

It is true that men who have laboured with some show of excellence, have already given knowledge of themselves to the world; and this alone ought to suffice them; I mean the fact that they have proved their manhood and achieved renown. Yet one must needs live like others; and so in a work like this there will always be found occasion for natural bragging, which is of divers kinds, and the first is that a man should let others know he draws his lineage from persons of worth and most ancient origin.

I am called Benvenuto Cellini, son of Maestro Giovanni, son of Andrea, son of Cristofano Cellini; my mother was Madonna Elisabetta, daughter to Stefano Granacci; both parents citizens of Florence. It is found written in chronicles made by our ancestors of Florence, men of old time and of credibility, even as Giovanni Villani writes, that the city of Florence was evidently built in imitation of the fair city of Rome; and certain remnants of the Colosseum and the Baths can yet be traced. These things are near Santa Croce. The Capitol was where is now the Old Market. The Ronda is entire, which was made for the temple of Mars, and is now dedicated to our Saint John. That thus it was, can very well be seen,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

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Julius Caesar had among his captains a man of highest rank and valour, who was called Fiorino of Cellino, which is a village about two miles distant from Monte Fiascone. Now this Fiorino took up his quarters under the hill of Fiesole, on the ground where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, and for the convenience of the troops. All those soldiers and others who had to do with the said captain, used then to say: "Let us go to Fiorenze;" as well because the said captain was called Fiorino, as also because the place he had chosen for his quarters was by nature very rich in flowers. Upon the foundation of the city, therefore, since this name struck Julius Caesar as being fair and apt, and given by circumstance, and seeing

XXIV

Look to the blowing Rose about
us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world
I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my
Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Gar-
den throw."

XXV

And those who husbanded the
Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds
like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are
turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up
again.

XXVI

The Worldly Hope men set their
Hearts upon

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