

*GRIMALDI'S  
ORATION*

*HOLBEIN  
SOCIETY*



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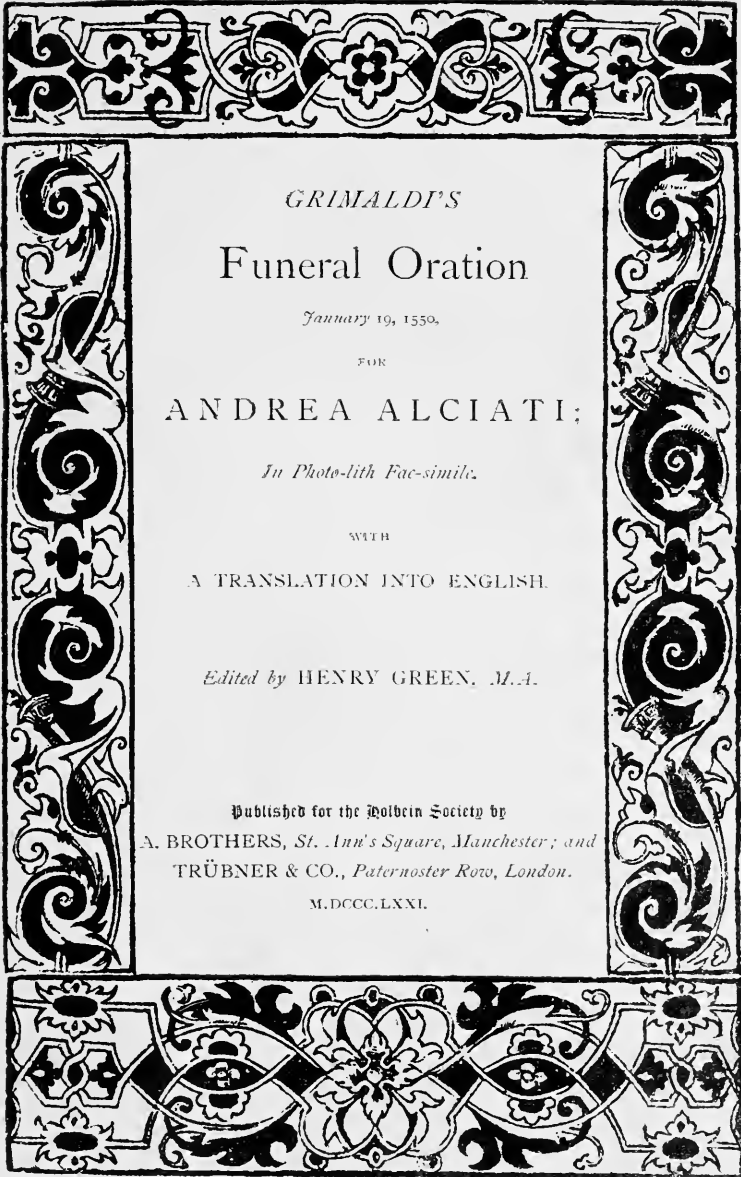
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No. 6



GRIMALDI'S

Funeral Oration

January 19, 1550.

FOR

ANDREA ALCIATI;

*In Photo-lith Fac-simile.*

WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

*Edited by* HENRY GREEN, M.A.

Published for the Holbein Society by  
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## P R E F A C E .

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IRTUES, in the fullest extent to which human effort can attain, never truly deserve those unmeasured praises which to the authors of Funeral Orations so often appear necessary, if not essential. Vitiated and faulty, offensive to good taste, and built up on unsound principles as are many of the panegyrics, the laudations, the *lodi*, which from Greek and Latin down

to Italian times have prevailed, and thence through Italy have spread among all the countries of the modern civilization; we should commit an injustice, were we to declare that flattery of an unscrupulous kind must always be interwoven with them, and summon exaggeration to its aid. This Funeral Oration for Alciati is, indeed, much overdrawn; there is some very rapid declamation in it, and where most it is successful, there is found a want of the natural flow of eloquence which makes an articulate-speaking man so powerful; yet there is in Grimaldi an honest heartiness which shows that the Orator himself, how much soever he may have failed in clearness of expression, thought what he uttered, and bestowed

much pains as well as feeling to make his thought understood and to pervade the minds of his hearers.

As stated elsewhere,—“In translating this Oration, the Editor has derived much guidance, as to the general meaning and force, from a highly valued friend, who allowed him the use of his English version, and whose kindness is now acknowledged; but the Editor has thought it better, at some expense of elegance it may be, to follow rather closely the language and form of the original. The *Carmina* on Alciati's death and renown are no part of the Oration, and they are left in their original Latin.”

Those were indeed great funeral themes which engaged the genius of Pericles and Demosthenes; the *one*, when the Athenians publicly solemnized the memory of such as were first killed in the Peloponnesian war, B.C. 431; the *other*, when the same honour was decreed for those who fell in the fatal conflict of Chæroneia, B.C. 338; but a theme on a similar subject, though much inferior in importance, was, in October, 1571, assigned at Venice to Paolo Pavia, “in laude de' morti,” in praise of the dead, “at the victorious battle against the Turks fought at Cursolari.” With much joy the orator spoke of their valour, and esteemed theirs a most happy fate. “But it is time,” he said, “that I should cease praising with the tongue those whose praises in the memory of men will not have any bound, except with the world itself.”

About the time of Alciati's death, and down at least to the end of the last century, the practice was observed of pronouncing over men exalted for rank or character, a solemn laudatory speech. Of such speeches, a considerable number—*fifty*—were collected by William Roscoe, the historian of the Medici, and are preserved in the very excellent library of the Chetham College, Manchester.

Belonging to the sixteenth century, and beginning with Leonardo Salviati's *Orazione* on the death of the most illustrious Don Garzia de' Medici, in 1562, there are *thirteen* of these Funeral Orations. They are generally of a small quarto size, containing from 16 to 65 pages, and usually end with the words “Io ho detto,” I have

said it. Many of them are translations from the original Latin into the tongue of Florence.

No less than five of these Orations celebrate the death and virtues of Cosimo de' Medici, who died in 1574, Grand-duke of Tuscany and Grand-master of the Cavaliers of S. Stephen. The Oration by Leonardo Salviati, in the church of the Order, has on its title the pretty device of a tortoise with hoisted sail, and the old motto, *FESTINALENTE*, *On-slow*, as one of our English nobles translates the Latin: another by Piero Vettori, in the church of S. Lorenzo, bears the device of a ship with full sails, and the motto *ET POTEST ET VULT*, *It both can and will*: the third by Geo. Batista Adriani, in the public palace, presents a portrait of Cosimo and an inscription below it, declaring it to be the gift of Pius V., in testimony to Cosimo's "peculiar delight and zeal for the Catholic religion, and especial love of justice:" the fourth by Pietro Angelio da Burga, in the Duomo of Pisa, contains as well the ducal arms as Cosimo's portrait: and the fifth, by Benedetto Betti, publicly recited to the Society of S. John the Evangelist, contains an account of the funeral obsequies, and at the end the Lily, with the appropriate motto *NIL CANDIDIUS*, *Nothing fairer*.\*

But, like prayer itself, these praises were not for princes alone. Witness, in 1564, Benedetto Varchi's *Orazione*

\* Besides these Cosimo-Medicean orations, and probably several others, there were published on the same occasion *Canzone*, like the *Carmina* at the end of Grimaldi's work, *i. e.* Odes on the death of the most serene Cosimo Medici, first grand-duke of Tuscany. One set of these was by Giovanni Cervoni da Colle, who also composed *Canzone* on the death of Francisco Medici, in 1587; on the nuptials of Don Cesare d'Este to Donna Virginia Medici, also in 1587; and on the crowning of the Cardinal de' Medici as grand-duke of Tuscany, 1587.

We may note also, as belonging to the end of the same sixteenth century, and as contained in the Roscoe Collection,—1. The Cardinal Niceno's *Lettere et Orazione* to the princes of Italy concerning the impending war against the Turk, 1594; and Scipione Ammirato's *Orazione* at the same time to the pope Sixtus V., pertaining to the same subject. 2. Also in 1594, Scipione Ammirato addressed orations to Sixtus V. on the preparations which had been made against the power of the Turk; and "to his Lord the most serene and most powerful Catholic king, Philip King of Spain, &c.," "on the pacification of Christendom, and on taking arms unitedly against the Infidels."

*Fenerale* at the obsequies of Michelagnolo Bvonarroti, in the church of San Lorenzo; and in 1585, Leonardo Salviati's *Orazione Fenerale* "of the praises of Pier Vettori, Senator and Academician of Florence, by order of the Florentine Academy, in the church of Santo Spirito."

The Roscoe collection of *Lodi* possesses 12 similar Orations delivered in the seventeenth century, between 1614 and 1664; and 26 Funeral Orations of the eighteenth century, between 1709 and 1781. By any one disposed to the work, many curious extracts might be gathered from these memorials of the illustrious dead; but to make such a work complete, a very wide area would have to be examined. Augustus pronounced the Funeral Oration for the young Marcellus,—and Nero for his wife Poppæa. Over Christian martyrs the holy words of commendation were uttered; and in later times, at the burial hour of philosophers and poets, of statesmen, generals, and philanthropists, of mighty princes and of noble patriots, the tongue of the eloquent has spoken many a vain flattery and many a solemn truth. Laymen, no less than ecclesiastics, have joined in the practice; and the Academies of Italy and France have set the whole civilized world the example of rendering speech the vehicle of praise. "Of the dead nothing but good" has been too much their rule;—"nothing set down in malice" might be the better guide.

Of the two ornamental capitals employed, the V presents the Alc, or Elk, the badge of the family of the Alciati; the H, the Cornucopiæ and Mercury's wand, which Paolo Giovio and the medal in the Museum Mazzuchellianum have attributed to the Jurisconsult himself, Giovio adopting for motto, VIRTUTI, FORTVNA COMES, *Fortune the companion to virtue*, and Mazzuchelli, when corrected, ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΔΙΚΑΙΟΥ ΚΑΡΠΟΣ ΟΥΚ ΑΠΟΛΑΥΤΑΙ, *The fruit of the just man perishes not*.

H. G.

HEATHFIELD, KNUTSFORD,

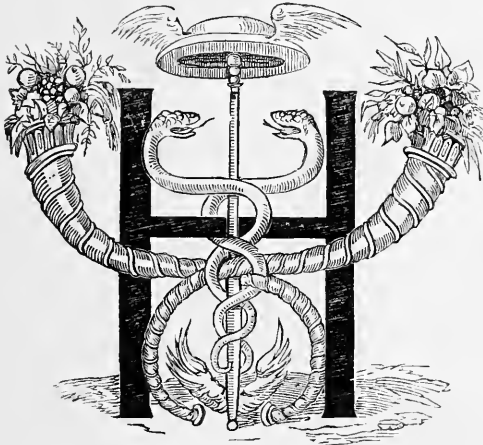
July 27th, 1871.



# FUNERAL ORATION

*Delivered at Pavia, January 19th,  
M.D.L.*

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH,  
AT THE FUNERAL  
OF THE VERY FAMOUS JURISCONSULT  
ANDREA ALCIATI,  
BY  
ALEXANDER GRIMALDI OF ANTIPOLIS.



OW GREAT, alas! was the wound which lately the Commonwealth of Christians received by the decease of Andrea Alciati, a man confessedly the chief of all ages and of all memory in learning and virtue. The loss not even he, on whom nature

has bestowed the highest fulness and faculty of speaking, could in any way, I say not, encompass by eloquence, but even enumerate by narrating. For where in man has there

ever been such integrity of life? such constancy of purpose? and, lastly, such knowledge of all sciences? Who, except the utterly senseless, will deny that he was instinct with a divine spirit?

On diligently considering these things within myself, I had, in truth, determined to decline the office of addressing you; for I knew that I must speak before so thronged and grave a presence and audience of learned men as never in my memory have been in any place. Therefore I was afraid, lest the undertaking of that office might appear boldness towards you rather than affection, and rashness rather than duty. In acuteness of genius and in gravity of judgment, and in the art and practice of speaking (on which, when a youth, I did not spend much of my time), I am left far behind you all; and shall I then dare to touch upon the praises of the man who was eminent for every kind of talent, especially for eloquence, and for authority in this position, to which none but the highest ability ought to be brought?

But, most honourable Fathers! if once you recognise the nature and the reasons of my case, you will, I think, understand that I have entered upon this province of speaking, not from any self-confidence of discharging the office, but lest some one might fail to find in me the dutifulness of a grateful disciple towards his Preceptor.

For this man, by divine and immortal qualities, to that degree had captivated not only his own people, but (so much of human perfection had nature bestowed upon him) all those of France also, that it must have shamed us, being bound to him by the eternal memory of benefits, if the gratitude which to him living and breathing we had not *shown* (for we were not able to do it), we had not paid to the dead with a mind remembering what is the very greatest which our souls could attain. Him therefore would we honour with some *solemn* oration.

Now, though such an oration may obscure the singular and choice virtues of a man endowed with divine genius, with admirable learning and with wisdom beyond belief, instead of illustrating his greatness,—I yet prefer clo-



quence to be demanded against me, rather than to be suspected of an ungrateful soul, if I should not do that. For I think that the death of him who is considered to have bestowed benefits on all men should be honoured not only by public grief, but also by public memorials.

Be ye all, whose countenances and features I contemplate not without great satisfaction of mind, present then in soul as ye are in body, and with most attentive minds and the highest benignity, listen to me while I say a few things concerning the praises of Andrea Alciati, our most renowned Preceptor.

Surely a great and arduous burden has this day been laid upon me—of praising by far the greatest and most illustrious man of all who are, have been, or will be. Therefore must my mind be roused and elevated, that ye with your ears may be sensible of the dignity of so great a theme, and that we may grasp the comprehensive oration by mind and thought.

What shall I do? What first shall I seek? Whence especially shall I make a beginning? Already, doubtless, not only am I moved in soul, but I tremble in every limb; nor is there any part of my body able sufficiently to perform its duty. In speaking, shall I touch upon the memory of his incredible virtues? Shall I, by my oration, increase the general grief, or sorrow, by which we all are distracted and torn asunder, and are weighed down and consumed? But I fear if I shall do this, lest I, who ought to comfort the souls of you all which are more than enough affrighted, should thoroughly weaken and break them down by the recalling of this bitter sadness to mind.

By the death of Alciati, to whose virtues no age ever had equal among all mankind, who is not so confounded that there seems neither measure nor intermission of tears, nor any future alleviation? For whoever shall not wish to examine him from his boyhood, and to commence from the beginning, will easily judge him to have gone beyond the usual measure of human ability. Scarcely had he been led forth from the cradle, when he gave to all the signs of highest hope, of highest inborn power of

genius, and of highest virtue, so that all seemed to have foretold concerning him what, according to Plato, Socrates augured concerning Isocrates. Nor, indeed, was he able only to uphold and to maintain the wonderful expectation of himself which he had roused, but he altogether surpassed it.

For, refreshed from the fountains of genius, when he had advanced some little in age, not only did he with the edges of his lips taste those studies by which boyhood is accustomed to be moulded to human culture, and, as is said, touched them with the ends of his fingers, but to every kind of learning he bravely applied the acuteness of his intellect; as to the toilsome rules of the Grammarians, the distinctions of Orators, the subtleties of Rhetoricians, the notes of Musicians, the measurements of Geometers, the numbers of Arithmeticians, the motions of Astronomers, the pharmaceutics of Medicine, the hidden sentences of Philosophers, and the divine dogmas of Theologians. Even before he had completed the full age of youth, he had by very ample proofs consecrated the memory of his own name. For while yet a young man he wrote very many orations and declamations; they were ornamented and polished with elegant and pointed sentences and important words; and no one, except he was stupid, and void of common learning and of the polish of human culture, would judge them filled with puerile fiction and pretence, but the products of lettered old age.

There is in them a certain kind of discourse so liquid, copious, and flowing, that a golden stream of oratory may evidently be seen, and the acumen of the Attics, their eloquence, brevity, and wit, may be recognised. The History of his own country he wove together so truly, purely, and ornately, that there is manifest in it a certain brevity as of Sallust, than which to learned ears nothing can be more perfect; nor can anything be discovered which is wanting or redundant. Poesy full of enigmas (between which, on Plato's testimony, no one distinguishes) he so studied, exhausted, and expressed, that

within the first threshold of his youth he composed Emblems, Epigrams, Elegies, Comedies, and divers other poems, so gay, so pleasing, so elegant, that nothing could be more cleverly done. The studies of Mathematical demonstrations, of Medicine, of Philosophy, of Theology, he so embraced that, concerning any one thing in them, he could discourse so copiously, lucidly, and without preparation, as to appear to have been always labouring on that one subject alone. But in what pertains to the knowledge of Greek literature he so bestowed all his study and talent on the imitation of it, and so conjoined Latin with Greek, that not less would his Greek than his Latin speech abound in ornaments of every kind. This fact is indicated in many of his speeches, as well in those written by him in Greek as in those translated out of Greek into Latin. Moreover, some Epigrams exist very elegantly composed, and, as I hope,\* very soon about to receive publication.

But the very noble science of war (on the guardianship and protection of which rests a serene and tranquil state of happy peace) he so understood, that you would have said he had been accustomed to do nothing, except to take up a station for a camp, to surround the same with a rampart, to beat off the enemy, and to draw up an army in array. Lastly, that I may bring together my remarks into a few words, there is no one branch of knowledge of which distinct traces may not be found in him.

Since, in all these kinds of learning, he far excelled others, and already excited among men the highest admiration, he determined that his own genius, so ready and copious, should be no longer spent on these subjects, nor should his divine memory of things and words be employed upon them, in which he much surpassed Cyrus, Mithridates, and Charmides; but from these pursuits, which are worthy of a liberal-minded man, he turned aside, when somewhat advancing in age, to a choicer kind of knowledge.

\* A hope not yet fulfilled.

Wherefore he thoroughly gave himself up to the most sacred wisdom, that of the Civil Law, altogether devoted himself to it, and upon it placed all care, labour, industry, and, lastly, all desire. To this pursuit he had not in his youth given up much time, yet the honours of the Jurisconsult he attained in less than the seventh year, with the highest commendation of learned men. To Milan, his true native country, which has always flourished in fame, and in glory, and in learning, and in warlike praise, he soon betook himself; and there, for almost three entire years, he was engaged in the courts as an advocate, with so great an increase of fame, that his gate, like that of Scipio Nasica of old or of Quintus Mutius, was daily thronged by a crowd of citizens and by the splendour of the highest men.

His singular learning no longer lay hidden in darkness, but was placed in the light of Gaul, in the eyes of Italy, and in the ears of all families and nations. Being sent for by the people of Avignon to fill the public office of professor, he was constituted Count Palatine of the sacred Court of the Lateran by Leo X., the chief pontiff; and though up to that day he had never mounted the Chair, he deserved the stipend of six hundred crowns. Here he tarried some years, and the glory of his name so filled the circle of the lands, that Francis, the most Christian king of the French, called him to the University of Bourges, with a doubled honorarium, and with one thousand two hundred crowns assured.

He was soon sent for from distant countries, and on his resisting, and in some way refusing, Franciscus Sforza, duke of Milan, lawfully laid his hands upon him, and honouring him with the fullest senatorial rank, obtained from him the promise that he would teach at Pavia. A little after he sought Bologna, the foster-child of studies, and there being most honourably received, he was for four years Professor of Civil Law, with a mighty concourse of hearers. Being recalled to Pavia (at the command of the most serene Emperor Charles), he resided here for some years; but, prevailed upon by the very ample promises

of Duke Hercules, he next visited Ferrara, and raised up the prostrate university. At length, after many toils in wandering about, he returned to Pavia, and here placed his seat and home, and taught three or four years at most, with a constant attendance of learned men flowing in from every side.

Lastly, after suffering from pain of the feet for some years, at first indeed slightly (as happens), but soon more severely and frequently, he laboured under continual fever in addition. In the course of fourteen days gradually worn out, with his senses always sound until he perished, he met death on the 11th of January, not exceeding his fifty-eighth year. He rendered back and bequeathed his soul to God, from whom he received it; and when cast down from his high home, and as if sunk to the earth, he gave his body to the ground, not without the greatest weeping and lamentation of all.

But why do I commemorate weeping and lamentation? Milan mourns, Pavia grieves, Italy sits in the dust, France is afflicted; finally, all provinces complain that so divine a Jurisconsult has been deprived of this life. For whoever has so clearly and elegantly interpreted the answers of Jurisconsults, the constitutions of Princes, the sacred canons of Pontiffs? Who, up to this very time, has written respecting all these so truly and eloquently? Has he not indeed added to the knowledge of the laws (of which it is the sister) such great eloquence as none of the ancients possessed, and as to none of the moderns has it been granted to hope for, or even distinctly to desire? This fact is abundantly declared by the Paradoxes, by the Balancings of Accounts, by those books, most celebrated in the discourse of all men, concerning the Signification of words and things, and by countless other works of his, which we have daily in our hands. Him, therefore, shall we not mourn? His death shall we not deplore? The true and genuine glory and ornament of our most sacred Civil Wisdom being extinguished, shall not we complain?

O wretched and miserable race of mortals! O cruel

fates, lying in ambush for all good men! O night on which he breathed forth his soul,—then, of all times, the sharpest and most bitter! So hast thou not despoiled us of a very precious gift divinely sent down to us from heaven? So hast thou not taken away the pleasure beyond belief which we gained from his most agreeable companionship! So hast thou snatched away from us unawares the oracle of the whole Christian Commonwealth! Now, of a truth, has Italy been despoiled of its brightness and peculiar flower, Milan of its splendour, every family and nation of its very clearest light. Voice, strength, words will fail me if I should wish to declare aloud how miserable, how wretched, how bitter to us may the death of this man be.

Already I seem to myself to hear Jurisprudence, mourning and cast down, to break forth into these words: Where is the resplendent brightness? where the assured protection? where Andrea Alciati, my only safety? Where is he, who, by the elegance of his speech, began to increase me when I was lessened, and by the greatness of his genius, by the gravity of his judgments, and by the power of his eloquence, has strengthened me when I was weakened, defended me when I was tossed and driven about by many injuries, came to assist me when thrown headlong, drew me forth from the waters when sinking, and raised me up when afflicted and lost?

O ruthless death! hast thou not so suddenly envied me this glorious light as almost to bring upon me eternal darkness? Hast thou not hurled against his body so bloody a dart, that pristine savagery might deform me afresh? Hast thou not exercised against him so detestable a tyranny as to despoil me of all my ornaments?

But whither is this oration sliding? or what end at length has been proposed to me? Is it that I should help your sorrow by my own tears? Is it, indeed, that I should console you with my oration, and drive away your grief? To greater length, therefore, I will not proceed; I will recall myself to my proper duty and purpose. Clear away your sorrow, my hearers, and lay aside all memory of

grief! Death made ready, set before us, defined, is in like manner common to all, as a true debt of nature :—

“ We owe to death ourselves and ours ;  
Nor does it spare beauty, riches, or imperial powers.”

For—

“ Pale death with equal foot beats at poor men's cottages,  
And at the towers of kings.”

If, indeed, according to the truest sentiment of philosophers, we wish to examine this whole matter a little deeper, we shall very readily judge that life, and not death, is true. For (as it is in Euripides)—

“ Who knows not that to live is but to die ?\*  
And that by mortals, to die is deemed to live ?”

For, from a certain wise man we have heard that we are now dead, and that for us the body is our sepulchre ; and that then we truly live, when we are liberated from this dark prison of earth and emigrate to the citadel of heaven. Now, in what way can this be named life, which, like a most stormy sea, is daily tossed by tempests and waves ? The ancient Fathers, thinking excellently of this very thing, have compared such a life to a game of dice. Nor, undeservedly, has Euripides named it “ one little day ;” Phalereus Demetrius, “ a point of time ;” but, best of all, Pindar, “ the dream of a shadow.”

Now at length therefore lives—lives the divine Alciati, and instead of this mortal condition, he has obtained immortality of life, and that glory which can scarcely be bounded by heaven itself. He has left behind the very firmest safeguards of virtue, which alone, when all other things are lost, can (as M. Tully testifies) support themselves. For in the state of mortals there is no stability, no constancy so great, as in those things which are administered by virtue. And virtue is wont to beat back the cruelty of death, and (as it is said) is fastened by the deepest roots, which by no force can ever be overthrown,

\* “ Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καθαίνειν,  
Τὸ καθαίνειν δὲ ζῆν νομίζεται βροτοῖς.”

and from no place can be removed. He will live—will live, undoubtedly, while the race of men, while nations, while peoples shall exist ; and his life shall remain vigorous in the memory of all ages, posterity will nourish it, eternity itself will always defend it, nor with respect to his praises will any age ever be silent. For his writings are of immortality, not of time.

His home indeed he has changed, but—what this wandering pilgrim did not possess—how firm and stable is the home to which he has attained ! Nature has granted us an inn for sojourning awhile, not for inhabiting. Us mortals she has left exposed to calamities, dangers, diseases, accidents, anxieties, inconveniences, faults, injuries ; that, immortal herself, she might behold those heroes immortal, and pass from toil to rest, from pain to painlessness, from disease to health, from this short age to perpetual life.

Make, therefore, an end to tears, nor any longer bewail the death of our Preceptor, for whoever does that deplores that himself is mortal, and (just like Theophrastus when dying, as recorded by M. Tully,) he accuses nature. Alciati has died in his native land, in which it is an illustrious thing to die ; and before he gave up the last breath of life, he so arranged all his affairs that his fortune (which he had obtained, not as a Theban of old, one Ismenias, mentioned by Plato, but by diligence and virtue) he left by will to his heir, Francisco Alciati, whose pure and spotless morals, penetrating genius, and singular knowledge as well of the more polished literature as of the Civil Law, all men commemorate.

So, lastly, to cleanse his soul from all defilement and spot of sin, and with those sacred rites which are wont to be used by such as depart religiously, he desired to placate towards himself the powers above and his own household deities, and to perform the offices due to God, so that no one ought of right to grieve concerning his death.

And now, illustrious Sirs ! let us all, stretched at the feet of that very illustrious man, cast ourselves down, beseech God, Best and Greatest, that into the assembly



and number of blessed souls He may place the man who, during his years, pressed earth (as Homer says), not as a useles heap of clay,\* but, his tale of life well told out, he left to posterity an honourable memorial of himself, who, with such great humanity, wisdom, and piety, has finished the course of life by nature circumscribed to men, and who, lastly, with earnestness so great, has ever observed all things which pertain to the most excellent Christian.

—o—

*The Oration of Alexander Grimaldi, of Antipolis, for  
Alciati.*

Tell me, I pray, what inferior man the tomb conceals,  
Or whether the great and renowned Andrea Alciati?  
It possesses of all men, in truth, the noblest,  
And to speak simply, by Jove! the most illustrious.  
Earth hides the body, which also here is laid;  
But of Alciati indeed immortal is the glory.

THE END.†

H. G.

HEATHFIELD, KNUTSFORD,  
*July 27th, 1871.*

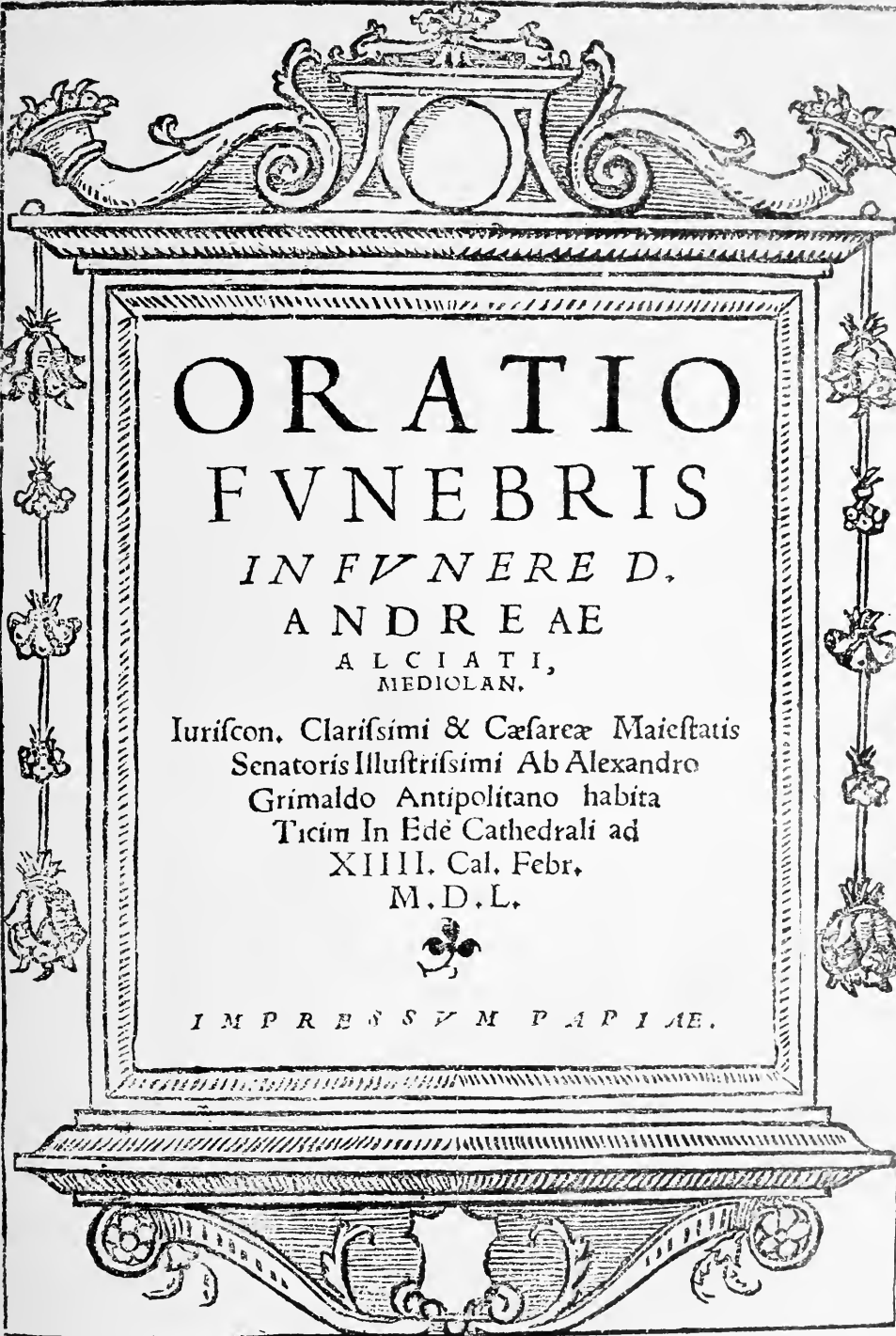
\* “ἐτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης.”

† “Τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου Γριμάλδου ἀντιπολιτάνου εἰς Ἀλκίαν.”

Grimaldi's Greek stanza, besides certain inaccuracies, is so illegibly printed that the text itself is uncertain. It is subjoined, with some slight corrections.

Εἰπέ μοι δέομαι κ' ὀλίγον τινα καλύπτει,  
ἢ μέγαν ἀνδρείαν τ' ἔξοχον Ἀλκίαν;  
Χεῖρον ἔχει ἀνδρῶν ὅπου κάλλιστον ἀπάντων  
ὅστ' ἄλλῳς εἰπεῖν νῆ Δία κλεινότατον  
σῶμα δὲ γῆ κρύπτει, τῆνον καὶ ἐνθάδε κείται,  
ἀλλὰ μὲν Ἀλκιάτου ἀμβροτόν ἐστι κλέος.  
τίλος.





ORATIO  
FUNEBRIS

IN FUNERE D.

ANDREAE

ALCIATI,  
MEDIOLAN.

Iurifcon. Clarissimi & Cæsareæ Maiestatis  
Senatoris Illustrissimi Ab Alexandro  
Grimaldo Antipolitano habita  
ticiū In Ede Cathedrali ad  
XIII. Cal. Febr.,  
M. D. L.



IMPRESSUM PAPIAE.

ORNATISSIMO VIRO  
NICOLAO GRIMALDO FRATRI,  
ALEXANDER GRIMALDVS. S.



VM ad xiiij cal. febr. magni illius uiri Andreæ Alciati suo magis quàm nostro tempore uita functi interitum in æde cathedrali deplorassem frater ornatissime, fuerunt p̄ multi magnæ autoritatis uiri, qui me cum iubere iure suo possent multis precibus rogauerunt, ut orationem à me habitam diuulgarem, ne tam diuinus posthominum memoriam Iuriscōsultus nullius funebri oratione hic celebratus fuisse uideretur. quibus cum id diu multumq; de ingenij mei facultatibus magnopere dubitās denegassem, me tamen neque honoris neque ætatis excusatio ab hoc labore uendicauit. Illam itaque in publicum proponere decreui. Neque me Heracliti sententia ab hoc concilio reuocauit qui canē ignotos allatrare, erga notos uero mitiorem esse dicebat. Sicq; inuidiam novos homines ut nuper euectos infestare, innotos autem iam esse mitiorem. Malo enim cum tantorum uirorum studio sim obsecutus, desiderari prudentiam meam, q̄ si id denegarim beneuolentiam. Est autem à maioribus nostris diuinitus inuentum atque institutum, ut si quid in lucem edatur aliquis potissimum maximis quibusdam bonis instructus & ornatus eligatur, quo patrono & defensore id obtractatorum insectationem non reformidans, tutò in publicum exeat. Quod cum animo meo diu uersarem, te frater amantissime ex cunctis eruditis delegi, quem & doctrinæ singulari, et humanitate incredibili, & multarum rerum usu atque experientia (quātum in tuam ætatem cadere potest) reliquis longè prestare iudicauī. Quapropter te oro atque obtestor, ut hūc ingenij mei foetum quem certe candidissimo animo tibi nuncupauī lata fronte qualem mihi semper prestitisti accipias & meum hoc munusculum beneuolē ut soles, complectare. Vale.



ORATIO FVNEBRIS  
 HABITATICINI IN FV-  
 NERE EXCELLENTISSIMI IVRISC,  
 ANDREAE ALCIATI IN AEDE CA-  
 THEDRALI AB ALEXANDRO  
 GRIMALDO ANTIPOLITANO.



QUANTVM vulnus  
 pro dolor, Christianorum  
 Respublica uiri omnium se-  
 culorum, omnis memoria,  
 doctrina & uirtute facile  
 principis Andreae Alciati  
 decessu nuper acceperit, ne  
 is quidem cui summam copiam  
 facultatemq; dicendi natura largita est, non dico complecti  
 orando, sed percensere loquendo ulla ratione poterit. Quae  
 enim unquam in homine tanta uitae fuit integritas? tanta co-  
 stantia? tanta deniq; bonarum omnium artium cognitio? Quis  
 illum nisi penitus ineptus quodam diuino spiritu instinctum  
 fuisse negabit? Quod cum diligenter mecum reputarem hoc  
 mehercule dicendi munere supersedere decreueram. Etenim  
 sciebam mihi coram frequenti grauiq; doctorum hominum  
 conspectu & consessu, quantus mea memoria nunquam ullo  
 in loco fuit, dicendum fore. Itaq; timebam ne id me muneris  
 suscepisse, audacia uobis potius quam obsequium, temeritasq;  
 officium uideretur, quod ego qui & ingenij, acumine, & iu-  
 dicij grauitate, & arte aut studio dicendi (in quibus non

multum sanè temporis adolescens adhuc impendi) procul a uobis omnibus relinquitur eius hominis laudes, qui omni genere uirtutis maxime floruit oratione complecti, atq; huius auctoritatè loci, in quem nisi summa facultas afferi debuerat, contingere auderem. Verum Patres Ampliss. si semel instituti mei causam rationemq; cognoueritis, intelligetis me non huius muneris obeundi fiducia, sed ne quis grati discipuli in Præceptorem officium in me desideraret, hanc orandi prouinciam suscepisse. Hic enim non suos solum, sed et nos omnes Gallos (tantum humanitatis natura dederat) adeo diuinis et immortalibus meritis deuinxit, ut obstrictos nos memoria beneficiorum sempiterna suppudere debuisset, si quam gratiam uiuo et spiranti non habuimus (referre enim non potuimus) mortuo memori mente quædam maximam animi nostri capere possent non persolueremus, eumq; aliqua oratione celebraremus. Quæ licet uiri diuino ingenio, admirabili doctrina, incredibiliq; prudentia præditi singulares eximiaq; uirtutes potius sit dicendo obscuratura, quam eius amplitudinem illustratura, malui tamen eloquentiam in me requiri quam si id non fecerim ingrati animi uobis esse suspectus. Illius enim mortem qui omnibus hominibus interuisse existimandus est, non luctu publico solum, sed etiam monumentis esse honorandam puto. Adestote itaq; omnes animis qui adestis corporibus, quorum ora uultusq; non sine maxima mentis delectatione contemplan, meq; pauca de florentissimi Præceptoris nostri Andreæ Alciati laudibus dicentem, attentissimis animis summa cum benignitate audite. Magni profectò

atq; arduum hodierno die mihi onus est impositum audito-  
res, omnium qui sunt, fuerunt, erunt, longe maximū atq;  
clarissimum uirum laudandi Excitanda itaq; mens et attol-  
lenda est, ut & uos tantæ rei dignitatem percipiatis auri-  
bus, et nos mente cogitationeq; comprehensam oratiōe com-  
plectamur, Quid faciam? quid primum querar? Vnde potis-  
simū exordiar? Iam sanè non solum commoueor animo,  
sed omnibus artibus contremisco, neque ulla pars corporis  
mei satis suum officium præstare potest. An incredibiliū  
uirtutum suarum memoriā dicendo refricabo? commu-  
nemq; dolorem uel mœrorem potius, quo omnes non distine-  
mur aut duellimur, sed opprimimur ac ardemus oratione  
augebo? At uereor si hoc fecero, ne qui uestrum omnium  
animos plus quàm satis est consternatos consolari debeam,  
acerbæ tristitiæ recordatiōe penitus debilitè & frangam.  
Quis enim Alcibiadis cuius unius uirtutibus pares omnium  
hominum uirtutes nulla unquā secula habuerūt morte nō ita  
conficiatur, ut neq; modus neq; intermissio lacrymarū neq;  
ulla leuatio futura uideatur? Nam qui illum à puero inspi-  
cere et ordini à principio uoluerit, humani ingenij modum  
excessisse facile iudicabit. Vix enī cunabulis eductus, ea sum-  
mæ speciei, summæ ingenij indolis, summæq; uirtutis signa de-  
dit omnibus, ut de illo quod de Isocr. apud Platonē Socra-  
tes auguratus est, omnes prædixisse uideantur. Neq; uerò  
mirificā expectationem q̄ sui concitaret sustinere duntaxat  
ac tueri potuit, sed omnino uicit. His enim ingenij fontibus  
irrigatus cūm ætate aliquantulum processisset, nō solum ar

tes quibus ætas puerilis ad humanitatem informari solet præ  
moribus labris gustauit et extremis ut aiunt, digitis attigit,  
sed ita in Grammaticorum laboriosos, canones, Oratorum  
colores, Dialecticorum argutias, Musicorum tonos, A=  
rithmeti corum numeros, Geometrarum dimensiones, A=  
strologorum motus, Medicorum, τὰ ἀλιξιφάρακα,  
Philosophorum abditas sententias, Theologorum diuina  
dogmata, in omne deniq; (ne singula persequar) disciplinarũ  
genus aciem mentis ita fortiter intendit, ut plenam nondum  
attigens pubertatẽ amplissimis monimẽtis memoriã nominis  
sui cõsecrarit. Scripsit enĩ adhuc adolescens p̄ multas oratio  
nes et declamationes adeo cõcinnis et acutis s̄tẽtijs grauius  
q; uerbis ornatas et perpolitas, ut nemo figmẽti fuciq; pue  
rilis sed literatæ senectutis plenas nisi hebes cõmuniũq; lite  
rarũ et poltioris humanitatis expers diuidicet. Inest enim  
genus quoddam sermonis ita liquidum, fusu et profluens, ut  
aureum orationis flumẽ manifesto deprehendatur, atq; Atti  
corum acumen, elegantia, breuitas et facetiæ agnoscantur.  
Historiam patriam adeo uere, pure et ornate contexuit,  
ut appareat quædam in illo uelut Sallustiana breuitas, qua  
nihil apud aures eruditas potest esse perfectius, ut nec quod  
desit nec quod redundet inueniri possit. Poesim ænigmatiz  
plenam (quã quiuis teste Platone non dignoscit) sic didicit,  
hausit, expressit, ut Emblemata, Epigrammata, Elegias,  
Comœdias et alia diuersa poemata, ita festina, ita concinna  
ita elegantia nihil ut fieri possit argutius, intra primum in  
uentutis limen con fecerit. Mathematicarum demonstrati-



tonum, medicinae, Philosophiae, & Theologiae, studia sic amplexus est, ut de quacumque re ita copiose luculenter & ex improviso dissereret, ut in una qualibet sola & semper laborasse uideretur. Quid autem ad Graecarum litterarum cognitionem attinet, ita omne suum studium atque ingenium ad earum imitationem contulit, Latinaque cum grecis sic coniunxit, ut non minus Graeca quam Latina illius oratio omnibus ornamentis abundaret. Id indicant tum pleraque ab eo graece scripta tum è grecis latine reddita. Quin etiam non nulla extant Epigrammata eleganter admodum conscripta propediem (ut spero) publicum acceptura. Rei autem militaris nobilissimam scientiam (in cuius tutela et praesidio serenus tranquillisque beatæ pacis status aqescit, ita calluit, ut illum nihil nisi castris locum capere, eadem uallo cingere, hostes propulsare, exercitum frustrare solitum fuisse dixisses. Nulla denique ars est (ut in pauca conferam) cuius non expressa uestigia apud illum reperiatur. Quibus omnibus disciplinis cum cæteris longe antecelleret summamque hominum admirationem iam excitaret, suum ipsius ingenium tam facile et copiosum in his diutius consumendum, memoriâ rerum et uerborum diuinam (qua Cyro, Mithridati, Charmidæque multum excelluit) adhibendam non esse iudicauit: sed ab his artibus quæ sunt libero homine dignæ, ad elegantiores scientiam ætate aliquantulum progrediente defluxit. Quapropter sanctissimæ civili sapientiæ se penitus dedit, illi se totum addixit, in ea omnem curam, laborem, industriam, studium denique totum collocauit. Cui cum non multum temporis adolescens tribuisset, insignia Iurisconsulti

citius septennio maxima doctorum uirorum prædicatione  
affecutus est. Mediolanū germanam patriam quæ fama,  
quæ gloria, quæ doctrina, quæ bellica laude semp floruit  
mox se recepit, ubi triennium fere integrum aduocatus  
in foro tanta famæ celebritate uersatus est, ut illius ianua  
quemadmodum olim Scip. Nasicæ aut Q. Mutij, maxima  
quotidie ciuium frequentia & summorum hominum splendo  
re celebraretur. Cuius singularis eruditio cum iam non in  
tenebris lateret, sed in luce Galliæ, oculis Italiæ, atq; in au  
ribus omnium gentium et nationum posita esset, ab Auenionen  
sibus ad publicum profitendi munus accersitus, Comes Pa  
latinus sacræ Lateranensis Aulæ à Leone x. Pont. Max.  
constitutus est, & cum nunquam ad eum diem Cathedram  
ascendisset, Stipendium sexcentorum meruit, ibiq; aliquot  
annos commoratus, ita orbem terrarum nominis sui glo  
ria impleuit, ut illum Franciscus Francorum Rex Chri  
stianissimus duplicato honorario et mille ducetisq; præstitis  
in Biturigensem Academiam uocarit. Accersiuu mox illū  
de longinquis regionibus, resistentiq; & quodammodo ter  
giuersanti iure suo inccit manum Franciscus SF. Medio  
lanensis Dux, amplissimæq; senatoria dignitate ornauit, &  
ut Ticini doceret ab eo impetrauit. Bononiam Studiorum  
alumnā paulo post petijt in qua honorificentissime excep  
tus quatuor annos magno auditorū concursu Ius ciuile pro  
fessus est. Ticinum reuocatus (ita iubente Carolò Impera  
tore Sereniss.) aliquot annos hic resedit. Ferrariam Du  
cis Herculis amplissimis cōditionibus adductus deinceps in

uisit, & prostratam *Academiam* extulit. Tandem post  
 infinitos peregrinationis labores *Ticinum* reuersus, hic se-  
 des ac domicilium collocauit, docuitq; tres aut quatuor an-  
 nos ad summum, assidua doctorum uirorum frequentia undi-  
 que confluentium. Deniq; dum pedum dolore aliquot annos  
 leniter quidem primo (ut fit) fortius mox ac crebrius labo-  
 raret continua febre adiuncta, paulatim intra decem et qua-  
 tuor dies confectus, integris usq; dum interiret semper sensi-  
 bus, ad tertium Idus Ianuar. quinquagesimum octauum an-  
 num non excedens mortem obiit, animumq; Deo à quo ac-  
 ceperat, ex altissimo domicilio depressus et quasi demersus  
 in terram, corpus humo nõ sine maximo fletu gemituq; om-  
 nium reddidit ac reliquit. At quid fletum gemitumq; com-  
 memoro? Luget *Mediolanum*, moeret *Ticinum*, Squalet  
*Italia*, affluclatur *Gallia*, omnes deniq; prouinciæ tam di-  
 uinum *Iurisconsultum* orbatũ hac uita queruntur. Quis enim  
 unq; adeo sincere atque eleganter *Iuriscensultorũ* respon-  
 sa, *Principum* constitutiones, *Pontificum* sacros canones  
 est interpretatus? Quis de his omnibus ita uere ac diserte  
 ad hæc usque tempora scripsit? Num tantam eloquentiam  
 legum scientiæ ( cuius quasi soror est ) coniunxit, quantam  
 neque ex ueteribus quisquã habuit, neque ex posteris alicui  
 sperare uel planè etiam optare datum est? Id τὰ τὰ ἀγαθὰ δόξα,  
*Dissunctiones*, libri illi omnium sermone celebratissimi de  
 uerborũ & rerum significatione, & alia eius infinita ope-  
 ra quæ quotidie in manibus habemus abũde declarãt. Hũc  
 igitur non lugebimus? Illius interitum non deplorabimus?

extinctum uerum & germanū sanctissimæ cœnæ sapientiæ  
decus & ornementum non queremur? O mortalium genus  
miserū ac calamitosum. O fortunæ telum acerbum. O fata  
crudelia bonis omnibus insidiantia. O noctem qua animam  
efflauit omnium temporū acerrimam atque acerbissimam.  
Siccine nos tam precioso munere diuinitus e cœlo ad nos de  
lapso spoliasti? Siccine uoluptatem incredibilem quā ex il-  
lius iuicudissima cōsuetudine capiebamus ademisti? Siccine  
oraculum totius Christianæ Reipub. insperantibus nobis  
eripuisti? Nunc mehercule candore & flore proprio Ita-  
lia, splendore suo Mediolanum lumine præclarissimo om-  
nes gentes & nationes sunt priuata. Me uox, me latera,  
me uerba deficient si quā miser, quā calamitosus, quam-  
quā acerbus sit nobis huius uiri obitus uociferari uelim. Iam  
mihi uideor audire Iurissprudentiam moerentem & demissā  
in has uoces erumpere. Ubi splendidissimus candor? ubi  
præsidium firmissimum? ubi unicum columen meū Andreas  
Alciatus est? Qui me sui sermonis elegantia, ingenij magni-  
tudine, iudicij grauitate, dicendi facultate diminutā adauxit,  
debilitatā confirmauit, multis iniurijs iactatā atque agitatā  
defendit, præcipitanti subuenit, demersam extulit, afflictā et  
perditā erexit? O immanem mortem. Tu ne mihi hoc præ-  
clarum lumen tam subito inuidisti, ut pene æternas mihi te-  
nebras adferres? Tu ne adeo cruentum in illius corpus telū  
inieciisti, ut pristina barbaries me demuo deformaret? Tu  
ne tyranidem detestabilem in illum sic exercuisti, ut me om-  
nibus ornamentis spoliares? Verum quo hæc delabitur ora

rio? aut quis tandem mihi finis est propositus? An ut mœrorem uestrum lacrymis meis adiuuem? An uerò ut oratione mea uos consolet doloremq; depellam? Longius itaque non progrediar, meq; ad meum munus pensumq; reuocabo. Abstergite luctum auditores, & mœroris memoriam omnem deponite. Mors parata, proposita, definita, & ex æquo communis est omnibus quasi naturæ uerum debitum.

Debentur mortinos nostraque.

Nec formæ, nec opibus, nec imperijs, parcit.

Etenim

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas.

Regumq; turreis.

Verum si paulò altius iuxta Philosophorum uerissimam sententiam rem hanc totam perscrutari uelimus, uitam esse ueram & non mortem faciliè iudicabimus. Nam (ut est apud Euripidem)

Τίς δ' οὐδὲν εἶ το ζῆν μὲρ εἰ κατὰ χεῖρ

Τὸ κατὰ χεῖρ δ' ἐ ζῆν τομίζεται βροτῶν.

Et nunc fortè re uera mortui sumus. Accepimus enim à sapiente quodam nos nunc mortuos esse, corpusq; nostrum sepulchrum esse nobis, & tunc nos uere uiuere, cum ab hoc cæco Terrarum carcere liberati, in cœli arcem emigramus. Nã quo tandem modo uita hæc appellari potest, quæ ueluti turbulentissimum pelagus, tot procellis & fluctibus quotidie iactatur? quam Talorum iactibus ueteres illi Patres de hac re optime sentientes compararunt. Neque eam immeritò Euripides dieculam unam, Phalereus Demetrius

temporis punctum, optime uero omnium Pindarus umbræ  
Somnium appellauit. Nunc demum igitur uiuit uiuit diuinus  
Alciatus, & pro mortali conditione uitæ immortalitatē,  
& eam gloriam quæ uix cælo capi potest est consecutus.  
Reliquit enim uirtutis præsidia firmissima quæ perditis re  
bus omnibus sola se ( M. Tullio teste ) sustentant. Nul  
la enim in re mortalium tanta inest firmitas, tanta constan  
tia, ut his in rebus quæ uirtute geruntur. Et uirtus crudeli  
tatem mortis propulsare solet, & (ut dicitur) est altissimis  
defixa radicibus, quæ nulla unquam ui labefactari nullo unquam  
loco dimoueri potest. Viuet, uiuet perfectio, dum genus hominum,  
dum gentes, dum populi extabunt, et uita illius memoria seculorum  
omnium uigebit, posteritas alet, ipsa æternitas semper intuebi  
tur neque ulla unquam ætas de suis laudibus cõtescet. Scripta  
enim illius immortalitatis non ætatis sunt. Domicilium quide  
mutauit, sed ut firmum & stabile quod hic tanquam peregrini  
us non habebat consequeretur. Commorandi enim nobis na  
tura diuersorium non habitandi dedit. Nos mortales cala  
mitatibus, periculis, morbis, casibus, curis, incomodis, iniurijs,  
iniurijs, obnoxios reliquit: ut immortales illos herõas immor  
talis inuiseret, ex labore ad quietem, ex dolore ad indolen  
tiam, ex morbo ad sanitatem, ex ætate breui ad perpetuam  
defluxit. Lacrymarum itaque finem aliquem facite, neque  
mortem Præceptoris nostri diutius deplorare. Qui enim id  
agit, se mortalem esse deflet, ac naturam ( quemadmodum  
Theophrastus moriens apud M. Tullium ) accusat.  
Mortuus est in patria, in qua decedere præclarum est

atque antequam extremum uitæ spiritum ediderit, ita omnia sua composuit, eum fortunarum suarum (quas non ut olim Thebanus Ismenias apud Platonem) sed diligentia & uirtute parauerat Franciscum Aiciatum hæredem testamento reliquit, cuius candidos niueosq; mores, ingenium perspicax, & singularem tum literarum humaniorum, tum etiam Iurisciuilis peritiam omnes commemorant, Ita denique animum omni labe & macula peccati expurgare, cumq; his quæ ritè decedentibus adhiberi solent sacris deos sibi superos atque manes placare, & debita officia Deo præstare uoluit, ut de eius interitu nullus iure dolere debeat. Nunc autem uiri percelebres omnes ad pedes Strati iaceamus obsecrantes Deum Optimum Maximum ut eum qui suos annos *ἰτῶσις ἀχῆος ἀρούρης*. (ut inquit Homerus) terram præstitit, sed grauiter peracta hac uitæ fabula, honestè sui memoriam posteris reliquit, qui tanta humanitate prudentia & religione exiguum hoc uitæ curriculum hominibus à natura circumscriptum confecit, qui tanto denique studio omnia quæ sanctissimi Christiani sunt, semper obseruauit, in animorum beatorum cœtum ac numerum reponat.

Τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρου, γεμῆλδου ἀντιπολιτάνου εἰς Ἀλκίαν.

Ἐπιπέμοι δ' εὐμαι τὸ λίγον τινὰ σῶμα καλύπτει  
 ἢ μέγαν ἀνδρείαν τέξουκον Ἀλκίαν;  
 χεῖνον ἔχει ἀνδρῶν δήπου κάλλισον ἀπείτων  
 ὡς τ' ἀπλῶς ἐῖπῃς κήδ' ἰα κλεινέστατον  
 σῶμα δ' ἐγὼ γυπτει, τῆνον καὶ ἐῖδα δ' ἐκείνου,  
 ὁλλὰ μὲν Ἀλκίαν ἄμφοτερόμ' ἐσι κλέος.

τελθ.

ELEGIA DE MORTE  
D. ANDREAE ALCIATI,  
PER ALEXANDRUM GRIMALDUM  
ANTIPOLITANVM.



*Quod cuperent magnos crudelia fata Ticin:  
Eripere & placida luce carere uiros.  
Insignem subito ferunt uirtute Salernum,  
Impia nec terris plura uidere sinunt  
Ocyus Andulphum rapiunt, morbisq; medentem  
Diuine nobis eripit una dies.  
Nec te magnanimum heroem Butigella tacebo  
Quis facis interitu squalida cuncta tuo.  
Nuper at Andream nondum satiata uocarunt  
Alciatum, o magnis inuida fata uiris.  
Pierides lugent, mœret Tritonia Pallas,  
Deflet & extinctum pulchra Thalia decus.  
Et queritur raptum nobis Grinaeus Apollo  
Alciatum, ac tanti inſta querela dei eſt.  
Nam quis non doleat circum præcordia tantum  
Fata breui nobis eripiſſe uirum?  
Sed quid dico uirum? longè mortalia quæ ſunt  
Vicit, ut hunc hominem nemo fuſſe putet.  
Mortales uifi, nos ut diuina doceret,  
Et peteret tandem regna relicta prius.  
Quod fecit, mentemq; Deo ſatur hac dedit aura  
Reddidit & terræ corpus inane lubens.*



*Ingenij monumenta sui tamen ampla reliquit.*

*Heros, non ulla deperitura die.*

*Quæ legite, & uestris manibus persæpe tenete.*

*Nomen & Alciati concelebrate precor.*

**F I N I S .**

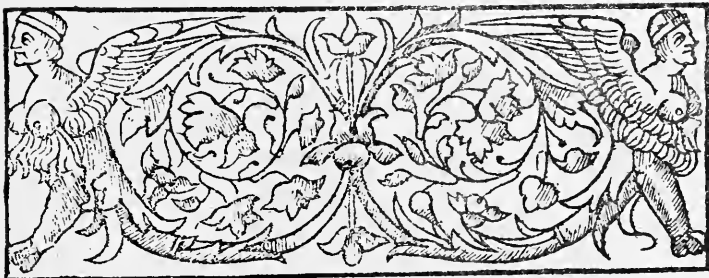
**P A P I E .**

*Apud Franciscum Moschenum Bergomensem, Et*

*Ioannem Baptistam Nigrum, Socios*

*Ciuesq; Papienses. Anno*

*Domini. M. D. L.*





# C A R M I N A

STEPHANI GVATII.

ALCIATI LACRIME.



E Rgone mortales tot cantus, totq; choreas:  
Durabunt longos oçia vestra dies?  
Ergone delicias vixisse inpune licebit?  
Plaudite num quisquam posse videre putat?  
Tanta ne pectoribus vestris migrauerit vnquam  
Letitia: heu pœnas omnia fine dabunt.  
Miscentur lachrymis cœlestia regna, minantur  
Exitium terris luctibus attonita.  
Iam prope cœlestis, mundi et nil machina distat,  
Iam prope cœlestis machina facta Chaos.  
Nunc, nunc mortales dici cupiuntq; voluntq;  
Cœlicolæ, lachrymas dantq; superq; satis.  
Obicit ANDREAE causam mors dura doloris  
Orbatum queritur numine quisq; suo.  
Hument pleçtra, situm suspensaq; harbita ducunt  
Atq; manum Phebus continet ipse lyra.  
Mutescunt querulæ, non amplius æthëra complent,  
Deseruere suum nunc Helycona Deæ.  
Edoçte quondam Charites celebrare choreas  
Conspectum tacite nunc Iouis ante sedent.  
In terris speculum referentem numinis vltro  
Flaua Ceres desjet occubuisse sui.  
Doçtrine exemplo Pallas viduata dolores,  
Concipit heu quantos, quanq; Diana gemit.  
Denique flere diem tam crudi vulneris omnes  
Constituere Dei, constituere Deæ.  
Vnica sed luctus inter solatia restant,  
Ab Ioue quod mortis præmia digna feret.  
Omnia corruerent, terris habitare iuuaret,  
Hoc si non inter damna leuamen erat.

Humanas voces, lachrymas quin fundere mallent,  
Mallent nobiscum morte dolore pari.  
Sad te iam ne potest vrgerere miserrima tellus,  
Iam ne potest cœlum, cura, dolorq; Deum?  
Respice quam viuum refecant tua vulnere, cinctam  
Heu, heu te Innumeris moxq; fatere malis.  
Est cito quo possint sanari vulnere Diuum,  
Non possunt medica sed tua dira manu.  
Iam fas est crebris spumantia fletibus ora  
Ter, quater, æterna credo rigare die.  
Nunc gemitus, uoces, adeant suspiria cœlum,  
Perpetuam ducant mœstitiamq; genæ.  
Nubila frons ducat, nulla hic demulceat aures:  
Res, res composita non eget ista coma.  
Gallia, Germanæ gentes, Hispania, vestri  
Exitij signum nunc tuba sæua dedit.  
Nunc oculos vestros, animosq; auertite, ripam  
Ticini aspiciant lumina vestra tenus.  
Alloquar Italiam? calcar currentibus addam:  
Ah nimium sensit vulnere læsa graui.  
Huc, huc horentes, huc, huc quoscunq; remissos  
Intendant oculos seruat vterque polus.  
Quod lachrymas citra nequeo memorare, videbunt  
ANDREAM supra spem potuisse mori.  
Crediderat potuisse mori gens tempore nullo  
Immortalis erat quod data fama viro.  
Hoc ipso asperius crudescunt vulnere verum  
Insperata virum mors quod iniqua rapit.  
Inuida mors dedecus quod te manet inuida turpe,  
Si qua facis, nobis vulnere cæca facis.  
Ille, ille Intactus contemptis sedibus istis  
Fœlix sydereos incolit ille lares.  
Carcere mortales miseri squallente relictii  
Luctificam nequeunt sed tolerare vicem.  
Cogitat humani generis dum quisq; salutem  
Extinctam, occurrit pro ratione furor.

Audiuere graui Iuuenes qui voce tonantem  
 Stillantes Lachrymas quam sine fine dabunt,  
 Illius atq; tubæ cultrix Germana Iuuentus  
 Concitat o quantus pectora vestra dolor.  
 Quantus te exagitat legum studiosa Iuuentus,  
 Quantus te exagitat nocte, dieq; simul.  
 Dicite nunc soliti pendere frequenter ab ore  
 Quam graue sit cani deseruisse, latus.  
 Audistis quoties sapienter verba sonantem  
 Gryphos abstrusos dissoluisse diu.  
 Sperauit ne quoties hominem me posse videre,  
 Et quæ saxa trahit me quocumque voce trahit  
 Nunc & non miseras aures expleffe, tacentem  
 Conspicere & saltem non poruisse dolet.  
 Vrbs manet at quantus te te nunc maxima luctus  
 Et capite, & charo tam viduata Duce.  
 Lugentes tumulum cingunt, passimq; parentat  
 Quisq; gemens, & tu victa dolore Iaces.  
 Lauream iam cesset, sapientes iam satis agro  
 De Ticinensi profiliere viri.  
 Iam metuo domino extincto ne sole relicta  
 Destituant vestrum sydera forte solum.  
 Tene vnq; potuisse igitur iustissime pastor  
 Linquere propensos ad tua vota greges?  
 Tene tui magni cultores numinis vnq;  
 Tene vnquam fidos deseruisse tibi?  
 Si cælo fruitur quisquis mortalia curat  
 Respice discessu vulnere quanta facis.  
 Aspice sit quantus de te dolor, aspice quantæ  
 Sint Lachrymæ, quanta & sollicitudo premat.  
 Hoc scio (si solita fulges pietate beatus)  
 Pro nostris lachrymas fletibus ipse dabis.  
 Nunc minus illa micat lampas Phœbeia terris,  
 Nunc iter incerto nunc pedè quisq; facit.  
 Exitium, exitium promittunt sydera, raptus  
 Crimina, ridiculum dicere furta foret.

Corde fluunt Lachrymæ mortalibus, vndiq; luctus  
 Nascitur: Innumeris omnia plena malis.  
 Hæc fecisse docent, hæc te miracula ferris  
 Conuitium, terras de stituiffe docent.  
 Vertentur lachryme in furias, vertentur amaram  
 In rabiem, surget squallida Tisiphonæ.  
 Quando Iuuant demum medicamina nulla, ministret  
 Accensis animus ne furor arma timet.  
 Cum superis prompti bellum renouare gigantes  
 Innumeri ob raptum te statuere Ducem.  
 Hoc pius, hoc crimen, scelus, hoc auerte, tuera.  
 Et saltem miseros qua ratione potes.  
 Sis memor & saltem polles quo numine, terras  
 Debentes nimium sæpe Iuuare tibi.  
 Immortale tuum tollent ad sidera nomen,  
 Et tibi pro meritis carmina multa dabunt.  
 Terra tuæ cultrix prima te fruge piabit,  
 Atq; ego sic carpens sydera voce querar.  
 Hic iacet ANDREAS quondam qui lumina terris  
 Omni plena sui parte corusca dedit.  
 Ast vbi mortalis dissoluit vincula vitæ  
 Terra miser partes non tulit vsq; suas.  
 Res data sorte fuit, Terris est fama relicta  
 Sorte tulit cineres marmor & ossa capax.  
 Spiritus ætherei sedes confugit ad altas  
 Agmine cœlesti cum comitante Ducis.  
 Illic susceptum gremio, cupidisq; lacertis  
 Auguror æterno tempore pace frui.

FINIS.

# I V L I I Z V R L A E

C A R M I N A,

M O R S.

**M** Esemel cuiſtam ducentiq; agmina ligno,  
 Quod fuit in terris primi mihi Cauſa triumphii  
 Euulſum a magno rerum genitore recordor  
 Imperium noſtrum toto, quod ſtabat olympto  
 Horrendum, quando ipſa Comas erecta tonanti  
 Terribilem oſtendi vultum, faciemq; minantem  
 Non ante auditas pœnas, duroſq; labores  
 Tunc hominum quicquid fuerat, mea iuſſa timebat,  
 Nec ſecus atq; artus, animos hac falce Secabam,  
 Aſt humili ſpolio victrix nunc dextra potitur,  
 Conamur, famamq; hominum, nomenq; ſopire,  
 Heu paruos auſus, Heu quam nunc debile regnum,  
 Contemptaq; faces, mea magna potentia quondam,  
 Iamq; ſatis fato, ſuperumq; ardentibus iris  
 Eſſe datum potuit, meritas iam ſanguine pœnas  
 Soluimus & nundum fugit præcordibus horror,  
 At non his contenta malis mens dira deorum  
 Sœuit adhuc, renouatq; atros in corde dolores,  
 Et parat arma, quibus rapiat (miſerabile viſu)  
 Quod ſuperceſt regni nec non ſine numine ſceptri  
 Vir fuit italiæ claris productus in oris  
**ALCIATVS** Celeri deductum nomen ab alce  
 Hunc ego tartareis furijs agitata tot annos  
 Perſequor, atq; ſinu nitior prohiberæ Mineruæ,  
 Nam mihi q̄ primùm noſtras peruenit ad aures,  
 Hunc fore qui longe noſtros excedere fines  
 Poſſit, & in vita me in terris ſiſtere famam,  
 Oppugnare vias, Conariq; omnia contra  
 Mens fuit, inuiſis nam ſic contendere fatis,  
 Poſſeq; credebam venientem auertere peſtem,  
 Aſt inimica mihi ſoboles deſenſa deorum  
 Enſe fuit, ſemperq; meas elapſa retexit

Insidias, quamq; nostro venus alma labori  
Annuit, atq; viro visa est contraria viuo,  
Nunc vero optato tandem cum fine potiri  
Debueram, & gratos fructus sentire laborum,  
Quandoquidem e terris isrum falx depulit hostem  
Ecce iterum rediens mutata veste per ora  
Perq; virum memores animos mihi bella mouere  
Præparat indomitus, diuumq; exultat in armis,  
Ipsa quid infœlix faciant, mens ardet in hostem,  
Ac pudet incepto victam desistere, & vni.  
Succubuisse viro, Superos quæ pellere cœlo  
Haud quondam timui, magnū quæ sum ausa tonātem  
Quærere, & horrenti secum concurrere bello,  
Me ne igitur vinci? dominum me ferre secundum?  
Ast ego si terris dominor, si dextera fortis  
Sceptra tenet, si non nobis audacia cedit,  
Scipiadas duros terris si cedere iussi,  
Nec fura me contra defendit musa Maronem  
Iusq; insidijq; modum finem ue labori  
Non prius imponam, quam memet in omnia versam.  
Coreptumq; odijs pectus spes deserat omnis.  
Vincere si nequeo fatis contraria nostris  
Fata viri, in partem saltem minuisse licebit,  
Nil non addebo, nostris sociā arma rapacis  
Temporis adiungam, cæci quoq; limina Ditis,  
Infernaq; domos visam, precibusq; Sorores  
Tartareas, hominum linguas, inuadere, & hostis  
Aeream vitam cogam dissoluere morfu,  
Sed quo me furor iste rapit? quæ me arma iuuabunt  
In diuum infractas vires, in fulmina diuum?  
Ipsa quidam sumpta fallacis imagine famæ  
Decepi veteres, quando non omnia vitam,  
Facta trahunt, sed quæ superum sententia laudat,  
Famaq; quæ summo dissentit ab æthere, nostra est,  
At nunc eror abest, quodq; alto rapta dolore  
Debellare paro, non est mortale, nec horret



Latratus hominum, rapidos neq; temporis ausus,  
 Credo equidem quondam tacituros Marte poetas,  
 Nec semper sacris sedem fore legibus vnam,  
 Et quandoq; suus, quibus est data copia fandi,  
 Deerit honos, minuetq; ætas virtutis honores  
 Nunc hos, nunc illos, variabitq; omnia tempus,  
 Attamen & semper fuit, & Iouis inclita proles  
 Semper erit Pallas, tota hoc quæ in pectore sedet,  
 Quamq; etiam medijs magnum resonabit in armis  
 ALCIATI nomen, stabitq; armata Minerva,  
 Ergo ego quæ magnas Asiae res voluere, & omne  
 Devastare solum, Latiasq; euertere gentes,  
 Et notum Cælo Romanum extinguere nomen,  
 Quæq; nouæ & veteris potui Carthaginis arces  
 Hac æquare solo dextra, nunc vincor ab vno  
 ALCIATO, hic rerum victa victrice triumphat,  
 Atq; ipsa hostilem ducor captiua per orbem.

FINIS.

CONSTANTIVS LANDVVS  
 COMES PLACENTINVS IN  
 MORTEM DIVINI ALCIATI.



**A**LCIATO extincto ceciderunt culmina legum:  
 Rursus & inuasit barbaries latium.

ALIVD.

Alciati ob mortem Permessi exaruit vnda:

Et creuere amnes Italiae lachrimis.

ALIVD.

Maximus interpres legum cum concidit heros

Alciatus, Musæ tunc periere nouem.

ALIVD.

Alciato nascente suum accepere nitorem

Leges, hoc ipso depereunte iacent.

**N**E hai dunque o Morte rea tolt' il gran lume  
 Ill ufrator delle Romane leggi?  
 Per cui dispersi fian sempre i bei greggi  
 Ber non potendo piu l'vfato fiume.  
 Hor che estinto e si valoroso nume,  
 Chi potra piu guidarti a i sommi seggi  
 Dell' eloquenza, che non mai vaneggi  
 O adorna Giouentu di bon costume?  
 Piange Italia mia dunque, e Pianga il Mondo  
 Epiangete voi meco o cari amici,  
 Pianga minerua, e le noue sorelle.  
 Poi c' habiam perso il primo no'l secondo  
 Honor d' ogni virtu, che fe felici.  
 I cor gentil, e l' innalzo alle stelle.

**FEDERICVS SCOTVS,**  
**COMES PLACENTINVS,**  
 IN MORTEM DIVINI  
 ALCIATI.



**A**Vrea qui iecit per terras semina veri  
 Legiferum promens abdita sensa virum,  
 Hic situs est, Mediolanum cui præbuit ortum,  
 Gallia quem mitti fouit & auxit ope:  
 Quemq; reportarunt populi ceruice Latini  
 Pene sua. lugent orba parente suo  
 Gymnasia ALCIATVM: ridet latisissimus ipse,  
 Cum tribuit quod erat denique cuiq; suum:  
 Corpus humo, cœloq; animam, nobisq; libellos  
 Queis velut induxit legibus ipse diem:  
 Et quibus absterfit multum mœroris amicis  
 Fleturis alias infatiabiliter.

Impressum Papiæ, Apud Franciscum Moschenum,  
 Bergomensẽ. Et Iouãnem Baptistã Nigrum,  
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