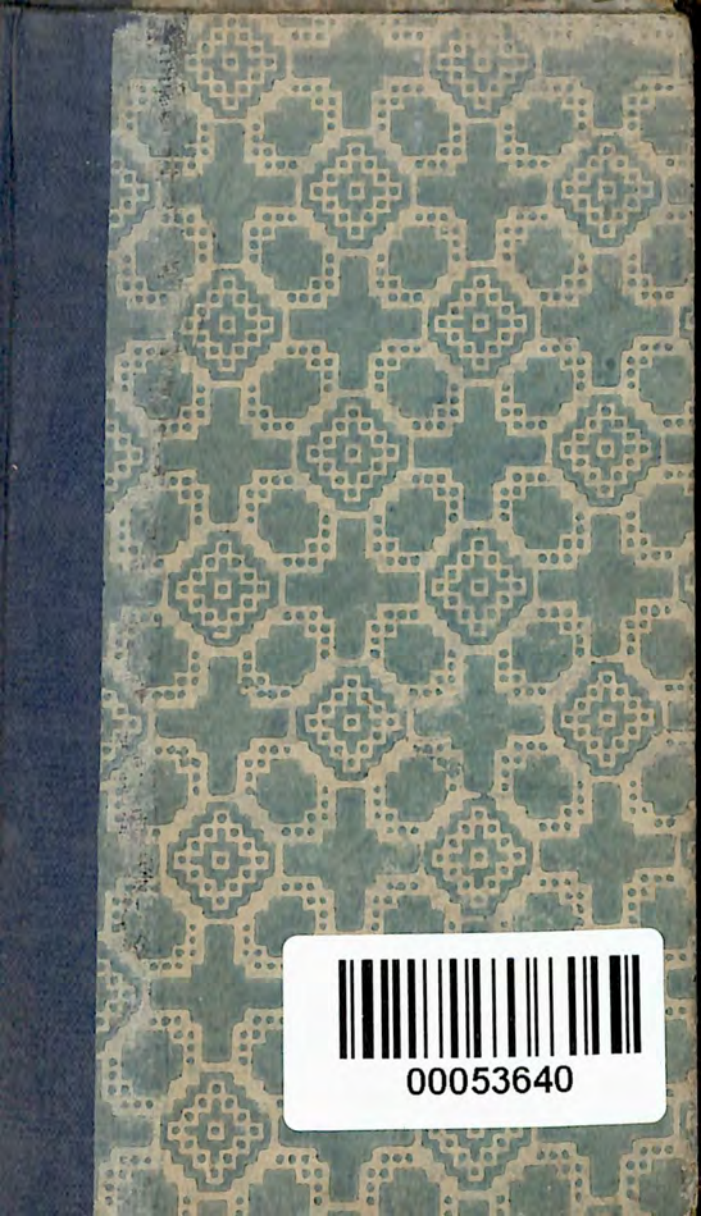

BACCHUS IN TUSCANY,

A DITHYRAMBIC POEM,

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

FRANCESCO REDI,

WITH

NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELE[illegible]

By LEIGH HUNT.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world goes round.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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1825.

Dedication.

TO MR. JOHN HUNT.

My dear John,

I cannot send you, as I could wish, a pipe of Tuscan wine, or a hamper of Tuscan sunshine, which is much the same thing; so in default of being able to do this, I do what I can, and send you, for a new year's present, a translation of a Tuscan bacchanal.

May it give you a hundredth part of the elevation which you have often caused to the heart of

Your affectionate Brother,

LEIGH HUNT.

Florence, January 1st, 1825.

PREFACE.

THE Reader is here presented with the translation of a POEM which has long been popular in Italy. It was the first one of its kind; and when a trifle is original, even a trifle becomes worth something. In collections of the classical Italian poets, the "Bacco in Toscana" is never left out: and even in selections of the very greatest, it is admitted. There is a splendid publication, in folio, consisting of the greatest and most popular compositions in Italy, the "Decameron, Furioso," &c., one of which is our author's Dithyrambic. The minor editions of it are innumerable.

That the nature of the subject is partly a cause of this popularity, and that for the same reason it is impossible to convey a proper Italian sense of it to an Englishman, is equally certain. But I hope it is not impossible to import something of its spirit and vivacity. At all events, there is a novelty in it;—the wine has a tune in the pouring out; and it is hard if some of the verses do not haunt a good humoured reader, like a

new air brought from the South. If I gossip over my subject, (as I have done amply in the Notes), it is from the same feeling that induced the author to accompany his poem with the long annotations from which I have made a selection. It is an entertainment that requires garnishing. Over a great feast, we may be as quiet as aldermen; but a song and a light glass require the chatting which they provoke.

Some years ago, in looking over the catalogue of a library full of divinity, I encountered, with equal surprize and delight, a complete edition of the "Bacco in Toscana." It was like meeting a pipe of choice wine among the effects of a clergyman. I was in possession of Mr. Mathias's edition; but here were the whole of the author's notes, learned and good natured as Selden over his cups; and besides, here was the author himself, with eyes like an antelope, in the full-flowing peruke of the age of Charles the Second. I made a selection of the notes, and should have proceeded to translate the poem, but I was ill and occupied, and could only indulge in poetry, as I did in wine, through the medium of other men's imaginations.

In 1823, on a beautiful day in autumn, it was my fate, among my usual number of less pleasant vicissitudes, to find myself walking about Petraia and Castello, two sylvan spots in the neighbourhood of Florence,

which Redi has immortalized. The same day, I drank, for the first time in my life, of

Montepulciano, the King of all Wine,

and I found it impossible any longer to resist. The next morning I commenced my translation. Complaining once to a jovial lawyer, that wine excited me too much, and that I suffered for it afterwards, he said, "Oh, there is an easy remedy for that: you should drink again, and keep up the excitement." I was obliged to take care how I took too long a draught of the Bacco; but in Tuscany it was impossible not to have the excitement kept up. Almost every place I visited had some connexion with the poem. At one time, I was at the Poggio Imperiale, where the author used to go with the Court; at another, I found myself in the street of the Deluge; at a third, I was looking up at Fiesole, or strolling about the vines in its neighbourhood. The greater and graver thoughts which I had upon me in Florence, cast too heavy a shade upon my spirit. I did not dare to trust myself with the great poets of Italy, nor even with the tenderness of Boccaccio. Wine was my natural resource; but such a wine as my duties compelled me to traffic in, and my health could drink with the least injury; and here, in the poet's glass, I found it. My wine metaphorical, and my wine literal, were equally calculated to do honour to Redi's memory: for the reader must know, that with all his wine he was a great diluter of it.

But I am digressing too gravely; an impertinence natural to us boon companions. Our author was one of a profession which, when liberally followed, has a tendency to produce some of the wisest and pleasantest of mankind:—he was an accomplished physician. Nor is he eminent only in the history of medicine. He carried the experimental philosophy into natural history and physiology, and was the first who overturned the old opinion, that animal life could be generated from corruption. Science had its eyes upon him while he lived, as one of its leading men; and his name is still conspicuous in its annals. Every physician of eminence, and every student in physiology, is acquainted with the name of Redi.

Francesco Redi was born at Arezzo, in Tuscany, on the 18th of February, 1626, of Gregorio Redi, a gentleman of that city, and Cecilia de Ghinci. He studied polite literature under the Jesuits at Florence, and the sciences at the university of Pisa; and soon obtained admission to the court of Ferdinand the Second, a liberal prince, who made him his physician. He continued till his death in this office, under Ferdinand's son and successor, Cosmo the Third, whom he also instructed in physic. This may furnish an additional excuse for the flattery which he bestows on the latter sovereign, a weak and pompous prince, who nevertheless had enough in him of the Medici family to be led into the encouragement of art and science. The flatteries, after all, are

nothing to what those of Dryden and others used to be at the same period in England. Cosmo the Third was given to eating and drinking, and had become very sick and corpulent in the prime of life: it was thought he would not survive. His physician set him upon a Pythagorean regimen, and by temperance and exercise kept him alive and strong to eighty years of age. The Duke was very sensible of his diminished liver and increased happiness. Redi took the opportunity of enlarging the Museum of Natural History, of which indeed he may be considered as the founder; the hankering which his master had after the table was converted into experiments on gardening and vegetables: vines were collected from all parts of the world; the reigning dishes were varied without peril; the sovereign's brains were enlivened without intoxication; and arts and sciences continued to flourish under the doctor's intellectual, and the duke's corporeal appetite.

Our author continued all his life in the active pursuit of his profession. Nevertheless he found time, besides his celebrity as an experimentalist, to acquire great reputation in philology. He was a Greek and Latin scholar, and a busy collector of manuscripts. But above all, he was ever ready at the call of friendship, both in his profession and out of it. To judge from the praises of his countrymen, he partook of the wit and learning of Arburthnot, the science of Harvey, and the poetry and

generosity of Garth. His temperament was lively but delicate. Besides great fatigue, he suffered from visitations of hypochondria, and latterly from epilepsy; all which he bore with a generous patience, never being weary, to the last, of taking an interest in the welfare of literature and of his friends. He was found dead in his bed, after a short and placid sleep, on the 1st of March, 1697, in the 71st year of his age; so well had he managed an infirm constitution. But he himself has told hypochondriacs, (if it is any comfort to them), that they are long-lived. Doubtless both their life and their comfort depend upon their enjoying certain advantages, by the help of which they may lead an existence both long and well recompensed; though Plato speaks of a man who, by treating himself with great prudence, succeeded in having "a long-lived disease." But these Greeks, with their gymnastics, had something in them of the insolence of health. They were right: they were for having no diseases which an early attention to exercise and to manly sports could prevent; and had reason to exclaim against the rest of the world for not better attending to the first requisite towards a happy life. Our author had a lively countenance, and was of a spare and chill habit of body, as he has pleasantly described himself in his poem. I believe he was married, though I find no record of his wife. He had a son, who attained to some rank in letters. If we are to trust a numerous collection of sonnets in the manner of Petrarch, (some

of which are as striking, as the major part are dull) Redi had been deeply attached to a lady who died. His remains, according to his request, were taken for interment to Arezzo, his native place.

There are three medals extant, which Cosmo struck in honour of his physician. One is in celebration of his discoveries in natural history, another of his medicine, and the third of his Bacchanalian poem. Horace reckoned nothing more delightful than a pleasant friend. There is nothing which a prince, who has a tendency to disease, can value more highly than an agreeable physician. Redi kept his master in health with his prescriptions, and entertained him with his wit and poetry. But he not only entertained him with his own; he used to take him the verses of his friends. Filicaia, the greatest poet of that age, and confessedly one of the greatest lyrical writers of Italy, had in him a constant friend at court; and men who rivalled him in other respects—Salvini in scholarship, Menzini in poetry, and Bellini in poetry and medicine—owed to him their rise in the world, both private and public. Salvini says, that his whole life was one continued round of lettered friendship. Let this be the best answer to those who have accused him of being too lavish of his praise. I cannot but own that his works abound in a profusion of compliment, which would convict a man of insincerity with us; but great allowance is to be made for the

Italian manner as well as genius. Among a passionate people, there is no end of the soft conduct exacted on all sides; and when to this national habit is added a particular tendency to admire others, and a more than ordinary vivacity of character, too much suspicion must not be attached to the solidity of the feeling, on account of the high-flying wings that set it mounting. There is a moral sort of gesticulation, analogous to personal. A great deal of it may go for nothing;—heaps of the small coin of Italy are not worth more than a shilling English; but they are worth as much, especially in the hands of an honest man. Among this touchy and superfluous people, one author can hardly mention another without the addition of some epithet of *eminent* or *illustrious*. Even an invalid is not spared in prescriptions. In those of our author, the effect is sometimes as ludicrous as Voltaire's dialogue, in his Philosophical Dictionary, between a princess and her physician, who talks of "the biliary vessels of her serene highness." Judged with these allowances, the praises bestowed upon our author's contemporaries, in the "Bacco in Toscana," become unreasonable drawbacks on the vivacity of his poem, rather than violent exaggerations. He has scarcely mentioned an author who has not come down to posterity, one or two of them with great eminence. Filicaia has been mentioned before. The names of Menzini, Maggi, Lemene, Magalotti, Viviani, Bellini, Salvini, are as well known in Italy as the most familiar of our

second-rate classics with us. He himself was praised by all of them with no sparing hand. It is not to be denied that all the reigning wits of that time were fond of panegyric; perhaps about as much so as most others in all ages and countries. But certainly they carried the pretence of the reverse to a pitch somewhat uncommon. Filicaia appears to have been the most willing to receive the criticism of his friends. Redi asks for it sometimes with great earnestness; but I am not aware that he ever took it. In some instances, it is certain he did not; though the advice was very good. A man is not bound to take advice:—the greatest men generally know what is best suited to their own genius; but nobody should ask for censures which he is not prepared to consider. Let the most candid of poets throw the first stone. Redi had the reputation of being the greatest genius of his time, and he was *not* so. Let this account for an infirmity of which no man was guilty with greater good nature to others.

It is observable, that among the friends of our author were Carlo Dati, Francini, and Antonio Malatesti, three of Milton's acquaintances, when he was in Italy. Redi was only twelve years of age, when Milton visited his country; but he may have seen him, and surely heard of him. It is pleasant to trace any kind of link between eminent men. There is reason to believe that our author was well known in England. Magalotti, who

travelled there with Cosmo, and who afterwards translated Phillips's Cyder, was one of his particular friends: and I cannot help thinking, from the irregularity of numbers in Dryden's nobler Dithyrambic, as well as from another poem of his, mentioned in the Notes to the present translation, that the "Bacco in Toscana" had been seen by that great writer. Nothing is more likely; for besides the connexion between Cosmo and Charles the Second, James the Second made a special request, by his ambassador Sir William Trumball, to have the poem sent him. When Spence was in Italy, many years afterwards, the name of Redi was still in great repute, both for his humourous poetry and his serious; though the wits had begun to find out, that his real talent lay only in the former. Crudeli, a poet of that time, still in repute, told Spence, that "Redi's Bacco in Toscana was as lively and excellent as his sonnets were low and tasteless."

And after all, what is the "Bacco in Toscana?" It is an original, an effusion of animal spirits, a piece of Bacchanalian music. This is all; but this will not be regarded as nothing, by those who know the value of originality, and who are thankful for any addition to our pleasures. Common critics may chuse to confess, that they see as little in it as they undoubtedly do see. Good natured intelligence is always willing to find something to be pleased with; and the poet, truly so called, dis-

covers the merit that exists in any thing really good, because he has an universal sympathy. I wish that, by any process not interfering with the spirit of my original, I could make up to the English reader for the absence of that particular interest in a poem of this kind, which arises from its being national. But this is impossible; and if he has neither a great understanding, nor a good nature that supplies the want of it; if he is deficient in animal spirits, or does not value a supply of them; and above all, if he has no ear for a dancing measure, and no laughing welcome for a sudden turn or two at the end of a passage—our author's triumph over his cups will fall on his ear like "a jest unprofitable." I confess I have both enough melancholy and merriment in me to be at no time proof against a passage like the following:—

"Non fia già che il Cioccolatte
V'adoprassi, ovvero il Tè;
Medicine così fatte
Non saran giammai per me,
Beverei prima il veleno
Che un bicchier che fosse pieno
Dell' amaro e reo Caffè.
Colà tra gli Arabi,
E tra i Giannizeri,
Liquor sì ostico,
Sì nero e torbido,

Gli schiavi ingollino.
Giù nel Tartaro,
Giù nel Erebo,
L'empie Belidi l'inventarono;
E Tesifone e l' altre Furie
A Proserpina il ministrarono:
E se in Asia il Musulmanno
Se lo cionca a precipizio,
Mostra aver poco giudizio.

Cups of Chocolate,
Aye, or Tea,
Are not medicines
Made for me.
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works:
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it;
The Furies then took it
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpine all three presented it.

If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely."

A great deal of the effect of poems of this kind consists in their hovering between jest and earnest. The original Italian will sometimes appear dull enough to those who are not acquainted with the nicer turns of the language. The "Bacco in Toscana" partakes more or less of the mock-heroic throughout, except in the very gravest lines of the author's personal panegyrics. It is to the Ode and the Dithyrambic, what the Rape of the Lock is to the Epic; with all the inferiority which such a distinction implies. It is observable, that though our author was a Greek scholar, and in his Notes has been superfluously learned, yet nothing can be less Greek, or less learned, than the character of his god Bacchus. There is a philological learning evinced in the course of the poem, by means of certain obsolete words; sometimes, I cannot help thinking, unseasonably: nor have I followed him in translating them by old English words. But his Bacchus is not the Bacchus of Milton and the Greeks: he is the jolly toper of the French poets, and of the wits of Charles the Second. The instinct was judicious. His deity was the deity of the time; his wine such as every body was acquainted with; the learned Notes are brought in afterwards like the dessert, and contain a curiosity and minute criti-

cism worthy of the table of Varro. The great fault of the poem is undoubtedly what his friend Menage objected to in it, namely, that Bacchus has all the talk to himself, and Ariadne becomes a puppet by his side. It would have been better, had he made it a narrative instead of a monologue, and only loosened the tongue of his god as the action of the poem grew fervid. Redi, partly in answer to this objection, and partly perhaps out of a certain medical conscience (for it must not be forgotten, that his vinosity is purely poetical, and that he was always insisting to his patients on the necessity of temperance and dilutions) projected a sort of counter-dithyrambic in praise of water, in which all the talk was to be confined to Ariadne. But this would only have been committing two faults instead of one. He wrote but a paragraph of this *hydrambic*. The inspiration was not the same. As to his drinking so little wine, and yet writing so well upon it, it is a triumph for Bacchus instead of a dishonour. It only shews how little wine will suffice to set a genial brain in motion. A poet has wine in his blood. The laurel and ivy were common, of old, both to Bacchus and Apollo: at least, Apollo shared the ivy always, and Bacchus wore laurel when he was young and innocent.

Δη τοτε φοιτιζεσκε καθ' υληεντας εναυλους,
Κισσω και δαφνη πεπυκασμενος.

Homer, in Hymnis.

What time he played about the nestling woods,
Heaping his head with ivy and with bay.

It has been well observed, that one sight of Laura was sufficient to set Petrarch singing for ever. One good drinking-bout, in like manner, is enough to initiate a poet in all the fervours and fancies of a thousand. If he takes his glass afterwards, it is from good fellowship, or from the fancy he brings with him, or from any necessity but that of want of ideas: and if he takes none, twenty to one but he is still the liveliest fellow at table. Out of one glass he can fetch as much treasure and surprize, as the Arabian did out of his nutshell that contained a tent for a army.

BACCHUS IN TUSCANY.

The conqueror of the East, the God of Wine,
Taking his rounds divine,
Pitch'd his blithe sojourn on the Tuscan hills;
And where the imperial seat
First feels the morning heat,
Lo, on the lawn, with May-time white and red,
He sat with Ariadne on a day,
And as he sang, and as he quaff'd away,
He kiss'd his charmer first, and thus he said:—

Dearest, if one's vital tide
Ran not with the grape's beside,

What would life be (short of Cupid?)
Much too short, and far too stupid.
You see the beam here from the sky
That tips the goblet in mine eye;
Vines are nets that catch such food,
And turn them into sparkling blood.
Come then—in the beverage bold
Let's renew us and grow muscular;
And for those who're getting old,
Glasses get of size majuscular:
And in dancing and in feasting,
Quips, and cranks, and worlds of jesting,
Let us, with a laughing eye,
See the old boy Time go by,
Who with his eternal sums
Whirls his brains and wastes his thumbs.
Away with thinking! miles with care!
Hallo, you knaves! the goblets there.

Gods—my life, what glorious claret!
Blessed be the ground that bare it!
'Tis Avignon. Don't say "a flask of it,"
Into my soul I pour a cask of it!
Artiminos finer still,
Under a tun there's no having one's fill:
A tun! a tun!
The deed is done.
And now, while my lungs are swimming at will
All in a bath so noble and sweet,
A god though I be,
I too, I too have my deity;
And to thee, Ariadne, I consecrate
The tun, and the flask,
And the funnel and cask.

Accus'd,
And abus'd,
And all mercy refus'd,

Be he who first dared upon Lecorè's plain
To take my green children and plant them in pain
The goats and the cattle
Get into the bowers;
And sleets with a rattle
Come trampling in showers.
But lauded,
Applauded,
With laurels rewarded,
Be the hero who first in the vineyards divine,
Of Petrarch and Castello
Planted first the Moscadello.
Now we're here in mirth and clover,
Quaff this jewel of a wine;
It comes of a delicious vine
That makes one live twice over.
Drink it, Ariadne mine,
And sweet as you are,
'Twill make you so sweet, so perfect and fair,

You'll be Venus at her best,
Venus Venusissimest.

Hah! Montalcino. I know it well,—
The lovely little Muscadel;
A very lady-like little treat,
But something, for me, too gentle and sweet:
I pour out a glass
For the make and the grace;
But a third,—no—a third, it cannot have place:
Wine like this
A *bijou* is
(I designed it) for the festals
Of the grave composed Vestals,—
Ladies, who in cloistered quires
Feed and keep alive chaste fires.
Wine like this
A *bijou* is
For your trim Parisian dames;

And for those
Of the lily and rose,
Who rejoice the banks of the Thames.
The Pisciaucis of Cotone,
That gets Scarlatti so much money,
I leave for the weak heads of those
Who know not a thing when its under their nose.
Pisciavello of Brasciano
Also hath too much piano:
Nerveless, colourless, and sickly,
Oversweet, it cloys too quickly.
Pray let the learned Pignatelli
Upon this head enlighten the silly.
If plebeian home must pet it,
Why,—for God's sake, let it.

Ciccio d'Andrea himself one day,
'Mid his thunders of eloquence bursting away,

Sweet in his gravity,
Fierce in his suavity,
Dared in my own proper presence to talk
Of that stuff of Aversa, half acid and chalk,
Which, whether it's verjuice, or whether it's wine,
Far surpasses, I own, any science of mine.
Let him indulge in his strange tipples
With his proud friend, Fasano there, at Naples,
Who with a horrible impiety
Swore he could judge of wines as well as I.
So daring has that bold blasphemer grown,
He now pretends to ride my golden throne,
And taking up my triumphs, rolls along
The fair Sebetus with a fiery song;
Pampering, besides, those laurels that he wears
With vines that fatten in those genial airs;
And then he maddens, and against e'en me
A Thyrsus shakes on high, and threats his deity:

But I withhold at present, and endure him:
Phœbus and Pallas from mine ire secure him.
One day perhaps, on the Sebetus, I
Will elevate a throne of luxury;
And then he will be humbled, and will come,
Offering devoutly, to avert his doom,
Ischia's and Posilippo's noble Greek;
And then perhaps I shall not scorn to make
Peace with him, and will booze like Hans and Herman
After the usage German:
And 'midst our bellying bottles and vast flasks
There shall be present at our tasks
For lofty arbiter (and witness gay too)
My gentle Marquis there of Oliveto.

Meanwhile upon the Arno here.
Lo, of Pescia's Buriano,
Trebbiano, Colombano,

I drink bumpers, rich and clear.
'Tis the true old Aurum Potabile,
Gilding life when it wears shabbily:
Helen's old Nepenthe 'tis,
That in the drinking
Swallowed thinking,
And was the receipt for bliss.
Thence it is, that ever and aye,
When he doth philosophize,
Good old glorious Rucellai
Hath it for light unto his eyes;
He lifteth it, and by the shine
Well discerneth things divine;
Atoms with their airy justles,
And all manner of corpuscles,
And, as through a chrystal sky-light,
How morning differeth from evening twilight.

And further telleth us the reason why go
Some stars with such a lazy light, and some with
a vertigo.

Oh how widely wandereth he,
Who in the search of verity
Keeps aloof from glorious wine!
Lo the knowledge it bringeth to me!
For Barbarossa, this wine so bright,
With its rich red look and its strawberry light,
So invites me,
And so delights me,
I should infallibly quench my inside with it,
Had not Hippocrates
And old Andromachus
Strictly forbidden it
And loudly chidden it,
So many stomachs have sicken'd and died with it.

Yet discordant as it is,
Two good biggins will come not amiss;
Because I know, while I'm drinking them down,
What is the finish and what is the crown.
A cup of good Corsican
Does it at once;
Or a cup of old Spanish
Is neat for the nonce:
Quackish resources are things for a dunce.
Cups of Chocolate,
Aye, or tea,
Are not medicines
Made for me.
I would sooner take to poison,
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works:

Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it;
The Furies then took it
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpine all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely.

No dotards are they, but very wise,
Those Etrurian jolly boys,
Who down their pleasant palates roll
That fair delighter of the fancy,
Malvagia of Montegonzi,
Rapturous drowner of the soul,
When I feel it gurgling, murmuring,

Down my throat and my œsophagus,
Something, an I know not what,
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus;
Something easy of perception,
But by no means of description.

I deny not there's a merit
And odorous spirit
In the liquid Cretan amber:
But t'would sooner see one burst
Than condescend to quench one's thirst:
Malvagia, willing creature,
Hath a much genteeler nature:
And yet were this same haughty stock
But taken from its native rock,
And bred politely on the Tuscan hills,
You'd see it lay aside
It's Cretan harshness and its pride,

And in a land where drinking's understood,
Win the true honors of a gentle blood.

There's a squalid thing, call'd beer:—
The man whose lips that thing comes near
Swiftly dies; or falling foolish,
Grows, at forty, old and owlish.
She that in the ground would hide her,
Let her take to English cyder:
He who'd have his death come quicker,
Any other northern liquor.
Those Norwegians and those Laps
Have extraordinary taps:
Those Laps especially have strange fancies:
To see them drink,
I verily think
Would make me lose my senses.
But a truce to such vile subjects,
With their impious, shocking objects.

Let me purify my mouth
In an holy cup o' the south;
In a golden pitcher let me
Head and ears for comfort get me,
And drink of the wine of the vine benign,
That sparkles warm in Sansovine;
Or of that vermilion charmer
And heart-warmer,
Which brought up in Tregonzano
An old stony giggiano,
Blooms so bright and lifts the head so
Of the toasters of Arezzo.
T'will be haply still more up,
Sparkling, piquant, quick i' the cup,
If, O page, adroit and steady,
In thy tuck'd-up choral surplice,
Thou infusest that Albano,
That Vaiano,
Which engoldens and empurples

In the grounds there of my Redi.
Manna from heaven upon thy tresses rain,
Thou gentle vineyard, whence this nectar floats!
May every vine, in every season, gain
New boughs, new leaves, new blossoms, and new fruits:
May streams of milk, a new and dulcet strain,
Placidly bathe thy pebbles and thy roots;
Nor lingering frost, nor showers that pour amain,
Shed thy green hairs nor fright thy tender shoots:
And may thy master, when for age he's crooked,
Be able to drink of thee by the bucket!
Could the lady of Tithonus
Pledge but once her grey beard old
In as vast a tub of stone as
A becoming draught could hold,
That old worthy there above
Would renew his age of love

Meanwhile let's renew our drinking;
But with what fresh wine, and glorious,
Shall our beaded brims be winking,
For an echoing toast victorious?
You know Lamporecchio, the castle renown'd
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did abound;
There's a topaz they make there; pray let it go round.
Serve, serve me a dozen,
But let it be frozen;
Let it be frozen, and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice,
As the coldest that whistles from wintery skies.
Coolers and cellarets, chrystal with snows,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.
Snow is good liquor's fifth element;
No compound without it can give content;

For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.
Bring me heaps from the shady valley:
Bring me heaps
Of all that sleeps
On every village hill and alley.
Hold there, you satyrs,
Your chuffs and your chatters,
And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.
With axes and pickaxes,
Hammers and rammers,
Thump it and hit it me,
Crack it and crash it me,
Hew it and split it me,
Pound it and smash it me,
Till the whole mass (for I'm dead dry, I think)
Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.

If with hot wine we insack us,
Say our name's not Bacchus.
If we taste the weight of a button,
Say we're a glutton.
He who, when he first wrote verses,
Had the graces by his side,
Then at rhymers' evil courses
Shook his thunders far and wide,
(For his great heart rose, and burn'd,
Till his words to thunder turn'd)
He, I say, Menzini, he,
The marvellous and the masterly,
Whom the leaves of Phœbus crown,
Alterable Anacreon,—
He shall give me, if I do it,
Gall of the satiric poet,
Gall from out his blackest well,
Shuddering, unescapeable.

But if still, as I ought to do,
I love any wine iced through and through,
If I will have it (and none beside)
Superultrafrostified,
He that reigns in Pindus then,
Visible Phœbus among men,
Filicaia, shall exalt
Me above the starry vault;
While the other swans divine,
Who swim with their proud hearts in wine,
And make their laurel groves resound
With the names of the laurel-crown'd,
All shall sing, till our goblets ring,
Long live Bacchus our glorious King!
Evoè! let them roar away!
Evoè!
Evoè!
Evoè! let the lords of wit,
Rise and echo, where they sit,

Where they sit enthroned each,
Arbiters of sovereign speech,
Under the great Tuscan dame,
Who sifts the flower and gives it fame.
Let the shout by Segni be
Registered immortally,
And dispatched by a courier
A monsieur l' Abbé Regnier.

What wine is that I see? Ah,
Bright as a John Dory:
It should be Malvagia,
Trebbia's praise and glory.
It is, i'faith, it is:
Push it nearer, pr'ithee;
And let me, thou fair bliss,
Fill this magnum with thee.
I'faith, it's a good wine,
And much agrees with

Here's a health to thee and thy line,
Prince of Tuscany.
Before I speak of thee, Prince bold and sage,
I wash my lips with this illustrious wine,
Which, like thyself, came upon this our age,
Breathing a gentle suavity divine.
Hearken, great Cosmo. Heav'n has promis'd thee
Here, down on earth, eternity of glory;
And these, my oracular words, thine eyes may see,
Written already in immortal story.
When thou shalt leave us to return to Heav'n,
Laden with mighty deeds, and full of years,
To thine illustrious planet it is given
To roll around Jupiter, clear, grand, and even,
Flushing the brilliant Medicean stars;
And Jupiter himself, glad of thy sight,
Shall shew a more distinguish'd orb, and affabler delight.

To the sound of the cymbal,
And sound of the crotalus,
Girt with your Nebrides,
Ho, ye Bassarides,
Up, up, and mingle me
Cups of that purple grape,
Which, when ye grapple, ye
Bless Monterappoli.
Then, while I irrigate
These my dry viscera,
For they burn inwardly,
Let my Fauns cleverly
Cool my hot head with their
Garlands of pampanus.
Then to the crash of your
Pipes and your kettle-drums,
Let me have sung to me,
Roar'd to me, rung to me,
Catches and love songs

Of wonderful mystery;
While the drunk Mænades,
And glad Egipani,
To the rude rapture and mystical wording
Bear a loud burden.
From the hill before us
Let the villagers raise o'er us
Clappings to our chorus;
And all around resound
Talabalács, tamburins, and horns,
And pipes, and bagpipes, and the things you
know boys,
That cry out Ho-boys!
While with a hundred kits about their ears,
A hundred little rustic foresters
Strum, as they ought to do, the Dabbuda,
And sing us, and dance us, the Bombababa.
And if in your singing it,
Dancing and flinging it,

Any of ye tire awhile,
And become savage for
Greedy-great thirstiness,
Down on the grass again,
Let the feast flow again,
Falderallalling it
With quips and triple rhymes,
Motetts and Couplets,
Sonnets and Canticles;
Then for the pretty plays
Of Flowers and What Flowers;
And ever and always
We'll quaff at our intervals
Cups of that purple grape,
Which when ye grapple, ye
Bless Monterappoli.
Aye, and we'll marry it
With the sweet Mainmolo,

Which from the wine press comes sparkling, and
rushes,
In bottles and cellars to hide its young blushes,
What time ripe Autumn, in the flush o' the sun,
Meets his friend Magalotti at the fountain,
The very fountain, and the very stone,
At which old Æson christened his lone mountain.

This well of a goblet, so round and so long,
So full of wine, so gallant and strong,
That it draws one's teeth in its frolics and freaks
And squeezes the tears from the sides of one's
cheeks,
Like a torrent it comes, all swollen and swift,
And fills one's throat like a mountain rift,
And dashes so headlong, and plays such pranks,
It almost threatens to burst the banks.
No wonder; for down from the heights it came,
Where the Fiesolan Atlas, of hoary fame,

Basks his strength in the blaze of noon,
And warms his old sides with the toasting sun.
Long live Fiesole, green old name!
And with his long life to thy sylvan fame,
Lovely Maiano, lord of dells,
Where my gentle Salviati dwells.
Many a time and oft doth he
Crown me with bumpers full fervently,
And I, in return, preserve him still
From every crude and importunate ill.
I keep by my side,
For my joy and my pride,
That gallant in chief of his royal cellar
Val di Marina, the blithe care-killer;
But with the wine yclept Val di Botte,
Day and night I could flout me the gouty.
Precious it is I know, in the eyes
Of the masters, the masters, of those who are wise.
A glass of it brimming, a full-flowing cup,

Goes to my heart, and so lays it up,
That not my Salvini, that book o' the south,
Could tell it, for all the tongues in his mouth.
If Maggi the wise, the Milanese wit,
'Mid their fat Lombard suppers but lighted on it,
Even the people grossly cœnaculous,
Over a bumper would find him miraculous.

Maggi, whatever his readers may think,
Puts no faith in Hippocrene drink;
No faith in that lying-tongued water has he,
Nor goes for his crown to a sapless tree.
For other paths are his, far loftier ways:
He opens towards heav'n a road of roads,
Rare unto mortal foot, and only pays
His golden song to heroes and to gods.

And truly most heroic were his praise,
If turning from his Lesmian, like a Cruscan,

He took to drinking Tuscan.
Drawn by the odour, won by the sweet body,
I see another leave his herds at Lodi,
And foot to foot with him sit to drink,
With plumpy cheeks, and pink, as blithe as any,
The shepherd of Leméne;
Ev'n him I say, who ere he rank'd with men,
On bays and beeches carved, with happy stroke,
The strifes of the great Macaron; and then
The dotage of the boy over the brook.
And now he writeth in his riper years
Holier and lovelier things in starry characters.
But when he seats himself
Under an oak,
To the sound of his piping,
He spins me off pastorals,
And maketh eminent,
Lo! the red pride of that fair hill of his,

Whose foot the fond Lambro takes round with a
kiss;
Even, I say, the hill of Colombano,
Where the vines, with their twisting legs,
Instead of elms, go making love to figs.

If any body doesn't like Vernaccia,
I mean the sort that's made in Pietrafitta,
Let him fly
My violent eye;
I curse him, clean, through all the Alpha-beta.
I fine him, furthermore, for drink, alway
Brozzi, Quaracchi, and Peretola:
And for his shame and for his spite,
I think it right
To order him to wear that stupid sweet,
A crown of beet;
And on the palfrey of Silenus old,
I bid them set him the wrong way, and ride him

While, all the way beside him,
A little insolent Satyr
Keeps an inveterate clatter
Hard on his back—videlicet, doth hide him.
Then let there be the worst of places found for him,
And all the boys got round for him,
And in his ears, till his whole spirit be gored,
The whole abuse of all the vintage poured.

On Antinoro's lofty-rising hill
(Yonder, that has its name from Roses)
How could I sit! how could I sit, and fill
Goblets bright as ever blush'd
From the black stones of the Canajuol crush'd:
How it spins from a long neck out,
Leaps, and foams, and flashes about!
When I taste it, when I try it
(Other lovely wines being by it,)
In my bosom it stirs, God wot,

Something—an I know not what—
But a little stirring fire,
Either delight, or else desire.
'Tis desire, to my thinking;
Yes, a new desire of drinking:
Something which the more one swallows,
Recommends the more that follows.
Pour then, pour, companions mine,
And in the deluge of mighty wine
Plunge with me, with cup and with can,
Ye merry shapes of Pan,
Ye furnishers of philosophic simile,
The goatibeardihornyfooted family.
Pour away, pour away,
Fill your gasping clay
With a pelting shower of wine;
Such as is sold
By the Cavalier bold
At the deluge, that mighty sign.

He sells it, and all
To buy scents withal,
So fondly thinks he, in his perfumery,
A scent to discover, that shall be so fine,
As to rival the scent of the mighty wine.
A thousand scents inventeth he,
With fans and small upholstery;
He makes very sweet perfumes,
And fumigations for your rooms;
He makes powderets,
He makes odourets,
And all for certain marvellously;
But never shall he find out, minions mine,
A scent to match the mighty scent of wine.
From the summits of Peru,
From the forests of Tolu,
Let him lay
(I'll be bold to say)
A thousand drugs in, and more too,

Yet never shall he find out, Airy mine,
A scent to match the mighty scent of wine.
Smell, Ariadne: this is Ambra wine:
Oh what a manly, what a vital scent!
'Tis of itself a nourishment
To the heart, and to the brain above it;
But what is more, the lips, the lips, boys, love it.

This fine Pumino here
Smacks a little of the austere;
'Twere no respect to Bartlemytide
Not to have it at one's side;
No shame I feel to have it so near,
For shame it were to feel so much pride,
And leave it solely to the bumpkins,
To drink it at its natural time of pumpkins.
Yet every wine that hight
Pumino, hath no right
To take its place at one's round table:

I only do admit
That gallant race of it,
Which bears Albizis noble arms and label;
And which, descended of a chosen stock,
Keepeth the mind awake and clear from any sordid smoke,

Keepeth the mind awake and clear from any sordid smoke,
That cask ye lately broke,
On which a judgment I reveal,
From which lieth no appeal.—
But hold; another beaker,
To make me a fit speaker!—
And now, Silenus, lend thy lolling ears:—
Who will believe that hears?
In deep Gualfonda's lower deep, there lies
A garden for blest eyes;
A garden and a palace; the rich hold

Of great Riccardi, where he lives in gold.
Out of that garden with its billion-trillion
Of laughing vines, there comes—*such* a vermillion!
Verily it might face 'fore all the county,
The gallant carbuncle of Mezzomonte:
And yet, 'tis very well known, I sometimes go
To Mezzomonte for a week or so,
And take my fill, upon the greeny grass,
Of that red laugher through the lifted glass,—
That laugher red, that liquid carbuncle,
Rich with its cordial twinkle,
That gem, which fits e'en the Corsini's worth,
Gem of the Arno, and delight o'the earth.

The ruby dew that stills
Upon Valdarno's hills,
Touches the sense with odour so divine,
That not the violet,
With lips with morning wet,

Utters such sweetness from her little shrine.
When I drink of it, I rise
Over the hill that makes poets wise,
And in my voice and in my song,
Grow so sweet and grow so strong,
I challenge Phœbus with his delphic eyes.
Give me then, from a golden measure,
The ruby that is my treasure, my treasure;
And like to the lark that goes maddening above,
I'll sing songs of love!
Songs will I sing more moving and fine,
Than the bubbling and quaffing of Gersole wine.
Then the rote shall go round,
And the cymbals kiss,
And I'll praise Ariadne,
My beauty, my bliss;
I'll sing of her tresses,
I'll sing of her kisses;

Now, now it increases,
The fervour increases,
The fervour, the boiling, and venomous bliss.
The grim god of war and the arrowy boy
Double-gallant me with desperate joy;
Love, love, and a fight!
I must make me a knight;
I must make me thy knight of the bath, fair
friend,
A knight of the bathing that knows no end,
An order so noble, a rank so discreet,
Without any handle
For noise or for scandal,
Will give me a seat
With old Jove at his meat;
And thou made immortal, my beauty, my own,
Shall sit where the gods make a crown for his
throne.

Let others drink Falernian, others Tolfa,
Others the blood that wild Vesuvius weeps;
No graceful soul will get him in the gulf o'
Those fiery deluging, and smoking steeps.
To day, methinks, 'twere fitter far, and better, eh?
To taste thy queen, Arcetri;
Thy queen Verdea, sparkling in our glasses,
Like the bright eyes of lasses;
We'll see which is the prettier smiling varlet,
This, or Lappeggio with the lip of scarlet.
Hide it in cellars as it will, no matter;
The deeper rogues the sweeter.
Oh boys, this Tuscan land divine
Hath such a natural talent for wine,
We'll fall, we'll fall
On the barrels and all;
We'll fall on the must, we'll fall on the presses,
We'll make the boards groan with our grievous caresses;

No measure, I say; no order, but riot;
No waiting, nor cheating; we'll drink like a Sciot:
Drink, drink, and drink when you've done;
Pledge it, and frisk it, every one;
Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down;
He that's afraid, is a thief and a clown.
Good wine's a gentleman;
He speedeth digestion all he can:
No headache hath he, no headache, I say,
For those who talked with him yesterday.
If Signor Bellini, besides his apes,
Would anatomize vines, and anatomize grapes,
He'd see that the heart that makes good wine,
Is made to do good, and very benign.
Ho—ho! tongue of mine,
Be steady to speak of the master's art,
Who taught thee how, and in what fine part
Of thyself, O tripping tongue,
The tip and the taste of all tasting hung.

Tongue, I must make thee a little less jaunty
In the wine robust that comes from Chianti.
True son of the earth is Chianti wine,
Born on the ground of a gypsy vine;
Born on the ground for sturdy souls,
And not the rank race of one of your poles:
I should like to see a snake
Get up in August out of a brake,
And fasten with all his teeth and caustic
Upon that sordid villain of a rustic,
Who, to load my Chianti's haunches
With a parcel of feeble bunches,
Went and tied her to one of these poles,—
Sapless sticks without any souls!

Like a king,
In his conquering,
Chianti wine with his red flag goes
Down to my heart, and down to my toes.

He makes no noise, he beats no drums;
Yet pain and trouble fly as he comes.
And yet a good bottle of Carmignan,
He of the two is your merrier man;
He brings from heav'n such a rain of joy,
I envy not Jove his cups, old boy.
Drink, Ariadne; the grapery
Was the warmest and brownest in Tuscany.
Drink, and whatever they have to say,
Still to the Naiads answer nay;
For mighty folly it were, and a sin,
To drink Carmignan, with water in.

He who drinks water,
I wish to observe,
Gets nothing from me;
He may eat it and starve.

Whether its well, or whether its fountain,
Or whether it comes foaming white from the mountain,
I cannot admire it,
Nor ever desire it:
'Tis a fool, and a madman, and impudent wretch,
Who now will live in a nasty ditch,
And then grown proud, and full of his whims,
Comes playing the devil and cursing his brims,
And swells, and tumbles, and bothers his margins,
And ruins the flowers, although they be virgins.
Moles and piers, were it not for him,
Would last for ever,
If they're built clever;
But no—its all one with him—sink or swim.
Let the people yclept Mamelyke
Praise the Nile without any rebuke;
Let the Spaniards praise the Tagus;
I cannot like either, even for negus.

If any follower of mine
Dares so far to forget his wine,
As to drink an atom of water,
Here's the hand should devote him to slaughter.
Let your meagre doctorlings
Gather herbs and such like things;
Fellows, that with streams and stills
Think to cure all sorts of ills.
I've no faith in their washery,
Nor think it worth a glance of my eye:
Yes, I laugh at them for that matter,
To think how they, with their heaps of water,
Petrify their sculls profound,
And make 'em all so thick and so round,
That Viviani, with all his mathematics,
Would fail to square the circle of their attics.

Away with all water,
Wherever I come;

I forbid it ye, gentlemen,
All and some;
Lemonade water,
Jessamine water,
Our tavern knows none of 'em,
Water's a hum.
Jessamine makes a pretty crown;
But as a drink, 'twill never go down.
All your hydromels and flips
Come not near these prudent lips.
All your sippings and sherbets,
And a thousand such pretty sweets,
Let your mincing ladies take 'em,
And fops whose little fingers ache 'em.
Wine! Wine! is your only drink;
Grief never dares to look at the brink:
Six times a year to be mad with wine,
I hold it no shame, but a very good sign.

I, for my part, take my can,
Solely to act like a gentleman;
And acting so, I care not, I,
For all the hail and the snow in the sky;
I never go poking,
And cowering and cloaking,
And wrapping myself from head to foot,
As some people do, with their wigs to boot;
For example, like dry and shivering Redi,
Who looks like a peruk'd old lady.

Hallo! What phenomenon's this,
That make's my head turn round?
I'faith, I think it is
A turning of the ground!
Ho, ho, earth,
If that's your mirth,
It may not, I think, be amiss for me
To leave the earth, and take to the sea.

Hallo there, a boat! a boat!
As large as can float,
As large as can float, and stock'd plenteously;
For that's the ballast, boys, for the salt sea.
Here, here, here,—here's one of glass;
Yet through a storm it can dance with a lass.
I'll embark, I will,
For my gentle sport,
And drink as I'm used
'Till I settle in Port—
Rock, rock,—wine is my stock,
Wine is my stock, and will bring us to Port.
Row, brothers, row,
We'll sail and we'll go,
We'll all go sailing and rowing to Port—
Ariadne, to Por—to Port.
Oh what a thing
'Tis for you and for me,
On an evening in spring,

To sail in the sea.
The little fresh airs
Spread their silver wings,
And o'er the blue pavement
Dance love-makings.
To the tune of the waters, and tremulous glee,
They strike up a dance to people at sea.
Row, brothers, row,
We'll sail and we'll go,
We'll sail and we'll go, till we settle in Port—
Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
Pull away, pull away,
Without drag or delay:
No gallants grow tired, but think it a sport,
To feather their oars till they settle in Port—
Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
I'll give ye a toast,
And then, you know, you,
Arianeeny, my beauty, my queeny,

Shall sing me a little, and play to me too
On the mandòla, the coocooroocoo,
The coocooroocoo,
The coocooroocoo,
On the mandòla, the coocooroocoo.
A long pu—
A strong pu—
A long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether!
Gallants and boaters, who know how to feather,
Never get tired, but think it a sport,
To feather their oars, till they settle in port—
Ariadne, in Por—Port;
I'll give thee a toas—
I'll give thee a toast—and then, you know, you
Shall give me one too.
Araneeny, my quainty, my queeny,
Sing me, you ro—
Sing me, you ro—

Sing me, you rogue, and play to me, do,
On the viò—
On the viòla, the coocoooroocoo,
The coocoooroocoo,
The coocoooroocoo,
On the viòla, the cò̀ocoooroocoo.

What a horrible tempest arises!
This place is full of surprises;
Hissings and devils all round one's ears,
Like a crashing of fifty spheres!
Pilot, pilot, old boy, save
Boys of wine from a watery grave.
Alas, what signifies good advice!
The oars are broken, the last rope flies!
Winds grow madder,
The waves are at war;
Lighten the vessel, the lading! the lading!
Splice the main tackle, boys—heave up the mast!

The ship's agoing to the end of the world—
I think it will e'en go past.
What I say, I don't very well know;
I'm not *au fait* at the water:
But it seems—to me—that there's something the matter—
A breeze rather stiff or so:
The whirlwinds undoubtedly have come down
To crack the sea and all on the crown:
The billows foam like a world of beer:
And see—the sea-horses! they joust and they rear!
I'm sick!
We're all of us lost; that's settled at any rate:
Gods! how my stomach I loathe yet exonerate:—
Bitter! bitter!—and yet 'twas a stock
Precious as ever was put under lock!
I think I feel lighter—
We're safe! we're safe!

Look at the prow there! the golden haired stars!
'Tis Castor and Pollux—that pair of pairs!
Ah—no—no—no stars are they;
No stars are they, though they be divine,
But a couple of flasks of exquisite wine!
Exquisite wine is your exquisite reason
For settling disorders that come out of season,
For clearing one's tempests, and brushing apart
Fogs and all that in "the lake of one's heart."
My pretty little Satyrs,
In your little hairy tatters,
Whoever is the first now,
To help me quench my thirst now,
Whoever hands me up
Some interminable cup,
Some new unfathom'd goblet,
To hubble it and bubble it,
I'll hold him for my minion,
And never change my opinion.

I don't care what it's made of,
Gold, ivory, or fig;
It may, or it may not, be the richest ever read of,
But let it be the biggest of the big.
A small glass, and thirsty! Be sure never ask it:
Man might as well serve up soup in a basket.
This my broad, and this my high
Bacchanalian butlery
Lodgeth not, nor doth admit
Glasses made with little wit;
Little bits of would-be bottles
Run to seed in strangled throttles.
Such things are for invalids,
Sipping dogs that keep their beds.
As for shallow cups like plates,
Break them upon shallower pates.
Such glassicles,
And vesicles,
And bits of things like icicles,

Are toys and curiosities
For babies and their gaping eyes;
Keepsakes, and small chrystal caddies,
To hold a world of things for ladies;
I don't mean those who keep their coaches,
But those who make grand foot approaches,
With flower'd gowns, and fine huge broaches.
'Tis in a magnum's world alone
The graces have room to sport and be known.
Fill, fill, let us all have our will:
But with *what*, with *what*, boys, shall we fill?
Sweet Ariadne—no, not that one,—ah no;
Fill me the manna of Montepulciano:
Fill me a magnum, and reach it me.—Gods!
How it slides to my heart by the sweetest of roads!
Oh, how it kisses me, tickles me, bites me!
Oh how my eyes loosen sweetly in tears!

I'm ravished! I'm rapt! Heav'n finds me admissible!
Lost in an extacy! blinded! invisible!

Hearken, all earth!
We, Bacchus, in the might of our great mirth,
To all who reverence us, and are right thinkers;—
Hear, all ye drinkers!
Give ear, and give faith, to our edict divine—
MONTEPULCIANO'S THE KING OF ALL WINE.

At these glad sounds,
The Nymphs, in giddy rounds,
Shaking their ivy diadems and grapes,
Echoed the triumph in a thousand shapes.
The Satyrs would have joined them; but alas!
They could'nt; for they lay about the grass,
As drunk as apes.

NOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 1.

The conqueror of the East, the God of Wine.

Mr Lamb, in his exuberant piece of wit, entitled a *Farewell to Tobacco,* says that Bacchus's true Indian conquest warms the West, and that his Thyrsus carries other leaves than those of ivy.

"Brother of Bacchus, later born,
"The old world was sure forlorn,
"Wanting thee, that aidest more
"The god's victories, than before,

"All his panthers, and the brawls
"Of his piping Bacchanals.
"These, as stale, we disallow,
"Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
"His true Indian conquest art;
"And, for ivy round his dart,
"The reformed god now weaves
"A finer thyrsus of thy leaves."

In another passage he calls Tobacco only a retainer to Bacchus:

"Sooty retainer to the vine,
"Bacchus' black servant, Negro fine;
"Sorcerer that mak'st us doat upon
"Thy begrim'd complexion,
"And for thy pernicious sake
"More, and greater oaths to break,
"Than reclaimed lovers take

"'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
"Much too in the female way,
"While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
"Faster than kisses, or than death."

But see the whole poem. Had the author been less full of his thoughts, he might have done something with the word Tobacco, which is Bacchanalian in it's composition.

There is an imitation of the *Bacco in Toscana*, in praise of Tobacco, which should have been called *Tobacco in Italia*. It is entitled *La Tabaccheide*, and was written by Girolano Baraffaldi, an ecclesiastic, author of several poems not unesteemed. The Tabaccheide is not without wit, but evinces too much of the garrulity of snuff-taking. The best passage is a lucky imitation of

the stammering of Bacchus in Redi. The poet sneezes.

Donatrice d'allegrì—
D'allegrì—grì—grì—allegrì—
(Lo starnuto mel rapìa)
Donatrice d'allegria,
Che dà lume, e dà consiglio,
E i torbidi pensier manda in esi—
In esi—si—si— in esi—glio;
O è pur lungo quest' esiglio!

Oh it is a most delici—
Lici—lici—most delici—
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till crying)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.
Sense it gives, and vast content,
And sends old care into banish—

Nish—nish—nishi—banish—ishi—
Gods, what a long banishment!

Note 2, page 1.

And where the imperial seat.

He speaks of Poggio Imperiale, a villa belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a little way out of the Rota, one of the gates of Florence. Redi was a good deal there in the quality of court officer. It was a favorite residence of the late Grand Duke Leopold, the most popular Prince of the house of Austria, who abolished the punishment of death. Of him the story is told, that talking one day with a foreigner, who was telling him how mad people went about unconfined in his country, the Duke said, "Ah, we have mad people here; but we shut them up in houses of that kind over the way," pointing

to a monastery. Leopold is said to have been addicted to amours among the peasantry, like James the 5th of Scotland. Like him, he was fond of going about incognito, and conversing familiarly with his subjects. At the gate above mentioned, the Porta Romana, he once saw a Florentine endeavouring to smuggle in a ham under his jacket. The Duke tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "another time, my friend, the ham shorter, or the jacket longer."

Note 3, page 1,

Dearest, if one's vital tide
Run not with the grapes beside.

Achilles Tatius says, that Bacchus dining one day with a Tyrian shepherd, gave him wine to drink; upon which the shepherd exclaimed, "Where did you get such a delicious blood!"

Bacchus replied, "It is the blood of the grape." In Tuscany we have a proverb, "Good wine makes good blood"—

"*Il buon vino fa buon sangue.*" *Redi.*

The vines of the south seem as if they were meant to supply the waste of animal spirits occasioned by the vivacity of the natives. Tuscany is one huge vineyard and olive ground. What would be fields and common hedges in England, are here a mass of orchards producing wine and oil, so that the sight becomes tiresome in its very beauty. You want meadows, and a more pastoral rusticity. About noon, all the labourers, peasantry, and small shopkeepers in Tuscany, may be imagined taking their flask of wine. You see them all about Florence, fetching it under their arms. The effect is perceptible after dinner;

though no disorder ensues; the wine being only just strong enough to move the brain pleasantly without intoxication; a man *can* get drunk with it, if he pleases; but drunkenness is thought as great a vice here, as gallantry is with us. It is a pity that these wines are not brought into England, for they certainly could be. Some of them can be made as strong as port, for those who want a "hot intoxicating liquor;" and the rest might serve to give this universal fillip to northern topers, which the Abbe du Bos says is already perceptible in a partial degree since the introduction of burgundy and champagne. Clarendon pleasantly calls wine "the disease, or rather the health of the Dutch."

Note 4, page 2.

You see the beam here from the sky
That tips the goblet in mine eye;

Vines are nets that catch such food,
And turn them into sparkling blood.

Redi, amidst a heap of learning, refers to Dante, Purgat. Cap. 25.

"Guarda il calor del Sol, che si fa vino
"Guinto all' amor, che dalla vite cola."

"Look at the heat o' the sun, which turns to wine,
"Join'd to the moisture, straining through the vine."

He also quotes Empedocles, who was of opinion, that plants were children of the earth, and their fruit the result of fire and water.

Redi was inclined to attribute a greater degree

of animation to the vegetable world, than is generally assigned it. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to witness the sensibility of such plants as the Himosa, and not associate with them the idea of sensation. Perhaps trees and flowers may receive a sort of dim pleasure from the air and sunshine, proportionate to the rest of their share of animal life. The stems of the vine look as vital as can well be conceived. I speak of them when they are fresh and red. A vineyard in the winter time, full of their old, crusty-looking, dry, tortuous long bodies, resembles a collection of earthy serpents. Who would suppose, that out of all that apparent drought and unfeelingness, were to come worlds of bunches of fruit, bursting with wine and joy?

Note 5, page 2.

Glasses yet of size magisculur.

Majuscular (Majuscolo), was originally spoken of capital letters, or the true Roman character; in which the ancients wrote whole manuscripts, as may be seen in the Virgil preserved in the Laurentian Library. A smaller sort, in which the famous Pandects of Justinian are written, came up during the lower Roman empire; and the other changes followed by degrees. *Redi.*

Note 6, page 3.

Gods—my life, what glorious claret!
Blessed be the ground that bare it!
'Tis Avignon.

Bacchus begins his Tuscan symposium with a license, in commencing with wine from Avignon; but the city of Petrarch and Laura was still under Italian jurisdiction. Provence, I believe, has always been the country of claret.

Among our author's letters is a pleasant one on the subject of this wine and the poem before us, addressed to Filicaia.

"Assaggi un poco questo Claretto. E un Claretto della mia Villa degli Orti; ed e figliuolo di certi magliuoli, che il Serenissimo Granduca mio Signore fece venir di Provenza per la sua Villa di Castello, e me ne fece grazia di alcani fasci, acciochè ancor io bevendo a suo tempo del lor liquore, potessi con la mente più svegliata applicare al servizio della A. S. Sereniso. Ma adagio un poco. Non pensi V. S. Illustriss. di averselo a tracannare a uso e a isonne. Signor, no. Io glie lo mando con una più che usuraja intenzione. Quando ella avrà terminato di stampare le sue Divine Canzonè, voglio supplicarla a leggere di proposito ed a tavolino il mio Ditirambo, ed a farmi grazia di osservare, con ogni rigore, se

veramente intorno a' vini della Toscana, il mio guidizio sia stato giusto, e se lo abbia saputo ben distenderlo in carta. Spero col suo ajuto, e con i suoi amorevoli consigli poterne tor via la ruiridezza, il troppo, ed il vano. Beva ella intanto il Claretto." (Opere. Napoli. 1778. Tom. 5. p. 125.) Di Casa. 8. Maggio 1684.

"Taste a little of this claret. It comes from my Villa degli Orti, and is the child of certain slips, which the most serene Grand Duke my master sent for out of Provence for his Villa Castello. He did me the honour to give me a few specimens, in order that I might drink of it at my leisure, and so be more sprightly and awake to attend to the service of his Serene Highness. But softly. Do not imagine that you are to quaff my claret without interest, and for nothing. No, Sir. I send it you with a more than usurious in-

tention. When you have finished the printing of your Divine Odes, I have to beg that you will read over my Dithyrambic with attention, and critically; and do me the favour to observe, with all strictness, whether I have made a true judgment upon the wines of Tuscany, and recorded it well on paper. I hope, with the assistance of your friendly remarks, to free it from its rusticity, and lop off all superfluities and impertinence. Meanwhile, drink the claret."

Note 7, page 3.

'Tis Avignon. 'Don't say "a flask of it:"
Into my soul I pour a cask of it!.

The original word is *Bellicone*, which is neither more nor less than the English word *Welcome!* "Bellicone," says Redi, "is a new word in Tuscany, and comes from the German, who call it

Wilkomb or *Wilkumb*. It is a glass in which they drink to the arrival of their friends. The Spaniards have got it, and call it *Velicomen*."—These transmutations remind me of the arrival of my Lord Maryborough, then Mr. Wellesley Pole, in France; which was announced to the wondering natives as the coming of "Milord Vesteveneypoel." But see a translation of the Travels of Redi's master Cosmo the Third in England, which has been lately published. The word *Vitthcal* (for Whitehall), which I find in Redi's works, is nothing to what the reader will find there. *Kensington* is called by some such impossibility as *Imhinthorp*.

Another commentator on Redi derives the word *Bellicone* from the Celtic—*Belic*, a glass or vessel.

Note 8, page 3.

Artimino's finer still: ..
Under a tun there's no having one's fill.

Artimino was a country-seat of the Grand Duke's, celebrated for its deer chase, and for producing some of the finest wines in Tuscany. Redi dates one of his letters from it, in which he describes himself, on his arrival there with the court, as doing nothing but sleep instead of going to hunt. He had been exhausted by want of rest. A good physician well earns whatever he can enjoy:

"Sleepless himself to give his *patients* sleep."

Note 9, page 3.

And now, while my lungs are swimming at will
All in a bath so noble and sweet.

The author refers to various ancient writers, both in poetry and philosophy (Alcæus, Plato, Homer, &c.), to shew that the lungs were formerly supposed to be the receptacle of drink. He quotes also Fra Jacopone da Todi (afterwards bëatified) who in the earliest period of Tuscan poetry, was of the same opinion.

"Bevo e'nfondo il mio polmone."

"I drink, and drown my lungs."

The cause of such a notion is obvious.

Note 10, page 3.

And to thee, Ariadne, I consecrate
The tun, and the flask,
And the funnel, and cask.

Our author quotes an epigram by Eratosthenes,

in the sixth book of the Anthology, in which a man of the name of Xenophon consecrates his empty cask to Bacchus, begging him to accept it kindly, because he has nothing else.

Note 10, page 3.

Accus'd,
And abus'd,
And all mercy refus'd,
Be he who first dared upon Lecore's plain
To take my green children and plant them in pain.

Lecore is the lowest part of the plain about Florence. The worst wines are made there, and the best up the hills. Redi says, that among the ancient laws of his native city Arezzo, there was one which prohibited, under severe penalties, the planting of vines in the lowlands.

Note 11, page 4.

The goats and the cattle
Get into the bowers;
And sleets with a rattle
Come trampling in showers.

The author quotes Virgil—Georgics, Book the second, v. 376.

"Frigora nec tantum cani concreta pruinâ,
"Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus æstas,
"Quantùm illi nocuêre greges, durique venenum
"Dentis, et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix."

"For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
"Nor dog-days' parching heat that splits the rocks,
"Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks,
"Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the stocks." DRYDEN.

I thought Dryden had borrowed this fine idea of the burning of cold from Milton—Parad. Lost. Book 2. 594.

"The parching air
"Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire."

But on turning to a Milton *Variorum*, I see it is from Virgil himself: Georg. 1. v 93, where he speaks of the burning effect of the North-wind—

"Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat."

Dryden has neglected the word here, to introduce it afterwards. Bishop Newton quotes a fine passage from Ecclesiasticus: Chap. 43. "When the cold north-wind bloweth, it devoureth the mountains, and burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass as fire." Voltaire, in his article

Solomon in the Philosophical Dictionary, speaking, if I remember, of the similes of the Hebrew lover, says in his pleasant way, that they are not in the taste of the Greeks and Romans; but then "a Jew is not obliged to write like Virgil." It would have been a great pity, if the Jew had been; for we should have been deprived of some of the noblest varieties of poetry in the world.

Luckily for Virgil, he has here written very like the Jew. The similes that are so apt to mystify people in Solomon, are not similes to the eye, but to the sentiment. That of beautiful teeth to a flock of sheep newly come up from the washing, partakes of the nature of both, and is exquisitely delicate. The much-injured "tower of Lebanon," to which a nose is likened, was doubtless some finely proportioned building, situated as finely in the middle of a lovely spot:

and even a Frenchman might have been touched with the comparison of a beauty's bosom "to two young roes on the mountains, that feed among the lilies."

One of the pleasantest occupations of a traveller in Italy, is to feel himself in the country of Virgil and Horace, and to recognize the objects in which they delighted. In going through the green lanes and vineyards, you go through the Georgics. You lounge with Horace under his vine, and see him helping his labourers. Here comes a passage in the shape of a yoke of oxen;—there runs a verse up the wall,—a lizard;—the *cicadæ* ring lyrics at you from the trees. The other evening, walking towards Fiesole over the hills, I heard a shepherd-boy piping a wild air, as old perhaps as Evander.

Note 12. page 4.

But lauded,
Applauded,
With laurels rewarded, &c.

Applauded and *rewarded* is one of the rhymes, I believe, with which Scotch and Irish professors of English reproach us uninitiated metropolitans. I do not mean to defend the correctness of our rhyming on all occasions, especially humourous ones; but with all due deference to the capitals of Swift and of Hume, pronunciation is not their forte. An Irishman once startled me with objecting to a couplet in the feast of the Poets, or rather with the manner in which he read it:—

———*Then he took up a* STRAW,
Shewing how he had found it and what it was
FOR-R-R.

The rhyme is not the best rhyme in the world, but in his mouth it became monstrous. Englishmen have a pronunciation of the letter *r*, which if undiscernable to the ears of their neighbours, is not the less distinct to their own. There may be a faulty omission of it, as well as too great a display; but a hint of it is enough. A rattle is not the only way of expressing an *r*. Milton was thought peculiar in his time for pronouncing this letter with asperity: he had learnt it most probably in Tuscany, where it is in great request, as the roughener of a soft language.

I will take this opportunity of noticing a point or two, very perplexing to one who learns Italian from the grammars. He is desired to pronounce *c* before *a* and *o* like *ak*, and before *e* and *i* like *ch*, as in *cheat—cherry*. Thus *poco* is to be pronounced *poko*, and *felice* like *feliche*. He is surprised,

when he comes to Italy, to hear *poco* rapidly and lightly pronounced *poho*, with an *h*; and *felice* washed off into *felishe!* Even the hard c at the beginning of words such as *casa* and *campagne*, is in Tuscany generally converted into our h,—*hasa*, *hampagna*; and the country people, whose pronunciation is any thing but effeminate, make an aspirating sound of *qui* and *questo*—*whi*—*whesto*. I consulted a man of letters on this point, and he was unwilling to acknowledge the prevalence of the custom, affirming, at all events, that the substitution of *h* for c was a vulgarism. I consulted another, and he told me it was a very proper custom. "And ancient?"—"Antichissimo." What I understand of the matter is this. The Italian language loves an easy progress above all things, and does not chuse to give a consonant more than it's due. At the same time it is very nice in doing justice to a double consonant, to which

it devotes double the time of a single one. Lest double and single consonants therefore should be confounded, and lest any conspiracy of letters should take place to stop the fair language in it's way, (already gentle and acquiescent enough) care is taken never to make what the musicians call an *appoggiatura*, or leaning, where the syllable is decidedly short. For instance, there is a street in Florence called the *Via delle belle donne*. These words you are not to hurry over like an Englishman, but to mark your sense of the respectable consonants in passing, by a little loitering—*Dèlle bèlle dònna*. On the other hand, the nicety of an Italian ear is so fine, that the letter *c*, in some places, would force it to linger against it's will: and in these places, and those only, (such at least, I am told, ought to be the restriction), the *c* turns itself into an *h* or an *sh*, in order to slip onwards. Thus the word *poco*,

in which the *o* is short like the Greek omicron (another nicety very necessary to be distinguished) would begin with an *o* long, if the *c* were pronounced like a *k*. The pronunciation would not be rapid and airy enough. The delicate organ of the Tuscan therefore interferes, and sets it flying almost like a breath—*pŏho*. It is the same with the beginning of words, if preceded by a short syllable at the end of one. So with *felice*. The Tuscan ear finds it would linger too long upon the vowel *i*, if followed by *ch*, and therefore the sound slides off into *sh*,—*felishe*. On the other hand, in the noun of the same word, *felicitá*, where it perceives no such danger, on account of the greater length of the word, and the accents being thrown on the last syllable, the *ch* is retained,—*felichitá*. These words form a good lesson on the subject for a foreigner, because he is constantly hearing them. Every body bids him *felishe notte* (happy

night); and when he sneezes, it would be thought a scandal in the bye-standers to omit the benedictory ejaculation of *felichitá*,—(good luck!)

I must observe, that the learned person to whom I first addressed myself on this occasion, acknowledged that the custom of substituting *h* for *c* was very old; and to prove it a vulgarism, ingeniously quoted the epigram in Catullus, where a man is reproved for saying *chommoda* instead of *commoda*. The same man however is reproved for saying *hinsidias* instead of *insidias*, and for turning the *Ionian* sea into *Hionian*. He was one of those who omit no occasion of "exasperating the *h*." This strange freak of the tongue, together with the perverse one of omitting the *h* where it is required, and the imbecile interchange of the letters *w* and *v*, have been said in our own country to be peculiar to Londoners. They are certainly

not so:—nor do I believe them to be more frequent in London than any where else. If they are, the greatest laxity and the greatest nicety of pronunciation are to be found in the same place. But out of the same spirit of perverseness and conscious inaptitude, which induces a man to say *w* for *v*, country towns and capitals are always for instructing their authorities. I remember a man in Lincolnshire, who once said to me, "You people of the metropolis have a strange way of pronouncing the word *lose*." I had pronounced it in it's usual way, with the sound of the *oo* in *choose*. I asked him how it ought to be done. Upon which he graciously informed me, that we ought to pronounce it like the o in *disclose*,—*loaz*.

Note 13, page 4.

Of Petraia and Castello
Planted first the Moscadello.

Petraia and Castello are two villas near one another, a little way out of Florence. One of them still belongs to the Grand Duke. It was in these places that Cosmo the 3rd cultivated vines from all parts of Europe.

Muscadel wine has been supposed to be so called from its odour: but Redi quotes a variety of authors to shew that it derives its' name from *Mosca*, a fly, and comes from the same vines which the ancients called *Apianæ*, because bees are fond of them. They are also favorites with the wasps.

Note 14, page 4.

Now we're here in mirth and clover.

The original word is *giolito*, jollity—"Stare in giolito," says the author, means to be in a state

of repose, and is principally a sea term applied to gallies in harbour, or ships out at sea in a calm. Calms must be pleasanter to an Italian than English apprehension, if the word implies what the sound of it and the text appear to establish. He says the Spaniards call it *Jolito*. I cannot find it in a copious old Italian dictionary, unless it is a corruption of Giolività. Perhaps it comes from the English word which sounds so like it, and the adjective of which is so common among our seamen. English ships and English comforts carry new words all over the globe. I was much puzzled, in an agreement drawn up with the proprietor of a house in the country, to understand what was meant by a little room at the top of it called a *Cafaus*. It turned out to be *Coffee-house*. It is the name they give here to a sort of summer-house forming a turret.

Note 15, page 4.

Drink of this jewel of a wine.

The original word is chrysolite. So in other places he speaks of white and red wines, as topazes and rubies. Redi flatters himself, that this vivacity of metaphor is peculiar to Tuscany, and was known neither to the Romans nor Greeks. At least he says he recollects no instance of it, unless it be in Virgil, where he calls the sea *marble*; and a similar instance in Catullus, from whom Virgil took it. The learned reader will be surprised at this failure of memory in a Greek scholar. With English he was not acquainted. Had he lived in our times, we could not have referred him to a greater authority than Mr. Gully or Mr. Cribb, who would have boxed the compass of his information for him into a new circle of the fanciful, and shewn him how people

flashed their ivories, drank of *blue ruin*, and dithyrambically *tapped their clarets*.—See the note on *Aurum Potabile*.

Note 16, page 5.

You'll be Venus at her best,
Venus Venusissimest.

The original is *Parras Venere stessissima*, "You will appear Venus *herselfest*." The author quotes the αυτοτατος and *ipsissimus* of Aristophanes and Plautus, and an old Italian writer, who says *lui luissimo*, "him himselfest." Our expression, "his very self," might appear to be a superlative of the same kind; but it doubtless means his veritable self, his true identity, not an exaggeration of this identity. Our author here enters upon his Dithyrambic privileges. In Torriano's edition of the old dictionary of Florio is the word

Bisarcipoltroncinississimo, which is translated "an egregious super-superlative coward.". This Florio was in England, and is supposed to have been the Holofernes of Love's Labour lost. I think I remember reading that he had a quarrel with the players and wits of that time, and was a butt for his pedantry. It is to him perhaps we owe Shakspeare's word *Ho orificabilitudinitatibus*. But see the note on the word *Goatibeardihorny-footed*.

Note 17, page 5.

Hah! Montalcino. I know it well,—
The lovely little Muscadel.

Montalcino is in the territory of Sienna. Every thing seems to run into the sweet and dulcet in that quarter. The Siennese pronunciation is the sweetest in Tuscany. The late Mr. West

the painter told me, that when he was travelling in Italy, he was driven by a postillion, whose tone in speaking was so *cantabile*, that he thought he was mocking him. He expressed his surprise to somebody on the road, and was answered, "Oh, he is a Siennese: they all talk so." I met with a Siennese lady in Florence who spoke in the same manner. It is like the Scotch tone when divested of its meanness, and undulates like a stream of melted pearls.

Note 18, page 5.

Wine like this
A bijou *is*
(I designed it) for the festals
Of the grave composed Vestals,—
Ladies who in cloister'd quires
Feed and keep alive chaste fires.

These Vestals are the successors of the ancient Vestals the Nuns. Their love of delicacies and liqueurs is well known. Redi, in his quality of physician, saw a good deal of the little flattering passions and hectic imbecilities that survive every thing else in convents. See the good-natured raillery of Gresset, in his poem entitled *Ver-Vert*; and the graver sympathies of a manly and interesting writer, who has lately published some *Letters from Spain* under the name of Don Leucadio Doblado.

Note 19, page 5.

Wine like this
A bijou *is*
For your prim Parisian dames:
And for those
Of the lily and rose
Who rejoice the banks of the Thames.

The compliment in the original to our lovely countrywomen is very distinct. The author saw English beauties in Florence, and had accounts of them from his friend Magalotti and others, who visited the court of Charles the Second. A Frenchwoman, with all her piquancy, stands no chance with an Italian by the side of our red and white, and our more sentimental composure. The Italian genius, notwithstanding its greater physical vivacity, has in reality more alliance with the gravity and melancholy of the English character, than with its dancing neighbours. Our schools of poetry have much that is in common: and there is a greater sympathy with the imaginative part of their devotion in our very heresies and infidelities, than in the orthodoxy and strange cynicism, equally volatile, of the French. Since Alfieri created a dramatic spirit among his countrymen, Shakspeare has

found an access in Italy, which he only wanted because it had no drama at all. His robust universality,—the justice he does to every thing, great or small, like the plastic spirit of nature,—sometimes startles the Italian, but never excites him to the flippant want of reverence of the Frenchman. He thinks of his great poet Dante, and concludes, that the "bizarre" passage, as the other calls it, "hath warrant" somewhere in our minds. The translators of Milton are emulous and numerous. He frightens a good Abate now and then with his want of consideration for monkish cloth, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," (a point in which Shakspeare is more considerate); but they understand and reverence him thoroughly, and translate him well. The French began to speak with admiration of Milton, partly because Voltaire wanted them to like epics of all sorts, (for the sake of puzzling

opinion, and introducing the steanade), and partly because they were afraid they should be behind-hand with a fashion. The revolutionary spirit has made them more universal: but they do not take kindly to any world, that is not a French world. Nature and art both must come and draw at their toilet. The Abbe Delille made Adam talk as if he went about Eden in a cocked hat. Spencer would not do in French. The languid part of his essence would evaporate into tiresomeness, and the rest be unintelligible. They would see nothing but his allegory, and cut jokes on his Concoction and Malbecco. But the thoughtful sunny evenings of Italy would welcome his hermits and spirits, and his long trains of knights and ladies, glittering like visions along cloistered hills.

Note 20, page 6.

Nerveless, colourless, and sickly,
Oversweet, it cloys too quickly.

Redi says he only speaks as Bacchus might be supposed to do of these wines, Pisciancio and Pisciarello, which are ladies' wines, and very respectable. It is curious to see these literal anxieties to be polite and considerate. He cannot, after all, help giving us to understand, that he does not like them. He quotes a Tuscan proverb;

"Vino amaro
"Tienlo caro

"A bitter in wine,
"Pray think it fine".

This he says is spoken of wine that is not

sweet, and that *nende gentilmente nell' austero*— "hangs genteelly in the austere." I translate literally, that the reader may taste this specimen of nice Italian phraseology.

Note 21, page 6.

Pray let the learned Pignatelli
Upon this head enlighten the silly.

Pignatelli was a learned Roman.

Note 22, page 6.

Ciccio d'Andrea himself one day,
In his thunders of eloquence bursting away.

Ciccio d'Andrea was a Neapolitan advocate. Redi says, it was no flattery to apply to him what Aristophanes said of Pericles in the Acharnenses

Ηςαπτιν, ιβρόντα, ξυπικυκα την Ελλαδα.

"He fulmined, thundered, and commingled Greece."

This noble passage, as the commentators have observed, is the origin of the one in Milton where the Greek orators are spoken of:—Paradise Reg. Book 4. v. 267.

"Thence to the famous orators repair,
"Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
"Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
"Shook the arsenal, and thundered over Greece."

Aristophanes is more lively and in action: Milton's line was the awefulness of the echo.

Note 23, page 7.

Sweet in his gravity,
Fierce in his suavity.

The original is stronger and graver:

"Con amabile fierezza,
"Con terribile dolcezza:"

But it seemed to me, that it would be nothing the worse in a mock-heroic poem for losing a little of it's grandeur. These compliments to his friends are apt to make the author lose sight of the place where he introduces them. He quotes the *torva voluptas frontis* of Claudian, "the stern voluptuousness of look;"—Aristotle—Ἡδυ μετα φοβερότητος— "a sweetness with terror;"—and Cicero, who says that an orator ought to have *suavitatem austeram et solidam, non dulcem atque decoctam*, "a suavity austere and with a body to

it, not cloying and over-cooked." This *decoctam*, which is a bold word for Cicero, resembles the epithet *mulled*, which Shakspeare applies to peace. (Coriolanus—Act 4. Scene the 5th.)

"Seeing his face so lovely stern, and coy,"

is a line in Spencer.—See Milton Parad. Lost, Book 4. v. 844.

"So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
"*Severe in youthful beauty*, added grace
"Invincible."—

Otway somewhere has "Lovelily dreadful."

Note 24, page 7.

Dared in my own proper presence to talk
Of that stuff of Aversa, half acid and chalk.

I have taken the liberty of thus expressing the roughness implied by the name of this wine, which is Asprino. Our author quotes from Pliny the judgment of the Emperor Tiberius upon the wine of Surrentum;—he said, that the physician had agreed to make it noble, otherwise it would have been but a gentlemanly vinegar:—"Dicebat consensisse medicos, ut nobilitatem Surrentino darent; alioquin esse generosum acetum."

Note 25, page 7.

Fasano—
Who with an horrible impiety
Swore he could judge of wines as well as I.

Gabriello Fasano translated the Jerusalem of Tasso into the Neapolitan dialect. His work is highly spoken of by our author. Redi tells us, that Fasano, reading the *Bacco in Toscana* one

day, and pretending to be in a rage, said he would make Bacchus come to *Posilippo*, and shew him the difference between the wines of Naples and the twaddlings of Tuscany. The Neapolitan wines are strong and fiery. See the note on *Vesuvius*.

Note 26, page 8.

My gentle Marquis there of Oliveto.

The Italian word *gentile* is of the same race as our *gentle, genteel, gentlemanly*, but implies a quintessence of character superior to them all. A *donna gentile* is a woman of the highest innate good breeding; one in whom sweetness of manner arises out of gracefulness and intelligence of mind. The epithet, applied to a man, has the same signification, joined with another, which would be well expressed by our word *gentlemanly*,

if it were an understood compound of *gentle* and *manly*. It comprises intelligence, gentleness, and courage. In short *gentile* implies the highest point of character in both sexes.

Note 27, page 9.

'Tis the true old Aurum Potabile,
Gilding life when it wears shabbily.

Redi was supplied by D'Herbelot, who was then in Italy, with a thought resembling this from a Turkish poet. I will repeat his extract for the curiosity's sake.

"Ibrik zerden sakia laal mezabi kil revan
"Altun olur isciunii tamam kibrit ahmar ghendidur
"Kaher zemamunii defi itmez isaki devan
"Illa sciarab dilkuscià Teriak 'acbar ghendidur."

" Dal boccal d'oro, o coppiere, fa correre il
rubino fonduto.
" Tutt' oro sarà la tua opera, perchè questo è
il vero zolfo dell' Alchimia:
" Per iscacciare il veleno del tempo reo e iniquo
non v'è altra più possente medicina.
" Del vino, che apri i cuori. Questo è la
Teriaca massima."

" Pour the melted ruby, boy,
" Make it leap from the gold for joy:
" All you do is gold to me,
" True result of alchemy:
" Not a mightier medicine chaces
" Cares and clouds, from human faces:
" Would you set your heart afloat?
" Dance it in this antidote."

The reader will call to mind Sir William Jones's Translation from Hafiz:—

"Boy, let the liquid ruby flow."

Note 28, page 9.

Helen's old Nepenthe 'tis,
That in the drinking
Swallowed thinking,
And was the receipt for bliss.

The Nepenthe of Helen has been a philosopher's stone for the commentators. Some have supposed it a species of borrage, others of tobacco (Helen taking tobacco!) others opium. When coffee first appeared in Europe, coffee was pronounced to be Nepenthe, because it was produced in Egypt. Plutarch is for having it to be

ingenious and seasonable discourse: a commodity, unfortunately, not to be bought. The probability is in favour of opium. After reading the description of its effects in Homer (Odyss. Lib. 4), it would be difficult to be persuaded otherwise. The Italians have a great awe of medicine of this nature, and will not sell a few drops of opium for a tooth-ache without great caution. They find their better opium in wine. Its use seems to have been known in all ages. Dryden reproaches Shadwell with eating opium, an attack upon the inner recesses of wretchedness, for which so good natured a man ought to have been sorry. The enormous quantities of this drug now consumed in Great Britain, shew a frightful extent of suffering. "The average quantity," says a work lately published, "is no less than 14,000 lbs. yearly of *Turkey* opium. An inferior kind is made from the poppy in the East Indies, and the

monopoly of buying it up from the cultivators constitutes *the third source of the territorial revenue of the English East India Company*, to whom this monopoly produces a million sterling.*" A great deal of the consumption takes place in the manufacturing towns. A set of papers lately published, entitled *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, have made a great sensation, and seem calculated to do a great deal of good: but something must be done to diminish the mass of physical and moral evil itself, before the community can be prevented in any great degree from having recourse to artificial stimulants. Plutarch's receipt, ingenious conversation, will not help our manufacturers to better health, or their wives and

* See an interesting Work entitled "Flora Domestica, or the Portable Flower Garden, with directions for the Treatment of Plants in Pots, and Illustrations from the Works of the Poets." Taylor and Hessey. 1823.

children to a good dinner, or religious and political sufferers to a better state of the biliary juices. "Human life," says an article in the Edinburgh Review (July 1819) "is subject to such manifold wretchedness, that all nations have invented a something liquid or solid, to produce a brief oblivion. Poppies, barley, grasses, sugar, pepper, and a thousand other things, have been squeezed, pressed, pounded, and purified, to produce this temporary happiness. Noblemen, and Members of Parliament, have large cellars full of sealed bottles, to enable them the better to endure the wretchedness of life. The poor man seeks the same end by expending three half-pence in gin:—but no moralist can endure the idea of gin."—This is good. If the Edinburgh Reviewers think that nobody can joke but themselves, they do not fancy that nobody else can suffer. For my part, I do not think that human life need

always suffer so much wretchedness, or that it always does suffer the same portion. I am sure that I have seen two villages in England, divided by little more than the breadth of a river, in which the two different systems of bigotry and liberality in all their branches were shewn in remarkable contrast;—one a squalid set of manufacturers and methodists under the dominion of an evangelical family connected with the late ministry; the other a thriving specimen of good stout English peasantry and children, flourishing under a good natured lady of the manor, a kinswoman of the late John Wilkes. I do not mean to undervalue the *Confessions* above-mentioned, which I believe, from what I have seen of them, to be equally interesting and ingenious; but they will do more good here and there to solitary intellectual sufferers, than bodies of people;—very far from a mean good either, for upon these it

is that the fiend of melancholy delights to fasten. Allow one who is not unacquainted with sorrow, to add a word or two to those whom it may concern. It is the first incursions of the apparent intolerableness of sorrow that are the great danger. He who finds he can get over ten or a dozen of these, will probably find that he can get over twenty more. Some lucky interval, if not of joy, yet of less suffering, may unite with the consciousness of past victories, to encourage him to "set his teeth" for others: and in the course of time come

"Years that bring the philosophic mind."

But no greater tenderness is due than to those who cannot manage these dreadful trials; whether their weakness be owing to greater misery, or less patience. What is a greater misery than

the want of patience itself? And to how many causes of it, through other people and past generations, ourselves perhaps included, must we mount up, before we dare to say, "To this I will not be kind"?

Note 28, page 9.

Good old glorious Rucellai.

A Florentine gentleman of the old and ingenious family of that name, which was allied to the Medici, and produced the author of the poem on Bees. He kept up the family passion for the philosophy of Plato. There is an anecdote of a member of this family, which is edifying, and perhaps not commonly known. He was a man of letters in the most luxurious and sedentary sense of the term; and by sitting and indulging himself at home had become reduced to a state

of finical effeminacy. Some political business, which required urgent dispatch, was proposed to him, to his great horror; but as it was of great moment, and perhaps could not be so well done by another, he was prevailed upon to undertake it. Forth he issues, like a lamb to the slaughter. In a little while, action roused his blood, and the encounter of wits his talent; and he took as much delight in dashing from place to place, as he had done before in sitting among his luxuries. This is the Rucellai, I believe, who figures in the History of the Marechal D'Ancre.

Note 29, page 10.

For Barbarossa, this wine so bright.

Barbarossa (Red-beard) is a wine chiefly made in the territory of Pescia. The vine is so called from its long red clusters of grapes.

Note 30, page 11.

Cups of Chocolate,
Aye, or tea,
Are not medicines
Made for me.
I would sooner take to poison,
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.

These drinks were all new in Redi's time. It is amusing to see him entering into long accounts of their composition. I am not aware of any earlier mention of coffee, among us, than in Clarendon's Life; where he advises Charles the 2d. either to shut up the coffee-houses, or to employ spies (an edifying alternative!) It makes a graceful figure in the Rape of the Lock. You scent it before it is served up.

"The berries crackle, and the mill turns round."

Redi says, that the use of coffee among the Arabians is ancient, though modern to the rest of the orientals. But D'Herbelot informs us that it was not known till long after the time of Mahomet. I believe both the Turks and French think that the highest mode of drinking it is without sugar, which by a passage in Redi's work appears to have been also the notion among his cotemporaries. The common mode however was to take it as we do now; only the sugar was boiled up with it. Our author seems to have wavered in his opinion of coffee. To a patient who asks his advice about weight in the head and a weak stomach, (vol. 7. p. 204.) he treats it with great abuse; saying he might as well drink so much powdered charcoal, and that it is fit only for the

Turkish galley-slaves at Civita Vecchia and Leghorn. Upon which he quotes the present passage from his own poem, to shew that he thinks alike upon the subject in verse and prose. Yet writing to another person (vol. 3. p. 185.) he boasts of having become a complete Coffee-ist, taking his coffee without sugar, as a good drinker takes wine without water, and expressing the singular opinion that coffee has a virtue like opium, not only tranquillizing the mind, but inducing sleep. This appears to have been the notion in Pope's time—

"Coffee, that makes the politician wise
"To see through all things *with his half shut eyes.*"

He adds however, in his startling way, that although he is so good a Coffee-ist, he takes it but

once in a hundred years. He afterwards thought it was good for swimming in the head, to which he was subject. A third person, who was puzzled by this difference between his poetical theory and his practice, plainly asks him which he must abide by; upon which he answers, that the abuse in the Dithyrambic is a joke; that he drinks coffee frequently, especially when he has not time to take dinner, and finds it very comforting to the stomach, "with other advantages." Observe, he says, that in the Dithyrambic I have said a glass, not a cup:

"Beverei prima il veleno,
"Che un *bicchier*, che fosse pieno
"Dell' amaro e reo caffè:"

"I would sooner take to poison,
"Than a single *glass* set eyes on
"Of that bitter and guilty stuff, &c.

"Now I own," he continues, "that I never take coffee in a glass, because it is the polite and gentlemanly thing to take it, not in a glass, but in a cup of porcelain or the finest kind of earth. And observe further, that in the Dithyrambic I have chosen coffee that is 'bitter and guilty,' but not that which is sweet and good; which has my approbation." Its different effects upon different people, perhaps upon himself, were no doubt the cause of these various opinions, on the first introduction of coffee. It is now generally held to be an anti-opiate, yet unfit for the bilious and lethargic, especially where there is fever. Yet the parsimonious modern Italians, who are as jaundiced as their oil and minestra can make them, take it fasting to suppress appetite; and are fond of it in the evening, drenched with milk. They also make an ice of it. I speak of the people in towns. The Tuscan peasantry, who work hard out of

doors, are as healthy a race perhaps as any in the world, and full of cheerfulness and good temper.

Tea is highly commended by our author, as a strengthener to the head and stomach. Its nervous effects were unknown to him, owing perhaps to his not drinking it hot. He was accustomed to make it in a strange way. After putting in the water, he enveloped the tea-pot in linen, and let it stand for eight or ten hours. (vol. 5. p. 268.) I believe the Chinese take it both warm and cold, keeping it ready for drinking in those great jars which give such a pleasant shock to the lady in the Citizen of the World, when she finds that they are useful. Waller has a graceful copy of verses on tea, in which he speaks of its

"Keeping the palace of the soul serene."

I find, by a Latin treatise *De Potu Caphè dè Chinensium Thé, et de Chocolata*, translated from the French of Dr. Spon, that the use of tea among the Chinese is thought to be quite modern. The characters expressing it are said not to be found among the old ones. The Dutch brought it to Europe, and were accustomed to purchase two pounds of tea with one pound of sage. I believe the Chinese are to this day astonished at our neglect of European teas, and have a value for them in commerce. Tea is not common among the Italians; but they do not refuse it. The mention of tea brings to my mind what an artist once observed to me repecting the pictures on china tea-cups. He made me take notice that the trees were not trees, and had no sort of arboraceous character, but were solely patterns, sometimes in lines and stripes, sometimes a collection of great balls. The little

winking-eyed gentry, following one another "over nine inch bridges," are of a piece with the landscape; and the bird, with a white space for him to shew himself in, is not too natural. May I confess that I have a value for the pastoral scenes, and little nestling pictures of cottages, that are to be met with in our own earthen-ware? Here, in Italy, they are particularly pleasant, and help my imagination to "make as if" it were at home.

"Adspicit, et dulces gustans reminiscitur agros."

"Chocolate," Redi says, "was first introduced from America by the court of Spain, "where it is made in all perfection. And yet," continues he, "to the Spanish perfection hath been added, in our times, in the court of Tuscany, a certain I

know not what of more exquisite gentility, owing to the novelty of divers European ingredients; a way having been found out of introducing into the composition the fresh peal of citrons and lemons, and the *very genteel* odour of jasmin; which, together with cinnamon, amber, musk, and vanilla, has a prodigious effect upon such as delight themselves in taking chocolate." The Americans however were not unacquainted with ingredients of this kind. I know not with what the paste is mixed up at present. The Americans made it as we do, rolling round a stick and raising a paste. The name is supposed to have originated in the noise made in the preparation,—*choco, choco*, and the word *atte* or *atle*, which signifies water. Others say it is compounded of the same word, and the name of the cocoa nut from which it is made. When chocolate first came into Europe, the priests were so fond of it, that a

doubt was started by the casuists, whether it ought to be considered as drink or meat. "Dr. Stubbs, an English physician," says the treatise above-mentioned, "wrote a tract upon chocolate, in which he affirmed upon experiment, that there was more nourishment in an ounce of this nut, than in a whole pound of beef or mutton. Cardinal ——— on the other hand, in his published dissertation, affirms that chocolate by no means breaks the fast. His chief argument is, that chocolate is held in the same light in America, as wine and beer with us, &c. Nevertheless the Cardinal prudently advises, that this ought to afford no pretext for an abuse of the beverage; for though there should be no sin against the fasts of the church, there would be a violation of the natural law of temperance; and even when not drank immoderately, yet should there be a depraved intention in the mind to

violate the laws of the church, punishment would be deserved on that account, if on no other."— The priests acquiesced, of course; and grew fat, like Falstaff, "with fasting and mortification." They thrive upon the same regimen now. In our author's notes there is a Latin poem on Chocolate, a hundred and seventy lines long, by Father Thomas Strozzi, "a great theologian and preacher." The reverend author enters into all the details of his subject, historical and culinary, not without a good deal of elegance. Had chocolate been first known to us in our times, we should have an account of it, not so elegant, but quite as much to the purpose, in a clerical dissenting publication, where an author the other day, in an article upon the sheep of the Israelites, whose milk they used to drink, informed us, that he himself was resolved to taste certain sheep's milk; and found to his great satisfaction, that it had

not at all "a muttony taste, which he had rather apprehended." The reverend gentleman tells us in the same paper, (and he ought to know,) that nothing is more certain than that announcement in the Scriptures, that "the righteous are to inherit the fat of the land." I must not omit a curious passage in the treatise *De Potu Caphè, &c.* The author presents us with a Dialogue on Chocolate, written by a Spanish physician, in which it is observed by one of the speakers, that he had seen, with his own eyes, in the American colonies, people drinking chocolate at church during divine service. "Good God!" exclaims the other, "what irreverence towards the divine worship! and what politeness and consideration towards the other persons present!" It was in this genteel spirit of religion, that the court-slave, speaking of the last moments of James the First, said there appeared to be a considerable intercourse

going on "between their divine and human Majesties."

Dr. Spon is very full of the harm which chocolate does to persons of heavy or of bilious habits; and says, that in the town of Lyons, where he practised, there were seven stones found in the gall of a notorious chocolate-drinker. He approves of it for persons of a lighter constitution, whose blood is thinner, &c. I believe that is the opinion at present.

Note 31, page 12.

'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it.

I have taken a poetical licence with one of the ladies here mentioned, the only one of the Belides who did not murder her husband. But a certain

grim melody in my line required it. Such are the iniquities of verse-makers.

Note 32, page 14.

There is a squalid thing call'd Beer.

People always undervalue the popular drinks of other countries, partly from habit, and partly because the liquors are so made as not to bear importation. But supposing the beer mentioned by our author to be of the worst kind, the epithet *squalid* is admirable. He refers us to an epigram, which he calls "gentilissimo," written against malt liquor by the Emperor Julian. The reader may find it in the ninth book of the Anthology—Leipsic edition, Epig. 368. It is hardly in the taste of the Emperor's friend Plato; but Aristophanes might have written it. Beer, ennobled

into ale, has had its poetical revenge in the pages of Burns and Francis Beaumont. The latter has a ballad, entitled "The Ex-ale-tation of Ale," and, if I remember, another preferring it to sack. Burns' gallant Ex-ale-tations are well known. I have had the pleasure of hearing a celebrated poet of his country sing "the barley-bree," with good emphasis and discretion, at one o'clock in the morning, the moon being in the proper condition, and the hearers rejoicing. By the same token, he flung his wig that afternoon at a wag who sung an extempore song on him, crying out, "You dog, I'll throw my laurels at you." He never said a better thing than this; nor would he or his readers be a bit the worse off, if he thought fit to be a little less staid in public. He would write oftener and more boldly. The common Italian for beer, is *birra*. In the sea-ports, you

are often startled with a piece of plain English over the door—" Good Beer."

Note 33, page 14.

She that in the ground would hide her,
Let her take to English cyder.

" I speak of English cyder," says Redi, " because in our days it is more esteemed than any other." His friend Magalotti afterwards translated Phillips's poem. The Italians have a propensity to dull didactic poems, glad, it would seem, to make any kind of connexion between fancy and matter of fact.

Note 34, page 16.

Manna from heav'n upon thy tresses rain,
Thou gentle vineyard whence this nectar floats.

A parody upon the first verse of the famous sonnet of Petrarch, written against the vices of papal Avignon.

" Fiamma dal ciel sulle tue treccie piove."—

" Fire out of heaven upon thy tresses rain."

Here is an instance, in the word *tresses*, of the bold metaphor which Redi has spoken of. He traces it to the Latin; and it is the only daring metaphor I am acquainted with, which the Latin poets have ventured upon, unassisted by the Greek. The spirit of it however is Greek. The Latin transferred the idea of human hair to the trees; the Greeks transplanted the beauty of tendrils and flowers to the human head. See Catullus and Horace; the Greek writers, great and small; and *Junius de Pictura Veterum*,

(Rotterdam, p. 228, 1694) where the reader may revel in the luxuriance of golden and hyacinthine locks through eight folio pages.

Note 35, page 16.

May streams of milk, a new and dulcet strain,
Placidly bathe thy pebbles and thy roots.

A pleasing fancy suggested by the ancient metaphors about milk and honey. But the author refers more particularly to the Bacchæ of Euripides. There is a certain pastoral richness in heaping together these images of vineyards and dairies.

Note 36, page 16.

Could the mistress of Tithonus.

The original is *Druda*, an old Italian word,

which answered to our *mistress*, and had the same good and bad signification. The masculine, *Drudo*, was equally applicable in the sense of paramour or *preux chevalier*, like our word *gallant*. *Druerie*, signifying courtship or a mistress in our old poets, is from the same root, and is retained in the name of *Drury*. Drury-Lane does not know how well it is entitled. It will be pardoned me, at this distance from home, and in gossiping notes like these, if I mention that the Drury family, into which Donne married, gave its name to the Lane; and that the poet, at one period, lived there in the family mansion.

Note 37, page 17.

But with what fresh wine, and glorious,
Shall our beaded brims be winking,
For an echoing toast victorious?

" O, for a draft of vintage! that hath been
" Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
" Tasting of Flora and the country green,
" Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt
" mirth!
" O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
" Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
" With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
" And purple-stained mouth;
" That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
" And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

So sang a young poet, who, if he had lived, would have been one of the greatest since the days of Milton. He was so: for he gave proof that he inherited his great intellectual estate, though he did not live to spend it. He had his cup full of the warm South, and in the South itself, " He bowed to taste, and died." See an

Ode to a Nightingale, in "Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems, by John Keats." A celebrated living poet (and justly celebrated to a certain extent, though not in the more poetical parts of poetry) once asked me, what was meant by "a beaker *full of the warm South*." So different is the leading poetry of one age from that of another!

Note 38, page ~~71.~~ 17

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renown'd
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did abound.

An allusion to the story in Boccaccio, Book the First, Third Day. Lamporecchio is in the neighbourhood of Pistoia. The modern Italians, gay or grave, are not aware of the real merits of Boccaccio. His greatest admirers talk of little but

his mirth, his knowledge of the knavish part of the world, and his style. If an ecclesiastic defends him, it is upon the ground of his affording warnings to young men, and of his not meaning any thing against the church. Eulogiums on his style always follow as a matter of course. Nothing is said, or said with any real conviction, of all those delightful pictures of innocent love, tenderness, and generosity, which are enough to keep some of the finest parts of our nature young and healthy. It was not in this spirit that Petrarch delighted in the story of Griselda; or that Chaucer translated Palemon and Arcite, and the story of Troilus and Cressida; for both come out of other works of Boccaccio. Dryden, fine as his versions are, spoiled the sentiment of Boccaccio's love-stories with his Charles-the-Second taste. The new grossness must ever be rendered orthodox, for the sake of decency; and

in Tancred and Sigismunda a priest is brought in to sanction the lovers in their impatience,—an impatience, not like that of Romeo and Juliet, or Boccaccio's own lover, but one that despises the warrant it makes use of. Mr. Hazlett was the first to point out to our own times the nobler character of Boccaccio; which Mr. Keats, Mr. Barry Cornwall, and others, have shewn how well they appreciated.

I will here observe that Chaucer's versions of Palemon and Arcite, and Troilus and Cressida, besides their known merits, exhibit an extraordinary instance of the vigour of his poetical faculty. In Boccaccio, they are each of them long poems, whole tedious volumes. The originals of most of the finer passages in Chaucer are there, but drawn out into a languid redundancy. Boccaccio is aware of the propriety of

a natural style, but wants the great test and property of the natural style poetical, which is concentration. It is the possession of this property which renders the great epic poet so astonishing; and the want of it, that makes all other epic pretensions so ridiculous. One of the productions of the former is a series of volumes concentrated; of the latter, a small poem spun out into volumes. The former bring an universe of things into a focus, like the sight of one's eye: the others, with a dim magnifying glass, make a mighty business of a little print. Novelists however are not bred to be poets; and it appears to me, that a true talent for one sort of writing, great or small, unfits a man for the other. The poet's business, let him write as much as he pleases, is always concentration;—concentration of passages, of places, of words; not in order to be short, but to be intense: and he indulges our

imagination after all by not telling it too much. The novelist is only a fictitious historian, and he must tell us all that can be brought in as testimony to his matters of fact and his plots, gossiping with us like persons talking of their neighbours over a fire. Perhaps the great faculty of Boccaccio is something distinct from both. He was a sentimentalist in a high and sort of patriarchal sense, as Sterne was in a sophisticate; but, inasmuch as he had a tendency to write long novels of Floris and Blancheflour, &c. he shewed his want of genius for poetry. He is over close and succinct. Smollett was a poor poet: yet as far as he partook of the poetical faculty in point of style, his style is at times as much more energetic and comprehensive than Fielding's, as his novels are altogether inferior. Fielding had no poetry at all; nor Richardson. The great Scottish novelist did wisely when he left off writing stories

in verse, though he has enough of the poet in him to make his witches and his love of the supernatural very welcome. Mr. Southey, I think, would have done well to write his romances in prose also. Not that he would have been a novelist like the other; but he would have written very pleasant Arabian tales. His compilation of the Chronicle of the Cid, and rifacimento of the old version of Amadis of Gaul, are excellent. If this sort of criticism upon living authors by a living writer is thought too personal, (see the next note) let it be recollected that I always speak in my own name, and speak the good as well as the bad. Others do nothing but censure anonymously.

Note 39, page 17.

Snow is good liquor's fifth element;
No compound without it can give content.

"*A fifth element* is a proverbial expression in Tuscany for something indispensibly necessary. At the coronation of Boniface the Eighth there were twelve ambassadors, natives of Florence, who came from different potentates of Europe and Asia: which made the Pope exclaim, 'The Florentines, in human affairs, are the fifth element.' The use of snow and ice as a luxury among the Greeks and Romans is well known; but in modern times it has only been revived in our own age, and perhaps with too much excess. It was not known in the days of Ariosto; they used to put their wines for coolness into wells. We have not yet arrived however to such a pitch as the ancients. In Petronius, water cooled with snow is poured over the hands of people at table. Sabellus, whom Martial speaks of, made his guests put their naked feet on a marble floor colder than ice itself." *Redi.*

Our author relates a story of a sainted old lady, who was Abbess of a nunnery close to Florence, and died in the year 1339. It is taken from a manuscript. "The holy Abbess," says the writer, "having a continual fever upon her during the month of *August*, had lost all her appetite, and was able to eat nothing. The sisters, standing round about her, comforted her with all tenderness, saying, 'O dear, my lady, will you let yourself die in this manner, and take no food? Tell us, my lady, what sort of food you think you would relish, and we will procure it.' Then the holy Abbess raised up her head, and said: 'My daughters, I will have some ice.' 'O my lady, our mother, you demand of us a thing impossible, for you know that it is not yet the season of ice.' To the which the Abbess replied: 'How, my daughters'! What, are ye of such little faith? Go to the well.' They went

to the well, and drew up with the bucket a piece of ice. Great was their marvel. They took the ice, and carried it to the holy Abbess, praising God for so great a miracle."

Redi says nothing on this miracle: and nothing need be said.

Note 40, page 18.

Bring me heaps from the shady valley.

Vallombrosa.

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
"In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
"High over-arched, embower."

I am not sorry to leave the original word untouched by any profaner accompaniment.

"This vale, celebrated for its piety and situation," says Mr. Todd, in his valuable edition of Milton, "is about eighteen miles from Florence. It is thus sweetly described by Ariosto, Orl. Fur. c. 22. st. 36.

"Cosi fu nominata una badia
"Ricca, e bella, nè men religiosa,
"E cortese a chiunque vi venia."

"Milton no doubt," continues Mr. Todd, "had visited this delightful spot. His accuracy, however, was called in question by some gentlemen, who in 1789, having seen it, contradicted the assertion, "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa;" because, as they said, the trees are all ever-green in those woods. But, Mrs. Piozzi observes, Milton was right, it seems, notwithstanding: for the botanists tell me, that nothing

makes more litter than the shedding of leaves which replace themselves by others, as on the plants styled ever-green; which change like every tree, but only do not change all at once and remain stript till spring." Observations in a journey through Italy by Mrs. Piozzi, 1789, vol. 1, page 323. Todd's Milton, 1809, vol. 2, page 320.

I have not yet seen Vallombrosa: but I am happy to add my testimony to the fact respecting ever-green trees. Ariosto had most likely visited the place, as well as Milton. He praises the abbey not only for its beauty and piety, but for its courteous reception of all comers. He visited Florence, with great delight, in the year 1510, when he fell in love with a lady of the Vespaci family, whom he perhaps accompanied in favourite excursions round the neighbourhood.

Some suppose he was married to her. If so, his making his hero and heroine, Ruzziero and Brademante, go to Vallombrosa to be married, might have been out of tenderness to his bride's recollections.

The reader will observe the different and characteristic manner, in which the two poets speak of Vallombrosa. Milton, who was all poetry and imagination, delights himself in the bowering shade, looks down into the glooms, and makes awful comparisons with the fallen leaves. Ariosto, more a poet of the world, goes in doors into the monastery, and is delighted with his hospitable reception.

Note 41, page 18.

Bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.

Boboli is the name of the garden of the Pitti Palace, the town residence of the Duke. Redi says, the place was anciently called *Bogoli*; and in a manuscript of Giovanni Villani it is written *Bogiole* and *Bogioli*. Perhaps it comes from *Boggia*. "*Boggia*," says the old dictionary of Florio, "a term of huntsmen. The wild boars, when they are chased make their holes deep in the ground." B. V. and G. have often become substitutes for one another. The Tuscan peasantry say *laborare* for *lavorare*, which comes from *laborare*. Leghorn is not such a corruption as it seems, of Livorno. The old word is Liburnum, or Portus Liburnicus; Liburnum is changed into Liborno or Livorno; Livorno into Ligorno; the Tuscan adds an aspirate; and then we drop the final *o* and it becomes Leghorn. Chaces in the neighbourhood of great cities used to be common; and remains of them are still to be found. There is

one even on a sloping hill, belonging to the monastery of *San Fruttuario* (Saint Fruitful) near Genoa. Over the gate is a Latin inscription, recording, for the admiration of posterity, that his Majesty of Naples (the present king) after hearing mass in the chapel, killed three deer with his own hand; or to use the magnificent language of the monks, was thrice a *cervicide*.

This brings to my mind an anecdote of his Neapolitan majesty, which was told me by the late Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy, who had it from the mouth of Sir William Hamilton the ambassador. I believe I have told it some where before: but it will bear repetition. The royal mode of hunting in modern times is well known. A safe place is enclosed; and the illustrious sportsman slays his hundreds, with all due convenience to his sacred person.

A Jacobinical buffalo however, an animal which the king had not before hunted, one day broke down the palings, between which it was the animal's business to receive his death; at which his Majesty was so terrified, that he was fain to dispense with ceremony, and scramble up a tree. He came down when all was safe, looking not a little disconcerted; and turning to Sir William, (as if he had an instinct that it was to the Englishman he ought to apologize) said, "People, Chevalier, are apt to have antipathies. One man has an antipathy to the cat, and another to the wild boar. I find my antipathy is to the buffalo."

A curious instance of the interchange of the letters *b* and *v* is still extant in the common word *Birbone*, a term of abuse signifying thief or rascal. Redi informs us, in his Italian Etymo-

logies, that it comes from the old ironical use of the word *Vir bone* (good man), examples of which are to be found in Plautus and Terence, "O bone vir, ne salveto"—"Sed tu, bone vir," &c. &c.

Note 42, page 19.

He, I say, Menzini, he,
The marvellous and the masterly.

The Satires of Menzini, and his Art of Poetry (a strange subject for a poet) are still much esteemed. The former are more in the spirit of Juvenal than Horace, and sufficiently coarse. With his Anacreontics I am not acquainted; but he has evinced in some of his sonnets that he could imitate the Greek simplicity.

Note 43, page 20.

He that reigns in Pindus then,
Visible Phœbus among men,
Filicaia, shall exalt
Me above the starry vault.

Filicaia is a name well known to the lovers of literature. Mr. Wordsworth has mentioned, and I believe, imitated him; and Richardson, in one of his novels, has presented the reader with a prose translation of a beautiful sonnet of his on providence.

Filicaia was one of the latest writers in Europe, perhaps the latest of any consequence, who was inspired by a spirit of devotion. He was unhealthy and a bigot; but he was in earnest, and wrote well. His devotion did not hinder him from having a lively sense of the approbation of his

earthly sovereign the Grand Duke. This writer turned the study of the scriptures to account in his poetry; which gave rise to a pleasant anecdote in Spence. Crudeli told it him when he was in Italy. "Filicaia," said he, "in his Sonnets, makes use of many expressions borrowed from the psalms, and consequently not generally understood among us. A gentleman of Florence, on reading some of the passages in him (which were taken literally from David) cried out, 'Oh, are you there again with your Lombardisms!' and flung away the book as not worth the reading."

Note 44, page 20.

Evoë! let them roar away!

Our author is very learned on the subject of the venerable howl, and would fain deduce it from the Hebrew. The possibilities on this, as on many

other learned subjects, are infinite; but perhaps the cry was nothing more than a common shout or howl, nothing different from those of our mobs or seamen. Something must be shouted on an uproarious occasion, and the organs of utterance will take the easiest mode. Suppose a man was to undertake to be learned in the cries of our boys in the streets on a winter evening, or the *yco-hoys* on board a ship. The *eu* (*bene*, or *well*) might indeed answer to our word *bravo*. Redi quotes the chorus (the oldest modern dithyrambic known) in the *Orfeo* of Politian, and writes *evoe*, as in his own. But the copy of Orfeo in my possession writes *oè*, *oè*.

" Ciascun segua, ρ Bacco, tc,
" Bacco, Bacco, oè, oè.

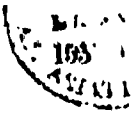
" After Bacchus haste away,
" Bacchus, Bacchus, oè, oè."

This is a little difference from a common *hoy, hoy*, in the streets, allowing for the difference of languages. I have met a party of Tuscan peasant girls going up hill to Fiesole on a holiday, and exclaiming *oi-oi-oi-oi* in rapid succession, as an evidence of their being tired. How much learning might be ingenious on this, especially as Tuscany is the land of Bacchus, and *oè oè* was a cry of deprecation as well as triumph? See Horace.

Note 45, page 21.

Under the great Tuscan dame,
Who sifts the flower and gives it fame.

The Della Cruscan Academy. Its device is a flour mill, with the motto—"Il più bel fior ne coglio." *It collects the finest.* Like all academies, it has done more harm than good, and



helped to render the national genius unoriginal and slavish. It was a great partizan of Ariosto, because the fame of that poet was established; and perhaps because Ariosto was a great admirer of Florence. But no sooner did a new poet arise, who was destined to rank among the four great Italian masters of the art, than it fell bitterly upon him, and disquieted his life.

Note 46, page 21.

Let the shout by Segni be
Registered immortally,
And dispatched by a courier
A Monsieur l' Abbé Regnier.

Segni was the Della Cruscan Secretary; Regnier (Regnier Des Marais) the Secretary of the French Academy. There is something very plea-

sant in turning the superscription of a letter into a verse." Des Marais was such a master of Italian, that Redi says, the most lynx-eyed critic would not discover from his compositions in that language, that he was not born and bred in the heart of Tuscany. He is the author of an Italian translation of Anacreon.

Note 47, page 21.

It should be Malvagia,
Trebbio's praise and glory.

Trebbio is a place near Florence belonging t the Phillippine monks. In England, it is said that good water is always sure to be found on the sites of the old monasteries. In Italy the case seems to be the same with regard to wine. Pope has a fine couplet in the Dunciad, fat and full of colour as its subject:—

" To happy convents, buried deep in vines,
" Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines."

Note 48, page 22.

Here's a health to thee and thy line,
Prince of Tuscany.

The original is *Re*, *king*, of Tuscany. The term is warranted by the language; but this was a piece of flattery to Cosmo the Third, who strained all his nerves to obtain a regal title, and was extremely jealous of the royalty of the king of Sardinia.

Note 49, page 22.

Flushing the brilliant Medicean stars.

He alludes to the arms of the Medici, which are six golden balls, often exalted by their cour-

tiers into stars and planets. I wish they may not have been gilded pills. The name of the family renders it probable. Cosmo the Third, here so extravagantly praised, was a weak, pompous prince, who I dare say was kind enough for his own sake to his pleasant physician, and who had just enough of his kindred in him to be led into a seeming love of the arts and literature. He passed his life in playing the sovereign, squabbling with his wife, and trying to find out vegetable luxuries, in the room of those which illness and his physician made him leave off.

It was Galileo, I believe, who gave this name to the satellites of Jupiter, on his discovering them. Never have a box of pills been so cried up before.

Note 50, page 23.

Let my Fauns cleverly
Cool my hot head with their
Garlands of pampanus.

In Italy, people at work in the vineyards will pull a few leaves to wear on their heads for the sake of coolness. The sight is very picturesque. Horace, during his potations under his vine, is for having a crown besides; and makes a nice choice between the superfluity of the leaves about him, and the Persian luxury of roses, by telling his servant to bring him nothing but myrtle. The elegance of the ancient taste is never more conspicuous than in separating vulgarity from cheapness. Myrtle grows wild in Italy; and yet this did not hinder the most refined spirits from giving it a high rank among their graces.

Note 51, page 24.

To the rude rapture and mystical wording
Bear a loud burden.

The *burden* of a song, which is now taken for the chorus, or the words principally repeated, signified anciently an accompaniment sung from notes, or at least with a knowledge of music. A person, who joins in with a verse, sings a burden.

"With him there rode a gentil Pardonere
"Of Ronncevall, his friend and his compere,
"That streit was comen from the court of Rome,
"Full loude he sang, 'Come hither, love, to me:'
"This Somnour bare to him a stiff burdoun."

CHAUCER.

The epithet *stiff* admirally expresses the un-

relenting literality of the *canto fermo*, or plain song, of those times; such as may be heard now-a-days sung in any chapel not catholic. It appears to be owing to the Reformation, that the English people are less musical than they were. Instrumental music is more cultivated among females; but there was a time when every gentleman used to be able to take his part in a glee, and sing from notes. In Italy, two of the mob will not strike up a song without a harmony. Blind people in Florence are allowed to beg their bread; but in order that they may do what they can for it, they must either sing or play.

Note 52, page 24.

Talabalács, and tamburins, and horns,
And pipes, and bagpipes, and the things you know, boys,
That cry out Ho-boys!

Talabalacchi are Moorish instruments, I know not of what sort, probably drums. Taballi, in Florio's Dictionary, are drums. The meaning of the Italian word for Hautboy (Sveglione, a wakener) I have taken a Bacchanalian license of translating by a pun.

Note 53, page 24.

Strum, as they ought to do, the Dabbudà,
And sing us, and dance us, the Bombababà.

The *Dabbudà*, says the Dictionary quoted by our Author, is "an instrument similar to the Buonaccordo, but without frets, now called an Ogniaccordo, and is played by two sticks beaten upon the chords."

Bombababà is the burden of a popular drinking song in Florence; perhaps an imitation of

the sound of artillery which accompanies the toasting of princes.

Note 54, page 25.

Motetts and Couplets, Sonnets and Canticles.

The term *Motett* is now confined to short pieces of sacred music, with Latin words. It was formerly the diminutive of *Motto*, which signifies the *words* of a composition, as distinguished from the *music*. From a passage of our author on this subject, I conclude, that *Motto* comes from the Latin *Modus*, and meant a large strophe or stanza written to be set to music, *Motett* meaning a smaller one. The modern French *bon mot* is descended from it, in the sense of a *word* par excellence. The lovers of sacred music, Protestant as well as Catholic, are

acquainted with motetts now-a-days through the medium of the publication of my friend Vincent Novello, who has so admirably adapted some of the finest compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Himmel, and others, to the church service.

Couplet does not mean *coupled* in the sense of *two*, but any small set of rhymes joined together as with a *chain*,—*copula*. It is still used by the French in this sense. Among us it is now confined to a single pair of verses.

Our author is very elaborate on all these points. The sonnet to which he has devoted sixteen or seventeen closely printed octavo pages, appears to have been a short composition, in which the poet had exhausted his varieties of rhyme and modulation. If he went beyond these, it was called a sonnet with repetition. This, at

least, is what I gather from the mass of antiquarian learning which the author has laid before us. It is rendered probable by the modest nature of the sonnet. See, in the accounts of Petrarch, the elaborate way in which he went to work with this apparently trifling species of composition, casting and re-casting the lines to vary their modulation, and trying them on his lute. A perfect sonnet is a beautiful thing, and shuts up the ear "in measureless content." See noble specimens of it in Milton and Mr. Wordsworth. The sonnet was not confined of old to fourteen lines. When the modern sonnet exceeds these its dimensions, it is always humourous or satirical, and is called a sonnet with a tail,—*coda*. There is one in Milton, written according to rule, beginning,

"Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord."

Students of the Italian language in England possess an excellent edition of Petrarch by Zotti, with a selection of notes to every sonnet. Among the advertisements with which I am tantalized at this distance from my native country, I see that Ugo Foscolo has collected his criticisms on Petrarch into a volume.

Note 55, page 25.

Then for the pretty plays
Of Flowers and What Flowers.

This is a common pastime in the country, and is very ancient. Our author quotes an old poet of the name of Ser Bello.

Quando eo ve dico, *Voi sete una flora,*
Ne pur alzate gli occhi a sguardar me,
Ne voliete saper *Che bella flore;*
E con silenzio mostrate odiar me.

When I tell you, *You're a Flower*,
You never chuse to look up at me:
You never wish to know *What Flower*;
But shew by silence that you hate me.

He adds a specimen from a book printed in 1592.

G. Voi siete un bel fiore.
D. Che fiore?
G. Un fior di mammoletta.
Qual che mercede il mio servire espetta.

He. You are a lovely flower.
She. What Flower?
He. The flower
That takes its name from a young gentle bosom.
Long ages have I served. Let me not lose 'em.
Mammoletta, a little bosom, is the heart's ease.

This kind of game would make a pleasant variety among our Christmas pastimes.

Note 56, page 25.

Aye, and we'll marry it
With the sweet Mammolo.

Mammolo is a celebrated species of red grape, in the territory of Florence. The word means a budding youth, and comes from the same root as the one in the note preceding.

Note 57, page 25.

Magalotti.

Conte Lorenzo Magalotti, a minister of Cosmo III. He travelled into England with that prince, in the time of Charles II., and wrote an account of his visit, which has been translated and lately

published. He was a man of science, as well as a contributor to the verses of that period, and translated Phillips's Cydes. In one of his poems, he calls England an enchanted island, and the New Cyprus.

Note 58, page 26.

At which Old Æson christened his lone mountain.

A pretended derivation of the name of Montisone, where Magalotti had a country-house. It is copied from Soldani the satirist, to whom he refers. Wilful classicalities of this nature are very agreeable, and in the true vivifying taste of poetry. Drayton and Spenser delighted in them.

Note 59, page 26.

That it draws one's teeth in its frolics and freaks.

He means that the strength of the wine makes

the drinker of it draw back his lips, and shew his teeth, as if they were being extracted.

Note 60, page 26.

No wonder; for down from the heights it came,
Where the Fiesolan Atlas, of hoary fame,
Basks his strength in the blaze of noon,
And warms his old sides with the toasting sun.

Fiesole (a name with which a single line in a great poet has made me so well acquainted) is one of the five old cities of Etruria, and of immense antiquity. It still ranks as a city, and has a cathedral church and a bishop, though reduced to the size of an English village. It is a small hill two miles to the north-east of Florence, and presents an agreeable picture of trees and country-houses intermixed. The remains of the city are out of sight on the top, and contain some anti-

quities; but the whole place is not bigger than a very small English town, which it somewhat resembles by a quiet green in the middle. The small old cathedral on one side of this green, and a college or castle, with a few priests and students flirting about, add to the look of solitude and antiquity. Fiesole was the head quarters of Etrurian superstition, and the great school of augurs for Rome.

Note 61, page 27.

Long live Fiesole, green old name!
And with it, long life to thy sylvan fame,
Lovely Maiano, lord of dells,
Where my gentle Salviati dwells.

Maiano is an ancient hamlet, situate on the slope of the third hill above-mentioned, east of Fiesole. It has a beautiful view of Fiesole on one

side, and of Florence and its whole plain in front. Around it are nothing but dells of olives and vines. The Salviati family, eminent in the history of Florence, both political and literary, are still in possession of their old villa. But Redi did not know what was afterwards proved by a gentleman of the Gherardi family, that the scene of the first three days of the Decameron is laid in the villa Gherardi, a celebrated old house on the left as you look towards Florence. Nor, when the party move to another place on account of the influx of Florentines, do they go out of sight of Maiano, the rest of their time having been spent at the villa Schifanoia, now called the villa Palmieri, which is on the little river Mugnone, between Florence and Fiesole. The Valley of Ladies, which is described in book the sixth, novel the tenth, and in which the bathing scene takes place, is at the foot of Maiano, where runs the

little river Affrico, which formed the lake. The little river is in truth no better than a brook, and "the greedy husbandman," as Boccaccio's biographer remarks, has swallowed up the lake for his vineyards. The whole country has lost much of its picturesque in the forest trees that have been cut down; but olives and vineyards supply the place, and it is all classic ground. The brook Affrico, and another little stream the Mensola, are the hero and heroine of a poem of Boccacio's called the *Nymphal of Fiesole*, (Ninfale Fiesolano) in which the two lovers, one of them a nymph devoted to Diana, are turned into the two weeping waters. The banks of the Mugnone are the scene of another story of his in prose, the *Amato*, which is a sort of Çymon and Iphigenia, and the precursor of his Decameron. Boccacio's father is said to have possessed a house at Maiano. The place also gave a name to an inferior

Dante, earlier than the great poet, and called Dante de Maiano. His illustrious namesake himself is said to have had a house near the Mugnone; nor is there a name perhaps eminent in Tuscan literature, for which some association or other could not be found with this beautiful neighbourhood. I have the pleasure of writing this note in the thick of it.

"Every old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathes around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmurs deep a solemn sound."

There is a flock of pigeons at Maiano, which as they go careering in and out among the oliva trees, look like the gentle spirits of the Decameron, again assembled in another shape. Alas! admire all this as I may, and thankful for it as I

am, I would quit it all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead, to one or two houses I could mention. My imagination can travel a good way; but, like the Tartar, it must carry its tents along with it. New pleasures must have old warrants. I can gain much; but I can afford to lose nothing.

Note 62, page 27.

Val di Marina.

A species of Chianti wine; for which see a subsequent note.

Note 63, page 27.

Val di Botte.

"A possession," says our author, "of the Father Jesuits of the college of Florence." Many

of these possessions exist no longer, monks and friars not being in their former repute, though restored as far as they well can be.

Note 64, page 28.

That not my Salvini, that book o' the south,
Could tell it, for all the tongues in his mouth.

Salvini appears to have been a scholar of the most bookish and scholastic description. He was "an odd sort of man," says Crudeli, "subject to gross absences; and a very great sloven. His behaviour, in his last hours, was as odd as any of his actions in all his life-time before could have been. Just as he was departing, he cried out in a great passion,—I will not die! I will not die! that's flat."—*Spence's Anecdotes.* I have heard a similar story of a comic actor who died about twenty years back. "Die!" said he—"going to

die!—Here's a joke!—going to die!—Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

Note 65, page 28.

If Maggi the wise, the Milanese wit,
'Mid their fat Lombard suppers but lighted on it,
Even the people grossly cœnaculous,
Over a bumper would find him miraculous.

The people of Lombardy are still said to be too much addicted to good cheer. Carlo Maria Maggi was a Milanese poet who revived the manner of Petrarch. The revival was as inferior to the original inspiration as might be expected; but it was of great use in putting a stop to the false taste with which a man of genius, Marino, had infected his countrymen.

Note 66, page 28.

If turning from his Lesmian, like a Cruscan,
He took to drinking Tuscan.

Lesmo, a villa in the Milanese, belonging to the poet here mentioned.

Note 67, page 29.

Drawn by the odour, won by the sweet body,
I see another leave his herds at Lodi,
And foot to foot with him sit down to drink,
With plumpy cheeks, and pink, and blythe as any,
The Shepherd of Lemène.

This was the poetical appellation, (warranted, I believe, by his taste for agriculture and a pastoral life), of Francesco de Lemène, a gentleman of Lodi, one of the best poets of that age. I am cautious how I give my own opinion of writers

with whom I am not better acquainted; but his countrymen reckon him a good and graceful poet, though somewhat languid. His playful dialogues between shepherds and their mistresses are much admired; but he is most celebrated for his hymns, which he published under the startling title of "Hymns and Sonnets upon God, dedicated to the Vice-God Innocent XI."

Note 68, page 30.

Let him fly
My violent eye.

The original is *Cospetto*,—my countenance. *Cospetto di Bacco*, and *Corpo di Bacco*, (Body of Bacchus) are still common oaths in this viny country; sometimes *Cospetto* by itself. It was thought a very fearful thing in ancient times to be visited by the face of a god. An innkeeper,

with the romantic enormity of whose bill I once remonstrated, swore to me, with great vehemence, that it was a very reasonable bill, " per Bacco e per Dio,"—*by Bacchus and by God.* But Dio may have been the old *Deus*, or *Jupiter*,—a divinity by whom we still swear in England.

Note 69, page 30.

I fine him furthermore, for drink, alway,
Brozzi, Quaracchi, and Peretola.

Wines about Lecore and the neighbourhood, proverbially bad. Contemptuous mention of them is frequent among the Tuscan writers.

Note 70, page 31.

And in his ears, till his whole spirit be gored,
The whole abuse of all the vintage poured.

No joke; as may be gathered from various writers, ancient and modern. Redi however seems to say, that in modern Italy this course was confined to Naples. The best specimen of a joke, *alla venduamia*, which I remember, is one recorded of Dr. Johnson; who in a sail on the river Thames was assaulted by a custom of this sort then prevalent among boaters. He answered the man who abused him (and of whom, of course, he knew nothing) in this triumphant strain:— "Sir, your wife, under *pretence* of keeping a house of ill fame, is a receiver of stolen goods."

Note 71, page 31.

From the black stones of the Canajuol crushed.

Canajuol is a black grape, so called, says a commentator on this poem, because dogs are fond of it.

Note 72, page 32.

The goatibeardihornyfooted family.

Capribarbicornipede.—The first thing which an Italian asked me, when I told him I had been translating the *Bacco in Toscana*, was what I had done with the compound words. They are very proud of them in Italy, the genius of the language admitting them with difficulty, like its parent the Latin. English, in this and in other respects, has the good fortune to have a greater affinity with Greek. Italian words bear stretching either way, as we have seen in their superlatives; but they do not easily mingle and incorporate with others, owing perhaps to their demand of vowels, and want of pliability in the consonant. This was the case indeed with the Latins; but they seem to have declined compound words out of sheer timidity and want of imagination. The only bold

instances are to be found in Catullus, and there the poem is supposed to be a translation from the Greek. But his retaining them was much. The Latin generally expresses a Greek compound by a circumlocution:—*golden-reined* becomes *having golden reins;* and the *silver-footed goddess* is the *goddess who has silver feet.* Our silver-slippered nymphs, flowery-kirtled naiads, flower-inwoven tresses, love-darting eyes, pale-eyed prophets, golden-winged spirits, and incense-breathing morns, fill a poetical Italian at once with perplexity and delight. Bishop Hall, in his satires, attributes the introduction of these compounds to Sir Philip Sydney, and says that he brought them from France. I want English books to consult; but an additional argument of their French origin is deducible from Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, where some of our most favourite compounds first make their appearance. The old

French poets were great lovers of Greek. The custom soon became abused, as it was by the ancient dithyrambic poets, and furnished Ben Johnson with an opportunity of shewing his satire and his learning together. These are the words of which he speaks sometimes as "un-in-one-breath-utterable." Our author mentions an epigram against the sophists which is preserved in Athenœus, and is made up of compounds "a mile long." He presents us with a translation by Joseph Scaliger:—

Silenicaperones, vibrissasperomenti,
Manticobarbicolæ, exterebropatinæ;
Planipedatquelucernipui, suffareinamicti,
Noctilavernivori, noctidolastudii;
Pullipremoplagii, subtelocaptioricæ,
Rumigeraucupidi, nugicanoricrepi.

I copy the original Greek from the Anthology, Appendix, Epig. 288. Leipsic Edition.

Οφρυανασπασιδαι, 'ρινεγκαταπηξιγενειοι,
Σακκογενειοτροφοι, και λοπαδαρπαγιδαι,
Ειματαιωπεριβαλλοι, ηλιποκαιβλεπιλαιοι,
Νυκτιλαθραιοφαγοι, νυκτιπαταιπλαγιοι,
Μειρακιιξαπαται, και συλλαβοπευσιλαβηται,
Δοξυματαιοσοφοι, ζηταρετησιαδαι.

Loftybrowflourishers,
Noseinbeardwallowers,
Bagandbeardnourishers,
Dishandallswallowers;
Oldcloakinvestitors,
Barefootlookfashioners,
Nightprivatefeasteaters,
Craftlucubrationers;
Youthcheaters, wordcatchers, vaingloryosophers,
Such are your seekers of virtue, philosophers.

In Arioste, there is frequent mention of Avino, Avolio, Ottone, and Berlinghieri, worthies who answer to the Gyas, Cloanthus, and Achates of Virgil. An Italian has written a burlesque poem entituled, *Avinavoliottoneberlinghieri.*

Note 73, page 32.

Such as is sold
By the Cavalier bold
At the Deluge, that mighty sign.

He is called in the text the Cavalier Ambra. I cannot discover who he was. Redi implies that he exchanged, rather than sold, his wine for musk, amber, and other perfumes, for the purpose here mentioned. It is held no disgrace however in Tuscany for gentlemen to make a merchandize of their wines. Travellers always mention their surprize at seeing flasks hung up

for signs at some of the greatest palaces. The signs are not always a proof that a gentleman has any thing to do with them; for many of these palaces are let out in lodgings to very humble persons. But the flask is undoubtedly to be found at little side-windows in very great houses, and the steward of the house looks after the business. It is a remnant of the old mercantile spirit which rendered Florence what it is, and sent forth thousands of coronets and princely families from behind the counter.

The Deluge seems to have been a particular house, so called on account of an inundation of the river Arno. It now gives a name to the street to which the inundation reached up, and which is at the corner of the Piazza Santa Croce.

Note 74, page 34.

To drink it at its natural time of pumpkins.

I have taken a liberty in retaining the original word *pumpkin*,—" popone." The author means *melons*, which the word pumpkin or popone signifies in Italian. The coarser species which we call pumpkins or gourds, they call *cucumbers*,—" cocomeri." Melloni, melons, are the bottle-gourd. The word pumpkin however answers for the whole tribe. In the south they are all eaten. They seem an experiment on the part of Nature, to turn water into a fruit. Their fresh, red slices, which look as if they were dipt in spring water, and every where meet the eye in Italian streets, lying for sale on tables covered with white linen, have a very attractive appearance. But they should be eaten very fresh; and foreigners must be cautious how they eat them at all. New comers in Italy take great license in matters of eating and drinking, and then wonder that the South does not do them the good they expected.

Dinners of macaroni, new wines, and melons, suppers of relishing meats, and sometimes breakfasts with ditto, besides ices and fruits of all sorts between whiles, are sufficient to render the healthiest visitor doubtful of his new country,—much more invalids who come on purpose to get health. The fault is laid on the climate. It is said to be too hot in summer; and they are astonished to find a winter. But it is seldom so hot in summer as not to be pleasant within doors; and the winter only becomes formidable from its being unlooked for. In Florence there are considerable mists and fogs during autumn and winter, but I believe they are mostly confined to the city, and the river side. From the slopes of the neighbouring hills you may see the city, morning after morning, enveloped in a white mist, while you yourself are sitting in a calm blue æther, fine as an English summer time. There is

cold in the morning; but nothing can often surpass the clearness and cheerfulness of the atmosphere, while the people in Florence are lamenting their fog. But it is the fashion to live in town during the winter; and what is health, provided Mrs. Jones thinks one ought to be bilious?

Note 75, page 34.

Yet every wine that hight
Pumino, hath no right
To take its place at one's round table.

A proverbial mode of expression to signify something choice and select. Its origin does not require explanation: but I could not see an expression retained from the old love of romances, without noticing it. Italian romance is mostly founded on the stories of Charlemagne and his Paladins; but it takes them into fairy land, and

delights itself in building gardens and magic towers. Arthur himself is not there; but there is Merlin and the fairy Morgana, and all the beauties which enchantment brings with it. I sometimes think that Milton may have regretted his having given up his first epic project, and written upon the wars of heaven instead of those of earth. Wars in heaven become, of necessity, very earthly matters; but the splendour which it would have poured "upon the shores of old romance" would have elevated them in the eyes of the duller, and bequeathed us a new world. If he fell off from his old theological opinion, as there is great reason to believe, the decided tone of his divinity in the Paradise Lost must have been remembered with uneasiness, especially as it did no good to his poetry. In the Paradise Regained, he has still a hankering after the romantic places in which his "young feet wandered," telling us

> Of faery damsels met in forest wide
> By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellemore.

He could not have been influenced by such coarse censures as those made by Roger Ascham, who abuses romance as being nothing but a tissue of "open manslaughter and bold bawdry." He would have known how to handle patriotic wars and devoted attachment better: or if indeed he was doubtful of the propriety of doing too much for those "things of earth," he may have latterly become but too sensible of the ill exchange he made in raising the coarsest and most discordant human passions to heaven, and helping to extend the *odium theologicum*. But we should have lost Adam and Eve. His theology will pass away, but his Adam and Eve live in paradise for ever, in spite of his own repulsion of them. Their fate

does but serve to keep our human feelings more closely in their company, and make our imagination cling with them to that flowery sojourn.—There is a question, by the way, to be asked of the grave and virtuous memory of Master Robert Ascham. How came he, in his horror of "open manslaughter," to take to private bird-slaughter, and become in his old age a notorious cock-fighter.

Note 76, pages 34, 35, 36.

Pumino—Gualfonda—and Mezzomonte—

are places about Florence, where the families of the Albizi, Riccardi, and Corsini had possessions and vineyards. Most of the houses, I believe, in this quarter of the world as well as others, have changed masters; but perhaps there is no country where the old families are more visibly extinct. This is owing to the comparative smallness of

the metropolis, to the decrease of the ancient commerce, and to its cheapness as a place of residence. The stranger's book-recollections are kept alive at every step. The palaces of the Medici, Rucellai, &c. look as if they were built yesterday. The six balls, the arms of the Medici, meet him at all corners; and as he walks along streets famous in Italian history and tales, he is now shewn a Corsini on horseback, now the house of a Michael Angelo, (a lineal descendant of the family), now a Capponi coming along, who is said to inherit the independent spirit of his old patriot ancestors. The first night I slept in Florence I was kept awake by guitars. When I got into lodgings, the first thing I saw, on looking out of window, was an inscription on the house opposite, purporting that it was the "Hospital of the Abbey of Vallambrosa:"—visiting the annual exhibition of pictures, I see a piece from the

pencil of a young lady of the name of Vespacci, a descendant of the Vespacci who gave his name to America:—and walking out into the country, Fiesole and Boccaccio burst upon me from the hills. Even the unfinished state in which many of the public edifices remain, the cathedral included, and the exquisite vestibule of the Laurentian Library, adds to the present aspect of past times. Michael Angelo seems but to have gone home to his dinner. Michael Angelo's own house is still remaining; and there is a white stone let into the footing of the long stone bench that runs along the wall of the *Piazza del Duomo*, which they say marks out the spot where Dante used to sit of an evening. Add to all this, the River Arno, and

——— the Statue that enchants the world,

and "this is worshipful society."

Note 77, page 37.

Songs will I sing, more moving and fine,
Than the bubbling and quaffing of Gersole wine.

San Gersole is a corruption of San Giovanni in Gerusalemme, a village a few miles distant from Florence. Redi speaks of the corruption of proper names, which is so frequent among country people, and among people of different languages. Sant' Ansano is called Santo Sano, (Saint Healthy); Sant' Alveo, Santo Lò; the wood of San Luxorio near Pisa, San Rossore, (Saint Blushes); and the church of Santa Maria, in *Cæli Aula*, is called Ciliciauli (Chilly-Chowley). The same corruptions prevail every where, perhaps in proportion to the hasty or commercial character of the people. Our countrymen cannot stop to pronounce Pontefract and Cirencester; they must say Pomfret and Cicetor. See the note on Avignon

wine. The corruption of proper names in languages different from our own, often arises from foppery. People pretend that the object is vulgar and of no concern; like the beau who professed his ignorance of such a coin as the farthing. Such, at least, seems to be the case with the French.

Note 78, page 37.

Then the rote shall go round,
And the cymbals kiss,
And I'll praise Ariadne,
My beauty, my bliss;
I'll sing of her tresses,
I'll sing of her kisses;
Now, now it increases,
The fervour increases,
The fervour, the boiling, and venomous bliss.

"The Ghironda," says Redi, "is a musical instrument, played, as its name implies, by *turning* a wheel (ruota). It is now in little esteem, except among the wandering Savoyards." The Rote is mentioned in Chaucer, and in the fourth book of the Fairy Queen, (canto 9, st. 6), where a lady plays upon it in a "delicious bower." I am afraid it is no better than the hurdy-gurdy. Perhaps it was one of a finer sort. Many musical instruments have gone out, like other fashions. The *cymbal* in the text was suggested to me by the sound of the original word *cennamella*, which, according to the author, means a sort of flute, though he gives it the epithet "golden." I was guided entirely by the cadence of my verses. It might not be very prudent to enquire into the nature of the "dulcimer" played upon by Mr. Coleridge's Abyssinian damsel, in those delicious lines in the *Kubla-Khan*. It is the poet's privilege

to make music itself twenty times more musical,—to give us the sentiment of a sound.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played
Singing of Mount Aborah.

Here is a picture, a beautiful tune, and a sweet-sounding *name* of a *musical* instrument, of which our ideas are not very definite. What more can be desired? I could pass a whole summer's day, straying about the woods, and repeating nothing but this passage.

With regard to "venomous bliss," Redi is incapable of his own good thing, when he talks of a prison which is an antidote to a poison. "I call

the pleasant liquor of Bacchus," says he, "a pharmatical antidote; that is to say, a poison good against troubles and ills." His text is—

Un veleno
Ch' è velen d' almo liquore.

But what would he have? The prison is good for its own sake;—" pende gentilmente nell' austero."

Note 79, page 38.

The grim god of war and the arrowy boy
Double-gallant me with desperate joy.

I never hear the word arrow spoken of, in conjunction with love, but I think of a piece of music in Beaumont and Fletcher:—

Tell me, dearest, what is Love?
'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.

Mark the exquisite modulation, and the variety of vowels. Beaumont and Fletcher appear to me to have written lyrics with a more truly *lyrical* feeling than any of our other poets. They have a certain gentlemanly consciousness of their guitars. Yet what can beat "Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings?" The rhyme, indeed, at the fifth line is not happily enough resumed; but then again the conclusion is perfect. But Shakspeare always baffles superiority.

Note 80, page 38.

I'll make me thy knight of the bath, fair friend,—
A knight of the bathing that knows no end.

It was once common in Italy for republican as well as princely governments to create knights of the bath. In our author's notes are long accounts of the ceremonies that used to take place. What he says, a few lines further, of the right which it will give Bacchus to sit with his father at table, is another allusion to the old customs of chivalry.

Note 81, page 38.

Let others drink Falernian, others Tolfa.

The famous wine of Horace seems to be no longer what it was. Brydone says, that "Monte Barbaro, the place that formerly produced the Falernian wine," is now "a barren waste."

Note 82, page 39.

To taste thy queen, Arcetri;
Thy queen Verdea, sparkling in our glasses,
Like the bright eyes of lasses.

Verdea, as its name implies, is a wine with a tinge of green. There is good authority for speaking of eyes with a dash of the same sunny kind of brightness; but it was better not to venture so far in the text. Lappeggio was a villa belonging to one of the princes of the house of Medici. Arcetri is near the Poggio Imperiale, and famous for the house of Galileo. He was finally confined there by the Inquisition, after being transferred from place to place; and there under confinement he died. His offence is well known. He was imprisoned, says Milton, who paid him a visit, "for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominican friars." Tuscan

historians add, that a great part of his offence consisted in being at variance with the reigning pope, Barberini, (Urban VIII), who cuts an awkward figure in one of his dialogues, under the title of Simplicius. Milton's contempt of the papal authority must have been encouraged, rather than discountenanced, by his Italian friends, while abroad. Galileo's countrymen are very much ashamed of his treatment. They were so then, in all the better circles, but did not dare to say so. The court of Cosmo, though at variance with Barberini, and very fond of the good things of this life, affected piety, and was monk-ridden. Otherwise, I cannot help thinking, Redi would have taken an opportunity of celebrating Galileo, who was in every respect a genius after his taste. In the Laurentian library, covered with a glass case, and pointing up to heaven, they now preserve, with great pride, the fore-finger of

Galileo's right hand,—that hand which the bigots would willingly have crippled with tortures.

Note 83, page 40,

Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down;
He that's afraid, is a thief and a clown.

For a nation that has been eminent for the bottle, England has not produced as many and as good drinking songs as might have been expected. The best are to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher, in Burns, in Charles Cotton, Thomas Moore, and in the collection of songs by Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent one upon ale in Gammer Gurton's Needle, beginning—

I cannot eate but little meate:—

a very genuine commencement. Our countrymen seem too much in earnest to write much on this subject. But I must not omit the author of

Headlong Hall, Melincourt, and other philosophical novels, written with a great relish of the *vis comica*. His drinking songs are eminently joyous and precipitate,—full of a certain gesticulation and conscious uproar. Perhaps the true Bacchanalian melody has never been so well hit off before.

Note 84, page 40.

If Signor Bellini, besides his apes
Would anatomize vines, and anatomize grapes,
He'd see that the heart that makes good wine,
Is made to do good, and very benign.

Lorenzo Bellini, a friend of the author's, was an eminent physician and anatomist, whose works are still in repute. He wrote also pleasing verses, which are in the collection. The subsequent allusion is to a work of his, entitled "Gustus Organum."

Note 85, page 41.

Tongue, I must make thee a little less jaunty
In the wine robust that comes from Chianti.

Chianti is a place full of hills. Its wine is one of the most celebrated in Tuscany. The vine it comes from is one of the species called Vite Bassa (Vitis Humilis), which grows on the ground unsupported by a standard.

Note 86, page 42.

For mighty folly it were, and a sin,
To drink Carmignano with water in.

Carmignano is another hilly place, famous for good wine.

Note 87, page 44.

That Viviani, with all his mathematics,
Would fail to square the circle of their attics.

Viviani, the celebrated mathematician, a disciple of Galileo. Our author pleasantly says, that water causes petrifactions in people's skulls, and renders them so hard and sound, that even his friend Viviani would be puzzled to square them.

Note 88, page 45.

Six times a year to be mad with wine,
I hold it no shame, but a very good sign.

Redi quotes the philosophers as well as poets, ancient and modern, to shew that an occasional inebriation, once and away, has been thought serviceable to the health. The caution of our physician, however, is remarkable, even though he is writing a Bacchanalian poem. In one of his quotations, philosophers are said to have allowed it twice a month; but here Bacchus himself is made to restrict it to six times a year.

His *madness* means nothing more than *drinking*, as he has thought proper to let us know. He quotes Anacreon.

Αφις με, τας θεους, σοι.

" I pray thee, by the Gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love;
And let me sing, in wild delight,
I will—I will be mad to night."

MOORE.

Note 89, page 46.

It may not, I think, be amiss for me
To leave the earth and take to the sea.

Here commences a scene, suggested by the story, in Athenæus, of the drinkers who thought

their room was a ship, and began tossing the furniture out of the window to lighten it. Our dramatic imitations of it are well known.

Note 90, page 47.

I'll embark, I will,
For my gentle sport,
And drink as I'm used,
'Till I settle in Port.

There is an equivoque in the original upon the word Brindisi, the spirit of which I have endeavoured to keep. *Brindisi* is the modern name of *Brundusium*, and signifies also a *toast*. I have searched for its etymology in vain, in French and Italian dictionaries, in the Dictionary della Crusca, and among the Italians themselves.

On turning, however, to the old dictionary of Florio, (Shakspeare's supposed Holofernes), I met with the following:—"Brindesi, Brindisi, Brindizata, Brins, Brinsi, Brinzi, Brinzata,—an inviting of one to drink, or drinking of healths, taken from the Dutch, *Ich bring dis*—I present this to you."

An acquaintance of mine was much amused by a little boy, who accompanied his brother to an officer's mess. He was placed next the colonel, who, after due pattings of his head, and other encouragements to his modesty, asked him, if he would take a glass of wine with him, and what wine. "I'll take," said the little boy, in a high puerile voice, "a glass of madeira; after that, I'll stick to port."

Note 91, page 48.

Arianeeny, my beauty, my queeny,
Shall sing me a little, and play to me too
On the mandòla, the coocoorocoo.

The reader, not acquainted with the original, must not suppose that I take a dithyrambic liberty here unwarranted by my author. The original is

Arianuccia, vaghuccia, belluccia,
Cantami un poco, e ricantami tu,
Sulla mandola la cuccurucù.

These "*mignardises* of expressions" are much more common in Italian than any other language. "Our language," says Redi, in another place, "makes use not only of diminutives, but of the diminutives of diminutives, even unto the

third and fourth generation." He is defending them against a French critic, and reckons them among the riches of a language. They have a good effect sometimes, especially on humourous occasions like the present, and in talking to children. A nurse will *piccininino* a little baby till there seems no end. But a *tendency* to this kind of talk is surely a greater mark of effeminacy than of strength. Diminutives began to abound in the Latin language during the decline of it.

Coocooroocòo is the burden of a popular song, in which the singer imitates the voice and actions of a cock. Imitations of this kind are a very ancient game. There was the dance of the lion, the crane, and the owl, and a mixed dance imitative of various animals and their grins, called Morphasmus. See Julius Pollux, lib. iv. cap. 14. as referred to by our author.

Note 92, page 51.

And see, the sea-horses! they joust and they rear.

The Italian seamen call the waves, when they rise and curl fiercely, *big horses*—"cavalloni." It appears that the phrase, *cavalli del mare*, is ancient. It is a very natural one. Metaphors of horses and seas have been interchanged.

Oh never,
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us.

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Note 93, page 51.

Gods! how my stomach I loathe, yet [illegible].

Having a singular aversion to the endeavour

to found humour on physical infirmity, I was extremely tempted to insert a passage of my own here instead of a translation. But I succeeded in persuading myself that I was too particular. In the times of Charles the Second and Cosmo the Third, these images were not thought so much of. To Cosmo, indeed, I dare say, there was something even reconciling in the pleasantry. It cannot be denied, that the idea is in keeping, and gives even a good occasion to the author to finish his poems in a natural and ingenious manner. So we must merge the unpleasanter notion in the pleasanter.

Note 94, page 52.

Look at the prow there! the golden haired stars!
'Tis Castor and Pollux—that pair of pairs!
Ah—no—no—no stars are they;
No stars are they, though they be divine,
But a couple of flasks of exquisite wine.

The original is the "golden haired stars of Santermo." The Italians give the name of Saint Ermo or Elmo to those lights which appear about a ship during the abatement, or as some say, during the approach of foul weather; and which the ancients called the lights of Castor and Pollux, or Helen. Some think them exhalations, others good genii, others bad genii "who want to be adored." Many have doubted their existence. I believe the philosophical opinion at present is, that they are effects of electricity; like the lights seen in hot weather upon points of iron, &c., of which Mrs. Radcliff has made such good use in the "Mysteries of Udolpho." They must not be confounded with the little luminous bodies that appear in the water by the sides of a vessel, and are often floated into it. These are generally supposed to be animal substances; and equally announce good or bad weather according to cir-

cumstances. I have seen them in great plenty during both.

As Saint Ermo or Elmo is the undisputed successor of Castor and Pollux; and as Elmo signifies a helmet, and the two divine brothers always went helmeted;—is it not probable that when the pagan seamen were forbidden to use the name of their old deities, they took to calling upon the *holy helmet?*

Note 95, page 52.

Fogs and all that in "the lake of one's heart."

The "lake of the heart" is in Dante. Our author was an ardent admirer of that great poet, at a time when he was in no such request as he is now. The revival of the taste for Dante is one of the best things that the late increased activity

of thinking, in Europe, has done for his countrymen. Nor is the admiration of his genius at all connected with a superstitious view of his theology.

Note 96, page 54.

Fill me the manna of Montepulciano.

Montepulciano is still esteemed one of the best wines of Tuscany. It comes from the birth-place of Politian. There is a story of a bishop who, stopping at Montepulciano, and tasting of this wine, never stirred from the place till his body stopped there for ever.

In Dryden's strange Dialogue of a "*Scholar and his Mistress*," there is a passage which seems imitated from this of our author :—

" Hark, the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what's that I view
So radiant of hue?
St. Hermo! St. Hermo! that sits upon the sails:
Ah! no, no, no:
St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis can shoot so fair a light:
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the ship alone;
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is
over-blown."

Note 97, page 55.

I'm lost in an ecstacy! blinded! invisible!

To go invisible is a popular phrase in Tuscany for being carried away in a fit of rapture,—trans-

lated into a fifth heaven. Sancho Panza, in an exquisite chapter of Don Quixote, "goes invisible," when he puts the flask to his mouth, and sits gazing up at the heavens for a quarter of an hour.—"So saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; and having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "O whoreson rogue! how catholic it is!"—Don Quixote, part 2, chap. 13, Jarvis's Translation.—Let nobody be beguiled, by Smollett's celebrity, into a notion that his translation of Don Quixote is better than Jarvis's. Jarvis may have been an indifferent portrait painter; but his translation of Cervantes is alone sufficient to stamp him a worthy associate of the Popes and Arbuthnots. The true comic taste in it would have done honour to the author of the "History of John Bull." Smollett wrote

his translation afterwards as a job, with the obligation upon him of surpassing, or at least differing from Jarvis. He was forced into the latter part of the alternative, and is not half so native and to the purpose. Some friends of mine once had a "Don Quixote" from a circulating library, half of which was by Jarvis, and the other by Smollett. They felt the difference, without knowing how it originated: but one of them meeting afterwards with the two translations together, recollected that the copy they had read consisted of odd volumes; and the mystery was explained.

Note 98, page 8.

And then perhaps I shall not scorn to make
Peace with him, and will booze, like Hans and Herman,
After the usdye German.

The rhyme here was suggested by a well-known criticism written by the late Mr. Porson, in Greek and English, upon the professors of Germany. The Greek I do not recollect; but terse and pleasant as it is, the version must have the more familiar effect upon an English ear, whether learned or not.

The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not one in five score,
But ninety nine more;
All save only Herman,
And Herman's a German.

Swift could not do better than this. His answer, when questioned as to the profit he reaped from his symposia with Professor Brunck and Professor Bruncker, are equally pithy, but not so

quotable. I have been much tempted to insert here two original anecdotes of Porson; one respecting a drinking bout which he had with Mr. Horne Tooke; the other touching an after-dinner scene, in which a Quarterly Reviewer underwent confounding and unexpected rebuke from lips which he thought closed. But I forbear out of respect, not to the reviewer, but to the illustrious dead.

Note 99, page 13.

That strangely tickleth my sarcophagus.

Sarcophagus is literally *flesh-eater*. A king, in the opinion of Cato, was a sarcophagus, upon this principle. Eumenes, king of Pergamus, he said, might be as good as he was represented, and a friend to the Romans; but "this creature they call a king is by nature carniverous."—

φυσει μεν τουτο το ζωον, ὁ βασιλευς σαρκοφαγον ετι.

This was Rabelais' notion, when he made Gorgantua a monarch of such an expensive kitchen establishment, and a devourer of pilgrims in his lettuce.

ADDITIONS TO THE NOTES.

[The following Additions to several Notes were not received from the Author in time to be inserted in the proper places. The reader will, however, be good enough to turn back to the Notes referred to.]

To Note 14.

The word Cafaus, or Kafaus, comes, I find, into Tuscany through the Germans.

To Note 27.

See a curious account of the opium-eaters of Turkey, in the Preface (I think) to Mr. Scott's edition of the "Arabian Nights." The Persians are said to be as great debauchees in this drug as the Turks. Major Scott Waring, in his tour to Schiraz, gives an account of the present king of Persia, whose face was of a marble whiteness, owing to his use of opium. His Majesty is otherwise said to be a judicious prince, albeit, when the Major saw him, he had fifty children, and was only twenty-seven years of age. If he has proceeded at the same rate since, the number is perhaps doubled. See an account, in D'Herbelot

and others, of the famous Old Man of the Mountain, or Chief of the people called Assassins, who used to intoxicate his followers with opium, and then transport them into a garden full of luxuries and beautiful women, where they thought they had been enjoying the Prophet's Paradise. But the old gentleman was superfluous; for the drug and a wooden bench are all that is necessary to supply a *bang-eater* in the streets of Constantinople with his paradise for the evening. Strange beings we, who are to be put into a state of elysium by supplying the stomach with a little poppy-juice! The worst of it is, that the Elysium is afterwards converted into a Tartarus for the want of it. But behold earth turned into heaven at once, if we could always reckon upon our breakfast and supper. Nay, we need fancy no other paradise than an atmosphere made of a certain kind of gas. The deduction seems un-

favourable to virtue, but it is not so: on the contrary, nothing can be more virtuous and more tolerant than the conclusions to be drawn by philosophy from these physical sufficiencies. Nature says, Take care to keep the body in a state fit to receive pleasurable impressions, and you will receive them. Our every-day opium is temperance; and temperance cannot exist in any right sense or to sufficient purpose without a reasonable exercise of the other virtues. Discord of mind and discord of body alike shatter each other's music. It will be said, that people are not temperate enough after all, and that there is a great deal of misery in spite of all the virtues and grand lessons in the world. True; and in the mean while there is a good deal of opium. Nature will help us somehow or other, if she cannot cure us. She only lets us see, that the cure, if we can manage it, is to be preferred to

the help. Both are her own work, and her own experiment, acting through the experience of man.

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean.

She gives us the lesson, as well as the opium. Let us try to make use of the one, pitying nevertheless the necessity which may exist meanwhile for the other.

To Note 32.

I believe however that the Βάσιλευς Julian of the Greek Anthology is not the *Emperor*, for which I took him at first, and as he is sometimes called in the Latin versions,—but a Prefect of Egypt, mentioned somewhere in Gibbon.

To Note 34.

Since writing this Note, I have found this beautiful metaphor in Homer: Δρυς ὑψικομους—the lofty tressed oaks. But the Lexicon, I find, might have informed me.

FINIS.

J. C. Kelly, Printer, Houndsditch.

ERRATA.

Page 4, line 11, for "*Petrarch,*" read "*Petraia.*"

8, line 9, for "*will,*" read "*we'll.*"

~~35~~ 135, line 9, for "71," read "17."

85, line the last, for "*rotte,* read "*notte.*"

94, line 10, for "*in,*" read "*on.*"