THE

TWO FIRST CANTOS

OF

RICHARDETTO,

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL BURLESQUE POEM

OF

NICCOLO FORTIGUERRA,

OTHERWISE

CARTEROMACO.

LONDON:
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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

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PREFACE.

CONCERNING the Author of the Poem of *Ricciardetto*, the last and most amusing of that long train of serious, and comical, and serio-comical epics, to which the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo and Berni, and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto gave rise, the general biographical dictionaries are full of falsehood. His real history, together with that of the aforesaid whimsical production of his inventive genius, (as the writer of the following pages has received it on the unquestionable authority of a name, the highest in Italian literature of the present day,) is as follows :—

" *Niccolo Fortiguerra* was born at Pis-

toja, of a noble family. He was carefully educated, and, having devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence, took his degrees in that science at the university of Pisa. When he attained twenty-one, he went to Rome, on the invitation of one of his uncles, who enjoyed the favour of Innocent XII. The funeral oration which he composed on the occasion of the death of that Pontiff, laid the first foundation of his literary fame. He was then nominated Secretary of Legation, but his health required the climate of Italy, and he renounced the career of diplomacy. His uncle, having been created a cardinal, procured him, in compensation, the title of Prelate, together with the office of Papal Chamberlain. On the election of Benedict XIII., Fortune, which had begun by smiling upon him, abandoned him,

and his uncle's death obliged Fortiguerra to rest contented with mediocrity. He found consolation in composing fugitive pieces in prose and verse, and reciting them to his friends. One evening, having imprudently asserted to them that a romantic poem which admits all manner of fictions, is not an undertaking of so much difficulty as is supposed, he pledged himself to make the experiment; and in the course of the very same night he wrote the first canto of *Ricciardetto*. But, having discovered that, instead of composing a fine poem, he had succeeded only in producing a burlesque parody, he continued in the same strain that he had begun. Still his self-love would not suffer him to lose the desire, and the hope of coming in competition with the serious poets; and hence we perceive occasion-

ally in his poem a certain want of harmony in the colouring, and the efforts of the author to appear more sublime than he is in fact. He was displeased at the appellation of a burlesque author; and, in order to give his contemporaries a proof to the contrary, he undertook to write a regular epic poem, entitled *Bajazet*. In this he preserved a tone of solemnity till he got to the fourth canto; but as soon as it came to him to describe the cage in which Bajazet was confined, he burst out laughing, and found he could proceed no further without giving free scope to his inclination for farce and pleasantry. He therefore abandoned the enterprise, and took care that neither his manuscript nor the anecdote connected with it should be known till after his death.

" It was to the liveliness and plea-

santry of *Ricciardetto* that Fortiguerra owed his popularity and the re-establishment of his fortune. For Clement XII., who succeeded Benedict XIII., took so much delight in the recitation of that poem, that he caused the author to be brought to his palace privately, for the purpose of reading to him detached passages; and he was accustomed to say that *Ricciardetto* rendered more easy to him the double burthen of his years and of the papacy. He likewise heaped upon the poet all the honours and benefices that are compatible with the rank of prelate;—for the assertion in the biographical dictionaries, where Fortiguerra is called Bishop of Faenza, is absolutely destitute of reality. It is even uncertain that he ever received canonical orders; and the appellation of prelate at the court

of Rome is no more than an honorary title, which opens the road to political offices, and to the administration of the temporal government.

" During the period of his disgrace under Benedict XIII., Fortiguerra composed satires, which, if they are not worthy to be compared with those of Ariosto for style and spirit, are not, however, without merit, and serve to throw some light upon the manners of Rome at that day, and upon the principles and character of the author. It seems that he was possessed of a generous spirit, and that he remarked upon human vices without misanthropy, and censured them without acrimony. In short, the whole of his conduct through life was that of a worthy man; ambitious from education and circumstance, but, in point of real

feeling, and through a natural moderation of temper, practically a philosopher. Adversity, however, which had made him wise, gave place to prosperity only to render him unhappy. Perhaps neither the innate principles of wisdom, nor a fortunate disposition, can resist the passion for honours and riches which is produced in a country where it is easy to ascend with rapidity to the summit of greatness. Clement XII. offered Fortiguerra a place which united dignity with great emolument; and Fortiguerra, aware that the Cardinal Corsini (the Pope's nephew) had solicited the same place for a friend of his own, had the generosity to yield it to him, and the simplicity to believe that he should receive a compensation for it. He was deceived; his mind was strongly affected by the

disappointment. From thenceforward he lost his natural gaiety, together with his health; and, after six or seven months of hopeless decline, he expired in the year 1735, the sixty-first of his age."

It has generally been reputed a very difficult task so to transfuse the native humour of one age or country as to make it at all fall in with the taste, or meet the comprehension of another succeeding to, or differing from, it; and it is said, that very small indeed is the number of authors who, in this respect, can stand the test of translation. Still, it would appear to be something extraordinary, if that which is peculiar to Italy is the only species of humour which is incapable of being adapted to the English taste, especially since in so many respects, the genius of English

literature more nearly assimilates with that of the Italian than of any other European nation.

It is not presumed that the following stanzas will be fortunate enough to decide the question. They formed the amusement of the writer during the tedious hours of slow recovery from a late severe illness; and his end will be answered if they afford a portion of similar gratification to any of his readers. Those among them who are acquainted with Italian poetry, will easily discover where he has followed, and where deviated from his original; by others this will probably be thought a matter of little consequence.

TO

THE PUBLIC.

MYSTERIOUS Patron! to whose breath belong
The destinies of autocrats and artists;
Supreme alike o'er Kean and Ki-en-long;
Sole judge of Jacobins and Bonapartists;
Who, from thy viewless throne, canst bid defiance
At once to country club and grand alliance!

I never said thou 'rt dull of apprehension—
I ne'er presumed to tax thee with caprice—
But wonder at thy wisdom's vast extension,
And think thy judgments always of a piece,
Whipping small rogues, and knighting wholesale robbers.
Dischartering boroughs, and upholding jobbers.

Yet there 's a-float a vague and idle rumour,
(Which painfully I 've sometimes contradicted,)
That you won 't understand dry harmless humour,
And see no joke but when a wound 's inflicted :
And that's the cause (they say) you never laugh'd
Sufficiently with good friend Whistlecraft ;

Nor, when you fail'd t' explore his hidden satire,
Allow'd him to shew cause upon the merits—
As if none e'er was gay from mere good nature,
Nor danc'd or caroll'd from abundant spirits.
Howe'er it be, I write this Dedication,
Chiefly to save me from that imputation :

And, once for all, illustrious Sir, to hint,
If e'er you doubt the meaning of my strain,
It's not because there is no meaning in 't ;
And therefore I must beg you 'll think again.
But, just by way of clue, instead of what
Is hidden there, I'll tell you what *is not*.

Paris *is not* the Treasury, nor the Court
Of Chanc'ry, nor the Church, nor House of Commons.
Those base beleaguering Blacks, of ev'ry sort,
Are neither roving Whigs, nor Irish Romans.
King Scricca *is not* T—rn—y—tho' he hectors—
The Paladins *are not* the Bank Directors.

Ferrau *is not* the C———r of the Exchequer—
Dame Stella, tho' she sings in strains so glowing,
Is not the much lamented Child of Necker,
Nor is she Lady Morgan, late Miss Owen:
And good Orlando, (tho' in want of brain,)
Is not a Manager of Drury-Lane *.

July, 1819.

* The reader is requested to observe, that this Introduction was written before the close of the last theatrical season.

RICHARDETTO.

CANTO I.

I.

A WHIM has lately crept into my brain,
(Which, for my soul, I can 't again drive out,)
To write a story in poetic strain.
No man alive can guess what it 's about.
My Muse is not one of Apollo's train,
Who with their golden lyres make such a rout;
But a mere simple country wench, who pleases her
Fancy with warbling just as the humour seizes her.

II.

Yet tho' she 's used amidst wild woods to range,
To drink spring water, and on acorns feed,
She likes to sing of matters high and strange,
How ladies love, and heroes fight and bleed:
And, if she makes you yawn by way of change,
The greatest faults in her seem small indeed,
When you consider that she never read,
And under elms and beeches makes her bed.

III.

Then will she oft-times sing of arms and loves:
Since such exalted swains have condescended,
Of late, to visit our Arcadian groves,
All sciences are therein comprehended.
We've orators and Poets now in droves,
By whom all foreign bards are far transcended;
So it's no wonder, if, in such society,
She thinks she too can warble for variety.

IV.

But I'm afraid she'll very soon betray
How sadly her geography's embrangled;
Like a poor Emmet that has gone astray
In some fresh stubble-field, with chaff entangled;
Or like that scurvy painter, who (they say)
A tall green cypress in the blue waves fangled,
And afterwards, in a fine phrensy rambling,
Painted huge whales among the mountains gamb'ling.

V.

But not for this must you withhold her due,
Nor talk too much of blotting and correction;
For tho' the poor thing wants a thought or two,
To make a poem emulate perfection,
And though she's not well read like me or you,
In Latin, Greek, and Tuscan, a selection
To make among the bards whom Heav'n inspires
With power to sing, and play on ivory lyres,

VI.

Yet she can sing, and dance the while for pleasure,
Making right glad the hearts of those that hear her—
She does not care a fig for rule or measure,
Nor censure can abash, nor praise can cheer her,—
That empty meed, the poet's envied treasure,
For which so many nails are bit by th' wearer,
So many foreheads rapp'd, and hairs uprooted,
To furnish graceful rhymes, to the action suited.

VII.

Then may you see her oft, 'mid brier and holly,
Skipping about and jumping like a flea.
I blame her not for this, nor call it folly;
Because I know right well, Dame Poesy,
(To imp her flight from loathed Melancholy,)
Herself, is arm'd with feathers, cap-à-pied;
And, quicker than an eye-glance, shot thro' laughter,
Darts here and there, and leads her audience after.

VIII.

Thus we may mark her, midst the din of arms
And blood and murder and depopulation,
All of a sudden turn to love's alarms,
And thence to things of heavenly contemplation,
The solemn temples—whose sepulchral charms
Ne'er for a moment fix her meditation,
Before she 's off at sea, to count the moans
Of Ariadne, on her bed of stones.

IX.

See! see! her pipe the wench's fingers ply—
She 's rather *sotto voce* from timidity[a]—
Don't look at her, poor thing, she's very shy,
And blushes like a rose, thro' mere stupidity.
But never mind—a blush soon passes by:
When once she's in for 't, fa ewel grave fri idity!
Hark she's begun—now let 's advance in Crypto—
—Trochaic style—swiftly, I mean, on tiptoe.

X.

I'm going a fearful story to recite—
I don't know if it's true, and still less care—
I know but this—it filled me with affright,
And bristled upwards each particular hair,
Barely to hear the pitiable plight
Of the poor souls who coop'd and famish'd were
In Paris walls by such a formidable,
From-east-to-west-collected, Pagan rabble.

XI.

The author who this history first consign'd
To paper, was one Master Garbolino;
He saw it all, and kept it in his mind,
Then wrote it in *Toscano*, and in *Latino*.
My sire, to Bibliomania who inclined,
Once gave a peasant of the Casentino,
Who came to speak to him about a goat,
For this same book, a pair of shoes and coat.

XII.

How Africa and Asia, in defiance
Of Charlemagne, vow'd Paris to beleaguer,
And how the king of Caffres, in alliance
With the rude Lap, and most inhuman Neger,
And all their numberless and nameless clients,
To crush the Christian seed were sworn and eager,
And set up in our temples (barbarous wretches!)
Their lying pagods, and most hideous fet'ches [b]—

XIII.

But one thing I must say,—if ever mention
I make of love, (as I can't do without it,)
That every word I write is pure invention,
So don't suppose I e'er knew aught about it.
Indeed, I never paid the least attention
To all that 's said by those who praise or scout it.
Therefore, instead of asking "How should *he* know?"
Pray set it down to Master Garbolino.

XIV.

The tale proceeds. The war had scarcely ended,
The fame whereof doth thro' the world resound,
When Hell, that ever keeps its jaws distended,
Thro' which such woes in Christendom abound,
Moved all the heathenish clans, where'er extended,
From pole to pole, the world's wide circuit round,
To blow up Paris under Charles's nose.—
—Now you shall hear how these dissensions rose.

XV.

The Caffre king, call'd Scricca, had a son,
A very Hercules in strength and size,
Whose exquisite carnation might have won
The love of Cytherea by surprise.
This stripling, eager in pursuit of fun,
Would fain behold a war with his own eyes,
So went to France, and fought with Richardetto,
Who serv'd him with a mortal wound *in petto*.

XVI.

He had a sister that Despina hight
Who wore a pair of radiant stars for eyes.
They lov'd so well, 'tis said, that, day nor night,
Nor when the planets set, nor when they rise,
Could they exist out of each other's sight:
And when the news came on her by surprise,
That she was dead, she raved,—fell into trances,
And bad adieu to tourneys, feasts, and dances—

XVII.

That, seeing her take on in such a sort,
Her sire himself to vengeance was persuaded.
Now it so happen'd, at King Scricca's court
A power of valiant Princes then paraded,
Who for Despina's love there made resort
'Mongst whom her heart she openly convey did
To him who should, for marriage gift, bestow
The head of Richardet, her hated foe.

XVIII.

Bulasso, of the Negros lord most horrid,
(Himself a marvellously tall Nigritian,)
Forced all the people of his realm so torrid
To join the Caffres; to which expedition,
Besides the weight of his capacious forehead,
He brought a very excellent Physician—
I mean his Club—which brandishing in air,
He cried, "Here's physic, Princess, for your care."

XIX.

With him, of Chiefs and Dooties not a few
From Niger's banks—(a scaly race and finny—)
From Wangara's hidden lakes, and Tombuctoo,
Bambarra, Haoussa, Fooladoo, and Jinné;
Besides the tribes whom Bowdich brings to view,
Inhabiting the interior parts of Guinea;
And, first of all, the King of the Ashántees,
Accompanied by a whole host of Fántees.

XX.

There too, to bright Despina's charms a martyr,
The son of Egypt's Sultan might be seen,
Who took from Cairo an abrupt departure,
To aid the Father of his beauteous Queen;
With Sons of Mahound, brought from every quarter:
And there Sgraffigna, hairy, squab, and lean,
The Lapland King, who, tho' so small and meagre,
Thought he might go a courting like the Neger.

XXI.

Of fortune-hunting younger Sons and Brothers
Were full six thousand, boasting they 'd be at it;
Some scow'ring saddles, helms, and shields, while others
Grew sick, shamm'd Abra'm, made their bows, and ratted.
Scarce at the view her joy Despina smothers,
While such a goodly troop she contemplated,
Imagining already in her clutches
Him who her Brother stow'd beneath the hutches.

XXII.

Meantime, as Swains are wont, in rustic bow'rs,
When winter yields to vernal airs serene,
Who, crown'd with wreaths of odoriferous flow'rs,
With feet unshod, on gay enamell'd green,
To graceful carols dance away the hours—
E'en so their batter'd shields and lances keen
The Paladins hung up to rust at leisure,
Expecting peace secure, and peaceful pleasure.

XXIII.

Some on the banks of Seine, enchanted, roaming,
Beneath the pleasant shade of amorous boughs;
Some, olive pale their jovial brows becoming,
Who, seated at the festive board, carouse
In crystal cups, with wine immortal foaming;
While each fair Lady, with her Love, or Spouse,
Drank deep of Joy, and bless'd the happy day
That gave to Peace her renovated sway.

XXIV.

'Midst all these doings Charles alone was sad,
Hearing Orlando was *non compos mentis*;
At news whereof himself almost as mad,
To go and seek him resolutely bent is:
But all his Court right loyally forbade
So perilous an issue, to prevent his
Rash enterprise each Paladin proposing
Himself instead, and to the quest disposing.

XXV.

So some went East, and other some went West;
Rinaldo by himself; the rest divided
In companies, as they might sort them best.
Rinaldo for the Persian Court decided:
Astolpho, Richard, and Alardo, press'd
Their steeds towards Spain, thinking he there resided;
While Oliviero and a hundred more
Went rambling on from distant shore to shore.

XXVI.

So many went, that, in the Emperor's court,
Remain'd of Paladins no more than thirty:
To whom, in two months' space, there made resort
A herald, with his trowsers splash'd and dirty;
In terms of bitter wrath and keen retort,
Saying, "My master bids me to advert ye
"That shortly every Christian shall lie dead,
"Unless you send him Richardetto's head."

XXVII.

Charles said, he might report to him that sent him,
That his resolve was as absurd as cruel,—
That, for his son's death, he might well content him,
Seeing he got it fairly in a duel.
As for his threats, he added (to prevent him
From thinking Frenchmen lived on water-gruel,)
There was not one among his Champagne-quaffers
But made a jest of him and all his Caffres.

XXVIII.

" Yet let him come, and see the walls of Paris
" Lined with our wives and babes, in ranks disjointed,
" To watch the raree-show ; and, if he tarries,
" Bid him reflect how they 'll be disappointed."
With that the slave wax'd hot as red-hot bar is,
And made reply in language sharp and pointed.
But as he spoke in Caffre, all my author
Could understand, was that it breathed of slaughter.

XXIX.

This notable palaver being ended,
Charles, with his barons, sat in consultation:
Then each one carefully superintended
The business of his own peculiar station.
One saw the gates secured and bastions mended;
Another raised supplies against starvation;
Some sent expresses all the nations round
Where'er the scatter'd Paladins were found.

XXX.

Now let us leave them, and pursue the traces
Of Richardet and his companions twain,
Who still went on their way, with dismal faces,
News of the crazy Paladin to gain,
Making inquiries in all sort of places,
To which they answers few or none obtain,
Such only as confirm'd them that the Prince lay
Somewhere or other hid in the Penins'la.

XXXI.

They cross'd the Pyrenean mountains hoar,
Through Catalonia, to the realm of Aragon,—
There heard a tale, which sent them on t' explore,
As swiftly as from bow an Indian arrow gone,
From one who told them how, some days before,
Stuck in a dirty ditch, he 'd seen their Paragon,
Near to Valentia, howling for his life,
Like one with twenty thousand devils at strife.

XXXII.

You may conjecture if, this story heard,
The Paladins a single instant tarried :
But on their road an incident occurr'd.—
In Oropesa's desert, wild and arid,
A band of thieves, amounting ('tis averr'd)
To half a hundred, wofully miscarried ;
For, as they thought to beat the knights to jellies,
Whiz !—went Astolpho's lance through all their bellies[c].

XXXIII.

Phœbus has kissed the margin of the flood,
And from the highest hills withdrawn his rays—
The little birds are to the neighbouring wood
Retired, and fluttering seek its inmost sprays,
As fearing snares, or rapine blood-embrued.
Forth from his hole the slow-paced badger strays,
And timorous bats, and owls that hate the light,
Fly from their secret bow'rs, and hail the grateful night.

XXXIV.

A light, as sent from hospitable flame
Of neighbouring cottage hearth, or hamlet, gleam'd,
Tow'rds which they hasten'd, when to meet them came
One who, a tiny dwarf in stature, seem'd
The fit attendant of some courtly Dame.
With lowly reverence, as a Page beseem'd,
He said, " Fair Knights, the Mistress of these bow'rs
" Sends you three chaplets formed of thousand flow'rs.

XXXV.

" My Lady—know ye not my Lady's fame?—
" Fairest of all that breath Iberian gale—
" Wide castled lands obey the peerless Dame,
" But none of all her Courtiers will she hail
" As Spouse and Lord. Estella is her name;
" Who, when she sings, 'tis like the nightingale,
" And, when she dances, she appears to be a
" Chloris in air, on waves a Galatea."

XXXVI.

Astolpho, at this news, draws carefully
An ivory comb from forth his pouch so handy,
And, passing thro' his locks with action free,
Gives to his head the contour of a dandy[d].
His comrades laugh i' th' sleeve, and cry, what 's he
That pranks him thus?—Assuredly a Grandee
Of Paphos' Court, of birth above the Roman,
Since sprung from Venus' eldest Son, the Bowman.

XXXVII.

While thus they jested, lo! before them rise
A thousand thousand lights, that flash and play
From tapers held by laughing girls, whose eyes
Shoot glances bright and tremulous as they,
And who from warbling lyres sweet symphonies
Awake, that seem to usher in the way
Of her, who shines among her nymphs attendant,
Like Luna from the starry concave pendant.

XXXVIII.

All hues of Heav'n were on her mantle blended;
A golden circlet bound her light brown hair;
Her kirtle only to her knees descended,
And yet no want of decent grace was there:
An ivory lute was carelessly suspended
From her white neck, that, like her arms, was bare—
A neck, whose virgin whiteness well might vie
With that lute's pure and polish'd ivory.

XXXIX.

And thus she sang—" Oh beautiful, and sweet,
" And holy Liberty! most dear art thou.
" For gold, for wide domain, or castle seat,
" How rich are they who purchase thee, and how
" Poor who resign!—From thee all cares retreat;
And at thy shrine all evil passions bow:
Thou canst—and thou alone—in every breast
Turn bitterness to joy, and soothe complaint to rest.

XL.

" But most that gladsome Liberty I prize
" That sits as empress in the virgin heart,
" Bidding it Love's fantastic pow'r despise,
" And laughs in mockery of his idle dart.—
" Most happy, whose benignant destinies
" Have taught her to pursue the wiser part,
" And hide her from his face, or know him not,
" Sole lover of cool grove and shady grot."

XLI.

Soon as th' admiring Paladins she spied,
She ceas'd her song, and, beaming modest pleasure
From eyes, that spoke nor levity nor pride,
Gently advanced, in free and graceful measure;
Whereat Astolpho, moved with wonder, cried
To his rapt comrades, " What a heavenly treasure!
" Sure, such a voice, my friends, and two such eyes
" None ever witness'd out of Paradise."

XLII.

Then thus she spoke—" What fortune, gentle Knights,
" Hath brought you to this poor and lonely place?
" If love of Dian and her chaste delights,—
" To fly the falcon, or the hare to trace,—
" Here may you find whatever sport invites,
" For here we all are votaries of the chase;
" No other entertainment am I able
" To offer, to your station answerable!

XLIII.

" Nymph of the highest heaven! (Astolpho said,)
" Let us not speak of falcon, or of leveret.
" I am no hind, in fields or stables bred,
" To lose my time, (which gone, we can't recover it,)
" In such poor sports, when Fortune so hath sped,
" To bring me to a presence, as which never yet
" Hath errant knight, of any age or nation,
" Beheld so worthy of his adoration."

XLIV.

With that he gave a sigh, then blush'd exceeding
Scarlet; but she, as one unmoved, entreated
All to her hospitable mansion, leading
Herself the way, while poor Astolpho, heated
By amorous thoughts, that banish'd all good breeding,
Press'd close behind, and with soft whisper greeted
The startled virgin's ear, " Bright saint, excuse me!"
Exclaiming, " But, I die if you refuse me."

XLV.

Still with unaltered step the dame advances;
But from beneath their silken lids the while
Her nymphs attendant shoot sly sidelong glances,
Puckering the mouth up to confine the smile.
Now with rich cates which costliest wine enhances
The festive board her meaner handmaids pile:
—The Paladin upon his conqu'ring beauty
Keeps constant gaze, and owns no other duty.

XLVI.

Richardo jogs him, but he heeds it not—
Smokes the high board—the lady takes her station,
The rest beside her seated—not a jot
He budges, fix'd in stupid admiration.
An ague fit, alternate cold and hot,
Alardo falls into from pure vexation;
Till Stella smiling bids, to re-assure him,
" Be of good cheer," for she would quickly cure him;

XLVII.

She gave him a Brazil-nut, with direction
That, when the Paladin to bed inclined,
He with a penknife's point should make a section
Transverse; then carefully scrape off the rind;
And, mixing to a jelly or confection,
About a dram's weight in a pint of wine,
Wash well his mouth and stomach with the lotion,
And give him the remainder for a potion.

XLVIII.

With that she told a story full of woe
(Which Garbolino confidently swallow'd,)
About her mother, who some years ago,
Had mourn'd her husband till she almost follow'd,
Being by grief and fasting brought so low,
Her eyes could bear no light—her cheeks were hollow'd
In channels deep, thro' which salt rivers ran;
When from Olinda came an ancient man,

XLIX.

Who with this very nut work'd such a change
That, from a shadow, or the merest otomy[e],
She suddenly (which people thought right strange)
Became almost a subject for phlebotomy.
The old man said he got it in exchange
One day from a fair nymph of Mesopotamy
For Pedlars' wares—(this old man was a Persian,
And dull as Wordsworth's Pedlar in 'The Excursion;'

L.

And yet, like other great men of all ages,
Was fool enough to fall in love, and pine;
But might have sat among the seven sages.
When he had used the nut so steep'd in wine—)
Th' aforesaid nymph had it in part of wages
For doing service at god Proteus' shrine;
And he (the god) one summer day invented it
For her sole use to whom he so presented it.

LI.

This story told, the Lady rose from table,
And wish'd to each and every one good night:
The younger strangers, as they well were able,
Return'd her courtesies in courteous plight;
But poor Astolpho sigh'd, " Most amiable,
" And heavenly Stella! my soul's only light!
" Wilt thou then leave me, darkling, thus behind?"
She only wink'd, and whisper'd, " Never mind."

LII.

The Knights then caught their partner round the middle,
Thus by surprise subduing his emotion,
And, while with notes as plaintive as a fiddle,
He bad them (shedding of salt tears an ocean,)
" Cut out my heart, and"—they cut short his riddle,
Clapp'd to his throat and breast the boiling potion,
And, ere he could say,—" to my Mistress give it!"—
Cool'd down his passions, like a song by Knyvett.

LIII.

No sooner had his parch'd and burning skin
Been touch'd by that most wonderful specific,
Than all the fever of his soul within
Subsided to a state most soporific.
He slept as soundly as a top can spin,
Twelve hours a-head,—a sleep right beatific;
And when he 'woke, all other things forgotten,
" Up, up!" he cried, " let's seek the Count, 'od rot 'en!"

LIV.

His brother Paladins, with laughter shaking,
Said, " First let 's thank our hostess for her bounty."
Astolpho, staring broad, like one just waking,
Cried, " Damn her !—what's our hostess to the
" County' ?
" To horse ! to horse!"—So on they journey'd, taking
Their pastime with their patient, to recount the
Adventures past, all which he deem'd mere rambling.
—We now must seek Rinaldo, where he 's ambling.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

The remainder of the first Canto in the original Poem is taken up with a series of adventures, which (for the reason assigned at the commencement of that which here follows) it may be as well briefly to narrate in prose.

Rinaldo, pursuing alone the general object of the quest of the Paladins, embarks at La Rochelle, on his Asiatic expedition, and reaching the Euxine Sea, lands at a certain port, and proceeds on horseback towards the confines of Persia. Following the usual example of knights-errant, he suffers himself to be diverted from his enterprise by every new incident that promises an exploit to be performed, or a "grievance" to be redressed ; but unlike most of the fraternity, has the luck to find (in the course of his pil-

grimage) comfortable quarters at good inns by the way-side, instead of wandering in deserts, or taking up his nightly residence in caverns and wildernesses. At one of these he hears related the story of the Lord of a neighbouring castle, called *La Biccola*, who had been made a victim to the necromantic arts of a Fairy *(La Fata Nera)*, being transformed by her incantations, together with his betrothed mistress *(La Brunetta,)* he to a stag, and she to a greyhound, perpetually in chase of him. Rinaldo undertakes the adventure of disenchanting them, and succeeds, by what means it is needless here to relate; but, when he is expecting to indemnify himself for his labours in the full enjoyment of the hospitalities of Castel Biccola, he is suddenly called away by the news (which a courier from Paris brings him) of the threatened invasion, and re-embarks for France at the port where he had landed.

CANTO II.

RICHARDETTO.

CANTO II.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

I.

" PLAIN truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech."
As Pope to Mansfield, so to you sing I.
But put the question, which will soonest reach
A new edition, and incite to buy,
(Allowing letter press the same for each,)
A tedious history, or a tedious lie,
The bard with " Human Life" who softly dallies,
Or he who dirges it in " Roncesvalles;"

II.

And I suppose (setting aside priority
Of age, and fashion, and good reputation,)
It would be hard to assign superiority,
Or say which holds the most commanding station.
But this I leave to you, and the majority
Of those who lead the learning of the nation;
Only premising, that 'twere best not fall
Into the sin of tediousness at all:

III.

And, grave, and high, and true, as are the themes
Of which mine ancient author here discourses,
(Unlike the senseless stuff of poets' dreams,
As mermaids, flying-fish, and wooden horses,)
Yet, knowing how the Public hate extremes,
And think e'en too much verity a curse is,
I 'm satisfied that cantos thirty-two,
A thousand lines a-piece, will never do.

IV.

And therefore have I form'd this resolution—
To cut down Master Garbolino's prosing
To such a length as suits the constitution
Of a dull northern people given to dozing.
I never lectured at an institution,
Nor should I feel quite happy in exposing
My verses to an universal snore,
So mean to pack all up in half a score,—

V.

Perhaps in less—not more than five or six—
(I can't as yet determine on the number,)
Light, easy, travelling Cantos, fit to fix
The thoughts one summer hour, and not encumber;
Treating the whole besides as rubbish,—sticks
For lighting fires,—mere trash, and useless lumber;
Skimming it, like a tale oft told by rote,
Or cramming it, as here, into a note.

VI.

So, if my reader will but look below [a],
He 'll see it in a little prose declared,
How brave Rinaldo in a ship did go
To the Black Sea, and thenceforth how he fared,
Riding upon his hobby to and fro,
Wherever he of a new grievance heard,
—As errant knights of old were bound to do,
And modern knights, not bound, like doing too:

VII.

But with this difference, (and, if my phrase
Discourteous seem, it is not meant to offend them,)
—Those old knights-errant sought the meed of praise
By hunting grievances, at once to end them:
Our sporting gentlemen of modern days,
When once they 've found them, pamper them and tend them
Like nursing mothers, fondling them, and playing,
Until they burst, or die through overlaying.

VIII.

The end the same, what need on means to stand?
So leave we these, and with the son of Aymon
Embark again, and trace thro' many a land
His devious tale—no matter if a lame one:
We 'll pass the storm, which cast him on the strand
Where erst Æneas proved a faithless Damon;
Nor tell how through the moonlight he survey'd,
Bound to an elm, a naked, milk-white maid;

IX.

Nor of the fearful combat that ensued
  Between the knight and two tremendous boars[b],
By whom the Lady else would have been chew'd;
  —A dainty morsel for such epicures—
Nor of the fell and ravenous harpy brood.
  In tales like these, which from my mind and yours
Repel belief, there little to commend is—
Incredulus odi quod mihi sic ostendis.

X.

Indeed I 've always thought my author wrong
  To mix with history (else as true as Lucian,)
Fables too childish for a nursery song:
  —From these, and other such, I make ablution.
And now, asham'd of having prosed so long,
  Without more preface or circumlocution,
Again I beg, when you have look'd below,
To " marshal you the way that you must go."

XI.

Yet let me first the doleful fate recount
  Of Velliantin[c], the most renowned steed,
That ever tempted valiant knight to mount,
  And try his mettle, or exercise his speed.
Whether Bayardo were of like account,
  Or Rabican, (that horse of tempest breed,)
Or Brilliador, I need not make comparison;
But only say, both courser and caparison

XII.

Were torn to pieces in that harpy squabble;
The which, no sooner was it fairly over,
Than the sad knight, as well as he was able,
Gather'd the members scatter'd 'mid the clover,
And laid in ditch, and over them a table,
Or block of stone, for monumental cover:
Not till he'd kiss'd a thousand times at least,
The eyes, cheeks, nostrils, of that "bonny beast[d]."

XIII.

And, lest thro' lapse of ages might be lost
The memory of an animal so clever,
The Knight resolv'd, at his own proper cost,
To put on mourning, and (besides) that never
By him should horse or mare again be cross'd,
But he would fight on foot thenceforth for ever;
And—not to do his obsequies by half—
He with his sword carv'd out this epitaph:

XIV.

"Here Velliantino lies—a horse of Spain,
"Adorn'd by every brave and gentle feature;
"In peace and war Rinaldo held the rein
"That guided still, through both, this faithful creature.
"So docile too, and of such frolick vein,
"He might have served for Astley's Amphitheatre.
"He died, as he had lived, a brute of merit.
"Trav'ller! throw on some grass—'twill soothe his spirit."

XV.

These rites perform'd, the Knight no longer tarried,
But jogg'd straight on his former route, unknowing
If it would lead to deserts wild and arid,
Or streams, o'er golden sands perennial flowing;
When one he spied far off, whose looks seem'd married
(As 'twere) to Heaven, no glance on earth bestowing;
And, as he onward pass'd, and could survey
Him near, saw 'twas a Friar of Orders Grey.

XVI.

Rinaldo wore his beaver clos'd, from fright,
As if he 'd been by harpies still surrounded;
And, thus accoutred, wish'd the Friar "Good night!"
"Ave-Maria!" rejoin'd the Friar, astounded
To find himself address'd by martial wight—
Then, with a groan, as one by conscience wounded,
Exclaim'd—"Behold a miserable sinner."
Rinaldo ask'd, if he had aught for dinner.

XVII.

Therewith the Hermit freely bad him enter
His cell, hard by:—the Knight with joy complied,
And pleas'd, recounted all his late adventure,
While he his armour doff'd, and purified
From battle stains,—whereat that ancient Mentor
Could scarce contain; and, ere 'twas ended, cry'd
(While down his furrow'd cheeks the big tears roll,)
"You kill'd them all? That 's grand, upon my soul."

XVIII.

—And suddenly struck up a fine " Te Deum,"
Rinaldo join'd—and both in such a sort
Perform'd their parts, that or to hear, or see 'em,
'Twould make you die with laughing at the sport.
'Tis said, the noise that reach'd the mausoleum,
Made Velliantino rise, and give a snort,
As if he 'd said, indignant at the scandal,
" The birds ne'er maul'd me as those brutes maul Handel."

XIX.

Their last stave finish'd, " Tell me (said the Knight),
" Most reverend Father, who you are *in fact*."
The friar replied, " That would I if I might;
" But, Son, my vows to Heav'n I can 't retract,
" Nor turn my thoughts back to my worldly plight—"
(And blush'd, like one just taken in the act).
—Some minutes each in silence ey'd the other;
Till, at the last, they could no longer smother

XX.

The laugh that, struggling for a vent so long,
Now bursting shook the cell to its foundation:
At last Rinaldo cried, " *Ferrau* among
" The Saints of Paradise hath ta'en his station?
" *Ferrau* a Friar?—*Ferrau*?—that Pagan strong
" Who slew and ravish'd half the Christian nation?
" The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be.
" What chance—thou more than Devil—hath happ'd to thee?

XXI.

" Yet, Certes, if Ferrau the Saint do keep
" The slightest semblance of Ferrau the sinner,
" Your Lybian Dames had better tend their sheep
" Than come here, picking mushrooms for their dinner.
" 'Tis this still makes our French Mad'm'selles to weep,
" Despite of whalebone stays, and stiff-starch'd pinner—
" This too the cause (they say) that since the war, is
" So great a scarcity of Maids at Paris."

XXII.

" Dear Son, Rinaldo! to the world I 'm dead—
" I found it Vanity, and mere Vexation:
" The Devil and all his works I 've vanquished,
" Which end in worse than harpy Tribulation."—
Thus to the Knight that ancient sinner said,
With looks demure and nasal suspiration;
Then heav'd a sigh for Egypt's old flesh potteries,
Like Saints in office, clinging to State Lotteries.

XXIII.

" But tell me," said the Knight, half choak'd with laughter—
" What cause has work'd this wonderful conversion?
" What game was up?—what mischief were you after—
" When you sustain'd this sudden soul's immersion?
" And last, what makes you exercise your craft here
" 'Mid wilds untrod by Jew, Moor, Turk, or Persian?"
—" The tale is long"—return'd the white-wash'd sinner—
" If so," rejoin'd the Knight,—" let's first have dinner."

XXIV.

Ferrau replied, " Dark is my chimney-nook—
" No roasting there—no baking, boiling, stewing—
" I save myself the charges of a cook,
" And pay with present fasting past misdoing.
" But if for once, Rinaldo, you can brook
" To taste the frugal life I 'm now pursuing,
" You 'll find dried figs and raisins in yon coffer—
" My Winter hoard—I 've nothing else to offer."

XXV.

Rejoin'd the Knight—" Sith 'twill no better be,
" Whate'er you can bestow, I 'll freely eat:
" Hunger devours stone walls—'Tis so with me—"
And therewith at the table took his seat.
The holy friar said " Benedicite."
Rinaldo never stay'd to carve his meat,
But bolted it; nor did he once give o'er
Till he 'd demolish'd all the winter store;

XXVI.

Which, wash'd with water from the neighbouring well,
He laid both legs across the three-legg'd table,
And said, " Now, dear Ferrau, your story tell—
" I 'm in a state to hear right comfortable."
Ferrau loved talking, and, in that lone cell,
To find a listener was but seldom able;
So scratch'd his head—hemm'd thrice—and thus began:
" You see, Rinaldo, here an alter'd man;

XXVII.

" But, in my days of flesh, when I was smitten
" With love of that fair Princess of Cathay,
" (By whom so many others too were bitten
" Till not a head remain'd but went astray
" Of France or Spain, of Africk or of Britain,—
" Oh fatal blindness! Oh unhappy day!
" But what is done is done, and past recalling,
" Heav'n keep us all another time from falling!)

XXVIII.

" Then, as I trust you've not yet quite forgotten,
" I, for her sake did mortal broils pursue
" With divers worthy knights, now dead and rotten,
" And others that still breathe,—as witness, *you*.
" But all the wages in her service gotten
" Were stripes and blows—small thanks, and favours
" few;
" And when I heard she was to India fled
" With that base Squire, I thought I had been dead—

XXIX.

" Yet did not die—(St. Anthony's the praise!—)
" I've lived to see my follies, and repent 'em.
—" My carnal appetites I then did raise
" By generous living, seeking to foment 'em
" With wines and dainties cook'd a thousand ways,
" Nor thought to mortify them, or prevent them;
But left to mouldy priests and starving vicars,
' *Rum* treatises against fermented liquors.

XXX.

" But then I thought my life were better ended,
" Unless I might my life's desire attain,
" And, scarcely knowing where my wishes tended,
" Would madly navigate the Indian main.
" What strange events my outward course attended
" I 'll find some other moment to explain,
" Because I see you 're eager to arrive
" At the conclusion of my narrative.

XXXI.

" For the same cause now spare I to relate
" The many marvels of that perilous deep—
" The water-spouts that threaten instant fate,
" The hurricanes that o'er its surface sweep,
" The mighty monsters that, in lubbard state,
" Lie spread o'er many a furlong where they sleep—
" Whence oft it haps that seamen, for a bank or
" Lee shore mistaking, in a whale cast anchor*.

XXXII.

" Baldacca's famous port at length we reach—
" Baldacca—beauty's chosen throne—the spring
" Of woes and joys, alike surpassing speech,
" Tho' giv'n the Prince of Tuscan bards to sing.
" The news we heard on landing at the beach,
" With glad surprise made all my senses ring—
" The city for Medoro was in mourning,
" Gone on that voyage whence is no returning.

XXXIII.

" They said that poor Angelica took on
" In such a sort, in darken'd chamber lying,
" That she refused all company and fun,
" And spoil'd her beauty with perpetual crying.
" Not so her reverend father, Galafron,
" Who thought 'twas time to set about supplying
" His throne and daughter with a new possessor,
" And poor Medoro with a fit successor:

XXXIV.

" And so had written by the post already,
" To Count Orlando, making him a tender
" Of these his bounties. ' Tell your master,' said I
" To my informant, ' that he 's vastly slender
" In point of brain, to think of so unsteady
" And crack'd a madman for his state's defender—
" He wants a son-in-law t' uphold his glory
" With head and hand—such as you see before ye.'

XXXV.

" Therewith the unmanner'd hind set up a shout
" Of laughter, with such impudent assurance,
" 'Twas echoed soon by all the rabble rout;
" And I, who was not fam'd for much endurance,
" Attack'd the luckless Caitiff by the snout,
" And crying—'Take that rude unpolish'd boor hence!'
" Gave him a first remove to such a distance,
" As prov'd I stood in need of small assistance.

XXXVI.

" And then another scoffer, and a second,
" I whirl'd away—a third soon follow'd after—
" The people of Baldacca surely reckon'd
" 'Twas God's revenge against the sin of laughter—
" And, as my fury swells when there's no check on 't,
" I chased the flying crowd thro' every quarter,
" Flinging them all, like mice, one after other,
" Each twelve yards further than his elder brother.

XXXVII.

" It chanced that Galafron the hubbub hearing
" Unluckily looked out at his verandah,
" Just as a slave, whom I had sent careering,
" Was dancing over-head a zarabanda[f],
" Who spun him round upon the king's appearing,
" And tumbling head-o'er-heels—(*Proh res nefanda!*
" That men have no more reverence for superiors—)
" Gave majesty a kick on the posteriors.

XXXVIII.

" The monarch, hurt at the supposed indignity,
" Swore loudly by their god Apollo's body—
" But soon recovering his serene benignity,
" Ask'd what had caus'd that skipping jack-o'-noddy
" To treat his sovereign with such vile malignity.
" 'Besides, it was a thing extremely odd,' he
" Observed, 'to see men toss'd so high in air
" Without a hurricane to blow them there.'

XXXIX.

" So sent his Vizier down to make inquiry,
" Who stepp'd so slowly forth from the pavilion,
" That ere he reached us, to my righteous ire I
" Had sacrificed of lieges half a million.
" This Vizier, though by nature proud and fiery,
" Now bow'd as low as to his horse's pillion,
" And said, ' My sovereign, mighty Sir, presents
" To you his most respectful compliments,

XL.

" And humbly begs you will not take the trouble
" Thus to chastise that rude uncivil rabble
" With your own hands, since he will pay them double
" For all affronts to you, right honourable!
" So hopes you'll let it pass as a mere bubble,
" And honour him by sitting at his table.'
" My fury being cool'd by this oration,
" I thank'd the Vizier for his invitation.

XLI.

" Now Galafron, as you perhaps have heard,
" Is, for a king, by far the most polite
" And finish'd gentleman that wears a beard.
" So, hearing I accepted his *invite*[s],
" Came forth to meet me, cursing ('tis averr'd)
" The hour that sent *him* such a fearful wight,
" And sending *me* to hell; but, all the while,
" Making his mouth up to a winning smile.

XLII.

" However—to cut short a tale too long—
" I scarce had been with him an hour or twain,
" Before he clearly saw he did me wrong
" The smallest spark of malice to retain—
" That I, in fact, was just the thing he long
" Had look'd for, east and west, till then, in vain,—
" And Heav'n itself had sent his dear Ferrau
" To rule Cathay, and be his son-in-law.

XLIII.

" What words can I employ, or how pourtray
" My soul's sensations, when that vision fair
" Broke on my senses like the rising day,
" Dispelling every cloud of doubt and care?
" How many hours—how many weeks—I lay
" In beatific trance I will not swear,
" Because it is an axiom most ostensible
" That one without his senses is insensible.

XLIV.

" But when my wits return'd, and gave me leisure
" More calmly to survey my soul's enslaver,
" I doubt, Rinaldo, whether pain or pleasure
" Could count most votes among them in its favour.
" Indeed, so far from hugging as a treasure,
" I almost doubted whether I would have her;
" But that my honour stood so far committed,
" And that her state I most sincerely pitied.

XLV.

" In short—to speak the truth, and to be plain—
" She look'd much older than she once had been;
" And (whatsoe'er the lying Poets feign)
" Youth's an advantage to that sort of skin.
" Besides, her love-lamps thro' perpetual rain
" Had nearly lost the fire that glow'd within;
And her sunk cheeks, with tears and watchings jaded,
" Proclaim'd her charms irrevocably faded.

XLVI.

" However, as my knightly faith was plighted
" To good old Galafron to take his offers,
" I comforted myself, for beauty blighted,
" With his reversionary lands and coffers.
" Angelica at first my passion slighted,
" And wore a face indignant at my proffers.
" But Time, that with her charms had made such ravage,
" Bade her reflect 'twere best not be too savage.

XLVII.

" In short, I 'd scarce a week been in Baldacca,
" Before all things were settled for our marriage:
" But Fortune, ever on the watch t' attack a
" Too happy Lover, doom'd me a miscarriage,
" Worse than I e'er sustain'd before Albracca,
" When at its gates did that thrice-famous war rage.
" The poor thing had so spoil'd her health by pining,
" She found herself now rapidly declining:

XLVIII.

" And, being pronounc'd by Galafron's physician,
" In the last stage of a confirm'd consumption,
" With many tears she told me her condition,
" Own'd that she justly died for her presumption
" In so despising every admonition,
" And added—(which I speak without assumption)
" ' I, who, but now, would live no longer—I
" ' Feel for your sake how hard it is to die.

XLIX.

" ' My dear, my sweet, my only lov'd Ferrau !' "
" (She sigh'd, and sighing, in my arms reclin'd,)—
" I press'd her to my throbbing heart, and saw—
" (O sight to strike a tender lover blind !)
" When with the latest breath her frame could draw,
" She quietly her harass'd soul resign'd.
" I saw, Rinaldo, and I bore to see—
" Now canst thou wonder at this change in me

L.

The storm that in Rinaldo painfully
Had struggled long, now burst upon the Friar.
" Old Mendez Pinto's but a type of thee,
" Thou most profane, unconscionable liar !
" There 's not a word in all thy history
" But dooms thee justly to eternal fire ;
" And, in what last you 've utter'd, your assurance
" Surpasses far both man's and Heav'n's endurance

LI.

" If on the best authority already
" I did not know"—(and then he gave his author,
No other, namely, than that naked lady
Whom late he had preserv'd from bestial slaughter,
And whom King Galafron, as I 'm afraid I
Forgot to mention, call'd his youngest daughter—)
" Medoro having died in his carousals,
" And his fair Princess blest in new espousals,

LII.

" That she yet lives, in happiness and splendour,
" And all the pride of undiminish'd beauty,
" With one both fit and able to defend her,
" And pay old Galafron a subject's duty—
" If this I knew not, thou most vile pretender"—
" Son, (quoth the Friar) this calling names don't suit ye.
" If she yet lives, I 'm wrong, and there 's an end on't,
" But I 'm the man she married, Son, depend on't."

LIII.

At this he wax'd more angry than before,
And cried, " Thou scurvy Friar! thou ugly shaver!
" Thou knotty pated ass! thou son of whore!
" Dost thou pretend to gentle Lady's favour?
" Is thine a face for Princess to adore?
" Or dost thou plume thee on thy good behaviour?
" Do bristled beard, lank jaws, and parchment cover,
" Or boorish ways, denote thee for a lover?"

LIV.

While thus he storm'd, Ferrau from shelf took down
An instrument of pious flagellation,
Wherewith, at every word that made him frown,
He gave himself a hearty castigation;
Affording thus a lesson (I must own)
Well worthy of a Christian's imitation—
Thinking such Discipline, so kindly cruel,
Far better than that heathen thing, a duel.

LV.

But tho' a saint, Ferrau was still a man;
And, while his merciless opponent (master
Unrivall'd in the vulgar idiom,) ran
Thro' all its changes, he laid on the faster;
Till, in his burning zeal, he soon began
To lose the use for which that holy plaster
Was first design'd, neglecting, (most unwary!)
His ghostly foe, for fleshly adversary;

LVI.

And, holding with the fiend no further trial,
Shower'd on the Knight such gifts as (you may guess)
Soon terminated in a battle royal;
Which, were I of the fancy, and could dress
In scientific language, 'twould supply all
The fourth page columns of the Sunday press.
I 'll only say—for fear I else should mar it—
Rinaldo *fibb'd*[h] the Friar, and spilt his claret.

LVII.

Ferrau, who was a most determin'd glutton,
And not composed of penetrable stuff,
Would sooner have been fell'd as dead as mutton,
Than once cry Craven, or say " Hold, enough !"
But, while he paus'd, his waistcoat to unbutton,
Rinaldo seiz'd his girdle, made of buff,
And therewith swang him round, as with a cable,
Still pummelling as hard as he was able;

LVIII.

So that an instrument of small utility
His scourge became, and I can 't say how shocking
An end might have been put to their hostility:
When at the door was heard a mighty knocking,
That sounded like command—not mere civility;
Whereat, Ferrau exclaim'd in accents choaking,
" Dear son! I pray, keep silence in the cell—
" Upon my life, it is the Constable."

LIX.

Rinaldo, who had seen the town, and learn'd
To hate the Bailiff's staff, and watchman's rattle,
Forthwith the proffer'd kiss of peace return'd,
And clos'd, by mutual consent, the battle;
Yet not before those clamorous guests had spurn'd
The fragile barrier of the hermit's wattle.
But, who they were, and what thereon befel,
Another time I possibly shall tell.

LX.

'Tis growing late, and I 've already spun
Five stanzas more in this than t' other canto,
Yet cannot rest content with what I 've done,
Nor even hold myself discharged *pro tanto,*
While still another course remains to run;
For 'tis a part essential of my plan to
Bring all the threads of my meandering narrative,
(Before I breathe) to the same point preparative.

LXI.

You must remember, (what so late you 've heard [i],)
How all the Paladins of any name
In Charles's court, as if of one accord,
Set off by different routes, their end the same.
Of these brave Oliver, Burgundia's lord,
With Guido Savage, and that imp of fame
Hight Dudon, joining in the general motion,
Steer'd right a-head across the German ocean;

LXII.

Thence, keeping on their right the coast of Greenland,
Still northward shap'd their course 'mid fog and ice,
Till on the third day, thinking they had seen land,
They, for a harbour enter'd in a trice
(What might indeed be call'd a port in *Fin*-land,)
The belly of a whale, so vast in size,
My author says 't was twenty miles about,
And thirty from the tail unto the snout.

LXIII.

Of all the vices that this world has seen
Exaggeration surely is the worst,
He who has once o'erstepp'd the golden mean
Is to perpetual error thence accurs'd;
Still floundering on thro' miry paths obscene,
And every step sinks deeper than the first,
Until he sticks in Christian's hopeless slough[k],
'Midst slimy creatures, " venomous and low."

LXIV.

But here I hold, no reasonable question
Can be maintain'd (considering how discreet
In articles of good and sound digestion
Is Garbolino—that we seldom meet
An author more beyond all fair suggestion
Of being thought a liar or a cheat,)
That the whale's mouth is typical—no more—
And means the Sound our Captain fail'd to explore,

LXV.

When he, of late, mistaking his commission
To find a North-West Passage, chose to tack,
Declaring, spite of Barrow's supposition,
That Baffin's Bay is a mere *cul-de-sac*,
And, for the fruits of Arctic expedition,
Besides a few stuff'd birds, alone brought back
Three pints of crimson ice—a glorious prize—
For Doctor Wollaston to analyze.

LXVI.

'Tis clearly allegorical. Again,
Those tusks, that seem'd all eager to devour,
Are Croker's Mountains, which indeed is plain
From the engravings to the Captain's tour.
So, when 'tis said, the sun did there attain
Sufficient force to ripen grapes, tho' sour,
And furnish wine, it proves there 's nothing new
In the conjectures of a late Review.

LXVII.

Then for the chapel, and the convent bell,
Which in the bowels of that fish were found,
And holy friars who there were seen to dwell
(Like Whitfield 'mongst the miners under-ground,)
—They clearly point at what old histories tell
Of Danish colonies reputed drown'd—
And little could they hope to find a steeple,
Or Christian rites amidst that Arctic people.

LXVIII.

The only point on which (with hesitation)
I must presume to think my author wrong,
Is one whereof I 've later information.
'Tis true the warriors did not tarry long
Amongst that " very interesting nation.[1] "—
But then, whereas (according to the song)
They sail'd out by the port which first receiv'd
Their wand'ring bark, that 's not to be believ'd.

LXIX.

Accordingly my protest here I enter,
And say, they held a course right opposite,
And, having fairly lodg'd them in the centre
Of the whale's belly for a day and night,
Issued at length from forth that spacious venter
By a back door (the name I need not write)—
And found themselves—if rightly I divine—
Just at the mouth of River Copper-mine.

LXX.

The sky was clear o'erhead; and from the pole
—(The neighbouring pole) emerging seem'd to rise
A little dusky cloud, and onward roll,
Increasing, as it pass'd, in form and size;
And then a soft melodious cadence stole
Upon their ears; and to their wondering eyes
Appear'd—but *what* appear'd, I will not say
Till the commencement of another lay.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

NOTES ON CANTO I.

(a) " *She's rather* sotto voce *from timidity.*" p. 8.

Canta *sotto voce*, e non s' attenta.

(b) " *Their lying pagods, and most hideous fet'ches.*" p. 9.

(Per syncopen for Fetiches.)

(c) " *Whiz!—went Astolpho's lance through all their bellies.*" p. 15.

Astolfo sol con la lancia fatata
Gittò per terra tutta la brigata.

The reader must here call to mind the enchanted lance which Argalia brought from Cathay, (in the first canto of the *Innamorato*) and which, upon his death, became the property (we will not say how acquired) of the good English knight Astolfo.

(d) " *Gives to his head the contour of a dandy.*" p. 17.

Si rende pulito *come un dado.*

(e) " *That from a shadow, or the merest otomy.*" p. 21.

Doricè, for anatomy; an anatomical figure, stripped of skin and flesh; a skeleton.—*Dict. Ling. Vulg.*

(f) " *Damn her!—what's our hostess to the County!*" p. 23.

Il Conte.—" The County Paris." *Romeo and Juliet.*

NOTES ON CANTO II.

(a) "*So, if my reader will but look below.*" p. 29.

At the commencement of the second Canto, Rinaldo is overtaken by a storm, which casts him on the coast of Africa, where he meets with the very perilous and wonderful adventures which are slightly alluded to in the following stanzas, but sufficiently, perhaps, to explain the subsequent occurrences. The Lady tied to the elm, whom he rescues from the most imminent danger of being devoured by two *toads* of such enormous dimensions, that not only the wild boars and other beasts of the forest were afraid of them, but that the Knight himself, in the course of his tremendous conflict with one of them,

"Per la bocca entrò nelle budella,
"E usci dal culo senza farsi male."

—This Lady proves to be Lucina, the youngest daughter of Galafron king of Cathay, and sister of the fair Angelica; and her beauty inspires her deliverer with a passion which fails of receiving its due reward by the ill-timed intervention of her lover Lindoro, with whom he leaves her alone in a grotto in which they had sought shelter, because

"Crede non star ben con loro."

The dreadful combat with the harpies, which ensues immediately on the termination of this adventure, begins the third Canto of the original, and leads to those which follow in the present Poem.

(b) " *Between the knight and two tremendous boars.*" p. 30.

" Due *Rospi velenosi*"—which, I am afraid, the critics will say means *two poisonous toads*, and not " two tremendous boars." But if a boar be not a toad, no young lady, at least, will deny that a great toad is a great bore. Still, I confess it was an oversight.

(c) " *Of Velliantin, the most renowned steed.*" p. 30.

" Vegliantin, caval di Spagna."—This animal is celebrated throughout the poem of the Morgante Maggiore, as belonging to Orlando; and the critics praise the author of Richardetto for the peculiar species of humour which is shewn in thus transferring him, through apparent ignorance, to a brother knight. If I thought there were no better humour in the poem than this, the reader would not have been troubled with my imitation.

(d) " *The eyes, cheeks, nostrils, of that ' bonny beast.'*" p. 31.

" And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well."

Henry VI. Part 2, *Act* 5.

(e) " *Lee shore mistaking, in a whale cast anchor.*" p. 37.

I cannot translate this inimitable passage :—

" Basti di dir, che spesso la riesce
Equivocar tra un' isola ed un pesce."

There follows, in the original, a long story arising out of this species of *equivoque*, which I have thought fit to omit for brevity's sake, the less unwillingly as it is too manifest an imitation of a similar adventure in Sindbad's Voyages.

(f) " *Was dancing over-head a zarabanda.*" p. 39.

" Zarabanda. Sarabande, Danse indécente par ses mouvemens." *Dict. de Séjournant.*

(g) " *So, hearing I accepted his* invite." p. 40.

Invito—Invitation.

(h) " *Rinaldo* fibb'd *the Friar, and spilt his claret.*" p. 45.

— " Rinaldo *affibbiogli* un cotal pugno
Che gli fè dar dugento giravolte."

(i) " *You must remember, (what so late you've heard,)* p. 47.

See before, Canto I. Stanza 25.

(k) *Until he sticks in Christian's hopeless slough.*" p. 48.

See Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

(l) " *Amongst that* " *very interesting nation.*" p. 49.

See Captain Ross's account of the Arctic Highlanders.

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