Saggi di Lettura Dalla Letteratura ITALIANA
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Canto V

Dante Alighieri

LA DIVINA COMMEDIA

INFIERNO

CANTO QUINTO

Così disceso dal cerchio primo
gli altri di secondo, dove man cavalcava e tanto più dolce, che puzza a guado.
Battuto Manto, ovvietamente a Manto, esamina i colpi nell'entrata, giudicando la mandorla delle armi e se avessi indizio di essere in via.
Dio che quando l'angiò mai nata
giuriam rinnovare, si teda delle creste e quel conoscere delle pietre
vede qui giù disperato e niente.

Canto V

So we went down to the second ledge alone;

There Minos sits, grimacing, grotesque, and hate. He examines each lost soul as it arrives and delivers its verdict with his collating tail.

That is to say, when the ill-fated soul appears before him it confuses all, and that grim sort of the dark and foul
decides which Hell shall be called, then wraps its twitching tail about himself one coil for each degree it descends.

The soul descends and others take its place:
each crowd in its turn to judgment, each confesses, each hears its doom and falls away through space.

"O you who come into this camp of woe," cried Minos when he saw me turn away without awaiting his judgment. "Watch where you go once you have entered here, and to whom you turn! Do not be misled by that wide and easy path!"

"And my Guide to him: "That is not your concern; it is his fate to enter every door. This has been willed where what is willed must be, and is not yours to question. Say no more."

Now the choir of anguish, like a wound, strikes through the wheeling wheel.

I came to a place stripped bare of every light and roaring on the naked dark like was wrecked by a war of winds. Their hellish flight of storms and counterstorms through time foregone, sweeps the souls of the damned before its charge.

Whirling and battering them on, and when they pass the ruined gap of Hell through which we had come, their shreds begin anew. There they blaspheme the power of God eternal.

And this, I learned, was the never ending flight of those who sinned in the flesh, the carnal and lusty who betrayed reason to their appetite.

As the wings of wintering starlings bear them out in their great wheeling flights, just so the blast wherries these evil souls through time foregone.

A vast edemusus fa la notta
che lieto far l'ini in suo leggo,
per cui il bianco in chi era condotta.
El' infermizia, di cui si legge
che si dietta a Nino e la sua sposa;
tomme la terza che il Solan corregge.
L'akra ci calò di sante amore
e ruppe fedé al cener di Sichéco.
poi Dido prependiculara.
E una vedé, per cui tanto raro
tempeste il vino, e vedé il grande Achille
con amore al fine contrabbiato.
Ogni Italia, Tristanti, e poi di male
ombre mostrammmi, e nondiomi, a dito,
che amore di nostra vita e Diapiräla.
Pocht ci s'ebbe il mio dottore udito
necessario l'acque antiche e i cavallari,
pié mi giunge, e fui quasi smarrito.

In conclutirsi: Poi in Diapiräla
parlieri a quel due che insieme vanno,
e piacerei al veneto canter leggere.
Ed egli a me: "Peredeni quando marino
il tuo pregio e prenso a noi; e tu, allor, il preg
per quel'arguor che i men, ed il verranno.
Di foste come il veggio a noi il piacere,
moi la voce: "O anime affannate,
venite a noi parlare, e son noi nel tango.
Quali colomba, dal cielo chiamate,
con alti sìlli e fermo ai sìlli nido
volan per l'ar di voler portate.
Conoscer di accia alvita, orb' Dido,
e a noi venendo per l'ar maligni,
ai feri si affossion grido.

O animal grazioso e benigno
che visitando vi per l'ar perso
nol che tegnemmo il mondo di sangue
che fosse ariolo li re dell'universo,
nel preghiamo lui della tua pace,
che poi la pietà del nostro mai perverso.
Di qui che udisse e che parlar vi piaccia.

O living creature, gracious, kind, and good,
go this pilgrimage through the sick night, visiting us who stained the earth rose with blood,
were the King of Time our friend, we would pray His peace on you who have pitted us. As long as the wind will let us pause, ask of us what you please.

The town where I was born lies by the shore where the Po descends into its ocean rest with its attendant streams in one long murmur.

Love, which in gentle hearts will scent blooms seized my lover with passion for that sweet body from which I was torn unshriveled to my doom.

Love, which permits no loved one not to love, took me so strongly with delight in that we are one in Hell, as we were above.

Love led us to one death. In the depths of Hell Calma waits for him who took our lives.
This was the piteous tale they stopped to tell.

And when I had heard those world-offended lovers I bowed my head. At last the Poet spoke:

"What painful thoughts are these you lowered brow covers!"

When at length I answered, I began: "Alas! What sweetest thoughts, what green and young desire led these two lovers to this sorry pass."

Then turning to those spirits once again, I said: "Francesca, what you suffer here melts me to tears of pity and of pain.

But tell me: in the time of your sweet sighs by what appearances found love the way to lure you to his perilous paradise?"

And she: "The double grief of a lost bliss is to recall its happy home.
Your Guide and Teacher knows the truth of this."

But if there is indeed a soul in Hell to ask of the beginning of our love out of his pity, I will weep and tell:

On a day for dalliance we read the rhyme of Lancelot, how love had mastered him.
We were alone with innocence and dim time.

Place after pause that high old story drew our eyes together while we blushed and paled; but it was one soft passage oversaw.

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our caution and our hearts. For when we read
how her fond smile was kissed by such a lover,
he who is one with me alive and dead
breathed on my lips the tremor of his kiss.
That book, and he who wrote it, was a ponder.
That day we read no further.” As she said this, (135)

Side 1, Band 2:

IL CINQUE MAGGIO
ALESSANDRO MANZONI

E fu, Siccome immobile,
dato il mortal sospiro,
stette la spoglia immemore
orba di tanto spiro,
coi percella, atonita
la terra al nunzio sta,
murando pensando all’ultima
ora dell’om fatale;
ne sa quando una simile
orma di più mortale
la sua cruenta polvere
a calpestar verrà.
Lui folgorante in solito
vide il mio genio e tacque;
quando con vece assidua
cadde, risorse e giacque,
di mille voci al sonito
mista la sua non ha;
vergin di servo encomio
e di codardo oltraggio,
sorge or commesso al subito
sparir di tanto raggio;
E scoglie all’urna un cantico
che forse non morrà.
Dall’Alpi alle Piramidi,
dai Manzanner al Reno,
di quel seco il fulmine
tenea dietro al baleno;
scompì da Scilla al Tanaí,
dall’uno all’altro mar.
Tu vera gloria? Al posteri
l’ardua sentenza: nui
chiam in la fronte al Massimo
fattor, che vole in lui
del creator suo spirito
più vasta orma stampar.

La procelsosa e trepida
gioia d’un gran disegno,
l’ansia d’un cor che indolcile
serve, pensando al regno;
e il giungere, e tiene un premio
ch’era folla sperar;
tutto e provv., la gloria
maggior dopo il periglio,
l’orda e la vittoria
e s’assise in mezzo a lor.
E sparve, e i d’ell’ozio
chiuse in s’breve sponda,
segno d’immensa invia
e di pietà profonda,
d’inesingubil odio
e d’indomato amor.
Come sul capo al naufragro
l’onda s’avvolse e pesa,
l’onda su cui del miserio,
alta pur dianza e tesa
s’assise in le scener
prode remote invan;
tal su quell’alma il cumulo
delle memorie scese!
Oh quante volte ai posteri
narrar se stesso impresso,
e sull’eterne pagine
cadde la stanza man!
Oh quante volte al tacito
morir d’un giorno inerte,
chinati i rai fulminei,
le braccia al sen conserte,
stette, e dei che furono
l’assalse il sovvenire!

From the Alps unto the Pyramids,
From Rhine to Manzanares.
Unfallingly the thunderstroke
His lightning purpose carries;
Bursts from Scylla to Tanaí,—
From one to the other sea.
Was it true glory—Posterity.
Thine be the hard decision.
Now we before the mightiest,
Who willed in him the vision
Of his creative majesty.
Most grandly traced should be.
The eager and tempestuous
Joy of the great place’s hour
The three of the heart that controlllessly
Burns with a dream of power.
And wins it, and seizes victory
It had seemed folly to hope
All he hath known: the infinite
Rapture after the danger.
The flight, the throne of sovereignty.
The salt bread of the stranger:
Twice ’neath the feet of the worshipers,
Twice ’neath the altar’s cope.
He spoke his name; two centuries.
Armed and threatening either.
Turned unto him submissively.
As waiting fate together,
He made a silence, and arbitred
He sat between the two.

E ripenàò le mobili
tende, e i percossi valli,
e il lamento’ manipoli,
e l’onda dei cavalli,
e il condito imperio,
e il celere ubbidir.
Ah! forse a tanto strazio
cadde lo spirto anelo,
e dispers; ma valida
venne una man dal cielo,
e in più spirabil acre
pierosa il trasportò;
e l’avvìò, pei floridi
sentier della speranza,
ai campi eterni, al premio
che i desideri avanza,
dov’è silenzio e tenebre
la gloria che passò.

Bella Immortal! benefica
Fede ai triondi avvezza!
scriver ancor questo, allegro;
ch’è superbia altezza
al disonor del Golgota
giampi non si chinò.
Tu dalle stanze ceneri
spender ogni ria parola:
Il Dio che attira e suscita,
che affanna e che consola,
sulla deserta coltisce
accanto a lui posò.

Ah, haply in so great agony
His panting soul had ended
Despairing, but that poyent
A hand, from heaven extended,
Into a clearer atmosphere
In mercy lifted him.

And led him on by blossoming
Pathways of hope ascending
To deathless fields, to happiness
All earthly dreams transcending.
Where in the glory celestial
Earth’s fame is dumb and dim.

Beautiful, deathless, beneficent
Faith! used to triumph, even
This also write exaltedly:
No loftier pride ’neath Heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
Skipped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
Disperse all bitter passions:
The God that humbly and hearteneth.
That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
To his pale lips lay pressed!

Translation of William D. Howells.
CANTO TRENTESMOTERO

EMPIRO: DIO, ANGEI E BEATI

LA SANTA ORAZIONE, INTERCESSIO DI MARIA
VINO DELLA DIVINITA, L'ULTIMA BALTE

Perché tu ogni nube gli distagli
Di sua malattia ci pregli tuoi
Sì che il Sommo Pianer gionta dispiagi.
Amor ti prego, Regina che puoi
Che tu vuol, che conservi san
Dopo tanto veder, gia affetti san.
Vieni a guarirli i movimenti umani!
Ven! Benvenuti con questi besti
Per il mici preghi ti chiedon la mano!
Gli occhi da Dio diletti e venerati,
Finit l'orator, ne dimostriamo
Quanto devi pregli le sante.

Indi all'Eterno Luca si dirigono,
Nei giusti preghier che ci aiutino.
Per creare l'occhiato tanto chiaro.
Ed io, ch'io altrui preghi di Dio
M'appropriai, miele e lievi,
L'ardor del darglielo in me finito.
Bernardo m'accompagna, e scriccio,
Perché guarissi suo; ma lo ero
Ogni pugno ai suoi nel mondo.

Da quando inizia il mio veder tuoi
Che il parlato nostro, ch'io tua vista vedi,
E cedre la memoria a tanto obbriag.
Qual che colui che sonanimals cor
E dopo il sogno la passione imprima
Rimmato, a l'altre menti non ride;

Sotto un cielo afofio di battaglia avevano strida il sertò delle cordone.
Soffrions d'essere infrutti.
Soffrions di non combattere, di non essere trasmessi in un impeto di legioni veicoli che trapassino il confine ingiusto.
Giovincenati schiacciati, dal viso fole, grondanti di sudore come dopo la lotta, si gettano contro le ruote come per infrangere.

Operai infossati dalle scorie della fatica, curvati dall'attenzione, contorti dallo sforzo, operai d'ogni opera, che a me sembrano aver tutti maneggiato il martello, battuto sull'incudine il ferro bollente, mi tendono i mani forti come per afferrarmi e per stritolarmi in loro amore sublimato.

Dolente, potente scolpire come la madre dei due Tribuni, col medesimo gesto mi gettano un fiore e danno un fagio alla guerra.

Il lamento di un bandiera in bando. È la bandiera russa di Trieste. L'oro di continuo sul capo. A tratti ondeggiando, s'abbaia e mi copre. Riempio le sue pieghe col mio affanno.

Odo nell'ombra russa delle sue piegle il primo rintocco della campagna capitoline. Il cuore si ferde, mi alzo. Le ruote si arrestano. La folla ammutolisce. Non è se non una catena di vertebratata dall'assedio bivide.
La campagna suona a stormo. Il rombo del bronzo penetra in tutte le mittle. Un urlo immenso lo supera. La guerra! La guerra!

Suona dal fondo dei secoli morti? Suona dal fondi dei secoli avvenire?
Siamo portati dalla ventesima onda dei secoli — didì e dieci —, dal secondo fatto decumano.
Bandisce la guerra, la campagna del popolo. Non è più una squilla di bronzo. È una squilla di fisco rosso alla sommità del misticeto. L'occhio tutta la Patria, e balza.
La guerra! La guerra! Lo splendore del vespro è visto da queste mitiadi d'occhi simmagnetici, da questa agitazione di bandeere e di minacce, da questa sublimazione del popolo libero ripiassata dal suo dio vero.

È impossibile che mai si conosca;
Perché il ben, ch'io da coloro abbiato,
Tutto s'accompagna in lei, e farà di quella
E difetto ciò che li è perfetto.
Ogn'ase più corta mia favella,
Pure a chi lo ricono, un fato che
Bagnarai il lungo alla manomela.
Non perché più d'un ampolloso walmelare
Fosse nel vivo Luma ch'io mirava;
Che tal si è sempre qual doveva;
Ma per la via che s'avvalora
In me guardando, una sola parosso,
Pensa lasciato a futura gente;
Ch'io, per tornato alquanto a mia memoria,
E per sanare un poco in questi versi,
Più si conceperai di tua vittoria.

E credo, per l'assenzio ch'io soffermi
Dal vivo raggio, ch'io mirai amarlo,
Se gli occhi miei da lui fossero avviori,
E mi ricorda che il follo arido;
Per questo a sostenner tanto ch'io giunsi
L'aspetto mio col Valor infinito.

O abbandonato, e'dinollium,
Che mi intrappoli, o di suo umeo
Ponzio la voce per la Luna eterna,
Tanto che la veduta vi cominci;
Nel suo profondo vidi ch'interro,
Legato con amore in un volume,
Che per l'universi si spandura;
Sussidiosa e accostata, e costante,
Quasi confisi insieme per tal modo,
Dio s'ha il mio, e s'ha il tuo.

Ma non si arriva al mezzo della sua voce;
L'ormai a lui mai, mai
E con impeto con impeto
Quel che è trentesimo del cielo
Il mio parla pinta dalla nostra effigie;
Dagli occhi mio alquanto circondata,
Dentro da sé del suo stesso
Mi parvo pinta dalla nostra effigie;
Per che il mio vino in lei tutto era mosso.
Qual è il laudare che tutto s'affige
Per misurar lo crermo, e non ritorna;
Facenti, quasi principio ond'egli indigni;
Tali era a quella volta nuova;
Vedere voleva come si convena
L'ormai al mio crermo, e come c'è indovina;
Ma non era d'io la proprìa penise
Se non che la mia mente fu perscorso
Da un fulcro, in cui era vissuta
Alla dea Fustaria qui manco possa;
Ma già volgea del mio diritto il vall, e
Si come roba d'infinito è massa,
D'amor che amare il sole e l'altra stelle.
CANTO XXXIII.

"THOU Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,
Thou art the one who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make himself its creature.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace
After such wise this flower has germinated.
Here unto us thou art a noonday torch
Of charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art the living fountain-head of hope.
Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
His aspirations without wings would fly.
Not only thy benignity gives succor
To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.

In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
In thee magnificence; in thee unites
Whate'er of goodness is in any creature.
Now doth this man, who from the lowest depth
Of the universe as far as here has seen
One after one the spiritual lives,
Succipite thee through grace for so much power
That with his eyes he may uplift himself
Higher towards the uttermost salvation.
And I, who never burned for my own seeing
More than I do for his, all of my prayers
Proffer to thee, and pray they come not short,
That thou wouldst scatter from him every cloud
Of his mortality so with thy prayers,
That the Chief Pleasure be to him displayed.
Still farther do I pray thee, Queen, who canst
Whate'er thou wilt, that sound thou mayst preserve
After so great a vision his affections.

Let thy protection conquer human movements;
See Beatrice and all the blessed ones
My prayers to second clasp their hands to thee!"
The eyes beloved and revered of God,
Fastened upon the speaker, shoved to us
How grateful unto her are prayers devout;

Then unto the Eternal Light they turned,
On which it is not credible could be
By any creature bent an eye so clear.
And I, who to the end of all desires
Was now approaching, even as I ought
The ardor of desire within me ended.
Bernard was beckoning unto me, and smiling,
That I should upward look; but I already
Was of my own accord such as he wished;

Because my sight, becoming purifed,
Was entering more and more into the ray
Of the High Light which of itself is true.
From that time forward what I saw was greater
Than our discourse, that to such vision yields,
And yields the memory unto such excess.
Even as he is who seeth in a dream,
And after dreaming the imprinted passion
Remains, and to his mind the rest returns not,
Even such am I, for almost utterly
Ceases my vision, and distilleth yet
Within my heart the sweetness born of it;
Even thus the snow is in the sun unsealed,
Even thus upon the wind in the light leaves
Were the soothsayings of the Sibyl lost.

O Light Supreme, that dost so far uplift thee
From the conceits of mortals, to my mind
Of what thou didst appear re-lend a little,
And make my tongue of so great puissance,
That but a single sparkle of thy glory
It may bequeath unto the future people;
For by returning to my memory somewhat,
And by a little sounding in these verses,
More of thy victory shall be conceived!

I think the keenness of the living ray
Which I endured would have bewildered me,
If but mine eyes had been averted from it;
And I remember that I was more bold
On this account to bear, so that I joined
My aspect with the Glory Infinite.

O grace abundant, by which I presumed
To fix my sight upon the Light Eternal,
So that the seeing I consumed therein!
I saw that in its depth far down is lying
Bound up with love together in one volume,
What through the universe in leaves is scattered;
Substance, and accident, and their operations,
All interrused together in such wise
That what I speak of is one simple light.
The universal fashion of this knot
Methinks I saw, since more abundantly
In saying this I feel that I rejoice.

One moment is more lethargy to me,
Than five and twenty centuries to the emprise
That startled Neptune with the shade of Argo!

My mind in this wise wholly in suspense,
Steadfast, immovable, attentive gazed,
And evermore with gazing grew enkindled.

In presence of that light one such becomes,
That to withdraw therefrom for other prospect
It is impossible he e'er consent;

Because the good, which object is of will,
Is gathered all in this, and out of it
That is defective which is perfect there.
The sinner raised his mouth from his grim repast and wiped it on the hair of the bloody head whose nape he had all but eaten away. At last he began to speak: "You ask me to renew a grief so desperate that the very thought of speaking of it tears my heart in two.

But if my words may be a seed that bears the fruit of infamy for him I gnaw, I shall weep, but tell my story through my tears.

You who may be, and by what powers you reach into this underworld, I cannot guess, but you seem to me a Florentine by your speech.

I was Count Ugolino; I must explain; this reverend grace is the Archdeacon Ruggieri: now I will tell you why I gnaw his brain.

That I, who trusted him, had to undergo imprisonment and death through his treachery, you will know already, you cannot know—

that is, the lingering inhumanity of the death I suffered—you shall hear in full: then judge for yourself if he has injured me.

A narrow window in that coop of stone now called the Tower of Hunger for my sake (within which others yet must pace alone)

had shown me several waning moons already between its bars, when I slept the evil sleep in which the veil of the future parted for me.

This beast appeared as master of a hunt chasing the wolf and his whelps across the mountain that hides Luca from Pisa. Out in front of the starved and shrewd and avid pack he had placed Guaslini and Simondi and Lafranchi to point his prey. The father and sons had raced a brief course only when they failed of breath and seemed to weaken; then I thought I saw their flanks ripped open by the hounds' fierce teeth.

Before the dawn, the dream still in my head, I woke and heard my sons, who were there with me, cry from their troubled sleep, asking for bread.

You are cruelty itself if you can keep your tears back at the thought of what foreboding stirred in my heart; and if you do not weep,

at what you are used to weeping?—The hour when food used to be brought, drew near. They were now awake, and each was anxious from his dream's dark mood.

And from the base of that horrible tower I heard the sound of hammers nailing up the gates: I stared at my sons' faces without a word.

I did not weep; I had turned stone inside. They wept. "What asks you, Father, you look so strange, my little Anselm, youngest of them, cried.

But I did not speak a word nor shed a tear; not all that day nor all that endless night, until I saw another sun appear.

When a tiny ray leaked into that dark prison and I saw streaming back from their faces the terror and the wasting of my own,

I bit my hands in helpless grief. And they, thinking I chewed myself for hunger, rose suddenly together. I heard them say: (60)

"Father, it would give us much less pain if you ate it was good price put upon us this sorry flesh; now strip it off again.'

I calmed my self to spare them. Ah! hard earth, why did you not yawn open? All that day and the next we sat in silent. On the fourth,

Gaddo, the eldest, fell before me and cried, stretched at my feet upon that prison floor: 'Father, why don't you help me? There he died,

And just as you see me, I saw them fall one by one on the fifth day and the sixth. Then, already blind, I began to crawl,

from body to body shaking them frantically. Two days I called their names, and they were dead. Then fasting overcame my grief and me. (75)

His eyes narrowed to slits when he was done, and he seized the skull again between his teeth grinding it as a mastiff grinds a bone.

Ah, Fatal! foulest blemish on the hand where "at" sounds sweet and clear, since those nearly you are slow to blast the ground on which you stand,

may Capraraz and Gorgona drift from place and dam the flooding Arno at its mouth until it drowns the last of your foul race!

For it to Ugolino falls the censure for having betrayed your castles, you for your part should not have put his sons to such a torture:

you modern Thedems those tender lives you spilt—Brigata, Uguccione, and the others I mentioned earlier—were too young for guilt! (90)

We passed on further, where the frozen mine entombs another crew in greater pain; these wraiths are not bent over, but lie supine.

Their very weeping closes up their eyes; and the grief that finds no outlet for its tears turns inward to increase their agonies: for the first tears that they shed knot instantly in their eye-sockets, and as they freeze they form a crystal visor above the cavity.

And despite the fact that standing in that place I had become as numb as any callus, and all sensation had fled from my face, somehow I felt a wind begin to blow, whereat I said: "Master, what stirs this wind? Is not all heat extinguished here below?" (105)

And the Master said to me: "Soon you will be where your own eyes will see the source and cause and give you their own answer to the mystery.

And one of those locked in that icy mall cried out to us as we passed: "O souls so cruel that you are sent to the last post of all, relieve me for a little from the pain of this hard vault; let my heart weep a while before the weeping freeze my eyes again."

And to him: "If you would have my service, tell me your name; then if I do not help you may I descend to the last rim of the ice."

"I am Friar Alberigo," he answered therefore, "the same who called for the fruits from the bad garden. Here I am given a flight for all eternity." (100)

"What Are you dead already?" I said to him.

And he then: "How my body stands in the world I do not know. So privileged is this rim of Prolemus, that often souls fall to it before dark Aktopos has cut their thread.

And that you may more willingly free my spirit of this glass of frozen tears that accrues my face, I will tell you this: when a soul betrays as I did, it falls from fresh, and a demon takes its place, ruling the body till its time is spent.

The ruined soul rains down into this cistern. So, I believe, there is still evident in the world above, all that is fair and mortal of this black shade who winters here behind me. If you have only recently seen it, you will have been unable to see its

(from that sweet world, you surely must have known his body: Branca D'Oria is its name, and many years have passed since he raised it down.)

"I think you are trying to make me in," I said, "Sera Branca is a living man; he eats, he drinks, he fills his clothes and his bed."

"Michael Zanche had not yet reached the ditch of the Black Talons," the frozen wraith replied, "there where the sinners chafe in hot pitch, when this one left his body to a devil, as did his nephew and second in treachery, and plucked lead through space to this dead level. But now reach out your hand, and let me cry."

And I did not keep the promise I had made, for to be rude to him was courtesy.

Ah, men of Genoa! souls of little worth, corrupted from all custom of righteousness, why have you not been driven from the earth?

For there beside the blackest soul of all Romagna's evil plain, lies one of yours bathing his filthy soul in the eternal glacier of Cocytus for his foul crime, while he seems yet alive in world and time!"
THE SEPULCHRES.

THE THIRD DAY:

All’ombra de’ circonfusi e dentro l’urne confortate di pianto s’i forse il sonno
della morte men duro? Ove più il Sole
per me alla terra non fecondi questa
bella d’erbe famiglia e di animali,
e quando vaghe di lusinghe innanzi
a me non danzeran l’ore future,
non da te, dolce amico, udrai più il verso
ed alla musa armonia che governa,
né più nel cor mi parlerà lo spirito
delle vergini Muse ed dell’amore,
unico spirito a mia vita raminga,
qual fia ristoro a’ d’ perduti un sassi
che distingua le mie dalle infinite
ossa che in terra e in mar semina morte?

Vero è, Pindemonte! Anche la Speme,
ultima Dea, fugge i sepolcri; e invade
tutte cose l’obblivo nella su’ notte;
e una forza opunse la affatica
di moto in moto; e l’uomo e le sue tombe
a l’estreme sembianze e le religie
della terra e del ciel traveste il tempo.
non pietra, non parola; e forse l'osso
col mozzo capo insanguinato il ladro
che lasciò sul patibolo i delitti.
Sentì sparar fra le macerie e le bronci
la derelitta cagna ramingo
su le fosse, e famelica ultralato;
e uscir del teatro, ove fuggì la Luna,
loIPA, e svolazzar su per le croci
dar sparse per la funerea campagna,
e l'immonda accusar col luttuoso
singuol i rai di che son pie le stelle
alle obbligate sepolture, indarno
sul tuo poeta, o Dea, preghii rugiade
dalla squillata notte. Ah! su gli estinti
non sorge furore, ove non sia d'uman
lodi onorato e d'amoroso pianto.
Dal che d'ai nozioni e tribulati ed are
diario alle umane belve esser pirote
di sì stesse e d'altre, togliamo i vivi
all'etere maligno ed alle vere
i miserabili avanzi che Natura
con veci sterno e sensi a terribi destino.
Testimonianza a' fasti erano le tombe,
ed are a' figli; e uscian quindi i responsi
de' domestici Lari, e fu temuto
su la polve degli avi il giuramento:
e' aligieri una fata che al telo
la virtù patria e la pietà congiunta
tradursi per lungo ordine d'anni.
Non sempre i sacerdoci a' templi
fe' pavimento; nè agli incensi avvolto
d'cadaveri il lezzo i supplicanti
contaminì; nè le città fur meste
e'affliggi schieleri: le macerie
balzane se' nomi esterfermate, e tendono
nude le braccia sul l'armato
del lor caro lattante onde nel desti
il gener lungo di persona morta
chiudendo la vena precie agli eredi
del santuario. Ma cipressi e cedri
di puri effluvi i zeffiri impregnando
perenne verde protendean sull'urne
per memoria perenne, e preziosi
vasti accogliamene le liramic vivate.
Rapian gli amici una fata, e bucino
Scele a illuminar la sotterranea notte,
perchè gli occhi dell'uomo cercan morendo
il Sole; e tutti l'ultimo sospiro
mandano i petti alla fuggente luce.
Le fontane e palme e le boscieri arcani
amarantu ed evocano sulla
la funereale zolla; e chi sedea
a libar latte e a raccontar sue pene
ei cari estinti, una fragranza
intorno senta questa fontanella, la
dintorni, Pistoia 'nsania, che fa cari gli orti
de' suburbi avrai alle brattee
vergini dove le conduce amore
della perduta madre, ove elementi
greggano il Gen di ritorno al prode
tronco 'e' tronfata nave
del maggior pino, e s'acclò la barba.
Ma ove dorme il furor d'inclito geste
sien ministri al vivere civile
l'opulenza e il tremore, inutil pompà
e inaugurate immagini dell'Orco,
sorgon cippi e marmorei monumenti.
Gì il dotto e il ricco ed il patrizio vulgo,
decoro a ciascun che dimora nel regno,
nelle adulate reggia ha sepoltura
già vivo, e i stemmi unica laude.
A noi morte apparecchi riposo albergo,
ove una volta la forta cessi
dalle venenose spume riccolto
non di toreri eredità, ma caldi
sensi e di liberal carne l'esempio.
A egregie cose il forte animo accendono
l'urne de' forti, o Pindemonte;
e bella e santa fanno al peregrino la terra
che le ricca; lo quando il monumento
vidi ove posa il corpo di quel grande,
che temando lo scettro a' regnatori,
gli allor sforzarlo, ed alle genti svela
che di lagrime grondi e di che sangue

Of God's forgiving mercy; while his bones
Miller crouched on the desert sand;
Where never loving woman pposed his prayer,
Nor solitary pilgrim bane the sight
Which mourning nature sends up from the tomb.

New laws now banish from our pensive gaze
The ballad-shepherdesses, and envious scribbles
Their honor from the dead. Whene'er a tomb
They's company, Thalía: he who sung

To those breasting his humble roof, and soared
His keys to unaware for everlasting harm
And then did venerate with generous smiles his song
That sung the Hardenaplay of our land;
Whose glov'ning soul loved but to hear the glowing
Of battle pasturing in Victor's fields,
His house of bountiful wealth. Oh, most inspired
Where art thou? No abject air I content
Beneath the blind presence, in those caverns
Where now I sigh for home. Here west most woe.

To smile on him you listen thin,
That now with exalted fulgurates seems to weep
Because it drops not on the old man's arm.
Who once sought peace beneath his cooling shade.
And then doth goad him with stainless arrows
Underneath him, godly, wandering among graves
Unheard of, void in the space where rests
Portia's second head. The city saw
To him in his space within her walls.
Nor monument, nor navio line. His bones
Perished lie smeared with some fellow's blood,
Fresh from the scaffold that his crimes deserved.
Rest not' on the lone white dog among the tombs
Nowling with funest, mourns-taking the dust
From their resting place. Which, from the skull
Through which the moonlight strews, the science happy flint.
And steps his hateful wings above the field
Spread with Fawcett's creature—seeing shrill, as if
to curse the light the plains more
Shed on neglected burial-graves—In the rain.
Dust then invoke upon thy petrified
The sweet distillation of dewy sight:
That springs on flowers or genues by human praise
Or tears of unsullied beauty!

From the deeps
When first the sovran feast, and judgment seat,
And sits, enrobed our nation'd mem,
And taught to man his own and others' soul.
The living tumbled from the blazing storm
And strange beasts, those sad and poor remains
By nature destined to a holy fire.

Beneath the heavens of pride,
And sit for the young—there: gods invoked,
Umbra'd in their solemn meditations;
And the earth
Sworn on the father's dust that thence reposed
Here the deities, with various chains,
The wrought bones of past victors, kindled loves,
And along the crown through the countless ages.

In these times did stately stately progress
The temple flowers—so flowers of extreme excess,
Mixed with the avarice, stings with fear.
The voluptuous wantonness—so cries from
Ghastly with sculptured skeleton—while leaped
Young mothers from their sleep in wild affright,
Shielding their helpless babes with fertile arms,
And listening for the graces of wandering ghosts,
Eclipse from from their imperious lords.
Their gold bought masses—men in living green
Cyprian and灭灭ate spread their shade
Our unfortified grottoes, scattering in terror
These tearful graces, vengeful tears

Of sorrowful voices, vened titled titles

The mourners' weep'ing tears. These plains
Friends' friends, and the days' paws been to bloom the glow
Of monuments—for man his dying eye
Turns ever to the sun; and every breast.
Heaven's last sigh toward the departing light.

These fountain fli'ggs fling their silver spray
With some according in a measure and glister.
Upon the fathers' and: and he who came
With the dead, then thronged among the shades
Like blood arias wafted from Elysian fields.

And finish in light illusion! This endures
That earthy sabbath to British mules.
Who wander there to muse a mother lost,
Or to muse the bare's safe return.
Who of all maids the hospitable ship dispelled,
'To you from it own triumphal host.

Where slumber the high thistled of glorious deeds,
And loves and fears so many minutes ill
Unhallowed images of things unseen,
And little lump, away the pangs of graves

And mounds. The rich, the learned, the vulgar guest,
Jollity's pride and sorrow, joy's heart
Extinguished tears in costly pelures,
With their own pains—actual names—described.
For we, my friend, he quack enough prepared
Where fate, for men, may weary his hour.
And friendship gather from our arts, or treasure
Of marial gold, but wealth of feeling warm;
And forms of love's song!

Psalm—Pindemonte!
The singing soul is fed to lofty deeds
By love—by what ands—what great and fair
And help to the pilgrim's eye, the earth.

That has received'test. When I behold
The spot where sleep mantled that noble guest,
Who, burning the prostrate earth of earth
Stepped there the illustrious warrior, and showed the nations.

What taunts and blood defined them—when I saw
His mounseer—who appeared in Rome
A new Olympia to the Daity—
And his, who 'thout heaven's next cassy
New worlds consummated, and was consumed
Lustreous countenance—breaking first
For Abbot's son, which could naught in arms advance,
The alone pathway of the freemason.
Oh! till art then, Veneres' quest! I cried—
For this time, no sensible of life.
And the fresh strews my mountain sanctifies peer
In byary's at thy feet, In thy blue sky
The glad noon walks—and roses with silver light
Thy vintage-smiling hills—be valley fair,
And alps and violet and silver greens, smoth to up
To heaven the increase of a thousand flowers.
Then, Florida so fair, the heartbeats thine songs
That cheered the Phthillens' ingratidn light.
And then the parent and sweet image did disgrace
To him, to lamplights of Callipolis.

Who Love with poise so warbling—Love
That made of a rose the ancient value
The larger Grandes and the restored
Restored him to a heavenly Venus' lap.
Yet far more bright, that in thy eye rose
Italy's birted all, all! all! all! all!
That Heer may boast! since he the banner fail
Of Alp's wind-swept and.attributed to than
Hut sunk in mighty wreck her sum—her wealth—
Almar—and country—and save memory—all!
Where from past time's springs hope of future deeds
In duty minds, for holy emolument
Draw we our & purpose. Around these tombs
Is taught entertaining, Albert Walter's chaste.
Indigent at his country, here heОтряд.
Gentlemens' rest place, and there with others
With silent longing on the field of death
And when no living aspect soothed his grief,
Tumbled to thevaliant dead; while on his brow
There sat the palmows. with the hope of death.
With them he dwelt and on his bosom
Marmur a patriot's love.
Oh, truly speaks
A goal from this shude of praise assert!
The same that kind of old in Goten bosoms
Hasted of Persian fire in Mahalen, patience
Where Athlone convenes her living gate
The mortal stone, whose white walls saw the wind
Before Elysian's rose, through midnight deep
Bath sees the lightning darting down, the blackening glassers
Sus, and every evening's tendril shone
And, slow & answearing hermes; then bleeding gory
Ball forth their volumen vapors—phantom warms degree with soul, and smiling to the light
While in night's asinum, o'er the distant shades.
From those tumulus phalanxes was borne
The chag of arms—and trumpet's honorous nope.
The topos of rushing winds, with hurrying hows
Above the holy dead—and mingling wild,
Walls of the dying—hymns of victory.
And high o'er all, the Fauns' mystic realm.

Shall feel less bitterly his stroke of grief,
And smite the auras with unweary hand,
Greed ye my father? This day shall ye mark
A sightless wanderer' soul your ancient ashes:
At last, when bolder, and looked after your marks, he shall emulate
Bare your no sorrow, and question of their trust.
Then shall the deep and earnest calls reply
To hollow memory, and give up the tale
Of Troy twin to earth, and twin relit;
Shout on the distant brow.
To make some of the lost remnant.
Risen for the terrace of Pylos. Then the hard,
Nothing of their lavish glories with surge song,
A glorious immortality shall give
Their own golden prions, to all kinds reined
And which ancient vices wraps in his ensign.
And thus, Hera! shall the sacred revel
Of pitying team, where 'er the patriot's blood
Is printed or--on long as prudes live
Shall roll in heavens, and shine on human eyes.
The count, who had never before been made acquainted with this friable of his, on hearing himself thus taxed, as he was, with a thing of this kind, blushed a little at first; but, soon recollecting himself, like a man of sense, thus answered: "Pray, sir, do me the favour to return my compliments to the bishop, and tell him, that if the presents, which people generally make to each other, were all of them such as his lordship has made me, they would really be much richer than they now are. However, sir, I cannot but esteem myself greatly obliged to the bishop for this polite instance of his kindness and friendship for me; and you may assure his lordship, I will most undoubtedly use my utmost endeavours to correct this ungraceful habit for the future: and that your lordship would favourably accept this friendly admonition, as a particular mark of kindness; for the bishop is thoroughly convinced, that there is not a man in the whole world, besides himself, who would have bestowed on your lordship a favour of this kind."

Now really, people that can be guilty of such filthy behaviour, are not only unworthy to be entertained in the most elegant manner by the noble prelate above mentioned; but deserve to be entirely banished from the assemblies of the polite. Which offensive manners, therefore, (I mean of soaming the table cloth, or crumbling his bread upon it, and the like,) a well-bred man will carefully avoid. Neither ought you to offer your napkin, much less your handkerchief to any one that sits near you, as if it were quite clean; which the person you offer it to, cannot be sure of; nor should you, if you have occasion to talk to him, put your mouth so near, as to breathe in his face: for few people can bear the breath of another, though ever so sweet. Most of the habits and customs above-mentioned, are disagreeable to those with whom we converse, as being offensive to some one of the senses, and therefore we should guard against them, as much as possible.

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Dal 1927 ha insegnato Economia Politica presso le Scuole Superiori Italiane; e presso la Università di Roma.

Eccezionale oratore, dalla dizione chiara e precisa, ha tenuto innumerevoli conferenze, discorsi e lezioni.

Studio di Dante Alighieri e della Letteratura Italiana, ha tenuto conferenze e lezioni sulla Divina Commedia e su Dante sia in Italia, sia in America.

Giornalista e scrittore, è stato onorato con la "medaglia d'oro" di collaborazione modello dalla Grande Rivista "Bohè e Commenti" del famoso Barone Arturo Di Castelnuovo; ha scritto articoli per molti giornali Italiani ed esteri; ha scritto un volume di Economia Politica, dal titolo "ECONOMIA" (Casa Editrice E.S.T. - Milano); ed un volume di sociologia dal titolo "DISCORSO AGLI ITALIANI" (Casa Editrice Donatel- lo De Luigi - Roma). Il suo testo di Economia è stato adottato in tutte le Scuole Italiane.

La sua perfetta conoscenza della Lingua Italiana, la sua dizione chiara e limpida, il suo modo semplice ed avvincente di parlare ed di porgere, lo hanno reso ottimo alla Radio ed alla Televisione.

Ha trasmesso per Radio qui in America numerose interventi e programmi, in Lingua Italiana.

Ha trasmesso per Televisione per quattro anni nel programma "DOVE SON NATA" (Channel 13).

Tramette ogni domenica, attualmente, il programma "LUCE ITALICA" (completo commento e lezione della Divina Commedia di Dante), alle ore 4,15 dalla Stazione WHOM.

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