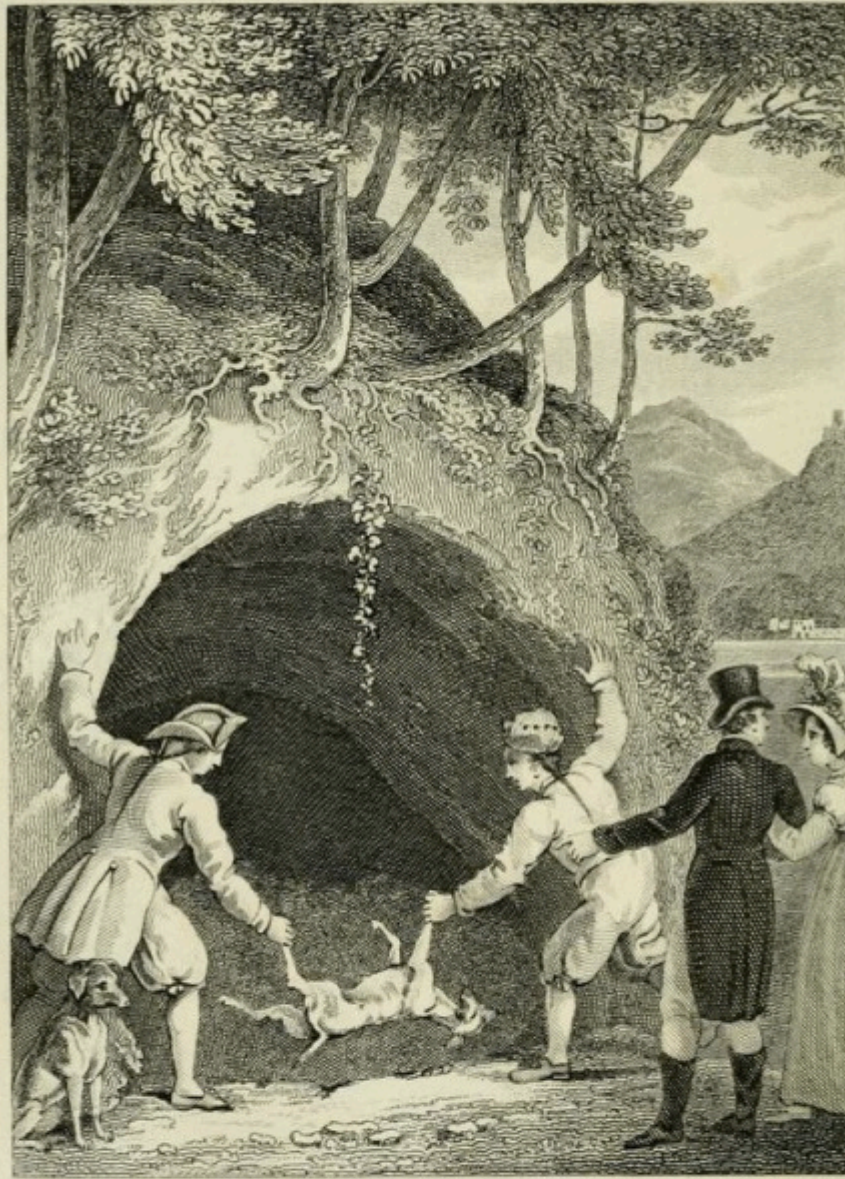




THE FINAL DAY. 〇〇〇〇〇〇〇〇〇 〇〇 〇〇〇〇〇〇〇: or, My Belly  
Consumed My Head

---





Grav. del.

J. Duer. sculp.

GROTTO DEL CANI.







ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE. Doré's illustration of Lake Avernus, and the Entrance to Tartarus/Hell.







nor only Paradise,  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wreck, disturbed and torn [PL; iv.991-4]





[She] would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
And strangled with her waste fertility;  
The earth cumbered, and winged air darked with plumes,  
The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds  
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep [Il.727-32]







Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this etherous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious heav'n, adorned,  
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold,  
Whose eye so superficially surveys  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep underground, materials dark and crud,  
Of spirituous and fiery spume, [...]  
These in their dark nativity the deep  
Shall yield to us, pregnant with infernal flame [PL; vi.472-85]

The invention all admired, and each, how he  
The inventor missed, so easy it seemed once found,  
Which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible. [PL; vi.498-500]

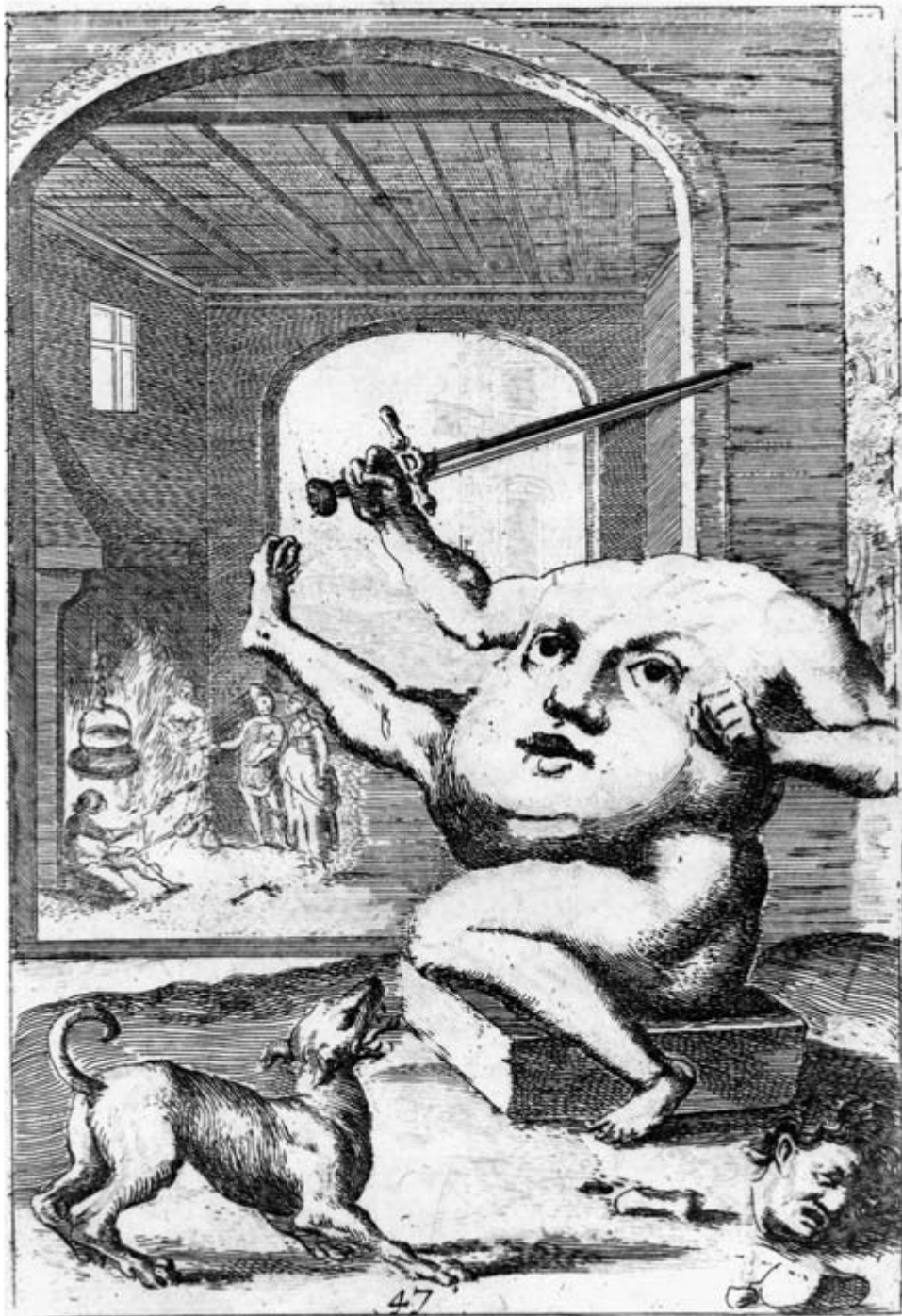


in a moment up they turned  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
The originals of nature in their crude  
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,  
Concocted and adjusted they reduced  
To blackest grain, and into store convey:  
Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this earth  
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone, [PL; vi.509-17]

that they below  
Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows [Il.743-5]







Ogilby, J. 'Sculpture 47' in, *The Fables of Æsop, Paraphras'd in Verse, Adorn'd with Sculpture, and Illustrated with Annotations*, (London, 1668), 47th Fable.



But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness  
And earth's base built on stubble. [Il.592-8]



