

And here, as one who clears himself of blame
Imputed, the fair dame return'd: "Of me
He this and more hath learnt; and I am safe
That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him."

And Beatrice: "Some more pressing care,
That oft the memory 'reaves, perchance hath made
His mind's eye dark. But lo, where Eunoe flows!
Lead thither; and, as thou art wont, revive
His fainting virtue." As a courteous spirit,
That proffers no excuses, but as soon
As he hath token of another's will,
Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus
The lovely maiden moved her on, and call'd
To Statius, with an air most lady-like:
"Come thou with him." Were further space allow'd,
Then, reader! might I sing, though but in part,
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er
Been sated. But, since all the leaves are full,
Appointed for this second strain, mine art
With warning bridle checks me. I return'd
From the most holy wave, regenerate,
E'en as new plants renew'd¹ with foliage new
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

¹ *Renew'd*.—

"Come piante novelle
Rinnovellate da novella fronda."

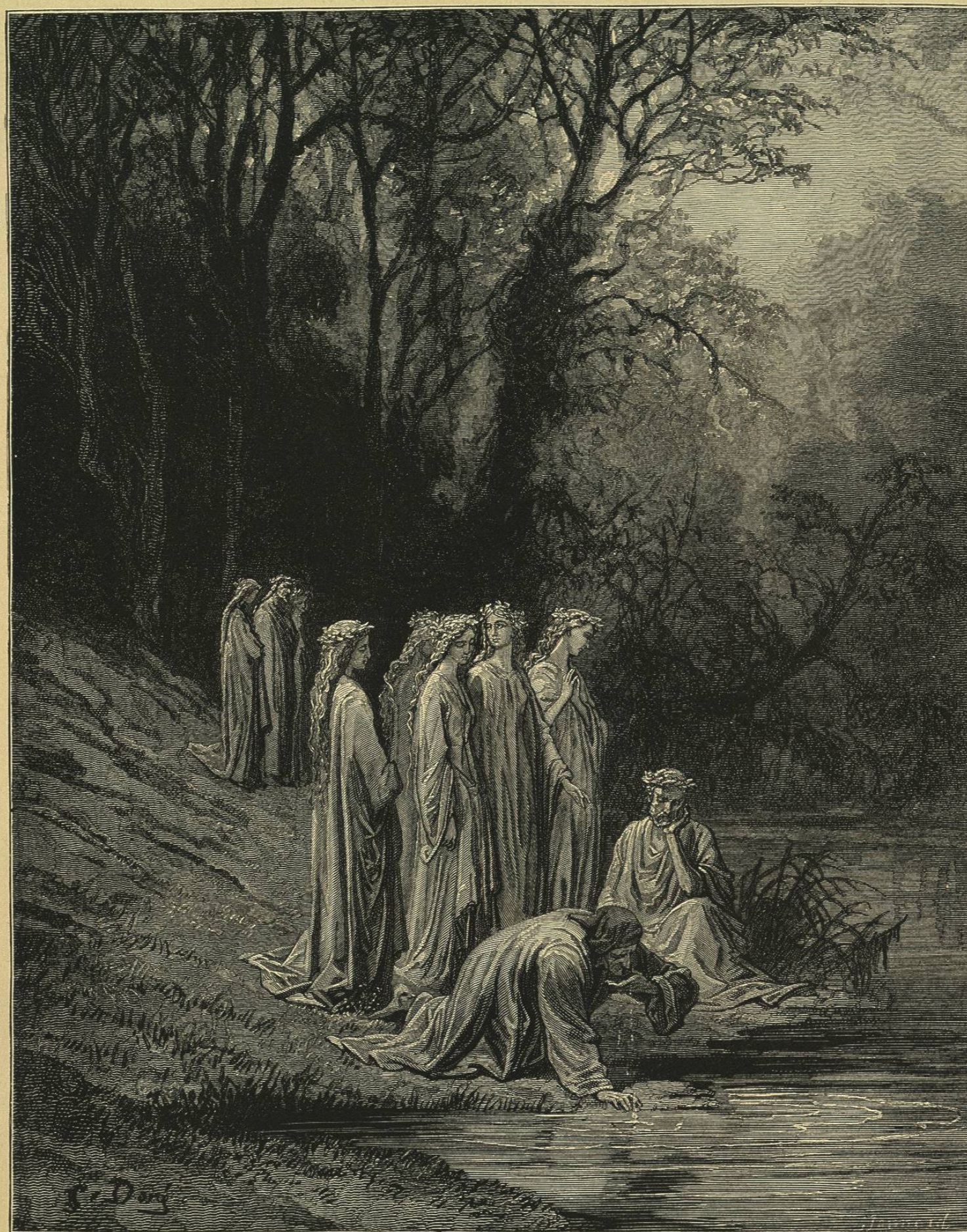
"So new this new-borne knight to battle new
did rise."

Spenser, Faery Queene, b. i., c. xi., st. 34.

"Rinnovellate" is another of those words which
Chaucer in vain endeavoured to introduce into our
language from the Italian, unless it be supposed that
he rather borrowed it from the French. "Certes
ones a yere at the lest way it is lawful to ben house-
led, for sothely ones a yere all things in the earth
renovelen."—*The Person's Tale*.



PARADISE.



Were further space allow'd
Then, Reader ! might I sing, though but in part,
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er
Been sated.

Canto XXXIII., lines 134-137.



THE VISION OF DANTE.

Paradise.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet ascends with Beatrice towards the first heaven, and is by her resolved of certain doubts which arise in his mind.

HIS glory, by whose might all things are moved,
Pierces the universe,¹ and in one part
Sheds more resplendence, elsewhere less. In heaven,
That largeliest of his light partakes, was I,
Witness of things, which, to relate again,
Surpasseth power of him who comes from thence;
For that, so near approaching its desire,
Our intellect is to such depth absorb'd,
That memory cannot follow. Nathless all,
That in my thoughts I of that sacred realm
Could store, shall now² be matter of my song.
Benign Apollo!³ this last labour aid;

¹ *Pierces the universe.*—"Per l'universo penetra," &c.

"His magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep."
Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii. 586.

² *Shall now.*—

"Sarà ora materia del mio canto."
"Shall be the copious matter of my song."
Ibid., b. iii. 413.

³ *Benign Apollo.*—Chaucer has imitated this invocation very closely, at the beginning of the "Third Booke of Fame:"

"If, divine vertue, thou
Wilt helpe me to shewe now
That in my head ymarked is,
* * * * *
Thou shalt see me go as blive
Unto the next laurer I see,
And kisse it, for it is thy tree.
Now entre thou my breast anone."