sustain  
 With limbs unhurt each weapon aim'd in vain:  
 To whom such virtue Heaven's Supreme had lent 490  
 To guard his faith unstain'd ; as when he sent  
 Great Sampson forth, to save with mighty hand  
 His Hebrews from the fierce Philistine band :

Ver. 486. *Thy dear Orlando,—*] In the poem of Aspramonte, after Orlando had slain Donchiero, a famous knight with whom he fought three days, we are told of the particular grace conferred on Orlando by the Holy Trinity, that no enemy should ever withstand his force in single combat above three days.

Questo tal caso non potea mancare  
 Peroche Orlando quando alle battie  
 Affattato fu el corpo d'alto affare  
 Quando che a lui venneli fanti trie  
 Disse nessuno li' possa durare  
 A la battaglia più che il terzo die,  
 Hor lassò di quei fanti el lor desio  
 Torno o Gerardo —

ASPRAMONTE, c. xxxiii.

Behold

Behold that same Orlando now afford  
An ill return to Heaven's Almighty lord! 495  
So for a Pagan damsel's form could move  
His hapless bosom to detested love;  
That, more than once he for her beauty's sake  
Prepar'd his faithful kinsman's life to take.  
Hence him, in justice, God's high doom assign'd  
Naked to rove, an outcast of mankind; 501  
Has quench'd each sense, in wretched frenzy tost,  
Lost to his friends, to all remembrance lost.  
So God, of old, in annals pure we read,  
In penance for his heavy sins, decreed 505  
A monarch seven long years to graze the plain,  
And like the brutal ox his wretched life sustain.  
But since the Paladin less guilt incurr'd,  
Than he condemn'd to mingle with the herd  
Three months alone, the sage decrees of Heaven  
Th' allotted time to atone his fault have given. 511  
Not for less cause to this celestial height,  
Our dear Redeemer now permits thy flight;

---

Ver. 499. — *his faithful kinsman's life*—] Rinaldo, with whom Orlando fought for Angelica, as appears from Boyardo.

Ver. 506. *A monarch seven long years*—] Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

Than from my lips such counsel to receive,  
That lost Orlando may his wits retrieve. 515  
But first this globe of earth and sea forsake,  
And led by me, a flight more daring take  
To yonder moon, that in its orbit rolls  
The nearest planet to our earthly poles.  
Lo! there is kept, what only can supply 520  
Orlando's wisdom, once esteem'd so high;  
And when this night above our heads in view  
She wheels her course, our journey we'll pursue.

Thus all the live-long day th' apostle mild  
With sage discourse the flying hours beguil'd; 525  
But when the sun was sunk in ocean's stream,  
And from her horns the moon her silver beam  
Above them shed, a wond'rous car appear'd  
That oft through those bright fields of ether steer'd  
The same that where Judean mountains rise, 530  
Receiv'd Elias, rapt from mortal eyes.  
Four courfers; red as flame, the hallow'd sage,  
The blest historian of the sacred page,  
Join'd to the yoke; and now the reins he held;  
And, by Astolpho plac'd, the steeds impell'd 535  
To rise aloft: soft rose the wondrous car,  
The wheels smooth turning through the yielding air;  
The



The favour'd warrior and the guiding feer  
Ascending till they reach'd the torrid sphere:  
Here fire eternal burns, but while they pass'd, 540  
No noxious heat the raging vapours cast.  
Through all this elemental flame they soar'd,  
And next the circle of the moon explor'd,  
Whose spheric face in many a part outshin'd  
The polish'd steel from spots and rust refin'd: 545  
Its orb, increasing to their nearer eyes,  
Swell'd like the earth, and seem'd an earth in size,  
Like this huge globe, whose wide extended space  
Vast oceans with circumfluent waves embrace.  
Aftolpho wondering view'd what to our sight 550  
Appears a narrow round of silver light:  
Nor could he thence but with a sharpen'd eye  
And bending brow our lands and seas descry,  
The land and seas he left, which, clad in shade  
So far remote, to viewless forms decay'd. 555  
Far other lakes than ours this region yields,  
Far other rivers, and far other fields;

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Ver. 552. *Nor could he thence—*] Very like this is the passage in Tasso, where the poet describes the vision of Godfrey, where the hero takes a view of the earth at an immense distance beneath him.

Far other vallies, plains, and hills supplies,  
 Where stately cities, towns, and castles rise.  
 Here lonely woods large tracts of land embrace,  
 Where sylvan nymphs pursue the savage chace. 561  
 Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide,  
 Where rose a mountain steep on either side.

He

---

Ver. 526. *Deep in a vale, conducted—*] Milton has translated a few lines of this passage:

His guide him brings  
 Into a goodly valley, where he sees  
 Things that on earth were lost or were abus'd, &c.

His account of the Limbo of Vanity is wonderfully in the spirit of Ariosto, and undoubtedly the idea was caught from the Italian poet. This line plainly alludes to Ariosto:

Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd.

Describing Satan on the outer convex of this planetary system, he thus proceeds:

---

the fiend  
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;  
 Alone, for other creature in this place  
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew,  
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin,  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame.

---

He came, and saw (a wonder to relate)  
 Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state 565  
 Here safely treasur'd: each neglected good;  
 Time squander'd, or occasion ill-bestow'd.  
 Not only here are wealth and sceptres found,  
 That, ever changing, shift th' unsteady round:

All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd.

Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,  
 First from the ancient world those giants came—

Others came single; he who to be deem'd  
 A God, leapt fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedecles; and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's elysium, leapt into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus; and many more too long,  
 Embryos and ideots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

———— all these upwhirl'd aloft  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
 Into a Limbo, large and broad, since call'd  
 The Paradise of Fools—— PARAD. LOST, B. iii.

Mr. Addison has censured this passage as beneath the dignity of Milton's subject, but, what is very extraordinary, does not seem to know how closely he has followed Ariosto.



But those possessions, while on earth we live, 570  
Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give.  
Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours  
Consume till time at length the whole devours.

There vows and there unnumber'd prayers remain,  
Which oft to God the sinner makes in vain. 575

The frequent tears that lovers' eyes suffuse;  
The sighs they breathe: the days that gamesters lose.  
The leisure given which fools so oft neglect;  
The weak designs that never take effect.

Whate'er designs the mortal breast assail, 580

In countless numbers fill th'encumber'd vale.

For know whate'er is lost by human kind,  
Ascending here you treasure'd safe may find,

The wondering Paladin the heaps admir'd,  
And now of these and now of those enquir'd. 585

Of bladders huge a mountain he beheld,

That seem'd within by shouts and tumults swell'd,

And imagin'd found by these the crowns of yore

Which Lydian and Assyrian monarchs wore,

Which Greeks and Persians own'd, once great in  
fame, 590

And scarcely now remember'd but in name.

Of gold and silver form'd, a heavy load

Of hooks he saw, and these were gifts bestow'd

By

By needy slaves, in hope of rich rewards,  
On greedy princes, kings, and patron lords. 595  
He saw in garlands many a snare conceal'd;  
And flatteries base his guide in these reveal'd.  
There forms of creaking grasshoppers he spy'd;  
Smooth verses these to fawning praise apply'd.  
There sparkling chains he found and knots of gold,  
The specious ties that ill-pair'd lovers hold. 601  
There eagles' talons lay, which here below  
Are power that lords on deputies bestow.  
On every cliff were numerous bellows cast,  
Great princes' favours these that never last; 605  
Given to their minions first in early prime,  
And soon again resum'd with stealing time.  
Cities he saw o'erturn'd, and towers destroy'd,  
And endless treasures scatter'd through the void:  
Of these he ask'd; and these (reply'd the fire) 610  
Were treasons foul, and machinations dire.  
He serpents then with female faces view'd,  
Of coiners and of thieves the hateful brood.  
Of broken vials many heaps there lay;  
These were the services that courts repay. 615  
He saw a steaming liquid scatter'd round  
Of savoury food; and from his teacher found

That this was alms, which, while his last he breathes,  
A wretched sinner to the poor bequeaths.

Then to a hill of vary'd flowers they went, 620

That sweet before, now yields a fetid scent;

This (let me dare to speak) that present shew'd,

Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd.

Of bird-lime twigs he saw vast numbers there;

And these, O gentle dames! your beauties were. 625

Vain is th' attempt in story to comprize

Whate'er Astolpho saw with wondering eyes:

A thousand told, ten thousand would remain;

Each toil, each loss, each chance that men sustain,

Save

Ver. 623. *Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd.*] “By this gift is understood the city of Rome, which Constantine the Great gave Pope Sylvester, which he saith now stinketh, because of their sins.” Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

In the first edition of the poem the passage stood thus :

Ad un monte di rose e gigli passo,

Ch'ebbe già buon odor, or putia forte;

Ch'era corrotto; e da Giovanni intese

Che fù un gran don' ch'un gran signor mal spese,

Where roses and where lilies grew he went,

A hill once sweet, but now of fetid scent,

Corrupt and foul!—and this his teacher shew'd,

A gift by mighty hands but ill bestow'd.

“It



Save Folly, which alone pervades them all; 630  
 For Folly never quits this earthly ball.

There his past time mispent, and deeds apply'd  
 To little good, Astolpho soon espy'd;  
 Yet these, though clear beheld, had ne'er been known  
 But that his guide explain'd them for his own. 635

At length they came to that whose want below  
 None e'er perceiv'd, or breath'd for this his vow;  
 That choicest gift of Heaven, by Wit express,  
 Of which each mortal deems himself possess.  
 Of this Astolpho view'd a wondrous store, 640  
 Surpassing all his eyes had view'd before.  
 It seem'd a fluid mass of subtlest kind,  
 Still apt to mount, if not with care confin'd:

---

"It is very remarkable that the poet had the boldness to place among these imaginary treasures, the famous deed of gift of Constantine to Pope Silvester. It may be observed in general, to the honour of the poets both ancient and modern, that they have ever been some of the first, who have detected and opposed the false claims and mischievous usurpations of superstition and slavery. Nor can this be wondered at, since these two are the greatest enemies, not only to all true happiness, but to all true genius."

ESSAY on the Genius and Writings of Pope.  
 vol. i. p. 252. 4th Edit.

See Note to Book xvii. ver. 552, on the same subject.

But gather'd there he view'd it safely clos'd,  
 In many a vase of various size dispos'd. 645  
 Above the rest the vessel's bulk excell'd,  
 Whose womb Orlando's godlike reason held :  
 This well he knew, for on its side were writ  
 These words in letters fair, ORLANDO'S WIT.  
 Thus every vase in characters explain'd 650  
 The names of those whose wits the vase contain'd;  
 Much of his own the noble duke amaz'd  
 Amongst them view'd, but wondering more he gaz'd  
 To see the wits of those, whom late he thought  
 Above their earthly peers with wisdom fraught. 655  
 But who can such a fleeting treasure boast,  
 From some new cause each hour, each moment lost?  
 One, while he loves ; one, seeking fame to gain ;  
 One, wealth pursuing through the stormy main ;  
 One, trusting to the hopes which great men raise,  
 One, whom some scheme of magic guile betrays. 661  
 Some, from their wits for fond pursuit depart,  
 For jewels, paintings, and the works of art.

---

Ver. 649. ORLANDO'S WIT.] This fiction of Ariosto is most  
 wittily alluded to by Mr. Pope in his Rape of the Lock, accompa-  
 nied with a fine stroke of satire ; speaking of things lost in the  
 moon, he says :

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,  
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.

CANTO IV.  
 Of

Of poets' wits, in airy visions lost,  
Great store he read; of those who to their cost 665  
The wandering maze of sophistry pursu'd,  
And those who vain presaging planets view'd.

The vase that held his own Astolpho took,  
So will'd the writer of the mystic book\*,  
Beneath his nostril held, with quick ascent 670  
Back to its place the wit returning went.  
The duke (in holy Turpin's page is read)  
Long time a life of sage discretion led,  
Till one frail thought his brain again bereft  
Of wit, and sent it to the place it left. 675

The amplest vessel fill'd above the rest  
With that fam'd sense which once the earl possess'd,  
Astolpho seiz'd, and found a heavier load  
Than plac'd amidst th' unnumber'd heap, it show'd.

Ere yet for earth they quit that sphere of light,  
The sage Apostle leads the Christian knight 681  
Within a stately dome, where, fast beside  
A rapid river rolls its constant tide.

Here heap'd with many a fleece each room he views,  
And silk and wool unwrought of various hues, 685

Some

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\* THE APOCALYPSE.

Ver. 684. *Here heap'd with many a fleece—*] Ariosto takes the general idea of the Parcæ, from the well-known heathen mythology, with a genius that never borrowed any circumstance from another



Some fair, some foul : a beldame these with skill  
 Selects, and whirling round the rapid reel  
 Draws the fine thread : so from the reptile swarms  
 Whose industry the filken texture forms,  
 The village maid untwines the moisten'd flue, 690  
 When summer bids the pleasing task renew,  
 A second beldame from the first receives  
 Each finish'd work, while in its stead she leaves  
 A fleece unspun : a third, with equal care  
 Divides, when spun, th' ill-favour'd from the fair.  
 What means this mystic show?—Astolpho cries 696  
 To holy John—and thus the Saint replies.

In yonder aged dames the Parcæ know,  
 Who weave the thread of human life below.  
 Long as the fleeces last, so long extend 700  
 The days of man, but with the fleece they end.  
 With watchful eyes see Death and Nature wait,  
 And mark the hour to close each mortal date.

another without embellishing it with his own inventive fancy: he makes the fair fleeces the type of a good, and the foul of an ill life; in which he might probably have an eye to the following passages of Statius and Seneca.

Ergo dies aderat parcarum conditus albo  
 Vellere——

And Seneca in the life of the tyrant Nero, prostitutes his praise in this line :

Aurea formoso descendant pollice fila.

The beauteous threads selected from the rest,  
 Are types of happy souls amid the blest; 705  
 These form'd for Paradise: the bad are those  
 Condemn'd for sin to never-ending woes.

Of all the fleeces by the beldame wrought,  
 Of all the fleeces to the spindle brought,  
 The living names were cast in many a mold 710  
 Of iron, silver, and resplendent gold;  
 These, heap'd together, form'd a mighty pile,  
 And hence an aged fire, with ceaseless toil,  
 Names after names within his mantle bore,  
 And still, from time to time, return'd for more: 715

Ver. 713. *And hence an aged fire—*] The following passage is so beautifully imagined, and so diversified with circumstances, as to form perhaps one of the finest allegories in this or any other poem.

Of all the fictions of Ariosto, the flight of Astolpho to the moon must, for surprise and novelty of subject, take the strongest hold on the reader: we experience here the power of a great and eccentric genius, who without any restraint, gives a loose to the reins of his imagination, and with his adventurous knight on his own Ippogrifo, soars,

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere!

Amidst the general wildness, and perhaps absurdity of particular parts in this book, we are hurried along by the strength and liveliness of the poet's descriptive powers, and have no leisure to attend to the cool phlegm of criticism!

So

So light he seem'd, so rapid in his pace,  
As from his birth inur'd to lead the race.

Whither he went, and why he cours'd so well,  
On what design, th' ensuing book shall tell ;  
If, as you still were won't, with favouring ear 720  
You seem intent the pleasing tale to hear.

END OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK.



THE  
THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Discourse of Saint John with Aftolpho. Allegory of Time. Eulogium on writers. Bradamant meets with Flordelis, and undertakes to deliver Brandimart from the hands of Rodomont. Her joust with the Pagan on the bridge. Bradamant arrives with Flordelis at the walls of Arli, and sends Flordelis with a challenge to Rogero. She unhorfes, at three several encounters, Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau.

THE  
THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

AH! who, my fair, will wing his flight so high  
To fetch my wandering wits from yonder  
sky;

My wits, still wasting, since the fatal dart  
Came from those lovely eyes to pierce my heart?  
Nor will I yet of banish'd sense complain, 5  
Let me the little I've preserv'd retain:  
But thus decreasing still, when all is flown  
I in Orlando's fate may paint my own.  
Yet, to retrieve my loss, I need not soar  
So far from earth, or Paradise explore; 10  
Or to the circle of the moon repair;  
My waning wits are never treasur'd there.  
No—in your eyes, your lovely face they stray,  
Your ivory neck, your bosom's milky way;

Then



Then let these lips your favouring grace obtain 15  
To search those charms till I grow wise again.

When now the knight had seen the fatal wheel  
Its scanty thread to wretched mortals deal,  
From room to room through all the dome he stray'd,  
And every future life unspun survey'd. 20  
Amidst the rest a beauteous fleece he view'd;  
Not radiant gold such beamy lustre shew'd,  
Nor gems, if drawn to threads by wondrous art,  
Could reach in dazzling light its thousandth part.  
This fleece, that midst a countless store excell'd, 25  
With raptur'd gaze the wondering duke beheld;  
And much he long'd to know what age should claim  
This valu'd life, and whose the happy name.

To him the great Evangelist replies:  
This glorious star shall to your world arise, 30  
Ere yet, by twenty years, is mark'd on earth  
With M and D the word's Incarnate Birth.

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Ver. 31. *Ere yet, by twenty years—*] The poet means the year 1480, in which Hippolito was born, twenty years before the year 1500, marked by the Roman numerals M. D. This conceit will appear strange in English versification, but it was thought right to preserve it. The idea of this expression seems from Dante, *Paradiso*, Cant. xix. ver. 129.

Vedraffi al Ciotto di Gerusalemme  
Segnata con un I. la sua bontate;  
Quando 'l contrario segnera un emme.

As through the mystic store, this fleece so fair  
 Amid so many shines beyond compare,  
 So shall the life, that issues thence, bestow 35  
 Unequall'd blessings on mankind below.  
 Since every grace of genius and of art,  
 That nature gives, or learning can impart,  
 Shall there unite to crown with boundless fame  
 This happy mortal's unexampled claim. 40  
 'Twixt either horn, where rolls through marshy lands  
 The king of floods, an humble village stands :  
 Before it flows the Po ; behind, a lake  
 Turbid and deep collected waters make :  
 This, now obscure, in future I foretel 45  
 Shall every town in Italy excel,  
 For walls, and stately domes, for every grace  
 Of polish'd life, exalting human race :  
 For thus has Heaven ordain'd the seat to raise  
 Worthy his birth whose name employs my praise.  
 So where the hind engrafts the tender fruit, 51  
 He tends the plant that feeds the leafy shoot ;  
 The skilful artist so the gold refines,  
 In whose bright round a sparkling jewel shines.  
 No other soul in your terrestrial reign 55  
 A mortal body shall like this obtain ;

How

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Ver. 55. *No other soul—*] Ruscelli, the Italian commentator,  
 here attempts to apologize for the liberty taken by Ariosto of intro-  
 Vol, IV Q ducing

How rarely from innumerable spirits here  
 So fair a spirit quits this upper sphere,  
 As that which Heaven's all-comprehensive mind  
 Has for the great Hippolito design'd ! 60  
 Hippolito of Este is he nam'd,  
 By God's decree for countless virtues fam'd,  
 Such virtues, as diffus'd, might well adorn  
 Full many a mortal in your region born.  
 Goodness by him, by him each studious art 65  
 Shall find support ; but would I here impart  
 His high deservings in as copious strain,  
 Orlando might expect his wits in vain.

Where roll'd with mingled sand the troubled flood  
 The hallow'd sage and noble warrior stood, 70  
 To view that aged man who to the shore  
 The sculptur'd names within his mantle bore.  
 I know not if you still in memory hold  
 What late of this mysterious fire I told,  
 Of mien decrepid, but whose rapid pace 75  
 Excell'd the fleetest of the stags in chace.

---

ducing Saint John to give so hyperbolical a praise of Hippolito. But surely it is altogether unnecessary to observe, that not only with respect to the sentiment here put in the mouth of the apostle, but in many other passages of this most extraordinary poem, to attempt a serious defence of them, must be esteemed an extravagance little less than the fictions of the poet ; nor can our wonder be raised at this speech of Saint John, after the prophecy delivered in the xxixth Book at the death of Isabella.

With



With ceaseless labour from the heap he took  
 The various names, and from his vesture shook,  
 As oft as to the water's brink he came,  
 Th' oblivious waters known by Lethe's name. 80  
 What tablets sinking there, to rise no more,  
 The rapid eddies to the bottom bore !  
 Beside and o'er the stream a feather'd crew  
 Of crows, of choughs, and ravenous vultures flew,  
 And many a different bird that hover'd nigh 85  
 With clattering pinions and discordant cry.  
 These, as they saw the wayward fire display  
 His treasure, hasten'd to partake the prey :  
 One with his crooked talons, one with beak  
 A tablet seiz'd, but found his strength too weak 90  
 To bear it far, and when in air he try'd  
 His daring flight, the weight his flight deny'd.  
 So Lethe to eternal night must give  
 These honour'd names that well deserv'd to live.  
 Amidst the winged tribe two swans appear'd, 95  
 White as the banners by my patron rear'd,

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Ver. 8c. — *Lethe's name.*] Ariosto has feigned Lethe to be in the moon, and Dante places it in purgatory.

Ver. 96. *White as the banners*—] The standard of the house of Este was a white swan.

That each recover'd from the stream at will  
Some sinking medal in his sacred bill;  
And spite of him who with such fell intent  
Innumerable titles from his mantle sent, 100  
The pious birds a chosen few repriev'd:  
Oblivion's whelming gulph the rest receiv'd.  
Along the tide now swam the snow-white pair,  
Now soar'd on fluttering wings through yielding air,  
Till near the borders of the fatal flood 105  
They reach'd a hill, on whose high summit stood  
A temple built to never-dying Fame,  
Whence, down the steep, a beauteous virgin came,  
Of each fair cygnet on the banks to take  
The names redeem'd from Lethe's silent lake. 110  
These round the statue that sublimely plac'd  
Upon a column's height the centre grac'd,  
She hung aloft in honour of the fane,  
And bade them there unchang'd for ages to remain.

What hoary fire was this, and why he gave 115  
The names engraven to the greedy wave;  
Much of the swans to know, the duke desir'd;  
Of that fair virgin and her hill enquir'd;  
And much he long'd to hear the sense reveal'd,  
Beneath those visionary forms conceal'd. 120

All

All this to learn, he ask'd his gracious guide,  
And thus the holy man of God reply'd.

Know first, that not a leaf on earth can move  
But bears its correspondent type above.  
On earth and here the same effects we find, 125  
In semblance differing, but alike in kind:  
The fire, whose beard adown his bosom flows,  
Whose wondrous speed no mortal equal knows,  
Here works the same effect in mystic show,  
That time performs on changing things below. 130  
When here the fatal thread of man is spun,  
Of human life below the course is run.  
While Fame is there, lo! here her semblant sign,  
And both alike were deathless, both divine;  
But that yon fire here makes the names his prey, 135  
And time below wastes all with slow decay:  
This, as thou see'st, consigns to whelming tides,  
And that for ever in oblivion hides.  
Crows, vultures, choughs, and all the feather'd train,  
Here strive to bear the sinking names in vain: 140  
These are on earth the servile band and base,  
Flatterers and parasites that courts disgrace;  
Buffoons and slaves, with every vice indu'd,  
But priz'd too oft above the wise and good.



All these are courtiers call'd, of fordid mind, 145  
(Like the vile ass or swine's detested kind)  
Who bred in feasts to waste the glutton hour  
With greedy taste the savoury cates devour;  
Who when the Parcae end their master's days,  
When Bacchus or intemperate Venus flays, 150  
Bear in their mouths awhile each patron theme,  
Then drop the burthen in oblivion's stream.  
But as the swans, with soft melodious strain  
Convey the medals safe to yonder fane;  
So virtue's deeds the poet's tuneful breath 155  
Extends to latest times beyond the stroke of death.  
O! happy princes! train'd in learning's lore,  
Who tread the path by Cæsar\* trod before,  
And while you list each writer to your side  
Fear not th' absorbing waves of Lethe's tide. 160  
Rare as these swans, so rare the poet's name,  
Such poets as the Muses' honours claim:  
For Heaven bestows but with a sparing hand  
Illustrious men to grace a favour'd land;  
And oft the churlish lord without regard 165  
Leaves godlike genius pining for reward.  
The bad meet smiles; the good oppression find;  
And noble arts are banish'd from mankind.

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\* AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Sure Heaven deprives the great of inward light,  
 To quench their souls in intellectual night, 170  
 And makes them scorn the bard's mellifluous lays,  
 That death may blot their name to future days.  
 Would these but make one tuneful muse their friend,  
 (Whate'er their crimes) their memory might extend  
 In time's fair page, and favours sweet dispense 175  
 As costly myrrh or odorous frankincense.  
 Æneas' self was not so pious found,  
 Nor Hector nor Achilles so renown'd  
 For deeds of arms, but numbers might we tell  
 Whose martial glories could those chiefs excel. 180  
 The favour, by their rich descendents shew'd,  
 The princely gifts, the palaces bestow'd,  
 Exalt their actions to the highest praise,  
 That fiction paints or history can raise.  
 Deem not Augustus' life so free from blame, 185  
 As Virgil's trump delivers him to fame;  
 His skill in verse and love to bards display'd,  
 The dire proscription veils in friendly shade.

Not

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Ver. 185. *Deem not Augustus' life—*] “The Triumvir and Pro-  
 scriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now  
 appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him  
 (Virgil) and Horace. Ariosto has put these words into the mouth

Not one might now on Nero's guilt exclaim;  
 Nor infamy perchance attend a name 190  
 By Gods and men abhorr'd, had he ensur'd  
 The pen of writers and the muse secur'd.  
 On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows,  
 And paints the Trojans vanquish'd by their foes;  
 Tells how Penelope amidst the train 195  
 Of lawless suitors could her faith maintain:  
 But would you see the truth no more conceal'd,  
 Who knows but thus the tale might stand reveal'd,  
 That Greece was routed, Troy the conquest gain'd,  
 And that Penelope her nuptials stain'd? 200

of an evangelist, but whether they will pass for gospel now I cannot tell.

Non fù sì santo, ni benigno Augusto  
 Come la tuba di Virgilio suona,  
 L'aver avuto in poesia buon gusto,  
 La proscrittione iniqua li perdona."

DRYDEN, Preface to *Æneid*.

Ver. 193. *On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows,*] Mr. Warton in his history of poetry tells us, that Lydgate blames Homer, "notwithstanding all his rhetoric and sugred eloquence, as a prejudiced writer who favours the Greeks;" a censure which flowed from the favourite and prevailing notion held by the western nations, of their descent from the Trojans. Dion of Prasa, an historian, took great pains to shew that Homer had falsified the truth, and that Achilles was slain by Hector, and the Greeks vanquished.



Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found,  
 Dido with truth and every virtue crown'd:  
 But she, since Maro was her foe, has left  
 A name of chastity and truth bereft.

Be not surpris'd if on this theme I dwell, 205  
 And warmly speak of what I feel so well.  
 To writers every debt of love I owe,  
 Myself a writer in your world below.

Above my peers I gain'd such honour'd grace  
 No death shall end it and no time deface, 210  
 And every grateful thought to him is ow'd,  
 To holy CHRIST whose hand such gifts bestow'd.

But

---

Ver. 201. *Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found,*] Trogus Aufonius, and Marcellus, as likewise Petrarch, affirm that Dido, whose proper name was Eliza, killed herself that she might not become the wife of Iarbas, king of Mauritania, to which union she was strongly pressed by her subjects. An old Greek epigram is extant, in which she is made to complain of the Muses for inciting Virgil to write against her chastity. It is a certain fact that she lived long before Æneas is said to have left Troy, which Petrarch sets forth in his *Triumph of Chastity*. PORCACCII:

E veggio Dido  
 Ch'amor pio del suo sposo a morte spinso,  
 Non quel d'Ænea, com'è publico grido.  
 Dido, who loyal to her consort fell,  
 Not for Æneas' love, as lying legends tell.

Mr. Hayley, in his instructive and entertaining notes to his poem on epic poetry, speaking of her story given by the Spanish poet Ercilla,

But wretched those, in hours of grief expos'd,  
 On whom the gates of courtesy are clos'd;  
 Who with pale want and famine on their cheek, 215  
 By night or day in vain an entrance seek!  
 And hence (th' unpleasing subject to pursue)  
 Few are the poets as the patrons few:  
 Since savage beasts from that rude climate fly,  
 Whose barren sands nor shade nor food supply. 220  
 So spoke, with kindling warmth, the blessed fire,  
 While either eye-ball flash'd with heavenly fire,  
 Till, turning to the duke, his speech he clos'd,  
 And in a smile benign his looks compos'd.

Thus they: but let us now Astolpho leave 225  
 With him from whom mankind redeem'd receive  
 The gospel truth, while from the lunar sleep  
 To lower worlds I meditate a leap,  
 A leap from Heaven to earth—nor can I more  
 Self-pois'd aloft on weary pinions soar. 230

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Ercilla, says, "I must observe, that many bards of his country have considered it as a point of honour to defend the reputation of this injured lady, and to attack Virgil, with a kind of poetical Quixotism, for having slandered the chastity of so spotless a heroine." He afterwards gives us the words of Ercilla at the conclusion of his account of Dido. "This is the true and genuine story of the famous defamed Dido, whose most honoured memory has been belied by the inconsiderate Virgil, to embellish his poetical fictions." Notes to the Third Epistle.

The

The strain to her I turn, whose gentle heart  
Was pierc'd by jealousy's envenom'd dart;  
Whom late I left, when in succeeding joust  
Three kings, by turns, she humbled in the dust.  
At night a castle, on the way, reliev'd 235  
Her wandering course, where tidings she receiv'd  
That Agramant with all his numerous bands  
In camp was routed by her brother's hands;  
That Arli's walls he fought, and well she knew  
That there Rogero with his king withdrew. 240  
Soon as the first grey light in Heaven appear'd,  
To rich Provence the dame her journey steer'd;  
For thither (spread the fame) his conquering crew  
King Charles had led the vanquish'd to pursue.

Now near the camp a lonely fair she met; 245  
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with tears were wet:  
Noble her mien—lo! this was she who won  
The manly heart of Monodantes' son;  
Who from the bridge beheld her lover's fall,  
And left him Rodomont's unhappy thrall: 250  
A knight she fought whose dauntless soul could brave  
The narrow pass above, below the rapid wave.

Soon as Rogero's valiant maid distress'd  
Beheld a dame no less by grief oppress'd,

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Ver. 231. *The strain to her I turn,*—] He resumes the narrative of Astolfo, Book xxxviii. ver. 180.



With courteous greeting she besought to know 255  
What secret cause had wrought the stranger's woe.  
Her Flordelis beheld, and at the sight  
Believ'd in her she found the wish'd-for knight;  
And now describ'd the dangerous bridge and flood  
Where Algiers' king against all strangers stood: 260  
How from his feat her hapless lord he threw;  
Not that th' insulting Pagan better knew  
The use of arms, but that with craft apply'd,  
He to his 'vantage us'd the bridge and tide.

If thou, O warrior! (said the weeping fair) 265  
Art brave and courteous as thy looks declare,  
For Heaven's dear sake on him thy valour turn,  
Through whom I thus my lord, my champion mourn.  
Or teach me in what near or distant land  
To meet with one yon Pagan to withstand; 270  
A knight whose courage can my foe assail,  
That little shall his bridge and stream avail.  
Not only shalt thou act as suits the right  
Of chivalry and fits a wandering knight;  
But more—thy valour shall the cause maintain 275  
Of one, the truest of Love's faithful train.  
How shall I all his other virtues tell,  
Such numerous virtues that his sex excel?  
Who own not these, must breasts unfeeling prove  
Which neither faith can touch, nor worth can move.

The generous maid, whose mind so little weighs  
Whate'er may lead to fame and martial praise,  
Heart broken with her grief, in anguish dares  
Danger and death, and for th' attempt prepares.  
She thinks no fortune to her arms can give 285  
Her dear Rogero back, and loaths to live.

Fair love-lorn stranger (Bradamant replies)  
Such as I am, this arm thy foe defies.  
Thou speak'st thy lover loyal to his vows,  
When truth to few so high a praise allows; 290  
'Till now I deem'd who dar'd in man to trust,  
Would find in love all perjur'd and unjust.

Thus she; and as the latter words she spoke,  
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.  
Lead on—she cry'd; and with th' ensuing day 295  
They view'd the fatal stream and dangerous way;  
There soon discover'd by the watch, who stood  
To warn his lord what strangers reach'd the flood.  
The horn is blown; the Pagan, arm'd with speed,  
Stands on the shore oppos'd with spear and steed: 300  
He guards the pass, and when the dame he spies,  
Denounces instant death with threatening cries,  
Unless she yields, t' avert her threaten'd doom,  
Her horse and armour offer'd at the tomb.  
But Bradamant, before instructed well, 305  
Who heard fair Flordelis th' adventure tell,

How by his fury Ifabella dy'd,  
Thus to the haughty Saracen reply'd.

Why, wretch! should those who ne'er partook  
thy guilt,

Be punish'd for the blood thy rage has spilt? 310  
By thee she fell—thy life should here atone  
That impious deed through every region known.

Thy life were here a better victim paid

In just oblation to her virgin shade :

More grateful far than all the trophies won 315

From luckless knights that on this bridge have  
run :

Her ghost would prize the vengeance best, that  
came

From one, who bears like her, a woman's name :

A woman see—but ere in joust we meet,

On equal terms together let us treat : 320

Shouldst thou in fight prevail, my fate with those  
Already taken at thy will dispose.

But (as I deem) on me should conquest light,

Thy horse, thy armour, shall be mine of right :

My hand shall yonder arms and mail displace, 325

And, in their stead, shall thine the marble grace :

Thy prisoners shall be mine—'Tis just (reply'd

Stern Rodomont) nor is thy claim deny'd.

But



But shouldst thou win, I shall not yet restore  
The knights, my captives late in yonder tower,  
Since these are sent to Afric's distant shore. 331

But here I swear, shouldst thou thy feat retain  
By some strange chance, and I unhors'd remain,  
Each captive shall be freed, by our command  
Dispatch'd in message swift to Afric's land. 335

But shouldst thou fall when we in fight contend,  
(As surely thus the contest soon must end)

Thou shalt not leave thy arms, nor shall thy name  
Grav'd on the marble thy defeat proclaim:

To that fair face, bright locks, and sparkling eyes  
Already vanquish'd I resign my prize. 341

Thine be the day—so may'st thou but remove  
Each angry thought, and change thy hate to love:  
Such is my strength, my courage, known to all,  
Thou need'st not deem it shame by me to fall. 345

The virgin smil'd, but sternly smiling show'd  
A generous wrath that in her features glow'd,  
Nor to the Pagan aught reply'd again,  
But turning to the bridge her courser's rein,  
Urg'd all his speed, while in her hand she bore 350  
The lance of gold to charge the furious Moor.  
Fierce Rodomont prepar'd the joust to meet,  
Rapid he came: beneath their courfers' feet

The tough bridge shook, while many an ear around  
At distance trembled with the deafening sound. 355  
The golden lance its wonted virtue held,  
And he, whose arm so oft his foes had quell'd,  
Prone on the bridge was tumbled from his seat,  
His head laid low, high rais'd his quivering feet.  
Scarce could the virgin, as the warrior lay, 360  
Speed o'er the narrow pass her courser's way :  
Great was her risk ; a step but swerv'd aside  
Had plung'd her headlong in the subject tide.  
But Rabican so light, so steady came,  
(That wondrous courser bred of air and flame) 365  
Along th' extremest verge he sped so fast,  
That on a sword's sharp edge his feet had safely past.  
Then to the Pagan king, supinely spread,  
She turn'd, and thus in sportive humour said :  
Behold who now has lost—see whither tends 370  
Thy empty boast, and how the contest ends !

Foiled by a woman's hand, without reply  
Depriv'd of sense the Pagan seem'd to lie,  
Till slowly rising, with dejected look,  
A few short steps with silent gaze he took, 375  
Then sudden from his limbs the armour drew,  
And fill'd with rage against the marble threw :

Alone,

Alone, on foot, he hasten'd from the place  
 (The scene detested of his foul disgrace)  
 But ere he went, he gave a squire in charge 380  
 (As late he vow'd) to set the knights at large  
 To Afric sent: No more of him we tell,  
 Save that departing thence he turn'd to dwell  
 From living haunts in some sequester'd cell. }

Meantime against the monumental stone, 385  
 The Pagan's mail, by law of arms her own,  
 Aloft the virgin hung, but thence remov'd  
 Each Christian's armour that the joust had prov'd,  
 (Known by their names inscrib'd) that left the train  
 Of Charles's court; the rest she let remain 390  
 Her trophies plac'd to adorn the virgin-fane. }  
 Beside the arms of Monodantes' son,  
 With Sanfonetto's, Olivero's shone;  
 Who, while Aglante's noble prince they fought,  
 Their path pursuing, to the bridge were brought,  
 And, here made captive by the Pagan's hand, 396  
 In hapless exile sent to Afric's land:  
 Their arms, which now the lofty structure bore,  
 The dame remov'd and plac'd within the tower.

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Ver. 384. *From living haunts—*] Rodomont appears no more  
 till Book xlv. ver. 794.



All other harness won, the conquer'd spoil      400  
From Pagan knights, she left to deck the pile.  
There hung the monarch's arms who fought in  
vain,

With length of peril, Frontalet to gain;  
Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch wore,  
Who wandering many a plain and mountain o'er,  
By evil chance to lose his steed arriv'd,      406  
And travell'd thence of horse and arms depriv'd.

Thus every warrior of the Pagan crew  
Dismiss'd, with freedom from the pass withdrew:  
But shame forbade Circassia's king's return,      410  
To risk amid the camp opprobrious scorn,  
For honour sully'd, arms and courser lost,  
Disgrace ill-suited to his frequent boast.  
And now desire rekindled in his breast  
To seek the damsel, who his soul possess'd,      415  
Who (fame had told) her native country fought:  
Hence, as the power of fond affection wrought,

---

Ver. 404. *Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch wore,*  
The last time we heard of Sacripant was in Book xxvii. ver. 837,  
where he was said to pursue Rodomont, in order to recover from  
him his horse Frontaletto (or Frontino) and where the poet men-  
tioned his being afterwards made prisoner by Rodomont.

While

While he pursues with speed the flying fair,  
To Amon's daughter let the Muse repair.

Each Christian name eras'd, the martial maid 420  
In words new graven on the tomb display'd  
To every passing eye her glorious deed,  
The knight dismounted and the passage freed ;  
Then turn'd to Flordelis, whose heart was fill'd  
With tender grief, whose eyes big tears distill'd, 425  
And ask'd her purpos'd way: The dame replies:  
To Arli, where the Pagan army lies:  
Companions there I seek, there hope to find  
A bark for Afric with a favouring wind:  
Ne'er will I rest till to these arms restor'd, 430  
These eyes behold my husband and my lord:  
Nor shall he long in cruel prison live,  
Though treacherous Rodomont should falsely give  
His promise to deceive thyself and me:  
All shall be try'd to set my consort free. 435

Behold me ready (said the martial fair)  
With thee each peril of the way to share  
Till Arli we behold, where, for my sake,  
Within her walls thy entrance shalt thou make;

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Ver. 419. *To Amon's daughter—*] We hear no more of Sacripant in the course of the poem.

There seek Rogero, fam'd through every land 440  
Lov'd of his king o'er all the martial band:

Thy gift on him this courser must bestow,  
From which I late o'erthrew our haughty foe:  
Then shalt thou say—"The knight from whom I  
came 444

"Dares to the world thy breach of faith proclaim;

"To thee this steed he fends, and bids thee brace

"Thy arms, his force on yonder plain to face."

Here end thy speech; but should he further try  
To learn my name, be this thy sole reply:

"Unknown to me the knight whose words I bear."

Thus she, and thus return'd the grateful fair: 451

What danger (generous warrior!) for thy sake  
Shall I decline, what toil refuse to take?

My life is thine—Not less than life she owes

To thee, who could for her thy own expose— 455

Good Bradamant returns in courteous strain,

And to her hand commits Frontino's rein.

Along the margin of the winding flood  
These beauteous dames their eager way pursu'd,  
Till Arli they beheld, and heard the roar 460  
Of billows breaking on the neighbouring shore.  
Here Bradamant her courser check'd, to wait  
Herself at distance from the city's gate,

Till



Till Flordelis to Arli should repair,  
 And to the noble youth his courser bear. 465  
 The barrier now attain'd, the gentle dame  
 The draw-bridge pass'd and to the portal came:  
 The knight she found, perform'd her task enjoin'd,  
 And good Frontino to his hand consign'd.  
 Her message done, no longer would she stay, 470  
 But to the port pursu'd her eager way.

Perplex'd Rogero stood, his mind confus'd,  
 On this, on that, in vain alternate mus'd:  
 What knight could such mysterious challenge send,  
 With gifts to court him, and with arms offend? 475  
 He knows not who the combat thus may claim,  
 Or dare for wrong sustain'd attain his name:  
 Yet no suspicion ere could raise a thought  
 That Bradamant such charge against him brought.  
 Sometimes he deem'd of all the warrior crew 480  
 The knight was Rodomont, nor yet he knew  
 What cause on him the Sarzan's anger drew. }  
 Yet, him except, through all the world remain'd  
 No single chief with whom he strife maintain'd.

Meanwhile Dordona's dame, in generous scorn,  
 To claim the combat blows her sounding horn. 486

Ver. 471. *But to the port pursu'd—*] He returns to Flordelis,  
 Book xxxix. ver. 299.

Now Agramant, and now Marflius heard  
That near the walls some champion ftrange appear'd.  
With thefe, as chance befel, a gallant knight,  
Call'd Serpentino, flood, who for the fight 490  
Requested leave to arm, and vow'd to bring  
That bold unknown in bonds before the king.  
Soon fpreading rumour to the ramparts drew  
Each fex and every age the field to view:  
Not feeble years, nor childhood ftay'd, but all 495  
Alike impatient throng'd to line the wall.  
With radiant arms and rich embroider'd veft,  
King Serpentino of the ftar addrefs'd  
His dauntlefs courfe, and entering on the jouft,  
The firft encounter ftretch'd him in the duft. 500  
The courteous dame purfu'd, and by the reins  
Secur'd his fteed that ftartled fled the plains;  
Him to the Saracen her hand reftor'd:  
Refume thy feat (fhe cry'd) and bid thy lord  
Select another warrior from his band 505  
Who better may in arms my force withftand.

The king of Afric faw with wide furvey,  
Amidft his train, the fortune of the day:  
Behold (th' enraptur'd prince exclaim'd aloud,  
In accents heard by all the Pagan crow'd) 510

Yon gallant chief a victor's right forego,  
And from the plain dismiss his vanquish'd foe!  
He said; when Serpentino present stands,  
And, in her name, a braver knight demands.  
Grandonio of Volterna next appears, 515  
No lord of Spain his crest so proudly rears;  
With leave obtain'd the second course to try,  
He issues forth the stranger to defy.  
Then he—thy courtesy avails thee nought,  
When thou in bonds before our sovereign brought  
Shalt wait his nod, or by my weapon slain 521  
Here stretch thy length on this contested plain.  
Think not my soul (the noble maid reply'd)  
Shall quit her purpose for the threats of pride:  
I warn thee to retire, ere prostrate here 525  
Thy batter'd limbs confess my stronger spear.  
Return, return—and to thy king declare,  
'Tis not for such as thee these arms I bear:  
But hither am I come to meet in fight  
Some warrior that deserves a warrior's might. 530  
These bitter words, in taunting vein address,  
With burning wrath inflam'd the Pagan's breast:  
He nought reply'd, but reining round his steed  
Against the virgin urg'd his fiery speed;



Prepar'd to joust, her golden lance she held, 533  
 And Rabician to meet his rage impell'd;  
 When scarce the fatal spear had touch'd his shield  
 With spurning heels aloft he press'd the field.  
 The noble championess his courser stay'd:  
 Confess that justly I foretold (she said) 540  
 Thy tongue might better far my message bear,  
 Than in the list thy arm my weapon dare.  
 Go then—and in my name thy king entreat  
 To choose a knight that may my challenge meet  
 On better terms; nor let me toil in vain 545  
 With those that knightly fame so ill sustain.

The gazers from the walls, who wish'd to tell  
 What brave unknown had kept the feat so well,  
 Recall'd to mind each chief, that oft in field  
 Midst summer's heat their blood with fear congeal'd.  
 To Brandimart some gave the champion's claim, 551  
 But to Rinaldo more ascrib'd his fame:  
 Orlando most had deem'd, but well they knew  
 His state, that tears from every hearer drew.

The third in turn, Lanfusa's son\*, apply'd 555  
 To run the course; with little hope (he cry'd)  
 To win the palm, but, falling, that his shame  
 Might with his friends unhors'd partake the blame.

\* FERRAU.

And furnish'd now with all that warriors need  
In lifted fight, he mounts a fiery steed, 560  
Led from a thousand which his stalls contain,  
For swiftness priz'd and steady to the rein.  
He issues forth, but ere in joust he meets,  
The virgin him, and he the virgin greets:  
Then she—If this thou seekst not to conceal, 565  
To me in courtesy thy name reveal.  
To her request Ferrau in full reply'd,  
Who seldom fought himself or deeds to hide.  
Thy proffer'd joust I take (rejoin'd the dame)  
Though here to prove another knight I came. 570  
What knight? return'd Ferrau—to whom the maid  
Rogero cry'd—and scarce the word she said,  
When o'er her face the mantling colour flew  
And dy'd her lovely cheeks to crimson hue.  
She thus pursu'd—That warrior's fame in arms 575  
My beating breast with emulation warms:  
Eager I burn with him in field to wage  
The single fight and face to face engage.  
Simply she spoke, what some malicious mind  
May turn far other than the maid design'd. 580

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Ver. 579. *Simply she spoke,—* An instance, amongst many others, of those ludicrous turns interspersed through the poem, for which Lavezuola, the Italian critic, in his comment on this place, in general condemns the author.

To her Ferrau—Be first our conflict try'd,  
The prize of strength between us first decide :  
Then, should I fall, as fell my peers before ;  
To heal the chance of this disastrous hour,  
That gentle knight shall enter next the course, 585  
With whom thou longest at tilt to prove thy force.

As thus they parlying stood, her helm unclos'd  
Her visage to the wondering gaze expos'd ;  
And while Ferrau those angel features view'd,  
His heart confess'd him more than half subdu'd. 590  
Then to himself—A form I sure behold  
From Paradise, not bred of mortal mould ;  
And should I fail in joust the lance to meet,  
Those conquering eyes have wrought my sure defeat.

Each measur'd now the ground ; when, like the  
rest, 595

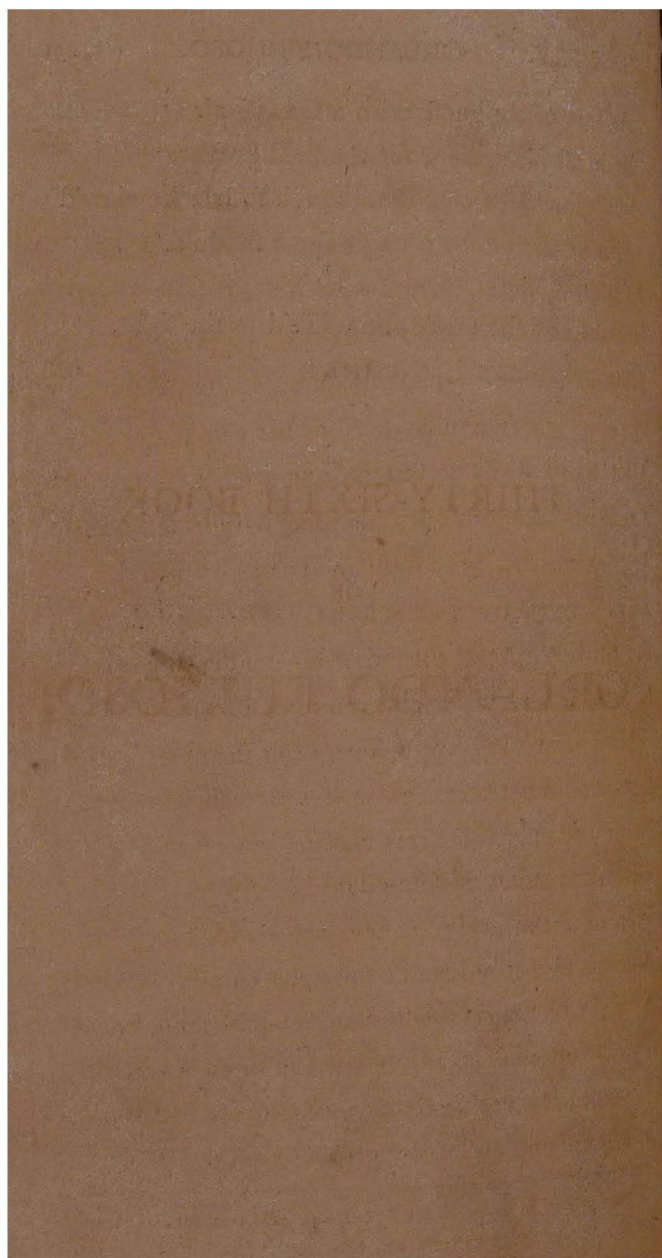
Ferrau o'erthrown the earth indignant press'd.  
For him his courser Bradamant detain'd :  
Return (she cry'd) and be my wish explain'd  
To yonder knight. Ferrau abash'd withdrew,  
And fought Rogero 'midst the courtly crew ; 600  
Before king Agramant the message told,  
That him to joust defy'd the champion bold,  
Rogero, while as yet he little thought  
What unknown knight with him the combat fought,



As fure of conquest, with a fearless air      605  
Bade all his armour for the field prepare:  
Still glow'd his courage, though so late he view'd  
Three warriors by a single spear subdu'd.

But how he arm'd, how issu'd to the fight,  
And what ensu'd, hereafter I recite.      610

END OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK.



THE  
THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.



### THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Rogero is preparing to leave the walls of Arli to answer the challenge of Bradamant, Marphisa meets her, and is unhorsed. Distress of Rogero. Skirmish between the Christian and Pagan forces. Rogero entreats a parly with Bradamant, and both the lovers retire from the field of battle into a grove. Marphisa, impatient to revenge her fall on Bradamant, pursues them. Battle between Bradamant and Marphisa. Rogero attempts to part them, and is attacked by Marphisa. Their combat is broken off by a supernatural event, followed by an unexpected discovery.

THE  
THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

A NOBLE heart by noble deeds is known,  
Sway'd by no change, no dictates but its own;  
In every lore of courtesy refin'd,  
Where habit stamps, what virtue had enjoin'd.

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Ver. 1. *A noble heart by noble deeds is known,*] Spenser, the great admirer and imitator of our author, borrows this sentiment in his Fairy Queen:

True is, that whilom that good poet said,  
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known :  
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd  
As by his manners ; in which plain is shewn  
Of what degree and what race he is grown.

Book vi. c. iii. st. 1.

Again,

Like as a gentle heart itself bewrays  
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight.

Book vi. c. vii. st. 1.

Not

Not less the heart, which vice polluting stains, 5  
 At every turn its wretched bent maintains,  
 Where nature warp'd an evil habit takes,  
 And favour'd he such habit who forsakes.  
 The times of old supply'd a martial race,  
 Not less indu'd with every gentle grace: 10  
 Few boasts the modern page ; since there we find  
 Each outrage that debases human kind.  
 As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine  
 With conquer'd ensigns deck'd each hollow'd shrine,  
 That arm, which from the port their gallies bore 15  
 With spoils encumber'd to thy native shore :  
 O! then what dreadful scenes of carnage spread,  
 As where to deeds of savage fury bred, }  
 Moors, Turks, and Tartars round them heap the }  
                     dead !  
 Yet think not Venice could partake the guilt 20  
 Of hireling bands, and blood unjustly spilt.  
 I speak not here of flames, whose torments pour'd  
 From street to street, whole sumptuous piles de-  
                     vour'd :

---

Vre. 13. *As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine*] In the Notes on the iiii<sup>d</sup> Book an account was given of this victory gained over the Venetians in the Po, in which Cardinal Hippolito took seventy ensigns from the enemy, which he afterwards caused to be fixed up in the great church of Ferrara. PORCACCII.

Though



Though such a savage vengeance must proclaim  
 The worst of insults to thy better fame: 25  
 For when proud Padua's turrets shook with fear,  
 And, join'd with Cæsar, flam'd thy dreadful spear,  
 Thy voice humane forbade the fires to rise,  
 And stopp'd the blaze when bursting to the skies,  
 While towns and cities by thy pity spar'd, 30  
 Thy inborn worth to either host declar'd.  
 Yet these, nor all their savage fury wrought,  
 Deeds never harbour'd in the courteous thought,  
 So touch'd my breast as one heart-rending woe,  
 Which rocks might weep, could rocks compassion  
 know; 35

---

Ver. 26. *For when proud Padua's turrets—*] Andrea Gritti, after he was doge, recovered Padua from the hands of the emperor Maximilian; who, disturbed at the loss of so important a place, came from Germany with an army to retake it; and arriving in Italy, he was joined by the Franks, Spaniards, and the forces of the Pope, so that when he encamped at Padua, he found himself at the head of a vast army: among others who came to his assistance was Cardinal Hippolito de Este, who seeing the wanton cruelty of the Imperialists, with difficulty restrained them from committing many acts of violence, and particularly prevented the destruction of many neighbouring towns, and of the edifices at Padua. PORCACCHI.

When you, great prince, your noble offspring sent  
 To where the foes, in guarded fortrefs pent,  
 Fled from their ships, and where in dread they lay  
 To wait th' event of that ill-omen'd day,  
 As dauntless Hector and Æneas strode 40  
 To burn the Grecian ships that brav'd the flood:  
 Like Hercules and Alexander go  
 The friendly pair, their hearts too boldly glow, }  
 They leap the trench, and rush amidst the foe. }  
 Too far advanc'd, the second scarce regain'd 45  
 His social band; the foe the first detain'd.  
 Feruffin 'scap'd, behind Cantelmo stay'd—  
 O Sora's duke! what pangs must then invade  
 Thy wretched breast, when from thy generous son  
 His helm unlac'd, a thousand swords on one, 50  
 Thou to the vessel sawst thy darling led,  
 And sever'd from the trunk his beauteous head?

Ver. 36. *When you, great prince,—*] In this war, amongst many gallant warriors with the Cardinal were Hercules Cantelmo, son of the duke of Sora, and Alexander Feruffino: these two rashly attacking the enemy, Hercules was made prisoner, and condemned by the Venetians to lose his head, as one who, being in their service, had attached himself to the Ferrarese: the sentence passed on him was executed in the presence of his father. Feruffino seeing Cantelmo taken, made his escape with difficulty to his own people. EUGENICO.

Why,

Why, when the cruel edge his blood could spill,  
Did not such fight the wretched father kill?  
Say, curs'd Slavonian, from what savage bands 55  
Brought'st thou the trade of war? Did Scythia's  
hands

E'er shed a captive's blood, who freely gave  
His yielded arms his forfeit life to save?  
Was this thy plea to murder him who shone  
His country's brave support? O powerful sun! 60  
Withdraw thy beams from this remorseless age,  
Where all like Atreus, like Thyestes rage.  
Thy savage soul, barbarian! could destroy  
The soldier's early hope, the nation's joy!  
Whose fame no chief from pole to pole outshines,  
From Indian shores to where the day declines. 66  
Not those who make the flesh of man their food,  
Not eyeless Polypheme's inhuman brood,  
But touch'd with pity had that grace confess'd,  
That grace and youth to melt an iron breast: 70  
Thou, only thou, could'st harm that angel face,  
Than Lestrigons more fell, or Cyclops' hideous race.  
Not such example ancient times can show,  
Each vanquish'd chief then met a generous foe;  
Each warrior then was train'd in courteous lore, 75  
The battle ended, slaughter rag'd no more.



Unconquer'd Bradamant, who smote the shield  
Of each brave knight, and stretch'd them on the  
field,

From her fall'n foe withheld her bloody sword,  
And every courser to his lord restor'd. 80

This warlike virgin (as we sung before)

To earth the gallant Serpentino bore,

Knight of the star ; next by her noble hand

Grandonio of Volterna press'd the land ;

And last Ferrau : then rising from his fall, 85

Each rein'd his steed, and turn'd to Arli's wall :

The third her challenge bore, and call'd the knight  
Rogero once belov'd, to mortal fight ;

As midst the peers he stood, where all deceiv'd

By outward deeds, the maid a knight believ'd. 90

Rogero, who the bold defiance hears,

Demands his arms, while in his look appears

A noble warmth : in sight of Afric's lord,

While thus he arms, the chiefs, with one accord,

Again enquir'd what warrior could so well 95

With rested spear in single fight excel ;

And ask'd Ferrau, who with him lately drew

To near discourse, if he the stranger knew.

Securely rest (Lanfusa's son rejoin'd)

No tongue has yet this pride of Mars divin'd. 100

To

To me he seem'd, as first his face I view'd,  
Amon's young hope ; but when the joust ensu'd,  
And shew'd his prowess in the manly course,  
Not such I knew was Richardetto's force :  
His sister hence yon knight unknown I deem, 105  
Whose semblant features Richardetto seem.  
Brave as Rinaldo lives her fair report,  
Brave as each Paladin of Gallia's court ;  
But sure, by this days proof, her arm in fight  
Transcends her brethren's and her kinsmen's might.

When this Rogero heard: the deepening red 111  
Of morning blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread;  
A sudden tremor seiz'd his beating heart,  
Swift through his vitals flew the amorous dart :  
He glows---he burns---and now as fear assails, 115  
Through all his bones an icy cold prevails:  
He dreads some new-born anger has suppress'd  
The love that once her gentle soul possess'd ;  
Divided thoughts by turns his bosom sway,  
He doubts to go, nor yet resolves to stay. 120

Meantime Marphisa, breathing martial fires,  
There present stands, and to the joust aspires ;  
All clad in steel ; for seldom day or night  
She stood without her mail and corset bright.

She sees Rogero arm, and fears to yield 125  
To him the foremost honours of the field;  
Should first the warrior issue to the plain,  
And with preventive speed the palm obtain.  
Her steed she takes, and vaulting in the seat,  
Impatient spurs th' expecting fair to meet, 130  
Who waits with beating heart Rogero's sight,  
In hopes to hold in bonds her faithless knight;  
While oft she ponders where the lance to bend,  
That least in combat might the youth offend.

Now from the portal fierce Marphisa press'd, 135  
The phoenix towering on her radiant crest,  
To prove that she, above each martial name,  
Shone the sole phoenix in the field of fame;  
Or boast her chaste design to lead a life  
Estrang'd from love and all the joys of wife. 140  
On her brave Amon's daughter bent her view;  
But when no semblance of her knight she knew,  
Her name she sought; her name disclos'd the maid  
With whom Rogero had his faith betray'd;  
Or rather her, whom, by report deceiv'd, 145  
She now the partner of his heart believ'd:

---

Ver. 136. *The phoenix towering—*] In Boyardo the crest of Marphisa is a dragon.



Her whom she loath'd, on whom she burn'd to prove  
The vengeance due to wrongs of flighted love.  
Her steed she turn'd, again with fury wheel'd,  
Nor fought to hurl Marphisa on the field, 150  
But through her breast to drive the thrilling spear,  
And free her own from every jealous fear.

Compell'd Marphisa from her seat was thrown,  
To try if flinty rock or yielding down  
Receiv'd her fall ; at such a chance unthought, 155  
What rage her fiery soul to madness wrought !  
Scarce rising from the ground, her sword she drew,  
And for revenge against her victor flew ;  
When Amon's daughter with indignant pride—  
Thou art my prisoner ! yield thy arms (she cry'd)  
Think not on thee, Marphisa, I'll bestow 161  
The grace I lately show'd each vanquish'd foe :  
On thee, whose deeds thy vicious soul proclaim,  
Reproach and scandal to the female name !  
At this Marphisa foam'd, as mid the waves 165  
Around some rock the wind indignant raves :  
She strives to speak ; but rage her voice confounds,  
And her lips mutter undistinguish'd sounds.  
She whirls her sword ; and while she aims to strike,  
On steed and rider aims her strokes alike. 170

But Bradamant her courser by the rein  
Swift wheeling round, with wrath and fell disdain  
Again her spear impell'd—her spear anew  
Marphisa backward on the sand o'erthrew.  
Once more from earth arose the wrathful maid, 175  
Once more for vengeance grasp'd her beamy blade,  
Again her weapon Bradamant extends,  
Again Marphisa to the ground she sends.  
Yet deem not, though her fame so high was held,  
Her strength so far Marphisa's strength excell'd, 180  
That every stroke had thus the maid o'erthrown,  
But that the lance retain'd a spell unknown.

Meantime some warriors from our army, near  
Encamp'd to where with brandish'd sword and spear  
These heroines rag'd, beheld with wondering sight  
Th' exalted prowess of their country knight: 186  
Nor other, by his mien and arms they knew,  
But for some warrior of the Christian crew.  
When now Troyano's generous son survey'd  
The Christians bending tow'rd's th' extended shade  
Of Arli's walls; still cautious to provide 191  
For every ill or chance that might betide;  
Without the gates he bids a squadron go,  
And arm'd attend the motions of the foe.

With

With these Rogero came, who late prepar'd 195  
To meet the tilt which first Marphisa dar'd.  
Th' enamour'd youth beheld with earnest look  
The virgins meet, his heart with terror shook ;  
He shook with terror for his soul's delight,  
Since well he knew Marphisa's force in fight. 200  
Such were his fears when first with lance oppos'd  
Each dame on each with mutual fury clos'd ;  
But when the issue of the joust he view'd,  
All motionless in wonder rapt he stood.  
Their wrath, as if the strife was then begun, 205  
Rag'd on each side ; nor here suffic'd to run  
A single course, as when the virgin's hand  
First stretch'd the three bold Pagans on the sand.  
Rogero gaz'd, and gaz'd with anxious heart,  
His doubts, his hopes engag'd on either part : 210  
Both dear he held : this love's fierce passion fir'd ;  
And that mild friendship's gentler flame inspir'd.  
Fain would he see the hated conflict cease,  
But honour's laws forbade to enforce the peace :  
Not so his comrades thought, who when they spy'd  
The scale of conquest on the Christian side, 216  
Resolv'd to part the fray ; and sudden wheel'd  
Their eager squadron to dispute the field :



The knights of Charles their nearer course oppose,  
And soon in general fight the warriors close. 220

“To arms, to arms!” is heard on every hand,  
Such cries as daily rous’d each martial band.

These mount their courfers; those their armour take  
The rattling trumpets to the battle wake

The trampling horse; while drums and timbrels  
join 225

To fire the foot, and form each deepening line.

Fierce and more fierce the skirmish’d troops engage  
With mutual slaughter and with mutual rage.

Dordona’s valiant dame\*, who hop’d in vain  
To see Marphisa by her weapon slain, 230

With wrath beholds her eager vengeance cross’d  
And from her hand her hated victim lost.

Now here, now there with quick exploring eyes  
She seeks Rogero, for whose sake she fights;

And soon she knows him by his targe reveal’d, 235  
The silver eagle on an azure field;

And now with every tender thought impress’d,  
She marks his well turn’d limbs, his manly breast,  
Each grace, each action of the youthful knight,  
On which she oft had gaz’d with fond delight. 240

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\* BRADAMANT.

But when her fears suggest these nameless charms  
Decreed to bless a happy rivals arms,  
Furious she cries—Am I deny'd the bliss,  
When other lips those balmy lips may kiss?  
Ah! never sure another's shalt thou prove, 245  
And, scorning mine, return a rival's love!  
Rather than singly by thy hate expire,  
This hand, inhuman, shall thy life require;  
If here I lose thee---death at least shall join  
Our hearts once more, and make thee ever mine.  
If by thy sword I fall, thou sure must go 251  
A willing victim to the shades below:  
For human laws, and laws divine ordain,  
Who slays another, shall himself be slain.  
Nor canst thou murmur here, nor seek to fly 255  
That fate thou justly meet'st, unjustly I;  
I kill but him who seek'st my life to take,  
Thou, cruel, her, who lives but for thy sake.  
Rouze, coward hand, and with a righteous blow  
Lay bare the bosom of thy treacherous foe, 260  
Whose looks, in love's dissembled smiles array'd,  
Have wounded oft to death a helpless maid!  
Who now can bid my life's sad period close  
Without one pang in pity to my woes!

Then

Then from his impious breast with generous ire  
Exact that death, thy thousand deaths require. 266

She said ; and to her steed the spurs apply'd ;  
Perjur'd Rogero ! guard thy heart ! (she cry'd)  
Think not unquestion'd victor hence to hear  
The glorious trophies of a maid's despair ! 270

Soon as these accents reach Rogero's ears,  
In these his consort's well-known voice he hears,  
That voice so deeply on his mind impress'd,  
That tongue amidst a thousand tongues confess'd.  
He thinks her words conceal'd reproach imply 275

For some imputed crime of deeper dye  
Than late his promise fail'd ; and hence his hand  
He wav'd a friendly audience to demand,  
And plead his cause—but she with beaver clos'd,  
Her spear already in the rest dispos'd, 280

And threatening rush'd to hurl him from his seat  
Where no soft turf perchance his limbs might greet.

When now he saw the furious virgin near,  
Collected in his arms, his ponderous spear  
He plac'd in rest, but rais'd the point in air 285  
Through doubt to wound the lov'd but cruel fair.  
The dame who with unpitying rage inflam'd  
Against the knight her fiercest vengeance aim'd ;

Now



Now feels some sudden power her wrath disarm,  
Nor dares unhorse him, nor the warrior harm. 290  
Thus guiltless of a stroke the weapons prove,  
Both turn'd aside: not so the lance of love,  
This in the joust he drove with matchless art,  
And fix'd the amorous point in either's heart.  
The dame on others from Rogero turn'd 295  
The rage that in her jealous bosom burn'd,  
And midst the tumult of the mingled fight,  
Such deeds perform'd as ne'er shall set in night.

Soon with her golden lance to earth she threw  
Three hundred warriors of the Moorish crew; 300  
Her single arm that day the ranks defac'd,  
Her force that day the flying Pagans chac'd.  
Now here, now there, Rogero cours'd the plain,  
And oft he fought to accost the fair in vain,  
At length they met—And O! I die (he cry'd) 305  
Yet hear—nor be my sole request deny'd:  
Grant me to speak—alas! what crime is mine?  
Why dost thou thus my speech, my fight decline?  
As, when the balmy southern wind prevails,  
And o'er the ocean sweeps with tepid gales, 310

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Ver. 305. *At length they met—*] Tasso has a similar passage, when he describes the casual meeting of Tancred and Clorinda in the iiii<sup>d</sup> book, when in like manner he makes Tancred solicit a parley with Clorinda.

Long-frozen streams dissolve, and mingling flow  
With rocks of ice and hills of crufted ſnow:  
So when Rinaldo's valiant ſiſter hears  
Theſe few ſhort words, and ſees her lover's tears,  
Her melting heart relents, and ſeems no more 315  
That heart which wrath to marble chang'd before.

The virgin to Rogero nought reply'd,  
But gor'd with iron heel her courſer's ſide;  
And ſwiftly turning from the warring band,  
She made a ſignal with her beck'ning hand. 320  
Far from the throng ſhe reach'd a vale where ſtood  
Amidſt a verdant plain a cypreſs wood;  
Whoſe ſable boughs extended o'er the glade  
The ſolemn honours of coeval ſhade.  
In this ſequeſter'd place, this awful gloom, 325  
Of pureſt marble roſe a ſtately tomb;  
Where to th' enquiring eye was ſeen diſclos'd  
In ſculptur'd verſe what body there repos'd:  
But Bradamant, arriv'd, with heedleſs gaze,  
Alike the ſculpture and the ſtone ſurveyſ. 330  
Rogero ſpurr'd his ſteed and ſwiftly came  
In this retreat to join his virgin-dame.

To brave Marphiſa let us turn the ſtrain,  
Who now recovering preſs'd her ſteed again,

And

And fought the warlike maid, whose potent thrust  
Had thrice her length extended on the dust; 336  
Whom parting from the fight afar she view'd,  
And saw Rogero, who her course pursu'd;  
Nor deem'd that love impell'd the youthful knight,  
But eager warmth to end th' unfinish'd fight. 340  
With sharpen'd spur her fiery steed she drove,  
And join'd the lovers, as they reach'd the grove:  
How grateful to the pair her fight must prove,  
Those best may tell whom equal passions move.  
But Bradamant was fir'd with rage to view 345  
A rival, whence in thought her woes she drew;  
What from her soul this firm belief can shake,  
She thither came for her Rogero's sake?  
O false Rogero (once again she cries)  
Perfidious man! and could it not suffice, 350  
Fame speaks thee base; but thou in fell despite  
Must bring yon hated gorgon to my sight!  
I see thy wish, to drive me from thy soul,  
Nor will I more thy cruel wish control:  
Farewell to light!—but ere I yield my breath, 355  
She first shall die, by whom I meet my death.  
Furious she spoke; and on Marphisa press'd  
With more than viper's venom in her breast;

Soon



Soon as her spear had touch'd the rival-shield,  
 Back fell Marphisa helpless on the field; 360  
 Even while aware, t' oppose the stroke she tries,  
 With heels retorted to the radiant skies,  
 And helm half sunk in earth the haughty virgin  
                   lies.

But Amon's daughter who, in frantic mood,  
 Resolv'd to die or shed Marphisa's blood, 365  
 No more with spear the conflict would renew,  
 But from her hand th' enchanted weapon threw,  
 And leaping from her steed her falchion drew.  
 Furious she rush'd to lop with trenchant blade  
 Her head, half-buried, from the struggling maid:  
 But ere she came, Marphisa on the plain 371  
 Recover'd stood to wage the fight again,  
 Enrag'd to find once more in equal joust,  
 Her former glories humbled to the dust:  
 With grief Rogero views the growing fight; 375  
 In vain with earnest prayers the gentle knight  
 Would calm their souls; all peace the dames refuse,  
 While each alike her mad revenge pursues.  
 Now, at half sword, these female warriors close,  
 Near and more near they press, each bosom glows  
 With tenfold pride; and now together join'd 381  
 Each round her foe a powerful arm has twin'd:

They

They let their falchions useleſs fall to ground,  
And with their daggers aim a fatal wound.  
To both by turns Rogero bends his prayer, 385  
But all his words are loſt in empty air.  
Entreaties vain, and every milder art,  
The youth reſolves by force their ſtrife to part:  
He wreſts the dagger from each ſtruggling maid,  
And hurls the weapon in the cypreſs ſhade. 390  
Their hands diſarm'd he ſteps between their rage  
With threats to move them, or with prayers aſſuage;  
In vain—his prayers and threats alike prevail,  
Still burns their wrath, and when their weapons fail,  
They gripe, they ſqueeze, they ſtrike with ſpurn-  
ing heel, 395  
And with their gauntlets clench'd the tempeſt deal:  
Oft by her hand or arm the gentle knight  
Each virgin draws to interrupt the fight;

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Ver. 395. —*they ſtrike with ſpurning heel,*] Perhaps it may be thought by ſome, that the poet in this paſſage, as in ſome others, has rather done violence to his female characters: it muſt perhaps be acknowledged that the idea is not pleaſing; but, after all, human nature is the ſame in every rank of life, and there are ſituations when extreme paſſion levels all diſtinction; which truth the reader muſt often have learnt from that great maſter of human manners, Shakſpeare.

'Till stern Marphisa could no more control  
The fury kindling in her haughty soul, 400  
That haughty soul which all the world despis'd,  
As little now Rogero's friendship priz'd:  
But, leaving Bradamant, her sword she shook,  
Rush'd on Rogero and indignant spoke.

O! insolent of mind, discourteous knight, 405  
Uncall'd to mingle in another's fight!  
But know this hand thy folly shall chastise,  
This hand whose single weapon both defies!

Thus she: with balm of soothing words address  
Rogero still would touch Marphisa's breast: 410  
But such her rage, no soothing can control  
The stubborn purpose of her fiery soul:  
At length, his cheek with kindling anger dy'd,  
The knight unsheaths the falchion from his side.  
Not Rome or Athens, once with riches crown'd, 415  
Nor wealthier city, through the world renown'd,  
Could on the gazer such delight bestow  
With dazzling splendors of some public show,  
As now, to jealous Bradamant, the fight  
Of deadly strife between the dame and knight; 420  
A fight that to her grief sure medicine prov'd,  
And every pang of cruel doubt remov'd.



She snatch'd her sword, that on the herbage lay,  
And stood a glad spectatress of the fray:  
Rogero in his force, his martial air, 425  
And matchless skill she deem'd the God of war:  
But while like Mars he seem'd, with vengeance fell  
Marphisa look'd a fiend from deepest hell:  
For still the generous warrior would restrain  
His wonted nerve, nor give his wrath the rein. 430  
Too well the virtue of his blade he knew,  
That oft, in battle prov'd, such numbers flew;  
That cut its bloody way through toughest arms,  
Through temper'd steel, or steel secur'd with charms,  
And hence his wary hand declin'd alike 435  
With thrilling point to thrust, with edge to strike.  
At length the virgin aim'd a dreadful blow,  
That rous'd the vengeance of her gentle foe:  
To cleave his head the thundering steel she drove,  
Against the weapon, hissing from above, 440  
Rogero rais'd his eagle-painted shield  
And stay'd the fury on its azure field:  
His eagle held secure by magic charm,  
But the dire blow benumb'd the warrior's arm,  
And had not Hector's mail the falchion stay'd, 445  
Through shield and mail had driven the trenchant  
blade,

Thence on his head had fall'n with swift descent,  
 Nor miss'd the mark the raging virgin meant.  
 Rogero scarce can lift his arm with pain,  
 And scarce his eagle's ponderous orb sustain. 450  
 All pity fled, his bosom glow'd with ire,  
 And either eye-ball flash'd vindictive fire!  
 Then at full force he whirl'd the pointed steel,  
 Ill chance had met her, such dire stroke to feel.  
 Some guardian power was near to save the maid,  
 And in a cypress trunk the erring blade 456  
 Stood deep infix'd, where thickly planted stood  
 Of mournful trees the venerable wood.  
 Sudden a fearful earthquake rock'd the ground;  
 The meadow shook, the mountain trembled round:  
 When from the tomb in central silence rear'd, 461  
 A sound, exceeding mortal sounds, was heard.

Then thus the voice of horror---O! forbear  
 This impious strife, this most unnatural war,  
 Where brother's hands a sister seek to kill, 465  
 Where sister's hands a brother's blood would spill.

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Ver. 461. *When from the tomb—*] So Virgil, *Æneid* III.

— gemitus lachrymabilis imo

Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auras.

— from the tomb I hear

A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.

PITT. ver. 50.

O lov'd

O lov'd Rogero ! lov'd Marphisa, hear !  
 For both are mine--O lend a heedful ear !  
 One womb conceiv'd you both, one happy birth  
 Produc'd you both, the future boasts of earth. 470  
 Your fire, Rogero, second of the name  
 Lov'd Galacella, who return'd his flame :

Ver. 471. *Your fire, Rogero,*—] For Boyardo's account of the birth of Rogero and Marphisa, see Note to Book ii. ver. 217. Take this further account of Rogero of Rifa and Galacella, the father and mother of Ariosto's hero.

When Almontes left the dominions of his father Agolant to revenge the death of king Garnieri on the Christians, he took with him his sister Galacella, a female warrior of great courage, but his brother Troyano remained behind with his father. Almontes and Galacella alternately fought with Rogero of Rifa, without victory to any party. Galacella turned Christian, and married Rogero; but Beltram, elder natural brother to Rogero, having conceived a passion for his sister-in-law, but unable to corrupt her chastity, he in revenge betrayed the town of Rifa to Almontes, who entering by night, put all to the sword. Rogero and his father Rampallo were killed: but Almontes afterwards repenting of the part which he had acted, caused Beltram to be put to death. Galacella, then big with child, was put on board a vessel with eight attendants, whom she afterwards killed, and landing at a castle, was delivered of two children and died. ASPRAMONTE, c. iv. vi. ix. & seq.

The latter part of this story is differently told by Boyardo and Ariosto, who relate that she was exposed alone in an open boat by her brothers, and cast on the coast of Africa,



But him, alas! her cruel brothers gave  
An early victim to th' untimely grave ;  
And mindless of the dear, the precious load 475  
Your mother bore, unheeded kindred blood,  
Her in a slender bark these fiends consign'd  
To threatening death amid the seas and wind.  
But Fortune that decreed you, yet unborn,  
With glorious deeds your country to adorn, 480  
Your vessel to a realm unpeopled bore,  
And safely landed on the Syrtes' shore.  
Eas'd of her birth, to death your parent bends,  
Her spotless soul to Paradise ascends.  
Such was your fate, so will'd some favouring power,  
Myself was present at the needful hour : 486  
Then (as the place allow'd) this friendly hand  
Interr'd your mother on the lonely strand :  
Wrapt in my vest your tender limbs I laid,  
And to Carena's towering height convey'd. 490  
I caus'd a gentle lioness to come,  
Her whelps deserting, from the woodland gloom ;  
Who twice ten months (her nature's rage subdu'd)  
From savage teat supply'd your milky food.  
But roving o'er the fields one fatal day, 495  
As distant from my home I chanc'd to stray,

On

On you a band of Arab spoilers fell,  
(Your memory may supply the tale I tell)  
Marphisa, thee they seized ; with feet more light  
By better chance Rogero 'scap'd by flight. 500  
Return'd, your cruel loss I long deplore,  
But guard my sole remaining hope the more.  
Thou know'st, Rogero, well my ceaseless care,  
While sad Atlantes breath'd this vital air.  
I saw, from boding stars, thy life decreed 505  
In Christian lands by treacherous guile to bleed ;  
For this I strove to keep thee thence afar  
'T' evade the influence of each threatening star:  
But when thy ardour all my hopes oppos'd,  
My wretched days with grief and sickness clos'd. 510  
Yet ere I dy'd, where my prophetic sight  
Here with Marphisa long foretold thy fight,  
I call'd the demons from tartarean gloom  
With marbles heap'd to raise this stately tomb ;  
And with loud cries to Charon thus I pray'd: 515  
" Awhile forbear to claim my mournful shade !  
" Though freed from life, permit my ghost to stray  
" In this drear grove till that destin'd day,  
" When my Rogero in this lone retreat,  
" In single combat shall a sister meet." 520

Impatient here I chid the lingering hour  
 That stay'd thy coming to this cypress bower:  
 O Bradamant, by our Rogero lov'd,  
 Henceforth be every jealous thought remov'd!—  
 But now, farewell! farewell to chearful light, 525  
 I sink for ever in eternal night!

Here ceas'd the voice; and ceasing left impress'd  
 Fear, wonder, love, in every hearer's breast.  
 The knight Marphisa for his sister knew:  
 She, in Rogero, with enraptur'd view 530  
 Her brother own'd; and both with pious haste  
 Advancing in each other's arms embrac'd:

Ver. 527. *Here ceas'd the voice;—*] There is scarce a passage in this, or perhaps it may be allowed in any poem, more noble, poetical, and affecting, than this discovery of Rogero and Marphisa to each other: the several workings of rage, love, and jealousy, are inimitably painted, and the attention of the reader wonderfully suspended, till the whole mystery is unravelled by the sublime machine of the ghost of Atlantes, which may be truly called *dignus vindice nodus*. The sudden transition of scene from the hurry and tumult of a field of battle to a sequestered grove and sepulchre, and the terrible voice that issues from the vault, are circumstances of a strong imagination. Indeed the many natural, sublime, and beautifully wild strokes of this book would not have been unworthy of a Shakespear himself!

While



While she, whose soul no more with doubts was  
mov'd,

Shar'd in their meeting and their joy approv'd :

Now recollection, waking many a thought, 535

The time long past to their remembrance brought,

The sports in which their childish years they  
led,

Confirming all Atlantes' spirit said.

Rogero to his sister now reveal'd

What love his heart for Bradamant conceal'd ; 540

And, with affection's warmest glow, display'd

The ties that bound him to the generous maid :

Meantime fell discord, late a cruel guest,

Was banish'd far from either virgin's breast,

And both, to peace and amity dispos'd, 545

Their friendly arms around each other clos'd.

Marphisa now impatient burns t' enquire

The state and birth of their illustrious sire ;

By whom he fell, and how the chief was slain

In single fight, or on th' embattled plain : 550

What impious hands their hapless mother gave

A guiltless victim to the greedy wave :

If e'er the tale had reach'd her infant ears,

The trace was scarce retain'd in lapse of years.

Rogero then began : From Ilium's coast, 555

Through Hector's mighty line our race we boast.

When young Aftyanax had fled the bands  
 Of Grecian foes, and 'fcap'd Ulyffes' hands,  
 He left behind him in his native place  
 A youth of femblant ftature, mien, and face: 560  
 Long wandering o'er the fpacious feas he gain'd  
 Sicilia's ifle, and in Messina reign'd.

His progeny at length by Faro dwell'd,  
 And in Calabria's realms dominion held;  
 'Till fons fucceeding fons, th' illuftrious town 565  
 Of Mars\* theyreach'd, where chiefs of high renown  
 Sprung from their line, whom mighty Rome obey'd,  
 Who regal or imperial fceptres fway'd;  
 Whofe blood to Conftantine from Conftans run,  
 And thence to Charles imperial Pepin's fon. 570  
 Midft thefe Rogero (firft that bore the name)

Buövo, Gambaron, Rambaldo came:  
 Rogero laft, the fecond, he who led,  
 As old Atlantes from yon marble laid,  
 Our honour'd mother to the nuptial bed. 575  
 Your eye may clear in ftory'd annals trace  
 The glorious actions of our generous race.

Rogero then declar'd, from Afric's fhore  
 How Agolant his double offspring bore  
 Almontes and Troyano; how he brought 580  
 A daughter, who in arms fo bravely fought,

That many a Paladin to earth she threw;  
Till of their fire the fair enamour'd grew:  
That for his sake her father she forsook,  
And how, baptiz'd, his hand in marriage took. 585  
He told the traitor Beltram's impious flame,  
Who burnt incestuous for the beauteous dame:  
Whom to possess all nature's ties he broke,  
And basely yielded to a foreign yoke  
Sire, brethren, country—Rifa's town betray'd 590  
To foes whose fury scenes of death display'd.  
How Agolant and his dire sons combin'd,  
(When billows dash'd, when howl'd the raging  
wind)

Unhappy Galacella's death to doom,  
Six moons beholding then her growing womb: 595  
And how her feeble skiff without a guide  
They launch'd at mercy of the roaring tide.

While thus her brother his discourse pursu'd  
In mute attention rapt Marphisa stood,  
With joy exulting from such spring to trace 600  
The shining streams of her illustrious race:  
Mongrana thence and Clarmont thence she knew  
(The double progeny) their lineage drew;  
Names that through earth had pass'd unrival'd long,  
Fame's darling chiefs, and themes of future song.

But



But when at length she heard the cruel brood 606

Of Agramant had shed Rogero's blood

By treacherous guile, and doom'd his blameless wife

On furgy tides to end her wretched life;

No more the sister could her wrath disguise, 610

But thus abrupt---O brother lov'd! (she cries)

Forgive me, if I gently must complain

That you, a son, could filial warmth restrain,

And unreveng'd behold a father slain!

What though Almontes and Troyano fled 615

From mortal state, are shelter'd with the dead,

Thy justice may the son of life deprive---

Thou liv'st---and yet shall Agramant survive?

What foul dishonour must thy courage blot,

Thy parents' wrongs neglected and forgot! 620

Not only from this king thy sword abstains,

But thee, his soldier, Afric's court retains:

By CHRIST, the God henceforth I will adore,

That GOD to whom my father bow'd before,

I swear this armour never to forsake 625

'Till for my parents' wrongs revenge I take.

Griev'd I behold, and ever shall behold

Rogero's force with Agramant enroll'd,

Or mix'd with Moors, unless with sword in hand

To scatter slaughter through their hated band. 630

While

While from Marphisa's lips these accents flow'd,  
The heart of Bradamant with rapture glow'd,  
And oft she urg'd her lover to pursue  
The path Marphisa pointed out to view,  
And seeking Charles, assert his lineal claim 635  
To honours due ; for long his father's fame  
Had Charles confess'd, and deem'd no living knight  
Eclips'd his valour in the field of fight.

To them Rogero courteous thus reply'd ;  
He long ere this had left the Pagan's side, 640  
Had all been known, or known been duly weigh'd :  
But since from Agramant the martial blade  
Now grac'd his thigh, on him that sword to raise  
With treason's guilt would stain his former praise ;  
To shed his blood whom for his lord he chose 645  
And pledg'd the faith of knight to guard him from  
his foes.

Yet, as engag'd to Bradamant he stood,  
So to his martial sister now he vow'd  
The first fair hour occasion gave to take,  
The Moorish camp with honour to forsake. 650  
This had he sought before, but left in fight  
To death near wounded by the Tartar knight  
Long time he lay, which numbers could attest,  
(As late the muse has told) but o'er the rest

Marphisa

Marphisa knew, who every day beside 655  
His languid couch her friendly cares supply'd.

He said ; the word each noble virgin took,  
And all by turns their pleaded reasons spoke ;  
At length they fix'd Rogero should repair  
To Agramant, whose standards fann'd the air 660  
At Arli's town, and with his lord remain  
Till he some just occasion might obtain  
To seek imperial Charles, and join the Christian  
train. }

Marphisa then the enamour'd maid address'd:  
Permit his absence, nor alarm thy breast: 665  
Few days shall see him to your sight restor'd,  
Nor longer Agramant be call'd his lord.  
Thus pleasing she ; while yet her doubtful mind  
Had scarce revolv'd the purpose she design'd.  
Rogero bids adieu, and turns the rein 670  
To seek his king encamp'd on Arli's plain.  
When sudden from the neighbouring vales they hear  
The sounds of sorrow breaking on their ear ;  
And female plaints they seem'd---but here we close  
The pleasing book to seek a short repose ; 675  
Yet nobler deeds th' ensuing page displays,  
If still you deign to mark your poet's lays.



THE  
THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

### THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO, Bradamant, and Marphisa, find three damsels cruelly treated, and undertake to revenge their cause. They arrive with them at a town where they are acquainted with the shameful law made by Marganor against women. Tale of Marganor and his sons. Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, attack the castle of Marganor, and take him prisoner. Marphisa institutes a new law. Death of Marganor.

THE  
THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

IF every dame, who day and night applies  
T' acquire those gifts which Nature oft denies,  
The fruit of anxious toil!—If such can raise  
A name in future times deserving praise,  
Would but the sex those paths of learning take, 5  
Which mortal virtues can immortal make,  
And thus themselves to distant ages tell  
The deeds in which the female race excel,  
Without the poet or historian's aid,  
Who oft by malice or by envy fway'd, 10  
Whate'er

---

Ver. 10. *Who oft by malice—*] Spenser in like manner complains of the jealousy and injustice of writers.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find

That in their proper praise so partial be,



Whate'er of good they knew have kept conceal'd,  
 And, blaz'd abroad, each little fault reveal'd;  
 Then might such honours crown the lovely kind,  
 To leave the lessening fame of men behind.  
 With equal ardor man to man repays 15  
 The mutual tribute of reflected praise;  
 Nor this alone, but labours to proclaim  
 Each blemish that may blot the woman's name;  
 As if he fear'd their merits fair display'd  
 Would sink his own, like suns that set in shade. 20  
 But not a tongue or hand, though bent in spite  
 With voice to utter, or with pen to write,  
 With every fraud of jealousy indu'd,  
 The bad to heighten and obscure the good,  
 Can so prevail the gentle sex to stain 25  
 But still their glory shall in part remain,  
 Though far beneath what their deserts might claim,  
 If candid truth allow'd their genuine fame.

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And not indifferent be to woman-kind,  
 To whom no share in arms or chivalry  
 They do impart, ne maken memory,  
 Of their brave gifts, and prowess martial:  
 Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,  
 Room in their writs; yet the same writing small  
 Does all their deeds deface, and shame their glories all.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book iii. c. ii. ft. 1.

Not fam'd Harpalice, on Scythia's shore ;  
 Not Thomyris, who brav'd the Persian power ; 30  
 In Troy or Latium, not each warrior maid \*,  
 Who gave to Turnus or to Hector aid ;  
 Not she † who fled with Tyre and Sidon's train,  
 Through length of seas to fix her Lybian reign :  
 Not great Zenobia ; not the queen ‡ whose hand 35  
 Subdu'd Assyria, Ind, and Persia's land :  
 Not these alone and some selected few,  
 Demand the fame to mighty actions due :  
 Not those alone in Greece and Rome display'd,  
 For virtues bred beneath their fostering shade, 40  
 But dames as wise, as faithful, just and brave,  
 Have liv'd from Indus to th' Hesperian wave ;

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\* PENTHESILEA and CAMILLA. † DIDO.

‡ SEMIRAMIS.

Ver. 35. *Not great Zenobia*—] Zenobia, queen of Palmyra,  
 who, when her husband Odenatus was taken prisoner by Sapores,  
 king of Persia, raised a great army, set her husband at liberty, and  
 afterwards conquered the east. At the death of Odenatus she had  
 the courage to make war upon the emperor Aurelian ; who, having  
 taken her prisoner, caused her to be led in triumph, and when he  
 was reproached by some, for triumphing over a woman, he replied,  
 that her courage and power had been superior to any man.

PORCACCII.

Whose praise, whose honours are for ever flown,  
 And scarce, amidst a thousand, one is known;  
 Since partial writers, in an envious age, 45  
 With cruel falsehood have debas'd their page.  
 Yet, O ye noble dames! who pant to gain  
 The wreaths of virtue, virtue's track maintain,  
 Nor let despair of future time's regard  
 Your venturous steps from high attempts retard: 50  
 For learn this truth, by just experience found,  
 Nor good, nor ill has one eternal round.  
 If writers oft your praises have deny'd,  
 The present time has well that want supply'd.  
 Your wondrous worth Marullus late has shown; 55  
 Pontanus, and the Strozzi, fire and son:

Capello,

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Ver. 55. —*Marullus*——

*Pontanus, and the Strozzi,*—] Marullus Tarchoniata, a Greek, no less skilled in arms than letters: he served in Italy, and married Florentina, daughter of Bartholomea Scala, a lady of erudition. He lost his life by a fall into a deep pit, and died the same day that Ludovico Sforza fell into the power of the French. Pontanus was born at a castle belonging to the duke of Spoleto; his father being killed in an insurrection of the people, he fled when a youth to Naples in great poverty, and was received by Antonio Panchernita, secretary to Alphonso of Aragon; he succeeded Panchernita in his office, and married a rich Neapolitan lady: he wrote well in prose and verse, and died at seventy-seven years of age at Naples.



Capello, Bembo, plead your sex's cause ;  
 And he \* whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws,  
 And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws. }  
 There Alamanni : here th' immortal pair 60  
 Lov'd by the Muses and the God of war,

## \* CASTIGLIONE.

Tito Vespasiano Strozzi and Hercules his son. Tito wrote many things, but was excelled by his son Hercules, who was also a great improver of the theatre : he was much addicted to women, which passion at last ended in his death. They both lived at Mantua. Hercules wrote in praise of Isabella, wife to the duke of Mantua. FORNARI.

Ver. 57. *Capello, Bembo,*—] Capello, a Venetian gentleman and an excellent Tuscan poet. Bembo, afterwards cardinal ; he wrote in prose and verse, and excelled on amorous subjects, which was objected to him when Paul III. raised him to the cardinalship. FORNARI.

Ver. 59. *And he whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws,  
 And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws.*]

Count Bandaffar Castiglione, who excelled in all the qualities of an accomplished courtier : he wrote a treatise entitled *Il Cortegiano* (The Courtier) in which he introduces many praises of women : it is said, by Ariosto, that in describing a perfect courtier he drew his own picture. FORNARI.

Ver. 60. —*Alamanni*:—] Luigi Alamanni, an excellent poet : he lived some time in banishment in France, like another Ovid, where he wrote many things, particularly his *Girone il Cortese* (Girone the Courteous) a poetical romance.

Sprung from the race that rul'd the favour'd  
ground,

Which Mincius' stream divides and lakes surround.

Of these, while one by nature still inclin'd

To pay due homage to your beauteous kind, 65

Bids Cynthus and Parnassus sound his lays,

And high to Heaven extend your swelling praise;

The love, with truth and constancy unmov'd,

So well by him in Isabella prov'd,

Exalts your sex so far, your fair renown 70

From Envy's shafts he guards above his own;

Nor lives, throughout the world, so brave a knight

Who less shall fear in virtue's cause to fight:

His deeds to other bards a theme can give,

His pen can bid another's glories live: 75

Ver. 60. —*th' immortal pair*] Two of the name of Luigi; Gonzaga of Castel Ginfredi, cousin to the duke of Mantua, and Gonzaga called of Gazalo, for his intrepidity surnamed Rodomont, who afterwards married Isabella. FORNARI.

Ver. 69. —*in Isabella prov'd,*] This Isabella was daughter of Vespasian Gonzaga, and being promised to signor Luigi of the same family, Pope Clement, exasperated with Luigi for being in arms with the Imperialists at the sack of Rome, endeavoured by every means to make her marry another, but she, neither by threats or promises, would be ever induced to break the faith that she had plighted. PORCACCHI.

Worthy

Worthy a dame so wealthy, who (endow'd  
With every gift by bounteous Heaven allow'd  
The female name) through every chance could prove  
A steady column of connubial love.

He worthy her, she worthy him to blefs; 80

No worthier two each other to possess.

New trophies see he rears on Oglio's shore,

Amidst the din of arms and cannon's roar;

So rich a work his polish'd genius gave

That envy seem'd to swell the neighbouring wave.

Hercules Bentivoglio pours along, 86

And paints your triumph in triumphant song,

Ver. 76. — *a dame so wealthy*,—] Rodomont received with her a dowry of twenty thousand ducats. FURNARI.

Ver. 79. *A steady column of connubial love*.] Alluding to her name, *Colonna*, the ancient race of the Colonesi.

Ver. 82. — *Oglio's shore*,] The castle of this lord of Gazalo was situated not far from the river Oglio; by the neighbouring wave he means Mincius, and thus seems in some sort to equal him to Virgil. FURNARI.

Ver. 84. *So rich a work*—] Luigi Gonzaga Rodomont, not only excelled in military talents, but was an accomplished writer. As a proof of his easy vein in poetry, we may refer to the stanzas printed with his name at the end of the *Furioso*, in most of the editions of the work.

Ver. 86. *Hercules Bentivoglio*—] Son of Annibale: he wrote eclogues and comedies, and likewise excelled in music: he lived at Ferrara. FURNARI.



Trivultio follows; then in equal lays  
 My own Guidetto your desert displays;  
 And Molza, nam'd by Phœbus to record your  
                   praise.

See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke appears, 91  
 Son of my patron duke—his wings he rears  
 Like the sweet swan, and singing as he flies,  
 Bears your lov'd name resounding to the skies.  
 See Vasto's lord (whose virtues might inspire 95  
 Full many a Roman and Athenian lyre)  
 Exalts your deeds, while numbers more that live,  
 In this our age your honour'd praises give.

Ver. 88. *Trivultio*—

*Guidetto*—] Rinato Trivultio of Milan; he composed in octave stanzas on amorous subjects. Francesco Guidetto, a Florentine, a good writer in Tuscan verse. FURNARI.

Ver. 89. —*Molza*—] Maria Molza da Madonna from her earliest life shewed a genius for poetry. She excelled in Latin and Tuscan verse, and was patronized by every Mæcenæ of the age. Her life was licentious, being like another Sappho, addicted to a multiplicity of lovers, and died at last of disease, a victim to her incontinence. FURNARI.

Ver. 91. *See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke*—] Hercules II. then only duke of Carnuti, afterwards duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 95. —*Vasto's lord*—] Alphonso, marquis of Vasto, who enriched poetry with many elegant amorous compositions.

FURNARI.

Ver. 97. —*numbers more*—] Ludovico Dominichi was among the most celebrated: he composed an entire volume to the honour of women. FURNARI.

Behold

Behold your sex their female labours leave,  
Forget to turn the reel, the web to weave, 100  
And guide the pen on learning's sacred theme;  
Who quench their thirst at Aganippe's stream,  
And, thence return'd, such honours you bestow,  
Man owes you much—to man you little owe.  
Should here the muse recount the splendid names 105  
And mighty worth of these distinguish'd dames,  
How would the subject shine from page to page,  
What other story could the verse engage?  
What course is left!—shall I the whole reject,  
Or, midst the train a single name select? 110  
One I'll select; in whom such gifts combine  
Not Envy's self shall at the choice repine.  
She not alone, with sweet mellifluous lays  
Preserves her name to far succeeding days,  
But calls the flumbering worthy from the tomb, 115  
And bids his fame reviv'd eternal bloom.  
As Phœbus on his sister seems to throw  
More vivid light, than on the stars that glow  
Around his orb; so he her breast inspires,  
Whose praise I sing, with more exalted fires: 120  
Gives every word with energy to flow,  
And bids her shine a second sun below.

Victoria is she call'd—and well the name  
 Befits her, born to triumph and to fame;  
 With every trophy deck'd of laurell'd pride, 125  
 And victory attendant at her side.  
 Like Artemisia she, the queen who prais'd  
 For nuptial duty, to Mausolus rais'd  
 The stately pile: but more to her is due,  
 Who from the sepulchre her comfort drew, 130 }  
 And bade his buried honours rise anew.  
 If Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife,  
 Evadne and Argia, fled from life;

And

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Ver. 123. *Victoria is she call'd—*] Victoria Colonna, a marchioness of Pescara, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, a commander of great courage and conduct: she was wife to Francisco Davolo, marquis of Pescara: she was a lady of consummate genius and piety, and composed many elegant poems in praise of her husband, and other works on religious subjects. PORCACCII.

Ver. 127. *Like Artemisia—*] Artemisia, queen of Caria, who built a most magnificent tomb for her husband Mausolus, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world; but not satisfied with this proof of her affection, and deeming no other monument so worthy as her own breast to contain the remains of her husband, she caused the body to be consumed to ashes, and having mixed these with a precious liquid, she drank the potion so prepared.

Ver. 132. *Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife,*] Laodamia, wife

to



And numbers more, in story'd annals bloom,  
 Who fought their breathless husbands in the tomb:  
 Still fair Victoria yields a nobler theme, 136  
 Who could from Lethe and the turbid stream  
 That

to Protefilaüs, who went to the siege of Troy : he was the first who landed, and fell by the hand of Hector : his dead body being sent home to Laodamia, she expired upon it.

Arria, wife to Pœtus, who was condemned to death for being privy to a conspiracy against the emperor Claudius. Arria, with great intrepidity, drew a dagger, and plunging it into her bosom, presented it to her husband with this expression, " that she died without pain, but that the agony she felt was for the death which he must suffer." On this incident Martial made the following celebrated epigram.

Casto suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pœto,  
 Quam de visceribus traxerat illa suis,  
 Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,  
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pœte dolet.

When Arria chaste to Pœtus gave the blade,  
 When from her breast she drew the crimson steel,  
 'Tis not (she cry'd) the wound my hand has made,  
 But what, O Pœtus! thine must make, I feel.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, hearing of the defeat and death of Brutus, put an end to her own life by swallowing burning coals.

Ver. 133. *Evadne and Argia*,—] Evadne, wife of Capaneus, who went to the siege of Thebes : her husband being dead, she threw herself on the funeral pile, and was consumed with him.

Argia,

That nine times round the bloodless spectres flows,  
 Her husband free, though death and fate oppose.  
 If stern Achilles once could envy raise 140  
 In Macedonia's king for Homer's lays;  
 What would the monarch, living, feel to hear  
 Thy name, Pescara, sound in every ear;  
 For whom thy chaste thy much-lov'd consort sings  
 Eternal honours on the tuneful strings? 145  
 If all her great deserts the muse would tell,  
 The muse for ever on the theme might dwell;  
 And leave, what late I promis'd to unfold,  
 A pleasing story in the midst untold,

Argia, daughter to Adrastus king of Argos, and wife to Polynices. Polynices and his brother Eteocles being dead by the hands of each other, Creon forbade them to be buried, but Argia, accompanied by her sister Antigone, went in the night to the field of battle, and finding the body of her husband gave it burial; on which the tyrant commanded Argia and Antigone to be put to death.

Ver. 137. *Who could from Lethe—*] Ariosto poetically intimates that Victoria, by the excellence of her compositions, preserving the memory of her deceased husband, recalled him to life. See Note to ver. 123.

Ver. 140. *If stern Achilles—*] Alexander the Great paying a visit to the tomb of Achilles, is said to have expressed his regret that he had no such poet as Homer to record his actions.

Of fierce Marphisa, and the gentle pair, 150  
Which in this book I purpos'd to declare.  
Since gracious now you stand prepar'd to hear  
These fair adventures with attentive ear,  
For better leisure I reserve the lays  
That mean to trace Victoria's boundless praise. 155  
Not that my verse can make those virtues bright  
Which shine unrivalled by their native light,  
But vain my soul would those desires obey  
Which prompt all honours at her feet to lay.

Thus then, ye fair, I deem in every age 160  
Your sex might claim a place in story'd page,  
But canker'd envy in the writer's breast,  
Has after death each generous name suppress'd.  
That time is past—since now yourselves can give  
Your virtues blaz'd through latest days to live. 165  
Could those two kindred dames like you excel  
In arts of eloquence, as warring well,  
What gallant deeds had now been brought to light,  
Which envy long has kept obscur'd in night !  
Of these a tenth the muse can scarce declare ; 170  
Of fierce Marphisa, Bradamant the fair,  
I speak, and wish each glory to display,  
Since virtuous deeds should shine in open day ;

Your



Your slave am I, and burn with zeal to show  
To you what truth and loyalty I owe. 175

In act to part, I said, Rogero stood,  
His sword recover'd from the yielding wood,  
When from the neighbouring vale was heard the  
groan

Of female complaints and undistinguish'd moan.  
He paus'd ; but soon, with either warlike maid, 180  
He bent his course to give the mourners aid :  
All spur their steeds, and now approaching near,  
With louder cries distincter words they hear.  
At length they find in wretched plight distress,  
Three dames with weeping eyes and sobbing breast,  
Whose vesture clipt above each lovely waist 186  
By impious hands, to stranger's gaze disgrac'd  
Those secret charms, which each low seated tries  
To hide from sight, and fears again to rise.  
As Vulcan's offspring, born from dust of earth, 190  
Whom Pallas took, and gave the monstrous birth  
With

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Ver. 190. *As Vulcan's offspring,—*] Eriçthonius, the son of Vulcan, was born with the feet of a dragon, and was given by Pallas shut up in a chest to be kept by the three daughters of Cecrops, king of Athens, Pandroso, Erse, and Aglauros, with strict orders not to look therein, but Aglauros through curiosity opened the chest, and discovered the infant, on which they were all three punished.  
Eriç-

With charge severe to rash Aglauros' hand,  
 Who dar'd to disobey her high command;  
 As he, of old his serpent feet enclos'd  
 Within the car, which first his art compos'd; 195  
 So crouch'd the virgins, fearful to reveal  
 Those charms that modesty would fain conceal.

This object fir'd in either noble dame  
 The kindling blushes of a maiden flame:  
 In each fair cheek the deepening crimson glows, 200  
 As blooms in Pæstan groves the fragrant rose.  
 Indignant Bradamant, with wondering eyes,  
 Amidst these weeping dames Ulania spies,  
 Her, whom at Tristram's lodge she met erewhile,  
 The lovely envoy from Perduta's isle: 205  
 Nor less the damsels her attention drew,  
 Whom late companions of the fair she knew.  
 But to Ulania, honour'd o'er the rest,  
 The noble maid her courteous speech address'd;  
 And ask'd what wretch of unrelenting mind, 210  
 Foe to the gentlest ties of human kind,

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Erichonius, when he was grown up, invented the use of the chariot, in order, when he rode therein, to conceal his deformity.

Ver. 201. *As blooms in Pæstan groves* —] Pæstum, an ancient city, the gardens of which abounded with roses, which were reported to blow twice a year: Thus Virgil,

Biferi rosaria Pæsti.

Could

Could to a stranger's eyes those charms reveal  
Which modest Nature labours to conceal.

At that known voice Ulania rais'd her eyes,  
Suffus'd with flowing tears, and now describes 215  
The vest and arms of that victorious dame,  
Who late the northern champions overcame.

Then thus—Not distant far a castle stands  
Where wretches dwell, who with inhuman hands,  
Have clipt our garments thus above the waist, 220  
With blows oppress'd us, and with taunts disgrac'd.  
Nought can I speak of that resplendent shield;  
Of those three kings, who long o'er hill and field  
My steps pursu'd, no tidings can I tell,  
Nor know if death or bondage these beset. 225  
And, though it irks us such a length of way  
To trace on foot, we purpose to display  
Before the court of Charles our wrongs and shame,  
And every justice from the monarch claim.

She said: her words each noble dame inspir'd  
With generous wrath, not less Rogero fir'd: 231  
With grief they heard the maid her tale relate,  
But more they griev'd to view her wretched state.  
All other thoughts forgot, each virtuous breast  
Self prompted glow'd to aid the three distress'd, 235  
While



While with one mind the martial three prepar'd  
 T' avenge the wrong, but first their armour bar'd  
 Of vest and scarf, and cloth'd with tender care  
 The naked charms of every blushing fair.

But Bradamant, whom much it griev'd to view 240  
 Ulania thus on foot her way pursue,  
 The weeping virgin on her copper plac'd ;  
 Whose gentle friends, with equal shame disgrac'd,  
 Marphisa bold and good Rogero took ;  
 Then all the fix the lonely vale forsook. 245

To Bradamant Ulania pointing show'd  
 The nearest path to where the castle stood :  
 Her Bradamant consol'd, and for her sake  
 Vow'd on her foes a just revenge to take.  
 To right and left, by turns, their course they bent,  
 And slowly gain'd a rugged hill's ascent ; 251  
 Nor stay'd to rest, till deep in ocean's bed  
 The setting sun had veil'd his golden head.

An humble village on the hill's steep side  
 Their lodging fair, and good repast supply'd, 255  
 Such as the rustic hamlet could provide.

They gaz'd around, and wondering gaz'd to find  
 Each part, each dwelling fill'd with woman-kind,  
 Some young, some old ; but not a single face  
 Of man was mingled with the female race. 260

Not more surprife of old brave Jafon knew,  
 Not more the reft of Argo's valiant crew,  
 To fee no males on Lemnos' fatal fhore,  
 But favage females drench'd in kindred gore;  
 Than now Rogero and each martial dame, 265  
 When to this town at evening clofe they came.  
 Here Bradamant and here Marphifa's care  
 For fad Ulania, and her damfels fair,  
 Three vefts procur'd, not wrought with female pride,  
 But fuch as well their prefent need fupply'd. 270  
 Meanwhile Rogero call'd a dame from thofe  
 Refiding there, and will'd her to difclofe  
 What place conceal'd the males, fince yet his eyes  
 No male beheld—to which ſhe thus replies.

While you perchance with looks of wonder view  
 Without a man our numerous female crew, 276  
 Think what we feel in banifhment to live  
 From all that once could life's fond folace give:

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Ver. 261. *Not more surprife —*] The women of the ifland of Lemnos being jealous that their husbands meant to forfake them for other wives, formed a confpiracy againſt the men, and at their return maſſacred them all in one night: Hypermeſtra only ſaved the life of her old father king Thoas, and ſent him in ſafety from the ifland. Jafon afterwards arriving thither, found with ſurprife the kingdom only held by women. See OVID'S Ep. Hypſipile to Jafon.

To fill the measure of our doom severe,  
 Sires, sons, and husbands, names for ever dear, 280  
 From our lov'd fight a long divorce constrains,  
 As our inhuman tyrant's will ordains.

Chac'd from the confines of the neighbouring earth,  
 Where we, unhappy! drew our wretched birth,  
 Our cruel lord has here our sex confin'd 285

With wrongs ill-suited to our gentle kind;  
 Denouncing pains and death to us, to all  
 Our tender mates; should these at love's soft call  
 Hither repair our sorrows to relieve,  
 Or we with welcome our lov'd mates receive. 290

To woman's name he bears such deadly hate,  
 He lets no female near his presence wait,  
 But drives us thence, as if our harmless breath  
 Could taint the air with pestilence and death.

Now twicethetrees their verdant leaves have shed,  
 And twicerenew'd their annual honours spread, 296  
 Since to such height the tyrant's fury rose,

And none have dar'd his impious deeds oppose;  
 Such fear prevails!—for to his brutal mind,

As if in fell despite, has nature join'd 300  
 A strength beyond the strength of human kind. }

His body, towering to gigantic size,  
 A hundred warriors in the field defies.



Nor we alone his hapless subjects mourn,  
But strangers feel his rage more fiercely burn. 305  
He from his fight disgrac'd each female drives,  
That by ill fortune at his walls arrives.  
O! if you prize your freedom, life, or fame,  
Or dearly hold each fair and gentle dame,  
This way forsake, which leads to yonder tower 310  
Where dwells the tyrant, whose detested power  
Maintains the law, invented to disgrace  
Damsels and knights that reach the fatal place.  
His hand he chief in female blood imbrues;  
Not so the wolf the tender lamb pursues. 315  
Not Nero, fam'd for every cruel deed,  
Nor wretch more cruel can the wretch exceed  
Whose fury thus assails each hapless dame  
With impious force, and Marganor his name.

Thus she : Rogero with attentive ear, 320  
And each brave virgin stood the tale to hear,  
And fair besought the matron to disclose  
How first his hatred of the sex arose.

Yon castle's lord (the dame her speech renew'd)  
Was ever cruel and averse to good, 325  
But for a time his nature's vice suppress'd,  
Lay deedless, buried in his impious breast.

Two sons his offspring were, of virtuous kind,  
Ah! how unlike their fire's degenerate mind!  
All base and cruel deeds they strove to shun, 330  
And every stranger their affection won.  
With these, awhile, mild love and fair report  
And courteous manners grac'd their father's court;  
For though deep avarice could himself restrain,  
Parental fondness gave his sons the rein. 335  
Each knight and dame that rov'd the country round,  
Alighting there such friendly welcome found,  
That parting thence each grateful tongue confess'd  
The honours paid to every coming guest  
By both the brethren:—each by solemn rite, 340  
Invested with the sacred name of knight.  
Cilandro this, Tanacro that was nam'd,  
Alike for princely mien and courage fam'd.  
Their worth was prais'd of all, and still had prov'd  
Fair knighthood's boast, of every breast belov'd; 345  
But ah! they fell to cruel love a prey,  
That led them soon from virtue's path astray,  
To tread the maze of error's winding way. }  
Their honour now, by fatal passion cross'd,  
In one unhappy deed was stain'd and lost. 350  
It chanc'd that from the Grecian court there came  
A gentle warrior, with his wedded dame,

Of soft demeanour and of blooming charms,  
Worthy to fill the noblest lover's arms.  
Cilandro saw, and kindling at the view 355  
Such draughts of love from her fair features drew,  
He fear'd the hour that saw the dame depart  
Would see life's latest pulse forsake his heart:  
Too well he saw that gentle suit were vain,  
And hence resolv'd by force the prize to gain. 360  
He arm'd, and near the castle ambush'd lay,  
When well he knew the pair would pass the way.  
His wonted courage and his love combin'd  
To urge him headlong to the deed design'd:  
Soon as he found th' approaching warrior near, 365  
He rush'd against him with his lifted spear,  
With certain hope of victory he came,  
T' unhorse the champion, and to win the dame.  
Vain hope!—the knight in field was stronger found,  
And pierc'd his corslet with a mortal wound. 370  
The fatal tidings reach'd his parent's ear,  
Who wept his breathless offspring on the bier,  
And bade his mourning friends the corse convey,  
Where long entomb'd his dead forefathers lay.

Yet still were hospitable rites employ'd, 375  
And friendly welcome every guest enjoy'd:

Not



Not less Tanacro than his brother strove  
In every act of courtesy and love.  
On this ill-omen'd year a baron came  
From distant regions with his gentle dame; 380  
He, first of men for hardy feats of arms,  
She, first of all her sex for female charms;  
She, blest with truth as with a blooming face,  
He, sprung from ancestry of noble race:  
And well it seem'd a knight of worth so rare 385  
Should match with one so virtuous and so fair:  
Olindro he, of Longavilla fam'd;  
His blameless consort fair Drusilla nam'd.  
Alike his dame Tanacro's love inspir'd,  
As late the first his wretched brother fir'd: 390  
Th' unjust desire that on his vitals fed,  
The youth devoted to destruction led:  
He, like Cilandro, honour's voice forsook,  
The ties of hospitality he broke;  
And dar'd each evil, rather than endure 395  
The rankling wound that death alone could cure.  
His brother's end still present to his eyes,  
He bent his thoughts to win the lovely prize  
By surer means, and such as might afford  
No hope of vengeance to her injur'd lord. 400

Ah! hapless youth! whose impious love suppress'd  
 The last faint tracks of honour in his breast,  
 And quench'd in guilt each spark of virtue's fire,  
 Plung'd in the gulph that whelm'd his cruel fire.

One night, far distant from the castle gate, 405  
 He points a force well arm'd in caves to wait  
 The knight's approach: in ambush close they stand,  
 And twice ten warriors swell the deathful band }  
 To close Olindro's way on every hand. }  
 In vain his valour dar'd th' unequal strife, 410  
 Subdu'd at length he lost his spouse, and life.  
 Olindro slain, Tanacro seiz'd the fair,  
 Frantic with grief, abandon'd to despair:  
 And oft she begg'd his falchion would bestow  
 The sole relief in pity to her woe: 415  
 Now rushing to a river's winding side, }  
 Furious she plung'd amid the dashing tide; }  
 But cruel fate the wish'd-for death deny'd. }  
 Wounded and bruis'd the near assistants bore  
 The senseless victim groaning from the shore. 420

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Ver. 412. *Olindro slain, Tanacro seiz'd the fair.*] This story of Olindro and Drusilla is taken from Plutarch, from whom Castiglione has translated it word for word in his *Cortegiano*. It is likewise told with many circumstances by Apuleius in his *Golden Ass*: but Ariosto has altered and improved the story. LAVE-  
 ZUOLA.

Her

Her on a bier Tanacro thence convey'd,  
And anxious call'd on medicine's sons in aid,  
To save his lovely prey : while these employ  
Their healing arts, he dreams of future joy.  
The name of mistress his fond heart disdains; 423  
So fair, so chaste a dame in nuptial chains  
He means to bind ; these thoughts his bosom sway,  
By night pursue him, and possess by day.  
He owns his guilt and large amends he vows;  
The more he soothes, her hatred stronger grows ;  
The more the traitor pleads his suit abhorr'd, 431  
The more she thirsts t' avenge her murder'd lord.  
But well she knew deceit and art must join  
The deep plann'd scheme to further her design;  
She veil'd her former love with pious wiles, 435  
And heard his tale with well-disssembled smiles.  
Peace, gentle peace, her placid looks impart,  
But deep revenge is brooding at her heart :  
A thousand schemes her busy mind revolves,  
By turns she weighs, and doubts, by turns resolves:  
At length she finds her life alone can buy 441  
Her wish'd revenge, and now prepares to die :  
For how so happy can she close her breath,  
As in her own t' avenge her consort's death ?



All joy she seems, and feigns a soft desire 445  
Once more to light the torch at Hymen's fire:  
She decks her charms with every grace of art,  
As her first lord was banish'd from her heart.  
One only boon she begs, to join their hands  
With all the rites her country's law demands: 450  
Not that such nuptial rites, as now she claim'd,  
Her country us'd, but this device she fram'd  
In hopes her dear revenge on him to view,  
Whose guileful force her lov'd Olindro slew;  
And hence, with virtuous guile the dame describes  
The well-feign'd custom of her native tribes. 456

Each dame (she cries) who quits her widow'd state  
Must, ere she yields to take a second mate,  
With masses sung and all due rituals paid,  
Appease her angry lord's departed shade; 460  
And in the temple, where his bones remain,  
Absolve his soul from past polluting stain.  
These rites perform'd, the bridegroom then may  
bring

And to his bride present the spousal ring.  
Meantime the holy priest with ready prayer 465  
The consecrated chalice must prepare;  
Then from the chalice pour the hallow'd wine  
And to the new-espous'd the cup consign;

But

But first he to the bride the potion gives,  
And first her lip the hallow'd draught receives. 470

Tanacro gladly yields, at her demand,  
T' adopt each usage of her native land,  
He bids her crown with love his faithful vows,  
And at her pleasure all the rites dispose.

Ah! wretch! he little deem'd Drufilla's mind 475  
This snare t' avenge Olindro's death design'd;  
So deep one object all his thoughts possess'd,  
That only one found entrance in his breast,

Drufilla near her person long retain'd  
An ancient dame, that with her yet remain'd, 480  
A sister captive; her aside she took

And thus with low and secret voice bespoke.

A speedy poison in a vase prepare,

And to my hand the deadly mixture bear:

The day arrives my vengeance to fulfil, 485

And Marganor's detested son to kill.

Some other time shall tell—but trust my art

That thou and I in safety will depart.

The beldame goes; the venom'd bowl prepares,

And this, returning, to the palace bears: 490

The potent drugs she blends with Candian wine,

And gives the dame; the dame with dire design

Preserves

Preserves it for th' approaching nuptial day,  
To which th' impatient youth forbids delay.

The day appointed to the temple came 495  
With gold and jewels deck'd the lovely dame;  
Where late with pomp of funeral splendor grac'd,  
On columns rais'd her husband's tomb she plac'd.  
There hymns were sung in solemn notes and loud,  
And round of either sex a mingled crowd 500  
Attentive stood: stern Marganor was there,  
With him his son, both with exulting air,  
And many a friend to hail the wedded pair. }

At length the nuptial ceremony o'er,  
Behold th' instructed priest is seen to pour 505  
The wine and poison blest; to her he gives  
The golden cup, the bride the cup receives  
With steady hand; she to the brink applies  
Her cheerful lip, and drinks what may suffice  
For decency and death; then with a face 510  
To smiles compos'd, resigns the fatal vase  
To her new lord,—with unsuspecting soul  
He takes the gift, and drains the deadly bowl.

The cup return'd, he flies with open arms  
Eager to clasp his lov'd Drusilla's charms; 515  
When lo! each soft, each female grace is fled,  
And kindling furies o'er her features spread!



She thrusts him back, his loath'd embraces flies,  
While lightening flashes from her fiery eyes,  
Then with a dreadful voice and faltering tone, 520  
Traitor! (she cries) infernal fiend, be gone!

Shalt thou a life of love and solace know,  
And give my days to pass in tears and woe?

O no—this hand its just revenge obtains  
And sheds destructive poison in thy veins. 525

Thou dy'st—but ah! it grieves my soul to view  
So mild a punishment thy crime pursue!

I only grieve that these unhappy eyes  
See in thy death so poor a sacrifice.

'Tis all I can—since more the fates deny, 530  
Another world may every wish supply:

There shalt thou, wretch, in ever-during chains  
Lament, while present I enjoy thy pains!

Then to the skies she rais'd a dying look,  
Half cheer'd to smiles, and thus with tears she  
spoke. 535

Yet thou accept, O ever honour'd most,  
This vengeance paid to thy offended ghost.

Olindro, take for thy lamented life

This victim offer'd by thy widow'd wife:

And, O! for me the king of Heaven entreat 540

This day with thee in Paradise a seat:

If

If none without desert inhabit there,  
To Heaven's high king my spotless truth declare:  
Tell him, I dare approach his hallow'd reign  
Rich with the triumph of yon monster slain: 545  
What greater virtue lives than hers whose hand  
From such fell plagues can free a groaning land!

She ceas'd; and ceasing, life forsook her breast,  
While her pale looks a seeming joy express'd  
'To see the traitor thus resign his breath, 550  
Whose guile had wrought her lov'd Olindro's death.  
'Tis doubtful whether first her spirit fled,  
Or first Tanacro mingled with the dead:  
Yet sure on him th' effect more speedy wrought  
Whose throat so largely drain'd th' envenom'd  
draught. 555

When wretched Marganer his falling son  
Caught in his arms and saw that life was gone,  
Such rage of grief o'er all his senses spread,  
His soul seem'd fleeting with his offspring dead:  
Two sons were his, and childless now he stood, 560  
And each his wretched end to woman ow'd:  
Grief, pity, love, despair, and wild desire  
Of fell revenge, inflam'd the wretched fire;  
Conflicting passions now by turns prevail'd;  
So foam the seas by boisterous winds assail'd. 565  
He

He seeks Drusilla, but the hand of death  
 Ere yet he came had stopt her balmy breath:  
 As with his teeth the snake attempts to wound  
 The pointed spear that nails him to the ground;  
 As the gaunt mastiff rushes on the stone, 570  
 By passing travellers in fury thrown;  
 So he, more fell than snake or mastiff, flies  
 T' attack the corse, that pale and speechless lies.  
 When long in vain his savage wrath has fed  
 With impious outrage on the sacred dead: 575  
 Against the dames that fill'd the hallow'd fane  
 He turns his arm; when we (a helpless train)  
 The havock of his murdering weapon feel,  
 As falls the grass before the mower's steel.

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Ver. 570. *As the gaunt mastiff—*] Tasso has the like simile.

*Quasi mastin, ch'el fasso, ond' a lui porto  
 Fà duro colpo, infellonito afferra.* CANT. IX. st. 88.

So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar,  
 The mastiff wages unavailing war.

And after both our Spenser:

Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear  
 The stone which passed stranger at him threw.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book iv. c. viii. st. 36.



Full thirty dames the bloody pavement spread; 580  
A hundred wounded from the temple fled.

Such was his people's fear, none durst withstand  
The mad destruction of his slaughtering hand.

Swift fled the dames, and all the vulgar crew  
With equal terror from the fane withdrew: 585

At length his grieving friends with gentle force  
And mild entreaties stopp'd his desperate course,

And led reluctant to the castle's height,

While all below was tumult, grief, and fright.

Still burns his rage; but since his people's prayer  
His friend's advice had urg'd him now to spare 591

Our wretched lives, he bent his ruthless mind  
To banish thence the race of woman-kind.

That fatal day he publish'd his command,  
That every female should forsake the land, 595

And here confines our sex to this retreat,  
Forbid, with heavy threats, t' approach his seat.

Thus wives divided from their husbands mourn,

Thus weeping mothers from their sons are torn;

When some too bold have dar'd to seek us here, 600

The tidings carry'd to the tyrant's ear,

On these his rage inflicts severest pains,

And those to death without remorse ordains.

Then,

Then, at the fort, he bids a law proclaim;  
None more severe ere stain'd a ruler's name: 605  
The law decrees each dame or damsel led  
By evil destiny yon vale to tread,  
Shall feel the smart of many a galling wound  
From cruel stripes; then from the tyrant's ground  
Be exil'd far: her garments clipt away 610 }  
By impious hands shall to the fight display }  
What modest virtue blushes to betray. }  
Should one arrive whom some brave knight defends,  
On her unpity'd certain death attends.  
All those who come with knights (their martial  
guard) 615  
Are led by him, whose iron breast is barr'd  
To pity's touch, to meet their cruel doom,  
Slain by his weapon on his children's tomb.  
Each champion's arms and courser he detains,  
Himself condemns to groan in servile chains. 620  
Such is his power, that near him night and day  
A thousand warriors his commands obey.  
Yet more—should any hence dismissal find,  
By every solemn tie that holds mankind  
He these adjures, unshaken to proclaim 625  
Eternal hatred to the female name.

If these fair damsels little claim your care,  
If for yourselves no anxious thought you bear,  
In yonder fortress, where the tyrant dwells,  
Prove if his cruelty or strength excels. 630

The matron thus her moving tale address'd,  
Till pity melted every warlike breast;  
And had not night restrain'd their eager course,  
That hour had seen them with resistless force  
The castle storm—but here compell'd to stay  
Till early morn reveal'd her saffron ray, 636 }  
In gentle sleep the knight and virgins lay. }

Soon as Aurora, with her blushing light,  
Announc'd the sun, and put the stars to flight,  
The fearless three their limbs in armour brac'd,  
And each fair damsel on their couriers plac'd; 641  
When sudden from behind they heard the sound  
Of horses trampling on the neighbouring ground:  
They turn'd, and gazing on the vale below,  
Far as an arrow parted from the bow, 645  
Full twenty warriors, horse and foot, they view'd,  
That through a narrow pass their way pursu'd:  
With these a hapless pinion'd female came,  
Aged in looks, and such as might proclaim  
A wretch decreed by fire, or cord, or chains, 650  
To bear the sentence law for guilt ordains.

Though



Though distant yet, the banish'd female crew  
By face and vest in her th' attendant knew  
Of fair Drusilla, she, who with her dame  
Seiz'd by Tanacro to the castle came, 655  
His wretched thrall! to whom the dreadful care  
Was given th' envenom'd chalice to prepare.

When on the nuptial day the female train  
In eager numbers throng'd the sacred fane,  
She, fearing what might chance, remain'd behind,  
Then fled the town some sure retreat to find. 661  
Ere long to Marganor the news was brought,  
That in Osterica she refuge sought;  
And every means he sought, that could secure  
Her person, and his vow'd revenge ensure: 665  
Large gifts he proffer'd fordid souls to bow,  
And wealth immense, till faithless to his vow  
A lord, who gave her shelter in his land,  
Betray'd her to the cruel tyrant's hand.  
As the rich wares of merchants are dispos'd, 670  
On camels laid in ample chests enclos'd;  
So to Constanza captive was she sent;  
Where from their chief this troop with fell intent

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Ver. 663. ———*Osterica*——] Dutchy of Austria.Ver. 672. ———*Constanza*——] A city of the Switzers.

Receiv'd the victim, destin'd to assuage  
 The impious Marganor's unbounded rage. 675  
 As the strong tide that from the hills descends  
 Of Vefulus, and to the ocean bends,  
 When Lambra and Ticeno swell the course,  
 And Ada joins it with auxiliar force,  
 More deeply foams, with widen'd bed appears 680  
 Swell'd by fresh waves: So when Rogero hears  
 Of Marganor, he feels new wrath inflame  
 His generous breast; nor less each martial dame  
 With fury glows; and all with one accord  
 Resolve t' assail the castle's impious lord, 685  
 And, fearless of his guard's surrounding band,  
 Exact the punishment his deeds demand.  
 Yet sudden death they deem'd too mild a fate,  
 Resolv'd that torments should his crimes await.

But first their arms must free the wretched dame  
 Who with the troop to death devoted came: 691  
 They give the bridle to the fiery steed,  
 And urge through nearest ways his rapid speed;

---

Ver. 676. *As the strong tide —*] The Po that breaks out from  
 mount Vefulus, and discharges itself by seven mouths into the Adri-  
 atic sea, being encreased by the conflux of many rivers from the  
 Alps and Apennines,

And

And never yet th' assail'd receiv'd before  
Assault more fierce from such determin'd power: 695  
Each flies, compell'd before the storm to yield.  
And leaves the captive dame, his arms and shield.  
As when a hungry wolf, furcharg'd with prey,  
Takes to the den secure his eager way,  
If chance the train of men and dogs oppose, 700  
He quits his course, aside his load he throws,  
And where he least the beaten track espies,  
Through thorny brakes with nimble feet he flies:  
So from the field the routed band withdrew,  
So swift on these the generous warriors flew. 705  
With terror struck, their wretched lives to save,  
Some leap the rock, some seek the mountain cave;  
With arms and prisoner, many leave behind  
Their steeds forgotten, to the foes resign'd:  
From these Rogero and the joyful pair 710  
Of martial dames, selected three to bear  
These three fair virgins, whom so late before  
The courfers gall'd with double burthen bore.

Now to the tower of infamy they bend,  
And will the matron should their way attend, 715  
To see on Marganor each wrong repaid  
With full atonement to Drufilla's shade.



But, fearing ill, the beldame this deny'd;  
Her, while in vain she wept, and trembling cry'd,  
Rogero in his nervous grasp compell'd, 720  
And on Frontino plac'd reluctant held.

At length they came where from a neighbouring  
height

A town below lay stretch'd before their sight  
Of wide extent, on every side expos'd,  
Nor fenc'd with ramparts nor with fosse enclos'd.  
Full in the midst a rock high-towering show'd 726  
A lofty fort that on its summit stood.

To this with joy their eager course they held,  
Where Marganor (detested tyrant) dwell'd.

The town they enter'd, when the watchful guard  
Before, behind, their further passage barr'd. 731

Now Marganor, encompass'd with a crew  
Of foot and horsemen, from the castle drew,  
And in short speech, with haughty phrase, ex-  
plain'd

The cruel law that in his castle reign'd. 735

Marphisa then (for so the fiery maid

With Bradamant and with Rogero laid

The first assault) in answer spurr'd her steed,

And onward rush'd with equal strength and speed:

Nor

Nor sword, nor lance she grasp'd, but many a blow }  
With gauntlet arm'd she dealt and laid him low 741 }  
With batter'd helmet on his saddle-bow, }  
Marphisa thus—not less the Dordan dame  
Her courser urg'd : with these Rogero came ;  
So fierce his onset, fix at once he flew 745  
Ere from its rest his potent spear he drew.  
That, through his paunch the thrilling steel impress'd,  
These, through the neck, the head, or panting breast.  
Within the sixth, who fled, the weapon broke ;  
But first through spine and pap resistless took 750  
Its bloody way—All stretch'd on earth behold  
Where Amon's daughter aim'd her lance of gold.  
So from the burning skies is seen to fall  
The dreadful bolt that rends and scatters all.  
The people fly—some seek the mountain's height ;  
Some to the plain precipitate their flight : 756  
Some in their dwellings, some in temples hide,  
And every fence against assault provide.  
None save the dead remain—meantime in bands  
Behind his back the wretched tyrant's hands 760  
Marphisa ty'd ; and to the dame consign'd ; }  
That ancient dame, who bent her vengeful mind }  
A torment worthy of his deeds to find. }

Marphisa threats to wrap the town in flame,  
Unless they now their errors past disclaim, 765  
Unless they now the tyrant's law forsake,  
And, in its stead, another statute make.  
All yield to her, for all with equal fear  
Her wrath denounc'd for disobedience hear ;  
Lest the stern virgin with vindictive ire 770  
Should shed their blood and waste their domes with  
fire,

They hate fierce Marganor, nor less they hate  
The cruel impious law enforc'd so late ;  
But such their power who rule with tyrant sway,  
Whom most they loath the people most obey ; 775  
For mutual want of confidence ensures  
A tyrant's safety and his reign secures.  
Hence exile, murder, patient they behold,  
Their honours tainted and purloin'd their gold.  
But grief, though mute, to Heaven's high throne  
will cry, 780

And draw down tardy vengeance from the sky,  
When each delay the saints shall recompense  
With punishment for every past offence.  
By wrath and hatred urg'd the vulgar crew 785  
With deeds and words their wild revenge pursue :  
Each



Each shares the woodland spoil (the proverb cries)  
When rent by winds a tree uprooted lies.

Let kings from Marganor this truth believe,  
Who deals in wrong, shall just return receive.

All ranks, and all degrees, exulting view'd 790  
The righteous sufferings that his crimes pursu'd.

Many, who wept some mother, child, or wife,  
Some sister, by his rage depriv'd of life,  
No more by fear withheld, impatient stood  
With their own hand to shed the tyrant's blood; 795

Scarce now defended by th' united care  
Of brave Rogero and the noble pair  
Of martial dames, who doom'd him to sustain  
A wretched death of slow-consuming pain.

To her who seem'd with hatred keen to glow, 800  
As woman's heart can bear her deadliest foe,  
They gave him bound—a hind that stood beside

A rustic weapon for her rage supply'd,  
A pointed goad he brought, with which she drew  
From every limb the streams of sanguine hue. 805

Not less Ulania and her friends combin'd,  
(The dire disgrace still rankling in their mind)

To work his pain; nor idle long they stood,  
But with the matron their revenge pursu'd.

Yet such their wish t' offend, their sex but ill 810  
With feeble nerve supplies their stronger will:  
With stones, with needles, puny war they wage,  
And every instrument of female rage.  
As when a river swell'd with melting snows  
And founding rains a mighty torrent grows, 815  
Down the steep hills it bears with sweepy sway  
Trees, cots, and stones, and labouring hinds away:  
At length, by slow degrees, with lessening pride  
In narrow channels rolls the shrinking tide,  
Till boys and females can the current brave, 820  
And dry-shod pass the late tremendous wave.  
Thus far'd it with the tyrant's ruin'd power,  
Once dreadful prov'd, but dreadful prov'd no more!  
Behold his crest so fall'n, his courage broke,  
His strength so crush'd beneath a stronger yoke, 825  
That infants scorn the tyrant whom they fear'd,  
And rend his locks or pluck his bristly beard.

The knight and virgins thence their way pursu'd  
Where on the steepy rock the castle stood:

---

Ver. 812. *With stones, with needles,—*] In this and some other instances of the same kind, Ariosto seems to depart from the female character, at the same time that the expressions are such as must have a ludicrous effect in any language.

By

By none oppos'd, their hands the treasures gain'd,  
Whate'er of wealth or stores the walls contain'd. 831  
Of these they gave Ulania part to share  
With those, the late sad partners of her care ;  
And part destroy'd: the shield of gold they found,  
And here the northern kings in fetters bound ; 835  
Th' ill-fated three, who from their courfers cast  
By Bradamant, unarm'd, on foot had past  
With that fair dame, who from a distant shore  
The radiant shield and high commission bore.  
Nor know I yet but happier prov'd her chance, 840  
That these nor grasp'd the targe nor held the lance:  
Arms might she wish, could arms her cause main-  
tain,

But better left untry'd, than try'd in vain.  
One fate had then involv'd the wretched dame  
With those who thither led by warriors came: 845  
Like those conducted to receive her doom  
A wretched victim, at the brethren's tomb.

Unhappy females! fated to disclose  
Those charms which virtue shudders to expose !  
But more unhappy she, who sadly dies, 850  
In bloom of life a spotless sacrifice !  
Since all disgrace, by force compell'd, may find  
Some kindly balm to soothe th' afflicted mind.



Ere these undaunted three the land forsake,  
A solemn oath they bid the people take, 855  
That every husband shall his wife obey  
And yield to her the sovereignty of sway,  
With threats that he who dares this mandate scorn,  
Too late in sorrow shall his folly mourn.  
While men in other climes the rule maintain, 860  
They here, revers'd, must own the female reign.  
Next were they bound what strangers thither came,  
Or knights or squires, of high or lowly name,  
To chace them thence, unless they solemn swore  
By Heaven, by Saints—or aught that binds us more,  
The cause of women ever to defend, 866  
Foe to their foes, and to their friends a friend.  
Should any then in nuptial bonds be ty'd,  
Or soon or later woo the blushing bride,  
To her must each his vow'd allegiance pay, 870  
And give her empire undisputed sway.  
Marphisa vows (ere months in circling round  
Have clos'd the year, or leaves bestrow'd the ground)  
Once more to seek the land, and should she find  
Her law neglected by their faithless kind, 875  
To give their buildings to devouring fire  
And see at once their name and race expire.

Ere

Ere yet they went, the knight and either maid  
With pious care Drufilla's corse convey'd  
From ground impure, and in a tomb enclos'd 880  
With her dear lord in laſting ſleep repos'd.

The crone on Marganor revenge purſu'd,  
And all his limbs with purple gore bedew'd,  
While ſtill ſhe mourn'd that Heaven deny'd her  
ſtrength

To draw his ſufferings out to endleſs length. 885

The warrior-ſervants near a temple ſpy  
A ſtately column pointing to the ſky,  
On this engrav'd, by his command, they ſaw  
The tyrant's impious and inſenſate law.

Thoſe arms that Marganor was wont to wield 890  
Were here diſpos'd, his cuirafs, helm and ſhield;  
In trophy wiſe—and near they bade to place  
Their new decree to bind the future race.

So long they tarried, till the column bore  
Marphiſa's law, far other than before, 895  
When the dire ſentence doom'd each wretched dame  
To timeleſs death or heart-corroding ſhame.

The three departing thence, Ilſanda's fair  
Remain'd behind rich veſtments to prepare,  
With all the ſtate befitting one who came 900 }  
To Charles' high court, and ſuch as might proclaim }  
An envoy from a mighty ſovereign dame. }

Fell Marganor was to Ulania's power  
Consign'd; but lest some unpropitious hour  
With new device should free him from her chain,  
And he return t' afflict the female train, 906  
She made the wretch a tower's steep height ascend,  
And with one leap his crimes and sufferings end.  
Of these the vary'd story speaks no more,  
But follows those that bend to Arli's shore. 910

That day and half the next the three pursu'd  
Their friendly journey, till at length they view'd  
Two different tracks (and well was either known)  
One to the camp, one led to Arli's town.  
Embracing oft, while words sad lingering fell 915  
From either's lips, the lovers bade farewell:  
At length they part; the knight to Arli goes;  
The damsels reach the camp: and here my tale I  
close.



THE  
THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT and Marphisa arrive at the Christian camp, where Marphisa is introduced to the emperor Charlemain, and afterwards baptized in the Christian faith. Saint John dismisses Astolpho from Paradise with Orlando's wit. The knight returns to Nubia, where he restores Senapus to fight, who raises a vast army to enable him to lay siege to Biferta. His march into the dominions of Agramant. The wind secured in a bag. The transformation of stones to horses. Agramant calls a counsel at Arli on the state of his affairs. Speeches of Marfilus and Sobrino. By the advice of the latter, Agramant sends an embassy to Charles with proposals to determine the war by a single combat. Charles accepts the conditions. Rogero is chosen on the side of the Pagans, and Rinaldo on the side of the Christians. Affliction of Bradamant. Preparations for the list, and ceremonies previous to the combat.

THE  
THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

YE courteous fair! with gracious ear inclin'd  
T' attend my story, from your looks I find  
That much by you Rogero stands reprov'd  
For such desertion of his best belov'd:  
You share in anguish with his faithful dame, 5  
And think he little feels love's potent flame.  
Had any other cause allur'd the knight  
Against her will t' absent him from her sight,  
Though hopes of greater wealth might fire his  
breast,  
Than Cræsus join'd with Crassus once possess'd 10

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Ver. 10. *Than Cræsus join'd with Crassus—*] Cræsus a king of Lydia celebrated for his great riches. Crassus, called by the Romans, Marcus Crassus, is said to have been the most wealthy, and at the same time the most avaricious of men. His wealth was reputed to have been so immense, that he could have maintained the whole Roman army for one year without any apparent diminution of his possessions.



Yet should I deem with you that Cupid's dart  
Had feebly struck, but fail'd to pierce his heart;  
Since love's dear raptures never can be sold  
For mines of silver, or for heaps of gold.  
Not only full excuse, but he who weighs 15  
What honour dictates, merits lasting praise,  
Who shuns each action that may taint his name:  
Had Bradamant, regardless of his fame,  
Detain'd Rogero, such restraint might prove  
A female weakness more than virtuous love; 20  
And argue motives of a baser kind  
Than suit a generous and enlighten'd mind.  
If lovers like their own, or ev'n above  
Their own should prize the lives of those they love,  
Beyond self-pleasure, held by each so dear, 25  
Should all the honour of their friends revere:  
Honour, more worth than life; though life we find  
Preferr'd to every good that courts mankind,  
Though fierce Almontes had his father slain,  
The guilt on Agramant leaves not a stain; 30  
While many a kindness to the youth express,  
With grateful feeling warm'd Rogero's breast;  
And urg'd him still unshaken to pursue  
His master's steps: nor less the praises due

To one, who while her power could well detain 35  
A parting lover would that power restrain.

What though he left her thus, some future hour  
Might heal the seeming wrong, and love restore  
To all his dues—but one small wound we feel  
From honour's lapse not years on years can heal.

Rogero now to Arli's walls return'd, 41  
Where Agramant his shatter'd forces mourn'd;  
While Bradamant and brave Marphisa ty'd  
In friendship's bond, and soon to stand ally'd  
By nearer claims, pursu'd the way that led 45  
To where king Charles his conquering banners  
spread,

And strain'd each nerve against the Pagan foe,  
By war's whole force to lay their glory low,  
And free at length the Christian's fair domain  
From Afric's inroad and the force of Spain. 50

Soon as th' approach of Bradamant was heard,  
A sudden joy through all the camp appear'd.  
Still as she pass'd, on either hand the crowd  
Declin'd with reverence, while to each she bow'd:  
Her coming known, to meet the glorious maid 55  
Rinaldo hasten'd; nor Richardo stay'd;

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Ver. 43. *While Bradamant—*] The poet returns to Rogero in his book, vet. 519.

Brave Richardetto, all the numerous race  
 Of noble Amon, mov'd with eager pace  
 To bid the virgin welcome to the place. }  
 But when the tidings spread, that with her came 60  
 Marphisa bold, in arms so great a name,  
 Who from Cathay, with warlike laurels crown'd,  
 Had bent her course to Spain's extremest bound,  
 Nor rich nor poor within the tents remain'd,  
 Such fond desire each bosom entertain'd 65  
 T' enjoy the fight; deep thronging round they  
 drew,

Together such a glorious pair to view.  
 To Charles they came, and she who ne'er before  
 Inclined her knee to any earthly power,  
 Here first (as Turpin writes) that homage paid 70  
 To him, whose hand th' imperial sceptre sway'd,  
 To Pepin's mighty son, to whom alone,  
 Of every king through earth's wide regions known,  
 She deem'd such honour due; nor held a name, }  
 Christian or Saracen, of equal claim, 75 }  
 Howe'er esteem'd for virtue, wealth, or fame.

His tent forsaking, Charles advanc'd to meet  
 The fearless maid, and on his regal seat  
 Close at his side in rank resplendent plac'd,  
 Above the kings, and lords, and barons grac'd. 80



There due regard to noblest worth was shown:  
There Paladins and princes of renown  
Remain'd within, a fair selected few,  
The rest are kept without, a nameless vulgar crew.

Marphisa then her grateful speech address'd; 85  
O glorious king! o'er every sovereign blest!  
In arms unconquer'd—who from India's waves  
To where in Gades' straits old ocean raves,  
From Scythian snows to Æthiop's burning sand,  
Hast made thy cross rever'd in every land! 90  
Wifest and best!—whose name all praise transcends,  
And draws me now from earth's remotest ends:  
Here let me own that first, as envy wrought,  
Fell war and enmity with thee I fought;  
And came resolv'd such mighty power to wrest 95  
From him, whose soul a different faith profess'd:  
For this I dy'd the fields with Christian blood:  
For this, thy ruthless foe, prepar'd I stood  
To work thy further harms—but stronger fate  
To sudden friendship chang'd my former hate. 100  
While to thy loss I plann'd the future blow,  
I found (but how some better time shall show)  
Rogero, nam'd of Risa, was my fire!  
'Gainst whom a brother's treason durst conspire.

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Ver. 88. —in Gades' straits—] The pillars of Hercules.

Me, in her womb, my luckless mother bore 105  
Far o'er the seas, where at my natal hour  
A sage magician bent his care to rear  
My infant life,—the seventh revolving year  
Arabian spoilers snatch'd me from his hands  
And sold to Persia, where in slavish bands 110  
My person grew, till urg'd by lawless flame  
The king my lord assail'd my virgin fame.  
Then him, and with him all his court I slew,  
Destroy'd his kindred, and his realm o'erthrew:  
The crown I seiz'd—and scarce my age had told  
The eighteenth sun in annual progress roll'd, 116  
Seven realms subdu'd beneath my arms I won,  
When envying, as I said, thy high renown,  
I bent my thoughts to lay thy trophies low,  
With what success succeeding time would show.  
But now my will by stronger power depress'd, 121  
To milder purpose veils its haughty crest,  
Ere since I learn'd my honour'd birth to trace  
In lineage near thy own illustrious race.  
Thus, like my fire, a double tie I own, 125  
Child of thy blood, and subject of thy throne.  
That hate, that envy, which so late before  
My bosom sway'd, I cherish there no more,

Or bend on Agramant the vengeful tide,  
 All to his fire or grandfire's name ally'd, 130  
 The foul, detested race by whom my parents dy'd.

Thus she ; and claim'd the hallow'd baptist rite,  
 Resolv'd when first her sword had slain in fight  
 The Turkish prince, by Charles dismiss to go  
 And on her eastern realms the faith bestow ; 135  
 Then turn on those her arm's resistless power,  
 That Trevigant and Mahomet adore,  
 With promise all her victor-sword might gain,  
 Should own the cause of CHRIST and strengthen  
 Charles's reign.

The emperor, no less eloquent, than skill'd 140  
 In sage debate and valiant in the field,  
 Much prais'd the generous maid, and much he prais'd  
 Her fire, her lineage, high in honour rais'd.  
 To all her words he fram'd a fair reply,  
 Intrepid courage beaming from his eye, 145  
 Then clos'd his speech, her proffer'd love to take,  
 And her his daughter by adoption make.

Again he rose : he clasp'd her to his breast,  
 And with a father's kiss her forehead press'd,

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Ver. 132. *Thus she ; —* } Gregorio Calaprese, an Italian, published a book entitled “ A Lecture on the Oration of Marphisa to Charlemain ;” being a long and tedious eulogium on this speech, and on the speech of Armida to Godfrey in the ivth book of the Jerusalem of Tasso.



With welcome joy advanc'd on either hand 150  
 The chiefs of Clarmont and Mograna's band.  
 'Twere long to tell how good Rinaldo paid  
 Distinguish'd honours to the glorious maid ;  
 Her deeds he witness'd, when the numerous powers  
 Begirt Albracca's close beleaguer'd towers ; 155  
 'Twere long to tell what joy in Guido's breast  
 Her presence wrought : what equal joy impress'd  
 Brave Sanfonetto's soul ; nor less delight  
 Had fable Aquilant, or Gryphon white ;  
 Who late with her that cruel city \* view'd 160  
 Where murderous females held their rule in blood.  
 With these good Malagigi, Vivian came  
 And Richardetto, who the generous dame  
 Had seen in fight, what time with theirs she join'd  
 Her conquering arms against the treacherous kind

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\* CITY of the AMAZONS.

Ver. 154. — [*when the numerous powers*] Alluding to BOYARDU's story.

Ver. 158. — [*Sanfonetto* —] This is undoubtedly a slip of the poet's memory. In the xxxvth book Sanfonetto, who had been made prisoner by Rodomont at the bridge, is said to have been sent by him to Africa, and was not released at the time Marphisa came to the Christian camp ; for in the xxxixth book the ship arrives with him and the rest of Rodomont's prisoners on the coast of Africa, where he meets with Aftolpho, and first recovers his liberty.

B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 345

Of foul Maganza, and Lanfusa's train, 166

Who met to sell their kin for fordin gain.

Imperial Charles himself with zealous care  
Bids for th' ensuing day the pomp prepare,  
When in the list before the public fight, 170  
Marphisa might receive the hallow'd rite.

Bishops and reverend Clerks, to whom is given  
T' explain the Christian laws prescrib'd by Heaven,  
He next conven'd, that these by truth inspir'd  
Might teach Marphisa what our faith requir'd. 175  
Th' archbishop, in his pontiff's weeds array'd,  
Good Turpin, then baptiz'd the kneeling maid,  
While pious Charles ministrant seem'd to stand,  
And gently rais'd her with his regal hand.

But time requires too now for him whose sense 180  
Had left his brain the medicine to dispense,  
Which to our earth from yon bright orb afar,  
Astolpho brings in great Elijah's car.  
And now descending from the lunar height,  
In Paradise the saint and warrior light; 185  
The sacred vase they bring whose wonderous power  
Must the great master of the war restore.

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Ver. 180. *But time requires —*] He returns to Bradamant, ver. 535, of this book. Astolpho was last mentioned in book xxxv. ver. 225.

Then holy John to Good Astolpho shew'd  
A potent herb, with virtues rare endow'd ;  
With this, return'd to earth, he will'd the knight  
To touch the Nubian king and heal his sight. 191  
Then should the grateful prince, for eyes restor'd, }  
And hungry harpies banish'd from his bay', }  
T' assail Biserta's walls his aid afford.   us stores. }  
He taught him how to arm the troops unskill'd 195  
In martial toil, and train them to the field ;  
And how unhurt to tread the burning way,  
Where blinding sands in circling eddies play.  
He bade him now remount the steed that late  
Had borne Rogero and Atlantes' weight.       200  
Reluctant then his leave Astolpho took,  
The hallow'd faint and blisful seats forsook :  
Above the Nile he wheel'd his rapid flight,  
'Till Nubia's nearer realm appear'd in sight :  
Then in the city's walls with swift descent   205  
Alighting to Senapus' presence went.

Great was the joy the knight returning brought  
To Nubia's king, who oft in grateful thought  
Confess'd that aid, which from the ravenous power  
Of famish'd harpies freed his genial hour.       210  
But when the champion now had purg'd away  
The cloudy film that veil'd his visual ray,

Th'



Th' enraptur'd monarch, for his fight restor'd,  
His great deliverer as a God ador'd;  
Nor only granted at his first demands, 215  
T' invade Biserta's walls, auxiliar bands.  
But rais'd a host, to which the mightiest yield,  
Twice five thousand marshall'd for the field;  
And all these to head—the groaning plain  
Could scarce the ranks of trampling foot sustain, 220  
On foot they march'd, for rare the race of steeds  
In Nubia nurtur'd, while in troops she breeds  
The camel, patient long of parching toil,  
And elephant, that shakes the groaning soil.

The night preceding, ere the numerous bands 225  
Prepar'd to tread th' inhospitable sands,  
The Paladin his winged steed bestrides,  
Then to the south his rapid pinion guides,  
And gains at length the cave, where issuing forth  
The southern wind first breathes against the north:  
The champion (as his sage instructor taught) 231  
With him prepar'd a bag capacious brought,  
And while fatigu'd within the cavern deep,  
Th' outrageous blast lay hush'd in quiet sleep,  
This at the entrance close, with silent care 235  
Unknown to him, who little dreamt the snare

Astellpho

Astolpho held; and when with rapid force  
 At morn the wind essay'd its wonted course,  
 The closing bag, the rushing plague repell'd,  
 And in its womb the struggling captive held. 240

The knight o'erjoy'd at such a valu'd prey  
 To Nubia turn'd; and now began his way  
 With all his sable host, while plenteous  
 Were borne behind to feed the numerous powers.  
 With these the duke his glorious march pursu'd  
 Safe in th' imprison'd wind, while round he view'd  
 Th' unstable sands, 'till from a mountain's height  
 The plain and distant shore appear'd in sight.  
 His army here he stays, and here the best  
 In discipline he singles from the rest, 250  
 And where the mountain bounds the spacious plain,  
 Encamp'd in legions leaves his martial train.  
 Himself, as one who seem'd by looks intent  
 On some great purpose, gain'd the hill's ascent;

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Ver. 240. *And in its womb—*] This fiction is borrowed from Homer, where Eolus makes a present to Ulysses of the winds in a leathern bag. ODYSSEY. B. x.

———— at length for parting mov'd,  
 The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd:  
 The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,  
 Compress'd each force, and lock'd each struggling blast.

POPE'S ODYSSEY. B. x. ver. 17.

There

There first the ground with knee devoutly press'd,  
 Then to his patron saint his prayer address. 256  
 Secure that Heaven would listen to his vows,  
 From scattering hands a stony shower he throws;  
 O! wondrous deeds of those who CHRIST believe!  
 The falling stones a sudden change receive; 260  
 Each takes new shape and grows a living beast,  
 With well-turn'd hoof, arch'd neck, and nervous  
 chest:

To neighings shrill the winding crags resound:  
 The new-form'd race in many a sprightly bound  
 Rush to the subject vale with eager speed, 265  
 Where every stone is now a generous steed.  
 They snort, they foam, they leap in sportive play,  
 Of various colour, dappled, roan, or bay.  
 The squadrons, that beneath in order stand,  
 These soon behold; as soon with ready hand 270  
 Secure, and mounting pour along the plain;  
 For each was form'd with saddle, bit and rein.

Thus in one day Astolpho chang'd the force  
 Of fourscore thousand men from foot to horse: 274  
 With these in waste the country round he laid,  
 And wealthy plunder gain'd and prisoners made.

When Agramant had pass'd to Gallia's strand,  
 Three kings he left to guard his Afric land;  
 The



The king of Ferza, Algazieri's king, 279  
And king Branzardo—these their numbers bring  
T' oppose the duke, but first with sails or oars  
A rapid bark they send to Europe's shores,  
That Agramant might learn what ills arose  
From such incursion of the Nubian foes. 284  
Through furling tides the vessel night and day,  
To Arli's port pursues her ready way,  
There finds the king with various woes distressed,  
And near by Charles' advancing power oppressed.

King Agramant who heard his own domain  
Endanger'd thus, while Pepin's realm to gain 290  
He cross'd the seas, conven'd to deep debate  
The chiefs and princes of the Pagan state.  
There once or twice his careful eyes he cast  
Where king Marfilius and Sobrino plac'd,  
The council join'd; of all the honour'd train 295  
Wise and eldest—when he thus began.

Though ill it fits a leader's name to own,  
He ne'er divin'd what future time made known;  
Yet will I say should such misfortune light,  
As mock'd the prescience of a mortal fight, 300  
Error were venial then—that Afric's lands  
Were left disarm'd expos'd to Nubia's bands

The fault was mine—but who save Heaven (whose  
eye

Can every deep event of time descry)  
Could e'er have thought from realms remov'd afar,  
So huge a host would wage in Afric war; 306

Whose clime beyond the burning desert lies,  
Where clouds of sand in dusty whirlwind rise?  
Yet to Biserta's wall the siege is laid,

Our Afric pillag'd and her sons dismay'd. 310

Declare, O chiefs! if spent with fruitless toil

Our baffled troops shall quit this hostile soil:

Or urge the conflict on, till hence we bear

Yon Christian Charles a prisoner of the war:

But how to guard at once my regal seat 313

And leave this empire crush'd with great defeat;

Let each disclose the thought that sways his breast,

While we from various counsels chuse the best.

Here ended Agramant; and as he spoke  
On Spain's imperial lord, who next him took 320  
His honour'd place, and fix'd an earnest eye,

As from his lips awaiting a reply.

He, rising slow, awhile in silence stood

Before his chief, and first with reverence bow'd,

Resuming then his place, in words prepar'd, 325

He thus the purport of his mind declar'd.

When

When Fame, O monarch! good or evil tells,  
Evil or good beyond the truth she swells.  
I little trust in tales that idly bred,  
From tongue to tongue with lying rumours spread.  
Less can I credit that which sure will find 331  
No credit from a cool confederate mind.  
Who can believe that, with such numerous bands,  
A king, who holds the sway o'er distant lands,  
Should bend his march to Afric's peaceful soil 335  
Through parching sands, where shrunk with heat  
and toil  
Cambyfes once had led, in evil hour,  
With wretched omens his devoted power?  
Perchance from native hills th' Arabian train  
May make incursion on the neighbouring plain 340

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Ver. 337. *Cambyfes once had led—*] Cambyfes, king of Media, undertook two expeditions, one against the Amonites, the worshippers of Jupiter Amon, and the other against the Macrobian, a people of Ethiopia that inhabited the country near the Southern ocean. He divided his army into two parts, with one he marched himself into Ethiopia, and the other he sent against the Amonites, but their provisions failing, and finding no supplies in the barren soil through which they passed, they were reduced to the most dreadful extremities, and at last constrained to return with great loss: the other army in attempting to pass over the deserts was buried under the mountains of sand.

And



And while no force oppos'd, destruction make,  
And sack and kill, and many a captive take:  
Meanwhile Branzardo, to whose trusted hand  
Thou gav'st the rule (thy viceroy in the land)  
For every ten a thousand writes, that blame 345  
For such defeat may less attend his name.

Grant that the Nubians are by wondrous power  
Sent like some storm or heaven-directed shower,  
Grant that they seem from clouds on earth to light,  
Their march conceal'd from every mortal sight, 350  
Weak were indeed thy soldiers' hearts to show  
Inglorious fear of such a dastard foe.

Yet from thy ships dispatch a chosen few,  
And let thy standards but appear in view:  
Nubians and naked Arabs all shall fly, 355

And in their wonted confines trembling lie:  
Though unexpected now those spoilers dare  
Disturb thy kingdom with invasive war,  
While distant here thy banded powers remain,  
And seas divide thee from thy native reign. 360

But thou on Charles with double ardor press,  
His kinsman's absence must ensure success;  
Orlando lost, of all yon Christian foes  
Not one shall more your rising fates oppose,

Unless yourself neglect the glorious crown, 365  
 That waits to bind your temples with renown;  
 Till time from thee his favouring lock shall turn,  
 And we too late our shame and ruin mourn.

With words like these, in reason's garb address,  
 Spain's mighty lord the peers assembled press'd, 370  
 And urg'd to keep in France the martial bands  
 Till Charles was exil'd from his native lands.

Then king Sobrino spoke, whose judgment view'd  
 That king Marfilius less in speech pursu'd  
 The general cause, than labour'd to conceal 375  
 His private aims with show of public zeal.

He thus—When peace I counsell'd, would to  
 Heaven

Th' event had shown that ill th' advice was given!  
 Or that thou then hadst deign'd, O king! to hear  
 Thy old Sobrino with a willing ear; 380

Nor then in Rodomont confided most,

In Marlabusto and Alzirdo's boast,

With Martifino—would that each I name

Were present now!—but chief that son of fame,

Stern Rodomont, who vow'd in every chance 385

Thy fate to follow with his single lance,

And crush beneath his arm the brittle power of

France:

So might my tongue reproach the recreant knight  
Who lives in sloth, a truant from the fight ;  
While I who durst ungracious truths declare, 390  
(Then deem'd a coward) still thy fortune share,  
And yet will share, while life informs my breast,  
That life, which now with weight of years opprest,  
I stand prepar'd for each event to yield  
To every Frank that dares us in the field. 395  
Nor is there one shall tax Sobrino's name,  
Of all, who boast their deeds eclipse my fame.  
Thus far I speak, that what with fervent zeal  
I once declar'd, and what I now reveal,  
May no effect of fear or weakness prove, 400  
But marks of loyal truth and faithful love.  
Hear then, O king ! my counsel to retreat,  
And turn with speed to thy paternal seat.  
Unwise the man, whose fruitless aim pursues  
The good another holds, his own to lose ! 405  
What is our gain thou knowst—from Afric's shore  
Full thirty kings, the vassals of thy power,

---

Ver. 389. *Who lives in sloth,*—] Rodomont, since he had been defeated by Bradamant on the bridge at the tomb of Isabella, was retired from the field and lived a recluse, as was the custom of chivalry, to expiate the disgrace which he had brought on the profession of knighthood.



We cross the seas—now count the remnant train,  
And scarce a wretched third alive remain !

Forbid it Heaven, or more must yet be lost ! 410

Shouldst thou, O monarch ! follow to our cost

Th' improsperous war, soon death may level all,

And chiefs and people share one common fall !

Orlando's absence yields but little aid

To force like ours with every day decay'd : 415

No ruin hence remov'd—though ruthless fate

Some little space prolongs our wretched date.

Behold Rinaldo, fam'd in many a fight,

And scarcely yielding to Orlando's might.

Behold his brethren, kinsmen, all the train 420

Of Paladins, whose deathless arms maintain

The Christian cause ; whose deeds the world reveres,

And every Saracen with terror hears !

With these another Mars exacts the praise

Which to a foe my tongue reluctant pays ; 425

The valiant Brandimart, whose fearless breast,

(Like his Orlando) danger ne'er depress'd :

Part have I heard, and part by trial known,

His deeds to others' cost in battle shown.

And since Orlando to their arms was lost, 430

Less good than evil has befall'n our host.

To sufferings now endur'd my boding mind  
Foretels, alas! more sufferings yet behind,  
Lo! Mandricardo pale in death is laid,  
And stern Gradasso has withdrawn his aid, 435  
With Algier's king—yet would the last as well  
But prove his duty, as his arms excel,  
Gradasso's absence might be held more light,  
Nor should we so regret the Tartar knight.  
While these we lose, while breathless on the plain  
Thousands by thousands lie our warriors slain, 441  
While all our troops are drawn from Afric's shore,  
Nor can supplies our drooping hopes restore,  
Four knights have join'd with Charles, whose mar-  
tial name  
Equals Orlando's or Rinaldo's fame; 445  
Since from these realms to where cold Bactros flows,  
No chiefs in field can four such chiefs oppose:  
Perchance to thee is savage Guido known,  
With Sanfonetto, and each generous son  
Of Olivero born\*—these more I fear 450  
Than many a knight, than many a valiant peer,  
That Germany and various regions send  
Against our force their empire to defend;

---

\* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Though each new aid that swells their hostile bands  
From us new courage, new allies demands. 455

Whene'er we dare the field, the field we lose,

And infamy with rout our arms pursues.

If Spain and Afric oft with loss engag'd,

When, two to one oppos'd, the fight they wag'd,

What chance is ours, where Franks and Scots combine

Where English, Germans, and Italians join, 461

Where every fix of ours twelve Christians meet?

What hope of aught but shame and foul defeat!

In time retire—and with thy kingdom save

Our few survivors from a foreign grave. 465

Marsilius left, the world perchance may blame

Thy breach of faith, but to preserve thy name

From all reproach, such terms thou may'st ensure

As shall, with thine, Marsilius' peace secure.

Yet with thy fame if ill it seems to stand, 470

That thou, first injur'd, should'st a truce demand;

If still untir'd on war thy thoughts are bent,

(With what success thou see'st by sad event)

One only way remains to turn the tide

Of wavering conquest from the Christian side: 475

Hear but my counsel—to some valorous knight

Entrust our kingdom's cause in single fight

And be Rogero nam'd the champion of thy right.]

We



We know Rogero arm'd with fword and shield,  
Can equal prowefs in the lifted field 480  
With great Orlando or Rinaldo boast,  
Or any leader of the Christian hoft.

But if thou fill purfu'ft a general war,  
Though more than human deeds his worth declare,  
He ftands but one amidft innumerable foes, 485  
Where warriors like himfelf their ftrength compofe.

If thou my words approve, a meffage fend  
To Christian Charles, that mutual strife may end:  
He for the lift fhall name his boldeft knight,  
Who dares encounter thine in equal fight 490

Till one fhall fall—that king fhall tribute pay,  
Whofe champion flain or vanquifh'd yields the day,  
Nor Charles I trust (whate'er his arms have won)  
Will proffer'd peace on fuch conditions fhun:

In brave Rogero firmly I confide 495  
That certain conqueft muft his force betide:  
So juft our caufe, that all to him fhall yield,  
Though Mars himfelf oppos'd him in the field.

With thefe perfuafive words Sobrino mov'd  
Th' affembled peers; the peers th' advice approv'd.  
That day th' important embaffy they frame, 501  
That day to Charles the chofen envoys came:

When Charles, who knew what warriors of renown  
Maintain'd his quarrel, deem'd the prize his own,  
Then to Rinaldo he the combat gave, 505

Whom next Orlando, bravest of the brave,  
He trusted most—Meantime, on either hand,  
The truce was welcom'd by each martial band :  
With labours spent, with anxious care oppress'd,  
They hail the hour that promis'd future rest: 510  
And curs'd that discord (bane of human good)  
That urg'd their souls to hate, their hands to blood.

Rinaldo thus with honour'd preference grac'd  
Above his peers, in whom his sovereign plac'd  
The charge his empire and his fame to guard, 515  
Exulting for the glorious list prepar'd ;  
Nor fear'd Rogero's arm might his excel,  
Though by that arm stern Mondricardo fell.

But good Rogero, while his soul confess'd  
His monarch's favour, singled from the rest ; 520  
From Afric's lords by Agramant decreed  
In such a cause to conquer or to bleed,  
Yet look'd with downcast eyes of heavy cheer,  
Though, unappall'd, his bosom knew not fear.  
Rinaldo had he scorn'd, and with him join'd 525  
Orlando's self, but, ah ! his troubled mind

View'd

View'd in his foe a warrior near ally'd  
To noble Bradamant, his future bride ;  
His best-belov'd, who oft with anguish mov'd  
In tender lines his breach of faith reprov'd : 530  
And should he thus her future hopes requite,  
To meet her brother now in mortal fight,  
Such change to hatred must her bosom feel,  
As all his cares could ne'er suffice to heal.

If to himself Rogero mourns in vain 535  
The part that Heaven has call'd him to sustain,  
Soon as the flying news his fair-one hears,  
Sighs follow sighs, her eyes are fill'd with tears :  
She strikes her lovely breast, her golden hairs  
She rends away, her bloodless cheek she tears : 540  
She calls Rogero perjur'd and ingrate,  
And loud lamenting, weeps her cruel fate.  
Whate'er event should chance on either side,  
To her, in every chance, must woe betide :  
She dares not think the day may fatal prove 545  
To him, the object of her dearest love :  
But should high Heaven his righteous doom dispense  
To punish France for some remote offence,  
Beside a brother's loss, more thrilling pains  
Must rend her soul, a deeper curse remains : 550

She



She durst not then, but to her foul disgrace,  
 And hate incurr'd from all her angry race,  
 Aagain her dear, her plighted lord review,  
 And in the face of all those vows renew,  
 Those vows, which ever present to her mind, 555  
 By night, by day, her anxious thoughts design'd  
 To see fulfill'd—so strong was either ty'd,  
 No struggle could the mutual knot divide,  
 Or late repentance set their loves aside.

But she, whose friendly succour ne'er had fail'd  
 Whene'er ill chance against the fair prevail'd, 561  
 The sage Melissa, with attentive ears  
 Not unconcern'd her plaintive sorrow hears:  
 She comes, with gentle words to soothe the maid,  
 And promise gives of unexpected aid; 565  
 When need requires, to give her fears relief,  
 And stay the fight, her fatal cause of grief.

But now the rival knights, with equal care,  
 Their weapons for th' expected list prepare:  
 The choice of weapons to the chief remains, 570  
 Whose valiant arm the Roman cause maintains;  
 And he, who since his gallant steed he lost,  
 Still fought on foot amid th' embattled host,  
 Resolves, in plate and mail, on foot t' engage,  
 With axe and dagger keen the fight to wage. 575

Thus,

Thus, whether fix'd by chance, or whether wrought  
By Malagigi with foreseeing thought ;  
Who knew full well how Balisarda's force  
Through arms and armour takes its ruthless course.  
Without their trusty swords each noble knight 580  
With axe and dagger will decide the fight ;  
And near the walls of Arli's ancient seat,  
They chuse a spacious plain for combat meet.

Aurora scarce had rais'd her watchful head  
Above the waves from old Tithonus' bed, 585  
To usher in the day that seem'd decreed  
To see the victor crown'd, the vanquish'd bleed,  
When, lo! on either hand, with equal care  
A chosen squadron to the field repair :  
They pitch their tents in due proportion'd space, 590  
And near the tents two rising altars place.  
Ere long, in order marshall'd train by train,  
The Pagan forces issu'd to the plain :  
Full in the midst, in barbarous splendor drest,  
Proud Afric's king a fiery courser press'd ; 595

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Ver. 584. *Aurora scarce had rais'd*—] The several circumstances of the truce between Charles and Agramant, and the breaking of it by the intervention of Melissa, are copied from the xiith book of Virgil, where the Latin poet describes the ceremonies preparatory to the single combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the machine of Juturna.

His colour bay, his skin was glossy bright,  
Black was his mane, two feet and front were white.  
Beside the king his steed Rogero rein'd ;  
Nor him t' attend Marfilius' self disdain'd,  
Whose hand the helmet held, so late in fight 600  
With peril conquer'd from the Tartar knight :  
That helmet, once in Trojan battle borne,  
A thousand years ago by Hector worn.  
With king Marfilius various chiefs of fame,  
Noble and barons plead their equal claim; 605  
On either side his arms and weapons hold,  
His arms with jewels set and rich with gold.

Then issuing from their works in shining swarms  
Imperial Charles conducts his troops in arms,  
In blazing pomp and military show 610  
As if on equal terms t' engage a foe.  
His noble Paladins their lord enclose,  
And near him arm'd the bold Rinaldo goes,  
Arm'd save his head—that helmet which of yore  
In fatal combat fam'd Mambrino wore, 615  
The Danish Paladin Ugero bears :  
Duke Namus next beside the knight appears,  
One axe he holds, of two for fight ordain'd,  
One royal Salomone's hand sustain'd.

Here



Here various chiefs each Christian Squadron led, 620  
And there the powers of Spain and Afric spread.

Between the camps was left an ample space,  
Where, save the champions, none the fatal place  
Must dare to tread—the trumpet's dreadful breath  
For each offence denouncing certain death. 625

The Christian warrior first, prepar'd for fight,  
His weapon seiz'd, and next the Pagan knight:  
When now advanc'd before the martial bands  
Two priests appear'd, each bearing in his hands  
A volume clos'd: one hallow'd page proclaim'd 630  
CHRIST'S blameless life; the koran one was nam'd;  
With that, the emperor came, devout in mien,  
With this, the Pagan Agramant was seen.

Imperial Charles before his altar stay'd, 634  
And thus, with lifted hands to Heaven he pray'd.

O God! who couldst in flesh resign thy breath  
To save devoted souls from sin and death!  
O Virgin pure! from whom, for our frail sake,  
That God vouchsaf'd a human form to take, 639  
And in thy hallow'd womb nine months remain,  
Thy virgin-flower preserv'd from mortal stain;  
Be witness now, that for myself I swear,  
And each that may henceforth this sceptre bear,

To

To Agramant and all, whose future hand  
 Shall hold the rule of his paternal land, 645  
 Of finest gold an annual sum to pay,  
 Should here my chosen champion lose the day:  
 And more—I swear to fix a peace so sure  
 As may to time's remotest verge endure.  
 If this I fail, let each offended power 650  
 On me, on mine, the heaviest vengeance shower,  
 But spare my people—here thy wrath let fall,  
 Nor stretch, for my offence, thy scourge to all.  
 Yet to the world a dread example show,  
 What punishment awaits the broken vow. 655

Thus while he pray'd, he grasp'd the sacred book  
 With pious zeal, and upwards fix'd his look.

And now they pass'd to where with splendor grac'd,  
 The Pagan train a second altar plac'd:  
 There vow'd king Agramant to waft his powers 660  
 Through midland waters back to Afric's shores,  
 And tribute to the Christian monarch yield,  
 Should good Rogero vanquish'd press the field,  
 And bid (as Charles had sworn) all hatred cease  
 To bind the solemn league with lasting peace. 665

The Pagan then amidst the listening crowd,  
 His prophet Mahomet invok'd aloud,

And on the book, t' observe his oath he swore,  
The book which in his hand the Pontiff bore.

Then from the altars sworn each prince withdrew  
Back to his train; when from the martial crew 671  
The noble champions, ere in fight they join'd,  
Advanc'd with mutual oaths themselves to bind.

Rogero swore if heedless of the right  
His monarch should disturb th' approaching fight,  
No longer to confess his sovereign sway, 676  
(His chief or peer) but only Charles obey.  
Then vow'd Rinaldo, if the Christian lord  
Should the first cause to break the truce afford,  
And sudden call him from the list'd field, 680  
Ere he should fall, or see Rogero yield,  
Then for his sovereign Agramant to own,  
His future knight and guard of Afric's throne.

Now all perform'd, as solemn rites requir'd,  
Each champion backward to his lines retir'd, 685  
To wait the sign—when soon resounding far  
The shrill-mouth'd trumpet gave the peal of war.

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Ver. 669. ———*the Pontiff*——] This word may probably appear not strictly proper when applied to a Mahometan priest; but it is after the Italian—*Papasso*—liberties of this kind are common with the poets of that time.



The fight begins—loud strokes are echo'd round;  
Now high, now low, the brandish'd weapons sound.  
Above, beneath, the thundering axe is sped; 690  
Now aim'd against the breast, and now the head.  
So well they strive, no words suffice to praise  
The matchless skill that either arm displays.  
But good Rogero, who the brother fought  
Of her whose love possess'd his every thought, 695  
So cautious struck, his caution seem'd to show  
A strength inferior to his gallant foe;  
Readier to ward than strike, he seldom aim'd a  
blow. }

Scarce knows he what he seeks; nor would he try  
To wound Rinaldo, nor himself would die. 700  
But now methinks the stated bound in view  
Permits me not the story to pursue.  
The book ensuing shall the rest unfold,  
If then you deign to hear the sequel told.

THE  
THIRTY-NINTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. IV.

B b

## THE ARGUMENT.

Rocino and Rinaldo being engaged in single combat to decide the dispute of the two nations, Melissa, by a device, incites Agramant to break the truce. A general battle ensues, and the two knights separate by mutual agreement. Valour of Bradamant and Marphisa. Proceedings of Astolpho in Africa. The leaves of trees transformed to ships. Arrival of Olivero, Sanfonetto, Brandimart, and other Christian knights, who had been prisoners to Rodomont. These are received with great joy by Astolpho. Orlando, in his madness, wandering from place to place, comes to the camp of Astolpho, who, according to the instructions of Saint John, restores him to his senses. Preparations for the siege of Biserta. The Pagan army in France being routed by Bradamant and Marphisa, Agramant is obliged to quit the field, and with some of his ships sails from the port of Arli for Africa, but is met by Dudon's fleet, that attacks him unawares during the night, and burns and destroys most of his vessels.



THE  
THIRTY-NINTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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**G**REAT is ths woe that good Rogero knows,  
A woe by far surpassing other woes :  
On either side too cruel fate prevails ;  
His honour here, and there his love affails.  
He now may perish by Rinaldo's hand : 5  
Or should his arm the Christian foe withstand,  
He to his mistress must resign his breath,  
Whose hate incurr'd shall seal his bitterest death.

Rinaldo, not with thoughts like these distressed,  
On conquest bent his brave opponent press'd 10  
With every nerve ; his axe of temper steel'd  
Now here, now there in rapid circles wheel'd,  
At head or arm he aim'd ; while still prepar'd  
On every part the threatening wound to ward,

Rogero turn'd, but when a stroke he dealt, 15  
The cautious stroke Rinaldo little felt,  
Anxious the Pagan lords the knights survey,  
Who seem'd ill pair'd for such a glorious day.  
Too slow his arm and axe Rogero moves:  
Too well his arm and axe Rinaldo proves. 20  
The king of Afric pale with alter'd hue,  
Bent on the doubtful fight his fearful view:  
On old Sobrino now he turn'd the blame,  
Whose erring counsel risk'd a nation's fame.  
But sage Melissa, that eternal source 25  
Of magic power transcending human force,  
Now cast aside her female form, and took  
The king of Algier's habit, voice and look.  
Like haughty Rodomont her arms she bore,  
Like him a dragon's semblant hide she wore: 30  
Like him she seem'd her pointed lance to wield,  
So hung her sword, so gleam'd her bossy shield:  
A demon, in a courser's shape, she rode,  
And sudden piercing through the wondering crowd,  
Before Troyano's pensive son she press'd 35  
And, frowning, thus with thundering voice address'd.  
I'll have you judg'd, O king! with such a knight  
To match a stripling warrior, raw in fight;

In

In such an arm so rashly to confide  
For what must Afric's weal and crown decide. 40  
Haste—stay the combat—on whose issue wait  
Disgrace and ruin to yourself and state.  
'Tis Rodomont that speaks—attend no more  
To keep the truce or oath you madly swore.  
Unsheath the sword—let every valiant hand 45  
Enforce its edge on yon devoted band.  
Lo! I am here—and each, amid your host  
May now the vigour of a hundred boast.

Thus she: unwary Agramant approv'd,  
And forth he rush'd with headlong fury mov'd: 50  
The lying form of Sarza's monarch wrought  
Such sudden change, he banish'd from his thought  
The treaty made: nor had he priz'd so high  
A thousand warriors as this sole ally.  
Behold on every side with eager speed, 55  
They couch the spear and spur the foamy steed:  
Melissa, when her arts had mix'd in fight  
The jarring nations, vanish'd from the sight.  
The champions, who in growing tumult saw,  
The lists disturb'd against all martial law, 60  
With-held their strokes, and join'd their friendly  
hands,

Till time should tell what fury mix'd the bands



In impious strife, and whence the breach had sprung,  
From ancient Charles or Agramant the young.  
Again each vow'd to prove the future foe 65  
Of him whose guilt could thus his faith forego.  
Wild uproar now succeeds—and shouting loud  
Hereforward press, there backward shrink the crowd.  
One act alike is honour, or disgrace,  
And stamps alike the valiant and the base. 70  
Alike, on every side, in heaps they run,  
But these to meet, and those the fight to shun.

As when a well-breath'd hound impatient views  
A beast swift flying which the pack pursues:  
He hears the dogs, he pants to join the train; 75  
His lord forbids it, and he pants in vain:  
So, with her noble friend, Marphisa's breast  
Till then the feelings of the brave confess'd;  
Till then the pair with deep regret survey'd  
Each mighty host in idle pomp array'd; 80  
And oft repin'd to think the solemn day  
Forbade their arms t' invade so rich a prey.  
But now, the league dissolv'd, they gladly flew  
To fate their warmth on Afric's warring crew:

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Ver. 69. *One act alike—*] The sense of this passage, which at first may appear rather obscure, is, that some show their valour by running to engage the enemy, and some their cowardice by running to avoid the enemy.

Her

Her spear Marphisa through the foremost sent; 85  
His breast it pierc'd and issu'd at a vent  
Two feet behind: her falchion then she took,  
And four strong helmets shatter'd at the stroke.  
Not with less valour Bradamant engag'd,  
Though with her golden lance the virgin wag'd  
A different fight, while all to earth she threw, 91  
But not a warrior by her weapon flew.  
Thus, side by side, the pair undaunted fought,  
And witness'd each what deeds the other wrought:  
Till, parting now, they took a separate course 95  
As anger drove them on the Moorish force.  
Who can the name of every Pagan tell,  
That by the lance of gold dismounted fell?  
Or those, whose heads on earth full low were laid,  
Or cleft or lopt by fierce Marphisa's blade? 100  
As where on Apennine soft breezes blow,  
And verdant turf the heights ascending show,  
Two rolling torrents rush with sweepy sway,  
And from the summit take divided way:  
They whirl huge stones, from craggy hills uprear  
The towering trees, and to the vallies bear 106  
The labourer's hope, and strive with rageful force  
Which most shall scatter ruin in its course.

The fearless virgins thus their progress held  
Along the plain, while Afric's legions quell'd 110  
Confess'd their might, and shrunk with chilling fear  
Where that the falchion wielded, this the spear.

King Agramant can scarce the troops detain  
Around his standard, and their flight restrain.  
He calls aloud—he turns—intrepid stands 115  
To brave the foe, and Rodomont demands.  
Impell'd by him he deem'd his fame betray'd,  
The solemn league dissolv'd, so lately made,  
His Gods profan'd—while he for whom he broke  
All ties of honour, now his sight forsook: 120  
Nor yet Sobrino he beheld, for fled

In Arli's walls Sobrino veil'd his head,  
Abjur'd the deed, and in his fears divin'd  
Some plague that day by righteous Heaven assign'd }  
To punish guilt of such an impious kind. 125 }

With him Marfilius to the town retir'd,  
Such dread religion in their souls inspir'd,  
Thus Agramant can ill th' assault sustain  
Of royal Charles, conducting in his train  
The English, German, and Italian name, 130  
All valiant chiefs and men of mighty fame.  
With these the Paladin their station hold,  
Like sparkling jewels set on tissued gold;

And



And join'd to these were knights of high renown,  
Whose praise in arms through all the world was  
blown; 135

Guido, whose worth his noble deeds declare,  
And Olivero's sons\*, a dauntless pair.  
Already told, 'twere needless now to tell  
Of those two dames that fought in field so well.  
By hands like these the carnage wider spread, 140  
And countless Pagans strow'd the fields with dead.

But leave we here the fight, and traverse o'er  
Without a ship the sea to Afric's shore;  
Nor think with Gallia's arms my mind so fraught,  
To banish good Astolpho from my thought. 145  
What grace the sage Apostle show'd the knight  
Already have I told; and if aright  
My mem'ry serves, how king Branzardo rose  
With all his force to meet the Christian foes,  
And Nubia's strength, and how to his the train 150  
Of Algazieri's king was join'd in vain:  
Such motley succours, as in haste supply'd  
Through all her kingdom Afric could provide

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\* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Ver. 142. *But leave we here the fight,—*] He returns to Bradamant and Marphisa in this book, ver. 540, and to Agramant, ver. 528 of this book.

Of every kind, where mix'd without regard;  
The levies scarce old age or females spar'd: 155  
For Agramant, on vengeance bent, had drain'd  
With two descents on France his native land:  
Her strength exhausted thus, the remnant few  
Compos'd a feeble and unwarlike crew:

And such they prov'd; for when with distant sight  
They view'd the foe, they turn'd their backs in  
flight,

(Like timorous herds) before the Christian knight\*.

With Pagans slain Astolpho heap'd the ground,  
But some their safety in Biserta found.

Brave Bucifaro prisoner then remain'd: 165

The sheltering city king Branzardo gain'd,

Who deeply mourn'd for Bucifaro's fate,

A loss not little to the public state.

Large was Biferta and requir'd his care

Against a siege her bulwarks to repair: 170

Ill could he this pursue without the aid

Of Algazieri's king†, and oft he he weigh'd

The hapless prince's loss, while, deep distress,

A thousand cares lay brooding in his breast.

\* ASTOLPHO.

† BUCIFARΘ.

Ver. 157. *With two descents—*] It appears from Boyardo that Agramant had twice invaded the dominions of Charlemain. At

At length his mind recall'd a Danish knight 175  
 Whom many a month, a prisoner made in fight,  
 He held in bonds, and Dudon was his name:  
 Near Monaco him Sarza's king o'ercame,  
 When first to France he crost from Afric's shore; }  
 The Paladin from that disastrous hour 180 }  
 Remain'd a captive in Branzardo's power.  
 For Bucifaro now Branzardo meant  
 T' exchange the Dane, and trusty envoys sent  
 To Nubia's chief, for o'er the Nubian bands  
 By spies he knew that England's duke commands;  
 And deem'd he gladly would such terms receive, 186  
 A Paladin from bondage to relieve:  
 Nor err'd the prince, since good Astolpho clos'd  
 With king Branzardo for th' exchange propos'd.

Dudon, releas'd, the gentle duke repaid 190  
 With grateful thanks, and now companions made

Ver. 177. — *Dudon was his name:*] This knight is one of the personages in the Orlando Innamorato, and is there said to be made prisoner with Rinaldo, Prasilto, and others, at the bridge of Arridano; and mention is made by Boyardo of his being taken prisoner by Rodomont, as here set forth by Ariosto.

Ver. 185. — *that England's duke commands:*] By this passage it appears that Senapus gave the effective command of the whole army to Astolpho,



In glorious toils, in counsel both unite,  
And plan by land and sea the future fight.

Astolpho, leader of so vast a power  
That Afric's forces, seven times number'd o'er, 195  
Could ne'er oppose, revolving in his thought  
What from the holy sage in charge he brought,  
To take Provence and all the neighbouring strand  
Of Acquamorta from the Pagan's hand,  
Which late they won, he from his numerous train  
Selects the soldiers that might best sustain 201  
New toils and dangers on the gulphy main.

Then either hand with gather'd leaves he fill'd,  
Which laurels, cedars, palms, and olives yield:  
Beside the margin of the seas he stood, 205  
And cast the foliage in the dashing flood.

O happy souls! so highly priz'd in Heaven!  
Stupendous grace to mortals rarely given!  
O wonder! scarce by human faith believ'd!  
Soon as the waves the scatter'd leaves receiv'd, 210  
They swell'd in bulk, and (miracle to view!)  
Each long, and large, and curv'd, and heavy grew.  
The fibres small to cables chang'd appear'd,  
The larger veins in solid masts were rear'd:  
One end the prow, and one the steerage show'd, 215  
Till each a perfect ship the billows rode.

In equal number now the tides they sweep  
As leaves before were scatter'd on the deep.  
Strange was the sight, as these in turn became  
Barks, galleys, transports, every various name 220  
That forms a fleet, with compass, oars, and sails,  
Prepar'd to stem the surge and catch the gales.  
Nor fail'd the duke such skilful hands to find  
As oft were wont to dare the storm and wind.  
Corsians and Sardiens, bred to plough the wave, 225  
His pilots, masters, and his seamen gave.  
Embark'd full twenty thousand quit the land  
Of every kind, o'er whom the chief command  
Brave Dudon held, whose name to none could yield  
For skill at sea or courage in the field. 230

While near the coast the fleet at anchor lay,  
Awaiting winds to speed them on their way,  
From distant lands a vessel reach'd the shore  
That many a luckless warrior captive bore.  
Those knights she brought, who at the risk of life,  
Prov'd on the narrow bridge th' unequal strife; 236  
Whom haughty Rodomont awhile detain'd,  
And doom'd to lie in foreign dungeons chain'd.  
With these the kinsman\* of the earl was found,  
And Sanfonetto, Brandimart renown'd; 240

---

\* OLIVERO.

With more, whose titles need not here a place,  
 Of Gascon, German, or Italian race.  
 The pilot, driven before th' impetuous wind,  
 Had left his destin'd Algiers far behind,  
 And now unconscious of the lurking foes, 245  
 Not fearing danger, to the bay he goes;  
 There peaceful thinks among his friends to rest,  
 As Progne flies to her loquacious nest.  
 But when he saw th' imperial eagle fly,  
 The golden lily and the leopards nigh, 250  
 The frighted colour from his features fled;  
 As one who, unawares, with heedless tread,  
 Has crush'd a snake that swoln with poison lay  
 In slumber roll'd amid the grassy way:

Ver. 248. *As Progne flies to her loquacious nest.*] —*loquaco nido*—  
 this phrase is used by Dryden speaking of the swallow in his version of Virgil:

To furnish her loquacious nest with food.

Ver. 249. — *th' imperial eagle fly,*

*The golden lily and the leopards nigh,*] The eagle and the golden lily were the arms of the empire and of France, and therefore borne by Charlemain. The leopards are said by Ariosto, I know not with what authority, to have been the arms of England, and borne by Astolpho, son of Otho, king of England: hence in the xvth book he says of this knight that he was

Known by the baron of the leopard's name.

Trembling



Trembling and pale he flies the venom'd pest 255  
That darts his tongue and rears his sanguine crest.  
In vain the pilot would regain the deep,  
Or in his hold the captive warriors keep.  
Brave Brandimart and Olivero freed,  
With Sanfonetto, from the deck proceed 260  
To greet the generous duke and Dudon brave,  
Who to their friends a cordial welcome gave;  
While him whose ship the noble prisoners bore,  
They doom'd for penance to the labouring oar.

Great Otho's son\* within his tent receiv'd 265  
The warlike guests, with welcome rest reliev'd;  
With needful food, with arms and vest supply'd,  
What want could claim or friendship could provide.  
With these to waste awhile the social hour  
In pleasing converse, Dudon near the shore 270  
Detain'd his fleet, and deem'd the time delay'd  
With such distinguish'd warriors well repaid.  
Of these he heard whate'er of late befel  
To Charles or France; by these instructed well  
Where best prepar'd his navy's strength to bend, 275  
To guard the faithful and the foes offend.

While thus in useful talk the peers he held,  
A sudden noise was heard, that louder swell'd,

From man to man pursu'd with deep alarms  
Of rattling drums that rouz'd the camp to arms. 280  
Astolpho with his noble comrades press'd  
Their ready steeds, and to the sound address'd:  
With eager looks enquiring as they pass'd  
Whence came the tumult, till they view'd at last  
A savage man, who naked and alone 285  
Had all the camp in wild disorder thrown.  
Grasp'd in his hand a club he brandish'd, rude  
With frequent knots, of firm well-season'd wood:  
Where'er it fell, each wretch that felt the blows  
Lay stretch'd on earth, nor soon recovering rose. 290  
A hundred had his senseless fury slain,  
All strength was fruitless, all resistance vain,  
While here and there the scatter'd arrows light,  
None daring now t' engage in closer fight.  
Astolpho, Dudon, Brandimart amaz'd, 295  
With Olivero on the savage gaz'd.  
Drawn by the noise they came, and wondering stand  
To see the prowess of a single hand:  
When, on a palfrey pacing swift, they view  
A comely dame in robes of fable hue, 300  
Who strait to Brandimart impatient goes,  
And round his neck her eager arms she throws.

This dame was Flordelis, whose gentle breast  
 The love of Brandimart so far possess'd,  
 That when she left him, in the stream o'erthrown,  
 The Pagan's thrall, her grief too mighty grown 306  
 Her reason shook : but when she heard the knight  
 Had sent her lover, since the luckless fight,  
 To Algier's town with others in his train,  
 Her love resolv'd to cross the surgy main. 310  
 But ere she parted from Marseilles, she found  
 A foreign ship from eastern climates bound,  
 That brought a knight who many years had told  
 In royal Monodantes' household old ;  
 Who now had travers'd various regions o'er 315  
 (Or tost on seas or wandering on the shore)  
 For Brandimart, who late in France appear'd  
 (So went the fame) and hence for France he steer'd.  
 She knew Bardino in the hoary sage,  
 The same who Brandimart in infant age 320

Resentful

---

Ver. 319. *She knew Bardino*—] This Bardino is said by Boy-  
 ardo to be an old servant in the house of Monodant, father of Bran-  
 dimart, who, for some offence taken at Monodant, stole from him  
 this son, and put him into the hands of a knight, called the lord of  
 Sylvana's rock, where he attended himself the infancy of the young  
 prince, who, after the death of the knight became heir to his pos-



Resentful from his sorrowing father took,  
And careful nourish'd in Sylvana's rock.  
His cause of travel known, the faithful fair  
Urg'd him with hers to join his pious care,  
And told how Brandimart for Afric sent 325  
A wretched prisoner in Algiers was pent.

Soon as the land they reach'd, they heard the  
towers

Of fam'd Biserta by Astolpho's powers  
Were close besieg'd, and heard, but doubting heard  
That with him Brandimart in arms appear'd. 330

When Flordelis her dearest lord beheld,  
Her speedy step, by heart-felt love impell'd,  
Declar'd her secret joy, a joy that rose  
To greater height from sense of former woes.  
The gentle knight who equal rapture prov'd. 335  
To see that wife o'er every blessing lov'd,  
With eager warmth to meet the fair-one press'd,  
Receiv'd, embrac'd, and held her to his breast;  
On her dear lips imprinting many a kiss,  
Nor soon had fated with the guiltless bliss, 340

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sessions; but at the time that Ziliantes was delivered by Orlando from Morgana, Bardino making his peace with Monodant, discovers his son to him, and Brandimart and Ziliantes are the same day restored to their father.

But,

But, lifting up his eyes, by chance he view'd  
 Where near the dame his old Bardino stood.  
 He stretch'd his hand, preparing to embrace  
 And ask what fortune from his native place 344  
 Had drawn him thus—when now the tumult spread  
 Cut short their greeting, while huge numbers fled  
 Before the club, which, with resistless sway  
 The naked swain impell'd and clear'd each crowded  
 way.

When Flordelis beheld with heedful eyes  
 The strange assailant—Lo! the earl (she cries.) 350  
 At once Astolpho near, with earnest view  
 Survey'd, and soon his lov'd Orlando knew,  
 By tokens, which the fainted three who dwell'd  
 In earthly Paradise, to him reveal'd:  
 Else had the wandering warrior ne'er explor'd, 355  
 In such a form, Anglantes' courteous lord,  
 Who, long distraught, thus wild and savage ran,  
 And to the wretched brute debas'd the man.  
 Astolpho, by his starting tear, confess'd  
 The tender feelings of a generous breast, 360

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Ver. 350. — *Lo! the earl—*] The last we heard of Orlando was in Book xxx. ver. 108.

Ver. 353. — *the fainted three—*] Enoch, Elias, and Saint John.

To Dudon then and Olivero near  
 He turn'd and said—Behold Orlando here!  
 These, bending on the hapless earl their view,  
 At length in him their long-lost champion knew,  
 Alike beholding with amaze and grief, 365  
 A state that seem'd so hopeless of relief.  
 Of all the warlike peers were few but show'd  
 Infectious sorrow which their cheeks o'erflow'd.  
 To whom Astolpho thus—No longer waste  
 The time in plaints, but rather let us haste 370  
 To work his cure—he said, and left his steed:  
 The rest their seats forsook with equal speed.

Now Brandimart by Sanfonetto stood:  
 With holy Dudon, Olivero show'd

A ready

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Ver. 374. —*holy Dudon* —] An Italian commentator calls Dudon a pattern of meekness and piety. Romances tell us, that this knight, leaving the military profession, became a hermit; and the poet here, by a kind of poetical anticipation, gives him this epithet, which he repeats in the next book. Such a story is told of our famous Guy of Warwick, to which circumstance Mr. Scott very poetically alludes in his elegant descriptive poem entitled *ARMWELL*.

————— Warwick's ancient walls,  
 Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff,  
 Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd  
 His hoary head beside the silver stream,  
 In meditation rapt ——— ver. 188.

Cervantes



A ready zeal, and all at once drew near 375  
 With force combin'd to seize the madding peer.  
 Orlando, who the shining band perceiv'd  
 That hemm'd him round, his knotty weapon heav'd  
 With twofold strength, and, lo ! as Dudon spread  
 The fencing shield to guard his daring head, 380  
 And nearer drew, the club descending weigh'd  
 His buckler down, but Olivero's blade  
 Met half the blow, which else so fiercely driven  
 Through shield and helm the mortal wound had  
 given.

The shield it broke, the helm its fury found ; 385  
 And Dudon lay extended on the ground.  
 At once his falchion Sanfonetto drew,  
 With swift descent the well-aim'd weapon flew, }  
 And cleft the madman's ponderous mace in two. }  
 Now Brandimart behind Orlando plac'd, 390  
 With either arm in strictest grasp embrac'd  
 His heaving flank : his legs Astolpho took,  
 While to and fro enrag'd Orlando shook

---

Cervantes has a humorous passage, with an eye no doubt to these legends of romance, where Don Quixote and Sancho debate upon turning saints or archbishops.

See DON QUIXOTE.

The valiant pair, till with resistless might  
Ten paces off he threw the English knight, 395  
Who backward fell : but still in vain he strove  
From Brandimart's tenacious grasp to move.  
With forward step as Olivero came,  
His hand the madman clench'd with furious aim,  
And sent him pale to earth, while drench'd in blood  
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood. 401  
Strong was the helm that fury to sustain ;  
That fury else had Olivero slain :  
Yet prone he fell, and look'd like one in death,  
Who yields to Paradise his fleeting breath. 405  
Astolpho now and Dudon rose, who press'd  
The earth so late ; but Dudon still confess'd  
His blow receiv'd—again erect they stood,  
With Sanfonetto, who the knotted wood  
So strongly cleft : all three their forces join'd : 410  
Brave Dudon then with matchless strength behind  
Orlando held, while with his foot in vain  
The madman strove to cast him on the plain.  
The rest his arms confin'd, but uncontroll'd  
His nervous arms soon burst their strongest hold. 415  
Whoe'er perchance in some wide field has view'd  
By dogs and men a stately bull pursu'd,

That, bellowing loud, as here and there he wheels,  
In either ear the fangs indented feels.

So seem'd Orlando, more than mortal strong, 420

So drew with ease those mighty chiefs along.

But Olivero, who the ground forsook

Where stretch'd he lay beneath the madman's stroke;

Beheld their vigour thus in vain combin'd

T' effect the deed Astolpho had design'd: 425

And now he ponder'd in his secret thought

Some better means t' effect the purpose sought:

Sudden he bade th' assistant train provide

Strong lengths of cords with running nooses ty'd:

These round Orlando's legs and arms he threw: }

The distant ends among the warlike crew 431 }

He gave, and each with force the cables drew. }

As some large steed or ox which swains surround

With rustic toils, is headlong drawn to ground.

So fell the earl—All rush'd with eager haste 435

Compress'd his hands and feet, and bound them fast.

Thus prostrate laid, in vain Orlando strove

Now here, now there his fetter'd limbs to move.

Astolpho, who the high commission bears

To heal his madness, for the task prepares: 440

He bids them thence remove the senseless knight:

When Dudon, large of bone, of sinewy might,



The earl uplifting on his shoulder laid,  
 And to the sea th' enormous wieght convey'd.  
 Seven times Aftolpho bade his limbs to lave, 445  
 Seven times to plunge him in the briny wave,  
 Till from his face and body, black by toil  
 In parching fums, they wash'd the fetid soil.  
 With herbs collected then (in vain oppos'd  
 By struggling breath) the madman's mouth he clos'd,  
 That not a passage might for air remain 451  
 Save through the nostrils leading to the brain.  
 And now Aftolpho in his hand sustain'd  
 The vessel where Orlando's wit remain'd:  
 Beneath his nostrils this with nicest care 455  
 He held unstop'd, when (wondrous to declare)  
 With air inhal'd the breath returning drew  
 The subtile wit, that from the prison flew;  
 Back to its native feat, nor left behind  
 A single atom of th' ethereal mind: 460  
 But more enlarg'd his manly soul is grown,  
 With eloquence and wisdom scarce his own.

---

Ver. 461. *But more enlarg'd* —] Thus Homer, speaking of the  
 restoration of the companions of Ulysses to their native shape, says  
 they grew

More young, more large, more graceful to the eyes!

POPE, ODYSSEY. B. x.

As

As one, whose sense by noxious dreams oppress,  
 Sees horrid forms disturb his broken rest,  
 Monsters unknown ! or in his troubled thought 465  
 Has some strange deeds of dreadful import wrought,  
 Ev'n when he wakes, his phantom fears remain  
 And still the vision haunts his teeming brain :  
 So when his reason had resum'd her sway,  
 Orlando long in stupid wonder lay : 470  
 On Brandimart, on England's valiant lord  
 Whose pious care his better self restor'd ;  
 On Aldabella's brother with a look  
 Of deepest thought he gaz'd, nor silence broke :

But

---

Ver. 473. *On Aldabella's brother,—*] Alda the fair. By Boyardo, Pulci, and other romance writers, it appears that Orlando was married, and that the name of his wife was Aldabella, sister to Olivero. In the Morgante of Pulci, Orlando at the defeat of Roncesvalles, recommends her at his death in a pathetic prayer to the protection of Heaven. Her name is mentioned with Clarice (Rinaldo's wife) in the first Canto of the Innamorato, amongst the lords and ladies of the court of Charlemain, but no where else, as I remember, in the whole poem.

Era qui nella sala Galerana,  
 Eravi Alda la moglie d'Orlando,  
 Clarice, e Armellina tanto humana ———

BOYARDO.

Era

But while he much his present state admir'd, 475  
 Nor whence he came, nor how convey'd enquir'd:  
 He marvell'd when his naked limbs he spy'd  
 From head to foot with cords so firmly ty'd:  
 At length he spoke, as in the cavern'd shade  
 To those who bound him once Silenus said— 480  
 SOLVITE ME—and with such courteous mein  
 He spoke, and look'd with features so serene,  
 They

---

Era in sala Clarice, e Galarena,  
 Del Danese Ermellina, Alda d'Orlando,  
 L'una Palla pareva, l'altra Diana——

BERNI.

In the old poem of Aspramonte, Aldabella sister to Olivero, makes peace between Orlando and Olivero, who were at variance, and is afterwards married to Orlando, with which event the poem concludes.

See ASPRAMONTE, C. xxiii.

As her name only appears in the above passage of the Furioso, it may be thought that Ariosto was led inadvertently to introduce it here from the familiarity of romance tradition ever present to his imagination; for it is likely neither he, nor Boyardo, meant that Orlando should be considered in their poems as a married man: but no such apology can be made for Ariosto with respect to Rinaldo's marriage, which he has so fully adopted. Sir John Harrington omits here the name of Aldabella: the last translator, Mr. Huggins, retains the name, but probably was not acquainted with the circumstance that gave rise to the present note.

Ver. 481. SOLVITE ME —] *Release me* — Ariosto here alludes



They loos'd his bands, and heedful to provide  
 For every want, with covering vests supply'd.  
 While all alike their friendly influence join'd 485  
 To soothe the anguish of a noble mind,  
 For actions past that left a sting behind. }

Orlando, heal'd of every love-sick care,  
 The dame, whom once he deem'd so good, so fair,  
 So highly priz'd, he now esteems no more, 490  
 But scorns those charms he held so dear before;  
 And every wish he bends t' efface the shame  
 Which love had cast on all his former fame.

Meanwhile to Brandimart Bardino said,  
 That Monodant, his royal father dead, 495  
 He from his brother Gigliantes came,  
 And all the lands that own'd his rightful claim,

to a passage in Virgil, and puts into the mouth of Orlando the words spoken by Silenus when he was surpris'd by Egle the Naid and two shepherds (by Dryden called Satyrs) in the cave where he lay asleep.

SOLVITE ME, pueri: fatis est potuisse videri.

ECLOG. vi. ver. 24.

—— Unloose me, boys (he cry'd)

Enough that by surprisè I've been espy'd.

As Ariosto has inserted the Latin words in the Italian, it was thought right, however strange it may appear, to follow him in the translation.

(Nations

(Nations that dwell amid the scatter'd isles  
Which chearful Phœbus gilds with evening smiles)  
T' invite him now to realms beyond compare 500  
With every other, peopled, rich, and fair:  
To many a reason urg'd he this adjoin'd.  
Sweet is his country to a patriot mind!  
And would he now embrace his better fate,  
Henceforth his soul might scorn a wandering state.  
Then Brandimart reply'd—His force to prove 506  
In aid of Charles, and for Orlando's love  
The sword he drew, nor would the cause forego,  
\*Till Heaven should reconcile the Pagan foe:  
The war once done, hereafter might he weigh 510  
The duties of his own paternal sway.

Next morn the Danish\* leader to the shore  
Of fair Provence his vast Armada bore.  
From England's duke Orlando learns the state  
Of Afric's war, and oft in deep debate 515  
Employs the time, bids stronger siege enclose  
Biserta's town, but on the duke bestows  
The praise of all, while yet the noble duke  
From Brava's warrior every counsel took.  
What order they pursu'd, and how assail'd 520  
Biserta's city; how their arms prevail'd;

The first assault what deeds Orlando dar'd,  
And who with him the foremost honours shar'd,  
Be not displeas'd if these I pass awhile,  
For subjects not unlike to change the file. 525  
Vouchsafe to hear what now demands a place,  
How by the Franks the Moors were held in chace.

Unhappy Agramant alone remain'd,  
And all the perils of the day sustain'd,  
While many a Pagan by Marfilius led, 530  
And king Sobrino to the city fled:  
Each prince for safety hastened to his fleet,  
Their safety doubtful while at land to meet.  
By their example many a knight and lord  
Of Moorish nation went with speed on board. 535  
Still Agramant th' unequal combat bore,  
But when he found his force avail'd no more,  
He turn'd the reins, and yielding to his fate  
Pursu'd the ready way to Arli's gate.  
Behind him Rabican, like lightening, came, 540  
Impell'd by Bradamant, the noble dame,  
Who glow'd with ardor for Rogero's sake  
(So oft withheld) the Pagan's life to take.

---

Ver. 524. — *if these I pass awhile,*] He describes the siege  
of Biserta, Book xl. ver. 68.



Not less Marphisa burn'd with fierce desire  
To appease, with late revenge, her murder'd fire:  
The goring rowels in her fiery steed 546  
She drove, and by her own impell'd his speed.  
But this nor that, though borne on fury's wing,  
Could in their course outstrip the flying king,  
Who soon the city's closing gates attain'd, 550  
And safely thence his anchoring vessels gain'd.  
As when two generous leopards through the wood  
(A beauteous pair) have long with speed pursu'd  
The nimble goat or stag, return'd at length  
Defrauded of their prey, with baffled strength 555  
They leave the tardy chace, and with disdain  
Lament their force and swiftness urg'd in vain.  
So seem'd the virgins, so with shame return'd,  
And oft with sighs the Pagan's safety mourn'd,  
Nor ceas'd their rage, but on the remnant crew 560  
Dispers'd in broken ranks again they flew:  
Nowhere, now there, their thundering weapons pour  
On those, that falling fall to rise no more.  
What now avails the wretched bands to fly,  
When flight no longer safety can supply? 565  
For Agramant, t' ensure retreat, has clos'd  
The gates of Arli next the camp expos'd;

While

While every bridge that o'er the Rhodan led,  
His friends destroy'd, and took from those who fled  
All hope—Ah! when a tyrant's need demands 570  
Like worthless herds are held Plebeian bands.

Some in the stream, and some in seas are drown'd,  
And some with crimson torrents drench the ground.  
What numbers perish'd!—Prisoners few remain'd,  
For few, so bold, the foe's attack sustain'd. 575

Of all that in this last embattled plain,  
On every side by countless heaps lay slain:  
Though huge the throng, yet most had prest the land  
By Bradamant and by Marphisa's hand.

Still through the region many a sign appears; 580  
Where Rhodan flows, her walls where Arli rears:  
The neighbouring fields are throng'd with sepul-  
chres.

Now Agramant impatient gives command  
To launch the heaviest vessels from the strand;  
Yet some he left with lighter barks behind, 585  
To take the fugitives that wish'd to find  
Their safety in the sea: two days he stay'd  
So long the adverse winds his fleet delay'd,

Ver. 583. *New Agramant*—] He returns to Bradamant and Marphisa, Book xlii. ver. 170.

The third he stretch'd his canvass to the gale,  
And hop'd for Afric's coast secure to sail. 590

But king Marfilius with increasing dread  
Beheld the blackening clouds around him spread;  
And fear'd at length his own paternal Spain  
Would all the remnant of the storm sustain;  
Then fought Valencia, and with anxious care 595  
Began his forts and castles to repair  
For war, that seem'd himself and friends to threat  
From which himself and friends their ruin met.

Now Agramant for Afric bids expand  
His sails, with ships ill-stor'd and thinly mann'd. 600  
Few were his men, but not their sorrows few, }  
When looking back on Gallia's shores, they view }  
Three fourths deserted of their wretched crew. }  
One, calls his sovereign proud; one, cruel calls;  
Imprudent, one; and as it oft befalls 605  
In times like these, each gladly would accuse,  
But fear forbids the murmuring tongue to loose;  
Yet some there were, who met in secret, durst  
On friendship's faith each other's feeling trust:

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Ver. 598. *From which himself and friends their ruin met.*] Nothing further is said of Marfilius, or what befel him, at the conclusion of the war. It appears only from what the poet says in the lxviii book, that the Christians obtained a complete victory over all their enemies.

These



These went their rage, while he their wretched chief  
 Thinks each his sovereign loves and shares his grief.  
 A king no face beholds without disguise,  
 And all he hears is flattery, fraud, and lies.

The king of Afric, well-advis'd, forbore  
 To steer his vessels to Biserta's shore, 615  
 Since there he knew that all the hostile land  
 The Nubians held; but higher up the strand,  
 Where rocks display'd a less impending steep,  
 He thinks with winding course to stem the deep,  
 There, landing safe, his forces backward steer 620  
 And with unlook'd-for aid his people cheer.

But soon his cruel destiny withstood  
 The sage intent the prudent leader show'd,  
 And brought th' Armada form'd by wondrous power  
 Of gather'd leaves (that through the billows hoar  
 Had sail'd for France) in dead of night to meet 626  
 The tossing vessels of the Pagan fleet,  
 Midst murky clouds without a gleam of light  
 And unprovided for so fierce a fight.

Nor yet king Agramant the tidings heard, 630  
 That Otho's son with such a navy steer'd;  
 Or had he heard, what faith would man bestow }  
 To tale so strange that midst the seas could grow }  
 A hundred vessels from a slender bough, }

Hence, without fear, he sail'd, nor deem'd to find  
 A single ship t' obstruct his course design'd; 636  
 No watch, no centinel was plac'd on high  
 To give him notice of a foe so nigh.  
 Astolpho's navy, well by Dudon stor'd  
 With arms and mariners, and troops on board, 640  
 At rising eve, the Pagan vessels view'd,  
 And favour'd by the darkening night pursu'd.  
 These soon assail the unprovided foe,  
 And iron hooks and missive weapons throw,  
 And grapple close; till now so near they drew 645  
 That by their speech the hostile Moors they knew.  
 The bulky ships, with such o'erbearing force,  
 By winds propitious that impell'd their course,  
 Amidst th' affrighted Saracens were sent,  
 That many a vessel to the bottom went. 650  
 The Christians now their eager weapons ply'd:  
 Flames flash'd with wreathy smoke on every side:  
 Huge stones were cast, and dire confusion swell'd }  
 The troubled ocean, that had ne'er beheld }  
 So fierce a tempest on his watery field. 655 }  
 Brave Dudon's men, to whom by favouring Heaven  
 Unwonted strength and dauntless hearts were given.  
 (For, lo! the hour by righteous powers design'd  
 To plague for past misdeeds the Pagan kind)

Afar and near so well their arms employ'd, 660  
That Agramant could no defence provide:  
A cloud of arrows hiss'd above his head;  
Around him swords, and spears, and axes spread:  
Of size enormous many a ponderous stone 664  
Thundering from high, by mighty engines thrown,  
Through prow or steerage drove with crashing sway,  
And op'd to rushing waves a dreadful way.  
But most th' increasing fires annoy'd the foe,  
In kindling rapid, but in quenching flow.  
The wretched seamen would from danger run, 670  
But swifter rush on what they seek to shun.  
Some by the foe with murdering steel pursu'd,  
Leap headlong from the decks and swim the flood:  
Some while their nervous arms their weight sustain,  
Now here, now there, to save their lives would gain  
A friendly bark; the bark with numerous freight 676  
Already charg'd, rejects their added weight:  
The cruel sword each clinging hand divides, }  
The sever'd hand still grasps the vessel's sides, }  
The shrieking owner sinks in crimson tides. 680 }  
Some seek by water to prolong their breath,  
Or, dying, perish by a milder death:  
Till, swimming long, when hope no more prevails,  
When strength decays apace, and courage fails,



The thought of drowning, spite of former dread, 685  
Recalls them to the flames from which they fled :  
Eager they seize some burning wreck, and loth  
To die of either death, they die of both.  
Some from the biting axe, or brandish'd spear,  
Back to the seas return with double fear ; 690  
Till scarce escap'd the fate they deem'd so nigh,  
A dart or stone o'ertakes them as they fly.

But cease we here, lest we the tale prolong  
To tire your patience with a tedious song.

END OF THE THIRTY-NINTH BOOK.

THE  
FORTIETH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

D d s

## THE ARGUMENT.

AGRAMANT with great difficulty escapes, with Sobrino, in a small bark, from Dudon's fleet. The siege of Biferta. The assault described. Valour of Brandimart. The town is taken by storm. The flight and despair of Agramant: he meets with Gradasso, who engages to fight in his cause. A messenger is dispatched to Orlando, in the names of Agramant, Gradasso, and Sobrino, to challenge him and two more knights to the combat. Orlando accepts the challenge, and names for his fellows Brandimart and Olivero. Rogero after the truce was broken, having debated for some time, determines to follow Agramant to Africa. Arriving at Marfeilles, he engages in combat with Dudon, to release seven kings, whom that knight had taken prisoner from the fleet of Agramant.



THE  
FORTIETH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

HARD were the task, and tedious, to recite  
The various chances of that naval fight;  
Useless for thee to hear, O glorious heir  
Of Hercules unconquer'd! as to bear  
To Samos vases with unfruitful toil,  
To Athens owls, or crocodiles to Nile:

5

Since

---

Ver. 3. — *O glorious heir*] Cardinal Hippolito de Este.

Ver. 5. *To Samos vases* —] A kind of proverbial expression, as we would say, “to carry coals to Newcastle.” Samos is reported to have been famous for the making of earthen vessels, from the plenty of earth or clay adapted to that purpose.—Concerning the owls of Athens, Tully uses this expression: *Hoc est Athenas nocturnas mittam*. “That is, I will send owls to Athens.” But the proverb arose (say some) not so much for the plenty of those birds, as because the Athenians had a coin stamped with the figure of an owl,

Since all I paint, but from tradition known  
 Thou saw'st thyself, and hast to others shown.

Great was the spectacle thy faithful band  
 Enjoy'd by night and day, when safe on land, 10  
 As in a theatre, they view'd the foe  
 With fire and sword oppress'd in winding Po.  
 What groans and shrieks were heard, what human  
 blood

With purple streams distain'd th' infected flood!  
 What cruel deaths in such dire fights they die, 15  
 Thou saw'st, and numbers could with thee descry.  
 Myself was absent far—six days had past  
 Since thence dispatch'd I went with duteous haste,

as appears from Plutarch in the life of Lyfander, where it was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gysippus, that he roosted too many owls in his penthouse, meaning the money which he had concealed of the kind of coin here described. The Nile has alwas been well known to abound with crocodiles.

Ver. 17. *Myself was absent far* —] Ferrara, being besieged by the troops of Venice, and by those of Pope Julius II. the duke sent Ludovico Ariosto, our poet, to the pope, to mitigate the anger which he had conceived against the Ferrarese. In the meantime Cardinal Hippolito obtained a victory over the enemy in the river Po; and Ariosto, returning from his embassy, with great hopes of restoring peace, heard the account of Hippolito's success. EUGENICO.

See the life of Ariosto, where he appears to have been twice sent ambassador to the pope.

Before the holy Sire our wants to speak,  
 Embrace his knees and timely succours seek. 20  
 But soon no aid of horse or foot we claim'd;  
 Thy fearless arms the golden lion tam'd,  
 And crush'd so far that from that fatal hour  
 He ne'er again resum'd his wonted power.  
 But from Alphonso Trotto, present there, 25  
 Afranio, Peter Moro, skill'd in war,  
 Alberto, Hannibal of noble name,  
 Bagnio and Zerbinetto, like in fame,  
 And Ariostos three that honours claim; }  
 From these the deeds I learnt, and since survey'd 30  
 The numerous banners in the vanes display'd;  
 And fifteen galleys that I captive view'd,  
 With barks a thousand moor'd in Tyber's flood.  
 Whoe'er beheld the flames, what wrecks beneath  
 The waves were whelm'd, what grievous forms of  
 death 35

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Ver. 25. — *Alphonso Trotto*,—] A kind of steward in the household of duke Alphonso, who kept account of all expences. FORNARI.

Ver. 29. — *Ariostos three that honours claim*.] Alphonso, to whom Castiglione address'd his book: the other, Ludovico's brother Alessandro, who, from the satire address'd to him, appears to have been in the service of Cardinal Hippolito; the third may be Carlo or Galasso Ariosto. FORNARI.

Reveng'd



Reveng'd our palaces by fire laid low,  
Till every ship was conquer'd from the foe,  
May judge what dreadful ills the Pagan train,  
Unwarn'd and weak, were fated to sustain,  
With Agramant their king, at dead of night, 40  
Affail'd by Dudon with unequal fight.

'Twas night ; and not a feeble glimmering shone,  
When first the Christians had th' assault begun :  
But soon as fulpher, pitch, and brimstone pour'd  
On side or stern the crackling ships devour'd, 45  
So clear each object seem'd reveal'd to view,  
As day from ocean's face the darkness drew.  
Thus Agramant who, by the gloom deceiv'd,  
Of small account the hostile fleet believ'd,  
When now the flame disclos'd their numerous power  
He sees, alas ! what scarce he deem'd before, 51  
The navy's strength ; and in his alter'd mind  
Far other issue to the fight divin'd.

Then with a few the vessel he forsakes,  
And with the gallant Brigliadoro takes 55  
Whate'er he priz'd : a lighter bark receives  
The wretched prince ; in silent haste he cleaves  
(Stealing from ship to ship) the troubled tides,  
Till safe at distance from the foe he rides :

While

While far behind his wretched friends remain, 60  
By Dudon thus with dreadful carnage slain.

Fire burns them, water drowns, and steel destroys,  
And he, the cause of all their ruin, flies.

So flies king Agramant, and in his fate  
Sobrino shares, with whom he mourns too late 65  
He once unheeding heard the sage foretel  
Th' impending ills that since too sure befel.

But let us to Orlando turn the strain,  
Who, ere Biserta's town might succours gain,  
Advis'd her walls and bulwarks to destroy, 70  
That never more her power might France annoy.  
Thus fix'd; the third ensuing day was nam'd  
T' assault the town, and through the camp proclaim'd;  
With duke Astolpho many ships remain'd  
T' assist the siege, from Dudon's fleet detain'd: 75  
Of these he made brave Sanfonetto guide,  
A chief by sea and land of courage try'd.  
Who now with these against Biserta stood,  
And from the port a mile at anchor rode.

Astolpho and Orlando, who, with mind 80  
Of Christian frame, no enterprize design'd

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Ver. 68. *But let us to Orlando—*] He returns again to Agramant, ver. 278 of this book.

Heaven unimplor'd, bade through the camp declare  
 By herald's voice a day for fast and prayer,  
 Exhorting each the third returning light,  
 Prepar'd to wait the signal for the fight, 85  
 To storm with fire and sword Biserta's town,  
 And from her buildings heave the lowest stone.

When now the host from morn till eve had pray'd  
 And every due of pure religion paid,  
 All those in blood or friendship bound, invite 90  
 Each other to partake the festive rite;  
 Their languid bodies then refresh'd with food,  
 They wept, embrac'd, and such their actions shew'd,  
 Their looks, their words, as dearest friends that part  
 When thoughts of absence rend the feeling heart. 95  
 Within Biserta's walls, the priests no less,  
 Midst thronging numbers to the temple press:  
 They beat their breasts, to Macon they complain,  
 But Macon hears not, and their plaints are vain.

What

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Ver. 98. ——— *to Macon they complain,*] By Macon is meant Mahomet. In this passage, as in several others, the poet without scruple blends the manners of Mahometants, Pagans, and Christians. The old Italian poets and romance writers, as has been before noticed, use indiscriminately the appellation of Pagan to Infidels of every denomination; and Ariosto here makes his Mahometans talk of votive gifts and statues, ideas totally repugnant to  
 the



What prayers are offer'd, and what alms bestow'd  
By each apart ! What public gifts are vow'd 101  
Of statues, fanes, and altars, to disclose

In future times their past and present woes !

Now by their Cadi blest, in arms prepar'd,

The people rush their city's walls to guard. 105

In Tython's bed still fair Aurora lies,

And darkness still o'er spreads the morning skies,

When there Astolpho, Sanfonetto here,

In armour sheath'd before their ranks appear.

Orlando now the signal gives, and all 110

Advance with eager speed t' attack the wall.

With four extended fronts Biserta flood,

Two next the land, and two o'erlook'd the flood.

Her ramparts once by skilful artists rais'd,

Were much for strength and much for beauty prais'd.

Now, wanting hands, the works by slow decay 116

Declin'd ; for since within Branzardo lay

Begirt with foes, no workmen could his care

Procure, nor time the bulwarks to prepare.

---

the doctrine of Mahomet ; but a strict observance of what painters call the *costumi* (or manners) is not to be looked for in Tasso or Ariosto. By the word Cadi is meant here the high-priest or chief teacher of the sect, though it seems to be rather the title of the civil judge amongst the Turks.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile Astolpho to the foremost place 120  
 Assign'd the king\* who rul'd the fable race.  
 Forward they rush to shake the trembling towers,  
 With fierce assault—so thick the mingled showers  
 From twanging bows, from slings and engines rain,  
 That scarce the Pagans can the storm sustain. 125  
 To reach the fosse the foot and horseman drive,  
 And safely now beneath the walls arrive.  
 All toil, as if on each was plac'd the war,  
 And stones, and beams, with strength unceasing bear:  
 These in the fosse they cast, where deep below 130  
 The waters drain'd an oozy bottom show.  
 Full soon the depth is fill'd with eager pains,  
 And, lo! the fosse is levell'd with the plains.  
 Astolpho, and with him Orlando join'd  
 And Olivero, on the walls design'd 135  
 To urge the foot—impatient of delay  
 The Nubian bands, allur'd with hopes of prey,  
 Each threatening danger met with fearless view,  
 And shelter'd with the tortoise nearer drew.  
 Huge battering rams, and vast machines they bore  
 To burst the gate and shake the solid tower; 141

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\* SENAPUS.

Ver. 121. *Assign'd the king who rul'd—*] Senapus, king of Nubia, who after he was restored to his sight accompanied Astolpho with a powerful army.

Beneath the walls they pour'd compact and strong,  
Nor unprovided found the Pagan throng.

These, from on high, fire darts and jav'lins throw,  
And ponderous stones and rafters send below. 145

The thundering tmpest falls, and batters down  
The planks of engines rais'd against the town.

Much toil and pain the Christian bands endure

The first assault, while glooms the air obscure :

But when the sun in eastern splendor burns, 150

Then changing Fortune from the Pagan turns.

Orlando then on every side pursues

The siege, and close by land and sea renews,

Brave Sanfonetto with his naval power

The port has enter'd and possess'd the shore ; 155

With bows and slings he galls the foes from far,

And every engine fram'd for missive war ;

And darts and spears and scaling-ladders sends

(Whate'er his ships supply) to aid his friends.

Orlando, Olivero, and the knight \* 160

Who late in air sustain'd so bold a flight,

With Brandimart, a fierce assault maintain,

Far from the sea and next the upland plain.

The host is fram'd in four well order'd bands,

And each brave chief himself a fourth commands ;

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\* ASTOLPHO.



Walls, gates, they storm, alike they press the foe,  
 And shining proofs of dauntless courage show.  
 Each warrior singly better can display  
 His worth, than blended in a general fray.  
 Who claim'd the foremost praise a thousand eyes 170  
 Might now be witnesses, and adjudge the prize.  
 Here towers of wood are driven on wheels; and there  
 Vast elephants, inur'd the weight to bear,  
 Plac'd on their backs huge castles lift so high,  
 That far beneath the hostile ramparts lie. 175  
 Lo ! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears  
 Against the walls, and mounting others cheers:  
 His bold example many chiefs pursue,  
 For who would pause with such a guide in view?  
 None heed how well the ladder might suffice 180  
 To bear the numbers that attempt to rise.  
 Brave Brandimart to reach the height intent,  
 Fights as he mounts, and wins the battlement :

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Ver. 176. *Lo ! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears*] Very familiar to this spirited passage is the description of Rinaldo's attack at the walls of Jerusalem in Tasso, Book xviii. ver. 510

— with eager haste

A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd ;  
 Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour,  
 Dauntless he mounts amidst the ponderous shower.

With

With hand and foot he strives, till with a bound 184  
 He treads the works, and whirls his falchion round :  
 He drives, o'erturns, he scatters, thrusts and cleaves,  
 And many a proof of matchless valour leaves,  
 But fudden with its freight (a dreadful sight)  
 The ladder breaks, and headlong from the height,  
 Save Brandimart, the bold assalians fall 190  
 Each pil'd on each beneath the well-fought wall:  
 Still Brandimart maintains his glorious heat,  
 Nor bends his thought a moment to retreat;  
 Though far beneath his followers lie o'erthrown,  
 Himself a mark to all the hostile town. 195  
 His anxious friends entreat him to return,  
 In vain they call—he hears with generous scorn.  
 Lo! from the walls, full thirty yards in height,  
 Within the city leaps the fearless knight ;  
 Unharm'd

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Ver. 199. *Within the city leaps—*] Ariosto seems here to have made use of a passage in Quintus Curtius, when Alexander the Great, at the siege of Oxydrace, having scaled the walls, leaps singly amidst the enemy, where he fights with incredible valour, till receiving several wounds, he is nearly oppressed by numbers that surround him, when the Macedonians, terrified at the danger to which their king was exposed, force the gates to come to his assistance, and the city is taken by storm. The action of Brandimart is scarcely more romantic than that of Alexander, whose courage, strongly stimulated

Unharm'd he lights, as if his fall to meet      200  
 Soft down or turf were stretch'd beneath his feet.  
 Through deepening ranks of arm'd encircling foes,  
 As if unarm'd, his trenchant weapon goes.  
 Now here, now there he pours with generous ire,  
 Now these, now those before his face retire.      205  
 His friends, without, think all relief too late  
 T' avert his death, and yield him up to fate,  
 From tongue to tongue th' unwelcome tidings grew :  
 Loquacious Fame, enlarging as she flew,  
 To good Orlando first her speed pursu'd      210  
 With restless wing, then Otho's son she view'd,  
 And Olivero last—all three, who lov'd  
 The noble Brandimart, his danger mov'd ;  
 But most Orlando—should they help delay,  
 Their dear companion on that fatal day      215  
 Might breath his last—Each for a ladder calls,  
 With emulation each ascends the walls ;  
 With such fierce semblance and with looks so bold,  
 The wither'd Pagans tremble to behold.  
 As midst the seas, when rattling winds prevail,      220  
 The roaring floods th' endanger'd bark assail :

---

by his enthusiastic admiration of the ancient heroes, brings him nearer  
 to the fabulous warriors of romance, than any other historical charac-  
 ter, unless perhaps we except, in our own times, that of Charles  
 XII. of Sweden. See *QUINTUS CURTIUS*, Book I. ch. iv. v.



And now the prow and now the poop engage.  
To force their passage with tempestuous rage ;  
Pale stands the pilot, who should help supply,  
He groans—he sighs—his art and courage die ; 225  
Till through a breach one wave its entrance speeds,  
And, where it enters, wave to wave succeeds.  
So when these noble three the walls had gain'd,  
An easy conquest for the rest remain'd :  
Fearless they press, and raise on every side 230  
A thousand ladders to the works apply'd.  
Meanwhile the battering rams with ruin shake  
The jointed stones and many an opening make.  
Thus, pour'd through more than one defenceless part,  
Assistance came to noble Brandimart. 235  
As when the king of floods with, deepening roar,  
In sudden deluge bursts his founding shore ;  
Wide o'er the field his rushing tide is borne,  
The furrows drowns and sweeps the ripen'd corn :  
Whole flocks and sheep-cotes by the stream are tost,  
And dogs and shepherds in the waters lost ; 241  
While wondering fish amid the branches glide,  
Where birds could late the yielding air divide.  
With such a fury, where the walls disclose  
A gaping breach, the martial current flows, 245

Of shouting troops, with sword and brandish'd flame  
 To sink the remnant of the Pagan name.  
 Rapine and Murder, foul with gory stain,  
 And Avarice, thirsting for another's gain,  
 That stately city now in ruin lay, 250  
 The queen of Afric once and first in sway!  
 With slaughter'd men is heap'd the groaning ground,  
 Th' innumerable streams that flow from every wound  
 Swell to a pool, more dismal than the lake  
 Which, circling Dis, Cocytus' waters make. 255  
 From street to street the hungry flames aspire,  
 Domes, mosques, and portals feed the spreading fire;  
 The pillag'd dwellings groans and shrieks repeat,  
 And frequent hands the wretched bosom beat.  
 Behold with piles of costly treasure borne, 260  
 The mournful victors through each gate return;  
 With vases fair, with vestments richly wrought,  
 And massy silver from the temples brought,  
 Snatch'd from their fabled Gods—Sad mothers here  
 Are dragg'd, and there the captive sons appear, 265

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Ver. 255. *Which, circling Dis,—*] Dante, in his *Inferno*, feigns a river of red water, of which the four infernal streams are formed. Phlegethon, one of these, surrounds the city of Dis or Pluto.

Behold subjected to the foldiers' lust  
Matrons and Maids !—a thousand deeds unjust  
To good Orlando told, but told in vain.  
Which he, nor duke Astolpho could restrain,  
Brave Bucifaro, Algazieri's lord, 270  
Was slain by gallant Olivero's sword.  
All hopes of better fortune cast aside,  
By his own weapon king Branzardo dy'd.  
Soon with three wounds in death was Fulvo laid,  
Whom first the noble duke had prisoner made. 275  
When Agramant for France his arms prepar'd,  
These three he left his Afric realms to guard.

King Agramant who with Sobrino took  
His hasty flight, and all his ships forfook,  
Began with sighs Biserta to deplore, 280  
The cause divin'd, when blazing from the shore  
He view'd the flames ; but when at full were known  
The sufferings of his once imperial town,  
Urg'd by despair, himself his life had clos'd,  
But that Sobrino such dire thought oppos'd. 285

Sobrino thus—What couldst thou more bestow  
To swell the triumph of thy haughty foe,  
Than by thy death to give him hopes to gain  
The quiet rule of Afric's wide domain ?



To him thy life, O king! must this deny, 290  
 Thy life must cause of endless fears supply.  
 Long, long ere Afric shall his laws confess:  
 Thy death alone ensures his full success;  
 That death, which us of every hope deprives,  
 Of hope, the only good that now survives. 295  
 Yet live—thou still shalt happier hours employ  
 To turn our tears to smiles, our grief to joy.  
 If thou art lost—sure bondage is our fate,  
 And Afric mourns a tributary state.  
 If life thou wilt not for thyself prolong, 300  
 Yet live, O king, to save thy friends from wrong.  
 Th' Egyptian Soldan, whose dominions lie  
 So near thy own, will men and stores supply:  
 Ill must he brook, in Afric thus o'er-run,  
 To see the growing power of Pepin's son. 305  
 Thy kinsman Norandino will sustain  
 A war so just thy kingdom to regain:  
 And, would'st thou seek their aid, thou soon may'st  
     find  
 In aid of thee Armenians, Turks combin'd,  
 With Medians, Persians, and Arabians join'd. 310  
 These soothing words the prudent sage address'd  
 To waken comfort in his sovereign's breast,

But

But while with words his drooping lord he cheer'd,  
In thought perchance far other end he fear'd.

The wretched state of him too well he knows, 315

How vain his hope, who, when by powerful foes

Opprest, beholds them seize his regal lands,

And flies for succour to Barbarian bands.

Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,

And many a name in story'd annals told, 320

Example yield, and Ludovico (*nam'd*

*Il Moro*) in our time has since proclaim'd,

Who by another Ludovico fell:

This knows thy brother (*great Alphonso*) well,

Ver. 319. *Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,*] Hannibal, being overcome by the great Scipio, took shelter first with Antiochus, but afterwards suspecting his faith, he went to Prusias king of Bithynia, who treacherously prepared to deliver him up to the Romans, of which Hannibal having intelligence, killed himself by poison. Jugurtha, trusting to the good faith of Bocchus, king of Mauritania, was by him delivered prisoner to Scylla.

Ver. 321. — *Ludovico (nam'd*  
*Il Moro)*—] Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, who fell into the power of Lewis XII. king of France. See note, Book xxxiii. ver. 245.

Ver. 324. *This knows thy brother*—] The poet here addresses cardinal Hippolito, to whom his work is dedicated,

Who deems the man to madness near ally'd, 325 }  
That shall (O prince!) by adverse fortune try'd, }  
More in another than himself confide. }

Hence, in that war where through the pontiff's ire  
He saw such foes against his peace conspire,  
Though in his feeble state, he little knew 330  
To frame designs, though he, from whom he drew  
His best defence, from Italy was driven,  
And to his deadly foe the kingdom given,  
Yet would he ne'er for threats or promise yield  
His cause to others, or resign the field. 335

King Agramant, now steering from the west  
His beaky prow, had through the waves address'd  
His foamy course, when sudden from the shore  
A dreadful tempest rose with hollow roar;  
The pilot, at the helm, aloft survey'd 340  
The blackening skies, and instant thus he said.

I see a gathering storm whose threaten'd rage  
Not all my art suffices to engage:  
If you, O chiefs! attend what I advise,  
Near, to the left a lonely island lies, 345  
Where we secure may safe at anchor keep,  
Till past the fury that o'erhangs the deep.

The king consenting, to the left they stand,  
And safe from perils now, approach the land

Welcome



Welcome to seamen worn with length of toil, 350

'Twixt Afric plac'd, and Vulcan's fiery foil.

In this small island not a cot was found ;

Pale juniper and myrtle shade the ground :

A pleasing solitude, from man remote,

Where breed the deer, the stag, the hare and goat :

By few but fishers known : here oft they came, 356

And cleansing from the ooze and briny stream,

On lowly shrubs their humid nets they dry'd,

While fishes slept beneath the quiet tide.

Arriv'd, another vessel here they view'd, 360

Like them by fortune sheltering from the flood :

This the great king of Sericana bore,

Who late embarking, sail'd from Arli's shore.

Together met, the kings with friendly grace

Receiv'd each other in a dear embrace. 365

For friends of old, and in one cause combin'd,

Before proud Paris' walls in arms they shin'd.

With deep concern Gradasso heard the fate

Of Agramant, and to his wretched state

Fair comfort gave, and, as a courteous prince, 370

His person offer'd in his friend's defence ;

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Ver. 363. *Who late embarking,*] Gradasso, king of Sericano, after finding Bayardo (see Book xxxiii. ver. 699) for which he had engaged in a duel with Rinaldo, left France to return to his native country.

But will'd him ne'er from Egypt's faithless power  
 (A wandering exile) succours to implore.  
 Enough of old was Pompey warn'd (he said)  
 Unhappy Pompey to his death betrayed. 375  
 But since thou say'st Astolpho with the bands  
 Of Æthiopia from Senapus' lands,  
 Has Afric seiz'd, and (sword and fire employ'd)  
 The capital of all thy realm destroy'd;  
 And that Orlando, who with senseless mind 380  
 Late rov'd an out-cast, him in arms has join'd;  
 Methinks the means I spy, which well pursu'd  
 From present ill may work thy future good.  
 For love of thee, and to maintain thy right,  
 Orlando will I call to single fight : 385  
 Full well I know with me he ne'er can stand,  
 His breast though adamant, though steel his hand.  
 He once remov'd, the Christian church I hold,  
 As to a hungry wolf the bleating fold.  
 Then have I plann'd, from Afric's realm to chase 390  
 (Nor hard I deem the task) the Nubian race.

---

Ver. 372. *But will'd him ne'er—*] Gradasso, to dissuade Agramant from seeking assistance of the Soldan of Egypt, as advised by Sobrino, sets before him the example of Pompey, who lost his life by trusting to the faith of the Egyptians.

Those

Those Nubians, whom the Nile's far-winding tides  
From these disjoin, but more whose faith divides ;  
The Arabs and Macrobian ; those with hoard  
Of gold and jewels, these with courfers stor'd ; 395  
Chaldeans, Persians, many names that own  
My regal sway, the subjects to my throne :  
These, at my nod, on Nubia's realm shall fall,  
And soon from Afric every band recall.

Unhappy Agramant full gladly clos'd 400  
With what Gradasso's friendship last propos'd,  
And deem'd his thanks to favouring Heaven were  
due

That to the desert isle the monarch drew.  
But never could he yield (though fate once more  
Would on such terms Biserta's walls restore) 405  
That in his cause, to his eternal shame,  
Gradasso, in his stead, should combat claim.  
If in the list Orlando must be try'd—  
Be mine the trial—(Agramant reply'd)  
Prepar'd I stand—and as by Heaven decreed, 410  
Let death or victory the fight succeed.  
Be still the combat mine (Gradasso cries)  
And what I wish a sudden thought supplies,  
Let thou and I together wage the fight  
Against Orlando and some other knight. 415

Exclude



Exclude me not, I little shall complain,  
 If last or first—(thus Agramant again)  
 How through the world such glory can I share,  
 Or find, like thine, a partnership in war?  
 Sobrino then—Must I remain behind? 420  
 Old as I seem, yet know with age declin'd  
 Experience dwells, and counsel oft avails  
 In danger most, where nerve or courage fails.

Strong was Sobrino and robust in years,  
 For deeds of valour fam'd above his peers: 425  
 Through all his veins the vigorous spirits flow'd,  
 As prime of youth still warm'd his generous blood:  
 Just seem'd his suit—and for the destin'd way  
 A messenger was nam'd, on whom to lay  
 Th' important charge for Afric to repair, 430  
 And to Orlando's ear the challenge bear;  
 And urge the knight with two brave warriors  
                   more  
 In arms to meet the three, where round the shore  
 Of Lipadufas' isle the billows roar. }

The messenger, as such commission needs, 435  
 With oars and sails to reach Biserta speeds,  
 There finds Orlando, who o'er all presides,  
 And midst his friends the spoils of war divides.

And

And now in public was the fight declar'd,  
To which the Pagan king the Christians dar'd : 440  
Such joy Anglante's noble lord confess'd  
With honour'd gifts the herald he carefs'd,  
And fair dismiss'd him—from his friends he knew  
That bold Gradasso Durindana drew.  
Hence, through desire his weapon to regain, 445  
He purpos'd once to cross the Indian main.  
Alone he deem'd Gradasso there to find  
Whom fame declar'd by lands and seas disjoin'd  
From distant France : but now in happy hour  
He hopes that fortune might his sword restore ; 450  
With this he hopes to gain his valu'd horn  
(So long withheld) by fam'd Almontes borne :  
And Briigliadoro, from his lord detain'd,  
Which in the field Troyano's offspring rein'd.  
Orlando now t' engage the triple foes, 455  
His faithful Brandimart and kinsman chose :

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Ver. 451. — *his valu'd horn*] This horn, of which nothing particular is related in Ariosto, appears in the poem of Aspramonte to have been won by Orlando from Almontes, with his armour, and is said by Boyardo to have been afterwards stolen from Orlando by Brunello. Concerning the miraculous horns so frequently mentioned in romance, see note to Book xv. ver. 105.

Ver. 453. *And Briigliadoro,—*] After the death of Mandricardo this horse was presented by Rogero to king Agramant.

Both had he prov'd as those who knew not fear,  
 And oft had prov'd each warrior held him dear.  
 For him and for his friends fair steeds he fought  
 With armour try'd, and swords of temper wrought  
 And jousting spears—fer well to you is known 461  
 How from these knights had fortune rest their own.  
 Orlando (as I told) in frantic mood

His mail had piecemeal scatter'd through the wood:  
 Stern Rodomont from two their armour gain'd, 465  
 Which long the virgin sepulchre contain'd.

Few arms and weapons now could Afric boast, }  
 The best king Agramant for Gallia's coast }  
 Exhausted to supply his numerous host. }

Orlando bids from every part produce 470  
 Such arms as best might serve their present use,  
 And on the shore full oft the noble knight  
 Consults his partners on th' expected fight.

One day, as distant from the camp he stood  
 With eyes intent upon the billowy flood, 475  
 He saw a vessel with expanded sail  
 To Afric speed before the driving gale,  
 Without or seamen, passengers, or guide,  
 As fortune sped, or winds their breath supply'd:  
 With canvass stretch'd the vessel nearer bore 480  
 Her rapid way and reach'd at length the shore.

But



But ere of these I further can rehearse,  
The love I bear Rogero claims the verse :  
His story I resume, and haste to tell  
What him and Clarmont's noble knight befel. 485  
Of either warrior we the tale pursue  
Who lately from the martial list withdrew ;  
The truce o'erturn'd by breach of every right,  
And all the squadrons mix'd in mortal fight.  
Of each they meet the champions seek to know 490  
Who, lost to honour, could his faith forego :  
From what fell cause such impious strife could spring,  
From royal Charles, or from the Pagan king,  
Meantime a servant of Rogero, nurs'd  
In courts and camps, and faithful to his trust, 495  
Who, while the conflict rag'd 'twixt either host,  
Had ne'er, by sight, his dearest master lost,  
Approach'd, and sudden to his hand convey'd  
His sword and steed to give the Pagans aid,  
Rogero grasp'd the sword, his feat regain'd, 500  
But heedful from forbidden fields refrain'd.  
He parted thence ; yet ere he went, once more  
Renew'd the oath he to Rinaldo swore :

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Ver. 482. *But ere of these—*] He returns to Orlando Book xli.  
ver. 179.

If Agramant were first the truce to break,  
Him and his sect for ever to forsake. 505

Of all he fought, and learnt alike from each  
That first from Agramant began the breach.  
Him dear Rogero lov'd ; and this could give  
Small cause, he fear'd, his sovereign lord to leave.  
Already have I told that, thousands slain, 510  
Dispers'd and lost were Afric's broken train,  
Low in the wheel's unstable motion hurl'd,  
As she \* decrees, whose empire rules the world.

Now held Rogero with himself debate  
T' abide in France ; or share his monarch's fate ; 515  
When love had held him with a powerful rein  
From Afric's land would still his steps detain ;  
And dread of shame his other thoughts controll'd  
And bade him faith with good Rinaldo hold.  
No less reflection rankled in his breast, 520  
That thus to quit king Agramant distress,  
Must argue fear—though just to some might seem  
The cause, yet others might his stay condemn ;  
And urge the license such an oath to break,  
At first unlawful and unjust to take. 525  
That day and all the live-long night he mus'd,  
And all th' ensuing day in doubts confus'd ;

At length he fix'd to bid awhile adieu  
To Gallia's realm, his sovereign to pursue.  
Full well his soul love's potent rule obey'd, 530  
But more his loyalty and honour sway'd.  
He turns to Arli, hoping there to find  
Some Turkish bark to speed his course design'd.  
At sea or anchor not a bark he found,  
Nor Pagans saw, but lifeless on the ground; 535  
For Agramant, what ships his need requir'd  
Departing took, the rest in port he fir'd.

His aim deceiv'd, to reach the neighbouring strand  
Of fair Marseilles, Rogero pass'd by land,  
In hope some vessel there might waft him o'er, 540  
To seek his lord, to Afric's distant shore.  
The Dane who late at sea so bravely fought  
The Moorish fleet, his prisoners hither brought.  
Scarce could a grain be cast amidst the flood,  
So thick around th' innumerable navy rode: 545  
So close each bulky ship to ship was join'd  
Each ship with victors and with captives lin'd,  
The Pagan vessels, sav'd that fatal night  
From fire and wreck (save those that scap'd in flight)  
By Dudon taken, now Marseilles had gain'd, 550  
With these, seven kings who once in Afric reign'd,



Who when they saw their kingdom's overthrow,  
 With their seven ships submitted to the foe.  
 That day had Dudon left his deck to meet  
 His sovereign Charles, and landing from the fleet  
 His spoils and captives, rang'd in long array 556  
 The solemn triumph through the public way.  
 Abash'd and mute th' unhappy prisoner's stand;  
 Around exult the conquering Nubian band;  
 While, caught from man to man, with loud acclaim  
 The neighbouring cliffs resound with Dudon's  
 name. 561

This fleet, for Agramant's, the warlike youth  
 At first believ'd, and eager for the truth  
 His courser spurr'd; but as he nearer drew,  
 Too soon his eyes the mournful captives knew. 565  
 The king of Nasamana there he view'd:  
 There Bambirago, Agricaltes stood;  
 There Ferraurantes, Rimedon renow'd;  
 Balastro, Manilardo there he found. 569  
 All these, with looks declin'd deep anguish shew'd,  
 While down each cheek the manly sorrows flow'd.

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Ver. 567. *Agricaltes*—] Here is an apparent slip of the poet's memory, for Puliano king of Nasamana, and Agricaltes, were killed by Rinaldo in the xvith Book, and Balastro by Lurcanio in the xviiith book.

Rogero saw, nor saw with breast unmov'd,  
The doleful state of those whom dear he lov'd:  
But well he knew entreaty hear would fail,  
And aid, enforc'd by arms, alone prevail. 575  
Against their guards his rested spear he drove,  
Nor fail'd his spear its wonted force to prove.  
His falchion next he drew, and round him slain  
A hundred fell, and groaning bit the plain.  
Dudon the tumult hears, beholds the blows 580  
Rogero gives, nor yet the warrior knows:  
He sees his men who turn their feet to fly,  
With many a groan, with many a fearful cry.  
In corset, mail, and cuishes arm'd he stands,  
And swift his coufer, shield and helm demands. 585  
Lightly he mounts his seat, receives his lance,  
And shines confest a Paladin of France.  
He bids the troops on either hand recede,  
And gores with iron heel his foamy steed.  
A hundred now Rogero's arm had kill'd, 590  
And rising hopes each captive bosom fill'd:  
When holy Dudon on his steed he view'd,  
As round on foot th' ignoble vulgar stood,

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Ver. 592. *When holy Dudon —*] See Book xxxix. note to ver.  
374.



He deem'd him leader of the powers, and flew  
To give the warrior-chief a warrior's due. 595

Him Dudon met, but when approaching near,  
He saw Rogero come without his spear,

His own he cast aside, as one in fight  
Who with advantage scorn'd t'assail the knight.

Rogero, when the courteous act he spy'd— 600

Sure yonder warrior (to himself he cry'd)

Or much I err, is one of many nam'd

The Paladins, in fields of battle fam'd:

Fain would I, ere we join in combat, know

The name and lineage of my gallant foe, 605

He ask'd; and by his fair reply was known

Dudon the brave, the Dane Ugero's son.

To him good Dudon made the like request,

Rogero equal courtesy express'd.

Against each other now (their names declar'd) 610

They hurl'd defiance and for deeds prepar'd.

That iron mace, which in a thousand fields,

Had giv'n him endless glory, Dudon wields:

Wi

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Ver. 612. *That iron mace —*] The poet here arms Dudon with a mace and Rogero with a sword, which may seem rather singular, as yet is not explained how such difference of weapons was conformant to the laws of chivalry, nor is there any other example of the kind in Ariosto or Boyardo, though it is here said that Dudon was celebrated



With this full well his rightful claim he shew'd  
To Danish valour and Ugero's blood, 615  
That sword, which helm and cuirass can divide,  
Which scarce is equall'd through the world beside,  
Rogeró grasps, and while he grasps, displays  
A virtue pair'd with noble Dudon's praise.  
But good Rogeró fear'd, o'er every fear, 620  
T' offend the virgin to his soul so dear,  
Assur'd if by his hand the knight should bleed,  
Her hatred must attend the luckless deed.  
Skill'd in each noble house of France, he knew  
Dudon his birth from Armellina drew, 625  
Sister to Beatrice, of whom was born  
His Bradamant, whose gifts her sex adorn.  
Hence ne'er with point direct the thrust he bends,  
And seldom with its edge his blade descends:  
Still on his guard, as falls the ponderous mace, 630  
The stroke he parries, or he shifts his place.

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celebrated for the use of this weapon. It is however certain, that the poet does not imply that any unfair advantage was taken, since he commends the courtesy of Dudon for casting away his spear to meet Rogeró on equal terms. After all the introduction of the mace might arise solely from a desire of giving more variety to the battle.

Well

Well Turpin thinks that by Rogero slain  
Had noble Dudon prest the sanguine plain :  
But he, who fears th' advantage given to use,  
Still fights with caution, nor his stroke pursues. 635  
By turns Rogero in his skilful hand  
With flat or edge his falchion can command :  
Now whizzing round his rapid weapon lies,  
And with such force astonish'd Dudon plies,  
That scarce with dazzled eyesight can he rein 640  
His frighted courser or his seat retain.

But more henceforth—who deigns to lend an ear,  
Some future time the finish'd tale shall hear.

END OF THE FORTIETH BOOK.