

As long as red wine sparkles in the cup,
And mellow flutes and lyres at banquets ring,
And the Sicilian cottabus is played,
His fame shall flourish, yea, till time hath end.

X

(From CELIO CALCAGNINI ¹)

POET renowned, thy honeyed breath
A grape-stone stopped—the factor of dire
death.

May roses shed their rich perfume,
And ivy and laurel flourish round thy tomb.

¹ Celio Calcagnini (Cælius Calcagninus), a natural son of an ecclesiastic of Ferrara, was born in that city in 1479. He studied under Peter Pomponazzo, but embracing a military career he served in the armies of the Emperor Maximilian and Pope Julius II. Afterwards he was sent to Rome on an important diplomatic mission. On his return to Ferrara he was fortunate in securing the favour and friendship of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, whom he accompanied into Hungary.

In 1520 he was appointed professor of belles-lettres in the university, and canon of the church in his native city, which positions he filled with signal credit until his demise in 1541. He was buried in the library of the Dominicans, to whom he bequeathed his books and philosophical instruments. On his tomb are two inscriptions to his memory, one signifying that as the result of his studies he had learned to esteem