

## MINOR PIECES.\*

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### ALFIERI'S BENEDICTION.<sup>1</sup>

SIA pace ai frati  
Purchè sfratati:  
E pace ai preti,  
Ma pochi, e quieti:  
Cardinalume  
Non tolga lume:  
Il maggior prete  
Torni alla rete:  
Leggi, e non re:  
L'Italia c'è.

PEACE be to the friars,  
But in common attires:  
Peace, priests, to you also,  
But few, and don't bawl so:  
Our cardinals bright  
Let 'em leave us our light:  
The chief of the set  
Let him take to his net:  
Then laws, and no king;  
And let Italy sing.

\* Author: Various authors / Transcribed and annotated by Gilberta Golinelli.

AN ULTRA LICENSE.<sup>2</sup>

FROM ALFIERI.

APPROVAZIONE  
 Di Fra Tozzone  
 Per l'impressione  
 Di un libruccione  
 Che un autorone  
 Ai piedi pone  
 Di un principone  
 Con dedicone.

SI STAMPI PUR, SI STAMPI:  
 QUI NON C'E NULLA, NE RAGION, NE LAMPI.

THE approbation  
 Of Father Stuffation  
 For the imprimation  
 Of a pamphliteration  
 Which a light of the nation  
 With all humiliation  
 Sends a man in great station  
 With a dedication.

PRINT IT BY ALL MEANS, PRINT IT:  
 THERE'S NOTHING RATIONAL, NOT E'EN A HINT, IN'T.

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FROM THE FRENCH.<sup>3</sup>

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;  
 She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

SONG, WRITTEN FOR AN INDIAN AIR.<sup>4</sup>

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are burning bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me, Who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, Sweet.

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream,  
The Champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;—  
As I must on thine,  
Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eye-lids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast;—  
O! press me to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last!

MARTIAL.—LIB. 1. EPIG. 1.<sup>5</sup>

HIC est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,  
 Toto notus in orbe Martialis  
 Argutis Epigrammatōn libellis:  
 Cui, lector studiose, quod dedisti  
 Viventi decus atque sentienti,  
 Rari post cineres habent poetæ.

He unto whom thou art so partial,  
 Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,  
 The Epigrammatist: while living,  
 Give him the fame thou wouldest be giving;  
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it:  
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

NEW DUET.<sup>6</sup>

TO THE TUNE OF “WHY HOW NOW, SAUCY JADE?”

WHY how now, saucy Tom,  
 If you thus must ramble,  
 I will publish some  
 Remarks on Mister Campbell.<sup>7</sup>

ANSWER:

Why how now, Parson Bowles,<sup>8</sup>  
 Sure the priest is maudlin!  
 [To the Public] How can you, d—n your souls!  
 Listen to his twaddling?

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF,<sup>9</sup>

BY ALFIERI.

SUBLIME specchio di veraci detti,  
Mostrami in corpo e in anima qual sono.  
Capelli, or radi in fronte, e rossi pretti;  
Lunga statura, e capo in terra prono;  
Sottile persona in su due stinchi schietti;  
Bianca pelle, occhi azzurri, aspetto buono;  
Giusto naso, bel labro, e denti eletti;  
Pallido in volto, più che un re sul trono.

Or duro, acerbo; ora piaghevol, mite;  
Irato sempre, e non maligno mai;  
La mente e il cor meco in perpetua lite;  
Per lo piú mesto, e talor lieto assai  
Or stimandomi Achille, ed or Tersite.  
Uom, se' tu grande, o vil?—Muori, e il saprai.

THOU lofty mirror, Truth, let me be shewn  
Such as I am, in body and in mind.  
Hair, plainly red, retreating now behind;  
A stature tall, a stooping head and prone;  
A meagre body on two stilts of bone;  
Fair skin, blue eyes, good look, nose well design'd;  
A handsome mouth, teeth that are rare to find,  
And pale in face, more than a king on throne.

Now harsh and crabbed, mild and pleasant soon;  
Always irascible, no malignant foe;  
My head and heart and I never in tune;  
Sad for the most part, then in such a flow  
Of spirits, I feel now hero, now buffoon;—  
Man, art thou great or vile?—Die, and thou'l know.

[BLANK PAGE]

## EDITORIAL NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Epigram I, by Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), composed in Siena on 15 August 1785 and first appeared in his *Rime* (1789). The English translation is by Leigh Hunt (1784-1859).

<sup>2</sup> Epigram XXVI, by Vittorio Alfieri, first appeared in *Rime*. The English translation is by Leigh Hunt.

<sup>3</sup> Composition by G. G. Byron (1788-1824), first published in *The Liberal*.

<sup>4</sup> Poem by P.B. Shelley (1792-1822), first published in *The Liberal*.

<sup>5</sup> Epigram I, by the Roman poet Martial (38/41- c. 103 CE). The English translation is by G. G. Byron. As remarked by W.H. Marshall, the text is actually a translation of Epigram II (Marshall 1960, 140).

<sup>6</sup> Composition by G. G. Byron, first published in *The Liberal*.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), Scottish poet, mostly appreciated for his lyrics.

<sup>8</sup> William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850), English poet, critic, and priest, was harshly critical towards Alexander Pope's works and poetry.

<sup>9</sup> Sonnet CLXVII, by Vittorio Alfieri, first published in *Rime*. The English translation is by Leigh Hunt.

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## ERRATA.

Page 6, line 6, instead of “a *worse* king never left a realm undone,” read “a *weaker* king ne’er left a realm undone.”<sup>2</sup>

Page 7, line 16, instead of “a bad ugly woman,” read “an unhandsome woman.”

Page 20, line 5, for “dwell,” read “well.”

Page 23, line 6, instead of “amidst the *war*,” read “amidst the *roar*.”

Page 38, in the note, for “body,” read “bottom.”

Page 62, lines 29 and 30—and page 68, line 15, for “*Signora* Veronica,” read “*Gossip* Veronica.”

Page 109, line 10, for “about the size of Stratford Place,” read “about *half* the size.”

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LONDON:

C. H. REYNELL, PRINTER,  
45, BROAD-STREET, GOLDEN-SQUARE.