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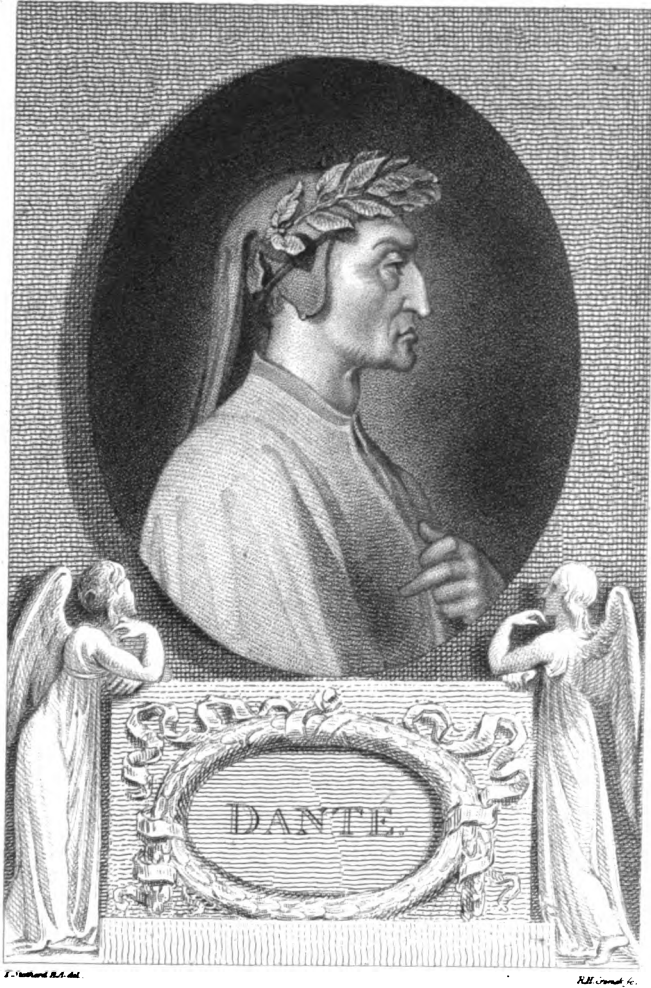
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*The Divina Commedia of
Dante Alighieri*

Dante Alighieri, Leonardo Bruni, John Scott





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THE
DIVINA COMMEDIA

OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI:

CONSISTING OF THE
INFERNO—PURGATORIO—AND PARADISO.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,
WITH PRELIMINARY ESSAYS, NOTES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
By the Rev. HENRY BOYD, A.M.
CHAPLAIN TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT CHARLEVILLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES WILLIAM
LORD VISCOUNT CHARLEVILLE,
ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT
FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM.

MY LORD,

FEW Dedicators set out with a profession, that they intend to address their Patrons *at their own expence*, although this may sometimes be really the case. This, however, is literally true with respect to me. Before the late Rebellion, I was happy in your Lordship's protection and society. Yet, though under many obligations, the remembrance of which is indelible; though my situation was endeared to me by a coincidence of taste in our literary pursuits, I suffered the terrors of men to drive me from my post, when with you I might be now contemplating the works of God in the wonders of Chemistry; the deep impression of which on your Lordship's mind, you have often expressed in conversation with me. My removal was contrary to your Lordship's opinion, contrary to my own inclination, when I left your neighbourhood.

Relictâ, non bene, parmulâ.

Yet

Yet your friendship and generosity pursued me to the Wilds of MOURNE. If I chose to make the contrast still greater, I could expatiate on your Lordship's intrepidity when you left the Asylum of the Metropolis, and, with a few attendants, made your way through a country swarming with Foes (whose object was not conquest only, but extermination), to a remote angle of the Province, still more exposed to the tempest that raged on either side. It will be long remembered with gratitude in the King's County, how much your influence and exertions contributed to keep the flames of war at a distance; and from what remote and different parts of the country intelligence came to you, when your little garrison was threatened with a nocturnal assault; a circumstance that strongly denoted the formidable nature of the conspiracy, and the extent of that interest which was taken in your Lordship's safety. This part of your Lordship's history wants only "pride, pomp, and circumstance," to raise it to a much higher scale in the Annals of the Times, though your excursions were not marked with "characters of blood and fire;" but a far superior impression is given of your Lordship, in the captivating aspect of your domain,

main, and the contented looks of an happy tenantry.

As I often expatiate in fancy over the delightful scenes where I for years enjoyed your Lordship's conversation, it is a great addition to my solitary pleasures, that you can now enjoy your favourite pursuits without being obliged to say,

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?

You still, it is true, cherished better hopes, and your example might have been expected to influence me, as the danger was almost over before my removal. But the *Afylum* had been offered, and the decision made, before security could have been relied on by such as me. Your Lordship was at the head of a troop of Warriors; I had the charge of a little band of Pilgrims, for whose safety I was answerable, and which, when put in the balance, outweighed every claim of self-gratification. Not to mention, that a proper substitute was not readily found in that remote country, I found that the truly respectable Prelate who gave me the *Afylum*, expected my residence, influenced by a regard to me with which I had been long honoured, and by higher motives becoming
his

his station and character. On the latter I could enlarge with pleasure, if it needed my panegyric, or if this were a proper place for it.

In one respect I feel myself happy, that as I have spent by much the pleafantest part of my life in your Lordship's society, I flatter *myself* you know me too well to suspect me of adulation, even if I should indulge myself in dilating further on your Lordship's character. The sentiments of which I am conscious with regard to you, would not have suffered me to prefix your Lordship's name to any production of mine, if the part already offered to the Public had not met with favour. All I shall add is, that I wish it was more worthy of your Lordship's attention; but whatever degree of amusement it may afford, I trust you will long enjoy that happiness and distinction, the knowledge of which constitutes no small ingredient in the humble enjoyments of him, who subscribes himself, with the greatest sincerity and respect,

Your Lordship's affectionate and
Grateful humble Servant,

RATHERYLAND,
Jan. 6, 1802

HENRY BOYD.

THE
I N F E R N O
OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI,
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE;
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES,
AND THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

A

COMPARATIVE VIEW

OF THE

I N F E R N O,

With some other POEMS, relative to the ORIGINAL PRINCIPLES of HUMAN NATURE, on which they are founded, or to which they appeal.

IN this age of enlightened reason and adventurous discovery, when it is grown a kind of literary pastime to attack every establishment, and when the old fabrics of reason and experience are often exposed to the wanton assaults of genius.—It is but natural, that the old imperial code of criticism should begin to lose some of its authority.

It is now grown familiar to appeal to the sentiments of nature from the dictates of ARISTOTLE, and Poets who were ignorant of his rules, or did not chuse to plan their works according to them, may at last expect a fair hearing; after having been long deemed criminals in the eyes of a law to which they were not amenable. Nor is there any danger of unworthy claimants pleading admittance into the rank of classics in consequence of the laws of criticism having taken a more liberal turn. Though the re-

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ward

ward of literary fame or dishonour be no longer at the disposal of an arbitrary JUDGE ; but, with the other sacred rights of Englishmen, are deposited in the more liberal hands of a JURY, yet the verdict of the heart which admits the claim of genius, will by the same sacred instinct which gives a stamp to merit, be led to reprobate the production which does not fall in with its sentiments, or appeal to the conclusions of reason.

The venerable old Bard who is the subject of the present enquiry has been long neglected ; perhaps for that reason, because the merit of his Poem could not be tried by the reigning laws of which the author was ignorant, or which he did not chuse to observe : He always indeed was a favourite with such as were possessors of true taste, and dared to think for themselves ; but since the French, the restorers of the art of criticism, cast a damp upon original invention, the character of DANTE has been thrown under a deeper shade. That agreeable and volatile nation found in themselves an insuperable aversion to the gloomy and romantic bard, whose genius, ardent, melancholy, and sublime, was so different from their own ; and it is well known how soon they became the sovereign arbiters of taste, and how universally the FRENCH school of composition succeeded to the ITALIAN. Like SHAKESPEARE, the poetry of DANTE, unfettered by rules, is distinguished by bold original strokes of sublimity and pathos ; and often by just and striking delineations of character ; but the nature of Epic Poetry (if HIS will be allowed that name) and the obscurity of his language, deprived him of some advantages possessed by the BRITISH bard. An Epic Poet cannot immediately appeal to the feelings of the crowd

crowd as the writer of the drama can. He must be content with the approbation of the studious, or at least of such as have leisure to read; but the dramatist, even if his genius be not of the foremost kind, has the assistance of the actor to enliven his sentiments. His heroes appear to the naked eye—the Heroes of Epic Poetry only are seen through the telescope of fancy, by the eye of the recluse contemplative:—the former are favourites of the multitude, and the multitude gives immediate fame. The laurels of the heroic bard are of more tardy growth, and are more at the mercy of chance. To be convinced that this diversity proceeds from the operation of causes that act uniformly, we need only reflect on the different fortunes of HOMER, and his three pupils ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES, during their lives; not to mention our own MILTON and SHAKESPEARE.

DANTE and HOMER are so far similar in their fortunes and genius, that they were both the earliest poetical writers known in their respective languages, and both were remarkable for a simplicity of style, and a greatness of thought: Both were wanderers, and at least for part of their lives, dependant upon precarious bounty: But the parallel proceeds no further; HOMER had the advantage of chusing for his subject, an event, one of the most illustrious and interesting in the annals of the world; an event which gave occasion to the display of a variety of characters, and the agency of every passion. This noble scene he has unfolded with such peculiar art; he has shewn such a knowledge of the springs of human action, and described a series of incidents depending upon each

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other,

other, in a manner so probable, and yet so interesting, that the rules of writing an Epic Poem, drawn from his *ILIAD* and *ODYSSEY* have been long reduced into a system. These rules *DANTE* could not observe, as it is probable he did not know them; however, he does not write without a plan, still more simple and less complicated than Homer's, *The conversion of a sinner by a spiritual guide, displaying in a series of terrible visions the secrets of Divine Justice, and whose interposition had been procured by the supplication of a Saint in Paradise, deeply interested in his eternal welfare.* Here is a cause, an effect, and the probable means by which this effect is produced; the means are of a nature that rouse the strongest passions, *Terror* and *Pity*, and the effect is deeply and universally interesting. 'Tis true, this plan does not admit of a train of connected incidents, nor a variety of action, arising from that opposition of interests and play of the passions, which must naturally arise in describing the consequence of the wrath of *Achilles*; but a uniform scene of slaughter must tire, though diversified with all the various fortunes of the day, and all the jarring passions of Gods and men. The wrath of *Achilles* gives rise to a scene of bloodshed, and his reconciliation only gives occasion to accumulated ruin.—Here then, in the province of description, the *Florentine*, (I think) has the advantage. The different allotments of his criminals afford room for a wonderful variety of sublime imagery; and the adaptation of their punishments to their crimes, gives a noble opportunity for the exertions of fancy. The *machinery*, or the part that spiritual agents are employed in, is to us, the least interesting part in both Homer's Poems; but

but the machinery of Dante, though less diversified, is much more solemn and affecting : It coincides with the rational belief of the enlightened mind, and no less with the superstition of the vulgar ; and we may justly observe, in the words of the first critic of his age, that with respect to *him*, as well as *Milton*, * “ *the probable is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable.*”

By the complication and opposition of interests which must arise in an action fit for the subject of Epic Poetry, the human *character* must appear in the strongest and most affecting points of view, as well as in the greatest variety of situations ; yet, in the course of a martial enterprise, among a people uncivilized and rude, those prospects must be rather similar, and this variety very much confined.—It must indeed be confessed that the modern Poet, from the nature of his plan, was obliged to shew all his characters either in the circumstance of actual suffering, or in dread of suffering :—Yet, it must be observed, that in the *Iliad* we only see the Heroes of antient times, as they appear to each other in public, in the bustle of a camp, or the heat of a dispute. It is not so in the *Inferno*. By *Dante* we are indulged with a nearer and more inward view of the *man*, as he really is ; or, in other words, as his character appears in the eye of offended and omniscient justice. In Homer our prospect is confined to one walk of life, one species of action, one heroic age, in many circumstances very remote from our present modes of acting and thinking. We are entirely, (I speak of the *Iliad*) confined to the camp, the counsel, and the field of battle. This unity of time and place, 'tis true, gives an opportunity to the bard of ennobling a very short period, or a very limited scene,

* See JOHNSON'S Life of MILTON.

with a great variety of incidents, all connected together; and the more probable such incidents are, the greater tribute we pay his genius. But this is rather inventing incidents than delineating characters; for in such an action as the Iliad, the characters must be pretty much the same; or they will at least be distinguished by *traits* of a very minute kind. But the greater the variety of characters delineated in any Poem, the genius of the author, though perhaps less cultivated, must be allowed to be more exuberant.—*Dante's* plan, like *Shakespeare's*, allowed him the liberty of expatiating in the walks of public and private life; and of ancient and modern times: He introduces indiscriminately the Statesman and the Hero, the Lover and the Sage, the Publican and the Prelate. This, indeed, sometimes leads him into whimsical associations; as when he gives a view of *Sinon*, the betrayer of *Troy*; and the wife of *Potiphar*, in the same bed together, under the influence of an incurable and malignant disease.

But the most daring flights of fancy, the most accurate delineations of character, and the most artful conduct of fable; are not, even when combined together, sufficient of themselves to make a poem interesting.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, DULCIA sunt.

HOR.

The Greeks and Trojans may pursue their quarrel by fraud and force; and various incidents mark the fortune of the day: the discord of *ACHILLES* and *AGAMEMNON* may produce the most tragical consequences; but if we, who are cool and impartial in the affair, neither hurried by passion nor blinded by interest, cannot

cannot enter warmly into the views of either party ; the story, though adorned with all the genius of an Homer, will be read by us with some degree of *non-chalance*. The superstition that led the Crusaders to rescue the Holy Land from the Infidels ; instead of interesting us, appears frigid, if not ridiculous. We cannot be much concerned for the fate of such a crew of fanatics, notwithstanding the magic numbers of a Tasso. The exploded machinery of Demons and Magicians, which he was obliged to use, shows what miserable resources he was reduced to, in order to give so ill-chosen a story any hold upon the imagination ; an hold which, by means of that very machinery, he soonest lost.—But there must be something to interest the heart :—we cannot sympathise with Achilles for the loss of his Mistress, when we feel that he gained her by the massacre of her family :—and when, in the very middle of his complaint, he owns that he brought destruction upon the Trojans without any manner of provocation.

No hostile troops to *Pthia's* realms they led ;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ;
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse resounding main,
 And walls of rock, secur'd my native reign :
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong.

POPE'S HOMER, *B. I.*

When a man, where no interest is concerned, no provocation given, lays a whole nation in blood merely for his *glory* ; we, to whom his glory is indifferent, cannot enter into his resentment.—Besides, supposing we could, he carries his resentment too far.

far.—With these passions of the cruel and unfocial kind, we cannot sympathise; they repel the mind, and fill it with abhorrence instead of attracting it. Such may be good poetical characters, of that mixed kind that Aristotle admits; but the most beautiful mixture of light and shade has no attraction, unless it warms the heart. It must have something that engages the sympathy, something that appeals to the *moral sense*: for nothing can thoroughly captivate the fancy, however artfully delineated, that does not awake the sympathy, and interest the passions that enlist on the side of Virtue; and appeal to our native notions of right and wrong. All fables of another kind, where this interest is disregarded,

— Play round the head, but never touch the heart.

It is this that sets the *Odyssey*, in point of sentiment, so far above the *Iliad*. We feel the injuries of Ulysses; we enter thoroughly into his resentments against men, who had treated him with the highest injustice, ingratitude, and perfidy; men who had taken advantage of his long absence to invade his property, and attempt to injure him in the tenderest point. We are not only interested for the Father, but we seem to feel the generous indignation of the young *Telemachus*, and we tremble at the dangers of the fair *Penelope*. We do not think any punishment too severe for such a complication of cruelty, effeminacy, and injustice, as appears in the character of the suitors of Penelope: we can go along with the resentment of Ulysses, because it is just; but our *feelings* must tell us that *Achilles* carries his resentment to a savage length, a length where we cannot follow him; the consequences show

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us the fatal effects of discord. But, as both parties are equally engaged in the commission of injuries, an unprejudiced reader cannot enter into the resentment of either.

Iliacos extra muros peccatur ; et intra.

It is a contest between barbarians, equally guilty of injustice, rapine, and bloodshed ; and we are not sorry to see the vengeance of Heaven equally inflicted on both parties.

Æneas indeed is a more amiable personage than *Achilles* ; he seems meant for a perfect character. But compare his conduct with respect to *Dido*, with the self-denial of Dryden's *Cleomenes* ; or with the conduct of *Titus* in the *Berenice* of *Racine* ; we shall then see what is meant by making a character *interesting*. We shall at the same time see the different ideas of moral perfection which we entertain *now*, and require in an interesting character, in comparison to what was necessary in former times. *Æneas*, by the connivance of the Gods, leads the hospitable Queen of Carthage into guilt ; and, by the command of the Gods, *piouſly* leaves her to ruin and despair.

Titus has indulged a long passion for *Berenice*, which she returns with mutual ardour ; but suspecting that the Romans, though subjected to the yoke, would never bear the dominion of a *Queen*, educated in all the despotic principles of the East ; he resigns his passion to their innate abhorrence of royalty ; and dismisses the distracted princess, after a long struggle between love and patriotism.

Here we thoroughly sympathise with the Hero ; we feel for him ; and, though we are sensible that in such a contest we should hardly have come off victors ; yet,
as

as our passions are not bribed to be of either party, our impartial sense of *duty* applauds the patriotism of the Emperor:—and here it is remarkable, that the same impartiality that I may say interests us against the character of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*; interests us for the character of *Titus* and *Telemachus*.

Let us compare the character of *Æneas* with that of the last-named hero, and we shall find, that, however inferior the poem of *Telemachus* may be to the other, in point of invention and sublimity; yet, in the latter, the noblest use of poetry is displayed. A character, at the same time amiable and heroic, is shown to be consistent and beautiful; we are interested in the fate of a Prince whom we must love, and the *passions* are engaged on the side of *virtue*.

But, as to the effect of all these poems on the heart, they are partial and confined, when compared to the *INFERNO*, with respect to the original principles of our nature on which they are founded, or the sentiments to which they appeal.

The *Iliad* could be interesting in a proper degree only to a *Greek*; and that so far only as it tended to awake his sense of national glory. The *Æneid* could only be interesting to a native of *Rome*.—But wherever the abhorrence of vice, the natural love of virtue and justice, and the notion of a moral Governor of the Universe prevails; wherever the notion of Providence is found; wherever the persuasion of the immortality of the soul and divine justice predominates; wherever the power of conscience, and the idea of right and wrong, and of future rewards and punishments governs the human breast; there the poem of the *Inferno* can never fail to interest. These notions to us have all the appearance of innate principles, of ideas

ideas born with us, because they are by instruction introduced so early in the mind that we do not recollect their origin: because they are familiar, they are too little considered; and by want of consideration, their effect is lessened. It will not therefore, I hope, be thought inconsistent with the present subject to give some account how these sentiments rise in the mind, as such an inquiry will be found necessary to give the present poem its full effect. To some, this investigation may be useful on its own account; others to whom it is familiar will allow us to plead the precept and example of a late eminent writer *, who, when he was obliged to go over the beaten ground of the *feudal system*, in order to explain the national history, defended himself by observing, “That every thing necessary to illustrate a subject so important, ought not to be looked for elsewhere, but be found in the book itself.”

When a man consults his own feelings, he will find vice detestable in its own nature. He will find himself armed with an instinctive resentment against injuries of every kind; even before he takes time to reflect on the idea of a legislator, or the pernicious consequence of vice to society in general. When Moralists, instead of appealing to our original sentiments for our disapprobation of vice and injustice, expatiate coolly on their bad influence on society, and leave out the consideration of their native turpitude; it has this bad effect at least, that it gives encouragement to reasoners of a certain cast to argue, from topics specious enough, that *private vices* are *public benefits*; a doctrine which never could have got footing, if, with the conse-

* HUME.

quences

quences of vice upon a nation at large, we had always paid a proper attention to the real deformity of its nature and the hatred it inspired. Antecedent to and independent of all laws, a man may learn to argue on the nature of moral obligation, and the duty of universal benevolence, from *Cumberland*, *Wollaston*, *Shaftesbury*, *Hutcheson*; he may learn from them the balance of the passions, and the difference between those of the social and unsocial kind;—but, would he *feel* what vice is in itself; would he learn the genuine sentiments of nature upon it; would he see the best natural comment upon the Decalogue; let him enter into the passions of *Lear*, when he feels the ingratitude of his children; of *Hamlet*, when he learns the story of his father's murder; of *Othello*, when he shudders at *Iago's* tale; of *Chamont*, when he burns with honourable indignation at a sister's wrongs; let him feel what *Hermione* or *Edgar* felt, when sinking under the weight of a false accusation; let him reflect on the sentiments of those who suffered by the ambition of *Richard*, the avarice of *Sbyloc*, or the cruelty and lust of *Bajazet*; and he will know the difference of right and wrong much more clearly than from all the moralists that ever wrote.

That there is a real difference between moral good and evil, between virtue and vice, appears from this; that, in reality, the difference of virtue and vice is founded by nature on the difference of natural good and evil: and it is for want of attending to the issues and consequences of things, that men are ever guilty of making a mistake.—Why is prodigality a vice? Because it deprives me of competence, a natural good; and reduces me to poverty, a natural evil. The same connexion

connexion holds good between every virtue and every instance of happiness ; every vice and every instance of misery : whatever tends truly and universally to the perfection of human nature, to the general happiness of mankind, is *moral* good as well as natural ; and *moral Evil* is that which corrupts, depraves, and dishonours our nature, and renders it truly miserable. But what deceives and imposes upon men is, because they do not always see natural evil the immediate consequence of vice ; but, though remote, it is not the less certain and necessary ;—if we don't feel the consequences of our guilt here, some other person must ; and if *we* have the feeling of human nature, HIS repentments ought to shew us the turpitude of the crime. The wickedest of men do themselves give testimony to the truth of this general proposition, that there is originally, in the very nature of things, a necessary and eternal difference between Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, which the nature of things themselves oblige men to have a constant regard to ; but, with respect to worldly prosperity, things *seem* not to be distributed according to the strict rules of justice in this sublunary state. We see prosperity the general consequence of vigilance, industry, and prudence ; virtues which are as often practised by the bad as the good : the wicked man reaps the fruits of his industry, the indolent man pays the forfeit of his sloth. Justice and the course of this world require, that riches should be the reward of prudence and its concomitant virtues. For, let us consider what would be the consequence, if matters were otherwise ordered :—a bad man orders his affairs with consummate prudence and foresight ; perhaps he has been guilty of injustice or oppression in the acquisition,

fition ; for this he becomes the object of heavenly vengeance here ; and what is the consequence ? Notwithstanding all his vigilance, his designs are uniformly blasted, and his affairs fall to ruin. The ruin must in this case be general ; for even the good who are connected with him, or who in the course of affairs would be supplied by his abundance, must suffer by his losses, and even his own innocent family must suffer with him.

It is just therefore, that prudence and its concomitant virtues, which can be practised as well by the bad as the good, should uniformly be rewarded *here*. The industrious knave cultivates the soil ; the indolent good man leaves it uncultivated. Who ought to reap the harvest ? who ought to starve ? who live in plenty ? The natural course of things decides in favour of the villain ; the natural sentiments of men in favour of the man of virtue. When violence, and artifice, conducted by prudence and fore-thought, prevail over sincerity and justice attended with a less degree of vigilance, what indignation it raises in the breast of man ! His natural equity induces him to strive to correct it by the interference of law, and the sanction of punishment ; and when we despair of finding upon earth any forcible means to check the triumphs of injustice, we naturally appeal to Heaven. We are convinced, that the Great Author of Nature will execute, hereafter, what the moral principles he has given us prompt us to attempt, even here, by the interposition of laws. We trust, that he will complete the plan which he himself has thus taught us to begin ; and, in a life to come, render to every one according to the works which he has done in this world. Thus we are led to the
belief

belief of a *Future State*; not alone by our weakness; not alone by the hopes of life and the fears of annihilation implanted in human nature; but by the noblest and best principles that belong to it; by the love of virtue, and the abhorrence of vice and injustice.

It is not necessary here to examine the different opinions of antient authors on the immortality of the Soul. The natural evidence in this case is not so much to be estimated by the different abilities of the writers, as by the common sense of mankind. This, and all other opinions, which, derive themselves from the light of nature, owe their authority, not to the abstracted reasoning of any school, but to some general sense or notion which is to be found in all men, or to some common and uncontroverted maxim of reason. Unbelievers have often abused their time and pains by confronting the testimonies of antient Philosophers, and shewing their inconsistencies on this point.—But what if PLATO, ARISTOTLE, or TULLY are inconsistent with each other, and with themselves?—What is this to the evidence of nature, which is not the single opinion of PLATO, or any other Philosopher, but the united voice of mankind?—This was the common belief of the world, derived from some common sense or principle of reason, before any philosopher had so much as thought of an abstract reason for it: And had not the universal sense of nature, or early tradition, dictated the truth to them, people never would have thought of philosophizing upon it. That the common sense of mankind, whether founded on tradition or reason, was the foundation of the philosophical enquiry, appears from this, that all the antient writers on this subject appeal to the common sense,

sense, and consent of mankind, as one great proof for the truth of this doctrine ; which certainly proves this, at least, that this opinion was held before there were any writers, and before any philosophical reasons were thought of. If the notion was common, it never could have risen from philosophical reasoning, for no common opinion ever will, nor ever did ; and the reason is plain ; a common opinion is the opinion of the multitude, who never were, nor ever will be, capable of attending to abstracted reasoning : Now this natural evidence is the thing which we enquire after, and which will stand its ground whatever comes of the notions of learned men.

The belief and persuasion of the certainty of another life (as was observed before) arose from the common sense that men have of the difference of good and evil ; and thence, that under the government of a just God, every man must be accountable for the things done in this world. This account they saw was not taken *here* ; hence they concluded, or rather *felt*, from the very force of reason and conscience, or from their sense of justice, that there was an account to be given *hereafter*. Such an internal argument as this, which springs up in the heart, and from the heart of every man, has a greater weight with it, than all the reasonings of philosophy put together ; and will tie men down, if not to hope for, at least to *fear*, a future immortality ; ~~any~~ of which is the silent voice of nature, bearing testimony of a life to come.

That this is the true foundation of the universal belief of a future Life, appears from this, that the persuasion of another Life was always connected with a supposition that there were different states for good and

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bad

bad men, so that we cannot any where trace the notion of immortality ; but we find evidence also for the different conditions of men in another Life according as they have behaved in this. Now, these two opinions being thus inseparably connected, it is easy to see which is the natural and primary opinion, and which is the consequence drawn from it. Let any man try, and he will find, that it is not the expectation of *Living* that makes him infer the necessity of a Judgment to come ; but it is the noblest principle of his nature, the Love of Virtue, and the Abhorrence of Vice and Injustice, which makes him see the reasonableness of a *Judgment* to come, and from thence he infers that there must be a *Life* to come.

To what an amazing growth this ~~notion~~ *notion* encreased in the hands of Poets ; and of DANTE in particular, is well known : They named the Princes and the Judges, and described the tortures of the wicked as their fancies led them, and their inventions became the Vulgar Theology ; but this shews the truth of what is asserted above ; for neither would the Poets, whose business it is to raise fine scenes upon the plan and probability of nature, have so painted the torments and enjoyments of men departed ; nor would the world have received their inventions, had there not been a foundation in the natural notions of men to support the Romance.

As to those who think the notion of a future Life arose from the descriptions and inventions of the Poets ; they may just as well suppose that eating and drinking had the same original ; and that men had never thought of sustaining nature, but for the fine feasts and entertainments described in such writers.

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The Poets indeed altered the genuine sentiments of nature, and tinged the Light of Reason by introducing the wild conceits of Fancy ; and when once they had grafted such scions on the stock of nature, they throve so fast, and grew so rank, that the natural branches were deprived of their nourishment, by the luxuriance of this wild Olive. But still the root was natural, though the fruit was wild. All that nature teaches is, that there is a future life, distinguished into different states of happiness and misery, in which men will be rewarded and punished according as they have pursued or neglected the rules of virtue and honour. This notion prevailed where the Fables of *Greece*, or *Italy*, were never heard of ; and wicked men felt in themselves the fear of the wrath to come to, although they had never so much as learnt the name of TANTALUS, or SISYPHUS, or any other name, in the Poet's scene of Hell.

The natural evidence then of Life and Immortality stand equally clear of being the inventions of Poetry, or the mere subtlety and refinements of Philosophy ; and though it be allied to both, yet it arose from neither. The truth of the case, with respect to both, is this : The Poets found men in possession of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments for good and bad men : Upon this foundation they went to work, and the plain draught of nature was almost hid under the shades and colours with which they thought proper to beautify and adorn it. The Philosophers found the same persuasion in themselves and others ; and as their profession led them, searched out for physical reasons to support the cause. This enquiry has furnished us with the various opinions of antiquity, as to the

the nature and operation of the soul, its manner of acting in the body, and out of it, its eternity and immortality, and several other curious pieces of learning. How far any or all of these Enquirers succeeded in proving the Immortality of the Soul, from physical causes, is a matter that does not fall within the present subject. As to the present point, it is plain, that the natural evidence is not at all affected by their success, be it what it will; for the natural evidence is prior to their enquiries, and stands upon another foot, upon the common sense and apprehension of mankind.—The schools may determine the Soul to be Fire, or Air, or Harmony, or what else they please; yet, still, nature will make every man feel, that the Grave will not secure him from appearing before the great Tribunal to which he is accountable.

But besides our innate love of Virtue, and hatred of Injustice, there are other principles in our nature which perpetually inculcate these things upon us; and to which all writers, who have launched into views of futurity, make their constant appeal; that shame and remorse which attend on guilt, and which arise from natural impressions on the mind of man. It is certain from experience, that we can no more direct by our choice the *reflections* of our minds, than we can the sensations of the body. When the fire burns, flesh and blood must feel pain; and a rational mind, compelled to act against its own convictions, must ever grieve and be afflicted: those natural connexions are unalterably fixed by the Author of Nature, and established to be the means of our preservation. We are taught by the sense of pain to avoid things hurtful or destructive to the body—and the torment and anxiety of mind

which follow so close upon the heels of Sin and Guilt, are placed as Guardians on our Innocence; as Centinels, to give us as early notice of the approach of Evil, which threaten the peace and comfort of our Lives. If we be perfect masters of the sensations of our minds, if reflection be so much under our command, that when we say, "come," it cometh, when we say, "go," it goeth; how does it come to pass that so many suffer from the uneasy thoughts and suggestions of their own hearts, when they have nothing to do but dismiss these troublesome visitants when they please? Whence comes the self-conviction, the self-condemnation of the vicious? Whence the foreboding thoughts of Judgment to come, the sad expectations of Divine vengeance, and the dread of future misery, if the criminal has it in his power to bid those melancholy thoughts retire; and can, when he pleases, sit down enjoying his iniquities in peace and tranquillity? These considerations make it evident that the pain and grief of mind which we suffer from a sense of having done ill, flow from the very constitution of our nature, as we are Rational Agents; nor can we conceive any stronger arguments of the utter irreconcilableness of the Deity to vice, than that he has given us such a nature that we cannot be reconciled to it ourselves—we never like it in others, where we have no interest in the crime, nor long approve of it ourselves where we have. The hours of cool reflection are the mortification of the guilty man, for vice never can be happy in the company of Reason.

To return from this long digression; the passions which the *ILIAD* and *ÆNEID* appeal to are transient and variable; they are not felt in an equal degree by all, and by some hardly perceived. The operations of
anger

anger and indignation, hope, and fear, sympathy and pity, are violent, but short lived; and the Poets who have endeavoured to keep these sentiments longer alive by art, than nature has permitted, only make themselves ridiculous, and gain to their compositions the name of *Bombast*. But when the effect of a Poem, depends upon principles extensive as human nature, sentiments to be found in every breast, in a more or less degree, whose influence is invariable and permanent, that Poem, if it rises at all above mediocrity, should, methinks, secure an universal reception.—The sense of right and wrong, that innate love of virtue and justice, and the influence of conscience, are principles which every where prevail. These are the principles on which the Poem of the *INFERNO* is founded, and to which they constantly refer; besides this, it abounds with powerful appeals to the strongest of all human passions, Terror and Pity; we sympathize with the sufferers, as they are neither Demons nor imaginary beings, but our fellow-creatures; and the combined force of all these sentiments and principles, the hatred of vice, the power of conscience, and our pity to the victims, must produce the most salutary of all effects, that moral effect, which all Laws tend to produce, a just idea of the consequence of Vice to ourselves. There is another reason, which gives the descriptions and tales of the *INFERNO* a still stronger influence. The modes of life described in the antient heroic Poets, though they exhibit all the simplicity of nature, are still remote from ours. Military operations, since Christianity prevailed, are not attended with the same dreadful and exterminating effects as formerly: The scenes of war are at a vast distance

from most of us, and the whole aspect of it is changed. The description of domestic life, different in many respects from ours, cannot have the same effect on the heart; the prospects of bloody extermination and cruel slavery, with the savage, and to us, unnatural sentiments with which they are often attended, must strike us indeed with horror; but they must fill us with aversion at the same time: at least, we cannot sympathize so warmly with one of HOMER's *Grecian* Heroes, as one of SHAKESPEARE's *English* Barons; we do not feel for an HECTOR as we do for an HOTSPUR. The character of the latter Hero and CORIOLANUS, are very similar; yet, I believe, every *Englishman* is more warmly interested for a PERCY, than any old *Roman*; nay, of two beggars, one whereof craves our charity in the accent of a distant province, his tones are so discordant to the *recitative*, to which our ears are accustomed, that it checks the genial current of our charity, and we relieve him more from principle than inclination; the other, whose supplications are uttered in a voice more unison with the vocal harmony which has been long familiar to us, has a much better chance of interesting our feelings at once; such is the different success of two Poets, one of which represent antient, the other, modern manners; the modes of Life, and even the opinions which we meet with in DANTE, are all, if not familiar to us, at least allied to our own by a very near affinity; our manners of life and opinions are drawn from the same source, most of his characters profess the same faith with us, and exhibit nearly the same manners; hence we feel for them the more strongly. It may be thought that there are too many appeals made to the powerful emotions

emotions of the soul, terror and pity. This arises principally from the want of art in the composition: But the variety of his descriptions make an ample compensation for the uniformity of his subject. Every thing that is terrible to human nature is there brought to view in succession; his corporal sufferings are variegated with more imagination, and described with more sublimity than any other Poet, not excepting MILTON, who drew some of his most tremendous scenes evidently from DANTE; some are hurried round in perpetual motion; some are immoveably fixed under their torments; situations which interest our feelings the more strongly, as they are both so strikingly remote from the common appearances of Life: But had he confined himself to corporal sufferings alone, he had only deserved to rank with those bards——

“ Where pure description holds the place of sense.”

He has also shewn the sufferings of the mind, with a force of genius that shews him to have been an accurate and profound observer of the human character. Some deprecate the wrath of Heaven in effeminate lamentations; some suffer in manly silence; in some we meet an expression of malignant envy; and some, struck with shame, endeavour to conceal their crimes and their woes in eternal oblivion; some have their sympathy, their envy, or their terror continually kept awake by supernatural representations of whatever was to happen among their friends on earth. The very introduction of a living man among them, who, exempt from their sufferings, views all their torments at leisure, serves to sublime their pains for a time. In short, the passions are represented as having their full play in the infernal Regions, and add new horror to

the scene. But, not content to avail himself of the Platonic doctrine of the passions and vices surviving after death, whose effects he described (sometimes allegorically) with a wonderful force of fancy, he has also adopted the *Pythagorean* doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls: By this means he has contrived to blend the torments of the mind and body in one horrible description (25) where the sufferings of the victims are increased by their being (while still conscious of their superior nature) changed into detestable and portentous shapes. This, Mr. WARTON thinks, he borrowed from the Fable of CIRCE; it probably is meant only an allegorical description of the pangs of mind arising from consciousness of having degraded their nature, and defeated the design of their being. MILTON has founded one of his most striking scenes upon it, (B. x.) and very much improved it by adding to it the *tantalizing* appearance of the forbidden fruit. He has also entered more into the *sentiment* of the criminals; he has described their *feelings* more at large, and made their sufferings more complex. It is remarkable to observe the different modes of describing future things adopted by different Poets in their respective ages. Homer, and the Greek Poets give us very little more than an idea of corporeal sufferings, except in the story of TANTALUS. Virgil has availed himself of the Platonic opinions (viz: that the effects of indulged passions survive after death) to join to the simple sketch of his master, a detail of the sufferings of the mind; particularly in his description of the scene where the shade of DIDO meets ÆNEAS, his description of the visionary feast, and the eternal dread of THESEUS. DANTE was the next Poet of
 character

25 — *Confession 26 25*

character who undertook this subject ; the clearer notions of morality which he drew from the Christian Religion, enabled him to give his fancy a wider range ; and to display on a larger scale, not only the sufferings of the body, but of the mind. In MILTON their punishments are still more complicated than in DANTE. It appears from this summary view, not that DANTE has extended his punishments beyond the strict rules of distributive justice ; but that in the progress of society as the notions of moral obligation became more clear, the powers of conscience grew more vigorous ; and that as the scale of duty grew enlarged from man's innate love to justice, the idea of punishment for the respective failures in duty, must have become more complicated. From this idea the punishments of Sodom and Gomorrah are represented as more tolerable than the doom of Capernaum ; and various degrees of punishment are mentioned as proportioned to different species of delinquency. We are not therefore to attribute that tremendous distinction of punishments we find in DANTE, merely to the wanton exaggerations of fancy, or the gloomy reveries of superstition ; but to an enlarged view of the variety of obligations resulting from an high state of civilization, and clearer notions of Religion. That rule of duty, to " do unto others as we would they should do unto us," in a state of savage life, can extend itself but to a few particulars ; but in a more advanced state of society, though the rule itself remains still simple, yet from the variety of relations which men stand in to each other, *there* it must be applied to a greater variety of good offices, and the temptations to the breach of them must be more numerous.

In

In this endeavour to illustrate the Poem of the *INFERNO*, and trace to their source the impressions it makes on us, I have been obliged to cast a veil on the venerable Father of *Grecian* Poetry; yet, I hope it will not be thought owing to want of either Respect or Love.—It was in some sort necessary to shew *DANTE* in his proper light. *HOMER* and *VIRGIL* have all the advantages of Nature and Art, they may easily allow to *DANTE* that single one of appealing to Sentiments and Principles more general, and more permanent than their Poems refer to. *MILTON*, towards the end of his immortal Poem, shews the Sun and the whole Face of Nature under an Eclipse, in order to give the greater effect to a glorious apparition of Angels which he here introduces. I would be understood to mean as little disrespect to

——“ The solar Lord of the Poetic Year,

as *MILTON* did to the great Luminary: But all I meant was to shade his excellence a little, that a Bard of a secondary magnitude might have an opportunity of appearing in his proper light; this was the more necessary, as *DANTE* had fallen into a degree of obscurity far below his genuine deserts.

Of the *PURGATORIO*, and *PARADISO*, I shall speak more at large in the essay prefixed to the former, and the notes adjoined to the latter; but shall only add here, an observation on the disposition of his subject made by the Poet, analogous to the conduct of the antient Masters of the art. He, like them, has contrived to begin his Poem in the most interesting crisis, or in the language of *MILTON*, “ to hasten into the “ midst of things.” The circumstances which, in
historical

historical order, ought to precede, are thrown into an Epifode; the introduction of which, (except some partial intimations,) is fufpended, till the Poet finds a natural opportunity of inserting it in the 30th Canto of the PURGATORIO; where an occafion being given by the leifure enjoyed by the Poet on his arrival at the terreftrial paradife, when he meets with BEATRICE, who accounts to the Affembly of Celeftials, who attend her there, for the feverity of his penance, by its neceffity.

HISTORICAL ESSAY

OF THE

STATE OF AFFAIRS

IN THE

THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES :

With respect to the HISTORY of FLORENCE ;
with a VIEW of their INFLUENCE on the succeeding
AGES.

MY first intention was only to have given a few Historical Illustrations at the end of the Translation ; but as the characters of the Poem do not appear in chronological order, and this period of History is very interesting in itself, I thought it would answer a better purpose to give a general idea of the State of Affairs at this important period, to which there are so many allusions made in the *Inferno*.

This *Æra* presents a very singular scene to the view. The complication of two of the most memorable quarrels that ever embroiled mankind, with a private family feud, gave rise to that wonderful variety of characters exhibited by the Poet. A dispute which had a remarkable

markable influence on the genius, religion, and politics of succeeding ages. The most antient and inveterate of these contests was the Quarrel between the Popes and Emperors of *Germany*, concerning their respective claims: In *Italy* the Emperor claimed the old prerogatives of the CÆSARS: The Popes not only denied them these, but claimed in their turn, the most valuable Privilege of imperial power in *Germany*. This was the power of disposing of Ecclesiastical Benefices. From this old source of discord, the dispute between the Houses of *Anjou* and *Swabia*, for the Crown of *Naples*, took its origin; and by a singular coincidence of circumstances, both Quarrels were at last complicated with the intestine Wars of *Florence*, some time before the birth of DANTE.

It will be necessary to begin with the Papal and Imperial Feud, as it involved the other two; and was infinitely superior to them both in the grandeur of its object, and the importance of its consequences. The others are only to be considered in the light of Episodes to this great Drama.

In the removal of the seat of Empire from *Rome* to *Constantinople*, *Italy* was left in a very feeble and distracted state. For a long succession of ages, it was alternately ravaged by the Goths, the Huns, and the Sarazens. While the Greek Emperor preserved a feeble Barrier in the Exarchate of *Ravenna*, which then contained a large tract of country on the eastern coast of *Italy*, the people of *Rome* began to look up to the Pope as a better Protector than a feeble Viceroy of a distant Potentate. Thence his temporal authority first took its rise, and the following occasion gave rapidity to its progress.

It appears however, that the famous dispute about image-worship, had at this time alienated the Papal party so much from their Imperial Master, that the Pontiffs of that day looked upon the image-breaking Emperor as little better than a SARAZEN; consequently the ROMANS were ripe for a revolt, whenever an occasion or an abettor would offer.—See in GIBBON, Vol. IX. page 117. a curious letter of Gregory the Second to the Emperor LEO; after having accused the Emperor of impiety and ignorance, for *blaming image-worship*, he tells him that the first elements of holy letters are sufficient for his confusion; “were you to enter a grammar-school,” continues he, “and avow yourself the enemy of our worship, the simple and pious children would be provoked to throw their horn-books at your head.” It was natural for such men to give up the rights of the empire to any image-worshipper who was able to seize them, and even to assist the usurpation.

AISTULPHUS, the *Gothic King of Lombardy*, had invaded *Ravenna*, and threatened *Rome*. GREGORY, the third Pontiff of that name, alarmed at the dangerous neighbourhood, implored the assistance of PEPIN, King of *France*. PEPIN soon expelled the *Lombards* from *Ravenna*; but disregarding the remonstrances of the *Greek Emperor*, to whom it belonged, he made a present of the newly recovered Territory to GREGORY, who called it ROMAGNA. This was the first commencement of the Papal Grandeur; and might have been of the Imperial, if PEPIN, like CHARLEMAGNE, had availed himself of the opportunity. A league was made between the *Lombard Prince* and the Pontiff, under the auspices of PEPIN. DESIDERIUS,

RIUS, who succeeded to the Crown of *Lombardy*, broke the League, and his Holiness, who had now learnt to preserve the Balance of Power, invited CHARLEMAGNE, King of *France*, into *Italy*, against DESIDERIUS. He defeated the *Lombard*, sent him prisoner to *France*, and was crowned in his stead, not only King of *Lombardy*, but Emperor of *Rome*, by the consent of the People; a condition which the Pope did not then think proper to oppose. The imperial Crown gave *Charlemagne* a pretence to claim all the power of the old *Roman* Emperors, even in the Territories where the Pope thought himself Lord Paramount; and sowed the seeds of eternal discord between the two Powers. After the death of *Charlemagne*, the Pope seemed to regain some privileges which he had lost. A descendant of *Charlemagne* who succeeded to the Empire, contrary to the right of the legitimate Heir, acknowledged that the imperial Crown *was the gift of the Pontiff only*, and that he held every thing under him as Lord Paramount. Some of the Popes when they took the oaths to the descendants of *Charlemagne*, declared it was only *voluntary*; others assumed the right of judging Emperors, and some took the advantage of family Feuds between different branches of the *Carlóvingian* Line, to extend both their spiritual and temporal Power. They often took the Papal Chair without condescending to apply for the consent of the Emperors; they obliged Kings to take back their repudiated wives, and extended their power, under various pretences, to a length truly amazing. But in time, not only the great *European* Potentates began to be jealous, but the citizens of *Rome*, who still retained some of their Republican spirit, burning to
regain

regain their ancient liberty, endeavoured to restrain the Papal Power within due bounds.—It was on this occasion that the Pope invited the Emperor OTHO the third into *Italy*, who re-established the Pontiff in his full power, and seconded his most arrogant claims. The interests of the Pope and Emperor happened then to be the same. Till this period the *Roman* people pleading their immemorial privileges, had a share in the election of an Emperor, and it was certainly the interest of the Candidate to continue this power to the *people*. But the Pope persuaded OTHO, that it would be more for *his* interest to take away this power from the insolent multitude, and depend for protection on spiritual aid alone. Against such a coalition of interests the people of *Rome* were far unable to contend. Accordingly the two Potentates deprived them of their Franchise, and gave the right of election to the Bishops of *Mentz, Cologne, Triers*, and the dukes of *Brandenburgh, the Palatinate, and Saxony*. Among those distant Potentates, the judicious Pontiff foresaw, that he would have more influence in the election of an Emperor than amongst the Republicans of *Rome*; nor did the event deceive him. The interest of those German Princes so often clashed with the views of the Emperor, whose power was very limited, that the Pope found it easy at any time, to divert the attention of his Rival from *Italy* by domestic disturbances; and as distance begets reverence, these Foreigners, from the barbarous superstition of the times, were often more at the devotion of their spiritual Father, than the factious *Romans*; who, when all the world trembled at his fulminations, continually teized him with vexatious quarrels.

Thus

Thus were the seeds sown of perpetual dissensions between the spiritual and temporal powers, which filled all *Italy* with GUELFs and GHIBELLINES; the former attached to the Papal party, the latter to the Emperors. GREGORY the seventh, the famous *Hildebrand*, made the most daring exertion of his power. He published a Bull, which deprived *all* Laymen of the power of investing or disposing of Bishoprics. This was striking at the power of all kings, and subjecting the Clergy, a potent body in every kingdom, to a foreign jurisdiction. The Emperor, Henry the fourth, took arms to vindicate his authority. The contest was carried on with various success for three centuries; a contest, which after having produced the most important effects, seems not yet to have entirely subsided.

One of the first, and most illustrious consequences, was the liberty of FLORENCE; a city which, under the name of *Fesulæ*, made a considerable figure in the times of the *Roman Republic*.—It was an early Colony from *Rome*, encreased by the army of SYLLA. Under *Brutus* it served as a temporary Asylum for liberty, but soon followed the fate of the empire under *Augustus*. The new settlement made for the purposes of merchandise, from the mountains of *Fesulæ*, on the banks of the *Arno*, is distinguished by the name of *Florentia*, so early as the times of *Tacitus* and *Pliny*. It continued to encrease in splendor till the ruin of the empire, when it was levelled to the ground by *Totila*, King of the *Goths*, and not rebuilt till the times of *Charlemagne*.—From that æra, this city, destined to be a second *Athens* in arts and arms, tamely followed the fortunes of *Italy*. It was first the

prey of the Sons of Charlemagne; then of the Kings of Lombardy; and lastly of the German Emperors and Popes alternately, till in the year 1215, the following memorable incident gave it an opportunity of asserting its independency.

The *Buondelmonti* and *Uberti* were the two most potent families in *Florence*. Next to these in power and influence were the *Donati* and *Amidei*. The Heirefs of the Family of *Donati* was the most celebrated beauty of that age, and her mother had secretly designed her for a young nobleman of the *Buondelmonti* family. She, however, delayed the prosecution of her design, in hopes of a favourable crisis, as her family was inferior to that of *Buondelmonti*. In those days of whimsical punctilio and romantic honour, young ladies lived in retirement; and *Buondelmonti* (as far as we can learn) never had seen this celebrated Fair One. Mean time, unconscious of his destiny, he had paid his addresses to a young lady of the family of *Amidei*, and was received as favourably as his exalted birth, fortune, and accomplishments deserved. In a short time the contract was signed, and a day fixt for his nuptials. The family of *Amidei*, to whom this lady belonged, were before allied to the *Uberti*; they were now on the point of being united to the race of *Buondelmonti*, families that engroft all the power in *Florence*. Mortified to see her equals so far advanced above her, the mother of the fair *DONATI* secretly resolv'd to make one effort to break off the concerted alliance.—One day, perceiving young *Buondelmonti*, in a thoughtful mood, passing her house, she came to the door, and invited him to come in and repose himself. He obeyed the summons.

The

The discourse turned on Matrimony; and the Dowager, pretending ignorance of the late transaction, gave him an obscure intimation of a lady who entertained a secret passion for him: at the same time she drew a picture of her charms, so flattering, that it warmed the fancy of the young Baron. Regardless of the consequences, he resolved to satisfy his dangerous curiosity, and eagerly enquired, if it was possible to procure an interview with the lady. The mother, after some artful delay, contrived to give him an accidental view of her daughter; and, such was the effect of her charms, or so feeble was his attachment to his betrothed spouse, (as interest alone was probably concerned in the affair,) that he soon forgot his vows, made a tender of his hand and fortune to his new Mistress, and he and the Mother, being both apprehensive of the danger of delay, persuaded the young Lady to agree to a private and immediate solemnization of the nuptials.

The affair however could not long be kept secret. The day appointed for his public nuptials approached; and before that day he was obliged to declare his situation. The family of *Amidei* would have been too weak of themselves to take vengeance on the perjured lover; but as they were joined in affinity to the *Uberti*, the old rivals of *Buondelmonti*, they, and their numerous dependencies, were immediately summoned to a secret consultation. Here several modes of vengeance were proposed, but the scheme of * *Mosca Lambertucci* was preferred. He offered to wash away the stain in the blood of the aggressor;—and in an instant an assassin from each family joined him, as if it had been

* INFERNO, C. 28.

a common cause. Before day, on *Easter Sunday*, they took their stations in the house of one of the *Amidei*, near the *Ponte Vecchio*, where they knew *Buondelmonti* must pass, in his way to church. He, as *Machaviel* observes, "thinking it as easy to forget " an injury as to break a contract," approached the fatal spot on horseback, wrapt up in the most unaccountable security, and without a single attendant. The conspirators immediately rushed out, and dispatched him with a thousand wounds.

This atrocious deed was the cause of the calamities and liberty of *Florence*. The whole city was immediately divided into the factions of the *Buondelmonti* and *Uberti*; and every day was distinguished by conspiracies and bloodshed, till *Frederic* the second, who had lately succeeded to the imperial crown, paid a visit to *Tuscany*, to establish his power against the papal faction, or *Guelfs*. For this purpose he demanded the aid of the *Uberti* family, as the most powerful in *Tuscany*. *Buondelmonti* thirsting for vengeance on their domestic enemies, joined the *Guelfs*, and implored the assistance of the Pope: But the scale of *Frederic* preponderated, and the *Buondelmonti* family, with the whole papal faction, were banished.

The Pope was justly alarmed. Since the time of *Charlemagne* no Emperor had possessed so much power in *Italy*: Besides being at the head of the *Germanic* body, *Frederic* inherited the kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily*; and thus his dominions made a formidable circle round the papal Territories: the southern provinces of *Italy*, descended to him from the *Norman* Conquerors, who had made a settlement there upon an occasion unparalleled since the heroic times.

The beautiful Provinces of *Italy* to the south had long been a subject of dispute, after the division of the Empire, between the Emperors of the east and west. While both were too weak to assert their claims, the *Saracens* or *Arabs* gained a footing in the country, and extended their ravages as far as *Rome*. * At this juncture a band of sixty Norman gentlemen coming through *Apulia*, on their return from the *Holy Land*, arrived at the town of *Salerno*, and found it on the point of surrendering to the Mussulmen who invested it. The besiegers gave these illustrious Pilgrims free permission to enter the town, as they wished by increasing their numbers to complicate their distress. The *Normans* reproached the *Italians* with their cowardice, and persuading a few to join them in a sally, fell upon the host of the enemy by night, who forsook their camp in a panic, and fled on board their ships. The strangers were entertained by the Prince of *Salerno*, as the deliverers of the State: The fame of the exploit soon invited other *Normans* to visit *Italy*, and their service was so acceptable to the petty princes of the country, in their incessant quarrels, that those needy adventurers soon obtained both riches and honour. A tract of land was bestowed upon them as the reward of their valour, between the dukedoms of *Naples* and *Benevento*; and there, about the year 1030, they founded the small Principality of *Aversa*.

The colony was every day enlarged by troops of native *Normans*; among the rest the three famous sons of **TANCRED** of *Hauteville*, **FIERABRAS**, **DROGO**, and **HUMPHREY**. Shortly after their arrival the † **CATAPAN** of *Apulia*, a Lieutenant of the Greek

* Anno 983.

† A barbarous GREEK Name, importing GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Emperor, requested their assistance to recover *Sicily* from the *Arabs*. They accordingly joined the *Greeks* in the invasion of *Sicily*; and, in the first engagement **FIERABRAS** killed the Saracen general in single combat. It is probable they would have instantly expelled the *Arabs* from the island, but the perfidious Greek defrauded the *Normans* of their stipulated reward, which was the fourth part of the prey. They in return summoned the *Apulians* to the standard of liberty, expelled the *Catapan*, and without consulting either Pope or Emperor, erected it into a dukedom for themselves: Nor were the *Apulians* averse to change a feeble Despot for a gallant Protector.

Sensible however that they were not able to cope with their numerous foes, the Norman Dukes submitted themselves as feudatories to the Pope; and renounced all allegiance to the Emperor, whom they looked upon as too distant to protect them. The Pope in return gave **ROBERT GUISCARD**, the youngest son of **TANCRED**, a consecrated Banner, and encouraged him to attempt the conquest of *Sicily*. This they soon effected; and the conquerors obtained from their spiritual Father, the important privilege of exercising *themselves* the Legantine Power in their own dominions. When we consider that the Legates were the Pope's PROCONSULS in every kingdom of Europe, and every where curbed the royal authority, we shall understand the just value of this concession.

It was this Potentate, nursed in the bosom of the Church, yet exempt from her power, who enabled **GREGORY** the seventh to humble the Emperor Henry the fourth, and subject the imperial Sceptre to the *Crosier*. The descendants of an obscure *Norman* adventurer, supported the pretensions of the Church
against

against the utmost effects of the imperial Power with various success. The Popes sometimes set up Anti-Emperors, and the Emperors Anti-Popes, while the people of Italy sometimes joined one, sometimes the other, as their interest led them; for the spirit of freedom still subsisted among them, and they wanted (as VOLTAIRE observes) to have "two masters," that, in reality, they might have "none."

But the *Norman* Vassals of the Church began at last to feel their own power, and grow intractable; and the Pope was obliged to call in another Potentate to preserve the balance of *Italy*: he had first called in the *French* and *Germans* against the *Lombards*; then the *Norman* Potentates were set up to balance the power of the *Germans*; but now when the Crown of *Sicily* was left without a male Heir, the Barons of *Naples* and *Sicily* favoured the Pretensions of TANCRED, natural son to WILLIAM the last King of the *Norman* line; an enterprising young Prince, whose exaltation was a cause of terror to the Pope.—To prevent his success, Pope CELESTINE the third, a Pontiff rather remarkable for cunning, than political sagacity, ^{had} encouraged young HENRY, Duke of *Swabia*, son to the Emperor BARBAROSSA, to marry CONSTANTIA, * a profest Nun, the only legitimate child of WILLIAM. She was obliged to relinquish her Monastery, and the Pope gave her absolution for the breach of her vow: the condition of this marriage was the restitution of all the papal Domain which the *Normans* had seized; and the fruit of the alliance was a Son, who in right of his Mother succeeded to the kingdom of *Naples* and *Sicily*; and by the interest of the house

* Anno 1193.

of *Swabia*, (to which he was heir,) procured the imperial Crown by the name of FREDERIC the second.— In the year 1214, he was invested with the imperial Robes; and being already heir of *Naples*, his dominions surrounded the papacy on all sides.

But, as FREDERIC was under age at the death of his Father, he had many powerful competitors for the Empire; and was kept out of it during some time. This was owing partly to the intrigues of the Pope, and partly to the jealousy of the German Electors, who dreaded the increasing power of the family of *Suabia*; of which, as well as of the *Norman* race, FREDERIC was the sole representative: OTHO was therefore elected Emperor, after a long competition with PHILIP the reigning duke of *Swabia*, though of a younger branch than Frederic. OTHO was duke of *Saxony*, and was elected in 1208.

At first he expressed unbounded gratitude to the Pope for his assistance; but afterwards encouraged by the nonage of FREDERIC, he asserted the imperial claims to the Norman conquests in *Naples* and *Sicily*, and actually marched an army to the borders of FREDERIC's dominions. The Pope* enraged at what he accounted the ingratitude of OTHO, immediately excommunicated him; and even prevailed upon the Princes of *Germany* to depose him; having threatened them with the spiritual consequences of their perjury to FREDERIC, to whom they had sworn fealty while in his cradle: such disturbances being raised in *Germany* by the sentence of excommunication, that OTHO was obliged to quit *Apulia*; but he arrived too late in *Germany* to prevent his deposition.

The Pope, on his assuming the patronage of FRE-

* Innocent 3d.

DERIC,

deric, had insisted on his renouncing some privileges with respect to investitures in *Naples* and *Sicily*, which had been granted to the Norman kings by the Papal See on account of past services ; the most remarkable was, that the bishops were to be elected by the Clergy without the interference of the Pope. This, however, INNOCENT prevailed upon CONSTANTIA in the name of FREDERIC to rescind, with many others in which the old *Norman* independency was deeply involved. He had also prevailed upon FREDERIC on condition of his acquiring the Empire by his means, to enter into a solemn engagement that he would attempt the conquest of *Palestine*.

Whatever were the views of INNOCENT, who died before they could be thoroughly disclosed, his successor HONORIUS the Third, contrived to engage the ambition of FREDERIC in this attempt. He proposed to the Emperor the acquisition of a title to the kingdom of *Jerusalem* by a marriage with IOLE or VIOLANTE, daughter to John de Brienne, to whom that title had descended : HONORIUS died shortly after he had accomplished this alliance, and left the fruits of it to be reaped by GREGORY the ninth ; who represented to him the obligation he lay under to defend this kingdom for his posterity, and finally persuaded him to prepare for the expedition. FREDERIC, however, on her election, began to repent of his engagement, being conscious how much his hereditary dominions in *Italy* and *Sicily* were exposed to the machinations of an ambitious Pontiff, who having first conferred the kingdom on his Norman ancestors, “ his liberal sense and knowledge taught him to despise the phantoms of superstition, and the crowns of ASIA ; he no longer entertained

tertaind the fame reverence for the fucceffors of INNOCENT, and his ambition was occupied by the reftoration of the Italian monarchy, from *Sicily* to the *Alps*. But the fuccefs of this project would have reduced the Popes to their primitive fimlicity; and after the delays and excufes of twelve years, GREGORY at laft urged the Emperor with entreaties and threats, to fix the time and place for his departure for PALESTINE: fuch was his dread of the thunders of the *Vatican*, he was at laft obliged to afsemble and prepare in the harbours of *Sicily* and *Apulia*, a fleet of one hundred gallies, and one hundred veffels that were framed to transport and land two thoufand five hundred knights, with their numerous attendants. His vaffals of *Naples* and *Germany* formed a powerful army, and the numbers of *Engliſh* cruſaders, are magnified to fixty thoufand by the report of fame; but the inevitable or affected ſlownefs of theſe mighty preparations, confumed the ſtrength and proviſions of the more indigent pilgrims; the multitudes were thinned by ficknefs and deſertion, and the fultry ſummers of *Calabria*, anticipated the miſchiefs of a Syrian campaign.

“ At length the Emperor hoifted fail at *Brundufum*, with a fleet and army of forty thoufand men, but he kept the ſea no more than three days; and his haſty retreat, which was aſcribed by his friends to a grievous indifpoſition, was accused by his enemies as a voluntary and obſtinate diſobedience; for ſuſpending his vow he was excommunicated by GREGORY; when he embarked again to accompliſh his vow, the Pope excommunicated him afreſh, for preſuming to ſet fail without making due ſubmiſſion, and being reconciled

to

to the church. This plainly shewed the Pope's views, he shortly after threw off the mask ; and not being afraid of the Emperor's power in his absence, published a crusade against him in ITALY. John de Brienne, the Emperor's father-in-law, was made the instrument in this quarrel, as the Pope had persuaded him, that *Frederic* who had promised to restore the kingdom of Jerusalem to him during his life, had resolved to break his promise ; his influence joined with the Pope's, soon spread the flames of civil discord over all *Italy* : The Emperor's friends did not tamely give up his cause, but in *Rome* itself withstood the Papal Faction with great spirit and effect ; yet in MILAN, the Partizans of *Gregory* got so far the superiority, that in a short time all LOMBARDY was lost. This was not thought sufficient by the Pontiff, who resolved to raise opponents to the Emperor in every quarter ; he sent instructions to the Clergy and Military orders of *Palestine*, to renounce all communion with and dispute his commands. He had by this time made an easy conquest of *Palestine* ; yet in his own kingdom he was obliged to consent that the orders of the camp should be issued in the name of God, and of the *Christian Republic* ; when he entered Jerusalem in triumph, he was obliged to take the crown from the altar of the holy Sepulchre with his own hand, and place it on his head ; for no Priest would perform the office ; but the Patriarch of Jerusalem cast an interdict on the church which his presence had profaned. The knights Hospitallers and Templars informed the Sultan how easily FREDERIC could be surprized and slain, while he bathed in the river JORDAN ; but the SULTAN, (MELADIN,) honourably sent their letters to FREDERIC, whose character he highly esteemed.

esteemed. In such a state of Fanaticism and Faction, victory might be supposed to be hopeless, and defence difficult; but the conclusion of an advantageous peace may be imputed to the discord of the MAHOMETANS, and their personal regard to the character of their enemy: FREDERIC is accused by the Guelf writers of the times, of maintaining with the *Miscreants* an intercourse of hospitality and friendship unworthy of a christian; of despising the barrenness of the HOLY LAND; and of indulging a profane thought, that if JEHOVAH had seen the kingdom of *Naples*, he never would have selected *Palestine* for the inheritance of his chosen people: He made an advantageous peace with the Sultan, and accomplished every rational purpose of a crusade, by obtaining the city for the LATINS, who were to inhabit and fortify it; and to the MAHOMETANS, permission to visit the MOSQUE, or Temple, from whence Mahomet was supposed to have ascended to heaven *."

The Pope provoked at his making a peace with the Infidels on any terms, excommunicated him anew, absolved his subjects from their allegiance; and forbade all, on pain of excommunication, to acknowledge or obey him as Emperor. But FREDERIC being reinforced from Germany, soon recovered all that the Pope had seized in *Apulia* and *Naples*; put several of the Neapolitan Lords to death who had revolted from him, and entering the territories of the church destroyed all before him with fire and sword.

He was, however, shortly after obliged to make peace, greatly to the advantage of the church; to recognize its authority; to restore the Prelates who

* GIBBON, vol. ii. p. 140. Oct. Edit. and the authorities quoted there.

had

had been deprived for their adherence to the Pope, and to make restitution for all damages committed in the Papal dominions.

Their reconciliation however, was far from being cordial. It is not certain that the Pope incited HENRY the son of FREDERIC, to rebel against his father, on his invasion of *Lombardy* to punish the rebellious MILANESE. But it is beyond dispute, that he claimed as the property of the church, the island of SARDINIA; which FREDERIC had consigned to his natural son ENZIUS as Governor: On the denial of this unfounded claim, the Pope excommunicated the Emperor anew, and declared war against him as a sacrilegious person. FREDERIC marched an army to ROME, and defeated the Papal forces in a bloody battle; but had not forces sufficient to pursue his conquests at that time from the defective authority of all Potentates in feudal times.

The Pope resolved to try another mode to subdue his antagonist; he called a general council, in order to arm the whole Christian world against his enemy. FREDERIC knowing or suspecting his intent, employed his son ENZIUS in alliance with the Pisans, who were Ghibellines, to intercept the foreign bishops, who were expected by sea from *Genoa* where they were to assemble, and to send them in chains to *Naples*. The Genoese who were Guelphs, had engaged to convey the bishops to ROME in safety, and fitted out a large navy for the purpose; they were met and defeated by ENZIUS, who seized a great number of FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, and ITALIAN bishops, some of whom he drowned, as the most inveterate enemies to the Emperor; and, others he sent to Frederic, who kept them prisoners for life.

GREGORY

†

GREGORY did not long survive this intelligence, and FREDERIC felicitated himself in having got rid of his antagonist ; his immediate successor CELESTINE the fourth did not live long, but INNOCENT the fourth trod exactly in the paths of GREGORY. He did not fear to engage the Emperor either with spiritual or secular arms ; and though inferior in the latter contest, yet in the former, he found means to summons a general council, where he had influence enough to have Frederic deposed : The secular Princes, however, of Germany, protested against the sentence, and observed with justice, that the allegations against the Emperor had not been proved, and that no testimony had been admitted but that of his known and inveterate enemies.

At the head of his German Powers, FREDERIC marched into APULIA, to chastise a new rebellion ; which, at the instigation of the clergy, had broken out there, and to revenge himself upon the Pope, but he was taken ill, and died at the castle of Fiorentino.

Without entering into the characters of these two celebrated antagonists, there appears one presumptive proof that the sentence of the Pope was unjust : LOUIS the Ninth, king of France, a prince celebrated through the known world for the justice of his decisions, offered his service as umpire between these enraged Potentates. FREDERIC cheerfully acceded ; but the Pope obstinately refused to submit his cause to the award of a layman. It is remarkable that one of his charges against Frederic is, his having Ecclesiastics tried by a secular judge.

He was succeeded in the throne of Naples by his son CONRAD ; the Empire, after a long interregnum,
having

having gone into another family *, with his father's hereditary kingdom, he inherited his father's spirit and the papal animosity ; the Pope under pretence that he had been excommunicated, but in reality because he would not submit to the papal usurpations in regard to investitures, assumed the right of disposing of the kingdom of *Naples* to CHARLES of Anjou, brother to LOUIS the ninth of *France*. The sequel of this tragical history, and that of his son, shall be given when we resume the account of the affairs of *Florence*, as with them it is intimately connected.

It appears from this detail, that in several States of *Italy*, particularly at *Rome*, a spirit of independence still survived ; of this the Popes availed themselves, and in every city established a Guelf Faction against the Ghibellines, or Imperialists ; but their power over the consciences of men enabled them to spread their influence still further. By this powerful engine the Pope could kindle the flames of Rebellion against his Antagonist, over all his vast dominions ; and consecrate Sedition by the name of Religion. When FREDERIC was on the point of reducing every thing to subjection on the banks of the TYBER, the Standard of Rebellion was suddenly raised on the shores of the RHINE, and he was obliged to relinquish the prize almost in reach. This was the tantalizing situation of almost all the *German* Emperors, but the intrigues of the Pope were in the end favourable to the cause of Liberty.—We have seen before how the Imperial Faction got the advantage at *Florence*, and banished the *Buondelmonte* Family, with the whole Papal Faction. But on the death of FREDERIC a new family

* Of Hapsburg.

came

~~declined,~~

came to the Imperial Throne, and the *Suabian Race* declined; the neutral party at *Florence* took the advantage of the favourable juncture, and proposed a coalition of parties; the proposal was agreed to, the banished *Guelfs* were recalled, and an act passed of general amnesty. Then by a general agreement, the constitution was new modelled.—The city was divided into six districts, governed by officers annually chosen; two Judges were appointed for criminal causes, and the whole defensive force of the City and Country was divided into ninety-six regiments, whose superior officers were also changed annually:—These were soon fit for service. The influence of the *Guelfs* prevailed, and extended their Conquests over *Pistoia*, *Siena*, and *Arezzo*, which had been under the imperial Faction. In consequence of these advantages the *Guelfs* began to grow haughty, and the *Ghibellines* envious; their power had fallen very low, for they were looked upon all over *Tuscany* as the abettors of *Tramontane* Tyranny. But an opportunity soon offered of gaining the ascendant: CONRAD, who died suddenly, not without suspicion of poison, had left an infant son, CONRADIN, the unfortunate heir of *Naples*, under the tuition of MANFRED, or MANFROY, a natural son to *Frederic* the second. The Empire being elective had now gone into another family, and CONRADIN had nothing left but his hereditary dominion of *Suabia*, and the title to the kingdom of *Naples*. But MANFRED, his Guardian, took advantage of his Pupil's non-age, usurped the Crown of *Sicily*, and inheriting the inveterate hatred of the House of *Suabia* against the Pope, he renewed his claim to the lands which the Emperor HENRY the sixth had resigned to the Pope on his marriage with CONSTANCE. At this crisis

crisis *Manfred* was in arms against the Pope, and re-animating the hopes of the *Ghibellines* * all over *Italy*. The Imperial Faction in *Florence*, discountenanced and robbed of their share in the Government, applied to him for assistance. The Counsel was given by † *Farinata Uberti*, the inveterate Enemy of the *Buondelmonte* race; but their practices were discovered by the vigilance of the magistrates, and the delinquents cited before the counsel. The *Uberti* took arms and fortified their houses: But the enraged populace attached to the *Guelfs*; and to Liberty, took the part of their benefactors, and the *Ghibellines* were obliged to seek an asylum at *Siena*.—This Republic had revolted from the confederacy of the *Florentines*, and received the exiles readily. A Courier was instantly dispatched to the borders of *Romagna*. That same night a large detachment set out for *Siena*, and by forced marches reached it before day. Next morning a Spy, in the habit of a *Franciscan*, waited on the Magistrates at *Florence*, with a forged Letter, from the *Guelf* Faction at *Siena*; containing a promise to open the gate, if the *Florentines* would send a body of troops at an appointed hour. The magistrates, not suspecting what had passed in the night, fell into the snare, and immediately dispatched the flower of their Militia to second the revolt of the *Sieneſe*. But as they marched along in full security, they were suddenly attacked by *Farinata*, at the head of a detachment of *Manfred's* Forces: The habits of discipline however preserved

* Though the imperial power had now fallen very low, several Princes in Italy kept up the name of *Ghibellines*, or *Imperialists*, in order to establish their own power, and withstand the papal encroachment.

† See *INFERNO*, C. x.

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them

them from the effects of surprize, they formed immediately, and a bloody and obstinate action ensued: But in the heat of the Conflict, BOCCA *, the head of the ABATI Family, a *Guelf*, having been gained over by the practices of *Uberti*, cut off the hand of the *Florentine* Standard-bearer: The Standard fell, the *Florentines* were thrown into confusion; the *Ghibellines* took advantage of the moment of disorder, broke into the line of the *Florentines*, and drove them off the Field, with a prodigious slaughter of the Nobility and Gentry.

The victorious party, still burning with animosity, began to entertain the most sanguinary Counsels: It was even proposed to exterminate the Papal Faction, and level their native city to the ground. But *Farinata*, whose influence next to *Manfred's* was greatest, generously opposed the most cruel design. He declared that his motive in taking arms was only to secure a retreat to his native place, not to be instrumental in its destruction. His counsel prevailed. The *Ghibellines* entered the city in triumph, and the *Guelfs* were again expelled.

The *Florentine Guelfs* first took refuge at *Bologna*, and afterwards at *Parma*, where they joined the papal Faction; and in an engagement with the Imperialists, their valour turned the scale in favour of the *Parmesans*. Meantime the Pope being hard pressed by *Manfred*, who had usurped the Crown from his Nephew, and looking upon himself as Lord Paramount of *Sicily*, deprived the orphan *Conradin* of his title to the Crown, which exceeded his power as Lord Paramount, and gave the investiture to *Charles* of

* INFERNO, Canto 32.

Anjou,

Anjou, brother to that king of France who is commonly called *St. Louis*. The *Florentine* exiles took advantage of this favourable crisis, and offered their service to the Pope, who received them with joy. Meantime, *Charles* of *Anjou* sailed for *Italy*, with a numerous Fleet, and dextrously escaping the Gallies of *Manfred*, which lay in wait for him, arrived at *Ostia*; where he was received by the *Romans* as the deliverer of their country, and instantly marched against the invader. MANFRED had a large detachment under BUOSO DI DUERA, at a defile where the *French* were obliged to pass; but DUERA,* as it is supposed, having been corrupted by ANJOU, looked tamely on, and let him pursue his march. Struck with the rapid advances made by his rival, discouraged by the appearance of treachery, and perhaps stung by the memory of his perfidy, to his benefactor CONRAD, MANFRED sent ambassadors with overtures of peace; but they were rejected with scorn, and the usurper resolved to make a desperate stand at the pass of *Caperano*.—Next to MANFRED, the second in command among the *Ghibellines*, was the Marquis de CASERTA, and on his advice with respect to military affairs, MANFRED chiefly relied; but CASERTA having long suspected a criminal commerce between his wife and MANFRED, secretly vowed vengeance, and took this opportunity of putting his design in practice. At a council of war, called before the engagement, he advised MANFRED to let part of the *Guelfs* pass, and attack them at advantage when divided. On this counsel MANFRED implicitly relied, and ordered the defile to be left open till part had passed, but the im-

* INFERNO, C. 32.—Villani Chron. Florent. S. 7. C. 27.

petuosity of the *French* broke all his measures: The army of *Anjou* poured in like an inundation, and pursued the *Ghibellines* with a continued slaughter for several miles. MANFRED, with the broken remains of his army, retreated to the plains of *Beneventum*, whither he was pursued by ANJOU with such precipitation, that he neglected to secure the country behind him. MANFRED immediately perceived the oversight of the enemy, and availing himself of his superior knowledge of the country, surrounded the whole army of *Anjou* at *Tagliacazzo*; there he could have compelled them by famine to come into terms, but, like POMPEY, he rashly resolved on battle, and fell in the action; a fate too mild and honourable for his perfidy and usurpation. He is also charged with parricide by some historians.

CHARLES of *Anjou* immediately took possession of *Naples*, and was crowned by the Pope. This was looked upon as the signal for destruction to the *Ghibelline* party in *Florence*. They saw their ruin approaching, and resolved, if possible, to gain the people to their side, by a shew of patriotism. They immediately recalled some of the *Guelf* faction from *Bologna*, and gave them a share in the government. *Bologna* was already famous as a seat of learning; and from it there were two legislators chosen to settle the commonwealth; one a *Guelf*, and the other a *Ghibelline*, who by the joint assent of all, were made *Podestas* at *Florence*; their names were * CATALANO DE MALASOTTE, and LODERINGO DI LEANDOLO. They had a council of thirty-six formed out of both factions to assist them, and made some good regulations; but

* See *INFERNO*, C. 23.

what

what shewed the futility of their patriotic pretences; was their connivance at the introduction of a band of *German* mercenaries, by the *Ghibellines*, under pretence of protecting the State. The first occasion of discontent was an exorbitant tax which they attempted to levy on the people, to pay these mercenaries. This raised a clamour against the new council; the populace took arms and surrounded the Senate, and GUIDO DE NOVELLO, the head of the *Ghibelline* faction, seized with an unaccountable panic, fled out of the nearest gate with his whole body of incendiaries, and all the *Ghibelline* faction. Next day, astonished at their own folly, they endeavoured to return, but found the attempt too late—the *Guelfs* had resumed the Government, and chosen CHARLES of *Anjou*, vicar of *Tuscany*; but the citizens, tired of discord, resolved to procure a coalition of parties, and by their influence, all the exiles were invited to return; but the *Ghibellines* still remembered their exile, and the *Guelfs* their oppressions.

Meantime the news arrived that CONRADIN, the heir of *Sicily* and *Naples*, was on his way from *Germany*, with a numerous army, to regain his Crown from CHARLES of *Anjou*. This intelligence re-animated the *Ghibellines*, who hoped, by the assistance of CONRADIN, to gain the ascendancy.—The *Guelfs* were no less depressed by fear, and when they heard that CONRADIN intended to direct his march through *Tuscany*, they applied to his rival for assistance. The forces of *Anjou* arrived at *Florence* before the army of Conradin, and the *Ghibellines*, who well knew their demerits with the people, once more thought proper to relinquish their country. The presages of the *Ghi-*

bellines were not vain ; the gallant CONRADIN, who, though but fifteen years of age, had led an army from *Germany* to claim his birth right, was met by ANJOU, at *St. Valentine's*, near *Naples*. An aged *French* knight, named ALARD, on his return from the Holy Land, had joined the army of *Anjou*, and CHARLES relying on his military experience, asked his advice with respect to the disposition of his forces. The veteran counselled him to conceal a large body of troops in an ambuscade, and to send a detachment before, led by a Knight, in the dress and arms of *Anjou* ; and, that if this body were defeated, the partial loss would secure him the victory. Anjou followed his advice, and causing one COZANCE, a *French* Knight, to put on his arms, sent him to meet the enemy at the head of a large detachment. The event was what * ALARD had foretold ; COZANCE being taken for ANJOU was killed in the first onset, and the *Germans*, thinking the business over, fell into disorder, and began to plunder the dead. Then ANJOU, at the head of his ambuscade, broke in upon them, drove them off the field with great slaughter, and took the unhappy CONRADIN prisoner : He was carried thence to *Naples*, formally tried, and condemned, and the last blood of the illustrious house of *Swabia* was shed upon a scaffold : FREDERIC of *Austria*, his generous patron, suffered with him. In his last moments he bequeathed his title to the crown of *Naples* to PETER of *Arragon*, who had married a daughter of MANFRED's, nor was it long before an opportunity was given to assert the claim. The *French* were guilty of so much cruelty and oppression in their government, that the *Neapo-*

* See *INFERNO*, C. 28. Notes.

litans and *Sicilians* breathed nothing but revenge. The Pope, NICHOLAS the third, began now to dread the encroachments of ANJOU, as much as he had his rival before. His jealousy was raised to the bitterest enmity by CHARLES's refusal to marry his daughter to the Pope's nephew; and, he is said, in revenge, to have laid the plot of the *Sicilian Vespers*, where a whole people entered into a conspiracy to massacre their oppressors. It is well known that the ringing of the bell for evening prayers at *Messina*, was the signal for the general massacre; and every *Frenchman* in the island, and even *Sicilian* women, with child by *Frenchmen*, were put to death without mercy. ARAGON was ready with a fleet, to take possession of the island immediately after the action; and in his posterity the *Norman* line sat on the throne of *Sicily* at this day.

The Crown of *Naples* continued in the *Anjou* family a few generations more, till the unfortunate JOAN, great-grand-daughter to CHARLES of *Anjou*, succeeded. The tragical death of her husband, and her marriage with the murderer, leaves an indelible stain upon her memory.

After a life of guilt and misfortune, she adopted as heir LOUIS of *Anjou*, brother to CHARLES the fifth, of *France*. From him the title devolved afterwards to CHARLES the eighth, of *France*, who won and lost *Naples* in a few months, which, after many revolutions was finally annexed to the Crown of *Sicily*, by FERDINAND, of *Aragon*, grandfather to the Emperor, CHARLES the fifth.

But while the southern provinces of *Italy* and *Sicily* were drenched in blood, *Florence*, by her own exertions, arose to a pitch of glory, unknown before.

In the disputes between the *Guelfs* and *Ghibellines*, the power of the people had insensibly increased.— They were attached to the *Guelf* faction, and by that means their influence rose to such a degree, that, after several changes of the constitution, they proposed that the city should be governed by three *Priors* or *Prætors*; to be chosen indifferently from the Patricians and the Plebeians. * The nobles were at variance among themselves, and each party feared, that if they should deny the popular request, the rival faction would take advantage of it to join the people, and turn the scale against them: Thus, each being intimidated by the other, they both agreed to grant the demands of the Plebeians; and thus the people obtained a share in the government, which, from being aristocratical, began to wear an aspect of democracy.

The nobles, however, still retained their family influence, and, though they were guilty of daily outrages, it was very difficult to bring any of them to a trial. The continual disturbances occasioned by these feuds, gave a fair pretext to the popular party, to demand a large body of troops to be levied, who, under the command of an officer, called *Gonfalonere*, should be entirely at the devotion of the *Priors*. These were intended to suppress any tumult raised by the nobles. Still however, while any of the nobles had a share in the government, the course of justice was impeded. The daily mischiefs which this occasioned, induced GIAN de Bella, † a Patrician, but a lover of his country; to propose in a general assembly, a total exclusion of the nobles from any share in the govern-

* Machiavel Hist, Flor. L. 2.

† Of the same Family with Dante. See Canto 29.

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ment, to encrease the militia from one to four thousand, and to order the *Gonfalonere* to reside continually with the *Prior*. Meantime an atrocious murder was committed by a young Patrician of the *Donate* family, and the *Gonfalonere*, with all his additional forces, found himself unable to call him to account. The people complained to their patron, *Gian de Bella*; he, as the more moderate course, desired them to lay their complaints before the prior. They, not obtaining ready admittance, attacked the palace, and levelled it to the ground. This was a sufficient handle to the nobles to accuse *Gian de Bella* of raising disturbances in the State, and he, foreseeing the storm, wisely withdrew.

By this effort the nobles found that their strength consisted in their union, and that all the advantages gained by the people were merely the effect of patrician discord.

In consequence of this they made a secret coalition against the populace, and resolved to engross all the power to themselves; but, elated with their conquest over *Gian de Bella*, they took their measures too openly, the people flew to arms, and the adverse parties were on the point of an engagement, when the more moderate citizens interposed, and, with difficulty brought about a reconciliation, on condition that the nobles should again have a share in the *Priorate*.

The names of *Guelf* and *Ghibelin* were now almost forgotten at *Florence*, but other factions soon arose whose quarrels had a more pernicious effect. The occasion was this: * The family of *Cancelieri*, at *Pistoia*,

* Machiavel L. 2. Villani L. 8. C. 32.

a small

a small estate, subject to *Florence*, was divided into two branches, the heads of which were at this time *Guilielmo* and *Bertaccio*, or *Foccacia*. — A son of *Guilielmo*, named *Lore de Cancelieri*, happened to strike the son of *Bertaccio*, with a snow-ball, in the eye. The blow left a mark, and *Guilielmo*, knowing the brutal ferocity of his kinsman, sent his son immediately to *Bertaccio*, to make an apology. *Bertaccio* seemed only to have wished for an opportunity, of quarrelling with the other branch of the family. He ordered the boy to be seized, and very deliberately cut off the offending hand, coolly remarking, “that blows only could be repaid “with blows, not with words.” — The father of the mutilated youth summoned his dependents to arms :— The family of *Bertaccio* assembled in defence of their kinsman, and *Pistoia* was suddenly involved in all the horrors of a civil war. — DANTE was at this time *Prior of Florence*, and it was he who gave the advice, ruinous to himself, and pernicious to his native country, of calling in the heads of the two factions to *Florence*. — The founder of the *Cancelieri* family had first married a lady, called *Bianchi*, from her was derived the name of the white faction ; the others immediately called themselves *Neri*, or blacks. On their arrival at *Florence*, the *Cherchi*, a noble family, immediately declared for the *White faction*. Their inveterate enemies the *Donate*, instantly joined the *Blacks*, and all *Florence* was again divided into two parties, as interest or inclination led them.

The conspiracy of the black faction to call in CHARLES of *Valois*, and the subsequent exile of the white faction, with DANTE, will find a more suitable place in the life of the Poet. — *Florence*, in the midst
of

of these convulsions, gained new strength, and acquired new glory. The liberal arts had already got footing there, so early as the twelfth century, after the power of the Emperors had declined in *Italy*. At the death of *Frederic* the second, it had been really *free*, but it was enabled to make a formal purchase of its freedom, from the Emperor *Rodolph*, of *Hapsburgh*, who succeeded the *Swabian* line; and from that period till the fifteenth century, the Emperors were so much involved in *German* politics, that they neglected *Italy* entirely. — It was during this decline of the imperial power, that *Florence*, *Bologna*, *Pisa*, and *Lucca*, gained the liberty of governing themselves by their own laws, and that the power of *Venice* grew formidable; but though other republics enjoyed their liberty for a longer period of time, though *Venice* was ennobled by conquest, and *Pisa* by commerce, yet none were more illustrious by their freedom than *Florence*. Long before the taking of *Constantinople* by the *Turks*, which is looked upon as the common æra of the revival of learning, she, like another *Athens*, saw the arts revive in the lap of liberty.

On a review of this long and bloody contention between the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelines*, and on adverting to its origin; we find it only one branch of a deep radical evil, whose origin must be traced to remote ages, and whose consequences we feel at this day. The disputes between the Eastern Emperour and the Popes about image worship, and the influence that had in giving an Emperour to the West, were noticed above. With the hopes of obtaining temporal power to *themselves*, the Popes fostered the ambition of *PEPIN*, and the enormous power of *CHARLEMAGNE*. When they were nearly
over-

overwhelmed by that mass, which they had contributed themselves to raise, or at least made that a pretext; they wanted to try the same expedient, and call in a foreign power, to free them from that domestic enemy, whom they had goaded almost to madness; and then made his fury the subject of tragical declamation. Thus they provoked ANJOU against SUABIA; and ARAGON against ANJOU; they spread the flames of war from the source of the DANUBE to the TAGUS, and even (in the case of RICHARD Earl of Cornwall) endeavoured to engage ENGLAND in the quarrel. To this source we can trace the claims of Charles VIII. of FRANCE, and of Louis XII. on NAPLES, the imperial claims on MILAN, and even on BELGIUM, which have been either the immediate or remote causes of all the devastation made by war in Christendom; even including the present, through a deced of centuries.

We owe the invention of many useful manufactures, and the improvement of almost all the sciences to *Italy*, about that period. CHARLES of *Anjou*, though attended by the demons of discord and oppression, made some compensation by transporting the *Provençal* poetry from *France* to *Italy*, and upon the wild compositions of the *French Troubadours*, or strolling minstrels, the genius of *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and *Boccace*, were formed; elegance and poetry particularly were carried to perfection in *Florence*; and even so early as the time of *Boniface* the eighth, among the orators who were sent to congratulate him on his exaltation, there were no less than eight *Florcntines*. From this æra, till the the time of *Leo* the tenth, *Italy* produced a succession of men of genius, when the seeds that had been sown by the contests between the Pope and
Emperor

Emperor produced *their last and noblest fruit in the Reformation.*

Even so early as the twelfth century, people began to dispute very freely concerning religion. It was then the *Albigenses* appeared, a sect, who acknowledged no law, but that of the gospel, and held tenets nearly similar to those of the protestants. They were persecuted by Pope *Innocent* the third, and massacred without mercy. It was on this occasion the inquisition was first established, but its efforts were too feeble to suppress the spirit of enquiry. When it was extinguished in *Languedoc*, it was kindled anew in *Piedmont*, and when banished from *Italy*, it took refuge in *Bohemia*.

Disputes concerning the merest trifles and absurdities, were prosecuted with equal inveteracy. The *Franciscans*, in the fourteenth century, took into their heads to deny that they had a property in any thing, even in what they eat and drank; the property they bestowed on the church. Pope *John* the twenty-second, was offended that they should make an empty compliment to the church, and wrote against them with great acrimony. The Emperor *Lewis* of *Bavaria*, the Pope's enemy, defended the *Franciscans*, and the Pope, in revenge, seized and burnt as Heretics some of the most contumacious of them. This is one instance out of many, that could be given, of the blind and bloody zeal of the times. The mischiefs of superstition, the ravages of religious wars, and the baleful influence of contending for speculative opinions, are favourite topics of declamation. It is a common artifice of sophistry, to blend the ideas of religion and superstition together, and argue against the benefits of one, from the ills that attend the other. But to an
attentive

attentive observer of this period, it will appear, that even the wildest superstition of the times, had such ingredients mixed with it as formed the seeds of knowledge, liberty, and virtue; effects which did not always follow the boasted philosophy of those masters of reason, the ancients.

The contest between the Popes and Emperors was attended with some partial evils in its progress, but these partial evils produced universal good. The dispute was interesting to the last degree: It was of no less consequence than to determine whether the Pope should have the whole ecclesiastical affairs of *Germany* at his disposal, or the Emperor annihilate the liberty of *Italy*. Nothing could be better adapted to enlarge the minds of men, and exercise their intellects, than the adjustment of those complicated rights. The examination of their origin must have carried their enquiries back, by a natural and easy ascent, to the times of primitive and pure religion, and the golden age of ancient liberty.—Hence they must gradually have acquired a more just idea of their religion, a clearer notion of the rudiments of policy; and both must have been stamped on their minds with a deeper impression, by the illustrious examples of antiquity. We find the salutary effects of these disputes in opening the mind very early, particularly in the writings of DANTE. In his book *DE MONARCHIA*, written to assert the claims of the Emperor against the Pope, he expatiates upon clerical abuses with great freedom. PETRARCH follows him in the same track: He inveighs against the depravity of the times with great asperity, and his invectives are more pointed, because more impartial. In short, the dispute between the
contending

contending parties was an extensive field for genius. The conflict of such disputants must have struck out truth at last, and the mind having once felt its powers; must have exerted them, not only in religion and politics, but on every art, and science; on every thing useful and ornamental.

The influence of this dispute on liberty was more immediate. The Emperor encouraged the Ghibelline faction in *Italy*, to throw off their slavish dependence on the Pope, and trust to the protection of the imperial *Fasces*. By this means, he was often on the point of conquering *Italy*; but when the prize was almost within his reach, the papal influence was so great in *Germany*, that the Pontiff could, at any time, raise commotion against his enemy, in his native dominions. Not only the Clergy, but the Laity, seldom wanted a pretence for discontent. This often called the attention of the Emperor to domestic objects: His presence was often claimed in both places at once, and that people, from whom he was obliged to be absent, seldom failed to push their pretensions into rights, and set up claims under the latter Emperors, which, under CHARLEMAGNE, were unknown. The Emperors were also often obliged to buy the friendship both of the *Germans* and *Italians*, with large immunities. Hence gradually arose the rights of the *Germanic* body, and the dear-bought liberty of the *Italian* republics.

With respect to the influence these disputes had upon the *manners* of the people, we must own it was of a more mixed kind. The enthusiasm of mistaken zeal, conducted by designing men, often drove them to atrocious actions; but from the very complexion of
their

their *crimes*, we may trace their *virtues*, had we no other document. When a man's faults proceed from the mistakes of conscience, may we not justly conclude, that conscience has, in general, a strong influence over him?

In some things it may be mistaken; but, for the most part, it must conduct him right.—His notion of the importance of certain opinions, may impel him to persecute the supposed enemies of orthodoxy; but, if he looks upon those opinions as appendages of a revealed law, for these essential parts of the law he must entertain the most reverential regard. If this revelation coincides with, and enforces the primary notions of right and wrong engraven on the heart of every man, the law, as far as it is clear, must have an influence on his life, and the more, the further he is removed from the career of ambition, and the temptations of power. The progress of knowledge from the causes above mentioned must enlighten his mind, and ascertain his duty; and thus religion, by degrees, must have disengaged itself from the incumbrances of superstition. If we compare this deduction with the history of the middle ages, it will appear, that not only the reformed, but the Catholic churches, gradually relinquished the grossest of some of their tenets, and adopted a more liberal turn of thinking.

The pretence of forwarding the interests of religion has often occasioned mischiefs of the most virulent kind. Are we to make this an argument against religion itself? — Every thing that takes a strong hold on the mind of man may be equally abused. The love of liberty itself has been equally revered, and equally perverted; but no sophister ever presumed to make this an argument

ment against well regulated freedom. When the phantoms of religion and liberty can lead men into such wild extremes, it only proves how essential the realities are to society.

There is a general cry against religious intolerance, without distinguishing between the vigilance of proper discipline, and the extreme of persecution.—Toleration is also extolled in a strain of general panegyric, by people who do not seem to know the difference between the needful jealousy of a wise legislature, anxious for the virtue of a people, and that pernicious negligence which attended the abuse of toleration in the declining days of *Athens* and *Rome*.

The fervours of religion have often actuated the passions to deeds of the wildest fanaticism.—The *booted Apostles* of Germany, and the *Crusaders* of France carried their zeal to a very guilty degree. But the passion for any thing laudable will hardly carry men to a *proper* pitch, unless it be so strong as sometimes to push them beyond the golden mean.—The enthusiasm of *English* valour has often pushed our countrymen to acts of the wildest desperation; but with *less*, perhaps, Britons had not been heroes. The same zeal sent the missionary to the north, and the conqueror to the south: it often raised a tempest which marked its road with devastation; but at the same time deposited the seeds of virtue, order, and civility. The wildest extravagancies of mistaken zeal tend to work its own cure. Religious disputes occasionally inflame the passions; but nothing so much opens the mind and enlarges the understanding, as nothing is of equal importance. This is plain to any one that marks the progress of the human mind during

the four ages immediately preceding the reformation. The renovation of learning and the arts owes more to religious contests than to any other circumstance whatever; they relumed the flame of liberty, and spread the light of truth, *before* the arrival of those Greek sophisters from Constantinople, to whom the revival of learning is generally attributed.

Such were the effects of intolerance even in the extreme. In a more moderate degree, every well-regulated government, both antient and modern, were so far intolerant, as not to admit the pollutions of every superstition and every pernicious opinion. It was from a regard to the morals of the people, that the Roman Magistrates expelled the Priests of Bacchus *, in the first and most virtuous ages of the republic. It was on this principle that the Persians destroyed the temples of Greece wherever they came. Socrates was accused of bringing in new Gods, because *new Gods*, as the wise Athenians thought, might bring in new pollutions.

The Romans are said to have admitted every mode of worship within their walls †. Would they, in the time of their virtue and glory, have given admittance to the *Venus Mylitta* of the East, with all her train of Prostitutes? There always was, and always will be, in every good government, an intolerant zeal of virtue against vice; an intolerance which the Christians did not, as some suppose, borrow from the Jews; but both they and the Jews borrowed it from the unalterable Law of Right. The dread of popery in

* Livy, Herodotus.

† Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire.

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the last age was not an unmeaning antipathy to certain *speculative* opinions, but a well-grounded fear of the influence of such opinions on society. It was a design well becoming any government, to abridge the power of a body of men confessedly under a foreign influence.

The Athenians and Romans kept a watchful eye, not only over the grosser superstitions, but over impiety; because they knew, that impiety and infidelity dissolved the sanctions of morality, and brought on both public and private corruption. *Polybius* plainly attributes the fall of freedom in *Greece* to the prevalence of atheism *. In Rome, Epicurean philosophy and political corruption went hand in hand. It was not till the republic was verging to its fall, that Cæsar dared in open senate to laugh at the *speculative* opinion of a future state. These were the times of universal toleration, when every pollution, from every clime, flowed to Rome, whence they had carefully been kept out before. How far they prevailed we learn from *Juvenal*; and we are taught, by the acrimony of his invective, how far it infringed on the ancient cenforial vigilance of the republic. The consequence was natural; impiety and its concomitant corruptions were so completely established at Rome, and the doctrine of immortality was so deeply obscured by sophistry, that a late celebrated writer makes it a question, whether it ever was believed by the multitude; and brings as his vouchers, *HORACE* an Epicurean, and *JUVENAL* a declamatory satirist; the latter in-

* That attributes the formation of the world to chance, and denies a providence.

deed, in a storm of ironical indignation, observes, that scarce any one now believes those fables of futurity; a rhetorical observation which might well enough become the pulpit in any age of Christianity.

But to leave the digression:—It may be thought that there is too much attributed to the trifling school-divinity of the age, and the eternal disputes and wars occasioned by religion: it may be thought that the political and moral improvement, which began to adorn the conclusion of the fifteenth century, sprung from the natural course of human affairs, leaving religion out of the question: it may be urged, that the causes were the same that raised Athens and Rome to their glory, viz. the cultivation of reason, and the natural progress of society from rudeness to civilization. I leave it to those who are best acquainted with the spirit of antiquity, to determine whether a species of religion (mixt indeed with superstition) had or had not a very principal share in raising those celebrated nations to the summit of their glory: their decline and fall, at least, may fairly be attributed to irreligion, and to the want of some general standard of morality, whose authority they all allowed, and to which they all appealed. The want of this pole-star left them adrift in the boundless ocean of conjecture; the disputes of their philosophers were endless, and their opinions of the grounds of morality were as different as their conditions, their tastes, and their pursuits. *Cæsar* was an *Epicurean*, who laughed at the notion of immortality and moral obligation, because he meant to overturn the constitution. Had he been conquered, or a slave, like *Cato* or *Epicletus*, he had probably been a Stoic: his great soul would have taken pride in patience

tience and temperance ; he would have allowed Virtue to be the *only good* ; and, from the inequality of things here, inferred a future retribution. *Cicero* wavered between both parties and both opinions ; *Socrates* and *Plato* honestly owned their want of a cœlestial guide ; and *Pyrrho*, taking advantage of the endless wanderings of human reason, concluded that all men were involved in hopeless ignorance, and all things in impenetrable obscurity ; and, consequently, that between virtue and vice there was no distinction. In the old world, where they had no general standard to refer to ; where one grounded his opinions on principles that another denied ; where one party held animal pleasure, another riches, a third virtue, to be the *chief good* ; their contradictions must have been infinite, and the pernicious consequence of their disputes must have been universal ignorance and obscurity, unless a new system had appeared, which brought men back to the genuine sentiments of nature, and enforced her internal dictates of right and wrong by the most powerful sanctions.

A subject of such importance must have produced disputes ; but these disputes had a necessary tendency to produce both knowledge and virtue. To the contest we owe the revival of learning : the authority of the revealed law was allowed by all ; in its essential parts all agreed : their disputes about some less essential parts produced at least critical knowledge, and the progress of knowledge will in the end bring about an uniformity of opinion. Even in the time of their fiercest disputes, their concurrence, as to essentials, must have given at least the *spirit of the law* an extensive influence on morals, ~~and~~ it evidently has. *obtained*

Frederick
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IF

If the rational powers of man are now advancing to their zenith, we know what gave them their first impulse. If our systems of moral philosophy are now more clear and better founded, we can easily trace the cause: one of our best moralists has deduced our obligations to virtue from our natural feelings of sympathy and notions of propriety; and by this made his whole work an illustrious comment on that divine precept, "*Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*"

The enemies of revealed religion may be divided into two classes; one attacks its origin, another its consequences: the first thinks it easy to account for its formation by a concurrence of fortuitous incidents, without having recourse to divine superintendence; the other can see no effect from it but fanatic quarrels, tyranny, and desolation: the first cannot avoid perceiving its beneficial consequences; yet, as its precepts are hostile to their favourite inclinations, they endeavour to find its origin in chance, superstition, or a perversion of reason: the second set of adversaries, more enlightened and more subtle, find it in vain to combat the accumulated evidence of prophecy attested by history, and miracles confirmed by effects scarce less wonderful; but they endeavour to disgrace a cause that they cannot destroy; they attack it in its consequences, and think from the abuses of superstition to show the futility of religion; concluding aptly enough, that if its progress be only marked with mischief and folly, it could not originate in wisdom: but if, from history and observation, it appears that Providence had a share in its progress, it can hardly be excluded from its origin: a concurrence of fortunate incidents may have
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the appearance of chance ; but where, for a series of ages, designs seemingly pernicious, and accidents seemingly hostile, are found to change their aspect, and operate uniformly in favour of *one* object, this is more than chance. It would be ridiculous philosophy, to expatiate on the marks of wisdom in the organization of a plant, and yet assert that the *root* was a concretion of matter, formed without design, and fitted to no end. Still it may be thought by some, that the real and legitimate effect of these religious disputes was nothing but contention and bloodshed ; and that liberty, knowledge, and civilization, sprung from them only by accident ; and that this is not a singular instance of order springing from confusion. But to obviate this it will, I believe, on examination appear, that the disputes concerning religion in the middle ages were essentially different in their causes, as well as their effects, from wars whose sole motives are ambition or lucre. Even in the contest of freedom, we have often seen, that the prosperity attendant on conquest only tended to sap the virtue of the conquerors ; and that a noble resistance to tyranny ended in an inglorious overthrow by vice. Accumulated and pernicious luxury is the victor's lot, in disputes occasioned by commerce ; and the pursuits of dominion only vary the picture with the insolence of the oppressor and the miseries of the oppressed. The *Greeks* nobly resisted their *Asiatic* invaders ; they pursued them to their native plains ; but there they were encountered by a much more formidable host, the *Vices* of the conquered, who chased them with dishonour from the field, pursued them to their native shores, haunted them in the Temple and the Forum, usurped their altars, mingled with their counsels, and in a few

years amply avenged the cause of the *Persian Monarch*.

The bloody devastations of *Attila* and *Zingis* left few other marks but the debasement of the human character wherever they past; and the history of modern times shews us, in the strongest colours, the pernicious effects of merely commercial wars. Compare this with the picture of religious quarrels, a picture *shaded* touched with additional horrors by some of the first names of the age; there we find, by a common trick of sophistry, Religion, disguised under the name of superstition, represented as the cause of half the miseries of the world. When, by the natural course of things, society is shown as advancing by large strides to perfection, just at the dawn of liberty and the sciences, we are told that this happy state of things was thrown into inextricable confusion by religious disputes; that Religion came in, armed with her Bible and sword, rekindled the flames of discord, and threw back society into its original barbarism. This we are told by Authors who knew right well, that the first movement of the mind that set it on the road to perfection was religion; and that knowledge, virtue, and liberty were her genuine offspring. But let us strip the subject of the colourings of eloquence, and view it in its simple state with an unimpassioned eye. The Christian religion, on its first introduction, was found incompatible with vice and every corruption of the heart, yet it gained ground, against the almost universal current of depravation. Those who did not chuse to mortify their darling appetites, and yet wished to obtain a title to its promises (or at least a name among the heads of sects) endeavoured to reconcile the doctrines of revelation to
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the vices of mankind. To this end they perverted the doctrine of grace, founded forth the merits of eleemosynary donations, and exalted theory above practice, and faith above virtue. Hence sprung a monstrous birth of heresy and corruption, which was, in every age as it arose, warmly opposed by the few friends of genuine religion and virtue. These were the first religious quarrels; which, though they are made the theme of most tragical declamations by some writers, appear to be nothing else but the war of Virtue against Vice, of Reason against Sophistry. In the mean time the Western Church, which had been less tainted with dangerous opinions than the Eastern, by a fatal concurrence of events, acquired a large share of temporal power. The doctrines of transubstantiation, infallibility, absolution, indulgences, purgatory, &c. were, in process of time, invented, in order to support this power. These doctrines were early opposed by reason, and their pernicious tendencies to virtue and the interests of society pointed out; while such of the European potentates as found themselves aggrieved by the boundless pretensions of the church of Rome, under the colour of religion, opposed her by force of arms. This gave rise to disputes more bloody and extensive; but still their basis was the wholesome exertions of reason against sophistry, and mental freedom against oppression. This is the real history of these disputes, which are branded by the name of the horrors of superstition; but what would have been the state of the world, if these corruptions had gone on without being checked? And how could it be expected they could be overcome without a long and painful conflict?—By long experience we have found the good effects of religious disputes;

putes : like the contests of opposite parties in philosophy, they tend to strike out truth : for (if we may be allowed the metaphor) there is an elastic repugnance in the mind against receiving notions imposed upon it by force, or against conviction ; and the weight of the pressure only makes it recoil with the bolder spring, particularly when tenets are imposed upon her which outrage our common notions of right and wrong, virtue and vice. Hence religious contests, like all other intellectual disputes, have been always friendly to the cause both of virtue and freedom.

These are the disputes which the enemies of religion represent in a light so odious, and lay to her charge, because by them her name was perverted and abused : what they cannot destroy they endeavour to disgrace ; and, under the name of Toleration, they endeavour to introduce an apathy, an indifference to the best and strongest motives for purity of heart and rectitude of conduct : their motives we may justly suppose the same with those of the first perverters of religion. Its old and secret enemies, under the mask of friendship, endeavoured to contaminate the doctrines of revelation by reconciling them to their vices : its open foes find it vain to impose theirs upon the mind in this enlightened age ; and not being able to reconcile it with their pursuits, they endeavour to destroy its influence in the world : yet, when they meet with the sober censure of reason, they declaim against it as the clamour of ecclesiastical tyranny ; and they will not allow that religion can be favourable to the light of knowledge or the cause of liberty, when it censures them for the propagation of their opinions : but there are certain bounds, even to liberty ; beyond this it takes the name of licentiousness.

centiousness. The liberty of loosening the bands of society, and deriding the solemn sanctions of virtue, is the liberty of a lunatick; and it was to prevent such wanton mischief, that the true principles of freedom were first laid down.

Thus I have endeavoured to show, that religion, under its most unfavourable aspect, and attended with the most untoward circumstances, was yet eminently beneficial to the best interests of society; that, when polluted, it threw off the contamination; when perverted, it recovered its rectitude; and when traduced, it triumphed over calumny. It owed little to human assistance; for, in the middle ages, they who could best have brought about a reformation were averse to the task: they did not chuse to abridge ecclesiastical power, as they uniformly aspired to ecclesiastical honours. I am aware at the same time that such an enquiry may seem misplaced, and incongruous to the present design; but in an inquiry into the spirit of the middle ages, the occasion seemed natural, and the subject was a favourite one. It is sufficient for the author, if, notwithstanding the faults of the execution, the attempt should meet the approbation of those whom he is most sollicitous to please: and if this should call forth some more able investigator, his ambition would be most fully satisfied.

THE
LIFE OF DANTE

FROM

LEONARDO BRUNI.

N. B. Many Biographical particulars of DANTE, are taken from
MR. HAYLEY'S NOTES to his ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY.

THE ancestors of DANTE were of one of the first families of *Florence*, of the name of CACCIA GUIDA. ALIGHIERI was the surname of the maternal line, natives of *Ferrara*, so called from a golden wing * which the family bore on their arms.—The poet was born in the year one thousand two hundred and sixty-five, a little after the return of the GUELFs or Pope's faction, who had been exiled from their native country, in consequence of the defeat at † *Monte Aperto*. The superiority of his genius appeared early, and, (if we may believe BOCCACCÉ) his amorous disposition began almost as soon to make its appearance.

* Vellutello.

† See HISTORICAL ESSAY.

His

1265

Folco

His passion for that lady, whom he has celebrated in his Poem, by the name of BEATRICE, is said to have commenced at nine years of age. She was the daughter of FOLCO PORTINARI, a noble citizen of Florence. His passion seems to have been of the chaste and platonic kind, like that of his successor PETRARCH, according to the account he has given of it in one of his early productions, entitled *Vita Nuova*, a mixture of mysterious poetry and prose; in which he mentions both the origin of his affections, and the death of his mistress, who died, according to BOCCACCIO, at the age of twenty-six.—The same author asserts, that in consequence of this event, DANTE fell into a profound melancholy, from which his friends endeavoured to raise him, by persuading him to marriage. After some time he followed their advice, and repented it; for he unfortunately made choice of a lady, who bore some resemblance to the celebrated XANTIPPE. The Poet, not possessing the patience of SOCRATES, separated himself from her, with such vehement expressions of dislike, that he never afterwards admitted her to sit in his presence, though she had borne him several children. Either at this period, or upon the death of his first mistress, he seems, by his own account, to have fallen into a profligate course of life, from which he was rescued by the prayers of his mistress, now a Saint, who prevailed on the spirit of VIRGIL to attend him through the *Infernal regions*; at least he gives this as the occasion of his immortal work, the *Divina Commedia*, of which the INFERNO constitutes a part.

From the mystic strain of his poetry indeed, * one is in doubt whether his reigning vice was profligacy,

* PURGATORIO, Canto 30.

or an ambitious pursuit of worldly honours: The latter at least was the immediate occasion of all the misfortunes of his future life.—To the profound learning of a recluse, and the polished manners of a courtier, he had joined an ardent desire of military glory, and distinguished himself by his bravery in an action where the *Florentines* obtained a signal victory at *Arezzo*: This, joined with his reputation of consummate learning, and knowledge of the world, prepared the way for his advancement to the first honours of the State. *Italy*, at that time, was distracted between the factions of the *Guelfs*, or partizans of the Pope; and *Ghibellines*, who adhered to the Emperor. After many revolutions the *Guelfs* had got the superiority in *Florence*. In the year one thousand three hundred, DANTE, with several colleagues, was elected Prior, the first executive office in the republic of *Florence*; and, according to a fragment of a letter, preserved by LEONARDO BRUNI, from this exaltation DANTE dates the beginning of his misfortunes.

Since the battle of *Campaldino*, or *Arezzo*, (where DANTE had distinguished himself) the faction of the *Ghibellines* seemed totally extinct; an uninterrupted flow of ten years prosperity was attended with consequences more fatal to the *Guelfs*, than all past misfortunes.—The two noble families of the * CHERCHI and DONATI, had been engaged in a quarrel of an old standing, but the feud did not break forth into open violence immediately:—The first occasion of their having recourse to arms, was a dispute between two branches of the family of CANCELIERI of *Pistoia*.

* See View of the FLORENTINE History, &c.

The

The rival factions had distinguished themselves by names of the *Blacks*, and the *Whites*. *Donati*, from an old attachment to the part of the *Cancelieri*, called the *Blacks*, joined their faction: This immediately determined the *Cherchi* to join the *Whites*; and, in order to put an end to the quarrel, DANTE, and his colleagues, ordered the heads of the opposite factions to remove from *Pistoia* to *Florence*. This, as BRUNI observes, was like the introduction of a pestilence; all the noble families of *Florence* immediately landed on opposite sides. Some joined *Donati*, and the *black* faction, some declared for the *whites*, who were supported by *Cherchi*.

The quarrel spread, by the influence of these nobles, among the lower orders of the citizens, and there was scarce an individual in the city who was not enlisted under the black or white ensign. At last, at a secret meeting of the black faction, in the church of the *Holy Trinity*, by night, it was proposed, by CORSO DONATI, to apply to BONIFACE the eighth, to terminate these intestine broils, by sending CHARLES of *Valois*, of the blood-royal of *France*. The *white* faction, having got intelligence of the project, immediately took the alarm, and assembled in arms, and clamoured loud against the ruinous project.

DANTE perceived the pernicious consequences of DONATI's counsel, and from that moment it is probable he took a decided part against the *black* faction. However, to preserve the appearance of impartiality, he, and his colleagues, gaining the multitude on their side, ordered the leaders of both parties, DONATI and CHERCHI, into confinement: But the real sentiments

thither

ments of the Prior soon appeared. CHERCHI, and his adherents of the *white* faction were instantly set at liberty; while DONATI, with his *black* *Valesians*, remained in bonds, or in exile. The Priorate indeed of DANTE had expired before the releasement of the *white* faction; but the measure was nevertheless attributed to the counsels of the Poet.

This appearance of partiality gave the wished for pretext to BONIFACE, to send CHARLES of *Valois* to *Florence*. As both the *whites* and *blacks* were only branches of the *Guelfs*, or old papal faction, CHARLES was honourably received by all, and preserved the appearance of moderation: till, when he thought affairs ripe for his project, he, on a sudden, recalled the exiles of the *black* faction, and banished their adversaries. To give a colour to this outrage, a letter was produced in public, said to have been written by some of the leaders of the *white* faction, and promising the castle of *Prato* to FERRANTI, the confidant of CHARLES, if he would prevail on his master to declare himself on the side of the *white* faction. The blame was thrown on DANTE, both of this letter, and the precedent banishment of DONATI. DANTE was then at *Rome*, soliciting the interference of the Pope, to conciliate the two parties, and restore peace to his afflicted country. Finding, however, his solicitations in vain, he returned; but returned only to meet the sentence of exile, to see his possessions confiscated, and his house razed to the foundation.—He had been, in his absence, cited before the *Podesta* of *Florence*, for misdemeanours during his *Priorate*; and, on his not appearing, he was declared *contumacious*, and sentence pronounced against him. At *Siena*, on

his return, the news of the sentence met him ; and at the same time he saw himself furrounded by a numerous and illustrious body of exiles ; who immediately formed themselves into an army, under the command of *Alessandro di Romena*. They made several attempts to enter their native city by force, and once went so far as to seize on one of the gates ; but they were still repulsed with loss.

These different expeditions took up about the space of four years ; at last, when they found their hopes abortive, they dispersed, and each sought his fortune. DANTE first found a patron in the great *Cane de la Scala*, Prince of *Verona*, whom he has celebrated in the first Canto of the *Inferno*. The high spirit of DANTE was ill suited to courtly dependance ; and it is very probable he lost the favour of his *Veronese* patron by the republican frankness of his behaviour. An instance of this is given in several authors. The disposition of the Poet, in the latter part of his life, had acquired a strong tincture of melancholy : This made him less acceptable in the gay Court of *Verona*, where probably a poet was only thought a character fit to find frivolous amusements for his patron. A common jester, or buffoon, (a noted personage in those days,) eclipsed the character of the bard, and neither the variety of his learning, nor the sublimity of his genius, stood him in any stead. CANE, the Prince, perceived that he was hurt by it ; and, instead of altering his mode of treatment, very ungenerously exasperated his resentment, by observing, one day in public company, that “ it was very extraordinary, that the jester, whom every one knew to be a worthless fellow, should be so much admired by him, and all

all his court; while DANTE, a man unparalleled in learning, genius and integrity, was universally neglected.

“ You will cease to wonder; (says DANTE) when you consider that similarity of manners is the strongest bond of attachment.”—This answer was severe, but merited. It does not appear whether SCALA repented it or no. It is certain that the Prince endeavoured to make the Poet an occasional object of merriment in some very low instances, and DANTE condescended to meet him even in that humble species of wit.

CINTHIO GERALDI, in his *Hecatotomithi*, gives us one instance of it, which is barely worth mentioning; as it marks the manners of the times. At table one day, the Prince, or his jester, had a boy fet under the table, who took care to convey all the bones as they were thrown down, to the side of DANTE. After dinner, the reliques were produced as a testimony of his wonderful dispatch.—“ You have distinguished “ yourself to-day in a very extraordinary manner,” says the Prince:—“ Not at all extraordinary,” returned the Poet. Had I been a DOG (alluding to his patron’s name *Cane*) I would have demolished bones and all, “ as you have done.”*

DANTE however soon found it necessary to seek his fortune elsewhere, and from *Verona* he retired to *France*, according to MANETTI; and BOCCACCIO affirms that he disputed in the theological schools of *Paris* with great reputation.—BAYLE questions his visiting *Paris* at this advanced period of his life; and thinks it improbable, that a man, who had been one of the chief magistrates of *Florence*, should condescend to engage

* A similar story is told of young HIRCANUS by JOSEPHUS.

in the squabbles of Parisian Theologists; but the spirit both of DANTE, and of the times when he lived, sufficiently account for this exercise of his talents; and his residence in *France* at this period is confirmed by BOCCACIO, in his life of the Poet, (which BAYLE seems to have had no opportunity of consulting) where his biographer asserts, that he disputed publicly with all comers.

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But now other prospects began to open: In the year one thousand three hundred and eight, HENRY, Count of *Luxemburgh*, was raised to the Empire. This afforded DANTE a prospect of being restored to his native country; accordingly he attached himself to the interests of the new Emperor, in whose service he is supposed to have written his *Latin* work, intitled, *De Monarchia*, in which he asserts the rights of the Empire against the encroachments of the papacy.— In the year one thousand three hundred and eleven, he instigated the Emperor to lay siege to *Florence*; “in which enterprize, says one of his biographers, “he did not chuse to appear in person, from motives “of respect to his native country.”—The Emperor was repulsed by the *Florentines*, and his death,* which happened next year, deprived DANTE of all hopes of re-establishment in his native country.

After this disappointment he is supposed to have spent several years in roving about *Italy*, in a state of poverty and dependance; till he found an honourable establishment at *Ravenna*, by the friendship of GUIDO NOVELLO DE POLENTA, Lord of that place. He received this illustrious exile with the most endearing liberality, continued to protect him during the few

* He was supposed to have been poisoned by a consecrated host.
remaining

remaining years of his life, and extended his munificence even to the ashes of the Poet.

Eloquence was one of the many talents which DANTE possessed in an eminent degree ; on this account he is said to have been employed in fourteen different embassies during the course of his life, and to have succeeded in most of them.

His patron GUIDO had occasion to try his abilities in a service of this nature, and dispatched him as his ambassador, to negotiate a peace with the *Venetians* ; who were preparing for hostilities against *Ravenna*. MANELTE asserts that he was unable to procure a public audience at *Venice*, and returned to *Ravenna* by land, from his apprehension of the *Venetian* fleet. But the fatigue of his journey, and the mortification of having failed in his attempt to preserve his generous patron from the impending danger, threw him into a fever, which terminated in death. On the 14th of September, 1321, he died, however, in the palace of his friend ; and the affectionate GUIDO paid the most tender regard to his memory.

This magnificent patron, says BOCCACIO, commanded the body to be adorned with poetical ornaments ; and after being carried on a bier through the principal streets of *Ravenna*, by the most illustrious citizens, to be deposited in a marble coffin. He pronounced himself the funeral oration, and expressed his design of erecting a most splendid monument, in honour of the deceased : a design, which his subsequent misfortune rendered him unable to accomplish. At his request many epitaphs were written on the Poet. The best of them, says BOCCACIO, by GIOVANNI DI VIRGILIO, of *Bologna*, a famous author of the time,

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and the intimate friend of DANTE. BOCCACIO then cites a few *Latin* verses, not worth repeating, six of which are quoted by BAYLE as the composition of DANTE himself, on the authority of PAULUS JOVIUS, in 1483.—BERNARDO BEMBO, the father of the celebrated Cardinal, raised a handsome monument over the neglected ashes of the Poet, with the following inscription :

*Exigua Tumuli DANTHES hic forte jacebas ;
Squalante nulli cognita pæne ~~est~~ ! Siste !
At nunc marmoreo subnixus conderis arcu
Omnibus et cultu splendidiora nites,
Nimirum BEMBUS musis in census Etruscis incensus
Hoc tibi, quem in primis hæc coluere, dedit,*

Before this period the Florentines had vainly endeavoured to gain the bones of their great Poet from the city of *Ravenna*. In the age of LEO the tenth they made a second attempt, by a solemn application to the Pope for that purpose ; and the great MICHAEL ANGELO, an enthusiastic admirer of DANTE, very liberally offered to execute a magnificent monument to the Poet. The hopes of the *Florentines* were again unsuccessful : The particulars of their unsuccessful petition may be found in the notes on CODIVI's life of MICHAEL ANGELO.

DANTE is described by BOCCACIO, as a man of middle stature ; his demeanour was solemn, and his walk slow ; his dress suitable to his rank and age ; his visage long, his nose aquiline, his eyes full, his cheek-bones large, and upper lip a little projecting over the under one ; his complexion was olive, his hair and beard thick and curled. This gave him that singularity of aspect,

aspect, which made his enemies observe, that he looked like one who had visited the infernal regions.—His deportment, both in public and private life, was regular and exemplary, and his moderation in eating and drinking remarkable.

At what time, and in what place, he executed the great and singular work which has rendered his name immortal, his numerous commentators seem unable to determine. BOCCACCIO asserts, that he began it in his thirty-eighth year, and had finished seven Cantos of his *INFERNO* before his exile. That in the plunder of his house, on that event, the beginning of his poem was fortunately preserved, but remained for some time neglected, till its merit being accidentally discovered by an intelligent Poet, named DINO, it was sent to the Marquis MARCELLO MARESPINA, an *Italian* nobleman, by whom DANTE was then protected. The Marquis restored these lost papers to the Poet, and intreated him to proceed in the work, which opened in so promising a manner. To this accident we are probably indebted for the Poem of DANTE, which he must have continued under all the disadvantages of an unfortunate and agitated life.—It does not appear at what time he completed it; perhaps before he quitted *Verona*, as he dedicated the *Paradiso* to his *Veronese* patron. The critics have variously accounted for his calling this Poem *Comedia*.

“ He gave it that title,” says one of her sons, because it begins with distress, and ends with felicity.” The very high estimation in which this work was held in *Florence* appears from a very singular institution. The Republic of *Florence*, in the year 1373, assigned a public stipend to a person appointed to read lectures

on the Poem of DANTE. BOCCACIO was the first person engaged in this office, but his death happening two years after his appointment, his comment extended only to the first seventeen Cantos of the INFERNO. Another very terrible instance of their veneration for their native bard is told by the author of the *Memoires de Petrarque*. *Ceno de Ascoli*, a celebrated Physician and Astrologer, had the boldness to write parodies on the Poem of DANTE. This drew on him the animadversion of the Inquisition. CHARLES, Duke of *Calabria*, thought to protect him, but in vain. The bishop of *Aversa*, his chancellor, a *Cordelier*, declared that it was highly impious to entertain a forcerer as a physician. There was no business done then without consulting an astrologer, yet CHARLES was obliged to resign him to the secular arm. He was accordingly burnt at *Florence*, about three years after the death of the Poet whom he had maligned.

END OF THE LIFE OF DANTE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE exordium of this singular Poem will seem a little abrupt, till the occasion of it is known.—At the age of nine, the Poet had entertained a passion for the Lady, whom he has celebrated in his Poem by the name of **BEATRICE**. This passion, by his own account, must have been of the pure platonic kind, and seems by the traces it has left in this extraordinary performance, to have had a lasting effect upon him.

In one of his early works he gives a large account of its rise and progress; but its most signal consequence is recorded in the present Poem.—According to his own account, when his **BEATRICE** had taken the veil, his platonic passion was gradually debased into pursuits of a less elevated nature; and by his allegory of the Panther, Lion, and Wolf, in the first Canto, we may conclude, that he had given way by turns to the suggestions of sensuality, ambition, and avarice.—This ambition, however, was the principal source of his following misfortunes.

His own account of his unfortunate lapse; the various methods the spirit of **BEATRICE** had tried, to reclaim him before her decease; and the final accomplishment of his **CONVERSION**, are to be found in the thirtieth Canto of his **PURGATORIO**.

That the subject of the following Poem was suggested to him in some of these dreams, in which his BEATRICE used "to visit his slumbers nightly," seems more probable, than that he took the hint from a nocturnal representation of the infernal regions on the river *Arno*. Even before his misfortunes, the Poet was remarkable for a gloomy and contemplative turn of mind; and the ideas of abstraction from mortal cares, which he had learned from his mistress, combating with his ambition, must have occasioned strong convulsions in a mind like his, ardent and active, but seasoned with school divinity and platonic notions. We are not then to consider this work as merely an acrimonious satire, composed in the bitterness of exile; on the contrary, as part of it was written *before* the commencement of his misfortunes, while he was yet in prosperity and affluence, it appears the vigorous effervescence of a serious and reflecting mind, deeply tinctured indeed with enthusiasm, but versed in all the learning of the times.—The mode of conveying the creations of fancy, and the precepts of morality, in a *vision*, or *dream*, was already familiar from the works of the Provençal Poets, or Troubadours; a mode which continued to the end of the sixteenth century, and seems peculiarly adapted to convey the most vigorous efforts of the imagination.

THE
I N F E R N O
OF
DANTE ALEGHIERI.

CANTO THE FIRST.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet in a Vision, or Dream, finds himself in the middle of a pathless wood, beset with Beasts of Prey, which he attempts in vain to escape, till he is accosted by the Spirit of *Virgil*; who advises him not to attempt the common road, but to follow his guidance, through a dark and subterraneous passage.

WHEN life had labour'd up her midmost stage,
And, weary with her mortal pilgrimage,
 Stood in suspense upon the point of Prime;
Far in a pathless grove I chanc'd to stray,
Where scarce imagination dares display,
 The gloomy scen'ry of the savage clime.

II.

On the deep horrors of the tangled dell,
With dumb dismay, the pow'rs of mem'ry dwell,
 Scenes, terrible as dark impending fate!
Yet tell, O muse! what intellectual store
I glean'd along the solitary shore,
 And sing in louder strains the heav'nly freight.

III.

III.

Whether entranc'd, I left the certain path,
 'Rapt in a vision, to the vale of death,
 (Such slumbers seal'd my sense) is all unknown :
 Yet down the glen, that fill'd my soul with fright,
 I stray'd :—when lo ! an hill's aerial height,
 Vested with glory, met the rising sun.

IV.

Now fled my fear, that thro' the toilsome night
 The vital current froze, and urg'd my flight,
 When the sad moments of despair I told.
 Then, like a toil-worn mariner I stood,
 Who, newly scap'd the perils of the flood,
 Turns him again the danger to behold.

V.

Thus all the horrors of that hideous coast,
 That dreary wild by mortal never crost,
 I ponder'd o'er, exhausted as I lay :
 Then up the hill, that o'er the valley hung,
 With new recover'd pow'rs instinctive sprung ;
 Easing with planted step the toilsome way.

VI.

When lo ! a Panther in the op'ning strait,
 Couchant, with flaming eyes, expecting fat,
 All formidably gay, in speckl'd pride.
 Suspense, I fought to shun the dubious war,
 But the grim tyrant of the woods afar *
 Still opposite his prey, malignant ey'd.

VII.

* By the Panther, the Lion, and the Wolf that beset DANTE
 in this gloomy vale, is meant (say the Commentators) “ the three
 “ reign-

VII.

Sweet rose the vernal morn, for now the sun
 With those fair lights his jocund race begun,
 That saw with springing time the hand of love
 Strike from the fullen deep the seeds of life,
 And from the mafs of elemental strife,
 Elance yon burning orbs that roll above.

VIII.

The chearful morn, and spring's benignant smile,
 New hope inspir'd, to feize the gaudy spoil,
 And with the speckled hide my limbs invest ;
 But other cares the childish hope with-held,
 For other thoughts the rage of combat quell'd,
 And the warm instinct of my soul supprest.

IX.

For following close behind, a fiercer foe,
 (With rage and famine seem'd his eyes to glow)
 A Lion shook his long terrific mane :
 The huff'd winds seem'd his dreadful look to fear.
 A famish'd Wolf attendant in the rear,
 Like some gaunt fury, clos'd the deadly train.

“ reigning vices of the three stages of human life, sensuality, ambition, and avarice,”—

—A plague well known on many a ~~wasted~~ shore,—St. 10. *wasted*

It is certain, that the Poet's three grand divisions of the Infernal Regions correspond, in a good measure, with the distinction he makes here ; the upper apartments being allotted principally to the lovers of sensuality, the middle to ambition, and the lowest to the tribes of avarice.

X.

X.

His look betray'd unbounded thirst of gore,
 A plague well known on many a wafed shore ;
 Again I left the height, by fear opprest.
 Thus the reward of many a toilfome day,
 In one difaftrous moment snatch'd away,
 With difappointment chills the widow'd breast.

XI.

I fled ; the follow'd down the dreary dell, *
 The fun retiring, look'd a fad farewell ;
 'Till ev'ry ling'ring hope my foul forfook :
 Thus, while I stray'd along in dumb despair,
 A beck'ning shadow faintly feen afar,
 With still, fmall voice, the dreary filence broke.

XII.

“ Whether of Heav'n,” I cry'd, “ or earthly born,
 Extend thy pity to a wretch forlorn,”
 I fpoke, and thus reply'd the gentle fhade :
 Not earthly now, tho' born of human race,
 From LOMBARD fwains my lowly birth I trace,
 Ere Julius yet the Roman fceptre fway'd.”

* By the Poet's attempting to force the pafs befet with monfters, the commentators fay, is meant that prefumption which attempts to encounter and make its way through the ~~vices~~ and miferies of human life, without attending to the light of reafon, which is here introduced under the character of the fpirit of VIRGIL.—For the fuggeltions of Reafon on a future ftate—See the Comparative View of the INFERNO, &c.

XIII.

XIII.

“ Me thence to *Rome*, his great successor led,
 While yet the pow'rs of darkness held in dread
 The world, unconscious of their coming doom,
 Arms and the Man I sung, who sent by fate,
 On *Troy's* sad reliques rais'd a nobler state,
 And the long glories of majestic *Rome*.”

XIV.

“ Say, what detains thy ling'ring feet below, ?
 On yonder hill eternal pleasures blow ;
 To this Cimmerian vale, can aught invite ?”
 “ If *MARÓ's* name be thine,” abash'd, I cry'd,
 “ That source which sent thro' many a region wide
 Such living torrents of poetic light :

XV.

“ Hail ! Father of the Song ! if filial awe,
 With which I trac'd of old thy sacred law,
 Can aught the pupil of thy muse avail ;
 If in some happier line, thy spirit breathe,
 If these blest temples own thy lineal wreath,
 Oh ! teach thy son, yon' envy'd heights to scale.”

XVI.

“ Where'er I wander thro' the glimm'ring shade,
 Fate couches near in deadly ambushade,
 And chilly dews my shiv'ring members steep :
 See ! where she waits, her victim to surprise !”
 “ Another path is thine,” the Poet cries,
 “ To lead thee from the valley dark and deep.”

St. xiii. l. 4.] DRYDEN.

XVII.

I wept, while gently thus my guardian God :
 “ Avoid yon’ dark and unauſpicious road,
 By Fiends frequented, and by fate o’erhung;
 Monster ſo fell, *Numidia* never bore,
 As ſhe, who riots there in human gore,
 By unextinguifhable famine ſtung.

XVIII.

“ The Fiend her hunger tries to fate in vain,
 Still grows her appetite with growing pain,
 And ceafeleſs rapine feeds the riſing blaze ;
 Then, fill’d by many a Sire, the noxious peſt
 Shall propagate along from eaſt to weſt,
 Till FELTRO’s noble Hound begins the chace.

XIX.

“ From FELTRO’s noble heir ſhe meets her fate,
 FELTRO! a name intrinſically great,
 Above the little aid of gems or gold ;
 His truth and worth the haraſs’d land ſhall ſave
 Where NISUS fills an honourable grave,
 For which CAMILLA fell, and TURNUS bold.

XX.

“ Then Hell ſhall gorge her own infernal brood,
 To envy’s cavern by the foe purſu’d,
 Whence firſt to light the baleful being ſprung;
 But Heav’n in love to thee hath ſent me here
 A kind and faithful guide—diſmiſs thy fear,
 Thro’ other worlds to lead thy ſteps along. ”

St. xviii. l. 6.] An alluſion to the name of CANE LA SCALA, the generous Patron of DANTE, who gave him an honourable and friendly reception in his exile.

XXI.

☛ Thine ears must meet the yell of stern despair,
 Where Heav'n's avenging hand forgets to spare,
 And tribes forlorn a second death implore :
 Then those that sing amid the purging flame,
 Inspir'd by ling'ring hope at last to claim
 A tardy wafture to the happy shore.

XXII.

☛ Proscrib'd, I thence retire, and one succeeds
 Heav'n's Denizen, whose happier guidance leads,
 (If thou aspire) the feats of blis to gain :
 For he that holds the universe in awe
 My soul excludes, an alien to his law,
 From the dread glories of his heav'nly reign.

XXIII.

☛ With incommunicable splendour bright,
 In the high citadel of life and light,
 The Sire of being fits in regal state ;
 Thrice happy he that shares the gladfome ray,
 Where in the precincts of eternal day
 His chosen faints the holy influence wait.

XXIV.

“ Then, by that Heav'n, and Heav'n-taught muse,” I
 “ From this ill omen'd vale thy pupil guide, [cry'd,
 And teach my feet to shun the fatal shore ;
 Shew where the sinners mourn their stated time
 ”Till PETER call them to an happier clime.”
 I spoke, the Bard in silence sped before.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

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CANTO THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The Spirit of VIRGIL opens his Mission, and tells the POET that he was sent to rescue him from the visionary Beasts of Prey, his spiritual and mortal Enemies; by shewing him the Secrets of the three Worlds, HELL, PURGATORY, and PARADISE.—The POET objects, that his human frailty is unable to bear such Scenes; but he is encouraged by his ghostly Guide, and led to the Gate of the Infernal Regions.

LIGHT slowly sunk, and left the glimm'ring west,
And night's dun robe the weary world o'ercaft;
I only woke to labour and to woe;
With faithful glafs, the peril and the pain
Fancy reflects, and breathes the fervent strain
That sings the secrets of the world below.

II.

Ye pow'rs of mind! and thou, whose ready hand
Sketch'd the dire vision of the burning strand,
And scann'd the horrors of the darksome way!
Oh! spread your glories o'er the *sombrous* scene,
Decking her shade with thy perennial green,
And thine ennobling power at large display.

III.

“ Prince of the *Roman* Lay ! illustrious Guide,
 Oh ! try the temper of my foul,” I cry’d,
 “ Ere yet thy pupil dares the dubious path ;
 Shall I presume, tho’ great *ÆNEAS* dar’d
 To meet the terrors of the *Stygian* guard,
 And trace, in dust enshrin’d, the vale of death ?

IV.

“ For him, the fortunes of his Line prevail’d,
 Ere *CLOTHO* yet his final sentence seal’d,
 To pass the shadowy gate, and darksome way ;
 Hell’s high Controller saw his mighty soul,
 Saw the long glories of his line unroll,
 And gave his sanction to the bold essay.

V.

“ To Empire born he seem’d in reason’s eye,
 And fated by the sanction of the sky
 To found the fortunes of victorious *Rome* ;
 There too, his feat the great Apostle chose,
 And the mild kingdom of *EMMANUEL* rose
 On *TYBER* fix’d, by Fate’s eternal doom.

St. iii. l. 1.] DANTE seems to be struck here with the natural apprehensions of a man entering into an unknown state. It is remarkable that in *VIRGIL* we see none of these fears in *ÆNEAS* (at least before his entrance into the Infernal Vault)---Though it is certain that we are not so much affected with any thing, however well described, as when we see others affected strongly with it, the passions work most powerfully by reflection and sympathy.---See *MASON’S Letters on ELFRIDA, &c.*

VI.

“ Still lives the Chief in thine unequal’d song,
 Still Heav’n conducts his daring steps along,
 And shews the papal gown, the laurel wreath ;
 Erst too the chosen man of *Tarfus* rode
 On rapture’s wing to yonder bright abode,
 And brought down heav’nly grace to succour faith.

VII.

“ Should I with heroes and with faints presume
 To pierce the viewless world beyond the tomb,
 And trace the hallow’d path with feet profane ;
 Would not these feeble limbs their trust betray,
 Should I attempt the interdicted way ?
 Say, (for thou know’st,) were not the trial vain ?”

VIII.

Like one, who, some imagin’d peril near,
 Feels his warm wishes chill’d by wint’ry fear,
 And resolution sicken at the view,
 Thus I perceiv’d my sinking spirits fail,
 Thus trembling, I survey’d the gloomy vale,
 As near the moment of decision drew.

IX.

“ Speak’st thou thy thought !” the dauntless shade
 “ Dishonour’d ever be that soul unwise, [replies ;
 That takes to counsel cold suggesting fear !
 Unmanly fear, that chains the lib’ral mind,
 And fills with dreadful shapes the passing wind ;—
 But thou resolve, and scorn to linger here !

St. vi. l. 4.] St. PAUL.

X.

“ High-favour’d mortal! hear the wondrous cause
 That broke the chain of fate’s eternal laws,
 And led me here, a disembodied ghost!
 How thrilling from above, the shaft of woe
 Awoke my pity in the fields below,
 For thy sad wand’rings on the haunted coast!

XI.

“ Exiles of either world, a band forlorn
 For ever wanders round th’ ambiguous bourne,
 Of joy unconscious, tho’ exempt from woe;
 Of them was I, when, lo! a radiant form,
 Whose angel-aspect breath’d an heav’nly charm,
 Drew me, exulting, from the depths below.”

XII.

Star-like her eyes—but seem’d suffus’d with woe,
 As thus she spoke, in accents soft and slow:
 “ Poet! whose fame shall reach from sea to sea,
 “Till Heav’n’s eternal orbs forget to roll,
 “ Oh! haste thee hence! and save a sinking soul,
 “ Forlorn by fortune, yet belov’d by me.”

XIII.

“ I fear, I fear, my succour comes too late;
 “ For see! he struggles in the toils of fate,
 “ Beset by Fiends in terrible array!
 “ Portentous rumours sadden all the sky!
 “ But go, thy soft persuasive arts apply
 “ To lead the wand’rer from the fateful way.

XIV.

- “ BEATRICE sends thee to the world above,
 “ (Her bosom throbbing with eternal love
 “ That leads her from the fount of pure delight)
 “ In mercy to oppose his mad career ;
 “ Where yonder paths to swift destruction bear
 “ She hovers on the bounds of ancient night.

XV.

- “ Go, gentle muse ! and when my anthems rise,
 “ Where Heav’n’s loud chorus charms the lift’ning skies,
 “ One thankful strain shall yet remember thee !”
 She ceas’d, and thus her wish my answer crown’d :
 “ Prompt at thy will, and to thy orders bound
 “ Thy faithful delegate, thy servant see !

XVI.

- “ Spirit benign ! whose disentangled soul,
 “ Thy brethren taught to spurn the nether goal,
 “ Pierce the blue mundane shell, and claim the sky ;
 “ Such energy attends thy warm request
 “ That my strong wish outruns my winged haste,
 “ Nor need you more your holy influence try.

XVII.

- “ But say ! what motive arm’d thy gentle sprite
 “ To pass the barriers of eternal night,
 “ And view the secrets of the central deep !
 “ What prompts thee to forsake the happy choir,
 “ Which warms thy spirit with instinctive fire,
 “ Again to mount and scale the heav’nly steep ?”

XVIII.

“ Since thou enquir’st so close,” the vision said,
 “ Know—Heav’nly mercy to the Stygian shade
 “ Attends my flight, and wards the shaft of pain :
 “ She sooths yon’ burnings, and serenes the gloom ;
 “ ’Tis only then our haughty hearts presume
 “ When danger threatens, and we the threat disdain.

XIX.

“ More than *one* heav’nly breast his perils move,
 “ Whose mortal feet the dang’rous passage prove ;
 “ Ev’n CHARITY was seen with streaming eyes
 “ Before the footstool of her angry God,
 “ Warding with gentle hand the lifted rod,
 “ While thus her liquid accents charm’d the skies.

XX.

“ *Ah! gentle LUCIA, haste! thy suppliant save ;*
 “ *See what dire shapes around their victim rave ;*
 “ *And see how sorrow bends his tortur’d frame !”*
 The Seraph shudder’d at the piteous sight,
 And down the deep abyfs of parting light
 On wings of haste the gentle vision came.

XXI.

Apart, I sat, in *her* sequester’d bow’r,
 Who, with her sister, shar’d the nuptial dow’r ;
 When thus the Saint: “ *Oh! lov’d of Heav’n, attend!*
 “ *Canst thou behold the favour’d of thy choice,*
 “ *Rais’d from the croud by thy inspiring voice,*
 “ *Thro’ yonder vale his painful journey bend?*

XXII.

“ *Hark! his lamentings mingle with the gale ;*
 “ *See! Death’s fell ambush lines the gloomy vale,*
 “ *And the black torrent whelms the sinking strand.”*
 “ She ceas’d, nor speedier to the realms of day
 “ The disembodied spirit wings her way,
 “ Than I obey’d the Seraph’s high command.

XXIII.

“ Hither from heavenly thrones I sped my flight,
 “ And bore the horrors of eternal night,
 “ If haply thou would’st deign thy pious aid ;
 “ Trusting that muse, which to thy mighty name
 “ And to thy followers won eternal fame.
 “ Then hear my fervent pray’r, illustrious shade !”

XXIV.

“ Soon hither, at the weeping Saint’s desire,
 “ Upward I flew, and left the Stygian choir :
 “ Then why those cold remains of ling’ring fear !
 “ I point a way to shun the savage foe,
 “ His are the heights, but thine the pafs below ;
 “ Go boldly then, and view its dangers near !

XXV.

“ Yet do’st thou fear?—applauding Heav’n above
 “ Sends her three Saints, a family of love !
 “ With me to lead thee from the deadly vale.”
 He said, and Hope expell’d my fears away,
 As dewy flow’rets on a morn of May,
 Their bosoms open, and their tears exhale.

XXVI.

Thus I perceiv'd my glowing breast expand,
 And now the dangers of the dubious strand
 Secure I ponder'd with intrepid soul.
 Then, boldly cry'd, " Oh ! Spirit ever blest !
 Whose pity reaches from the realms of rest,
 And bids ev'n Hell her deadly rage control ;

XXVII.

" All hail !—and thou, whose ready flight obey'd,
 Whose welcome voice my fainting courage stay'd,
 And thine own spirit breath'd, divinely strong !
 Conduct my willing steps."—I cheerful cry'd,
 And boldly follow'd my celestial guide
 Down that Cimmerian vale, with horror hung.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO THE THIRD*.

ARGUMENT.

THE POET, conducted by the Spirit of VIRGIL along a deep and gloomy Vale, finds the entrance to the Infernal Regions, and sees, over the Gate, an Inscription suitable to the place; which terrifies him so much, that he is on the point of relinquishing the Enterprize. VIRGIL re-animates his courage, and leading him down the horrid Avenue, shews him the Punishment of the NEUTRALS, and INDOLENT; a mixed multitude of the Spirits, who had joined neither Party, on the Rebellion of SATAN; and of them, who in this Life, neither deserved Glory nor Infamy.

*“ THRO’ me, the newly-damn’d for ever fleet,
In ceaseless shoals, to Pain’s eternal seat;
Thro’ me they march, and join the tortur’d crew.
The mighty gulph offended Justice made;
Unbounded pow’r the strong foundation laid,
And Love, by Wisdom led, the limits drew.*

* The abrupt opening of this Canto, with the solemn Inscription over the Gate of Hell, has a striking and singular effect.

St. i. l. 6.] That Love to the general welfare that must induce a moral Governor to enforce his laws by the sanction of punishments; as here a mistaken humanity is cruelty.

II.

“ Long ere the infant world arose to light,
 I found a being in the womb of night.
 Eldest of all—but things that ever last!—
 And I for ever last!—Ye heirs of Hell,
 Here bid at once your ling’ring hope farewell,
 And mourn the moment of repentance past!”

III.

This salutation sad mine eyes amaz’d,
 As on the high PLUTONIAN arch I gaz’d,
 In dark and dreadful characters pourtray’d,
 “ How dire the menace of the STYGIAN scroll!”
 With deep concern I cry’d; the MANTUAN soul,
 With friendly words my sinking spirits stay’d.

IV.

“ Let no unmanly thought the place profane,
 The fated hour commands you to restrain
 The sickly fancies bred by wayward fear!
 This is the scene I promis’d to unfold,
 The regions of Eternal Wrath behold!
 Nor tremble to survey her terrors near!

V.

“ Here those, in search of blifs who madly stray’d
 From reason’s path, by passion’s lure betray’d,
 Lament the sad result!” then down the steep
 With new-born hope his mate the Mantuan led,
 Where wide before my wond’ring eyes were spread
 The horrid secrets of the boundless deep.

VI.

Thence, Oh ! what wailings from the abject throng
 Around the starless sky incessant rung ;
 The short, shrill shriek, and long resounding groan,
 The thick sob, panting thro' the cheerless air,
 The lamentable strain of sad despair,
 And blasphemy, with fierce relentless tone.

VII.

Volleying around, the full, infernal choir,
 Barbarian tongues, and plaints, and words of ire,
 (With off' between the harsh inflicted blow)
 In loud discordance from the tribes forlorn
 Tumultuous rose, as in a whirlwind borne,
 With execrations mix'd, and murmurs low.

VIII.

Struck with dismay, " What sounds are these," I cry'd,
 " And who are those that fill the gloomy void ?
 Their crimes, their tortures tell." When thus the Bard:
 " Behold th' ignoble sons of sloth and shame,
 Who scorn'd alike the voice of praise, and blame,
 Nor dreaded punishment, nor sought reward.

St. viii. l. 5.] Before we see the justice of the punishment described here, we are to consider how general rules of morality come first to be formed. As we naturally wish our actions should be the objects of approbation, we naturally wish at first to please every body ; but, finding that by pleasing one, we run the risque of displeasing another, from the natural partialities of mankind, we learn to form to ourselves another sort of a judge, an impartial spectator, who neither
 being

IX.

“Mingled they march with that degen’rate brood,
 Who, when the Rebel of the sky withstood
 His sov’reign Lord, aloof their squadrons held :
 Viewing with selfish eye the fierce debate,
 Till, from the confines of the heav’nly state,
 Trembling they saw the rebel host expell’d.

being connected with us, nor with any party of men with whom we act, will, on that account, form the most just opinion of our actions : For, as we might be partial to ourselves, the people whom our actions concern might be partial to themselves ; but this person, this imaginary judge, abstracted from either party, sees the action as it really is, not through the mists of passion or prejudice.—If the sentiments of this judge coincide with our notions of ourselves, if we think such an impartial spectator would approve our conduct, our satisfaction is complete, in spite of the partial censure of our companions. If we think this impartial judge will condemn us, all the applause in the world cannot satisfy us.—SELF-LOVE can only be corrected by the eye of this impartial spectator: It is he that shews us the propriety of generosity and the deformity of injustice ; the propriety of resigning the greatest interests of our own, for the still greater interests of others, when the happiness or misery of others depends in any instance on our conduct, we dare not (as self-love would suggest to us) prefer any little interest of our own, to the yet greater interest of our neighbour ; we feel that we should become the proper objects of the repentment and indignation of our brethren ; so that besides the love of our neighbour, there is a stronger love, a more powerful affection, that incites us to the practice of the sublimest virtues, it is the love of justice, the love of what is honourable and noble, the love of the grandeur, dignity, and superiority of our own character.

From these sentiments, the general rules of morality are formed ; for an *amiable* action, a *respectable* action, an *horrid* action, are such

X.

“ Nor bore the victor-Lord the alien race,
 But straight, the foul pollution to efface,
 Hurl’d them indignant from the bounds of light :
 This frontier then the dastard crew receiv’d,
 Nor deeply damn’d, altho’ of blifs bereav’d,
 And doom’d to wander on the verge of night ;

XI.

“ They suffer here, lest yon’ more guilty train
 Of crimes unequal, doom’d to equal pain, [boast.”
 Blaspheming Heav’n, should make their impious
 Quick I rejoin’d : “ If giv’n by fate to know,
 Whence then those wailings of eternal woe
 Wafted in anguish from the abject host ?”

as excite the love, the respect, or the horror of the impartial spectator, for such persons as perform them : Then the general rules which determine what actions are, and what are not, capable to raise such sentiments, can only be formed, by observing what actions do, and what do not raise these sentiments—from these sentiments we form general rules, by appealing to which we try particular actions, of what sort they are. It is the observation of these general rules, that general regard to what the impartial part of the world thinks of him, that makes a very essential difference between a man of principle and a worthless fellow.—The one adheres to his maxims, and acts with one uniform tenour of conduct ; the other acts as humour, inclination, or interest, chance to be uppermost, without any regard to the sentiments of the world.—So true it is, that he who despises fame, despises virtue, and must seem, to the eye of impartial reason at least, equally liable to punishment with him that has fallen a victim to a sudden gust of passion. See SMITH’S THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS.

XII.

Thus answer'd short, and grave, the Mantuan swain,
 " Justice and mercy both alike disdain,
 And envy galls the despicable crew :
 Ev'n in a deeper lot, and gloomier Hell,
 The caitiff train would be content to dwell,
 So might their mem'ries last for ever new.

XIII.

" Grudging the fame that in the upper world
 Attends the race to deep damnation hurl'd,
 They execrate their dark oblivious doom:
 We'll speak of them no more! for, look, below!—
 See where the sons of reprobation go,
 Emerging from the depths of yonder gloom!"

XIV.

I look'd, and saw a waving banner spread,
 And following fast the Legions of the dead
 A deep, exhaustless train succeeding still:
 The tenants of the tomb, since death began
 His daily inroad on the race of man,
 Unequal seem'd the lengthen'd line to fill.

XV.

The foremost racer of the gloomy host
 That renegade I saw, who fled his post,

Piero
 St. xv. l. 1.] *PIANO* MURONI DA SULMONA, an Hermit, remarkable for the severity of his life and manners, who on the death of NICHOLAS the fourth was made Pope, by the name of CELESTINE the fifth.—He, though well qualified to reform the abuses of the Church,

And flung the crozier and the keys away :
 Nearer I gaz'd, and knew the abject train,
 Who, Heav'n's aversion, and their foe's disdain,
 But half inform'd their tenements of clay.

XVI.

Naked they march'd, and still a warping cloud
 Of flies, and hornets, seem'd the host to shroud,
 In swarms on every bleeding visage hung :
 A vizor foul! while tears commix'd with blood,
 Still bath'd their restless feet, a welcome food
 To the fastidious worms that round them clung.

XVII.

Beyond a lazy current seem'd to creep,
 And on the borders of the gloomy deep
 A pale devoted train was seen to wait :
 " Oh! fav'rite of the muse!" I cry'd, " declare
 Why, dim discover'd through the lucid air,
 Yon' band so eager seems to try their fate."

XVIII.

Thus I, and thus the Mantuan bard reply'd :
 " Not till we reach the melancholy tide,
 Does Heav'n permit your mortal doubts to clear."
 With downcast looks I mark'd his stern regard,
 And silent, follow'd the immortal bard,
 With glowing shame oppress'd, and filial fear.

Church, suffered himself to be prevailed upon by the Cardinal *DE ANAGNIA*, (*BENEDICT. CAIETAN*) to abdicate the papacy. *CAIETAN* succeeded by the name of *BONIFACE* the eighth.

XIX.

Far off exclaim'd the grizzly mariner,
 " Hither, ye Denizens of Hell, repair !
 The Stygian barque her wonted load requires ;
 For you diurnal stars benignant beam,
 Prepare ye now to feel the fierce extreme
 Of frost corrosive, and outrageous fire.

XX.

" But thou that dar'st with earthly feet to tread,
 Tho' uncondemn'd, the regions of the dead,
 Avaunt ! nor mingle with the curst band !
 A lighter barge attends thy parted ghost,
 Waiting to waft thee to a different coast,
 Where Saints expect thee on the happy strand."

XXI.

Sternly he spoke, and thus the Bard reply'd :
 " Cease, fullen Pilot of th' Infernal Tide !
 Commiſſion'd from above he ſeeks the ſhore,
 And pleads the will of Heav'n's immortal Sire !"
 Quick from his eye-balls fled the ranc'rous fire,
 And ſoon he ſmooth'd his brow, and dipt the oar.

XXII.

But when the abject crew that lin'd the ſtrand
 With ſhudd'ring horror heard the ſtern command,
 Loud they began to curſe their natal ſtar,
 Their parent-clime, their lineage, and their God ;
 Then to the ferry took the downward road
 With lamentable cries of loud deſpair.

XXIII.

Then o'er the fatal flood, in horror hung
 Collected, stood the Heav'n-abandon'd throng;
 At last the Pilot gives the dreadful word:
 And as in crowds on crowds the finners came,
 The Fiend, with lifted oar, and eyes of flame,
 Compell'd the ling'ring foul to haste on board.

XXIV.

As some tall tree on autumn's closing day
 Perceives her mellowing honours fleet away,
 'Till earth is hid beneath the frequent fall:
 Thus the lost sons of ADAM's luckless race
 Throng to the pinnace, and embark apace,
 Swift as the falcon hears her master's call.

XXV.

Soon as the Stygian keel forfakes the shore,
 The fatal bank is fill'd by thousands more,
 While MARO thus the mournful cause explains:
 "Heav'n's aliens here, from ev'ry distant land,
 In countless crowds that blacken all the strand,
 Implore the fatal stroke, and court their pains.

XXVI.

"See! from behind, Eternal Justice urge!
 And see! how fast to shun the flaming scourge,
 Eager thro' fear, they cross the dismal tide!
 None ever lov'd of Heav'n, the voyage dar'd,
 And not for nought, the fell and fearless guard,
 Thy passage to the dreadful shore deny'd!"

XXVII.

Thus spoke the Bard : and, lo ! the dusky plain
With tremulous throbs, as rack'd with inward pain,
In strong convulsions to the centre shook :
Red, fullen light'nings danc'd their dismal round,
Portentous gleaming from the rocky ground,
And down I sunk, with slumb'rous torpor struck.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

The POET proceeds to the LIMBO of the ANCIENTS, where he finds the Souls of Patriarchs, Sages, Poets, and Heroes, confined in a sort of ELYSIUM; among whom VIRGIL names the most remarkable; and describes a wonderful Revolution that had happened in the Region of the Infernal World, in the time of TIBERIUS.

The Translator has taken the liberty of adding some characteristic Imagery to the "Muster-roll of Names," which constitutes a great part of this Canto in the original.

A DEEP tremendous sound my slumbers broke,
Rous'd with the subterranean peal, I woke,
As some strong arm had shook me from my sleep :
Trembling I rose, and wildly gaz'd around,
To see what region of the dark profound
Held me, a prisoner of the penal deep.

II.

Suspended high upon the brink of Hell,
Lift'ning, we stood to hear the dismal yell

Successive pealing round the world of woe :
 Downward I gaz'd intent ; but gaz'd in vain,
 Such darknefs over-hung the place of pain,
 Hiding the horrid vifion far below.

III.

Ev'n MARO shew'd the figns of pale difmay,
 And cry'd, " down hither lies our fated way !"
 While I, alarm'd with his contagious hue,
 Falt'ring reply'd, " if daftard fear controul
 On Hell's dread verge, the difembodied foul,
 Shall mortal man the dang'rous path purfue ?"

IV.

" Not fear, but pity," the mild fpirit faid,
 " For thofe, for thofe in yon' ambiguous fhade,
 Exiles of Glory ! touch'd my heart with pain !
 But hafte, a tedious way before us lies."
 He fpoke, I follow'd, ftruck with pale furprife,
 To the firft region of the dark domain.

V.

Now thro' the void and viewlefs fhadows drear,
 Short fighs, thick-coming, led the lift'ning ear,
 Trembling in murmurs low along the gale :
 No pang is here, no tort'ring hour is known,
 Their irrecoverable lofs alone
 Matrons, and fires, and tender babes bewail.

VI.

" And can the mournful train that here abide
 Unnotic'd pafs thee by ?" the Poet cry'd,
 " Thefe

“ These were the race renown’d of ancient time :
 Unknown a Saviour, unador’d a God,
 Their blind presumptuous course in reason’s road
 They still pursu’d, unconscious of a crime.

VII.

“ No bleeding ransom of their sins they knew,
 Nor from the fount regenerative drew
 The sacred symbol of eternal joy !
 In ceaseless languors now forlorn they dwell,
 Not heirs of Heav’n, nor denizens of Hell,
 And of their sad society am I !”

VIII.

Sorrowing I stood at the mysterious doom
 Of those whose names the upper world illumine,
 And, boldly bent the sacred depth to scan,
 I dar’d, ev’n from the dread precincts of death
 To snatch a proof of our illustrious faith,
 And thus address’d the venerable man :

IX.

“ Say, is there none among the names of old,
 In the bright lists of endless life enroll’d ?

St. vii. l. 1.] The opinion of the age doomed the Ancient Pagans, however innocent in their lives, to the Infernal World, at least to Hades. Had DANTE presumed to contradict the reigning opinion, his book, and he both, perhaps, would have been condemned to the flames ; but he steers clear of the dangers, and yet secures himself from the charge of a rigid and indiscriminating superstition, by inventing a kind of ELYSIUM for the virtuous Ancients, and for those who had died before the birth of our Saviour.

None

None dar'd a Saviour, nor himself to plead?"
 MARO reply'd, " scarce on the shadowy coast
 My foul arriv'd, when, lo! a num'rous host
 Selected hence, a chief triumphant led.

X.

" The van were those that liv'd before the flood :
 Conspicuous there the MAN of EDEN stood
 With him whose blood the recent earth defil'd,
 He, whose rapt eye the coming deluge saw,
 Follow'd behind ; and he that held in awe
 The sons of ISRAEL in th' ARABIAN wild.

XI.

" Then he who, with his small domestic band,
 Follow'd the vision of the promis'd land
 Thro' many a smiling plain to JORDAN's shore ;
 He that so dear the Syrian damsel bought
 His spouse, and they that to their father brought
 The fraudulent mantle stain'd with savage gore.

XII.

" All these, the palm-crown'd chief, and thousands
 Glean'd from the wild depopulated shore, [more,

St. x. l. 2.] Adam.

l. 3.] Abel.

l. 4.] Noah.

l. 5.] Moses.

St. xi. l. 1.] Abraham.

l. 4.] Jacob.

l. 5.] Rachel.

St. xi. l. 5.] The Sons of Israel. See their Repentance recorded, Gen. xlv.

Where

Where Saviour's foot before had never been."
 Conversing thus we met the countless train
 Whose shadowy squadrons hid the groaning plain,
 And stood astonish'd at the living scene.

XIII.

Soon, glimm'ring on the verge of ancient night,
 Afar we spy'd a faint, deceitful light
 Vesting the nether world in twilight grey :
 There many a spirit, fam'd in ancient time,
 From many an old and celebrated clime,
 The dim Battalia form'd in deep array.

XIV.

" Say, MANTUAN ! why, in yon' distinguish'd race,
 Such characters are seen of heav'nly grace,
 That scarce they seem the penal scourge to feel ?"
 I spoke, and thus the mild conducting shade,
 " Because their names, from age to age convey'd,
 Bear the bright stamp of Fame's eternal seal."

XV.

Then, " hail ! returning Bard," was heard around
 From many a deep, harmonious voice to sound,
 " Behold, at length, the matchless Bard return ;"
 Soon those from whom the salutation came
 Four shadowy chiefs appear'd, of mighty name,
 Too grave they seem'd for joy, too wise to mourn.

XVI.

" Yon' martial form behold !" the Mantuan said,
 " See in his hand the visionary blade !

Seems he not born the weight of hofts to wield?
 'Tis mighty HOMER, first of bards! who fung
 How on the flying rear ACHILLES hung,
 And all the terrors of SCAMANDER'S field!

XVII.

“Near him, the master of the Latian Lyre,
 Who civiliz'd the rude SATYRIC Choir,
 And bade them mingle with the polish'd throng;
 And mighty LUCAN, stain'd with civil blood,
 With him who to the swans on ISTER'S flood
 In exile fung his sweetly plaintive song!

XVIII.

“Thus, joint partakers of the muse's flame,
 And held in concord by her hallow'd name,
 None here neglects the mutual honours due.”
 More had the Poet said, but now at hand
 Slowly approach the small selected band,
 And hail the heav'n-aspiring Bard anew.

XIX.

Some time, apart, in secret deep debate,
 Retir'd the masters of the muse's state:
 Then, turning all to me, with kind regard;
 In that bright band my humble name enroll'd,
 Such haughty honour far unfit to hold
 Thus with immortals mixt, a mortal bard!

St. xvii. l. 1.] HORACE.

l. 5.] OVID.

XX.

Thro' the dim shadows of retiring night
 We pass'd, and reach'd the bounds of cheerful light ;
 Talking of things for mortal ear unmeet :
 But now in front a tow'ry castle frown'd,
 Deep, deep immur'd within a seven-fold mound,
 And seven swift torrents lav'd her hallow'd feet.

XXI.

The wondrous flood our trembling steps upbore ;
 And now, arriv'd upon the further shore,
 Seven portals huge, we pass with founding tread ;
 Then, meads where spring eternal seem'd to reign,
 Where walk'd in crowds a fair and noble train,
 Of port superior to the vulgar dead.

XXII.

The grave-ey'd chiefs within the verge of light
 Conspicuous mov'd before my raptur'd fight,
 Conversing deep, in accents soft and slow ;
 ÆNEAS there, and HECTOR's helmed shade,
 ELECTRA, with the fair LAVINIAN maid,
 With thousands following, rang'd the fields below.

XXIII.

I saw the AMAZONS, a matchless pair,
 PENTHESILEA here, CAMILLA there ;
 One stood for TROY, and one the race defy'd :
 I mark'd the mild and venerable face
 Of the first founder of the Latin race,
 And, blushing near, the Trojan's lovely bride.

St. xxiii. l. 6.] Creusa. Lavinia is twice mentioned by an oversight of the Poet.

XXIV.

LUCRETIA too, who fell her fame to save,
 And JULIA, doom'd to fill an early grave,
 With fair CORNELIA, join'd their slaughter'd Lord.
 There MARCIA gloried in her stoic mate,
 Who scorning to survive his parent state,
 Met with undaunted breast the fatal sword.

XXV.

Old JUNIUS there, who shed the Tyrant's blood,
 Still seem'd to keep his stern, unalter'd mood ;
 And CÆSAR look'd aloft with falcon eye.
 There in barbaric solitude alone
 Stood He who shook the SOLYMEAN throne,
 And held its Lord in long captivity.

XXVI.

Afar the master of the studious sect,
 Who taught fair truth from falsehood to select,
 His pupils led ; and near, his reverend Sire,
 Blest SOCRATES, who drain'd the deadly bowl,
 Stood rapt the mighty academic fowl,
 While the proud CYNIC burnt with secret ire.

St. xxiv. l. 2, 3.] Julia and Cornelia, the two Wives of Pompey.

l. 4.] Cato.

St. xxv. l. 1.] The elder Brutus.

l. 3.] The name of Cæsar is transposed from its place
 in the original, where it occurs amongst the
 heroes and heroines of mythological times.

l. 5.] Saladin.

l. 6.] Guy de Lusignan, the last Christian King of Jerusalem.

St. xxvi. l. 1.] Aristotle.

l. 5.] Plato.

l. 6.] Diogenes.

XXVII.

Here, serious now, appear'd the laughing sage,
 And he, who ceaseless mourn'd an impious age,
 Now both the same eternal tenor keep:
 The Lyrist too, renown'd in days of yore,
 Tries the sweet charm of melody no more
 To bid the list'ning sons of HADES weep.

XXVIII.

TULLY his Roman audience still harangues,
 Still on his lips the list'ning Senate hangs,
 While newly scap'd the tyrant's bloody steel,
 The Moralist, a pale, exhausted shade
 Shews his torn veins, and points the reeking blade,
 Like one that seems the ling'ring wound to feel.

XXIX.

THALES I saw the sons of science guide,
 EMPEDOCLES and ZENO side by side,
 And EUCLID there, and PTOLEMY I knew;
 GALEN, HIPPOCRATES, and AVICEN,
 And sage AVERRHOES, whose skilful pen
 At larger length his mighty master drew.

St. xxvii. *l.* 1.] Democritus.

l. 2.] Heraclitus.

l. 4.] Orpheus.

St. xxviii. *l.* 4.] SENECA.

St. xxix. *l.* 6.] Aristotle, on whose writings Averrhoes commented.

XXX.

Onward we pass'd, and saw a countless train
Scorning the limits of a mortal strain,
And, loth to leave the bounds of cheerful light :
Sorrowing, at last we took a long farewell,
And hasten'd downward where th' apostates dwell
Deep in the bosom of primæval night.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Travellers descend to the second Region, where they find the Tribunal of Minos, and observe his extraordinary method of pronouncing Sentence; thence they find their way to the place where the Votaries of lawless Love are punished, among whom DANTE meets the Spirits of PAULO and FRANCESCA, a noble pair of RAVENNA, whose affecting Story closes the Canto.

OF less extent a region now appear'd,
But shriller shrieks of anguish thence were heard,
For MINOS there the foul impleaded hears:
Their stern Examinant their hidden crimes
Explores, and instant to the several climes
His struggling charge the grim attendant bears.

II.

The trembling shade attends the awful call,
And to his frowning judge confesses all,
And still a signal dire the sentence shews:
A burnish'd Dragon wraps the Judge around,
And each blue spire about his bosom wound,
Marks a gradation of infernal woes.

III.

Incessant crowds the awful presence throng;
And still the grizzly minister along

VOL. I.

grizzly

K

Bears

Bears the sad prisoner to the nether goal :
 Soon MINOS view'd us thro' the shades of night,
 And, pausing at the unaccustom'd light,
 Left in suspense the pale, indicted soul.

IV.

“ Let no vain promises thy faith betray,
 Nor let the smooth descent, and easy way,
 Allure thy feet, (exclaim'd the Judge afar,)
 Down to the womb of unrefunding night,
 For thence in vain thou seek'st the realms of night,
 Where Hell's dark ministers the passage bar.”

V.

“ Commision'd by his word, whose will is fate,
 Thro' all the horrors of the Stygian state
 Secure we stray,” the Mantuan bard replies,
 Nor added more, for plaintive strains of woe
 Commixt with struggling storms, were heard below,
 Loud as when NEPTUNE scales the bending skies.

VI.

The tempest raves around, and borne on high,
 On its black wing the wailing shadows fly,
 Dash'd wide, and devious thro' the darksome air,
 'Till o'er the central gulph of HADES hung
 In loud distressful cries, the falling throng,
 Blaspheme their sov'reign, and attest their fear.

VII.

These were the hapless slaves of lawless love,
 Soft pleasure's vot'ries in the world above,

St. vi. l. 4.] The Translator here follows the interpretation of
 the CRUSCA Edition as the most poetical.

Who the still voice of reason held in scorn ;
 And as a flight of starlings wing their way,
 Riding the wintry blast in long array,
 The phantoms fleet, in airy tumult borne.

VIII.

Aloft we saw the moody revel ride,
 Then, in long eddies, like the swallowing tide,
 With its full freight the hurricane descends :
 Around the finners sweep, above, below,
 Nor respite of their cares ~~self they~~, nor refuge know
 From the restifless storm that never ends.

IX.

As cranes, sagacious of the season, plan
 In shadow files their plummy caravan ;
 Then mount, all clam'rous, and obscure the day :
 Thus in black bands the dissipated swarm,
 Warping innum'rous on the coming storm,
 Tune to the piping winds their doleful lay.

X.

“ Ah ! who are those that ride the troubled sphere,
 Driven by the viewless fiends in mad career ;
 Behold !” ~~he cry'd~~, “ their names indulgent tell !” *O Bard !*
 “ Mark her,” he cry'd, “ the foremost of the throng
 The queen of many a realm, and barbarous tongue,
 By HER betray'd the mighty NINUS fell.

XI.

“ Her impious court the soft example shew'd,
 Thence, far and wide, the deep infection flow'd,

Pleasure's soft whisper was the voice of law :
 At once to check the lib'ral tongue of blame,
 Industrious she diffus'd the gen'ral shame,
 Till truth and justice lost their wonted awe.

XII.

“ See where she shoots along in ruin roll'd,
 The mighty queen, renown'd in legends old,
 For the great sceptre by her lord bestow'd !
 ASSYRIA'S ancient state, and BABEL'S plain,
 With all that mighty realm compos'd her reign,
 Where now the SOLDAN fways the regal rod !”

XIII.

Then screaming, flitted by ELIZA'S ghost,
 Who on herself reveng'd her lover lost :
 Then Egypt's wanton Queen was feen to foar.
 Next I beheld the Spartan Dame appear,
 The common pest of many a rolling year,
 While mutual slaughter dy'd Scamander's shore.

St. xii. l. 1.] The story of SEMIRAMIS, here alluded to, is that told by JUSTIN and CTESIUS, viz. That having prevailed on her husband NINUS, to give the reins of government to her for one day, she took an opportunity of ending his reign and life together,

St. xiii. l. 1.] DIBO, the celebrated Queen of Carthage.—See her more authentic story in Mr. Hayley's curious extracts from the ARAUCANA, in the Notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry.

St. xiii. l. 3.] The mistress of JULIUS CÆSAR and ANTHONY, and one who might have been mistress of the world, had it not been for the aversion the Romans entertained to the *royal name*.—See the affecting situation of TITUS in RACINE'S BERENICE, when he is obliged to dismiss the Queen, on the eve of their nuptials, in order to appease the Senate.

St. xiii. l. 4.] HELEN of Troy.

XIV.

Achilles too, by love to ruin led,
 Paris I spy'd, and Triftram's gory shade,
 And still each coming ghost the poet nam'd.
 To see this wreck of souls my heart recoil'd.
 At length, "O call that pair, thou spirit mild,
 That skims so light before the blast untam'd !

XV.

"Soon may'st thou know," he cry'd, "the tide of air
 Brings to our lofty stand the hapless pair ;
 Do thou adjure them by their mutual flame
 To tell their woes, their woes they soon will tell."
 He spoke. Ascending from the depths of Hell,
 Riding the blast, the wailing lovers came.

XVI.

Then I. "Afflicted pair ! descend and say,
 Why thus ye mourn ?" The gentle ghosts obey,
 And light, attentive to my warm request :
 As, with her faithful mate, the turtle-dove
 Descends, obedient to the call of love,
 On steady wing, and seeks the nuptial nest.

St. xiv. l. 1.] This alludes to the Story of his falling in love with POLYXENA, the daughter of PRIAM, and being treacherously killed by PARIS, as he was celebrating the nuptials in the Temple of APOLLO.

St. xiv. l. 2.] Or TRESTRAM DE LEON, one of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table, and nephew to MARKE, King of Cornwall. He was killed in consequence of a criminal intercourse with his uncle's wife, La Belle Ifonde.—See the death of Arthur, Part 1E.

XVII.

DIDO they left, that led the num'rous flight,
And thro' the shadows of eternal night

Struck by the potent charm the lovers came :
" Mortal," they cry'd, " whose friendly thoughts impel
Thy feet to wander thro' the shades of Hell
To learn our woes, the fates allow your claim !

XVIII.

" Ah ! could the fruitless prayers that hence arise,
Bend the stern Ruler of the distant skies,
Thine were the joys of everlasting rest !
So sweet the pause thy adjurations gain
For us, ill-fated pair, untimely slain
Where PADUS rolls the tribute of the west !

St. xviii. l. 5.] The story of these Lovers is thus told by BOCCACCIO in his Commentary on the 5th Canto :

" FRANCESCA was daughter to GUIDO DE POLENTA, Lord of RAVENNA. Between POLENTA and the family of the MALATESTAS, Lords of RIMINI, there had been a long and deadly feud ; at length peace was made, by the mediation of some of the petty princes in the neighbourhood. That this alliance might be more firmly established, both parties were prevailed upon to make it more secure by the bonds of affinity. It was agreed, that the beautiful daughter of GUIDO should be given in marriage to the son of MALATESTA, named LANCIOTTO. This being previously mentioned among some of the friends of GUIDO, one of them made the following observation to the father : ' Reflect maturely on the measure you are about to pursue. If you do not proceed with due precaution in this affair, it may be the occasion of new offence, and make the breach wider than it was before. You know that your daughter is of an high spirit ; if she sees LANCIOTTO *before* the celebration, not all the world would persuade her to consent. It does not

XIX.

" This mangled form was fated to inspire
 The gentle PAULO's breast with am'rous fire ;
 From his to mine the soft infection spread :
 Too soon the fatal secret I divin'd ;
 Too soon with his my guilty wish combin'd,
 Wretch that I was ! who shar'd his brother's bed !

not therefore appear to me adviseable that LANCIOTTO should come hither himself, but that one of his brothers should be sent for in his stead, pay his addresses by proxy, and espouse her in the name of the absent husband.' LANCIOTTO, it seems, though a young man of spirit and enterprise, was deformed in his person, and of a disagreeable aspect ; yet ambition induced the father of FRANCESCA to sacrifice her to him in preference to any of his brothers, as he was the presumptive heir of the Signiory. Being aware of the disagreeable consequences, such as his friend had laid before him, he ordered measures to be taken according to his advice ; confiding in his daughter's sense of duty, as a guard to her subsequent conduct, when it should be too late to retract. A short time after PAULO, the brother of LANCIOTTO, came to RAVENNA as the ostensible lover of the fair FRANCESCA. PAULO was engaging in his person, and his manners are described as peculiarly attractive. As he crossed the courts of the palace of RAVENNA, with a train of gentlemen in his retinue, according to the custom of the times, he was pointed out to FRANCESCA, by one of her female attendants, ' as the man destined to make her happy ;' the first glance was the commencement of a fatal passion, the more resistless, as she was totally unguarded against an attachment which began under the mask of innocence. Under the influence of this cruel deceit, the contract was made, and she was conducted to RIMINI immediately after the celebration, under the belief that she travelled in company with her spouse. The fallacy was not discovered till the light of the morning discovered LANCIOTTO by her side, instead of PAULO. The conflict in her mind betwixt indignation, grief, and love, however

XX.

“ Love link’d our souls above, and links below,
 But, far beneath, in scenes of deeper woe
 The eldest murth’rer and his mates prepare
 Already to receive the ruffian’s soul :
 Where *Caina* reaches to the nether pole
 With Fratricides the penal doom to share.”

severe, it is supposed she found means to conceal; for it does not appear that her husband entertained any suspicions of her aversion, at least, if he did, he did not at first seem to entertain a suspicion that his brother (whatever attachment he might have felt at first) could be made the instrument of his dishonour. His frequent absences in distant parts of the Signiory, soon, however, afforded them frequent opportunities of indulging their guilty commerce, and so much security, that a discovery was easily made by a faithful domestic, who on his master’s return disclosed the secret, and on his indignant expressions of disbelief, he offered to give him demonstrative proof if he would submit to his guidance. LANCIOTTO at last complied; and returning from his next expedition in secret, contrived, by means of his faithful domestic, to conceal himself near his wife’s bedchamber, into which, shortly after, he saw PAULO enter through a secret trap-door*. The husband immediately left his ambuscade, and made what haste to the door he could in order to break it open, but either the noise alarmed the guilty pair, or they had perceived him through a chink of the door or partition. However it was, PAULO had time to descend by the trap-door, or pass by the sliding pannel, and thought he could by that means prevent the fatal consequences; but an untoward circumstance led (it is said) to a discovery: the skirt of his night-gown was either caught in the closing door, or fastened on a nail, which detained him till FRANCESCA (unconscious of this accident) had admitted

* Or sliding pannel in the wainscot, for the word signifies either.

her

XXI.

She paus'd, and her eternal plaints renew'd ;
 Struck with her hapless tale I musing stood :
 " Why pensive thus ?" the gentle bard enquir'd ;
 Then I : " Could aught the captive souls persuade
 To tell the trains for their seduction laid,
 Millions might shun their fate, by Heav'n inspir'd."

XXII.

Then turning round to view the hapless pair,
 Sighing, I thus address'd the weeping fair :—
 " How sad th' atonement of thy guilty joys !
 But say, how first you saw his passion grow ;
 What busy demon taught thee first to know
 The secret meaning of his smother'd sighs ?"

XXIII.

She wept, and " Oh ! how grievous to relate
 Past joys, and tread again the paths of fate,
 Let him who sung ELIZA'S woes declare :
 But since, unfated still, the wish remains
 To know the source of our eternal pains,
 Thou shalt not vainly breathe the pious pray'r.

her husband ; the detection was instantly made by means of this entanglement, and the guilty brother dragged back into the room ; where, as LANCOTT struck at him with his dagger, FRANCESCA, endeavouring to save PAULO, threw herself in the way and received the fatal stroke, undesigned, it is said, by her husband ; who, incensed almost to frenzy by this new disaster, sacrificed PAULO to his resentments by repeated wounds.

XXIV.

“ One day (a day I ever must deplore!)
 The gentle youth, to spend a vacant hour,
 To me the soft seducing story read,
 Of LAUNCELOT and fair GENEURA's love,
 While fascinating all the quiet grove
 Fallacious Peace her snares around us spread.

XXV.

“ Too much I found th' insidious volume charm,
 And PAULO's mantling blushes rising warm;
 Still as he read the guilty secret told:
 Soon from the line his eyes began to stray;
 Soon did my yielding looks my heart betray,
 Nor needed words our wishes to unfold.

XXVI.

“ Eager to realize the story'd bliss,
 Trembling he snatch'd the half-resented kifs,
 To ill soon lesson'd by the pandar-page!
 Vile pandar-page! it smooth'd the paths of shame.”
 While thus she spoke, the partner of her flame
 Tun'd his deep sorrows to the whirlwind's rage.

XXVII.

So full the symphony of grief arose,
 My heart, responsive to the lovers woes
 With thrilling sympathy convuls'd my breast:
 Too strong at last for life my passion grew,
 And, sick'ning at the lamentable view,
 I fell, like one by mortal pangs oppress'd.

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

Leaving the **LOVER'S LOT**, and journeying still downwards, the Poets find the Gulph of **EPICURISM**, where **DANTE** is known by the Soul of a noble **FLORENTINE**, named **CIACCO**, who discloses to him some revolutions soon to take place in their native Republic. On passing this Region, **DANTE** makes some Enquiries relative to the State of Things after the Resurrection, which are answered by the **MANTUAN** Poet, and the consequences of the final Judgment explained from Analogy.

LONG in the arms of Death entranc'd I lay.—
At length the vital current found its way ;
When other regions, fraught with other woes,
Far seen beneath, amaz'd my startled sight :
Obscure, the Champaign frown'd in native night,
And deeper plagues their deadly stores disclose.

II.

The prospect low'rs beneath eternal storms,
Dire, vollied hail, the hoary scene deforms,
And drifted snows their endless rigour keep :
Dark ruin hurtles thro' the dusky air,
Foul steams arise and fill the troubled sphere,
Incessant floating round the awful steep.

III.

Hell's bloodhound there his triple form extends,
 And ever and anon the savage rends
 Some wand'ring wretch, and dyes his fangs in gore ;
 His flaming eyes the troubled deep survey,
 Loud gnash his teeth and hold the damn'd at bay,
 Whose captive bands in vain his rage deplore.

IV.

The founder'd crew bewail the bitter show'r,
 Loud barks the fiend ; his flaming eye-balls lour,
 Still as the wretches shift the tortur'd side.
 Rolling innum'rous thro' the dark profound,
 Their yells canine th' astonish'd hearing wound ;
 At length our steps the dog of darkness spy'd.

V.

His triple head aloft the savage rear'd :
 His fangs, a triple row of fate, appear'd,
 And all the man forfook my sinking frame.
 Soon MARO, stooping, flung a moulded clod,
 He swallow'd it, and found his rage o'eraw'd,
 Then gradual sunk, exhausted, weak, and tame.

VI.

As when a mongrel quits his nightly guard,
 When the dark felon deals the wish'd reward,
 And charms the ceaseless terrors of his tongue ;
 So found the fiend his wonted wrath assuage :
 His eyes had lost their flame, his fangs their rage,
 And silence o'er the deep a moment hung.

VII.

The captive crew the wondrous pause admire,
Now first untortur'd by his clamours dire :

At length arriving on the bounds of pain,
Thro' their wide flound'ring forms amaz'd we pass'd,
Extended, bare, beneath the bitter blast,
Whose dread artill'ry beat the groaning plain.

VIII.

Mocking the touch, the heav'n-abandon'd host,
A foul encampment ! fill'd the spacious coast.

A voice at length the horrid silence broke ;
Where a pale pris'ner seem'd his head to raise,
And view my earthly form with fix'd amaze ;
While thus with feeble voice the phantom spoke :

IX.

“ Say ! hardy wand'rer thro' the realms of pain,
Does any trace or lineament remain,

To wake the mem'ry of a friend once dear ?
A while our vital threads together ran.”

“ In vain,” I cry'd, “ I trace thy visage wan,
Where nought but characters of hell appear.

X.

“ Tell who thou art, and what th' ignoble crime
That chains thy limbs in this contagious clime,

Among the foulest stigmatics of Hell ?”

I spoke, and thus th' afflicted soul rejoind : [wind,

“ FLORENCE, whose broad-blown crimes infect the
Saw me within her vile enclosure dwell.

XI.

“ While yet I breath’d the sweet *Hesperian* air,
 Ere doom’d the bitter-beating storm to bear,
 At feasts well known, CIACCO was my name ;
 Nor mine a voice that solitary wails,
 Here thousands fill the deep *Cimmerian* vales,
 For foul intemp’rance doom’d to equal shame.”

XII.

Sighing, I answer’d, “ Could my tears assuage
 This deadly tempest of eternal rage,
 Ceaseless, for thee, my tears should learn to flow :
 But say what ills yon factious walls await ?—
 Since Discord breathes her poison through the state,
 Lives there a man whose worth can ward the blow?”

XIII.

Then he, “ The wordy war shall end in blood ;
 Whence the strong hunter of the ACONIAN wood

St. xi. l. 3.] *Ciacco*, or *Guiotto*, a noble Florentine, noted for intemperance ; thence he got the nickname of CIACCO, i. e. *The Hog*.—For some entertaining particulars of him, see the story of *Philippo Argenteo*, in the notes on the Eighth Canto.

St. xiii. l. 2.] *Cherchi* of Florence, the head of the White Faction, of a family not so remarkable for their antiquity as their opulence. His antagonist, *Donato*, who headed the Black Faction, was of an illustrious family, but indigent. For the rise and history of these factions, see the Florentine History annexed, and the Life of DANTE, who, for his partiality to the White Faction during his government, was banished.

It is to be observed, that the Poet dates this vision in his thirty-fifth year, before his banishment ; hence CIACCO speaks to him in a prophetic strain.

“ Cries,

“ Cries, *Havock!* and lets slip his dogs of war.”
 Three suns shall see him rule the subject plain,
 Till VALOIS, hov’ring on the TUSCAN main,
 Shall turn the scale, and chase the tyrant far.

XIV.

“ Long shall the Victor show his haughty brow,
 The foe beneath his iron hand shall bow ;
 In vain I see and mourn their rigid doom !
 Two patriots still remain ; but savage Force,
 And Pride, and Av’rice, check their noble course,
 And with confed’rate flames the state consume.”

XV.

He ceas’d, and I resum’d my ardent pray’r :
 “ Yet to thy friend a fleeting moment spare,
 FARINA’s lot, and TEGGHIO’s doom to tell ;
 ARRIGO, MOSCA, with JACOPO’s fate ;
 If here, below, the tort’ring hour they wait,
 Or near the springs of endless pleasure dwell ?

XVI.

“ Where shall I find those souls so high renown’d ?”
 “ Far hence,” he cry’d, “ in darkeſt durance bound,

St. xv. l. 4.] The ſtories of theſe characters ſhall all be told under their reſpective allotments.

The puniſhment of intemperance may ſeem rather too ſevere, as its conſequences rather affect the criminal himſelf than ſociety.—Luxury indeed gives life to commerce, and birth to a variety of trades, but it is often ſupported by oppreſſion, and often by fraud, evils the moſt detrimental to ſociety ; and the ruin which luxury brings on one man of opulence, particularly in a commercial country, muſt affect thouſands.

For

For various fins, in various climes confin'd.
 That path leads downward to their dark abode,
 Where human foot before hath never trod,
 Still many a darksome league thy feet must wind.

XVII.

“And Oh! if e'er thou view'st the golden sky,
 Let not my name in dark oblivion lie;
 No more I ask, and thou enquire no more.”—
 He turn'd, yet eyed me still with look askance;
 Then with his brethren sunk in torpid trance,
 And silence reign'd along the dismal shore.

XVIII.

“Those,” cry'd the Bard, “shall slumber out their fate,
 'Till, from the confines of the heav'nly state,
 The Hierarch's trump shall thunder thro' the deep:
 Then, cloath'd again in vests of humble clay,
 The hideous band shall rise upon the day,
 And down return, their endless doom to weep.”

XIX.

Then through the dark morafs we pick'd our way,
 Where, vex'd with storms, the festal squadrons lay,
 Reas'ning in sage debate on future things.
 Then I, “Shall equal plagues the damn'd await;
 Shall Hell encrease her torments, or abate,
 When the last change their final sentence brings?”

XX.

“Let Science solve the doubt,” the Bard rejoin'd,
 “The body married to th' immortal mind,

Or higher transport feels, or fiercer woe :
 Then th' ignoble brethren of the sty,
 When the last clarion shakes the vaulted sky,
 Shall feel their pains sublim'd, their tortures grow."

XXI.

Far thence, the fearful verge we walk'd around,
 Conversing sad, or wrapt in thought profound,
 On mystic things unmeet for mortal strain :
 At length, arriving where the shelving steep
 By easy slope resign'd us to the deep,
 We saw where PLUTO rul'd the dark domain.

*St. xx. l. 6.] From St. Augustine, "Cum fiet resurrectio carnis,
 et bonorum gaudium erit, et tormenta majora.*

END OF THE SIXTH CANTO.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

DANTE arrives at the fourth Region, where, under the immediate Government of PLUTO, (probably PLUTUS, the fabled God of Riches) he finds the Souls of Misers and Prodigals, and describes their singular Employment.—Thence he proceeds to the fifth Region, where, in different departments, suited to their offences, he finds the Spirits of those who were condemned for Deeds of ungovernable Rage, for Selfishness, Envy, or habits of inveterate Malice.

“ PRINCE of the Fiends,” a voice exclaim’d, “ arise ;
Behold thy realms expos’d to mortal eyes !”

It ceas’d, the Bard my rising fears repress.

“ Fear not,” he cry’d, “ but still pursue thy way ;
He boasts no pow’r thy voyage to delay
To the dark regions of the world unblest.”

II.

Then turning to the Fiend with high disdain,
“ Cease, Hell-hound, cease ! thy boiling rage contain ;
Hast thou forgot the fierce avenging sword,
On thy afflicted rear when MICHAEL hung ?
Know Heav’n’s behest ! and rein thy impious tongue,
He comes obedient to the almighty word.”

III.

As the calm'd vessel furls her woven wings,
 As round her mast the flagging canvass clings,
 The swarthy SATRAP footh'd his swelling ire :
 Then coasting wide around the awful steep,
 We saw below th' interminable deep,
 Where all the plagues of either world conspire.

IV.

Justice of Heav'n ! from thine avenging hand
 What nameless toils and tortures fill the strand !
 Ah ! why on mortal failings so severe !
 As SCYLLA'S rocks the thund'ring surge repel
 A ceaseless Tourney in the depths of Hell,
 With deadly tumult shook the nether sphere.

V.

Legions on legions round the dismal coast,
 With lamentable cries, from post to post
 Roll'd the metallic mass along the plain :
 Up the steep sides the pond'rous globes ascend
 Above, the sons of dissipation send
 In ruin down the pond'rous globes again.

VI.

“ Ah ! why this cruel sport,” the misers cry ?
 “ Why this vain toil,” the prodigals reply,
 “ Against the hill to heave the slipp'ry ore ?”
 Again the mighty combatants retreat,
 Again in cumbrous tournament they meet,
 Echoing the doleful dirge from shore to shore.

St. vi. l. 6.] If we take this punishment in an allegorical sense, it is designed to describe the misery that attends the habitual, and undue

VII.

“ What monstrous tale do yon’ employments tell,
Are all the ABBIES empty’d into Hell ?”

Wond’ring, I cry’d, and thus the MANTUAN fwain:
“ These hostile tribes lament their bitter doom,
Who liv’d above, in intellectual gloom,
The slaves of wild expence, or fordid gain.

VIII.

“ Mark where they meet, on yonder plain afar,
Their diff’rent songs the signals of the war !

And learn their several clans, their leaders names.
Yon’ heads that fluctuate on the face of night,
Whose polish’d fronts reflects a dubious light,
With reverend mitres once conceal’d their shame.

IX.

“ Their griping hands the sacred stores confest.”

Then I: “ Oh tell ! among those shades unblest,

Is there no form familiar to my sight ?”

Mild he reply’d, “ Their late ignoble fall

Has spread a dark resemblance over all,

Nor less their labours in the womb of night.

X.

“ But, when the trump of doom shall rend the air,

Yon’ prodigals shall rise with horrent hair,

undue activity of the subordinate powers of the mind. This remark will apply to all the penal exhibitions in the Poem.

St. vii. l. 2.] From the number of Clerical Tonsures seen among them.

L 3

And,

And, with clench'd hands convuls'd, the saving crew,
 In exile now they mourn their gifts abus'd,
 Or tempest all the deep in fray confus'd,
 A scene unknown before to fancy's view.

XI.

“ Learn hence of mortal things how vain the boast,
 Learn to despise the low, degen'rate host,
 And see their wealth how poor, how mean their pride;
 Not all the mines below the wand'ring moon,
 Not all the sun beholds at highest noon,
 Can for a moment bid the fray subside.”

XII.

Musing, I cry'd, “ Oh Fortune, viewless pow'r!
 Whose fitting gifts pursue the changeful hour:
 Say, whence thou art?”—when thus the Bard re-
 nown'd: [spheres,
 “ See, thoughtless man! the hand that wheels the
 Where each to each the radiant bounty bears,
 Dealing the portion'd light to worlds around.

XIII.

“ FORTUNE, HIS Delegate, with equal hand
 Thus scatters blessings from her lofty stand,
 Dispersing round the globe her travel'd boon.
 From realm to realm the varied bounties run;
 In vain the father keeps them for his son,
 Fast they forsake him with the waning moon,

XIV.

“ To those her smiles dispense a vernal bloom,
 While these unnoted pine in winter's gloom;

And, as she fleets away, the summer fades ;
 Fast changing states her mighty march proclaim :
 Ev'n wisdom sinks before her dreaded name
 When her wide charge her eagle eye pervades.

XV.

“ With mighty hand the subject orb she rolls,
 No chance her unrelenting sway controls,
 Fate urging on her course with angels speed :
 By turns her subjects mount, by turns they call,
 Loud curses on her name for ever fall,
 While she regardless runs her path decreed.

XVI.

“ The murmurs deep of yonder moody sphere
 In vain aspire to reach her hallow'd ear :
 For ever list'ning to the choral song
 Of those who turn the mighty mundane wheel,
 Not doom'd the thrilling shaft of woe to feel,
 And urging still their flaming orbs along.

St. xiv. l. 3.] This comparison of the dispensations of Fortune with the progress of the seasons, is equally just and beautiful. There might be a very pretty Poem written on the comparison of the effects of the different seasons to the states of life that resemble them. In winter the sun kindly withdraws its influence, that the soil may recover that vigour which had been exhausted in spring and summer. Thus a state of indigence calls forth those talents, and ripens that genius, which prosperity perhaps would have extinguished. Where these sorts of revolutions happen most frequently (as in a commercial and free nation) the character of the people rises, and they grow eminent in arts and arms; but if we were to suppose for a moment one order of men always to enjoy accumulated riches, and the other always depressed in poverty, by an uniform sentence, the spirit of enterprise would be quite extinct; the one part of the world would be immersed in vice, and the other sunk in slavery.

XVII.

“ But haste we hence, a darker lot to mourn :
 The planet now has reach'd his western bourne,
 That saw our toils begin with rising day ;
 Thro' yonder ruin'd cliffs the bellowing deep
 With hoarse din tumbling down from steep to steep,
 With hollow murmurs mines our fated way.

XVIII.

Wafted in darkness down the pitchy wave,
 We saw the STYGIAN pool her borders lave,
 Fed by th' astounding cataract on high :
 Far, far below we spy'd the fullen flood,
 And round her borders, half immers'd in mud,
 We saw two squadrons charge with frantic cry.

XIX.

Burning with rage, but impotent of hand,
 Naked they meet, and battle round the strand.
 Now, head to head, their clashing fronts engage ;
 Each other now with lion-ramp they spurn,
 Then, while beneath their feet the wretches mourn,
 Piecemeal they rend their limbs with brutal rage.

XX.

“ Learn hence what woes,” the sage conductor said,
 “ Wait the devoted crew by wrath misled !
 See how they wallow round the fordid shore !
 Plung'd in the deep, another hideous crew,
 Where yonder bubbling pool attracts the view,
 With smother'd groans their wayward fate deplore.”

XXI.

I listen'd, and anon, a fullen sound
 Came struggling upwards from the pool profound
 In words half-form'd, and long reluctant groans :
 “ *foylefs we view'd the sun's benignant beam,*
Now here we hide beneath the fullen stream,
Where ev'ry joy the envious soul difowns.”

XXII.

Afar we coasted round the lake abhorr'd,
 With Envy's baleful brood innum'rous stor'd ;
 While, still some wretch amid the mantled wave
 Panting, renews the story of his woes,
 Fast on the mournful fong the farges close,
 And the deep struggling files incessant lave.

St. xxi. l. 6.] By *Accidiosi* in the original, is meant the selfish or Misanthropes, as well as the envious, as appears from the PURGATORIO, where, when the Poet describes the purgation of this very vice, Accidia, he contrasts it with Benevolence.—See *MEMOIRES DE PETRARQUE*, tom. ii. 109.

END OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

A R G U M E N T.

In their Passage over the POOL of ENVY, in the Boat of PHLEGGYAS, the Poets meet the Soul of PHILIPPO ARGENTI, a noble Florentine, remarkable while alive for his outrageous and brutal passions; on the other side they find the Metropolis of the INFERNAL WORLD, where they apply for entrance in vain.

THE winding path a gloomy fabric ends ;
 Its heighth with pain the mortal eye ascends :
 Sudden a signal flames from either spire,
 The waves roll pale beneath the livid light ;
 And, glimmering o'er the waste of ancient night,
 Faintly appears a corresponding fire.

II.

“ Whence the repeated sign, and why afar
 Responsive beams yon’ half-extinguish’d star?”—
 I ask’d, and thus the MANTUAN sage reply’d :
 “ The vapours dun, that yonder floods exhale,
 Hide from thy mortal eye the coming sail,
 Led by the signal from the further side.”

III.

Swift as the PARTHIAN arrow's winged flight,
 The lone barque skims along the face of night ;
 Her course a solitary Pilot steers,
 Exclaiming loud, " Fell Spirit ! art thou come ?
 Embark ! and seek thine everlasting home !"
 But VIRGIL saw, and check'd my rising fears.

IV.

" PHLEGYAS !" he cry'd, " thy rancour swells in vain,
 We pass the nether world unknown to pain :
 And thy fleet barge is sent our way to speed."
 As one that feels his warmest hopes betray'd,
 So look'd, and so exclaim'd, the wrathful shade,
 When MARO trod the deck devoid of dread,

V.

The groaning barge confess't unusual weight,
 Her yielding timbers scarce sustain'd the freight,
 Plowing the fable surge with plunging prow,
 And now the keel divides the middle flood :
 When rising formless, from th' abyss of mud,
 Sudden, a ghastly phantom seem'd to grow.

VI.

" Why wert thou thus condemn'd before thy time ?"
 He cry'd :—I answer'd from the deck sublime :
 " Commision'd here, I come, but not to stay ;
 But what foul shape art thou, that stops my path ?"
 He answers, " One that mourns the second death."
 And soon the well-known sounds the wretch betray.

VII.

With look averſe I cry'd, " Devoted ſhade !
 Go mourn thy lot, among the ſelf-betray'd,
 Too well I know thee thro' the foul diſguiſe."
 Inſtant, with eager hand, he ſeiz'd the prow ;
 Bold MARO puſh'd him to the lake below ;
 Then claſp'd me round with loud exulting cries.

St. vii. l. 4.] The name of this angry ſpirit was PHILIPPO ARGENTI, ſo called becauſe he uſed to have his horſe ſhod with ſilver.—His brutal paſſions made him the inſtrument of a ludicrous revenge, inflicted by the celebrated CIACCO (See Canto vi.) on BIONDELLO, another epicure of Florence. The ſtory is that told by BOCCACCIO, in his DECAMERONE. Giornata 9. Novella 8.

" There dwelt in FLORENCE a gentleman, known by the name of GUIACCO, or CIACCO, one ſo fond of good living, that his whole fortune was barely ſufficient to ſupply the expences of his table. As he frequented the fiſt company, he was remarkable for a good addreſs and agreeable converſation, with a tincture of that *modest affurance* that does not always wait for invitation. One of his contemporaries in FLORENCE was BIONDELLO, one of the moſt finiſhed beaux of the 13th century. " He was (in the words of the old tranſlation) very low of ſtature, yet comely form'd ; more neat " and brisk than a butterfly, always wearing a wrought ſilk night-cap on his head, and not a hair ſtanding out of order, but the tuft " (or tupee) flowing above the forehead : " and in the article of good living, he was another *Ciacco*.

" One morning in Lent, as he was cheapening two lampreys in the fiſh-market, he happened to ſee CIACCO, in a reverie of morning contemplation on the beauty of the ſurrounding objects. BIONDELLO's purchaſe awoke him from his dream ; he enquired eagerly for whom was that delicious fare ? The other named, VIERO DE CHERCHI, one of the heads of the city ; and added, that three other lampreys, a turbot, and a ſurgeon, were the bill of fare for the day ; and that a ſelect company were invited. Then he very gravely

VIII.

“ Blest soul! that spurn’st at sin with virtuous scorn ;
 And blest be she of whom such worth was born !

Yon’ ⁴cañiff see, by ceaseless rage possest :
Till ~~Ere~~ his detested life had reach’d her goal,
 No spark of goodness cheer’d his gloomy soul,
 And furious still he walks the *Stygian* waste.

gravely asked CIACCO, if he intended to make one? He readily answered, “ You know I always am welcome there.” BIONDELLO named the hour of dinner ; and, punctual to a minute, CIACCO attended. He found VIERO engaged in discourse with some gentlemen, and waited very patiently till the conversation ended. At last the company went away. VIERO asked his guest to dine with him, in a manner that convinced him he had expected no company. Dinner was at last served up, consisting of pulse and some dried fish. CIACCO immediately perceived the trick that was put upon him by BIONDELLO, and resolved to be even with him.—In a few days after, BIONDELLO met him ; and, with a sneer, asked him how he liked his entertainment? “ Exceeding well (replied CIACCO); perhaps before eight days I may have an opportunity of shewing my “ gratitude.”—Shortly after BIONDELLO left him, CIACCO met a porter, called him to his house, and giving him a large flask, bade him follow him. He led him to the palace of CACCIVULI, and there shewed him a gentleman of gigantic size and choleric aspect, walking about with that expression of countenance described in the *BATHOS* of POPE :

—— He look’d so wond’rous grim,
 His very shadow fear’d to follow him.

This was PHILIPPO ARGENTI, the most irritable of all human beings. “ Go to that gentleman (says CIACCO), and tell him, “ that BIONDELLO sends to him, and entreats him, as he is a celebrated glass-painter, that he will *erubinate* your bottle with his “ best claret, as he has some friends to treat :—but take care to
 “ keep

IX.

“ There many a regal Chief of ancient note,
 Wallowing thro’ mire obscene lament their lot,
 In ruin roll’d, like brethren of the sty.”
 “ Oh! could I see,” still trembling I exclaim’d,
 “ By Heav’n’s afflicting hand his fury tam’d,
 Ere yet our Pilot reach the harbour nigh.”

“ keep out of his reach, as he is apt to pay his messenger in a coin “ not always current.”—The porter delivered his message, and ARGENTI immediately construed it into an insult, from the known character of BIONDELLO. With a menacing voice he desired the Porter to come near, and he would show him and his bottle a specimen of that glass-painting that BIONDELLO required. The Porter, fearing the consequence, kept aloof, and at last fairly took to his heels.—CIACCO, when the porter returned, paid him liberally; and having thus laid the plot, set out immediately in quest of BIONDELLO, to bring him in the way of ARGENTI before his wrath should subside. By this time BIONDELLO had forgot what had passed; when CIACCO met him with an earnest countenance, and asked him when he had been at the palace of CACCIVULI? “ Why do you ask?” returned the other. “ ARGENTI (says CIACCO) “ has been in quest of you this whole day, about business of the “ last importance.” BIONDELLO, expecting a good dinner at least immediately ran into the snare, while CIACCO followed at a proper distance, to see the issue.

“ ARGENTI, meantime, boiling with indignation at the supposed affront couched in the message from BIONDELLO, was at the very instant amusing himself with plans of the most sanguinary revenge, when the unfortunate BIONDELLO accosted him, and requested to know his commands. The first salutation ARGENTI returned was a blow on the face that covered him over with blood. The unhappy beau in vain demanded the meaning of this outrage; the other

X.

The Bard reply'd ; " Yet, ere the coming shore
 Slackens the labour of the straining oar,
 Expect thy wish to see." Nor more he said ;
 When round the barriers came a cry of war,
 " Seize, seize the FLORENTINE, refunds afar ;
 While fast ARGENTI fled, by fear betray'd.

XI.

I heard the fiends their brother demons call,
 I saw the hunted foe exhausted fall ;
 And, spending on himself his bootless rage,
 With bloody fangs ; I could not bear the fight,
 But hurried onward thro' th' abyfs of night,
 While following groans my startled ear engage.

other made no answer, but by a second blow ; and his choler rising, he tore off his fine embroidered cap and feather, seized him by the toupee, and began to drag him through the mire. A crowd gathering, they were with difficulty separated ; and, after a great many incoherent oaths, an explanation was obtained from ARGENTI. When the crowd heard the insulting message, which, by ARGENTI's account, BIONDELLO had sent to him : they threw the blame upon the latter, as he must have known the irascible temper of his antagonist. In vain the unfortunate victim protested, that he never had sent any such message, and that it must have been a mistake. At last he recollected the affair of the lampreys ; and then learnt, though too late, to whose account he might place the affair. Soon after meeting CIACCO, he was asked how he liked the claret of ARGENTI ? " As well (says he) as you liked the lampreys at " VIERO's."—" By this token remember, (says CIACCO,) that " such a dinner, where you are the caterer, will always procure " such a bottle of wine, where I have any interest with the butler."

XII.

But other clamours now, distinct and clear,
 With hubbub wild, assail'd my startled ear ;
 " 'There Hell's dire fenate sits in awful state :
 Her dark Divan the lofty hall surrounds,
 Her citadel the baleful prospect bounds,
 And pours her millions forth at every gate."

XIII.

Thus MARO spoke, and thus abrupt I said,
 " I see! I see! thro' Night's disclosing shade,
 HELL's pyramids, that seem ascending fires!
 Why seem yon' tow'rs in crimson light to glow?"
 " The fiery floods," he cry'd, " that roll below,
 A baleful splendour cast on yonder spires."

XIV.

Now smoothly steering down the deep canal,
 Trembling, we coasted round the lofty wall ;
 High mounds of burning steel! that front the coast.
 Still our unwear'd oars the furges sweep :
 At length, exclaim'd the Pilot of the deep,
 " Haste, haste on shore, and seize the fated post!"

XV.

But soon, at ev'ry pass, the Guard of Hell,
 Who erst from Heav'n in flaming ruin fell—
 " Stop there, presumptuous Man," indignant cry'd;
 " Let not thy mortal feet our bounds profane,
 Nor venture to survey our mystic reign."
 The Bard a parley fought.—The Demons cry'd,

XVI.

“ Come thou ! and let the Mortal find his way,
 All dark, and guideless, to the realms of day ;
 Send him to seek the path he lately trod !
 But thee, his guide, another doom awaits,
 Ordain'd within those adamantine gates
 For ever to endure the penal rod.”

XVII.

Heavy and damp the deadly sentence fell ;
 Then, who the tempest of my soul can tell !
 All solitary left, of friends forlorn !—
 “ Paternal shade,” I cry'd, “ whose guardian arm
 Led me thro' fields of fate, secure from harm,
 Leave me not thus, in endless night to mourn !

XVIII.

“ If you' forbidden gate the Demons bar,
 Why linger here, and tempt unequal war ?

St. xvi l. 6.] The difficulty the Poets meet with in finding their way into the Theatre of Heresy, is not introduced merely to enliven the poem with an embarrassment. The Demons oppose the detection of those scenes where that false philosophy is punished, whose employment it had been to gloss over vice by the colours of eloquence, and support it by argument ; as by that they strike at the root of all moral obligation, and endeavour to loosen every tie of society. And as the powers of darkness are described as thus employed *below*, we find *above*, that such is the allurements of vice, and such the sophistry of the Passions in defending themselves, that though the opinions dangerous to morality and religion are still answered, they still sprout up anew in different shapes, and afford, if not the most difficult, yet the most troublesome employment to the advocates of reason and truth.

When

When Fate herself commands us to retire!"
 "And wilt thou hearken still to dastard fear?
 Heard'st thou the call," he cry'd, "that sent us here?
 Down, down, it leads us thro' yon' central fire!"

XIX.

"Tremble no more, but here in silence stay,
 While I explore the dangers of the way:
 Nor doubt my quick return." He spoke, and fled.
 Lonely I stray'd along the dismal shore,
 Pond'ring the strange adventure o'er and o'er,
 And still his ling'ring stay increas'd my dread.

XX.

The parley ends; the massy gates unfold,
 And in the Stygian crew by thousands roll'd,
 While on their rear the clanging portals close.
 The Bard, returning thence, demure and slow,
 While on his aspect hung a cloud of woe,
 Sadly express'd his anguish, as it rose:

XXI.

"Shall our commission'd course determine here?
 Shall yon' black Cherubim their ensigns rear?
 In vain—for other arms shall force our way!—
 Despond not thou! but wait th' eventful hour;
 Their pride of old oppos'd a mightier pow'r,
 Whose force yon' ruin'd battlements display.

XXII.

"Yon' valves that never close, the Victor pass'd;
 Before him yawn'd th' interminable waste;

Th' eternal dungeons lay in ruin round,
The STYGIAN host his single arm withstood ;
And well they knew what deadly woes ensued :
Where op'ning HADES mourns his ancient wound."

END OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

CANTO THE NINTH.

—
A R G U M E N T.

By the Interposition of an unexpected Visitant, the Poets at length obtain admission within the walls of the METROPOLIS.—Here the first object presented to the view is the THEATRE of HERESY: where, among the other HERESIARCHS, they find the Souls of a POPE and an EMPEROR.

—

HE spoke, I felt the cold contagion spread :
 The friendly spirit saw my rising dread,
 And with dissembled hope assuag'd my fear :
 Then stood suspense awhile, and listen'd round
 Where fogs, tumultuous roll'd, the sight confound
 In vain ! no welcome summons met his ear.

II.

“ Conquest was promis'd by the pow'rs on high :
 Can Heav'n recede ! and Hell its force defy ?
 Why stays her messenger ! ” amaz'd he said,
 I mark'd his wav'ring mind, and instant drew
 Conclusions unforeseen, and terrors new,
 From the deep musings of the MANTUAN shade.

III.

“ On Hell’s extremest bound thy lot was thrown,
 What could allure thee thus thro’ worlds unknown,
 From yon’ calm sphere beyond the reach of pain ?
 Did any one before the voyage try ?”
 I spoke, and this the MANTUAN’s mild reply :
 “ Long since, my feet explor’d the dark domain !

IV.

“ Scarce had I left the cheerful bounds of day,
 When, new to all the terrors of the way,
 ERICTHO sent me thro’ the flaming deep,
 Fearless I plung’d among the felon crew,
 And from the midst a chosen spirit drew
 In long reluctance up the horrid steep.

V.

Her potent word the nether deep display’d,
 Where JUDAS hides in Hell’s remotest shade,
 And bade the ghosts obey her mighty law :
 Wont to inspire the sealed lips of death
 With sad prophetic sounds, and magic breath,
 The Sorc’refs held the central world in awe.”

St. iv. l. 3.] A famous Sorceress of Sicily, to whom SEXTUS, son of POMPEY, came, according to LUCAN, to learn the event of the battle of *Pharsalia*, and his own fate. Her incantations are displayed in the sixth book of *Pharsalia*, with great pomp of numbers, and a certain wild sublimity. She is there described as hunting over the field of battle for a corpse, not yet cold, as the fittest for her necromantic purposes. She inspires him with new life, and renders him vocal by the assistance of the spirit which Virgil mentions here.

VI.

Where yonder noisome fogs eternal rise
 From the pale wave, and intercept the skies,
 Fearless I past yon' ever-burning spires.
 "Tho' danger keeps the gate," th' unfinish'd word
 Broke off, succeeded by a sight abhorr'd,
 Hov'ring on high amid the folding fires,

VII.

Three female forms, with recent blood embru'd,
 On the tall battlements in council stood,
 And ev'ry face a snaky vizor wore :
 Green warping Hydras form'd the flowing vest,
 And twin'd Ceraftæ wove the horrent crest,
 Whose mingled hissings ran around the shore.

VIII.

My guide, who knew the daughters of despair,
 Exclaim'd, " behold MEGARA's threat'ning air ;
 Yonder her deep remorse ALECTO feeds !
 The third, yet fiercer still an hideous store
 Of vengeance hoards, and counts it o'er and o'er,
 The dire atonement of unrighteous deeds."

IX.

Soon as they spy'd us from their station high,
 They sent a scream that shook the gloomy sky,

*St. viii. l. 4.] Alluding to the meaning of the name TISIPHONE,
 i. e. the avenger of blood.*

And beat their breasts, and menac'd from afar.
 " Away!" MEDUSA thunders at the gate ;
 " Her stern petrific eye shall fix your fate.
 Away! great THESEUS felt our force in war."

X.

" Turn, turn away, the trembling Poet cries,
 Lest that portentous vision meet thine eyes."
 Speaking he turn'd averse, nor I delay'd,
 With folded hands, to hide my darken'd sight :
 His kind paternal hands their aid unite,
 And cover my pale face with friendly shade.

XI.

(Ye found of intellect ! the truth retain,
 Hide in the mazes of the mystic strain)
 Not long we stood, till thro' the vast profound,
 Dismal afar, but more astounding near,
 A mingled tumult struck my startled ear,
 The vaulted deep and trembling shore resound.

XII.

A whirlwind thus, the child of heav'nly wrath,
 Thro' the tall forest sweeps an ample path,
 And rends their shatter'd boughs, and flings afar ;
 Thro' the long avenue in dusty pride
 The defolating God is seen to ride,
 And flocks and swains avoid the coming war.

XIII.

" Now turn thy sharpen'd eye to yonder steep,
 Where damps and noisome fogs eternal weep."
 I look'd!

I look'd! and saw a throng, in deep difmay,
 Flying in shoals; as when the finny train
 Before the fable monarch of the main
 Innum'rous scud, and fill the ample bay.

XIV.

Thus in loud ruin came the bands forlorn:
 Behind, a godlike form in tempest borne,
 Urg'd the foul flight across the fable flood:
 Before his lifted arm the vapours hoar,
 In gloomy volumes roll'd to either shore;
 And full disclos'd the heav'nly vision stood.

XV.

I watch'd the MANTUAN look—he gave the sign;
 At once with rev'rend awe our heads decline.
 He answer'd not, but turn'd a wrathful eye,
 Full on the gate oppos'd. His beamy wand
 The portal smote, it felt the heav'nly hand,
 The jarring valves disjoin, and open fly.

XVI.

Full in the flaming arch the Seraph stood,
 “Exiles of Heav'n!” he cry'd, “rebellious brood!
 Learn less presumption, and his arm to dread
 Whose sov'reign will admits of no control;
 Whose vullied thunders oft were heard to roll
 Thro' the sad regions of the sentenc'd dead!

XVII.

“Dare ye contend with Heav'n, ye sons of night?
 Think how your JAILOR mourn'd a MORTAL's might!”

0

He

He ceas'd, and frowning left the gates of death :
 Silent and stern the MANTUAN shade he past,
 Then mounted upwards on a whirlwind blast,
 Like one that burn'd with unextinguish'd wrath.

XVIII.

To the unguarded gate we bent our way,
 Secure of conquest in the STYGIAN fray ;
 And ent'ring flow, our careful eyes explore
 The Heav'n-built fortrefs of eternal wrath ;
 Where viewless tortures lin'd the plains beneath,
 And execrations ran from shore to shore.

XIX.

As where old ARLI sees the stagnant flood,
 Or nigh QUARNARO stain'd with ISTRIAN blood,
 Long sepulchres deform the fun'ral field :
 Thus ridgy rose, and bold, the burning space ;
 But deeper dykes the Stygian foil deface,
 And ev'ry tomb a struggling victim held,

St. xvii. l. 5.] An allusion to our Saviour's descent into Hell. See Canto 4th, and the conclusion of Canto 8th, where this note, by a lapse of the memory, was omitted. — It was the opinion of the times that our Saviour descended not only into the state of the dead, (Hades,) but into the region of eternal punishment, to shew his dominion at once over death and hell, and to lead from the LIMBUS PATRUM, the Patriarchs and Antideluvians in triumph. See his retinue described, Canto 4th. There are numberless allusions to this through the Poem.

St. xix. l. 1.] A City of Provence, where Charlemagne overthrew the Saracens in a pitched battle, but with great slaughter of the French,

XX.

Round each sad furnace glows a laming flame,
 And ev'ry cell reflects a ruddy gleam :
 Masses of molten steel they seem'd afar.
 Some pow'r suspends their burning valves on high,
 And sends abroad the lamentable cry
 Of prison'd souls that curse their natal star.

XXI.

“ Ah, Guide divine ! explain this horrid fight ;
 Say, who are they that mourn their wretched plight
 In yon' deep dungeons of outrageous fire ? ”
 “ There the HERESIARCHS dwell,” the Poet said,
 “ Who their sad profelytes from truth misled,
 Their impious followers fill the dismal choir.

XXII.

“ In subterranean tribes beneath the plain
 The victims lie, condemn'd to various pain ;
 As each more deeply drank of error's wave
 Millions unthought the distant bound possess.”
 Thus speaking, down the wid'ning path we press,
 Where the wall frowns o'er many a flaming grave.

END OF THE NINTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE obtaining Permission to address the HERESIARCHS, finds among the rest GUIDO CAVALCANTI and FARINATA UBERTE, two noble Florentines; the latter of whom gives an obscure Intimation to the Poet, of his impending Exile, and accounts for this extraordinary Privilege of foreseeing things enjoyed by the Tribes below.

THE Bard proceeds, and guides my trembling feet
 Where round the plain the awful turrets meet.
 "Oh, thou!" I cry'd, "whose sage conducting hand
 Teaches my steps the dark degrees to found,
 Say, is it giv'n to search the flaming round,
 And learn the stories of the sentenc'd band?"

II.

"See from afar their op'ning tombs invite,
 And no invidious band appears in fight." [close
 "These tombs," he cry'd, "the hand of fate shall
 When from the vale of doom their souls return,
 Embodied each in fiercer fires to burn,
 Dire consummation of their endless woes.

III.

“ Where yon’ red furnace glows amid the fire
 Old EPICURUS heads the impious choir ;
 Who thought the foul an air of fleeting breath,
 For ever now his dire mistake he mourns.
 Go ! where among his train the Atheist burns,
 And learn the secrets of the second death.

IV.

“ Thy eager wish I see ! ”—Abash’d, I said,
 “ Thy counsel kind my eager wish allay’d ;
 When my too lib’ral tongue thy care controll’d ! ”
 He answer’d not ; for deep within the ground
 A voice exclaim’d, “ Oh, hail ! thou welcome found,
 That tun’d my tongue on ARNO’S banks of old.

V.

“ What wayward chance, Oh ! gentle TUSCAN, tell !
 Conducts thee thro’ the flaming bounds of Hell,
 A mortal man ? ”—With quick instinctive dread
 I seiz’d my Guide ; when thus the Mantuan bold :—
 “ Turn, dastard, turn ! and HUBERT’S shade behold !
 See ! from the flaming verge he lifts his head.”

St. iii. l. 1.] Those who had abused the gifts of understanding, and endeavoured to pervert or obscure the convictions of reason, or the doctrines of Revelation, are here subjected to an appropriate punishment consisting in the inflicted horrors of their own understanding, sublimed by pain, and “ *the keen vibrations of eternal truth* ;” denoted by the reflected light from burning steel.

St. v. l. 5.] FARINATA, of the illustrious family of the UBERTI of FLORENCE, an Epicurean or materialist by principle, one “ who thought the foul an air of fleeting breath.”—He was the principal of the Ghibelline or Imperial faction.—See Florentine History annexed, in the reference to this Canto.

VI.

Half-springing from the tomb he seem'd to scorn,
With high and haughty mien his lot forlorn :

His eye met mine, the Mantuan seiz'd my hand,
And led me thro' the dire sepulchral scene,
Where winds a path the burning tombs between.

“ Now speak,” he cry'd, “ and tell thy bold demand ?”

VII.

Near the red furnace in suspense I stood,
The spectre view'd me round with furious mood :

And, “ Mortal ! whence thy race,” intent he cry'd.
With falt'ring voice my lineage I display'd ;
“ Thou nam'st my deadliest foes,” reply'd the shade,
“ And oft' the prowess of this arm they try'd.”

VIII.

“ My arm twice swept them from their native plain ;
“ Yet twice they wip'd away th' ignoble stain.”

Stern I reply'd, “ while thine in exile mourn'd.”
Rous'd at the word, another shade appear'd,
High o'er the flaming verge his front he rear'd,
While in his sparkling eye impatience burn'd.

IX.

Eager he look'd along the glimm'ring shore,
And disappointment blanch'd his visage o'er :

“ Oh, ALIGHIERI ! Oh, my friend !” he cry'd,
“ If to thy daring soul this dismal path
Spontaneous opens thro' the vale of death,
Why has my GUIDO left thy faithful side ?”

St. ix. l. 3.] Here is an instance that the Poet distributes his punishment according to his strictest notions of the criminal's demerit.—Guido Cavalcanti (the spectre meant here) was a Guef of the white faction, as Dante was, and his most intimate friend ; but tintured

X.

“ A hand conducts me thro’ the realms of pain,”
 I cry’d, “ which haply GUIDO would disdain,”
 (For by his voice the spectre soon was known.)
 “ Say, feels he still the sun’s benignant beam
 Again,” he said, “ or here in Hell’s extreme
 Sends from afar the never-dying groan ?”

XI.

Suspense awhile he waited my reply,
 Then sunk despairing with a feeble cry.
 Stern, and unmov’d, the other shade remains,
 Pond’ring the fortunes of his exil’d race :
 “ I mourn, I mourn,” he cry’d, “ their deep disgrace,
 More than the cincture of these burning chains.

XII.

“ But ere the fiftieth moon shall gild her horn
 The vanquish’d shall rejoice, the victor mourn.
 —But whence this lasting hate to HUBERT’S blood,
 That breathes still deadly in the voice of law ?”
 “ The direful cause,” I cry’d, “ VALDARBIA saw,
 When to the main she roll’d a sanguine flood.

tinctured with the principles of *materialism*.—See a beautiful Imitation of a Sonnet addressed to his Son by Dante, in Mr. Hayley’s notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry.

St. x. l. 2.] This was the Guido to whom the Sonnet before mentioned was addressed.—The Poet alludes here to his preference of the Philosophers to the Poets, a point on which they had many amicable contests.

St. xi. l. 3.] Viz. *Ferinata Huberti. Alberti*

St. xii. l. 3.] Hubert here obscurely prophesies the expulsion of the Guelfs by Charles of Valois, and the exile of Dante. See his *Luc* of Dante, and Florentine History annexed.

XIII.

Sighing, he cry'd, " Was mine the single hand
 That with your factious blood embath'd the strand?
 Did no just vengeance point my lifted spear?
 But this sole arm, above ignoble dread,
 Warded the vengeance bursting o'er your head,
 When trembling FLORENCE saw perdition near."

XIV.

" HUBERT," I cry'd, " the mystery explain,
 So may your blood, restor'd, in FLORENCE reign)
 And kindly solve my doubt ; for schoolmen tell,
 Fate to the fiends so deals her dubious light,
 That present things escape their clouded fight,
 While future scenes are clearly known in Hell."

XV.

" In these sad realms," the TUSCAN soul replies,
 " Distinct the scenes of *future* time arise,
 While still the fading *present* fleets obscure :
 Nought know the sentenc'd tribes of passing things,
 Unless some wretch condemn'd the tidings brings
 Fresh from the stains of yonder clime impure.

St. xv. l. 6.] As the great cause of vice in this world is preferring the *Present* to the *Future*, the Poet has invented a species of punishment, where this order is reversed, where the FUTURE increases the misery of the condemned, by predominating over the PRESENT. Even in this world, the sufferings of them who have the misfortune to be the victims of Frenzy and Despair, seem principally to consist in a dreadful dejection or irritation of mind, when deprived of self-possession :

It makes the PAST, PRESENT; and the FUTURE, frown.

YOUNG.

XVI.

“ This privilege alone our squadrons boast,
 Till Present, Past, and Future, all are lost
 In final doom, and time shall be no more.”
 Vext at my fault, “ Oh, tell thy fad compeer !”
 I cry’d, “ his *Guido*, cause of all his fear,
 Yet strays delighted on the TUSCAN shore.

XVII.

“ This had I told ere now ; but thoughts perplex’d,
 Tho’ now resolv’d, my anxious bosom vext ;
 And now adieu,—my Guide forbids my stay !”
 “ But first declare what fellows of the tomb,
 In burning cells await the final doom,
 Secluded ever from the hope of day.”

XVIII.

“ Round (he reply’d) a thousand tombs arise,
 Yon’ furnace rings with royal FREDERIC’S cries.

St. xviii. l. 2.] The second Emperor of that name, grandson to BARBAROSSA, and to WILLIAM the GOOD, King of SICILY, by CONSTANTIA his daughter, who, though a professed Nun, was obliged to marry HENRY the Sixth, his son. By this means, FREDERIC united in his own person the claims of the House of SUABIA to the Empire, and of the House of TANCRED to NAPLES and SICILY. These claims, as they would have clashed with the interests of the Church, alarmed the Pope (HONORIUS the Third,) particularly when he found that FREDERIC had taken possession of the SICILIES. He first kindled a dispute between FREDERIC and his Clergy ; then, after long and vexatious disputes, he consented to a seeming reconciliation, and persuaded the Emperor to undertake a Crusade against the Sultan of Egypt. When he was in the war, the Pope took care to betray his counsels to the Sultan, and pointed out the best method of subduing him. The Sultan, to embroil the Christian potentates, discovered the Papal correspondence

cnc

His captive prelates fill the dismal choir.
 Enquire no more!" he cry'd, and plung'd amain,
 With headlong haste, among the burning train,
 And eager seem'd to seek his bed of fire.

XIX.

My Guide I follow'd on with heavy heart ;
 The gentle Poet saw my inward smart,
 And ask'd the cause. The mystic threat I told.
 " Bid Mem'ry still the fatal words retain,
 (He cry'd) and mark the wonders of the plain ;
 Thy guardian Saint will soon thy fate unfold !"

XX.

Onward our feet pursu'd the left-hand way,
 Behind the burnings cast a dismal ray ;
 And, op'ning in the front, a gloomy vale
 Breath'd a sepulchral scent ; where, steaming round,
 Dark, noisome vapours hide the fatal ground,
 And o'er the deep in lazy volumes sail.

ence to **FREDERIC**, who immediately made peace with him, and returned to **EUROPE** to punish the Pope. On his arrival in Italy, he took possession of **APULIA** and **SICILY** ; and, to affront the Pope, sent for a colony of Saracens, whom he settled at Nocera in **APULIA**. In consequence of this he was engaged in a long and cruel war with the Pope ; and, ere it was finished, died in **APULIA**, by the hands (as is supposed) of his natural son **MANFRED**, or **MAINFROI**, who is said to have stifled him with a wet cloth. He died excommunicated ; but the crime that seems to have given him a feat here was a book, said by some to be written by him, by others attributed to his confidential Minister, **PETER DE VINEIS**, the substance of which was, *The Three Impostors*, viz. **MOSES**, **MAHOMET**, and **J. C.** See C. xiii. for the story of Peter de Vineis.

END OF THE TENTH CANTO.

N 2

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet arriving at the bounds of the Circle of Herefy, finds the Tomb of Anastafius. Virgil then gives a general map or delineation of their intended journey. From him Dante learns that the next region is inhabited by tyrants, oppressors, and others of that class, whom he accurately distinguishes into their several species. In giving a general view of the other criminals, he affigns a reason why *USURY* is punished with other crimes against Nature.

NOW, bending o'er the high embattled steep,
 We find the pois'nous vapours of the deep,
 Intolerably strong, invade our smell.
 Full-charge'd with pestilence the fog arose:
 Fast we retreated from the scene of woes,
 Where a tall fabric crown'd the verge of Hell.

II.

Those words engrav'd, the hapless inmate told,
 "The Pupil of *PHOTINUS* here behold,

Whose

St. ii. l. 2.] *PHOTINUS* was a Greek heretic, who held, against the *OMOUSIANS*, that the *SON* was not equal to the *FATHER*, and

Whose tainted faith the triple crown disgrac'd!"
 " Oh! slowly, slowly pace the noisome vale,
 (Exclaim'd the Mantuan) lest your senses fail,
 Too weak to bear the suffocating blast!"

III.

" Say, shall we fruitless pass the precious time,
 While darkness overhangs the dismal clime?"
 I ask'd, and thus the friendly Spirit said :
 " Attend! while I prepare thee for a fight
 Yet hid within the fullen womb of night ;
 Where yon' suspended cliffs the valley shade.

IV.

" Thro' three descents of pain our journey leads,
 Each holds a tribe condemn'd for lawless deeds ;

that the HOLY GHOST did not proceed from both. His pupil was (according to Dante) Pope Anastasius the Fourth; though Baronius and Bellarmine both deny it. (See Annal. Eccl. anno 497, and Bellar. de Rom. Pont. cap. 10.) One good effect followed at least from these disputes of the rival parties; each took due care that the sacred text should not be corrupted by their antagonists, and hence the scriptural code was preserved pure; which, had the Church always been at peace, would have been liable to great corruption, where none would have had an interest to detect the fraud. Nor, supposing it had not been corrupted, could its purity have been so easily proved to unbelievers as it can now, if the Church had not been divided into parties, who carefully watched each other. When it is remembered, that those disputes began in the first age of the Church, it will easily be perceived what influence they had in preserving the scriptures undepraved.

Learn

Learn thou their crimes ! a fight will then suffice ;
 There Malice, deadly fiend, abhorr'd by God,
 With her twin-race of VIOLENCE and FRAUD,
 Beneath the penal scourge for ever lies.

V.

“ Above the Sons of VIOLENCE reside,
 The bands of FRAUD below together hide ;
 (Vile Fraud ! the heav'n-born foul's peculiar blot !)
 For this, in fiercer pains, the traitors keep
 Their horrid vigils far in yonder deep ;
 Hated of Heav'n, and fill the lowest lot.

VI.

“ But the Blaphemer, who his God defy'd,
 With him who flung the load of life aside ;
 And he whose arm against his neighbour rose,
 The nearer frontiers fill ; a triple space ;
 Ruffians and Spendthrifts hold the foremost place,
 With the proud Atheist, doom'd to kindred woes.

VII.

“ The rear contains the foul blaspheming band,
 Who rais'd against their God the impious hand,

St. iv. l. 5.] The Poet here gives, 1st, The general division of the remaining region into the two grand departments of Violence and Fraud (*St. v.*). Then he descends to a particular enumeration of each class : In the department of Violence he mentions robbers, suicides, usurpers, atheists, and blasphemers, with those who have been guilty of unnatural practices (*St. 7—9.*). The various species of fraud are next given in detail (*St. 9—11.*).

Arraign'd his goodness, and his wrath defy'd :
GOMORRAH there, and foul **CAORSA**'s race,
 In mingled bands the paths of horror trace,
 With those whose callous hearts the truth deny'd,

VIII.

“ **FRAUD** skulks below with all her various brood,
 There darkling dwell the foes of public good,
 The pilf'rer, and the cheat, his dark ally:
 With those, whose felon hand their trust betray'd,
 Hypocrisy in faintly garb array'd,
 Corruption foul, and frontless Perjury,

IX.

“ The central gulph, replete with fiercer pains,
 The faithless friend, and all his tribe contains :
 O'er them the Father of the Fiends presides.
 Their common race with all its ties forgot,
 In mutual hate they mourn their hideous lot,
 Where the first demon rules the frozen tides.”

X.

“ Distinct and clear,” I cry'd, “ thy words sublime
 Sketch the sad regions of the horrid clime.
 But say, why sentenc'd to a milder hell,
 Where round the fortress floats the troubled wave,
ENVY and **STRIFE** their sister-legions lave ;
 Deserve they not in fiercer pains to dwell ?

XI.

“ Say, why the votaries of lawless love
 Ride the mad tumult of the winds above ;

While,

While, like the conflict of the noisy bar,
 Still battling with their tongues, the Misers chide?
 Why guiltless are they doom'd the scourge to bide?
 Or, guilty, why so light a sentence share?"

XII.

"Who made thee judge?" incens'd, the Spirit cry'd,
 "Was then my former lore in vain apply'd,
 Which taught the just degrees of heav'nly ire?
 The sensual feel a lighter load of woe,
 But FRAUD and MALICE seek the gulph below,
 Together doom'd to everlasting fire.

St. xi. l. 4.] The different degrees of punishment allotted to the Miser and Usurer, seem founded on the principle that a man may be a Miser without any flagrant injustice or offence against Society being laid to his charge: But an Usurer is a greater pest to Society, as his business consists in taking advantage of the distresses of others.—In the time of Dante, indeed, larger interest for money was more necessary than now, as the lenders ran a greater risk; but this only left room for greater extortion.

It seems consonant to our general notions of equity, that Fraud in the other world should be punished more severely than Violence, though in this state of things it would not always be convenient, for Violence strikes more immediately at Society than Fraud; but in the eye of Reason, FRAUD, and the crimes to which it gives birth, seem of a much more atrocious hue than the worst effects either of Love, Ambition, or Avarice. The latter proceeds merely from the indulgence of their respective passions; the former, from a corruption of Reason itself, hence called in the text

—————The Heav'n-born soul's peculiar blot!"

The crimes of Violence mostly proceed from temptation, the crimes of Fraud from deliberation.—Hence fraud, perfidy, and ingratitude, those vices of a clear head and cool blood, seem justly doomed to a lower and more severe lot. Vide Cic. Offic. Lib. i.

XIII.

“ The fons of lawless love and hafty rage
Hence feel the pitying hand their pangs affuage.
Weigh thou their merits, and thy doubts forego!—
The deeply-damn'd within the fortrefs dwell,
Without, far station'd to the bounds of Hell,
In lighter squadrons range the fons of woe.”

XIV.

“ Can I repent my doubts ! illumin'd Bard,
When thus thy heav'nly words my doubts reward ?
Oh ! let me yet thy kind attention claim ;
CAORSA'S wealthy crew you nam'd before !
Could Ufury fend them to the burning shore
With SODOM'S fons to feed the penal flame ?”

XV.

“ Search thy philofophy,” the Poet cry'd ;
“ Dame Nature there, the pure, primæval guide
Whence patient ART her operations form :
Still from fome vital principle derives
The various line of propagated lives,
And with prolific heat her nations warm.

XVI.

“ But from her hallow'd path the Mifer strays,
Who lets pale Av'rice warp his fordid ways,
Invet'rate foe to Nature's fimple lore,
Beneath his influence grows the barren gold.
He fpeaks, and lo ! the parent fums unfold
In monftrous births, a mifbegotten ftore.

XVII.

But now the sign, oppos'd to ARIES, shrouds
 Her flaming head among the western clouds,
 And in the rising scale ascends the day :
 While, with inverted pole, the northern car
 Is seen suspended o'er the BOREAL star ;
 Haste, haste ! the moments chide our long delay."

St. xvii. l. 5.] i. e. Above or on the SOUTH side of the North Pole, when in some seasons of the year it appears before the break of day.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poets, with difficulty, make their way through a craggy and dangerous pass, between the Regions of HERESY and OPPRESSION.—In the latter Division, they find, under a Guard of Centaurs, the Souls of Tyrants, Oppressors, Conquerors, and all who were guilty of deliberate and open Violence against Society or Individuals. After taking a view of their Punishment, by the assistance of a CENTAUR, they reach the FOREST of SUICIDE.

THE shelving path our cautious steps pursue ;
 When, lo ! another gulph appears in view ;
 Th' astonish'd eye starts back, our feet recoil.
 Not with such fearful view the TRENTIAN steep
 Looks dizzy down upon the circling deep
 Where flow invasion mines the mould'ring soil.

II.

There oft the thund'ring ruin smites the plain :
 The flood recoils, and leads her humid train

St. i. l. 4.] The Hill of MONTE BARCO, between TREVIGI and TRENTO, having been shaken by an earthquake, or undermined by the river ADIŒ, parted in the middle, and falling across the river, turned it for a time from its usual channel.

Far,

Far, far aslope! the riv'n rock disjoins.
 So seem'd th' eternal breach; the hideous guard
 Was HE, whose form the horrid mixture marr'd,
 By CRETA mourn'd through all her fair confines.

III.

He heard our footsteps found along the shore,
 Then rous'd to vengeance, sent his voice before,
 And tow'rd the Poet bent his furious way,
 All horrible with self-inflicted wounds.
 "Avaunt," the Poet cry'd, "those solemn bounds
 No GREEK invades with purpose to betray!

IV.

"No stern affassin, by a sister led,
 Comes to demand thy miscreated head:
 A blameless mortal sent to yonder deep
 A passage craves."—As with indignant bound
 The bellowing bull resents the mortal wound,
 So danc'd the grizzly shape around the steep.

St. ii. l. 5.] The famous Minotaur of Crete, a monster, celebrated by the Poets, supposed to be half formed like a man, and half like a bull. The GREEK mentioned here is THESEUS, Son to the King of ATHENS, who rescued his country from the ignominious tribute of seven noble youths, who were exacted by the CRETAN Monarch yearly, for the murder of his Son by the *Atbenians*, and given to be slaughtered by the MINOTAUR. ARIADNE, the CRETAN princess, conceiving a passion for THESEUS, is said to have given him a clue, which conducted him through the mazes of the labyrinth, where the MINOTAUR was lodged. By this, after having killed the monster, he was conducted safe back. This fabulous being has not the most happy effect in making his appearance among real historical personages, though he appears in other respects a proper enough attendant on the race of Violence and Wounds.

V.

“ Retire! and give his rage an ample path;
 ’Tis rashness thus to brave eternal wrath !”

Exclaim’d the Bard; and by another way
 O’erhanging rocks sublime, and ridges drear,
 Whose tott’ring bases fill’d my soul with fear,
 The Mantuan led me, struck with pale dismay.

VI.

“ See! yon’ tall Theatre in ruin roll’d!
 My steps,” he cry’d, “ the barrier pass’d of old,
 While yet in tow’ring state the circle stood:
 But, ere from earth the mighty spoiler came,
 Destruction levell’d round the stately frame,
 And op’d a passage o’er the Stygian flood.

VII.

“ All nature seem’d to own the MIGHTY MAN;
 A trembling sympathy thro’ HADES ran;
 And CHAOS thought her reign returning new:
 Loud earthquakes min’d the wide infernal field,
 Far, far below her deep foundations reel’d,
 And wide around, a length of ruin drew.

VIII.

“ Here take thy stand; and view the dismal dell!
 What floods of gore in boiling torrents swell,
 Whose flagrant wave the sons of violence hide!
 Thine are the spells, insatiate lust of pow’r!
 That charm the terrors of the tort’ring hour,
 And down the steep your slaves triumphant guide.”

IX.

The bloody billows swept a spacious round,
 While, must'ring fierce upon the rising ground
 Succinct in arms, a band of bowmen stood:
 Three quiver'd chiefs forfook the ghostly band,
 And sternly trac'd us on the fanguine strand,
 While thus the first exclaim'd in ireful mood:

X.

“Avaunt! or quick the fatal arrow flies;
 How dare you thus indulge your curious eyes?—
 —Or tell, what plagues await your sentenc'd souls?”
 “Cease! moody son of wrath,” the Bard reply'd,
 “Dearly you earn'd your over-weening pride!
 Know, fate alone our downward course controls.”

XI.

“Go! bid your Chief attend;” he turn'd, and said,
 “This for *ALCIDES'* spouse the ransom paid
 In blood. The second shap'd the *PELIAN* Lance.
 Stern *PHOLUS* joins, to lead the endless chace.
 Still show'r their shafts on yon' devoted race,
 When from their sentenc'd lots, the slaves advance.”

St. xi. l. 3.] It will be necessary to inform the reader who is not versed in Mythological History, that this was the Spirit of Nessus, the Centaur described by the Poets as half man, half horse. Nessus was employed by Hercules to carry his wife over the river Evenus, and on offering her violence on the further shore, was shot with a poisoned arrow by Hercules. The Centaur, in his last moments, presented his upper garments to the lady, tinged with his envenomed blood; and requested her to preserve it as a sure philtre to secure or regain her husband's affections. She, in a fit of jealousy,

XII.

He spoke, with cautious steps I nearer drew,
 CHIRON beheld, and bent his fatal yew ;
 Exclaiming, " Hence, ye troublers of the dead !
 What boldness leads your earthly feet profane
 To shake with mortal weight the trembling plain ;
 Hence ! ere this shaft transfix your sentenc'd head."

XIII.

The Bard reply'd, " from no sinister view
 His earthly feet the darksome way pursue ;
 'Twas fate compell'd him, no profane delight :
 An angel-voice the dire injunction gave,
 To wander here, unconscious of a grave,
 Under my guidance thro' the realms of night.

XIV.

" But, by that pow'r that 'tends me down the steep,
 Send, I adjure thee ! send thro' yonder deep
 Some faithful hand to guide his lonely way,
 And waft the mortal o'er the crimson flood."
 —Suspense awhile the troubled vision stood,
 Then gave the sign ; his ready mates obey.

XV.

NESSUS conducts us to the crimson flood,
 Where seeth'd by ceaseless fires, the MEN of BLOOD

lousy, sent it to her husband, who putting it on, as he was sacrificing, was seized with intolerable pain, and expired in a fit of raging madness; in which he killed the messenger who had brought the fatal present. See the ~~Frachinia~~ *Frachinia* of Sophocles, and Ovid Met. B. ix.—He that shaped the Pelian spear was Chiron, the famous tutor of Achilles.

Stand in long files.—Anon, a furious wave,
 Sublim'd to tenfold rage by fires unseen,
 Comes, with a thund'ring tide their ranks between,
 And loud laments along the borders rave.

XVI.

“ Where yon' pale heads above the flood ascend,
 The Tyrant learns to weep,” exclaim'd the Fiend,
 “ And feels the everlasting weight of blood.”
 There DIONYSIUS, link'd with PHERÆ's Lord,
 Conspicuous frown among the Band abhorr'd,
 And o'er their massacres for ever brood.

XVII.

There stern OBIZO, by his son betray'd,
 With EZZELINO fate, a darker shade ;

St. xvi. l. 4.—DIONYSIUS.] Tyrant of Syracuse, who, being expelled by the citizens, became a schoolmaster in Corinth.

PHERÆ.—Alexander of Pheræ, one of the most inhuman tyrants of his time ; yet he, though familiarized to blood, is said to have shed tears at the representation of a play of Euripides. He had made a list of persons whom he meant to put to death ; and among the rest, his wife's two brothers. This was found by his wife, and shewn to them. They threatened her with instant death if she did not consent with them, and assist in dispatching the tyrant. She was obliged to consent, and next night removed his sword from his bed-head, on which the assassins entered the room, and dispatched him. PLUTARCH.

St. xvii. l. 1.—OBIZO.] Marquis of Ferrara, of the noble family of ~~the~~ Este, who, by every species of tyranny and oppression, had accumulated a vast fortune, and was at last smothered with a pillow by his own son, for his riches.

St. xvii. l. 2.—EZZELINO.] Lord of the Trivigiana, in Piedmont. He, under pretence of aiding the party of FREDERIC the Second, destroyed

Still as we pass'd, the Centaur led the way,
 The MANTUAN seem'd his office to resign :
 Anxious I turn'd me to the Bard divine,
 " Proceed," he cry'd, " thy recent guide obey."

XVIII.

Another Legion there our eyes behold,
 Full on their backs, the bloody billows roll'd :
 There, skulking low, was seen a Shade forlorn,
 Who dy'd with British blood the hallow'd floor ;
 Old Father THAMES along his willowy shore
 Still seems the young PLANTAGENET to mourn.

froyed all the country from Bologna to Padua, with fire and sword, and reduced it under his dominion.—Having suppressed a rebellion in Padua, he took twelve thousand prisoners, and shut them up in a vast theatre of wood, under the guard of his victorious army.—This he ordered to be set on fire ; but before the flame was kindled, he asked his Chancellor, (whom he suspected of some share in the rebellion,) " If he knew those criminals ?"—He answered in the affirmative, and shewed a voluminous register, where all their names and misdemeanours were written at large.—" Then," says EZZELINO, " as I have received many favours from his Infernal Majesty, I intend to make him a present of all these Souls ; and lest they should appear in a tumultuary body before the monarch, you, with your register, shall attend, to furnish him with an accurate list of their names and stations." He accordingly ordered his guards to throw him over the ramparts, and commanded the pile to be set on fire.—He was at last defeated by Pallavicini on the banks of the Addua, in the year 1260, and chose to die of his wounds, rather than suffer any assistance.—Villani Hist. Florentin.

St. xviii. l. 3.] Guy of Montfort, son to the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who, heading the Barons against Henry the Third of England, was defeated by Prince Edward, and

XIX.

Then, to the middle bath'd in torrent fire,
Banking the flood, appear'd a ghastly choir,
 And length'ning down the vale, successive bands
In just gradation rose, ascending still,
'Till, quiv'ring o'er their feet, the scanty rill
 With shallow crimson flush'd the pebbly strand.

XX.

“ Lo! round yon' point the boiling depths increase,”
Th' attendant cry'd, “ 'till yonder floods embrace
 With overwhelming furge the tyrant crew:
Emerging thence their Legions seek the light ;
Then, gradual sink, amid the gloom of night,
 'Till yon' red deluge folds them from the view.

XXI.

“ PYRRHUS and TARQUIN there for ever wail,
Where yonder waves the giant-bulk assail

lost his life in the battle of Evesham. His son, to revenge his death, assassinated young Henry, nephew to the King, and son to Richard, King of the Romans, in the great church of Viterbo—Villani Landino, Villutello.

St. xxi. l. 1.—PYRRHUS.] King of Epirus.—See his Life in Flutarch.

TARQUIN.]—The son of Tarquin the Proud, the last King of Rome. It was he who dishonoured Lucretia ; which roused the people of Rome to vengeance, and caused the expulsion of his father.—In the last attempt made by Tarquin to recover his diadem, Sextus the tyrant, and Brutus, the first Consul, fell by mutual wounds.—Livy, lib. i.

Of ATTILA, the scourge of human kind!
 The REINERS too, an execrable pair!
 Their moonlight murders weep, and nightly war,
 In name, and fame, and endless doom combin'd."

St. xxi. l. 3.—ATTILA.] King of the Huns, called by contemporary historians "the scourge of God," for his terrible devastations in the west.—For a very animated and curious account of this extraordinary people, see Gibbon's *Decline of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. octavo edit.

St. xxi. l. 4.—The REINERS.] Two noblemen of the same name, but different families, took the opportunity of the disputes in Florence to indulge their innate cruelty.

The phalanx of tyrants and homicides immersed at different depths in a deluge of blood, and obliged to keep their ranks, or expose themselves to the arrows of the Centaurs, gives a lively idea of the bloody engagement between the Romans and Parthians on the plains of Carrhæ, where the Roman Legions were nearly in the same situation with the criminals described here.

To those readers who are fond of allegorizing the punishments of Dante, the deluge of boiling blood in which the souls of tyrants and assassins are immersed, gives a very lively idea of the horrors of an unquiet conscience; a state of mind described in a few words by Mr. Burke, but with more sublimity than by any Poet I have ever met with: "a state (he says) where one terrific image grows to such a size, that it breaks down all the partitions of the mind." *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful.*—I quote from memory, not having the book near me.

END OF THE TWELFTH CANTO.

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

DANTE arrives at the Forest of Suicide, where he finds the Spirit of Pietro de Vignes, Chancellor and Prime Minister to the Emperor Frederick the Second ; from whom he learns the nature of his punishment. In the same region, though differently punished, he finds the Spirits of those who had been led to suicide by dissipation. Among these he meets two of his contemporaries, Lano di Sancti and Jiacapo Padouano.

HIGH wafted o'er the flood, the Centaur bore
 His mortal charge, and gain'd the further shore ;
 Where the deep horrors of a pathless wood
 O'er-hung the wave with dark funereal frown ;
 Deep tangled shades the horrid soil embrown,
 And deadly venom ev'ry trunk bedew'd.

II.

No shade so dismal hides CORNETTO's shore,
 As where CÆCINA hears the Tuscan roar,
 Nor fouler shapes possess the haunted glade :
 Their dire assemblies here the *Harpies* hold,
 Whose voice purfu'd the Trojan fleet of old,
 And hideous scenes of future woe display'd.

III.

They fleet around on broad portentous wing,
 And hov'ring high their baleful dirges sing ;
 Then people ev'ry bough, a dismal throng :
 Down to the breast they seem of female race,
 But dusky plumage all the rest deface,
 And with strong talons to the boughs they clung.

IV.

“ See (Maro cry'd) the Wood, whose gloomy bounds
 A level tract of burning sand surrounds ;
 Beyond the limits of this baleful grove :
 And now, for scenes beyond the reach of faith !
 Scenes yet unequal'd in the haunts of death !
 Prepare your eyes, as thro' the vale we rove,”

V.

Now dismal shrieks assail'd my startled ear,
 Thro' the long wood, ascending shrill and clear ;
 Nor tort'ring hand, nor sentenc'd soul was seen.—
 Instant, my vain surmise the *Mantuan* saw—
 And—“ Let thy hardy hand (he cry'd) withdraw
 Those envious boughs, the walks of death between!”

VI.

My ready hands the hanging branches tore ;
 And, lo ! my hands were all embu'd in gore !
 When, from the trunk, an hollow dismal sound
 Exclaim'd, “ Ah ! why my bleeding fibres tear ?—
 If e'er above you breath'd the vital air,
 Why thus with cruel hand your brethren wound ?

St. vi. l. 4.] Imitated from Virgil, Æn. lib. iii.

VII.

Altho' confin'd in this accursed wood,
 We boast a common race and kindred blood :—
 But, were we born of *Lybia's* venom'd race,
 Hard were the deed our tortur'd boughs to bend,
 And from the trunk our bleeding members rend ;
 Nor would a pious hand our plants deface !”

VIII.

He sigh'd ; and blood for tears began to flow !—
 As when, in summer green, th' unseason'd bough,
 Sullen and slow, the sputt'ring flame receives,
 At many a vent escapes the struggling steam :
 His crackling fibres burst at each extreme,
 And fast th' expiring sigh reluctant heaves.

IX.

My Guide reply'd, “ ’Tis needless to upbraid :—
 Had he divin'd thy fate, lamented Shade !
 His guiltless hand had ne'er thy boughs profan'd ;
 Or had he thought on *Polydorus'* doom,
 Like thee, confin'd within a living tomb,
 Thy blood his pious hands had never stain'd.

X.

“ But, tell thy lineage and paternal name ;
 And if, above, thy violated fame
 Hath suffer'd aught, let him thy fame defend !”
 Appeas'd, the Voice rejoin'd, “ Those welcome sounds
 Soothe for a while the mem'ry of my wounds :
 If then your bus'ness brook delay, attend !—

XI.

“ Mine were the avenues to *Frederic's* soul ;
 The Royal Mind I held in soft controul,
 And at my wish his bounty ebb'd and flow'd :
 With faithful zeal the glorious post I kept,
 But Envy woke while I supinely slept,
 And min'd the basis of my fair abode.

XII.

“ Within the Courtier's breast she lurk'd unseen,
 Rankling the heart beneath the smiling mien,
 'Till the black poison burst in ruin round.
 To CÆSAR's heart the venom'd whisper stole :—
 Soon o'er my head I saw Destruction roll,
 And rashly dealt the self-inflicted wound.

St. xi. l. 2.] This suicide was the famous Pietro delle Vigne, or Petrus de Vinçis, confidential minister and physician to Frederic the Second (see Notes on Canto x.); he was a Capuan by birth, of the lowest parentage, but rose to the highest offices under the Emperor. He is supposed to have written the book of *The Three Impostors* (Moses, Mahomet, and J. C.) to ingratiate himself with Frederic; but it was the fashion of the Guelf writers to blacken the characters of the Ghibellines. His rise was attended with the envy of all the old Patrician Courtiers, who, by fictitious letters from Pope Innocent the IVth, promising him a considerable reward if he would poison his sovereign, occasioned his fall. Frederic, equally credulous and cruel, caused him to be blinded, by holding a red-hot bafon to his eyes. The fallen minister retired to Pifa; and his pride being hurt by the neglect of the Pisans, or not being able to brook his disgrace, he resolved to put an end to his existence. One day, being led out, he asked his guide to conduct him to Paul's Church; and, when he found himself within reach of the wall, he ran his head violently against it and fractured his skull. Others say, that he flung himself out of a window into the street, when he heard the Emperor's retinue was passing by.

XIII.

“ In death I hop’d to fhun the deep difgrace ;
 But winged Vengeance knew my foul to trace.
 Yet, by thofe bonds, that hold me to the foil,
 I fwear, that ftill, unconfcious of a ftain,
 This hand upheld the glories of his reign,
 Nor fold my fame, nor fhar’d the public fpoil.

XIV.

“ And oh ! if yonder world expects you ftill,
 Let not Detraction on my name diftil
 Her pois’nous dew, but chafe the Fiend away !”
 He ceas’d, and feem’d to wait my laft reply.
 “ Hafte, hafte ! (exclaim’d the Bard) the minutes fly,
 While here you wafte the hours in fond delay.”

XV.

“ Ask thou, (I cry’d,) whate’er imports to know :—
 So faft my rifing tears began to flow
 That utt’rance is deny’d.”—The Bard began :
 “ So may thy fervent pray’r prevail above,
 Say, what ftange fpell, in this *Tartarean* grove,
 In ev’ry trunk infolds a fentenc’d man ?

XVI.

“ Does no kind chance the prifon’d foul rédeem ?”
 I fpoke, the Ghofl renew’d the doleful theme :
 “ When the fierce foul, difdaining longer ftay,
 Spontaneous leaves the bounds of upper air,
 Seven times the depth of this infernal fphere
 He falls, for ever in thofe bounds to ftay.

XVII.

“ Wherever flung, he casts a random root,
 Thence up, amain, the horrid fibres shoot ;
 And soon the savage plant o’erfhades the soil :
 On ev’ry stem a baleful bird descends,
 And with infatiate bill our foliage rends ;
 While blood and mingled tears the trunk defile.

XVIII.

“ The general doom shall bid us seek our dust ;
 But not to clothe us in the hated bust :
 That odious union no command compels.
 At ev’ry trunk within the woody waste,
 The hanging corse shall taint the coming blast !
 While deep within the wailing spirit dwells.”

XIX.

It ceas’d, and still we stood, intent to hear ;—
 When thro’ the gloomy grove, distinct and clear,
 We heard the clamours of the chace afar.
 As when, to vengeance rous’d, the chafing boar,
 Prepares his cruel fangs to bathe in gore,
 So seem’d the discord of the Sylvan war.

XX.

At length the bloody hunt appear’d in view ;
 The hounds of Hell a wretched pair pursue !
 Naked they ran, and, all befmeas’d with gore,
 The crackling branches broke before their flight.
 “ Oh, Death ! (the foremost cry’d,) assert thy right ;
 Nor let us still in vain thy aid implore !”

XXI.

“ Had you thus ply’d your feet on TOPPO’s plain,
 (The second cry’d) thy corpse among the slain
 Had not been found on that ill-omen’d day.”
 Faintly he spoke, and, on a bough reclin’d,
 Heard the loud queſting in the coming wind,
 And, ſternly patient, ſeem’d to ſtand at bay.

XXII.

Soon iſſuing from the grove, the Brood of night
 Traverſe the tainted ground with fell delight,
 And ſnuff with eager ſcent the poiſon’d gale:
 Arriv’d, the falling wretch they ſoon ſurround,
 Faſten at once, and drag him to the ground ;
 Then bear his mangled members down the dale.

XXIII.

The plaintive tree his ſhatter’d arms upheld,
 From ev’ry bough a crimſon current well’d:
 While *Maro* led me to the ſcene of blood,
 “ Ah! *Giaccomo*, why my branches tear ?
 Ought I the vengeance of thy crimes to bear ?”
 Thus wail’d the Spirit, in his ſhrine of wood.

St. xxi. l. 3.] This Spirit, who is deſcribed fo expeditious in his flight, was named LANO, a native of Siena: he was ſent with a detachment of his countrymen to aſſiſt the FLORENTINES againſt the ARETINES; but finding the fortune of the day turning againſt him, and reflecting that he had ſurvived his patrimony, and all the enjoyments he had any reliſh for, he ruſhed into the thickeſt of the battle, and was killed. The other Spirit, companion of his flight and torment, was *Jiacapo Di Santa Andrea*, a Paduan, who had ſpent

XXIV.

“ Say! who art thou that stain’st the dismal shore
(Exclaim’d the Roman Bard) with streaming gore?”

Sighing, the Voice reply’d, “ Whatever Pow’r
Leads you this scene of carnage to survey;
With pious hand my shatter’d members lay,
Where late you saw the fiends their prey devour.

XXV.

“ You know those walls that own’d the martial God,
Then chang’d the terrors of his iron rod,

Relenting, for the *Baptist’s* milder sway:
Their change the furious Pow’r indignant saw,
And bent her down beneath *his* sterner law,
Wasting their strength in many a bloody fray.

XXVI.

“ Where now on *Arno’s* flood his statue frowns,
Whose demon pow’r the abject city owns,

spent his substance with a profusion that look’d like frenzy. In order to make a bonfire for the welcome of some friends, he order’d all his labourers’ cottages, corn, and waggons, to be consumed in one conflagration. He killed himself in a fit of despair, after a life of dissipation.

St. xxv. l. 3.] The Church of the Baptist at Florence was formerly a Temple of Mars. The Poet insinuates, from their love of war and discord, that they were still more attached to the ancient object of their worship, than the “ mild sway of the Baptist.”

(Else

(Else were her ruins spread along the shore ;)
 The furies saw me there the cord extend,
 And from the fatal beam my weight suspend ;
 Mine own ill-omen'd roof the burthen bore.”

St. xxvi. l. 6.] This catastrophe was such a common result of a life of dissipation in the 13th century, that, say the Commentators, it is hard to ascertain the particular person meant by the Poet here, under the image of a shattered tree.—A life of extravagance, closed by suicide, is delineated with great justness of design, and strength of colouring, in Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress, Vols. I. and II See also Letters on Infidelity.

The hint of this punishment (as of many others) is taken from VIRGIL, *Æn.* vi. 435.

————— lucemque perosi
 Projecere animas.—Quam vellent æthere in alto,
 Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores !

DANTE, in this Canto, gives a striking instance of poetical art, in combining two or three scattered images in VIRGIL into one sublime and terrible picture. The Metamorphosis of Polydorus, an insipid fiction where it stands *, the punishment of *suicide* passed slightly over in a general description †, and the cruelty of *Mezentius*, in binding living bodies to the dead, are all brought together in one of the most striking representations in the whole Poem.—This is the most noble species of imitation, and only to be attempted by that sort of superior genius, which can give such resemblances the air of an original. Thus VIRGIL has treated HOMER, and MILTON, in the same manner, has availed himself of the fictions of OVID and CLAUDIAN.

As to the propriety of this punishment, it seems at least a sort of *poetical* justice to confine the Spirits who had left their allotted stations without leave, to other bodies, which besides, being infinitely more disagreeable, they could not so easily forsake. Something

* *Æn.* iii. 6. *Æn.* vi. 435.

† *Æn.* viii. 485.

like

like it at least we can perceive in this world. Those who endeavour to quit their appointed stations by unwarrantable means, are generally driven back, and confined to *them* or something worse, with the addition of disgrace. This gives their activity a proper direction *, if they will improve by the dispensation. If some will not learn this lesson, and degrade themselves still further, it only shows that the will of man is free, and that some rather chuse to make themselves *warnings* than *examples*. Instances of successful fraud often occur; but as those are not punished here, it furnishes a strong probability of a future dispensation. As the instances of these who are corrected here, proves the superintendance of a moral Governor.

* See Essay on the *Purgatorio*.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

Beyond the Forest of Suicide, the two Travellers find the Plains of Blasphemy and Atheism, where the Ghost of CAPANEUS, one of the Theban Leaders, makes a conspicuous figure. After viewing their various punishments, the Poets pursue their journey along the Banks of Phlegethon, where DANTE takes the opportunity of learning from VIRGIL the Origin of the Infernal Rivers.

GLEANING his ruins from the bloody strand,
 By kindred love compell'd, my pious hand
 Bedeck'd the mourning bust with honours due :
 Then, parting sad, we reach'd the dismal bounds
 Where the red plain the gloomy grove surrounds,
 And Justice arms her hand with horrors new.

II.

The burning sands reflect the tortur'd sight,
 Far gleaming thro' the fullen robe of Night,
 To vegetation's kindly pow'r unknown :
 Save where the loud lamenting Grove behind
 Loads with her dismal plaints the passing wind,
 And girds the Champaign with a gloomy zone.

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P

III.

Our cautious feet with agonizing pain
 Coasted around that ever-burning plain,
 And left the Grove of Suicide behind:
 Such burning sands the fearless ROMAN trod,
 And fac'd the terrors of the fervid God,
 Ere Liberty her latest breath resign'd.

IV.

Vengeance of Heav'n! I saw thy hand severe
 (Your doom! ye Atheists and Blasphemers, hear!)
 O'er many a naked soul the scourge display!
 In different LOTS the sentenc'd bands were cast,
 While some the burning marle incessant trac'd,
 Some cow'ring fate, and some blaspheming lay.

V.

Here grov'ling bands their burning wounds deplore,
 There, ghastly throngs around the dreary shore
 With dastard wailings bend beneath the storm:
 While, winding round the shore, unknown to rest,
 Some shift in endless march their feet unblest,
 And o'er the plain in many a Legion swarm.

VI.

A race select possess'd the middle plain,
 Less num'rous far, but doom'd to fiercer pain!

St. iii. l. 4.] Alluding to the famous march of Cato, with the remains of Pompey's beaten army, through the burning sands of Lybia.—See a very spirited description of his Journey, Pharfalia, Book ix.

For

For there in waving folds the sheeted fire
 Incessant falls, as o'er the ALPINE steep
 When in his Cave the wrath of BOREAS sleeps,
 The snow descends, and wreaths the rocky spire.

VII.

As when young AMMON trod the Indian waste,
 He saw the climate breathe a sulph'rous blast,
 And fire with catching flames the sultry shore ;
 'Till num'rous hands upturn'd the flagrant soil,
 And check'd the running plague with patient toil,
 While Heav'n in pity gave the contest o'er.

VIII.

Thus the red tempest overhead descends,
 The fuel'd plain her dire assistance lends ;

St. vii. l. 1.] This story of Alexander the Great is taken from Albertus Magnus (*de mirabilibus mundi*). He says, that in India the sun extracts the terrestrial vapours, and kindling them in the air, sends them down in showers of fire ; and that Alexander, to prevent this inconvenience, caused the ground to be turned up.— In the province of Persia, where the worshippers of Fire hold their chief mysteries, the whole surface of the earth, for a considerable space, seems impregnated with inflammable vapours. A reed stuck into the ground continues to burn like a flambeaux. An hole made under the surface of the earth immediately becomes a furnace, answering all the purposes of a culinary fire. They make lime there by merely burying the stones in the earth, and watch with veneration the appearance of a flame that has not been extinguished for time immemorial.—Goldsmith's *History of the Earth*, vol. i. page 86.

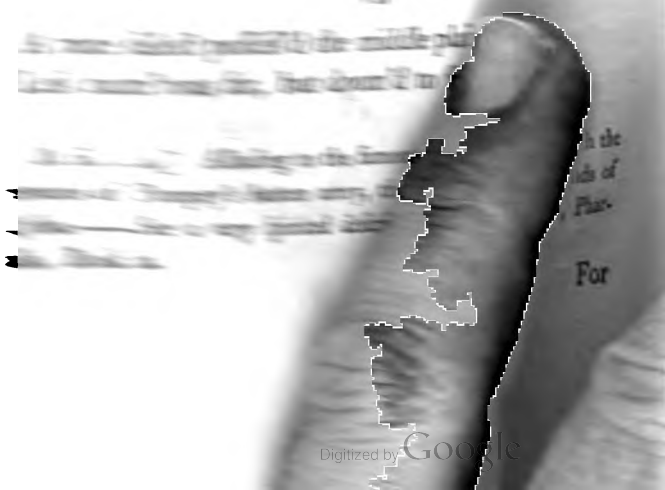
This horrible description, and the different characters and situations of the criminal, would make a noble subject for the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*.

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For there in waving folds the sheeted fire
Incessant falls, as o'er the ALPINE steep,
When in his Cave the wrath of BOMBAK sleeps,
The snow descends, and wreaths the rocky spine.

VII.

As when young AMMON and the Indian walk,
He saw the clouds break in a light and dark,
And fire with smoking fumes the heavy storm;
The mountain peaks up rose the vapour high,
And shew'd the rising sun with golden rays,
While Heaven's in glory, and the world's in peace.

VIII.

Thus the red sunset in western lands,
The fire's plain see the children's hands;

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible, appearing to be a continuation of the poem or a separate section.]

'Till rous'd to rage, the blended burnings meet ;
 A thousand plagues around the Legions dwell,
 Ten thousand hands the clinging plague repel,
 The plain loud echoing to their shifting feet.

IX.

“ Oh, Guide! with whom the burning wall I view'd,
 Whom nought but yon' rebellious Fiends withstood ;
 Disclose HIS name, whose Giant-bulk divides
 The parted bands ! his lot he seems to scorn :
 The storm unheeded falls, in vengeance borne,
 And guiltless flames surround his lofty sides.”

X.

The Giant heard ; “ And still the same,” he cry'd,
 “ Since this strong arm the bolt of Jove defy'd,
 I feel his utmost, and his pow'r despise.
 Blow all your fires, ye Sons of Ætna ! blow
 VESUVIUS ! groan thro' ev'ry vault below ;
 In vain your red explosions sweep the skies !

XI.

“ Your blended fires shall find my soul the same,
 Tho' PHLEGRA join her fierce, auxiliar flame,

St. x. l. 1.] This Giant-form is Capaneus, one of the seven leaders who invaded Thebes, remarkable for his bravery and blasphemy. He was struck dead with lightning in attempting to scale the wall.—See Euripides Phœnissæ, Æschylus, Statius Thebaid. lib. x.

Milton seems to have borrowed and transferred to his own Arch-rebel some traits of this unsubmitting character.—See Par. Lost, B. i.

With

With ev'ry bolt that scar'd the giant brood:
 Ev'n here, enwomb'd within the flaming deep,
 This eye can bid his boasted triumph weep,
 This mind retain its firm unalter'd mood."

XII.

In harsh unwonted strain return'd the Bard:—
 " Ill-fated Chief! in vain by thunders marr'd,
 Still lives thy pride in this infernal vale?—
 Thy deadly rage sublimes the circling fires!
 Thy bosom-torture with the flame conspires,
 And mingled plagues thy haughty heart assail."

XIII.

Then, turning round to me, with soften'd tone,—
 " Behold the Chief that shook the *Theban* throne,
 And led the horrors of fraternal war!
 Singly he dar'd the pow'r of Heaven blaspheme,
 And here in Hell pursues the deadly theme:
 For yet untam'd his stormy passions jar.

XIV.

" Now round the gloomy verge, with cautious feet,
 Pursue my steps, where yonder shadows meet,
 And hide the burning vale with umbrage hoar."
 Prompt I obey'd, till thro' the gloomy wood,
 Sent from a viewless fount, a swelling flood
 With sanguine current flush'd the sandy shore.

St. xiii. l. 6.] See Supplement to the Notes.

XV.

Such, *Bulicamhe* ! thy infected wave,
 Where their foul forms thy shameless *Naiads* lave,
 Winding thro' rifted rocks her devious way :
 There, bending gently o'er from side to side,
 Her banks ascend in high theatric pride,
 And by the lofty verge our journey lay.

XVI.

Not all the wonders of the *Stygian* state,
 Since first we past the ever-yawning gate,
 Ought with this flowing miracle to vie !
 Where'er it runs the flame forgets to rage,
 Its waves the terror of the clime assuage,
 And quench the flaming ruin of the sky.

XVII.

Eager the cause to know, my Guide I pray'd,
 And soon the Bard the wondrous cause display'd.—
 “ A desert isle amid the Ocean stands,
 Known by the name of *Crete* in days of yore,
 When ancient *Saturn* rul'd the happy shore,
 And Peace and Concord blest his wide commands.

XVIII.

“ There ancient *Ida* rais'd her hallow'd head,
 Her sacred springs with solemn umbrage spread ;
 Now time hath laid her mellowing honours low :
 There *Ops* of old the heavenly Babe conceal'd,
 While round her bow'r the loud *Curetes* yell'd,
 And stopp'd with clanging arms the coming foe.

St. xv. l. 1.] A river that runs through Viterbo, and passes by
 the public Stews. ~~OK~~ ANDINO.

XIX.

“ There, rais’d to Heav’n, a giant-statue stands,
 Whose front sublime the subject plain commands,
 And still to Rome he points a warning eye ;
 But turns his back, where old redundant *Nile*,
 With annual tribute cheers the level soil,
 While round his golden head the vapours fly.

XX.

“ Silver his tow’ring neck and manly breast,
 Strong brazen ribs enclose his ample chest ;
 And limbs of jointed steel his frame uphold :
 Firm on his better foot he seems to trust,
 Tho’ form’d of clay and mould’ring in the dust,
 Yet still it seems to prop his giant mould.

XXI.

“ Aloft his burnish’d front salutes the stars,
 But o’er his motley form unnumber’d scars
 For ever yawn, and ev’ry scar distils
 A briny stream around his moisten’d feet ;
 In mingled rills the mazy currents meet,
 And purling thence the ample valley fills.

St. xxi. l. 4.] By this Statue on Mount Ida, the Commentators say, is meant Time.—The degeneracy of the different ages, by the different metals that compose the image, and the growing vices and miseries of mankind, are adumbrated under the idea of the four Infernal Rivers, formed by the tears of Time for the degeneracy of his offspring. The “ warning eye” of the Statue directed to Rome is very remarkable. Dante, in all his Works, is very pointed against the corruptions of the Church.

XXII.

“ Far thence the wand’ring current winds its way ;
 ’Till in those nether realms, devoid of day,
 Three sev’ral heads it forms, of mighty name :—
 First *Acheron* the doleful region laves,
 Then *Styx* and *Phelethon* with fiery waves,
 And, far below, *Cocytus*’ frozen stream.

XXIII.

“ With headlong haste they seek the central deep,
 And in th’ oblivious pool for ever sleep ;
 Thine eye shall see them in their dread repose !”
 “ How find the floods their subterraneous way ?”
 (I cry’d ;) “ or why abhor the face of day,
 And here at length a fanguine stream disclose ?”

XXIV.

“ Waft thou a wand’rer in the Vale of Death !”
 The Bard reply’d, “ nor saw the winding path,
 Circling from steep to steep the vast profound ?
 Still half the uncouth voyage yet remains !
 Still many a realm of everlasting pains,
 Behold th’ eternal torrent sweep around !

XXV.

“ Seems not the steep to court the headlong tide ?
 Be patient then, and bid thy doubts subside,
 Whatever wonder meets thy startled eyes !”
 Submits, I spoke :—“ Yet tell, illustrious Shade !
 Where *Phelethon* descends in flames array’d,
 Or *Lethe*’s waves the charmed draught supplies ?”

XXVI.

“ Thou saw’st the first in boiling eddies rave,
 Thou heard’st him struggling thro’ the sanguine wave
 (He cry’d) ; but, doom’d to purge the taint of sin.
 Far off, slow *Lethe* sees her current roll,
 And sends to bliss the disembodied foul,
 When hallow’d tears have wash’d her stains within.

XXVII.

“ But now the moment bids our toils renew.
 Haste! from the op’ning grove thy Guide pursue :
 See! from our favour’d path the flames recede ;
 The scorching vapour leaves the charmed strand ;
 And cooler airs along the shore expand.”
 He spoke ;—my ready feet the call obey’d.

St. xvi. l. 1.] See Canto XII.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

Before the Poets leave the Regions of Burning Sand, they meet a detachment of Spirits, who had been guilty of Crimes against Nature. Among those, with some difficulty, DANTE recognizes the Shade of the celebrated BRUNETTO LATINI, who had been his Tutor in his early days, from whom he learns the cause of his Punishment, and the Names of his Associates.

ALONG the founding rock our footsteps sweep,
 While, overhead, exhaling from the deep,
 The cloudy canopy repels the flame !
 Such is th' eternal mound that met the flood
 As those on BELGIA'S ancient bounds that stood
 The fury of the rapid SCHELD to tame :

II.

Or such old PADUA rears against the waves,
 Where headlong BRENTA thro' the valley raves,
 And CHIARANTANA sees her snows distil :
 But humbler mounds the ALPINE surge repel
 Than those huge moles that bank the surge of Hell,
 And shew a mightier hand and master's skill.

III.

Now far behind we left the sinking wood,
 When, by the margin of the silent flood,
 A shadowy band in flying march we meet,
 As objects seen by PHOEBE's glimm'ring light,
 When her pale crescent half illumes the night,
 With hollow gaze the wond'ring spectres greet.

IV.

Keen as the guiding steel the artist views,
 Their eager eyes my mortal form peruse :
 When straight a voice, exclaiming from the croud,
 Was heard; and soon a strong arresting hand [mand
 Seiz'd me alarm'd;—and, “ Oh! what strange com-
 Hath sent thee here ?” the Phantom cry'd aloud.

V.

Soon disengaging from the foul embrace,
 I strove his horrid lineaments to trace
 With sulph'rous blast ensear'd, and thunders scar,
 And soon BRUNETTO's ruin'd form I found,
 Tho' deep conceal'd beneath the fiery wound, [mar?"
 “ Ah! who,” I cry'd, “ that honour'd form could

VI.

The ruin'd man reply'd, “ if ever dear
 You held LATINI's name, vouchsafe to hear

St. v. l. 4.] Brunetto Latini, a famous Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric, and no contemptible Poet. From a piece of his, called *IL TERRETTO*, Dante took the Exordium of the *INFERNO*.— See *WARTON's Summary*, &c. He was tutor to Dante in his early days, and was banished from Florence for forgery, but condemned (says his pupil) to the Infernal Regions, for crimes of a different nature.

His piteous tale, and let your Guide retire.”
 “ Approach,” I cry’d, “ within this calm retreat
 (If he allows) and take thy shady seat
 Far from the tempest of descending fire.”

VII.

“ Alas! in vain thy friendly wish,” he cry’d,
 “ Repose even for a moment is deny’d!
 The sentenc’d soul for ever fleets around.—
 —Who dares the rig’rous mandate to despise,
 In chains twice fifty STYGIAN summers lies,
 Struggling in vain to shift his burning ground?”

VIII.

“ But still ’tis giv’n me from yon’ band to stray,
 A sad attendant on thy destin’d way;
 Go on!—I follow thro’ the vale beneath,
 ’Till overpow’ring fate my steps compel
 To join yon’ restless band that measures Hell,
 And mourns the fiery fall of heav’nly wrath.”

IX.

Full o’er the burning verge my head reclin’d,
 Caught his sad accents in the passing wind;
 As from the vale the following Shade exclaims:
 “ What fury led thee down the darksome way,
 A breathing soul in tenement of clay?
 Say, who conducts thee thro’ the parting flames?”

X.

“ Forlorn,” I cry’d, “ and smit with chilling dread,
 As late I wander’d thro’ a darksome glade,

And fought with trembling feet a devious way ;
 Pitying my deep despair, this gentle Ghost
 With welcome words my troubled mind compos'd,
 And led me hither from the walks of day."

XI.

" If right," he cry'd, " I read thy natal star,
 The port of glory opens from afar ;
 And, had not fate my kindred aid deny'd,
 This friendly hand thy future course had shew'd,
 Such early gifts the hand of Heav'n bestow'd,
 Nor had my friend despis'd his ancient Guide.

XII.

" But that obdurate tribe, whose souls retain
 The black impression of their ancient stain,
 Shall push thee from their walls with hostile hate.
 In vain the gen'rous plant of juice refin'd
 Adopts the wildings rough, ungentle, kind,
 And bears with yielding trunk the alien freight.

XIII.

" Hell mark'd of old the ignominious race,
 And still the horrid lineaments we trace ;
 (Purge thou thy soul, if any spots remain !)
 'Till civil rage the arts of peace shall learn,
 And factions reconcil'd thy worth discern ;
 But, wise too late, discern thy worth in vain.

St. xii. l. 6.] Dante pretended to derive his blood in a right line
 from the old Roman Colony that first settled in Florence.

XIV.

“ Then deadly rage shall feize the alien brood,
 And bathe their ruffian hands in kindred blood ;
 Yet still their wrath shall spare the ROMAN stem,
 In mem’ry of her kind protecting Shade ;
 When erst her height the rising vale survey’d,
 Ere alien tribes had stain’d her ancient name.

XV.

“ If ceaseless pray’r could make th’ avenger mild,
 Thou shouldst not wander thus, a soul exil’d ;”
 Sad, I rejoin’d ! “ For yet my heart retains,
 And ever shall retain, in sacred store,
 The treasures of thy foul-ennobling lore,
 While life’s warm current fill thy pupil’s veins.

XVI.

“ Nor, till my grateful heart forgets to heave,
 Will this unwearied tongue the subject leave :
 And, if disasters cloud my days to come,
 Let her whose voice dispell’d my gloomy care,
 Who led me thro’ the caverns of despair,
 Dispense with fov’rein hand her Poet’s doom.

XVII.

“ Nor ever shall the frown of fate control
 The fix’d intent of this determin’d soul,
 Whatever plague the wayward pow’rs intend :
 Whether she raise my buoyant hopes in air,
 Or hurl them to the depths of low despair,
 Pleas’d shall her captive sink, and pleas’d ascend.”

St. xiv. l. 1.] See Life of Dante, last page.

XVIII.

“ Unhappy is the man,” exclaim’d my Guide,
 “ From whose weak mind the words of wisdom glide.”
 Blushing I heard, but ask’d, unfated still
 With the high converse of the sentenc’d dead,
 “ What Chiefs renown’d the dark procession lead,
 And who were doom’d the hideous line to fill ?”

XIX.

Prompt he replies, “ the souls of nobler name
 ’Tis giv’n to know, but on the doleful theme
 The parting moments steal with envious pace ;
 Of those, the chief at Learning’s altar bow’d
 Prelates and Priests, a long, selected crowd,
 All stigmatiz’d with SODOM’s deep disgrace.

XX.

“ There holy PRISCIAN leads the letter’d throng,
 Here fam’d ACCORSO tow’rs their files among,
 He too is there, who late at ROME’s request,
 Forfook proud FLORENCE for VICENZA’s plain,
 The living scandal of the hallow’d train,
 ’Till the kind clay his tainted limbs oppress.

XXI.

“ No time is giv’n of other names to tell ;
 For hark ! on yonder plain what clamours swell !

St. xx. l. 1.] The famous Grammarian.

St. xx. l. 2.] A celebrated Civilian, better known by the name of Accursius.

St. xx. l. 3.] ANDREA MEZZO, first bishop of Florence, where his flagitious course of life became so notorious, that his friends got him translated to Vicenza, as a less frequented place, where he died.

And see ! in tempests roll'd, the burning sand,
 Mingled with smoke, ascends the glowing sky !
 I see ! I see ! a dire assembly nigh,
 Nor dare I mingle with the hostile band."

XXII.

" Love my remains," he cry'd, and fled forlorn,
 In a cross whirlwind o'er the desert borne ;
 Our aching eyes his sounding flight pursue :
 Nor speeds the kindling racer to the goal
 With foot so fleet, when conquest fires his soul,
 As o'er the glist'ning sand the Phantom flew.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poets, still following the course of the Infernal Rivers, and now approaching near the second Cataract, meet another Detachment of those who were punished for committing violence against Nature. Among them he distinguishes the Souls of two noble Florentines, TEGGHIAIO, and JACOPO RUSTICUCIE, who lay him under particular injunctions on his return to the Upper World.—Then arriving at the Regions of FRAUD, the Poets wait for an Assisant to waft them down the Steep.

Now o'er the margin, echoing from afar,
 Our startled sense perceives the watry war ;
 Like the hoarse cadence of a summer swarm :
 When pressing onward thro' the falling flame,
 Another Caravan lamenting came,
 And three swift couriers spread the wild alarm.

II.

The foremost racer of the gloomy host
 Exclaim'd, " Oh, stay ! a common soil we boast ;
 Natives alike of ARNO's hated shore !"
 I look'd, and some the recent plague assail'd,
 Some, longer damn'd, their ancient wounds bewail'd,
 The flaming scourge had mark'd their members o'er.

Q 2

III.

Awhile the MANTUAN to the coming found
 Attentive stood, then speedy turn'd around,
 " And no ignoble band is near !" he cry'd;
 " They seem to wish thy stay, nor thou disdain,
 Nor dread the sulph'rous blast that sweeps the plain,
 Nor the red tempests of the kindling skies."

IV.

We stood, and swelling in th' infernal gale,
 A fuller voice of woe our ears assail,
 And soon the sentenc'd crew appears in sight :
 Tracing the fervid plain in dismal dance,
 And wheeling round with envious look askance,
 My earthly form they view'd with stern delight.

V.

Thus, doom'd to slaughter, in the lists of blood
 With level'd points the Gladiators stood,
 Perusing each his foe with studious gaze ;
 " Contemn us not," they cry'd, " a race unblest,
 Nor scorn our fervent pray'r in pain address'd,
 But tell who leads thee thro' these darksome ways.

VI.

" That bleeding, bare, and blasted form behold,
 Unhide-bound how he runs !—In days of old
 GUIDO was he too well to MANFRED known,
 In peace, in war, in arts and arms renown'd,
 Tho' now condemn'd to walk the burning round,
 Behind him TEGGHIO treads the fervid zone.

St. vi. l. 3.—GUIDO.] The Lord of Cassentino, by whose advice Charles of Anjou, brother to St. Lewis, to whom Innocent
 the

VII.

“ Loud raves that voice around the shores of Hell
 On which the list’ning senate us’d to dwell :
 And if a viler name you want to know,
 That scandal of his clime, JACOPO, see,
 Where, still obedient to the Fate’s decree,
 The nuptial furies haunt my soul below !”

VIII.

Struck with the mem’ry of these shades ador’d,
 The mingled horrors of their lot abhorr’d
 Had scarce restrain’d me from a last embrace ;
 But Hell had mark’d them with a hand of fire,
 The foul contagion cool’d my warm desire,
 And thus in groans I hail’d the noble race ;

IX.

“ Witness my scalding tears, my heaving breast,
 If aught but swelling grief my speech suppress ;

the Fourth had given the Crown of Naples, won the battle of Benevento, where Manfred, who had usurped the Crown of his nephew Conradin, was defeated and slain.—See Florentine History annexed.

By these unextinguishable flames that assail the Violators of Nature, the Poet allegorizes the ravings of insatiable Desire.—See the Platonic View of Futurity at the end of the Notes.

St. vi. l. 6.—TEGGHIO.] A noble Florentine, of the family of Aldobrandino, who endeavoured by his counsel to prevent the unfortunate affair at Valdarbia.—See Canto X.—See also Florentine History annexed.

St. vii. l. 4.—JACOPO.] Driven by domestic unhappiness into a flagitious course of life.

And slowly, slowly ebbs the tide of woe!
 Witness the Bard, who far your coming show'd,
 From TUSCAN veins my vital current flow'd,
 And ARNO's banks a common name bestow.

X.

“Heav'n leads me down, a far sequester'd way,
 Thro' the dark centre, to the walks of day;
 Where fruits of heav'nly scent o'erhang the path,
 And Sin her pois'nous gall forgets to shed.”
 Yet your great names my early rev'rence bred,
 Still unabated in the fields beneath.

XI.

“So may your limbs sustain the lengthen'd toil,
 So may thy name adorn thy native soil.”
 “Oh! happy wand'rer! tell,” a Spirit cries,
 “Shall we believe the voice of common fame,
 That you' devoted walls the furies claim,
 No virtue left to purge the tainted skies.

XII.

“For newly in GOMORRAH's bands enroll'd,
 BORSIERI late, the dreadful tidings told.”

St. xii. l. 2.—BORSIERI.] A noble Florentine, noted for the festivity of his talents.—He was famous for making up quarrels; but (like Peter Dandin, in Rabelais) he always waited till the resentment of the parties cooled, and they wished to be reconciled.—On being asked by Grimaldi, a rich covetous old nobleman, what ornament he should place in his new Saloon, so as to appear both elegant and uncommon, he answered, “Liberality.”—The Inuendo is said to have had an immediate effect on Grimaldi's disposition.—See Boccaccio Decamerone. Giernata 1, Nov. 8.

“ Too true, alas !” I cry’d, “ the dismal tale,
 For AV’RICE leads her thro’ the fordid maze,
 And mad Sedition mars her golden days,
 While Freedom weeps forlorn in ARNO’s vale.”

XIII.

Abash’d the spectres heard, and hung their head,
 And in each other’s looks confusion read ;
 “ Then, happy soul,” they cry’d, “ to whom ’tis giv’n
 So soon the doubts of HADES to remove,
 So may’st thou tell thy wondrous ’scapes above,
 And view again the starry cope of Heav’n.

XIV.

“ Then, Oh ! forbid the hand of Time to sweep
 Our names with us to this oblivious deep.”
 They ceas’d, the dismal dance in fragments flew,
 And wide dispersing o’er the face of night,
 Wing’d by pursuing vengeance, urg’d their flight,
 ’Till the red tempest veil’d them from the view.

XV.

Now, hast’ning round, we fought the further shore,
 Whence heard by fits the falling waters roar,
 In cataracts descending to the main :
 Thus father APPENINE in foamy pride
 Pours the full torrent from his lofty side,
 And sends it down to sweep the subject plain,

XVI.

By BENEDICT’s proud wall the flood descends,
 Where, near the main, the mountain-barrier ends,

*St. xvi, l. 1.] The river MANTONE descending from the AP-
 PENINE Mountains by the Abbey of Saint BENEDICT,*

Q 4

And

And in the deep embosom'd vale is lost ;
 Thus, swelling to the steep, the flood afar
 Bursts in loud ruin o'er the central bar,
 And sends the deaf'ning din from coast to coast.

XVII.

The MANTUAN spoke, my ready hand unlac'd
 A length of cordage from my slacken'd waist,
 A cincture meant to weave the woodland snare ;
 This MARO seiz'd, in many a volume bound,
 And flung it far, unravelling round and round,
 Yet still one end retain'd with cautious care.

XVIII.

The swift descending line his eye pursu'd,
 While deadly fear congeal'd my curdling blood,
 Pond'ring the future scene with rising dread ;
 But all in vain I strove my fears to hide,
 My rising fears the dauntless ROMAN spy'd,
 And each unmanly thought by fancy bred.

XIX.

“ A while,” he cry'd, “ thy busy doubts suspend,
 'Till from the central deep, the guard ascend ;
 Far, far below he sees the waving sign.”
 Now blush not, Muse ! thy wonders to display
 Tho' seeming fable taints the arduous lay,
 'Tis MORAL TRUTH inspires the mighty line !

XX.

Now may the tuneful NINE my labours scorn,
 And leave my song of ev'ry grace forlorn,

IF

If aught but truth I sing.—A grizzly form
 Soar'd from the deep, on shadowy wing display'd,
 Doubling the horrors of th' eternal shade,
 And all my spirits rous'd in wild alarm.

XXI.

As when the anchor owns the loos'ning hand,
 And leaves, with gripe relax'd, the yielding sand,
 Struggling, the hardy sailor mounts to day,
 With short, encumber'd stroke he ploughs the tide
 Behind, his lab'ring feet the voyage guide ;
 So seem'd the Fiend to wing his dubious way.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE SEVENTEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

This Canto begins with an allegorical description of FRAUD, under the appearance of a Monster appointed to carry the Poets down to the Gulf of Malebolge, or the Regions of Deceit. Before they begin their aerial Voyage, DANTE is directed to observe the Condition and Punishment of the USURERS, who are supposed to be punished with the rest of those who had been guilty of Violence against Nature.

“ BEHOLD the Monster shews her tortuous train,
Which mines the wall, and over land and main,
Thro’ camps and courts extends her sov’rign sway;
See on her march what foul contagion waits,
Shedding her poison o’er a thousand states,
While countless tribes the present God obey.”

II.

Thus spoke my Guide, as to the gloomy steep
The flying Fiend incumbent on the deep
Pointed her course, on mighty pinions rais’d;
Now on the aerial cliff confess she stood,
The near contagion froze my-curdling blood,
As on the wond’rous form intent I gaz’d.

St. i. l. 1. Monster.—] FRAUD,

III.

A faint-like face the latent Fiend conceal'd,
 But the foul form her genuine race reveal'd,
 Tho' half immers'd within the STYGIAN sound :
 Thick fable plumes her shoulders broad array'd,
 Her nether shape, a serpent train display'd,
 In many a gorgeous volume roll'd around.

IV.

Not livelier tints employ'd the ASIAN loom,
 Nor HER's who fell beneath MINERVA's doom,
 Than mark'd her speckled form, as on the strand
 Like some tall brigantine her bulk she moor'd,
 And seem'd to call our daring steps aboard,
 Waiting with proffer'd aid the Bard's command.

V.

As when DANUBIUS seeks the distant main,
 The bearer lurks to seize the scaly train,
 And meditates unseen the watry war ;
 With mortal terrors arm'd, her tail display'd
 Redundant o'er the deep, a waving shade,
 And seem'd to point our uncouth flight afar.

VI.

" Come on," exclaim'd the MANTUAN, " thro' the air,
 The Fiend is doom'd our welcome weight to bear,
 Hasten to the right ;"—my trembling feet obey'd,
 Ten paces scarce had mark'd the burning sand,
 When on the frontiers of the doleful strand
 A stationary band mine eyes survey'd.

St. iv. l. 2. HER'S.—] ARACHNE.

VII.

When thus my Guide, "to pass without a view
 The meanest cohort of my sentenc'd crew,
 Was not our purpose when we left the light :
 Go, learn the secrets of their doleful state,
 While with th' attendant minister of fate,
 I plan our voyage thro' the realms of night."

VIII.

Now winding thro' the tenements of woe,
 Along the shore with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Among their foremost bands I stray'd forlorn :
 Still on their heads the burning show'r descends ;
 In vain the busy hand the Pest defends,
 Thro' their long files in flaming volumes borne.

IX.

At length the wretches sink beneath their toil ;
 But kindling all around, the torrid foil
 Denies their weary limbs the wish'd repose :
 Thus infect tribes in summer swarming round
 Invade the slumbers of the faithful hound,
 Whene'er his languid lids began to close.

X.

In vain I strove their lineaments to trace,
 For Hell's dark vizor sat on ev'ry face,
 And on each bending neck a badge was hung.
 Where emblematic forms in flames array'd,
 Of each the name and parentage display'd,
 Illustrious names ! yet ne'er by Poet sung.

XI.

Each on the pendent sign deploring gaz'd,
 On either hand the fiery 'scutcheons blaz'd ;
 Here, gleaming azure o'er a golden field :
 Far to the left was seen a Lion-form,
 In act to spring ; and on another arm
 A filyer Swan adorn'd a fanguine shield.

XII.

Then one, whose mail display'd a woodland Boar,
 Exclaim'd, " what Fiend to this difast'rous shore
 Ushers thy feet prophane ?—away ! away !
 Bid old VITALIAN leave the PADUAN strand :
 Tell him RINALDO on the burning sand
 Preserves a place his honour'd limbs to lay."

XIII.

Then rose a melody of mortal sounds,
 Exclaiming, " Welcome to those burning bounds,
 Welcome the plund'rer of the TUSCAN strand !
 Welcome the triple-headed bird of prey !"
 Thus with fwoln tongue their leader scoffing lay
 In dire contortions on the burning sand.

XIV.

My prefence seem'd their sorrows to renew ;
 Then, parting soon, I took a short adieu,

St. xi. l. 4.] The arms of the Gian Figliuzzi.

l. 6.] The arms of the Ubriachi.

St. xii. l. 1.] The arms of the Scrofigni, of Padua.

l. 4.—VITALIAN.] Another noble Paduan, no less famous for usury.

l. 6.] Viz. Vitalian's.

St. xiii. l. 4.] The arms of Buiamonte of Florence.

Left

Left my delay the gentle Bard should tire.
 The Monster tam'd had felt his hardy hand,
 And stood obsequious to the high command,
 Bound with strong bridle to the rocky spire.

XV.

“ Fearless ascend,” he cry'd, “ while I behind
 Support your tott'ring burden in the wind,
 And steer with faithful hand your airy flight :
 My other hand shall ward his tortuous train,
 Lest as we voyage o'er the STYGIAN main,
 It chance to wound you in the gloom of night.”

XVI.

As one, whose frame the QUARTAN Fiends invade,
 Shrinks at the quiv'ring of the Sylvan shade,
 My spirits shulk to hear the summons dread ;
 But gen'rous shame my coward bosom warm'd,
 And MARO's sparkling eye my terrors charm'd ;
 Yet from my lips the power of utt'rance fled.

XVII.

With trembling feet I scal'd the Monster's side,
 And clung instinctive to my Roman Guide,
 Who cry'd, “ GERONEO, soar with steady wing !
 No common hand the hardy voyage steers,
 Thy scaly sides no common burden bears,
 A messenger from Heav'n's immortal King !”

XVIII.

As the tall brigantine retiring slow,
 Turns to the beating main her bounding prow,
 Thus,

Thus, pointing to the deep his horrid head,
 Launch'd from the airy cliff the Monster soars,
 And plies amain his broad expanded oars,
 While fast behind the rocky barrier fled.

XIX.

As he whose hand misled the burning day,
 Saw from the point of noon with pale dismay
 The world in ruins, and the skies on fire ;
 Or he who found his vaunted plumage fail,
 And fann'd the kindling air with shorten'd fail,
 Theme of long sorrow to his aged fire :

XX.

Thus ev'ry trembling limb with horror shook,
 When first the sailing Fiend the shore forsook,
 Shooting with level wing the gulph of Hell :
 On either hand retir'd the flaming waste,
 His fanning wings the sick'ning fervours chas'd,
 As o'er the deep he soar'd with easy fail.

XXI.

Far on the right the bellowing flood descends,
 Above the frowning rock for ever bends,
 While with its solemn sound, the shriek of woe
 Rose, mingling oft' and loud :—Suspence I hung
 Lift'ning afar, the deep tumultuous throng,
 And mark'd the glimm'ring fires that rag'd below.

St. xix. l. 1.] Alludes to the story of Phaeton, who, the Poets say, got the guidance of the Chariot of the Sun, and set the world on fire ; and to the fate of Icarus, who being furnished by his father with wings, soared too near the sun, melted the wax that connected the plumage, and fell into the sea.

XXII.

Still, winding to the left, we bent our flight,
 While, fast ascending o'er the face of night,
 Full many a stage of torture met mine eye,
 And many a penal realm, and burning zone ;
 At length, GERONEO laid his burden down,
 And now we saw the central horrors nigh.

XXIII.

Reluctant thus her Lord the Falcon hears,
 And wheeling round her airy voyage steers ;
 Then slowly lights at last in fullen pride :
 The Fiend his charge no less indignant bore,
 With joy we saw him spurn the hated shore,
 And like a PARTHIAN shaft, the clouds divide.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE EIGHTEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The two aërial Travellers are deposited by GERONEO, on the Verge of the eighth Circle, where, in one Department, they are permitted to view the Punishment of PANDARS, led by CACCIANIMICO, a noble VENETIAN; in another, they see a Train of Seducers, and perjured Lovers, led by JASON; and in a third, they find a Crew of Parasites, among whom they distinguish the Soul of ALEXIO, an inhabitant of LUCCA.

HERE MALEBOLGE spreads, a vale profound,
 Eternal battlements the waste surround,
 And from afar their gloomy heighth display :
 Across the deep they fling a livid stain,
 And mark with fun'ral shade the seats of pain,
 Where ten CIMMERIAN gulphs divide the bay.

II.

Long, lofty mounds dispart her various face,
 Huge rocky theatres her skirts embrace,
 As stately ramparts round the fortress wind,
 And many a bridge continued from the shore
 Turn'd their innumerable arches o'er
 The foaming flood, and at the centre join'd.

St. ii. l. 6.] This part of the Infernal Regions, called Malebolge, we are to consider as an huge Labyrinth, consisting of a number

III.

GERONEO here forfook his mortal freight,
 And MARO led along his trembling mate
 Still by the left-hand path, our destin'd way ;
 But pass'd not far, 'till lift'ning low, we heard
 New sounds, and lamentable fights appear'd
 Of Fiends and Mortals mix'd in horrid fray.

IV.

This way, and that, with headlong fury driv'n,
 In cross confusion ran the Foes of Heav'n ;
 While on the lofty bridge, a demon throng
 Wave o'er their naked limbs the bloody scourge,
 And with loud strains of ignominy urge
 Two different ways, the yelling croud along.

V.

As when at last the slow returning spring
 Is seen the far-fam'd JUBILEE to bring,

ber of Amphitheatres, one within the other, divided by circular walls of adamant, of many leagues in circuit, and a series of arches, some broken, some whole, reaching from the outward circumference to the common centre, across the several gulphs confined within the walls, like the radii of a circle. On these bridges the Poets continue their march, and survey the gulph below, and their inhabitants, as they appear in succession.

St. v. l. 2.] In the procession of the Jubilee, the party that returned from St. Peter's kept one side of the bridge of St. Angelo, and the company that met them kept the other, to prevent confusion ; as the two parties of those who pursued the trade of Seduction for *others*, and those who exercised it for *themselves*, crossed each other in the Labyrinth of Malebolge.

Fast

Fast from the CAPITOL the living tide
 Pouring triumphant pass the coming train,
 Who to the sacred summit mount amain,
 While TYBER sends the shout from side to side.

VI.

The scourge descends, the loud responsive yell
 Echo'd their shame around the vaults of Hell;
 As thro' the bloody ring they ran forlorn;
 Yet as they pass'd my penetrating eye,
 A well-known victim in the line could spy,
 Tho' stigmatiz'd with ev'ry mark of scorn.

VII.

The Poet saw my wish to turn again
 And hail the Ghost; then call'd him from the train.
 Slowly, with downcast eyes, the Spectre came.
 "That form," I cry'd, "familiar to my sight,
 Tells, in BOLOGNA once you saw the light
 Of noble birth, and not unknown to fame.

VIII.

"Why are your members mark'd with shameful scar,
 Why doom'd to run around the Stygian bar?"—
 Sad he reply'd, "Thy gentle words command
 ('Tho' hard my shame to tell) a due return;
 You see me doom'd a Sister's shame to mourn,
 By me deliver'd to the Spoiler's hand.

St. vii. l. 4.] A noble Venetian, who persuaded his Sister, the greatest beauty of her time, to yield to the desires of the Marquis of Ferrara; pretending that the Marquis had given him a written promise of marriage.—He was liberally rewarded.

IX.

“ Nor singly did I leave the sinful clime ;—
 Here other TUSCANS chaunt the dismal rhyme,
 Num’rous as they on fam’d SAVONA’s plain :
 Nor wonder when thy mindful soul recalls
 How MAMMON reigns in our polluted walls,
 And binds whole legions in his golden chain.”

X.

He ceas’d, the rod of vengeance wav’d on high,
 And the black Fiend appear’d insulting nigh :
 “ Pandar! begone,” he cry’d, “ thy tribe pursue,
 No MARQUIS here thy frail disciple buys.”
 Swift at the word the screaming victim flies,
 And gladly we forfok the shameful crew.

XI.

We quit the barrier, and an arch we climb,
 Which o’er the darksome valley hung sublime ;
 Then mounting, leave the battlements behind :
 And on the summit pois’d, with wonder view,
 Capacious to receive the flying crew
 A gloomy gate of rocky fragments join’d.

XII.

“ Now to the Gulph direct thy sharpen’d fight,”
 The Mantuan cry’d, “ and mark the sons of night,
 Before they seem’d to shun thy curious eye
 And shew’d their rear, but now revolving round
 Their van returns, and marks the former ground,
 Sending before a loud, discordant cry.”

XIII.

I look'd ;—a train appear'd, unseen before,
 Alike their bands the bloody scourge deplore,
 And meet with counter-march the Pandar host.
 " See," MARO cry'd, " where JASON leads the van,
 See, struggling with his woes the mighty man,
 Silent and stern, an unsubmitting Ghost.

XIV.

" By him the COLCHIAN mourn'd his pilfer'd ore,
 By him the Royal Maid on LEMNOS' shore,
 Deplor'd her ruin'd fame, her trust betray'd :
 Vain was her pious fraud, her mercy vain,
 That sav'd a Father from the bloody train ;
 Her truth the perjurd Lover ill repaid.

XV.

" In vain her Spouse the hand of justice fled,
 His second Mistress on the felon's head
 With ample vengeance paid her sex's wrongs.
 The Virgin Spoilers there, an odious race,
 Follow their Chief, and fill the dismal chace,
 That Gulph to them with all its pains belongs."

St. xiii. l. 1.] This is the Tribe of Seducers, and at their head JASON, the betrayer of Hypsipyle (who, when the Women of Lemnos had conspired to murder all the Men on the island, had saved her Father,) and MEDEA, who revenged the wrongs of her sex by the death of his third spouse, CREUSA.—See Euripides Medea, Apollonius Rhodius. Ovid, lib. vii.—His deportment here is finely contrasted to the rest,

St. xiv. l. 5.] Hypsipyle.

St. xv. l. 2.] Medea*.

* Vid. Ovid, *Epist. Mæd. Jason, and Hypsipyle Jasoni.* Vid. Stat. *Thebaid.* lib. v, vi.

XVI.

Now o'er another arch our footsteps found,
 Striding in awful state the dark profound :
 High on the fummit now we plant our feet.
 Soon from below a long, reluctant groan,
 Mix'd with vile sputt'rings, told a tribe unknown,
 Half suffocated in their dark retreat.

XVII.

Soon bending o'er the verge with sharpen'd fight,
 We steal a glimpse thro' envious shades of night ;
 And see their struggling hands employ'd in vain
 To cleanse the filth away, while fogs confin'd,
 Still steaming up, the weary captives blind,
 And mark the vault with ignominious stain.

XVIII.

At length, with ordure foul, and shame bespread,
 Emerging from the deep, an horrid head
 Shew'd the dim reliques of a noble race ;
 Whether the province, of the sword, or ~~of the~~ gown,
 The church or camp he join'd, was all unknown,
 A mask so deep conceal'd his manly face.

XIX.

“ Of this vile crew, with nameless plagues oppress'd,
 What leads thine eye to ME from all the rest ?”
 He spoke; I answer'd, “ in more seemly guise,
 I saw thee once in sweet Hesperia's clime,
 Where ancient Lucca rears her wall sublime,
 Whose noblest blood thy lofty name supplies.

XX.

“ Too well those hated lineaments disclose
 ALEXIO's name, and well-deserved woes,”
 He said, and smote his face with frantic cry :
 “ To flatt'ry's note I tun'd my fervile tongue,
 With unearn'd wreaths the worthless head I hung ;
 Now other cares my weary hand employ.”

XXI.

“ Behold that loathsome Form,” the Guide exclaim'd,—
 “ Who ever seems employ'd in rites unnam'd ;
 Now lurking low, and now erect she stands:
 Yon' shape deform, and foul polluted brow,
 Thro' GREECE of old inspir'd the am'rous vow,
 And titled Slaves obey'd her proud commands.”

St. xx. l. 2.—ALEXIO'S.] A noted Parasite of those times.

St. xxi. l. 1.] The famous Courtezan of Corinth.

l. 6.] Pandars, Seducers, and Parasites are here very properly classed together ; and though their punishment be not very decorous, it is nevertheless strictly just, as they all by various means make a GOD OF THEIR BELLY, and are suitably rewarded by the Deity whom they adore.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE NINETEENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

In the third Circle of Malebolge, the Poets next arrive at the GULF of SIMONY, where they find the Soul of Pope NICHOLAS the Third, and learn from him the Nature of the Punishment of MAGUS and his Followers; thence occasion is taken to inveigh against the Corruptions of Ecclesiastical Election.

OH! MAGUS, tell, what led thy fordid train,
 With gold the hallow'd Province to profane,
 And tempt the wand'ring Spouse of God to sin?
 Your deadly station claims a harsher lay;
 High o'er your frontier hangs the lofty way,
 And fees below your horrid lot begin.

II.

Now o'er the second vale sublime we hung;
 Oh, heav'nly wisdom! what immortal tongue
 Can sing thy triumphs in the flaming deep?
 Thy triumphs, not to Earth and Heav'n confin'd,
 For millions here thy mighty angels bind,
 And countless tribes thy penal sentence weep.

St. i. l. 2.] The CHURCH.

III.

In num'rous crannies part the shelving fides,
 And many a chasm the gloomy vale divides ;
 Like those baptismal founts that range around
 The sacred floor, where JOHN of PATMOS reigns,
 Where late a life repaid my pious pains,
 A life well purchas'd, tho' with slanderous wound.

IV.

Each, to the middle plung'd, a victim held,
 The bust was hid, the burning limbs reveal'd ;
 Convulsive still they dance, to rest unknown :
 For ever shifting round, the meteors glow,
 The hanging head surveys the lake below,
 And upward sends the long, reluctant groan.

V.

As the young blaze with unctuous fuel fed
 Flames more intense, and lifts a bolder head ;
 So seem'd their quiv'ring limbs around to burn :
 " Say, who is he," I cry'd, " whose feet sublime
 With fiery circles marks the dismal clime,
 Conspicuous far among the tribes forlorn ?"

VI.

" Would'st thou be wafted to a nearer stand,
 And from himself his name and crimes demand ?"

[*St. iii. l. 3.*] The cells of the Simonists DANTE compares to the baptismal founts in the church of the Baptists at Florence ; which, while he was Prior, he had ordered to be broken up, as one of his friends had been there in danger of drowning.—This brought new slanders on him from the opposite faction.

“ My prompt obedience waits upon thy word ;—
 Thy will determines mine : ” — “ Submits,” I said,
 And following to the verge the MANTUAN Shade,
 Survey’d in ampler view the scene abhorr’d.

VII.

Then down the steep the hardy ROMAN bore
 My mortal weight, and reach’d the shelving shore ;
 Where overhead the frowning arches meet :
 Amid furrounding fires aghast I stood,
 And saw with tenfold rage the dance renew’d,
 Light’ning the region round with twinkling feet.

VIII.

“ Say thou,” I cry’d, “ whose limbs suspended high,
 Like flaming meteors mark the nether sky ;
 What horrid cause thy burning bust conceals ? ”
 As a Confessor, lift’ning long I stood,
 While the pale wretch protracts the tale of blood,
 And from the falling axe a moment steals.

IX.

“ Shame of the Papal Chair ! and art thou come,
 Hollow and dismal from the fiery tomb,”
 He cried—“ a later doom the Prophet told—
 But come, Seducer of the Spouse of God,
 Who rul’d the christian world with iron rod,
 Come ! thine eternal revenues behold ! ”

St. ix. l. 4.] This was the Spirit of Pope NICHOLAS the Third,
 of the family of ORSINI, a great Simonist.—He addresses DANTE
 in this extraordinary manner, thinking him the Spirit of BONIFACE
 the

X.

As one, that hears the undistinguish'd sound
 Of foul reproach, his quick sensations wound,
 Struck with the sad salute, amaz'd I stood!
 " Explain," the Mantuan cry'd, " his fond mistake,
 No dire successor seeks the burning lake,
 With other views you pass'd the penal flood."

XI.

Prompt I obey'd, the troubled spirit heard,
 And fiercer signs of doubled pain appear'd.
 " Ah! why delude a tortur'd soul!" he cry'd;
 " But if a strong desire my doom to know,
 Led your advent'rous feet so far below,
 Know, late I reign'd o'er ROME in mitred pride;

XII.

" ORSINI claims my blood—illustrious name!
 To raise HER honours thus I sunk to shame;
 Unfriended, and unwept, but not alone:
 Many a proud prelate learns below to weep,
 Above the fatal pass I'm doom'd to keep,
 'Till BONIFACE forsakes the hallow'd throne.

XIII.

" I fondly thought my proud successor come,
 Sent to supplant me in the fiery tomb;

the Eighth, sent to take his place. In the third line he alludes to a certain prophecy of the duration of Boniface's reign. For an Account of Boniface, see Canto XXIX. He is said to have laid the plot of the Sicilian Vespers, to revenge an affront put upon him by Charles of Anjou. See Florentine History annexed.

Your salutation caus'd the sad mistake :
 Fated, alas ! a longer time to weep,
 And view with straining eye the nether deep,
 Than He, for soon he seeks the STYGIAN lake.

XIV.

“ Soon haughty BONIFACE his Vigil ends,
 And CLEMENT here with flaming feet descends,
 A darker soul ! the painful feat to claim ;
 As JASON gain'd of old the Syrian Lord,
 The Gallic Chief he plies with arts abhorr'd,
 And soon the holy mantle hides his shame.”

XV.

He ceas'd—my fervent zeal o'ercame my fear,
 And thus th' usurper of the hallow'd chair
 In scorn I question'd, “ Say, when JESUS grac'd
 The humble Fisher with the high command,
 Did shining gold pollute his holy hand ?
 “ FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS,” was his sole request.

St. xiv. l. 1.] BONIFACE reigned only eight years ; BENEDICT, his successor, only eleven months. Then by the intrigues of the French Cardinals, Raymond le Got, Bishop of Bourdeaux, was chosen, who took the name of Clement the Fifth, at the instigation of Philip the Fair, King of France ; who made several conditions with him before his election, none of which Clement observed. He is said to have translated the Papal See to Avignon, in order to carry on an amour with the Countess of Foix.

St. xiv. l. 4.—JASON.] The brother of ONIAS, the High Priest of the Jews.—He bought the High Priesthood for a large sum of money from Antiochus, (who then possessed Jerusalem,) deposed his brother, and introduced idolatrous rites into the temple.

XVI.

“ Or from his station when ISCARIOT fell,
 Did PETER's voice the chosen Saint compel
 To buy the empty seat for fums of gold?—
 Now bid the Monarch dread his mitred foe;
 Go, boast thy treasures to the Fiends below,
 And how thy wolves destroy'd the hallow'd fold!

XVII.

“ And tho' the sanction of ORSINI's name
 Thy sacred office, and thy lineal fame
 Forbids my tongue to use an harsher strain;
 Yet ever be thy caitiff-soul pursu'd,
 With the strong satire of the just and good,
 Long, long oppress'd beneath thy hated reign.

XVIII.

“ Those fordid scenes the man of PATMOS saw,
 When he beheld the foul enchantress draw
 The royal train to wear her bonds abhorr'd:
 With rapture on her lying charms to dwell,
 And on her brow adore the stamp of Hell,
 That brow, rebellious to her lawful Lord.

XIX.

“ Go, seek your Saviour in the delved mine,
 And bid th' Idolater the palm resign;
 Thine is a Legion, his a single God!—
 Lamented ever be that lib'ral hand,
 Whose gifts allur'd the APOSTOLIC band
 To leave that humble path where long they trod.”

St. xix. l. 5.] The pretended donation of Constantine to the Church.—See Florentine History annexed.

XX.

I spoke—and whether grief sublim'd his pain,
 Or conscience stung his soul, or high disdain ;
 His feet with tenfold haste the dance renew'd :
 List'ning with fix'd delight, the MANTUAN Bard,
 Silent awhile my strong invective heard,
 And fondly came, and seiz'd me where I stood.

XXI.

Pleas'd with my zeal, the friendly Bard embrac'd,
 And to his heart with warmer rapture prest
 His filial charge, than e'er I felt before:
 Then to another bridge, that o'er the deep
 Led us still onward to the central steep,
 My weight with Angel-arm the Poet bore.

XXII.

The bending arch with high pontific pride
 O'erhung the gloomy gulph from side to side ;
 The Mantuan there his cumb'rous load resign'd :
 Then winding up the ridge our fearful way,
 Where even the mountain kid would fear to stray,
 Another vale we saw to guilt assign'd.

END OF THE NINETEENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTIETH.

PIERIAN Maids! a deeper tract survey,
 Far other objects claim the arduous lay,
 Successive seen in Hell's *Cimmerian* gloom;
 As from the frowning arch, with sharpen'd sight,
 I look'd attentive thro' the waste of Night,
 And mark'd the various tenants of the tomb;

II.

Soon, from the hideous womb of Night reveal'd,
 Another troop my wond'ring eyes beheld;
 Circling the dismal vault, demure and slow:
 Their motley bands in measur'd march advance,
 And form with stately step the solemn dance,
 Nor groan, nor weak complaint betrays their woe.

III.

As to some Temple moves the suppliant train,
 So march'd the mourners round the seat of pain;
 With tortuous neck and sad reverted face:
 Their wond'ring eyes survey their shoulders broad,
 Their falt'ring feet pursue the gloomy road,
 And tread the round with retrogressive pace.

IV.

The Palfy thus the feeble victim tries,
 And horrid spasms the tortur'd shape disguise,
 Distort the limbs, and change the human form.
 Ye that attend the tenour of my song,
 Judge, if unmov'd I saw the silent throng
 Of God's fair image spoil'd, a monstrous swarm.

V.

Their lab'ring reins the falling tear bedew'd,
 Deep struck with sympathetic woe I stood,
 'Till thus the Bard my slumb'ring reason woke :—
 “ Dar’st thou the sentence of thy God arraign ;
 Or with presumptuous tears his doom profane ?
 Say, can thy tears his righteous doom revoke ?

VI.

“ Raife thy dejected look ; for, lo ! afar,
 The Prophet comes, that 'mid the ming'ling war
 Ingulph'd, with living eye, the shades beheld.”
 “ Why does the Victor leave the scene of blood ?”
 The Thebans cry'd, as down the steep he rode
 To MINOS' feat, a breathing foul, compell'd,

St. vi. l. 6.] AMPHARAUS, one of the Seven Captains who warred against THEBES. He foresaw that he would not survive the war, and endeavoured to conceal himself from the confederates: but his wife, being bribed by a golden bracelet, given her by Argia, wife to Polynices, shewed the place of his concealment; for which piece of perfidy he left orders to his son Alcmeon to revenge his death, went to the siege in a fit of despair, and is said to have been swallowed up by an earthquake. See Euripides Phœnissæ, Statius Thebaid. L. 7. sub fin.

VII.

“ Presumptuous Chief! he search’d the womb of Time,
And rais’d his impious eye to heights sublime :

Now Fate has turn’d his impious eyes behind ;
See where, with step averse, the shade appears !—

TIRESIAS, bending with a weight of years,
Attends his country’s foe, in penance join’d.

VIII.

“ His charmed rod the ming’ling serpents struck,
And soon the heav’n-taught Sage his sex forfook ;

Another stroke the manly sex renew’d.
Old ARUNS shews behind his faded form,
Whose tomb on high CARRARA meets the storm,
And proudly overlooks the Tuscan flood.

IX.

“ There, on the topmost cliffs, his mansion stood ;
From thence the planetary dance he view’d ;

The peopled shores, and tributary main :
See MANTO next, by many a Poet sung,
Her flowing tresses o’er her bosom hung,
In deep despondence joins the mournful train.

St. vii. l. 5.—TIRESIAS] The celebrated Prophet of Thebes, who, according to fabulous history, was part of his life a man, and part woman.

St. viii. l. 4.—ARUNS] A Tuscan augur, mentioned by Lucan, in his *Pharfalia*.

St. ix. l. 4.—MANTO] The daughter of Tiresias, and supposed to be the foundress of Mantua, when Creon, brother-in-law to Oedipus, succeeded to the Crown of Thebes, after the rival kings had fallen by mutual wounds. See *Æschylus Thebes*, *Sophocles Antigone*, &c.

X.

“ From ruin’d THEBES, by lawless arms expell’d,
 Fair *Mincio*’s strand her latest scene beheld,
 Where first I learnt to build the lofty rhyme ;
 When her old father felt the stroke of fate,
 And CREON’s arms enslav’d the Theban state,
 The Prophets forsook her native clime.

XL

“ Then, where the ALPINE hills, in tow’ring pride,
 An hundred states behold, on either side ;
 Here bleak GERMANIA, there the LATIAN plains,
 She found a place, where old BENACO roars ;
 Then, fed by many a flood, o’erlooks his shores,
 And fills the valley like the furling main.

XII.

“ GARDA, the CANON’S VALE, and APPENNINE,
 With triple mound the foaming flood confine,
 And in the middle, where their borders meet,
 A liminary fort, BISCHIERA, stands,
 And rules with sov’ reign sway the frontier lands,
 Where, sunk by time, the shelving banks retreat.

XIII.

“ There the proud waters scorn their ancient bounds,
 And burst away, and flood the fertile grounds :
 Fair MINCIO there begins his mighty course,
 And from the swelling tide its wealth receives ;
 Then sweeps th’ adjacent plain with broader waves,
 And winds at leisure round GOVERNO’S shores.

XIV.

“ At length her subject streams in PADUS lost,
 Obscure, and nameless, seek the ADRIAN coast ;
 Yet, ere its tribute swells the sov’ reign tide,
 A spacious valley checks its headlong haste,
 And brown it spreads a fullen watry waste,
 Filling with noxious steams the airy void.

XV.

“ ’Twas here, embosom’d in the circling deep,
 Where dreary fogs unfann’d for ever sleep ;
 A desert isle the sad Enchantress found :
 Where, wrapt in tenfold night, the Hag profane
 Her arts employ’d, and rul’d the subject train ;
 And MANTO’s name yet marks the gloomy ground.

XVI.

“ But Freedom chose at length the sacred seat,
 And found her favour’d sons a safe retreat ;
 By many a marsh and founding flood secur’d :
 Succeeding ages saw her numbers swell,
 And spread their fame till CASALODI fell
 To meet his doom by PINAMONT allur’d.”

XVII.

Thus MANTUA rose amid the circling wave :
 Let no invented tale thy ear deceive.”

Ss. xv. l. 6.—MANTO.] Mantua.

Ss. xvi. l. 5.—CASALODI] The first Tyrant of Mantua. He, by the persuasion of Pinamont, extirpated all the nobility ; which, when he had effected, Pinamont joined the popular party, betrayed the counsels of Alberto, and raised a civil war in Mantua, which ended in the destruction of the Tyrant. Villani Hist. Flor.

“ Thy record with their tales compar’d,” I said,
 “ Like orient gems to dying embers show,
 But other visions fill the vale below.
 Come, gentle Bard ! and name the passing Dead.”

XVIII.

“ Yon’ venerable Sage, whose beard descends,
 And o’er his back an hoary shade extends,
 When GREECE her millions pour’d on Aulis’ coast,
 And angry DIAN charm’d the sleeping wave,
 With CALCHAS join’d, the bloody counsel gave,
 Which wafted o’er to TROY the mighty Host.

XIX.

“ Still lives his name in my heroic song,
 To thee best known the *Latian* bards among.—
 See MICHAEL SCOT, for magic arts renown’d,
 Measures, in garb succinct, the mighty maze.
 With fault’ring steps behind BONATTI strays,
 And last ASDENTE sweeps the circle round.

XX.

“ Far, far behind appears the Beldame train,
 Who chang’d MINERVA’S arts for viler gain,

St. xviii. l. 1.] EURYPYLUS the Augur, who, it is said, when the Greeks were wind-bound at Aulis, counselled the sacrifice of Iphigenia, to appease the anger of Diana, and procure a fair wind. See Euripides, Iphigenia in Aulide.

St. xix. l. 3.] A famous Astrologer, and supposed Magician of the 13th century ; he is said to have predicted the death of Frederic the Second.

St. xix. l. 6.] BONATTI and ASDENTE, two Italian Astrologers of the same period.—The Great Men of that age never undertook any thing of consequence without consulting an Astrologer.

And left the humble distaff, and the loom :—
 But now the moon full-orb'd, with shadowy face,
 By SEVILLE ends her long, nocturnal race,
 And op'ning day dispels the mighty gloom.

XXI.

“ Last night she fill'd her horns, and chas'd the night ;
 That silver crescent, whose benignant light
 Show'd thro' the baleful grove your dubious way ;
 Now full oppos'd to PHOEBUS' eastern car,
 Soon as she spies his mounting steeds afar,
 She sinks obedient to the coming day.”

END OF THE TWENTIETH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

Proceeding over another Bridge, the Poets see below the Department of BARATRY, where the State Simonists, or they who were guilty of selling Offices, or making traffic of Justice, are confined. On the arrival of a new Criminal, a Native of LUCCA, they learn several particulars relating to their Punishment.

STILL many a bending arch prolong'd our way,
 And still the Master of the ROMAN LAY,
 With themes forgotten now, my labours cheer'd :
 'Till other strains of woe our converse broke,
 Where MALEBOLGE felt th' eternal yoke,
 And far below in gloomy pride appear'd.

II.

As where Old VENICE hoards her naval store,
 Deep rang'd around, the pitchy cauldrons roar,
 And busy hands the boiling mafs divide :
 Some bid the wave-worn barque her way pursue,
 Some caulk the sides, and some the sails renew,
 Or plant the tap'ring mast in stately pride.

III.

Thus boil'd the Gulph by heav'nly rage sublim'd,
 The black bituminous surge alternate climb'd

The

The steep, repulsive shore, and slow return'd :
 Deep in her bosom lay her tribes conceal'd,
 Tho' oft' the dark-wing'd storm her depths reveal'd,
 And dashing wide her peopled billows burn'd.

IV.

While yet the scene my fixt attention held,
 Sudden the Bard my hasty feet compell'd
 To leave the gloomy verge.—“ Behold !” he cries,
 I rais'd my startled eye, reluctant, slow,
 As one whom fate compels to meet his foe,
 Attends with fault'ring feet, and downcast eyes.

V.

When, lo ! conspicuous thro' the horrid clime,
 A Son of Darkness o'er the bridge sublime
 Advanc'd with flying speed, and eyes of flame :
 Ah ! how his Gorgon look my bosom chill'd,
 As high suspended o'er the floating field,
 On dragon wing the black Pursuivant came !

VI.

New to the horrors of the nether sky,
 A living load surcharg'd his shoulders high,
 With fetter'd limbs and head depending low ;
 Fast by the feet he held the sentenc'd man,
 And thus aloft his cruel charge began,
 To the dark centinels that watch'd below.

VII.

“ Come ! seize your prey, ye ministers of pain !
 For yet in LUCCA'S bounds a num'rous train

Pant

Pant for the voyage, and my guidance wait,
 Prone to State-Simony, a fordid tribe,
 BONTURO singly scorns the golden bribe,
 Nor fells the honours of his parent state."

VIII.

He flung his burden down, and instant fled
 Along the bending arch with tyger tread;
 As from his chain dismiss'd, the hardy hound
 Pursues the thief, sagacious thro' the gloom,
 Meantime his brethren seal the victim's doom,
 And hurl him screaming to the Gulph profound.

IX.

Emerging slow, he sought the nearer coast,
 His features in a pitchy vizer lost.
 "Back to the boiling deep," the Demons cry'd,
 "No VERONICA hears her sons to fave.
 Go with the cool delights of SERCHIO's wave,
 Compare the tumults of the fiery tide."

St. vii. l. 5.—BONTURO.] Spoken ironically, he being the most corrupt magistrate in Italy. VELLUTELLO.

St. ix. l. 4.—VERONICA.] Or *St. Suaire*; *i. e.* *St. Napkin*, the Handkerchief of *St. Veronica*, which she is said to have given to our Saviour, as he was going to his Crucifixion, to wipe his face, and to have received it back with a lively impression of his countenance upon it. This relic was then kept at *Lucca*, but now at *Rome*, where it is shewn with great pomp every Good Friday. I since learn it was a double handkerchief, and that a double impression was made; consequently there is one at each place.—To this the Demon ironically alludes.

St. ix. l. 5.] SERCHIO, a River that runs through *Lucca*.

X.

“ Hence ! or those barbed hooks thy limbs arrest ;”
 Reluctant, slow, retir’d the soul unblest :

But the dire anglers seiz’d and plung’d amain
 The tardy wretch—“ And now,” they cry’d, “ explore
 The depths, and crown thy toils with golden ore,
 Or join the dismal dance with yonder train.”

XI.

The victim sunk, and high the billows rose,
 As when the flame around the cauldron glows ;
 High o’er the verge the fummy surges swell,
 In eddies borne, the quarter’d limbs ascend :
 With eager prongs the brawny slaves attend,
 And down by turns the floating mass compel.

XII.

“ Here,” said the Bard, “ beneath this rocky mound,
 Hide thee awhile, lest yonder fiends surround,
 And with untimely challenge cause delay ;
 Nor dread the foe, tho’ seeming fate impend,
 This hand has learnt the danger to defend,
 And hold the Denizens of Hell at bay.”

XIII.

He spoke, and mark’d the place, and sped along,
 The Demons saw, and fast around him throng,
 With level’d spears, and many an uncouth yell :
 The dauntless Poet wav’d his magic hand,
 “ Retire,” he cry’d, “ your headlong rage command,
 No bold intruder views the bounds of Hell.”

XIV.

“ Or if you mean to try the force of fate,
 Detach at least some chosen delegate,
 To learn my motives, ere the battle rage.”
 The vagrant thus asserts the public way ;
 His brandish'd truncheon keeps the curs at bay,
 Aloof the clam'rous tribe the combat wage.

XV.

“ Go, MALACODA, haste !” the fiends exclaim,
 “ And instant learn the daring felon's name.”
 “ Why thus delay his doom ?” the Demon cry'd,
 And murm'ring fled—Prepar'd the Mantuan stood,
 And with stern eye the STYGIAN courier view'd ;
 Then fearless, thus began my awful guide :

XVI.

“ Thro' these sad bounds to stray, and stray secure,
 Where fiery gulphs descend, and rocks immure,
 Say, Demons—seems it less than Heav'n's command ?
 Commiffion'd thence, a Mortal's steps I lead,
 Heav'n wills, and op'ning Hell approves the deed,
 And dare yon' fable Chief his will withstand ?”—

XVII.

Down at his feet the fiery Trident fell,
 And to his mates he cry'd with uncouth yell ;
 “ Ye Sons of Hades, bid your fury cease !”—
 “ Come from your secret cell,” the Mantuan cries,
 “ Before us now uninterrupted lies
 The steep descent, and all around is peace.”

XVIII.

I heard, and straight obey'd the pious Bard,
 The Demons hemm'd me round—a grizzly guard,
 Reluctant yet, and burning for their prey.
 Thus, circled round with death, the captive band
 At old CAPRONA fear'd the conquering hand,
 Tho' strong engagements held the foe at bay.

XIX.

Instant they wheel around, an hideous swarm,
 And guide us on our way;—with wild alarm
 Half rais'd, my trembling eye their shapes survey'd;
 While the dread whisper stole in murmurs round :
 “ Come, let the Mortal feel the fiery wound,”
 But soon the Chieftain's eye their rage allay'd.

XX.

When thus the leader of the STYGIAN guard :
 “ Behold yon' rocks that seem by thunder marr'd,
 Whose rifted ruins cross the public path :
 Twelve hundred circles of the sun are past,
 Since dire destruction trod the hideous waste,
 And left those signs of monumental wrath,

XXI.

“ That breach will stop your way—but wind around ;
 Still further on another bridge is found,

St. xviii. l. 5.] Alludes to the taking of Pifa, by Count Guido Novello, who sent his prisoners in irons to Lucca, left the common people should kill them.—Villarni, lib. vii.

Which lands you gently on the further shore;
A trusty guard attends, nor thou disdain
The proffer'd service of the fable train.

Go! Sons of EREBUS!—the path explore!—

XXII.

“ Thou CALCABRINA, point the dubious way,
While sage CAGNAZZO forms the long array,
And BARBARICCA leads the sinless pair:
With him the might of DRAGHINAZZO join,
And LIBICO with ALICHIN combine,
And thou, bold RUBICAN, the standard bear.

XXIII.

“ Let GRAFFICAN with angel eye survey,
Aloft from shore to shore, the dusky bay;
And FARFAREL, on high with shadowy wing,
Shall tend the tossings of yon' fiery wave,
When any soul presumes his foe to brave,
Or dares aloud his baleful dirge to sing.

XXIV.

“ Safe to the second arch your travellers guide!”
“ Oh! let us go alone!” I trembling cry'd;
“ Oh, MARO! is thy fated pow'r expir'd?
See how they gnash their teeth, and scowl afar,
Save thy frail suppliant from th' unequal war,
Lest they forget their charge, with frenzy fir'd.”

XXV.

Trembling I spoke, and thus the Bard dispell'd
My rising fear.—“ The struggling victims held

In yon' bituminous deep inflame their rage.²³
He ceas'd, the fable Chief displays the sign,
The banded Fiends in close battalion join,
And loud ÆOLIAN fifes their fury 'fuge.

· END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poets, under the Guard of the **MALEBOLGIAN** Band, continue their March round the Borders of the Gulph of **BARATRY**. —From the Soul of a Spaniard, who had stolen a Respite from his Torments, they learn the Names of several of his Companions. —The Demons that guard **MALEBOLGE**, sentence him to a severe Punishment for leaving his Dungeon, but he escapes by a Stratagem.

THE infernal bugle blew, the march began ;
 I saw the Demons form the gloomy van,
 And sweep the rocky verge in long array.
 Thus have I seen on fam'd **AREZZO**'s plain,
 The clarion's note awake the gallant train
 To martial deeds, on some distinguish'd day,

II.

Thro' vaulted Hell the moody music rung ;
 Not the loud trump that wakes the martial throng,
 Nor the fell cannon's deep displosive sound,
 Nor sailor's pipe that hails the Boreal star,
 Or shrill salutes the Foreland seen afar,
 Like that loud strain the hearing seem'd to wound.

III.

Guarded with Fiends, we sped our darksome way,
 And high suspended o'er the stormy bay,
 My startled eye the boiling surge explores ;
 Impatient of the plague, the toiling train
 Emerge, and quick as light'ning, plunge again,
 Or seek in panting tribes the neighb'ring shores.

IV.

Sagacious of a storm, the Dolphin train
 Thus gambol round, and tempest all the main,
 The seaman marks the sign, and furls the sail :
 Or thus in fable files the croaking race
 Emerge to breathe, and shew the formless face,
 While hid below, their active members trail.

V.

Gasping awhile the sad deserters stood ;
 Then, when aloft the flying foe they view'd,
 Thick, thick they plunge amid the flashing wave ;
 And deep ingulph'd, declin'd th' unequal war.
 Yet one bold wretch the Demons spy'd afar,
 Who seem'd the malice of his foes to brave.

VI.

But GRAFFICANO clove the yielding air,
 And, swift descending, by the tangled hair,
 All careless as he lay, the sinner took :
 The cautious angler thus, with skilful hand
 And barbed hook, solicits to the strand
 The scaly tenant of the limpid brook,

VII.

By converse long I learnt their leaders names.
 "Haste, RÚBICAN!" the Master Fiend exclaims,
 "And let the victim feel the fiery prong."
 "Oh! learn at least the wretch's name," I cry'd,
 "Yet ere they plunge him in the burning tide."—
 And thus the Master of the ROMAN Song :

VIII.

"Tell whence thou art, while yet 'tis giv'n to tell."
 With falt'ring voice the Denizen of Hell
 Reply'd, "To fam'd NAVARRE my birth I owe:
 Curs'd be the Sire, that left, despoil'd and bare,
 His wretched Son, and curs'd the Mother's care
 Who bade my tender years a master know!

IX.

"Blest with my Sov'reign's love and royal trust,
 Both I abus'd, impell'd by sordid lust
 Of baneful gold, his sacred gifts to sell.
 Now see my gains."—While thus he mourn'd his lot,
 CIRITTO's fangs the shrieking Sinner caught,
 And fast around him throng'd the Band of Hell.

St. ix. l. 6.] This criminal's name was GIAN POLO; he was of a good family, but his father having spent his fortune, his mother placed him as a page, with a baron of the Court of NAVARRE, who took such care of his education that he rose to the first honours of the state. But, in a short time, he disgraced his character by the most shameful bribery and sale of offices; his Sovereign was the famous THEBAUT, Count of CHAMPAGNE, to whom the kingdom of NAVARRE came by marriage. He was a great encourager of the PROVENÇAL Poets, and some of his own verses are still extant. He

X.

“ This fiery trident first impales his frame,”
 The Chieftain cry’d, “ avault ! ye sons of flame !”
 Then turning to the Bard in milder mood,
 “ Now question while you may ; for fate impends !
 See ! on his limbs the Stygian prong descends ;
 Haste, ere my brethren quaff his streaming blood.”

XI.

The Bard obey’d—and, “ Son of woe,” he cry’d,
 “ Does any TUSCAN swim the boiling tide ?”—
 Then faint and falt’ring, thus the gory Shade :—
 “ Oh ! had I staid with the Sardinian Ghost,
 In yonder Gulph, and shun’d the dreadful coast,
 I should not thus have mourn’d, to shame betray’d !”

XII.

“ Too much, too much my struggling rage has borne,”
 LIBICCO cry’d, and tore the wretch forlorn,

is said to be the first that wrote in octavo rhyme ; but he is most known in his amours with BLANCH, of CASTILE, whose marriage with LEWIS (afterwards LEWIS VIII.) by the mediation of JOHN, King of ENGLAND, induced PHILIP AUGUSTUS to relinquish the cause of young ARTHUR. See SHAKESPEARE’S KING JOHN.—THEBAUT’S Verses to her are still preserved. She was Regent in the minority of her son LEWIS IX. or St. LEWIS, the famous Crusader. Her other son, CHARLES of ANJOU, conquered Sicily, beheaded CONRADIN, the rightful heir, and laid the foundation of the FRENCH title to that kingdom. See Memoires de PETRARQUE, Vol. I. FLORENTINE HISTORY annexed.

N. B. From this King of NAVARRE, the noble Family of HASTINGS is descended.

Then flung the victim to his brother Fiends.
 " The Fiends receiv'd the charge with savage joy,
 And mark'd his mangled limbs, and hurl'd him high,
 Down on their pointed prongs the Slave descends."

XIII.

They paus'd awhile, the MANTUAN cry'd aloud,
 " Oh! name that foul among the mourning croud,
 Whom late you left in yonder floods behind!"
 The bloody spectre thus:—" GOMITA there,
 Who let his Sov'reign's foe escape the snare,
 Laments among the burning waves confin'd.

XIV.

" The next his master's bride in triumph led,
 And with GOMITA shares the burning bed,
 For brib'ry fam'd alike, and honours fold;
 Now both below their native tongue profane,
 And count with scalding tears their golden gain,
 Around the flaming gulph for ever roll'd.

St. xiii. l. 4.—GOMITA.] A SARDINIAN, who, when that island belonged to the Pisans, was made Governor of the jurisdiction of Gullura; his bribery and sale of justice was long unknown to NINO, Count of Pisa, till his suffering some state-prisoners to escape, and the detection of the reward he received for his connivance, discovered his real character.

St. xiv. l. 1.] MICHAEL ZANCHE, Seneschal of LOGODORO, under HENRY, or ENZIUS, natural son to FREDERIC II. where he amassed a princely fortune by the sale of justice. He is said to have poisoned his Lord, and prevailed upon his mother, (to whom Frederic had given the Signory of Logodoro, after her son's death,) to marry him.

XV.

“ But, oh ! if deadlier tales attract your ear,
 If names still more renown'd you long to hear,
 Save, save your suppliant from the lifted prong !”
 He spoke—on high the cruel steel impends,
 The Chieftain turns ;—and ere the stroke descends,
 His potent voice repell'd the savage throng.

XVI.

“ Command thy Slave,” the trembling Spaniard said,
 “ And many a Lombard foul by me betray'd,
 With many a Tuscan Lord shall rise to view.
 The wonted signal giv'n, in shoals they come,
 To breathe the lib'ral air, and mourn their doom ;
 Consent, and seize at once the abject crew.”

XVII.

“ Observe the Spaniard's aim,” CAGNAZZO cries ;
 Dark o'er his brow the snaky horrors rise.
 Already see ! he meditates his flight !”
 The shudd'ring wretch reply'd, “ escape is vain,
 I only hope to see them share my pain,
 And ease my sorrows with the welcome fight.”

XVIII.

Glad ALICHINO thus the foul address'd :—
 “ Blow the loud signal, Slave ! and call the rest !
 While closely couch'd we lurk behind the steep:
 Then, if thou dar'st, our sov'reign trust betray ;
 For ere thy head can touch the boiling bay,
 This barbed hook shall drag thee from the deep.”

St. xvi. l. 4.] The signal of their tormentor's absence.

XIX.

Now learn a Stygian wile!—the watchful crew,
 With sharpen'd fight the coming legions view,
 Expectant of their prey; but watch in vain:
 The wily SPANIARD soon the moment seiz'd,
 And sudden springing from the guard amaz'd,
 Exulting plung'd amid the burning main.

XX.

Mourning their loss, the grim battalion stood;
 Stern ALICHINO first the chace renew'd,
 "Mine was the fault," he cry'd; "the loss be mine."
 But vain his shadowy wing, and angel eye,
 In vain his brethren bold their pinions ply,
 And scour the deep, or the long ramparts line.

XXI.

Thus dives the Mallard underneath the flood,
 By the fleet Faulcon on the lake pursu'd;
 Baffled the bird ascends, and seeks her Lord:
 But CALCABRINA soon renews the chace,
 With full intent to 'venge the deep disgrace,
 On him whose negligence the wretch restor'd.

XXII.

Stern ALICHINO still the tempest rode,
 His rival Fiend with indignation glow'd,
 And chas'd his brother Fiend to wreak his spite:
 And now the wily Spaniard disappear'd,
 When ALICHIN his stern pursuer heard,
 Breathing destruction thro' the gloom of night.

St. xxi. l. 6.] ALICHINO, his brother Fiend, who had permitted the victim to escape.

XXIII.

Above the tumult of the main they meet,
 And, breast to breast, with grappling fury greet:
 The rocks, the subject waves resounding far,
 From shore to shore the loud aërial fray.
 At last their tangled wings their weight betray,
 They fall ;—the raging deep absorbs the war.

XXIV.

Fast to their aid the black confed'rates fly,
 Like meteors glancing o'er the troubled sky:
 At length, half lost, they see the struggling Pair
 Deep, deep ingulph'd amid the pitchy wave
 They light, they settle round, intent to save,
 And up with pain the cumb'rous burden bear.

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

After a narrow escape from the fury of the **MALEBOLGIAN** Guard, the Poet finds himself in the Regions of Hypocrisy. He describes its Punishment, and the Ceremony they observe in passing the Station of **CALAPHAS**, the celebrated High Priest of the Jews. Among the rest, he meets with the Spirits of **CATALANO** and **LODERINGO**, two Bolognese Friars, one a Guelf and the other a Ghibelline, who were admitted to settle the affairs of Florence, but, by their partiality, left them more embroiled.

FORSAKEN of our Guard, demure, and slow,
 Onward we journey thro' the vale of woe ;
 Like two sad hermits o'er the desert plain :
 While in the molten sea the Demons roll'd,
 My mem'ry strait recall'd the scene of old,
 Describ'd in rustic phrase by **PHRYGIA'S** Swain.

II.

The dark intention of the croaking Lord,
 And how his charge with him the Kite devour'd ;

St. ii. l. 2.] He means the fable in *Æsop*, where the Frog offers to ferry over the Mease, with a secret intention to drown him ; and, for more security, has him tied on his back. While they are thus encumbered, they are seen by a Kite, who carries them both off. One does

But calmer thoughts were lost in sudden dread;
 Left, with recruited strength and double rage,
 On us the Fiends their fury should assuage,
 By our request to shame and ruin led:

III.

And now, methought, the STYGIAN hunt began ;
 Swift to my heart an icy summons ran,
 With falt'ring voice I cry'd, " The furies come !
 I hear their moody music from afar ;
 I see their Chieftain guide the flying war,
 O Father, haste ! and ward the menac'd doom !"

IV.

" Thy foul (the MANTUAN cry'd) reflects thy fear,
 As in the mirror bright, the object near,
 In glowing tints returns a double form ;
 But come, by mutual dread and danger join'd,
 By yon' descending path our feet must wind,
 And shun, in friendly shade, the flying swarm.

V.

" If this long avenue directs us right,
 Down thro' the valley of eternal night,
 Another gulph, with rocky mounds inclos'd,
 Divides the deep with everlasting bar ;
 Whose lofty bounds repel the flying war,
 To the loud onset of the Fiends oppos'd."

does not perceive the resemblance here very clearly. The disappointment of the Demons by vain promises, and their neglect of the prey already caught while they are watching for more, is much liker the story of the Dog and the Shadow.

VI.

Scarce had the ROMAN ceas'd, when, waving high,
The STYGIAN banner floats across the sky,

And fun'ral screams are heard, and dire alarms !
His mate the MANTUAN seiz'd ; and, springing light,
Plung'd headlong downwards thro' the waste of night,
And held me trembling in his faithful arms.

VII.

The Matron thus the flaming roof forfakes,
And, half array'd, her helpless infant takes,
The lov'd, the sole companion of her woe ;
Nor speeds the torrent o'er the channel'd mound,
Nor swifter turns th' indented wheel around,
Than MARO fought the mournful plains below,

VIII.

We lighted soon below ; the Fiends afar
Possess the cliffs, and vainly threaten war ;
But now, by Heav'n restrain'd, their baffled rage
Its limits felt, nor durst they wing their way
Where lofty rocks divide the dusky bay,
And mark with mighty range their utmost stage,

IX.

A solemn train, with weary step, and flow,
Still seem'd to wind around the space below,
Their long laborious march with heavy cheer ;
Monastic hoods their bending forms conceal'd,
And deep depending cowl's their faces veil'd,
Such as the sons of distant Belgia wear,

X.

Their forms emerging thro' the shades of night,
 Successive gleam'd afar a golden light,
 Vain semblance all! for molten lead within,
 With scalding weight their sinking limbs opprest,
 More pondrous far than FREDERIC'S burning vest,
 A plague well-suited to their mortal sin!

XI.

Loud lamentations fill'd the passing gale,
 When the proud phalanx came, in pondrous mail,
 (Eternal cincture!) clad, and borne along,
 Our ready steps attend the wayward train,
 Our eager ears imbibe the various strain,
 And mark'd what nations form'd the mighty throng,

XII.

Slow was the mournful march.—With heav'nly haste,
 Now these, now those, the MANTUAN Poet past,
 And reach'd with flying feet the distant van;
 Still list'ning near, if any sound betray'd
 A TUSCAN soul in leaden vest array'd,
 'Till thus at length a hollow voice began:

XIII.

“ Turn, FLORENTINES! a kindred Soul implores,
 Whatever cause to these detested shores

St. x. l. 5.] FREDERIC the Second is said to have invented the following horrible punishment for State-Criminals: He caused them to be wrapt in sheets of lead from head to foot, and laid in a large cauldron intensely heated, so that the lead and the criminal were soon dissolved in one common mass. VILLANI, lib. vi.

Commands your journey ! mark our rigid fate !
 We stopp'd, we turn'd, and saw a wretched Pair,
 Forth from the crowd their cumbrous vestments bear,
 And press laborious thro' the STYGIAN strait.

XIV.

Dumb, and malignant, on my shape they gaz'd ;
 My difencumber'd limbs their envy rais'd.—
 “ How dare you thus,” they cry'd, “ with blood-warm
 And fleshy feet, pursue the fatal way, [veins,
 While here in long metallic robes we stray,
 Whose cumbrous weight our tardy feet restrains ?”

XV.

Then thus, in groans : “ Oh ! favour'd Soul, attend,
 Let not our sad request thine ears offend ;
 Thy name, thy birth, and wond'rous fate disclose !
 Tho' HYPOCRITES, we join in fervent pray'r.”
 “ On ARNO's banks,” I cry'd, “ my native air
 I drew, and early bore a weight of woes !

XVI.

“ Here, wand'ring, I obey the Sov'reign will :—
 But say, What sentence bid your tears distil
 For ever thus—your crimes and fortunes tell !”
 “ Behold our brows, with burning mitres press'd,
 See on our sentenc'd limbs the burning vest,
 Nor ask from what sad cause our sorrows swell !

XVII.

“ While yet on earth, nor yet consign'd to shame,
 Bologna rung with CATALANO's name,

St. xvii. l. 2. and 3.—CATALANO and LODERINGO.] Two members of a religious society, half secular, half lay, then instituted

Nor less to fame was LODERINO known,
 Let ARNO's banks deplore our deeds of old,
 And weeping FLORENCE tell her freedom sold
 By us, who fill'd the high PRÆTORIAN throne."

XVIII.

" Unhappy Pair! I mourn your ceaseless pain!"
 I would have said:—when, lo! across the plain,
 A slumb'ring Giant seem'd to bar the way;
 The Pontiff's robe his mighty members grac'd,
 His haughty brow a burning mitre pres'd,
 And low, with fetter'd feet, supine he lay.

XIX.

The captive groan'd, and seem'd to shun the view;
 " See," LODERINO cry'd, " the mighty JEW,
 Whose will of old the SANHEDRIM obey'd;
 Thro' hot misguided zeal to save a state,
 With bloody hands they seal'd EMMANUEL's fate,
 To shameful death by guilty men betray'd,

XX.

" Yonder his fellow-judge in bondage lies,
 And ev'ry passenger his weight applies,

tuted by Urban the Fourth, called FRATE GODENTI, or, Brothers of St. Mary. From the extraordinary sanctity of their character, they were chosen joint Priors of Florence, in order to quiet the factions that embroiled the state. See the Historical Piece annexed.

St. xix. l. 2.] CAIAPHAS, the Jew, who declared it was necessary one man should die for the people.

His leaden weight, to press the groaning breast.
 The prostrate SANHEDRIM possess the plain ;
 Still on their bosoms press the loaded train,
 And spurn with hostile heel the fetter'd Priest."

XXI.

Viewing the deadly doom, the MANTUAN stood,
 Of those sad exiles, stain'd with guiltless blood,
 Then to the FLORENTINE desponding cry'd :
 " Say, do not yon' surrounding rocks afford
 Means of deliv'rance from the race abhorr'd,
 Whose legions line the steep on either side ?"

XXII.

" A pendent rock for many leagues pervades
 (The Pris'ner cry'd) these deep CIMMERIAN shades
 Entire, 'till strong convulsions marr'd its height :
 Now many an horrid breach, and chasm profound,
 Deforms its face to yonder furthest bound,
 Where o'er the centre hangs a gloomier night."

XXIII.

Sorrowing, the Bard declin'd his mournful head,
 Then, " Oh ! ye fraudulent sons of night, (he said,)

St. xxii. l. 5.] The Demons had told them (Canto xxi.) that from the next Gulph, *i. e.* the Gulph of HYPOCRISY, the way lay entire to the centre. This sublime imagination of DANTE, that the earthquake which attended the Crucifixion overthrew the infernal ramparts, and obstructed the way to Hell, seems to have given the hint to MILTON, that SIN and DEATH first built this wondrous bridge, whose partial ruin at least was the consequence of the RESURRECTION.

And thou, whose trident awes the savage band,
I see your wiles !” (reply'd the TUSCAN Sage)
“ Falseness has mark'd their name from age to age,
Since first their Lord the great seduction plann'd.”

XXIV.

The troubled Spirit heard ; and, ling'ring long,
O'er the tall battlements dejected hung :
At length he gave the sign ; and, down the path,
With his associate took the dangerous way,
And left the Prelates, where in rank they lay
Beneath the load of everlasting wrath.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet escaping with much difficulty from the Sixth Department of MALEBOLGE, arrives at the Seventh, where the Spirits of those who had been guilty of Robbery, either public or private, are punished. There he meets a noble PISTOIAN, from whom he learns some particulars of the fate both of PISTOIA and FLORENCE.

WHEN now the infant Year begins her race,
 When rising SOL the watry sign surveys,
 And deep inurn'd, his oozy tresses laves :
 Keen BOREAL blasts congeal the falling dew,
 The hoary prospect gleams beneath the view,
 'Till Phœbus gilds afar the orient waves.

II.

Half-clad, the shudd'ring peasant meets the dawn,
 And views with looks of woe the wintry lawn ;
 Then turns desponding to his hut forlorn :
 Once more the wintry plain his feet essay,
 The frosty mantle flits beneath the ray,
 And meets the Sun in mounting volumes borne.

III.

His long forgotten crook he learns to wield,
 Then jocund drives his bleating charge afield :
 The MANTUAN thus resum'd his wonted cheer ;
 His placid mien assur'd his fainting mate.
 So look'd the Bard, when near the gloomy gate
 His Angel-prefence first dispell'd my fear.

IV.

Pensive awhile he stood, and seem'd to weigh
 The untry'd dangers of the dusky bay ;
 Then meafuring the deep gulph with cautious look,
 He plann'd the enterprife with studious thought,
 And in his arms his trembling pupil caught,
 And slow and sure the lofty stand forfook.

V.

O'er rifted rocks, and hanging cliffs we pass'd,
 When, lo ! a ruinous fragment check'd our haste.
 " Mount !" he exclaim'd—" but mount with cau-
 tious feet,
 Left, min'd below, the pondrous ruin falls !"
 Trembling I mount, and pass the mould'ring walls,
 Whose nodding horrors o'er the valley meet.

VI.

My Angel-guide pursued the way with pain,
 How hard, alas ! for that encumber'd train
 In heavy mail of molten lead to climb !
 With toil subdu'd, with ghastly fear dismay'd,
 I scarce pursu'd the disembodied Shade,
 O'er many a dreadful breach and cliff sublime.

VII.

But now, descending to the central deep,
 The short divisions slope, abrupt, and steep,
 Easing the labour of the downward way ;
 Yet still the walls of HADES rose so high,
 Doubling the horrors of the nether sky,
 That my sunk heart was struck with cold dismay.

VIII.

Thus the long ruins of the vale we pass'd,
 The broken, bold extreme appear'd at last,
 But length'ning toil my wasted pow'rs subdu'd.
 Down on the dizzy verge fatigu'd I sat,
 Pond'ring with anxious thought my hapless fate ;
 'Till thus the friendly Bard my hopes renew'd :

IX.

“ Arise !—In vain the flumb'ring soul aspires,
 (Her pow'rs betray'd by sloth, extinct her fires)
 In vain she tries the dazzling heights of fame ;
 As morning fogs disperse to meet no more,
 As the waves close behind the lab'ring oar,
 The dastard soul expires without a name !

X.

“ Arise !—It ill befits the mounting mind,
 With mortal cares debas'd, to lag behind ;
 Yet ALPS, more hideous still, and gulphs await,
 That mock the deeps behind.”—Abash'd I stood ;
 In warmer tides the vital current flow'd ;
 “ Lead on,” I cry'd, “ and point the paths of Fate !”

XI.

Against the pendent rock with pain we rose,
 And cliffs, more dreadful still, our course oppose ;
 And deadlier perils round beset the path.
 To hide my fear, conversing up the steep,
 Tho' faint, I climb'd, when from the neighb'ring deep,
 Fierce and abrupt, I heard the voice of wrath.

XII.

Confus'd, and low the fullen sound began,
 Then louder still around the barriers ran :
 " Quick ! let us leave the height, illustrious Guide,"
 I cry'd, " the mingled fray deceives my sight ;
 Hid in the gloom of everlasting night."
 " I grant thy just desire," the Poet cry'd.

XIII.

The STYGIAN void, with light'ning's speed we pass'd,
 And wild and dreary spread the nether waste
 A living scene ; with dragon forms replete !
 Vipereous tribes the horrid circle trace,
 To LIBYA's sands unknown, and Gorgon's race
 Erect, with burnish'd scales, and deadly threat.

XIV.

The JACULATOR flits across the gloom,
 The dire CHELYDRUS plots a darker doom ;

St. xiv. l. 1.—The JACULATOR.]

*Concolor exultis, atque indiscretus arenis
 Ammodytes : spinâque vagi torquente cerastæ :
 Et scytale sparsis etiam nunc sola pruinis
 Exuvias positura suas : et torrida dipsas :
 Et gravis in geminum vergens caput Amphibæna :*

Et

And AMPHISBÆNA lifts a double wound :
 Wide ÆTHIOPIA, with her Serpent train,
 Nor the black tribes that haunt ERYTHRA'S plain,
 With shapés so monstrous hide the tainted ground.

XV.

Without a moment's rest, the sentenc'd throng
 Thro' warping millions urge their flight along.
 Despoil'd and bare, with burning wounds emboss'd,
 A knot vipereous ties their hands behind ;
 Deep thro' the bleeding veins the serpents wind
 Around, before, in many a volume cross'd.

XVI.

Fast to the barrier sped a wretch forlorn,
 Behind, his flying foe in tempest borne,
 Full at his shoulders aim'd the fiery wound.
 Starting, convuls'd, he felt the clinging pest,
 He found its burning folds his limbs invest,
 And, mingling soon, they grovel on the ground.

XVII.

Together now beneath the spreading flame,
 They waste, they vanish, like a morning dream ;

*Et natrix violator aquæ, jaculique volucres,
 Et contentus iter caudâ fulcare parvas :
 Oraque distendens avidus spumantia prester :
 Ossaque dissolvens cum corpore tabificus seps.*

LUC. PHARS. lib. ix. 717.

Their scatt'ring ashes whiten all the shore ;
 Again they part, the human form returns,
 Again sublime in air the Dragon burns,
 And the pale victim feels his rage once more.

XVIII.

The Phoenix thus, her fatal period come,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance meets her doom,
 Secure of fate, and feeds the spicy flame.
 Fresh from her tomb the wond'rous bird revives ;
 In vain the consummating day arrives,
 And circling ages find her still the same.

XIX.

As one by spasm, or demon frenzy seiz'd,
 Fresh from his iron slumber starts amaz'd,
 While mem'ry reels beneath the stunning blow ;
 Half lost, and shudd'ring from his doom severe,
 Thus slowly rose the son of sad despair,
 And, question'd, thus commenc'd his tale of woe ;

XX.

“ Ye ask to know my race—from ARNO's vale
 Hurl'd headlong down, I fought the depths of Hell ;
 For more than common villany renown'd.
 No feller savage haunts the moonlight wild,
 Nor owns a den with bloodier deeds defil'd,
 As well PISTOIA knows, my native ground.

St. xx. l. 4.] Surnamed *BESTIA*, from his savage disposition,
 He was notorious for robbery and sacrilege. He, with some others,
 laid the plan of robbing the Cathedral of St. JAMES's, at PISTOIA ;
 which

XXI.

“ Yet, ere we pass, illustrious Bard ! enquire
 Why here below he feeds the penal fire ;
 More fit to join the sanguinary band ! ”
 I spoke—the sinner heard my just request,
 And turning round his faded face unblest’d,
 Explain’d his title to the snaky strand.

XXII.

“ No deadlier pang my parting spirit bore,
 Since first she sunk to this disastrous shore,
 Than the keen censure of thy judging eye :
 ’Twas sacrilege, and lust of hallow’d gold,
 Among the spoiler troop my name enroll’d,
 Still forc’d the fiery plague in vain to fly.

XXIII.

“ But, lest my deadly plagues regale thy sight,
 Know, if thou e’er should’st see the bounds of light,
 (Unhappy FLORENTINE ! attend thy doom !)
 The Swarthy Tribe on fair PISTOIA’s plain
 Shall turn the day, and rally once again,
 And colonize once more their native home.

which they executed without discovery, and deposited their spoils in the house of one of their confederates, whose fair character they thought would prevent a search. Next morning almost all the suspected persons in PISTOIA were put to the torture : still however the confederates escaped ; till one RAMPIRO, an intimate friend of VANNO, was sentenced to the rack ; and his friend, in order to save him, sent an anonymous letter, discovering where the spoils were deposited. They were accordingly found, and the master of the house was committed to the flames.

St. xxiii. l. 4.] He foretells the prevalency of the Black Faction under Charles of Valois, and the banishment of Dante. See Life of Dante.—Hist. Florent.

XXIV.

“ I see, by MARS exhal'd, an hostile cloud
The tented plain of VALDIMAGRA shroud,
And sweep PICENO's field with whirlwind sway !
See ! where the Swarthy Band obscures the field !
The foe inglorious drops the silver shield ;
Go to thy friends, foretel the dreadful day !”

END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet proceeds through the Regions of SACRILEGE and ROBBERY, where he meets with the Spirit of CACUS, and sees several strange Transformations and Transmigrations among four Florentines, whom he finds on the Frontiers of the Region.

STERNLY he ceas'd, with execrations dire ;
 And, loud blaspheming Heav'n's Eternal Sire,
 He rais'd his ruffian hands, and dar'd his wrath !
 But soon a spiry snake his members binds,
 Another round his vocal passage winds,
 And stops with many a fold the felon's breath.

II.

Ill-fam'd PISTOIA ! call the sacred flame
 From LATIAN plains to purge thy hated name,
 And sweep away thy sacrilegious brood :
 Assemble round, ye sentenc'd tribes of Hell !
 Not all your legions holds a fiend so fell ;
 Not he, whose pride the thund'ring Pow'r withstood !

III.

He fled in horror o'er the burning waste,
 And soon a CENTAUR form, with furious haste,
 Follow'd

Follow'd his track. Acrofs his shoulders broad,
Where the fleet courfer with the man combin'd,
A thousand warping fnakes their volumes twin'd,
Such as MAREMMA'S plains yet never show'd.

IV.

Full on his neck a burning dragon borne,
With winnow'd flames opprefs'd the wretch forlorn,
Who dar'd the whirlwind of his wings to meet.
" Behold the Robber's doom (the MANTUAN cry'd)
Who AVENTINE'S proud hill with slaughter dy'd,
And fill'd with murd'rous deeds her dark retreat !

V.

" He stems the coming crowd with furious speed,
A punishment to match his wiles decreed ;
When struggling steers, with more than mortal force,
Down backward to his bloody cave he drew ;
Revers'd their footsteps mark'd the midnight dew
In vain ! for soon ALCIDES trac'd their courfe,

VI.

" The Son of JOVE the lurking felon found,
And soon the Hero dealt the deadly wound."
The MANTUAN ceas'd, the Spectre difappear'd,
While three fad Phantoms, hov'ring on the coast,
Were feen, like Heralds of a mighty hoft,
And mingled cries, and hiffes ftrange, were heard !

VII.

" Your names, your country tell !" the foremost cry'd ;
Lift'ning the MANTUAN flood, nor aught reply'd ;

St. iv. l. 4.] Cacus, the famous Robber. See Virgil, B. iii.

'Till

'Till some kind chance their story should declare.
 At length a voice was heard ; “ CIANFA, come ;
 Why this delay to consummate our doom ?”
 Silent we stood, and watch'd the mournful Pair.

VIII.

Nor marvel, ye that hear the wondrous tale !
 If doubts, arising oft, your minds assail !
 Those eyes, that saw them, scarce believ'd the sight :
 We look'd ; and, lo ! on oary feet sublime,
 A burnish'd snake divides the dusky clime,
 And o'er the prospect gleams a transient light.

IX.

Around his prey we saw the serpent wind,
 Instant his curling spires the captive bind ;
 At once depriv'd of motion and of strength :—
 The suppliant's face his cruel fangs arrest,
 Huge, scaly volumes his long limbs invest,
 And thro' his bowels shoot their horrid length.

St. viii. l. 5.] This flying serpent was *Cianfa* (named *Stanza vii.*), a FLORENTINE of the family of the DONATI and of the BLACK Faction, consequently an enemy to DANTE. What his particular crime was, is unknown ; I hope DANTE does not sacrifice him merely to the Spirit of Faction ;—he in general is very impartial.—This Victim makes up the number of the four FLORENTINES, whose strange transformations and transmigrations are here described.—The Victim whom he is described as winding round is AGNELLO, of the family of BRUNELLESCHI, of the BLACK Faction too ; (see MACHIAVEL, *Hist. Flor. lib. ii.*) but his particular crime is also unknown to all the Commentators that I had an opportunity of consulting ; nor can we learn what event the Poet alludes to by his monstrous *coalition* with *Cianfa* (*Stan. xiii. xiv.*).

X.

Thus round the elm the wanton ivy strays,
 And o'er the boughs in long meanders plays,
 Yet still distinct, their native hues remain ;
 Not so the Stygian Pair ; their colours blend :—
 Each seem'd to each its changing form to lend,
 And each by turns to feel the stroke of pain.

XI.

O'er the fair parchment thus the colours fade,
 Deep-ting'd, and black'ning, as the flames invade
 Her virgin-white with mingling stain suffus'd.
 " Ah ! why this fatal change, AGNELLO, say !"
 (His Fellow-fiends exclaim'd, with pale dismay)
 " See how they blend, and form a mass confus'd !"

XII.

Instant as thought, their wreathing limbs entwine,
 And each to each their mingling members join,
 A tow'ring prodigy, without a name !
 Unmatch'd by Fancy in her airy cell !
 Unmatch'd among the num'rous bands of Hell !
 And limbs unequal prop'd the monstrous frame.

XIII.

The Giant-spectre frown'd with hideous grace,
 The MAN and DRAGON mingling in his face,
 While waving pinions clad his arms anew :—
 Half blended, half distinct, he sped his flight ;
 Dreaded and shunn'd by all the Race of Night,
 Where'er his ill-conforted limbs he drew.

XIV.

Nor long at gaze his sad associates stood :
 For, lo! a burning Asp, athirst for blood,
 The foremost strikes, and thro' his heaving sides,
 Piercing he past, with long continuous wound ;
 Then disentangling, shot along the ground,
 And o'er the plain in slow meanders glides.

XV.

The Lizard thus infests the public way,
 When raging SIRIUS fires the fervent day,
 And, like a meteor, flits across the path :—
 The victim felt the agonizing blow ;
 Then turning saw, amaz'd, his little foe,
 That seem'd to burn with unextinguish'd wrath.

XVI.

From the small wound a vapour seem'd to flow ;
 Replete with rage, the little Asp, below,
 A corresponding cloud was seen to send.
 Each with malignant look his foe beheld,
 While fumes to fumes oppos'd, their forms conceal'd,
 And tortures new their changing limbs distend.

XVII.

SABELLIUS now no more let AFRIC boast,
 NOR NASO mourn his ARETHUSA lost,

St. xvi. l. 2.] The Asp was GUERCHIO, the human figure BUOSO ABBATE, both FLORENTINES of the Black Faction, doomed here to change alternately, and pursue each other in different shapes over the Infernal plain. Their particular crimes are unknown.

St. xvii. l. 1.—SABELLIUS.] A soldier in CATO's army, who is described by LUCAN (lib. ix.) as stung by a particular kind of Serpent,

Or fing AGENOR's son in scales array'd ;
 Alternate forms, and double change I fing,
 Portentous scenes ! that claim a louder string ;
 Scenes never yet by Fancy's eye survey'd !

XVIII.

Trembling and pale the human figure stood,
 While palsies strange his sinking limbs subdu'd ;
 Convuls'd, at length, his closing legs entwine:
 While the small Asp, erect, in burnish'd pride,
 Astonish'd sees her scaly train divide,
 Assume the man, and all the snake resign.

XIX.

But o'er the bending wretch the Serpent creeps,
 His less'ning limbs the subtle venom steeps,
 Contracts his joints, and bends his spinal strength !
 Soon in his sides his short'ning arms are lost ;
 Groveling and prone, he falls along the coast,
 And hurtling scales invest his dreadful length.

XX.

Enlarg'd by just degrees the Aspic swells,
 His soft'ning skin the rigid scale expels,

Serpent, and instantly falling into ashes.—ARETHUSA, a Nymph changed into a Spring. OVID, lib. v.—CADMUS, changed into a serpent. Ditto, lib. vi.—Compare the description of the change with MILTON, B. x.—PUCCIO, mentioned here, was a common Robber ; the rest were all of noble families, and spoilers of State.

St. xix. l. 1.] i. e. The human figure, BUOSO ABATI.

And, branching into arms, his shoulders spread;
 In naked majesty erect he stands,
 His vile associate licks the fable sands,
 A reptile prone, and bows the humble head.

XXI.

The Fiends alternate thus their shape difown,
 (Their dark malignant look unchang'd alone)
 The form erect assumes an ampler face,
 August and broad his manly temples rise,
 His little ears expand, his trembling eyes
 Enlarge, and nostrils fill the middle space.

XXII.

The Serpent, late a man, in deep despair,
 Feels his sad visage drawn to sharp and spare,
 His head prolong'd, his closing eyes retir'd;
 His parting tongue denies its usual aid,
 Dejected, dumb, he feels his pow'rs betray'd,
 And hears his foe with sudden speech inspir'd.

XXIII.

At length the fumes disperse, the snake retreats,
 While following fast his proud associate threats;
 "ABBATE! march!" he cry'd, "and feel the doom,
 The rigid doom, which many a year I bore,
 Laborious winding round the sandy shore,
 'Till late I durst the human form assume."

XXIV.

Such, old ZAVORRA! such thy wondrous law!
 Where, change succeeding change, amaz'd I saw

St. xxii. l. 4.] Alluding to the vulgar error, that the serpent's tongue is forked.

St. xxiv. l. 1.] ZAVORRA, one of the Regions of FRAUD.

VOL. I.

X

Portentous

Portentous scenes ! unknown to modern faith !
 Yet PUCCIO still disown'd her magic pow'r ;
 Erect, unchang'd, I saw the felon tow'r,
 While foul ABBATE crept along the path.

XXV.

The Form that chas'd the Serpent o'er the plain,
 Was CAVALCANTI'S Shade, untimely slain ;
 Ev'n yet GAVILLO'S bounds his death deplore,
 Where burning with revenge and factious hate,
 His cruel friends repaid their kinsman's fate,
 With wasting fire, and floods of TUSCAN gore.

St. xxv. l. 2.] He was slain at Gavilla, in the Valdarno, and his death was cruelly revenged by his faction, who killed the peasants, and wasted the whole country with fire and sword.

☞ The Punishments in the foregoing Canto, are of a singular cast, and not easily accounted for by any analogy to the character of the Criminals here described. We may indeed suppose the misery of the fraudulent to consist in their dread of circumvention, as they naturally judge of others' character by their own, and are thence precipitated upon atrocious measures, which, without this suspicion, they would not have attempted. This contemplation of their own character, (by reflexion,) in the opinion they hold of others, may possibly bear some resemblance to the Poet's description of their strange encounters and transmutations.—See the character of CÆSAR BORGIA in MACHIAVEL. There is in HOLWELL'S INDIA TRACTS, a story of two Gentoo chiefs, which illustrates this character. One of them *suspecting* the other of a design to assassinate him, resolved to anticipate him; and, as they were on amicable terms, the former invited the latter to an entertainment in his Pavilion, which he contrived to have blown up with gunpowder, having previously, on some pretext, absented himself at the critical minute, which he knew by a concerted signal.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

A R G U M E N T.

Leaving the Regions of Sacrilege, the Poets are introduced to the Lot of those who were endowed with uncommon Talents which they had perverted to the purposes of Deceit and Perfidy.— Among the most conspicuous Figures, he finds DIOMEDE and ULYSSES; from the latter of whom he learns the Story of his Voyage to the ATLANTIC, and the Circumstances of his Death.

FLORENCE, all hail! thy glorious name resounds
 O'er land and sea, and thro' the STYGIAN bounds;
 The five bold brethren chaunt thy praise below,
 For sacrilege renown'd, and moonlight spoil,
 Such sons, alas! thy honour'd name defile,
 And stigmatize with shame my burning brow.

II.

If morning visions shew thy coming fate,
 Heav'n's vengeance overhangs my parent state,

St. l. l. 3.] CIANFA, AGNELLO, GUERCHIO CAVALCANTI, BUOSO ABBATI, (the first a Guelf, the others Ghibellines,) and PUCCIO SCANCIATO, all mentioned in the last Canto.

And glad ETRURIA hails the doomful day :
 While ills on ills succeed, a num'rous train,
 And mark my sad declining days with pain,
 When grief and time have wov'n my locks with gray !

III.

Now rifted rocks impede the dang'rous path,
 Yet still I follow'd thro' the walks of death,
 And climb'd with heart of proof the adverse steep.
 But, oh ! what scenes amaz'd my startled fight,
 Portentous gleaming thro' the waste of night,
 And fentenc'd souls whose torments still I weep !

IV.

Here millions mourn their talents misapply'd ;
 Celestial grace ! the dang'rous talent guide,
 And still in virtue's cause employ my song !
 Unhappy he ! that leads the Muse astray,
 And prostitutes the Heav'n-commission'd lay,
 From virtue's road to lure the heedless throng !

St. ii. l. 4.] The Poet here alludes to two dreadful calamities which happened in FLORENCE in his time, as if they were yet to come. In the year 1304, Scenical Representations were already in high repute at Florence. A nocturnal spectacle of this sort, which represented the torments of the damned, was shewn in a sort of wooden theatre on the river Arno. The concourse was so great, that the temporary wooden bridges gave way, and a vast multitude was drowned ; and such was the mutual hatred of the two factions, that each exultingly remarked of those of the opposite party who were killed, that they had made a transition from a fancied, to a real scene of torment.—Some years after, FLORENCE was almost depopulated by that pestilence so beautifully described by Boccaccio, in his Introduction to the Decamerone.

V.

As when the swain, reclin'd beneath the shade,
Beholds the glow-worm train illumine the glade,
And spangling myriads gleam along the vale :
While ev'ning slumbers o'er her shadowy reign,
And, borne on Summer wing, across the plain,
In twilight bands, the droning beetles sail.

VI.

Thus, distant far, the peopled gulph below,
Disgorg'd, at many a vent, her stores of woe ;
And ev'ry flame involv'd a wretch from view.
Deep wreathing smoke the grizzly Phantom veil'd,
As when of old, in thund'rous clouds conceal'd,
And rap'd by fiery steeds, ELIAS flew.

VII.

Gazing the ample sky, his Pupil stood,
When up the steep of Heav'n the triumph rode,
And like a kindling glory sped along.
Thus ever coursing round the dismal goal,
Each fiery column bore a sentenc'd foul,
And smoky whirlwinds hid the captive throng.

VIII.

To the high mould'ring arch I clung sublime,
Viewing the horrors of the Stygian clime :
" Behold yon countless fires," the MANTUAN cry'd,
" Each spiral flame a criminal contains,
And wraps the victim round in viewless chains.
See ! how they shrink, and strive their woes to hide."

St. vii. l. 1.] ELISHA. See 2 Kings, chap. ii.

IX.

“ I see, illustrious Bard ! the growing plague ;
 I see the vale distinct for many a league,
 With walking fires, reflecting blaze on blaze !
 Now hither, one its double summit bends ;
 Say, whence the deep-engender'd blast ascends,
 That parts the flame, and blows it different ways ?

X.

“ Perhaps, the brethren of BOEOTIA's state
 In hostile flames renew their ancient hate :”
 I spoke—The Bard return'd, “ TYDIDES there,
 With old LAERTES' son, in fraud combin'd ;
 For ever mourn in flaming fetters join'd,
 In Earth and Hell, an undivided pair !

St. x. l. 1.] POLYNICES and ETEOCLES, the rival Kings of THEBES, who fell by mutual wounds ; and according to poetical history, when their bodies were laid on the same funeral pile, the flames divided. See STATIUS, *Theb. lib. xii.* This the Poet here alludes to, when he sees the souls of ULYSSES and DIOMEDE, confined in the same fiery column, divided above. The reason of DIOMEDE's sentence does not appear. The condemnation of ULYSSES is founded upon his false accusation of PALAMEDES, who, when ULYSSES pretended madness to excuse himself from going to the siege of TROY, detected him by the following stratagem : In a seeming lunacy, where ULYSSES was employed in ploughing the ground, and sowing it with salt, PALAMEDES took TELEMACHUS, then an infant, and laid him in his way. The father immediately turned the plough aside, and on this proof of his sanity, was compelled to engage in the expedition. For this, ULYSSES vowed vengeance against PALAMEDES, and accused him of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, having produced a sum of money on the trial, which he himself had found means to hide in PALAMEDES's tent. The story of his detecting ACHILLES, (who was disguised in a female dress,) by shewing him a suit of armour, is well known, and beautifully told by Statius, *ACHILLES, lib. ii.*

XI.

“ Now boast below your deadly ambuscade,
 The fatal steed, and ILION'S town betray'd ;
 You sent her exiles to an happier shore !
 Fair DEIDAMIAS' woes, ACHILLES' flight,
 The fraudulent deed that mask'd the dismal night,
 And PALAMEDES' fate in flames deplore.”

XII.

Then, suppliant, thus I pray'd—“ If giv'n by fate,
 In yon' eternal burnings to relate
 Their fortunes and their crimes, the moment seize,
 While, fix'd on yonder point, the hov'ring flame,
 Dividing clear, your notice seems to claim,
 And friendly fate a little space decrees.”

XIII.

“ Thy pray'r is heard,” return'd the gentle Shade,
 “ Think not thy pious wish by me delay'd ;
 But hear in silence, left with sudden flight
 The wayward Phantoms shun thy barb'rous speech,
 Untaught the smooth IONIAN strain to reach,
 And let my well-known voice prevent their flight.”

XIV.

Now circling to our stand the Phantoms came,
 And thus the Bard address'd the double flame :

St. xiii. l. 5.] We find by this, that DANTE had not learnt GREEK, as we find VIRGIL afraid lest the GRECIAN Spectres should be frighted with the barbarous accents of the LINGUA VOLGARE. Even PETRARCH did not acquire this language till his old age.—
 See Mem. PETRARQUE.

“ Ye souls, condemn’d in kindred fires to mourn,
 If e’er your names adorn’d my lofty lays,
 If ev’n in Hell you boast the MANTUAN’s praise,
 Oh, say! why sentenc’d thus you roam forlorn ?”

XV.

The broader spire with double fury burn’d,
 And round with whirlwind speed convulsive turn’d,
 As some descending blast his rage awoke :
 Aloft the trembling top fantastic play’d,
 The wondrous organ soon the blast obey’d,
 And thus in sighs the horrid silence broke :

XVI.

“ Ye wand’ring Shades ! LAERTES’ son behold,
 Who left the lov’d CIRCEAN bow’rs of old,
 Ere good ÆNEAS blest’d CAIETA’s shore !
 Yet, after all my toils, nor aged fire,
 Nor son, nor spouse, could check the wild desire
 Again to tempt the sea, with vent’rous oar.

XVII.

“ In search of fame I measur’d various climes,
 Still vers’d in deeper frauds and nameless crimes,
 With slender band, and solitary sail,
 I circled round the CELTIBERIAN strand :
 I saw the SARDIAN cliffs, MOROCCO’s land,
 And pass’d ALCIDES’ straits with steady gale.

St. xvii. l. 1.] The Poet here seems to have considered ULYSSES in his latter expeditions as a Pirate. That this was a common occupation of the ancient Greeks, appears from Homer’s *Odyfsey*, lib. ix. Thucydides, lib. i. ad init.

XVIII.

“ The broad Atlantic first my keel impress’d,
 I saw the sinking barriers of the west,
 And boldly thus address’d my hardy crew :
 “ While yet your blood is warm, my gallant train,
 Explore with me the perils of the main,
 And find new worlds unknown to mortal view.

XIX.

“ Recall your glorious toils, your lofty birth,
 Nor like the grov’ling herds, ally’d to earth,
 No base dependence quit your lofty claim.”
 They heard, and thro’ th’ unconquerable band
 My potent words the living ardor fann’d,
 And instant breath’d around the fervent flame.

XX.

“ With measur’d stroke the whit’ning furge they sweep,
 ’Till ev’ry well-known star beneath the deep
 Declin’d his radiant head ; and o’er the sky
 A beamy squadron rose, of name unknown,
 Antarctic glories deck’d the burning zone
 Of night, and southern fires salute the eyes.

XXI.

“ Now five successive moons with borrow’d light
 Had silver’d o’er the sober face of night,
 Since first the western furge receiv’d our prow :
 At length a distant isle was seen to rise,
 Obscure at first, and mingling with the skies,
 Till nearer seen, its shores began to grow.

XXII.

“ A mountain rose sublime above the coast,
 Immeasurably tall, in vapours lost ;
 Where hurricanes for ever howl around.
 Curs'd be the day I saw the dismal shore !
 Accurst the rending sail and faithless oar !
 And curs'd myself that pass'd the fatal bound !

XXIII.

“ Trembling I saw the Heav'n-commiffion'd blast
 The canvas tear, and bend the groaning mast ;
 In vain we toll'd the ruin to prevent :
 Thrice round and round the found'ring vessel rides,
 The op'ning plank receiv'd the rushing tides,
 And me and mine to quick perdition sent !”

St. xxii. l. 1.] Probably TENERIFFE.

END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet continues to describe the Punishment of such as had abused their Talents. After ULYSSES finishes his Tale, he meets the Spirit of Count GUIDO DE MONTEFELTRO, who relates at large the History of his Crimes, his Conversion, and Relapse.

BUT now the trembling fummit play'd no more,
 The wondrous organ gave its office o'er,
 And, sighing, sunk in circling vapours lost :
 And soon a third, involv'd in fiery fume,
 Like a sad Spirit in a dismal tomb,
 With smother'd groans approach'd our lofty post.

II.

Pent in the brazen bull, a scorching grave,
 The sad SICILIAN thus was heard to rave,
 And hideous bellowings fill'd the region round :
 No less in vain the prison'd Spirit tries,
 In many a low complaint his feeble voice,
 The tyrant flame oppres'd the plaintive sound.

St. ii. l. 2.] An allusion to the well-known Story of the famous PERILLUS, of SICILY, and his brazen Bull, which he invented as an instrument of torture, where Criminals were enclosed after it was made red-hot : but the Tyrant PHALARIS is said to have made the first experiment upon the Inventor himself.

III.

At last the blaze divides, and, breath'd in pain,
 Forth from the summit broke an hideous strain,
 In sounds confus'd. But soon the quiv'ring flame
 Form'd the strange music to the mortal ear!
 In wondrous words, articulate and clear,
 And, mix'd with sobs, the dismal accents came!

IV.

“ Sweet is the dialect of ARNO's vale!
 Hail, native tongue! congenial spirits, hail!
 Still, in the shades below, Remembrance keeps
 The mournful image of her ancient joys:
 Still on the sadly-pleasing task employs,
 Her settled thoughts, and o'er the picture weeps.

V.

“ Tho' half-confus'd, I gladly stand to hear
 The sound, nor thou disdain to bless mine ear!
 But, oh! if late you left the TUSCAN plain,
 Perhaps ROMAGNA's fate to thee is known;
 Where from Old APPENNINE, in fury thrown,
 The stream divides URBINO's rich domain.”

VI.

Silent I stood; when thus the MANTUAN Shade:—
 “ Hear'st thou thy native tongue! then why dismay'd?
 Why doubtful thus, to meet a wretch forlorn?”
 Abash'd I turn'd, and thus the Soul address'd:—
 “ Still thy ROMAGNA mourns, unknown to rest,
 By foul intestine broils for ever torn.

St. vi. l. 5.] The Poet here, in answer to Count GUIDO, tells first the condition of the ROMAGNA in general; and then (in the succeeding Stanzas) of each district in particular.

VII.

“ Awhile the whirlwind sinks in grim repose ;
 But Discord soon her Stygian bugle blows,
 And breaks the slender bands of plighted faith :
 RAVENNA sleeps beneath POLENTA's wing,
 Under his blooming boughs the shepherds sing,
 And scorn the bloody GAUL's intemp'rate wrath.

VIII.

“ Still FORLI owns her SINIBOLDO's sway ;
 When GUIDO's prowess turn'd the doubtful day,
 Where GALLIA fled and dropt the Eilied shield,
 VERUCCHIO's bloodhounds still their station keep ;
 Beneath their sway the subject valleys weep,
 And fun'ral trophies sadden all the field.

St. vii. l. 4.—POLENTA.] Lord of RAVENNA, the generous Patron of DANTE, and a Ghibelline. He was father to the unfortunate FRANCESCA. See Canto V.

St. viii. l. 1.—FORLI.] A city in ROMAGNA, which had espoused the Emperor's and the Ghibelline faction. In the year 1282, it was besieged by an army of Papal FRENCH, brought by MARTIN IV. (a Frenchman) into Italy, and reduced to the greatest extremity. The Governor, MONTEFELTRO, agreed to admit a detachment of the besiegers at a postern, on a concerted signal, on the sole condition of sparing the lives of the garrison. The French, at the appointed hour, sent a detachment of cavalry, forced the gate, and instantly fell to plundering. Count GUIDO, the Governor, in the mean time, had sallied out of another gate, with a select party, and coming with a circuit on the French infantry, cut them to pieces ; then he returned to the city, and found the French still plundering. They were dismounted and unaccoutred ; and the inhabitants having secreted their saddles and bridles, they attempted to fight their way on foot, and were all exterminated to a man.—VILLANI, lib. vii.

St. viii. l. 4.—VERUCCHIO's bloodhounds.] The MALETESTAS,
 6 father

IX.

“ FAENZA owns her temporising Lord,
 Thence o'er IMOLA spreads her sway abhorr'd ;
 But fair CESENA's line, to freedom true,
 Still vindicates in arms her humble reign :—
 Now, Captive, like the rest ! thy doom explain,
 And tell what crimes thy sentenc'd soul pursue ?”

father and son, tyrants of Rimini. The younger Lanciotto was he that married Francesca, daughter of Polenta, who was in love with his brother, and sacrificed her to his jealousy. See Canto V.

St. ix. l. 1.—FAENZA.] Where Mainardo Pagani ruled, who changed from the Guelphs to the Ghibellines, as suited his interest.

St. ix. l. 5.] This puts us in mind of the sublime address of Odin, to the Prophets in *The Descent of Odin*, by GRAY :

Thou the deeds of light shalt know,
 Tell me what is done below.

DANTE is supposed not to have known the Spirit of Count GUIDO on his first address, when the Poet extols his gallant behaviour at Forli (Stanza viii.). By this affair, GUIDO rose to the summit of military fame, but soon stained his character by an open contempt of the most solemn engagements, when a breach of them gained him any advantage over his enemies. A fit of sickness, however, was succeeded by a fit of repentance ; he resolved to withdraw from the world, and actually took the Franciscan habit. But BONIFACE VIII. (the Pharisaean Lord) persuaded him to break his vow on the following occasion :

The States of ITALY, after the death of FREDERIC II. when the power of the Emperor was reduced to a shadow in Italy, still kept the name of Ghibellines, to preserve their liberty against the POPES, who headed the Guelphs. The Emperor had little or no power in Italy, when Count GUIDO, in his name, made so gallant a defence at Forli. The power of the POPES was little more ; they had lost all the territories that the Countess MATILDA had bequeathed

X.

Now stronger sighs the quiv'ring summit sent ;
 At last the smother'd language found a vent
 Distinct and loud :—" Thy rig'rous doom (he cry'd)
 Firm as the word of fate secures my fame,
 As hence no tell-tale goes to spread my shame,
 Else were thy rash untimely pray'r deny'd.

bequeathed to GREGORY VII. ; and the feudal Lords, in the very neighbourhood of Rome, asserted their privileges, and endeavoured to curb the Papal prerogative. Cardinal CAIETAN had persuaded CELESTIN V. to resign the papacy (see Canto III.), and succeeded him by the name of BONIFACE VIII. The two Cardinals of the noble family of COLONNA objected both to the resignation and succession, as irregular and uncanonical. They published a Manifesto to this purpose. BONIFACE, the most vindictive of men, summoned the two Cardinals to appear before him. They disobeyed ; and he, without any further ceremony, excommunicated them.—Not content with the fulminations of the Church, he instigated their old rivals, the ORSINI family, to declare war against them ; and, joining his arms to those of his new allies, published a crusade against the whole family.

The COLONNAS, unable to withstand so powerful a confederacy, were stripped of their fortresses one after another, till, as their last resort, they were shut up at Palestrina, (the old Preneste,) then deemed impregnable. It was then the Pope enticed Count GUIDO out of his cloister, in order to avail himself of his talent for stratagem. He gave the Pope that celebrated adieu, " Be liberal of your promises, but frugal of your performances." In consequence of which, BONIFACE proposed a reconciliation with the COLONNAS, on which they opened their gates : but immediately he broke his engagement, razed Palestrina to the ground, burned their castles, confiscated their estates, and drove their whole family into exile. SCIARRA COLONNA, one of the brothers, was obliged to live on wild fruits in the woods of ARDEA : Then embarking on board a vessel,

XL.

“ But, since the Stygian Bar prevents thy flight,
 Condemn'd to linger here in endless night,
 Listen, sad Soul! to MONTEFELTRO's tale.—
 Sick of the world, I heard the faintly call,
 Forfook the marshall'd field, the festive hall,
 And chang'd the din of arms for vigils pale.

XII.

“ With holy tears my countless sins I wail'd,
 'Till Hell's-commission'd Priest my soul assail'd ;
 (Hell! with thy chosen plagues, his soul pursue !)
 My foulest crimes the vile impostor purg'd ;
 Then, with peculiar fraud, his pupil urg'd,
 To aid his schemes with guilt of deeper hue !

vessel, he was taken by pirates, and retaken by PHILIP the Fair, King of FRANCE, who, being engaged in a war with the Pope, (on account of a subsidy from the Clergy, which PHILIP wanted for his own occasions, and the Pope for a pretended crusade,) sent COLONNA privately to Italy ; who, raising a small body of men, joined NOGARET, the FRENCH General ; surpris'd the Pope at ANAGNI, his native town, and plundered his palace : but as they were carrying him off in triumph, the people of the town perceiving the smallness of their numbers, rose upon them, drove them out of the precincts, and rescued the Pontiff. He, however, died soon after ; and it was proved after his death, that he had said, “ how profitable is this fable of Jesus Christ to us ! ”—VILLANI, lib. vii, viii. MEMOIRES de PETRARQUE, vol. i. page 102.

Another well-founded charge that appeared after his death, was, that he had privately put CELESTIN to death in prison ; for, during his life, BONIFACE was looked upon by all good Catholics as only an usurper.

XIII.

“ From earliest youth I shun’d the lion Law,
 Contented, with the wily fox, to draw
 The heedless foe within my fatal snare:
 Fraud was my fame, and circumvention deep;
 ’Till Conscience, waking from her iron sleep,
 Dispell’d at once my boasted schemes in air!

XIV.

“ With inward eye my spotted soul I view’d,
 And ev’ry stain with hallow’d tears bedew’d;
 Their swelling sails my sinking passions furl’d!—
 The backward course I trod with pious haste,
 But soon the Papal hand my fears effac’d,
 And led me forth to join the bustling world.

XV.

“ With shameless front the PHARISÆAN Lord
 Had flung away the keys, and drawn the sword:
 Nor Saracen, nor Jew, his prowess fear’d;
 Nor ACRON’s hardy band, nor SOLDAN fell,
 COLONNA’s name alone he burnt to quell,
 (A cruel foe!) nor God, nor Man rever’d!

XVI.

“ The faintly garb preserv’d my soul in vain,
 My fasts, my hairy gown, and girding chain!—
 Not royal CONSTANTINE more warmly pray’d
 The healing boon of old SYLVESTER’s hand,
 Than HE, to lure me from the peaceful stand,
 And to his bloody schemes secure my aid.”

St. xv. l. 1.—PHARISÆAN Lord] Boniface VIII,

XVII.

He saw my doubts, and thus enforc'd his plea :
 " See, and adore this Heav'n-disclosing key !
 " I speak—and, lo ! thy sins are lost in air !
 " Then with thy counsel aid my levy'd pow'rs,
 " To whelm the pride of PALESTRINA'S tow'rs,
 " For now no timid Hermit fills the chair."

XVIII.

Trembling, irresolute, and dumb I stood ;
 The strong dilemma froze my curdling blood,
 To sink my soul, or meet the Prelate's wrath :
 At last, DAMNATION won.—" Advance," I cry'd,
 " With solemn oaths thy deep intentions hide ;
 " Promise at large—but scorn to keep thy faith."

XIX.

Soon I expir'd—and holy FRANCIS came,
 My Patron Saint ! in vain my soul to claim ;
 A swarthy Plaintiff drove him from his post :
 " What, Hermit ! would you wrong the pow'rs below ?"
 The Demon cry'd, " your Profelyte must go,
 " And march in flames around the STYGIAN coast."

XX.

" Since first the sage advice his soul betray'd,
 " His steps I follow'd, faithful as his Shade,
 " And mark'd him for the Fieends, an easy prey :
 " Nor plead the absolving hand, for nought avails
 " The potent charm, when long repentance fails,
 " And new pollutions drive the spell away."

St. xvii. l. 6.—timid Hermit.] Such as CELESTINE V. had been,
 whom he had persuaded to abdicate.

XXI.

At once his fiery gripe my limbs embrac'd ;
 " Come ! if th' infernal LOGIC suits thy taste,
 " Descend with me, and join the schools below."
 To MINOS straight his trembling charge he bore ;
 Intent he heard the black impeachment o'er,
 Then mark'd my lot among the sons of woe.

XXII.

" Be thine," he said, " in walking fires to dwell,
 " Since that sad hour I roam the bounds of Hell,
 " Involv'd in smould'ring flames, and vapours blue."
 He ceas'd—the quiv'ring blaze forgot to move,
 For words no more the lab'ring summit strove,
 And, hissing thro' the gloom, the Spectre flew.

XXIII.

Onward we pass, and climb the neighb'ring height,
 When far below, confin'd in deeper night,
 We hear the num'rous sons of discord mourn :
 The man that dar'd to loose the kindred tie,
 The long litigious train, and secret spy,
 And double Friends, and Schismatics forlorn.

END OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

A R G U M E N T.

Next to the Lot of those who had abused, or perverted, their Talents, the Travellers are introduced into the Region of Schismatics, Murderers, and Sowers of Sedition; among whom MAHOMET, ALI, CURIO the famous Tribune, and MOSCA, who had first kindled the Flames of Discord in Florence, make the principal Figures.

OH, fetter'd Soul of Rhyme ! how wilt thou range
 Around the scene of torment, new and strange ;
 Where Prose, with unencumber'd feet, despairs,
 Such fields of fate, and floods of gore, I saw,
 Ev'n Fancy fears the living scene to draw,
 And sad Remembrance ev'ry torture shares !

II.

Let CANNÆ's field no more her triumphs tell,
 Where sad ÆMILIUS with his Legions fell,
 And the proud Victor bore the spoils away ;
 When old APULIA to the GODS complain'd,
 When o'er his shores, with native blood distain'd,
 In slaughter'd heaps the pride of LATIUM lay.

St. ii. l. 1.—CANNÆ's field] Where the ROMANS were conquered with prodigious slaughter by HANNIBAL.

III.

Not CANNÆ's plain, nor sad CALABRIA's field,
 Where GUISCARD's northern bands the foe expell'd ;
 Or CEPERANO, where the NORMAN fled ;
 Or that distinguish'd day, when ALARD drew
 The fatal snare around the hostile crew,
 Could match the scenes in lowest Hell display'd !

IV.

Not all the wounds that mark a flying host,
 The bosom gor'd, or limb in battle lost,
 With this infernal massacre could vie :
 There, sever'd to the chine, and steep'd in blood,
 The leading Ghost his mangled bosom show'd,
 And deep his quiv'ring vitals met the eye.

St. iii. l. 2.—GUISCARD] The Norman Knight who first settled in Apulia. From him, first the illustrious House of Suabia, and next (by a spurious branch) the House of Aragon, derived their claim to the Crown of the Two Sicilies. For an account of the battle here mentioned, see Historical View annexed. See also Villani, lib. iv.

St. iii. l. 3.—CEPERANO] Where MANFRED, natural Son to FREDERIC the Second, who had usurped the throne of NAPLES from CONRADIN his Nephew, was defeated and slain by CHARLES of ANJOU.

St. iii. l. 4.—*Or that distinguished day*] At TAGLIACOZZO, where CONRADIN, the rightful heir of NAPLES, was robbed of his birth-right and life by CHARLES of ANJOU. (See History annexed.) By the advice of ALARD, the van passed the ford with HENRY DE COZANCE, in the dress of ANJOU, at their head. They were soon defeated, and COZANCE slain ; whom CONRADIN's men mistaking for the FRENCH General, thought the business over, and fell to plundering. Then the FRENCH rose from their ambuscade, fell on the

V.

He look'd aloft ; and foon, with furious mood,
 His deadly hand the cloſing wounds renew'd,
 And rent in twain the bloody feat of life :
 " Behold ! and mark my doom," aloud he cry'd,
 " Heav'n's Delegate I ſeem'd, yet heav'n deny'd,
 And ſcatter'd in her name the ſeeds of ſtrife.

VI.

" See ! following cloſe behind, a fullen Shade,
 Freſh from the edge of yon' enfanguin'd blade ;
 On either ſhoulder hangs his parted head !
 See ! what a gory ſtream his locks diſtil,
 'Twas he that firſt oppos'd my ſov'reign will ;
 And half my pow'rs to foul rebellion led !

VII.

" Yon' mutilated bands, that, far below,
 In long diſaſtrous march lamenting go,

the diſordered ſoe, and cut them to pieces. CONRADIN was taken and beheaded. When on the ſcaffold he threw his glove among the crowd, and begged that ſome one would carry it to PETER, King of ARAGON, as a mark that he was the rightful heir. It was accordingly carried to him by a Knight of the Family of WALBOURG, who carry a glove in their arms to this day. Villani, lib. vii. See Voltaire Hiſt. Univerſelle.

St. v. l. 5.—*Heav'n's Delegate*] Mahomet.

St. vi. l. 1.] ALI, the firſt Schiſmatic from the Mahometan faith. The Perſians follow his ſect, the Turks the ſect of OMAR.

For schisms and scandals doom'd, a race impure!
 Heav'n's sacred law in many a land defil'd,
 Grafting on her pure stem their scions wild,
 And now, by turns, the tort'ring hour endure.

VIII.

“ The brandish'd blade, at yonder dreadful post,
 Still as they wheel around the bloody coast,
 Mangles the trunks, or lops the limbs away :
 Thence, halting, maim'd, they march ; as oft, above,
 They strove to maim the growths of heav'nly love,
 And lead the candidates of bliss astray.

IX.

“ The bloody breach, at ev'ry fatal round,
 Unites, to feel the new-inflicted wound.—
 But who art thou ! that seem'st, with tranquil eye,
 To view the labours of the sentenc'd train ?
 Can pray'r or tears delay the blow of pain,
 Or put the dreaded shaft of Vengeance by ?

X.

“ No tenant of the grave, nor sentenc'd ghost,”
 The Bard reply'd, “ surveys the darksome coast :—
 Commision'd here he comes, your tribes to view :
 But I, a pris'ner of the tomb, attend,
 Thro' yonder vale a guiding hand to lend,
 And show the tortures of the sentenc'd crew.”

XI.

The mutilated band, in deep amaze,
 Assembled round, with dark malignant gaze ;

Struck

Struck with my fate, forgetful of their own.

“ Bid **DOLCIN** arm in haste !” the foremost said,
 “ **DOLCIN**, the first that feels the **STYGIAN** blade,
 If e'er again thou see'st the golden sun.

XII.

“ In vain the snowy storm delays the war ;
 The foe, sagacious of his track afar,
 Shall hunt him for his life !” He said, and fled.
 Then, with his weafand pierc'd, another Ghost,
 Short of his ears and nose, approach'd our post,
 Thro' the tumultuous crowd, with hasty tread.

XIII.

With fixed eye and melancholy mood,
 The Spectre gaz'd ; while fast the gushing blood
 Stream'd from the bubbling channel of his breath.—
 “ Oh, thou !” he cry'd, “ whose high distinguish'd doom
 Sends thee below, unconscious of a tomb,
 Remember **PEDRO** in the world beneath !

St. xi. l. 4.—DOLCIN] A noted Heretic in the beginning of the 14th century, whose sect, pretending to follow the letter of the Gospel, had all things in common. They were guilty of the most atrocious crimes, and filled the whole north of Italy with confusion. At last, they were obliged to retreat to the **APENNINES**, where they stood a sort of siege ; till famine, and the inclemency of the weather, obliged them to disperse. **DOLCIN** was taken and executed, with his concubine. Villani, lib. viii. 84. See Bayle's Dictionary, Art. **DOLCIN**.

St. xiii. l. 6.—PEDRO] **PIERO DI MEDICINA**, who had sown dissention between the Families of **FANO** and **MALATESTA** of **RI-MINI** ; one consequence of which was, the tragical death of **GUIDO** and **ANGIOLELLO**, who, on a pretended reconciliation, were seduced

XIV.

“ And should’st thou e’er review the golden day,
Or o’er VERCELLI’s coast delighted stray,
Where to MARCABO steals the gentle vale,
Tell FANO’s Chiefs, a brave, unhappy pair,
Whom late my deadly arts involv’d in war,
To keep the land, and shun the tempting fail.

XV.

“ The one-ey’d Chief, that rules the western shore,
Solicits them on board, and dips the oar.—
Ye CYPRIAN Cliffs, and Old MAJORCA, tell!
Did e’er the flood, whose azure arms unfold
Your lofty strand, a fouler deed behold,
Of roving ALGERINE, or Pirate fell?

XVI.

“ I see the victims leave the TUSCAN steep!
I see them plunge amid the circling deep!
If aught of future things the Dead foreknow.
See! on the prow exults the Traitor King!
And, lo! his slaves the noble captives bring,
And plunge relentless in the gulph below!”

XVII.

“ If your request you wish to FANO borne,
Name yonder Shade!” I cry’d, “ who walks forlorn,

seduced on board by LANCIOTTO MALATESTA, Tyrant of RIMINI,
(the same that had murdered his wife and brother—see Canto V.)
and thrown into the sea. The incendiary is here described as en-
deavouring to prevent their doom, lest their death, the consequence
of his villany, should heap more condemnation on himself. LAN-
DINO and VELLUTELLO *in loco*.

With dark, malicious mien, and eyes of fire?"
PEDRO reply'd, " Tho' silent now he stands,
 His tongue could move the CÆSAREAN bands
 To deeds of lawless rage, for sordid hire !

XVIII.

" He quell'd the doubts in CÆSAR'S mounting soul;
 And shew'd afar the bright imperial goal :
 But soon his impious tongue the forfeit paid !"
 Then, with determin'd hand, he open'd wide
 The villain's mouth, that pour'd a crimson'd tide,
 Where the maim'd tongue with fruitless motion
[play'd.

XIX.

Dismember'd of his hands, the next appear'd ;
 Aloft his mutilated arms he rear'd,
 And o'er his visage rain'd a bloody show'r.—
 " Be MOSCA'S name," he cry'd, " for ever curs'd !
 Behold the wretch, whose factious weapon first
 The streets of *Florence* dy'd in civil gore !"

St. xvii. l. 5.] **CURIO**, the factious Roman Tribune, whose advice, according to **LUCAN**, had great weight with **CÆSAR**, in inducing him to cross the **RUBICON**.

St. xix. l. 4.—**MOSCA**] The first incendiary who began the quarrel between the **GUELFS** and **Ghibellines** at **FLORENCE**. He was of the Family of ~~Amidei~~ *Amidei*, and killed a gentleman of the race of **BUNDELMONTE**, to avenge a slight put on a Lady related to him. See *History* annexed See also **Villani**, lib. vii. and **Machiavel**, lib. i, ii.

XX.

“ Plague of thy native land ! ” incens’d, I cry’d ;
 Nor added more ; for now the mournful Shade,
 Struck by my voice, with quicken’d pace retires.—
 But hence, ye Race profane ! ye Sceptics, hence !
 New horrors rife, and unknown scenes commence,
 Whose firm belief a purged mind requires.

XXI.

Guided by holy truth, I dare unfold
 What never Poet sung in days of old :—
 Behind the FLORENTINE, a headless man
 Appear’d. The rigid trunk its way pursu’d
 To the high barrier, where, amaz’d, I stood,
 Led by the tumult of the distant van.

XXII.

By the long locks the gasping head he bore,
 The pallid face besmear’d with recent gore,
 Seem’d like a lamp, to guide his steps aright ;
 Still sep’rate, yet still one, they march’d along,
 The ready feet pursue the hasty throng,
 Led by the trembling eye’s malignant light.

XXIII.

Slow raising from beneath the visage fell,
 The wondrous organ thus began to tell
 His dreadful tale :—“ O, Son of Earth ! attend,
 On whom the Fates a wondrous pow’r bestow,
 Alive to see the tenements of woe,
 And with strange lenity thy doom suspend !

XXIV.

“ BELTRAM behold ! the plague of England’s heir,
Who bade young JOHN his bloody banners rear
Against his royal Sire, and claim the crown !
See ! headless, how I march, a bleeding bust !
A well-proportion’d doom to breach of trust,
And hateful feuds in kindred bosoms sown !”

St. xxiv. l. 1.—BELTRAM] *Or BERTRAM de BOURN, a NORMAN Knight, who spirited up JOHN of ENGLAND to rebel against his father, HENRY the Second.*

END OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

CANTO THE TWENTY-NINTH.

A R G U M E N T.

Next to the CIRCLE OF SEDITION succeeds the Region allotted to the Punishment of Alchemists, fraudulent Projectors, and other Impostors of that sort ; who are described under several kinds of torture, various as their crimes : Among these, the Poet meets GRIFFOLINO of AREZZO, a famous Projector, and CAPOCHIO of SIENA, a Professor of the occult Philosophy.

THUS maim'd with many a wound, the dismal train
 I saw, in long procession o'er the plain
 Lamenting march, 'till sorrow dimm'd my sight :
 At length, the Mantuan Bard exclaim'd, " Forbear !
 Why ever thus distil the fruitless tear,
 And mourn in vain the sentenc'd bands of night ?"

II,

" Mean'st thou on this exalted point to stand,
 And fondly number o'er the wailing band,
 That mark with streaming gore the STYGIAN path ?
 —No slight survey can reach the mighty fum,
 For seven Cimmerian leagues are yet to come,
 Hid by their Legions in the fields beneath.

III.

“ Come on!—the fatal moments fleet away!
 And, far beneath our feet, with upward ray
 The Moon beholds the rolling world below.
 Far other thoughts the passing moments claim,
 A slender space assign'd to deathless fame,
 Which onward leads us thro' the vale of woe.”

IV.

“ No trivial cause,” I cry'd, “ my steps detain'd !”
 Still bent on haste, the Bard my suit disdain'd.
 “ Oh, Father ! stay,” I cry'd, “ a kindred voice,
 Ascending from the deep, my hearing wounds—
 There ! there again ! I hear the well-known sounds,
 And yonder stalks the Shade in foul disguise.”

V.

Solemn the Bard reply'd, “ the hour is past,
 Presume not thou the gift of Heav'n to waste !
 Thou might'st have seen thy kindred Shade before.
 When BORNIO's tale thy fix'd attention held ;
 I saw him leave his rank, by rage impell'd,
 Survey thy form, and menace from the shore.

VI.

“ No pious hand a kinsman's blood repaid,
 Still unaveng'd he walks, a gory Shade ;

St. iii. l. 3.] The Antipodes.

St. iv. l. 6.] GERI de BELLO, of the Family of ALIGHIERI, and nearly related to DANTE. He was killed in consequence of a religious dispute, and his death not revenged till thirty years after. What his condemnation was founded on, is not known.

Thence

Thence swells his rage; and thence his sorrows flow!
 'Then deign those sympathizing tears to spare!'
 In vain I pray'd, my words were lost in air,
 Broke by new clamours from the gulph below.

VII.

Sublime I stood, above the dismal found,
 And long, loud shrieks the hearing seem'd to wound,
 Stunn'd by the tumult of the STRYGIAN throng;—
 —Awhile it paus'd;—again, distinct and clear,
 The full, infernal choir assail'd the ear,
 And Hell's wide vault with execrations rung.

VIII.

My guarding hands the hearing sense defend,
 And stooping down, I see from end to end
 The various scene!—But not SARDINIA's strand,
 Not all the pois'nous steams that AUGUST breeds,
 Not all the plagues that haunt MAROMMA's reeds,
 Match'd the contagion of the LAZAR band.

IX.

Pregnant with lep'rous scents, the loaded gale
 Still breath'd infection round the dusky vale;
 The dusky vale a gen'ral groan returns:
 Stern Justice here the scourge in venom steep,
 And deals her various plagues around the deeps,
 Th' impostor crew the fore affliction mourns.

X.

O'er old ÆGINA thus, as Poets sing,
 The Demon spread her pestilential wing,

St. x. l. 1.—ÆGINA] Alluding to the Story told by Ovid, lib.
 vii. of the depopulation of ÆGINA by a pestilence, and a colony
 VOL. I. Z of

While gasping life the trembling isle forfook ;
 'Till busy ants, by wondrous change endu'd
 With human shape, the failing race renew'd,
 And Man's imperial form exulting took.

XI.

In putrid heaps dispers'd, the Lazar train,
 With foul contagion fill the groaning plain,
 And scarce we labour'd thro' the noisome throng :
 Some fat desponding, some with reptile pace
 Dragg'd on their loaded limbs from place to place,
 And some in fordid misery lay along.

XII.

Against each other press'd an hideous Pair,
 With lep'rous limbs emboss'd, and matted hair,
 As tiles contiguous fence the falling hail ;
 Nor plies the groom with more industrious speed
 The grating comb on some distinguish'd steed,
 Than those ill-omen'd Fiends their limbs unscale.

XIII.

Thus flies the fenceful coat before the blade
 From luscious bream or turbot difarray'd.
 " So may your hands the odious task sustain,"
 The MANTUAN cry'd, " ye Souls propitious ! tell,
 If any FLORENTINE in durance dwell
 Within the bound'ries of your sad domain."

of ants changed into men. They were the fathers of ACHILLES's myrmidons, whose name in Greek signifies ants.

St. xiii. l. 3.] The Translator has abridged this odious description as much as was compatible with any degree of clearness. The early

XIV.

Straight one of them reply'd, " thy search is o'er ;
Behold a sentenc'd Pair from ARNO's shore !

But who art thou ! and why thy strange request ?"
" I come," the MANTUAN cry'd, " by Heav'n's com-
To guard a mortal down the STYGIAN strand, [mand,
And show, in sad review, the tribes unblest."

XV.

Shrieking, asunder part the hideous Pair,
And view me o'er with looks of wan despair,
And all the thronging Lazars croud around ;
An hideous crew ! the MANTUAN saw my dread,
And " feize at once the moment given," he said,
" To learn the wonders of the world profound."

XVI.

Then, turning round, I thus the Pair address'd :
" If still your name on ARNO's shore confest,

early Poets of the middle age described every thing, however disgusting, with great minuteness.—SPENSER has this fault among his various excellencies. This sometimes creates aversion, but often shews an intimate knowledge of the subject, whatever it be. This particularity may indeed be carried too far ; but Poets, sometimes by avoiding it, run into more general terms, and lose those beautiful specific marks of things, the selection of which in description is one criterion of a true genius. To give examples of this, every Rhymer can talk of listening waves, but COWLEY gives the specific mark, with him " they listen towards the shore." Every pastoral Poet in the sound of Bow bell can sing of the verdure of the Spring ; but GRAY's APRIL clothes the fields in *tender* green, such as one only sees for a fortnight in the beginning of that season.

Survive the wreck of years, your crimes disclose :
 Nor tho' the ignominious plague assail
 Your loaded limbs, and fill the tainted gale,
 Didstain to tell the process of your woes."

XVII.

" My birth AREZZO claims," the first reply'd,
 " I fell, to sooth a spurious minion's pride :
 A fond believing fool, whose mad desire
 I mock'd with schemes of necromantic flight,
 To raise on airy plumes his leaden weight,
 His cruel father doom'd me to the fire !"

XVIII.

" But chemic arts my final sentence seal'd,
 And Heav'n's relentless doom thy foul compell'd
 To join the dark metallic tribe below.
 Hail ! hail, SIENA ! nurse of ev'ry crime,
 Not deeper stains deform the barbarous clime,
 Nor stigmatize the GAUL's dishonour'd brow."

XIX.

I spoke, ironic thus a lep'rous Shade,
 " Young STRICCA only, by his mates betray'd

Sr. xvii. l. 6.] GRIFOLINO of AREZZO, a famous Alchemist and Projector. He drew great sums from ALBERTO, natural son to the Bishop of SIENA, under pretence of teaching him the art of flying. The affair came at last to the Bishop's knowledge, who delivered him over to the secular arm for professing unlawful arts.—What havoc the good Bishop would have made among our aërostatic gentry !

Sr. xix. l. 2.—STRICCA.] A young and noble FLORENTINE, member of a Club of young men, who vied with each other which should spend their patrimony soonest.

To

To foul intemp'rate waste, and COLAS name,
Great Chief! for culinary arts renown'd,
Whose poignant fauce the glutton tribe refound,
And CACCIIAS bleeding vines exception claim.

XX.

“ And let the vile ABBAGLIATO go
In dark oblivion to the shades below,
With all his foul confed'rates of the styte!
There let them lie promiscuous in the pit,
Too low for Satire's keenest shaft to hit,
Among the tribes of low intemp'rate joy!

XXI.

“ Nor wonder in the world below to hear
SIENA'S various crimes salute thine ear!
But view at leisure this disfigur'd face.
If sad CAPOCCHIO still thou deign'st to own,
For mystic arts of transmutation known,
Who lov'd with thee the *secret World* to trace!

XXII.

“ How oft', in native innocence of heart,
I saw you wonder at the mimic art!

St. xix. l. 3.—COLAS] The APICIUS and CATIUS of his time.

St. xxi. l. 4.—CAPOCCHIO.] The companion of DANTE for some time in physical studies, which he afterwards changed for the OCCULT SCIENCE, as ALCHEMY was then called. The cheats of Alchemists are very humorously described in the Chanon's Yeoman's Tale of CHAUCER.

—But soon my hand forsook the trivial toil
For bolder frauds, and taught the baser ore
To match the genuine gold of INDIA'S shore,
And fell a victim to the fatal guile."

END OF THE TWENTY-NINTH CANTO,

CANTO THE THIRTIETH.

A R G U M E N T.

The **POET** continues to describe the different species of **Fraud**. In this Canto he gives an account of two other kinds of it, and their Punishments. The first, of those who had been guilty of Imposition under fictitious Names; and the second, of those who had, by fictitious Tales, completed their fraudulent purposes.— Among them are found, **MYRRHA** and **POTIPHAR**'s wife, **SIMON** the Greek, and **ADAM**, a native of **BRESCIA**, in Italy.

OF old, when **JUNO** burnt with jealous ire,
 And pleas'd, her rival saw in flames expire;
 Yet still her hapless family pursu'd:
 The furious King address'd the trembling throng:
 "Seize yon' wild savage, and destroy her young;"
 Then chas'd his consort to the raging flood.

St. i. l. 1.—JUNO.] Alludes to **JUNO**'s jealous revenge on **SEMELE**, her rival, and her subsequent persecution of the Family; particularly her inspiring **ATHAMAS** with madness, when he mistook his wife and children for a wild beast and her young ones, and pursued them to the Cliffs of **CITHÆRON**; where, after he killed one, she threw herself with the other into the sea. Ovid, lib. iii, iv.

Stanzas iii. and iv. allude to the madness of **HÆCUBA**, owing to the misfortunes of her Family, and her subsequent transformation, as described by Ovid and Euripides. B. C. 13.

II.

Soon from the Queen he forc'd the screaming child,
 And the rude rocks with infant gore defil'd—
 With the remaining son the mother fled :
 And up the neighb'ring cliff with frenzy flew,
 Then down herself, and MELICERTA threw,
 A welcome weight to THETIS' oozy bed.

III.

When fate her unresisted pow'r to shew,
 Had laid the heav'n-built walls of ILIUM low,
 And swept away old PRIAM's num'rous race :
 The frantic Queen beheld her slaughter'd lord,
 And grimly smil'd, to see the ruffian's sword
 With wanton rage his reverend form deface.

IV.

Her beauteous daughter's fate renew'd the wound ;
 But when her POLYDORÉ the mother found,
 Stretch'd on the sand, her tears forgot to flow ;
 In notes canine her human voice was lost,
 And soon, transform'd, along her native coast,
 The royal savage howl'd in endless woe.

V.

But THEBES, nor ILIUM, with their plagues combin'd,
 Equal'd the Pair in moon-struck madness join'd ;

The Poet introduces this Canto with two similes, to give a stronger idea of the afflicting disorder which he next describes. He seems to hint, that they were tormented with a disorder like canine madness, as they are described with all the symptoms of it.

Who cours'd the nether world with whirlwind speed;
 Gnashing his iron teeth the foremost flew,
 And headlong to the ground CAPOCCHIO drew;
 Beneath his savage fangs I saw him bleed.

VI.

With horrent hair amaz'd, his neighbour stood,
 And saw, in silent woe, the scene of blood;
 While trembling thus, I breath'd my ardent pray'r:
 " Tell, GRIFOLIN! while yet 'tis given to tell!
 Ere yon' Demoniac's hands your utt'rance quell,
 Why conscience stings to rage the bloody Pair?"

VII.

" The first is she!" the trembling sinner cry'd,
 " Who, lost to shame, her mother's place supply'd;
 While deep nocturnal shades the deed conceal'd.
 DONATI's meagre look the second stole,
 And sign'd for him the testamental scroll,
 His injur'd son in vain the fraud reveal'd."

St. vii. l. 1.] For the Story of MYRRHA, see Ovid, lib. x.—
 Her companion described here as tortured with canine madness, was
 GIAN SCHICCI, whose Story is thus told by the old Commenta-
 tors:—A Gentleman of the Family of DONATI, happened to
 take his last illness at the house of a relation, SIMON DONATI, and
 died suddenly. SIMON concealed his death, got the body removed,
 and persuaded SCHICCI, (a man of a cadaverous complexion,) to
 take his place in the bed, and sign a Will in the presence of com-
 petent witnesses, which he had previously drawn up in his own fa-
 vour, and in prejudice of young DONATI, the rightful heir. When
 this was done, the Impostor rose, the dead body was replaced, and
 the funeral was ordered with due decorum. The matter was first
 suspected by a present which DONATI made to SCHICCI, of a beau-
 tiful mare of great value, known by the name of *La Donna di*
Torma, The Queen of the Troop. LANDINO.

VIII.

He ended scarce, when o'er the fable waste,
With tyger-footed rage the felons pass'd :

I turn'd me round, their brother Fiends to view,
When, lo! a formless man in dropsies lost,
Stretch'd his unwieldy limbs along the coast,
A bloated form! with face of sickly hue.

IX.

The fluid plague his mighty limbs opprefs'd,
And fill'd with wat'ry load his groaning chest,
While hectic pantings strain'd his lab'ring jaws ;
Intense, eternal thirst his bowels burn'd,
The draught deny'd by fate, the pris'ner mourn'd,
And loudly bann'd her unrelenting laws.

X.

“ Ye souls, that range around the STYGIAN plain,
(Oh, partial Heav'n!) without the sense of pain ;
Gasping,” he cry'd, “ ADAMO's fate behold!
Heav'n's choicest gifts my sordid hand abus'd,
And now, alas! the cooling drop refus'd,
For ever mocks my raging thirst of gold.

XI.

“ Ye rills, that wander down ROMENA's steep,
Till ARNO bears your treasures to the deep,

St. x. l. 3.—ADAMO] A native of BRESCIA, eminently skilled in metallurgy. For a stipulated reward, he agreed with the Count of ROMENA, GUIDO, and his Brother, to debase the current coin, by which his employers were suddenly enriched. But poor ADAMO was detected, and condemned to the flames for “unlawful arts.”—The illusions of fancy, that aggravate his punishment, are beautifully described in that fine apostrophe to the Waterfalls of CASENTINO.

Why thus with murmurs soft delude mine ear ?
 Ye empty warblers ! leave me to repose !
 Nor rouse to rage my fell, peculiar woes ;
 Enough for me the dropfy's load to bear.

XII.

“ And, oh ! ye sacred founts ! ye favour'd climes !
 Ye shady scenes ! that saw my hidden crimes !
 Haunt me not thus ; nor aid the pains of Hell !
 Still, still I see fair **CASENTINO'S** shore !
 Where first I dar'd to spoil the sterling ore,
 And, sentenc'd to the flames, unpitied fell !

XIII.

“ Could I but once the villain **GUIDO** view !
 Or **AGHINOLF**, among the **STYGIAN** crew !
 Were all **SIENA** with her streams in dow'r
 On me bestow'd, to bathe in cool delight,
 I'd give them all, to buy the welcome fight !—
 I'd give them all, to feel them in my pow'r !

XIV.

“ Those frantic souls that range the world of woe,
 Have seen the brother felons far below ;
 But, oh ! those dropfy'd limbs their aid deny :
 Twelve hundred waning moons would end their race,
 Ere these poor legs could measure thrice a pace,
 Else would my weary feet the journey try.

XV.

“ Altho' four tedious leagues their lot extends,
 And thus the wat'ry load my body bends ;

Yet gladly would I bear the arduous toil,
 To see the youths whose wily tongues enfnar'd
 My foul! whose wily hands the plunder shar'd,
 And left to me the labour of the file."

XVI.

" Yet, ere we part," I cry'd, " their names disclose,
 From whom yon' fullen fume incessant flows,
 As the hand steams in winter's frozen wave."
 " When first," he said, " from yonder world I fell,
 I found below these Denizens of Hell,
 Twin-tenants of the deep TARTAREAN cave.

XVII.

" For ever pining, thus they lie forlorn,
 The first is she that paid the HEBREW's scorn
 With accusations foul, and deadly hate ;
 Old SINON next reclines his burning head,
 And feels the fever thro' his vitals spread ;
 Hark! how he raves beneath its fervid weight!"

XVIII.

Incens'd to hear the story of his shame,
 The felon started from his couch of flame,

St. xvii. l. 2.] The Story of POTIPHAR's wife is well known.

St. xvii. l. 4.—SINON.] For the Story of SINON, who persuaded the TROJANS, by a feigned Tale, to break down their walls and receive a wooden horse filled with their enemies, see VIRGIL, lib. ii.

And

And struck the FLORENTINE ; with hollow sound
 His dropfy'd womb return'd the feeble blow ;
 The Tufcan soon with rage began to glow,
 And stroke for stroke return'd, and wound for wound.

XIX.

With leaden weight the pond'rous hand descends,
 No more the conqueror of TROY contends,
 " My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free ;"
 ADAM exulting cry'd : the Greek exclaims,
 " Why slept thy valour then among the flames,
 When shouting legions mock'd thy arts and thee ?

XX.

" You better knew to melt the mimic ore."
 " Ah !" cry'd his foe, " if thus, in days of yore,
 You follow'd truth, the walls of TROY had stood."
 " At once," the Greek reply'd, " I earn'd my lot,
 In my first failure, by damnation caught,
 But countless crimes thy parting soul purfu'd !"

XXI.

" Think on the hollow steed," the COINER cry'd,
 " And hide thy head ; in deep damnation hide !"
 " And let thy wat'ry paunch," the GREEK rejoin'd,
 " And burning tongue, thy blameless life attest.
 See, see ! thy limbs with liquid weight opprefs'd,
 That scarcely leave the human form behind."

XXII.

Trembling the Tufcan cry'd, inflam'd with ire,
 " Can pining dropfy match the fever's fire ?

St. xix. l. 3.] Borrowed from SAMSON AGONISTES.

Will that ill-omen'd tongue no respite know ?
 Oh ! wou'd to Heav'n, or Hell, I knew the strain,
 Whose spell could bid thee leave the bed of pain,
 And seek NARCISSUS' limpid stream below !"

XXIII.

Long had I listen'd to the uncouth fray ;
 At length, " if thus you linger by the way,
 I leave my charge," the angry Poet said.
 Like one I stood, whom trembling dreams affright,
 Who seems o'er hanging cliffs to urge his flight
 In vain, with feeble limbs, and mind dismay'd.

St. xxii. l. 6.] In the original, " I believe you would not require much pressing to lick the looking-glass of NARCISSUS ;" *i. e.* the fountain where he fell in love with his shadow. Selection of language was not yet known ; DANTE, as he describes every thing, often makes use of the words that first offer. This gives his style sometimes a flat, prosaic aspect, but its general characteristic is venerable simplicity, and his sublimity depends on the thought alone.

It is a wonder that we have not such scenes oftener in DANTE, as this between ADAM of BRESCIA and SINON of TROY. Far from degrading the subject, it rather seems very consistent with DANTE'S constant design to shew the human character in all its varieties. In the INFERNO, some express their feelings for others, some feel for themselves :

" The tender for another's pain,

" Th' unfeeling for their own."

Some bear their affliction with a kind of fullen fortitude ; and, to incorrigible natures, it only serves to exasperate their malignity. All these phenomena often appear in the sufferings of criminals, even here. That the sense of their torments should wake the sympathy of the condemned, and their fears for those who may be in danger of a like sentence, cannot seem incongruous to those who remember the pathetic supplication of the rich man for his brethren
 (Luke

XXIV.

Th' unreal danger thus I strove to ward,
 And trembling funk beneath his stern regard ;
 While lame excuses faulter'd on my tongue.
 But MARO soon dispell'd my rising fear :
 " Thy fault is gone," he cry'd, " resume thy cheer,
 I see thy soul by deep contrition stung !

XXV.

" Henceforward when the Fiends begin to jar,
 Be cautious thou ! and shun the wordy war ;
 Think on thy hopes, and quench the low desire.
 Depart with me, and let the Demons rage ;
 Let not the ceaseless brawl thine ear engage,
 And damp the mounting flame of heav'nly fire."

(Luke xvi. 27, 28.).—Had Dr. SCOT, the Author of *The Christian Life*, been a Poet, and chosen to diversify his view of the Infernal World with proper characters and incidents, we should probably have had many scenes like that between ADAM of BRESCIA and SINON. He is at the same time a solid reasoner, and possessed of a strong imagination ; but he seems to delight in the terrible and tremendous, more than even DANTE himself ; and he has nothing of DANTE's pathos. The Demons of the FLORENTINE are mild, placable beings, compared with those of the old Divine ; they are as different almost as the light ærial spells of OBERON, and the horrible incantations of the Fatal Sisters, in GRAY. See Spectator, No. 447. See also, A Summary of the Third Chapter of the First Book of *The Christian Life*, at the end of the Notes.

END OF THE THIRTIETH CANTO.

CANTO THE THIRTY-FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poets arrive at the ninth Region, divided into four Circles, where four Species of Perfidy are punished. Around the Verge, he finds a Guard of Giants; among whom he sees NIMROD, EPHIALTES, and ANTÆUS, with several others, real or fabulous. By the last they are assisted in their Journey over the Frontiers:

THE voice that touch'd my heart with gen'rous pain,
 And ting'd my glowing cheeks with crimson stain,
 Pour'd in the sov'reign balm, and heal'd the wound.
 Thus, as the Poets sing, PELIDES' steel
 The cruel blow could either give or heal,
 And raise the bleeding warrior from the ground.

II.

And now we left the dismal vale behind,
 And climb'd the barrier which its plagues confin'd,
 In silence roaming round the world of woe:
 Guided along by that malignant light,
 That less than morning seem'd, and more than night,
 Pale, gleaming from the frozen lake below.

III.

But now a trumpet, terrible afar,
 Pour'd thro' the STYGIAN world the blast of war;
 Not ROLAND's horn in RONCESVALLES field,
 Startled the air with half so loud a strain,
 When GALLIA's Heroes press'd the bloody plain,
 And CHARLEMAGNE resign'd the lili'd shield.

IV.

Now o'er the gloomy vale with sharpen'd fight
 I look'd, when, seen by dim and dubious light,
 A range of lofty steeples seem'd to rise.
 "O Sire! the wonders of the deep declare,"
 I cry'd;—and MARO thus: "The dusky air
 And rising fogs confuse your mortal eyes.

St. iii. l. 3.—ROLAND's horn] The horn was blown by the Ghost of that mighty Hunter, NIMROD.

RONCESVALLES *field.*] When CHARLEMAGNE (according to TURPIN) had conquered part of SPAIN, he sent GANO, or GANELONE, Lord of MAGANZA, the famous Traitor in ARIOSTO, to the two SARACEN Commanders that remained, with an alternative, either to leave CHRISTENDOM, or be baptized. They corrupted GANO, who betrayed the counsels of CHARLEMAGNE to them, and advised them, with part of their forces to give ORLANDO, the nephew of CHARLEMAGNE, battle, in the PYRENEES, and to conceal a strong ambuscade near the place of engagement. They took their measures accordingly, and engaged ORLANDO at RONCESVALLES. The veteran FRENCH soon put them to flight, but in the disorder of pursuit they were attacked by the MOORISH ambuscade, with great slaughter. There was a large party of FRENCH at some distance. ORLANDO sounded his wonderful horn to let them know his distress, but the extraordinary effort had a very tragical effect on himself. He is said to have burst his windpipe, being represented as invulnerable.—Vid. *Suite de Roland le Furieux* par M. ROSSET, 4to. a Paris 1644. See also Mr. HAYLEY's *Essay on History*. Notes on the second Epistle.

V.

“ But soon thou may’st behold her wonders near !
Come ! follow on your friend, devoid of fear !

And know, in yonder Gulph the Giant brood,
Old ANAK’S sons, and PHLEGRA’S bands renown’d,
In tow’ring squadrons man the Gulph around,
Fix’d to the middle in the frozen flood.”

VI.

As when the mist forfakes the mountain’s height,
And her tall rocks emerge in open light,

In dread magnificence, the STYGIAN scene,
Her ~~the~~ monstrous births disclos’d, a prospect dire !
As round some fort the cloud-capt tow’rs aspire,
So stood the portly race with haughty mien.

VII.

Embodied thus on PELION’S hills they strove,
And proudly fac’d the flaming bolts of Jove :

But nearer now, their lineaments deform,
And ample breasts we saw, with pale dismay
Their formidable arms that cross’d the bay,
And dauntless heads sublime that brav’d the storm.

VIII.

NATURE in mercy left the deadly trade,
And souls no more in Giant limbs array’d,
Left mighty MARS should lay the world in blood.

NATURE, whose hand the Elephant confines,
Who to the Whale the wat’ry world assigns,
Forbid with kindred gore to tinge the flood.

IX.

But not the forest tribes, nor finny race,
 With equal rage their native walks deface,
 As he whose deadly arm by Reason's light
 Directed falls, and mocks the warding hand ;
 Conspiring realms in vain his pow'r withstand,
 In vain embattled hosts defend their right.

X.

With helmed head like PETER'S dome sublime,
 We saw their Gen'ral front the horrid clime ;
 The sloping bank his middle round embrac'd,
 But three tall FRISIANS, from the icy main,
 All end-long rang'd, would stretch their arms in vain,
 To reach his shoulders from his ample waist.

XI.

A symphony of BABEL sounds he pour'd,
 Fit Anthem for such Fiend ! and sternly lowr'd,
 “ Refrain thy brutal rage,” the Bard reply'd,
 “ Or thro' thy clam'rous horn thy fury spend,
 That seems adown thy bosom to depend,
 To thy strong neck by links of iron ty'd ?”

XII.

Then thus to me : “ The barb'rous tongue betrays
 That Chief, whose bold ambition dar'd to raise

St. xi. l. 1.] In the Original,
 Raphegi mai amech izabi almi.
St. xii. l. 2.—That Chief] NIMROD.

On TYGRIS banks the Heav'n-defying tow'r,
 'Till Discord, sent from Heav'n his tribes among,
 Seal'd ev'ry ear, and fetter'd ev'ry tongue,
 While jarring millions own'd her wayward pow'r.

XIII.

“ A medley of all tongues, to all unknown,
 The Monster speaks, a language quite his own,
 Nor knows the meaning of the mongrel sounds:
 Nor thou expect his speech to understand,
 Tho' ev'ry dialect of ev'ry land
 Were thine, thro' all the peopled world around.”

XIV.

Far to the left we saw the barrier wind,
 And, lo! another monstrous form, reclin'd
 Against the rock, in gloomy durance lay:
 A mighty arm his sinewy strength had bound,
 And links of adamant were twisted round
 His limbs, fatigued with many a vain essay.

XV.

“ There EPHIALTES mourns,” the MANTUAN cry'd,
 “ Whose deadly arm the bolt of JOVE defy'd;
 The fiercest Chief that warr'd on PHLEGRA's plain.
 Those horrible strong hands that shook the sky,
 Deep chain'd below in frosty fetters lie,
 For ever plung'd in yonder icy main!

St. xii. l. 4.—'Till Discord] viz. at BABEL.

St. xv. l. 1.—EPHIALTES] One of the Giants, who, according to Mythological History, warr'd against JOVE.—See ÆNEID vi.—QVID. *Metam.* 1 Fab. iii. VIRG. *Georgic* i. *ad fin.*

XVI.

“ Tell, if in yonder Gulph *ÆGEON* raves ;
 Or say, in which of those *TARTAREAN* caves
 The grizzly Tenant dwells.”—With eager haste
 I spoke—and thus return’d the gentle Ghost :
 “ Yonder he shudders in eternal frost,
 And sternly sad surveys the polar waste.

XVII.

“ And there *ANTÆUS* roams with lib’ral pace,
 Sole unconfin’d of all the Giant race,
 And waits to waft us down the dismal steep.”
 He spoke, and fled: for gath’ring fast behind,
 Loud execrations fill’d the passing wind,
 And heaving earthquakes seem’d to shake the deep,

XVIII.

I turn’d around, and saw with pale affright,
 Where *EPHIALTES* strove with all his might
 His arms to free, and shook the stony bar :
 On me he seem’d to rush with frantic cry,
 Fate in his hand, and horror in his eye,
 Trembling I shunn’d with speed th’ unequal war.

XIX.

At length emerging from his horrid cave,
 We saw our grizzly Guide his stature heave,

St. xix. l. 2.] The Story of *ANTÆUS* wrestling with *HERCULES*, and recovering new strength when he touched his mother earth, and at last, being throttled in the air, is told with great spirit by *LUCAN*, *Pharsalia*, lib. iv. It is imitated by *ARIOSTO* and *SPENSER*.

“ Lord

“ Lord of the Lion-Tribe ! renown'd of old,
 In those fam'd fields that saw the PUNIC shame,
 Where SCIPIO's hand retriev'd the ROMAN name,”
 The MANTUAN cry'd, “ thy fated charge behold !

XX.

“ Hadst thou on PHLEGRA's plain the combat led,
 No Mortal Chief like thee had rais'd his head ;
 But gentler tasks thy present aid demand,
 Nor thou averse the gentle task disclaim :
 Behold the Bard that gives eternal fame,
 Whose deathless strains requite thy friendly hand.

XXI.

“ For still he lives confin'd to mortal views,
 Still doom'd to ‘ meditate the thankless Muse,’
 Unless preventing Grace abridge his stay :
 Obscure he journies thro' the world of woe,
 And waits thy welfare to the Gulph below,
 Where pale COCYTUS fills the frozen bay.”

XXII.

Those hands, whose dreadful gripe ALCIDES fear'd,
 He stretch'd, and from the ground the MANTUAN
 rear'd,
 To me the Bard with arms instinctive clung,
 Like CARISENDA's tow'r the Giant stood,
 Portentous leaning o'er BOLOGNA's flood
 With louring fogs around his turrets hung.

S, XXI. l. 2.] SPENSER.

A a 4

XXIII.

Sinking at length, the central Gulph we gain,
Where LUCIFER commands the frozen plain,
And old ISCARIOT heads the horrid crew;
Reclining breathless on the shore unblest'd,
We saw the LIBYAN rear his stately crest,
Spring like a mast, and tow'r above the view,

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST CANTO,

CANTO THE THIRTY-SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

In the GULPH OF CAINA, the second Region of the last Circle, the Poet sees the punishment of Fratricide; and in the third, called ANTENORA, he learns the doom of Treason. In the first, he finds the Soul of ALBERTO CAMISCIONE, a noble FLORENTINE; and in the second, he sees the Spirit of BOCCA ABATE. From them he learns the names of their respective Companions.

OH! could I tune my consummating strain,
 To sing the terrors of the frozen main,
 “With other notes than to th’ ORPHEAN lyre!”
 Ye SONS of HADES, come, ye sentenc’d throng,
 With your Infernal anthem swell the song,
 To match the concert of the STYGIAN choir.

II.

Hail, central Horrors! hail! accept the lay;
 No infant voice ye claim! no faint essay!
 O! teach the Muse to sweep, with bolder wing,
 The wint’ry Gulph, and reach the world’s extreme;
 And, with a voice that suits her dreadful theme,
 To bid the theatre of HADES ring!

St. i. l. 3.] MILTON,

III.

And come, ye Maids! that haunt CITHÆRON's grove,
 Who taught of old AMPHION's lyre to move
 The list'ning rocks, and raise the wond'rous wall;
 Survey with me the dark devoted race,
 Whose hideous files possess the central space,
 And curse the happier tenants of the stall!

IV.

Now from the lofty wall, the Giant brood
 Beheld us wand'ring o'er the frozen flood,
 A dreary polar scene, extending wide!
 "O! step with care," exclaim'd the MANTUAN mild,
 "Nor hurt the hapless crew from Heav'n exil'd,
 Whose suppliant faces line the frozen tide!"

V.

From shore to shore, the glassy main I view'd,
 Not such the fleeting Frost that binds the flood
 Of DANUBE old, or VOLGA's silent stream,
 When brumal rigours seal his frozen urn,
 And o'er his face the SCYTHIAN roams forlorn
 In wand'ring hordes beneath the lunar beam.

VI.

Were PIETRAPANA down in ruin hurl'd,
 Or TABERNICCHIA thro' the nether world,

St. vi. l. 1.—PIETRAPANA] An high hill near LUCCA,

St. vi. l. 2.—TABERNICCHIA] The loftiest mountain in SCLAVONIA. For the singular asperity of the rhymes, I shall insert the original of this Stanza.

Non

By some celestial arm with fury fent,
 The everlasting ice that binds below
 Th' interminable main, would brave the blow
 Beneath th' eternal weight of hills unbent.

VII.

Nor defolate extends the dreary space;
 Like the dark legions of the croaking race,
 When the soft influence of the Spring they hail;
 With chatt'ring teeth, and stony eyes aghast,
 Immur'd in ice beneath the bitter blast,
 With rigid faces prone, the finners wail.

VIII.

The MANTUAN'S voice my cautious feet repress;
 When front to front, beneath the wint'ry waste,
 With interwoven looks, a Pair was seen.—
 "Ah! who are ye, in icy durance held?"
 I cry'd; the Pair their stony lids unseal'd,
 And silent gaz'd around with pensive mien.

IX.

Scarce had their op'ning eyes reliev'd their pain,
 When forth a briny torrent gush'd amain;

Non fece al corso suo sì grosso velo,
 Di verno la Danoia in Austericch
 Ne l Tanai sotto il freddò cielo
 Com 'era quivi; ~~che~~ Tabernicch
~~Vento~~ fu caduto o Pietrapana
 Men avria pur del Orlo faltto Cricch.

chi se

Keen

vi fosse -

Keen breath'd the gale, and froze the falling tide :
 In vain they strove their rigid eyes to close,
 From the seal'd orb the stern suffusion grows,
 And with long icicles their heads divide.

X.

Furious with pain, their clashing fronts engage.
 A third, with ears retrench'd, beheld their rage,
 And cry'd, " Why gaze ye thus with fell delight
 On others' pain?—but here, perhaps, you stay,
 To know the cause of their unnat'ral fray,
 And why the brethren mix in mortal fight.

XI.

" Old FALTERONA's vale their fire possess'd,
 And to the brethren left the rich bequest ;
 By mutual wounds the bloody brethren fell ;
 Like the twin-partners of BOEOTIA's throne,
 Each brother wish'd to rule, and rule alone,
 And plung'd together to the depths of Hell,

XII.

" Nor holds CAINA in her frozen flood
 A fouler Pair, nor deeper stain'd with blood ;

St. xi. l. 3.] These were the sons of ALBERTI DI FALTERONA, who being left joint heirs, and quarrelling about their patrimony, agreed to decide the affair by single combat, and fell by mutual wounds. LANDINO.

Not

Not ARTHUR's son, with parricide defil'd ;
 Not stern FOCCACCIA, who his Uncle slew,
 Nor MASCHERON, whose head obstructs the view,
 Beneath an hoary masque of winter pil'd.

XIII.

And tell (if yet my name ye wish to know)
 TRIVIGNA's Lord, that PAZZI waits below,
 And longs to see him fill the frozen feat :
For tho' a Father's blood my poniard dy'd,
A darker lot, to parricides deny'd,
Waits the Assassin of his parent state !"

XIV.

Onward we pass the dumb, devoted throng,
 Where, cas'd in blue, chrystalline spheres, along,

St. xii. l. 3.—ARTHUR's son] MORDRED, ARTHUR's son by his own sister, who killed his father in battle. See *Morte d'Arthur*, part the last. See also *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. series the first, for the Story of the death of ARTHUR.

St. xii. l. 4.—FOCCACCIA] Of the Family of CANCELIERI, at PISTOIA. Besides the assassination of his Uncle, he was guilty of an inhuman deed upon a near relation, which was the occasion of the quarrel between the BLACK and WHITE Factions. *Machiavel*. Villani. See *Flor. Hist.* annexed.

St. xii. l. 5.—MASCHERON] Another FLORENTINE, who is said, in the same quarrel, to have killed his Uncle.

St. xiii. l. 2.—TRIVIGNA's Lord] CARLINO, a GUELF, who betrayed CASTEL RIANO to the GHIBELLINES for a sum of money.

PAZZI.] CAMISCIONE PAZZI, another who was guilty of parricide in the same contest. See *ROSCOE's Life of Lorenzo di Medici*.

A thousand

A thousand heads the glist'ning valley fill'd ;
 A gaunt and wolvisk tribe! the central coast
 We fought; the region of eternal frost,
 Whose cold and Gorgon ~~hand~~ ^{breath} my bosom chill'd.

XV.

The disembodied Spirit fled before,
 I follow'd close along the dismal shore;
 But whether led by fate, or fortune's spite,
 Heedless I stumbled o'er an helmed brow,
 That, cas'd in ice among the tribes below,
 And rising in the path, escap'd my sight.

XVI.

With dull and hollow sound the helmet rung,
 And chill amazement seiz'd my fault'ring tongue
 As thus the captive cry'd, " Inhuman! say,
 What Fury leads thee thro' the wint'ry sound,
 To aid our pangs, and double wound on wound?
 Is this the meed of MONTAPERTI's day?"

XVII.

Dubious I stood, and thus the MANTUAN pray'd:—
 " O! may I stop, till this devoted Shade

St. xvi. l. 6.] Or VALDARBA, where the GUELFs were betrayed into an ambuscade, and defeated with a great slaughter, BOCCA ABATI, a GUELF leader, who is so unwilling here to discover himself, had been previously corrupted by the Ghibellines, and in the heat of the engagement killed the GUELFIAN Standard-bearer, which threw the GUELFs into immediate confusion, and the Ghibellines gained the victory. Villani, Machiavel. See Canto X. Notes, and Flor. Hist. annexed.

Resolve

Resolve my doubts, and ease my lab'ring thought!"
 He stood. "Now, Traitor, tell thy crimes," I cry'd,
 "And thou!" the deep blaspheming voice reply'd,
 "Say, why thou troublest thus ANTENOR's lot?—"

XVIII.

"Scarce could a mortal give so strong a blow!"—
 "Fear not," I cry'd, "thy fellow mortal know,
 And one empower'd to give eternal fame."—
 "Eternal Furies first thy Soul invade!
 Ere thou allur'st me from Oblivion's shade!—
 Avaunt! nor seek to aggravate my shame!"

XIX.

Fast by the locks I seiz'd the wretch forlorn:—
 "Disclose thy name! or thy foul ringlets torn,
 Thou Traitor Slave! the forfeit soon shall pay."
 "Let all thy fury on my head descend!"
 He cry'd, "and from the roots my tresses rend,
 My name shall ne'er adorn a Poet's lay."

XX.

Loudly he rail'd, and curs'd my cruel hand.
 At length, slow murm'ring o'er the frozen strand,
 Those welcome sounds were heard;—"Sage BOCCA,
 tell,
 What STYGIAN note has chang'd thy human voice?
 —Curse on that canine yell! that jarring noise!
 Say, does some Fiend invade thy frozen cell?"

St. xvii. l. 6.] This infernal district is so named from ANTENOR, who is said to have betrayed TROY to the GREEKS. Dictys Cretensis.

XXI.

“ Villain ! ” I cry’d, “ at length I know thy crime !
 That name accurs’d, in sweet HESPERIA’S clime
 In spite of thee shall live.”—“ Nor mine alone,”
 The Felon cry’d, “ behold DUERA near,
 Feels the new rigours of the polar year,
 And VALLOMBROSA fits, with eyes of stone !

XXII.

“ The ice in vain his fever’d neck conceals,
 MAGANZA near his warped look reveals,
 With him who late the TUSCAN army fold :
 There TRIBALDELLO like a Gorgon glares,
 And in foul dreams FAENZA’S plunder shares ;
 FAENZA ! fold by night for CELTIC gold.

XXIII.

Far thence, an hideous Pair, together clung,
 Still on the head before the hindmost hung,

St. xxi. l. 4.—DUERA] Lieutenant of MANFRED; who, as some say, incited by jealousy of MANFRED’S attachment to his wife; or (as others pretend) gained by FRENCH gold, gave up the pass of PARMEGIANO to CHARLES of ANJOU, which cost MANFRED his life. See Hist. Flor.

St. xxi. l. 6.—VALLOMBROSA] The Pope’s Legate at FLORENCE, who, being detected in a conspiracy to introduce the Ghibellines and crush the Guelphs, was beheaded.

St. xxii. l. 2.—MAGANZA] The famous GANO, who betrayed the Christian army at RONCESVALLES. See Canto XXXI. Notes.

St. xxii. l. 3.—*With him*] Another FLORENTINE traitor. He was a Ghibelline.

St. xxii. l. 4.—TRIBALDELLO] A Ghibelline, who opened the gate of FAENZA to the FRENCH, who were brought by MARTIN IV. to suppress the Ghibelline faction.

With fasten'd fangs, and quaff'd the streaming gore,
 Just where the hairy scalp begins to join
 The suppliant's bending neck, with rage canine
 The furious cannibal his captive tore.

XXIV.

The Furies thus, by sad ISMEÑO'S flood,
 Saw TYDEUS quench his ire in hostile blood.
 " O thou ! whom man's benignant race disclaims,"
 I cry'd, " a while thy horrid feast forego !
 Say, why th' eternal fibres seem to grow,
 And why the hideous wound for ever streams ?

XXV.

" Perhaps the old tradition of his crime
 Lies buried long beneath the rust of Time ;
 Be mine at least to tell, in open day,
 The traitor's deeds, and clear thy injur'd name :
 For the long passes to eternal fame
 Are ever open to the Muse's lay."

St. xxiv. l. 4.—horrid feast.] Alludes to the Story of TYDEUS, who, being wounded mortally by MENALIPPUS at THEBES, had his enemy slain, his head brought to him, and died in the savage manner here described.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND CANTO.

CANTO THE THIRTY-THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet meets the Soul of UGGHOLINO, Count of PISA, in the Gulph of ANTENORA, who had fallen a sacrifice to the factious Arts of RUGGIERI UBALDINO, the Archbishop of PISA. The condemned Spirit gives him a most affecting Detail of the last Scene of his Life. Thence the Poet proceeds still on towards the Centre; and in the way takes a transient Survey of the PROLEMEAN SOUND, where the Souls of those who had joined Ingratitude with Treason are punished.

SLOWLY the sinner left his bloody meal,
 Then, gazing upwards from the depths of Hell,
 He smooth'd the clotted hair, and thus reply'd :
 " Mortal ! thou bid'st me recollect my doom,
 An horrid scene ! that lives beyond the tomb,
 And stops my speech with sorrow's whelming tide.

II.

" And, oh ! if aught it grieves the sentenc'd dead,
 In other worlds their infamy to spread,
 Attend—but first the gushing tear will flow :
 I know not whence thou art, nor whose command
 Sent thee, a mortal, to the frozen strand,
 To view the wonders of the world below.

III.

* Thou speak'st the TUSCAN tongue! then, Mortal,
A story, yet unknown to human ear! [hear

The sad detail of UGGHOLINO's fate :

Here the curs'd Prelate, by whose arts I fell,
Still feeds my vengeance in the depths of Hell,
The joint betrayer of my parent state.

IV.

“ Haply thy young remembrance yet may trace
The deadly rancour of SISMONDI's race,
And how this Prelate fann'd the gen'ral flame :
The man, who first my confidence abus'd ;
Yes, Traitor, thou ! 'twas thou thy friend accus'd,
Led him astray, and then divulg'd his shame.

St. iv. l. 6.] A Nobleman of PISA, of the Family of GHO-
BARDESCA, a Guef. But the Ghibelline Faction, being powerful
in PISA, ambition compelled him to make an unnatural Coalition
with RUGGIERO DE UBALDINI, Bishop of PISA, and head of the
Imperial Faction, against his own Nephew, NINO DE GALLUSA,
Lord of PISA. Under pretence of mal-administration, they ban-
nished NINO, and UGGHOLINO obtained the Government; but
this portentous alliance did not long continue. A kinsman of UG-
GHOLINO, and one of RUGGIERO, were rivals for the affections
of a Lady, and in an unfortunate rencounter UBALDINO was
killed. This bred dissention between the Families, which, joined
with envy of UGGHOLINO's exalted station, induced RUGGIERO
to betray the secret machinations of his colleague against the State.
He accused UGGHOLINO of betraying some Castles to the FLO-
RENTINES in their late contests with that Republic. This raised
the fury of the populace; and they, headed by the Bishop, with a
crosser in his hand, and the heads of the Families of LANFRANCHI,
SIGISMONDI, and GUALANDI, beset the Palace of UGGHOLINO,
dragged him and his four Sons out, and shut them up in a prison
in the Piazza degli Antiani, where they miserably perished by fa-
mine. Vi.lani, lib. vii. cap. 120.

V.

“ But to myself, and to the Fiends alone,
 The consummation of my woes are known.
 How terrible and long I felt my fate!
 When in the doleful tow’r of famine pent,
 For treason built, a gloomy tenement,
 With my four guiltless sons I drooping sat.

VI.

“ The first sad night I past, unknown to sleep,
 The circling hours beheld me wake and weep;
 ’Till thro’ an op’ning of my gloomy goal,
 When now the flaming couriers of the night
 On day’s fair confines quench’d their waning light,
 With pale and ominous dawn the morning stole.

VII.

“ That moment first beheld my eyelids close,
 A short, sad respite to my ling’ring woes;
 But dire, prophetic dreams the curtain drew,
 And shew’d my doom at large! Methought I stood
 And saw a Wolf along the plain purfu’d,
 While this infernal Priest the bugle blew.

VIII.

“ Thence, with her whelps she sought the Julian steep,
 But LANFRANC seem’d the woody pass to keep;
 SISMONDI’S Chiefs, and those of GUALAND’S name,
 Their fleet and famish’d pack of blood-hounds join’d,
 Which clos’d the trembling prey before, behind;
 Fasten’d at once, and tore the savage game.”

IX.

“ Ere smiling Morn had purpled o’er the sky
 I woke, and heard my children faintly cry,
 And all demanding food, tho’ still asleep :
 Thy heart is marble, if a father’s woe
 It feels not now ! what bids your sorrows flow,
 If for such dire distress you fail to weep ?

X.

“ They woke at last, and now the time drew nigh
 That brought their morning meal—a scant supply !
 A sad preface in ev’ry bosom grew,
 As they recall’d their dreams. Just then, below,
 A hand relentless lock’d the den of woe ;
 And on my sons a fearful glance I threw.

XI.

“ No word from me was heard, or plaintive groan,
 Methought I felt my heart congeal to stone :
 They wept.” At last, my sweet ANSELMO cry’d,
 “ What ails my Father ? what a piteous look
 You cast around !” My heart with horror shook,
 Yet nought to their sad questions I reply’d.

XII.

Thus pass’d the cheerless day and ling’ring night ;
 At last, the second morn’s ascending light
 Sent thro’ the doleful gloom a dubious ray :
 Reflected on each face, it seem’d to shew
 The marks of my despair, in frantic woe
 From my bare arms my flesh I tore away.

XIII.

At once they call with agonizing cries :
 “ Let us supply your want—but spare our eyes ;
 Lefs anguish will we feel the means to give
 Of life, than such a fight again to view !
 Those members you bestow’d, reclaim your due !
 And let our limbs afford the means to live !”

XIV.

Unwilling thus to aggravate their woes,
 Gloomy and calm, attendant on the close
 Of all our pangs, I fate; revolving flow ;
 Two days succeed—the fourth, pale morning broke,
 “ O Father, help ! I feel the deadly stroke !”
 My GADDO cry’d, and sunk beneath the blow !

XV.

“ Another, and another morn beheld :
 Three yet remain. At length, by Fate compell’d,
 On the cold pavement one by one expir’d,
 Groveling amongst the dead, of fight depriv’d ;
 Two ling’ring days of torture I surviv’d,
 And tardy fate, with supplication tir’d.

XVI.

“ O’er each lov’d face my hands spontaneous stray’d,
 And oft’ I call’d each dear departed shade :
 Affail’d by wasting want, with grief combin’d,
 Gaunt famine long had try’d its pow’rs in vain ;
 But mortal grief at last reliev’d my pain,
 And with cold hand the vital thread untwin’d.”

XVII.

He ended stern, and to his dire repast
 Turn'd with malignant look, and furious haste,
 Like a staunch blood-hound to his savage game,
 —Ye tow'rs of Pisa! may GORGONA'S strand,
 With lofty mounds the coming flood withstand,
 And send it foaming down to whelm thy shame.

XVIII.

If HUGOLINE his native realm betray'd,
 The sons were guiltless, tho' the father stray'd;
 My vengeance due thy giant crimes arrest;
 Rival of Thebes! BRIGATA'S tender age,
 And HUGO'S tears, thy malice might assuage,
 If e'er compassion warm'd a PISAN'S breast!

XIX.

Now, thro' the regions of eternal frost
 We travell'd on, and left ANTENOR'S coast,
 Where a new colony possess'd the deep:
 Not prone and abject like the last they lay,
 But shew'd their hideous fronts in open day,
 Seeming for ever bound in iron sleep.

XX.

Fast flow'd their tears, and as they flow'd they froze!
 The Gorgon mask on ev'ry visage grows;
 And back their tears return, and sting the brain;
 While, ever and anon, the bitter blast,
 Relentless breathing o'er the fullen waste,
 Seals up their eyes, and aggravates their pain.

XXI.

“ Whence this eternal blast that sweeps the skies?”
I ask’d, and thus the MANTUAN Shade replies:

“ In gloomy state, within the Gulph below,
The Spirit dwells, that sends the blast around,
First of the Fiends! on Hell’s extremest bound,
Where the mysterious cause thou soon shalt know.

XXII.

“ O ye! who still expect your dubious doom,
(A Spirit cry’d, within his frozen tomb)

Remove this mask, and let my sorrow flow;
—’Tis all I ask—a transient small relief,
Before my tears congeal, and choke my grief,
To ease my bosom of its load of woe.”

XXIII.

My Guide return’d: “ If we neglect thy pray’r,
Soon may we reach the gulph of sad despair;

But first thy country and thy crime disclose:
Thy crime is known, for ALBERIGO’s fame
Was high, till late he earn’d a Traitor’s name,
Paid for his treason with eternal woes.”

St. xxiii. l. 4.—ALBERIGO] A Member of a celebrated Society, instituted in the 13th century, by MARTIN IV. half clerical, half lay, somewhat like the KNIGHTS TEMPLARS. They were called FRATE GODENTE, or Brothers of St. Mary. ALBERIGO had a quarrel with some others of the Society, but on a seeming reconciliation, brought about by some common friends, he invited the whole Society to a splendid entertainment, and took care to have the hall beset with ruffians in the dress of attendants. The
coming

XXIV.

“ Is ALBERIGO fall’n !” amaz’d, I said ;
 “ Then still above a disembodied Shade
 Assumes thy form.”—The guilty Ghost rejoin’d,
 “ For ever exil’d from the bounds of day,
 Oft’ the sad Spirit seeks the frozen bay,
 And leaves the limbs, possess’d of life, behind.

XXV.

“ When first the Traitor’s foul forsakes its seat,
 A chosen Demon finds the foul retreat,

coming in of the desert was the signal, on which the assassins each marked his man, and, singling them out from the other guests, instantly dispatched them.

The supposition in the following Stanza, that the consequence of some vices is, that on the first commission the soul forsakes the body, and all the vital functions are performed by a Demon, has at the same time a striking poetical effect, and includes a very fine moral. Some crimes, particularly what we may call the cool-blooded vices, such as Perfidy, Ingratitude, &c. bespeak such a total corruption of mind, such an universal depravation, that a single act of this kind is equivalent to a confirmed habit of some other vices. In other words, the corruption has gone its full length, the Demon supplants the man, and takes possession of the whole soul. The hint seems to be taken from that tremendous picture in the Gospel, of “ the house swept and garnished for the reception of seven malignant Spirits ;” and the last estate of that man is described as worse than the first. As the crimes of those who are described under punishment in these lower departments, arose from SYMPATHY SUPPRESSED, their torment is made to consist in a vain effort to recover it ; and those eyes, which never melted with compassion, are here very properly exposed to the excruciating torture of freezing tears, or the bitter reflection which arose in the mind by the remembrance of the feelings of humanity overcome.

And ev'ry function of the man renews :
 To all his old allies, the form posses'd,
 Still seems the same, careffing and carefs'd,
 'Till age or sickness sets the pris'ner loose.

XXVI.

“ Know, Mortal ! with the first felonious deed,
 (So may my strong and fervent pray'r succeed !)
 A Demon comes to guide the mortal frame
 Below, in frozen chains the Spirit pines,
 And he, whom yonder wint'ry cell confines,
 Could tell, he yet can boast the DORIAN name.

XXVII.

“ What Fiend,” I cry'd, “ can tempt thy lips to tell
 Such fruitless falsehoods in the depths of Hell ?
 Still DORIA lives, and still enjoys the day.”
 The wretch reply'd, “ Remember when you stood,
 And from the brink of Hell in terror view'd
 Old ZANCO's soul to liquid flames a prey.

XXVIII.

“ Ere HE to Hell was borne, the doom had past,
 And DORIA felt below the bitter blast,

St. xxvii. *l.* 3.—DORIA] BRANCA DORIA, son-in-law to MICHAEL ZANCHE, Lord of LOGODORO (See Canto XXII.); who, to enjoy the large patrimony destined to him by ZANCHE, (which had been acquired by corruption in a judicial capacity,) poisoned his father-in-law at an entertainment. A Demon, according to the Poet, immediately supplanted the soul, and performed all the vital functions of the man.

St. xxviii. *l.* 1.—Ere HE] MICHAEL ZANCO, or ZANCHE.

Freezing the genial current of his tears :
 And where yon' livid mask a soul conceals,
 His fellow-traitor there his doom bewails,
 A Fiend above in either form appears.

XXIX.

“ But, oh ! if e'er thy vows were breath'd in pain,
 Let not thy hand the pious task disdain
 To break the seal, and bid my sorrows flow.”
 “ Far be the task profane !” the MANTUAN cry'd,
 Mute I obey'd my unrelenting Guide,
 And darkling follow'd to the depths below.

XXX.

FalsE GENOA ! claim not all the fraudulent race,
 Whose guilty squadrons fill the central space,
 But scatter the vile seminary wide :
 NO Fiend in all the PTOLEMÆAN coast,
 Equals the foul LIGURIAN's hated ghost,
 Whose limbs above obey a STYGIAN Guide,

END OF THE THIRTY-THIRD CANTO,

CANTO THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet arrives at the Station of the Infernal Monarch, whom he finds employed in the Punishment of **JUDAS ISCARIOT**, **BRUTUS**, and **CASSIUS**, who are considered here as guilty of the same Crime, Ingratitude and Perfidy, to their chief Benefactors. Thence, directed by **VIRGIL**, he finds his way by the Centre, and emerges with difficulty in the other Hemisphere, near the Mountain of **PURGATION**.

“**YONDER** the flag of **EREBUS** unfurl'd,
 Proclaims the Monarch of the nether world,”
 The Bard exclaim'd, as now the fogs profound,
 Dispersing slow before the rising gale,
 Disclos'd, what seem'd a tow'r with shifting sail,
 And warring tempests swept her vans around.

II.

Shook from his wings the fell Tornado grew,
 And all the hideous scene disclos'd to view,
 Beat with eternal storms, a barren coast !
 Half in the whirlwind seiz'd, the Spirit caught
 His trembling charge, and o'er the surface brought
 With rapid wafture to the central post.

III.

Oh! could the Muse describe in equal strain
 The horrors of the wide CERULEAN plain,
 For ever glaz'd beneath the Boreal blast!
 The various postures of the tribes that lay
 In silent shoals, beneath the frozen bay,
 The lowest tenants of the wint'ry waste!

IV.

Some show'd their heels aloft, and some the head,
 And some recumbent on their frozen bed,
 In prostrate files possess'd the middle deep;
 While bending some, with head and heels conjoin'd,
 Afunder each in crystal cells confin'd,
 Feel thro' their reins the icy horrors creep.

V.

Their rigid lips were seal'd in dumb despair,
 Their stony eyes, unconscious of a tear,
 Glar'd as we pass'd, but now the infernal Sire,
 Ken'd from afar, his port majestic shew'd,
 "There fills the FOE OF MAN his dire abode,
 Go! and may Heav'n thy sinking soul inspire!"

VI.

He spoke—the gloomy Chief in HADES fear'd,
 'Midst plaintive shrieks, and warring winds, appear'd,

St. iv. l. 6.] Those who had been guilty of Perfidy, aggravated by Ingratitude, to their Benefactors. The principal of whom are JUDAS, BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.—N. B. The Poet was now no more a Republican, but had incited HENRY of LUXEMBURGH to invade FLORENCE, and renew the Imperial Faction.

While

While nature thro' my nerves convulsive shook :
 New palsies seiz'd my agonizing frame,
 And glowing now I felt the fever's flame,
 While life and death by turns my limbs forfook.

VII.

Half from the central Gulph he seem'd to spring,
 But PHLEGRA'S Giant brood, and BABEL'S King,
 To pigmies funk before the STYGIAN LORD :
 Less to the Monarch of the frozen main
 They seem'd, than I to that gigantic train,
 When late my suppliant pray'r their aid implor'd.

VIII.

If his meridian glories, ere he fell,
 Equal'd his horrible eclipse in Hell,
 No brighter Seraph led the heav'nly host :
 And now, a tenant of the frozen tide,
 The Rebel justly merits to preside
 O'er all the horrors of the STYGIAN coast.

IX.

Six shadowy wings invest his shoulders wide,
 A GORGON face appear'd on either side,
 And one before, that seem'd with rage to burn :
 RANCOUR with fullen hue the next o'ercaft,
 And ENVY'S jaundic'd look distain'd the last
 With GRIEF, that seem'd at others' joy to mourn.

X.

He wav'd his sail-broad wings, and woke the storm,
 COCYTUS shudder'd thro' her tribes deform,
 That

That felt the freezing pow'r in ev'ry gale :
 Keen, polar blasts around his pinions fleet,
 And o'er the region sift th' eternal fleet,
 And mould, with many a gust, the beating hail.

XI.

Disguis'd in gore the gloomy Chieftain stood,
 From ev'ry mouth distill'd the streaming blood,
 And lamentations loud and piercing cries
 Were heard within.—His triple jaws divide,
 And shew his deadly fangs on either side,
 And each a finner's blood in crimson dyes.

XII.

We saw the pris'ners force their bloody way,
 We saw his marble jaws with deadly sway,
 At once descend and crush them in their flight :
 Half seen again, the wretch for mercy calls,
 High-pois'd again, the pond'rous engine falls,
 And churns their quiv'ring limbs with stern delight.

XIII.

“ ISCARIOT there,” the mighty MANTUAN cry'd,
 “ In dol'rous pangs atones his parricide !
 Hark ! how he yells within, and flings abroad
 His struggling feet ! in fullen fortitude
 Here BRUTUS lies by torture unsubstu'd,
 And CASSIUS bathes his mighty limbs in blood !”

XIV.

“ Here ends our long survey—for now above
 Young HESPER lights his ev'ning lamp of love,

And calls us upwards to the bounds of day:
 Now other worlds our weary steps invite
 Another passage to the bounds of light,
 Up to the world, a long laborious way."

XV.

He gave the sign, and soon with pious haste,
 I clung around his neck, and bending waist;
 Then, tow'rd the Fiend, he bore his trembling charge,
 And, when he saw his mighty wings display'd,
 Boldly he plung'd beneath the waving shade,
 And seiz'd his shaggy back, and shoulders large.

XVI.

Thence, soft and slow, his giant sides along
 He bore his load, 'till from his cincture hung,
 We saw beneath the shelving ice divide;
 Then, plung'd at once amid the central womb,
 And, trembling, pass'd the unsubstantial gloom,
 Where worlds met worlds around the dismal void.

XVII.

At once I found my Guide his hold forego,
 And turn with labour to the world of woe:
 His shifting feet, as if again to try
 With long repeated search the frozen found,
 "Prepare with me," he cry'd, "to climb around
 Those giant limbs that seem to prop the sky.

XVIII.

"Now turn, and try this column'd height to scale,"
 The Bard exclaim'd, as from the dismal vale,

Thro' a wide arch of adamant we prefs'd :
 Awhile he flood the wondrous scene to view,
 Then up with pain his mortal burden drew,
 And both a moment feiz'd of welcome rest.

XIX.

Then gazing upwards from our shelving seat,
 We saw the STYGIAN LORD's inverted state,
 His feet sublime, and head depending far :
 Now weigh, ye tribes of earth ! my lengthen'd toil ;
 Think with what pain I pass'd the central isle,
 And cross'd with weary limbs the mighty bar.

XX.

“ Arise ! ” the Bard exclaim'd ; “ the mounting sun
 Expects to meet us ere his race be run,
 And long and dismal lies the way to light !
 No splendid palace fronts the flow'ry path,
 But cliffs of horrid height, and shades of death,
 And hov'ring dread, and everlasting night.

XXI.

“ O Sire ! ” I cry'd, “ these wondrous things explain,
 How pass'd we unawares the frozen main ?
 And why suspends the Fiend his feet above ?
 What Angel's speed has urg'd the star of day
 So sudden to relume his morning ray,
 Since HESPER woke his ev'ning lamp of love ? ”

XXII.

“ Suppose the centre past,” the Poet said,
 “ Since first at yonder point I turn'd my head,

St. xxi. l. 6.] Alluding to what the Poet had said Stanza IV.

And lab'ring feet on SATAN's scaly side :
 Thither unforc'd you sunk with downward weight,
 With labour now you climb the stony strait,
 Tho' I sustain you thro' the gloomy void.

XXIII.

“ Beneath our feet the plains of ASIA lie,
 There PALESTINE furveys the nether sky,
 Where bled the SINLESS MAN a world to save ;
 Pale ev'ning there ascends, in sober grey,
 While here the morning points a purple ray,
 And gilds with light the broad *antarctic* wave.

XXIV.

“ Around the centre sleeps the frozen flood,
 Where SATAN stands embath'd in Traitors blood ;
 His giant limbs the meeting worlds unite :
 Flaming from yonder southern sky he fell,
 The plain broke inwards, and thro' lowest Hell
 Before him fled, 'till ASIA stopp'd her flight.

XXV.

“ Portentous there it rose, a sacred hill,
 Where angel hands their richest balm distil,
 And MARY's son reclin'd his sacred head ;
 Nor ceas'd the central shock, 'till, hither borne,
 Another hill its horrid way had torn,
 Which overlooks afar its oozy bed.”

XXVI.

Now many a league above the wint'ry sound
 We hung, and darkness hover'd still around :

Yet on we pass'd, admonish'd by the ear ;
 For hoarse and dismal thro' the gloomy steep,
 A falling torrent fought the central deep,
 Thro' many a rifted rock, and stony sphere.

XXVII.

Still up the wave-worn cliff the MANTUAN press'd,
 I follow'd faint, deny'd a moment's rest ;
 'Till dim and dubious thro' the rocks on high,
 A ray of welcome light disclos'd our path ;
 Joyful we left the shadowy realms of death,
 And hail'd the op'ning glories of the sky.

END OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

SUMMARY VIEW
OF THE
PLATONIC DOCTRINE,
WITH RESPECT TO A FUTURE STATE,

SCOTT'S CHRISTIAN LIFE, Part I. Chap. iii.
Page 18—74. Fol. Edit.

C c 3

I SHALL here give the READER an opportunity of comparing the First Part of *Scott's Christian Life*, Chap. III. with the view of futurity given by DANTE. —Dr. SCOTT was very much admired at the beginning of this century; though his language, like DANTE'S, is sometimes debased by vulgar idioms, his reasoning is close, and his fancy vigorous. He indeed assumes some propositions without descending to the proof, and reasons from them; but his assumptions, when examined, are found sufficiently evident. The Platonic doctrine, that souls still retain the habits they had acquired while in the body, is by him pursued through all its consequences, and carried further than any other author has done. He has shewn, that the representations of futurity are not merely the superstitious dreams of a disordered fancy, but that every man carries the seeds of eternal happiness or misery in his own mind; and that representations of futurity may be founded on the strictest reasoning, equally tremendous with the wildest pictures of fancy. His re-

presentations only want to be diversified with proper characters and incidents, and connected into one view to make a Poem, superior perhaps to any on the subject. It was a loss to DANTE, that such a Writer had not appeared before his time; he would probably have suggested new prospects, new adventures, and new characters.

One position that this Divine assumes, without descending to the proof, and what he builds some of his best representations upon, is, that in the other world Spirits departed will naturally associate themselves with others of a like disposition. This, I think, deserves a little examination, as a great part of his system depends upon it.—We can only judge of the effects of habit in a future state of existence, from its effects in this world. Let us examine what is the principal attraction of society here, particularly what induces men to make those intimate connections which we generally call Friendship, and which indeed deserves the name in a subordinate sense. It is neither mutual entertainment, nor mutual information alone, but principally a concurrence of sentiment. A man of wit is never so much at his ease in the company of another man of wit, as with a man who shews the effect of his sallies by the most genuine marks of admiration. He looks upon a hearty fit of laughter, as the best equivalent for his *bon mot*: his jest retorted by another, is like verse paid with verse; but the man that laughs at his jest, enters into his sentiment, and they have that species of sympathy that forms a sort of mutual attraction;

which, if it does not end in friendship, at least constitutes familiarity.—If he prefer the company of men of talents, the pleasure does not arise so much from the information he receives, as from the consciousness that they think alike upon their favourite subjects; and that habit has turned their ideas into the same channel. This is the case with the virtuous and vicious, the soldier and the sailor, the pedant and the mechanic, the beggar and the beau. Habit induces each of them to associate with the man whose sentiments are in unison with his own. Hence, in every large company, where there is not that happy mixture of good-breeding and talents, or at least that general sympathy requisite to keep up a general conversation, we see the company break into little groups, just as they find a set in unison with themselves; and politics, business, double entendre, and scandal, are all discussed in their own little committees.

This is the effect of sympathy; but the sympathy itself is principally the effect of habit. If then the conclusion of Plato, with respect to the particular effects of habit in each person, be well founded; from the same mode of reasoning it will follow, that if habit strengthen the vice, so as to make it a future plague, the same habit will make the vicious associate with such Spirits as are under the influence of like habits with themselves. We see habit produce each of these effects here, and we only can reason on invisible things, from their analogy to our daily experience.

Having

Having thus shewn (perhaps more at large than was necessary) that our propensity to associate with such as correspond with us in sentiment, originally springs from habit, and that it has the same cause with the inveteracy of the vicious affections themselves, we shall next take a summary view of the Platonic Doctrine, as delivered by SCOTT.

SUMMARY VIEW, &c.

MAN is first considered by him as a rational, a religious, and a social animal; and his duties consequently divide into the Human, the Divine, and the Social Virtues. He then shews how each of these virtues contributes, in its own nature, to heavenly happiness; and how each of the opposite vices tends to make the criminal eternally miserable. As he is a rational animal, his reason is given him to subdue his irascible and concupiscible affections, and shew him the just value of things. Then he begins with Prudence, a virtue which directs us to the worthiest ends, and teaches us to employ the best means. This is the principle which allies us to Angels; and our Appetites, therefore, being meant to be subject to our Wills, and our Wills to Reason, when this order is reversed, the mind must feel that sort of anguish, or uneasiness, which a body does which is out of joint; but Prudence must be Happiness, because it is a continual

tinual exercise of Reason, the noblest faculty we are possessed of: " For we, (says he,) being finite beings, and of a mixed nature, cannot act vigorously in two lines of action at once. If we exercise only our animal faculties, our rational will decay, and use and exercise will not only improve and strengthen our reason, but make its exercise delightful. It will empower it to regulate all our actions, and our eternal state of happiness will commence even here. The enjoyment of the heavenly state, is nothing but an exertion of our rational faculties in their full freedom, disentangled from the snares of all unreasonable affections. Our understanding will be employed in the contemplation of truth, and our will devoted to the love of absolute perfection.

" But when our Reason is laid aside, and things are prized above their intrinsic value, our disappointment is proportioned to our expectations; and our expectation not being guided by Reason, will always go along with our enjoyments, and always ensure disappointment. In the mean time, these things are fleeting from us; we leave the world, and carry our irrational desires along with us, sublimed to virulence by long habit. Then every lust, separated from its object, converts into an hopeless and outrageous desire, a desire exalted to frenzy by despair; and the mind, pre-engaged to sensual delights alone, cannot direct its attention to nobler objects. Such is the force of habit." The virtue he recommends in opposition to this, is Moderation; or placing a due value on temporal objects: *i. e.* such a value as they deserve, and
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as will not interfere with our duty. To enforce this further, he observes, that we understand by our affections, that they change the hue of all objects, and that such spirits, immersed in the pleasures of sense, and habituated to them only, should relish any thing higher, he thinks impossible.

Next, he treats of Fortitude, which, by his definition, is the virtue that keeps our irascible affections in due bounds, and does not permit them to exceed those evils or dangers which we seek to repel, or avoid.—In this case, Fortitude not only comprehends courage, as opposed to fear; but gentleness, as opposed to fierceness; sufferance, as opposed to impatience; contentedness, as opposed to envy; and meekness, as opposed to revenge: all which are the passions of weak and pusillanimous minds, so softened with baseness and cowardice, that they are not able to withstand the slightest impressions of danger or injury, the slightest cross accident; the most casual affront is painful to their morbid and irritable apprehensions, what would only amuse a mind in proper health. Their courage, he says, is the mere ferment of animal nature; but true fortitude consists in that power over the irascible affections, which prevents us from being timorous in danger, or envious in want; impatient in suffering, or angry at contempt; or malicious and revengeful under injuries and provocation. Then he illustrates the effects of those untoward accidents upon a mind duly tempered with Fortitude, by a very singular comparison of the pattering of hail on the tiles of a music-house, which does not in the least disturb the harmony within.

within.—While it is in the power of those accidents to disturb our passions, he says, “ We are tenants at will to them for all the little peace we enjoy, and our happiness and misery must entirely depend upon them as they are good or bad.”

“ Thus (he says) are we tossed about while here, like ships without rudder or compass. All these passions, which fall under the government of Fortitude, are in their excesses terrible, and, like young vipers, gnaw the womb that breeds them. The intervention of other enjoyments, prevents our feeling the full effects of these passions here. Immersed as we are in gross terrestrial vehicles, our feelings cannot be so exquisite, nor consequently our passions so violent, as they doubtless will be, when we are stripped into naked spirits; and if we go into the other world with these passions unmortified in us, they will not only be far more violent than now, but our perceptions of them will be pure and unalloyed by any intermixture of enjoyment; and if so, what exquisite torments must they prove, when hate and envy, malice and revenge, shall be altogether like so many vultures preying upon our hearts, and our minds shall be continually goaded with all the furious thoughts that these outrageous passions can suggest to us! When, with the meagre eyes of envy, we shall look up to those regions of unhopd felicity; when our impatience shall be heightened, by a sense of our follies, to a diabolical fury, sublimed with an insatiable desire of revenge upon all that have contributed to our ruin, and an inveterate malice against all we converse with, what a Hell must

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we be to ourselves!—The external punishments of Devils are undoubtedly very severe, but wrath and envy, malice and revenge, must be much more so; they are both the nature and the plague of Devils; they are the creatures of those cursed affections, as it was they which changed them from Angels into Fiends. If, then, those affections had such an horrible power of transmutation, as to metamorphose Angels into Demons; how can we ever expect to be happy, so long as we harbour and indulge them?"

“ To prevent this impediment to our happiness, is the end of those evangelical precepts, of putting away bitterness and wrath, of being children in malice, and cultivating the fruits of the spirit; such as peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and meekness; which are nothing else but the virtue of Fortitude, exerting itself on our different irascible affections.”

“ Right reason tells us, that our irascible affections add to the evils which we fear or suffer; and the exercise of Fortitude is, therefore, an addition to our happiness here, and it also tends to kill the seeds of misery hereafter.”

Next, he considers the virtue of Temperance, and expatiates on the doctrine of the soul's contracting a relish for sensual pleasure, which, where the object is removed, must be a source of torment;—but this is partly a repetition of the foregoing doctrine*.

He next explains the virtue of Humility, or thinking properly of ourselves; shewing that pride is the

* See Plato Phæd. Clem. Alex. Pædag. lib. ii. cap. 1.

root of envy, that envy begets malice, and malice misery. Then he prescribes the contemplation of our errors and indiscretions, our irregularities of temper, our defects in moral virtue, and deviations from right, as the best means of teaching us Humility; and, above all, a contemplation of the attributes of the Deity, and our littleness, compared with his favours to us.

The immediate effects of the above-mentioned virtues are privations of pain and rest; but when these impediments are removed, the active nature of the mind will impel it to more congenial employments; that is, to the divine virtues belonging to man, as a reasonable creature, of which he treats next.

I. The contemplation of the Divinity, the most worthy object of a rational being, whose most natural employment is the search of truth.—II. The exercise of devotion.—III. Imitation of the Divine nature in its moral attributes; and as from the contemplation of his own nature his self-complacency must proceed, so must our virtues be the source of our self-satisfaction, or our vices of misery.—IV. Reliance on him; our Heaven must be, to be directed by him in our choices, to have our wills conformable to his; and our Hell, to be set adrift by him, and left involved in the tempest of our own desires.

He concludes with a view of the social virtues, and after some observations on the nature of men, and the duties of society, in recommending benevolence, he observes, “That society puts us within each other’s reach; and, by that means, if we are enemies, renders us more dangerous to each other, like two armies,
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which, at distance, engage only with missile weapons, and do not havock and butcher each other till they come to close engagement." Such are the effects of hatred and malice in this world, so as often to render the most dismal solitude preferable to society; but the effects of these unfociable passions must be much more horrible in the other world, if they are not mortified here; for whenever the souls of men leave their bodies, they doubtless associate with spirits like themselves! "they flock to birds of their own feather," and comfort themselves with such separate spirits as are of their own genius and temper: For, besides that bad spirits are by the laws of the invisible world incorporated into one nation, similitude of disposition is an attraction to association, malice naturalizes men for the kingdom of darkness, and disqualifies them for the society of the blessed, and urges them to that infernal society of spirits like themselves. But, better were eternal solitude in the most desolated region of infinite space, better were the eternal pressure of despair, the never-dying corrosions of envy, and the stings of a conscience brooding over its eternal wounds, than the incessant and horrible vexation of such a malignant confraternity! for, though we, who are only spectators of corporeal agency, cannot see how spirits act upon each other, yet there is no doubt but the plagues inflicted by spirits upon spirits, are as immediate as those inflicted by body upon body *, and sup-

* Even here we see the eye can give pleasure or pain by imperceptible means:—A smile cheers the beholder, and a frown evidently hurts him.

posing that these can mutually act upon each other, there is no doubt but they can communicate either pain or joy to each other in proportion to their power. What then can be expected from a company of malicious spirits herding together, but a reciprocation of revenge, misery, and torment!—Their most exquisite enjoyments here, have risen from the exertions of spite and malice; and the shadowy solace of their torments below, must arise from the same direful gratification of mutual and implacable revenge.

Here the subject of this eternal quarrel is laid, “when all who, by evil counsels, wicked insinuations, or pernicious examples, contributed to each other’s ruin, come to meet; when their mutual misery is sublimed by an insatiable desire of vengeance; Heavens! what a tremendous situation! how all their aggregate powers of mischief will be exerted in one relentless effort of mutual vengeance!” This one would think is *misery* enough; but besides this, our religion teaches us to believe, “that they shall be exposed to all the dreadful afflictions of the first apostates from Heaven; spirits, who even now, when let loose upon us, can unfold such scenes of horror to our affrighted fancy, as oft’ to drive us to madness, despair, and suicide: What then must be the consequence when we are wholly abandoned to them, and left the eternal victims of their unfated malice! with what an hellish rage will they fly upon our guilty and timorous souls, where there is so much fuel for their injected sparks of horror to take fire on!—As the indulgence of rancour and malice naturally drives us to such malignant society”—to
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guard

guard against this, in every page of the gospel the duty of love and mutual charity is inculcated with the most earnest repetition.

He next expatiates on the virtue of Justice, and in shewing what will be the consequence hereafter of indulging an unrighteous temper. He observes, "that the most barbarous and wicked societies here, have some remains of justice and honour among them, some sparks of conscience, which must make a great difference between them, and the society of such spirits as those, who were habituated to acts of injustice, or fraud, must naturally seek in the other world. Their despair of ever being reconciled to God, and their inveterate malice against him, and every thing good, must erase every remaining trace of goodness out of their minds, and their whole conversation can be nothing else than an intercourse of oppression, treachery, and violence. The Devil is described as the father of lies, and, *regis ad exemplum*, all the miserable vassals of his dark kingdom do all imitate his example, and tread in his footsteps. Then, gracious Heaven! what woeful society must that be! where all trust and confidence is banished, and every one stands upon his guard, tortured with eternal vigilance of surrounding mischiefs! where all their employment is diabolical fraud and circumvention, and their whole study to do and retaliate injuries!"

To prevent the effects of this dangerous spirit when indulged, the Scripture recommends not only righteousness in general, but truth, plainness, openness, and candour, as far as the innate treachery of the world will admit.

The consequence of indulging a factious or rebellious spirit is next described : where, being chained together by an adamant fate, they consent, in this, and in this alone, to oppose all good designs, and do the most mischief they are able : so that their society is like the monster Scylla, whom the Poets speak of, whose inferior parts were a company of dogs who were continually snarling and quarrelling among themselves, and yet were inseparable from each other, as being all parts of the same substance.—With a foresight of these wretched consequences of disunion, the gospel precept is “ to follow good-will towards all men.”—— Then, after enlarging on the concord of the fairs above, he insists on the necessity of “ purging our minds of those froward and contentious humours, if we would wish to be fit companions of their blessed society.”

With respect to the virtues of obedience to superiors, and condescension and gentleness to inferiors, and the consequences of their opposite vices, he gives a dreadful picture of those tyrannical rulers, and ungovernable subjects, that the two parties will be divided into in the other world, where “ rebels will naturally consort with rebels, and tyrants with tyrants ; where all the superiors are fierce and tyrannical, and all the inferiors perverse and stubborn ; where the rulers are a company of Demons, that impose nothing but grievances and plagues, and those that obey are a set of furly and untractable slaves. that submit to nothing but what they are compelled to by grievances and plagues—lashed into unsufferable obedience, and forced by one torment to submit to another.”

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In his recommendation of the opposite virtues, there are some traits of the doctrine of passive obedience, which, in the days of SCOT, was often a theme of eloquence from the pulpit. He concludes the chapter with a detail of motives for the practice of the heavenly virtues, from their suitability to the christian character, and remarks what an idea the vices of a christian must give a heathen of our religion, from the instance of the Indian, who, when he was told the cruel Spaniards went to Heaven, rather chose the darkest Hell than such diabolical company. The next motives he urges are, the honour of following the example, and treading in the steps of the most exalted nature, and the freedom we acquire by a life of virtue; for “in a state of sin the free course of reason is interrupted by vice, and the free course of vice is restrained, in some respect, by reason, even in the most abandoned; and wherever we go we walk like prisoners, clogged by the shackles of shame and fear.”—In this case we must resolve “either to conquer our reason, or our lust; if we conquer the former, we acquire a liberty indeed, the liberty of Demons and of brutes; if we subdue the latter, we acquire the freedom of men, and of angels; and we shall move without check or confinement in a free and noble sphere, for we shall be pleased with what is wise and fit, and good without any curb or restraint, and be all life, all spirit, all wing, in the discharge of our duty.”

In expatiating on the pleasures of a virtuous life, he observes, “that whereas sensual enjoyments are short and transient, the heaven of a rational creature consists
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in the most intense and vigorous exercises of its rational faculties, on the most suitable and convenient objects.

“ As in every act of every virtue there is an imperfect union of the soul with God, there must also be some degree of the pleasure of Heaven in the exercise of every one of them ; and when by habit we have made the exercise of those virtues not only easy but delightful, we shall find ourselves under the *central force of Heaven*, most sweetly drawn along by the powerful magnetism of its joy and pleasure, and every act of celestial virtue will anticipate celestial happiness. Wherefore, as we love pleasure, which is the great invitation to action, let us be persuaded, once for all, to make a thorough experiment of the heavenly life.”

The fifth motive he insists on is, the repose attending a virtuous life ; where he represents vice as a dislocation of our mental faculties, a force put upon our natural destination, a discord in the original harmony of our nature, which he illustrates by the following simile : “ If a musical instrument were a living thing, it would be sensible that harmony is its proper state, and would abhor discord and dissonancy, as a thing preternatural to it ; so, were our reason alive within us, our souls, which were made unisons with the Deity, would be exquisitely sensible of those divine virtues wherein its consonancy consists, as of that which was its proper state and native complexion ; for all her jarring faculties being tuned to the musical laws of reason, there would be a perfect harmony in her nature.”

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The last motive he mentions is the necessity of a virtuous life to our enjoyment of heavenly happiness. —“Happiness,” says he, “is a relative thing, and in its very nature implies a mutual correspondence between the objects of our happiness, and the faculties that enjoy them. If the objects of heavenly happiness be not suited to our faculties by habitual contemplation, or habitual exercise, they cannot be objects of happiness to us.”

He goes even so far as to say, “that should the Deity inflict on vicious persons no positive punishment, they must from habitual depravation be for ever miserable; and what would a pardon signify to a malefactor who is dying of the stone or strangury? just as little would an absolution from punishment signify to a depraved soul while it is subject to a disease that preys upon its vitals. Heaven is the centre of all virtue, to which it naturally tends; Hell is the centre of all vice, to which it is carried by an accelerated motion: yet it is not so much the place as the state of mind that makes the difference; and would vice attempt to climb to Heaven, it would be beat back by the dreadful lightnings of its glory.”

He concludes with a spirited apostrophe to such as think that vice and happiness are compatible: “What would such as you do in Heaven?—There are no wanton amours among those heavenly lovers, no rivers of wine among their rivers of pleasure to gratify your sensuality, no parasites to flatter your pride, no miseries to feed your envy, no mischiefs to tickle your revenge
—nothing

—nothing but chaste and divine, pure and rational enjoyments.”

I shall only make one observation on the foregoing system, that if it be well founded, it precludes all those idle declamations on the absurdity of lasting punishments for temporal crimes, as it appears from this representation that the punishment arises in a great degree from the acquired habit which must last at least as long as the existence of the criminal.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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