

**STUDIES IN ITALIAN
LITERATURE, CLASSICAL AND
MODERN. ALSO, THE LEGEND
OF "IL CENACOLO," A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649715329

Studies in Italian Literature, Classical and Modern. Also, the Legend Of "Il Cenacolo," a Poem
by Catherine Mary Phillimore

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE

**STUDIES IN ITALIAN
LITERATURE, CLASSICAL AND
MODERN. ALSO, THE LEGEND
OF "IL CENACOLO," A POEM**

Studies
in
Italian Literature
Classical and Modern

ALSO

The Legend of "El Cenacolo"

A Poem

BY

Catherine Mary Phillimore

WRITER OF "THE LIFE OF FRA ANGELO," ETC., ETC., ETC.

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON

Limited

St. Dunstan's House

FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1891.

To
Enrichetta Caetani,
Duchessa di Sermoneta,
and
to the Honoured Memory of
her Husband,
Don Michelangelo Caetani,
Duca di Sermoneta,
these Pages
are Inscribed by the Writer
with
Reverence, Gratitude, and Affection.

“Or va', ch  un sol volere   d'ambidue :
Tu Duca—tu Signore, e tu Maestro.”

La Divina Commedia, Inf. c. ii., l. 109, 110.

PREFACE.

THE Essays which form this little volume have been reprinted, with additions, from the various magazines and reviews where they were first published.¹

They do not pretend to be other than studies, outlines of thought, which may perhaps suggest how many a rich spoil still remains to be gathered from the glorious page of Italian literature. For to the student this can never cease to glow with fascinating interest. Undimmed by the course of centuries, it remains as vivid as the golden ground of a picture by Fra Angelico, if indeed it may not be said to gather from each succeeding age an added lustre, like the glittering mosaic of San Miniato, mellowed in the sunsets of 800 years.

The imagination which has paused in awe and wonder before the sublime conception of the "Divina Commedia," may next pursue in the smooth numbers of Petrarch a romance of such unrivalled constancy as would have sufficed to create the romantic age, had it had no other origin or existence, and finally kindled to divine enthusiasm

¹ The *St. Paul's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Church Quarterly Review*, the *Edinburgh Review*. The Legend of "Il Cenacolo" is reprinted from the *Churchman's Companion*.

and led by Tasso, the Christian poet-knight, may follow all the chivalry of Europe to worship at the Holy Shrine.

Again, when the drama of Italy in all its various forms has supplied a manifold enjoyment, the eye and ear, satiated with pleasure, may seek repose in the veiled light and solemn hush of the great libraries, which served as treasure-houses for the vast stores of learning till the art of printing should one day disperse them over the world.

Here, in the still atmosphere, the manuscript folios which line the walls, the glowing pages of some missal, illuminated perhaps by Fra Angelico or Francia, jealously guarded from the ravages of time, remain as silent witnesses to the truth that "Labour is the price the gods have set upon everything that is valuable."

What if the dust of centuries has accumulated round the forgotten tomes; what if the hands which traced them have long since mouldered in the grave. Will not the dust "hear and beat," the "wonted fires" quicken into life at the approaching freedom of the "Patria Terra"?

Favoured theme of Poetry, all-powerful to wing the thoughts and dip the pen in fire, one after another the sons of Italy pour forth their indefatigable lays and utter the aspirations never to cease till the sword is sheathed in the hour of victory, and the pen laid aside after celebrating the song of triumph.

"*Deh fossi tu men bella!*" is a lament which belongs to a bygone age. Now that each one of her States has put her individual jewel into the circlet of freedom's crown, rich in natural beauty, with every added treasure of literature and art, let Italy reign "*dalle Alpi al mar.*"

If there are any to whom the fair beauty of Italy has ever appealed in vain, it is certainly not to the student of her literature, when the time comes to tread the streets that Dante trod, to touch the stone where he was wont

to sit, lost in thought, contemplating his beloved "San Giovanni," the "fonte del mio battesimo," where, alas! for his cruel fate, he was never to receive the poet's crown.

All around, in unchanging beauty, lie the scenes on which his eyes loved to rest—the soft, purple outlines of the mountains; the Arno rolling down its waters, now green with snow from the Apennines, now iridescent with every hue of the changing sky, "E cento miglia di corso nol sazia;"² the soft mists of the morning, the "dolce color d' oriental zaffiro"³ gathered up into the zenith of the cloudless atmosphere, the white "Buoi di pari, a giogo,"⁴ coming down from San Miniato, as the evening shadows fall and the familiar outlines of the Duomo and the Campanile, the Palazzo Vecchio and Santa Croce vest themselves in varying liveries of purple, red, and gold, till the sun sinks suddenly behind the last blue outline of the horizon, and the grey curtain of twilight falls on the fair scene; then across the gulf of centuries comes the echo of the

Squilla di lontano

Che parve il giorno pianger che si muore."⁵

If then these few studies should prove sufficiently attractive to tempt other students to search for themselves in the same mine of inexhaustible treasures, they will not have been written in vain.

It only remains to add that the translations of poetry⁶ which bear the initials R. P. were supplied by the late Right Honourable Sir Robert Phillimore, and that it is from the recollection of the faultless taste and wise

² Purg. xiv. l. 18.

⁴ Ibid. xii. l.

⁶ Pp. 229, 233, 236.

³ Ibid. i. 13.

⁵ Ibid. viii. 6.

criticism which guided the revision of the Essays in their original form that their writer now derives the courage necessary to bid them once more

“uscir del bosco
E gir infra la gente.”⁷

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

THE COPPICE, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

November, 1886.

⁷ “Rime del Petrarca.” Canzone XIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE "PARADISO" OF DANTE. A SKETCH	1
II.—PETRARCH; AN ESSAY UPON HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND WORKS. Parts I., II.	20
III.—TORQUATO TASSO: AN ESSAY UPON HIS LIFE AND WORKS. Parts I., II.	60
IV.—THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY. Parts I., II.	95
V.—THE ITALIAN DRAMA. Parts I., II., III., IV., V.	128
VI.—MANZONI. A SKETCH	228
VII.—ALESSANDRO ALFIERI	246
VIII.—COUNT ARBIVABENE	276
IX.—EDUARDO VISCO	294
A LEGEND OF "IL CENACOLO." A POEM	320