Bernardino Daniello and Vergil's *Georgics*

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(With English translation of Daniello's Note to the Readers and Letter to his Patron in endnotes 1 and 2)

Almost no attention has been paid to the translation and commentary of Vergil's *Georgics* by Bernardino Daniello of Lucca. I hold here the first edition, printed in Venice in 1545. To make it better known and easier to read I have made a transcription of it which I will put up on the UVM Classics Department's webpage. I will also put up my translation of his note to the Readers[1] and his letter to a patron[2] with its claim that Agriculture is first among the Arts. This morning I want say a few things about it

Bernardino Daniello (c. 1500 in Lucca-1565 Padua) was the author of the last Renaissance commentary on Dante's *Commedia,* published posthumously in 1568, the only Dante commentary known by Milton.[3] The great humanists Pietro Bembo (1470-1547) and Trifone Gabriele (1470-1549), who were leaders in the development of literary studies and of Italian as a literary language, shaped much of Daniello's work. Daniello's 1536 *La Poetica* featured Trifone Gabriele as a main speaker in this dialog that defends poetry against the claims of philosophy, considered the first such defense in the 16th century.[4]

Ten years later, Daniello's *Georgica* is published in Venice.[5] Daniello in effect offers with this work proof of the value and utility of poetry he had argued in *La Poetica.*[6] It was the second Italian translation. In 1543, Antonio Mario Nigresoli's translation of the *Georgics* had appeared, also published in Venice, but without commentary.[7] In 1546, Luigi Alamanni's *La Coltivazione,* an adaptation of the *Georgics* in six books was published in Paris.[8] Giovanni Bernardo Rucellai (1475-1525) had published in 1524 *Le Api,* an imitation of *Georgics,* Book 4.[9] All four works are in *versi sciolti,* unrhymed hendecasyllabics and in Tuscan-based Italian, the literary *volgare.*

Though the publication dates of the works of Daniello, Nigresolit, and Alamanni fall in the 1540's, attention to the *Georgics* seems to span most of the 16th century and to reflect greater interest in Vergil's didactic poem during the Renaissance than generally recognized. The main reason given for this alleged neglect is that the humanists were mostly from urban centers.[10] But urban centers like Siena depended on agriculture. Consider Ambrogio Lorenzetti's "Allegory of Good and Bad Government" (1337-1340) in Siena's Palazzo Pubblica or just take a view from the Loggia of the same building of the lands and granaries owned by Siena's Ospedalle della Scala. A letter of Nigresoli, of Ferrara, shows that he had been working on his translation for some time before 1532. Tuscan Daniello begins his 1545 publication with a letter to a Venetian patron[11] with its claim of agriculture's primacy among the arts. Daniello had long been working on *La Poetica* before its appearance in 1536, and its introduction is thick with vocabulary tying ART to AGRICULTURE. Words like 'grafting, seeds, planting, fruits, sap, terrain, branches, grasses, trees reveal an author drenched in thought about the content of the *Georgics,* of which his eventual translation is in effect further proof of the utility of poetry. Daniello's Dante commentary published posthumously in 1568. Daniello draws attention to *Georgics* in noting, as

he probably learned first from mentor Gabriele, Dante's parody of Orpheus' "Eurydice, Eurydice, Eurydice" at *G.* 4.523-7 with "Virgilio…. Virgilio…. Virgilio" at *Purgatorio* 30. 49-51.[12]

Daniello's translation was perhaps more successful than Nigresoli's. In 1586 Daniello's translation without commentary was re-printed in a complete Vergil published in Mantua that included a re-printing of Annibale Caro's *Aeneid* (first in 1581, at that time the most famous Italian translation of the epic).[13] Daniello's translation, the Commentary excluded, was revised and re-published three times in the 18th century. The 1734 edition modernizes Daniello's orthography with the cavil that the translation at times misses the sense of the Latin or is more difficult to understand than the Latin. Daniello, however, actually says in the letter to Mozenico that it was to help the reader better understand his translation that he wrote the Commentary. The Commentary allows Daniello flexibility in the translation itself: With admirable clarity Nigresoli's translation identifies immediately the gender of Pales with *somma Pale* in the first line of Book 3, whereas Daniello's *gran Pale*, like my "great Pales" in your handout, leaves the gender vague. This vagueness is not good. Servius reports that Varro made the shepherd Pales, a male. Vergil makes it instantly clear. But in the Commentary Daniello leaves no doubt that Pales is feminine, even though removing the doubt requires over 130 words. In fairness and in compensation, Daniello's readers received an accurate account of the festival of Rome's birthday, the *Parilia*.

Daniello's Commentary is sometimes just a prose version of his translation but does often give useful information, with citations of Varro, Columella, Pliny, Palladius and other ancient authors.[14] We learn from examples of his own day the peculiarities of wine growing in different soils and climes. He digresses on the Italian breeds of horses (65), and on races with horses or donkeys in the style of the Palio, (not born, by the way, until 1633 in Siena). There is lore on serpents in Italy (78), and there are almost seven full pages of notes on geological disasters like the last great eruption, in 1538, of the Campi Flegrei and subsequent seismic destruction near Florence. (Washington Post published an article on Dec. 21, 2016 about recent rumblings in the area of Pozzuoli.)[15]

In his introductory note to the Readers, an interesting essay on translation per se, Daniello echoes Cicero's first sentence in the *De Finibus* (a work he cites in the same note) in which the orator expects criticism from those who doubt that Greek philosophical writing could be rendered in Latin.[16] Among Daniello's anticipated critics are Latin scholars who disdain their own language "as a frivolous girl and admire Latin as a wise and venerable and serious lady." *Georgics* should only be read in Latin. Others think that he will make a fool of himself by tackling this, the most difficult and untranslatable of poems. Still others who blame him for even using Latin words, a practice Daniello justifies by citing the same use of Latin words by Dante and Petrarch.[17] Though his critics claim that Latin, unlike Italian, is known world-wide, Daniello knows better and writes for those who haven't had the advantage of Greek and Latin training. Perhaps, he predicts, knowledge of Italian would spread if *la bella Italia*, now subject to barbarian nations and divided with discord, were united and mindful of her ancient glory and valor. It is indeed a marvel, he writes, that having become a slave to such nations that things written in the language that we actually speak are not only <u>read</u> in France and Spain but *studied* with diligence. It's a shame that we do not act in our own interest and do not translate in our own idiom good things both Latin and Greek.[18]

Unlike Alamanni and Rucellai, imitators of Vergil, Daniello, the professed non-imitator, does sometimes wander from Vergil: See on the handout the beginning of Book 3. 4-5, an example of expansion: Vergil writes

> …….for who knows neither harsh Eurystheus
> nor the altars of despised Busiris?
> *quis aut Eurysthea durum*
> *aut inlaudati nescit Busiridis aras?*

Daniello is so disgusted at the sacrifice of strangers by Busiris that he omits the name and in its place writes *Re d'Egitto*. Unsatisfied by the understatement *inlaudati,* he expands it.

> …….To whom is not yet stubborn and harsh
> Eurystheus known? or the pitiless altars
> Of the King of Egypt, worthily unworthy
> Of any praise, indeed, of infamy eternal
> More worthy than any other.
> A cui non noto è gia l'ostinato e duro
> Euristheo noto: o i dispietati altari
> Del Re d'Egitto, degnamente indegno
> D'alcuna lode, anzi d'infamia eterna
> Degnissimo piu ch'altro?

Five lines for Vergil's two, 39 words for Vergil's 9, an adjective added to Vergil's *aras* and the litotes of *inlaudati* expanded into an elaborate *figura etymologica* with the crescendo of 10 alliterative d's sealing the *damnatio memoriae* of the Egyptian King's very name.

Thank you for your attention. I will keep the book with me during the next two days and would be happy to show it or my footnotes to anyone interested.

[1] Daniello to the Readers (Translation of Bernardino Daniello ai Lettori)

It had not escaped me, most honorable readers, before I dedicated myself the translation of this work, that of my translation there would be no lack of critics. Of these, some, who have only applied themselves to the study of Latin letters, and disdain and disapprove disdaining of this our language, will say perhaps that there is no gravity or dignity to be found in it because it is no different than a simple and frivolous girl playing on the shores and in the charming gardens of Tuscany. She strolls about, merely picking the flowers and branches of the words, and nourishes herself on nothing but the wind. On the other hand, Latin, as a wise and venerable lady in whose gaze and gait and stature, in sum in her every act and movement there is nothing base, frivolous, or of vile thought perceived. Instead, lofty, serious, noble and full of majesty; she proceeds with learned and masterful hand to pluck the ripe fruits of things, and distributes them in every quarter of the world. The reason is that since it is not possible to write worthily in our native idiom about something serious or something worthy seriously (as it can be in ancient Roman); they will conclude finally that there can be no profit gained by those of our times by translating from one to another language, and especially by those who are learned and educated. Such critics will want rather to read the *Georgics* of Virgil in the language in which he left it written instead of in their own. Such people insult not me in particular but our language as one which does (but only in *their* view and opinion) possess the ability to treat high concepts and serious thoughts in a lofty and serious manner. Others blame not the language but me alone by saying that I have brashly put myself to such a great undertaking as this, arguing that translating, especially translating the poets, is very difficult and laborious: and if any poem contains difficulty, the *Georgics* of Virgil is of all the poems ever written the most difficult and almost impossible, not only to translate well but to understand. For this reason they will assert that with my efforts I will gain very little, indeed, no

praise for myself, but will surely run the risk of procuring blame for myself by turning something written most excellently in one idiom into another one very badly written. There will be, further, those who will say that I have little good judgment in having committed myself to doing what none of the ancient Roman authors had the temerity to do. Because if one looks closely, no one ever turned a Greek poem into Latin as I have a Latin poem into the *Volgare,* since Virgil did not translate Theocritus, Hesiod, and Homer. Instead, he imitated the prolixity of the Sicilian poet, the length of Homer by compressing and abbreviating, and the brevity of Hesiod by lengthening and amplifying in such a way that these poems may truly be called imitations rather than translations. So that if I had used the judgment and diligence of Virgil in the way he prevailed upon and served the poet of Ascrea, preserving what he had but with different organization, by removing many things from it, and adding much of my own, I would have brought home more glory than I will have with a simple translation. Nor will you lack someone scolding me for not having been suitably diligent in my choice of words and for using many Latin words that a Tuscan writer should not. But to escape from these is not unlike the action of a ship against the stormy seas and the coastal cliffs. Many will say many other things, to all of which whoever wishes to respond sufficiently would make not a brief defense but a career of a very long oration. To the above reproach, as to that which I recognize of greater importance, and, primarily to the first more briefly than I could in responding, I simply say I do not write for those who seem to be of such delicate stomach and find disagreeable (not to say detestable) all the things that are written in the very language with which they are acquainted as soon as with their nurses' milk and they begin to form words and begin even to name things which they of necessity do; and which they speak every day; but rightly I write to those who having been prevented by various cares and circumstances from their earliest age have been able to study neither the Greek nor the Latin language and for this reason had no knowledge ever of the former or the latter. To those my intention was to give pleasure and especially to those who delight in writing in the Tuscan way; and not to those who

make such a profession of Latin letters that they look down upon all the others. As even M. Tullius affirms at the beginning of that work where he treats so well and at such length the ends of good and evil, I will never call such people learned or very well educated, unfamiliar as they are of our profession. Because they are completely ignorant of what our poets have treated, either out of laziness or lack of intelligence; or possessing a taste so uselessly delicate that everything disgusts them. Therefore, if those people had well in hand the Tuscan authors and most of all Petrarch, they would not only say that in this language they can treat beautiful and worthy subjects decorously and worthily, but they would clearly confess that the Greek and Latin languages had no erotic author who so well as he (Petrarch) expressed his thoughts by elevating the humble and lowly, by making the lascivious decent, and by lending gravity to the frivolous. The reason is that if they had also cultivated their own and native language, and poeticizing, philosophizing, praying and writing history, perhaps they would not miss the Virgils, Ciceros, and Livys. Not that they should ever hope to arrive in that language to that high level of perfection. Although they say that Latin is more noble and more dignified than the *volgare*, because it is spoken and written throughout the world and the latter extends not beyond the borders of Italy, I would wish that they had demonstrated to me what this "throughout the world" is of which they speak. Because I do not see that Europe is all the world, rather that it is really of its three parts the smallest; and it contains many provinces and peoples with no knowledge of the Latin language. But it would be not at all surprising if the *volgata* grew by going beyond the nation's borders, and bringing itself to peoples abroad, when it well considered that Latin grew so much together with the armies and Roman empire. This would perhaps happen if *la bella Italia* (thanks to its discord and divisions now subject to barbarian nations), mindful of her ancient glory and valor, found herself united. It is indeed a marvel that having become a slave to such nations that things written in the language that we speak are not only read but in France and Spain studied with diligence. These provinces should be imitated by the people of our language (when they

were not, as they are now, acting contrary to their own interests) by writing in their own idiom and translating into it good things both Greek and Latin. I hear that this is happening in the two provinces mentioned above, in which into their vulgate are not only many Greek and Latin writers being translated every day, but many of our Tuscan authors as well What the second group of critics say, I also admit to be true, that translating the poets is much more difficult than the orators and the historians and that the *Georgics* is in equal measure both to understand and to translate more difficult than any other poem, --- but not impossible; and if that hue and cry of praise of which they speak I do not achieve with this translation, I declare that I neither pretend nor desire to have it, since (as I said above) my first purpose was not to acquire fame for this, but, if I can, really to give pleasure to those interested in this language, whether blame or praise be my result. But whether I have interpreted ill or well, I shall leave to those to judge who do not disdain to read it. Those who say the ancient Latin authors never translated any of the Greeks show that they have poorly seen what thefts and translations the Latin authors have made and written of things Greek. And leaving aside many of the oldest comic and tragic poets like Aquilius, Atilius, Caecilius Statius, Varo Atticinus, Afranius and many others who transferred many tales of Sophocles, of Euripides, Apollodorus, Menander, Philemon, and other Greek poets, did not Terence translate the *Phormio* and the *Hecyra* of Apollodorus and the other four comedies of Menander? Who does not know as well the works by Cornelius Gallus, the very great friend of Virgil, celebrated by the latter in the 6th and in the last *Eclogue*, with Euphorion the Greek poet having become Latin [? Catullus translated that elegy which Callimachus had earlier composed about the lock of Berenice. Cicero transformed Aratus, who treated celestial matters so learnedly. But why do I wish to remind you one by one of each of these translators? Is it not so that Pliny in the premium of this *Natural History* not confirm that almost all the ancient Greek authors had been transferred with the same words? He praises the virtue of the Homer of Mantua and the simplicity of M. Tullius (to call him by the name he used), that the one confesses to

have translated Hesiod, saying "And the Ascraean verses for the Roman cities and to open the holy fountains, do I sing." And the other does not deny having imitated Plato in his own *Republic* and that in the *De Officiis* there is another Panetius. I do not deny, however, that Virgil was in all three of his poems more an artful imitator than a translator. I am truly amazed when I ponder carefully and am uncertain which is greater, the diligence that he used in gleaning the works of others or the genius and judgment he had in mixing and adding the harvests of others into his own work or the artfulness of their placement therein, or the loftiness of style and the eloquence in treating and describing them. But above all I am amazed at the beautiful and most marvelous order that he maintains in joining one book to another (as will be explained in full in the commentary). Anyone who had wished to disarrange this most divine arrangement (which would have made necessary re-doing and distributing the four books in more or fewer books) would end up removing from the poem its loveliest and most learned part. This I have not wanted to do, if because of the great reverence I have always had for such a learned and divine genius: and if also to bring more pleasure to those interested in this language, opening to them the most concealed and recondite meanings, and demonstrating (when the minute force of my meager mind suffices) the excellence of the judgment of such a wise poet. By simply translating it without commentary, I would not have been able to do this: and by not translating it but only imitating it (as my critics say) was not adequate for presenting to them my ideas. Finally as to the words, I confess that as much as I thought to remove myself from Latinity, I have nonetheless not been able to avoid at least using some of it. But if Dante, and if Petrarch were not forced or constrained (like me) and within their poems went about sowing and scattering and saying words like *basterna* 'stretcher, litter,' *cloaca* 'sewer,' *sili* 'snub-nosed?,' *ubi* 'where,' *pabolo* 'food,' *memoro* 'remember,' *vehicolo, volito, candelabro,*' *tripudio* 'solemn dancing ceremony,' *esurio* 'be hungry,' *concipio* 'conceive,' *congratulo, trepido, reitero, indige* 'need,' *senetta* 'old woman,' *ambage*' confused track, ambiguity,' and many other similar words (unmentioned so as not to annoy you), and those in that

sonnet *Pasco la mente d'un si nobil cibo,*. which has *ambrosia, nettare, bibo, describe, delibo,* and *rapto* (instead of *rapito*) and *funereo rogo* and such, why am I not allowed to say *orco propitio* 'propitious underworld,' *saggittifero, ferment, hellebore, bitumen, podagre, lanea fascia, ansia tosse, naufraghi, cervice, putride* and similar words? And if for those things that no longer exist or if they were only applicable to past times and are not for things in current use, it is not possible to use just any name, but right to name them with the same names with which they were called while they existed and were used; why should I not be allowed to use both CESTO ['leather wrappings for boxer's glove,' sic ad *G*.3.20 for caestu]and CELINDRO [sic ad G. 1.178 for cylindro 'roller'] and such? I do not deny that these instruments (with their proper names suppressed) could be expressed by a change of words, as I expressed the name Busiride and his epithet *illaudato* [*G*.3.5 illaudati...Busiridis aras]: who besides his not being civil, these words sounded bad in the verse, and to hide both, I wrote "To whom is the stubborn and harsh Euritheus not already known? Or the pitiless altars of the King of Egypt, worthily unworthy of any praise, nay rather of eternal infamy more worthy than anyone." And circumlocutions are not always to be used unless forced sometime by necessity." Therefore using the original words sometime lends to the passages grand ornament and more grace and attractiveness, but to use them always would deprive them of both the one and the other, aside from increasing infinitely the size of the work. But now it is time, I think, that you, my Readers, hear what Virgil, having become Tuscan, thinks about agriculture.

[2] To the Magnificent
M. Lunardo Mozenico, the Procurator of the most famous M. Antonio,
from Bernardino Daniello:

Of all the other sciences and arts, both mechanical and liberal (my very magnificent and distinguished sir), if one observe with a healthy eye and mind, none has more utility and pleasure to bring to mortals or is of more importance for living their lives and supporting their needs than agriculture. For this reason not only the artisan, the wood-worker

(and similar ones, who consume with continual labor and sweat the whole day and a large part of the night to support themselves and their little family). He would not be able to live without its help. It remains yet as though required by law for the nornmal conduct of life, that to rule and govern both our private and public affairs we needed the moral Philosopher to teach us and also the Natural [Philosopher] concerning both higher and lower bodies, nor to rise with our minds to the consideration of things incorporeal and to things separate from matter, the Metaphysical, if through its strength [the art of agriculure] the body is not sustained. Therefore not without merit does Socrates praise it, speaking *apud* Xenophon, and calls it the mother and nurse of all the other arts, from which, if well practised, all the others take their force and vigor: and in constrast if it is scorned and neglected, it of necessity happens that other things both on sea and land are corrupted and lie useless. From this it is moreover proved that, being the oldest, it is the most noble (if it is true that the older something is, the nobler it is) since it drew its origin from our first parent since, having been by him who formed him from the humble earth, similar to himself, as his subject, from the lovely and graceful gardens dressed in eternal primal truth, he was chased from heaven, and from the crabid, rough, and harsh fields of the earth, about which the cities were built, Republics established and laws were commanded and laid down: he became a earthworker. Noah (whom under the name of Bacchus or Lyaeus the ancient period celebrated and worshiped as God) discovered the use of pruning and cultivating the vines and of making wine. And because it is right that the most noble things still be practised by the most noble men: if with diligence we proceed to read ancient Roman history, we will see a Quintus Cincinnatus who was taken from his plow and made Dictator. After he had freed the consul [L. Minucius Esquilinus Augurinus] and his besieged army [by the Aequi on Mt. Algidus], he renounced the Dictatorship and returned to cultivate the fields he had inherited. And similarly, M. Attilius Serranus (so named for having sown his lands) was made Consul and Dictator. What should we say about Gaius Fabricius? What about Curius Dentatus? If the one had not expelled Pyrrhus from

Italy, the other not subdued the Sabines, they were cultivating their fields assigned in the distribution, working with those very same hands with which they hurled darts when they fought against the enemy, and with which they made plows, hoes, scythes, and other similar farming instruments. Anyone who first observed them in those magistracies, and then of their own will depriving themselves of them, would have marveled differently from Lysander the Lacedaemonian, when having been sent with gifts to Cyrus and being led by him into his own garden, and, seeing the trees equally set and separated one from another in very beautiful order, said in amazement that he remained much more astonished at the diligence of the master, than the trees themselves. To whom Cyrus, delighted, answered that he himself was the master and with his own hand had planted and set them in order (it is the disgrace of the corrupted world and of the present century that it was agriculture that antiquity considered very glorious and praiseworthy and kept those most noble senators and the highest kings occupied and cited for blame and insult those base and ignoble persons who neglected the care and managment of the same. Not only was that art practised by such persons (as we have seen), but many Greek and Latin writers did not lack it, like Democritus, Xenophon, Architas, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and others, (the names of whom being little necessary or important to my argument let us omit) and many great kings, and valorous captains, like Hiero of Syracuse, Philometor, Attalus, and Mago the Carthaginian, who left 32 books on this art, that then by public decree of the Senate were translated from Punic into the Roman language. And of the Latin authors first Marcus Cato the Censor, Stolon, the Saserni, Tremellius Scroffa, Marcus Terentius Varro, Cornelius Celsus, Julius Atticus, Columella, Palladius, and Gaius Pliny,who made use of them all in his Natural History. But amongst all the others, those who treated agriculture in verse most loftily and gracefully were those equally noble and learned poets Hesiod of Ascra and Virgil of Mantua, the former of Greek, the latter of Roman eloquence the brightest lights. The Latin poet, however, wrote more copiously because whereas what the Greek composed in only one book on this science, the Latin divided into four.

Compelled by the strong persuasion of many who are able to command me with authority regarding the universal utility and benefit of those who study this our own native language, I have newly translated these four books into that language. And in order that they be better understood, I have written a commentary in the same language, dedicating it to Your Majesty, inasmuch as thanks to your great kindness and boundless courtesy you have, as it were, conquered and obliged me to love you and revere you and serve you constantly as long as I am allowed to live down here. But what do I say about me? What then is a person like who in admiring you and seeing your gracious and serene visage, descended of such noble and illustrious family, of profound intellect, and keenest character, of great prudence and finally knowing that you are endowed with of every virtue, does not remain at once most affectionate? Certainly no one (as I may believe). It remains to encourage you, since you know that the beautiful things of the body are earthly and ephemeral possessions, and yet, subject to both time and death, adorn life not otherwise than do the seasons of spring, with the zephyrs breathing, and a pretty green meadow with lovely flowers, which, with the heat past and the cold approaching, at one blast of Boreas, change from happy to sad, from colorful to pallid, and from clad to naked and so remains; and seeing the riches and the honors given to be ours in one moment and taken back by that [nature] from which they come to us; I propose to exhort you to cultivate the gifts of the mind (which being similar to it [the mind], are eternal, and lasting, and an ornament of it, like the bright stars of the sky, which though revolving about is always the same sky [as we] read now that orator, now this poet, and above all at the reading of this poem, in which to summarize very briefly not only all the precepts of agriculture are treated with remarkable order and artifice, but also are described the entire celetrial sphere and the labors and various eclipses of both Sun and Moon. Your Serene Majesty will now accept with the same mind with with I offer it to you these my labors (such as they are), and without further words I kiss your hand.

[3] The importance of this work, the only Dante commentary known by Milton, grew with its transcription by members of the Dartmouth Dante Project. *L'Espositione di Bernardino Daniello da Lucca sopra La Comedia di Dante,* transcribed and edited by Robert Hollander & Jeffrey Schnapp with Kevin Brownlee & Nancy Vickers, University Press of New England, 1989).

[4] Deborah Parker in her *Commentary and Ideology: Dante in the Renaissance*, Duke Univ. Pr., 1993, weighs Daniello's debt to his teacher Trifone Gabriele in his 1568 posthumously published commentary on Dante, on which, p. 203, n. 3, she writes that he was working by 1547. In Chapter 5, Parker discusses the accusations, from the 16th century on, that Daniello's Commentary on Petrarch, like that on Dante, is largely the work of Trifone Gabriele. She is right to defend Daniello by quoting, p. 110, his own words in his Petrarch commentary, digitalized at https://archive.org/details/sonetticanzoniet00petr.: "*il quale [Plato] del suo Socrate fece quello ch'io ora di quest'altro mio novello Socrate ho fatto e di fare intendo per l'avvenire in tutte le cose: giovandomi in questo esso Platone imitare* (emphasis mine)." She concludes: "In casting himself as Plato to Gabriele's Socrates, Daniello envisioned himself as transcriber and circulator of his teacher's ideas." It is significant that in his Commentary on the *Georgics* he continues his thoughts on Imitation. The genial Gabriele was widely known as the *Socrate veneziano* for his influence as a teacher and advisor to published authors. In the following excerpt from *La Poetica* Daniello gives both a dramatic date for the dialog (1533) and another acknowledgment of his dependency on his teacher: *Laqual cosa, come fare si possa, con certi ragionamenti havuti dal mio sempre venerando Signore, et dottissimo precettore, M. Triphon Gabriele, meco, ei con duo suoi nepoti in Bassano, l'anno di nostra salute Mille cinquecento et trentatre: io hor a voi molto Reverendo et Illustre Signor mio, intend di dimostrare, si come a colui, ilquale fra l'altre molte doti dell'animo celesti, et sempiterne, che in voi a guise d'un chiaro sole risplendono (quelle tutte che et benigna fortuna, et amica natura con larga et piena mano vi diedono, si come frali et caduche, lasciando da parte stare) non pure de Poeti cosi Greci, come Latini studiosissimo siete: ma di quelli etiandio che nella nostra Volgare et natia lingua scrissero.*

[5] Printed by Farri, and again in 1549 by Gryphius , with the incipit letters of each book filled in with a woodcut, causing a difference in pagination.

[6] Digitized at:
https://books.google.com/books?id=V2f4JqdbHWEC&pg=PP3&lpg=PP3&dq=Lunardo+Mozenico&source=bl&ots=MHRMS0jQB1&sig=Q2pt2AgU5TvUGVuOCSuusylHrTQ&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjBgNGGl9TRAhVp6oMKHXiBDAIQ6AEIKzAE#v=onepage&q=Lunardo%20Mozenico&f=false

[7] Digitized at:
https://books.google.com/books/about/La_Georgica_di_Vergilio_da_M_Ant_Mario_N.html?id=C-Bl4VFvu0wC

[8] 1804 republication together with Rucellai's *Le Api* digitized at:
https://archive.org/details/bub_gb_ljmvcpNbc2kC

[9] See the *Virgil Encylopedia,* edited by Richard Thomas and Jan M. Ziolkowski with the assistance of Anna Bonnell-Freidin, Christian Flow, and Michael B. Sullivan (Wiley-Blackwell, 2014), vol. 2, 676 for other imitations of *Georgics* by Poliziano, Girolamo Frascastoro, and Andrea Navagero.

[10] *Ibid*., vol. 3. p. 1073, agrees with L. P. Wilkinson, *Georgics of Virgil; A Critical Survey* (Cambridge, 1969), p. 291, that the urban background of so many humanists lessened attention to country life, with Petrarch the exception.

[11] Probably Leonardo Mocenigo, 1522-1575, patron of the arts and archeologist, member of a wealthy family of Venice. See https://it.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mocenigo#Letterati.

[12] Hollander, *ibid*, p. viii. Dorothy Parker, *ibid*, p. 116: "In fact this echo was first noted by Gabriele."

[13] Daniello's translation and commentary enjoy praise in a letter from Pietro Aretino (1492-1556), whom Ariosto dubbed the "whip of princes" *flagello dei principi,* noted satirist and pornographer.

[14] He gives a longer list of sources is in his letter to Mozenico, his patron: *Not only was that art* [gardening/agriculture] *practised by such persons (as we have seen), but many Greek and Latin writers did not lack it, like Democritus, Xenophon, Architas, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and others, (let us omit their names, being hardly necessary or important to my argument,) and many great Kings, and valorous captains, like Hiero of Syracuse, Philometor, Attalus, and Mago the Carthaginian, who left 32 books on this art, that later by public decree of the Senate were translated from Punic into the Roman language. And of the Latin authors first Marcus Cato the Censor, Stolon, the Saserni, Tremellius Scroffa, Marcus Terentius Varro, Cornelius Celsus, Julius Atticus, Columella, Palladius, and Gaius Pliny,who made use of them all in his Natural History*. But amongst all the others, those who treated agriculture in verse most loftily and gracefully were those equally noble and learned poets Hesiod of Ascra and Virgil of Mantua, the former of Greek, the latter of Roman eloquence the brightest lights.

[15] https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/speaking-of-science/wp/2016/12/21/a-supervolcano-caused-the-largest-eruption-in-european-history-now-its-stirring-again/?utm_term=.3db7f0ba2ad6

[16] *Non eram nescius, Brute, cum, quae summis ingeniis exquisitaque doctrina philosophi Graeco sermone tractavissent, ea Latinis litteris mandaremus, fore ut hic noster labor in varias reprehensiones incurreret. nam quibusdam, et iis quidem non admodum indoctis, totum hoc displicet philosophari. quidam autem non tam id reprehendunt, si remissius agatur, sed tantum studium tamque multam operam ponendam in eo non arbitrantur. erunt etiam, et ii quidem eruditi Graecis litteris, contemnentes Latinas, qui se dicant in Graecis legendis operam malle consumere. postremo aliquos futuros suspicor, qui me ad alias litteras vocent, genus hoc*

scribendi, etsi sit elegans, personae tamen et dignitatis esse negent. [2] Contra quos omnis dicendum breviter existimo.

[17] "Finally as to the words, I confess that as much as I thought to remove myself from Latinity, I have nonetheless not been able to avoid at least using some of it. But if Dante, and if Petrarch were not forced or constrained (like me) and within their poems went about sowing and scattering and saying words like *basterna* 'stretcher, litter,' *cloaca* 'sewer,' *sili* 'snub-nosed?, ' *ubi* 'where,' *pabolo* 'food,' *memoro* 'remember,' *vehicolo, volito, candelabro,* ' *tripudio* 'solemn dancing ceremony,' *esurio* 'be hungry,' *concipio* 'conceive,' *congratulo, trepido, reitero, indige* 'need,' *senetta* 'old woman,' *ambage* ' confused track, ambiguity,' and many other similar words (unmentioned so as not to annoy you), and those in that sonnet *Pasco la mente d'un si nobil cibo,* which has *ambrosia, nettare, bibo, describe, delibo,* and *rapto* (instead of *rapito*) and *funereo rogo* and such, why am I not allowed to say *orco propitio* 'propitious underworld,' *saggittifero, ferment, hellebore, bitumen, podagre, lanea fascia, ansia tosse, naufraghi, cervice, putride* and similar words? And if for those things that no longer exist or if they were only applicable to past times and are not for things in current use, it is not possible to use just any name, but rightly to name them with the same names with which they were called while they existed and were used; why should I not be allowed to use both CESTO ['leather wrappings for boxer's glove,' sic ad *G.*3.20 for *caestu*]and CELINDRO [sic ad G. 1.178 for *cylindro* 'roller'] and such? I do not deny that these instruments (with their proper names suppressed) could be expressed by a change of words, as I expressed the name Busiride and his epithet *inlaudato* [*G.*3.5 *inlaudati...Busiridis aras*]: who besides his not being civil, these words sounded bad in the verse, and to hide both, I wrote 'To whom is the stubborn and harsh Eurystheus not already known? Or the pitiless altars of the King of Egypt, worthily unworthy of any praise, nay rather of eternal infamy more worthy than anyone.' And circumlocutions are not always to be used unless forced sometime by necessity. Therefore using the original words sometime lends to the passages grand ornament and more grace and attractiveness, but to use them always would deprive them of both the one and the other, aside from increasing infinitely the size of the work."

[18] This reference to adverse political and military conditions in Italy is mild in comparison with the activity of Luigi Alamanni in the anti-papal movement in Florence, in his association with Admiral Andrea Dorea in Genoa, and as advisor to King Francis I of France.