Swfrie Rajol. 1931 EPISODE OF OLIMPIA.

TRANSPATED BROW

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO X.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, PICCADILLY.
1824.

Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, London.

TO THE

LADY ANNE WILBRAHAM.

As you were pleased to consider the following attempt to give the English reader some idea of the true spirit of Ariosto worthy transcribing, the Author thinks it nothing more than fair to save you that trouble by sending you the translation in print: perhaps not without some hope that your approbation may recommend it to the public, whose opinion will probably decide him as to future efforts of a similar nature.

London, June 21, 1824.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author conceives that by English Yersions of Episodes or Specimens judiciously selected from the Italian Romance writers, the Reader will gain more and the Originals suffer less than by attempts at entire Translations. For even supposing the Translator possessed of the talents and patience requisite to the greater task; the subject matter in poems of this class does not throughout sustain the interest of the modern reader sufficiently to be endurable in any less harmonious language; some of this matter cannot with propriety, and much more need not be translated at all; nor, were it otherwise. would it be desirable to save people the trouble of learning to read the originals. It would be like expending much pains in setting Italian Songs to English words, where the utility of the object, and the effect produced. would be about commensurate. May it not be presumed, that our great poets have felt the force of these difficulties, and thence been deterred from the undertaking?

Even the Episode of Olimpia, selected as one of the most beautiful portions of the Orlando Furioso, amply illustrates the difficulty of keeping the English reader's interest alive for an Italian heroine of the xvth century; and portions of her story are here omitted accordingly, as calculated to destroy rather than increase that interest.

First, we find this paragon of excellence boasting of having "cut her husband's throat" (Canto ix.) on the wedding-night. Then in the following Canto, stanza xviii. we have her, after a hearty supper ("ceno' contenta," &c.) sleeping "sounder than a bear:" and finally marrying an Irishman, whom she had never seen before, and who had found her in a state of nudity.

Ariosto also tells us, in the second Stanza (Canto x.), that Bireno ought to have loved Olimpia even more than ——himself!! a beau ideal of a lover, surpassed by every modern aspirant, who has taken even his bachelor's degree in mere prosaick courtship.

and descript a book of

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO DECIMO.

Fra quanti amor, fra quante fedi al mondo Mai si trovar, fra quanti cor costanti, Fra quante, o per dolente o per giocondo Stato, fer prove mai famosi amanti; Più tosto il primo loco, che 'l secondo Darò ad Olimpia: e se pur non va innanti, Ben voglio dir che fra gli antichi e novi Maggior dell' amor suo non si rittovi;

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO X.

I.

Search all examples of devoted love,

Of hearts for truth and constancy renowned,

Of such as, studious their high claims to prove,

Have toiled in vain, or with success been crowned,

If one has equalled, none can rank above

The fair Olimpia; search the world around,

This I affirm, that none such love will find

Surpassed in all the records of mankind.

TT.

E che con tante e con sì chiare note

Di questo à fatto il suo Bireno certo,

Che donna più far certo uomo non puote,

Quando anco il petto e'l cor mostrasse aperto:

E s'anime sì fide e sì devote

D' un reciproco amor denno aver merto,

Dico ch' Olimpia è degna che non meno,

Anzi più che se ancor l'ami Bireno;

IIII.

E che non pur non l'abbandoni mai

Per altra donna, se ben fosse quella

Ch' Europa ed Asia mise in tanti guai,

O s' altra àmaggior titolo di bella;

Ma più tosto che lei, lasci co' rai

Del sol l' udita e 'l gusto e la favella

E la vita e la fama, e s' altra cosa

Dire o pensar si può più preziosa.

TV

Se Bireno amò lei, come ella amato
Bireno avea; se fu sì a lei fedele,
Come ella a lui; se mai non à voltato
Ad altra via, che a seguir lei, le vele:
O pur s' a tanta servitù fu ingrato,
A tanta fede e a tanto amor crudele:
Io vi vo' dire, e far di meraviglia
Stringer le labbra, ed inarcar le ciglia.

II.

And this Bireno could not fail to know,

By signs so clearly and so oft expressed,

That demonstration could no further go,

Though he had scanned each secret in her breast;

And if such tried devotion can e'er show

Fair claims to be by mutual passion bless'd,

I say that it behoved Olympia's lord,

Not only to have lov'd her, but ador'd:

III.

And that he ought not merely to have stood

True to his vows, and proof against surprize,
Though Helen's self should on those vows intrude,
Or charms more heavenly still allure his eyes;
But sooner than forsake her, his life's blood
Should have been sacrific'd, with all we prize
Of genius, character, sense, station, birth,
Or if aught else be yet more priz'd on earth.

IV

But whether he adored th' enraptured maid
With equal passion, with a heart as true
As hers to him; whether his bark ne'er strayed
A devious course, and kept her not in view,
Or if her fond affection was repaid
By foul ingratitude, who reads me through
Shall know, and knowing bite the lips, and raise

The astonished brows in horror and amaze.

v.

E poichè nota l'impietà vi fia,

Che di tanta bontà fu a lei mercede,

Donne, alcuna di voi mai più non sia,

Ch'a parole d'amante abbia a dar fede.

L'amante, per aver quel che disía,

Senza guardar che Dio tutto ode e vede,

Avviluppa promesse e giuramenti

Che tutti spargon poi per l'aria i venti.

VI

I giuramenti e le promesse vanno

Dai venti in aria dissipate e sparse,

Tosto che tratta questi amanti s'ánno

L'avida sete che gli accese ed arse.

Siate a prieghi ed a pianti che vi fanno,

Per questo esempio, a credere, più scarse.

Ben è felice quel, donne mie care,

Ch'esser accorto all' altrui spese impare.

VII.

Guardatevi da questi che sul fiore
De' lor begli anni il viso an sì polito;
Che presto nasce in loro, epresto muore,
Quasi un foco di paglia, ogni appetito.
Come segue la lepre il cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al lito;
Nè più la stima poichè presa vede;
E sol dietro a chí fugge, affretta il^opiede:

V.

And when the impious stratagem you hear
By which this debt of gratitude was paid,
Ladies, I charge you lend a cautious ear
To vows on Cupid's slippery credit made;
The lover, when he thinks his victory near,
By the divine omniscience undismayed,
Abounds in promise, and his victim blinds
With oaths as void and worthless as the winds.

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VI.

When once these fickle creatures have relieved

That ardent thirst with which their vitals burned,
Their oaths—Alas too readily believed—
And promises to empty air are turned;
Be not, sweet Loves, by sighs and tears deceived,
But when Olympia's fate ye shall have learned,
Remember they deserve life's blessings most
Who earn discretion at another's cost.

VII.

Beware of those who, in their early day
Of blooming loveliness, are smooth of face;
Whose passion soon inflamed, soon dies away
Like stubble blazing in the wind's embrace;
So pants the hunter, eager for his prey,
While yet the mountain hare prolongs the chace,
That prey once captured scarce attracts his eyes
Till some fresh fugitive new zest supplies.

VIII.

Così fan questi gioveni, che tanto
Che vi mostrate lor dure e proterve,
V'amano e riveriscono con quanto
Studio de' far chi fedelmente serve:
Ma non sì tosto si potran dar vanto
Della vittoria, che di donne, serve
Vi dorrete esser fatte: e da voi tolto
Vedrete il falso amore, e altrove volto.

IX.

Non vi vieto per questo, (ch' avrei torto)

Che vi lasciate amar; che senza amante

Sareste come inculta vite in orto,

Che non à palo ove s' appoggi o piante.

Sol la prima lanugine vi esorto

Tutta à fuggir, volubile e incostante;

E corre i frutti non acerbi e duri,

Ma che non sien però troppo maturi.

X.

Di sopra io vi dicea ch' una figliuola

Del re di Frisa quivi ánno trovata,

Che fia, per quanto n' án mosso parola,

Da Bireno al fratel per moglie data.

Ma, a dire il vero, esso v' avea la gola;

Che vivanda era troppo delicata:

E riputato avría cortesía sciocca,

Per darla altrui, levarsela di bocca.

VIII.

Such are these youthful lovers, whom you find
Attached and courteous as true love should be,
While to their prayer you show yourselves unkind;
But they no sooner boast the victory,
Than to your merits, to your beauties blind,
The slaves become the tyrants, and you see
Your charms neglected, your devotion spurned,
And their false love on other objects turned.

IX.

Yet to forbid your tender hearts to beat
With soft emotions were a crime indeed;
For without love your bliss were incomplete,
No vines unpropped by kindred stems succeed;
But flee your beardless suitors, I intreat,
Frail and inconstant as the waving reed,
Pluck not the unripe peach, nor choose among
Those which have waited on the tree too long.

X

I told you, that a daughter of the king
Of Friezeland by our duke was captive led,
Destined—such was the turn he gave the thing—
To grace a younger brother's nuptial bed:
But he, who never could resist love's sting,
With such a feast as this before him spread,
Was not the man to baulk his appetite,
Or cede such dainties for another's bite.

XI.

La damigella non passava ancora

Quattordici anni, ed era bella e fresca

Come rosa che spunti allora allora

Fuor della buccia, e col sol novo cresca.

Non pur di lei Bireno s' innamora,

Ma foco mai così non accese esca,

Nè se lo pongan l' invide e nemiche

Mani talor nelle mature spiche;

XII.

Come egli se n' accese immantinente,

Come egli n' arse fin nelle medolle,

Che, sopra il padre morto, lei dolente

Vide di pianto il bel viso far molle.

E come suol, se l' acqua fredda sente,

Quella restar, che prima al foco bolle:

Così l' ardor ch' accese Olimpia, vinto

Dal novo successore, in lui fu estinto.

XIII.

Non pur sazio di lei, ma fastidito
N' è già così, che può vederla appena:
E sì dell' altra acceso à l' appetito,
Che ne morrà se troppo in lungo il mena:
Pur, finchè giunga il dì ch' à statuito
A dar fine al disfo, tanto l' affrena,
Che par ch' adori Olimpia, non che l' ami;
E quel che piace a lei, sol voglia e brami.

XI.

The maid was scarce fourteen, and fresh and fair
In all the sweet luxuriance of the rose,
Whose blushing treasures genial suns and air
New bursting from the downy bud disclose;
Bireno's soul was scorch'd by beauty's glare,
Nor fire by faggot fed so quickly grows,
Nor does the flame by war or malice lit
Waste the ripe corn with such destructive heat,

XII.

As he, with all his passions in a blaze,

E'en to the marrow burned with fierce desire,

When on her lovely face he chanced to gaze

Bedewed with tears for her departed sire;

And as the cool fresh liquid soon allays

The throbs of that which bubbles o'er the fire,

So was Olympia's empire in his breast

By her successor once for all suppressed.

XIII.

Those charms which lately were his soul's delight
Are lifeless grown, nay loathsome in his eyes;
And, wasted by a ruthless appetite,
Unless he speedily succeed, he dies:
Yet lest his bearing should distrust excite,
Till his foul schemes are ripe, he deems it wise
To mask the real passion, and express
Affection for Olympia to excess.

XIV.

E se accarezza l'altra, (che non puote Far che non l'accarezzi più del dritto)

Non è chi questo in mala parte note;

Anzi a pietade, anzi a bontà gli è ascritto:

Che rilevare un che fortuna rote

Talora al fondo, e consolar l'afflitto,

Mai non fu biasmo, ma gloria sovente;

Tanto più una fanciulla, una innocente.

XV.

Oh sommo Dio, come i giudici umani Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro! I modi di Bireno empj e profani, Pietosi e santi riputati furo. I marinari, giá messe le mani Ai remi, e sciolti dal lito sicuro, Portavan lieti pei salati stagni Verso Selandia il duca e i suoi compagni.

XVI.

Già dietro rimasi erano e perduti Tutti di vista i termini d' Olanda; Che per non toccar Frisa, più tenuti S' eran ver Scozia alla sinistra banda: Quando da un vento fur sopravvenuti, Ch' errando in alto mar tre dì li manda. Sursero il terzo, già presso alla sera, Dove inculta e diserta un'isola era. XIV.

And if the younger he caress'd,—('t was hard
To keep precisely in the bounds of right)
This none around him censured, more prepared
To think him touched with pity at the sight.
To soothe the afflicted soul with kind regard,
And comfort those on whom misfortunes light,
Can scarce be blamed, and may be virtue stiled,
Much more a lovely inoffensive child.

XV.

O gracious God! how human judgments err,
Obscured by clouds of folly and deceit!
The blandishments Bireno used with her
Were deemed the proofs of sanctity complete!
The sailors now their oars began to stir,
And having soon unmoored their little fleet,
Away for Zealand through the briny main
With joy conveyed Bireno and his train.

XVI

They viewed the ocean's wide expanse before,
With Holland's coast astern receding low,
And keeping clear of Friezeland's hostile shore,
Steered right for Scotland on the larboard bow;
When a tempestuous gale the vessels bore
Three days on various points, nor ceased to blow
Till (ere the waning light forsook the skies,)
The sight of land once more refreshed their eyes.

XVII.

Tratti che si fur dentro un picciol seno,
Olimpia venne in terra; e con diletto
In compagnía dell' infedel Bireno
Cenò contenta e fuor d' ogni sospetto:
Indi con lui, là dove in loco ameno
Teso era un padiglione, entrò nel letto.
Tutti gli altri compagni ritornaro,
E sopra i legni lor si riposaro.

XVIII.

Il travaglio del mare e la paura,
Che tenuta alcun dì l'aveano desta;
Il ritrovarsi al lito ora sicura,
Lontana dal rumor nella foresta,
E che nessun pensier, nessuna cura,
Poichè 'l suo amante à seco, la molesta;
Fur cagion ch'ebbe Olimpia sì gran sonno,
Che gli orsi e i ghiri aver maggior nol ponno.

XIX.

Il falso amante che i pensati inganni Vegghiar facean, come dormir lei sente, Pian piano esce del letto, e de' suoi panni Fatto un fastel, non si veste altramente; E lascia il padiglione; e, come i vanni Nati gli sian, rivola alla sua gente, E li risveglia; e senza udirsi un grido, Fa entrar nell'alto, e abbandonare il lido.

XVII.

Soon as convenient stations were explored,
Olimpia went on shore, and full of glee
Supped unsuspecting with her faithless lord;
Thence in a spot of pleasant scenery,
Fraught with such comforts as their means afford,
A bed was laid beneath a canopy,
Where with her spouse retired the damsel true,
While their attendants to the ships withdrew.

xvIII.

The fears, the dangers, she must needs endure.

Which had her tender frame so long opprest,

The fond persuasion that she lay secure

From all disturbance, in a place of rest,

Without a care or thought that could obscure

The joy of feeling with her lover blessed,

Poured over Olimpia's eyes such slumbers deep,

The woods wild hordes enjoy no sounder sleep.

XIX.

When false Bireno, whom the frauds he planned
Kept wide awake, perceived the lady slept,
With caution due, his garments in his hand
He from the couch and tent in silence crept,
And, as if wings had sprung at his command,
Flew to the beach, on board the vessel leapt,
Awoke his people, and without a word
Launched in the deep with all he prized on board.

XX.

Rimase addietro il lito e la meschina
Olimpia che dormì senza destarse
Finchè l' Aurora la gelata brina
Dalle dorate rote in terra sparse,
E s' udir le Alcíone alla marina
Dell' antico infortunio lamentarse.
Nè desta nè dormendo, ella la mano
Per Bireno abbracciar stese; ma in vano.

XXI.

Nessuno trova; a se la man ritira:
Di novo tenta, e pur nessuno trova.
Di quà l'un braccio, e di là l' altro gira;
Or l' una, or l' altra gamba: e nulla giova.
Caccia il sonno il timor: gli occhi apre, e mira:
Non vede alcuno. Or già non scalda e cova
Più le vedove piume; ma si getta
Del letto e fuor del padiglione in fretta:

XXII.

E corre al mar, graffiandosi le gote,
Presaga e certa omai di sua fortuna.
Si straccia i crini, e il petto si percote:
E va guardando (che splendea la luna)
Se veder cosa, fuorchè 'l lito, puote;
Nè, fuorchè 'l lito, vede cosa alcuna.
Bireno chiama; e al nome di Bireno
Rispondean gli antri che pietà rfaviéno.

XX.

The vessel glided swiftly from the shore,
While the deserted damsel in the tent
Slept, till Aurora, scattering frosted ore
From her bright chariot, streaked the firmament;
What time the Halcyons to the waves deplore
Their lot in tones of plaintive discontent;
Then scarce awake, with hand extended, strove,
Alas in vain! t' embrace her absent love.

XXI.

No love she finds! and back the hand returns:

Again she tries, but with no more success:
Her longing arms pursue the search by turns,
Now either foot is stretched in mute distress:
Alarm unscals her eyes! none she discerns,
And now her tender limbs have ceased to press
The downy plumes, she quits her widowed bed,
And from the tent and to the shore is fled.

XXII

Tearing her cheeks, she flies along the strand,
Presaging all the horrors of her fate,
And beats her breast with sacrilegious hand,
And seeks by moonlight traces of her mate.
But when she found that nought but barren sand
And boundless sea were left to contemplate,
She called Bireno, and each mountain cave,
For e'en they seemed to pity, answers gave.

XXIII.

Quivi surgea nel lito estremo un sasso
Ch' aveano l' onde col picchiar frequente
Cavo, e ridutto a guisa d' arco al basso;
E stava sopra il mar curvo e pendente.
Olimpia in cima vi salì a gran passo;
(Così la facea l' animo possente)
E di lontano le gonfiate vele
Vide fuggir del suo signor crudele:

XXIV.

Vide lontano, o le parve vedere;
Che l'aria chiara ancor non era molto.
Tutta tremante si lasciò cadere,
Più bianca e più che neve fredda in volto.
Ma poichè di levarsi ebbe potere,
Al cammin delle navi il grido volto,
Chiamò, quanto potea chiamar più forte, •
Più volte il nome del crudel consorte:

XXV.

E dove non potea la debil voce,
Suppliva il pianto e 'l batter palma a palma.
Dove fuggi, crudel, così veloce?
Non à il tuo legno la debita salma.
Fa che levi me ancor: poco li noce
Che porti il corpo, poichè porta l'alma.
E colle braccia e colle vesti segno
Fa tuttavía, perchè ritorni il legno.

XXIII.

There stood a rock upon the ocean's verge
From which the waves had undermined a space,
Which towering high o'erhung the foaming surge,
Forming a vaulted archway at the base.
To what exertions will not passion urge?
Olimpia gained its point with hurried pace,
From whence she viewed the sails in proud array
Swelling to waft her barbarous lord away,

XXIV.

She saw, or thought she saw, them; for her eyes
Scarce pierced the twilight's misty veil below;
Then did her limbs a sudden tremor seize,
And she fell colourless and cold as snow.
But when again she summon'd force to rise,
Directing to the ships her cries of woe,
She with what powers her weakness could afford
Invoked the name of her unfeeling lord.

XXV.

And when her calling had her strength surpassed
She wept, and both her palms together beat,
Ah! cruel, whither dost thou fly so fast,
Thy vessels freightage is but half complete.
Nay, take me also; since the soul thou hast,
Receive the body: is the boon so great?
Then waved her vest, while they might yet discern
Her unavailing signals to return.

XXVI.

Ma i venti che portavano le vele

Per l' alto mar di quel giovene infido,

Portavano anco i preghi e le querele

Dell' infelice Olimpia, e 'l pianto e 'l grido;

La qual tre volte, a se stessa crudele,

Per affogarsi si spiccò dal lido:

Pur al fin si levò da mirar l' acque,

E ritornò dove la notte giacque;

XXVII.

E colla faccia in giù stesa sul letto,

Bagnandolo di pianto, dicea lui:

Iersera desti insieme a due ricetto:

Perchè insieme al levar non siamo dui?

O perfido Bireno, o maladetto

Giorno ch' al mondo generata fui!

Che debbo far? che poss' io far qui sola?

Chi mi dà aiuto? oimè! chi mi consola?

XXVIII.

Uomo non veggio quì, non ci veggio opra
Donde io possa stimar ch' uomo quì sia:
Nave non veggio, a cui salendo sopra,
Speri allo scampo mio ritrovar via.
Di disagio morrò! nè chi mi copra
Gli occhi sarà, nè chi sepolero dia,
Se forse in ventre lor non me lo danno
I lupì, oimè? che 'n queste selve stanno.

XXVI.

But the same breeze which fluttering in the sail
Impelled this youthful traitor through the wave,
Dispersed th' entreaties and heart-rending wail
And the loud shrieks her wild delirium gave;
Thrice she essays, and thrice her efforts fail,
To end her troubles in a watery grave,
Till, of all else but life itself bereft,
She seeks the bed of sorrows she had left.

XXVII.

And on her face reclining, to the bed,

Bathed with her tears, she all distracted cries,

Last night thy folds upon us both were spread;

Why could we not this morn together rise?

O false Bireno! would that I were dead!

Curs'd be these charms which first allured thine eyes;

What shall I do? What can I here alone,

No friend to cherish—to console me none.

XXVIII.

No mortal here, nor track of human feet,

No sign of habitation soothes the eye;

Nor ship at hand to lend a safe retreat

To one who soon of want alone must die;

Who then shall fold me in my winding sheet,

Where will these wretched limbs unburied lie,

Unless in yon dark woods it be my doom

Between some monster's jaws to find a tomb?

XXIX.

Io sto in sospetto, e già di veder parmi
Di questi boschi orsi o leoni uscire,
O tigri o fere tal, che natura armi
D' aguzzi denti e d'unghie da ferire.
Ma quai fere crudel potriano farmi,
Fera crudel, peggio di te morire?
Darmi una morte, so, lor parrà assai;
E tu di mille, oimè! morir mi fai.

XXX.

Ma presuppongo ancor, ch'or ora arrivi

Nocchier che per pietà di qu' mi porti;

E così lupi, orsi e leoni schivi,

Strazj, disagi, ed altre orribil morti:

Mi porterà forse in Olanda, s' ivi

Per te si guardan le fortezze e i porti?

Mi porterà alla terra ove son nata,

Se tu con fraude già me l' ái levata?

XXXI.

Tu m' ái lo stato mio, sotto pretesto

Di parentado e d' amicizia, tolto.

Ben fosti a porvi le tue genti presto,

Per avere il dominio a te rivolto.

Tornerò in Fiandra ove ò venduto il resto

Di ch' io vivea, benchà non fosse molto,

Per sovvenirti e di prigione trarte?

Meschina! dove andrò! non so in qual parte.

XXIX.

Wild fancy scares me, or methinks I see
Lions and bears rush forth with open jaws,
Fierce brutes whom nature arms for butchery,—
Ready to seize and tear me with their claws;
But when compared, inhuman wretch! to thee,
I should of such complain with little cause;
One death their cravings soon would satisfy;
For thee alas! a thousand deaths I die.

xxx.

But e'en suppose some mariners arrive,

Who should for pity's sake transport me hence,
And I escape the monsters jaws alive,
Or death from hunger, or by violence,
If I to Holland flee, thy arts contrive
My ports shall own thy hostile influence;
If toothe land where first I saw the light,
There has thy treachery robbed me of my right.

XXXI.

Under pretence of friendship's hallowed name,

Thou hast by fraud usurped my rightful throne,
And, with more haste than honour well became,
Displaced my faithful soldiers with thy own;
In Flanders,—my devotion still the same—
For thee whatever I possessed is gone;
To set thee free I sold the earldom's worth,
And now have not a corner left on earth.

XXXII.

Debbo forse ire in Frisa ove io potei,

E per te non vi volsi esser regina?

Il che del padre e de' fratelli miei,

E d' ogni altro mio ben fu la ruina.

Quel ch' ò fatto per te, non ti vorrei,

Ingrato, improverar, nè disciplina

Dartene; che non men di me lo sai:

Or ecco il guiderdon che me ne dai.

XXXIII.

Deh, purchè da color che vanno in corso,
Io non sia presa, e poi venduta schiava!
Prima che questo, il lupo, il leon, l'orso
Venga, e la tigre e ogni altra fera brava,
Di cui l'unghia mi stracci, e franga il morso;
E morta mi strascini alla sua cava.
Cosi dicendo, le mani si caccia
Ne' capei d'oro, e a ciocca a ciocca straccia.

XXXIV.

Corre di novo in sull' estrema sabbia,
E rota il capo, e sparge all' aria il crine;
E sembra forsennata, e ch' addosso abbia,
Non un demonio sol, ma le decine;
O, qual Ecuba, sia conversa in rabbia,
Vistosi morto Polidoro al fine.
Or si ferma s'un sasso, e guarda il mare;
Nè men d' un vero sasso, un sasso pare.

XXXII.

Can I presume to seek the Friezeland shore,
Where I for thee refused a royal spouse,
For which I still my murdered sire deplore,
And the lost fortunes of our noble house?
I lay not these as charges at thy door,
Nor seek for vengeance on thy perjured vows;
Thou know'st the truth of more than all I have said,
And these returns hast for my favours made.

XXXIII.

Who knows if hence I be not borne away
And sold to slavery by some fierce corsair?
Sooner than this, O heavenly pow'rs! I pray
That some ferocious wolf or ravenous bear
May seize the wretch Olimpia for his prey,
And drag her mangled carcass to his lair:
She said, and tore, as reason lost command,
Her auburn ringlets with unsparing hand.

XXXIV.

Again she hurries to the roaring waves,

Her scattered tresses streaming with the blast,
And, wild with frenzy, shakes her head, and raves
As if a band of dæmons held her fast;
Like Hecuba, when mid the Trojan slaves
The lifeless corse of Polydore was cast:
Now eyes the surf fixed on a rocky shelf,
Cold, still, and speechless as the stone itself.

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