

The original story of Romeo and Juliet by Luigi da Porto. : From which Shakespeare evidently drew the subject of his drama / Being the Italian text of 1530, and an English translation, together with a critical preface, historical and bibliographical notes and illustrations. By G. Pace-Sanfelice ...

Da Porto, Luigi, 1485-1529.

Cambridge : Deighton, Bell, and co.; 1868.

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PORTO. ORIGINAL STORY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

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THE ORIGINAL STORY
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THE ORIGINAL STORY
OF
ROMEO AND JULIET

BY
LUIGI DA PORTO.

FROM WHICH SHAKESPEARE EVIDENTLY DREW THE
SUBJECT OF HIS DRAMA.

BEING THE
ITALIAN TEXT OF 1530, AND AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,
TOGETHER WITH A CRITICAL PREFACE, HISTORICAL AND
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY
G. PACE-SANFELICE,
LATE PROFESSOR OF THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AT QUEEN'S
COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL, AND AT THE MALTA PROTESTANT COLLEGE.

Poichè la carità del natio loco
Mi strinse, raunai le fronde sparte
E rendéle a colui ch'era già fioco.
Soon as the charity of native land
Wrought in my bosom, I the scattered leaves
Collected, and to him restored, who now
Was hoarse with utterance.—DANTE. *Hell*, Canto xiv.

Cambridge :
DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.
LONDON : BELL AND DALDY.
1868.

Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti.

Come, see the Capulets and Montagues.

DANTE. *Purg.*, Canto vi.

28 Feb 41 / T. B. B. B.

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TO THE
KINDEST, DEAREST, AND MOST GENEROUS FRIEND,
THE REV. HESKETH HANSON, M.A.,
THIS BOOK IS
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY
G. PACE-SANFELICE.

..... al tuo nome il mio desiro
Apparecchiava grazioso loco.

DANTE. *Purg.*, Canto xxvi.

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ERRATA.

Page ix., *for* Veisse *read* Weisse.

" 3, *for* riches. Between *read* riches, between.

" 32, in the note at foot of page, *for* più tardi nel, *read* più tardi del.

" 37, *for* eight-and-twenty *read* forty-eight.

TO THE READER.

THE adventures of Romeo and Juliet, although belonging to history, were nevertheless of too pathetic a nature not to furnish ample material to romancers and poets.

In Italy, Luigi da Porto was the first to write their history; Bandello made of it a novel; Clitia, *nobile Veronese*, composed a very elegant poem; as well as the Count Arici of Brescia, Professor Villardi of Verona, Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, and others. Later, tragedies were written with great success by the Duke of Ventignano, Baron Cosenza, Luigi Scevola, Michele Leoni, Angelica Palli, and others. In France tragedies were written by Ducis, Mercier, Monvel, and Segur. In Spain they inspired the stupendous drama of the famous Lopez de Vega, and likewise that of De las Roxas, a contemporary of Calderon. In Germany, also, a tragedy was written by Veisse. The adventures of Romeo and Juliet prompted even the genius of great composers, as Zingarelli, Bellini, and Steibelt;—of painters, as Gigola, Hayez, Salvatico, and Sabatelli;—of engravers, as Lasinio, Rossi, and Zignani. But to the greatest poet of Great Britain belonged the privilege of rendering immortal the names of the most faithful and unhappy lovers. The tragedy entitled *Romeo and Juliet* of William Shakespeare is one of the most beautiful written by that extraordinary and wonderful genius.

But much has been said and written about the history of the drama, Romeo and Juliet, of the great British bard,

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and there has not been wanting one,* who, with an undaunted courage and an almost heroic perseverance, endeavoured to trace it back as far as the Greek romance, *Xenophon of Ephesus*, or *The Love Adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia!* But after all these strainings after novelty, men were compelled to fall back on the fact, which a tradition of almost three hundred years had already established, namely, that Verona was the place where the incidents had happened, and that the Vicentine Luigi da Porto had first related them. This however did not put an end to questioning altogether, because another question arose, and that of more threatening aspect, namely,—If Luigi da Porto related the incidents of the story of Romeo and Juliet, did Shakespeare derive the subject of his drama from da Porto's story? At this point the savants having felt themselves unable to decide at once on account of the gravity of the matter, another question arose, namely,—Was Shakespeare a learned man or not? Here, as usual, a sharp fight of pen and ink followed, till at last finding that Shakespeare's *chronology*, *geography*, and *history* were very bad, they pronounced him *unlearned*, and therefore incapable of reading any foreign language, and much less Italian, and consequently unable to peruse da Porto's story. Every one sees clearly that after this another question would naturally arise, namely,—From whom then did Shakespeare draw the subject of his drama, Romeo and Juliet? This time the savants gave their final sentence, and declared that Shakespeare undoubtedly drew the subject of his drama from the *Romeo and Juliet* of Arthur Brooke, and that he had the poem constantly before him whilst writing his drama, although he might have read other compositions on the same narratives, but in *English!* The question

* Douce. *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, ii. p. 198.

having been settled so, was settled at the expense of da Porto, who first narrated the story, and to whom not only Shakespeare, but the world is indebted. This consideration made us carefully inquire into the proceedings of that inexorable tribunal of critics. Having been fairly successful in getting together all the best documents on the subject, we found in them nothing, absolutely nothing which could affect in the least the *traditional* opinion we had before, nay, in perusing them we felt it more and more strengthened, and *the love of our native country gaining force, we resolved to gather up the leaves strewn before us, and to give them back to him who now was hoarse with utterance.*

And to begin, let us say at once—not, we think, but that it is really evident—that *Shakespeare drew the subject of his tragedy from the original Italian story of LUIGI DA PORTO*, one of the most elegant and chaste productions which the Italian literature possesses and can boast of. And when we say that *he drew his subject*, we mean, in other words, that the great poet made the original story of da Porto the groundwork upon which he formed his tragedy, and that if he now and then departed from it, *this*, as Dr. Johnson observes, *proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.*

From 1530 down to 1554 there had been published four editions of the original story of Romeo and Juliet by da Porto, besides two more different compositions: and here is their chronological order. The first of the original story was published by *Benedetto Bondoni* in Venice, *sine anno*, and all the Italian bibliographers agree in assigning to it the year 1530 as the epoch of its publication, and all the Italian bibliographers, and the few foreign ones who have had

the chance of seeing it, generally acknowledge it as the *real first* edition. The second was published at the same place, and by the same editor, on the 10th day of July, 1535. The third was published by *Francesco Marcolini* in 1539, and dedicated to the famous Cardinal *Pietro Bembo*. The fourth was published at the same place by *Giovan Griffio* in 1553. Next to these four editions of the original story, comes a poem founded on the same, by *Clitia nobile Veronese*, otherwise *Gherardo Boldieri* of Verona, published in Venice also by *Gabriel Giolito de Ferrari et fratelli* in 1553. Next comes another composition, namely, a novel by *Matteo Bandello*, a Piedmontese, bishop of Agen, published at Lucca in 1554, among many other novels, in 4 vols. 8vo. From the chronology of these six different compositions and editions of the story of Romeo and Juliet in Italy, our readers will agree with us that they were all anterior to the epoch assigned to the composition of the great Poet's drama (1596), and to that of its publication in 1597. And moreover, that the latest, that of bishop Bandello, is not less than forty-three years older.

This established, we met with the objection—"but the existence in Italy of these six different editions of the story does not prove at all that they *had reached the great British dramatist, and moreover, in his country and in that age in which poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by bishops, and privately by the puritans.*"* Let us see if this objection is well founded, or, in other words, if it is supported by facts. In 1560, if not all the three compositions, undoubtedly two of them had been introduced into France, and *Pierre Boisteanu*, who evidently made use of both, formed on them another novel, written in his own language, and published at Lyons in the same year, 1560. This fact proves the gross

* Dr. Farmer's *Essay on Shakespeare*.

contradiction into which those have fallen who on the one hand affirm most positively that Brooke formed his poem on Boisteau,* on the other, that in those days novels and plays were destroyed by bishops and puritans. Perhaps they meant only Italian novels and plays! After this little digression which we have felt obliged to make, let us take up our thread and say that we cannot see why Boisteau, besides da Porto's story and Bandello's novel, could have not read also the poem of Clitia. What is certain is, that he laid the foundation of his novel on da Porto's story, and made abundant use of Bishop Bandello's verbosity and unchaste incidents.† In 1562 was published, and in the heart of London, a poem by Arthur Brooke, of more than three thousand verses, founded on the same narratives of the Italian original story of da Porto, with the same amplifications of Bandello, and a few other alterations. And if we allow to Brooke at least one if not two years for the composition of his poem, we must conclude that Brooke read the original Italian story, the novel and the poem of Clitia, much before 1562, or at the same time as that in which the French Boisteau was reading them. But there is something more. Arthur Brooke in his first preface, (there is a second in verse) which is an inimitable piece of asceticism, and which forms a great contrast to many unchaste passages of his poem, says, towards the conclusion: "Though I saw the same argument lately set forthe on stage with more commendation than I can look for, (being there much better set forthe then I have or can

* Mr. Malone.—See his Shakespeare (1790), vol. ix., p. 1.

† Matteo Bandello, the author of this and many other novels, was a Piedmontese, as we said, a Dominican friar, and bishop of Agen. He was a great friend of *J. Scaliger* and *G. Fracastoro*. It is not here, we think, out of place to mention that there is some one who says that a certain *John Bandello* from Lucca, and not our worthy bishop, is the author of those novels,—but this is only a Jesuitical invention.

doe,) yet the same matter penned as it is may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it as it is." After this we must say that the Italian story most probably had been known in Britain even earlier than in France, and surely long before it had reached Brooke, as we gather from his own words that he published his poem after having seen and compared it with the other, which he so much praises, and which, wishing to judge from his own poem, we may safely infer must have been a very good play indeed. Who can tell that Brooke himself did not make use of it? Unfortunately there are no copies known. Next to Brooke's poem comes an imitation of it, but shorter and much inferior, written by *Bernard Garter*, and published in 1565, under the title *Tragical and true history, which happened between two English lovers*. To this second poem follows a translation of William Paynter, published in 1567, in the 2nd vol. of his *Palace of Pleasure*, founded on the same narratives of the original Italian story, in which the author followed almost the same course as Boistreau, with the exception of adding to it a heap of asceticism, which makes a very ludicrous, if not disgusting contrast with the indecent scenes which he also copied from Bishop Bandello's novel. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The pitifull history of ij lovyng Italians*. In 1582 Brooke's poem was reprinted by the same publisher, *Tottil*, and again in 1587-96. In 1596, Edward White published a new ballad of Romeo and Juliet, of which, as no copy is known to exist, so they say, if not probable it is possible that White in the *indefinite language of the time* meant the *play* when he called it *ballad*, and that he wished to establish some prior claim to the publication of Shake-

speare's tragedy.* To all these different English compositions on the narratives of the original Italian story of da Porto, we must add many other allusions made to the same subject in other works, as, in 1574, by Barnabe Rich in his *Dialogue between Mercury and a soldier*, in which he relates, as not an uncommon thing, that the *Pitifull history of Romeo and Juliet was represented upon tapestry*. In 1578, another allusion was made to the same incidents of the original story in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*. In the following year, 1579, again another allusion was made to it in *A poor Knight, his Palace of Private Pleasure*. Stanyhurst, in his *Epitaph on Commune Defunctorum*, at the end of his translation of the first four books of the *Æneid*, places Juliet in the same line with Dido and Cleopatra. The last instance which we think important to point out is contained in Melbancke's *Philotimus, the Warr betwixt Nature and Fortune*, in 1583.

From the number of all these known compositions and allusions which preceded the great drama of Shakespeare, and which we could trace perhaps even beyond 1558, we must infer that the incidents of the original story had made a great sensation in Britain, and had obtained such a great success as to establish not only the possibility but the certainty of the fact that, as the things stand at present before us, not only the original Italian story, together with the two other compositions, had been introduced into Britain before Brooke wrote his poem; but what is more, that they had most certainly reached this country long before they had reached France, in spite of all the bishops and puritans. This established, as we believe, let us endeavour to answer other objections. "Admitting for a moment," they say, "that all the four editions of da Porto's

* Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.

original Italian story together with the other two compositions had reached Britain, they could not have been of any use to our great poet—"because he was not acquainted in the least with the Italian language."*—If we were not sure of the reality of what we have asserted from the beginning, the very positive tone of this objection would make us desist from proceeding any further, and all the more because of the great learning and profound critical power of the eminent opposers.

Let us begin to examine the reasons which they bring forward in support of their argument. *It is indeed strange, they say, that any real friend of our immortal poet should be still willing to force him into a situation which is not tenable; treat him as a learned man, and what shall excuse the most gross violation of history, chronology, and geography?**—As for us, we do not think in the least to force the great poet into such an untenable situation, lest we should detract from his extraordinary genius, through which nature was pleased to make of him one of its greatest wonders. We remember well that *poeta nascitur*, and we therefore admire in him, what he really is, the born poet. Nevertheless we cannot refrain from pointing out here the most obvious difference between learning and the knowledge of any language. Who can doubt that languages are means which render easier the acquisition of learning? but who could assert that languages are learning itself, or that they cannot be possessed without learning? Nobody, we think. If so we cannot see why Shakespeare, because not a learned man, could not have been possessed of a little knowledge of Italian? But his objectors go on saying—*Certainly some Italian words and phrases appear in the works of Shakespeare,*

* Dr. Farmer's *Essay on Shakespeare*.

• Dr. Farmer. In the preface to his *Essay on Shakespeare*.

yet if we had nothing else to observe, their orthography might lead us to suspect them to be not of the writer's importation. We can scarcely think that this is the reasoning of a man like Dr. Farmer. How, at a time when English people themselves could hardly spell correctly their own language; at a time when, as he himself says, "the English orthography was unsettled;" at a time when they did not scruple to write their own names in so many different ways; at a time when printers added horrors to the errors of their authors, are we to find fault in the spelling of a printed foreign language? But they say, "we can go further and prove this. When Pistol *cheers up himself* with ends of verse, he is only a copy of *Hanniball Gonsaga* (*sic*), who ranted on yielding himself prisoner to an English captain in the low countries, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*."

"Si Fortuna me tormenta
Il speranza me contenta" (*sic*).

These lines being a quotation of Dr. Farmer, we would ask, not about the spelling of *Gonsaga*, which is certainly not correct, but about the other—*Hanniball*,—was it right to spell it so in Shakespeare's time or in his? If so,—why do they not spell it so now? if not,—why did they spell it so then? through ignorance? then whose? the authors' or the printers'? In either case no wonder if Italian words were badly spelt.

What shall we say about the orthography of the two verses just quoted? If Shakespeare's critics were not Italian scholars, but at least if they knew a little of the Italian spelling, they would have added a (*sic*) by the side of the quotation or a very short note at the foot of the page, in order to acquaint the reader with the incorrectness of the quotation. But they bring forward another long

story on a certain word *proface*, which Sir Thomas Hammer observes to be Italian from *profaccia* (which we think also, except the bad spelling,)—*much good may it do you*. Here Dr. Farmer, as elsewhere, without making any mention of the incorrectness of the spelling of the Italian word, whilst he agrees with Sir Thomas as far as the etymology is concerned, concludes, as all through his essay—“But this is not a proof for his (Sir Thomas) author’s (Shakespeare) Italian knowledge.” Why? because this very word is found in old Heywood the dramatist, in Dekker, in the Water-poet, etc. Dr. Farmer’s conclusion may be a very good one, but we find in it something very hard—perhaps we are mistaken. The following is another instance which shews the ignorance of the Italian language in those who have judged Shakespeare not to possess any, because his Italian words were badly spelt :

“The county Paris.” (Act iii. Sc. 5.)

Dr. Farmer says : “It is remarked, that Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly styled the *Countie* in this play. Shakespeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the Italian *Comte* (the Italian word is *Conte* and not *Comte*, which is French) to our *Count*; perhaps he took it from the old *English* novel, etc.” Which one? Paynter’s? if so, we think that there is a mistake, because in Paynter’s translation there are only two forms of calling Paris, namely, *young earl* and *Counte*. From Brooke’s poem? much less, because there is neither Dr. Farmer’s *Comte*, nor the Italian *Conte*. But we meet here with another objection, which apparently has a very formidable aspect, and which seems to have been kept for a clinching argument, a *coup de grâce*. “Read,” Dr. Farmer says, “what Digges, a wit of the town, said of our poet, before he left the stage :

‘Nature only helpt him, for looke thorow
 This whole book, thou shalt find he did not borrow
 One phrase from Greekes, not Latines imitate,
 Nor once from volgar languages translate.’”

Elegies on Poets and Poesie, p. 206, fol. 1627.

This last verse is a very conclusive one indeed: but not against our proposition, which has nothing to do with the *translating* from vulgar languages. We never said that Shakespeare did translate from any vulgar language, but only that he drew the subject of his drama from the original Italian story of da Porto.

But in opposition to this they say,* “The great resemblance of various passages of the poem of Brooke to the great drama, furnishes such a decisive proof of the drama’s having been constructed upon it, as not to leave in our apprehension a shadow of doubt upon the subject, although probably our poet might have read Paynter’s novel, (having taken one circumstance from it, or from other prose translations of Boistreau,) and all the other *English* compositions, and for the following reasons:—

I. “Because Arthur Brooke in 1562 formed the novel of Boistreau into an English poem with considerable alterations and large additions.”—We think that Shakespeare’s opposers are greatly mistaken, because, as Mr. Collier says, “the poem reads more like an original work than anything else, it being not faithful to *any preceding narrative that has ever been pointed out*, or that we have been able to consult, though in the body of it he several times (mark the words), *in imitation of the romance writers of Italy*, speaks of his author, and inserts such expressions as *the written story saith*.” Therefore we do not see the slightest reason either for admitting that Brooke formed Boistreau’s novel into an English poem, or that he was obliged to form into an English poem

* Mr. Malone and others. See his Shakespeare, Vol. IX., *Romeo and Juliet*.

a *French* novel. Why not, we ask, the Italian story?—so much more so when we find that he was so well accustomed to write—as the Italian romance writers, speaking in his poem of his author, and inserting in it such expressions as the written story saith. Which story? Here Mr. Collier cannot mean any other story than that of da Porto, which, as we have proved, had been already introduced in Britain, if not before, at least since 1558, with Bandello's novel. Why then, we ask once more, could not Shakespeare have done as Boisteau did? Why could he not have taken da Porto's story, or, if you like, Bandello's novel, and made the former or the latter, or both, the basis of his great play, varying likewise in many particulars as Boisteau and Brooke did? There is not the slightest reason for denying it, but only *stat pro ratione voluntas*.

2. "Because Paynter, in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau."—And why not, we repeat, from the Italian story of da Porto, or from the novel of Bandello, or from them both? No reason.

3. "Because in the poem the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus*, so also in the play."—In answer to this reason, if such it can be called, we say, *en passant*, that in the edition of the play published in 1623, we read *Eskales* instead; and if there is not any true reason for rejecting it, we must conclude that Shakespeare followed rather *Boisteau*, who spells it *Eskales*, than Brooke.

4. "Because in the poem the family of Romeo are called the *Montagues*."—Quite true, but in the poem the family of Romeo are called also *Mountague*, *Montageu*, *Montagewe*, and this last form occurs more frequently than the other two. Is it so in the drama? Or—why could not Shakespeare have given an English shape to an Italian name as well as Brooke, and in so many different ways?

5. "Because the name of *Romeo might* have been found by Shakespeare in the poem, as that name in *one place* is given to him." — But this very name is *constantly* so spelt in the Italian original of da Porto, in the novel of Bandello, and in the poem of Clitia. For this circumstance, however, they are not so absolute as usual, because they say *he might, etc.*

6. "Because the messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo in order to inform him when Juliet would awake from the trance, in the poem and in the play, is called Friar John." — We do not find this circumstance more conclusive than the others. Why could not Shakespeare, instead of following the original of da Porto, have chosen also the name *John*, and given it to the friar? Was he not to defer to that name with which his audience perhaps was already acquainted? Besides this, we would like to know, how is it that Bandello, Clitia, and the historian della Corte, having undoubtedly drawn their subject and copied expressions and phrases from da Porto, how is it, we repeat, that of these three only Bandello gives to the *superior* of Friar *John* the same name which da Porto gives him, namely, Lorenzo, whilst Clitia calls him *Batto-Tricastro*, and della Corte *Leonardo*? But, finally, had there not been before the poem of Brooke already a play on the same incidents of which Brooke himself so highly speaks? *He, Shakespeare, was not to copy what himself knew, but his audience!*

7. "Because the circumstance of Capulets writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found in the poem and in the play." But is this a reason, we ask, which proves that Shakespeare had borrowed this incident from Brooke's poem? But could any one imagine for a single moment that a Malone could have brought forward

such a circumstance in order to shew that Shakespeare was indebted to Brooke for having introduced the incident of putting down the names of those he wishes to invite to his dancing party and supper, and afterwards to give the list of them to a servant, etc.? It seems to us incredible. But are not these things familiar to the lowest class of society? and a Shakespeare, who plays on the stage with kings and queens with such a skill as to surpass the most refined courtier, to be indebted to Brooke for an act which is the most obviously common? It is very hard indeed!

8. "Because the residence of the Capulets in the original is called *Villafranca* in the poem, and in the play is called *Free-town*."—We do not believe our eyes when we read such frivolities as these! But let us admit for a moment that Shakespeare took this translation of *Villafranca*, or any other translated name, from Brooke's poem—does it follow, or must it follow, that therefore he had founded his play on Brooke's poem? But we do not wish to speak of Shakespeare, but of the most inferior play-writer; how could he even be unable to give the translation of *Villa*, town, and of *franca*, free, and to make of them one word, namely, Free-town? Were there no Italian and English dictionaries in England in Shakespeare's time?

9. "Because," Mr. Malone says, "here is another proof that our author had the poem and not Paynter's novel in *his mind*. In the novel we are told—*A certain lord of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance*. In the poem of Romeo and Juliet of Brooke as in the play her partner is a *knight*:

'With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to dance.'

BROOKE'S *Poem*.

'*Rom*. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight?'

SHAKESPEARE, Act i. Sc. 5.

This circumstance, if it proves anything, proves that Shakespeare did not take it from Paynter; but it does not prove in the least that he had taken it from Brooke, nor that Brooke took it from Boisteau, because neither Boisteau nor Bandello, whose novel he translated in the way we have already mentioned, say one single word about it. If Mr. Malone had read the poem of *Clitia*, which, most surely, he did not read, because he had not even the slightest knowledge of its existence, he would have found there this passage :

“Nel mezzo della *nobil* compagnia
Primo uscì con un torchio acceso in mano
Un giovin che con *vaga leggiadria*
Una donna gentil prese per mano, etc.”

(*Edit. of Venice*, by GIOLITO, 1553. Stanza 25, Canto 1.)

Which in English literally means :

“In the middle of the *noble* company
First came forth with a torch lighted in the hand
A youth (*noble*) who with *comeliness*
Took by the hand a gentle-woman, etc.”

After this it is *evident*, we think, that Brooke took the incident from the Italian poem, because, as we have already said, neither Boisteau nor Bandello make any mention of it. Why not Shakespeare also? If he did translate *nobile* by *knight*, he did it intentionally on account of his *intimate* acquaintance not only with the Italian language, but also with the customs and manners of the Italians. He knew that the son of a Patrician in Italy is a knight by birth.

10. “Because the Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face uncovered, which is not mentioned by Paynter, our author found particularly described in Brooke’s poem :

‘Another use there is, that *whosoever* dies,
Borne to their church with open face upon the bier he lies,
In wonted weed attired, not wrapt in winding-sheet.’

“The play, Act iv. Sc. i. :

‘*Friar.* Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover’d on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault.’”

To this we answer, that what Shakespeare makes the friar say to Juliet is *perfectly true*, and that which Brooke asserts in the above-mentioned verses is *entirely false*, because it is not a custom in Italy that *whosoever dies* is borne to the church with open face, etc., but as they think it in that country to be an honour, so they pay it to the body of a virgin, a bishop, and a king.

II. “Because of the resemblance of the play to the poem of Brooke.”—And for the resemblance of five or six accidental words they quote about fifty lines, of which we give only those of the poem, as the more difficult work to get, and shall send the reader to the play, for those belonging to it.

‘Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,
And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear the sky,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each *vein and limb*
A pleasant *slumber* slide, and quite dispread at length
On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly strength :
Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,
No pulse shall go, no heart once heave within thy hollow breast ;
But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance ;
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sudden chance :
Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,
Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar’d :
—where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua send for Romeus, thy knight,
Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that night.’”*

The words of the play belong to Act iv. Sc. i., beginning where the friar says—“Take thou this phial, being then in bed.” But Mr. Malone does not tell why in Shakespeare the

* The words of the poem printed in *italics* are those to which a resemblance has been found in the play.

friar gives full 42 hours of sleep to Juliet, as the effect of the draught; whilst in the poem there is no mention made of it? From whom, then, did Shakespeare take this circumstance? not from Paynter surely, because the time fixed by Paynter for the same purpose is *at least 40 hours*. Not from da Porto's story, because there the friar says 48 *hours*, nor from the poem of Clitia, because there the trance must last *two days*, nor from Bandello, where the time fixed is 40 *hours*; nor from the Hadriana of Groto, about which more presently, because the fixed time for the trance is *good 16 hours*. Has he not invented his 42 *hours*? Mr. Malone would certainly not object to this power in Shakespeare.

12. "Because of this other resemblance between the play and the poem of Brooke. Shakespeare makes old Capulet say:

—this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Act iv. Sc. 2. p. 137.

And in the poem:

—this is not, wife, the friar first desert;
In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,
But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound*."

We add an instance of ours too, and say in our turn—*So*, in da Porto's original story, the friar says to Juliet—"Listen to me, Juliet; I hear confession, as you know, from half the inhabitants of this city, and enjoy a good reputation with everyone; nor is there any will or reconciliation made in which I am not concerned, therefore, etc." After this quotation, we say—is there any reason for being so positive in affirming that Shakespeare had imitated Brooke?

There are two more instances which will show better what would be called almost a systematic opposition to da Porto and his story.

c

13. "Because they say of this other resemblance."

Rom. —Eyes, look your last !
 Arms take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss,
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—Act v. Sc. 3.

But, finding nothing in the poem of Brooke which they could bring forward as a resemblance to the play, they say, so, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 ! And this is their quotation :

"Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest
 The sweetest comfort that my soul could nigh,
 Oh, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest
 The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss !
 And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
 Motives of love, born to be matched never,
 Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleep for ever !"

We ask—Was it not so in da Porto's story?—NO ; it seems to us we hear the answer NO, because da Porto's story is written in Italian !

But notwithstanding this answer, we will quote here the passage from da Porto's story for the benefit of the reader. —"Therefore, crying bitterly, he (Romeo) said : "Ye eyes, which, as long as it pleased Heaven, were my guiding light ; mouth, which I kissed a thousand times with delight, and from which so many wise words were heard ; beautiful breast, which, with so much joy, gave reception to my heart—where do I now find you, blind, dumb, and cold?"

14. "Because when the friar observes,—

"The lady stirs,"—Act v. Sc. 3.

they say,—"In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, *perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by da Porto and Bandello*, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes :

- “*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and stirs.
Lav. (in the tomb.) Where am I? bless me! Heaven!
'Tis very cold, and yet here's something warm.
Mar. Jun. *She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.*
 Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,
 And tell me how the gods design to treat us.
Lav. Oh, I have slept a long ten thousand years—
 What have they done with me? *I'll not be us'd thus :
 I'll not wed Sylla ; Marius is my husband.*”

We must confess once more our astonishment at this way of arguing, we think it a very strange one indeed!

Firstly, because we are at a loss to find there any reason why they bring forward this instance, which has nothing to do with Shakespeare's play if not for showing more and more their opposition. Secondly, why Mr. Garrick is indebted to Otway more than to da Porto's story, or to Bandello's novel, or to them both, we do not know. They do not say a single word which shows that their *perhaps* has any foundation at all. Then if Otway, *perhaps* without any knowledge of the story as told by da Porto or Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes—how did he make such an essential alteration? He must either have copied that *dénouement* from some one, and then from whom? or must have invented it. And if Otway or Mr. Garrick had such a power of invention, why not the great Shakespeare also?—why deny him the power of inventing (if an invention or a creation it can be called) the circumstance of making old Capulet put down the names of his intended guests at his dancing party? This instance, as well as those which we have already quoted, and others which we cannot quote—having already trespassed on the limits of our original plan—show clearly and evidently the system which Shakespeare's opposers have adopted in their criticism. For them, it seems, where the knowledge of Italian is con-

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cerned, that the resemblance of a few words or of a few names of the play with the poem of Brooke is more than enough to establish as a principle that Shakespeare in writing his play had no other book before him but Brooke's poem; and when they are unable to find anything in it, then they begin to look around them for any other English work, but never for the original story of da Porto, or for any other Italian composition.

But as to this similarity of words and names of which Shakespeare's opposers are the chief abettors, if it could stand to the test, what would they have said if they had seen and read the *Hadriana*, an Italian tragedy of Luigi Groto,* which the play of Shakespeare so *closely* resembles? But they had not this opportunity, chiefly because they were not sufficiently acquainted with the Italian language, and therefore with its literature. If they had been, they would have known better, they would have known the Italian books—they would have known what books to search, as they were wonderfully clever in searching those in their own language.

But Shakespeare evidently had read Groto's Tragedy, and when we say evidently, we mean it, and prove it, not with *names* and *words*, but with *facts*.

The following parallel will show that Shakespeare had not only read da Porto's original story, Bandello's novel,

* He was surnamed *il Cieco d'Adria* (the blind man of Adria) his native country. He was a poet and an actor (see *Verona Illustrata* by Maffei). In 1571 he published a translation of the first book of the Iliad of Homer. He was also appointed by the Tribunal of the Inquisition to purge the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio from its impurities, which work he began in 1579, and once accomplished it did not obtain any success. The date of his birth is uncertain, but we know that he died at Venice in 1585, and that he was buried in St. Luke's. A few years after his decease his body was removed to his native country. The *Adriana* appeared in 1578, whilst *la Giulietta* of da Porto had been published for the first time in 1530.

and Clitia's poem, but also Luigi Groto's tragedy, to which he is indebted too.

A part of this parallel we have borrowed from the stupendous work of Walker, entitled *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, London, 1799.*

Analysis of the HADRIANA of GROTO, the GIULIETTA of DA PORTO, and the ROMEO AND JULIET of SHAKESPEARE.

Hadriana laments a brother killed by Latinus her lover, and dreads at the same time the loss of that lover.

Giulietta laments a first cousin, Tibalt, killed by her lover, and dreads at the same time the loss of that lover.

Hadriana, to extricate herself from her wretched position, has recourse to a mago.

Giulietta, for the same reason, has recourse to Friar Lorenzo.

Hadriana. The mago promises her some powder, which she is to take the night previous to the intended wedding.

Giulietta. Friar Lorenzo, too, gives her some powder, which she must take before her wedding.

Hadriana. The effect of the powder will be to keep her senses steeped in sleep for 16 hours.

Giulietta. The powder will produce the same effect on her, but for a longer period.

Hadriana summons her nurse, and directs her to give her a vase of fresh water, in order to mitigate her ardent thirst.

Giulietta calls her chamber-maid, who had been brought up with her, and whom she considered almost as a sister, desires her to bring a vase of fresh water, saying she was thirsty.

Hadriana puts the powder in the vase with the fresh water, and drinks it.

Giulietta does *exactly* the same.

Hadriana dresses herself and lies down on the bed with her hands crossed on her breast.

Giulietta does *exactly* the same.

Hadriana. Loud lamentations are then heard (when they find her apparently dead) throughout the place, and the preparations for the wedding give place to those for a funeral.

Giulietta. Here the same happens.

Hadriana was buried with solemn pomp.

Giulietta also.

Hadriana. Her lover, Latinus, hearing of the death of his mistress, furnishes himself with poison, and hastens to the place of her interment. He enters it, and carrying forth the body in his arms, pathetically laments her untimely death and his cruel destiny. Resolving not to

* N.B.—The translations are rather free.

survive her, he swallows the poison, then pressing her again to his breast, he perceives some sign of life.

Giulietta. Romeo, upon hearing of the death of his Giulietta, pale and half dead . . . takes with him a phial of serpent's water, puts it into his sleeve, and sets off for Verona, hastens to her sepulchre, enters it, and seeing his beloved a corpse, and believing it to be really so, after having kissed it many times, and bedewed it with his tears, he drinks the poison. After which he carries out the corpse in his arms, and pathetically lamenting her untimely death, and kissing and pressing her repeatedly to his breast, he perceives in her some sign of life.

Hadriana. She awakes, and perceiving Latinus, sinks delighted into his arms.

Giulietta. She awakes in Romeo's arms, and coming to herself, after a moment of astonishment embraces and kisses him a thousand times (this incident is omitted by Brooke and Shakespeare).

THE NIGHTINGALE.

HADRIANA.

Lat. S' io non erro, è presso il far del giorno.

Udite il rossignuol, che con noi desto,
Con noi geme fra i spini, e la rugiada
Col pianto nostro bagna l' herbe. Ah! lasso,
Rivolgete la faccia all' oriente.
Ecco incomincia a spuntar l' alba fuori,
Portando un altro sol sopra la terra.

Had. Ahimè, ch' io gelo. Ahimè, ch' io tremo tutta.

Questa è quell' hora, ch' ogni mia dolcezza
Affatto stempra. Ahimè, quest' è quell' hora,
Che m' insegna a saper, che cosa è affanno.
Oh del mio ben nemica, avaræ notte,
Perchè sì ratto corri, fuggi, voli,
A sommerger te stessa e me nel mare?

Lat. If I err not the day approaches fast,
Hearst thou not the nightingale that wakes with us,
And thro' these lone shades trills her plaintive notes
In melancholy concert with our tears, impearls
The beautiful flow'rs that spread their mingled blooms.
Behold the east, my love. Alas, the morn,
Ris'n from the oozy caverns of the deep,
With rosy steps advances. In her train
Observe the bright divinity of the day
Close following.

Had. Ah, an icy chillness
Thrills thro' my veins. Unwonted tremours run
O'er all my frame convuls'd. This is the hour
Long doom'd. The fatal time, alas, is come,
Which teaches me how vain were all my hopes.

O cruel enemy, invid'ous night !
 We urge thus rapidly thy ebon car.
 Why haste, why fly to plunge thyself and me
 In ocean's deep abyss ?

ROMEO AND JULIET.

- Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet near day ;
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
- Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east ;
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.—Act iii. Sc. 5.

We do not know why no commentator of Shakespeare says a word about the introduction of the *nightingale* in this scene, or from whom he had taken the incident, if not from Groto's *Hadriana*.

HADRIANA.

On the effect of the powder.

- Mag.* Questa bevendo voi con l'acqua cruda,
 Darà principio a lavorar fra un poco,
 E vi addormenterà sì immota, e fissa,
 E d'ogni senso renderà sì priva :
 Il calor naturale, il color vivo
 E lo spirar vi torrà sì, sì i polsi,
 (In cui è il testimonio della vita)
 Immobili staran senza dar colpo ;
 Che alcun per dotto fisico che sia,
 Non potrà giudicarvi altro, che morta.
- Mag.* When this, with water from the living spring
 Diluted, you shall drink, its potency
 You straight will feel. A slumbrous trance will seize
 Your drowsy senses. Your corporeal pow'rs
 Will cease their agency. The genial warmth
 That now with ardour glows thro' all your frame
 Will then be felt no more. The vivid dyes
 Now mantling o'er your crimson cheek, will yield
 To deadly pale. Within thee, for a while,
 The vital spark will seem to be extinguish'd.

Nay, even the busy pulse (that certain proof
Of his frail being) then will cease to beat.
To all who shall behold thee, thou wilt seem
Quite dead.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Friar. Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Act iv. Sc. i.

The mago, after having given the soporific draught to Hadriana, promises her that he will send a messenger to Latinus her lover, to acquaint him with their plan.

HADRIANA.

Mag. Tra tanto manderem fidato messo,
Occultamente in fretta al vostro amante,
Che poco ancor da noi lontan camina,
Con lettere secrete ad avvisarlo
Di tutto 'l fatto. Il qual senza dimora
A dietro l'orme rivolgendo, tosto
Sarà qui giunto, e egli, o (se sia tardo
Alquanto) io, vi trarrò dell' arca fuori,
E travestita andrete fuor con esso.
E così nella morte, e nel sepolcro,
La vita troverete, e il maritaggio.
Così l'ira paterna fuggirete,
Le odiate nozze, e con pietà commune
Senza alcun biasmo, senza alcun periglio,
Lieta cadrete al vostro amante in mano.

Mag. Near to the confines of your father's state,
Latinus lingers still. To him with haste
And secrecy a letter shall be sent,
Unfolding all our purpose. But should aught

Prevent his coming at th' appointed hour,
 I will your waking carefully attend,
 And, from the silent mansions of the dead,
 With speed convey you to his longing arms.
 Thus life and love await you in the tomb ;
 Thus shall you 'scape the hated nuptial bonds,
 And shun your father's ire.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

—— Against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,
 And this shall free thee from this present shame.

Act iv. Sc. i.

When the supposed death of Hadriana is announced to her father *Hatrio*, one of his ministers acts with him as a comforter.

HADRIANA.

Hat. Non mi dorrò d' haver perduto i figli ?
Cons. Non perde il suo colui, che l' altrui rende.
 A la terra doveansi i corpi, l' alma
 A Dio, tutto 'l composto a la natura :
 Non biasmate colui che ve li toglie
 Sì tosto. Ma più tosto li rendete
 Gratie, etc.

Hat. Shall I not lament for the loss of my children ?
Minist. What we lose is not ours, we return it to whom we owe.
 To earth we owe the body,
 To God the soul, and to nature all the rest.
 Do not blame that one who takes them away from you
 So soon, but rather be thankful to Him.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Friar. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid :
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was—her promotion ;
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd :
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?

Act iv. Sc. 5.

But this is not all, Shakespeare had read Dante also, or the history of Verona, of Girolamo della Corte, and he is indebted also either to the former or (as we think more probable) to the latter. Many have wondered about Shakespeare's making the nurse speak of an earthquake,

——— "I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years." Act i. Sc. 3.

on which they say, "How comes the nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, we believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his story, and therefore it seems probable that he had in view the earthquake which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, namely, on the 6th of April, 1580.—If so, one may be permitted to conjecture that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591, after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed, and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*." But they evidently had paid no attention to the other circumstance, of which the nurse also reminds her mistress, namely, "My lord and you were then *at Mantua*."

We read in Dante (*Inferno*, canto XII.) that the greatest part of a mountain near Verona happened to fall in a certain river with a tremendous clash, and that the fall was occasioned either by an earthquake or for lack of prop—and these are the words of the "sacred poem, that hath made both heaven and earth co-partners in its toils:"

"Qual' è quella ruina che nel fianco
Di qua da Trento l' Adice percosse
O per tremoto o per sostegno manco."

"As is that ruin, which Adice's stream
On this side of Trento struck, shouldering the wave,
Or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop."

Now this mount, which we think is the *Barco*, situated on the river *Chiusa*, towards Verona, fell into it on the 20th of June, 1309, namely, six years after the incidents of Romeo and Juliet took place in Verona.

And we read also in Girolamo della Corte's History of Verona, and in the ninth book, the following account of another earthquake: "And in these same days *such a frightful earthquake was felt* in Italy, that many cities, and chiefly ours (Verona), together with its suburbs, suffered great destruction and damage. And as it was repeated for several days, so many people, fearing lest they should be buried in their own houses, went to live in the country and in the open air." This earthquake happened in 1298, namely, five years before the incidents of the story of Romeo and Juliet took place. The difference between the *eleven years* of Shakespeare and the above-mentioned two historical dates does not matter in the least, because, according to *all the commentators*, the chronology of Shakespeare, as well as his history and geography, are inaccurate.

But they have often endeavoured to excuse Shakespeare when they ought to have really excused themselves with their readers, as in this instance, when Shakespeare makes the friar say to Juliet—

"Stay not to question, for the watch is coming." Act v. Sc. 3.

They say, "Shakespeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others," but as usual they go back to their favourite Brooke, and say, "In this particular instance the old poem was his guide." It may be that Shakespeare seldom scrupled, but in this very *particular instance*, as they call it, he did not follow the poem, nor did he give the manners and usages of his own country to Italy; nay, he affirmed what he knew, and that

which was perfectly true and existed in old times as well as in our days in Italy, for the same purpose and with the same names, namely, *ronda* or *pattuglia*, the equivalent of the English *watch*. This is another instance of Shakespeare's opposers' incompetency for criticising him about his knowledge of the Italian language, manners, and usages.

Here is another instance.

In Act i. Sc. 4, Romeo says :

“For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,
I'll be a candle-holder and look on,
The game was never so fair, and I am done.”

Here Mr. Malone, in consequence of his *ante-Italian* principle, and of the other opinion, *that Shakespeare did not scruple to give to other countries the manners of his own*, being unable to find anything in his dear pet Brooke's poem, in order to explain this passage, which belongs to a *true Italian scene*, and to a subject *thoroughly Italian*, he has recourse, as a matter of course, to other English compositions, and therefore he quotes from Decker and Webster, 1607, and from the second part of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, 1601, in order to tell us that “a torch-bearer seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks.” Stevens, the Anonymous, Warburton, and others, *follow* Malone. Notwithstanding we think that this is the *full and real* meaning of the proverb *to hold the candle—tener la candela*, which together with the other, *smoccoliar la candela, o il torchio*, to snuff the candle or the torch, are very *common* and *extremely vulgar* in Italy, and are employed whenever being at a party of pleasure a man is prevented by something or other from courting any lady there, and if in addition he be compelled to remain as a spectator whilst others amuse themselves. These words mean the act, when there is no candle, of holding the *index* of the right hand in front of

the palm of the left, wide open ; whilst the others, to *snuff* the candle, mean the act of holding straight the index of the left hand as a candle, and with imitating the snuffer with the *index* and the *medium* of the right. This explained, we think that what Romeo in this circumstance intends to convey is this—"It is true, if I could flirt a little among so many beautiful ladies, never could I expect a better chance than this, '*the game was never so fair*;' but I have already lost my heart—'*I am done*,' and I must '*hold the candle*' instead, and '*look on*' the others, who being still in possession of theirs, can flirt with those beautiful ladies." This interpretation is supported by the entire scene ; but were it not so, the two following lines, which precede those already quoted, would be enough to prove the correctness of it. Romeo says :

"Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavy, I will bear the light." Act i. Sc. 4.

But there have not been wanting those who have even attempted to deny to da Porto the originality of the story of Romeo and Juliet. Lately, the illustrious Professor Gervinus of Heidelberg, in his Shakespeare Commentaries translated into English by Mr. Bunnett, and in vol. I., p. 289, says, "The essential elements of our drama lie in the 32nd novel of *Masuccio*, 1470, from which they were borrowed by L. da Porto, who is generally spoken of as the original narrator of the history of Romeo and Juliet (*La Giulietta*, 1535)* *But Shakespeare's piece comes not even indirectly from these sources*, but from the novel of *Bandello*, in which, to a dramatist who would take possession of the subject, quite another material was offered than by Boccaccio in his *Giletta of Narbonne*. From this narrative, *la sfortunata morte di due infelicissimi amanti*, (*Bandello*, II. 9) Arthur Brooke de-

* The professor ignores the true 1st edition, dateless.

rived material for a narrative poem, *Romeus and Juliet*, which first appeared in 1562. A poetic Italian narrative of the subject in 8vo. (*L'infelice amore*, etc., 1553, scritta da Clitia nob. Veronese) had appeared even before Bandello's: whether Brooke employed it besides Bandello, we cannot decide, as we have not seen it."

We are very sorry indeed to contradict the illustrious professor of Heidelberg—but we feel sure that he will kindly excuse us, were it not for any other motive but for truth's sake, and let us collect the scattered leaves and restore them to him who now is hoarse with utterance. Professor Gervinus asserts many things, but it seems to us that he does not prove any. Let us see. He first says that da Porto borrowed from Masuccio,* because the latter was the first original narrator of the incidents of the story of *Romeo and Juliet*. The illustrious professor of Heidelberg was unable to prove his proposition because, we affirm it at once, he had read neither da Porto nor Masuccio, and this is the proof. If he had read them he would have found out—

1. The great difference which exists between the two compositions.
2. That the end of the *argument* grossly contradicts the end of the *novel*. And that that contradiction clearly shews that the Salernitan drew his narratives from facts that had very recently happened, still on the lips of the Veronese people, and undoubtedly already promulgated through all Italy; but that he had varied, according to his own fancy, the place, the names, and the circumstances, retaining, however, *only in the argument*, perhaps the more important

* We think that Masuccio ought to be spelt with one *s*, and not with two, as in the translation of the work of the learned professor which we have before us.

truth of that story, namely, that of making the woman die on the lifeless body of her spouse, whilst in the novel he makes her die in a cloister !*

3. That Masuccio does not say anything in his novel why the two lovers were compelled to marry secretly.

4. That Mariotto, having killed his adversary and fearing for his head, left Siena instantly, and went to Alexandria in Egypt, where an uncle of his, a very rich merchant, had established his abode.

5. That Giannozza being compelled by her father to marry another has recourse to a friar of St. Augustin, who had already married her secretly to Mariotto, and who gives her a narcotic, which having produced the desired effect, she is believed dead, and buried accordingly. That after a few days, she and the friar both disguised start for Alexandria to join Mariotto, who not having heard, since his arrival there, anything from his wife, but only having been acquainted from other sources of her supposed death, he leaves Alexandria for Siena, where he was immediately beheaded. That Giannozza having arrived with the friar at Alexandria, and not finding Mariotto there, she returned with his uncle to Tuscany, where, having been told of the fate which her husband had met with, she went to shut up herself in a cloister in order to spend there the rest of her lifetime.

But we feel more and more convinced that the illustrious professor of Heidelberg had not read da Porto's story and Masuccio's novel, otherwise he would not have asserted what was absolutely impossible for him to prove. But we add that he had not read even Bandello's novel, because if he had he would have learned what the French critic

* See the *Novellino* of 1483, a reprint of the original 1476.

Delecluze* had learned, after having *thoroughly read and studied* the subject so as to enable him to give to his country a very good translation, not only of the story of da Porto, but also of several scenes of the great tragedy of Shakespeare. These are his own words—"Bandello did nothing else but amplify the history of his predecessor.† Bandello follows phrase after phrase the thoughts of da Porto. He delights only in the strange pleasure of exaggerating the natural narratives of his model with overflowing words, always superfluous, and often in very bad taste. In one word, the novel of Bandello is a verbose paraphrase of the history of da Porto. The style of da Porto is not artificial, but natural and energetic, which by its conciseness lets one guess all the circumstances into which the author did not think *fit* to enter." Bandello, on the contrary, almost as if he feared to have no other readers but blockheads, (and here we feel very glad to have denied that the illustrious professor had read Bandello, though he most positively asserts that Bandello's novel is the source from which Shakespeare drew his piece!) has wasted his time in explaining all the trifles in which he involves all the great features of the history of Romeo and Juliet. One can perceive in da Porto's story something of the characteristic severity of the rising schools, whilst from the novel of Bandello it appears that the taste of the public had changed, and that, like the writers of all times and of all places, he had trimmed according to the taste of his times; this history already becomes old in 1554.‡ They would give *little merit* to da Porto, in com-

* Romeo et Juliette, nouvelle de Luigi da Porto, traduite en Français et suivie de quelque scène traduites de la Juliette de Shak. par M. E. J. Delecluze. Paris, 1827, in 12mo. † L. da Porto.

‡ Da Porto's story had been already edited *four* times before 1554—the year in which Bandello's novel appeared.

paring his story with the novel of Bandello, whilst it is not unworthy (allowance being made for the difference of their respective styles) to stand by the side of the great drama of Shakespeare." After these words of Delecluze, we must conclude that the illustrious professor selected a very unwholesome source indeed for Brooke and Shakespeare.

But the learned professor of Heidelberg had not read Boccaccio, otherwise we think he would not have praised Bandello at the expense of Boccaccio.

Although we have already proved, as we think, and *ad satietatem*, that Masuccio's NOVEL of *Mariotto and Giannoza* has as much to do with da Porto's STORY of Romeo and Juliet, as the Goodwin Sands with Tenterden Steeple; yet we feel it not out of place here, and, perhaps, a matter of courtesy towards the illustrious professor, to acquaint him with something else, which he ought to have known before defrauding da Porto of his *originality*, and, moreover, before charging him with *plagiarism*. But he could have known it only after having searched and well investigated all relating to the subject of his criticism, which if he had done, he would have learned also—

1. That in *Siena* there never had been anything said about the incidents of *Romeo and Juliet* as having happened there.
2. That there does not exist any document which authenticates what has been related by the Salernitan Masuccio.
3. That the names *Giannoza* and *Mariotto* are not to be found in any manuscript, nor in any of the genealogical trees of the two families named by Masuccio, namely, *Mignanelli* and *Saracini*.
4. That the names *Mariotto* and *Giannoza* are not used in that city.
5. That Masuccio's story is a mere invention of the author as regards the place as well as the greater part of the incidents.

d

6. That, in conclusion, if there were any resemblance between the *story* of da Porto and the 32nd *novel* of Masuccio, it could serve no other purpose than to prove that Masuccio either varied the incidents which he had imperfectly gathered from fame and tradition, or that he related some other incidents, which, *taken altogether*, had a certain resemblance to those which happened in Verona. — And that, in order to oppose the Novellino to da Porto, a sound and impartial critic ought, beforehand, to enter very deeply indeed into the criticism of that book, in order to examine its formation, and into the life and the travels of its author, so that he might clearly know of him as much as is known of da Porto.

But there is something which annoys the *Germanic soul* of our illustrious professor *full of exciting passion*; and it is the *superficial oratory, the rhetoric, the Romanic elegance and the propriety of the south!* — We cannot conceive how it happens, because of his keeping so far from them, especially from the last one.

But there is something more that annoys the illustrious professor of Heidelberg, which he would also *thrust out in his sieve of a genuine Germanic nature*. This time the offence is a kiss! — A kiss! — Yes, and the kiss which Romeo gives to Juliet!

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged (*kissing Juliet*).
Act 1. Sc. 5.

“At this kissing of the two lovers” the illustrious professor, with all the *profound feeling of a Germanic soul*, says, “the *German at once perhaps feels a scruple*, but these kisses of *courtesy* in public society, in and before Shakespeare's time, were an English custom,” etc.

O the great ingenuity of our illustrious Professor! We

must confess that never before now were we aware that the kisses of lovers were kisses of *courtesy!* And there is no mistake—he calls them *lovers*.

This, we think, is the only way which was left to our learned professor in order to conciliate the seraphic modesty of the *German, who perhaps feels a scruple at that speedy kiss, with the Germanic soul full of exciting passion!*

But the rhetoric still troubles the professor. “In the scene of Romeo’s interview by night with Juliet, the Italian novelists,” he says, “after their *rhetorical fashion* seize the opportunity for long speeches; Shakespeare draws over *it* the veil of chastity, which never with him is wanting *when* required, and he permits us only to hear the echo of the happiness and the danger of the lovers.” We think that here our learned professor, only for a change, has left the *north* for the *south*. Is not this a little bit of *Romanic elegance and southern propriety?* But notwithstanding, we are at a loss to find out why the illustrious professor of Heidelberg has written *novelists*, and not *novelist*; this proves once more either that he had not read a single line of da Porto’s story—or that, whilst absorbed by *the profound feeling of a Germanic soul*, he thought that he had read what perhaps he *intended* to read. We would like to know where are the long speeches in the nocturnal interview of Romeo and Juliet in da Porto’s *original* story? where a single word which requires to be veiled? No—there is not one. It is a gratuitous literary slander!

After all that we have proved, analyzing and comparing, there remains no room for the slightest doubt about the legitimacy of our conclusion, namely,—That Shakespeare, according to our first proposition, founded his great drama on da Porto’s original Italian story; and that if now and then he departed in some particulars from it, it was not

because he was not acquainted with the Italian language, as those very variations are so many evidences in support of his being *intimately* acquainted not only with that language, but also with the customs and manners of the Italians; but partly because he so interpreted the many hints which the admirable conciseness of da Porto's story afforded to him as to change, add or subtract according to his own judgment, under the impulse of his great genius and of that wonderful intuitive power he possessed, partly because having read, as we have already proved, with the above-mentioned Italian original story, other Italian, English, or French compositions on the same incidents, he did not disdain, now and then, to make those changes according to them, both on account of the actual exigencies of the stage, as well as of the taste and of the previous acquaintance of his audience with the incidents of the same story.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORICAL PASSAGES
OF THE LIFE OF
LUIGI DA PORTO.

LUIGI DA PORTO, a Vicentine, was the son of Bernardino and Elisabetta Savorgnan, a Venetian lady. He was born on the 10th of August in the year 1485, and was left an orphan whilst very young. A certain count Francesco, his uncle, a cavalier of very high feelings and much learning, took care of him, and endeavoured to instil into his nephew's mind love for sciences and fine arts. We cannot say where he studied, nor who were his teachers. The chronicles of his time do not make any mention of either particular, but they tell us that his uncle sent him when still young, for refinement, to the court of Urbino, which in those days was the most polished among all the Italian courts. Here the young da Porto, by his sweet disposition and good behaviour, gained the esteem and the affection not only of that noble lady *Emilia de' Pii*, but also of the princes themselves, *Guidobaldo da Monte Feltro* and *Elisabetta Gonzaga*. And as the political condition of Italy in those days required that the Italian youth should early follow the profession of arms, it was good luck indeed for our young da Porto to find himself at the court of a prince who was held by all as a very valiant warrior, and who was revered by the world for the excellence of his civic virtues. So he entered the army, and committed himself to the service of the republic

of Venice, and on account of his valour he was made captain of Light Horse. He distinguished himself particularly in the war of Gradisca, and afterwards gave many proofs of his gallantry in the wars which took their rise from the memorable league of Cambray. In the midst of this glorious career, whilst fighting against the Germans in Friuli, he was so severely wounded (after having performed prodigies of valour, which at the end of the day elicited from the *Provveditore* himself these memorable words—*A victory is odious to me which costs me so dear*) that the 10th of July, 1511, became the last of his military exploits, though not of his life, as Bembo writes in his XIth Book: “And after having waited in vain two years to recover, he was compelled at last to quit the army and to return to Vicenza, where he betook himself to letters, and in his *Montorso*, a little villa a few miles distant from the town, he enjoyed that solitude of which he was so fond.”

Our da Porto was much inclined to love, the ordinary propensity of those who assiduously court the Muses; almost as if love (either by deriving their inclinations from the same source, or by softening their mind by being continually enraptured by what is beautiful and pleasant,) were a necessity to those who possess a gentle heart. And our da Porto loved, loved much, and loved ardently; but though he possessed all that could have satisfied feminine pride, namely, a handsome person, great genius, and an illustrious name, nevertheless he was many times, if not always, disappointed in return. But above all, the woman of his heart was a certain lady *Ginevra*, the subject of almost all his verses, from which we learn how fondly he caresses a beautiful *Juniper*, which was born and brought up in the gardens of Petrarch.

We do not know if this *Ginevra* was precisely the

Juniper or the same lady of his heart, but what we are sure of is, that *this lady of his heart* never gave him rest. Now by giving him motives for suspecting rivals, now mingling with short moments of pleasure, long days of disdain or coolness. Nor do we know if the other verses in which the *Juniper* is not mentioned have reference to her. But the poet tells in them that he had loved more than fifteen years; that one day he went to the hot baths of *Abano*, and that there he was taken by love. He gives us some hints also, from which to infer that he had followed, or intended to follow his beloved one, who having left Venice had gone over to Rome, and finally, in different places he bitterly deploras her death. We are not told of the family name of this lady, but if we were allowed to guess, we should say, and perhaps rightly, that the lady was the noble *Ginevra Rangona Conzaga*, the daughter of *Bianca Benvoglio*. In fact, Ginevra was a contemporary of our da Porto, and what is more, their families were great friends and somewhat related also, for a certain *Alessandro da Porto* had married a *Cammilla Conzaga*.

But now let us conclude this outline of the life of our da Porto with a few words on his writings. All we can say about them is that he wrote much, in Latin and in Italian, and that he wrote well also. And if there were not the praises of the most learned men of his age, who highly honoured his literary productions, the circumstance of the celebrated Cardinal *Bembo*, the shining light of Italian literature, asking Bernardino da Porto, after the death of our Luigi, for the books written by his lost brother, would be a sufficient panegyric. And he enjoyed not only the admiration and esteem of that great man, but also his intimate friendship, which, with that of *Veronica Gambarà*, proved very faithful to the end. But, most unfortunately,

we have to deplore the loss of the greater part of them, there remaining to us but 59 sonnets, 15 madrigals, several of which, by the allusions made in them, were undoubtedly written in his early youth; a single novel, *La Giulietta*, which alone, for the treasure of the many chaste images which it contains, for its conciseness of style and purity of language, would have handed down his name to posterity; and a volume of beautiful letters on the Italian wars from 1509 to 1513, which it was the intention of our da Porto to carry on till 1525, as it appears from the preface of the first book, but he was prevented from accomplishing his plan by being seized by a violent and malignant fever at that time raging in Vicenza, of which he died, on the 10th of May in the year 1529, being only in his 43rd year of age, lamented by all, but chiefly by *Bembo*, who, in a sonnet and several letters, gave vent to his intense grief for the immature and irreparable loss of his dear friend. He was buried in St. Lawrence's, where can be seen the tombs of his ancestors amongst those of a *Trissino*,* of a *Ferretto*,† of a *Scamozzi*,‡ and of many other illustrious Vicentine citizens whose fame will last as long as the world.

* Trissino Giovan Giorgio, or the *father of the Italian tragedy* who descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, was born in Vicenza in 1478. He merited the estimation of both the popes, Leo X. and Clement VII., who sent him often as ambassador to Charles V. and Ferdinand his brother. He is the author of the celebrated *Sophonisba*. This tragedy was represented in Rome in 1515, with great magnificence in the presence of pope Leo X., to whom it was dedicated, and under whose auspices it was written. *La Sophonisbe du célèbre prélat Trissino, nonce du pape*, says Voltaire, *est la première tragédie régulière que l'EUROPE ait vûe, après tant de siècles de barbarie.*—And according to the same, it was from the *Sophonisba* of Trissino that the French learned the dramatic rules. *Un auteur nommé Mairet*, says he, *fut le premier qui en imitant la Sophonisbe du Trissino introduisit la règle des trois unités.*

† Ferretto, a Vicentine poet and historian. He was one of the first who in the fourteenth century endeavoured to reestablish good taste in Italian literature.

‡ Scamozzi, the famous architect who perfected the *Ionic Capital*.

THE FAMILY OF MONTECCHI.

Crescimbene, son of *Tebaldo Monticoli*, a man in whom nobility of birth equalled that of mind, was for many years secretary and intimate friend of Charles IV., king of Bohemia, who was afterwards made emperor. After he was appointed captain of the city of *Udine* in the name of the said emperor, he was created also vicar-general of the cities of *Cividale*, *Belluno*, and *Feltre*. Albert, duke of Austria, having known him before as a true gentleman and of great valour, after the death of Bertrand the blessed, patriarch of Aquileja in 1350, appointed him his vicar-general of *Friuli*, in which appointments, by his admirable management, he earned the praises and the blessings of all.

John, the son of *Crescimbene Monticoli*, was a very clever and celebrated doctor in Law of his day, who in 1340 was judge and assessor of *Cino da Castiglione*, who in the name of *Ludovico il Bavaro*, the emperor, was vicar of the cities of *Trento*, *Belluno*, and *Feltre*. Afterwards he was created vicar-general of the patriarchate of *Aquileja* by Bertrand the blessed, and in the year 1351, on the 24th of May, he was confirmed in the same appointment by *Niccolò*, the son of John, king of Bohemia, his successor in the patriarchate. The two following patriarchs, *Ludovico* and *Margnardo*, knowing his great skill in the management of the business of the patriarchate, confirmed him in his office, the former on the 12th of January, 1360, and the latter on the 3rd of January, 1366, with an annuity of 400 florins.

Andrea, the son of the above Dr. Giovanni Monticoli,

belonged to a family, which for its ancient nobility is on equality with any, not only in Friuli, but in all Italy, having been numbered, for many centuries, among the most noble and powerful families of that very noble province; and it is known that for more than five hundred years this family had been the principal abettor of the Ghibelline faction in Verona, of which city it had the absolute dominion; but overcome first by that of the *Sanbonifazi* (*Cappelletti*), and afterwards by that of the *Scaligeri*, its adversaries, in 1324 they left the city of Verona and went to fix their abode in Udine, where they still reside. From them descended the above-mentioned Andrea, doctor in Laws, much esteemed in his day, who being a very clever statesman, in 1385 was sent by the city of Udine as an ambassador to pope Urbano VI., a Neapolitan. Returning from embassy he passed through Venice, whose Doge at that time was *Antonio Veniere*, who with his letters, dated the 16th of February of the same year, recommended him warmly to the city of Udine, giving him, in them, the title of *nobilis et sapiens vir*, a title which was only given by his Serene Highness to the chief senators of his republic. In 1386, on the 12th of November, he was created vicar-general of the patriarchate of Aquileja by Ferdinando, patriarch of Jerusalem, who, as pontifical legate at that time, ruled over that principality. In 1388, on the 5th of October, he was confirmed in the same appointment also by *Giovanni*, the son of the Duke of Moravia, patriarch of Aquileja.

Andrea II. de' Monticoli was firstly, in 1431, Bishop of *Caorle*, and afterwards, in 1434, transferred to the bishopric of *Fossombrone* in *Umbria*; and whilst he was busy in the general Council of *Basilea*, he was in the same year sent to the bishopric of *Osimo* in the *Marca d' Ancona*, where, in 1454, he died with the reputation of a saint.



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Giovanni II., the son of *Creso Monticoli*, served under *Francesco*, son of *Ludovico Sforza* the IX. and the last Duke of Milan, with great honour to himself and to the great satisfaction of that prince, who, on the 30th of September, 1522, appointed him governor of *Monza* in Lombardy, but he did not long enjoy this appointment, for he died in that city on the 20th of December of the same year.

V. Udine illustr. di Giov. Gius. Capodagli in Udine MDCLXV.
appresso N. Schiratti.

THE FAMILY OF CAPPELLETTI.

ABOUT *Cappelletti's* family the only thing that can be gathered from the chronicles of the thirteenth and fourteenth century is that they were in great enmity with the *Montecchi*, which confirms that celebrated line of Dante, *Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti*. This is a very essential thing, there being no other monuments, as they have been destroyed in part by time, and partly by several fires which consumed many valuable public archives, as historians of Verona tell us. That the *Cappelletti* were the same family as that of the Counts of *San Bonifazio*, there is very little doubt now, when we consider that not only the above-mentioned line of Dante agrees with what *Benvenuto da Imola* says on the subject, and with all the other writers who affirm that the chief enemies of *Montecchi* were the *Cappelletti*, but also because in one of the MSS. Trivulziani, belonging to the fifteenth century, mention is made of the *Cappelletti as Counts of San Bonifazio*, and that *Azzo da Este* came to their help, and together with them expelled the *Montecchi* from *Verona*.

BARTOLOMMEO DELLA SCALA.

BARTOLOMMEO DELLA SCALA, one of three sons of Alberto, who died in 1301, was, immediately after his father's death, confirmed by the people lord of Verona, but he did not rule over it more than three years, as he died in March, 1304. All the ancient commentators and chroniclers of Dante agree to the fact that the great poet, in 1303, went on a visit to *Bartolommeo della Scala*, whilst lord of Verona, in order to obtain help from him on behalf of his party, and that he stayed there for some time, being received and treated by that lord with great honour and liberality. To him points Dante, when he makes *Cacciaguida* to say :

“First refuge thou must find, first place of rest,
In the *great Lombard's* courtesy, who bears,
Upon the ladder perched, the sacred bird.*
He shall behold thee with such kind regard,
That 'twixt ye two, the contrary to that
Which falls 'twixt other men, the granting shall
Forerun the asking.” *Paradise*, Canto. xvii.

And here we think we are not trespassing upon the indulgence of our readers, when we add that it was not the same case with our illustrious exile, when in 1308 he returned to Verona, (then ruled over by *Alboino*, brother and successor of *Bartolommeo*,) as well as in other wanderings of his, where it seems that he proved how *hard* and *bitter* is the bread which you eat in the house of others, and how

* Scilicet Bartholomæi de Scala tum Domini Veronæ, qui capitaneus Bartholomæus dicebatur, qui solus de illa domo portat in scuto aquilam super scalam. *V. postill. Cajet. Cod.*

fatiguing are the stairs of the powerful, to whom *you must* have recourse for help ; and this, not *so much* in consequence of *wounded self-love*, but perhaps on account of *the ignorance* and *unworthiness* of the person from whom *you are compelled* to accept that bread ; and *oftener* for the *manner* in which it is offered to you. And this is what the poet strictly means when he lets the same *Cacciaguida* go on to say :

“Thou shalt prove
How salt the savour is of other’s bread ;
How hard the passage, to descend and climb
By others’ stairs.” *Par.* Canto xvii.

HISTORIA

NOVELLAMENTE RITROVATA

DI DUE NOBILI AMANTI

CON LA PIETOSA LORO MORTE INTERVENUTA GIÀ NELLA
CITTÀ DI VERONA

NEL TEMPO DEL SIGNORE

BARTOLOMMEO DELLA SCALA.

A STORY

NEWLY FOUND

OF TWO NOBLE LOVERS,

WITH THEIR PITIFUL DEATH WHICH HAPPENED IN THE
CITY OF VERONA

DURING THE REIGN OF

BARTOLOMMEO DELLA SCALA.

INTRODUZIONE.

LUIGI DA PORTO

ALLA BELLISSIMA E LEGGIADRA MADONNA

LUCINA SAVORGNANA.

Poscia che io già assai giorni con voi parlando, dissi di voler una compassionevole novella da me già più volte udita, ed in Verona intervenuta, iscrivere, m'è paruto essere il debito in queste poche carte distenderla, sì perchè le mie parole appo voi non paressero vane, sì anco perchè a me, che misero sono, de' casi de' miseri amanti, di ch' ella è piena, si appartiene; ed appresso al vostro valore indirizzarla, acciocchè, quantunque tra le belle donne a voi simiglianti prudentissima vi conosca, possiate, leggendola, più chiaramente vedere a quai rischi, a quai trabocchevoli passi, a che crudelissime morti gli miseri e cattivelli amanti sieno il più delle volte d' Amore condotti. Ed anco volentieri alla vostra bellezza la mando, perchè avendo io fra me deliberato, ch' ella siasi l' ultimo mio lavoro in quest' arte, già stanco di essere più favola del volgo, in voi il mio sciocco poetare finisca; e che come sete porto di valore, di bellezza e di leggiadria, così della picciola barchetta del mio ingegno siate; la quale, carica di molta ignoranza, d' amore sospinta per li men profondi pelaghi della poesia ha molto solcato; e ch' ella a voi giugnendo, del suo grand' errore accorta, possa ad altri, che con più scienza e miglior stella nel già detto mare navigano, e temone e remi e vela donando, disarmata sicuramente alle vostre rive legarsi. Prendetela adunque, Madonna,

INTRODUCTION.

LUIGI DA PORTO

TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL LADY

LUCINA SAVORGNANA.

After saying to you some days ago that I wished to narrate a touching incident which happened at Verona, and which I had heard many times, it seemed to me a debt to write it, as well not to let my word fail with you, as because being myself very unfortunate in love, the cases of the lovers, of which it is full, make it belong to me. If I address it to you, it is in order that (although I know well that if you are beautiful amongst the beautiful, you are prudent also) you may in reading it see clearly to what risk, to what rash steps, to what very cruel death poor wretched lovers very often are led by Love. And I send it also willingly to your beauty, because, being already sated of making myself the talk of the people, I have determined with this to put an end to my silly poetizing, and that it should end in you. And as you are a harbour of virtue, of beauty and gracefulness, be such too, I pray you, to the little skiff of my genius, which, loaded with much ignorance, impelled by Love, has run through the lesser-deep sea of poetry, that she on reaching you, perceiving her great mistake, may give up to others, who with more skill and a brighter star sail on the same sea, the helm, and oars, and sails, and may thus unhampered make fast herself in safety to your shores. Therefore take it, my lady, dressed as it is,

nell' abito a lei convenevole, e leggetela volentieri, s'è pel soggetto ch'è bellissimo, e pieno di pietate mi pare che sia; come anco per lo stretto vincolo di consanguinitade e dolce amistà, che tra la persona vostra e chi la describe si ritrova, il qual sempre con ogni riverenza vi si raccomanda.

**Siccome voi stessa vedeste, mentre il cielo verso me in tutto ogni suo sdegno rivolto non ebbe, nel bel principio di mia giovanezza al mestier dell' armi mi diedi, ed in quello molti grandi e valorosi uomini seguendo, nella dilettevole vostra patria del Friuli alcun anno mi esercitai, per la quale secondo i casi, quando privatamente or quinci or quindi servendo, mi era bisogno d'andare. Avea io per continuo uso cavalcando di menar meco un mio arciero, uomo di forse cinquant' anni, pratico nell' arte e piacevolissimo; e, come quasi tutti qu' di Verona (ove egli nacque) sono, parlante molto, e chiamato Peregrino. Questi, oltrechè animoso ed esperto soldato fusse, leggiadro e, forse più di quello che agli anni suoi si sarà convenuto, innamorato sempre si ritrovava; il che al suo valore doppio valore aggiungeva: onde le più belle novelle e con miglior ordine e grazia si diletta di raccontare, e massimamente quelle che d' amore parlavano, che alcun altro ch' io udissi giammai. Per la qual cosa partendo io di Gradisca, ove in alloggiamenti stava, e con costui e due altri miei, forse d' Amore sospinto, verso Udine venendo; la quale strada molto solinga, e tutta per la guerra arsa e distrutta in quel tempo era; e molto dal pensiero soppresso, e lontano dagli altri venendomi, accostatomi il detto Peregrino, come quello che i miei pensieri indovinava, così mi disse:—Volete voi sempre in trista vita vivere, perchè una bella crudele, altramente mostrando, poco vi ami? E benchè contro a me spesso dica;*

• Nell' originale queste parole indirizzate alla nobil donna Lucina Savorgnana stanno proprio in testa alla storia. Noi invece abbiamo stimato meglio farle seguire la dedica alla su lodata signora.

and read it willingly, as well for its subject which seems to me to be very beautiful and affecting, as for the close tie of consanguinity and sweet friendship which exists between yourself and the person who describes it; who always, and with all reverence, recommends himself to you.

*I say then, that, as you saw yourself, before Heaven had turned all its anger against me, in the beautiful beginning of my youth I gave myself to the profession of the army, and in following in that career many great and valiant men, I served for some years in your delightful country of Friuli, through which it was necessary for me to go hither and thither, according to circumstances, for my own affairs or on public service. I had a constant habit, when riding, of taking with me one of my archers named Peregrino, a man about 50 years old, skilful in his art, very pleasant, and, as almost all those of Verona (where he was born), very loquacious. He, besides being an expert soldier, and a courageous and handsome man, was also, and perhaps more than it was becoming to one of his age, always in love. Thus he delighted himself in relating the most beautiful novels, chiefly treating of love matters, with such order and taste as I never heard from any one else. One day leaving Gradisca, where I had been garrisoned, with him and two others, and going, perhaps because pressed by Love, towards Udine, which road at that time was very lonely, all devastated and destroyed by war, and whilst I was far from the others, and a prey to meditation, the said Peregrino, as one who guessed my thoughts, accosted me, and thus he spake: "Do you wish to live always a wretched life, because a beautiful cruel and fickle one loves you very little? And although I often speak contrary to what I do, since advice is easier given

* In the original these words, addressed to the noble lady *Lucina Savorgnana*, are placed at the head of the story. We have thought it better to make them follow the dedication to the above lady.

pure perché meglio si danno, che non si ritengono i consigli, vi dirò, Patron mio, che oltre che a voi nell'esercizio che siete, lo star molto nella prigion d'Amore si disdica, sì tristi son quasi tutti i fini, ai quali egli ci conduce, ch'è un pericolo il seguirlo. Ed in testimonianza di ciò, quando a voi piacesse, potrei io una novella nella mia città avvenuta, che la strada men solitaria e men rincrescevole ci farà, raccontarvi; nella quale sentireste, come due nobili amanti a misera e pietosa morte guidati fossero. E già avendo io fatto segno di udirlo volentieri egli così cominciò.

than followed, I will tell you, Master mine, that in your profession, besides its being very unbecoming to stop long in the prison of Love, that so wicked are almost all his purposes to which he leads us, it is dangerous to follow him. In support of this, and also in order to make our journey less monotonous and tiresome, I will, should it please you, relate a story of what happened in my country, in which you will hear how two noble lovers were led to a very sad and pitiful death." And I, with a sign, having made him understand that I would willingly hear him, he thus began.

Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
 Prese costui della bella persona
 Che mi fu tolta, e 'l modo ancor m'offende.
 Amor, ch'a nullo amato amar perdona,
 Mi prese del costui piacer si forte,
 Che, come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona.
 Amor condusse noi ad una morte.

Love, that a gentle heart quickly seizes,
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me
 Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
 Caught me with pleasing so passing well,
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
 Love brought us to one death.

Dante, *Hell*, canto v.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN the year 1303, or about that time, Bartolommeo della Scala being Captain of Verona, there happened in that city a tragedy, which still moves to compassion every affectionate and gentle soul. Love conquers an inveterate family feud ; religion consecrates a happy union. But the hydra of party-feeling whets her envenomed fangs ; blood runs freely, and like an insuperable torrent separates two tender lovers. A girl, beautiful as the heavens, faces death and the cold tomb to join her spouse. A valiant youth, esteemed by all, takes poison so as not to survive her whom he believes that he has lost, and seeks death in the same tomb where she is shut up. She awakes from her long trance, finds herself in the arms of her beloved one ; she dreams of happiness, and finds but death.

The iron sleep of eternity is the recompense of so fervent a love. Their fathers reconcile themselves over the tomb of their children, and piety conquers the hatred of two factions, and the ancient rancour of two hostile families.

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THE ORIGINAL STORY
OF
ROMEO AND JULIET.

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NEL tempo che Bartolomeo della Scala, Signore cortese e umanissimo, il freno alla mia bella patria¹ a sua posta e strignea e rallentava, furono in lei, secondo che mio padre dicea aver udito, due nobilissime famiglie, per contraria fazione ovvero particolar odio nemiche; l'una i Cappelletti, l'altra i Montecchi nominata. Di una delle quali si stima certo esser questi che in Udine dimorano; cioè messer Niccolò e messer Giovanni, ora detti Monticoli di Verona, per strano caso quindi venuti ad abitare; benchè poco altro di quel degli antichi seco abbiano in questo loco recato, fuori che la lor cortese gentilezza: ed avvegnachè io, alcune vecchie croniche leggendo, abbia queste due famiglie trovato, che unite una stessa parte² sosteneano; nondimeno come io la udii, senza altrimenti mutarla a voi la sporrò.

Furono adunque, come dico, in Verona sotto il già detto Signore le sopradette nobilissime famiglie, di valorosi uomini e di ricchezze ugualmente dal cielo, dalla natura e dalla fortuna dotate. Tra quali, come il più delle volte tra le gran case si vede, checchè

¹ Verona.

² La parte Ghibellina.

WHEN Bartholomew della Scala, a courteous and most humane prince, held, now tight, now loose, the reins of my charming country,¹ there lived (as my father said he had heard) two very noble families, who were, through faction or private animosity, enemies to each other, called the one *Cappelletti* and the other *Montecchi*; from one of which it is considered certain that those who reside in Udine, are descended; namely, Messer Niccolò and Messer Giovanni, now called *Monticoli* of Verona, who are, through a strange accident, come to settle here, whither they have brought with them little else of what belonged to their ancestors, except courtesy and politeness. And although I have found, in reading some old chronicles, that the two aforesaid families unitedly supported the same party,² nevertheless I will relate the story to you as I heard it, without any alteration.

There lived then in Verona, as I said, under the above-mentioned Prince, those two most noble families, equally endowed by heaven, nature, and fortune, with valiant men and riches, Between whom subsisted

¹ Verona.

² The Ghibelline party.

la cagion si fosse, crudelissima nimistà regnava ; per la qual già più uomini erano così dall'una come dall'altra parte morti, in guisa che sì per stanchezza, conforme spesso per questi casi addiviene, come anco per le minacce del Signore che con spiacere grandissimo le vedea nemiche, s'eran ritratte di più farsi dispiacere, e senza altra pace col tempo in modo domesticate, che gran parte degli loro uomini insieme parlavano. Essendo così costoro pacificati, addivenne un carnevale, che in casa di messer Antonio Cappelletti, uomo festoso e giocondissimo, il qual primo della famiglia era, molte feste si fecero e di giorno e di notte, ove quasi tutta la città concorreva : ad una delle quali una notte (com' è degli amanti costume, che le lor donne, siccome col cuore, così anco col corpo, purchè possano, ovunque vanno, seguono) uno giovane delli Montecchi, la sua donna seguendo, si condusse. Era costui giovane molto, bellissimo, grande della persona, leggiadro e accostumato assai : perchè, trattasi, la maschera come ogni altro facea, e in abito di ninfa trovandosi, non fu occhio che a rimirarlo non volgesse, sì per la sua bellezza che quella di ogni donna avanzava, che ivi fosse, come per meraviglia che in quella casa (massimamente la notte) fosse venuto. Ma con più efficacia, che ad alcun altro, ad una figliuola del detto messer Antonio venne veduto, ch'egli sola avea, la quale di soprannaturale bellezza, e baldanzosa e leggiadrissima era. Questa, veduto il giovane, con tanta

(as we often see it happens between great houses, whatever may be the cause of it) a cruel enmity, by which so many men of both parties had been killed, that through weariness, as well as the threats of their sovereign, who with very great sorrow knew them to be enemies, had ceased outraging each other; and without any settled peace, they were so domesticated by time, that the greatest part of their dependants conversed together. They being thus almost pacified, it happened one Carnival, that at the house of Messer Antonio Cappelletti, a most gay and pleasant man, who was at the head of the family, many entertainments were given night and day, where almost all the city resorted: at one of these, on a certain night, (as it is the custom of lovers to follow their mistresses as much as they can, with their persons as well as their minds, wherever they go), a young man of the house of Montecchi, in pursuit of his mistress, happened to be present. He was very young, beautiful, tall, graceful, and very well behaved; and having taken off his mask, as every one did, and being in the dress of a nymph, all eyes were turned to admire him, as well on account of his beauty, which surpassed that of every woman present, as through astonishment at his having gone into that house, particularly by night. He was observed with special emotion by an only daughter of the aforesaid Messer Antonio, who was exceedingly beautiful, courageous, and very charming. She, on seeing the young man, was so forcibly struck

forza nell'animo la sua bellezza ricevette, che al primo incontro de' loro occhi di più non esser di lei stessa le parve. Stavasi costui in riposta parte della festa con poca baldanza tutto solo, e rade volte in ballo o in parlamento alcuno si tramettea; come quegli che, d'Amore ivi guidato, con molto sospetto vi stava: il che alla giovane forte dolea, perciocchè piacevolissimo udiva ch'egli era e giocoso.

E passando la mezzanotte, e il fine del festeggiare venendo, il ballo del *torchio* o del *cappello*, come dire lo vogliamo, e che ancora nel fine delle feste veggiamo usarsi, s'incominciò; nel quale in cerchio standosi, l'uomo la donna, e la donna l'uomo a sua voglia permutandosi, piglia. In questa danza da alcuna donna fu il giovane levato, ed a caso appresso la già innamorata fanciulla posto. Era dall'altro canto di lei un nobile giovane, Marcuccio Guertio nominato; il quale per natura, così il luglio come il gennajo le mani sempre freddissime avea. Perchè giunto Romeo Montecchi (che così era il giovane chiamato) al manco lato della donna, e, come in tal ballo si usa, la bella sua mano in mano presa, disse a lui quasi subito la giovane, forse vaga di udirlo favellare; benedetta sia la vostra venuta qui presso me messer Romeo. Alla quale il giovane, che già del suo mirare accorto si era, maravigliato del parlar di costei, disse: come! benedetta la mia venuta? Ed ella rispose: sì benedetto il vostro venire qui appo me; perciocchè voi almanco questa stanca mano

with his beauty, that at the first encounter of their eyes it appeared to her that she was no longer her own mistress. The young man kept himself apart, seemed dejected, was lonely, and seldom joined in the dance or conversation, like one who, being guided by love, was full of suspense ; which gave great pain to the young lady, she having heard that he was very pleasant and gay.

After midnight, at the end of the feast, they began the dance called the *Torchio* or *Cappello*, which is even now in fashion at the conclusion of entertainments, in which by forming a circle, the gentlemen and ladies alternately change partners at their pleasure. The youth was introduced in this dance by one of the ladies, and placed near the enamoured damsel. On the other side of her was a noble youth, called *Marcuccio Guertio*, whose hands were naturally extremely cold in July as well as in January : and as *Romeo Montecchi* (for so was the youth named) was placed at her right side, and having, as is the custom in this dance, taken her beautiful hand, the young lady, wishing perhaps to hear him speak, said to him : “Heaven be thanked for sending you near me, Messer Romeo.” To which the youth, who had already perceived her looking at him, surprised at her speech, said, “Why so ?” and she answered : “Yes, heaven be thanked for it, because you will at least keep my weary hand warm ; whereas Marcuccio freezes it.” Romeo, somewhat encouraged, said, “If I warm your

calda mi terrete, onde Marcuccio la destra mi agghiaccia. Costui, preso alquanto di ardire, seguì: se io a voi con la mia mano la vostra riscaldo, voi co' begli occhi il mio core accendete. La donna dopo un breve sorriso, schifando d'esser con lui veduta o udita ragionare ancora gli disse: io vi giuro, Romeo, per mia fè, che non è qui donna, la quale, come voi siete, agli occhi miei bella paja. Alla quale il giovane già tutto di lei acceso rispose: qual io mi sia, sarò alla vostra beltade (se a quella non spiacerà) fedel servo.

Lassato poco dopo il festeggiare, e tornato Romeo alla sua casa, considerata la crudeltà della prima sua donna, che di molto languire poca mercede gli dava, diliberò, quando a lei fosse a grado, a costei, quantunque de' suoi nemici, tutto donarsi. Dall'altro canto la giovane, poco ad altro che a lui solo pensando dopo molti sospiri tra sè stimò lei dovere sempre felice essere, se costui per isposo avere potesse; ma per la nimistà che tra l'una e l'altra casa era, con molto timore poca speme di giugnere a sì lieto grado tenea. Onde, fra due pensieri di continuo vivendo, a sè stessa più volte disse: oh sciocca me! a qual vaghezza mi lascio io in così strano labirinto guidare? ove senza scorta restando, uscire a mia posta non ne potrò, già che Romeo Montecchi non m'ama; perciò che, per la nimistà che ha co' miei, altro che la mia vergogna non può cercare: e posto che per sposa egli mi volesse,

hand with mine, you inflame my heart with your beautiful eyes." The young lady, after a gentle smile, not wishing to be seen conversing with him, replied : "I assure you, Romeo, upon my honour, that there is no lady here who appears more handsome in my eyes than you do." To which the youth, inflamed with her love, answered : "Whatever I am, provided it be not disagreeable to you, I shall be a most faithful servant to your beauty."

The entertainment breaking up soon after, Romeo went home ; and considering the cruelty of his former mistress who mercilessly made him languish, determined, if it was agreeable to the new one, to devote himself entirely to her, although she belonged to his enemies. On the other side, the young lady who hardly thought of anything else but him, after many sighs said within herself, she should be for ever happy if she could get him for a husband. But on account of the enmity which subsisted between his and her family she was fearful, and had but little hopes of obtaining so joyful an end ; and being continually divided in her thoughts, often said to herself : How silly am I in suffering myself to be carried away by my desire, and led into a strange labyrinth, where, being left without any guide, I shall not be able easily to get out of it : Romeo Montecchi loves me not ; and the enmity he bears to my family will permit him but to seek my shame ; and, supposing he wished to marry me,

il padre mio di darmegli non consentirebbe giammai. Dappoi, nell'altro pensiero venendo, dicea: chi sa forse, che, per meglio pacificarsi insienne queste due case, che già stanche e sazie sono di far tra lor guerra, mi potria ancor venir fatto di averlo in quella guisa ch'io lo disio! Ed in questo fermatasi, cominciò esserli di alcun sguardo cortese. Accesi dunque gli due amanti di ugual fuoco, l'uno dell'altro il bel nome e la effigie nel petto scolpita portando, dier principio quando in chiesa, quando a qualche finestra a vagheggiarsi; in tanto che mai bene nè l'uno, nè l'altro avea, se non quando si vedeano.

Ed egli massimamente sì de' vaghi costumi di lei acceso si trovava, che quasi tutta la notte, con grandissimo pericolo della sua vita, dinanzi alla casa dell'amata donna solo si stava; ed ora sopra la finestra della sua camera per forza tiratosi, ivi, senza ch'ella o altri il sapesse, ad udire il suo bel parlare si sedea, ed ora sopra la strada giacea. Avvenne una notte, come Amor volse, la luna più del solito rilucendo, che mentre Romeo era per salire sopra il detto balcone, la giovane, o che ciò a caso fosse, o che l'altre sere udito l'avesse, ad aprire quella finestra venne, e fattasi fuori lo vide. Il quale credendo che non ella, ma qualche altro il balcone aprisse, nell'ombra di alcun muro fuggire volea: onde conosciuto, e per nome chiamatolo, gli disse: che fate qui a quest'otta¹ così solo? Ed egli già conosciutala

¹ otta, per *ora*.

my father would never consent to it. After this, thinking differently, she said: Who knows, that, in order to reconcile these two families, that are already tired of waging war against each other, I may obtain his hand according to my desire? And fixing her mind on this, she began to look kindly on him. The two lovers being thus inflamed with an equal fire, reciprocally bearing each other's image and name engraved in their bosoms, began to court each other sometimes at church, sometimes from a window, insomuch that neither was happy, except when they saw one another.

Romeo, in particular, was so inflamed by her pleasing manners, that he walked all night alone, at the peril of his life, before the house of his beloved mistress; and sometimes climbing to her chamber window, there he remained without her or any other person's knowledge, listening to her discourse; sometimes he was standing still in the street. It happened one night, as love ordained, when the moon shone unusually bright, that whilst Romeo was climbing the balcony, the young lady (whether by chance, or that she had before heard him) opened the window, and looking out saw him; and he, thinking that it was somebody else, was going to hide behind a wall, but she, calling him by his name, said: "What are you doing here at this time all alone?" To which he, recognizing her, answered: "What love bids me." "And supposing you were caught

rispose: quello che Amor vuole. E se voi vi foste colto, disse la donna, non potreste voi morirci di leggiero? Madonna, rispose Romeo, sì ben che io vi potrei agevolmente morire; e morrovvici di certo una notte, se non mi ajutate. Ma, perchè son anco in ogni altro luogo così presso alla morte come qui, procaccio di morire più vicino alla persona vostra che io mi possa; con la qual di vivere sempre bramerei, quando al cielo ed a voi sola piacesse. Alle quali parole la giovane rispose: da me non rimarrà mai che voi meco onestamente non viviate: non restasse più da voi, o dalla nimistà che tra la vostra e la mia casa veggio! A cui il giovane disse: voi potete credere, che più non si possa bramar cosa, di quel ch'io voi di continuo bramo; e perciò, quando a voi sola piaccia di essere così mia, come io di essere vostro disio, lo farò volentieri; nè temo che alcuno mi vi tolga giammai. E detto questo, messo ordine di parlarsi un'altra notte con più riposo, ciascun dal loco ov'era si dipartì.

Dappoi andato il giovane più volte per parlarle, una sera, che molta neve cadea, al disiato loco la ritrovò, e dissele: deh! perchè mi fate così languire? non vi strigne pietà di me, che tutte le notti in così fatti tempi sopra questa strada vi aspetto? Al quale la donna disse: certo sì che mi fate pietà; ma che vorreste che facessi? se non pregar che voi ve n'andaste. Alla quale fu dal giovane risposto: che voi mi lassaste nella camera vostra entrare, ove po-

in it," said the lady, "don't you fear you might perhaps die for it?" "Madam," replied Romeo, "I might certainly easily die for it and shall assuredly perish one of these nights, unless you take pity on me; and, as I am so near dying in this, as well as in any other place, I endeavour to end my days as near as possible to your person, with whom I wish to live for ever, if it pleased but heaven and you." To which the young lady replied: "It shall never be my fault if you do not honestly live with me, unless yourself, or the enmity which is between your family and mine, should prevent it." To which the youth replied: "You may believe, that it is impossible to desire anything more ardently than I continually do you; therefore whenever you choose to be mine, as I wish to be yours, I shall willingly agree to it, without fear that any one should ever take you away from me." Having so said, and fixed on another night to converse together more leisurely, they retired.

After this, the youth going frequently to speak to her, it happened one night, when it snowed very much, that he, meeting her at the usual place, said to her: "Why do you suffer me thus to languish—have you no pity on me, who every night wait for you in the street in such severe weather?" To which the lady replied: "Certainly I pity you, but what would you have me do, except begging you to retire?" To which the youth answered: "That you permit me to come into your apartment where we may more conveniently

tremo insieme più agiatamente parlare. Allora la bella giovane, quasi sdegnando, disse: Romeo, io tanto v'amo, quanto si possa persona lecitamente amare, e più vi concedo di quello che alla mia onestà sia conveniente; e ciò faccio d'amore col valor vostro vinta. Ma, se voi pensaste o per lungo vagheggiarmi, o per altro modo più oltra come innamorato dell'amor mio godere, questo pensier lasciate da parte, che alla fine in tutto vano lo troverete. E, per non tenervi più nè pericoli, ne' quali veggio essere la vita vostra, venendo ogni notte per queste contrade, vi dico, che quando a voi piaccia di accettarmi per vostra donna, io son pronta a darmivi tutta, e con voi in ogni luogo, che vi sia in piacere, senza alcun rispetto venire. Questo solo bramo io, disse il giovane: facciasi ora. Facciasi, rispose la donna; ma reintegrisi poi nella presenza di frate Lorenzo da san Francesco, mio confessore, se volete che io in tutto e contenta mi vi dia. Oh! disse a lei Romeo, dunque frate Lorenzo da Reggio è quello che ogni segreto del cuor vostro sa? Sì, diss'ella; e serbisi per mia soddisfazione a fare ogni nostra cosa dinanzi a lui. E qui posto discreto modo alle loro cose, l'uno dall'altra si partì.

Era questo frate dell'ordine minore di osservanza, filosofo grande e sperimentatore di molte cose, così naturali come magiche; ed in tanta stretta amistà

“speak together.” The beautiful young lady then, almost angry, replied : “Romeo, I love you so far as virtue bids, and grant you more than what prudence will allow, and this on account of my being conquered by your affection. But, if you persuade yourself by a long courtship or any other means, to triumph over my love, you may lay aside such thoughts, for you will find them to be vain in the end. And, in order to prevent the danger in which I perceive your life to be by coming here every night, I will tell you, that whenever you are pleased to accept me as your wife, I am ready to give myself up to you, and go with you, without reserve, wherever you please.” “This,” said the youth, “is what I above all things desire, let us do it now.” “Let us do it,” replied the young lady ; “but if you wish that I should contentedly resign myself to you, let it afterwards be confirmed in the presence of Friar Lorenzo of Saint Francis, my confessor.” “O,” said Romeo, “is Friar Lorenzo of Reggio then the person who knows every secret of your heart ?” “Yes,” said the lady, “and let us, for my satisfaction, defer the conclusion of every thing till we are before him.” Upon which, having prudently put an end to their conversation, they parted.

The aforesaid Friar was of the Minor Order of Observance, a great philosopher, who tried many experiments as well in natural as magical things, and who happened to be so closely bound in

con Romeo si trovava, che la più forse in quei tempi tra due in molti lochi non si saria trovata. Perciocchè, volendo il frate ad un tratto ed in buona opinione del suo volgo restare, e di qualche suo diletto godere, gli era convenuto per forza d'alcun gentiluomo della città fidarsi; trà quali questo Romeo, giovine temuto, animoso e prudente avea eletto; ed a lui il suo cuore, che a tutti gli altri fingendo tenea celato, nudo avea scoperto. Perchè, trovato da Romeo, liberamente gli fu detto, come disiava di avere l'amata giovane per donna, e che insieme avevano costituito lui solo dover essere secreto testimonio del loro sponsalizio, e poscia mezzano a dover fare, che il padre di lei a questo accordo consentisse. Il frate di ciò contento fu, sì perchè a Romeo niuna cosa avria senza suo gran danno potuto negare, sì anco perchè pensava che forse ancora per mezzo suo saria questa cosa succeduta in bene: il che di molto onore gli saria stato presso il Signore ed ogni altro, che avesse desiato queste due case veder in pace. Ed essendo la quadragesima, la giovane un giorno fingendo di volersi confessare, al monasterio di santo Francesco andata, e in uno di que' confessorj, che tali frati usano, entrata, fece frate Lorenzo dimandare. Il quale ivi sentendola per di dentro al convento insieme con Romeo nel medesimo confessoro¹ entrato, e serrato l'uscio, una lama di ferro tutta forata, che tra la

¹ Confessoro, per *confessionale*, e confessorj, per *confessionali*.

friendship with Romeo, that it would have been difficult in those times to have found a stronger intimacy between two persons. Because the Friar, wishing at once to enjoy the good opinion of the simple vulgar, and gratify some of his desires, it had been necessary for him to place his confidence in some one gentleman of the city, and had fixed his choice on Romeo, who was a courageous, feared, and prudent youth; and to him he had unreservedly opened his heart, which, by dissembling, he concealed from all the rest. Romeo therefore called upon him, and freely told him that he wished to marry the beloved young lady, and that they had both agreed he should be the only secret witness of their nuptials, and afterwards a mediator with her father to persuade him to consent to it. The friar agreed to this, as well because he could not, without great injury to himself, have denied anything to Romeo, as because he also thought that through his means, perhaps, this affair would produce a desirable effect, which would procure him great honour from the sovereign and every other person who wished to see the two families reconciled. The young lady one day, it being Lent, feigning a desire to go to confess, went to the Convent of St. Francis, and entering one of the confessionals used by these religious, sent for Friar Lorenzo, who, hearing she was there, went together with Romeo through the convent into the same confessional, and shutting the door and re-

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giovane ed essi era, levata via, disse a lei : io vi soglio sempre vedere volentieri, ma ora più che mai qui cara mi siete, se è così, che il mio messer Romeo per vostro marito vogliate. Al quale ella rispose : niuna altra cosa maggiormente disio, che di essere legittimamente suo : e perciò sono io qui dinanzi al cospetto vostro venuta, del quale molto mi fido, acciocchè voi insieme con Iddio a quello, che d'amore astretta vengo a fare, testimonio siate. Allora in presenza del frate, che 'l tutto in confessione diceva accettare, per parole di presente Romeo la bella giovane sposò ; e dato tra loro ordine di essere la seguente notte insieme, baciatisi una sola volta, dal frate si dipartirono : il quale rimessa nel muro la sua grada, si restò ad altre donne confessare.

Divenuti gli due amanti, nella guisa che udito avete, segretamente marito e moglie, più notti del loro amore felicemente goderono, aspettando col tempo di trovar modo, per lo quale il padre della donna, che agli loro desii essere contrario sapeano, si potesse placare. E così stando, intervenne che la fortuna, d'ogni mondan diletto nemica, non so qual malvagio seme spargendo, fece tra le loro case la già quasi morta nimistà riverdire, in modo che le cose sottosopra andando, nè Montecchi a' Cappelletti, nè Cappelletti a' Montecchi ceder volendo, nella via del corso si attaccarono una volta insieme ; ove combattendo Romeo, ed alla sua donna rispetto avendo, di percuotere alcuno della sua casa si guardava ; pur



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moving an iron grating which was between them and the young lady, said to her: "I always see you with pleasure, my daughter, but now more so than ever, if it be true that you wish to marry my dear Messer Romeo." To which she replied, "I desire nothing more ardently than to be lawfully his. And therefore I am come here before you, in whom I put great trust, in order that you and God may be witness to what love obliges me to do." Then in the presence of the friar, who said he received all by way of confession for that time, Romeo married the beautiful young lady, and, having agreed on being together the following night, and kissed each other only once, they left the friar, who, replacing the grating on the wall, stayed to confess other women.

The two lovers being, as you have heard, secretly married, happily enjoyed for several nights each other's love, hoping to find out in time some means to appease the father of the lady, whom they knew to be contrary to their desires. Meanwhile it happened that fortune, enemy to every human pleasure, sowing I know not what evil seed, caused the old and almost dead enmity between the two houses to revive, so that, for many days fresh quarrels arising among them, and neither the Montecchi being willing to yield to the Cappelletti, nor the Cappelletti to the Montecchi, they attacked each other on one occasion in the street called *Il Corso*, where Romeo, fighting, took care, out of regard for his lady, not to hurt any of her family; yet at last, many

alla fine sendo molti de' suoi feriti, e quasi tutti della strada cacciati, vinto dall'ira, sopra Tebaldo Cappelletti corso, che il più fiero de' suoi nemici pareva, di un sol colpo in terra morto lo distese; e gli altri che già per la morte di costui erano smarriti, in grandissima fuga rivolse. Era già stato Romeo veduto ferire Tebaldo, in modo che l'omicidio celare non si potea: onde, data la querela dinanzi al Signore, ciascuno de' Cappelletti solamente sopra Romeo gridava; perchè dalla giustizia in perpetuo di Verona bandito fu.

Or di qual core, queste cose vedendo, la misera giovane divenisse, ciascuna che bene ami, nel suo caso ponendosi, il può di leggieri considerare. Ella di continuo sì forte piagnea, che niuno la potea racconsolare; e tanto era più acerbo il suo dolore, quanto meno con persona alcuna il suo male scoprire osava. Dall'altra parte al giovane, per lei sola abbandonare, il partirsi dalla sua patria dolea; nè volendosene per cosa alcuna partire, senza torre da lei lagrimevole comiato, ed in casa sua andare non potendo, al frate ricorse. Al quale, che ella venire dovesse, per uno servo del suo padre, molto amico di Romeo, fu fatto assapere: ed ella vi si ridusse. Ed andati amendue nel confessore, assai la loro sciagura insieme piansero. Pure alla fine diss' ella a lui: che farò io senza di voi? di più vivere non mi dà il

of his people being wounded, and almost every one driven out of the street, transported by wrath, he rushed on *Tebaldo Cappelletti*, who seemed to be the fiercest among his enemies, and with one single blow stretched him dead on the ground: the rest, being terrified by the death of this man, were put to a precipitate flight. Romeo had been seen to wound Tebaldo, so that the murder could not be concealed; being therefore accused before the prince, every one of the Cappelletti family did nothing but cry for vengeance against Romeo, for which reason he was banished for ever from Verona.

In what a state the heart of the miserable young lady was when she heard these news, any of the gentle sex who truly loves may easily imagine by reflecting on her situation. She cried incessantly in so vehement a manner, that no one could comfort her; and her grief was the more bitter as she dared not reveal the cause of it to any one. The youth, on the other side, in being obliged to quit his country, was only grieved at leaving her, and being desirous, at all events, of taking a sorrowful leave of her before his departure, and not being able to go to her house, had recourse to the friar, who by means of one of her father's servants, a great friend to Romeo, begged her to come to him, which she did immediately. The lovers, being both in the confessional, much lamented together their misfortune: at last she said to him, "What shall I do without you? my heart forbids me

cuore: meglio fora¹ ch' io con voi, ovunque ve ne andaste, mi venissi. Io m' accorcierò queste chiome, e come servo vi verrò dietro, nè d' altri meglio, o più fedelmente che da me, non potrete esser servito. Non piaccia a Dio, anima mia cara, che quando meco venire dovete, in altra guisa che in luogo di mia signora vi menassi, disse a lei Romeo. Ma, perciò che son certo che le cose non possono lungamente in questo modo stare, e che la pace tra' nostri abbia a seguire onde ancora io la grazia del Signore di leggieri impetrerei; intendo che voi senza il mio corpo per alcun giorno vi restiate; chè l' anima mia con voi dimora sempre. E posto che le cose, secondo che io diviso, non succedano, altro partito al viver nostro si prenderà. E questo deliberato tra loro, abbracciatisi mille volte, ciascun di loro piagnendo si dipartì; la donna pregandolo assai che più vicino, ch' egli potesse, le volesse stare, e non a Roma o Firenze, come detto avea, andarsene. Indi a pochi giorni Romeo, che nel monasterio di frate Lorenzo era fino allora stato nascosto, si partì, ed a Mantova come morto si ridusse; avendo prima detto al servo della donna, che ciò che di lui dintorno al fatto di lei in casa udisse, al frate facesse di subito intendere; ed ogni cosa operasse, di quello che la giovane gli comandava, fedelmente, se il rimanente del guiderdone promessogli disiaua d' avere.

Partito di molti giorni Romeo, e la giovane sempre

¹ fora, per *sarebbe*.



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to live any longer ; it would be better for me to follow you wherever you go. I will cut off my hair and accompany you as a valet, and no one shall serve you better or more faithfully than myself." "God forbid, my dear soul," replied Romeo, "that in case you were to come with me, I should conduct you in any other character than as my spouse. But as I am certain that affairs cannot long remain in this situation, and that a peace must be concluded between our relations, by which I shall easily obtain a pardon from the sovereign, I think you should remain without my person for some days, my soul being for ever with you ; and supposing things should happen contrary to my design, we shall then take some other resolution for our living together." This being concluded between them, after a thousand embraces each departed weeping, the lady begging fervently that he would remain as near her as possible, and not go as he had said to Rome or Florence. A few days afterwards Romeo, who had till then been concealed in the convent of Friar Lorenzo, set off and reached Mantua half dead, having first commissioned his lady's valet immediately to acquaint the friar with whatever he might hear concerning him in her house, and faithfully to obey the commands of the young lady if he wished to receive the remainder of his promised reward.

Many days having elapsed after Romeo's departure, and the young lady having been always

lagrimosa mostrandosi, il che la sua gran bellezza faceva mancare, fu più fiata dalla madre, che teneramente l'amava, con lusinghevoli parole addimandata, onde questo suo pianto derivasse, dicendo: o figliuola mia, da me al pari della mia vita amata, qual doglia da poco in qua ti tormenta? ond' è che tu un breve spazio senza pianto non stai? se forse alcuna cosa brami, falla a me sola nota; chè di tutto, che lecito sia, ti farò consolata. Nondimeno sempre deboli ragioni di tal pianto dalla giovane rendute le furono. Onde, pensando la madre che in lei vivesse disio di aver marito, il quale, per vergogna o per tema tenuto celato, il pianto generasse; un giorno, credendo la salute della figliuola cercare, e la morte procacciandole, col marito disse: messer Antonio, io veggio già molti giorni questa nostra fanciulla sempre piagnere, in modo ch'ella, come voi potete vedere, quella ch'esser suole più non pare. Ed avvegna ch'io molto l'abbia della cagione del suo pianto esaminata, ond' egli venga da lei perciò ritrarre non posso; nè da che proceda saprè io stessa dire, se forse per voglia di maritarsi, la quale, come saggia fanciulla, non osasse far palese, ciò avvenisse. Onde, prima che più si consumi, dirà, che fusse buono di darle marito; chè ogni modo ella diciotto anni questa santa Eufemia fornì; e le donne, come questi di molto trapassano, perdono più tosto che avanzino della loro bellezza. Oltra ch'elle non sono

weeping, which diminished her uncommon beauty, she was several times asked with persuasive expressions by her mother, who tenderly loved her, the cause of her grief; saying: "My dear daughter, whom I love as much as I do my own life, what grief does of late oppress you? What is the reason that you do not cease an instant from weeping? If you wish for anything, entrust it to me alone, and I will please you in every thing that may be lawful." Notwithstanding this she always received from the young lady weak reasons as the cause of her tears. The mother, therefore, suspecting she had a wish to be married, which being concealed either through shame or fear, was the cause of her tears, thinking one day of promoting the happiness of her daughter, while she hastened her death, said to her husband: "Messer Antonio, for several days I have observed our child to be always crying in such a manner that she (as you may easily perceive) appears to be no longer the same person: and although I have endeavoured to discover the cause of her tears, I cannot get it out of her; nor can I guess from what it proceeds, unless it be a desire of being married, which, as a discreet girl, she, perhaps, does not dare to reveal: for which reason, before she consumes her beauty, I think it would be proper to marry her; as, at any rate, she has now completed her eighteenth year on St. Euphemia's day last, and women after this period rather lose than improve their beauty.

mercatanzia da tenere molto in casa; quantunque io la nostra in verun atto veramente non conoscessi mai altro che onestissima. La dote so che avete già più di preparata: veggiamo dunque di darle condecevole marito.¹ Messer Antonio rispose che saria bene il maritarla; e commendò molto la figliuola, che, avendo questo disio, volesse prima tra sè stessa affliggersene, che a lui o alla madre richiesta farne; e fra pochi di cominciò con uno de' conti di Lodrone trattare le nozze. E già quasi per couchiuderle essendo, la madre credendo alla figliuola grandissimo piacer fare, le disse: rallegrati oggimai, figliuola mia, che fra pochi giorni sarai ad un gran gentiluomo degnamente maritata, e cesserà la cagione del tuo gran pianto; la quale avvegna che tu non mi abbia voluto dire, pur per grazia di Dio io l'ho compresa; e sì col tuo padre ho io operato, che sarai compiaciuta. Alle quali parole la bella giovane non poté ritenere il pianto. Onde la madre a lei disse: credi che io ti dica bugia? non passeranno otto giorni, che tu sarai di un bel donzello² della casa di Lodrone moglie. La giovane a queste parole più forte raddoppiava il pianto. Per lo che la madre lusingandola disse: dunque, figliuola mia, non ne sarai contenta? Alla quale ella rispose: mai no, madre, che io non ne sarò contenta. A questo

¹ condecevole, per *condecete* o *convenevole*.

² donzello, per *nobil giovane*.

Besides which, they are not a commodity to be long kept at home ; although I never knew our daughter to be otherwise than extremely prudent. I know that you have already prepared her portion, let us therefore endeavour to get a suitable husband for her." Messer Antonio answered, that it would be proper to marry her, and praised his daughter much for pining in secret with such a desire, rather than communicate it to him or to her mother ; and began in few days after to treat about her marriage with one of the counts of Lodrone. Being almost on the point of concluding the business, the mother thinking of giving great pleasure to her daughter, said to her : " Rejoice at last, my dear daughter, for in a few days you will be honourably married to a great gentleman, and so the cause of your tears will be removed, which, though you did not choose to communicate it to me, I, through God's favour, have guessed, and have used my endeavours so successfully with your father that you shall be satisfied." At these words the beautiful young lady could not restrain her tears, whence the mother said to her : " Do you think I deceive you ? No ; before a week elapses you shall become the wife of a handsome young man of the house of Lodrone." The young lady at this discourse vehemently redoubled her tears ; for which reason her mother soothingly said to her, " Will it not please you then, my dear daughter ?" To which she replied, " No, indeed, mother, I shall not

soggionse la madre: che vorresti adunque? dillo a me, che ad ogni cosa per te disposta sono. Disse allora la giovane: morir vorrei; non altro.

In questo madonna Giovanna (che tal nome avea la madre), la qual savia donna era, comprese la figliuola d'amore essere accesa; e rispostole non so che, da lei si separò. E la sera, venuto il marito, gli narrò ciò che la figliuola piangendo risposto le avea. Il che molto gli spiacque; e pensò che fosse ben fatto, prima che più innanzi le nozze di lei si trattassero, acciocchè in qualche vergogna non si cadesse, d'intendere d'intorno a questo qual fosse la opinione sua. E fattasi un giorno venire innanzi, le disse: Giulietta (che così era della giovane il nome), io sono per nobilmente maritarti: non ne sarai contenta, figliuola? Al quale la giovane, alquanto dopo il dire di lui taciutasi, rispose: padre mio, no, che io non sarò contenta. Come! vuoi dunque nelle monache entrare? disse il padre. Ed ella: messere, non so; e con le parole le lacrime ad un tempo mandò fuori. Alla quale il padre disse: questo so, che non vuoi. Donati dunque pace, ch'io intendo di averti in un de' conti di Lodrone maritata. Al quale la giovane forte piangendo rispose: questo non fie¹ mai. Allora messer Antonio molto turbato, sopra la persona assai la minacciò, se al suo volere ardisse mai più contraddire; ed oltra questo, se la cagione del suo pianto non faceva manifesta. E non

¹ fie, per *sarà*.

be pleased with it." To which the mother added : "What do you wish then? Tell it to me, for I am disposed to do anything for you." The young lady answered : "I wish nothing so much as to die."

To which the lady (whose name was Giovanna, and who was a wise woman), thought that her daughter was deeply in love, and having answered her I know not what, left her. In the evening, as soon as she saw her husband, she related to him what the daughter weeping had said to her, which displeased him much, and he thought it prudent, before the treaty of her marriage went any farther, in order to avoid disgrace, to hear her opinion upon the subject ; and calling her to him one day, said, "Juliet, (for this was the name of the young lady) I am on the point of marrying you nobly ; will you be pleased with it, my daughter?" To which the young lady, after a short silence, answered, "No, father, I shall not be pleased with it." "How?" said the father ; "will you then go into a nunnery?" To which she replied, "Sir, I don't know ;" accompanying these words with tears : to which her father replied, "I know by this that you do not choose to go there : set therefore your mind at ease, for I mean to marry you to one of the counts of Lodrone." To which the young lady, crying bitterly, said, "This shall never be." Messer Antonio then, in a passion, threatened her much if afterwards she should ever dare to contradict him, and if she did not also declare the cause of her weep-

potendo da lei altro che lacrime ritrarre, oltre modo scontento con madonna Giovanna la lasciò: nè dove la figliuola l'animo avesse, accorger si poteo.

Avea la giovane al servo, che col suo padre stava, il quale del suo amore consapevole era, e Pietro avea nome, ciò che la madre le disse, tutto ridetto, e in presenza di lui giurato, ch'ella anzi il veleno volontariamente beverìa, che prender mai, ancor ch'ella potesse, altri che Romeo per marito. Di che Pietro particolarmente, secondo l'ordine, per via del frate n'avea Romeo avvisato, ed egli alla Giulietta scritto, che per cosa niuna al suo maritare non consentisse, e meno il loro amore facesse aperto; che senza alcun dubbio fra otto o dieci giorni egli prenderìa modo di levarla di casa del padre. Ma non potendo messer Antonio e madonna Giovanna insieme nè per lusinghe, nè per minacce dalla loro figliuola la cagione, perchè non si volesse maritare, intendere; nè per altro sentiero trovando di cui ella innamorata fosse; e avendole più fiate madonna Giovanna detto: vedi, figliuola mia dolcissima, non piagnere oramai più; chè marito a tua posta ti si darà, se quasi uno de' Montecchi volessi, il che sono certa che non vorrai; e la Giulietta mai altro che sospiri e pianto non le rispondendo, in maggiore sospetto entrambi, deliberarono di conchiudere, più tosto che si potesse, le nozze che tra lei ed il conte di Lodrone trattate aveano.

Il che intendendo la giovane, dolorosissima soprammodo ne divenne; nè sapendo che si fare, la

ing ; and not being able to get anything from her but tears, left her with her mother exceedingly displeased, without being able to discover his daughter's mind.

The young lady had imparted to the servant Pietro who lived with her father, and was acquainted with her love, everything that her mother had said to her, and had sworn, in his presence, that she would rather voluntarily swallow poison than ever marry any other but Romeo, even if she could do it ; which Pietro, according to his orders, had, by means of the friar, communicated to Romeo, who had written to Juliet, by no means to consent to such a marriage, and, above all, not to reveal their love ; and that he would certainly find means in eight or ten days to take her away from her father's house. Messer Antonio and his lady not being able, either by threats or persuasion, to find out the reason why their daughter would not marry, nor to know, by any other means, with whom she was in love ; and the mother having frequently said to her, " My sweetest daughter, do not cry any more, for we will give you whomsoever you choose for a husband, even one of the Montecchi if you wish it, but I am certain that you will not ;" to which Juliet making no other reply but by sighs and tears, they conceived a stronger suspicion, and determined to conclude as soon as possible her marriage with the count of Lodrone.

The young lady, hearing this, felt inexpressible grief ; and not knowing what to do, wished for death

morte mille volte al giorno disiava. Pur di far intendere il dolor suo a frate Lorenzo fra se stessa diliberò, come a persona nella quale, dopo Romeo, più che in altra sperava, e che dal suo amante avea udito che molte gran cose sapea fare. Onde a madonna Giovanna un giorno disse: mia madre, non voglio che voi meraviglia prendiate, se io la cagione del mio pianto non vi dico; perciocchè io stessa non la so: ma solamente di continuo in me sento una sì fatta maninconia, che, non che l'altrui, ma la propria vita noiosa mi rende; nè onde ciò m'avvenga so tra me pensare, non che a voi o al padre mio dirlo; se da qualche peccato commesso, che io non mi ricordassi, questo non m'avvenisse. E perchè la passata confessione molto mi giovò, io vorrei, piacendo a voi racconfessarmi; acciocchè questa Pasqua di maggio,¹ ch'è vicina, potessi in rimedio de' miei dolori ricever la suave medicina del sacro corpo del nostro Signore. A cui madonna Giovanna disse, ch'era contenta. Ed indi in due giorni menatala in san Francesco, dinanzi a frate Lorenzo la pose; il quale prima molto pregato avea, che la cagione del suo pianto nella confessione cercasse d'intendere. La giovane, come la madre da sè allargata vide, così di subito con mesta voce al frate tutto il suo affanno raccontò; e, per lo amore e

¹ Così nell' originale, contro il canone di Dionisio, secondo il quale la Pasqua non può cadere più tardi del 25, d' Aprile.

a thousand times a day: yet she determined to acquaint Friar Lorenzo with her trouble, as he, after Romeo, was the person in whom she most confided, and who, as she had heard from her lover, was capable of performing great things. She therefore one day said to her mother: "Be not surprised if I do not acquaint you with the cause of my tears, as I myself do not know it; and I can only say that I continually feel such a melancholy, that I am weary of my life, nor can I guess the reason of it; hence I cannot tell it either to you or my father, unless it should proceed from some sin which I may have committed and that I do not remember; and as my last confession was of great use to me, I wish, if you please, to go again to confess, in order that in the approaching Easter, which is next May,¹ I may receive as a remedy to my griefs, the sacred body of our Saviour. The lady gave her consent, and two days afterwards she conducted her daughter to the church of Saint Francis, and placed her before Friar Lorenzo, whom she had before much entreated to find out in the confessional the cause of these many tears. The young lady, as soon as she saw her mother at a distance, immediately related with a sorrowful voice to the friar all her trouble, and entreated him, through the affection and most intimate friendship which subsisted between him and

¹ Thus in the original, in opposition to the canon of Dionysius, according to which the 25th of April is the latest possible Easter.

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carissima amistà che tra lui e Romeo ella sapea ch'era, lo pregò, che a questo suo maggior bisogno aita porgere le volesse. Alla quale il frate disse: che posso io fare, figliuola mia, in questo caso, tanta nimistà tra la tua casa e quella del tuo marito essendo? Disse a lui la mesta giovane: padre, io so che sapete assai cose rare, ed a mille guise me potete aiutare, se vi piace; ma se altro bene fare non mi volete, concedetemi almeno questo. Io sento preparare le mie nozze ad un palagio di mio padre, il quale fuori di questa terra da due miglia verso Mantova è, ove menare mi debbono, acciocchè io men baldezza¹ di rifiutare il nuovo marito abbia; e là dove non prima sarò, che colui, che sposare mi deve, giugnerà: datemi tanto veleno, che in un punto possa da tal doglia, e Romeo da tanta vergogna liberare; se no, con maggior mio incarico² e suo dolore, un coltello in me stessa sanguinerò.³

Frate Lorenzo, udendo l'animo di costei tale essere, e pensando egli quanto nelle mani di Romeo ancor fosse, il qual senza dubbio nimico gli diverria, se a questo caso non provvedesse, alla giovane così disse: vedi Giulietta, io confesso, come sai, la metà di questa terra, ed in buon nome sono appo ciascuno; nè testamento o pace veruna si fa, ch'io non c' intravvenga; per la qual cosa non vorrei in qualche scandalo incorrere, o che s'intendesse ch'io fossi in-

¹ baldezza, per *baldanza*.

² incarico, qui vale *ingiuria*.

³ sanguinerò, per *insanguinerò*.

Romeo, to assist her in her critical situation. To which the friar said: "My dear daughter, what can I do for you in this case, as so much enmity subsists between your house and that of your husband?" The sorrowful young lady replied: "Father, I know you can perform great things, and can, if you will, help me out in a thousand ways: but, if you are not willing to do me any other good, grant me at least what I am going to ask. I hear that they are making preparations for my nuptials in one of my father's palaces, which is at two miles distance from this city, on the road to Mantua; there they are to conduct me that I may not be so bold as to refuse the hand of the man they have chosen for my spouse, and where, as soon as I shall have arrived, he also is to come: give me as much poison as may be sufficient to free me from so much sorrow, and Romeo from so much shame: if you deny this, I shall with more pain on my part, and grief on his, plunge a dagger into my breast."

Friar Lorenzo hearing the state of her mind, and thinking how much he was still in Romeo's power, who without doubt would become his enemy if he did not find some remedy for this, thus spake to the young lady: "Listen to me, Juliet; I hear confession, as you know, from half the inhabitants of this city, and enjoy a good reputation with every one; nor is there any will or reconciliation made in which I am not concerned: therefore I would not wish to bring

tervenuto in questa cosa giammai per tutto l'oro del mondo. Pure perchè io amo te e Romeo insieme, mi disporrò a far cosa, che mai per alcun altro non feci; sì veramente, che tu mi prometta di tenirmene sempre celato. Al quale la giovane rispose: padre, datemi pure questo veleno sicuramente, che mai alcun altro che io lo saperà. E egli a lei: veleno non ti darò io, figliuola; ché troppo gran peccato saria, che tu così giovanetta e bella morissi: ma quando ti dia il cuore di fare una cosa, che io ti dirò, io mi vanto di guidarti sicuramente dinanzi al tuo Romeo. Tu sai, che l'arca de' tuoi Cappelletti fuori di questa chiesa nel nostro cimiterio è posta. Io ti darò una polvere la quale tu bevendola, per quarantott'ore, ovvero poco più o meno, ti farà in guisa dormire, che ogni uomo, per gran medico ch'egli sia non ti giudicherà mai altro che morta. Tu sarai senza alcun dubbio, come fosti di questa vita passata, nella detta arca seppellita; ed io, quando tempo fia, ti verrò a cavar fuori, e terrotti nella mia cella, finchè al capitolo, che noi facciamo in Mantova, io vada, che fie tosto, ove travestita nel nostro abito al tuo marito ti menerò. Ma, dimmi, non temerai del corpo di Tebaldo tuo cugino, che poco è ch'ivi entro fu seppellito? La giovane già tutta lieta disse: padre, se per tal via pervenir dovessi a Romeo, senza tema ardirei di

on myself any disgrace, nor that it should ever be known, for all the gold in the world, that I have had a hand in this; yet as I love you as well as Romeo, I will do what I never did for any one, provided you promise me to keep it always a secret." To which the young lady answered: "Father, you may safely give me this poison, for no person but myself shall know it." To which he replied: "I shall not give you any poison, my daughter, for it would be too great a pity that you, who are so young and so beautiful, should die; but if you have the courage to do what I shall tell you, I flatter myself that I shall be able to conduct you safely into the arms of Romeo. You know that the tomb of the Cappelletti, your ancestors, is in our cemetery next to the church. I shall give you some powder, which, if you take it, will make you sleep in such a manner for ~~eight-and-twenty~~ ⁴⁸ hours, more or less, that any man, let him be ever so great a physician, will consider you as quite dead: you will be without doubt thought so, and buried in the tomb; and I will come in due time to *take you out of it, keep you in my cell till the time of our convocation, which is held in Mantua, and will be soon, and then disguised in one of our habits I will conduct you thither to your husband. But tell me, will you not be afraid of the corpse of your cousin Tebaldo, who was lately buried there?" The young lady, now quite joyful, said: "Father, if I through such means was sure of going to meet Romeo, I

passare per l'Inferno. Orsù dunque, diss' egli; poichè così sei disposta, son contenta d'aitarti; ma prima che cosa alcuna si facesse, mi parria che di tua mano a Romeo la cosa tutta intera tu scrivevi: acciò ch'egli, morta credendoti, in qualche strano caso per disperazione non incorresse, perchè io so, ch'egli sopra modo t'ama. Io ho sempre frati che vanno a Mantova, ov'egli, come sai si ritrova. Fa ch'io aggia la lettera, che per fidato messo a lui la manderò. E, detto questo, il buon frate (senza il mezzo de' quali niuna gran cosa a perfetto fine conducersi veggiamo), la giovane nel confessore lasciata, alla sua cella ricorse, e subito a lei con un picciolo vasetto di polvere ritornò, e disse: toglì questa polvere, e, quando ti parrà, nelle tre o nelle quattr'ore di notte insieme con acqua cruda senza tema la beberai; che d'intorno le sei comincerà operare, e senza fallo il nostro disegno ci riuscirà. Ma non scordare perciò di mandarmi la lettera, che a Romeo déi scrivere; chè importa assai.

La Giulietta, presa la polvere, alla madre tutta lieta ritornò, e dissele: veramente madonna, frate Lorenzo è il miglior confessore del mondo. Egli m'è sì racconfortata, che la passata tristizia più non mi ricordo. Madonna Giovanna per l'allegrezza

would without fear even pass through the infernal regions." "Well then," said he, "since you are so disposed, I am willing to assist you; but before we do anything, it seems to me proper that you should communicate the whole to Romeo in your handwriting, that he, in believing that you are really dead, may not commit some desperate act, as I know his inexpressible love for you. Some of our monks, at my command, go frequently to Mantua, where, as you know, he now resides. Endeavour to give me the letter soon, and I will send it to him by a faithful messenger." Having said this, the good friar (without the aid of whose fraternity no great enterprise is brought to a happy conclusion) leaving the young lady in the confessional, went to his cell, and immediately returned with a small phial full of powder, saying to her: "Take this with you, and at three or four o'clock¹ in the night drink it, dissolved in water; about six it will begin to operate, and our design will certainly succeed. But do not forget to send me the letter you are to write to Romeo, for it is a matter of great importance."

Juliet having taken the powder, joyfully returned to her mother, to whom she said: "Friar Lorenzo, mother, is really the best confessor in the world; he has given me so much comfort that I hardly recollect my former sadness." Her mother,

¹ According to the old custom of reckoning in Italy, *i. e.* beginning with the night and ending with the evening.

della figliuola men trista divenuta, rispose: in buona ora, figliuola mia farai che ancora racconsoli lui alle volte con la nostra elimosina; chè poveri frati sono. E così parlando, se ne vennero a casa loro.

Già era dopo questa confessione fatta tutta allegra la Giulietta, in modo che messer Antonio e madonna Giovanna ogni sospetto, ch' ella fusse innamorata, aveano lassato; e credevano ch' ella per istrano e maninconioso accidente avesse gli pianti fatti; e volentieri l'ariano lassata così stare per allora, senza più dire di darle marito. Ma tanto dentro in questo fatto erano andati, che più tornare addietro senza incarico non se ne potevano. Onde, volendo il conte di Lodrone che alcun suo la donna vedesse, sendo madonna Giovanna alquanto cagionevole¹ della persona fu ordinato che la giovane accompagnata da due zie di lei, a quel loco del padre, che avemo nominato, poco fuori della città andar dovesse; al che ella niuna resistenza fece, ed andovvi. Ove credendo che il padre così all' improvviso l'avesse fatta andare, per darla di subito in mano al secondo sposo; ed avendo seco portata la polvere, che 'l frate le diede, la notte vicino alle quattro ore chiamata una sua fante, che seco allevata s'era, e che quasi come sorella tenea, fattasi dare una coppa d'acqua fredda, dicendo che per gli cibi della sera avanti sete sostenea, e postole dentro la virtuosissima polvere, tutta la si bebbe. E dappoi in presenza della fante, e di

¹ cagionevole, vale *malaticcia, indisposta.*

rejoicing to hear of her daughter's peace of mind, answered, "It is well, my daughter, you also must comfort these poor monks sometimes with our alms." And saying this they returned home.

Juliet, after this confession, was so joyful, that Messer Antonio and his lady lost all suspicion of her being in love, and imagined that it was in some strange melancholy mood she had shed so many tears; and they would willingly have left her quiet, without any further mention of marrying her, but they had proceeded so far in this matter, that they could not retract without blame. The count of Lodrone, therefore, desiring that some one might see the young lady, and her mother being rather indisposed, it was determined that she should be accompanied by two of her aunts to the aforementioned villa of her father, which was at a small distance from the city; to which she making no objection, they set off for it. Being arrived there, Juliet, thinking that her father had so unexpectedly sent her thither in order to consign her immediately into the power of the second intended husband, about four o'clock the same night calling her chamber-maid, who had been brought up with her, and whom she considered almost as a sister, desired her to bring some fresh water, saying she was thirsty on account of her supper; which being brought, she put into it the very efficacious powder which the friar had given her, and swallowed it all. Then in the presence of the chamber-maid and one of her

una sua zia che con esso lei svegliata s' era, disse : mio padre per certo contra mio volere non mi darà marito, s' io potrò. Le donne che di grossa pasta erano, ancorachè veduta l' avessero bere la polvere, la quale per rinfrescarsi ella dicea porre nell' acqua, ed udite questo parole, non perciò le intesero, o sospicaron alcuna cosa, e tornarono a dormire. La Giulietta spento il lume, e partita la fante, fingendo alcuna opportunità naturale, del letto si levò, e tutta de' suoi panni si rivestì; e tornata nel letto come se avesse creduto morire, così compose sopra quello il corpo suo meglio ch' ella seppe, e le mani sopra il suo bel petto poste in croce, aspettava che il beveraggio operasse; il quale poco oltre a due ore stette a renderla come morta.

Venuta la mattina, e il sole gran pezza salito essendo, fu la giovane, nella guisa che detto v' ho, sopra il suo letto ritrovata; ed essendo voluta svegliare ma non si potendo, e già quasi tutta fredda trovatala, ricordandosi la zia e la fante dell' acqua e della polvere che la notte bevuta avea, e delle parole da lei ragionate; e più vedendola essersi vestita e da se stessa sopra il letto a quel modo racconcia, la polvere veleno e lei morta senza alcun dubbio giudicarono. Il rumore tra le donne si levò grandissimo ed il pianto, massimamente per la sua fante, la quale spesso per nome chiamandola dicea :

aunts, who had sat up with her, said : " My father shall not certainly, if I can help it, marry me against my will." The women, who were of a dull apprehension, although they had seen her take the powder, which she said she had put in the water as a refreshment, and heard these words, did not however understand their meaning or suspect anything, but went to sleep. Juliet put out the light as her chamber-maid was going, but feigning afterwards to be obliged to rise again, got out of bed and completely dressed herself, and then laid down again as if she had been on the point of dying, composed herself as well as she could, crossing her hands upon her breast, and was waiting for the effect of the draught, which in a little more than two hours rendered her like one dead.

In the morning the sun being ascended far in his career, the young lady was found on her bed in the situation I have described to you. Some having tried to awaken her, and not being able to succeed, and feeling she was quite cold, the aunt and the chamber-maid, recollecting the powder she had taken and the words she had spoken, and, moreover, seeing she was dressed and had composed herself in that manner on the bed, thought that, without doubt, the powder was a poison, and that she was dead. Upon this the cries and lamentations of the women were very great, especially of the chamber-maid, who often calling her by her name, exclaimed : " O dear

o madonna, questo è quello che dicevate: mio padre contra mia voglia non mi mariterà! Voi mi dimandaste con inganno la fredda acqua, la quale la vostra dura morte a me trista apparecchiava. O misera me! di cui prima mi dolerò? della morte o di me stessa? Deh! perchè sprezzaste morendo la compagnia d'una vostra serva, la quale vivendo così cara mostraste d' avere; che così com' io sempre con voi volentieri vivuta sono, così anco volentieri con voi morta sarei. O madonna! io con le mie mani l'acqua vi portai, acciocchè io, misera me! fossi in questa guisa da voi abbandonata? Io sola e voi e me, il vostro padre e la vostra madre ad un tratto averò morto. E così dicendo, salita sopra il letto, la come morta giovane stretta abbracciava.

Messer Antonio, il quale non lontano il rumore udito avea, tutto tremante nella camera della figliuola corse, e vedutala sopra il letto stare, ed inteso ciò che la notte bevuto e detto avea, quantunque morta la stimasse, pure a sua soddisfazione prestamente per un suo medico, che molto dotto e pratico reputava, a Verona mandò. Il quale venuto, e veduta e alquanto tocca la giovane, disse lei essere già sei ore, per lo bevuto veleno, di questa vita passata; il che vedendo il tristo padre in dirottissimo pianto entrò. La mesta novella all'infelice madre in poco spazio di bocca in bocca pervenne; la quale da ogni calore abbandonata, come morta cadde. E risentita

lady! this is what you said: 'my father shall never marry me against my will!' You artfully asked me for cold water, which for my misery caused your hard death. Wretched me! which shall I first accuse, death or myself? O dear lady, I brought you the cold water in order to be, alas, thus abandoned by you! I alone have at once caused yours, mine, your father's and your mother's death. Why did you dying despise the company of your servant, whom in your life you seemed to love so much? I, who always willingly lived with you, should also have willingly accompanied you in death." Saying this and getting on the bed, she closely embraced the (apparently) dead young lady.

Messer Antonio, who was not far off, hearing the noise, ran trembling into his daughter's chamber, and seeing her lying on the bed and hearing what she had drunk and said, although he considered her as dead, yet, for his own satisfaction, sent immediately to Verona for one of his physicians, whom he considered very learned and full of experience. When he arrived and saw and felt a little the pulse of the young lady, he said, that on account of the poison she had taken six hours had elapsed since she had ceased to breathe; which the sorrowful father hearing shed abundance of tears. The sad news passing from mouth to mouth reached in a short time the ears of the unhappy mother, who, abandoned by every vital heat, fell motionless, and coming again

con un femminile grido, quasi fuori del senno divenuta, tutta percotendosi, chiamando per nome l'amata figliuola, empiea di lamenti il cielo, dicendo: io ti veggio morta, o mia figliuola, sola requie della mia vecchiezza! e come me hai sì crudele potuto lasciare, senza dar modo alla tua misera madre di udire le ultime tue parole? Almen fuss' io stata a serrare i tuoi begli occhi, e lavare il prezioso tuo corpo! Come puoi farmi intendere questo di te? O carissime donne, che a me presenti sete aitemi morire; e se in voi alcuna pietà vive, le vostre mani (se tal officio vi si conviene), prima che il mio dolore mi spegnano. E tu gran Padre del cielo, poichè sì tosto, come vorrei, non posso morire, con la tua saetta togli me a me stessa odiosa. Così essendo da alcuna donna sollevata, e sopra il suo letto posta, e da altra con assai parole confortata, non restava di piangere e dolersi. Dappoi tolta la giovane dal loco ov' ella era, ed a Verona portata, con esequie grandi e orrevolissime da tutti i suoi parenti ed amici pianta, nella detta area nel cimiterio di santo Francesco per morta fu sepolta.

Avea frate Lorenzo; il quale per alcuna bisogna del monasterio poco fuori della città era andato, la lettera della Giulietta, che a Romeo dovea mandare, data ad un frate che a Mantova andava; il quale giunto nella città, ed essendo due o tre volte alla casa di Romeo stato, nè per sua gran sciagura trovatolo mai in casa, e non volendo la lettera ad altri

to herself with feminine lamentations, being almost out of her senses, beating herself and calling by name her beloved daughter, filled the surrounding air with her cries, saying : " Are you dead, my dear daughter ! thou only comfort of my old age ! How could you, cruel, leave me without giving your miserable mother an opportunity of hearing your last words ? Had I at least closed your beautiful eyes, and washed your precious body ! who could have expected this from you ? O, dearest ladies, who are here present, help me to die ; and if you have any pity, let your hands sooner than my grief put an end to my existence. And thou, O great Father of Heaven, since I cannot die as quickly as I wish, let one of your thunderbolts end my odious life." Some of the ladies raised her up and placed her on her bed, whilst others tried to comfort her, but she never ceased weeping and complaining. The young lady being afterwards removed to Verona, was buried in the aforesaid tomb in the cemetery of St. Francis, with very honourable and great obsequies, bewailed by all her relations and friends.

Friar Lorenzo, in the meantime, had gone a little out of the city to transact some business relative to his convent, and had given Juliet's letter, which was to be sent to Romeo, to a friar who was going to Mantua, and who being arrived in that city and calling two or three times on Romeo, and unfortunately never finding him at home, nor being willing

che a lui proprio dare, ancora in mano l'aveva; quando Pietro credendo morta la sua madonna, quasi disperato, non trovando frate Lorenzo in Verona, diliberò di portare egli stesso a Romeo così fatta novella, quanto la morte della sua donna pensava ch'esser gli dovesse. Perchè, tornato la sera fuori della terra al loco del suo padrone, la notte seguente sì verso Mantova camminò, che la mattina per tempo vi giunse. E trovato Romeo, che ancora dal frate la lettera della donna ricevuta non avea, piangendo gli raccontò come la Giulietta morta avea veduto seppellire; e ciò che per lo addietro ella avea e fatto e detto, tutto gli espose. Il quale, questo udendo, pallido e come morto divenuto, tirata fuori la spada, si volse ferire per uccidersi. Pure da molti ritenuto, disse: la vita mia in ogni modo più molto lunga essere non puote, poscia che la propria vita è morta. O Giulietta mia! io solo sono stato della tua morte cagione, perchè, come scrissi, a levarti dal padre non venni: tu per non abbandonarmi, morire volesti, ed io per tema della morte viverò solo? Questo non fie mai. Ed a Pietro rivolto, donatogli un bruno vestimento ch'egli indosso avea, disse: vattene, Pietro mio. Quindi partito, e Romeo solo serratosi, ogni altra cosa men trista che la vita parendogli, quello che di lui stesso fare dovesse molto pensò: ed alla fine come contadino vestitosi, ed una guastadetta¹ di acqua di serpe, che di buon tempo in una sua

¹ guastadetta, vale *vasetto di vetro*.

to deliver it into any other hands but his, still kept it, when Pietro, thinking Juliet dead, and not finding Friar Lorenzo in Verona, almost in despair determined to go himself to Romeo and communicate to him such bad news as he imagined the death of his lady would be to him. Returning, therefore, in the evening to his master's villa out of the city, he walked with such expedition all night towards Mantua, that he arrived there early in the morning, and finding out Romeo, who had not yet received the letter of his lady from the friar, related to him Juliet's death, whom he had seen buried, and told him what she had done and said before that event. Romeo, upon hearing this, pale and half dead, drew his sword and was going to kill himself; but, being prevented by many persons, said: "The period of my life at any rate cannot be far off, since the better part of it exists no longer. O my dear Juliet, I alone have been the cause of your death, as I did not come, as I had written to you, to take you away from your father's house. You, not to abandon me, chose rather to die, and shall I for fear of death live without you? This shall never be." Saying this he turned to Pietro, and gave him a brown garment which he wore, saying, "Go, my good Pietro." He having departed, Romeo shut himself up alone, and as everything appeared to him less odious than life, he deliberated much on what he was to do; at last, disguising himself in the dress of a peasant and taking with him

E

cassa per qualche suo bisogno serbato avea, tolta e nella manica messalasi, a venir verso Verona si mise; tra sè pensando, ovver per mano della giustizia, se trovato fusse, rimaner della vita privato, ovvero nell'arca, la quale molto ben sapea dov'era, con la sua donna rinchiudersi, ed ivi morire.

A questo ultimo pensiero sì gli fu la fortuna favorevole, che la sera del dì seguente, che la donna era stata seppellita, in Verona senza esser da persona conosciuto entrò; ed aspettata la notte, e già sentendo ogni parte di silenzio piena, verso il luogo de' frati minori, ove l'arca era, si ridusse. Era questa chiesa nella Cittadella, ove questi frati in quel tempo stavano; e avvegnachè dappoi, non so come lasciandola, venissero a stare nel borgo di san Zeno, nel luogo che ora santo Bernardino si noma, pure fu ella dal proprio santo Francesco già abitata: presso le mura della quale, dal canto di fuori, erano allora appoggiati certi avelli di pietra, come in molti luoghi fuori delle chiese veggiamo; uno de' quali antica sepoltura di tutti i Cappelletti era, e nel quale la bella giovane si stava. A questa accostatosi Romeo (che forse verso le quattr'ore potea essere), e come uomo di gran nerbo ch'egli era, per forza il coperchio levatogli, e con certi legni, che seco portati avea, in modo puntellato avendolo, che contra sua voglia chiuder non si potea, dentro vi entrò, e lo rinchiuse. Avea seco lo sventurato giovine recata seco una lume orba, per la sua donna alquanto vedere; la quale,

a phial of serpent's water, which he had kept for some time in a box for some other purpose, he put it into his sleeve and set off for Verona; resolved either to lose his life by the hand of Justice, if he should be discovered, or to shut himself up in the tomb with his mistress, and there to expire.

Fortune so favoured the latter of his designs, that he entered Verona without being known the night after that on which his mistress had been buried; and as silence reigned everywhere, he went to the place of the Minor Friars, where the tomb stood. The church was in the citadel, where these friars were at that time settled, although afterwards, I know not how, they quitted that situation and came to reside in the borough of St. Zeno, in the place which is now called St. Bernardino, though it was formerly the residence of St. Francis himself. Near the walls of it on the outside were placed some tombs of stone, as we see is the custom in many places contiguous to churches. One of them was the ancient sepulchre of the Cappelletti, in which lay the young lady. Romeo (towards perhaps four o'clock of the night) approached it, and as he was a man of great strength, raised its covering, and with some pieces of wood which he had brought with him, propped it up so as to be able to get in, and closed it after him. The unfortunate youth had carried a dark lanthorn, in order to view a little his mistress; and as soon as he was in the tomb opened it. He saw his beautiful Juliet lying

rinchiuso nell' arca, di subito tirò fuori ed aperse. Ed ivi la sua bella Giulietta, tra ossa e stracci di molti morti, come morta vide giacere; onde immanente, forte piagnendo, così cominciò: occhi, che agli, occhi miei foste, mentre che piacque al cielo, chiare luci! o bocca, da me mille volte sì dolcemente baciata! o bel petto, che il mio cuore in tanta letizia albergasti! Ove ciechi, muti e freddi vi ritrovo? Come senza di voi veggio, parlo, e vivo? O misera mia donna, ove sei d' Amore condotta, il quale vuole che poco spazio due tristi amanti e spenga e alberghi! Oimè! questo non mi promise la speranza, e quel disio che del tuo amore prima mi accesero. O sventurata mia vita, a che più ti reggi? E, così dicendo, gli occhi, la bocca, e 'l petto le baciava, ognora in maggior pianto abbondando; nel qual dicea: o mura che sopra me state, perchè, addosso di me cadendo, non fate ancor più breve la mia vita? Ma, perciò che la morte in libertate d' ognuno si vede, vilissima cosa per certo è disiarla e non prenderla. E così, l' ampolla, che con l' acqua velenosissima nella manica avea, tirata fuori, parlando seguì: io non so qual destino sopra i miei nemici e da me morti nel lor sepulcro a morire mi conduca. Ma posciachè, o anima mia, presso alla donna nostra così giova il morire, ora moriamo. E postasi a bocca la cruda acqua, nel suo ventre tutta la ricevette. Dappoi presa l' amata giovane nelle braccia, forte stringendola, dicea: o bel corpo, ultimo termine d' ogni mio

amidst the bones and rags of many dead bodies. Therefore, crying bitterly, he immediately said: "Ye eyes, which, as long as it pleased Heaven, were my guiding lights; mouth, which I kissed a thousand times with delight, and from which so many wise words were heard; beautiful breast, which with so much joy gave reception to my heart,—where do I now find you, blind, dumb, and cold? How is it that I, without you, see, speak, and live? O my poor wife, where has love, which commands that a small space shall receive two unfortunate lovers, led you? Alas! my hopes, and that desire which at first inflamed me with your love, did not promise me this! O my unhappy life, to what end do you still continue to exist?" Thus saying, whilst his tears flowed every moment in greater abundance, he kissed her eyes, mouth, and breast, exclaiming: "Ye walls, which impend over my head, why do ye not fall upon me to help me to shorten my life? But, as every one is at liberty to die, it is certainly a vile thing to wish for death and not to embrace it." Upon this he took out of his sleeve the poisonous water, and then proceeded, saying: "I know not what destiny leads me to die in the tomb of my enemies, whom I have put to death; but since, O my own soul, it pleases us to expire near our mistress, let us now do it;" and, conveying the deadly water to his mouth, he swallowed it all. After this, ardently embracing the young lady, he said: "O charming person, the last

desio! se alcun sentimento dopo il partir dell' anima ti è restato, o se ella il mio crudo morire vede, prego che non le dispiaccia, che non avendo io teco potuto lieto e palese vivere, almen secreto e mesto io mora. E molto stretta tenendola la morte aspettava.

Già era giunta l'ora, che il calor della giovane la fredda e potente virtù della polvere dovesse aver estinta, ed ella svegliarsi. Perchè, stretta e dimenata da Romeo, nelle sue braccia si destò; e risentita, dopo un gran sospiro, disse: oimè, ove sono? chi me strigne? misera! chi mi bacia? E, credendo che questo frate Lorenzo fusse, gridò: a questo modo mi condurrete sicura? Romeo, la donna viva sentendo, si maravigliò forte; e forse di Pigmaliione ricordandosi, disse: non mi conoscete, o dolce donna mia? non vedete che io il tristo vostro sposo sono, per morire appo voi, da Mantova qui solo e secreto venuto? La Giulietta, nel monumento vedendosi, e in braccio ad uno che dicea essere Romeo sentendosi, quasi fuori di sè stessa era, e da sè alquanto sospintolo, e nel viso guatatolo, mille baci gli donò, e disse: qual sciocchezza vi fece qua entro, e con tanto pericolo, entrare? Non vi bastava per le mie lettere avere inteso, com' io con lo aiuto di frate

object of all my desires, if any sentiment remains with you after death, or, if your soul sees my cruel end, I pray that it may not be displeased, that I, having not been able to live happily and publicly with you, may at least die with you sadly and in secret :” and still more closely embracing her, waited for death.

The time had now arrived, when the natural heat of the young lady was to have conquered the cold and powerful effects of the powder and she was to awaken ; being therefore pressed and stirred by Romeo, she awoke in his arms ; and coming to herself, after a deep sigh, said : “ Alas ! where am I ? who embraces me ? miserable me ! who kisses me ? ” And, thinking that it might be Friar Lorenzo, she cried out : “ Is it in this manner, friar, that you keep your faith to Romeo ? Is this the way to conduct me safely to him ? ” Romeo, finding her alive, was much astonished ; and, remembering perhaps the story of Pygmalion, said : “ Do you not recollect me, my sweet lady ? don’t you see that I am your sad spouse, who am come here secretly from Mantua to die near you ? ” Juliet, perceiving she was in the tomb, and in the arms of one who said he was Romeo, was exceedingly astonished ; and pushing him a little from her, and looking him in the face, immediately recollected him, and, embracing him, kissed him a thousand times, saying, “ What madness has induced you to come in here, running into such dangers ? Was it not sufficient for you to have been informed

Lorenzo fingere morta mi dovea, e che di breve sarei stata con voi? Allora il giovane, accorto del suo gran fallo, incominciò: o miserissima mia sorte! o sfortunato Romeo! o viapù di tutti gli altri amanti dolorosissimo! Io di ciò vostre lettere non ebbi. E qui le raccontò, come Pietro la sua non vera morte per vera gli disse: onde, credendola morta, avea, per farle compagnia, ivi presso lei tolto il veleno; il quale, come acutissimo sentia che per tutte le membra la morte gli cominciava mandare. La sventurata fanciulla questo udendo, sì dal dolore vinta restò, che altro che le belle sue chiome e l'innocente petto battersi e stracciarsi fare non sapea; ed a Romeo che già resupino giacea, baciandolo spesso, un mare delle sue lacrime gli spargea sopra; ed essendo più pallida che la cenere divenuta, tutta tremante disse: dunque nella mia presenza e per mia cagione dovete, signor mio, morire? ed il cielo concederà, che dopo voi, benchè poco, io viva? Misera me! almeno a voi la mia vita potessi donare, e sola morire! Alla quale il giovine con voce languida rispose: se la mia fede e il mio amore mai caro vi fu, viva speme mia, per quello vi prego, che dopo me non vi spiaccia la vita, se non per altra cagione, almen per poter pensare di lui che, della vostra bellezza tutto ardente, dinanzi a' bei vostri occhi si more. A questo rispose la donna: se voi per la mia finta morte morite, che debbo io per la vostra non finta fare? Dogliomi solo, che dinanzi a voi non abbia il modo di morire;

by my letters, that I, by the aid of Friar Lorenzo, was to feign myself dead, and that I should be shortly with you?" The sorrowful youth then perceiving his great error, exclaimed: "O my miserable lot! O unfortunate Romeo, most unhappy of all lovers! I did not receive your letters concerning this:" and then he told her Pietro had informed him of her death as a matter-of-fact, and that he, believing it, had, to bear her company, just taken poison: which being very acute, he already felt that death crept through all his limbs. The unfortunate young lady was so overcome by grief on hearing this, that she did nothing but tear her beautiful hair and beat her innocent breast, shedding a shower of tears on Romeo, who now lay extended, and frequently kissing him, and being paler than ashes, and trembling all over, said: "Must you then, my sweet lord, die in my presence and on my account? And will heaven suffer me to live though for ever so short a time after you? Miserable me! I wish I could sacrifice my life for you, and die alone." To which the youth answered in a faint voice: "If ever my fidelity and love were dear to you, my sweet hope, I thereby beg you not to disregard life after my death, if for no other reason, to be able at least to think on him who, vanquished by your love, dies for your sake before your beautiful eyes." To which the lady answered: "Since you die on account of my feigned death, what ought I not to do for your real one? I am only grieved that

ed a me stessa, perciocchè tanto vivo, odio porto. Ma io spero bene, che non passerà molto, che come sono stata cagione, così sarò della vostra morte compagna. E con gran fatica queste parole finite, tramortita cadde: e risentitasi, andava dappoi miseramente con la bella bocca gli estremi spirti del suo caro amante raccogliendo, il quale verso il suo fine a gran passo camminava.

In questo tempo frate Lorenzo, inteso come e quando la giovane la polvere bevuta avesse, e che per morta era stata seppellita; e sapendo il termine esser giunto, nel quale la detta polvere la sua virtù finìa, preso un suo fidato compagno, fors' un' ora innanti il giorno all' arca venne. Alla quale giungendo, ed ella piagnere e dolersi udendo, per la fessa del coperchio mirando, ed un lume dentro vedendovi, maravigliatosi forte, pensò che la giovane a qualche guisa la lucerna con esso lei ivi entro portata avesse, e che svegliata, per tema di alcun morto, o forse di non star sempre in quel loco rinchiusa, si rammarricasse, e piangesse in tal modo. E con l'aita del compagno prestamente aperta la sepoltura, vide la Giulietta, la quale tutta scapigliata e dolente s' era in sedere levata, e il quasi morto amante nel suo grembo recato s' avea. Alla quale egli disse: dunque temevi, figliuola mia, che io qui dentro ti lasciassi morire? Ed ella, il frate udendo e il pianto raddoppiando, rispose: anzi temo io, che voi con la mia vita me ne traggiate. Deh! per la pietà di



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I have not here at present some means of dying before you. I hate myself for living so long; but I hope, as I have been the cause of your death, I shall soon bear your company:" and having hardly pronounced these words, she fell down and fainted. Coming afterwards to herself she miserably received in her beautiful mouth the last sighs of her dear lover, whose death was approaching with great strides.

In this interval, Friar Lorenzo had been informed of the time and circumstances of the young lady taking the powder, and of her being buried as dead: and knowing that the period when the efficacy of the powder was to have ceased had arrived, went to the tomb, perhaps an hour before daybreak, with one of his faithful companions. On his arrival, hearing that she cried and lamented, and looking through the cracks of the tomb and seeing a light in it, was much surprised, and thought that the young lady had by some means or other carried a light with her, and that awaking, through the fear of some dead body, or perhaps of being shut up in that place, she wept and bewailed in that manner. Therefore, having with his companion's help immediately opened the tomb, he saw Juliet, dishevelled and grieving, with her dead lover's head on her lap, to whom he said: "Were you then afraid, my daughter, that I would let you die here?" and she, on seeing the friar, redoubling her tears, said: "I fear, on the contrary, that you will take me alive out of this place. I pray you, for

Dio, riserrate il sepolcro, ed andatevene, in guisa ch' io mora ; ovver porgetemi un coltello, ch' io nel mio petto ferendo di doglia mi tragga. O padre mio ! o padre mio ! ben mandaste la lettera ! ben sarò io maritata ! ben mi guiderete a Romeo ! Vedetelo qui nel mio grembo già morto. E raccontandogli tutto il fatto, a lui il mostrò. Frate Lorenzo, queste cose sentendo, come insensato si stava ; e mirandolo il giovane, il quale per passare da questa all' altra vita era, così disse : o Romeo ! qual sciagura mi t' ha tolto ? parlami alquanto ; drizza a me un poco gli occhi tuoi : o Romeo ! vedi la tua carissima Giulietta, che ti prega che la miri ! perchè non rispondi almeno a lei, nel cui grembo ti giaci ? Romeo, al caro nome della sua donna, alzò alquanto gli languidi occhi dalla vicina morte gravati, e vedutala gli richiuse ; e poco dappoi, per le sue membra la morte scorrendo, tutto torcendosi, fatto un breve sospiro, si morì.

Morto nella guisa, che divisato vi ho, il misero amante, dopo molto pianto, già avvicinandosi il giorno, disse il frate alla giovane : e tu, Giulietta, che farai ? La qual tostamente rispose : morrommi qui entro. Come ? figlia mia, diss' egli, non dire questo ; esci pur fuori, che quantunque io non sappia che farmi o dire, pur non ti mancherà il rinchiuderti in qualche santo monasterio, ed ivi pregar sempre Dio per te e per lo morto tuo sposo, se bisogno ne ha. Al quale disse la donna : padre, altro non

God's sake, to go out and shut up the tomb, that I may die here ; or give me a knife, that I may, by plunging it in my breast, put an end to my grief. O father ! O father ! how well did you send the letter ! how well shall I be married ! and how safely you will conduct me to Romeo ! See him here dead in my lap (pointing to him)," and then she related the whole fact. Friar Lorenzo, hearing this, was stupefied, and seeing the youth was on the very verge of death, crying bitterly, he called him, saying : "O Romeo, what dire misfortune deprives me of you ? Speak to me a little, look on me for a moment. O Romeo, see your dearest Juliet, who begs you to look on her ; why don't you at least answer her, on whose lap you lie ?" Romeo, on hearing his mistress's dear name, opened a little his languid eyes, which were pressed by his approaching death, and having seen her, he closed them again. A little while afterwards, death creeping through all his limbs, he twisted himself all over, and ended his life with a short sigh.

The miserable lover being dead, as I have related to you, and the young lady shedding abundance of tears, as day was approaching the friar said to her : "What will you do, Juliet ?" To which she immediately replied, "Die here." "How so, my daughter ?" said he, "say not so : come out, for although I do not know at present what to do, yet a holy monastery shall not be wanting to receive you, where you may pray to God for yourself and your dead consort, if

vi dimando che questa grazia, la quale, per lo amore che voi alla felice memoria di costui portaste (e mostroglì Romeo), mi farete volentieri; e questo fia, di non far mai palese la nostra morte, acciò che gli nostri corpi possano insieme sempre in questo sepolcro stare; e se per caso il morir nostro si risapesse, per lo già detto amore vi prego, che gli nostri miseri padri in nome di ambo noi vogliate pregare, che quelli, i quali Amore in uno stesso fuoco e ad una stessa morte arse e guidò, non sia loro grave in uno stesso sepolcro lasciare. E voltatasi al giacente corpo di Romeo, il cui capo sopra uno origliere, che con lei nell' arca era stato lasciato, posto avea, gli occhi meglio rinchiusi avendogli, e di lagrime il freddo volto bagnandogli, disse: che debbo io senza te in vita più fare, signor mio? e che altro mi resta verso te, se non con la mia morte seguirti? niente altro certo; acciocchè da te dal qual solo la morte mi potea separare, essa morte separare, non mi possa. E detto questo, la sua gran sciagura nell' animo recatasi, e la perdita del caro amante ricordandosi, diliberando di più non vivere, raccolto a sè il fiato, ed alquanto tenutolo, e poscia con un gran grido fuori mandandolo, sopra il morto corpo morta si rese.

Frate Lorenzo, dappoi che la giovane morta conobbe, per molta pietà tutto stordito, non sapea egli stesso consigliarsi; ed insieme col compagno, dal dolore sino nel cuore passato, sopra i morti

he needs it." To which the lady replied : "Father, I ask you only one favour, which through the affection you bore him (pointing to Romeo) you will readily grant ; this is, never to reveal our death, in order that our bodies may always remain together in this tomb ; and if ever it should be known by chance, I again pray you, for the sake of the same affection, that you will beg our unhappy parents, in the name of us both, not to be displeased to leave in the same tomb, two lovers who were inflamed by one fire, and led to death by the same cause." Then turning to the corpse of Romeo, whose head she had laid on a pillow which had been left with her, closing his eyes and bathing his cold face with her tears, said : "What can I do in this life without you, my 'sweet lord ? and what else remains for me to perform, but to die and follow thee ? Certainly nothing else ; as death alone could have separated me from you, the same shall not have the power of dividing us." Having said this, and deeply thinking on her great misfortune, and the death of her dear lover, resolving to live no longer, she drew in her breath, retained it a great while, and then with a loud scream fell dead upon her lover's body.

Friar Lorenzo perceiving the young lady to be quite dead, stupefied through compassion, did not know what to do ; and together with his companion, their hearts being pierced by grief, wept over the dead lovers ; when all of a sudden, the officers of the Mayor, who pursued some thief, came to the tomb,

amanti piangea. Quando ecco la famiglia del Podestà, che dietro alcun ladro correa, vi sopraggiunse; e trovatigli piangere sopra questo avello, nel quale una lucerna vedeano, quasi tutti là corsono; e, tolti fra lor gli frati, dissero: che fate qui, domini, a quest' ora? fareste forse qualche malia sopra questo sepolcro? Frate Lorenzo, veduti gli ufficiali ed uditigli e riconosciutigli, avrìa voluto essere stato morto. Pur disse loro: nessuno di voi mi s' accosti, perciocchè io vostro uomo non sono; e se alcuna cosa volete, chiedetela di lontano. Allora disse il loro capo: noi vogliamo sapere, perchè così la sepoltura de' Cappelletti aperta abbiate, ove pur l'altro jeri si sepelli una giovane loro; e se non che io conosco voi, frate Lorenzo, uomo di buona condizione, io direi che a spogliare gli morti foste qui venuti. Gli frati, spento il lume, risposero: quel che noi facciamo non saperai che a te di saperlo non appartiene. Rispose colui: vero è; ma dirollo al Signore. Al quale frate Lorenzo per disperazione fatto sicuro, soggiunse: di' a tua posta; e, serrata la sepoltura, col compagno entrò nella chiesa.

Il giorno quasi chiaro si mostrava, quando i frati dalla sbirraglia si sbrigarono; onde di loro fu chi subito ad alcun de' Cappelletti la novella di questi frati rapportò. I quali sapendo forse anco frate Lorenzo amico di Romeo, furon presto innanzi al Signore, pregandolo che per forza, se non altrimenti, volesse dal frate sapere quello che nella loro sepoltura

and hearing them crying in it, and seeing a light, they all ran to it, and, surrounding the monks, said to them: "What do you here, gentlemen, at such an hour? Are you perhaps performing some witchcraft?" Friar Lorenzo knowing the officers, wished he had rather been dead; notwithstanding he said to them: "Let none of you approach me, as I have nothing to do with you; and if you have anything to say to me, speak at a distance." Their chief then said: "I wish to know why you have thus opened the tomb of the Cappelletti, where the day before yesterday a young lady of their house was buried? and if I did not know you, Friar Lorenzo, to be a man of good character, I should say that you are come here to rob the dead." The friar, putting out the light, replied: "Thou shalt not know what we are doing, having no business to be acquainted with it." The other replied: "It is true; but I will inform our Prince of it." To which Friar Lorenzo, emboldened by despair, replied: "Tell it." And having closed the tomb, retired with his companion into the church.

It was almost clear daylight when the friars got rid of the officers, some of whom immediately reported the affairs of the friars to the Cappelletti, who, knowing perhaps that Friar Lorenzo was a friend to Romeo, immediately repaired to the sovereign, begging he would by force, if he did not succeed by other means, find out from the friar what he had been doing in the tomb. The Prince ordered some guards

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cercava. Il Signore, poste le guardie che il frate partire non si potesse, mandò per lui. Il quale per forza venutogli dinanzi, disse il Signore: che cercavate istamane nella sepoltura de' Cappelletti? diteloci, chè noi in ogni guisa lo vogliamo sapere. Al quale rispose il frate: Signor mio, io il dirò a vostra signoria molto volentieri. Io confessai già vivendo la figliuola di messer Antonio Cappelletti, che l'altro giorno così stranamente morì; e, perciocchè molto come figliuola di spirito l'amai, non alle sue esequie essendomi potuto ritrovare, era andato a dirle sopra certe sorte di orazioni, le quali, nove volte sopra il morto corpo dette, liberano l'anima dalle pene del Purgatorio; e perciò che pochi le sanno, o queste cose non intendono, dicono i sciocchi che io per ispogliar morti era ivi andato. Non so se io sia qualche masnadiero da far queste cose: a me basta questa poca di cappa e questo cordone; nè darei di quanto tesoro hanno i vivi un niente, nonchè de' panni di due morti: e male fanno chi mi biasmano in questa guisa.

Il Signore arìa per poco questo creduto; se non che molti frati, i quali male gli volevano, intendendo come frate Lorenzo era stato trovato sopra quella sepoltura, la volsero aprire; ed apertala, e il corpo del morto amante dentro trovatole, di subito con grandissimo rumore al Signore, che ancora col frate parlava, fu detto, come nella sepoltura de' Cappelletti, sopra la quale il frate la notte fu colto, giacea

to hinder the friar from making his escape, and sent for him ; and when he was by force conducted into his presence, said to him : "What were you doing this morning in the tomb of the Cappelletti? Speak, for we will know the whole affair." To which the friar answered : "I will readily tell. I heard confession (whilst she was living) from the daughter of Messer Antonio Cappelletti, who died the other day by a strange circumstance, and as I regarded her as a young lady of much merit, not being able to be present at her funeral, I went to say for her certain prayers, which, being repeated nine times over a dead body, deliver its soul from the torments of Purgatory, and as few persons either know or understand them, the simple vulgar say that I had gone there to rob the dead. I am certainly not a robber, nor capable of doing such things. This poor habit and this string are sufficient for me ; nor would I take an atom from all the treasures of the living, much less any of the clothes of the dead bodies. Those who accuse me in this manner are very wrong."

The Prince would have easily believed all this, had it not been for many monks who wished Friar Lorenzo ill, and who, hearing he had been caught in the tomb, went to open it, and finding in it the corpse of the dead lovers, immediately ran with great noise to the Prince, who was still talking to the other friar, and informed him that in the tomb of the Cappelletti, in which the friar had been found the preceding night,

morto Romeo Montecchi. Questo parve a ciascuno impossibile, e somma meraviglia a tutti apportò. Il che vedendo frate Lorenzo, e conoscendo non poter nascondere quello che disiava di celare, inginocchiandosi dinanzi al Signore postosi, disse: perdonatemi, Signor mio, se a vostra signoria la bugia di quello, ch' ella m' ha richiesto, dissi; chè ciò non fu per malizia, nè per guadagno alcuno, ma per servare la promessa fede a due miseri e morti amanti. E così tutta la passata istoria fu astretto, presenti molti, raccontargli.

Bartolommeo della Scala questo udendo, da gran pietà quasi mosso a piagnere, volse gli morti corpi egli stesso vedere, e con grandissima quantità di popolo al sepolcro se n' andò; e tratto gli due amanti, nella chiesa di santo Francesco sopra due tappeti gli fe' porre. In questo tempo i padri loro nella detta chiesa vennero, e sopra i loro morti figliuoli piagnendo, da doppia pietà vinti (avvegnachè inimici fussero) s' abbracciarono, in modo che la lunga nimistà tra essi e tra le loro case stata, e che nè prieghi di amici, nè minaccie del Signore, nè danni ricevuti nè tempo avea potuto estinguere, per la misera e pietosa morte di questi amanti ebbe fine. Ed ordinato un bel monumento, sopra il quale la cagion della lor morte in pochi giorni scolpita era, gli due amanti con pompa grandissima e solenne, dal Signore e parenti, e da tutta la città piantati e accompagnati, sepolti furono.

Romeo Montecchi lay dead. This caused great wonder, and appeared impossible to every one. But Friar Lorenzo hearing it, and finding he was no longer able to conceal what he wished to do, kneeling before the Prince, said: "Forgive me, sir, if I told you a falsehood concerning what I have been asked. I did it neither through malice nor any desire of gain, but to keep my word to two miserable dead lovers:" and so he was obliged to relate the whole truth in the presence of many.

Bartholommeo della Scala, on hearing this, almost shedding tears through pity, wished to see the two dead bodies, and went, accompanied by a great concourse of people, to the tomb; and ordering the corpses of the two lovers to be taken out, commanded them to be placed on two carpets in the church of St. Francis. Their fathers in the meantime went to the same church, and shedding tears over their dead children, doubly penetrated by compassion, though they had been enemies, embraced each other: so that the long enmity between them and their families, which neither the prayers of their friends, the threats of their Prince, detriments received by it, nor time itself, had ever been able to abate, through the unhappy and affecting death of the two lovers was terminated. And having ordered a handsome monument, on which in a few days was engraved the cause of their death, the two dead lovers were buried with very great and solemn funeral pomp, lamented and accompanied by the Prince, their relations, and all the city.

Tal misero fine ebbe l'amore di Romeo e di Giulietta, come udito avete, e come a me Peregrino da Verona raccontò.

O fedel pietà, che nelle donne anticamente regnavi, ove ora se' ita? In qual petto oggi t' alberghi? Qual donna sarebbe al presente, come la fedel Giulietta fece, sopra il suo amante morta? Quando fie mai, che di questa il bel nome dalle più pronte lingue celebrato non sia? Quante ne sariano ora, che non prima l'amante morto veduto arebbono, che trovarne un altro si ariano pensato, non che elle gli fossero morte allato? Che s' io veggio contr' ogni debito di ragione, ogni fede e ogni ben servire obbliando, alcune donne quegli amanti che già più cari ebbono, non morti, ma alquanto dalla fortuna percossi, abbandonare; che si dee credere ch' esse facessero dopo la loro morte? miseri gli amanti di queste età, gli quali non possono sperare nè per lunga prova di fedel servire, nè la morte per le loro donne acquistando, ch' elle con esso loro muojano giammai; anzi certi sono di più oltra a quelle non essere cari, se non quanto allè loro bisogne gli possono gagliardamente operare.

Qui finisce lo infelice innamoramento di Romeo Montecchi e di Giulietta Cappelletti.

Such was the miserable catastrophe of the love of Romeo and Juliet, as you have heard, and as Peregrino of Verona related to me.

O faithful love, that formerly reignedst in the hearts of women, where art thou fled? In what bosom dost thou dwell? Where is the woman that at present would act as the faithful Juliet did towards her dead lover? When will her fair name be celebrated by the most eloquent tongues? How many women are there now, who on seeing their lovers dead, would hasten to find out others much sooner than die by their sides. And since I see that some women, even contrary to duty, reason, fidelity, and attachment, forget and abandon those lovers who were once very dear to them, not because they are dead, but only on account of their being a little persecuted by fortune, what can we imagine they would do after their death? Miserable are the lovers of our age, who, neither by long and faithful services, nor by dying for their mistresses, can ever hope that they will die for them; on the contrary, they can be certain of being no longer dear to them than they are able to be effectually subservient to their wishes.

*Here ends the unhappy love of Romeo Montecchi
and Juliet Cappelletti.*

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A CATALOGUE
OF THE MOST
REMARKABLE EDITIONS OF THE ORIGINAL STORY
OF
ROMEO AND JULIET.

I.—This affecting and very elegant story was for the FIRST TIME printed at *Venice*, WITHOUT DATE in *small octavo*, by *Bendoni*. It contains 64 pages, and on the title-page a vignette representing Justice sitting on a throne supported by four lions. By the side of the said vignette there is the motto *Justus ut palma florebit*. The title is ‘*Historia novelamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti: con la loro pietosa morte intervenuta già nella città di Verona nel tempo del signor Bartholomeo della Scala.*’* The book ends thus—*Qui finisce lo infelice innamoramento di Romeo Montecchi et di Giulietta Capelletti. Stampato in la inclita città di Venetia per Benedetto de Bendoni.* Its orthography is not very correct. This edition is considered by *all* the Italian bibliographers *undoubtedly* the first edition of the story, and moreover they assign to it a probable epoch of publication, namely in 1530. It is *extremely rare*. In all Italy only two copies are known to exist, one in the *Trivulziana* of Milan, and another in the *Quiriniana* of Brescia.

Another copy belonging to *Borromeo’s* library was sold in England for 15 pounds sterling.

* The words of this title printed in *italics* are of red colour in the original.

II.—The same edition was reprinted in Venice by *B. Bondoni*, on the X of June 1535, in 8vo., under the title—*Novella di un innamoramento di Romeo Montecchi e di Giulietta Cappelletti che successe in Verona nel tempo di Bartolommeo della Scala.* (This edition is very rare.)

III.—A third edition of the same story, together with the poetical works of da Porto, was published at Venice in 1539, by *Francesco Marcolino* in 8vo., and dedicated to Cardinal *Bembo*, under the title, *Rime et Prosa di messer Luigi da Porto dedicate al reverendissimo Cardinal Pietro Bembo.* At the end of the book, which contains only 38 pages, namely, after *la Giulietta*, is the date—*Stampata in Venetia per Francesco Marcolini, del mese di Ottobre nell'anno del Signore MDXXXIX.* Two fine copies of this very rare edition are, one in the splendid library of Count *Melzi* of Milan, and the other in the possession of the Abbé *Colombo.* Another copy was sold in England, at *Pinelli's* sale, for *five guineas*; and another in France, which, according to *Brunet's* account, brought 126 francs.

IV.—The same story. In Venice by *Giovan Griffio*, 1553, 8vo. The title-page is identical with that of *Bondoni*, except this, that instead of *Historia novellamente ritrovata*, it has *Historia nuovamente stampata.* At the end of the book, which contains 19 pages in all, is the date—*Finis, in Venetia per Giovan Griffio MDLIII.* A copy of this rare edition is in the *Marciana* of Venice, another in the *Palatina* of Florence, and another is in the possession of *Signori Nistri* of Pisa.

V.—A fifth edition was published in *Vicenza*, under the title—*Rime e Prosa di messer Luigi da Porto colla vita del medesimo, consecrate al merito incomparabile dell' illustrissima signora Contessa Irene Porto, moglie del Sig. Conte Leonardo Tiene del sig. Francesco.* In *Vicenza* MDCCXXXI, in 4to.,

per il Lavezzari. This is the first identical reprint of the edition of *Marcolini*, which was superintended by the learned Cavalier *Zorzi*, librarian of *Vicenza*, and who wrote also the Preface. The life of *da Porto* was written by Count *Girolamo*, a descendant of *Luigi*, and approved by the illustrious *Apostolo Zeno*. A copy of this edition was sold at the sale of *Pinelli's Library* for £1. 7s.

VII.—The same story was published in Venice, and in the 2nd vol. of the *Novelliero Italiano*, by *Gianbatista Pasquali*, 1754, in 8vo. The editor of it, *Sig. Zanetti*, most incorrectly, not to say more, asserts in the preface that he has followed the first Bendonian edition *sine anno*, when neither he nor the *Abbé Gennari*, of Padua, had followed it. But what is true is that the latter in reality did collate the two editions of 1535—39, and having sent the collation ready for the press to *Sig. Zanetti*, he published it under his editorial name! This clearly appears from the letter of *Sig. Gennari* to *Zanetti*, of the 27th Oct. 1753, which can be found in the collection of *Lettere familiari dell' Ab. G. Gennari, pubblicate per la prima volta dal ch. Sig. B. Gamba. Venezia*, 1829, in 12mo., pp. 126.

VIII.—The same story is among the NOVELLE OTTO RARISSIME—Londra, by *T. Edwards*, 1790, in 4to. The story is the third in order, and the editor seems to have followed the edition of *Marcolini*, 1539. This curious collection is very rare, because only 25 copies of it were printed.

VIII.—The same. *Lugano* (Venezia, per *Carlo Palese*) 1795, in 8vo. This is an elegant edition, but the editor, the chevalier *G. Compagnoni*, of *Lucca*, who followed the text of *Bendoni*, *sine anno*, took not a few liberties with it. We think that only 50 copies were printed. A copy of this edition is in the possession of Count *L. Trissino*, of *Vicenza*.

IX.—The same. *Milano, dalla Società tipografica, 1804*, in 8vo. It is in the second volume of the *Raccolta di novelle*, which is a part of the collection of the Italian Classics. The editors did not follow either the edition of Bondoni or that of Marcolini, but the *hybrid* one of *Zanetti*. The *only* copy which was printed on *vellum*, and dedicated to the illustrious *Luigi Lambertini*, Director of the National Library, etc., after his death passed to the *Trivulziana*.

X.—The same. London, edited by the Rev. W. H. Carr, for the Roxburghe Club, *sine anno*. This edition is identical with the first, dateless, one of Bondoni. Probably it was printed after the preceding one of 1819. And according to what we read about the custom of the above Club, not more than 31 copies must have been printed, in order to be distributed amongst its 31 members.

XI.—The same. *Milano dall' imp. regia stamperia, 1819*, 8vo. A *very rare* edition of only 6 copies, printed on *vellum*, and embellished with miniatures. The editor followed *most scrupulously* the first edition of Bondoni, *sine anno*. The above six copies are distributed thus :—

One copy is in the possession of the Marquis *Trivulzio* of Milan.

Another copy is in the possession of the Rev. G. Poldi of Milan.

Another copy is in the possession of Count *Archinto* of Milan.

Another copy is in the possession of Count *Sommariva* of Como.

Another copy is in the *Biblioteca Palatina* of Florence.

The sixth and last copy is in the library of Earl Spencer, of which copy we will subjoin a description by the pen of his lordship's most illustrious Librarian, in order to enable our readers to form an idea of the other five after his description.

An Extract from the *ÆDES ALTHORPIANÆ*, by the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, F.R.S.A., Librarian to the Earl of Spencer, K.G., etc., etc. :—

“We have here a very limited reprint, struck off upon vellum, of the original edition of the well-known story of *ROMEO AND JULIET*, upon which our immortal dramatist has founded one of the most popular of his plays. But such a copy as the present, *ILLUSTRATED WITH SEVEN ORIGINAL DRAWINGS*, by the inimitable pencil of *GIANBATISTA GIGOLA*, can with difficulty be conceived, and is with still greater difficulty described. It is not without due consideration that I venture to pronounce it an almost *UNRIVALLED GEM* of this kind. Those only who possess other copies of the same impression, illustrated in the like manner, have it in their power to place anything in competition with it. I proceed to give a detailed account of it, leaving the reader to form his own opinion as he travels with me in the description.

“This is a thin octavo volume, executed upon fair sound vellum, in a roman type sufficiently bold and skilfully printed. There are two titles. The first is printed, and is as follows: *Storia di due nobili Amanti colla loro Pietosa Morte Avvenuta gia in Verona nel tempo del Signor Bartolommeo dalla Scala, e scritta da Luigi da Porto*. The second is executed with the pencil, in letters of gold, red, and black lines alternately, within a border of gold and light blue. This ms. title is as follows: *Historia Novellamente Ritrovata di due nobili Amanti con la loro Pietosa Morte intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona nel tempo del Signor Bartholomeo dalla Scala*.

“This is executed in the gothic letter. The framework is not among the most successful efforts of Gigola, but the small group below, in cameo gris (as it is called), upon a gold ground, is very beautiful. Above this group, on each side, a weeping Cupid is sitting. Then follows the

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

“Prefixed to this address is a most exquisite specimen of the taste of the artist in vignette composition. The forms are gracefully arabesque, and the colours, although extremely vivid, harmonize in a striking manner. This address informs us that *the number of copies of this edition is restricted to six—all UPON VELLUM, because the illuminator purposed to ornament only that number . . . In the course of his labours he endeavoured to discover the ancient method of gilding, etc., and he*

leaves the learned to judge whether that method be still to be considered as a desideratum. *In order that EACH copy may be considered as an original performance, and not as displaying a mere repetition of the ornaments of its precursor, he has endeavoured to vary the attitudes of the figures, and sometimes even the subject, as well as the accompanying ornaments, which he trusts will be an additional reason for valuing each respective copy.* This is the substance of Gigola's address.

DEDICATION.

"The dedication is *ALLA BELLISSIMA E LEGGIADRA MADONNA LUCINA SAVORGNANA*. It is preceded and terminated by a vignette of equal elegance and effect.

FIRST ILLUMINATION.

"*Two knights on horseback*, in a gentle trot, are in earnest discourse with each other. One horse is brown, the other black. The nearest knight has pink, green, and yellow feathers upon his helmet, beautifully executed. A distant mountainous back-ground, bright and well-preserved in the keeping. A delicious atmospherical transparency pervades this picture. The border consists of a gray ground, with yellow ornaments, shaded; very sweet.

SECOND ILLUMINATION.

"*A Dance*. The figures are forming circle, in which Juliet, dressed in light blue, is immediately conspicuous. Her countenance is of the sweetest expression. At top, being a portion of the border, is a band, or orchestra, of Cupids playing. A most captivating composition.

THIRD ILLUMINATION.

"*The Marriage of Romeo and Juliet*. The former is sitting at the extremity of a bench, placing his left leg under his right, turning to Juliet, whose head and shoulders only appear through an aperture in the wainscot. Her countenance is the most perfect that can be imagined. Romeo is putting the ring on her finger, while by the side of them stands the friar, raising his right arm, and apparently pronouncing a benediction. Romeo is habited in a rich crimson velvet cloak. His hat and feather lie upon the seat; his profile is turned to the spectator. The ornaments in the surrounding border are prophetic of woe. Above is a Cupid with sable wings, with a thoughtful brow; at bottom is a figure with sable wings, and shrouded in a black hood and mantle. The colouring and general effect are perfect.

FOURTH ILLUMINATION.

“*Duel between Tibalt and Romeo.* The artist has chosen the moment when the latter runs the former through the body; but I submit that he has erred in the attitude of the successful assailant. It is an attitude of *defence** rather than of attack; a full, bold lunge always accompanying the passing of the sword through the body. This piece is full of brilliant colour, and the border, consisting chiefly of warlike instruments, is elaborate and splendid in the extreme.

FIFTH ILLUMINATION.

“*Juliet in a Trance.* Her countenance is, if possible, more lovely than before. Her relations surround her—stretched out as if a corpse—with anxious looks and throbbing hearts. The border is full of portentous omens. Above is a heart within a flame of fire, whilst two furies, each on horseback, are about to contend for it. Below is a similar heart, environed with flame, having a cord round it fastened to two Cupids, each on horseback, pulling it a different way.

SIXTH ILLUMINATION.

“*Death of Romeo.* Juliet awakes, and, with frantic looks and dishevelled hair, is receiving the last breath of her expiring husband, whose right hand, gently raised to accompany his expiring sigh, is touchingly conceived and executed. The friar is in the foreground to the right. The light of a lamp, placed below, gleams upon that distracted countenance of Juliet, and throws a fine effect of *chiaroscuro* about the vault. The borders become yet more and more typical of death. A bat, with extended wings on each side and at bottom, prepares us for the melancholy sequel.

SEVENTH ILLUMINATION.

“*Death of Romeo and Juliet.* The unfortunate are extended upon a bier, side by side, each beautiful in death. It is impossible to conceive anything more placid, and yet more touching, than are the countenances of this hapless pair. A figure, overwhelmed with misery, is prostrate in the fore-ground, habited and wholly covered in a white drapery. The attitude and execution of this figure are beyond praise.

* Precisely so, because Romeo, out of regard for his lady, who was a relative of Tebaldo, does his best not to wound his adversary, but only to remain on his defence, till at last, in order to save his own life, he was compelled to run his sword through the body of Tebaldo.—THE EDITOR.

Behind the dead bodies is a gothic interior; while the crucifix is raised, and the surrounding relatives and friends of each party appear to be overwhelmed in woe. At the top of the border Mercury is conducting the departed spirits of the deceased towards the banks of the river Styx; below, Charon is advancing to receive them. It is evident that such an illustration, or *conchetto*, is ill-placed, considering the time when the event is supposed to have happened. This last illumination is worthy of everything that precedes it.

“A notice at the end says that the text of this edition is faithfully taken from that of *Benedetto Bondoni*, in octavo, supposed to be the first.* A word respecting the binding, which I consider as impossible to be surpassed by *C. Lewis*. The volume is bound in black velvet, entirely plain; having the insides of vellum, thickly and richly covered with gilt ornaments of the most delicate forms and tasteful disposition. His lordship’s coronet and cipher are in the centre. The whole is preserved in a wooden case, covered with black leather, which shuts up in the form of a book, and bears the lettering of the title. Upon the whole, the noble owner of this volume may place it among the choicest treasures of his library. It was obtained from Milan through the polite intercession of the Marquis Trivulzio, at a price by no means disproportionate to its extraordinary merits.” (*London Shakespeare Press*, 1822, p. 229).

* Mr. Malone (*Variorum Shakspeare*, edit. 1813, vol. B. I.) says that the novel of Romeo and Juliet did not appear till 1535, when it was printed at Venice, under the title of *Giulietta*; a second edition was published in 1539, and a third in 1553—without the author’s name. However this may be, it is certain that a *dateless* edition of this novel, printed by *Benedetto Bondoni*, at Venice, quarto, and which seems to have been reprinted for the purpose of *Gigola’s* illustrations, is considered to be THE FIRST, and was in consequence reprinted by the Rev. W. H. Carr for the Members of the Roxburghe Club.

THE END.

CAMBRIDGE:—PRINTED BY J. PALMER.

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