LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

LETTER IV.

DEAR C——,[1]

I HOPE you have not forgotten the thoughts you entertained of visiting Italy. I set your father longing to accompany you, when I saw him. N.'s[2] holidays are approaching; and I should be glad to know what all three of you could do better than to come arm-in-arm, joking and to joke, and see one who hungers and thirsts after his old friends. I have much to offer you, "though I say it who should not." Imprimis, all that line of French territory which extends from Calais to the Alps, and which, with the help of Mr. Roscoe's famous song,[3] and Mrs. Radcliffe's romances,[4] you will find as gay as the inhabitants:—2ndly, Rousseau and Les Charmettes[5] by the way:—3rdly, the passage of Mont Cenis, which is among the performances of one Bonaparte:[6] 4thly, Turin,[7] where you will have the happiness of seeing your legitimate monarch, the King of Sardinia,[8] unless he is still eating sweatmeats at Genoa, where we have the good fortune to possess him at present:—5thly, the Appenines,[9] though, at the sea-side here, they are but the footstools of the rest:—6thly, Genoa, with its grand palaces, and half the mules in Italy:—7thly, and lastly, a little hill, called Albaro,[10] containing vineyards and olive trees, stone allies, and certain

"Signori Inglesi,"[11] large and small, who will shout for joy at the sight of you. Venite, venite.[12] You know how cheaply I can lodge and feed you; and though our house lets at but £20. a year, you can have your choice out of forty rooms to sleep in. There is nothing between this sort of house and the cottages of the peasantry, unless one goes to lodge in town, which would cost a great deal more. For £24. a year, you can hire a palace. Again and again, therefore, I say, come. During the evening and early morning, I will shew you about. The rest of the time we will eat, sleep, lounge, read and converse. It will be hard if we do not have some music. There are pictures by Raphael[13] and Guido[14] in the palaces. The fruits are fine: the colours of things exquisite; every object about you new. You cannot help being pleased: and I myself shall catch a new inspiration from your coming, and will at least warrant my being merry for as long a time as you stay.

You know all that I am at present acquainted with, respecting the city of Genoa; but as a scholar and a lover of the country, especially one who has never been in the South, there are some other points which will not be without their importance in your eyes. The first sight of the olive trees and cypresses will remind you of a hundred things, Greek, Latin, and Italian. Fancy yourself in Virgil's[15] country, seeing the lizards run up the walls, and hearing the *cicada!* Both of them retain almost their identical names, *lucerta*, and *cicala*. Then there are the fire-flies, divine little creatures, which rule the night here, as bees and butterflies rule the day.—But I must lay before you my temptations more slowly. Travellers, hearing so much of olive trees, and accustomed to their piquant fruit, are generally disappointed at sight of them. Whether my enthusiasm bore me out or not, I know not, but I liked it; or rather them, for one by

itself is equivocal. You must see them in a body, or, still better, contrasted with chesnut[16] and cypresses. They have an aspect singularly light and hazy. The leaves are stiff, hard, pointed, willow-like, dark above, and of a light leathern colour underneath; the trunk slight, dry-looking, crooked, and almost always branches off into a double stem at a little distance from the ground.* A wood of them looks like a huge hazy bush, more light than dark, and glimmering with innumerable specks; which are the darker sides of the leaves. When the fruit is on them, they seem powdered with myriads of little black balls. My wife says, that olive trees look as if they only grew by moonlight; which gives a better idea of their light, faded aspect, than a more prosaical description. The cypress is a poplar, grown more sombre, stately, and heavy: not to be moved by every flippant air; it is of a beautiful dark colour, and contrasts admirably with trees of a rounder figure.† Two or three cypress trees by the side of a white or yellow cottage, roofed and windowed like our new cottage-houses near London, the windows often without glass, form alone an Italian picture; and constantly remind you that you are at a distance from home. The consumption of olive oil is immense. It is doubtless no mean exasperator of Italian bile. The author of an Art of Health[17] highly approves a moderate use of it, both in diet and medicine; but says, that as soon as it becomes cooked, fried, or otherwise abused, it inflames the blood, disturbs the humours, irritates the fibres, and produces other effects very superflu-

* "Olea Europœa. Foglie lanciolate, sopra verdi sotto bianche coriacee." *Targioni—Istituzioni Botaniche—Vol.* 2.[18]

† "Cupressus Pyramidalis. Rami eretti, avvicinati. Foglie giovani acute, scorrenti, adulte ottuse, embriciate per quattro parti. Strobili ovati, più larghi alla base."—*Id. Vol.* .3.[19]

ous in a stimulating climate. The notoriousness of the abuse makes him cry out, and ask how much better it would be to employ this pernicious quantity of oil in lighting the streets and roads. He thinks it necessary however to apologize to his countrymen for this apparent inattention to their pecuniary profits, adding, that he makes amends by diverting them into another channel. I fear the two ledgers would make a very different show of profit and loss: not to mention, that unless the oil were consecrated, or the lamps hung very high, it would assuredly be devoured. We have a difficulty in keeping the servants from disputing its food with our lamplight. Their lucubrations are of a more internal nature.

> The rather thou,
> Celestial light, shine inwards.[20]

I am told that the olive trees grow finer and finer as you go southwards. The chesnut trees are very beautiful; the spiky-looking branches of leaves, long, and of a noble green, show gloriously, as you look up against the intense blue of the sky. Am I reminding you of a common place, in saying that the *castanets* used in the dancing, evidently originated in the nuts of this tree, *castagnette*? They are made in general, I believe, of cockle-shells, or an imitation of them; but the name renders their vegetable descent unequivocal. It is pleasant to observe the simple origin of pleasant things. Some loving peasants, time immemorial, fall dancing under the trees: they pick up the nuts, rattle them in their hands; and behold (as the Frenchman says) the birth of the fandango.

As you walk through the lanes in warm weather, you startle the lizards at every step. They run up the walls swiftly, but in a climbing manner, moving their sides alternately. But what is that very loud cricket? The noise ceases; and with a whirr almost as strong as that of a little bird, the

creature comes spinning across the lane. It is a great winged grasshopper,—the cicada,—the τεττιξ,[21]—the grasshopper of Virgil,[22] of Theocritus,[23] of *Anacreon*.[24] When I first saw it, I almost felt as if Anacreon were alive, and all the South was his country. It is undoubtedly of the same species as our grasshopper, though our name does not suit it, for it lives in the trees, δενδρεων επ' ακρων.[25] I have not yet heard them in chorus, the hot weather not having set in. They will begin singing, if scratched gently on the breast; and boys catch them to startle people with. A gentleman tells me, that when he was at school, he and a set of his fellows caught a great number, and suddenly opened their music at the schoolmaster, who could not be heard.

All the insect tribes, good and bad, acquire vigour and size as they get southwards. I have seen however but one scorpion yet, and the rascal was young; we were looking upon him with much interest, and speculating upon his turn of mind, when a female servant quietly took out her scissars[26] and cut him in two. Her bile, with eating oil and minestra, was as much exalted as his. Is it true that all poison is nothing but an essential acid, exalted in proportion to its venom? The discovery of Prussic Acid, which kills instantly, looks like it.—Our antipathies are set up every now and then, by the sight of some new and hideous-looking insect; but we have not seen a twentieth part of what we expected. The flies bite so, that the *zanzaliere* (the bed-net against the gnats) seems quite as necessary against them as the enemy from whom it is named. The gnats have hardly come; yet we have been obliged to take to it. We have not yet seen the *mantis*, which I am told will turn its head round at music, and seem to listen. Of the silk-worms, notice has just been given us in the neighbourhood by a general stripping of the leaves off the mulberry-trees. The beauty of the bees

and butterflies you may imagine. But there is one insect, of so fairy-like a nature and lustre, that it would be almost worth coming in the south to look at, if there were no other attraction. I have already alluded to it,—the *fire-fly*. Imagine thousands of flashing diamonds every night powdering the ground, the trees, and the air; especially in the darkest places, and the corn-fields. They give at once a delicacy and brilliance to Italian darkness, inconceivable. It is the glow-worm, winged, and flying in crowds. In England, you know, the female alone gives light: at least, that of the male, who is the exclusive possessor of the wings, is hardly perceptible. Worm is a wrong word, the creature being a real insect.—The Italian name is *Lucciola*, Little-light,—in Genoa, Cæe-belle (Chiare-belle)—Clear and fine. Its aspect, when held in the hand, is that of a dark-coloured beetle, but without the hardness or sluggish look. The light is contained in the under part of the extremity of the abdomen, exhibiting a dull golden-coloured partition by day, and flashing occasionally by day-light, especially when the hand is shaken. At night, the flashing is that of the purest and most lucid fire, spangling the vineyards and olive-trees, and their dark avenues, with innumerable stars. Its use is not known. In England, and I believe here, the supposition is, that it is a signal of love. It affords no perceptible heat, but is supposed to be phosphoric. In a dark room, a single one is sufficient to flash a light against the wall. I have read of a lady in the West Indies, who could see to read by the help of three under a glass, as long as they chose to accommodate her. A few of them are generally in our rooms all night, going about like little sparkling elves. It is impossible not to think of something spiritual, in seeing the progress of one of them through a dark room. You only know it by the flashing of its lamp, which takes place every

three or four inches apart, sometimes oftener, thus marking its track in and out the apartment, or about it. It is like a little fairy taking its rounds. These insects remind us of the lines in Herrick,[27] inviting his mistress to come to him at night-time; and they suit them still better than his English ones:—

> Their lights the glow-worms lend thee;
> The shooting stars attend thee;
> And the elves also,
> Whose little eyes glow
> Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.[28]

To me, who pass more of my time even than usual, in the ideal world, these spiritual-looking little creatures are more than commonly interesting. S.[29] used to watch them for hours. I look at them, and wonder whether any of the particles he left upon earth help to animate their loving and lovely light. The last fragment he wrote, which was a welcome to me on my arrival, began with a simile taken from their dusk look and the fire underneath it, in which he found a likeness to his friend. They had then just made their appearance. Do you recollect coming down to Buckinghamshire one summer? Come to Italy now, and help me to bear a thousand recollections full of him and all beautiful things.—There is one circumstance respecting these fire-flies, quite as extraordinary as any. There appears to be no mention of them in the ancient poets. Now of all insects, even southern, they are perhaps the most obvious to poetical notice: it is difficult to see how any poet, much less a pastoral or an amatory one, could *help* speaking of them; and yet they make their appearance neither in the Greek nor Latin poets, neither in Homer[30] (at least I believe not) nor Virgil,[31] nor Ovid,[32] nor Anacreon,[33] nor Theocritus.[34] Per-

haps you can set me right. The earliest mention of them, with which I am acquainted, is in Dante, (Inferno, Canto 26) where he compares the spirits in the eighth circle of hell, who go about swathed in fire, to the "*lucciole*" in a rural valley of an evening.[35] A truly saturnine perversion of a beautiful object! I see, by the dictionary, that Pliny mentions a glow-worm of some sort under the name of *cicindela*;[36] but I have no Pliny to consult. The Greek word is *Lampyris*, which is retained in Entomology. Does nature put forth a new production now and then, like an author? Has the glow-worm been exalted into the fire-fly by the greater heat of the modern Italian soil, which appears indisputable?

I conclude with a specimen or two of the Genoese dialect, which is much disdained by the Tuscans, but which the Genoese say is the next best dialect in Italy to the Venetian. I know not what the Neapolitans and Sicilians would say to this; but it is certainly better than the Mantuan and Bergamasque, specimens of which (together with Venetian, Neapolitan, and Paduan), you will find in Coxe's Picture of Italy.[37] Dante says, in his treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia*,[38] that if the Genoese were deprived of the letter Z, they would be dumb. But Dante's dislikes did not stand upon ceremony. When written, the dialect has a look of Provençal in it; and doubtless it contains a good deal of old French, and has drawn upon all its neighbours. Z abounds in the shape of S and X, as well as its own; but not any thing to the extent that Dante speaks of. The[39] have the French *u*, which they write *œu*; and their dipthong[40] without the *u* has also a petty effect. The soft *gl* of the Tuscans they convert into a *dg* or *double g*, which often recurs and is very unpleasant. Thus *figlio*, a son, is *figgiœu*: and their words for *pigliare pane*, to get bread, sound as if they said *pigger pang*, the *r* at the

same time being heard very little, if at all, like the final one of Londoners. Indeed, I observe in their books, that they write their infinitive moods without the *r*, putting a circumflex instead, as *piggiâ, passâ, sparegâ, da fâ*. I should suppose they dropt this *r*, which adds so much strength to the softness of the Tuscan, in order to diminish the roughness of their language, if they did not seem to take pains to add to it in other instances. The people, as in all commercial countries, have a tendency to cut their words short for dispatch of business; and their pronunciation is harsh and mean. There is a joke of a Neapolitan's telling a man, in a fine breathing strain, that he had seen an eagle fly; upon which the Genoese asks, whether an eagle has wings. But whether this is to ridicule the boasting of the Neapolitan, or the ignorance of the Genoese, I know not.—Neapolitan. "*Haggio veduta un aquila volare*."—Genoese. "*A i äeia i -ae?* This brevity sounds still shorter than it looks:—(*A-yea-a-ee-ai.*) The Genoese language seems copious and expres[41] sive, and I am told they have good translations of Tasso,[42] and of some of Moliere's comedies.[43] Serassi,[44] Tasso's biographer, speaks highly, I see, of the former. Their principal native poet, Cavalli,[45] lived in the time of Chiabrera,[46] who eulogizes him as a man of original genius. His works, which are now before me, I shall try to spell *pro bono publico*, a good poet being too good a thing to be confined to his native town. The following is a stanza of a poem written in the Genoese dialect upon the passion for religious processions. A gentleman has translated it into Tuscan for me. The author fancies a lover of processions to have risen from the dead, on purpose to indulge himself in his favourite pastime. The whole poem is reckoned very pleasant, and appears so by what I can discern of it. The present stanza is the climax of the sight, the appearance of the *gran cascia* or final

group of figures carried on men's shoulders in honour of the saint concerned, who is St. James. Maragiano[47] was a maker of these wooden figures, whose memory is celebrated in Genoa.

> Særa o crocco a gran Cascia. Oh che esprescion!
> Maragiano l'à fæto parlâ o legno:
> Ogni figûa fà vedde unna pascion;
> Ogni testa, ogni gamba a l'é à so segno;
> So i Moi, e i Saraceni in confuxion:
> Tutto de l'arte, e de l'Autô l'è degno,
> Ma s'oì vedde unna cosa de ciù ardîe,
> Miæ o cavallo, e scappæ, co no ve tîe.[48]

> Ecco al fin la gran cassa! Oh che espressione!
> Ah, Maragiano fe parlare il legno!
> Ogni statua veder fa una passione:
> Ogni testa, ogni gamba, è al proprio segno:
> Son Mori e Saraceni in confusione:
> Tutto dell'arte e dell'autore e degno.
> Ma se veder vuoi cosa ancor più ardita,
> Mira il cavallo, e scappa, O egli ti trita.

> See—there's the group at last! Oh, what expression!
> How Maragiano brings the blockheads out!
> There's not a figure but it's in a passion;
> The heads and legs know all what they're about:
> The Moors and Saracens — Christ! what a crashing!
> All's worthy of the workman, there's no doubt.
> But if you want some thing still more to strike you,
> Look at that horse there! Scamper, or he'll kick you.

For the prose, I will take an old jest or two out of an Italian grammar,[49] putting the original Italian first, and adding an English translation "for the benefit of the country gentlemen." The ladies require these helps less and less every day.

Un contadino passando sul Ponte Nuovo di Parigi, ed osservando fra molte botteghe piene di mercanzi[50] quella d'un cambista, nella quale eravi soltanto un uomo, e un tavolino con carta e calamaio, volle entrar dentro per curiosità, e domandare che cosa vendevasi: "Delle teste d'asino," rispose il cambista: "Bisogna," soggiunse il contadino, "che abbiano un grande spaccio, perché non vi è rimasta che la vostra"[51]

Un païsun passando sciù o Ponte Neuvo Parigi, e osservando fra e varie butteghe pinne de mercansiæ quella d'un bancäotto ne-a quale non gh'era che un ômmo con un tavolin, do' papæ, e un caamâ, ghe venne a curiositæ d'intraghæ e de domandâ un po' cose se ghe vendèiva: "Dæ testæ d' âse," ghe rispose, bancäotto: "Bæusæugna," di repigio' o' païsan, "che queste aggian un gran smercio, perche non gh' e resto che a vostra."

A countryman passing over the Pont Neuf at Paris, and seeing, among a heap of shops full of merchandize, that of a banker in which there was nothing but a man sitting at a table with pen and ink, had the curiosity to go in and enquire what it was he sold: "Asses' heads," replied the banker: "They must be in great request," said the countryman, "since you have only your own left."

Un signore cenando a un osteria[52] in una piccola città, quando fu sparecchiato, l'oste gli domandò, come gli era piaciuta la cena. "Moltissimo." rispose quel signore; "posso dire d'aver cenato bene al par di qualunque gran personaggio nel regno." "Eccettuato il Signor Governatore," disse l'oste.— "Io non eccettuo nessuno," rispose egli, "Ma voi dovete sempre eccettuare il Signor Governatore," replico[53] l'oste. "Ma io non voglio," soggiunse il gentiluomo. In breve, la loro disputa si accese talmente, che l'oste, il quale era un magistrato subalterno, ma non però simile a Solone o a Li-

curgo, fece chiamare il gentiluomo devanti al Governatore. Questo magistrato, la cui capacità era in perfetto equilibrio con quella dell' oste disse con aria grave al gentiluomo, che l'eccettuare il Signor Governatore in ogni cosa era in quella città un inveteratissimo costume; e che a tal costume era obblîgato ciascuno d'uniformarsi; e perciò lo condannava all'amenda d'uno scellino per aver vicusato di farlo. "Benissimo," rispose il gentiluomo: "ecco uno scellino; ma possa io morire se v'è nel modo un più gran pazzo dell'oste, Eccettuato il Signor Governatore."

Cenando un scioú otaïa t'unna piccola çittæ, appenna a to-a fu desbarraççâ, l'oste ghe domandò come gh'era piaxua a çennha. "Moltissimo," ghe rispose quello scioú; "posso assegüave d'avei çenöu ben a-o paro de qualunque gran personaggio do' regno. "Eççettuöu ò Scioú Governo'u," ghe disse l'oste. "Mi non eççettúo nisciun," ghe rispose o' scioú. "Ma vui dovei sempre eççettua ò Scioú Governöu," replicò l'oste. "E mi non veuggio eççettuâ un corno," soggiunse o' gentilommo. In poco tempo a disputa a se aseâdo a tâ segno, che l'oste, u quale u l'era un magistrato sebalterno, non però simile a Solon o a Licurgo, o feççe ciammâ o' gentilommo davanti o Governöu. Questo magistrato, che in punto de capacitæ o l'era in perfetto equilibrio con l'oste, o disse con aïa grave a-o gentilommo, che in l'eççettuâ o' Governöu in tutte æ cose l'era un uso antighissimo in quella çittæ; che ciascun era obbligöu d'uniformâse a quest' uso, e che per avei recusöu da fâlo, o lo condannava all'emenda d'un scellin. "Va benissimo," rispose gentilommo, "piggiæ chi un scellin; ma vorrieiva ese ammassöu, se se treuva a-o mondo un ommo cuì matto de l'oste, Eççettuöu ò Seioù Governöu."

A gentleman supping at an inn in a petty city, the landlord, when the things were cleared away, asked him whether

his supper had pleased him. "Very much," said the gentleman: "I may affirm that I have supped as well as the greatest man in the kingdom." "Except the Signor Governor," said the landlord. "I except nobody," returned the other. "But you ought always to except the Signor Governor," replied the host. "But I will not," said the gentleman. In short, the dispute grew so warm, that the host, who was a bit of a magistrate himself, not very like Solon or Lycurgus, summoned his guest before the Governor. This officer, whose capacity was on a perfect level with that of his informer, said with a grave air to the gentleman, that to except the Governor upon every occasion was a custom of the most ancient standing, to which all persons were obliged to conform, and therefore he condemned him to the penalty of a shilling for having refused to do so. "Mighty well," replied the gentleman; "there's your shilling, but hang me if there is a greater fool upon earth than the landlord,—Except the Signor Governor."

This story reminds me of one in a new set of Arabian Tales (genuine) which, whether you have read it or not, you will not be sorry to hear repeated. A schoolmaster (worthy brother of the Scholar in Hierocles[54]) taught his boys, whenever they heard him sneeze, to rise up with solemnity, cross their hands on their bosoms, and ejaculate, "God preserve our venerable tutor!" One day he took them out for a walk; and the weather being hot, it was proposed they should drink at a well. The well was deep, so the master made them join their turbans together for a rope, and descending to the bottom, handed them up their drink one after the other. The refreshment over, he bade them draw him up again, and had nearly reached the top, when the coldness of the well making him sneeze, the whole posse instantly ley go the rope, threw themselves into their accus-

tomed attitude, and exclaimed with fervour, "God preserve our venerable tutor!"—who broke his leg.

But the Governor has reminded me of another story, which is new, and which concerns the Governor of our city here; a different sort of man, and popular, notwithstanding his Sardinian office. He is a Savoyard Marquis of the name of D'Yennes,[55] and relates the story himself with much glee. As he was coming to take possession of his appointment, he stopped at a town not far from Genoa, the inhabitants of which were ambitious of doing him honour. They accordingly gave him an entertainment, at which was an allegorical picture containing *a hyœna surrounded wth*[56] *Cupids*. The hyæna was supposed to be a translation of his name. Upon requesting an explanation of the compliment, he received the following smiling reply:—"*Les Amours, Monsieur, son nous; et vous etes*[57] *la bête*." ("The Loves, Sir, are ourselves,—the beast is you.")

If you do not thump your knee at this story, I shall conclude you have left off discussing the debates in Parliament, and are no longer in need of your usual refreshment.

Your's ever sincerely.

EDITORIAL NOTES

[1] Unknown addressee.

[2] Possible reference to Leigh Hunt's friend Novello, to whom is addressed his "Letter from Abroad" included in the third instalment of *The Liberal*.

[3] Reference to the popular song "O'er the vine cover'd hills and gay regions of France" (1791) by William Roscoe (1753-1831).

[4] Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823), English novelist and poet. Hunt is probably alluding to Radcliffe's Gothic romance *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), set in Southern France and Northern Italy.

[5] Les Charmettes is a country house located in a wooded valley near the town of Chambéry, France. The French philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-78) lived there between 1736 and 1742 with Madame de Warens (1699-1762), his mentor and mistress.

[6] Col du Mont-Cenis is a mountain pass located between Italy and France. Between 1803 and 1810, Napoleon Bonaparte commissioned the construction of a road connecting the Italian town of Susa and the French town of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne to improve military connections.

[7] Turin, city in Northern Italy. At the time, Turin was the capital city of the Kingdom of Sardinia ruled by the Savoy dynasty, who held the island of Sardinia, as well as other inland possessions.

[8] Carlo Felice di Savoia (1765-1831), king of Sardinia from 1821 to his death. Carlo Felice resided in Turin solely during the theatre season and spent the rest of his time between Savoy, Nice and Genoa, one of his favourite residences.

[9] Mountain range that originates in the Ligurian Alps and extends southwards over the whole length of the Italian peninsula.

[10] Small Italian town, known in the nineteenth century for its small taverns.

[11] Italian for *English gentlemen*.

[12] Italian for *come, come*.

[13] Raffaello Sanzio (1483-1520), Italian painter and architect. Raffaello is regarded as one of the three great masters of the Renaissance along with Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) and Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564).

[14] Guido Reni (1575-1642), Italian painter and engraver. Genoa hosts Reni's altarpiece *Assunzione della Vergine* (1616-17) commissioned by the nobleman Stefano Durazzo (1594-1667) for the Jesuit church of Sant'Ambrogio.

[15] Publius Vergilius Maro, known in English as Virgil (70-19 BCE), Roman poet of the Augustan period. In his *Eclogues* (c. 39BC), also known as *Bucolics*, he conjures up an idyllic pastoral world.

[16] Old form of the word *chestnut*, common until c. 1820.

[17] Untraced reference.

[18] Ottaviano Targioni Tozzetti (1755-1826), Italian essayist and scholar, author of *Istituzioni botaniche* (1794).

[19] Misprint.

[20] John Milton, *Paradise Lost* III.51-52.

[21] Ancient Greek for *cicada*.

[22] Virgil, *Eclogues* II.9-10 and V.75-76.

[23] Theocritus (c. 300-260 BCE), Greek poet and father of Ancient Greek pastoral poetry. Reference to *Idylls* 4.16.

[24] The collection of Greek poems *Anacreontea* was attributed to the lyric poet Anacreon. Poem 34 is dedicated to the cicada, which is unaffected by time and the undisputed ruler of the countryside.

[25] See *Anacreontea* 34.

[26] Archaic form of the word *scissors*.

[27] Robert Herrick (1591-1674), English lyric poet best known for his collection *Hesperides; or, The Works Both Humane and Divine* (1648).

[28] Robert Herrick, "The Night Piece, to Julia" (1648), collected in *Hesperides*.

[29] Probable allusion to Percy Bysshe Shelley.

[30] Homer (c. eighth century BCE), Greek poet and presumed author of the epic poems *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

[31] Virgil, Roman poet.

[32] Publius Ovidius Naso, known in English as Ovid, (43 BCE-17 CE), Roman poet best known for *Metamorphoses* (c. 8 CE), a collection of Greek myths and legends from creation to the death and deification of Julius Caesar.

[33] Anacreon (c. 582-c. 485 BCE), Greek lyric poet known for his songs and poems celebrating love, wine, and pleasure.

[34] Theocritus, Greek poet.

[35] See Dante Alighieri, *Divine Comedy*: *Inferno* XXVI.25-33.

[36] Gaius Plinius Secundus, known as Pliny the Elder (23-79 CE), Roman naturalist and author of *Naturalis Historia* (*Natural History*), where the term *cicindela* appears for the first time to indicate the firefly.

[37] Reference to Henry Coxe, pseudonym of John Millard, author of *Picture of Italy* (1818), one of the most noted early nineteenth-century cultural guides to Italy.

[38] *De vulgari eloquentia* (c. 1303-05) is a Latin treatise by Dante Alighieri about the origins and cultural value of vernacular languages in Italy. In section XIII, Dante discusses the vernacular language spoken in Genoa.

[39] Misprint for *they*.

[40] Archaic form of the noun *diphthong*.

[41] Misprint.

[42] Torquato Tasso (1544-95), Italian poet best known for his epic poem *Gerusalemme liberata* (1581). In 1755, a team of scholars from Genoa led by the poet Stefano De Franchi (1714-85) translated Tasso's work into Genoese vernacular language and published it with the title *Ra Gerusalemme deliverà dro Signor Torquato Tasso traduta in lengua zeneise*.

[43] Jean-Baptiste Poquelin (1622-73), known as Molière, was a French dramatist. De Franchi translated several of Molière's comedies into Genoese vernacular language: *Le médecin malgré lui* (1666, translated as *Ro mêgo per força*), *Le Mariage forcé* (1664, translated as *Ro Mariezzo per força*), and *Les Fourberies de Scapin* (1671, translated as *Furbarie de Monodda*). Other comedies were not only translated, but also recasted and rewritten: *L'avare* (1668, translated as *L'avaro*), *Les Précieuses ridicules* (1659, translated as *Le preziose ridicole*), and *Les Fâcheux* (1661, translated as *Ri Fastidiosi*).

[44] Pierantonio Serassi (1721-91), author of *La vita di Torquato Tasso* (1785).

[45] Gian Giacomo Cavalli (1590-1657), Italian poet known for his contribution to the poetry in Genoese. His best-known work is the collection *Ra Çittara Zeneize* (1630).

[46] Gabriello Chiabrera (1552-1638), Italian poet and dramatist. His commendation to the poet Cavalli, originally written in a letter dated 10 December 1630, was included in the 1745 edition of *Ra Çittara Zeneize* under the title "Elogio del signor Gabriello Chiabrera sovra il Cavalli".

[47] Misprint for *Maragliano*. Anton Maria Maragliano (1664-1741), Italian sculptor. Hunt might be alluding to the sculpture *San Giacomo della Marca* (c. 1730-40), attributed to Maragliano.

[48] This passage is not part of one of Cavalli's poems, but of "O sciô Palosso resuscitou pé vedde ai 2 de Zugno a casazza de Foxinne" (1822) by the poet Tocca Ejus.

[49] Reference to Angelo Vergani's *Italian Grammar* (c. 1813).

[50] Misprint for *mercanzie*.

[51] Misprint.

[52] Misprint for *un'osteria*.

[53] Misprint for *replicò*.

[54] Hierocles of Alexandria (active c. 430 CE), Greek Neoplatonist and teacher of philosophy in the city of Alexandria.

[55] Ettore Veuillet d'Yenne (1758-1830), Italian politician. In 1822, he became governor of the Dutchy of Genoa.

[56] Misprint for *with*.

[57] Misprint for *êtes*.