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FIFTY
SELECT POEMS,
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FIFTY
Select Poems
of
MARC-ANTONIO FLAMINIO,

IMITATED BY

The late Rev. Edw. Will. Barnard, M. A.
of Trinity College,

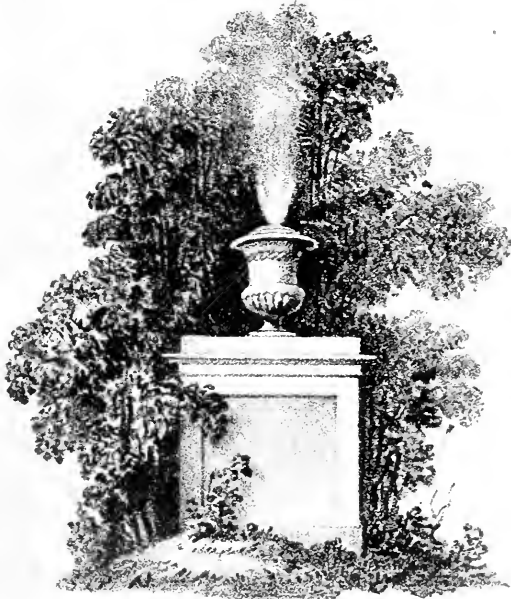
CAMBRIDGE,

WITH A SHORT MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

EDITED BY

The Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, M. A. F. R. S.

Θαυρυ λαμπεις.

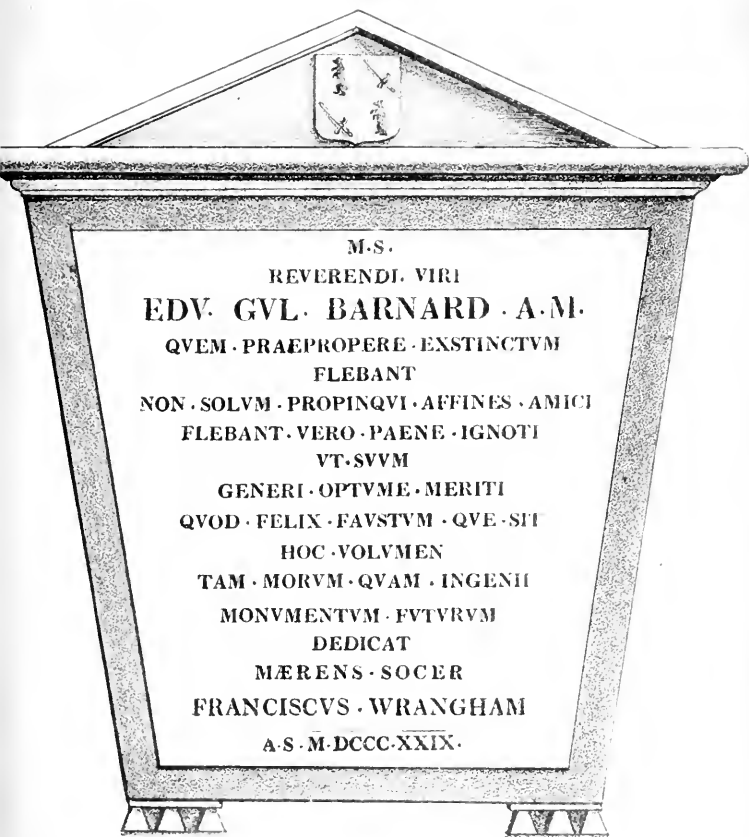


CHESTER

1829.

(Only Fifty Copies printed for Sale)

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FLAITE
1829



M.S.
REVERENDI VIRI
EDV. GVL. BARNARD · A.M.
QVEM · PRAEPROPERE · EXSTINCTVM
FLEBANT
NON · SOLVM · PROPINQVI · AFFINES · AMICI
FLEBANT · VERO · PAENE · IGNOTI
VT · SVVM
GENERI · OPTVME · MERITI
QVOD · FELIX · FAVSTVM · QVE · SIT
HOC · VOLVMEN
TAM · MORVM · QVAM · INGENII
MONVMENTVM · FVTVRVM
DEDICAT
MÆRENS · SOCER
FRANCISCVS · WRANGHAM
A.S. M. DCCC. XXIX.

863951



ADVERTISEMENT.

Of the subjoined Poems a specimen has been approved by the exquisite taste of Lord Grenville, himself an accomplished poet; who has also revived, and sanctioned, the fame of the original Author, by calling him (in the Preface to his classical *Nugæ Metricæ*) his “ favourite Flaminius.”

They would have sooner made their appearance, had I not vainly awaited the result of inquiries instituted in almost every part of the Continent for a copy of the Padua edition of Flaminiſ's Works; from which I hoped, with little expense of time, to derive materials for enlarging the prefixed Memoir. Even without such assistance, however, the Translations, I trust, will be regarded as no unworthy MONUMENT to the memories of two kindred and similarly-gifted minds. *Non quia intercedendum putem imaginibus, quæ marmore aut ære finguntur; sed, ut vultus hominum, ita simulacra vultus imbecilla et mortalia sunt: forma mentis æterna.* (Tac. Vit. Agric. 46.) And the orphans of Mr. Barnard, now happily almost unconscious of their irreparable loss, will one day thank their grandfather for having thus asserted the claim of their parent, whom he will never cease to regret, to no mean station among the poets of his country.

It was my first purpose to have dedicated the Volume to One of the noblest and most munificent of men, the Earl Fitzwilliam, as an evidence of talents and attainments, which it was his Lordship's generous intention to have patronised: but, on farther reflexion, it was thought more correct to preserve it's *monumental* character, even in the Inscription.

Mr. Barnard, at the time of his death, January 10, 1826,
 Esteem'd, admired, beloved in vain!
 had not quite completed his thirty-seventh year.

*Sic rosa vix lætum calathi pandebat honorem,
 Cum cadit, et rutilo murice pingit humum :*

as mourns Flaminio *De se Ægrotante*, in the anticipation of his own untimely fate; after which follows, in terms too strictly prophetic of my present melancholy office, the apostrophe to his Father,

*Jam condes manibus lumina nostra tuis ;
 Jam me postremo tumuli donalis honore.*

The whole poem, indeed (see pp. 40, 41) viewed especially with this reference, is a highly pathetic composition.

Such prognostications, ever but too common in the cases of delicate frames and sensitive and susceptible minds, often occur in the poetry both of the Italian and the English bard. With what I am afraid to call a 'presentiment,' Mr. B. had written, in a scrap-book belonging to one of his sisters-in-law, a passage rarely I apprehend to be found in such sprightly compilations:—

“ PSALM ciii. 15, &c.

As for Man, his days are as grass. As a flower of the field, so He flourisheth : for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear Him ; and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.”

His only acknowledged publications are,

‘ *Trifles, imitative of the Chaster Style of Meleager*’ (Carpenters. 1818. 8vo.); and ‘ *The Protestant Beadsman*’ (Rivingtons. 1822. 8vo.)

He had projected, however, a History of the English Church, not long before Mr. Southey's work on that subject appeared, and had collected many valuable materials for the purpose. He had also, with equal judgement and industry, made

numerous extracts, memoranda, and references for a far more detailed Memoir of Flaminio, from a wide range of contemporary and succeeding authors—French, Italian, and Latin: and, if it had pleased Providence to spare his virtuous and valuable life, he would assuredly have attained high literary distinction. These MSS. papers, had it not been out of an anxious wish to discharge (however inadequately) what I deemed a bounden duty, I should have shrunk from examining, accustomed as I had long been to see them receiving daily accessions from his assiduous labours. As it is, I am compelled by want of leisure to leave many of them unapplied; particularly several relative to the Academies of Italy, the personal friends of Flaminio, and his theological correspondence (1542—1544) with Luigi Calino, Theodorina Sauli, Caracciolo, Cesare Flaminio, Carlo Gualteruzzi, &c. as preserved in the *Lettere Volgari di diversi nobilissimi huomini*. Ald. Vineg. 1545, 1550. 8vo.

In lieu of them, the Reader must kindly consent to accept, at the end of this Introduction, a few of Mr. Barnard's *Vers de Societé* (on miscellaneous subjects), which might otherwise either perish, or pass into the world under the name of other writers. I venture, farther, to repeat my own imperfect Tribute to his Memory, and my Version of one of Flaminio's shorter pieces on the Approach of Winter, along with the original as a specimen of his poetic powers. That Version, however, I should never have thought of obtruding, had it not been accepted and adopted by Him, whose judgement upon such matters I am ill disposed to call in question—even where perhaps I ought to feel, that it had been but too probably warped by the partiality of personal regard.

I had meant to append, in a note or two, the old translations of the *Umbra frigidulae*, &c. (I. 121.) and the *Ne tu beatum dixeris*, &c. (V. 306.) by Ashmore of Horatian memory, who from some parts of his *rare olio* appears to have lived near Ripon—as well as an ancient MS. Version, subscribed J. G., of passages selected from the beginning of the Fourth Book of Flaminio; if but to show, how little justice had been previously done to his compositions. But I shall more advantageously

occupy the pages, so destined, by annexing to the Memoir the *Testimonia* of Mr. Roscoe, De Thou, and the Editor of the *Poemata Italorum* of 1684; who, if we may trust the authority of the Rev. Tho. Rud of Durham, was—not Bishop Atterbury, but a Mr. Tho. Power, B.A. and subsequently Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. More might easily have been supplied.

I have only, in conclusion, to observe that the numerical references at the head of each version are made to the *Carmina Quinque Illustrium Poetarum* (sc. Petr. Bembi, Andr. Naugerii, Balth. Castilioni, Joan. Cottæ, et M.A. Flaminii) edited at Florence in 8vo. in 1552.

FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

Chester, 1829.

LINES SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. EDWARD WILLIAM BARNARD.

His saltem accumulẽm donis.

Farewell, blest Shade ! nor deem, though mute the lyre,
 No tears are shed for thee, no sighs aspire
 To follow where thou lead'st the glorious way !
 Great griefs conceal what lighter woes display.
 Deep is thy memory seated in this heart,
 Nor thence shall ever—save with life—depart.

Oh ! could, like thine, my fingers sweep the shell !
 When Time shall cast o'er me his soothing spell,
 And dry the sorrows that now flood mine eyes,
 As soft remembrances within me rise—
 Thy genius should not want it's equal fame ;
 Praise, deathless praise, should tend upon thy name :
 In each bright verse—were such rare talent mine—
 Should glow the Fair, the Good—for those were thine :
 Thy wit, taste, fancy, should be hymn'd in turn ;
 Thy thoughts that kindle, and thy “ words that burn :”
 As in thine own Flaminio, learn'd and sweet,
 The Pure and Pious in chaste bond should meet :
 With lyric grace, or elegiac woe—
 Thine were both arts—th' alternate strain should flow ;
 And the light world, lesson'd for once by me,
 Should feel and mourn what it has lost in thee.

It may not be—too weak the faltering song
 To match thy worth, might haply do thee wrong :
 Panting to see thee girt with glory's ray,
 I would not mar it by my tear-dimm'd lay.
 Time's hastening hand shall stamp thy sure renown,
 And for thy temples weave his greenest crown ;
 Whilst, as around thy fame's proud echoes swell,
 Our tender thoughts shall on thy virtues dwell,
 And pleased to mark these earthly honours given,
 With holier rapture hail the wreath thou wear'st in heaven.

Chester, Jan. 1828.

FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

DE ADVENTU HYEMIS. (I. 117.)

*Jam brumá veniente præterivit
 Æstas mollior, et cadunt ab altis
 Frondes arboribus : tepor Favoni,
 Immanes Boreæ furentis iras
 Formidans, abit. Illum, agri voluptas,
 Canoræ volucres sequuntur. Ergo
 Et nos dulcia rura deseramus,
 Dum Ver purpureá comá decorum
 Rēducatur Zephyri tepentis auram.
 Horti, deliciæ meæ, valetc !
 Fontes luciduli, valetc ! Salve,
 Mihi villula carior superbis
 Regum liminibus ! Recedo ; sensum
 Sed meum hic animumque derelinquo.*

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Summer's last lingering rose is flown,
 The leaf has wither'd on the tree ;
 I hear the coming winter moan
 Through the sad forest sullenly.
 The North-wind's rage soft Zephyr flies ;
 And all the songsters of the grove,
 Borne on his wing, 'mid brighter skies
 Trill their sweet lays of joy and love.
 Then quit we, too, the rural plain ;
 Till Spring, with coronal so gay,
 Woo young Favonius back again,
 And chide his coy, his cold delay.
 Farewell, ye flowers, ye streams ! and thou,
 Sweet home, than princely hall more dear !
 Seat of my soul's delight, adieu !
 I go—but leave my spirit here.

F. W.

MISCELLANIES ;

BY THE LATE

Rev. E. W. Barnard.

Twice three years have pass'd away—
 Since when I stood on Airey's brow,
 And thought on many a holiday
 Pass'd with thee at our home below,

I scarce believed the lapse of time :
 But, when fond memory call'd again
 The playmate of my boyhood's prime,
 I shrank to feel she call'd in vain.

He sleeps, alas ! a soldier's sleep
 On thy red bosom, Waterloo ;
 And I have ceased his loss to weep,
 And girt me to the world anew.

But hours, like this, will reach me yet—
 When something heard, or seen, or spoken
 Stirs up within my heart regret,
 Mellow'd by time, but never broken.

Here, on this very breezy hill,
 When July's eve brought gentle weather,
 How often have we communed, till
 Our hearts would leap and cling together !

How often in the arduous chace—
 Emulous, but from envy free—
 We've paused abreast, and laugh'd to trace
 The laggards on yon miry lea !

How often into Fate's dark book —
 Prophetic both, but ah ! unwise—
 Our eager spirits dared to look,
 But look'd alas ! with Hope's young eyes ?

We read not, that thy lot was seal'd,
 Admired by all, in youth to die !
 My real fate was unreveal'd ;
 Still much is with futurity.

We read not, that domestic joy,
 Life's dearest gift, was stored for me :
 We read not, that a gallant boy,
 In name and look recalling thee,

Should rise beneath my fostering care—
 A light to gild my humble way,
 And keep thy memory fresh and fair
 Even to thy brother's latest day.

And now I should be loth to see
 The leaf, my latter end disclosing ;
 For life has yet been good to me,
 And haply ill may vex it's closing.

But chief, my little ones, for you
 I dread to read what Fate may bring !
 The fairest flowers, that earth e'er knew,
 Have perish'd in their natal spring :

And thou, dear Charles, hast taught me now,
 That worth is impotent to save ;
 That manhood's bravest plume must bow
 Before thy breath, insatiate grave !

LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

No doubt or fear shall come to shade
 Thy promise fair, my smiling boy :
 Let Wisdom augur what she will,
 Thy father's fervent spirit still
 Shall prophesy of joy.

I know, that earth is doom'd to perish :
 I know that thou, like me, art clay ;
 And eye, and lip, and beaming brow,
 That shine so eloquently now,
 Ere long shall pass away.

I know that many trials wait thee,
 And foes lie hid that heart within ;
 That grief shall soil my beauteous child,
 And pleasure's lure and passions wild
 Hurry thee into sin.

But thou, a spark of God's own spirit,
 Shalt ne'er remain their willing slave :
 For I will pray ; and One above
 Shall rescue send on wings of love,
 Omnipotent to save.

Oh ! if thine eye shall linger here,
 When he who writes is laid in dust ;
 These artless lines shall teach thee where
 Was heard for thee a father's prayer,
 Where stood a father's trust.

And thou, in pure simplicity,
 Shalt seek the path he darkly trod ;
 With better hope shalt spurn delay,
 And hold in Christ th' unerring way
 From infancy to God.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

Sleep on, my little Rose, uninjured sleep !
 Whilst I, with love untired, my vigil keep,
 And study thy sweet face. The clustering hair
 Curl'd o'er thy glowing cheek and forehead fair,
 The little hands upon thy pillow prest,
 The calm deep motions of thy guileless breast,
 The half-form'd smiles around that lip that play,
 And tell of dreams as innocent and gay
 As thy young self, my child !—Oh ! what should please
 A father's eye, and heart, so well as these ?
 Ah !—for a cloud obscures that sunny brow !
 What angry shape has cross'd thy fancy now ?
 Hath Mab been with thee ? See ! she prompts in vain,
 That blessed smile is beaming there again !
 I hold my breath, and listen for the name,
 That but half utter'd with that faint smile came.
 Again—"Mama"—yes—she, whose kiss removes
 All pain and grief, so wondrously she loves !
 She is the angel of thy dreaming mind—
 Fit dwelling-place for one so pure and kind !

Sleep on, sweet Rose, dream ever thus, nor wake
 To aught but happiness. Thou can'st not make
 In fancy's world a visionary bliss
 More clear and brilliant, than thou find'st in this :
 For love is all thy young life's business here—
 Pure holy love, unmix'd with doubt or fear.
 Would it might always be so ! But a time
 Of change must come ; and thou shalt hear of crime,
 Of hate, of fickleness, of guile and scorn,
 And pride and envy, and the foul return
 Of evil for good deeds.—Heaven guard thy lot
 From these, my child ! Heaven grant, thou feel them not !
 Yet these are man's inheritance. Thou must bear—
 E'en thou, my innocent, thy allotted share

Of purifying grief. Thy trying hour
 Must come ere long, perhaps when earthly power
 Is none to aid ; when these dim eyes, that pour
 Their blessing thus, watch over thee no more !

Peace, troubled spirit ! murmur not ; for One
 There is, who ne'er will leave her : He alone
 Hath power, and will, to keep her in the way
 Of innocence and love : His arm will stay
 Her soul, that she shall faint not.

What, though foes
 Be leagued against the good, and earthly woes
 Be hard to bear ! What, though the vale appear,
 Which all must pass of darkness and of fear !
 E'en there shall faith find triumph, and the rod
 Of comfort succour all, who trust in God.

My child ! my child ! the time shall come, when thou
 Shalt o'er my pillow bend as I do now ;
 And hush thine own to catch my parting breath,
 Still asking, ' Is it sleep, or is it death ?'
 Oh ! chiefly then, when I am laid in dust,
 Thine earliest love remember. Fix thy trust
 In the sure promise of Redeeming Love ;
 And here thou shalt have peace, and happiness above.

TO A LADY,

Written after the Birth of her Daughter (Rosamond).

I linger by thy silent bed,
 Yet sorrow not ;—for in thine eye,
 And gentle brow, no trace remains
 Of pain gone by :
 She, who lies sleeping on thy breast,
 Hath turn'd thy grief to extasy.

Ah ! not in vain thy tender looks
 Fall on thy husband's watchful heart :
 They bid me share thy joy, and fain—
 Fain would impart
 Those mysteries of maternal love,
 That ne'er shall from thy soul depart.

And not in vain thy husband's prayer
 Shall duly rise for her, for thee :
 'This Rose now budding by thy side—
 Oh ! may she be
 For ever sweet to earth and heaven,
 As thou hast been to God and me !

And thou, through life's long pilgrimage,
 Shalt on thy daughter's love recline ;
 And teach her like a star of peace,
 Like thee, to shine—
 Studious of every earthly grace,
 But trusting only to divine.

And when in age thy God shall stoop
 To take his gift, thy pure-drawn breath,
 Her bosom shall thy pillow be :
 Her love, her faith
 Shall cheer thee to the last, and share
 Thy triumph o'er the sting of death.

TO MY HOME.

Yon old grey wall, whose gable high
 Lifts the Redeemer's sign,
 Whose tendrils green like tracery
 O'er arch and mullion twine—
 It is, in truth, a holy place ;
 For God himself hath deign'd to grace
 That humble Home of mine :
 And thoughts of Him are blended fair
 With every joy I've tasted there.

The one best friend, whose modest worth
 E'en from my praises flies ;
 The babe, whose soul is budding forth
 From her blue smiling eyes ;
 And prattling still the sturdy boy,
 Who climbs my knee with heart of joy
 To gain his little prize—
 Their looks of love how can I see,
 Nor think, great Sire of Love, on thee ?

Pride enters not yon peaceful room ;
 But books and arts abound ;
 Nor there do vain Penates come
 To reign—'tis holy ground !
 And duly, Lord, when evening brings
 Release from toil on balmy wings,
 An household band is found
 To raise thy throne, and offer there
 The gift thou lovest, Domestic Prayer.

Within, all studies end in thee ;
 And when abroad I rove,
 There's not a herb, a flower, a tree,
 That speaks not of thy love :
 There's not a leaf, that whirl'd on high
 Wanders along the stormy sky,
 That hath not words to prove—

How like would be my restless lot,
If Grace Divine upheld me not !

Oh ! look upon yon glorious scene ;
Wood, hill, and wave survey :
Mark every path where God hath been,
And own his wondrous way.
For me, I daily come to bless,
Dear landscape, all thy loveliness ;
And dare not turn away,
Till I have spoken the Psalmist's line—
“ These gracious works, dread Lord, are thine.”

My Home ! my Home ! I've paused awhile
In many a stranger land,
And seen in all “ boon nature ” smile
Beneath her Maker's hand :
But never, since calm Reason took
From Fancy's clutch her rhyming book,
A joyful resting plann'd—
Till here the blessed scene I laid,
Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home ! my Home ! Oh ! ever dear
Thy hallow'd scenes shall lie ;
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.
I deem my Home an emblem meet
Of that enduring last retreat,
From pain and passion free,
Where Peace shall fix her bright abode,
And yield her followers up to God.

WOMAN.

Oh Thou, by heaven ordain'd to be
 Arbitress of man's destiny !
 From thy sweet lip one tender sigh,
 One glance from thine approving eye,
 Can raise or bend him at thy will
 To virtue's noblest fights, or worst extremes of ill.

Be angel-minded, and despise
 Thy sex's little vanities ;
 And let not Passion's lawless tide
 Thy better purpose sweep aside :
 For woe awaits the evil hour,
 That lends to man's annoy thy heaven-entrusted power.

Woman ! 'tis thine to cleanse his heart
 From every gross unholy part :
 Thine, in domestic solitude,
 To win him to be wise and good ;
 His pattern, friend, and guide to be—
 To give him back the heaven, he forfeited for thee !

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

I love to watch yon little western cloud,
 So brightly colour'd by the setting sun :
 See, how it lessens, lost each glorious hue !
 Touches the veil of twilight—and is gone !

Oh grant my soul, kind Heaven, a doom like this—
 So soft, so mild, to quit these bonds of clay ;
 To shine awhile in Friendship's partial eye—
 Then, like yon happy vapour, pass away !

SPRING.

He comes ! to liberate the earth,
 " With healing on his wing ;"
 And Joy leaps up, and Love, and Mirth,
 To greet the infant Spring !
 Where'er the beauteous wanderer treads,
 Herb and flower put forth their heads
 To court his life-inspiring kiss :
 And hark ! the wild bird's roundelay
 Proclaims aloud from every spray
 The age of love and bliss.

Alas ! how cold, how dull the heart,
 That leaps not to the Spring,
 That feels not every nobler part
 Alive and blossoming !
 Thou, Lucy, dearly lovest to rove
 Along the mead, the vale, the grove,
 And feast on Nature's extasy :
 Yet still with cold un pitying face
 Can'st on thy lover's anguish gaze,
 And let him droop and die !

MY GREYHOUNDS.

Remember'st thou my Greyhounds true ?
 O'er holt or hill there never flew,
 From least or slip there never sprang,
 More fleet of foot or sure of fang.

(*Sir W. Scott.*)

Oh ! dear is the naked wold to me,
 Where I move alone in my majesty !
 Thyme and cistus kiss my feet,
 And spread around their incense sweet.
 The laverock, springing from his bed,
 Pours royal greeting o'er my head .

My gallant guards, my Greyhounds tried,
 March in order by my side ;
 And every thing that's earthly born,
 Wealth and pomp and pride, I scorn—
 And chiefly thee,
 Who lift'st so high thy little horn,
 Philosophy !

Wilt thou say, that life is short ;
 That Wisdom loves not hunter's sport,
 But virtue's golden fruitage rather
 Hopes in cloister'd cell to gather ?
 Gallant Greyhounds, tell her ; here
 Trusty Faith and Love sincere,
 Here do Grace and Zeal abide,
 And humbly keep their master's side.
 Bid her send whate'er hath sold
 Human hearts—lust, power, and gold—
 A cursed train !
 And blush to find, that on the wold
 They bribe in vain.

Then let her preach ! The Muse and I
 Will turn to Goshawk, Gaze, and Guy ;
 And give to worth it's proper place,
 Though found in nature's lowliest race.
 And when we would be great or wise,
 Lo ! o'er our heads are smiling skies :
 And thence we'll draw instruction true,
 That worldly science never knew.
 Then let her argue as she will ;—
 I'll wander with my Greyhounds still
 (Halloo ! halloo !)
 And hunt for health on the breeze-worn hill,
 And wisdom too.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

INTRODUCTION.

Come with a poet's eye, and parent's heart,
 And bless your bounteous Maker!—There they sit,
 Beneath yon towering elms—a goodly boy,
 And gentle girl—their little arms around
 Each others' necks entwining, as if loth
 To play at worldly games, and minding only
 Love, ceaseless love, the business of heaven.
 Glows not thy heart within thee at the sight?
 —Ha! nobler visions come—and hark! the voice
 Of more than earthly music! Angel forms,
 Twin spirits, hovering o'er that infant pair,
 Illume like sunshine the departing skies—
 So bright, so fond their smile! And, higher still
 (Such social charity prevails in heaven)
 Cherub and seraph troop around, to hear
 The Guardians sing their gracious benison.
 These hand in hand, poised on their snow-white wings,
 Alternate sing, and at each choral pause
 Lift up to One Unseen their waving palms,
 And draw down blessings. O'er their innocent charge,
 In plenteous shower, the ready blessings fall;
 To mortal vision like ethereal dews,
 Odours, or rarest flowers, or costly gems.
 Or stars of mildest lustre:—beautiful,
 And passing speech, in plenteous shower they fall;
 And ever and anon the Ministering Spirits,
 With looks that show unutterable love,
 Bend o'er the infants, and resume their song.

SONG.

CHORUS—Strew about, strew about !

1st ANG. Dews from an immortal wing,
 Little bosoms nourishing ;
 Smiles of an immortal glow,
 Making goodly seed to grow—

CHORUS. Strew about, strew about !

2nd ANG. Drops of radiance glittering bright
 From the face of orient light,
 Ripening every plant of worth,
 Till it bud and blossom forth—

CHORUS. Strew about, strew about !

1st ANG. Flowers, that hand of poet never
 May from heaven's pastures sever ;
 Richer theirs than rose's hue !
 Sweeter they than violet blue—

CHORUS. Strew about, strew about !

2nd ANG. Gems that in profusion gay,
 Fearing nothing of decay,
 Over heart and over brow
 Ever bloom as fresh as now—

CHORUS. Strew about, strew about !

1st ANG. Gladsome health to fire the eye,
 And paint the cheek of infancy ;
 Doubtless zeal, and guileless love,
 Manhood's rugged heart to move—

CHORUS. Strew about, strew about !

2nd ANG. Lowly thought, and holy fear,
 Studious peace, and conscience clear,
 And grace divine, to make them be
 Meet for Angels' company—

CHORUS. Strew about, strew about !

THE LAUNCH OF THE NAUTILUS.

Up with thy thin transparent sail,
 Thou tiny mariner!—The gale
 Comes gently from the land, and brings
 The odour of all lovely things
 That Zephyr, in his wanton play,
 Scatters in Spring's triumphant way;—
 Of primrose pale, and violet,
 And young anemone beset
 By thousand spikes of every hue,
 Purple and scarlet, white and blue :
 And every breeze, that sweeps the earth,
 Brings the sweet sounds of love and mirth ;
 The shrilly pipe of things unseen,
 That pitter in the meadows green ;
 The linnet's love-sick melody,
 The laverock's carol loud and high ;
 And mellow'd, as from distance borne,
 The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus!—Thy day
 Of life and joy is come :—Away !
 The ocean's flood, that gleams so bright
 Beneath the morning's ruddy light,
 With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er
 The lucid gems that pave the shore :
 Each billow wears it's little spray,
 As maids wear wreaths on holiday ;
 And maid ne'er danced on velvet green
 More blithely round the May's young queen,
 Than thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea
 That woos thy prow so loviugly.
 Then lift thy sail :—'Tis shame to rest,
 Here on the sand, thy pearly breast.

Away ! thou first of mariners,
 Give to the wind all idle fears ;
 Thy freight demands no jealous care :
 Yet navies might be proud to bear
 The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell,
 That load thy ruby-cinctured shell.
 A heart is there to nature true,
 Which wrath nor envy ever knew ;
 A heart, that calls no creature foe,
 And ne'er design'd another's woe ;
 A heart, whose joy o'erflows it's home,
 Simply because sweet Spring is come.

Up, beauteous Nautilus !—Away !
 The idle Muse that chides thy stay
 Shall watch thee long, with anxious eye,
 O'er thy bright course delighted fly ;
 And, when black storms deform the main,
 Cry welcome to the sands again !
 Heaven grant, that she through life's wild flow
 May sail as innocent as thou ;
 And, homeward turn'd, like thee may find
 Sure refuge from the wave and wind !

THE SWALLOW.

The visitress of man, on earth
 She resteth not her flagging wing ;
 But seeks at once the blessed roof,
 To which in youth she loved to cling.

She feedeth not on earthly food ;
 But, glancing through the sunny sky,
 Seems from the very element
 To gather immortality !

For who hath ever found her grave,
 Or seen her virgin form decay ?
 When wintry death is prowling round,
 Where lives she then ? Aloft—away !

Her flight is won : but hath she left
 Nought but her clay-built nest behind ;
 No treasure to reward her host,
 No moral to refresh his mind ?

Yes : she hath shown him constant love,
 Contentment with her simple lot ;
 And scorn of earth, o'er which *his* soul
 Passeth—like her—but tarricth not !

THE HAWK.

How gallantly thy soaring wing
 Hath won yon place on high ;
 And there remains, unwavering,
 As if it's home were in the sky !
 Usurper ! thence thou spread'st afar
 Terror, like some portentous star !
 The birds, that skim the lower air,
 To covert dark with shrieks repair ;
 For well thy sudden swoop they know,
 Thy lightning glance, and deadly blow.
 The leveret crouches, close and still,
 On rushy brake and sheltering hill :
 With rustling wing, and fearful wail,
 Slow round their young the plovers sail ;
 And man's dim eye and giddy brain
 Up to that dazzling height strain after thee in vain.

Yet now, as o'er the city's walls
 In sorrowing mood I bend,
 Thy sight no piteous thought recalls ;
 Thou seem'st an old remember'd friend.
 And while I gaze, my spirit flies,
 Free as thy wing, to distant skies—
 To thyme-clad wold, and valley dear,
 Where oft I've watch'd thy proud career.
 Again around my morning way,
 Gentle yet bold, my greyhounds play :
 Again at noon I throw me down
 On silver grass, or heather brown,
 And gild with young poetic eye
 The meanest flower that blossoms nigh ;
 Or people the wild hill again

With thousand fairy forms, Titania's peerless train.

And now, a sportsman's honours won,
 I mount yon western brow ;
 Delighted, ere the day is done,
 To gaze on all that lies below—
 The far blue hills, the river bright,
 Burning with sunset's golden light ;
 The scatter'd cots with trees between,
 The lowly church, the village green ;
 And chiefly, (dearer far than all)
 Yon shadowy grove, yon old gray hall !
 A cross surmounts it's gable high,
 Beneath it countless roses sigh :
 O'er arch and mullion, waving light,
 Twine trembling leaves and blossoms white :
 Within—but hold, my soul ! repress

Each thought of that fire-side, now cold and tenantless !

Ah ! happy home ! and must it be
 For aye my mournful lot
 To wander, restless, far from thee ;
 To wish in vain, and win thee not ?

Vain Hope ! and merciless, as vain !
I will not make thee sport again :
Like yon fierce bird thou seem'st to shine,
A star of heaven, 'midst things divine ;
Drawing the wretch's heart and eye,
Then dashing down, in mockery !
I'll look no more—I'll stoop to bear,
Patient and dull, my load of care.
My sickening heart abhors thy ray,
Which shines and lures but to betray !
Vain Hope ! thy fierce delusion's o'er :
Patient I'll suffer on, and look to thee no more.



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE, AND LITERARY PURSUITS, OF
MARC-ANTONIO FLAMINIO.

FEW Writers have met with such general applause from their contemporaries as MARC-ANTONIO FLAMINIO, and no man has engaged in a more remarkable degree the affections of all who knew him. This personal attachment seems to have influenced all succeeding generations. I should be at a loss to name an author, from his own to the present time, who has not spoken with respect and regard of his character, as well as with admiration of his literary labours. Though living in an age when intellectual distinction was greedily sought for, his seat on the summit of classical fame was undisturbed by the envy which usually follows merit. Placed among the statesmen and nobility of the most intriguing court of Europe, he kept himself unspotted by any factious feeling, and preserved a rural singleness of heart. With similar felicity, he escaped the moral corruption of the era in which he flourished ; and what to a mind constituted like his might perhaps be more dangerous, the prevalent substitution of religious observances for the natural worship of a pure and cheerful life.

The seeds of such a blessed disposition can be sown only by a divine hand : but it's growth may, in part, be attributed to secondary causes ; among which the most efficacious will always be, what Flaminio happily enjoyed, the careful culture of paternal love and the powerful stimulus of a father's example. Gian-

Antonio Flaminio had the satisfaction of seeing his moral as well as his literary excellence reflected in the conduct of his child, whose affection for his first and dearest tutor had no bounds; and honourable mention of the sire has always accompanied the praise of the son. That sire himself enjoyed a high reputation. Father Capponi, who published his *Familiar Letters* at Bologna in 1744, enumerates twenty Works which he printed, most of them in 4to, and at least as many inedited productions. Of these Moreri mentions especially a *History of the Roman Emperors*, the *Lives of many Dominican Saints*, two *Books of Epigrams*, and two entitled *Sylvæ*. He speaks himself with great satisfaction of a *Tragedy*, which he named 'Priamus:' but it does not seem to have been printed. J. Gaddius eminently commends one of his *Elegies* to his friends. The rank and merit of several of his correspondents abundantly prove, that he was held in high esteem; and Capponi has given a minute account of his life and labours, which is quoted by Tiraboschi. From this and a letter of the learned Gian-Agostino Gradenigo, Bishop of Ceneda (printed in the *Nuova Raccolta d' Opuscoli*; &c.) it appears, that he was the son of Lodovico Zarabini of Cotignola, a soldier of good family, some of whose ancestors had been entrusted with embassies to different courts by Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan. Lodovico himself was, also, distinguished as an author; but his works have perished.

Gian-Antonio was born at Imola about the year 1464, where he was a fellow-student of Raffaele Riario, who afterward attained the dignity of a Cardinal. He was subsequently sent to Bologna, and studied under the elder Beroaldo. Thence, at the age of sixteen, on account of the pestilence which raged at Bologna he was removed to Venice; and, in his twentieth year, he was enrolled in the celebrated Academy of Pomponius Lætus, under the assumed name (which passed to his descendents) of Flaminio. In the following year, he accepted an invitation to superintend the school of Serravalle, a small town in the diocese of Trevigi, on a salary of a hundred sequins; and married Veturia a lady of good family, with whom he afterward removed to Montagnana, where he abode at different intervals fourteen years.

At a later period, on account of his lady's declining health, he returned to Serravalle, and bought a small estate, and built a house at that place. There he lost his wife, and two of his three sons, Giulio and Fausto. Mention is made, in his letter to Leo, of a fourth, who probably died in infancy; as Marc-Antonio omits his name in the poem, which he wrote on the death of his mother and his two brothers. Serravalle being taken and sacked, and his own residence plundered in the wars which followed the League of Cambray, Gian-Antonio returned to Imola about the year 1509, after more than twenty-five years' absence, and found his father and mother still alive. His old school-fellow, Cardinal Riario, showed him great kindness; and he received an invitation to Rome, which he declined, from Pope Julius II. About the year 1513, he lost his brother and a very promising nephew, and soon afterward returned to his beloved Serravalle; where he was enrolled among the nobility, and honourably distinguished both by the citizens and the learned men of the neighbourhood. Cardinal Grimani especially, who was resident at the neighbouring town of Ceneda, paid him great attention. His last migration took place in 1520, at the earnest solicitation of the noble family of the Fantuzzi, to Bologna, where (as he informed his son) in his second year of residence he had ten pupils of noble birth in his house, and had refused to receive many others. He died at the advanced age of seventy-two, May 18, 1536.

The following passage of Tiraboschi introduces the Subject of this Memoir, and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of adopting it. "I now," he says, "speak of the sweetest, the most amiable, the most modest of all the Latin poets of that age, that is, of Marc-Antonio Flaminio; a name not less dear to Virtue than to the Muses, and who in all those who knew him awakened sentiments of equal admiration and tenderness." He was born at Serravalle in 1498, and till his fourteenth year appears to have had no instructor but his excellent father. Under his learned and pious guidance, the pupil at once ardent and docile embraced the doctrines of Christianity, and drank in copious streams the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome. His superior abilities attracted the attention of his tutor's enlightened friends at

an early age. Romolo Amaseo, wishing to console Gian-Antonio for the loss of his wife, mentions the extensive acquirements of his son,* who was at that time under ten years of age! It was sound judgement therefore, and not parental vanity, which induced Gian-Antonio to send him unaccompanied to Rome, on completing his sixteenth year, upon a mission which, however trifling, must necessarily draw toward him the observation of the learned and the powerful. A Letter of congratulation to Leo X.,† who had recently been raised to the Pontificate, a Poem exhorting him to a crusade against the Turks, and a Letter of introduction to the Cardinal Marco Cornaro were entrusted to his care, with a book also of Miscellaneous Poems from the pen of the bearer; the latter transcribed probably with a hope, that the promise of excellence displayed in them would procure for the youthful author the friendship and patronage of some of the nobles, who adorned that splendid court.

The boy-adventurer, on his arrival at Rome, met with a most favourable reception. Cardinal Cornaro and the Cardinal of Aragon took the first opportunity of presenting him to the Pope, who not only accepted his presents with great kindness, but gave him several proofs of his approbation. Not the least of these was a warm recommendation to Raffaele Brandolini, whose reputation as an orator and poet stood extremely high. Giambattista Pio also, who knew and esteemed his father, proposed to give him the benefit of his instruction; having found him (as he states) equally amiable and learned, but awkward and bashful.‡

* Ep. xix. *Præcoci eruditionis adolescentulum.*

† His letter to Leo is judicious and elegant:—"Misi hac de causa M. A. Flaminium filium meum, adolescentem fortasse non ineruditum (parcius enim de eo loqui paterna jubet verecundia) qui et ipse cum suis litterariis munusculis, Persarum more laudatissimo, ad Tuam Beatitudinem accessit; nullo quidem longioris itineris incommodo, nullo labore deterritus: ac spei plenus, ratusque se simul ac sua munuscula Tibi fore non ingrata, cui et primitias suas et totum ingenium cum ipso genitore jamdiu consecravit. Foro Corn. 1514. Mai. 5." (Epist. II. 1.)

‡ "Est enim, mihi crede, ingenio præcoci juvenis ac naturæ primigeniis favorabilis, cujus in me observantiæ mirificæ officia exstant innu-

This, however, is quite at variance with the account given of his behaviour at court, where he is represented by the Cardinal of Arragon to have charmed by his manners as well as his talents, and to have disputed fearlessly with the Pontiff himself.* This discussion took place at his third, or fourth, interview. From a letter of his father to Leo, we learn that his Holiness had received him most condescendingly at one of his villas, and promised to send for him again as soon as he returned to Rome; a promise, which was not forgotten. On another occasion, delighted with the happy mixture of modesty and genius in the young scholar, he addressed him on taking leave of him with Virgil's

Macte nova virtute, puer : sic itur ad astra.

It was not to be expected that Leo, the admirer of genius and the patron of every learned man, would choose to lose a youth, whose abilities were acknowledged on all sides to be of the highest order: and, accordingly, he expresses to his father an earnest wish to retain him in the Eternal City. This splen-

mera; sed pudor quippe subrusticus. Rarènter ad me itat, et si quando accidit, timide; ut oculos Augusti intueri, ac elephanto stipem porrigere videatur. (Macrob. Saturn. II. 4.) Familiarescat, admone, ac tandem atrocium exuat: exuet enim, si me Pium, et te Pii fratrem cogitabit." (Ib. XII. 9.)

* "Pergratæ nobis fuerunt litteræ tuæ, Flamini doctissime, non tam certe quod tegratissimum cognovimus, quam quod eximiam animi tui probitatem quasi oculis intueri nobis licuit; quam egregie tuus repræsentat filius M. A. F. moribus, ingenio, ac eruditione supra ætatem singulari; ut facile intelligamus in qualem si vixerit virum sit evasurus, qui se nunc talem ac tantum adolescentem præstet. Officia nostra quæ tantopere laudas et mitaris, sic tibi ac illi præstitimus, ut multo majora si res postulet vos a nobis, hoc est ab animo benevolentissimo et in vos maxime prono, exspectare velimus. Sed mirificam nobis, et aliquot simul qui aderant Cardinalibus, et aliis quibusdam clarissimis viris attulit voluptatem filii tui disputatio quædam, quam cum Pontifice ipso audacter et docte habuit; qua illius ingenium et doctrinam Beatissimus Pater experiri voluit, cui vix credibile videbatur Sylvarum opusculum, quod is post oblatam epistolam tuam obtulit, ex tam adolescentis officina esse profectum. Sed egregie probavit suas esse illas, non alienas vigilias. Quare tibi de tali filio plurimum gratulamur, quem non dubitamus in summum virum et magnum huic sæculo ornamentum, si ad virilem ætatem (quod maxime optamus) pervenerit, evasurum. Cui simul ac tibi officia alia et operam nostram, quibuscumque in rebus fuerit opus, tam liberaliter quam libenter pollicemur. Vale. Prid. Cal. Jul. M.DXIII. ex Urbe." (Ib. II. 9.)

did offer was, however, refused by Gian-Antonio for reasons assigned in a letter to his Holiness.*

Other and more exalted reasons existed, as may easily be collected from his various Epistles. The Court of Leo had already assumed a character of licentiousness; and it could not be expected, that a youth of sixteen would long resist such temptations. Whether the son himself, or friends on whose probity and watchfulness reliance might safely be placed, solicited a longer residence at Rome, does not appear: but it seems certain, that the father's purpose of recalling him home at length gave way: and Marc-Antonio, profiting by this indulgence, paid a hasty visit to Naples, where he became acquainted with Sannazaro, then in the height of his renown.

In the following year, he accepted an invitation to attend Count Baldassar Castiglione to Urbino.†

This accomplished nobleman received him into his own house, and charmed alike by his genius and his disposition, treated him with fatherly affection. The court of Urbino was, at that time, one of the most brilliant in Italy; and Castiglione himself was not its least splendid ornament. His very elegant and popular work *Il Cortegiano*, though not published till 1528, was even

* “Demum pietas in filium unicum nostra illum a me diutius abesse passa non est, quod unum de quatuor filiis (ætate mea jam prope in senium vergente, et amissa ætate proxima uxore carissima) solatium mihi relictum est. Præterea illius ætas me plurimum deterruit, quæ vix pueritiam (ut vides) egressa est; quæ si firmior esset, possem illius diuturniorem absentiam æquiore animo ferre. Salva igitur, B. P., Tuæ Celsitudinis gratia, redibit jam ad patrem unicus (ut dixi) filius; tuus, ubicunque fuerit, cum ipso genitore futurus, ac tuis mecum laudibus perpetuo invigilaturus. Foro Corn. 1514. Jun.” (Ib. II. 2.)

† If he consulted his father on this measure, his letter must have miscarried---no unusual occurrence in those times---as the news of his having left Rome, unaccompanied by any notice of his destination, caused great domestic uneasiness. It was only by accident, that he heard at last of his son's good fortune, and instantly despatched a messenger to ascertain the truth, charged with letters of congratulation on his having acquired the friendship of a nobleman so distinguished.

then in progress ; and his Latin poetry echoed from every mouth. But gallantry was, alas ! in these ages but too usually the companion of courtly literature ; and all the letters of Flaminio's father to Castiglione, which are numerous, breathe the most earnest solicitude on this point.*

* In one, for example : " De filio ne quid scribam ratio est, quia is mihi abunde suis declaravit litteris, nunquam sibi melius fuisse, nec patrem sibi nec paternam domum deesse ; nihil denique quod ætati, quod suis studiis necessarium sit, aut optari conveniat. Quæ cum ita sint, temperantur mirifice paterni affectus, ac reprimuntur. Et quanquam nulla in re te admoneri opus est, et per te abunde sapis ; attamen quia res admodum anxiosa est paternus amor, qui etiam in tuto timet, nihil magis a te peto, nihil est quod mihi majus præstare possis, quam si Argi oculis (ut dici solet) semper inspexeris quibuscum versetur. Scis enim pravorum consuetudine nihil adolescentibus esse perniciosius. Sciebam non oportere hoc a me scribi, tibi præsertim, quum mihi a principio persuaserim, non minus diligentem et accuratam esse institutionem tuam quam meam ; sed æquo animo (ut consuevisti) meam sollicitudinem feres, ac patriæ pietati, quæ supervacaneum etiam timorem frequenter ingerat, veniam dabis. Vale." (Ib. I. 9.)

And again, in another ;

Neque enim scribere possem quanto jamdiu tuarum litterarum desiderio tenear, in quibus velim me certiore facias quid agat filius ; an tibi satisfaciatur, ac satis expectationi tuæ respondeat ; quorum consuetudine delectetur--bonorum, pato ; sic enim ab ipsa infantia est a me institutus, ac semper admonitus." (Ib. XI. 5.)

His fears were not altogether unfounded : for the verses of the young Flaminio began to assume a lighter cast, and so early as the month of March his watchful monitor found it necessary to offer a little wholesome reproof. After accepting his excuse for his dilatoriness in writing, he adds : " Oden quam nunc misisti, legi libenter, et probavi omnia præter materiam, quam esse quidem aliquando hilariorē licet atque jocosam, sed pudentiorē velim ac minus lascivientem. Tu enim, qui modo pueritiam egressus es, et non minus pudice quam Vestalis quamdiu sub oculis et cura patris fuisti educatus es, dare operam maxime debes, ne paucis mensibus, quibus abes a nobis, videre deposita virgine mores induisse meretriculæ. Scio præcepta hujusmodi a plerisque adolescentibus contemni, et ridiculos videri qui talia præcipiunt : tanta est facta morum et pudoris jactura ; sed te, sic educatum, cum vulgo corruptorum adolescentium ineptire non convenit." (Ib. V. 2.)

Flaminio's mature opinion of licentious poetry is thus beautifully recorded :

Quid, o parentes, quid juvat
Futilibus nugis et turpi carmine vestros
Contaminare liberos ?
Nullum aliud magis esse nocens puerilibus annis
Videre prisca sæcula.

Marc-Antonio repaid the love of Castiglione by unbounded gratitude and esteem, which he displayed in a beautiful Eclogue, entitled *Thyrsis*, written on the road as he was returning from an excursion to Mantua. This, with several poems of great elegance, were printed at Fano, in the month of September, and modestly appended to a book of *Næniæ* of the poet Marullus.*

Toward the end of the year, Marc-Antonio was recalled by his judicious father from the fascinations of Urbino. A desire that he should choose a profession, or at least proceed in a course of philosophical study, induced him to refuse one of the most honourable overtures ever made to a youth of seventeen. It was an offer, from Sadoletto, to share with him the office of Pontifical Secretary. This promptitude, on the part of a person at that time distinguished for his Latin compositions, to advance the interests of one whom vulgar minds would have deemed a rival, does him great honour; nor can we deny a large share of praise either to the son who deserved, or to the father who could decline, such a flattering proffer.

Marc-Antonio was now placed at the University of Bologna;† and here his good fortune continued to attend him. He was hospitably received in the palace of Count Francesco, a member of the noble house of Bentivoglio, whose friendly care of the son's morals the father acknowledged with the warmest gratitude. Similar letters are addressed to the Count's brothers, Andreas and Baptist; from which it appears that their nephew Andreas, a youth of much promise, was greatly attached to Flaminio.

* A description of this very rare Work is given by Mr. Roscoe, in his 'Life of Leo X.' He says, that several of the pieces, including the *Thyrsis*, are not to be found in the subsequent editions of Flaminio; and that the letters, prefixed to them, throw considerable light on the early years and studies of their Author.

† His dislike of this change is disclosed by an expression of his father's letter to Beroaldo, in which he also mentions Sadoletto's kindness; "I have recalled," he says, "or rather torn away, my son from the society of Castiglione at Bologna, however good," &c.

It does not transpire, how long the young student remained at Bologna. On leaving it he returned to Rome, and became a member of the illustrious Academy of Pomponius Lætus, which was then in all it's glory. But this second visit was not marked with courtly attentions. The patronage of the Pontiff shone upon him no longer. It is highly probable, that his upright and delicate mind viewed with disgust the general licentiousness, and offered no incense at the shrine of power. In fact, not a verse of Flaminio makes mention of Leo.* There were few men of talents, however, who did not seek and value him, even at this period of depression. He is named by Arsilli among the distinguished poets then resident at Rome, and his proud independence is noticed in the character given of him, as *nimum sibi durus et atrox*.† Giraldi, likewise, names him about the same time as a youth of the highest promise, both for his moral conduct, and for his perseverance in study. The infirmity or disease of his stomach, however, which embittered his whole life, and often rendered him incapable of either prosecuting his literary pursuits, or entering into society, was even at his early age so great as to excite the apprehension of this friendly writer. Bembo, Sadoletto, and Molza also showed him great attention, notwithstanding the neglect of the Pontiff; and he was one of the most acceptable visitors at the houses of Angelo Colocci and Gorizio. The last of these splendid patrons of literature has been made known to subsequent ages by the celebrated *Coryciana*, or Poems offered on his birth-day by the wits of Rome at the magnificent shrine, which he erected to his tutelar St. Anne. Flaminio was the most distinguished of the contributors on this occasion, and is installed by Arsilli the High Priest of the solemnity.‡

The celebrated Longolius resided at Rome, with his friend Tomarotio, during Flaminio's stay there; but whether their

* It is not improbable, that the intimacy of Flaminio with the family of the Sauli, who were involved in Cardinal Petrucci's conspiracy, contributed to keep him in disfavour.

† Dial. de Poet. Suor. Temp. I.

‡ An account of this literary worship, and a close and elegant translation of one of Flaminio's offerings, is given by Mr. Rescoe.

acquaintance began casually, or was produced by Flaminio's offer to read the Defence, which Longolius (in expectation that his enemies would bring him to trial during his absence) had left behind him, is uncertain.* This trial took place in the end of the year 1519. The Defence was recited before the Pope himself; and won for Longolius not only a complete triumph, but an accession of honour. On his return to Italy, he fixed his abode at Padua, a city to which the fame of it's University attracted men of talent from every quarter of Europe. About the same time, Flaminio removed from Rome with his friend Stefano Sauli, one of the Apostolical Prothonotaries; and these three accomplished men taking into their society Reginald Pole, at that time a student of most amiable disposition, seem to have lived together in the closest intimacy. Naugerio and Giulio Camillo, also, were frequently partakers of those feasts of intellect, which occasionally drew Bembo himself from Rome. Our young Author's finances were, however, so low, that he was destitute even of necessary clothing; a fact, which can only be reconciled with Sauli's known affection for him by a supposition highly honourable to Flaminio's delicacy—that he shrunk from the risk of exchanging the station of a friend for that of a dependent. Longolius endeavoured about this time with great kindness, it appears, to interest Mariano Castellano, a wealthy kinsman of Flaminio, in his favour.† Flaminio,

* Sadoletto's words, in writing an account of this offer to Longolius, are: "Sed cum exstaret Defensio tua, quam pro te ipse conscripseras, primo decretum est dandam operam esse ea uti recitaretur: operam suam ad hoc pollicente Flaminio, adolescente in primis ornato hujus civitatis."

† "Flaminium ex tuis litteris equidem accusare possum negligentiae, quod nihil unquam ad te de me; sed cum nihilominus a me commendatum velim habeas. Dignus est adolescens, quem omni tua humanitate liberalitateque complectare. Usus es tu quidem aliquando summa in cum benignitate; sed tum cum non tam necesse esset, quam nunc est, nec ipse in tantam doctrinae spem adhuc ingressus. Cave enim putes quidquam ei istic esse, aut jam multis etiam saeculis fuisse, simile vel ingenio, vel industria, vel probitate, vel etiam gravitate. Equidem sic de eo pronunciare soleo, ut dicam neque natura benigniore quemquam hodie uti, neque cum fortuna duriore conflictari. Quare cum id ei cumulatissime adsit quod nullius beneficio assequi possit, id autem omnino absit quod tu ei cumulatissime praestare potes; nec committendum velis, mi

indeed, is every where mentioned in that writer's Epistles in an uniform tone of affection and admiration, not unmixed with apprehension lest his ill-health and consequent low spirits should blight the rich promise of his genius.*

The residence of Flaminio and Sauli at Padua was interrupted by several visits to Rome and Bologna, and by one of considerable duration to Genoa (the native place of the latter) in the year 1522. At Genoa, or at a villa belonging to Sauli in it's neighbourhood, where they remained a whole summer, these two friends with the aid of Giulio Camillo and Sebastian Delio established an Academy, which (as Tiraboschi observes) "though too short in it's duration, is worthy of a place among the most illustrious from the merits of it's constituent members." From a letter of Bartolomeo Ricci, quoted by that historian, we learn that it was brok-

Mariane, ut tantæ spei, tantæ virtutis adolescenti et (quod constat) propinquo tuo tum denique defuisse videre, cum ad summam eruditionem dignitatemque pleno gradu contenderet, &c." (Longol. Epist. III. 21.)

And again ;

"De Flaminio quod benigne polliceris, respondes illi omnino, quam de proluxa tua atque benefica in studiosos omnes semper habui, opinioni : sed nihil eo, quod ostendis, etiam nunc est opus. Inita est enim a nobis ratio, quemadmodum hic adolescentem tuamur. In vestiario tantum laboramus : in quo si adjutus a te fuerit, otium ejus liberalitate tua constitutum esse judicabo." (Ib. IV. 13.)

§ He writes thus to Lælius Maximus ; "Quod ingenio, industria, virtute æquales suos omnes longe superarit, plane non dubito : ne fortuna tantæ indolii maligne responderit, etiam atque etiam timeo. Sed tamen velim ut animo maximo sit, optetque semper secunda, cogitet adversa, ferat qualiacunque acciderint, neque sibi præstandum quidquam præter culpam existimet, &c." (Ib. II. 6.) Flaminio seems, also, to have been a frequent topic in his correspondence with Bembo. The following extract shows, that Bembo entertained the highest opinion of him : "Flaminium ipsum a me hic tibi commendandum esse non arbitror. Est enim jampridem in ære tuo, ut quem tute mihi ipse accurate commendaris. Testimonium modo mei de studio ejus atque industria judicii ei dabitur. Scito ex omni nobilitate Romana multis jam sæculis existisse neminem, qui ad summa ingenii atque judicii ornamenta tantum adjunxerit diligentia, et in omni liberalis doctrina studio assiduitatis. Non enim politiorem modo humanitatem et communes litteras attingit, sed etiam se utraque lingua in recte dicendi disserendique ratione ita exercuit, ut non credibile sit neque quam longe jam processerit, neque quo paucis annis tam pleno gradu perventurus sit, &c." (Ib. III. 22.)

en up by the ill-health of Flaminio. Of this visit he speaks, in many of his poems, with mingled satisfaction and regret.

From Genoa Flaminio accompanied Sauli to Rome, probably during the autumn of the same year, the period of their Longolius' immature death; and continued to live with him in the month of March following, as is proved by an epistle of Castiglione bearing that date.

Soon afterward Flaminio was induced, perhaps by the commendation of Sauli himself, whose friendship ended but with life, to attach himself to the Pope's datary Matthæo Giberti, the liberal and intelligent Bishop of Verona, with whom he was again established at Padua in 1524. Thence, after no long interval, he attended him to Verona, where he passed several happy years; dividing his time between his patron's palace and a delightful villa, which that excellent Prelate gave him on the banks of the Lago di Garda, very near to the residence of Fracastoro. In the society of this kindred spirit, undefiled by the slightest mixture of jealousy or reserve, and enlivened by frequent intercourse with Giberti himself, the three brothers della Torre, Capilupi, and others, Flaminio enjoyed all the felicity which easy circumstances, a tranquil conscience, and the purest taste can bestow. Here he devoted himself to the study of the ancient philosophers, especially of Aristotle; and composed the Treatises, which procured him so much honour among his contemporaries. Here, also, he wrote many of those simple and exquisite Hendecasyllables, which are to this day the delight of every scholar. Often reproached by his relatives for having abandoned them, he replied to them in strains of the most touching poetry. Some absences were unavoidable: but they were few and short. He visited Rome, as we learn from himself, in 1527, a short period before it was sacked; but it is uncertain, whether he was present at that scene of terror. He passed some time, also, at Venice in the year 1536, for the sake of printing his Paraphrase of Aristotle's Metaphysics, which is commended in the strongest terms by the abbot (afterward Cardinal) Cortese, "Truly," says that churchman, in a letter to the Cardinal Conta-

gini, " I always promised myself much from the judgement and understanding of Marc-Antonio, but in this work he has exceeded even my expectation." At Venice, likewise, in the following year he printed a prose Paraphrase of thirty-two of the Psalms, which received much approbation.

The villa on the lake was, however, his beloved home : but though his tastes were of the simplest kind, and his life was marked by no intemperance (unless it were that of severe study), the disorder of his stomach seemed to gain ground, and almost entirely deprived him of the blessing of sleep. His cheerful behaviour was, notwithstanding, unaltered by sufferings. At length his friends, alarmed at their nature and continuance, advised him to seek relief in a change of air. Accordingly, he removed to Naples at the end of the year 1538 ; and thence, not being able to procure such lodgings as he liked, he proceeded to Suessa where he enjoyed the hospitality of Galeazzo Florimonte during the ensuing winter. In the spring, he again fixed his abode at Naples : but he frequently made excursions to the different parts of that kingdom. At Caserta, especially, he remained a considerable time ; and to it's genial air he chiefly attributes the improvement, which took place in his health. At Suessa, Caserta, Naples, and every other place which he visited, his amiable disposition and polished manners secured him zealous friends : and at the last, more particularly, he received all the honours due to his literary merit ; among others, from Tasso, who also urged him to defend the Pontifical Faith.* This exhortation came too late. The deep sense of the vital importance of religion, the correct judgement and humble mind which so eminently distinguished Flaminio, had already led him to penetrate in several points the cloak which the Roman Church had thrown over the Scriptures of Truth. So early as the year 1536 he had, with his natural sincerity, professed his doubts, and had been called to account for them : as is evident from the confession of

* " Bernardo Tasso tra gli altri bramo di conoscerlo, e gli scrisse a tal fine invitandolo a venire a Sorrento, e dolendosi di non poterlo imitare nella buona vita, come si era sforzato di imitarlo nella poesia ; e conchiuse esortandolo a difendere colla sua virtu la Santa Fede." (Lett. I. 183.)

Tiraboschi himself, who quotes a passage from a letter written by Cortese to Contarini in the month of June of the same year, begging him to obtain for him the Pope's permission to read some of the books issued by the Reformers; "because I would not have that happen to me," he adds, "which befel Marc-Antonio in the Holy Week, especially if M. di Chieti (Card. Giampietro Caraffa) should know it."

At Naples, Flaminio became intimate with the Spanish reformer Valdes,* and Peter Martyr (then the Superior of a Monastery) whom he had known at Padua; and by often conferring with them on religious points, and comparing the results of their conversation and the suggestions of his own mind with the Scriptures, he was led to embrace the Reformed Tenets in several important particulars. The account of his opinions given by De Thou, and some others, is subjoined below.† The epigram

* There is a letter from Bonfadio to Monsignor Carnesecchi, on the subject of Valdes' death, printed in the *Lettere Volgari*, I. 32, in which occurs the following passage:---"E stata questo certo gran perdita, et a noi et al mondo: perche il Signor Valdes era un de rari huomini d' Europa; e quei scritti, ch'egli ha lasciato sopra le Epistole di San Paolo et i Salmi di David, ne faranno pienissima fede. Era senza dubbio nei fatti, nelle parole, et in tutti i suoi consigli un compiuto huomo. Reggeva con una particella dell' animo il corpo suo debole et magro: con la maggior parte poi, e co'l puro intelletto, e quasi come fuor del corpo, stava sempre sollevato alla contemplatione della verita e delle cose divine. Mi condoglio con Messer Marc-Antonio, perch' egli piu che ogni altro l'amava et ammirava. A me par, Signor, quando tanti beni et tante lettere et virtu sono unite in un' animo, che facciano guerra al corpo, et cerchino quanto piu tosto possono di salire insieme con l'animo alla stanza ond'egli e sceso." How applicable this last paragraph to both Flaminio, and his Translator!

† "Eo tempore inter eos, qui emendationi Ecclesie serio incumbi consultum ducebant, de iis que ad Fidem et Opera spectant, de Gratia et Libero Arbitrio, de Electione, Vocatione, Glorificatione in occulto controvertebatur: ac plerique, aliter quam vulgo doceretur de iis sentientes, se auctoritate B. Augustini tuebantur. In eamque rem opuscula ex ejus Operibus collecta Augustinus Fregosus Sosteneus Venetiis anno MDXLV excudi curaverat, additis notis ac scholiis; cui sententia accedebat Flaminius, cum in ceteris fidei capitibus doctrinae per Germaniam tunc disseminatae minime adstipularetur. Nam et luculentum ipsius exstat inter Vulgares Clarorum Virorum Epistolas de sacrosancto Eucharistiae

on the martyrdom of Savonarola, supposed by Roscoe to have been designed for Jerome of Prague (who was actually burned alive by the Council of Constance), I confess, proves nothing. In the absence of every thing, that would point out his poems (if they were now discovered for the first time, and divested of the names to which they are addressed, and the personal compliments which they convey) to be the work of a Roman Catholic, a strong negative argument would be found. Every page, it is true, abounds in natural and pious sentiments, and in strong devotional feeling toward God and the Author of our Salvation: but there is no invocation of Saints; no purpose to seek for Absolution, or to submit to do Penance; nothing, in fine, that shows attachment to the rites, or belief in the distinctive doctrines, of the Roman Catholic Church. The testimony of the Acts of Paul IV. indubitably establishes the fact. Yet did not Flaminio's heretical opinions diminish the affection of any of his friends, excepting only the bi-

mysterio ex Ecclesiæ sensu scriptis mandatum testimonium. Itaque cum alii, quibuscum religionis causa amicitiam coluerat, atque in primis Galeacius Caraciolus Vici Marchio patriam reliquissent, ipse in Italia mansit; neque tamen occultam censuram effugit, ejus nomine passim in Epistolis, quæ postea publicatæ sunt, propterea expuncto." (Hist. VIII. sub firem.) This account, however, which (as Bayle remarks) makes Flaminio more a Jansenist than a Protestant, is contradicted by Tessier, in his *Elog. Thuan.* "If we believe Jos. Simler," says he, "Thuanus was mistaken, when he wrote that 'Flaminio did not approve of the doctrine which Luther taught in Germany:' for Simler places Flaminio among those who, having embraced the Protestant religion, forced Peter Martyr (afterward Minister at Zurich) to follow their example, and renounce the communion of the Church of Rome." (Bayle, *Art. FLAMINIO*, Not. B.) Schelhorn published, in his *Amœnitates Hist. Eccles.* II. 1---170, a Dissertation affirming Flaminio's reputed heresy, to which Tiraboschi replied, in his *Storia della Letter. Ital.* XIII. iii. pp. 1424---1427. His writings were certainly *prohibited* in the Index of the bigoted Paul IV., in 1559; who, it is farther asserted, though denied by Tiraboschi, intended to have had his body disinterred and burned. The last named Author confesses; "che egli si mostrasse per qualche tempo propenso alle opinioni de' Novatori, non puo negarsi. E forse la stessa pieta del Flaminio, e l'austera e innocente vita ch'ei conduceva, lo trasse suo malgrado in quei lacci; perciocche, essendo la riforma degli abusi e l'emendazione de' costumi il pretesto di cui valeansi gli Eretici per muover guerra alla Chiesa, non e maraviglia che alcuni uomini pii si lasciassero da tali argomenti sedurre." He argues, however, that Cardinal Pole reconverted him, and boasted of having thus done a **great service to the Church.** (Roscoe's *Life of Leo. X.*, III. 442. not.)

got Caraffa: a striking instance of the influence of sincere piety, accompanied by gentleness and virtue, over minds which are themselves gentle and virtuous; and such were all those, which Flaminio intimately cherished. It is not surprising, therefore, that Contarini, who was acquainted with his opinions (as we have already seen) before he went to Naples, should in 1540, while he yet remained in notorious communication with the suspected reformers there, solicit his attendance to the Council of Worms. His long study of the Scriptures, and the facility and elegance with which he wrote both Greek and Latin, were undoubtedly additional reasons with the Cardinal for giving him this invitation: but Flaminio had too good an excuse in the precarious state of his health for declining it. About this time, however, the society which bound him to Naples was broken up by the death of Valdes; and in the following year he yielded to a summons from his old friend Cardinal Pole, then living at Viterbo, to which city the Pope had sent him with the dignity of Legate. With this princely Prelate he passed the remainder of his life.

Pole was himself suspected of favouring the New Heresy; and the friends, whom he drew around him, demonstrate that the suspicion was reasonably founded. In fact, his opening character was very different from that which distinguished him in his later years. Amiable, generous, and well intentioned, but of a weak mind and necessarily influenced by the superior intelligence by which he was surrounded; after death had deprived him of some of his youthful associates, and the persecution of the Church had dispersed the remainder, he probably thought (like many others) to atone for early errors by increased severity toward those, who had erred in common with himself. Flattery, skilfully applied, would interest his pride in supporting Popery; and the union of all these causes rendered him, in spite of his natural gentleness, a bigot and a persecutor. At the present time, however, his associates were Carnesecchi, Ochino, the Marchioness Pescara, and Flaminio, to whose opinion in religious matters he paid implicit deference; as he confesses, in a letter to Contarini, Dec. 1541. "I pass the rest of the day in

the holy and useful company of our Carneseccchi and Marc-Antonio Flaminio. I call it 'useful,' because in the evening Marc-Antonio gives a repast to me, and to the best part of my family, *de illo cibo qui non perit*, in such a manner that I have not known when have I felt more comfort or edification." It is true that, after Flaminio's death, Pole is represented by Cardinal Pallavicino to have boasted, that 'he had turned Flaminio from his errors, and reconciled him to the Church.' Schelhorn, in his Dialogue on the subject, pointed out the suspicious omission of this memorable occurrence in Beccatelli's *Life of Pole*, and is answered by Tiraboschi, who gives the passage as it stood in the Italian original, but has no argument to advance in it's support except the respectability of the Writer. Many authors assert, that Pole's heresy was of very early date. Gloster Ridley especially, in his able 'Review of Phillips' *Life of Cardinal Pole*, disposes in a very summary way of his pretended return to the Romish doctrines. "These seeds of affection for them (the Protestants) were early planted from a similitude of manners, which united him to those who could not approve the hypocrisy and corruptions of the Church. This drew on a mutual regard betwixt him and Erasmus, and inclined the latter to recommend him to the acquaintance of John a Lasco: this led Pole to single him out at his first studying at Padua, where he was then eminent for poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. At the same time Peter Martyr studied at Padua with great reputation; where it is probable Pole's known acquaintance with him commenced. Of these four, Erasmus is represented as laying the eggs, which Luther hatched; Peter Martyr and John a Lasco were professedly Protestants; and Flaminio, if Mr. Philips will give us leave to credit a Pope more than himself, in spite of Pole's pretended conversion of him, lived a secret favourer of them, and died in their faith."* Nevertheless, he attended Pole to Trent; both in the year 1542-3, and at the close of the year 1545, when after

* P. 139. See Thuanus, "Paulum tunc, &c." Quid de eo senserit Paulus IV., patet ex Catalogo Hæreticorum et Librorum Prohibitorum ejus auspiciis Romæ anno 1559 conflato editoque. In eo enim damnantur M. A. Flaminii Paraphrases et Comment. in Psalmos, item Litteræ et Carmina omnia. (Schelhorn, *Annuit. Hist. Eccles.* 11, 98.)

The Reformers were equally sensible of the value of his name, and claimed him with as much earnestness as their opponents: nor did they spare the arms, which the Pontiff's intemperate zeal had supplied against his own cause. To this very day, neither party will renounce their pretensions: so lovely is the example of genius clothed in humility, and walking only in the paths of peace! So blessed is the memory of the just!

The news of Flaminio's death occasioned unusual sorrow in every city of Italy. The learned and the virtuous strove together, which should pay the greatest respect to his memory. The letters and poems, written on this occasion, are collected in the Comini edition of his Works. The Author of the *Hist. Ital. Lit.* says, that "the letters of Piero Vettori, Pole, Ricci, and Manuzio can hardly be read without tears:" and to these he adds one from Paleario to the Cardinal Maffei (so often mentioned, with honour and affection, by Flaminio in his poems) and the Cardinal's answer; in which he observes; that "his death was pious and christianlike, it would be impiety to doubt of his having attained everlasting happiness."

"In Flaminio," remarks Roscoe, "we have the simplicity and tenderness of Cātullus without his licentiousness. By those who are acquainted with his writings it will not be thought extravagant to assert, that many of them, in the species of composition to which they are confined, were never excelled. The question addressed by him to a friend respecting the writings of Catullus; *Quando leggete, non vi sentite voi liquefare il cuore di dolcezza?* may with confidence be repeated to all those, who are conversant with his works." (Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, II. 110. not.)

To these, it would be easy to add numerous other *Testimonia* from the pen both of contemporary and of succeeding Writers, whose praise would shed lustre over even the most brilliant literary renown. But the Memoir is already, perhaps, sufficiently protracted; and the reader, it is more than probable, will be glad to exchange the Biographer for the Poet.

E. W. B.

FIFTY
SELECT POEMS,

&c.

I. (I. 114.)

TO THE CARDINAL

ALEXANDER FARNESE.

THOU gem of Rome's nobility !
No more thy graver labours ply,
But dwell awhile, all cares forgot,
In this thy bard's delicious cot.
Enough of peril hast thou met,
Of piercing cold and burning heat ;
The mighty Rhine and blue Garonne
Have heard thy courser hurrying on :
Old Taio's stream hath seen thee ride
Unwearied by his golden tide,
The message high of Heaven to bring,
And dictate peace to chief and king.

The Fauns and Nymphs have shrunk aghast,
 To hear thy bugle's threatening blast ;
 And view thee, clad in iron dress,
 Up Alpine rocks and mountains press :
 Till planted firm by Charles' side,
 Thou turn'd'st the war's invading tide.
 But rest at length ; enough is done :
 Italia's peace thy toil hath won.

Now while the dog-star's raging heat
 Is scorching earth and heaven, 'tis sweet
 To bid the wrangling world farewell ;
 In Nature's easy bowers to dwell
 (As Scipio did in better days),
 And change for love a nation's praise.
 Farnese ! wilt thou tarry here
 With one, whose love is true and dear ?
 We shall not lack the sacred flow
 Of classic verse. Here Virgil's glow,
 Here Homer's truth our hearts shall fire ;
 And memory play with Flaccus' lyre .
 Here grotts invite, and streamlets glide ;
 Good nature here and mirth abide ;
 Nor wilt thou in the dance disdain
 Or Pholœ's step, or Damon's strain.
 The huntsmen, too, with hawk and hound
 Are skill'd their quarry to surround.
 But thou and I will better love
 To tread in peace the silent grove,
 And mark the trout, like meteors bright,
 Glance through the river's silver light ;

Or watch the leverets lithe and gay
 In fearless trust around us play ;
 Or hear yon warbler pour her voice,
 'To bid her stranger guests rejoice.
 'What human art can frame a nest
 'Like this, still warm with Love's own breast ?
 'Her gems did proud Cornelia press,
 'Did Niobe her slain caress,
 'With holier warmth than that, which stirr'd
 'The mother's heart in this poor bird ?

Then quit, dear Prince, imperial Rome,
 'Obey the Muse, and hither come.
 'But bring not all the client crowd
 'That throngs thy hall, nor statesmen proud:
 'Maffei may thy steps attend,
 'Mirandula our honour'd friend,
 'And Romolo. These chosen few
 'Can relish Nature's pleasures true,
 'And will not on Benaco's shore
 'Sigh for the town :—but bring no more.

II. (I. 116.)

TO LIT. SPERANZO.

Unwearied still from day to day
 Thou digg'st in learning's rugged mine,
 Nor heed'st the social joys that shine
 Like sunbeams in thy way ;
 And yet the more thou toil'st to know,
 Still deeper furrows mark thy brow.

The boast of Greece, wise Socrates,
 Labour'd not thus : he loved in play
 With boys to while some hours away ;
 And, studious of his ease,
 Pythagoras with musings high
 Mix'd tales of idle minstrelsy.

And thus, his Lælius at his side,
 Great Scipio cull'd with curious hand
 The gems of Lucrine's polish'd strand,
 And laid the world aside ;
 Until his spirit seem'd to take
 The calmness of that lovely lake.

Then cease, Speranzo ! to explore
The depth of immaterial things,
The fountain whence day's lustre springs ;
 And waste the night no more
In asking why the tides arise,
Attracted by her moonlight skies.

Rather, while youth and health allow,
Disport awhile in pleasure's train ;
Or raise thine old enchanting strain,
 And sooth Flaminio now,
Who mourns for Chlœ's treachery,
And dreads new wars from Lydia's eye.

III. (I. 121.)

TO HIS OWN ESTATE.



Oh ! that I had your vigorous wings,
Ye joyful birds ! that I might flee
To hills and dales and forest-springs,
So dear to every Muse and me.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, dew-bright caves !
Ah, blessed change of sun and shade !
Ah, music sweet of rippling waves,
And banks for poet's cushion made !

How often hath my spirit sought
Along those walks of peace to stray,
And flinging down it's load of thought,
Rejoiced like merriest kid to play !

How oft to every Muse hath cried,
' Oh !—if I love thee more than life—
' Hide me in Nature's bosom ! hide,
' Far from the din of civic strife !'

IV. (I. 122.)

TO ALEXANDER FARNESE.

The rage of summer's sultry star
 Is temper'd by the shorten'd day :
 And softer winds are breathing sweet
 Through russet grove and cornfield gay ;
 As Autumn, crown'd with purple vines,
 Wanders along his pleasant way.

Forth from her yellow orchard-bounds
 Pomona's train his presence greet,
 And all the vineyard's merry swarm
 Rush out to give him welcome meet ;
 Loud ring the circling laugh and song,
 And sound the dancer's busy feet.

Fair Venus' self, and Love, and Mirth
 Are all abroad ; but Thou, opprest
 By empire's whelming cares, still keep'st
 The odious town. Now East, now West,
 Thine active spirit flies, nor deigns
 To taste the luxury of rest.

Yet, dear Farnese, pause awhile,
 Though Turk or Briton storm amain :
 A few short days of ease and joy
 Will not be lavish'd here in vain,
 But send thee back with nerve and soul
 More vigorous to the world again.

TO HIS OWN ESTATE.

Dear mansion, once my Father's home !
 Sweet farm, his pride and joy ;
 Ye could not shield, ye could not save,
 When he was carried to the grave,
 His little orphan-boy !

A stranger came with iron hand,
 Lord of that evil day :
 And drove me forth with weeping eye,
 To seek, through toil and poverty,
 My miserable way.

But now my gracious Prince restores
 The poet's home again :
 He comes, with his victorious reed,
 To teach the river, mount, and mead
 A proud yet grateful strain.

He comes, in yon dear latticed room
 To dream of childhood's days ;
 He comes, beneath his father's trees
 To mix with rustic melodies
 The great Farnese's praise.

Break forth, my father's blessed home !
 Thou prize of minstrelsy !
 He comes—thy good old master's son—
 Up ! with thy tuneful benison :
 Give praise and melody !

TO ANTONIO MIRANDULA.

Mirandula, my honour'd friend !
 Will this long visit never end ?
 Yet thirst of power, or lust of gain,
 Can ne'er in Rome thy feet detain.
 Come, hie thee where Dovada's groves
 Give to the Muse what most she loves,
 Leisure and peace. That happy spot,
 Farnese's gift, what boasts it not ?
 Can Italy show hill or plain
 More bright with vines, or rich in grain ?
 Come, let us seek that dear retreat
 While Autumn spreads his treasures sweet,
 And Bacchus smiles, and hand in hand
 Pomona leads the Sister-band:
 And now I seem, by spreading shade
 Or fountain cool supinely laid,
 To hear thee tell what hand divine
 Painted the cloud-born rainbow's line ;
 Why falls beneath a genial star
 Frost-harden'd hail ; whence roused to war,
 The foaming billows leap on high,
 And hurl defiance to the sky ;
 Why iron lurks in barren soil,
 While here the streams yield golden spoil,
 There gems reward the delver's toil.

Oh, happy thou! who thus can'st look
In Nature's close mysterious book,
And all her secret workings trace
With more than old Athenian grace!
Who hears thee teach what Greece forgot
So courteously, and loves thee not?
Who hears—and does not place thee high,
A star in Art's heroic sky,
Among the men of mighty mind,
Whose powers were used to bless mankind?

VII. (I. 132.)

ON THE VERSES, OF
FILIPPO OBERMAIRO.

Sweet verses, which the sweetest Muse
Drops, balmy as Castalia's dews,
 In Philip's dreaming ear !
Ye o'er the care-worn heart diffuse
 Light, hope, and cheer.

Before your gladsome measures fly
The bitter tear, the anxious sigh ;
 As tempests flee away,
When Zephyr waves o'er earth and sky
 His banners gay.

Sweet verses, full of tenderness,
Where Loves pour out their fond caress,
 Where Graces brightly beam ;
Flow on, earth's gentler souls to bless,
 Thou nectarous stream !

TO FILIPPO BEROALDO.

While thou, my Beroaldo, tell'st
 On history's resounding string
 Of Bentivoglio's hardihood,
 Of Julius bathed in Latian blood,
 Of restless Gaul's invading flood
 Down from our barriers thundering :

 Or show'st at large the patriot's might,
 Purging with steel his native land
 From the fierce Turk's victorious powers ;—
 The Queen who rules Idalia's bowers,
 And decks her chains with sparkling flowers,
 Lays on my harp a lighter hand.

 She suffers not the trumpet's tone,
 Nor lets my easy Muse aspire
 To think of Thebes begirt with foes,
 How Rome's first power and grandeur rose,
 Of hoary Priam's thousand woes,
 And Iliion wrapp'd in Grecian fire.

 Love, love lies heavy on my heart—
 Sweet, hopeless love !—for Chlœ's hair
 Enchains me thus, and Chlœ's eye
 Dooms me to doubt and misery.
 You sing of wars you felt not : I
 Trifle with bondage, and despair.

IX. (I. 134.)
THE PRAISE OF MANTUA.

Happy Mantua! brilliant eye
 Of our lovely Italy!
 Famed among the nations far
 For thy gallant deeds in war,
 Famed for all the arts that grace
 Peace and Quiet's dwelling-place!
 Wealth and Valour guard thy towers,
 Learning loves thy happy bowers;
 Plenty strews thy smiling plain
 With flowers, and fruit, and golden grain;
 Mincio, now by meadows green,
 Thridding now his sedgy screen,
 Murmurs as he steals along
 Many an old remember'd song;
 And thy glassy lake supplies
 Stranger barks, and merchandise.
 Why of all thy churches tell?
 Halls, where proudest kings may dwell?
 Why thy noble ways recount?
 And thy steep embattled mount,
 Darken'd by no bloody stain,
 Relic of rebellion's reign?

Happy Mantua! brilliant eye
 Of our lovely Italy!
 Happiest that a noble son,
 The courteous prince Castiglion,
 In these rude times hath lived to spread
 Laurels o'er his mother's head!

TO CESARE FLAMINIO.

Nay, gentle kinsman, tell me not
 Of many a dear retreat
 On green Campania's shadowy plain ;
 Of Genoa's grottoes sweet ;
 Of vales, where Tiber steals along
 With silent silver feet.

It must not be. These generous halls
 Still charm me, still delay ;
 In fancy's ear sweet Sirmio's bard
 Still pours his love-sick lay :
 Here would I gladly live, and here
 Contented fade away.

Oh, hospitable soil ! the nurse
 Of many a tuneful son,
 Whose wreaths still deck their mother's brow
 In guiltless contests won,
 Receive a stranger's grateful strain,
 A poet's benison.

But thou, my wretched native land,
 Farewell—a long farewell !
 Where Discord walks her nightly round,
 I must not, will not dwell.
 Thy streets with thine own blood are red :
 Farewell—a long farewell !

TO THE AIR.


Thou, gentle Air! that all unseen
Murmurest through the woodlands green ;
Go, seek my Reginald, and fling
O'er his hot brow thy cooling wing.

Go, brace each languid nerve, and rest
On his dim eye and panting breast ;
Lest here, beneath Italia's sky,
Our darling guest should droop and die.

Go, gentle Air! So the fierce North
Shall ne'er take arms to drive thee forth,
Nor sultry South winds seek for prey
In the green bowers that bless thy sway!

XII. (I. 145.)

TO *ACHILL. BOCCHIO.*

Then all was vain ; the prayer, the vow,
 The hopes that mock'd her wretched son !
 Then tears must be thy portion now—
 For Julia to the dust is gone—
 Quick unavailing tears, pour'd on her burial stone!

Not this such grief as fill'd thine eye,
 When Pholœ heard in silence coy
 The song, that pierced her lattice high ;
 Or, jealous of her darling boy,
 Drove thee with fierce reproach far from the
 bower of joy.

These are the tears, Love cannot stay ;
 Yet are they gracious drops, a dew
 Medicinal thy pangs t' allay :
 Soon shall their balm thy peace renew,
 Though now despair and woe thy fainting soul
 subdue.

Ah ! why invidious fling to heaven
 The vain regret, the ceaseless tear ?
 Why slight the aids that God has given—
 The sober thought, the reason clear,
 True remedies for all the griefs we suffer here,

To die, man's universal lot,

Awaits alike the weak and brave!

Call, mourner, call! They answer not—

Nor old, nor young, nor prince, nor slave ;

But thou must join them there, and hush thee in
the grave.

Why vainly strive, why idly mourn?

Why impious chide 'gainst heaven's decree?

She ne'er again can cross that bourn ;

And, if her soul still conscious be,

Haply thy lost one now mourns pitiful for thee.

XIII. (I. 146.)

TO CESARE FLAMINIO.

Cæsar ! let not thy wistful eye
 On heaps of treasure dwell,
 Nor war's seducing pageantry
 Thy kindling bosom swell ;
 Nor covet sculptured columns tall,
 That grace a prince's hall.

These things let vulgar souls admire !
 Thy better wish shall be
 To rule thyself, and nought desire
 Which God withholds from thee.
 Little of earthly goods we need :
 Content is wealth indeed.

More than all Araby can give,
 Or India's mines can pour,
 Hath he, whose soul hath learn'd to live
 Without a wish for more ;
 Who deems the popular Goddess, Fame,
 But what she is—a name.

Th' insatiate mind !—No curse so dread
 E'er wasted man. Oh, fly
 That withering curse ! Lo ! time hath sped :
 E'en now death hovers nigh !
 And what's the difference, in the grave,
 Between a prince and slave ?

I. (I. 165.)

TO JERONYMO TURRIANO,

ON THE DEATH OF VITTORIA COLONNA.

Why, Turriano, bid me set
 Bounds to my heart's profound regret ?
 Vittoria to the grave is gone,
 Who loved me as the light that shone
 In her own eyes. Aye, she is dead,
 Whose equal ne'er the sun survey'd !
 Oh heavenly wit ! Oh learning rare !
 Oh spotless mind, and manners fair !
 Oh loveliness of form and face,
 Replete with majesty and grace ;
 Born with earth's noblest souls to dwell,
 And using fortune's gifts so well !
 How did her tuneful spirit soar
 O'er all the bards, that sang of yore :
 Whether she struck the woeful chord,
 Low-breathing o'er her buried Lord,
 Or rising heavenward bore away
 The soul that slept in dull cold clay ;
 Or whether to th' Eternal King
 Her pious soul aspired to sing,
 Or sought in meditation sweet
 To warble at her Saviour's feet !

But Thou, relentless Death, whose ear
 Like Adria's surges will not hear,
 Whose hand unpitying will not spare
 Aught that earth boasts of good or fair;
 Thou ne'er hast seized a noble prey,
 Nor left such grief to mark thy way!

Alas for Italy! Her light
 Is quench'd in everlasting night!
 Where hast thou fled, Colonna? Far
 Above yon blue vault's brightest star,
 Thou risest on the glorious road,
 Which the low sun hath never trod;
 And, clothed in virtue's spotless vest,
 Find'st with thy God a perfect rest.

Enough, my friend! My plaint is o'er;
 I mourn Vittoria's death no more:
 But bid my Muse, my spirit rise,
 And follow to the blessed skies.

TO ULYSS. BASSIANO.



My Muse, away ! and greet Ulysses well—
 Not him I mean, of whom the poets tell,
 Calypso's loved one ; but the youth, whom more
 The Virgin-sisters doat on, than of yore.
 They loved Catullus, when (a mirthful child)
 He trod Aonia's groves and mountains wild,
 And held their souls enraptured. . . Go, and greet
 Ulysses well, and say his converse sweet
 Will medicine be to poor Flaminio's mind,
 Whose powers the fiery chains of fever bind.
 When will his tender voice my wants supply ?
 When will his looks refresh my aching eye ?
 He was not born or bred in savage den :
 Milk was his food, his sires were gentle men.
 Why then, more stubborn than the gnarled oak,
 Why then, more hard than Adria's printless rock,
 Delays he still, and trusts my life will be
 Secure without his presence ? Woe is me !
 He little thinks on what a couch the while,
 My limbs are laid, on what a burning pile !

Then fly, my Muse, and bid him spurn delay,
 And bring his lute to charm disease away ;
 As Orpheus erst made Hell's loud barking cease,
 And lull'd the wondering Furies into peace.

III. (1. 174.)

TO *MATTII. DANDOLO.*

Oh! Winter, pleasanter than Spring,
 When 'twas my happy lot to share
 My Dandolo's discourses sweet,
 And hospitable care!

Whene'er my memory recalls
 Those jovial nights, that dear fireside—
 It's feast of learning, sense, and wit—
 Tears from my eyelids glide:

And still shall flow that warm regret,
 And all things drear and dull remain,
 Until those envied joys I share,
 And bless that roof again.

But while by fates unkind withheld,
 Far from thy sight I sadly dwell,
 I pray thee let thy letters sooth
 A heart that loves thee well.

Although thy country claims thy time,
 The truest zeal some leisure finds;
 And what should best a statesman cheer?
 The play of courtly minds.

TO LODOVICO STROZZA.

Strozza ! from his pastoral halls
 By clear Benaco's lake,
 Thy friend and bard Flaminio calls—
 Awake, awake !

Poor Strozza aye in palaces
 'Mid civic tumult lives,
 And forfeits the true luxuries
 That Nature gives.

Awake ! and burst thy prison-gates ;
 Be wise, and scorn delay :
 For here the Muse thy presence waits—
 Obey, obey !

Here will we share poetic joy,
 And converse half-divine ;
 Or Virgil shall thy hours employ,
 Catullus mine.

The lake or garden shall inspire
 Thy verses flowing free,
 And I will strike my grateful lyre
 To thee, to thee,

Giberti ! for thy bounty gave
 All that is sparkling here ;
The home my spirit long'd to have,
 And loves so dear.

When e'er hath Muse her pillow made
 In such a bower of bliss ;
Or world-sick spirit found a shade
 So sweet as this ?

TO FRANCESCO TURRIANO.



I pray thee, by the counsels sage
 Of Terence's and Tully's page,
 My Turrian, quit Giberti's dome ;
 And spur to this my quiet home,
 Ere the red morn from herb and spray
 Hath suck'd night's fertile dew away :
 For here, beneath my classic grove,
 I'll bring thee viands fit for Jove.

A lucid stream beneath thy feet
 It's trout shall yield thee fresh and sweet :
 My farm shall eggs and curds supply,
 And all a dairy's luxury ;
 And on the rustic board I'll set
 Rich melons clothed with golden net,
 And nuts half-hid in russet shell,
 And honey stored in waxen cell.
 Yon aged swain shall sing the while
 Sweet ballads of the olden stile :
 And, graceful as Diana's train,
 His daughters swell the choral strain ;
 Or, circling us, the measure beat
 With jocund hearts and glancing feet.

When noontide splendors rage on high,
 And sleep is stealing o'er thine eye,

I'll lead thee to a quiet cave,
O'er which the ivy's tresses wave :
No secret damp nor fetid air
E'er cherish'd lurking fever there,
But shadowy laurels o'er thy head
Their whispering leaves shall careful spread.
Thy fancy's dream of pleasure o'er,
We'll turn to Virgil's silvan lore ;
Or list the Syracusan's tale,
Whose grace and sweetness never fail.

And is it eve so soon ? Again
We'll saunter on yon grassy plain :
With supper light our day shall cease—
And then, dear friend, return in peace !

TO CHRISTOPH. LONGOLIEU.



While you, dear Longolieu, still find
Your choicest joys in Tully's mind,
Or all the evening fetter'd sit
By Andrea's verse or Bembo's wit,
I too delightful vigils keep
On haughty Genoa's rampart steep :
Now in our Stephen's garden laid,
I study in the pleasant shade
The riches of Stagira's sage,
Now turn Catullus' sweeter page ;
Or, while the gay birds carol round,
Inspired by the melodious sound
Beneath some laurel tree I lie,
And sing old tales of Arcady.
Our Sauli by my side the while
Still emulates your glorious toil,
And urges Tully o'er and o'er
With all your zeal and half your lore.
But when the insect hum is still,
And sunbeams rest on height and hill,
We saunter forth, and climb the steep
That beetles o'er the purple deep :
And thence we drop the painted float,
Or idly watch each little boat,

That steals upon the tranquil bay
With snow-white sail and pennon gay ;
And vainly wish our life may be
As peaceful as yon blessed sea,
No passions rude to lift it's tide,
No wreck of good resolves to hide.

And is not this a day of joy ?
Can worthier cares your friends employ ?
Oh ! come, dear Longolieu, and grant
The only boon your pupils want :
Come, bless our sweet abode, and share
Flaminio's joy, and Sauli's care.

VII. (II. 190.)

TO DOMENICO SAULI.

'Tis ever thus. Behind the good
The shafts of envy fly,
And none can grieve that clouds are spread,
Dear Sauli ! round thy honour'd head,
So much as I.

And yet I chiefly hail thee now,
Seeing that gentle mind
(Though tumults fierce around thee press)
Rest in it's own good consciousness,
And quiet find.

Thus hold thy course, and Innocence
At last shall burst to light ;
E'en as yon hidden orb of day,
Soon as the clouds are chased away,
Shines out more bright.

TO OCTAVIO, SURNAMED ' FATHER. '

Father, Father, come, we pray ;
Join a band of comrades gay !
Pole, Priuli, I, and all
For our dearest Father call.
Fly from summer's noxious heats,
Fly from Rome's infected streets !
Here, in sweet Viterbo, play
Zephyrs cool through all the day :
Can'st thou find a healthier shore ?
Seek'st thou friends, that love thee more ?
Trust me, thou wilt never meet
Truer hearts, or home so sweet.
Why then, Father, tarry yet ?
Does that lofty pile, beset
With it's countless books, delay thee ?
Come, good Father, come, we pray thee !
Here thou shalt have books enow,
Ranged around, above, below,
Latin, Greek—enow to keep
Twenty Plinies fast asleep.
All the day, and all the night,
Eyes may read, and fingers write ;
Yet we'll furnish new supplies
For all thy fingers, all thine eyes.

Come, sweet Father, quit thy books ;
Come with those dear honied looks :
Scorn not hearts so fond, so true !
Come, and ancient times renew,
Lest we all thy victors prove
In thine own best science—love.

TO JERONYMO PONTANO.

Far—far, my native Imola, from thee
 And all thy dear-loved fields, I sometime dwell
 Where gaily o'er her Adriatic sea
 The palaces of queenly Venice swell;
 And now beneath Rome's haughty citadel,
 And now I linger in thy green domains,
 Caserta !loveliest gem, that decks Campania's plains.

Reproach me not, sweet friend, for this ; nor deem
 That in my filial heart a stranger-town
 Or new-found landscape e'er can lovely seem,
 As those that from my birth I've call'd my own :
 It is my very fondness, that hath thrown
 Flaminio thence, and made him devious rove
 An exile from the land he ne'er can cease to love.

I could not bear to see my Mother's breast
 Pierced by her children's impious sword ; her
 halls
 All streaming with the life-blood of her best
 And wisest ; nor her desecrated walls
 Writhing in flames, or echoing the calls
 Of envy, madness, jealousy, and hate—
 The fiends, that round the tent of civil discord wait.

I cannot bear e'en now to think of these ;
And when their rumour finds me out, I cry—
Oh ! India's farthest bounds, or Orcades,
Grant me a refuge from such misery !
Oh Gods ! in mercy rather let me die,
Than hear poor Imola's distracting tale,
And know no prayers of mine can for her peace
avail !

TO VINCENTIO GHERIO.

Then busy Rumour spake the truth :
 My long suspense is o'er !
Dear as the light to these sad eyes,
Vincentio from his comrade flies,
 Flies to return no more.

'Tis ever thus. My loved ones all
 Or die, or thus depart !
But now I may not urge thy stay :
Go, duty bids thee haste away
 To cheer thy mother's heart.

She haply, in her lonely hall
 Still watching, still beguiled,
Is pining with a mother's cares ;
And wearying heaven with ceaseless prayers
 For thee, her absent child.

Be dry, be proud, ye tearful eyes !
 Poor widow'd heart, rejoice !
Thy gracious son returns, and thou
Shalt crown again his manly brow,
 And bless his cheerful voice.

Rejoice ! for thy delighted hands
 Shall deck his promised bride ;
And range, ere long, around thy chair
A prattling group of faces fair,
 Their grandame's joy and pride.

And when the hour of death is come,
 Thy drooping soul shall lie
Upon thy children's faithful breast ;
Through life's long evening trebly blest,
 Yet well content to die.

XI. (II. 203.)

TO JERONYMO FRACASTORIO.

Fracastor ! skill'd alike by song,
 Or potent medicine, to prolong
 Man's fainting life—ah ! see'st thou not
 Thy friend Flaminio's wretched lot ?
 No food his sickly taste can please ;
 No slumber brings his eyelids ease :
 His limbs are shrunk, his cheek is pale,
 Alike his strength and spirits fail.
 The Muse, whom erst he loved so well,
 Now strikes in vain her wonted shell ;
 In vain his friends sweet converse try,
 He hears, but gives them no reply :
 He cannot bear day's glaring light,
 But loaths and fears the long dark night.

Help, kind and gentle friend ! Thy skill,
 If skill can aught, his pulse may still :
 Or, if no herb hath power t' allay
 The fire that eats his life away,
 Invoke thy patron Deity
 With magic verse ; and ask him why
 He suffers thus a laurell'd brow,
 Where inspiration used to glow,
 To droop into the dust, and fade
 Beneath the grave's approaching shade ?

Say; "What avails it, that he roved
 " With thee in infancy, and loved
 " More than his life Castalia's flood,
 " Though all that life was pure and good?"

"Hear from the caves of Helicon
 " Fracastor's prayer, thy favour'd son!
 " Hear from green Cynthus' depths, and save
 " Flaminio from th' oblivious grave!
 " So shall Fracastor's grateful lay
 " His Patron's gracious aid repay:
 " And tell the wonders of thy birth,
 " Thy course in heaven, thy sway on earth;
 " Till rustic swains thy name adore,
 " And deck thy shrine with wreaths, and hymn
 " thee as of yore!"

III.

I. (III. 211.)

TO STEFANO SAULI.

Fear not, dear Sauli, nor complain :
 Flaminio lives, and rhymes again.
 Soon as Rome's noxious air I fled,
 And on my mountain-breezes fed,
 Health nerved at once my languid frame ;
 My colour, strength, and spirits came :
 Sleep stole upon the watchful eye,
 Which pillow soft, and drowsy sigh
 Of the dull stream, and Lethe's flower
 In vain had woo'd to my sad bower !
 Farewell, Romagna ! fare thee well !
 Henceforth in these dear woods I dwell.
 If joy sits at my humble board,
 Though but with pears and olives stored ;
 If life in lowly cot is sweet,
 Though strange to fame, nor dreads to meet
 (Wrapp'd in rude cloak) the winter's cold,
 Why should I covet silk, or gold ?
 Why for the halls of princes yield—
 A fool's exchange—my own sweet field ?

But thou, whom all the honours proud
 Of ancestry lift o'er the crowd,

Whom thine own virtue makes to shine
 Among our nobles' loftiest line ;
 Thou, too, hast wisely fled the jar
 And pressure rude of civic war.
 Now in the shade of laurels green,
 Now roving citron-groves between,
 Thou tastest all the sweets, that please
 The virtuous best, of letter'd ease :
 Now by some cool clear fountain laid,
 Where soft airs fan the verdant shade,
 Thou tracest Nature's secret springs,
 Followest the stars' strange wanderings ;
 Or searchest out with moral eye
 What things to follow, what to fly.
 And though thine active pen hath wrought
 Volumcs replete with Tully's thought,
 Thou dost not shun to prune and dress
 Thy garden's wanton loveliness ;
 And lead refreshing waters round
 Thy seedling plants and orange ground,
 Or train about thy bee-hive's feet
 The honied rose and woodbine sweet.

I'll make thy youth's enjoyment mine,
 And live in Nature's breast divine.
 Mine be for aye the peasant's lot,
 The tranquil mind, th' inglorious cot !

II. (III. 216.)

ON HIS OWN SICKNESS.

Then death will finish all ! My home
 Is lost, is desolate !
 Must I too sink, in youth's first bloom,
 Beneath the same sad fate ?

Oh God ! who gavest thy helpless child
 This fleeting failing breath,
 If I have ne'er thy gift defiled—
 Yet rescue me from death.

Not till the work of day is done,
 The sun sinks in the wave ;
 Not till the summer's warmth is gone,
 The rose lies in her grave.

Oh ! young and too secure of life,
 I thought my voice to raise
 To tell the battle's toil and strife,
 And hymn the victor's praise.

I glow'd with all a patriot's fire,
 Nor knew that death was nigh ;
 Mocking alike my proud desire,
 And medicine's vanity.

And thou, my sire! thy piteous lot
Must be, these eyes to close;
To call on him who hears thee not,
And envy my repose.

Ah! grant at least, ye ruthless Powers
That hurry me away,
That I may reach the happy bowers
Where bards and lovers stray!

There shall I see Tibullus rove,
With his own Nemesis;
There hear Catullus sing of love,
Inspired by Lesbia's kiss.

And haply, though on earth denied,
The maid I've loved so long
May cling enamour'd to my side,
And bless my simple song.

III. (III. 220.)

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR NAPLES.

Fair Mergillina! and ye myrtle woods
 Of Pausilippo! and thou sacred dome
 That risest, beauteous, o'er the purple floods,
 Guiding the weary seaman to his home!

Fit shrine for poet's Saint, high o'er the beach
 Arose that chapel at a poet's call;
 And oh! that I it's sacred doors might reach,
 And hang a traveller's offering on it's wall!

No charmer's voice should lure me thence, to ply
 By land or sea my toilsome march again;
 Not though the bribe were Persia's treasury,
 Or the wide fleet that crowds the Eastern main.

What madness is it, ne'er in peace to rest,
 But rove like guilty sprite from land to land;
 By perils now, and now by toil opprest,
 On wastes of frozen snow or torrid sand!

Happy the man, who in his father's field
 Abides, contented with his humble lot;
 Delights with lusty arm the spade to wield,
 Or prunes the vines that bloom around his cot:

Or leads, with curious art, o'er thirsty ground
 The ductile waters of some distant hill ;
 Or shears his snow-white flock, that bleats around,
 And steeps their fleeces in the gushing rill !

Secure, and blest, he lives. No robber's hand,
 No storm-swept waters make his life their prey ;
 Around his dying bed his children stand,
 And in his wife's embrace he faints away.

She, faithful still, receives his parting breath ;
 Her pious hands seal up his closing eyes,
 She smooths the turf above the house of death,
 And needful shade and freshening dew supplies.

There duly, with her children at her side,
 Comes female love to pour the secret tear,
 To watch from morn till night that grave beside,
 And call in vain on him who cannot hear.

Oh happy dust ! Oh trebly blest the shade,
 Which such an end and such a love await !
 But I, if haply on the rude earth laid,
 Or tost by seas I meet a fearful fate ;

Who then shall o'er me scatter holy flowers ?
 What heart delight on my poor tomb to dwell ?
 But let this pass. Farewell, ye peaks of showers !
 Dear Alps, and each loved shore—farewell—
 farewell !

My pleasure now shall be in gardens sweet
 To live the easy life the Muses love,
 Cause and effect to sing, and how to meet
 With reverence due the God that reigns above :

Then in his Book Reveal'd bright truth to show,
 What laws to follow, and what sins to shun ;
 To trace the fount from which all blessings flow,
 The God himself, th' Eternal Three in One.

Oh that his grace would place me on thy shore,
 Blest Pausilippo ! dearer far to me,
 Than mine own Mincio's bank ; for there of yore
 Dwelt Virgil, there he sang in praise of thee.

The Sirens and green Nereids gather'd mute,
 To mark the youthful bard's surpassing skill ;
 Hush'd in the listening woods was Satyr's flute,
 And Bacchus lay entranced on his red hill.

He sang the while, with myrtle chaplet graced,
 Of peasant's cares and love's sweet mysteries :
 Anon, the pious Trojan's route he traced
 From burning Ilium to Italia's skies:

And ever as he sang, the laurels high
 Stoop'd consciously to deck his fervid brow ;
 The sea shone purely as the azure sky,
 And earth with livelier flowerets seem'd to glow.

Oh happy land! and hast thou Virgil fed?
And doth thy pious breast his relics hold?
And do the souls, by kindred feeling led,
Still in thy groves his placid ghost behold?

Oh blessed eyes! oh, enviable shore!
Can birth-place, can Elysium rival thee?
I prize Benaco's fertile banks no more,
And what is Mincio's winding stream to me?

To thee, blest land, my labour's goal! I fly
For rest, ere age has silver'd o'er my head:
Do thou life's needful air and light supply;
Do thou receive my ashes, when I'm dead!

I. *Jam fugat, &c.* (III. 232.)

The lark is up in the rosy sky,
 The fresh young herbs with dew are shining,
 And Damon's flocks are passing by ;
 But thine within their fold are pining.

Up ! know'st thou not a shadowy vale,
 Where old Menander's fount is springing ?
 There oft, when noontide's beams prevail,
 A lonely shepherd-swain lies singing—

Singing, to soothe his bosom's pain ;
 And one inviting, one maid only !
 Ah ! must he always sing in vain ;
 And must he lie to-day so lonely ?

II. *Irrigui fontes, &c.* (III. 237.)

Ye bubbling fountains, and ye lofty pines
 That wave so graceful o'er this happy vale,
 Where my rude lyre it's earliest garlands won,
 And Chlœ first repaid my love-sick tale ;
 Never in summer's heat, or winter's frost,
 May your full urn or smiling verdure fail !

Never may hoof unclean stray here, to bruise
 The lily cups that fringe the stream around ;
 Nor wolf lurk in the shade, nor woodman's axe
 Affright sweet Echo with it's iron sound :
 But here may Fauns and gentle Nymphs resort,
 And hold their revels on this hallow'd ground !

III. *Rivule, frigidulis, &c.* (III. 238.)

Gentle stream, why run so fast?
 If the Nymphs have bid thee haste,
 Healthful drops to scatter round
 Chlœ's thirsty garden-ground,
 Quicker ply thy silver feet,
 Hurry to that dear retreat.

Happy stream! for Chlœ's lip
 Will thy gentle waters sip,
 And her graceful kiss will be
 Honey and delight to thee.
 Ply, then, ply thy silver feet,
 Hurry to that dear retreat.

IV. *Cùm ver purpureum, &c.* (III. 238.)

When Zephyrs bring forth the purple Spring,
 The earth is clad in her myriads of flowers;
 Joy waveth aloft his sparkling wing,
 And melody ruleth the greenwood bowers:
 But Winter more lovely and pleasant will be,
 If Lydia, my loved one, returneth to me.

When the north-winds scatter the yellow leaves,
 The earth is deform'd by frost and snow,
 The small birds sit mute on the cottage-caves,
 And the silent rivulets cease to flow:
 But Spring shineth still in my Lydia's retreat,
 And all things around her are lovely and sweet.

V. *Aspicis, ut lati, &c.* (III. 239.)

See, how green is every leaf,
 The fields with flowers how gay !
 How beauteous o'er the cloudless sky
 The golden sunbeams play !
 These are Lydia's emblems bright :
 She smiles, and from that glance of light
 Sadness flies away.

See, from the lily's drooping cup
 The smooth bright rain-drops start !
 See, to yon rose how clings the dew,
 Unwilling to depart !
 Such Lydia's face of grief appears :
 Love glows in all her beauteous tears,
 And warms the gazer's heart.

VI. *Hæc Cytherea suo, &c.* (III. 239.)

Venus ! to thee this faithful dove,
 With her true mate, is slain :
 Their bond of life, one mutual love,
 One day hath rent in twain.
 So let thy suppliants in one day,
 When death shall break their chain,
 Transmigrate to each other's clay,
 And live and love again !

IV.

(IV. 240.)

ON HYELLA.

'Thou, Muse! that erst by Sirmio's shore
 With young Catullus loved'st to stray,
 And taught'st his throbbing lip to pour
 For Lesbia's ear the deathless lay ;
 Lo ! in Tavorno's flowery mead
 These hands a rural altar raise,
 And poor but pious offerings spread,
 To win from thee the lyre of praise.
 For never could thy Lesbia's mind
 More gentle than Hyella's prove :
 And where shall Muse, or minstrel, find
 A face or form so framed for love ?
 Then quit Benaco's watery shade !
 Here flowers of every lustre shine :
 Here Zephyrs fan each verdant glade,
 And birds are whispering songs divine.
 Fit bath for Dian's virgin train,
 Here fresh and sparkling fountains flow ;
 When, hastening from the burning plain,
 They loose the zone and doff the bow.
 Then hither come, and while my lyre
 Is strung to fair Hyella's name,
 Do thou her poet's song inspire,
 And bid her rival Lesbia's fame.

V.

I. (v. 272.)

TO GIOVANNI BAPTISTA.

Tell me, thou flower of Tuscan men,
 Doth sickness yet remain ?
 Thy father's home, domestic joys—
 Are charms like these in vain ?
 The looks and cares of tenderest love,
 Bring they not health again ?

Ah ! more avails domestic peace,
 The medicine of the mind,
 To still the pulse's feverish flow,
 The bruised nerve to bind,
 Than all the drugs that pompous art
 In herb or flower can find !

Hast thou not tried it's sovereign balm ?
 Oh let us grateful prove !
 What joy is in Flaminio's heart,
 How light his spirits move—
 A brother has return'd to life,
 A lost one to his love !

II. (v. 273.)

TO LODOVICO BECATELLI.

Oh Ludovick ! to thee and me
 How pitiful life lingers here !
 What angry God can thus design,
 What evil destinies combine,
 To keep a soul like thine or mine
 The wrangling city's prisoner !

If lust of fame or thirst of wealth
 E'er guided us, I'd not complain :
 But why hath Rome so long possest
 Spirits, whose only wish is rest—
 On my Lavinian garden's breast,
 Or thy Albinum's shadowy plain ?

Delicious fields, tired labour's couch,
 The haunt of every Muse and Grace !
 Will this unnatural life supply
 Enough of vital energy,
 That once again my languid eye
 May seek it's verdant resting-place ?

Oh take me to thy placid breast,
Take me, thou rural scene divine !
Bid luxury and pomp away,
For city-boards more fitting they !—
Here spread in beautiful array
Thy olives, figs, and pensile vine.

And, when my destined hour is come,
Beneath thy green turf let me lie :
Haply some laurel there may spread
It's drooping foliage o'er my head,
And some sweet streamlet wail the dead,
With gentle murmur stealing by !

III. (v. 274.)

TO HERCUL. SEVEROLO.

The warm west-wind hath brought again
 The luxuries of spring,
 Flaminio in his own-sweet fields
 Again is wandering ;
 But thee to thy good father's home
 No happy seasons bring.

Why still, by thousand clients throng'd,
 In sultry Rome delay ?
 Ah ! see'st thou not ? Thy little life
 Is fleeting fast away !
 Like mountain-stream it hurries on—
 Still on, and may not stay.

Why labour, then, for useless wealth ?
 This farm thy sires hath fed,
 And yearns for thee. Here dwelt the good,
 Here rest the honour'd dead !
 Wilt thou their hallow'd walks forsake,
 By vain ambition led ?

Nay turn, and here let pious cares,
 Let Arts thy soul delight :
 Let Virgil o'er thy leisure-hours
 Scatter his visions bright ;
 And change the dull bewildering law
 For Tully's page of light.

IV. (v. 276.)

TO GIOVANNI FRANCESCO CASERTA.

Why to thy much-loved fields invite
 Flaminio, with such earnest prayer?
 To hear, and see thee smiling bright,
 Caserta! and the sweets to share,
 Ne'er found but in thy meadows fair—
 Who would not justly deem the sum of all delight?

But I have found in those dear plains
 A balm to soothe the tumult wild,
 The fiery scourge that dried my veins;
 And there the Muse hath ever smiled
 So kindly on her wayward child,
 That all the rustic crowd were captive to my strains.

What pleasures then can equal thine,
 Caserta? But I come not yet—
 Delays of business still entwine
 Around me their insidious net:
 And ne'er have parted lovers met,
 As we will fly to meet, when liberty is mine!

TO ALOISIO PRIULI.

Ah! why, Priuli, pour the constant tear ;
 Embittering the death, which God's good grace
 Had taught me to expect without a fear ?
 For what's the grave, but good men's resting-
 place ?

We have been bound with friendship's softest ties ;
 Our hearts by onesame impulse seem'd to move
 In childhood, and through life's varieties
 Have still preserved the same unchanging love.

Our very studies were the same. One home
 Received, one table fed us : not a grief
 Of mine left thee unscath'd ; no joy could bloom
 In thy young heart, which gave not mine relief.

But now these bonds, for they were earthly, cease ;
 And we in truth must part. My path must be,
 Up yon bright heavens, to everlasting peace :
 The world, but not for long, remains to thee.

Yet weep not thus, Priuli ! Rather bless
 My soul's ascent above yon cloudless air,
 And on to that bright goal unwearied press :
 For thou shalt surely rise, and join me there.

VII. (v. 297.)

TO GIULIO SAULI.

How did my spirit, Julio, groan for thee,
 When fever on thy gentle members fed !
 How did imagination grieve to see
 Thy faded check, dim eye, and drooping head!

And then 'twas ever ringing in mine ear—
 Thy dear, thy honour'd mother's wailing wild ;
 When hope was not, and prostrate on thy bier
 She clasp'd to her cold heart her perish'd child.

These were my bitter thoughts; when lo! the flame,
 That wasted thine, my feeble life assail'd :
 Beneath it's fury shrank my withering frame,
 My brain was darken'd, and my breathing
 fail'd.

But God, all-gracious, saw with piteous eye
 Thy youth's strong combat, and my double woes;
 He spake the word of power—' Ye shall not die'—
 And straight the fever left us, and we rose.

My tongue shall daily praise His holy name,
 My heart repose on Him who pitied me :
 And thou, dear Julio, be thy care the same,
 For wonderous was his love to thine and thee!

VIII. (v. 299.)

TO FRANCESCO BOLOGNETA.

Go, gentle Muse, and wing thy way
 To sweet Bononia's gardens gay,
 And single from my loved ones there
 Thine own Francesco. Ah! his care,
 His grief for my dread malady,
 Has thinn'd his cheek and dimm'd his eye:
 No food he takes, no soothing sleep,
 But all night long he wakes to weep,
 Lamenting and complaining still
 Of baffled medicine's bootless skill.
 Fly, gentle Muse, and say—' Rejoice!
 ' I come again, Flaminio's voice—
 ' The Gods have heard thy fervent prayer;
 ' I breathe again the blessed air,
 ' And soon thy fond embrace will meet,
 ' And share with thee thy loved retreat.
 ' So fling thy grief to wave or wind,
 ' Where none may e'er its traces find;
 ' And lift on high the Tuscan lyre,
 ' And let my rescued life inspire
 ' A song of praise, whose grateful sound
 ' Shall gather listening nations round.'

IX. (v. 302.)

TO DAMIANO DAMIANI.

Gentle liquor, clear and sweet,
 Wine for God's carousal meet,
 Golden drops! when Art in vain
 Strove to lull my bosom's pain,
 Ye through all my pulses stealing,
 Soft and sweet, refreshing, healing,
 Soothed at once my labouring side,
 Check'd my fever's fiery tide,
 Brought mine eyelids slumber's balm,
 And bade my troubled brain be calm.

Heavenly liquor, golden wine!
 Since my life's a gift of thine,
 Not a year shall pass away,
 But my Muse her thanks shall pay.
 In many a living verse shall glow
 The vineyard, where thy clusters grow:
 Duly shall my prayer arise
 For gentle winds and sunny skies;
 And won by song from heaven above,
 An arm unseen shall round thee move—
 Driving hungry thieves afar,
 Warding off ethereal war,
 Keeping aye, with care divine,
 The parent of my golden wine.

X. (v. 304.)

TO SLEEP.

Come, gentle Sleep ! why thus in vain
Are spread these arms to cradle thee ?
No conscious guilt hath fired my brain,
No vulgar sorrows watch with me.

My life hath been like yonder stream,
That seems to chide thy lazy wing ;
Peaceful and pure, a poet's dream,
Through Nature's wild walks murmuring.

The closing flowers that round me lie,
The nightingale's reproachful song,
Thy poppies wan—all seem to cry ;
' Sweet Sleep ! why tarrieth Sleep so long ?'

Ah ! know'st thou not, this aching breast
The Muse hath pillow'd on her own ?
Come, Sleep, and crown a poet's rest,
Ere yet his very life be flown.

Come, and full many a grateful lay
For life preserved thy meed shall be :
Come, lest the good and gentle say,
Their poet's death was wrought by thee.

XI. (v. 305.)

TO MARCO.

Ah ! who, that once hath 'scaped the horrid wreck,
 Will tempt again the vengeance of the sea ;
 Again abide, e'en on the wealthy deck,
 Though the winds sing their sweetest lullaby ?
 The hour of battle and of toil is nigh,
 The monsters of the deep again appear ;
 The billows boom above the bloodshot eye,
 The deep gulf howls within the bursting ear,
 And the cold heart of man faints in it's deadly fear.

'Twere wiser, Mark, to use the wealth you have,
 And rest contented on your natal shore ;
 Than perils like the past again to brave,
 In the vain search of the unneeded more !
 What ! will the ocean's caves their treasures pour,
 As freely as her fruits the bounteous earth ?
 There nought but restless treacherous waters roar ;
 Here, flowers and zephyrs have their gentle birth :
 There, woe and danger lurk ; here, sparkle joy
 and mirth.

Lo! where yon mansion stands! Unlock thy wealth,
 And be the monarch of this glorious scene!
 These breezy hills are crown'd by rosy health,
 And quiet slumbers in yon valleys green:
 What cultured slopes and vineyards intervene!
 How rich and full the yellow harvests blow!
 How gracefully their painted banks between,
 Making sweet melody, the streamlets flow,
 And like the peasant's heart with joy's bright
 sunshine glow.

Here shalt thou find, what Commerce cannot give,
 An easy conscience and contented heart:
 Here shalt thou learn at length how best to live,
 And wean thy sons from Avarice's mart,
 And teach betimes the Christian's noblest art;
 And here, too, shalt thou learn how undeprest
 To look on death, and cheerfully depart:
 For Wedded Love shall lay thee on her breast,
 And hush thee, like a child, to thine eternal rest.

XII. (v. 306.)
TO STEFANO SAULI.

Say not, that he hath happiness,
Whom crowds of noble clients press
In all his walks, whose granaries hold
Vast Afric's wealth, whose heaps of gold
Equal in bulk that hoarded grain,
Whose garb with jewels groans like flower sur-
charged with rain.

Nor, Sauli, doth the scholar know
True happiness, though all below,
And all above in earth or sky,
Be open'd to his curious eye ;
But happy He, to whom is given
True knowledge of the God, who made both
earth and heaven.

That gracious God to venerate,
With purest mind, in every state ;
To keep, through good report and ill,
His loyal faith unsullied still ;
For God to live, for God to die—
These are his dearest cares, his wealth, his luxury.

And thence his spirit bursts the ties
Of flesh and sense, and heavenward flies :
Above the gauds that men hold dear,
Of power or wealth, her bright career
She upward keeps, and finds her rest
Before her Maker's throne 'mid spirits of the Blest.

XIII. (v. 307.)

TO DONATO RULLO.

Ah! who can paint that troubled sea,
 Where all things strange and fearful be—
 The human mind? Now dark Despair,
 A sullen cloud, is brooding there;
 Now Hope, still credulous of good,
 Smiles gently on the rising flood;
 Now Pain and Grief are howling high;
 Now Rage and Vengeance hurl it's billows to the
sky.

No mind like this to man was given,
 When, guiltless, he conversed in heaven:
 But Pride his erring nature sway'd,
 And marr'd the work which God had made.
 Till then, no curse his labour drew;
 To love and praise were all he knew:
 His life was like a path of light,
 Death walk'd not on the earth his spirit to affright.

What arm shall now the weak one stay?
 What voice recall the soul astray?
 Will philosophic Greece reveal
 A balm, his varied woes to heal?
 Will purple robe, or yellow gold,
 A medicine for the mind unfold?
 Will Fame's strong breath, that lifts on high,
 Then dashes to the dust, desired content supply?

Oh! these are idle vanities,
And none but earthward spirits please.
Rullus! thy noble aim shall be
To win, upon thy bended knee,
The help that comes but from above—
The wealth of peace, the joys of love;
To tread the paths the Saints have trod,
And lowly as thou art, to rise and dwell with God.

A NOON-TIDE PRAYER. (p. 365.)

The Sun hath reach'd the heaven's mid-height,
 Earth droops beneath his parching light.
 Oh Father ! thus thy power display,
 Send through our hearts thy living ray,
 Till every burning sense confess
 Our God's surpassing worthiness.
 Let no cold cares of earth remove
 That fervid zeal, that generous love ;
 But let them still more brightly shine
 Beneath the light of Grace Divine,
 Till summon'd from our chains we rise
 To dwell in Faith's meridian skies.

FLOWERS. (p. 369.)

How gaily lifts it's little head
 Yon tender flower,
 Yon child of earth, if duly fed
 By dew and shower ;
 One by one it's leaves unfolding,
 Every leaf new beauties holding.
 So doth my soul, an earthly flower,
 Rejoicing shine,
 If water'd by the dew and shower
 Of grace divine.
 Is Heaven lock'd up ? Poor Earth may cherish
 Her flowers in vain—for both must perish !

A LAMENTATION. (p. 376.)

Ah! my hair is turning gray :
 Like a stream, life flows away !
 Death, already hovering near,
 Whispers thus within mine ear ;
 ‘ How long, dreamer, wilt thou ply
 ‘ The round of worldly vanity ?
 ‘ Now, e’en now, direct thy feet
 ‘ To the Just One’s judgement-seat :
 ‘ Every heart he knoweth well,
 ‘ Every word and thought can tell.’

This my soul believes, and fain
 To my God would turn again ;
 Fain would burst each worldly tie,
 And to heaven exulting fly :
 But in vain it’s toil and strife !
 Chains are round it, bonds of life !

Blessed Jesu ! rescue me :
 Thou alone can’st set me free.
 Loose these prison-doors of clay,
 Bear me to the realms of day,
 Teach my ransom’d soul to sing
 Glory to th’ Eternal King !
 Glory to the blessed Son !
 And the Spirit, Three in One !

TO THE CARDINAL ALEX. FARNESE,

WITH A PARAPHRASE OF THE PSALMS. (p. 315.)

While others slumber's sweets enjoy'd
 Through all the silent night,
 The strains that flow'd from David's harp,
 Brought to my soul delight :
 I conn'd them o'er, till darkness fled
 Before the morning light.

Dear shadowy hours ! like balm ye came
 Upon my watchful eye ;
 And, when I'm gone who strung them first
 To Latin minstrelsy,
 Oft shall ye hear these holy lays
 Rise to the starry sky.

'Twas not for me the loves insane
 Of Pagan Jove to tell,
 Or orgies of the drunken God,
 Or Pæans loud to swell ;
 'Twas mine to hymn the Christian's Hope,
 And on his praises dwell.

He ruleth every living thing,
 And merciful his sway ;
 The stars and seas his guidance own,
 All hearts his eyes survey :
 He crowns the good, but vengeance takes
 On them that disobey.

Oh ! that light youth would learn of me,
 And store the tender mind
 With hallow'd truths, in which their age
 It's chief delight should find ;
 And cast their siren songs away,
 The wreaths by lust entwined !

Ye parents, hath the Prophet struck
 His holy harp in vain ?
 Hath ever youth a tempter found
 Like Love's insidious strain ?
 Oh ! hither bring the pure fresh heart,
 And heaven shall be it's gain.

But thou, Farnese, who in youth
 Hast won the strength of age ;
 Lay by the heavy cares of state,
 And shut dark history's page,
 And let thy bard's refreshing songs
 Thy wearied mind engage.

In thine own pleasant gardens laid,
 Maffei by thy side
 And learn'd Antonio, take my book,
 And let it's worth be tried :
 'Twill comfort the dejected soul,
 And still the heart of pride.

And think not, that Flaminio's Muse
 Hath thus presumed to sing :
 In warrior's tent, or peaceful bower,
 Rang the same pious string—
 Renown'd in both, 'twas David's strain ;
 His theme, th' Eternal King !



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