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THE  
SOCIETY OF  
MUSICIANS

OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON

AND  
THE  
MUSICIANS' UNION

OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON

OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON

DANTE'S

*Buyer's name: ...  
Died: ... 14 ...*

DIVINE COMEDY:

THE INFERNO.

A Literal Prose Translation,

WITH

THE TEXT OF THE ORIGINAL COLLATED FROM THE BEST EDITIONS,  
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

BY JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D.

O degli altri poeti onore e lume,  
Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,  
Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

*Infern. i., 82-4.*

*Or other poets, thro' thy long flight,  
Through the great love and study,  
Which have made me seek thy volume,  
Thou art the cause of my delight.*

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

82 CLIFF STREET.

1851.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE object of the following Prose Translation is to give the real meaning of Dante as literally and briefly as possible. No single particle has been wittingly left unrepresented in it, for which any equivalent could be discovered; and the few words that have been added are marked in Italics. English readers, it is hoped, will here find a closer, and therefore, with all its defects, a warmer version than any that has hitherto been published for them.

The Italian Text, carefully collated from the best editions, is printed beneath, in order to justify and support the Translation, which is perhaps too literal for standing alone; and likewise to enable those who have any knowledge of Italian to understand the Original itself more easily, and with less obstruction enjoy the deep rhythmic force and beauty of it, which can not be transferred into any other language.

New Arguments or explanatory introductions, intended to diminish the number and burden of indispensable notes, are prefixed to the Cantos. The Notes themselves are either original, or taken directly, and in no case without accurate reference, from the best Italian commentators and historians; and, above all, from Dante's own works, wherever any thing appropriate could be met with. Illustrative or parallel passages are quoted in them, from the Bible, and from Virgil and other ancient authors, to show the way in which Dante used his materials; and more sparingly from Chaucer and Milton, both of whom

had read the *Divina Commedia* with poetic warmth and insight, before producing any of their own great works. The endless passages which might have been quoted from Italian writers, are excluded for the sake of brevity, and as being far less near and less interesting to us.

Finally, the doubtful, difficult, or obsolete words are explained between the notes and the original text, or in the notes themselves. A brief account of the most remarkable Editions, Comments, and Translations, is given at the commencement, together with a sketch of Dante's Hell and his journey through it. And the volume concludes with a complete Index of the Proper Names that are mentioned or alluded to.

Now this simple statement will sufficiently show that the present undertaking is upon a plan quite different from that of the other English translations; and therefore enters into no competition with them, and requires no apology. I am persuaded that all who know any thing of the manifold significance of the Original, or of its old and recent history, will be glad to see another faithful effort made to bring the true meaning of it nearer to English readers. But, for several purposes, and more especially for the guidance of younger students, it may be useful to state also, in a few words, the reasons that have gradually led to this new experiment, and the feelings and convictions under which it was begun. They are as follows:

In the year 1831, being called to Italy by other duties, I first studied the *Divina Commedia*, under guidance of the most noted literary Dilettanti of Rome and other places. I heard them read it with wondrous gestures and declamation, and talk of it in the usual superlatives; learnt by heart the stories of Francesca,

Ugolino, &c., and could speak very fluently about them. But, as a whole, it took little serious hold of me at that time. The long, burdensome, incoherent jumble of contending notes in the Paduan edition of 1822—recommended as the best—had helped to darken and perplex every part of it that required any comment.

During the seven years which followed, I often studied it again, at leisure hours, along with the other works of Dante; and got intimately acquainted with various Italians of different ranks, who, without making any pretensions to literature, or troubling themselves with conflicting commentaries, knew all the best passages, and would recite them in a plain, sober, quiet tone—now rapid, now slow, but always with real warmth—like people who felt the meaning, and were sure of its effect. To them the *Divina Commedia* had become a kind of Bible, and given expression and expansion to what was highest in their minds. The difference between them and the *Dilettanti* seemed infinite, and was all the more impressive from the gradual way in which it had been remarked.

The contemporary Historians, or Chroniclers, of Florence and other parts of Italy, were afterward studied, in connection with Dante and his earliest commentators; and here the meaning of the great Poem first began to unfold itself in detail, and apart from its mere literary merits. It became significant in proportion as it was felt to be true—to be, in fact, the sincerest, the strongest, and warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew Prophets. Diligent readers of those contemporary historians will find that the Poet, among other things, took the real historical facts of his age, and took them with surprising accu-

racy and transcendent impartiality, extenuating nothing, exaggerating nothing, though often rising into very high fervor and indignation. And they will also find that there was enough in those old times to excite a great, earnest, far-seeing man, such as Dante; and send him into the depths and heights of Prophetic Song. Those times had already produced Sicilian Vespers, and tragedies enough; and carried within them the seeds of Bartholomew Massacres, of Thirty-Years' Wars, and French Revolutions, and the state of things that we now see over the whole continent of Europe and elsewhere. They were times of transition, like our own—the commencement of a New Era, big with vast energies and elements of change; and “the straight way was lost.” It is only the phraseology, the apparatus, and outward circumstances that are remote and obsolete; all else is the same with us as with Dante. Our horizon has grown wider than his: our circumnavigators do not find that Mount of Purgatory on the other side of the globe; the Continents of America stand revealed in his Western Hemisphere of Ocean; the Earth is no longer the “fixed and stable” Center of our Universe: but the great principles of truth and justice remain unaltered. And to those among ourselves, who, with good and generous intentions, have spoken lightly and unwisely concerning Dante, one has to say, not without sadness: Study him better. His ideas of Mercy, and Humanity, and Christian Freedom, and the means of attaining them, are not the same as yours: not the same, but unspeakably larger and sounder. He felt the infinite distance between Right and Wrong, and had to take that feeling along with him. And those gentle qualities of his, which you praise so much, lie at the root of his other heroic qualities, and are in-

separable from them. All anger and indignation, it may safely be said, were much more painful to him than they can be to you. The Dante you have criticised is not the real Dante, but a mere scare-crow—seen through the unhealthy mist of your sentimentalisms. Why do you keep preaching your impracticable humanities, and saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace? Is there nothing within your own daily observation or experience to make you seek for surer footing, and prevent you from trying to heal the foulest ulcers by merely hiding them, and talking mildly about them? Have you not this very year beheld the whole of a great nation, frantically, and with world-wide re-echo, proclaiming universal Brotherhood, and Freedom, and Equality, on hollow grounds; and then, within four short months, as a natural and inevitable consequence, slaughtering each other by thousands? The humanest men of all countries are beginning to grow sick and weary of such expensive sham humanities.

But to return. Having thus acquired a clearer idea of the Poem, and got fairly beneath the thick encumbrances of Dilettantism and other encumbrances, which hide its meaning, I began to be convinced that the quantity of commentary, necessary to make the substance and texture of it intelligible, might be compressed into a much smaller space than had been anticipated; and that conviction was confirmed by a minuter examination of the most celebrated modern commentators, such as Venturi, Lombardi, Biagioli, &c., from whom those notes in the Paduan edition, above mentioned, are chiefly taken. A practical commentator, whose main desire is to say nothing superfluous, has got to study them all in the way of duty; and then feels it to be an equally clear duty to



pass over the greater part of what they have written in perfect silence. All of us want to know something of Dante ; but not one in a thousand could endure to read long discussions which generally end in nothing, and which surely ought to be allowed to die a natural death as rapidly as possible.

It was under such impressions as these that I first thought of publishing a correct edition of the Original Text, with English Arguments, and Notes explaining all the difficult passages, allusions, &c. But this plan, I was told by the best authorities I had an opportunity of consulting, would "make a piebald, monstrous Book, such as has not been seen in this country;" and therefore, not without reluctance and misgiving, I resolved to attempt the Literal Prose Translation at the same time, and send forth this first volume—complete in itself—by way of experiment. The process of breaking in pieces the harmony and quiet force of the Original, and having to represent it so helplessly and inadequately in another language, has been found as painful as was anticipated, and the notes as hard to compress ; but from beginning to end, all the difficulties of the task have at least been honestly fronted ; and readers who are already familiar with Dante and his commentators, will be able to estimate the quantity of labor required for the performance of it.

In conclusion, I have to acknowledge the kindness of one highly accomplished friend, whose name I am not allowed to mention : he read over the proofs of the first eight Cantos, and suggested some useful additions and amendments.

J. A. C.

## MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS.

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THE Manuscripts of the Divina Commedia, found in different parts of Italy, and described by various Italian writers who had seen or examined them, were estimated by Ugo Foscolo (Edition of 1842-3, tom. iv. p. 49) as amounting in all to some Two Hundred. Our British Museum, our Oxford and other libraries public and private, also contain several that are not mentioned by those writers; and doubtless there are many more in the libraries of France, Germany, &c. The number of them is indeed very remarkable, considering that printing was introduced into Italy nearly four centuries ago. And valuable readings have been obtained from some of them; but none of ours have as yet been thoroughly examined; and the terms in which most of the Italians speak of theirs are extravagant, vague, and incredible, as Foscolo justly observes; so that one is forced to wait for further evidence, before giving any opinion on the subject of their relative merits. The second volume of the *Bibliografia Dantesca*<sup>1</sup> of M. de Batines, if it equals the first, will furnish the sober and accurate account of them which is still wanted.

The number of Editions hitherto published is upward of Two Hundred and Fifty. Of these, at least fifteen authentic editions, besides five of doubtful authenticity, were printed within the last thirty years of the fifteenth century; forty-

<sup>1</sup> BIBLIOGRAFIA DANTESCA, ossia Catalogo delle Edizioni, Traduzioni, Codici Manoscritti e Commenti della Divina Commedia e delle Opere Minori di Dante, seguito dalla serie de' Biografi di lui, compilata dal Sig. Visconte Colomb de Batines. Traduzione Italiana, fatta sul Manoscritto Francese dell' autore. Tom. i. 8<sup>vo</sup>, pp. 769. Prato, 1845-6. I have quoted the title of this very useful and meritorious work at full length. The second volume is still unpublished. The first, in two parts, contains an account of the Editions, Translations, and Comments printed and unprinted; and throughout the whole of it, the author carefully distinguishes what he has himself seen from what is reported by others.

two in the sixteenth; four in the seventeenth, or poorest century of Italian literature; forty in the eighteenth; and, in the present century, more than one hundred and fifty. Ample details, concerning all of them that were published before the year 1845, will be found in the work of M. de Batines. Only a few of the most remarkable can be mentioned here—in the order of their dates.

1472. The earliest edition is that of Iohanni Numeister, printed at Fuligno in 1472, with very brief arguments and no comment. It is printed in clear type, and upon strong paper; not paged or numbered. There are almost no points; and no capital letters, except at the commencement of the Terzine, and in a very small number of the proper names. In the British Museum there is an excellent copy of it, to which I have often referred, and not always without profit,<sup>1</sup> when perplexed by different readings. All the Bibliographers speak of it, and also of two other editions that were printed later in the same year. In particular, the account which M. de Batines gives of it is very accurate. I shall content myself with quoting one or two passages, to show the curious way in which the words flow together, without points or capitals, more especially when the line threatens to be long. Thus:

Perme siva nellacipta dolente  
perme siva neleterno dolore  
perme siva tra laperduta gente  
*Inferno*, iii. 1-3.

p. 41. Come dautunno selean lefoglie  
luna apresso dellaltra finchel ramo  
rendalla terra tutte lesue spoglie  
*Ibid.* iii. 112-4.

p. 62. Noi leggiauamo ungiorno perdiletto  
dilancialotto come amor lostrinse  
soli erauamo et senzalcun sospetto  
*Ibid.* v. 127-9.

1477. The next remarkable edition that I have had opportunities of examining, also in the Museum, is that of

<sup>1</sup> Thus, in canto i. ver. 48, I found: *Si che pareo che laere ne TREMASSE*, though Foscolo says, "all the printed copies" have *TREMESSE*; and, in canto xvii. ver. 124: *Et vidi poi che nolUEDEA davanti*, instead of Foscolo's *UDIA davanti*. I find *TREMESSE* also in the very rare Neapolitan edition, printed about 1475. An exact reprint of the Fuligno edition, with the different readings of the other earliest editions, would be very acceptable; and the Museum now possesses good copies of them all.

Vendelin da Spira, printed at Venice in 1477. M. de Batines gives to it the title of *La DIVINA Commedia*, apparently through inadvertency, as he also does to editions printed in 1473, 1484, 1487, and 1491. The epithet DIVINA occurs in no edition of the fifteenth century; but at the end of this of Vendelin, in some vehement helpless verses, we find the expression, *INCLITO et DIUO dante alleghieri Fiorentin poeta*; and later editions speak of the EXCELSO, GLORIOSO, DIVINO, or VENERABILE *poeta Fiorentino*, long before they begin to apply the title<sup>1</sup> of DIVINE to the poem itself. The text is in general more accurate than that of Numeister; and is accompanied by a long comment, which the title—*falsely*, as we shall see—attributes to Benvenuto da Imola. I shall give one specimen. The initial letters of the Terzine stand wide apart from the lines, thus:

- f. 61
- A mor chanullo amato amar perdona  
 mipsese dicostui piacer siforte  
 che come uedi ancor non mabandona
- A mor condusse noi aduna morte  
 chain attende che uita cispense  
 queste parole d'alor cifar porte
- D achio intesi &c.

*Inf. v. 103-9.*

1478. The Milanese edition of 1477-8, called Nido-beatine from the name of its editor, is the best of all the early editions. There are at least two copies of it in the

<sup>1</sup> In the Letter to Can Grande, Dante himself, speaking of the Title, says, "*Libri titulus est: INCIPIT COMEDIA DANTIS ALLAGHERII, FLORENTINI NATIONE, NON MORIBUS.*" He then gives the derivation of the terms Comedy and Tragedy thus: "*Comædia dicitur a κῶμη, villa, et ὄδῳ, quod est cantus, unde Comædia quasi villanus cantus. . . . Tragedia a τραγῶς, quod est hircus, et ὄδῳ, quasi cantus hircinus, id est fœtidus ad modum hirci.*" And after adding that Tragedy "speaks in a style elate and sublime, and at the beginning is admirable and quiet, at the end or exit fetid and horrible;" while "Comedy begins with the asperity of a subject, and ends prosperously, and speaks in a remiss and humble style;" he says it will be easy to see "why the present work is called a Comedy. For if we consider the subject thereof, at the beginning it is horrible and fetid, being Hell; at the end prosperous, desirable, and grateful, being Paradise. And if we consider the style of speech, that style is remiss and humble, being the vulgar speech, in which even the women talk with one another. Wherefore it is evident why the work is called a Comedy." See also *Vulg. Elog. ii. 4*, where Dante again says: "In Tragedy we assume the higher style, in Comedy the lower," &c.

The earliest and most other editions of the fifteenth century translate the title simply: *COMINCIA LA COMEDIA DI DANTE ALLEGHERI DI FIRENZE, &c.*

The Letter to Can Grande, as given in the London edition of 1842-3 (tom. iii. p. 269-284) is miserably incorrect, and quite unintelligible. I quote from Fraticelli's edition.

Museum: one beautifully printed on parchment, the other on the strong paper of those times. A long commentary, generally attributed to Jacopo della Lana of Bologna, a contemporary of Dante, accompanies the text, which runs thus:

Costui non cibera terra ne peltro  
 ma sapienza & amore euirtute  
 e sua nation sara tra feltro efeltro  
 Diquella humil italia fia salute  
 per cui mori lauergine camilla  
 eurialo eterno e niso diferate  
 Questi lacaccera &c.

*Inf. i. 103-9.*

1481. The earliest Florentine edition is that of 1481, with the comment of Landino. It is magnificent both in size and form; but greatly inferior to the Milan edition in point of correctness. In the best copy of the Museum I find no fewer than fifteen instances in which verses or whole Terzine are left out, besides other errors. In all the copies I have seen, there are at least Two Engravings, heading the first and second cantos of the poem, while large blank spaces are left above all the other cantos; and in some rare copies as many as Twenty are found, the last seventeen or eighteen of which seem to be glued upon those blank spaces. On the whole, this edition is a decided and very expensive failure; but shows the ideas which the Florentines had learnt to entertain of their great Poet. The comment of Landino, though reprinted more than fifteen times at Venice and elsewhere, was never again printed at Florence. It is the last edition from which I shall quote a specimen. The words, as will be seen, begin to stand more regularly apart from one another:

Incontinente intesi et certo fui  
 che questera la secta de captiui  
 a dio spiacenti et animici suoi  
 Questi sciagurati che mai non fur uiui  
 erono ignudi et stimolati molto  
 da mosconi et da uespe cheron iui

*Inf. iii. 61-6.*

1502. After these folio editions of the fifteenth century comes the first Aldine, printed in 1502; and one is glad to see so perfect a little volume. It bears the simple title of **LE TERZE RIME DI DANTE**, in front; and on the reverse,

LO 'NFERNO E 'L PURGATORIO E 'L PARADISO DI DANTE ALAGHERI. The text is said to have been taken from "a manuscript copy of Cardinal Bembo, now in the Vatican." *Batines*, tom. i. p. 60.—The second Aldine edition, DANTE COL SITO ET FORMA DELL' INFERNO TRATTA DALLA ISTESSA DESCRIZIONE DEL POETA, printed in 1515, is of the same size and form in every respect, page for page; and has woodcuts at the end, representing the position and shape of the Inferno. I have had these two editions constantly at hand, and have found the last of them even more correct than the other.

1506. The second Florentine edition, COMMEDIA DI DANTE INSIEME CON UN DIALOGO CIRCA EL SITO FORMA ET MISURE DELLO INFERNO, published by Filippo di Giunta in 1506, is of the same small octavo size as the Aldine, and in similar type; but is much rarer than either of them, and has many different readings. It is also very correct. My copy contains *Seven* woodcuts, along with the Dialogue at the end, though only *Six* are spoken of by M. de Batines, p. 65.

1507. The *Dante alighieri Fiorentino historiado*, with the comment of Landino, printed at Venice in 1507, by Bart. de Zanni da Portese, is a rare and curious edition with singular woodcuts, but of little practical value. The words flow together in it, as in the editions of the fifteenth century, though the text seems mainly taken from the Aldine.

1516. The first edition with the title of *Divina Commedia* is said to be the one printed at Venice in 1516, by Bernardino Stagnino de Monferra. It has become very scarce; and I have not been able to get sight of it to verify the assertion. But in the neat and rare little Venice edition of 1555, by Gabriel Giolito di Ferrarii, of which there is a copy in the Museum, I do find that title.

1564. The three Venetian editions of 1564, 1578, and 1596, all in folio, with the comments of Landino and Velutello and many useful woodcuts, published by Giovambattista Sessa and his Brothers, are simply and beautifully, and on the whole very correctly printed. They are called *Edizioni del Gatto*, from the printer's mark of a Cat with prey,

at each important stage of the work ; and then of a grave larger Cat, sitting at the end of it : or *Edizioni del Gran Naso*, from the striking portrait of Dante on the title-page. The text of them is very nearly the same as the Aldine, only a little modernized in spelling and punctuation. I have used the edition of 1578.

1595. In 1595, the Academicians della Crusca, taking the Aldine edition and comparing it with about one hundred different Manuscripts, gave out their text of the *Commedia*, in a somewhat shabby and very incorrect little volume.

Two of the four incorrect editions published in the seventeenth century have the title : *LA VISIONE, Poema di Dante, &c.*

1727. The text given by the Cruscan Academy was first thoroughly corrected in 1726-7, by G. A. Volpi, professor of philosophy at Padua ; and the edition of that date, superintended by him, and printed at Padua by Giuseppe Comino (hence called *Edizione Cominiana*), is much and deservedly noted for its accuracy, and has been more frequently reprinted than any other.

1757. Zatta's large Venetian edition of 1757-8, rather celebrated in this country, takes the text of Volpi with more or less fidelity. It is gaudy, pretentious, and on the whole decidedly ugly "with abundant engravings."

1791. No edition of the *Divina Commedia* had been permitted at Rome, till Lombardi's appeared in 1791, *con licenza de' Superiori*. It is in three volumes quarto, with long comment ; and is a good, faithful, honest edition, the result of many years' labor. The text of it is taken from the Nidobeatine of 1477-8 ; or rather, the Cruscan text, as given by Volpi in the *Edizione Cominiana*, is altered on the authority of the Nidobeatine, and of various MSS. to which Lombardi had access in the Vatican and other libraries at Rome. The worthy Friar gives only his initials, F. B. L. M. C. (*Fra Baldassare Lombardi, minor conventuale*) on the title-page.

1795. The magnificent folio edition of Bodoni, edited by G. F. Dionisi—a learned, but perverse and quarrelsome, admirer of Dante—was printed at Parma in 1795.

1807. The Leghorn edition by Gaetano Poggiali (*Livorno, Tommaso Masi et C<sup>i</sup>*, 1807-13, 4 vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>) is in considerable esteem for its correctness. It gives various readings from a parchment MS.—of the year 1330, as Poggiali fondly believes and asserts—and has a commentary, or paraphrase of the text, in separate volumes.

1817. “*La Divina Commedia con tavole in rame,*” published at Florence, in four large folio volumes, and dedicated to Canova in 1817-19, is perhaps the most splendid edition of Dante, though the plates are not all in good taste. The last volume contains a very judicious and useful selection of brief notes, many of them taken from the old manuscript commentaries which are not generally accessible. In truth, it is the best selection that has hitherto been made; and well deserves to be reprinted in a separate and more accessible form.

1820-2. The text and comment of Lombardi are given in the Roman editions of 1815 and 1820-1, and in the Paduan of 1822, with numerous additional notes, readings, and “illustrations”—forming a vast jungle, from which the most experienced readers of Dante may well find it hard to extricate themselves. The two last of these editions, however, are indispensably necessary for any one who undertakes to meet the difficulties of explaining or editing the *Divina Commedia*, though they are probably the worst that could be recommended to any serious student of it.

1842. “*La Commedia di Dante Allighieri, illustrata da Ugo Foscolo,*” London, 1842-3, 4 vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>, is the last that I shall mention. It is very valuable on account of the number of accurate references that it contains. Foscolo died on the 14th of September, 1827, and lies buried in the little cemetery at Chiswick. He had made many preparations for a large and perfect edition of Dante; and this of 1842-3, superintended and corrected by “An Italian” well known in this country, is the result of what was found in his manuscripts. The first volume gives the long “*Discorso sul Testo del Poema di Dante*” enlarged and corrected, with a Preface by the Editor, in which the merits and defects of Foscolo are briefly and candidly stated. English readers



will dislike the angry, disjointed, and acrid style of that Discourse; and quiet students of Dante will be able to point out various errors, exaggerations, and anachronisms; but it ought to be remembered that poor Foscolo had to remove very large quantities of deep-settled rubbish, and deal with a class of his countrymen upon whom any other style would have produced less effect. And though he never got fairly beyond the morbid *Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, and had, as his Editor says, formed a most incomplete idea of Dante, let us at least thank him for what he did do so zealously and faithfully. By accurate citation of every authority within his reach, he cleared the way for finally determining the text of the great Poem; and all the editions of it, that have been published since the appearance of his, contain many of the readings and restorations which he contended for.

1848. The plan that has been adopted for fixing the Text here given, may be stated very briefly. The best common edition, that of Felice Le Monnier—printed at Florence in 1844, and also published in London by Rolandi, with the date of 1845—was taken and compared with the Aldine, Giuntine, Cruscan, Roman, Paduan, and other editions, besides that of Foscolo, whose notes had been all carefully studied; and only such alterations were made as seemed fully warranted. Those notes of Foscolo, in various instances, failed to prove the propriety of changes he had introduced; and were sometimes found defective in their citations. No reading has been adopted without good authority, as all may ascertain who choose to make the same laborious comparisons; and, on the whole—after what has been done by Foscolo and others—there seem sufficient materials for determining the text of the great Poem. Would that we had as sure and perfect a text of our own Shakespeare!

## COMMENTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

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THE number of Essays, Dissertations, and partial or complete Commentaries on the Divina Commedia, mentioned by M. de Batines (*Bibl. Dant.* tom. i. pp. 370-766) amounts to no fewer than Twelve Hundred and Forty; and several more have been published within the last three years. I refer to his work for an account of them, and shall here notice only a few of the most remarkable.

The earliest of all comments seems to be that of *Jacopo*, Dante's son, written in the year 1328. It extends no farther than the Inferno, in the only complete MS. of it known to exist—a parchment MS. of the fourteenth century, No. 7764 of the Royal or National Library at Paris. The Proem begins thus: *Per cio che del frutto universale, novellamente dato al mondo per lo illustro filosofo e poeta dante allighieri fiorentino, con piu agevolezza si possa conoscere . . . io Jacopo suo figliuolo dimostrare intendo parte del suo profondo et autentico intendimento, &c.* And in the explanation of Canto xxi. ver. 112, this passage occurs, and fixes the date: *E correvano gli anni dalla nativitate del signore mcccxxxviij, e oggi corrono mcccxxviij; però dire si puote che xxviij anni compiuti sieno ch'elli comincioe questa opera,*<sup>1</sup> &c. A certain learned advocate, Jacopo Ferrari of Reggio, who has carefully examined the MS. and made these extracts from it, M. de Batines says, is about to publish this old comment; and it will certainly be very welcome to students of Dante.

*Jacopo della Lana*, of Bologna, is the next commentator in point of date. Little is known of him, though no fewer

<sup>1</sup> To understand this quotation, we must recollect that, in Dante's time, and for some centuries after, the year commenced on the 25th of March, and that *questa opera* probably means "this task or mystic journey," begun at the very end of the old year 1299 (or in March of our year 1300), so that only "27 years were completed" from that time till any earlier month of the year 1328.

than fifty-two different MSS., containing the whole or part of his commentary still exist. One of these, a Latin translation, dated 1349, is in the Bodleian Library (*MSS. Canonici. Miscel.* 449); and another, also a Latin translation, in the Royal Library of Paris, dated 1351. Both these translations are the same in the Purgatorio and Paradiso; and the whole translation in the Parisian MS. is by Alberico da Rosciate, while that of the Inferno in the Oxford MS. is by "Don Guillielmus de Bernardis." The remaining fifty MSS. are mostly in the original Italian; and have been found to correspond with the comment which is printed in the Venetian edition of Vendelin da Spira (see p. x.); and falsely attributed to Benvenuto da Imola. And, with the exception of a few alterations and additions, chiefly in the first canto of the Inferno, the comment in the Nido-beatine edition (see p. xi.) is also the same. In cases of difficulty, I have often consulted both, and got little or nothing but what was to be had from other sources.

The *Ottimo Comento*—called also *Anonimo*, *Buono*, *Antico*, before it was rightly known—is a mixed commentary of somewhat uncertain date. There are twenty-two MSS. of the whole or part of it, several of which belong to the fourteenth century. "I, the writer, have heard Dante say," and such-like phrases occur in it. "Giotto was, and is, among the painters that men know, the highest" (*Purg.* xi. 95); and Giotto died on the 8th of January, 1336-7. Again (*Inf.* canto xiii.), the bridge on which stood the ancient statue of Mars, "fell in the night of the fourth day of November one thousand three hundred and thirty-three, that is, LAST YEAR" (compare *Villani* xi. 1); and then, apparently, some other hand adds: "The said statue, fallen into the said river Arno, remained in it for MANY YEARS." This comment was first printed at Pisa in 1827-8, edited by Alessandro Torri. It contains long discussions, very learned for the time at which they were written, but now superfluous and extremely wearisome. In some places, owing to defects of the MS. and other causes, it is hardly intelligible. Here and there it is brief and appropriate, beyond any other of the old comments, and in reality an OTTIMO

*Comento.* The expression, "among us," in the note I have given at p. 305, shows that at least one of the writers was a Florentine.

The Latin comment of *Pietro Allighieri*, Dante's son, was first published at the expense of Lord Vernon (Florence, 1845), in one thick volume,<sup>1</sup> edited by *Vincenzo Nannucci*. It is written with a striking kind of dignity and reserve; and has more meaning than appears at first sight. It gives explanations of the mystic or allegorical sense, some useful historical details, many quotations of parallel passages, occasional interpretations of the literal meaning; and yet withal is much briefer than the other early comments. And, in spite of the far-fetched subtleties of Dionisi and others, I see no valid reason for doubting that it is justly ascribed to Dante's son. There are twelve MSS. of it, some of them from the fourteenth century, and all bearing his name; and it is expressly mentioned in the Milanese edition of 1477, and in the Florentine of 1481. Pietro died in 1364, after having practiced law, and filled the office of Chief Judge, at Verona, for many years with good acceptance and success. The phrase (*Purg.* canto xx. p. 434) "up to this time, namely, 1340," establishes the date at which the comment was written.

In August 1373, the republic of Florence resolved to set apart an annual sum of one hundred gold florens for Lectures on Dante; and *Boccaccio* was the first person appointed to deliver them. He began in October of that same year, in the church of San Stefano, near the Ponte Vecchio; and continued till the time of his death in 1375. His comment contains the substance of those lectures, and goes no farther than the 17th verse of canto xvii. It is written in his usual lively, pleasant style; and, though extremely diffuse, it is a genial and valuable comment, and gives one the sensation of having parted from a good friend when it suddenly ends.

<sup>1</sup> It is said that copies of this edition "were sent *gratis* to all the most noted public libraries of Europe." Might a stranger suggest to Lord Vernon the additional benefit that would be conferred, by having some copies of the other comments, which he is about to publish, printed on thinner and less costly paper, for the sake of private students, who can not always frequent such libraries?

The best edition of it is that of Moutier (*Opere Volgari di Bocc.* tom. x-xii. Florence, 1831-2), in three octavo volumes. Lord Vernon is, or has been, getting another comment of the fourteenth century, "*falsely* attributed to Boccaccio," printed at Florence.

After the commentary of Boccaccio, comes that of his pupil and intimate friend, *Benvenuto da Imola*, who is supposed to have delivered lectures on Dante at Bologna in 1375; and certainly he himself (*Infern.* xv. 110) speaks of being there in that year, and of having incurred "the mortal hatred and enmity of many" by exposing, to the Cardinal Legate of that time, the scandalous vices of "certain worms (professors) sprung from the ashes of Sodom." He had also been at Rome in 1350 (*Infern.* xviii. 28); and witnessed the second great Jubilee, and the mode of passing the bridge of St. Angelo described by Dante. He was one of Petrarch's familiar correspondents, as may be seen by the letter, addressed *Benvenuto Imolensi, Rhetori suo*; and was author of the *Libellus Augustalis*, or List and brief History of the Emperors from Julius Cæsar to Wenceslaus (1378), the emperor of his time—printed along with Petrarch's Latin works, and by some attributed to him. The historical part of his commentary was published by Muratori (*Antiq. Ital.* tom. i.), who first ascertained it to be quite different from that which had been printed in the Vendeline edition of 1477.

*Francesco da Buti* explained the Divina Commedia at Pisa in 1385, and left a long commentary, which is still unprinted; but large extracts are given from it in the *Vocabolario della Crusca*.

*Messer Guiniforte delli Bargigi*, a lawyer of Bergamo, who died about 1460, wrote a comment on Dante, by order of Filippo Maria Visconte, Duke of Milan. Only the part of it which relates to the Inferno has come down to us. This was first published at Marseilles in 1838—not "entire," as M. de Batines says; for the editor himself tells us that he had left out certain tedious theological disquisitions. It is a good, well-arranged commentary, and, among other things, explains the literal sense with much distinctness.

*Christoforo Landino*, the commentator of Virgil, and one of the successors of Boccaccio, lectured on Dante at Florence from the year 1457, with increased annual salary of 300 gold florens. His comment on the *Divina Commedia*, first published in 1481, and often republished, shows what a weight of speech, in regard to the great Poet, could be borne by men in those days. It is very learned, and often unspeakably tedious; and has few or none of those brief appropriate passages which are found in the *Ottimo Comento*; but contains many authentic and indispensable details respecting the manners, and customs, and families of Florence.

The briefer commentary of *Vellutello* was first printed in 1544 at Venice; and, like his commentary on Petrarch, it is dull, and heavy, and generally of little practical value.

The marginal Annotations, &c., of *Ludovico Dolce*, in the Giolito edition of 1555 (see p. xiii.), have been very frequently reprinted. They are good, but far too short.

The Notes of *Torquato Tasso*—chiefly relating to words and phrases—were first published complete in the *Opere di Tasso* (tom. xxx. Pisa, 1831), edited by Prof. Rosini.

The best commentary of the sixteenth century is that of *Bernardino Daniello* of Lucca, printed at Venice in 1568; and, greatly to the discredit of Italians, never again reprinted. It is brief, clear, and practical, so far as it goes; and written in a very good style.

The three Indexes of *Volpi*, in the celebrated Cominiap edition of 1727, form a sort of commentary, and are as accurate as they could be made at the time. They are given in many subsequent editions; and at last, combined in one general Index, they occupy nearly 300 pages of the fourth volume of Foscolo's edition, published in 1843.

The comment of Father "*Pompeo Venturi della Compagnia di Gesù*" came out in its complete form, at Verona, in 1749, and at Venice in 1751. It is written in the true spirit of a Jesuit, and with less than the usual learning; and has been too frequently reproduced in later editions.

It is impossible to mention all the other commentaries of the eighteenth century. That of *Lombardi*, which appeared in 1791, is such as could be written by the honest effort

of a whole life, amid the "dark wood" of Dilletantism produced by a host of idle writers; and one feels a real respect for the worthy Friar, though at times he is surprisingly naïve, or perhaps dull.

The comment of *Biagioli* (Paris, 1819) is full of grammatical discussions and far-sought niceties, superfluous praises of Dante, and vituperation of Lombardi and others; but is in some respects really useful, and evidently written throughout with much zeal and fidelity. The 5936 verses, noted as beautiful by Alfieri in an autograph MS. of 1776, which goes no farther than the 21st canto of the *Paradiso*, are all duly registered by Biagioli. He ought not to have spoken in such a way of Lombardi: no difference of opinion can justify the language he uses. And why should poor Commentators hate and abuse each other? Would it not be far wiser to meet on some common footing of respect, or at lowest of mutual silence? Is there not enough, and infinitely more than enough, for them all in the great Masters they seek to elucidate? Only one thing is unpardonable, and that is, when commentators become sham commentators, and merely seek to elucidate themselves.

This account concludes by recommending the Paduan edition of 1822 to all readers who desire to have full specimens of discordant commentary: they will there find abundant, and apparently aimless, quotations from more than thirty different authors. But for the sake of young students of Dante, I shall repeat what was written some time ago, after a detailed examination of many old and recent commentators:

"The whole works of Dante, in prose and verse, if separated from the unwieldy commentaries and dissertations that have been accumulating round them ever since his death, might be comprised in two moderate volumes. The mere language of his Italian works is not difficult: all the greatest of his countrymen, in their successive generations, from the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been familiar with its expressive forms, and contributed to keep them current in the very heart of Italian literature. Some few words have become obsolete, some phrases require explanation; but on the whole the speech of Dante comes

wonderfully entire across the five centuries; and all the most beautiful passages are still quite fresh and clear. This is more especially true in regard to the great Poem, which stands as the mature representative of his genius, the essence and consummation of all that he had endeavored and attained. His Minor Poems and other works—in which we find the germs of the Divine Comedy, and many graceful, noble preludes to it—are written in a statelier, less familiar style; and have never been studied with the same universal zeal.

“The main obstruction, in reading Dante, arises from our ignorance of the persons and things amidst which he wrote. The whole time-basis of his mighty song has become dim and cold. The names and events, which once stirred and inflamed the thoughts of all readers, lie far distant, and have little or no intrinsic interest for us. Most of them have grown so dark and shadowy, that they can not by any effort be made to dwell in our memories; and so, by demanding constant notes and references, they serve only to interrupt our reading, and prevent us from rising to the full height and warmth of the subject. The great Poem, we soon feel, must have taken a more direct and earnest hold of the age from which it comes, than any other poem, ancient or modern; and for that reason alone it stands more in need of explanations. But it is likewise distinguished for its intense brevity, its multiform significance; and can have had no superfluous words even for the nearest contemporaries. The language, throughout the whole poem, to those who are duly prepared for it, has a tone of plain familiarity which comes home to the subject with marvelous sequency and effect. It is like the language of a brother, whose position and feelings we are understood to know in detail; and who handles only the summits of things with us, leaving to us all the filling-up of circumstances, and the minuter shades and ramifications of meaning.

“Most of the old commentaries on Dante are written with a kind of large complacency, and genuine though long-winded enthusiasm, which makes them very interesting at first sight; but on closer inspection, they are found to con-



tain a surprising quantity of worn-out rubbish, and extremely little real information. They may be looked into more or less extensively from curiosity, and consulted for the sake of minute details of persons and things which are not to be found elsewhere; but no man in a healthy state of mind can now read them without being forced to it as a duty. In regard to all public events of Dante's time, the contemporary historians are much safer and better guides.<sup>1</sup> Benvenuto da Imola seems to have felt this, even in the fourteenth century; for, as Muratori remarks, he made diligent use of all the old local chronicles—many of which are now lost—in compiling his commentary.

“The more modern commentaries and dissertations, with some few exceptions, are also remarkably diffuse and unsubstantial; and in general they have a decidedly empty tone, and a total want of earnestness, which are much more diffi-

<sup>1</sup> RICORDANO MALESPINI is the oldest chronicler of Florence. He died in 1281, when Dante was only sixteen years of age. His work (*Istoria Fiorentina*) begins with the current traditions, which are given in a somewhat loose and straggling way, as in the other early histories; but what he writes of his own times, down to 1281, has a simple, unaffected air of life and authenticity, and is almost wholly copied, with slight alterations of style, by Villani, in the 5th, 6th, and 7th books of his Chronicle. The best editions of Malespini are the Giuntine of 1568 and 1598. The other Florentine edition, of 1718, omits important passages relating to the Popes and their avarice and simony.

GIOVANNI VILLANI began his *Cronica*, as he himself tells us (lib. viii. cap. 36), immediately after the great Jubilee of the year 1300, to which he had gone as a pilgrim. The sight of “the great and ancient things of the holy city of Rome,” together with the immense concourse of Christians, “women as well as men, from distant and strange countries, and from far and near,” had stirred up in him a desire to record the events of his own city and time, “as a memorial and example for those that are to come.” His Chronicle begins with the ancient traditions, and extends to the period of his death in 1348. It is written in a most naive, racy, honest style. Villani is known to have been of the Guelph party; visited France and the Netherlands in 1304; was one of the Priors of Florence in 1329, and the Ambassador at Bologna in 1329; and, at various other times, he filled high offices in his native city. Of the Popes he says all the good he can in honesty; and sometimes palliates, but never conceals their vices. For their High Office his reverence is unlimited, but he has to record whatsoever is felt by him to be true, and has often to speak of the “Judgments of God” that come upon them for their crimes. Next to Dante himself, he is the most impartial and trustworthy authority we have; and looking from different points of view, each with his own peculiar fidelity and earnestness, they mutually and unintentionally confirm one another. The best edition of Villani is that of Florence, published by Magheri in 1823 (8 vols. 8vo); and from it the quotations are all taken.

The *Istoria Fiorentina di Dino Compagni* is also good, but very fragmentary; and has been of little use compared with those of Malespini and Villani.

cult to endure in connection with the works of Dante than the thin enthusiasm of the old commentators. In truth, very few of the books that have been written on the subject seem to have cost their authors any serious thought at all, or been honestly intended for the purpose of illustrating Dante. Real difficulties are passed over in silence, or increased by a pompous repetition of all the incoherencies that have been uttered respecting them. The plainest passages, on the contrary, are overladen with useless discussions; and fresh conceits are started, and multiplied and pursued with an ostentatious and very cheap display of learning. Meanwhile the huge vacant bulk of the comment swells into more and more painful contrast with the piercing brevity and compactness of the text; the reader's patience, however obstinate, gets quite exhausted; and the conviction grows strong, that if Dante be unintelligible without such aids as these, he will forever remain unintelligible, and continue to be the prey of idle men who have nothing serious about them. In the whole range of literature, it might perhaps be difficult to find any books so painfully void of all thought, and so loudly diffuse, as the most part of those which modern Italians have written concerning the greatest man their country has produced. Every thing relating to him has been darkened and entangled with doubts; his character and works are encumbered and overladen with mere rubbish, collected and heaped upon them without any just criticism or discrimination. But since the time of Lombardi, and more especially of Foscolo—whose anger will be excused by those who know what he had to deal with—a better spirit seems to have arisen among the countrymen of Dante."

It only remains for me to add, that the comment given in the present volume is defined and limited by one simple rule. In attempting to lessen the difficulties above mentioned, and bring the great Poem nearer by explaining its material and temporary elements, I have endeavored to imitate the Author's own economy of words, as far as consistent with prosaic clearness, and strictly suppressed what seemed irrelevant.

The TRANSLATIONS are also very numerous. The earliest

is in barbarous Latin hexameters, line for line, by one *Matteo Ronto* (“*Mattheus Rompto*”), a Benedictine monk of Venetian parents, who died in 1343. In a kind of Elegy, at the end of the *Paradiso*, the good monk speaks of the mournful drudgeries inflicted on him for having made this translation, which had occupied him many years. It is not without real warmth; and must have been begun at least a very short time after Dante’s death, which took place in 1321. It still exists complete in two MSS.; and in three, imperfect. Specimens of it will be found in the work of M. de Batines. The only other Latin translation I shall here mention is that of the *Abbate dalla Piazza*, also in hexameters, and without notes—the result of some twenty years’ labor. The author died at Vicenza in 1844; and it was first published at Leipzig only a few months ago. It is incomparably the best Latin translation, and may safely be commended to all students of Dante. In the preface, written by Professor C. Witte, the whole story of Francesca is given from the version of Matteo Ronto, and from others of more recent date.

The Spaniards have but one translation, and that ends with the *Inferno*. It is by a certain *Don Fernandez de Villegas*, archdeacon of Burgos; and was published in that “*muy noble y mas leal*” city, on the 2d of April, 1515. A remarkable translation, and tolerably literal, considering the complicated verse and rhyme in which it is written. Nearly the whole comment of Landino is also faithfully translated, with many additions explaining the exact literal sense; so that the volume swells into a large folio. Professor C. Witte, in the preface mentioned above, gives the story of Francesca from it; and also from two French translations of nearly the same date (MSS. in the libraries of Turin and Vienna), which seem wonderfully true and literal.

The first published French translation is that of *Grangier* (3 vols. 12<sup>mo</sup>, Paris, 1597), dedicated to Henri IV. It is little esteemed, except by ravenous collectors of old books. The more modern French translations—many in number—are, as usual, the worst in Europe; and some serious Frenchmen (see *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1840, &c.) are be-

ginning to feel this. The long-established fatal plan of curtailing, diluting, and altering every thing so as to suit the current taste, is followed with Dante too. The prose translation by *Angelo Fiorentino*, an Italian residing at Paris, is the only exception: it is in general very faithful and literal; but passes over the difficulties too lightly, and frequently omits the little words and phrases that are hardest to translate. It was first published in 1840. The latest translation (Paris, 1847), by *A. Brizeux*, in a kind of rhythmic prose, unhappily returns to the old method above described; and is often very feeble and very wide of the Original.

The Germans have eight complete translations, some of them in prose; and all, so far as I have seen, remarkably faithful. That of *K. L. Kannegiesser*, in the measure and rhyme of the Original, went through four editions from 1814, when it was first published entire, to 1843. But the best and warmest of all translations, known to me, is that of "*Philalethes*," or *Prince John of Saxony*. It is in blank verse—in good, racy, clear German; and exactly of the same length as the Original. The first Ten Cantos of it were privately printed in 1833; and then, in 1839–40, the whole translation of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* published at Leipzig in two quarto volumes. The Prince tells in his preface to the *Inferno*, how "Dante had long been one of his favorite authors," and how, among other things, "the high moral dignity of the Divine Comedy had irresistibly attracted him;" and finally "stirred up in him an indescribable impulse to reproduce the great work in his mother tongue, and that with as much literal fidelity as the genius of the German language (and not merely the grammars of it) would permit." A third volume, containing the *Paradiso*, was announced only a few months ago as being ready for publication. Another very remarkable translation (one vol., Berlin, 1842) is that of *A. Kopisch*, a German artist and poet of some celebrity, who spent several years in Italy. It is also in blank verse, printed line for line along with the Italian Text, and is the most literal translation hitherto published. The German of it might often be hard to understand.

without the Italian, and the verse is of necessity somewhat flat and helpless ; but no such translation could have been made or attempted in any other modern language.

Of our own Translations it is unnecessary to say much, as they are accessible to every one. Boyd's was made in the last century, under wants and circumstances which no longer exist ; and it seems to have become obsolete. Cary's is a most excellent translation of its kind : perhaps there is none better in our language. But the sort of verse in which it is written takes away much of the familiar and direct tone of the Original ; and here and there one finds evidence of a somewhat imperfect acquaintance with Italian. Wright's is in many places very spirited ; and even where the necessities of verse hinder him from giving the true sense, you may frequently remark that he has thoroughly understood it. The Americans have only a translation of the first ten cantos of the *Inferno* (Boston, 1843) ; and that also is very faithful in its way, and ought to be continued.

## THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

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IN this brief sketch of the Position and Form of Dante's Hell and his Journey through it, I avoid the usual conjectures, and state nothing but what is warranted by his own authority, quoting it for the sake of all faithful students, as follows :

Our Earth rests "forever fixed and stable" in the Center of Dante's universe (*Conv. Tr. iii. c. 5*), and the Heavens<sup>1</sup> with their Planets and Stars go revolving round it. Only a comparatively small portion of it is known to be inhabited in his time, and that he calls "the uncovered part," or "the great dry land" (*Ibid. and Infern. xxxiv. 113*); and, fol-

<sup>1</sup> These Heavens with their inhabitants form the proper subject of the Paradiso. But Dante also enumerates them in the second Treatise and fourth chapter of his *Convito*, or Banquet; and mentions the order in which they come—following the Ancient Astronomical System, which makes our Earth stand motionless in the Center. The Heavens, he tells us, are Ten in number. Of these, the first with regard to our Earth is the Heaven of the Moon, "which has the smallest circles" (*Inf. ii. 78*), or includes the smallest space in its revolutions, and moves slowest; the second, of Mercury; the third, of Venus; the fourth, of the Sun, which also is regarded as a "Planet" (*Inf. i. 17*); the fifth, of Mars; the sixth, of Jupiter; the seventh, of Saturn; the eighth, of the Stars proper; the ninth, or *Primum Mobile*, is the "Crystalline, that is, the diaphanous, or quite transparent Heaven, which is not discernible except by the motion it gives" to the other eight Heavens that it includes. Beyond, or "outside of all these," he adds, "Catholics place the Empyrean Heaven, that is to say, Heaven of flame, or luminous Heaven; and represent it as being immovable," &c. It is also the "divinest Heaven, the Heaven of rest," or peculiar abode of the Almighty: of which our own Milton thus speaks:

"Under his burning wheels  
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God."

*Par. Lost, vi. 833*

"Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High throned above all height, bent down his eye," &c.  
"About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as stars," &c.

*Ib. iii. 56.*

Beatrice comes from it, "from singing Alleluiah" (*Inf. xii. 88; ii. 53, &c.*), when she gives Virgil the mission to deliver Dante from the savage beasts in the "dark wood."

lowing the Bible, he places Jerusalem in the center of it, or "in the midst of the nations."

Immediately below the dry land lies his Hell, as a kind of sink into which all Sin and Misery falls. The successive generations of men stand as it were on a thin earth-rind, with the Heavenly Stars above them, and the "Dark Valley" (*valle buia*) of Hell beneath. And the Cross on Mount Calvary, where the Divine Man "was consumed" (*Inf.* xxxiv. 114) for their transgressions, points from the center of their Temporary Dwelling-place to those same "beautiful Stars," wherein the "blessed people" dwell forever (*Inf.* i. 120); and to the all-including Empyrean, which is the "City and High Seat of that Emperor who reigns above, and rules in every part" throughout the universe. And the hollow "Realm of Sorrow" converges beneath (*Inf.* xxxii. 3), toward its "Emperor" Satan, who has his Seat (*Inf.* xi. 65; xxxiv. 28) at the very center of the Earth, or lowest point of space. And all light and heat, all wisdom, and love, and strength, comes from the Stars or Heavens, and returns to them; all cold and darkness, all ignorance, and hatred, and weakness, comes from the Evil One, and also returns to him. He is planted at the bottom of Hell, fixed in eternal Darkness and eternal Ice (*Inf.* xxxiv. 4, &c.), his head with its three emblematic faces pointing to Jerusalem, and his feet toward the Mount of Purgatory, which is the exact antipodes of Jerusalem. And Dante, not without significance, ends each of the three great divisions of his Poem with the word *Stelle* or "Stars:" a Blessed Spirit from above, sent by Divine Mercy, gives his Guide the power to rescue and conduct him (*Inf.* ii. 53-120); and he does not visit the "Dark Valley" of Hell for "sport," *diletto* (*Inf.* xii. 87), but from sore "necessity," and because the road through it leads to Heaven—leads to the "Stars." The brief, simple words in which he alludes to all this at the bitterest stages of the "woody way" (as in cantos x. 129; xii. 85; xv. 49-55; xvi. 61, 83, &c.) will be found very significant by readers who rightly understand them.

The Hell itself is an immense, obscure, circular cavern, becoming narrower and narrower by successive degrees (*Inf.*

v. 2, &c.) as it goes deeper. The general form is that of an inverted cone, which has its base toward the "great dry land, and its apex at the center of the Earth. The sides of it, on which Dante's road lies, are occupied by a series of Horizontal Circles, or circular stages, mostly separated from one another by precipitous descents, and gradually diminishing in size like the rows of an amphitheater. These Circles are Nine in number, with various subdivisions in the lowest three of them; all of which are fully described in their proper places.

The Souls of the "lost people" are sent down to depths corresponding to their guilt, the greatest sinners falling into the lowest and smallest circular spaces, nearest to Lucifer or Satan. Their crimes, which are instantly confessed when they come into the presence of Minos the Infernal Judge, take hold of them, and "weigh them down toward the bottom" (*Inf.* v. 4, &c.; vi. 86); and also inflict the inevitable and appropriate punishment, which of itself reveals the nature of those crimes.

Immediately within the entrance comes a "Dark Plain" (iii. 22-130), which is as it were the Vestibule of Hell; and lies like a broad ring all round its mouth. This space is occupied by the miserable "caitiffs" or "captives," *cattivi* or *captivi* (see the verses from Landino's edition, p. xiv.), the worthless crew, "who never were alive," and passed their time on earth thinking only of themselves, and taking no part in any thing either for good or for evil. The souls of this class are alike "displeasing to God and to his enemies;" and neither Heaven nor the deep Hell will admit them. Wasps and hornets sting them forever, and make them hurry round the brim of Hell, pursuing an aimless-giddy flag. "They have no hope of death," or even of condemnation; "and their blind existence is so mean that they are envious of every other lot."

After leaving them and crossing the rest of the dark plain, Dante comes to the great river Acheron, or "Stream of Sorrow," which flows round the brink of Hell, and afterward descends (xiv. 113-124) from rock to rock, and becomes the source of all the other rivers and marshes that are met with



lower down. Crowds of guilty souls are seen assembling, in rapid succession, upon its shore, and Charon is ferrying them over. This scene, as described by Dante, Michelangelo has endeavored to represent in the Cappella Sistina at Rome.

By supernatural means Dante is transported across the Stream. Gazing round, he finds himself upon the very "edge of the Abyss," and is led down by his Guide (iv. 13, &c.) into the First Circle, or Limbo, which contains the Heathen men, women, and children who lived without Baptism or Christianity. Virgil delicately rouses his attention, as they enter: "Thou askest not what spirits are these thou seest?" &c. The great ancient Poets come forth to meet them, and receive Dante as one of their number. And from "a place open, luminous, and high," the ancient Heroes and Sages are significantly shown to him, face to face; and he "is exalted, or grows higher, by having seen them." Cæsar is there—an Emperor with harness on, and with falcon eyes; and Saladin, apart and solitary.

On descending to the Second Circle, Dante finds Minos the Infernal Judge, stationed at its entrance, for the reason given in the Argument to canto v. This circle is the place of Francesca.<sup>1</sup>

Dante is carried, again by supernatural agency, from the second to the Third Circle, where he finds the Epicures and Gluttons suffering appropriate punishment. Canto vi.

Plutus is found on the brink of the next or Fourth Circle, wherein the Avaricious and the Prodigal have their punishment. The souls of them are rolling dead weights on a dismal plain; and thus continue sordid and dingy to all eternity, so that not one of them can be recognized. Canto vii.

The descent to the next circle is made along the edge of a second Stream (vii. 105, &c.), in a dark ravine which it has worn out for itself. This stream, coming from Acheron, forms the Stygian Marsh, or Fifth Circle. In its putrid

<sup>1</sup> Foscolo (*Discorso sul Testò*, pp. 307-10, &c.), quoting histories and commentaries which he had not seen, confounded Guido—the friend of Dante—with Guido Vecchio, his grandfather; and so made Francesca the daughter, instead of the aunt, of that friend. The tragedies of Francesca and Ugolino, as I have noted in the Argument to canto xxxiii., probably occurred both in the same year; and no doubt produced a deep impression on the young Poet.

mud, the Wrathful, the Sullen-sour or Gloomy-sluggish, and the Vainglorious have their appropriate punishment. Phlegyas conveys the Poets across the Marsh; and here Dante first discerns the red "mosques" of the City of Dis, or Satan.

The Sixth Circle is the first that lies within the City, and seems to be on a level with the fifth.

The Five circles, through which the Poets have now passed, constitute the Upper Hell (viii. 75; xi. 16, &c.), in which the different sins of Incontinence, such as Lust, Gluttony, Avarice, Prodigality, &c., are punished.

The Low Hell, or City of Dis, consists of Four Circles, in the last three of which the different sins that indicate Malice, or Rebellion (xi. 16, &c.) against the decrees of the Almighty, are punished.

In the Sixth Circle, the Arch-heretics with their followers, who deny the immortality of the soul, "have their cemetery." The souls of them lie buried in burning sepulchers, which shall be all closed up (x. 10) after the Great Judgment: and the lurid flames—emblems, here and elsewhere (xxvi. 48, &c.; xxvii. 13, &c.), of awakened consciousness—shall then be hidden within the tombs. This Sixth Circle is as it were a connecting link (see note, p. 121) between the circles of Incontinence and those of Malice, &c.

The Poets, on entering the City, turn to the right (ix. 132); and go through a portion of the circle (x. 2, &c.), with the city-wall on their right hand, and the flaming tombs on their left; and after having seen enough of it, they turn to the left (x. 133), and go across to the edge of the Seventh Circle. Perhaps they have taken a like section or "arc" (vii. 128) of each circle above, and then crossed it in the same way—as many commentators affirm—but this I leave to conjecture; for Dante himself affirms no such thing.

The descent to the Seventh Circle is made on precipitous shattered rocks; to the Eighth, by means of Geryon; and to the Ninth, by help of Antæus. The Arguments and Notes, which relate to these circles, and to their sub-divisions, will make them plain to all attentive readers; and for idle readers this book is quite unsuitable.

In conclusion I may remark, that the great leading ideas of this Hell of Dante are not borrowed ideas; but are the result of all that he had learned, and seen, and known. Visions of the future world had indeed been common among Heathens and Christians before, and were still common in his own time, as we know from many sources; but those visions are generally of the most incoherent, dim, and fragmentary description, and could suggest little or nothing, except that the minds of serious men had long been exercised with such things. Dante was familiar with all the materials of the Middle Ages, and also with the worth and wisdom of the Ancients whom he sees, face to face, in that Limbo of his: and he openly, nay purposely, takes every document within his reach. And it is not so much by what has been loosely called Invention, as by true and clear recognition of the Nature of Things in that age of his, by unerring discrimination of what is significant from what is insignificant, and by boundless diligence withal, that he constructs an original and enduring work. In his inmost heart the scattered incidents gradually cohere, and expand, and become a living whole—fit for utterance: the “Sacred Poem for many years has made him lean” (*Parad.* xxv. 3); and it is upon condition of his not being a “timid friend to Truth” (*Ibid.* v. 118) that he expects to live among future generations. He has got infinitely beyond all the wretched factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines of his time; and seen the very roots of their sin and misery. The flaming Realities of Eternity stand visible on every side of him, and have taught him the “Straight Way,” and given him power to measure the dimensions of all Popes and Kaisers, and estimate them by a Standard which “conquers every error.” And his earthly life, too, with all its sadness, has thereby become “bright,” and “clear,” and unspeakably precious; and even in Hell he recognizes all the good qualities of those that are condemned. There is nothing more touching in the whole Poem than the brief, simple way in which he makes them allude to the “clear” and “beautiful life,” the “bright world,” the “sweet air, gladdened by the Sun,” the “beautiful stars,” &c.

**THE INFERNO.**



## ARGUMENT.

---

DANTE finds himself astray in a dark Wood, where he spends a night of great misery. He says that death is hardly more bitter, than it is to recall what he suffered there; but that he will tell the fearful things he saw, in order that he may also tell how he found guidance, and first began to discern the real causes of all misery. He comes to a Hill; and seeing its summit already bright with the rays of the Sun, he begins to ascend it. The way to it looks quite deserted. He is met by a beautiful Leopard, which keeps distracting his attention from the Hill, and makes him turn back several times. The hour of the morning, the season, and the gay outward aspect of that animal, give him good hopes at first; but he is driven down and terrified by a Lion and a She-wolf. Virgil comes to his aid, and tells him that the Wolf lets none pass her way, but entangles and slays every one that tries to get up the mountain by the road on which she stands. He says a time will come when a swift and strong Grayhound shall clear the earth of her, and chase her into Hell. And he offers to conduct Dante by another road; to show him the eternal roots of misery and of joy, and leave him with a higher guide that will lead him up to Heaven.

## CANTO I.

IN the middle<sup>1</sup> of the journey of our life, I found myself in a dark wood;<sup>2</sup> for the straight way was lost. Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell what a wild, and rough, and stubborn wood this was, which in my thought renews the fear: so bitter is it, that scarcely more is death. But to treat of the good that I there found, I will relate the other things that I discerned.

I can not rightly tell how I entered it, so full of sleep was I about the moment that I left the true way. But after I had reached the foot of a Hill<sup>3</sup>

NEL mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,  
 Chè la diritta via era smarrita.  
 Ah! quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
 Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,                     5  
 Che nel pensier rinnova la paura!  
 Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte:  
 Ma per trattar del ben ch' ivi trovai,  
 Dirò dell' altre cose, ch' io v' ho scorte.  
 Io non so ben ridir com' io v' entrai;                     10  
 Tant' era pien di sonno in su quel punto,  
 Che la verace via abbandonai.  
 Ma poi ch' io fui al piè d' un colle giunto,

<sup>1</sup> The action of the poem begins on Good Friday of the year 1300, as we learn from canto xxi. 112, &c.: and Dante was at that time 35 years of age. The Bible, with which he was well acquainted, says: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten." *Psalm* xc. 10. And Dante himself speaks of our life as an arch, which we ascend and descend; and in which the highest, or middle point,

"is at the 35th year in men of perfect constitution." *Convito*, Tr. iv. c. 23.

<sup>2</sup> In "the erroneous wood of this life" (*Id.* c. 24); in the dark battle of those who see not beyond it. "In the terrors of the shadow of death" (*Job* xxiv. 17); among men who had lost "the way, the truth, and the life." *John* xiv. 6.

<sup>3</sup> The High Ground of Christianity; the mystic "Holy Hill," frequently

there, where that valley ended, which had pained my heart with fear, I looked up and saw its shoulders already clothed with the rays of the Planet<sup>4</sup> that leads men straight on every road. Then the fear was somewhat<sup>5</sup> calmed, which had continued in the lake<sup>6</sup> of my heart the night that I passed so piteously. And as he, who with panting breath has escaped from the deep sea to the shore, turns to the dangerous water and gazes; so my mind, which still was fleeing, turned back to see the pass that no one ever left alive.

After I had rested my wearied body, I took the

Là ove terminava quella valle,  
 Che m' avea di paura il cor compunto, 15  
 Guardai in alto, e vidi le sue spalle  
 Vestite già de' raggi del pianeta,  
 Che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle.  
 Allor fu la paura un poco queta,  
 Che nel lago del cor m' era durata, 20  
 La notte, ch' io passai con tanta pieta.  
 E come quei, che con lena affannata  
 Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,  
 Si volge all' acqua perigliosa, e guata;  
 Così l' animo mio, che ancor fuggiva, 25  
 Si volse indietro a rimirar lo passo,  
 Che non lasciò giammai persona viva.  
 Poi ch' ebbi riposato il corpo lasso,

spoken of in the Psalms and other parts of the Scriptures. The "Delectable Mountains" of our own Bunyan.

<sup>4</sup> The sun; in Dante's time regarded as a planet. "The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." *Mal.* iv. 2. "The Day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." *Luke* i. 78, 79.

<sup>5</sup> He now sees the bright summit at the end of that "valley of the shadow of death;" but is still far from it, and breathless. *Un poco* does not here mean "a little while."

<sup>6</sup> The heart was "the abode of the vital spirit" (*Vita Nuova*, p. 267); and a sort of reservoir (lake), or "receptacle of the blood," before the circulation became known. See Landino Com. *ad locum*.



way again along the desert strand, so that the firm foot always was the lower.<sup>7</sup> And behold, almost at the commencement of the steep, a Leopard,<sup>8</sup> light and very nimble, which was covered with a spotted skin: and it went not from before my face; nay, so impeded my way, that I had often turned to go back.

The time was at the beginning of the morning; and the Sun was mounting up with the stars, which were with him when Divine Love first moved those fair things:<sup>9</sup> so that the gay skin of that animal, the

Ripresi via per la spiaggia diserta, *Alc. (Sapienza)*  
 Sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso. 30  
 Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar dell' erta,  
 Una lonza leggiera e presta molto,  
 Che di pel maculato era coverta.  
 E non mi si partia dinanzi al volto;  
 Anzi impediva tanto il mio cammino, 35  
 Ch' io fui per ritornar più volte vólto.  
 Tempo era dal principio del mattino;  
 E il Sol montava in su con quelle stelle  
 Ch' eran con lui, quando l' Amor Divino  
 Mosse da prima quelle cose belle; 40  
 Sì che a bene sperar m' eran cagione

<sup>7</sup> It is only when walking on a level, that the foot resting on the ground is always the lower; but from verse 61, it appears that Dante had afterward begun to ascend. If *il piè fermo* (firm, strong) can be shown to mean "the right foot," as *mano stanca* (weary, weak) means "left hand" in canto xix. 41; then Dante, in ascending the hill slantwise, with its summit on his left, will have the right (*fermo*) foot always toward the base, or lower than the other. Vide *Studii Inediti su Dante* (1846), p. 166, &c.

<sup>8</sup> Worldly Pleasure, with its fair outside; in what Spenser calls the "general intention." And Florence in particular, that changed its factions with such levity and rapidity. *Parad.* xvi. 84.

<sup>9</sup> The sun is in Aries; the season spring. And Dante believed that the world had been created and set in motion at that season; and likewise, that mankind had been redeemed by the death of Christ. His "holy Friday" (*venerdì santo*) was the greatest and most sacred of days.

hour of time, and the sweet season, were causes to me of good hope; yet not so, but that I feared at the sight, which appeared to me, of a Lion.<sup>10</sup> He seemed coming upon me with head erect, and furious hunger; so that the air seemed to quake thereat. And a She-wolf,<sup>11</sup> that looked full of all cravings in her leanness; and has ere now made many live in sorrow: She brought such heaviness upon me with the terror of her aspect, that I lost the hope of ascending.<sup>12</sup> And as one who is eager in gaining, and, when the time arrives that makes him lose, weeps and afflicts himself in all his thoughts; such that restless beast made me, which coming against me, by

Di quella fera la gaietta pelle,  
 L' ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione :  
 Ma non sì, che paura non mi desse  
 La vista, che m' apparve, d' un leone. 45  
 Questi pareo, che contra me venesse  
 Con la testa alta, e con rabbiosa fame :  
 Sì che pareo che l' aer ne tremesse.  
 Ed una lupa, che di tutte brame  
 Sembiava carca nella sua magrezza, 50  
 E molte genti fe' già viver grame.  
 Questa mi porse tanto di gravezza  
 Con la paura, che uscia di sua vista,  
 Ch' io perdei la speranza dell' altezza.  
 E quale è quei, che volentieri acquista, 55  
 E giugne il tempo che perder lo face,  
 Che in tutti i suoi pensier piange e s' attrista ;  
 Tal mi fece la bestia senza pace,

<sup>10</sup> Ambition or Pride; and, in particular, the King of France, who showed these qualities most, maintaining tyranny, bloodshed, and discord all over Italy.

<sup>11</sup> Avarice, worship of this world's goods; and the Court of Rome in particular, "where Christ is daily bought and sold." *Par.* xvii. 51.

The image of these three beasts seems to be taken from *Jeremiah* v. 6: "A lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities."

<sup>12</sup> Literally: "With the fear which issued from her look, that I lost the hope of the height."

little and little drove me back to where the Sun is silent.<sup>13</sup>

While I was rushing downward, there appeared before my eyes one who seemed hoarse<sup>14</sup> from long silence. When I saw him in the great desert, I cried: "Have pity on me, whate'er thou be, whether shade or veritable man!"

He answered me: "Not man, a man I once was; and my parents were Lombards, and both of Mantua by country. I was born under Julius, though late;<sup>15</sup> and lived at Rome beneath the good Augustus, in the time of the false and lying gods.

Che, venendomi incontro, a poco a poco Mi ripingevà là dove il Sol tace.	60
Mentre ch' io rovinava in basso loco, Dinanzi agli occhi mi si fu offerto Chi per lungo silenzio parea fioco.	
Quando vidi costui nel gran diserto, Miserere di me, gridai a lui,	65
Qual che tu sie, od ombra, od uomo certo. Risposemi: Non uomo, uomo già fui, E li parenti miei furon Lombardi, E Mantovani per patria ambedui.	
Nacqui <i>sub Julio</i> , ancorchè fosse tardi, E vissi a Roma sotto il buono Augusto, Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.	70

<sup>13</sup> Into the valley where there is no light of the Sun.

"The Sun to me is dark,  
And silent as the Moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."  
Milton, *Samson Agon.*

<sup>14</sup> Allusion to the long neglect of Virgil's works before Dante's time. *Fioco* also means "faint of voice." So Milton:

"Unchanged  
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil  
days." *Paradise Lost*, vii. 25.

<sup>15</sup> Virgil was little more than twenty years of age at the time of Julius Cæsar's death; and, therefore, too young (born too late) for making himself known to the great emperor, whom Dante venerated as the founder of the Roman monarchy. See his treatise *De Monarchia*, and *Convito*, Tr. iv. c. 4 and 5. Virgil "lived," in Dante's sense, or applied himself to his great work as a poet, under Augustus.

A Poet I was ; and sang of the just<sup>16</sup> son of Anchises, who came from Troy after proud Ilium was burned. But thou, why returnest thou to such disquiet ? why ascendest not the delectable mountain, which is the beginning and the cause of all gladness ?”

“ Art thou then that Virgil, and that fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech ?” I answered him, with bashful front. “ O glory, and light of other poets ! May the long zeal avail me, and the great love, that made me search thy volume. Thou art my master and my author.<sup>17</sup> Thou alone art he from whom I took the good style that hath done me honor. See the beast for which I turned back. Help me from her, thou famous sage ; for she makes my veins and pulses tremble.”

Poeta fui, e cantai di quel giusto  
 Figliuol d' Anchise, che venne da Troia,  
 Poi che il superbo Iliion fu combusto. 75  
 Ma tu, perchè ritorni a tanta noia ?  
 Perchè non sali il diletto monte,  
 Ch' è principio e cagion di tutta gioia ?  
 Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,  
 Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume ? 80  
 Risposi lui con vergognosa fronte.  
 O degli altri poeti onore e lume,  
 Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,  
 Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.  
 Tu se' lo mio maestro, e il mio autore : 85  
 Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi  
 Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.  
 Vedi la bestia, per cui io mi volsi :  
 Aiutami da lei, famoso saggio,  
 Ch' ella mi fa tremar le vene e i polsi. 90

<sup>16</sup> *Æneas, quo justior aller nec pietate fuit, &c.* *Æneid*, i. 544, 5. Muses) bind words together.” And in another sense, “ Author signifies any

<sup>17</sup> Dante says that, in one sense, the term “ Author is applied solely to poets, who with musaic art (art of the person worthy of being believed and obeyed. And from this is derived the word Authority.” *Conv* Tr. iv. c. 6.

“Thou must take another road,” he answered, when he saw me weeping, “if thou desirest to escape from this wild place; because this beast, for which thou criest, lets not men pass her way, but so entangles that she slays them; and has a nature so perverse and vicious, that she never satiates her craving appetite; and after feeding, she is hungrier than before. The animals to which she weds<sup>18</sup> herself are many; and will yet be more, until the Grayhound comes, that will make her die with pain. He will not feed on land or pelf, but on wisdom, and love, and manfulness; and his nation shall be between Feltro and Feltro.<sup>19</sup> He shall be the salvation of that

A te convien tenere altro viaggio,  
 Rispose, poi che lagrimar mi vide,  
 Se vuoi campar d' esto loco selvaggio:  
 Chè questa bestia, per la qual tu gride,  
 Non lascia altrui passar per la sua via, 95  
 Ma tanto lo impedisce, che l' uccide:  
 E ha natura sì malvagia e ria,  
 Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia,  
 E dopo il pasto ha più fame che pria.  
 Molti son gli animali, a cui s' ammoglia, 100  
 E più saranno ancora, infin che il Veltro  
 Verrà, che la farà morir di doglia.  
 Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro,  
 Ma sapienza, e amore, e virtute;  
 E sua nazione sarà tra Feltro e Feltro. 105

<sup>18</sup> Allusion to the Papal alliances of his time. In canto xix. 106, &c., the Popes are said to have been foreshown in “her that sitteth on the waters, whom the Evangelist saw committing fornication with the kings;” the woman on the scarlet beast, “with seven heads and ten horns.” *Rev.* xvii. 3, &c.

<sup>19</sup> Feltro and Montefeltro; obscure

places, found by commentators in the northeastern part of Italy; the former near Belluno, the latter west of Ancona. Between them lay the country of Can della Scala, Lord of Verona, a young friend and protector of Dante's, who certainly did not set his heart on “land or pelf;” but, in some fair measure, on “wisdom, and love, and manfulness.” Troya, in his

low Italy,<sup>20</sup> for which Camilla the virgin, Euryalus, and Turnus, and Nisus,<sup>21</sup> died of wounds. He shall chase her through every city, till he have put her into Hell again; from which envy first set her loose. Wherefore I think and discern *this* for thy best, that thou follow me. And I will be thy guide, and lead thee hence through an eternal place, where thou shalt hear the hopeless shrieks, shalt see the ancient spirits

Di quell' umile Italia fia salute,  
 Per cui morì la vergine Cammilla,  
 Eurialo, e Turno, e Niso di ferute:  
 Questi la caccerà per ogni villa,  
 Fin che l' avrà rimessa nell' Inferno, 110  
 Là onde invidia prima dipartilla.  
 Ond' io per lo tuo me' penso e discerno,  
 Che tu mi segui, ed io sarò tua guida,  
 E trarrotti di qui per luogo eterno,  
 Ove udirai le disperate strida, 115  
 Vedrai gli antichi spiriti dolenti,

*Veltro Allegorico*, considers Uguccone della Faggiola—another eminent Ghibelline leader, and known to Dante, but of much more questionable character than Can—to be the personage here alluded to; and finds two Feltros—not towns, but mountain summits—between which lay Uguccone's country. One looks in vain for reasonable proofs of many things that Troya asserts in his high-sounding book; whole volumes on such a subject are of necessity somewhat empty. The passage will remain obscure, as it was even to Dante's contemporaries; but will sufficiently indicate to us the mixture of zeal and longing for some deliverer, that must have been in his mind when he wrote it. The old comment-

ator, who knew Dante personally, thinks *Sua nazione sarà tra feltro e feltro* ("his birth shall be between felt and felt," literally), imports that this promised deliverer "shall be born of a humble race, as felt is a humble and mean cloth" (see *Comento dell' Ottimo*, vol. i. p. 10). Boccaccio also reads *feltro* (felt). And it is to be recollected that the old mss. and editions of the *Commedia* have no capital letters.

<sup>20</sup> *Humilem Italiam* (*Æn.* iii. 522), the region of Rome, the Empire; or, "poor degraded Italy," from the state into which it had fallen.

<sup>21</sup> Then, as now, friends and chief men of all parties fall in the wild battle.

in pain; so that each calls for second death. And thou shalt see those who are contented in the fire; for they hope to come, whensoever it be, among the blessed. Then to these,<sup>22</sup> if thou desirest to ascend, there shall be a Spirit worthier than I to guide thee. With her will I leave thee at my parting. For that Emperor who reigns above, because I was rebellious<sup>23</sup> to his law, wills not that I come into his city. In all parts he rules; and there he dwells. There is his city, and his high seat. O happy whom he chooses for it!"

And I to him: "Poet, I beseech thee by that God whom thou knewest not: in order that I may escape this ill and worse, lead me where thou now

Che la seconda morte ciascun grida :  
 E vederai color, che son contenti  
 Nel fuoco, perchè speran di venire,  
 Quando che sia, alle beate genti : 120  
 Alle quai poi se tu vorrai salire,  
 Anima fia a ciò di me più degna :  
 Con lei ti lascierò nel mio partire ;  
 Chè quello Imperador, che lassù regna,  
 Perch' io fui ribellante alla sua legge, 125  
 Non vuol che in sua città per me si vegna.  
 In tutte parti imperà, e quivi regge :  
 Quivi è la sua cittade, e l' alto seggio :  
 O felice colui, cui ivi elegge !  
 Ed io a lui : Poeta, io ti richieggio 130  
 Per quello Iddio, che tu non conoscesti,  
 A ciò ch' io fugga questo male e peggio,  
 Che tu mi meni là dov' or dicesti,

<sup>22</sup> To the blessed. Virgil promises to conduct him through Hell and Purgatory only. Beatrice will lead him to Heaven.

<sup>23</sup> Virgil foresaw the coming Saviour; but clung and trusted to his hu-

man wisdom, according to Dante. See the passage, *Purg.* xxii. 70-72, where Statius tells Virgil of his being converted to Christianity by the Fourth Eclogue.

hast said, so that I may see the Gate of St. Peter,  
and those whom thou makest so sad.”<sup>24</sup>

Then he moved; and I kept on behind him.

Sì ch' io vegga la porta di San Pietro,  
E color, che tu fai cotanto mesti. 135  
Allor si mosse; ed io li tenni dietro.

<sup>24</sup> Gate of Purgatory. Those whom “eternal place” are the inhabitants of Virgil describes as so sad “in the Hell.



## ARGUMENT.

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**END** of the first day. Brief invocation. Dante is discouraged at the outset, when he begins seriously to reflect upon what he has undertaken. That very day, his own strength has miserably failed before the Lion and the She-wolf. He bids Virgil consider well whether there be sufficient virtue in him, before committing him to so dreadful a passage. He recalls the great errands of Æneas and of Paul, and the great results of their going to the immortal world: and, comparing himself with them, he feels his heart quail, and is ready to turn back. Virgil discerns the fear that has come over him; and in order to remove it, tells him how a blessed Spirit has descended from Heaven expressly to command the journey. On hearing this, Dante immediately casts off all pusillanimity, and at once accepts the Freedom and the Mission that are given him.

## CANTO II.

THE day was departing, and the brown air taking the animals, that are on earth, from their toils; and I, one alone, was preparing myself to bear the war<sup>1</sup> both of the journey and the pity, which memory, that errs not, shall relate.

O Muses, O high Genius, now help me! O Memory, that hast inscribed what I saw, here will be shown thy nobleness.

I began: "Poet, who guidest<sup>2</sup> me, look if there be worth in me sufficient,<sup>3</sup> before thou trust me to the arduous passage. Thou sayest that the father<sup>4</sup>

Lo giorno se n' andava, e l' aer bruno  
 Toglieva gli animai, che sono in terra,  
 Dalle fatiche loro; ed io sol uno  
 M' apparecchiava a sostener la guerra  
 SÌ del cammino, e sì della pietate, 5  
 Che ritrarrà la mente, che non erra.  
 O Muse, o' alto ingegno, or m' aiutate:  
 O mente, che scrivesti ciò ch' io vidi,  
 Qui si parrà la tua nobilitate.  
 Io cominciai: Poeta che mi guidi, 10  
 Guarda la mia virtù, s' ella è possente,  
 Prima che all' alto passo tu mi fidi.  
 Tu dici, che di Silvio lo parente,

1. *Bruno*, brown, dark, obscure.

12. *Alto*, high, deep, or difficult; as in v. 142.

<sup>1</sup> The battle with the painful road, and with the pity for those in Hell.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil represents Human Wisdom or Intelligence; and we shall see who sends him, and gives him power to be a guide to Dante.

<sup>3</sup> Literally: "Look at (examine)

my virtue (strength, worth) whether it be able (adequate)" for such a journey. It has already miserably failed before the Lion and the Wolf.

<sup>4</sup> *Æneas*. . . . *Et qui te nomine reddet, Sylvius Æneas.* *Æn.* vi. 768.

of Sylvius, while subject to corruption, went to the immortal world, and was there in body. But if the Adversary of all evil was propitious, considering the high effect, and who and what should come from him; it seems not unfitting to an understanding mind. For in the empyreal heaven, he was chosen to be the father of generous Rome, and of her Empire. Both these,<sup>5</sup> to say the truth, were established for the holy place, where the Successor of great Peter sits. By this journey, for which thou honorest him, he learned things that were the causes of his victory, and of the Papal Mantle. Afterward, the Chosen Vessel<sup>6</sup> went thither to bring confirmation of that Faith which is the entrance to the way of salvation. But I, why

Corrutibile ancora, ad immortale  
 Secolo andò, e fu sensibilmente. 15  
 Però se l' Avversario d' ogni male  
 Cortese fu, pensando l' alto effetto,  
 Ch' uscir dovea di lui, e il chi, e il quale;  
 Non pare indegno ad uomo d' intelletto:  
 Ch' ei fu dell' alma Roma e di suo impero 20  
 Nell' empireo Ciel per padre eletto:  
 La quale, e il quale, a voler dir lo vero,  
 Fur stabiliti per lo loco santo,  
 U' siede il successor del maggior Piero.  
 Per questa andata, onde gli dai tu vanto, 25  
 Intese cose che furon cagione  
 Di sua vittoria e del papale ammanto.  
 Andovvi poi lo Vas d' elezione,  
 Per recarne conforto a quella Fede,  
 Ch' è principio alla via di salvazione, 30

24. *U'* ove; contraction of Lat. *ubi*.

<sup>5</sup> *La quale*, Rome; and *il quale*, heaven;" and into Paradise, where the Empire. Both ordained by God. he "heard unspeakable words," 2 *Cor.* xii. 1-4. Thither, i. e. "to the

<sup>6</sup> Paul, called "a chosen vessel," *Acts* ix. 15; "caught up to the third

immortal world."

go? or who permits it? I am not Æneas, am not Paul: neither myself nor others deem me worthy of it. Wherefore, if I resign myself to go, I fear my going may prove foolish. Thou art wise, and understandest better than I speak."

And as one who unwilld what he willed, and with new thoughts changes his purpose, so that he wholly quits the thing commenced,<sup>7</sup> such I made myself on that dim coast; for with thinking I wasted the enterprise, that had been so quick in its commencement.

"If I have rightly understood thy words," replied that shade of the Magnanimous, "thy soul is smit with coward fear, which oftentimes encumbers men, so that it turns them back from honored enterprise;

Ma io, perchè venirvi? o chi 'l concede?

Io non Enea, io non Paolo sono:

Me degno a ciò nè io, nè altri crede.

Per che se del venire io m' abbandono,

Temo che la venuta non sia folle:

35

Se' savio, e intendi me' ch' io non ragiono.

E quale è quei, che disvuol ciò ch' e' volle,

E per novi pensier cangia proposta,

Sì che del cominciar tutto si tolle;

Tal mi fec' io in quella oscura costa:

40

Perchè pensando consumai la impresa,

Che fu nel cominciar cotanto tosta.

Se io ho ben la tua parola intesa,

Rispose del magnanimo quell' ombra,

L' anima tua è da viltade offesa,

45

La qual molte fiata l' uomo ingombra,

Sì che d' onrata impresa lo rivolve,

39. *Tolle*, *toglie* (from *tollere*): old form, nearer to the Latin. Many examples of this sort occur; which we here notice, once for all.

44. *Ombra*, takes fright, is startled.

<sup>7</sup> Literally: "Changes his purpose from the beginning" that he has pose, so that he takes himself wholly made.

as false seeing does a startled beast. To free thee from this dread, I will tell thee why I came, and what I heard in the first moment when I took pity of thee. I was among them who are suspense;<sup>8</sup> and a Lady,<sup>9</sup> so fair and blessed that I prayed her to command, called me. Her eyes shone brighter than the Star;<sup>10</sup> and she began soft and gentle to tell me with angelic voice, in her language: 'O courteous Mantuan Spirit, whose fame still lasts in the world, and will last as long as Time!<sup>11</sup> My

Come falso veder bestia quand' ombra.

Da questa tema acciocchè tu ti solve,  
Dirotti, perch' io venni, e quel ch' io intesi, 50  
Nel primo punto che di te mi dolve.

Io era tra color, che son sospesi,  
E Donna mi chiamò beata e bella,  
Tal che di comandare io la richiesi.  
Lucevan gli occhi suoi più che la Stella: 55

E cominciommi a dir soave e piana  
Con angelica voce, in sua favella:

O anima cortese Mantovana,  
Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura,  
E durerà quanto il moto lontana: 60

51. *Dolve*, *dolse*: Lat. *doluit*.

60. *Lontana*, used for *lunga*; as in *Par.* xv. 49.

<sup>8</sup> In Limbo. Canto iv. 45.

<sup>9</sup> Beatrice: in Dante's heart, transfigured into Celestial Wisdom. She descends to Human Wisdom in its Limbo; and makes it guide her "friend" some way toward Heaven. See the Canzone: *Voi che, intendendo, il terzo ciel movete*, &c.; and Dante's beautiful comment on it, in which he speaks of his Beatrice as a blessed spirit; and tells how he "went away as if in rapture," when he thought of her. *Conv.* Tr. ii. c. 7, 8, &c.

<sup>10</sup> The Sun. *La bella stella ch' il*

*tempo misura* ("the beautiful star that measures time"). Canzone xix. 1, page 62 of Fraticelli's edition, Flor. 1834. "She (Wisdom) is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars; being compared with light, she is found before it." *Wisdom of Solomon* vii. 29.

<sup>11</sup> Literally: "Motion." *Tempus est numerus motus secundum prius et posterius* (Aristotle); quoted by Dante (*Conv.* Tr. iv. c. 2), and translated: "Time, according to Aristotle in the fourth (book) of his *Physics*, is the number (summation) of motion

friend,<sup>12</sup> and not of fortune, is so impeded in his way upon the desert shore, that he has turned back for terror. And I fear he may already be so far astray, that I have risen too late for his relief, from what I heard of him in Heaven. Now go, and with thy ornate speech, and with what is necessary for his escape, help him so, that I may be consoled thereby. I am Beatrice who send thee. I come from a place where I desire to return. Love moved me, that makes me speak. When I shall be before my Lord, I oft will praise thee to him.'

"She was silent then, and I began: 'O Lady, single in worth, through whom mankind excels all

L' amico mio, e non della ventura,  
 Nella diserta piaggia è impedito  
 Sì nel cammin, che vólto è per paura:  
 E temo che non sia già sì smarrito,  
 Ch' io mi sia tardi al soccorso levata,                    65  
 Per quel ch' io ho di lui nel Cielo udito.  
 Or muovi, e con la tua parola ornata,  
 E con ciò, che ha mestieri al suo campare,  
 L' aiuta sì, ch' io ne sia consolata.  
 Io son Beatrice, che ti faccio andare:                    70  
 Vegno di loco, ove tornar disio:  
 Amor mi mosse, che mi fa parlare.  
 Quando sarò dinanzi al Signor mio,  
 Di te mi loderò sovente a lui.  
 Tacette allora, e poi cominciai io:                    75  
 O Donna di virtù sola, per cui

with respect to first and after." Many editions read *mondo* (creation); and perhaps with equally good authority.

<sup>12</sup> Line 61 lies open to several interpretations, of which the plainest and best seems the following: "My friend, and not *the friend* of fortune;" he who is dear to me, though sorely wounded (*Conv.* Tr. i. c. 3), and driven about by fortune. Alfieri, who

studied Dante with great zeal, suggests another remarkable meaning by a passage in his *Filippo*, where Perez tells Carlo that he is *the* friend of his choice, &c. *Amico tuo . . . Non di ventura io sono*, &c. Atto i. sc. 4. Scolari, and other distinguished commentators, adopting it, explain: "My friend, that of my choice, and not that of chance, accident, or caprice."

that is contained within the heaven which has the smallest circles!<sup>13</sup> So grateful to me is thy command, that my obeying, were it done already, seems tardy. It needs not that thou more explain to me thy wish. But tell me the cause, why thou forbearest not to descend into this center here below from the spacious place,<sup>14</sup> to which thou burnest to return?"

" ' Since thou desirest to know thus far, I will tell thee briefly,' she replied, ' why I fear not to come within this place. Those things alone are to be feared that have the power of hurting; the others not, which are not fearful. I am made such by God, in his grace, that your misery does not touch me; nor the flame of this burning assail me. There

L' umana spezie eccede ogni contento  
 Da quel ciel, che ha minori i cerchi sui :  
 Tanto m' aggrada il tuo comandamento,  
 Che l' ubbidir, se già fosse, m' è tardi ; 80  
 Più non t' è uopo aprirmi il tuo talento.  
 Ma dimmi la cagion, che non ti guardi  
 Dello scender quaggiù in questo centro  
 Dall' ampio loco, ove tornar tu ardi.  
 Da che tu vuoi saper cotanto addentro, 85  
 Diretti brevemente, mi rispose,  
 Perch' io non temo di venir qua entro.  
 Temer si deve sol di quelle cose  
 Ch' hanno potenza di fare altrui male :  
 Dell' altre no, che non paurose. 90  
 Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,  
 Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,  
 Nè fiamma d' esto incendio non m' assale.

77. *Contento*, contento.

81. *Talento*, inclination, desire.

<sup>13</sup> The heaven of the moon; which goes round (contains) our earth, and is the nearest to it and smallest.

<sup>14</sup> The widest circle of Paradise; the Empyrean Heaven, which is farthest from our earth.

is a noble Lady<sup>15</sup> in Heaven who has such pity of this hindrance, for which I send thee, that she breaks the sharp judgment there on high. She called Lucia,<sup>16</sup> in her request, and said: 'Now thy faithful one has need of thee; and I commend him to thee.' Lucia, enemy of all cruelty, arose and came to the place where I was sitting with the ancient Rachel.<sup>17</sup> She said: 'Beatrice, true praise of God; why helpest thou not him who loved thee so, that for thee he left the vulgar crowd? Hearest thou not the misery of his plaint? Seest thou not the death which combats him upon the river, that swelleth not the sea?'<sup>18</sup> None on earth were ever swift to seek their

Donna è gentil nel Ciel, che si compianghe  
 Di questo impedimento, ov' io ti mando,                    95  
 Sì che duro giudicio lassù frange.  
 Questa chiese Lucìa in suo dimando,  
 E disse: Or abbisogna il tuo fedele  
 Di te, ed io a te lo raccomando.  
 Lucìa, nimica di ciascun crudele,                                100  
 Si mosse, e venne al loco dov' io era,  
 Che mi sedea con l' antica Rachele.  
 Disse: Beatrice, loda di Dio vera,  
 Che non soccorri quei che t' amò tanto,  
 Che uscìo per te della volgare schiera?                    105  
 Non odi tu la pieta del suo pianto?  
 Non vedi tu la morte che il combatte  
 Su la fiumana, ove il mar non ha vanto?  
 Al mondo non fur mai persone ratte  
 A far lor pro, nè a fuggir lor danno,                        110

<sup>15</sup> Divine Mercy.

<sup>16</sup> Divine, enlightening Grace. Lucia, the Virgin Martyr; a real person, transfigured like Beatrice. Dante finds her in Paradise, canto xxxii. 136, &c. Vide also *Purg.* ix. 55.

<sup>17</sup> Contemplation. Vide *Purg.* xxvii. 104. Contemplation of God

and his works, "which without any mixture is the use of our highest faculty;" but "can not be fully attained in this life." *Conv.* Tr. iv. c. 22.

<sup>18</sup> Literally: "Of which the seas has no boast." The rivers of Hell do not fall into the sea. Vide canto xiv. 112, &c.



good, or flee their hurt, as I to come, after these words were uttered, from my blessed seat; confiding in thy noble speech, which honors thee, and them who have heard it.'

"After saying this to me, she turned away her bright eyes weeping; by which she made me hasten more to come. And thus I came to thee, as she desired; took thee from before that savage beast, which bereft thee of the short way to the beautiful mountain. What is it, then? Why, why haltest thou? Why lodgest in thy heart such coward fear? Why art thou not bold and free, when three such blessed Ladies<sup>19</sup> care for thee in the court of Heaven, and my words promise thee so much good?"

As flowerets, by the nightly chillness bended down and closed, erect themselves all open on their stems

Com' io, dopo cotai parole fatte,  
 Venni quaggiù dal mio beato scanno,  
 Fidandomi nel tuo parlare onesto,  
 Che onora te, e quei che udito l' hanno.  
 Poscia che m' ebbe ragionato questo, 115  
 Gli occhi lucenti lagrimando volse;  
 Per che mi fece del venir più presto:  
 E venni a te così, com' ella volse;  
 Dinanzi a quella fiera ti levai,  
 Che del bel monte il corto andar ti tolse. 120  
 Dunque che è? perchè, perchè ristai?  
 Perchè tanta viltà nel cuore allette?  
 Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai?  
 Poscia che tai tre Donne benedette  
 Curan di te nella corte del Cielo, 125  
 E il mio parlar tanto ben t' impromette?  
 Quale i fioretti dal notturno gelo  
 Chinati e chiusi, poi che il Sol gl' imbianca,

127. *Quale*, used like Virgil's *Quale sopor fessis*,  
 &c. Ecl. v. 46.

<sup>19</sup> Divine Mercy, Grace, and Wisdom.

when the sun whitens them ;<sup>20</sup> thus I did, with my fainting courage. And so much good daring ran into my heart,<sup>21</sup> that I began as one set free : “ O compassionate she, who succored me ! And courteous thou, who quickly didst obey the true words that she gave thee ! Thou hast disposed my heart with such desire to go, by what thou sayest, that I have returned to my first purpose. Now go ; for both have one will : Thou guide, thou lord and master.”

Thus I spake to him ; and he moving, I entered on the arduous and savage way.

Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo ;	
Tal mi fec' io, di mia virtute stanca :	130
E tanto buono ardire al cuor mi corse,	
Ch' io cominciai come persona franca :	
O pietosa colei che mi soccorse,	
E tu cortese, ch' ubbidisti tosto	
Alle vere parole che ti porse !	135
Tu m' hai con desiderio il cuor disposto	
Sì al venir, con le parole tue,	
Ch' io son tornato nel primo proposto.	
Or va, chè un sol volere è d' ambedue :	
Tu duca, tu signore, e tu maestro.	140
Così gli dissi ; e poichè mosso fue,	
Entrai per lo cammino alto e silvestro.	

<sup>20</sup> But right as floures through the cold  
of night  
Yclosed stoupen in her stalkes lowe.  
Redressen hem ayen the Sunne  
bright,

And spreden in her kind course by rowe,  
&c.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Cresside*, b. ii.

<sup>21</sup> *Per ima cucurrit ossa.* Æneid.  
ii. 120.

## ARGUMENT.

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**INSCRIPTION** over the Gate of Hell, and the impression it produces upon Dante. Virgil takes him by the hand, and leads him in. The dismal sounds make him burst into tears. His head is quite bewildered. Upon a Dark Plain (*buia campagna*), which goes round the confines, he sees a vast multitude of spirits running behind a flag in great haste and confusion, urged on by furious wasps and hornets. These are the unhappy people, who never were alive—never awakened to take any part either in good or evil, to care for any thing but themselves. They are mixed with a similar class of fallen angels. After passing through the crowd of them, the Poets come to a great River, which flows round the brim of Hell; and then descends to form the other rivers, the marshes, and the ice that we shall meet with. It is the river Acheron; and on its Shore all that die under the wrath of God assemble from every country to be ferried over by the demon Charon. He makes them enter his boat by glaring on them with his burning eyes. Having seen these, and being refused a passage by Charon, Dante is suddenly stunned by a violent trembling of the ground, accompanied with wind and lightning, and falls down in a state of insensibility.

## CANTO III.

THROUGH me is the way into the doleful city; through me the way into the eternal pain; through me the way among the people lost. Justice moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love.<sup>1</sup> Before me were no things created, but eternal; and eternal I endure. Leave all hope, ye that enter.

These words, of color obscure, saw I written above a gate. Whereat I: "Master, their meaning to me is hard."<sup>2</sup>

And he to me, as one experienced: "Here must all distrust be left; all cowardice must here be dead.

Per me si va nella città dolente:  
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore:  
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente.  
 Giustizia mosse il mio alto Fattore:  
 Fecemi la divina Potestate, 5  
 La somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.  
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,  
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro:  
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.  
 Queste parole di colore oscuro 10  
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una porta;  
 Per ch' io: Maestro, il senso lor m' è duro.  
 Ed egli a me, come persona accorta:  
 Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto;  
 Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta. 15

<sup>1</sup> Eternal Power and Wisdom, and Love proceeding from them, appoint the place of punishment for sin. Remark how Dante, under his old phraseology here and elsewhere, always feels that no infinite Love, or Wisdom, or Power, are possible without Justice. To him the great Trinity is not a mere hearsay, but a living reality.

<sup>2</sup> Bitter, fearful to me. The Hell of Dante comes upon him as a very sad and painful thing withal. See v. 23.



ter, what is this that I hear? and who are these that seem so overcome with pain?"

And he to me: "This miserable mode the dreary souls of those sustain, who lived without blame, and without praise. They are mingled with that abject choir of angels, who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God; but were for themselves. Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty from impair;<sup>6</sup> and the deep Hell receives them not, for the wicked would have some glory over them."

And I: "Master, what is so grievous to them, that makes them lament thus bitterly?"

He answered: "I will tell it to thee very briefly. These have no hope of death; and their blind life is so mean, that they are envious of every other lot. Report of them the world permits not to exist.

E che gente è, che par nel duol sì vinta?

Ed egli a me: Questo misero modo  
Tengon l' anime triste di coloro, 35  
Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo.

Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro  
Degli angeli che non furon ribelli,  
Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sè foro.  
Cacciârli i ciel per non esser men belli, 40  
Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve,  
Chè alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d' elli.

Ed io: Maestro, che è tanto greve  
A lor, che lamentar gli fa sì forte?  
Rispose: Dicerolti molto breve. 45

Questi non hanno speranza di morte,  
E la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa,  
Che invidiosi son d' ogni altra sorte.  
Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa,

45. *Dicerolti*, tel dirò: Lat. *dicere*.

<sup>6</sup> Lit.: "in order to be not less beautiful."

Mercy and Judgment disdains them. Let us not speak of them ; but look, and pass."

And I, who looked, saw an ensign, which whirling ran so quickly that it seemed to scorn all pause.<sup>7</sup> And behind it came so long a train of people, that I should never have believed death had undone so many. After I had recognized some among them I looked and saw the shadow of him<sup>8</sup> who from cowardice made the great refusal. Forthwith I understood and felt assured, that this was the crew of wretches, hateful to God and to his enemies. Those unfortunate,

Misericordia e Giustizia gli sdegna : 50  
 Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.  
 Ed io, che riguardai, vidi un' insegna,  
 Che girando correva tanto ratta,  
 Che d' ogni posa mi pareva indegna :  
 E dietro le venìa sì lunga tratta 55  
 Di gente, ch' io non avrei creduto,  
 Che morte tanta n' avesse disfatta.  
 Poscia ch' io v' ebbi alcun riconosciuto,  
 Guardai, e vidi l' ombra di colui  
 Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto. 60  
 Incontanente intesi, e certo fui,  
 Che quest' era la setta dei cattivi,  
 A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui.

<sup>7</sup> Or, "seemed unworthy of all pause." The long train is kept sweeping round the confines of Hell, unworthy and unable to enter it, and the giddy flag is their only mark and guide.

<sup>8</sup> It is uncertain to whom the poet alludes in this place. Celestine V. resigned the papal power in 1294, and was followed by Boniface VIII.; but he had first tried it for more than five months (Villani, lib. viii. c. 5). He had lived as a monk to the age of seventy-two, and was suddenly elected at Perugia, after the papal

chair had been kept vacant for more than two years by the wild contests of the cardinals. He died soon after his resignation, and was canonized in 1313, eight years before Dante's death. The line often quoted (*Inferno*, canto xxvii. 105) proves nothing, except that Dante knew about Celestine—a thing that needed no proof. Each commentator may continue to select for Dante the person most prominent in his own imagination. Pusillanimity causes enough of "great refusals" in all ages.

who never were alive, were naked, and sorely goaded by wasps and hornets that were there: these made their faces stream with blood, which mixed with tears was gathered at their feet by loathsome worms.

And then, as I looked onward, I saw people on the Shore of a great River. Whereat I said: "Master, now grant that I may know who these are; and what usage makes them seem so ready to pass over, as I discern by the faint light."

And he: "The things shall be told thee, when we stay our steps upon the joyless strand of Acheron."

Then, with eyes ashamed and downcast, fearing my words might have offended him, I kept myself from speaking till we reached the stream. And lo! an old man, white with ancient hair, comes toward us in a bark, shouting: "Woe to you, depraved

- Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi,  
 Erano ignudi e stimolati molto 65  
 Da mosconi e da vespe ch' eran ivi.  
 Elle rigavan lor di sangue il volto,  
 Che mischiato di lagrime, a' lor piedi  
 Da fastidiosi vermi era ricolto.  
 E poi che a riguardare oltre mi diedi, 70  
 Vidi gente alla riva d' un gran fiume:  
 Perch' io dissi: Maestro, or mi concedi,  
 Ch' io sappia quali sono, e qual costume  
 Le fa parer di trapassar sì pronte,  
 Com' io discerno per lo fioco lume. 75  
 Ed egli a me: Le cose ti fien conte,  
 Quando noi fermerem li nostri passi  
 Sulla trista riviera d' Acheronte.  
 Allor con gli occhi vergognosi e bassi,  
 Temendo no 'l mio dir gli fusse grave, 80  
 Infino al fiume dal parlar mi trassi.  
 Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave  
 Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo,  
 Gridando: Guai a voi, anime prave!



spirits! Hope not ever to see Heaven. I come to lead you to the other shore; into the eternal darkness; into fire and ice. And thou, who art there alive, depart thee from these that are dead." But when he saw that I departed not, he said: "By other ways, by other ferries; not here shalt thou pass<sup>9</sup> over. A lighter<sup>10</sup> boat must carry thee."

And my guide to him: "Charon, vex not thyself. Thus it is willed there,<sup>11</sup> where what is willed can be done: and ask no more." Then the woolly cheeks were quiet of the steersman on the livid marsh, who round his eyes had wheels of flame. But those spirits, who were foreworn and naked, changed color and chattered with their teeth, soon as they heard the bitter words. They blasphemed God and their

Non isperate mai veder lo Cielo: 85  
 I' vegno per menarvi all' altra riva,  
 Nelle tenebre eterne, in caldo e in gelo.  
 E tu che sei costì, anima viva,  
 Partiti da cotesti, che son morti.  
 Ma poi ch' ei vide, ch' io non mi partiva, 90  
 Disse: Per altre vie, per altri porti  
 Verrai a spiaggia, non qui, per passare:  
 Più lieve legno convien che ti porti.  
 E il Duca a lui: Caron, non ti crucciare:  
 Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote 95  
 Ciò che si vuole; e più non dimandare.  
 Quinci fur quete le lanose gote  
 Al nocchier della livida palude,  
 Che intorno agli occhi avea di fiamme rote.  
 Ma quell' anime, ch' eran lasse e nude, 100  
 Cangiâr colore e dibattero i denti,  
 Ratto che inteser le parole crude.  
 Bestemmiavano Iddio e i lor parenti,

\* Lit.: "shalt thou come to the shore, not here, in order to pass." | <sup>10</sup> More buoyant. *Æn.* vi. 412, &c.  
<sup>11</sup> In Heaven.

parents; the human kind; the place, the time, and origin of their seed, and of their birth. Then all of them together, sorely weeping, drew to the accursed shore, which awaits every man that fears not God. Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal, beckoning them collects them all; smites with his oar whoever lingers. As the leaves of autumn fall off one after the other, till the branch sees all its spoils upon the ground; so one by one the evil seed of Adam cast themselves from that shore at signals, as the bird at its call. Thus they depart on the brown water; and ere they have landed on the other shore, a fresh crowd collects on this.

“My son,” said the courteous Master, “those who die under God’s wrath, all assemble here from every country. And they are prompt to pass the river, for

L’ umana specie, il luogo, il tempo, e il seme  
 Di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti. 105  
 Poi si ritrasser tutte quante insieme,  
 Forte piangendo, alla riva malvagia,  
 Che attende ciascun uom, che Dio non teme.  
 Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia  
 Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie; 110  
 Batte col remo qualunque s’ adagia.  
 Come d’ autunno si levan le foglie  
 L’ una appresso dell’ altra, infin che il ramo  
 Vede alla terra tutte le sue spoglie;  
 Similmente il mal seme d’ Adamo: 115  
 Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una,  
 Per cenni, come augel per suo richiamo.  
 Così sen vanno su per l’ onda bruna,  
 Ed avanti che sian di là discese,  
 Anche di qua nova schiera s’ aduna. 120  
 Figliuol mio, disse il Maestro cortese,  
 Quelli, che muoion nell’ ira di Dio,  
 Tutti convegnon qui d’ ogni paese :  
 E pronti sono a trapassar lo rio,

Divine Justice spurs them so, that fear is changed into desire. By this way no good spirit ever passes; and hence, if Charon complains of thee, thou easily mayest know the import of his words."

When he had ended, the dusky champaign trembled so violently, that the remembrance of my terror bathes me still with sweat. The tearful ground gave out wind, and flashed with a crimson light, which conquered all my senses: and I fell, like one who is seized with sleep.

Chè la divina Giustizia li sprona	125
Sì, che la tema si volge in disio.	
Quinci non passa mai anima buona:	
E però se Caron di te si lagna,	
Ben puoi saper omai, che il suo dir suona.	
Finito questo, la buia campagna	130
Tremò sì forte, che dello spavento	
La mente di sudore ancor mi bagna.	
La terra lagrimosa diede vento,	
E balenò d' una luce vermiglia,	
La qual mi vinse ciascun sentimento;	135
E caddi, come l' uom, cui sonno piglia.	

## ARGUMENT.

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**DANTE** is roused by a heavy thunder, and finds himself on the brink of the Abyss. Not in his own strength has he crossed the dismal river. Virgil conducts him into Limbo, which is the First Circle of Hell, and contains the spirits of those who lived without Baptism or Christianity. The only pain they suffer is, that they live in the desire and without the hope of seeing God. Their sighs cause the eternal air to tremble, and there is no other audible lamentation among them. As Dante and Virgil go on, they reach a hemisphere of light amid the darkness, and are met by Homer and other Poets, and conducted into a noble Castle, in which they see the most distinguished of the Heathen women, statesmen, sages, and warriors. Homer and the other Poets quit them ; and they go on to a place of total darkness.

## CANTO IV.

A HEAVY thunder broke the deep sleep in my head ; so that I started like one who is awaked by force. And, having risen erect, I moved my rested eyes around, and looked steadfastly to know the place in which I was. True is it, that I found myself upon the brink of the dolorous Valley of the Abyss, which gathers thunder of endless wailings.<sup>1</sup> It was so dark, profound, and cloudy, that, with fixing my look upon the bottom, I there discerned nothing.

“ Now let us descend into the blind world here below,” began the Poet, all pale : “ I will be first, and thou shalt be second.”

And I, who had remarked his color, said : “ How

RUPPEMI l' alto sonno nella testa  
 Un greve tuono, sì ch' io mi riscossi,  
 Come persona che per forza è desta :  
 E l' occhio riposato intorno mossi,  
 Dritto levato, e fiso riguardai 5  
 Per conoscer lo loco dov' io fossi.  
 Vero è, che in su la proda mi trovai  
 Della valle d' abisso dolorosa,  
 Che tuono accoglie d' infiniti guai.  
 Oscura, profonda era, e nebulosa, 10  
 Tanto che, per ficcar lo viso al fondo,  
 Io non vi discerneva veruna cosa.  
 Or discendiam quaggiù nel cieco mondo,  
 Incominciò il Poeta tutto smorto :  
 Io sarò primo, e tu sarai secondo. 15  
 Ed io, che del color mi fui accorto,

<sup>1</sup> Collects into one thunder the eternal trumpet, now that his ear is many sounds of woe. Like a huge fully awakened to it.

shall I come, when thou fearest, who art wont to be my strength in doubt?"

And he to me: "The anguish of the people who are here below, on my face depaints that pity, which thou takest for fear. Let us go; for the length of way impels us." Thus he entered,<sup>2</sup> and made me enter, into the first circle that girds the abyss. Here there was no plaint, that could be heard,<sup>3</sup> except of sighs, which caused the eternal air to tremble. And this arose from the sadness, without torment, of the crowds that were many and great, both of children, and of women and men.

The good Master to me: "Thou askest not what spirits are these thou seest? I wish thee to know, before thou goest farther, that they sinned not. And

Dissi: Come verrò, se tu paventi  
 Che suoli al mio dubbiare esser conforto?  
 Ed egli a me: L' angoscia delle genti,  
 Che son quaggiù, nel viso mi dipinge 20  
 Quella pietà, che tu per tema senti.  
 Andiam, chè la via lunga ne sospinge.  
 Così si mise, e così mi fè entrare  
 Nel primo cerchio che l' abisso cinge.  
 Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare, 25  
 Non avea pianto, ma' che di sospiri,  
 Che l' aura eterna facevan tremare:  
 E ciò avvenia di duol senza martiri,  
 Ch' avean le turbe, ch' eran molte e grandi,  
 E d' infanti e di femmine e di viri. 30  
 Lo buon Maestro a me: Tu non dimandi  
 Che spiriti son questi, che tu vedi?  
 Or vo' che sappi, innanzi che più andi,  
 Ch' ei non peccaro: e s' egli hanno mercedi,

26. *Ma' che*, more than: Lat. *magis quam*.

<sup>2</sup> Lit.: "put himself, and made me enter into," &c.

<sup>3</sup> Lit.: "Here, according to my listening, there was no plaint," &c.

though they have merit, it suffices not; for they had not Baptism, which is the portal of the Faith that thou believest. And seeing they were before Christianity, they worshiped not God aright. And of these am I myself. For such defects,<sup>4</sup> and for no other fault, are we lost; and only in so far afflicted, that without hope we live in desire.”<sup>5</sup>

Great sadness took me at the heart on hearing this; because I knew men of much worth, who in that Limbo<sup>6</sup> were suspense. “Tell me, Master; tell me, Sir,” I began, desiring to be assured of that Faith which conquers every error; “did ever any, by his own merit, or by others’, go out from hence, that afterward was blessed?”

Non basta, perch' ei non ebber battesmo,	35
Ch' è porta della Fede che tu credi :	
E se furon dinanzi al cristianesimo,	
Non adoràr debitamente Dio :	
E di questi cotai son io medesmo.	
Per tai difetti, e non per altro rio,	40
Semo perduti, e sol di tanto offesi,	
Che senza speme vivemo in disio.	
Gran duol mi prese al cuor, quando lo intesi,	
Perocchè gente di molto valore	
Conobbi, che in quel limbo eran sospesi.	45
Dimmi, Maestro mio, dimmi, Signore,	
Cominciài io, per voler esser certo	
Di quella fede che vince ogni errore :	
Uscinne mai alcuno, o per suo merto,	
O per altrui, che poi fosse beato ?	50

40. Rio, reità. *Purg.* vii. 7.

<sup>4</sup> Dante says: *Nemo quantumcumque moralibus et intellectualibus virtutibus, et secundum habitum et secundum operationem perfectus, absque fide salvari potest: dato quod*

*nunquam aliquid de Christo audiverit.* Monarch. lib. ii. p. 96.

<sup>5</sup> “And with desire to languish without hope.” *Par. Lost*, x. 995.

<sup>6</sup> Limbo, from Lat. *Limbus*, border.

And he, understanding my covert speech, replied :  
 “ I was new in this condition, when I saw a Mighty  
 One<sup>7</sup> come to us, crowned with sign of victory. He  
 took away from us the shade of our First Parent, of  
 Abel his son, and that of Noah ; of Moses the Legis-  
 lator, and obedient Abraham the Patriarch ; David  
 the King ; Israel with his father, and his sons, and  
 Rachel, for whom he did so much ;<sup>8</sup> and many others,  
 and made them blessed. And I wish thee to know,  
 that, before these, no human souls were saved.”

We ceased not to go, though he was speaking ;  
 but passed the wood meanwhile, the wood,<sup>9</sup> I say, of  
 crowded spirits. Our way was not yet far within

E quei, che intese il mio parlar coverto,  
 Rispose : Io era nuovo in questo stato,  
 Quando ci vidi venire un Possente  
 Con segno di vittoria incoronato. 55  
 Trasseci l' ombra del Primo Parente,  
 D' Abel suo figlio, e quella di Noè,  
 Di Moisè Legista, e ubbidiente  
 Abraam Patriarca, e David Re,  
 Israel con suo padre, e co' suoi nati,  
 E con Rachele, per cui tanto fe', 60  
 Ed altri molti ; e fecegli beati :  
 E vo' che sappi che, dinanzi ad essi,  
 Spiriti umani non eran salvati.  
 Non lasciavam l' andar, perch' ei dicessi  
 Ma passavam la selva tuttavia, 65  
 La selva dico di spiriti spessi.  
 Non era lungi ancor la nostra via

<sup>7</sup> The Mighty One is Christ, whose name Dante, out of reverence, refrains from uttering in this place.

<sup>8</sup> Served Laban fourteen years..

<sup>9</sup> The undistinguished multitudes that crowd the dark outer parts of Limbo, are here called a “ wood” of

spirits ; and probably not without some relation to the “ dark wood” of the first canto. There Dante saw the mystic Hill, lighted by the Sun ; and here he finds a noble Castle, lighted by all that was highest among the Heathen.



the topmost part, when I saw a fire, which conquered a hemisphere of the darkness.<sup>10</sup> We were still a little distant from it; yet not so *distant*, that I did not in part discern what honorable people occupied that place.

“O thou, that honorest every science and art; who are these, who have so great distinction,<sup>11</sup> that separates them from the manner of the rest?”

And he to me: “The glorious name, which sounds of them, up in that life of thine,<sup>12</sup> gains favor in heaven that thus promotes them.”

Meanwhile a voice was heard by me: “Honor the great Poet! His shade returns that was departed.”

After the voice had paused, and was silent, I saw four great spirits come toward us. They had an

Di qua dal sommo, quand' io vidi un foco,  
Ch' emisperio di tenebre vincia.

Di lungi v' eravamo ancora un poco, 70  
Ma non sì ch' io non discernessi in parte,  
Che orrevol gente possedea quel loco.

O tu, che onori ogni scienza ed arte,  
Questi chi son, ch' hanno cotanta orranza,  
Che dal modo degli altri li diparte? 75

E quegli a me: L' onrata nominanza,  
Che di lor suona su nella tua vita,  
Grazia acquista nel ciel che sì gli avanza.

Intanto voce fu per me udita:  
Onorate l' altissimo poeta; 80  
L' ombra sua torna, ch' era dipartita.

Poichè la voce fu restata e queta,  
Vidi quattro grand' ombre a noi venire:

69. *Vincia*, vincea in prose, from Lat. *vincere*.

72. *Orrevol*, onorevole; and *orranza*, onoranza.

<sup>10</sup> Illuminated a hemisphere of the darkness; “conquered” it, around and above, with rays of light.

<sup>11</sup> Lit.: “have such honor.”

<sup>12</sup> On your earth above.

aspect neither sad nor joyful. The good Master began to speak: "Mark him with that sword in hand, who comes before the three as their lord. He is Homer the sovereign Poet. The next that comes is Horace the satirist. Ovid is the third; and the last is Lucan. Because each agrees with me in the name,<sup>13</sup> which the one voice sounded,<sup>14</sup> they do me honor; and therein they do well."

Thus I saw assemble the goodly school of that lord of highest song, who, like an eagle, soars above the rest. After they had talked a space together, they turned to me with sign of salutation;<sup>15</sup> and my Master smiled thereat. And greatly more besides

Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta.  
 Lo buon Maestro cominciò a dire: 85  
 Mira colui con quella spada in mano,  
 Che vien dinanzi a' tre sì come sire.  
 Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano:  
 L' altro è Orazio satiro, che viene;  
 Ovidio è il terzo, e l' ultimo è Lucano. 90  
 Però che ciascun meco si conviene  
 Nel nome, che sonò la voce sola;  
 Fannomi onore, e di ciò fanno bene.  
 Così vidi adunar la bella scuola  
 Di quel signor dell' altissimo canto, 95  
 Che sovra gli altri, com' aquila, vola.  
 Da ch' ebber ragionato insieme alquanto,  
 Volsersi a me con salutevol cenno;  
 E il mio Maestro sorrise di tanto.  
 E più d' onore ancora assai mi fenno, 100

<sup>13</sup> The name of Poet, uttered by the united voices of the four (v. 80), when they saw Virgil return.

<sup>14</sup> Sun . . . . sound his praise In thy eternal course.

*Par. Lost*, v. 172.

. . . . The crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours.

*Ibid.* vii. 443.

<sup>15</sup> Or, "with sign saluting" him too as a Poet.

they honored me ; for they made me of their number, so that I was a sixth amid such intelligences.<sup>16</sup>

Thus we went onward to the light, speaking things which it is well to pass in silence, as it was well to speak there where I was. We came to the foot of a Noble Castle, seven times circled with lofty Walls, defended round by a fair Rivulet.<sup>17</sup> This we passed as solid land. Through seven gates I entered with those sages. We reached a meadow of fresh verdure. On it were people with eyes slow and grave, of great authority in their appearance. They spoke seldom, with mild voices. We retired to one of the sides ; into a place open, luminous, and high, so that they could all

Ch' essi mi fecer della loro schiera,  
 Sì ch' io fui sesto tra cotanto senno.  
 Così n' andammo infino alla lumiera  
 Parlando cose, che il tacere è bello,  
 Sì com' era il parlar colà dov' era. 105  
 Venimmo al piè d' un nobile castello,  
 Sette volte cerchiato d' alte mura,  
 Difeso intorno d' un bel fiumicello.  
 Questo passamo come terra dura ;  
 Per sette porte intrai con questi savi ; 110  
 Giugnemmo in prato di fresca verdura.  
 Genti v' eran con occhi tardi e gravi,  
 Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti :  
 Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.  
 Traemmoci così dall' un de' canti 115  
 In luogo aperto, luminoso, ed alto,  
 Sì che veder si potean tutti quanti.

<sup>16</sup> Lit. : " amid such sense ;" such strength of faculty, or wisdom. " One of the six ;" not the sixth, or last.

<sup>17</sup> This Rivulet is understood to represent Eloquence, or Elocution ; and the seven lofty Walls, the Virtues of justice, temperance, magna-

nimity, &c. The stream is very beautiful ; and hinders the nameless spirits of Limbo from entering. But the Poets find it small and shallow ; and pass on, as if it were not there, to examine what is contained on the green Heights of the interior.

be seen. There direct,<sup>18</sup> upon the green enamel, were shown to me the great spirits whom I glory within myself in having seen.<sup>19</sup> I saw Electra<sup>20</sup> with many companions: among whom I knew Hector and Æneas; Cæsar armed, with the falcon eyes. I saw Camilla and Penthesilea. On the other hand I saw the Latian king, sitting with Lavinia his daughter. I saw that Brutus who expelled the Tarquin; Lucretia, Julia, Martia, and Cornelia. And by himself apart, I saw the Saladin.<sup>21</sup>

When I raised my eyelids a little higher, I saw the Master<sup>22</sup> of those that know, sitting amid a philosophic family. All regard him; all do him

Colà dritto, sopra il verde smalto,  
Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni,  
Che di vederli in me stesso m' esalto. 120

Io vidi Elettra con molti compagni,  
Tra' quai connobbi ed Ettore, ed Enea,  
Cesare armato con gli occhi grifagni.

Vidi Camilla e la Penthesilea,  
Dall' altra parte vidi il re Latino, 125  
Che con Lavinia sua figlia sedea.

Vidi quel Bruto, che cacciò Tarquino,  
Lucrezia, Julia, Marzia e Corniglia,  
E solo in parte vidi il Saladino.

Poi che innalzai un poco più le ciglia, 130  
Vidi il Maestro di color che sanno,  
Seder tra filosofica famiglia.

Tutti lo miran, tutti onor gli fanno.

<sup>18</sup> Direct in front, face to face before him.

<sup>19</sup> Or: "inwardly exalt thyself, grow higher, for having seen."

<sup>20</sup> Electra, mother of Dardanus, the founder of Troy. She is with her own descendants; among whom Dante reckons Cæsar, the Head of his ideal Monarchy. The great Emperor has his harness on; and sees

with his "black and lively eyes" (*oculis nigris vegetisque*), of which Suetonius speaks, *Vit. Cæsar*, c. 45.

<sup>21</sup> The Saladin, renowned in the Crusades.

<sup>22</sup> Aristotle: "that glorious Philosopher," as Dante elsewhere calls him; "to whom nature opened most her secrets;" "that Master and Guide of human reason." *Conv. Tr.* iv. c. 5, 6.

honor. Here I saw Socrates and Plato, who before the rest stand nearest to him; Democritus, who ascribes the world to chance;<sup>23</sup> Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales; Empedocles, Heraclitus, and Zenon. And I saw the good collector of the qualities,<sup>24</sup> Dioscorides I mean; and saw Orpheus, Tully, Livy, and Seneca the moralist; Euclid the geometer, and Ptolemæus; Hippocrates, Avicenna, and Galen; Averrhoës,<sup>25</sup> who made the great comment. I may not paint them all in full; for the long theme so chases me, that many times the word comes short of the reality.

The company of six diminishes to two. By another road the sage guide leads me, out of the quiet,

Quivi vid' io e Socrate e Platone,  
 Che innanzi agli altri più presso gli stanno. 135  
 Democrito, che il mondo a caso pone,  
 Diogenes, Anassagora e Tale,  
 Empedocles, Eraclito e Zenone :  
 E vidi il buono accoglitor del quale,  
 Dioscoride dico : e vidi Orfeo, 140  
 Tullio, e Livio, e Seneca morale :  
 Euclide géométra, e Tolommeo,  
 Ippocrate, Avicenna e Galieno,  
 Averrois che il gran comento feo.  
 Io non posso ritrar di tutti appieno ; 145  
 Però che sì mi caccia il lungo tema,  
 Che molte volte al fatto il dir vien meno.  
 La sesta compagnia in duo si scema :  
 Per altra via mi mena il savio Duca,

139. *Quale*, for *qualita*.

<sup>23</sup> Democritus of Abdera, who attributed the origin of things to the fortuitous concurrence of embryon atoms.

made experiments on the virtues and qualities of herbs, &c.

<sup>24</sup> Dioscorides, who collected and

<sup>25</sup> Who translated the works of Aristotle into Arabic, in the 12th century, and wrote a comment on them.

into the trembling<sup>26</sup> air ; and I come to a part where there is naught that shines.

Fuor della queta, nell' aura che trema ;      150  
E vengo in parte, ove non è che luca.

<sup>26</sup> Lit. : "out of the quiet *air*, into the air that trembles." The inhabitants of the noble castle are neither sad nor joyful (v. 84) ; and dwell apart on their green Heights, in bright serenity. In all other parts of Limbo, the air trembles (v. 27) with sighs of sadness. When Virgil and Dante leave the other four poets, they have still some way to go, among the obscure spirits, ere they reach the storms and darkness of the Second Circle.

## ARGUMENT.

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**THE** Second Circle, or proper commencement of Hell; and Minos, the Infernal Judge, at its entrance. It contains the souls of Carnal sinners; and their punishment consists in being driven about incessantly, in total darkness, by fierce winds. First among them comes Semiramis, the Babylonian queen. Dido, Cleopatra, Helena, Achilles, Paris, and a great multitude of others, pass in succession. Dante is overcome and bewildered with pity at the sight of them, when his attention is suddenly attracted to two Spirits that keep together, and seem strangely light upon the wind. He is unable to speak for some time, after finding that it is Francesca of Rimini, with her lover Paolo; and falls to the ground, as if dead, when he has heard their painful story.

Francesca was the daughter of Guido Vecchio da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, and was given in marriage to Gianciotto, or Giovanni Sciancato (John the lame, or hipshot), eldest son of Malatesta Vecchio, lord or tyrant of Rimini. Paolo, her lover, was a younger son of Malatesta. They were surprised and slain together by the husband, about the year 1288; and buried in the same grave. Guido Novello, the true and generous friend, with whom Dante resided at Ravenna, was the son of Francesca's brother, Ostagio da Polenta.

## CANTO V.

THUS I descended from the first circle down into the second, which encompasses less space,<sup>1</sup> and so much greater pain, that it stings to wailing. There Minos sits horrific, and grins:<sup>2</sup> examines the crimes upon the entrance; judges, and sends according as he girds himself. I say, that when the ill-born spirit comes before him, it confesses all; and that sin-discerner sees what place in hell is for it, and with his tail makes as many circles round himself as the degrees<sup>3</sup> he will have it to descend. Always before him stands a crowd of them. They go each in its turn to judgment; they tell, and hear; and then are whirled down.

Così discesi del cerchio primaio  
 Giù nel secondo, che men loco cinghia,  
 E tanto più dolor, che pugne a guaio.  
 Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia :  
 Esamina le colpe nell' entrata, 5  
 Giudica e manda, secondo che avvinghia  
 Dico, che quando l' anima mal nata  
 Li vien dinanzi, tutta si confessa ;  
 E quel conoscitor delle peccata  
 Vede qual loco d' inferno è da essa : 10  
 Cignesi colla coda tante volte,  
 Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa.  
 Sempre dinanzi a lui ne stanno molte :  
 Vanno a vicenda ciascuna al giudizio ;  
 Dicono e odone, e poi son giù volte. 15

4. *Ringhia*, from Lat. *ringere*.

<sup>1</sup> Each successive circle is smaller as we descend. *Quæsitur Minos urnam movit : ille silentium Conciliumque vocat, vitasque et crimina discit. Æn. vi. 432.*

<sup>2</sup> Lit.: "sits there horribly, and shows his teeth," like a dog ready to bite. <sup>3</sup> Number of grades or circles.



“O thou who comest to the abode of pain!” said Minos to me, leaving the act of that great office when he saw me; “look how thou enterest, and in whom thou trustest. Let not the wideness<sup>4</sup> of the entrance deceive thee.”

And my guide to him: “Why criest thou? Hinder not his fated going. Thus it is willed there where what is willed can be done: and ask no more.”

Now begin the doleful notes to reach me;<sup>5</sup> now am I come where much lamenting strikes me. I am come into a part<sup>6</sup> void of all light, which bellows like the sea in tempest, when it is combated by warring<sup>7</sup> winds. The hellish storm, which never rests, leads

O tu, che vieni al doloroso ospizio,  
 Disse Minos a me, quando mi vide,  
 Lasciando l' atto di cotanto ufizio,  
 Guarda com' entri, e di cui tu ti fide:  
 Non t' inganni l' ampiezza dell' entrare. 20  
 E il Duca mio a lui: Perchè pur gride?  
 Non impedir lo suo fatale andare:  
 Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote  
 Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare.  
 Ora incomincian le dolenti note 25  
 A farmisi sentire: or son venuto  
 Là dove molto pianto mi percuote.  
 Io venni in loco d' ogni luce muto,  
 Che mugghia, come fa mar per tempesta,  
 Se da contrari venti è combattuto. 30  
 La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,

<sup>4</sup> *Facilis descensus Averni: Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis, &c.* Æn. vi. 126. Perhaps also with allusion to: “Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.” Matt. vii. 13.

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: “to make themselves be heard by me.”

<sup>6</sup> Lit.: “Mute of all light;” utterly and eternally dark. See in canto i. 60, the want of sunlight only; and in canto iii. 75, the “faint light” of Hell’s confines. In Hell itself there is total darkness and blindness.

<sup>7</sup> Winds contrary to each other.

the spirits with its sweep; whirling and smiting, it vexes them. When they arrive before the ruin,<sup>8</sup> there the shrieks, the moanings, and the lamentation; there they blaspheme the divine power.

I learned that to such torment were doomed the carnal sinners who subject reason to lust. And as their wings bear along the starlings,<sup>9</sup> at the cold season, in large and crowded troop; so that blast, the evil spirits. Hither, thither, down, up, it leads them. No hope ever comforts them, not of rest but *even* of less pain. And as the cranes go chanting their lays, making a long streak of themselves in the air; so I saw the shadows come, uttering wails, borne by that strife<sup>10</sup> of winds. Whereat I said:

Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina;  
 Voltando e percotendo li molesta.  
 Quando giungon davanti alla ruina,  
 Quivi le strida, il compianto e il lamento:      35  
 Bestemmian quivi la virtù divina.  
 Intesi, che a così fatto tormento  
 Eran dannati i peccator carnali,  
 Che la ragion sommettono al talento.  
 E come gli stornei ne portan l' ali,      40  
 Nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e piena;  
 Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali:  
 Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mena.  
 Nulla speranza gli conforta mai,  
 Non che di posa, ma di minor pena.      45  
 E come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
 Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga;  
 Così vid' io venir, traendo guai,  
 Ombre portate dalla detta briga:

<sup>8</sup> The precipitous, shattered rocks which bound the circles.      opposite gusts were drifting them.

<sup>9</sup> The starlings fly together in great flocks; shooting up, and then turning their outspread wings to the wind; rising and falling tortuously, as if      <sup>10</sup> "Wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished." *Wisdom of Solomon*, xi. 16. The storm and darkness. The passions, unrestrained by clouded reason.

“ Master, who are those people, whom the black air thus lashes ?”

“ The first of these concerning whom thou seekest to know,” he then replied, “ was Empress of many tongues. With the vice of luxury she was so broken, that she made lust and law alike in her decree,<sup>11</sup> to take away the blame she had incurred. She is Semiramis, of whom we read that she succeeded Ninus,<sup>12</sup> and was his spouse. She held the land which the Soldan rules. That other is she<sup>13</sup> who slew

Per ch' io dissi : Maestro, chi son quelle 50  
 Genti, che l' aer nero s'è gastiga ?  
 La prima di color, di cui novelle  
 Tu vuoi saper, mi disse quegli allotta,  
 Fu imperatrice di molte favelle.  
 A vizio di lussuria fu s'è rotta, 55  
 Che libito fe' licito in sua legge  
 Per torre il biasmo, in che era condotta.  
 Ell' è Semiramis, di cui si legge,  
 Che succedette a Nino, e fu sua sposa :  
 Tenne la terra, che il Soldan corregge. 60  
 L' altra è colei, che s' ancise amorosa,

53. *Allotta*, allora.

57. *Torre*, togliere.

<sup>11</sup> Lit. : “ the thing liked she made legal by her decree.”

<sup>12</sup> The reading : *Che sugger dette a Nino, e fu sua sposa* (“ who gave suck to Ninus, and was his spouse”), though often suggested, is not justified by any ms. or text of the *Commedia*; and does not accord well with the habits of Dante. He has already described the licentiousness of Semiramis (v. 55-7) with his usual brevity and completeness. And besides, both Justin (lib. i. c. 2) and Orosius (lib. i. c. 4), whose works Dante knew and

followed (*Monarch.* lib. ii. p. 70), mention that Semiramis “ succeeded Ninus,” contrary to the custom and laws of the Assyrians, by assuming the dress of a man, and passing for her son Ninyas, whom she thought too young and feeble for the government. Not until after many heroic enterprises had shown her power, did she make her sex and succession known.

<sup>13</sup> Dido, *Æn.* iv. *Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo.* *Ibid.* v. 552.

herself in love, and broke faith to the ashes of Sichæus. Next comes luxurious Cleopatra."

Helena I saw, for whom so long a time of ill revolved; and I saw the great Achilles,<sup>14</sup> who fought at last with love. I saw Paris, Tristan. And more than a thousand shades he showed to me, and *pointing* with his finger, named them, whom love had parted from our life. After I had heard my teacher name the olden dames and cavaliers, pity conquered me, and I was as if bewildered.

I began: "Poet, willingly would I speak with these two that go together, and seem so light upon the wind."

And he to me: "Thou shalt see when they are nearer to us: and do thou then entreat them by that love, which leads them; and they will come."

E ruppe fede al cener di Sicheo ;  
 Poi è Cleopatras lussuriosa.  
 Elena vidi, per cui tanto reo  
 Tempo si volse ; e vidi il grande Achille,                    65  
 Che con amore al fine combatteo.  
 Vidi Paris, Tristano ; e più di mille  
 Ombre mostrommi, e nominolle a dito,  
 Ch' amor di nostra vita dipartille.  
 Poscia ch' io ebbi il mio Dottore udito                    70  
 Nomar le donne antiche e i cavalieri,  
 Pietà mi vinse, e fui quasi smarrito.  
 Io cominciai : Poeta, volentieri  
 Parlerei a que' duo, che insieme vanno,  
 E paion sì al vento esser leggieri.                    75  
 Ed egli a me : Vedrai, quando saranno  
 Più presso a noi ; e tu allor li prega  
 Per quell' amor che i mena ; e quei verranno.

<sup>14</sup> Achilles was slain in the Temple of Apollo, through the treachery of Paris, for love of whose sister, Poly-

xena, he had been induced to leave the Grecian camp.

Soon as the wind bends them to us, I raise my voice: "O wearied souls! come to speak with us, if none<sup>15</sup> denies it."

As doves called by desire, with open and steady wings fly through the air to their loved nest, borne by their will; so those spirits issued from the band where Dido<sup>16</sup> is, coming to us through the malignant air. Such was the force of my affectuous cry.

"O living creature, gracious and benign! that goest through the black<sup>17</sup> air, visiting us who stained the earth with blood. If the King of the Universe were our friend, we would pray him for thy peace;

Sì tosto come il vento a noi li piega,  
 Muovo la voce : O anime affannate, 80  
 Venite a noi parlar, s' altri nol niega.  
 Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate,  
 Con l' ali aperte e ferme al dolce nido  
 Volan per l' aer dal voler portate :  
 Cotali uscir della schiera ov' è Dido, 85  
 A noi venendo per l' aer maligno,  
 Sì forte fu l' affettuoso grido.  
 O animal grazioso e benigno,  
 Che visitando vai per l' aer perso  
 Noi che tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno : 90  
 Se fosse amico il Re dell' universo,  
 Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace,

<sup>15</sup> Lit. : "If other denies it not." In the old Italian, *altri* and *altrui* frequently mean "some superior Power." As examples of this, see canto xxvi. 141; and *Purg.* canto i. 133.

<sup>16</sup> From the band of Dido, "who broke faith," &c.; thus indicating the crime of which they had been guilty. Commentators and historians tell us of the deformities and hatefulness of Gianciotto, the graceful qualities of Paolo, and the unfair means by which

the marriage was brought about. Dante feels that he has to take the naked facts, stern and bitter as they are to him, in all their simplicity.

<sup>17</sup> Lit. : "perse air." Dante himself defines this vexed word very clearly : "perse is a color mixed of purple and black, but the black prevails." *Conv.* Tr. iv. c. 20. It is often used by him, and also occurs in our own Chaucer.

seeing that thou hast pity of our perverse misfortune. Of that which it pleases thee to hear and to speak, we will hear and speak with you, while the wind, as now, is silent.

“The town,<sup>18</sup> where I was born, sits on the shore, where Po descends to rest with his attendant *streams*. Love, which is quickly caught in gentle heart, took him with the fair body of which I was bereft;<sup>19</sup> and the manner still afflicts me. Love, which to no loved one permits excuse from loving,<sup>20</sup> took me so strongly with delight in him,<sup>21</sup> that, as thou seest, even now it leaves me not. Love led us to one death. Caina<sup>22</sup> waits for him who quenched our life.” These words from them were offered to us.

Poi che hai pietà del nostro mal perverso.  
 Di quel che udire e che parlar ti piace  
 Noi udiremo e parleremo a vui, 95  
 Mentrechè il vento, come fa, si tace.  
 Siede la terra, dove nata fui,  
 Su la marina dove il Po discende  
 Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.  
 Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende, 100  
 Prese costui della bella persona  
 Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende.  
 Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,  
 Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,  
 Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona. 105  
 Amor condusse noi ad una morte:  
 Caina attende chi vita ci spense.  
 Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.

97. *Terra*, town, city, fortress.

108. *Porte*, from *portere*.

<sup>18</sup> Ravenna: on the coast of that sea, to which the Po, with all his streams from Alps and Apennines, descends to rest therein.

<sup>19</sup> Lit.: “Which was taken from me;” and in a way that continues to afflict me.

<sup>20</sup> Lit.: “pardon or remits loving” in return.

<sup>21</sup> Or: “with pleasing him,” &c.

<sup>22</sup> Caina, Cain's place in the lowest circle of Hell, occupied by fratricides, &c. Canto xxvii.

After I had heard those wounded souls, I bowed my face, and held it low until the poet said to me : "What art thou thinking of?"

When I answered, I began : "Ah me ! what sweet thoughts, what longing led them to the woful pass !"

Then I turned again to them ; and I spoke, and began : "Francesca, thy torments make me weep with grief and pity. But tell me : in the time of the sweet sighs, by what and how love granted you to know the dubious desires ?"

And she to me : "*There is* no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness ; and this thy teacher knows."<sup>23</sup> But if thou hast such desire to learn the first root of our love, I will do like one who weeps and tells.

Da che io intesi quelle anime offense,  
 Chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso, 110  
 Finchè il Poeta mi disse : Che pense ?  
 Quando risposi, cominciai : O lasso !  
 Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio  
 Menò costoro al doloroso passo !  
 Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io, 115  
 E cominciai : Francesca, i tuoi martiri  
 A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.  
 Ma dimmi : al tempo de' dolci sospiri,  
 A che, e come concedette amore,  
 Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri ? 120  
 Ed ella a me : Nessun maggior dolore,  
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
 Nella miseria ; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.  
 Ma se a conoscer la prima radice  
 Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto, 125  
 Farò come colui che piange e dice.

<sup>23</sup> Virgil. See the *Infandum, re- | janus ut opes, &c.*); and begins : *Sed*  
*gina, &c.* of *Æneas*, when he has to | *si tantus amor casus cognoscere nos-*  
 recall the lost glories of Troy (*Tro- | tros, &c.* As Francesca here does.

“One day, for pastime, we read of Lancelot,<sup>24</sup> how love constrained him. We were alone, and without all suspicion. Several times that reading urged our eyes to meet, and changed the color of our faces. But one moment alone it was that overcame us. When we read how the fond smile was kissed by such a lover, he, who shall never be divided from me, kissed my mouth all trembling. The book, and he who wrote it, was a Galeotto. That day we read in it no farther.”<sup>25</sup>

While the one spirit thus spake, the other wept so,

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto  
 Di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse :  
 Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.  
 Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse 130  
 Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso :  
 Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.  
 Quando leggemmo il disiato riso  
 Esser baciato da cotanto amante,  
 Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso, 135  
 La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante :  
 Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse :  
 Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.  
 Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse.

130. *Sospinse*, from *sospingere*.

<sup>24</sup> Lancelot of the Lake, in the old Romances of the Round Table, is described as “the greatest knight of all the world;” and his love for Queen Guenever, or Ginevra, is infinite. Galeotto, Galiehaut, or Sir Galahad is he, who gives such a detailed declaration of Lancelot’s love to the Queen; and is to them, in the romance, what the book and its author are here to Francesca and Paolo.

<sup>25</sup> The facts of Francesca’s story are given by *Hieronymus Rubeus* in

his *Hist. Ravennat.* Venetiis, 1572, fol. lib. vi. p. 308, 9. The genealogy of the Guidos is given at the end; and completely agrees with and explains all that is said respecting them by Boccaccio, Benvenuto da Imola, and the other early Commentators. A later edition (1603) of the same work places the death of Francesca and her lover at the commencement of the year 1289. In the first edition it is placed between 1287 and 1289. See the Argument of this canto.



that I fainted with pity, as if I had been dying; and  
fell, as a dead body falls.

L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade 140  
Io venni men così com' io morisse;  
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

## ARGUMENT.

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ON recovering his senses, Dante gazes round, and finds himself in the midst of new torments, and a new kind of sinners. During his swoon (as at the river Acheron), he has been transported, from the tempests and precipices of the second, into the Third Circle. It is the place appointed for Epicures and Gluttons, who set their hearts upon the lowest species of sensual gratification. An unvarying, eternal storm of heavy hail, foul water, and snow, pours down upon them. They are all lying prostrate on the ground; and the three-headed monster Cerberus keeps barking over them, and rending them. The shade of a citizen of Florence, who had been nicknamed Ciaccio (Pig), eagerly sits up as the Poets pass; and from him Dante hears of various events, that await the two parties by which the city is divided and distracted. After leaving Ciaccio, the Poets have still some way to go in the disgusting circle, but notice nothing more in it. They wade on slowly in the mixture of the Spirits and the rain, talking of the great Judgment and Eternity, till they find Plutus at the next descent.

## CANTO VI.

ON sense returning, which closed itself before the misery of the two relations that stunned me all with sadness, I discern new torments, and new tormented souls, whithersoever I move, and turn, and gaze. I am in the Third Circle, *that* of the eternal, accursed, cold, and heavy rain. Its course and quality is never new: large hail, and turbid water, and snow, it pours down through the darksome air. The ground, on which it falls, emits a putrid smell. Cerberus,<sup>1</sup> a monster fierce and strange, with three throats, barks dog-like over those that are immersed in it. His eyes are red, his beard gory and black,<sup>2</sup> his belly

AL tornar della mente, che si chiuse  
 Dinanzi alla pietà de' duo cognati,  
 Che di tristizia tutto mi confuse,  
 Nuovi tormenti e nuovi tormentati  
 Mi veggio intorno, come ch' io mi muova,           5  
 E come ch' io mi volga, e ch' io mi guati.  
 Io sono al terzo cerchio della piova  
 Eterna, maledetta, fredda e greve:  
 Regola e qualità mai non l' è nova.  
 Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta, e neve           10  
 Per l' aer tenebroso si riversa:  
 Pute la terra che questo riceve.  
 Cerbero, fiera crudele e diversa,  
 Con tre gole caninamente latra  
 Sovra la gente che quivi è sommersa.           15  
 Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta ed atra,  
 E il ventre largo, e unghiate le mani;

<sup>1</sup> *Cerberus hæc ingens latratu reg-  
 na trifauci Personat, adverso recu-  
 bans immanis in antro. Æn. vi. 417.*

<sup>2</sup> *Spiritus teter saniesque manet  
 Ore trilingui. Hor. Od. iii. 11.*

wide, and clawed his hands. He clutches the spirits, flays, and piecemeal rends<sup>3</sup> them. The rain makes them howl like dogs. With one side they screen the other: they often turn themselves, the impious wretches.

When Cerberus, the great Worm,<sup>4</sup> perceived us, he opened his mouths and showed his tusks: no limb of him kept still.<sup>5</sup> My guide, spreading his palms, took up earth; and, with full fists, cast it into his ravening gullets. As the dog, that barking craves,<sup>6</sup> and grows quiet when he bites his food, for he strains and battles only to devour it; so did those squalid

Graffia gli spirti, gli scuola, ed isquatra.  
 Urlar gli fa la pioggia come cani:  
 Dell' un de' lati fanno all' altro schermo;      20  
 Volgonsi spesso i miseri profani.  
 Quando ci scorse Cerbero, il gran vermo,  
 Le bocche aperse, e mostrocchi le sanne:  
 Non avea membro che tenesse fermo.  
 E il Duca mio distese le sue spanne;      25  
 Prese la terra, e con piene le pugna  
 La gittò dentro alle bramose canne;  
 Qual è quel cane che abbaiando agugna,  
 E si racqueta poi che il pasto morde,  
 Chè solo a divorarlo intende e pugna;      30  
 Cotai si fecer quelle facce lorde

18. *Isquatra*, *squatra*, *squarta*.

28. *Agugna*, *agogna*, *craves*, *longs for*.

<sup>3</sup> Somewhat like the: *Tergora diripiunt costis, et viscera nudant: Pars in frusta secant, &c.* *Æn.* i. 211.

<sup>4</sup> "Their Worm shall not die." *Isaiah* lxvi. 24.

"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear To that false Worm."

*Par. Lost*, ix. 1067.

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: "he had no limb that he

kept still;" he shook in all his limbs for rage and hunger. Virgil sees, not without significance, that a few handfuls of mere sordid earth will quell and satisfy this new Demon-worm, emblem of blind voracity; instead of the Sybil's ancient soporific cake: *Melle soporitam et medicatis frugibus offam.* *Æn.* vi. 420.

<sup>6</sup> Barks, craving for his food.

visages of Cerberus the Demon, who thunders on the spirits so, that they would fain be deaf.

We passed over the shadows whom the heavy rain subdues; and placed our soles upon their emptiness, which seems a body. They all were lying on the ground, save one, who sat up forthwith when he saw us pass before him. "O thou who through this Hell art led," he said to me; "recognize me if thou mayest: thou wast made before I was unmade."<sup>7</sup>

And I to him: "The anguish which thou hast, perhaps withdraws thee from my memory, so that it seems not as if I ever saw thee. But tell me who art thou, that art put in such a woful place, and in such punishment; that, though other may be greater, none is so displeasing."

And he to me: "Thy city, which is so full of envy that the sack already overflows, contained me

Dello demonio Cerbero che introna  
 L' anime sì, ch' esser vorrebber sorde.  
 Noi passavam su per l' ombre, che adona  
 La greve pioggia, e ponevam le piante 35  
 Sopra lor vanità, che par persona.  
 Elle giacean per terra tutte quante,  
 Fuor d' una che a seder si levò, ratto  
 Ch' ella ci vide passarsi davante.  
 O tu, che se' per questo inferno tratto, 40  
 Mi disse riconoscimi, se sai:  
 Tu fosti, prima ch' io disfatto, fatto.  
 Ed io a lei: L' angoscia che tu hai  
 Forse ti tira fuor della mia mente,  
 Sì che non par ch' io ti vedessi mai. 45  
 Ma dimmi chi tu se', che in sì dolente  
 Luogo se' messa ed a sì fatta pena,  
 Che s' altra è maggior, nulla è sì spiacente.  
 Ed egli a me: La tua città, ch' è piena  
 D' invidia sì, che già trabocca il sacco, 50

<sup>7</sup> Wast born before I died.

in the clear<sup>9</sup> life. You, citizens, called me Ciacco;<sup>9</sup> for the baneful crime of gluttony, as thou seest, I languish in the rain. And I, wretched spirit, am not alone; since all these for like crime are in like punishment." And more he said not.

I answered him: "Ciacco,<sup>10</sup> thy sore distress weighs upon me so, that it bids me weep. But tell me, if thou canst, what the citizens of the divided city shall come to: if any one in it be just. And tell me the reason why such discord has assailed it."

And he to me: "After long contention, they shall

Seco mi tenne, in la vita serena.

Voi, cittadini, mi chiamaste Ciacco:

Per la dannosa colpa della gola,

Come tu vedi, alla pioggia mi fiacco;

Ed io anima trista non son sola, 55

Chè tutte queste a simil pena stanno

Per simil colpa: e più non fe' parola.

Io gli risposi: Ciacco, il tuo affanno

Mi pesa sì, ch' a lagrimar m' invita:

Ma dimmi, se tu sai, a che verranno 60

Li cittadin della città partita:

S' alcun v' è giusto: e dimmi la cagione,

Perchè l' ha tanta discordia assalita.

Ed egli a me: Dopo lunga tenzone

<sup>9</sup> Our earthly life seems clear to him, in that mud and darkness, though envy overflows in it.

<sup>10</sup> This Ciacco (Hog) was a kind of Diner-out in those old times. "He died," says the *Ottimo Commentator*, "when Dante was a little boy. . . . He was a man of court, that is, a buffoon; and very famous for his love of dainty meats. And as a buffoon, he had elegant manners; and made witty jests to people of consequence; and had a great contempt for the meaner sort." *Bargigi*, another very old commentator, also tells how Ci-

acco was fond of delicacies, and poor; and how, "in order to have more enjoyment, he made a buffoon of himself; and was a very pleasant and excellent talker. . . . a man that always had news for conversation; and used to frequent the houses of the rich; where there is commonly a great deal of talk, more especially at table." It makes Dante almost weep to see the poor gifted Ciacco in such a plight.

<sup>10</sup> The word Ciacco is said also to have been a familiar abbreviation of Jacopo (James) in Dante's time.

come to blood, and the savage<sup>11</sup> party shall expel the other with much offense. Then it behoves this to fall within three suns, and the other to prevail through the force of one who now keeps tacking.<sup>12</sup> It shall carry its front high for a long time, keeping the other under heavy burdens, however, it may weep thereat and be ashamed. Two<sup>13</sup> are just; but are not listened to there. Pride, Envy, and Avarice

Verranno al sangue, e la parte selvaggia 65  
 Cacerà l' altra con molta offensione.  
 Poi appresso convien che questa caggia  
 Infra tre soli, e che l' altra sormonti  
 Con la forza di tal, che testè piaggia.  
 Alto terrà lungo tempo le fronti, 70  
 Tenendo l' altra sotto gravi pesi,  
 Come che di ciò pianga, e che ne adonti.  
 Giusti son duo, ma non vi sono intesi :  
 Superbia, invidia ed avarizia sono

69. *Piaggia*, coasts or tacks; flatters, cajoles.

<sup>11</sup> Florence was divided by two factions, the *Neri* and *Bianchi*, or Blacks and Whites. The Whites are called the "savage party," because it was headed by the Cerchi, a rough, purse-proud family of merchants (see *Viliani* viii. 39, and *Boccaccio Com.*), that had recently acquired great wealth and influence in Florence. Or, "party of the woods," (as it may be translated), because the Cerchi were from the woody Valdisieve, or Val di Nievole. The Donati, comparatively poor, but possessing greater talents, proud of their old nobility, and very scornful of all upstarts, led the opposite party. They "came to bloodshed" on the evening of May-day 1300, at a "a grand ladies' dance" on the Piazza di Santa Trinità; which was to conclude the festivities of the day, and had attracted all the most

distinguished of the young men. In 1301 the Whites expelled the Blacks; and were in their turn expelled, by help of Charles de Valois, in the year following, *i. e.* within less than "three suns" (solar years) of the time at which Ciaccio speaks.

<sup>12</sup> Charles, or perhaps Boniface who sent him; and kept "tacking," or pretending to be equally well disposed to both parties, till Charles was actually in Florence.

<sup>13</sup> The names of these two are unknown; and the conjectures of the commentators are not edifying. See *Canzone ix.*, last stanza, beginning: "*Canzone, a' tre men rei,*" &c. (page 28 of Fraticelli's edit.), where Dante speaks, perhaps, of the same two just men; and in a very remarkable way of a third—probably his friend Guido Cavalcanti.

are the three sparks which have set the hearts of all on fire." Here he ended the lamentable<sup>14</sup> sound.

And I to him: "Still I wish thee to instruct me, and to bestow a little farther speech on me. Farinata and the Tegghiaio, who were so worthy; Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo and Mosca,<sup>15</sup> and the rest who set their minds on doing good: tell me where they are, and give me to know them; for great desire urges me to learn whether Heaven soothes or Hell empisons them."

And he to me: "They are among the blackest shadows. A different crime weighs them downward to the bottom. Shouldst thou descend so far, thou mayest see them. But if ever thou return to the sweet world, I pray thee recall me to the memory

Le tre faville ch' hanno i cuori accesi. 75  
 Qui pose fine al lacrimabil suono.  
 Ed io a lui: Ancor vo' che m' insegni,  
 E che di più parlar mi facci dono.  
 Farinata e il Tegghiaio, che fur sì degni,  
 Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo e il Mosca, 80  
 E gli altri, che a ben far poser gl' ingegni,  
 Dimmi ove sono, e fa ch' io li conosca;  
 Chè gran desio mi stringe di sapere,  
 Se il Ciel gli addolcia o l' Inferno gli attosca.  
 E quegli: Ei son tra le anime più nere; 85  
 Diversa colpa giù gli aggrava al fondo:  
 Se tanto scendi, gli potrai vedere.  
 Ma se tu torni mai nel dolce mondo,  
 Pregoti che alla mente altrui mi rechi:

<sup>14</sup> Lamentable enough to Dante in many ways. He belonged to neither party; and had the leaders of both banished, when he was chief Prior, in June, 1300, though his relations and dearest friends were among them. He only joined the Whites

in opposing the coming of Charles to Florence; and was for that reason exiled; deprived of all his property; and condemned to be burned alive.

<sup>15</sup> Noble Florentines, whose names again occur, except Arrigo's. He is said to have been of the Fifanti family



of men. More I tell thee not, and more I answer not." Therewith he writhed his straight eyes asquint;<sup>16</sup> looked at me a little; then bent his head, and fell down with it like his blind companions.

And my Guide said to me: "He wakes no more until the angel's trumpet sounds. When the adverse Power shall come, each shall revisit his sad grave; shall resume his flesh and form; shall hear that which resounds to all eternity."

Thus passed we through the filthy mixture of the spirits and the rain, with paces slow, touching a little on the future life.

Wherefore I said: "Master, shall these torments increase after the great Sentence, or grow less, or remain as burning?"<sup>17</sup>

And he to me: "Return to thy science,<sup>18</sup> which

Più non ti dico, e più non ti rispondo. 90  
 Gli diritti occhi torse allora in biechi:  
 Guardommi un poco; e poi chinò la testa:  
 Cadde con essa a par degli altri ciechi.  
 E il Duca disse a me: Più non si desta  
 Di qua dal suon dell' angelica tromba: 95  
 Quando verrà la nimica podesta,  
 Ciascun ritroverà la trista tomba,  
 Ripiglierà sua carne e sua figura,  
 Udirà quel che in eterno rimbomba.  
 Sì trapassammo per sozza mistura 100  
 Dell' ombre e della pioggia, a passi lenti,  
 Toccando un poco la vita futura:  
 Perch' io dissi: Maestro, esti tormenti  
 Cresceranno ei dopo la gran sentenza,  
 O fien minori, o saran sì cocenti? 105  
 Ed egli a me: Ritorna a tua scienza,

<sup>16</sup> His eyes, with which he had been looking "straight" at me, he "distorted into squinting." He

grew blind again, like the others.

<sup>17</sup> Equally burning, or bitter.

<sup>18</sup> Thy Aristotelian Philosophy.

has it, that the more a thing is perfect, the more it feels pleasure and likewise pain. Though these accursed people never attain to true perfection, yet shall they be nearer to it after than before."<sup>19</sup>

We went round along that road, speaking much more than I repeat. We reached the point where the descent begins. Here found we Plutus, the great enemy.

Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta,  
 Più senta il bene, e così la doglienza.  
 Tuttochè questa gente maledetta  
 In vera perfezion giammai non vada,                   110  
 Di là, più che di qua, essere aspetta.  
 Noi aggirammo a tondo quella strada,  
 Parlando più assai ch' io non ridico :  
 Venimmo al punto dove si digrada :  
 Quivi trovammo Pluto il gran nemico.                   115

114. *Si digrada*, descends in degrees

<sup>19</sup> Lit. : "beyond, than on this side," the great Judgment.

D

## ARGUMENT.

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**PLUTUS**, the ancient god of riches, whom the Poets find on the brink of the Fourth Circle, swells with rage and astonishment when he sees them about to enter it: and succeeds in uttering some strange words. Virgil, with brief and sharp reproof, makes him collapse and fall to the ground. In this circle, the Poets find two separate classes of spirits, that are coming in opposite directions, rolling large dead Weights, smiting these against each other; and then, with bitter mutual reproaches, each turning round his Weight, and rolling it backward, till all meet and smite again, "at the other joust," or farther side of the circle. It is the souls of the Prodigal and Avaricious that have this punishment. In the left semicircle, which is occupied by the avaricious, Dante notices many that are tonsured; and is told that they were once High Dignitaries of his Church, but have now grown so dim, that it would be vain to think of recognizing any of them.

After speaking of Fortune and the things committed to her charge, the Poets hasten across the circle to the next descent. Upon its brink they find a stream of dark water, pouring down through a cleft, which it has worn out for itself; and they accompany this water till it forms a marsh called Styx, which occupies the Fifth Circle. In this marsh they see spirits, all muddy and naked, assailing and tearing each other. These are the souls of the Wrathful. Beneath them, and covered with the black mud, are the souls of the Gloomy-sluggish, gurgling in their throats a dismal chant. The Poets, after going a long way round the edge of the loathsome pool, come at last to the foot of a high tower.

## CANTO VII.

“PAPÈ Satan! papè Satan, aleppè!” began Plutus, with clucking<sup>1</sup> voice. And that gentle Sage, who knew all, said, comforting me: “Let not thy fear hurt thee; for, whatever power he have, he shall not hinder us from descending this rock.”

Then he turned himself to that inflated visage, and said: “Peace, cursed Wolf!<sup>2</sup> Consume thyself internally with thy greedy rage. Not without cause is our journey to the deep. It is willed on high; there, where Michael took vengeance of the proud<sup>3</sup> adultery.”

PAPÈ Satan, pape Satan aleppe,  
 Cominciò Pluto colla voce chioccia :  
 E quel Savio gentil, che tutto seppe,  
 Disse per confortarmi : Non ti nocchia  
 La tua paura, chè, poder ch' egli abbia,        f  
 Non ci terrà lo scender questa roccia.  
 Poi si rivolse a quella enfiata labbia,  
 E disse : Taci, maledetto lupo :  
 Consuma dentro te con la tua rabbia.  
 Non è senza cagion l' andare al cupo ;        10  
 Vuolsi così nell' alto, ove Michele  
 Fe' la vendetta del superbo strupo.

1. *Pape*, Lat. papæ. *Aleppe*, alpha, prince, chief.

12. *Strupo*, stupro.

<sup>1</sup> “Hah Satan! hah Satan! thou Alpha;” or something of the sort, if any attempt is to be made at translation. Plutus probably continues to regard Satan as his Alpha, or Prince; and is surprised and enraged when he sees the intruders. But his ideas are not clear, and his utterance of them is very imperfect. *Chioccia* (subst.) means a brood, or clucking, hen in Italian. Readers will recol-

lect the “*Paix, Paix! Satan allez! Paix!*” of the Huissiers, which Benvenuto Cellini heard, when he “took his dagger,” and went to get justice in the courts at Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Wolf, symbol of avarice.

<sup>3</sup> Satan, or Lucifer, and his punishment. Adultery, in the scriptural sense, of turning away from the true God.

As sails, swelled by the wind, fall entangled when the mast gives way; so fell that cruel monster to the ground. Thus we descended into the fourth concavity, taking in more of the dismal bank, which shuts up all the evil of the universe. Ah, Justice Divine! Who shall tell in few<sup>4</sup> the many fresh pains and travails that I saw? And why does guilt of ours thus mar us?

As does the surge, there above Charybdis, that breaks itself against the surge wherewith it meets; so have the people here to counter-dance.<sup>5</sup> Here saw I too many more than elsewhere,<sup>6</sup> both on the one side and on the other, with loud howlings, rolling

Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele  
 Caggiono avvolte, poichè l' alber fiacca;  
 Tal cadde a terra la fiera crudele. 15

Così scendemmo nella quarta lacca,  
 Prendendo più della dolente ripa,  
 Che il mal dell' universo tutto insacca.  
 Ahi giustizia di Dio! tante chi stipa  
 Nuove travaglie e pene, quante io viddi? 20  
 E perchè nostra colpa sì ne scipa?  
 Come fa l' onda là sovra Cariddi,  
 Che si frange con quella in cui s' intoppa;  
 Così convien che qui la gente riddi.  
 Qui vidi gente più che altrove troppa, 25  
 E d' una parte e d' altra, con grandi urli,

21. *Scipa*, wastes, mars.

24. *Riddi*, wheel round and meet again, as in the *ridda* dance.

<sup>4</sup> Literally: "Who compresses, or crowds together, so many new pains and travails as I saw?" This literal meaning of the words will perhaps bear different explanations.

<sup>5</sup> As the waves of Charybdis meet and dash against the waves of Scylla

(*Æn.* iii. 420, &c.); so the spirits here, with their burdens.

<sup>6</sup> Dante, in another place, says to Avarice: "Accurat be thou, inveterate Wolf! that hast more prey than all the other beasts." *Purg.* xx. 10. The avaricious and prodigal are also placed together in Purgatory. *Ib.*

weights by force of ohest. They smote against each other, and then all turned upon the spot, rolling *them* back, shouting, "Why holdest thou?" and "Why throwest thou away?" Thus they returned through the hideous circle, on either hand, to the opposite point, shouting always in their reproachful measure. Then every one, when he had reached it, turned through his semicircle toward the other joust.

And I, who felt my heart as it were stung, said: "My Master, now show me what these people are; and whether all those tonsured *spirits* on our left were of the clergy."

And he to me: "In their first life, all were so squint-eyed in mind,<sup>7</sup> that they made no expenditure in it with moderation. Most clearly do their voices bark out this, when they come to the two points<sup>8</sup> of

Voltando pesi per forza di poppa :  
 Percotevansi incontro, e poscia pur li  
 Si rivolgea ciascun, voltando a retro,  
 Gridando : Perchè tieni ? e perchè burli ?      30  
 Così tornavan per lo cerchio tetro,  
 Da ogni mano all' opposto punto,  
 Gridando sempre in loro ontoso metro.  
 Poi si volgea ciascun, quand' era giunto,  
 Per lo suo mezzo cerchio, all' altra giostra.      35  
 Ed io che avea lo cor quasi compunto,  
 Dissi : Maestro mio, or mi dimostra  
 Che gente è questa ; e se tutti fur cherci  
 Questi chercuti alla sinistra nostra.  
 Ed egli a me : Tutti quanti fur guerci      40  
 Sì della mente in la vita primaia,  
 Che con misura nullo spendio ferci.  
 Assai la voce lor chiaro l' abbaia,

42. *Ferci*, ci fecero; made there, i. e., in their first life.

<sup>7</sup> Saw every thing so falsely, that they never made any right use of their wealth.

<sup>8</sup> When they strike against each other, and cry: "Why holdest, or graspest thou?" and "Why throwest

the circle, where contrary guilt divides them. These were Priests, that have not hairy covering on their heads, and Popes and Cardinals, in whom avarice does its utmost."

And I: "Master, among such, I might surely recognize some that were defiled with these vices."

And he to me: "Thou gatherest vain thoughts: their undiscerning life, which made them vile, now makes them *too* obscure for any recognition. To all eternity they shall continue butting one another.<sup>9</sup> These shall arise from their graves with closed fists; and these with wasted<sup>10</sup> hair. Ill-giving, and ill-keeping, has deprived them of the fair world,<sup>11</sup> and put them to this conflict; what a *conflict* it is, I adorn no words to tell.<sup>12</sup> But thou, my Son, mayest

Quando vengono a' duo punti del cerchio,  
Ove colpa contraria li dispaia. 45  
Questi fur Cherci, che non han coperchio  
Piloso al capo, e Papi e Cardinali,  
In cui usa avarizia il suo soperchio.  
Ed io: Maestro, tra questi cotali 50  
Dovrei io ben riconoscere alcuni,  
Che furo immondi di cotesti mali.  
Ed egli a me: Vani pensieri aduni:  
La sconoscente vita, che i fe' sozzi,  
Ad ogni conoscenza or li fa bruni. 55  
In eterno verranno agli due cozzi:  
Questi risurgeranno del sepulero  
Col pugno chiuso, e questi co' erin mozzi.  
Mal dare, e mal tener lo mondo pulero  
Ha tolto loro, e posti a questa zuffa:  
Qual ella sia, parole non ci appulero. 60  
Or puoi, figliuol, veder la corta buffa

thou away?" or, "Why squanderest thou?"

<sup>9</sup> Lit.: "they shall come to the two buttings."

<sup>10</sup> The avaricious, with closed fists;

the prodigals, with their very hair "shorn off," or wasted.

<sup>11</sup> Their prodigality or their avarice has deprived them of Heaven.

<sup>12</sup> Their case is clear enough; and

see the brief mockery of the goods that are committed unto Fortune, for which the human kind contend with one another.<sup>13</sup> For all the gold that is beneath the moon, or ever was, could not give rest to a single one of these weary souls."

"Master," I said to him, "now tell me also: this Fortune, of which thou hintest to me; what is she, that has the good things of the world thus within her claws?"

And he to me: "O foolish creatures, how great is this ignorance that falls upon ye! Now I wish thee to receive my judgment<sup>14</sup> of her. He whose wisdom is transcendent over all, made the heavens and gave them guides;<sup>15</sup> so that every part may shine to every part,<sup>16</sup> equally distributing the light. In

De' ben, che son commessi alla Fortuna,  
 Per che l' umana gente si rabbuffa.  
 Chè tutto l' oro, eh' è sotto la luna,  
 E che già fu, di queste anime stanche 65  
 Non potrebbe farne posar una.  
 Maestro, dissi lui, or mi di' anche:  
 Questa Fortuna, di che tu mi tocche,  
 Che è, che i ben del mondo ha sì tra branche?  
 E quegli a me: O creature sciocche, 70  
 Quanta ignoranza è quella che vi offende!  
 Or vo' che tu mia sentenza ne imbrocche.  
 Colui, lo cui saver tutto trascende,  
 Fece li cieli, e diè lor chi conduce,  
 Sì ch' ogni parte ad ogni parte splende, 75  
 Distribuendo ugualmente la luce:

72. *Imbrocche*, take into thy mouth.

needs no ornate words of mine to set it forth.

<sup>13</sup> Or, more literally: "scuffle with one another."

<sup>14</sup> Lit.: "I wish thee to take my judgment of her into thy mouth: and speak it forth."

<sup>15</sup> Gave to each of the celestial spheres, or "nine movable heavens," an Angelic Intelligence to guide its course. *Conv.* Tr. ii. c. 2, &c.; and *Parad.* xxviii. 77.

<sup>16</sup> That each of these spheres may come round in its due time; and,



like manner, for worldly splendors, he ordained a general minister and guide;<sup>17</sup> to change betimes the vain possessions, from people to people, and from one kindred to another, beyond the hindrance of human wisdom. Hence one people commands, another languishes; obeying her sentence, which is hidden like the serpent in the grass. Your knowledge can not withstand her. She provides, judges, and maintains her kingdom, as the other gods<sup>18</sup> do theirs. Her permutations have no truce. Necessity makes her be swift; so oft come things requiring change. This is she, who is so much reviled,<sup>19</sup> even by those who

Similmente agli splendor mondani  
 Ordinò general ministra e duce,  
 Che permutasse a tempo li ben vani,  
 Di gente in gente, e d' uno in altro sangue,      80  
 Oltre la difension de' senni umani :  
 Per ch' una gente impera, e l' altra langue,  
 Seguendo lo giudicio di costei,  
 Che è occulto, come in erba l' angue.  
 Vostro saver non ha contrasto a lei :      85  
 Ella provvede, giudica, e persegue  
 Suo regno, come il loro gli altri Dei.  
 Le sue permutazion non hanno triegue :  
 Necessità la fa esser veloce ;  
 Sì spesso vien chi vicenda consegue.      90  
 Quest' è colei, ch' è tanto posta in croce  
 Pur da color, che le dovrian dar lode,

among other things, shine on every part of our earth.

<sup>17</sup> St. Augustine says: *Nos eas causas quæ dicuntur fortuitæ (unde etiam Fortuna nomen accepit), non dicimus nullas, sed latentes, easque tribuimus, vel veri Dei, vel quorumlibet Spirituum voluntati.* De Civitate Dei, lib. v. And Dante: *Heram (Pyrrhus) vocabat Fortunam, quam*

*causam melius et rectius nos Divinam Providentiam appellamus.* Monarchia, lib. ii. p. 110.

<sup>18</sup> "These Celestial Intelligences Plato named Ideas, which is as much as to say Forms. The Gentiles called them gods and goddesses." *Couv.* Tr. ii. c. 5. Vide also *Parad.* xxviii. 121.

<sup>19</sup> Lit.: "So oft put on the cross."

ought to praise her, *when* blaming her wrongfully, and with evil words. But she is in bliss, and hears it not. With the other Primal Creatures joyful, she wheels her sphere, and tastes her blessedness.<sup>20</sup>

“But let us now descend to greater misery. Already every star is falling that was ascending when we entered;”<sup>21</sup> and to stay too long is not permitted.”

We crossed the circle, to the other bank; near a spring, that boils and pours down through a cleft, which it has formed. The water was darker far than *perse*.<sup>22</sup> And we, accompanying the dusky waves, entered down by a strange path. This dreary streamlet makes a Marsh that is named Styx, when it has descended to the foot of the gray malignant shores.<sup>23</sup>

Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.  
 Ma ella s' è beata, e ciò non ode :  
 Con l' altre prime creature lieta 95  
 Volve sua spera, e beata si gode.  
 Or discendiamo omai a maggior pieta.  
 Già ogni stella cade, che saliva  
 Quando mi mossi, e il troppo star si vieta.  
 Noi ricidemmo il cerchio all' altra riva 100  
 Sovr' una fonte, che bolle, e riversa  
 Per un fossato che da lei diriva.  
 L' acqua era buia molto più che persa :  
 E noi, in compagnia dell' onde bige,  
 Entrammo giù per una via diversa. 105  
 Una palude fa, che ha nome Stige,  
 Questo tristo ruscel. quando è disceso  
 Al piè delle maligne piagge grige.

<sup>20</sup> Or: Blessed, enjoys her bliss.

<sup>21</sup> Lit.: “when I moved myself” to lead thee in. The Poets have been six hours in getting thus far. It is therefore past midnight. See cantos i. 136, and ii. 1. Dante, as we shall see, generally indicates the time by noting positions of the stars, &c. And

it must always be remembered, that the time of the Vision is near the vernal Equinox; so that the days and nights are of equal length.

<sup>22</sup> *Perse* is a purple-black color. See note 17, p. 60.

<sup>23</sup> *Hinc via Tartarei fert Acherontis ad undas. Turbidus hic cano*

And I, who stood intent on looking, saw muddy people in that bog, all naked and with a look of anger. They were smiting each other, not with hands only, but with head and with chest, and with feet; maiming one another with their teeth, piece by piece.

The kind Master said: "Son, now see the souls of those whom anger overcame. And also I would have thee to believe for certain, that there are people underneath the water, who sob, and make it bubble at the surface; as thy eye may tell thee, whichever way it turns. Fixed in the slime, they say: 'Sullen were we in the sweet air, that is gladdened by the Sun,'<sup>24</sup> carrying lazy smoke within our hearts:<sup>25</sup>

Ed io, che a rimirar mi stava inteso,  
 Vidi genti fangose in quel pantano, 110  
 Ignude tutte, e con sembiante offeso.  
 Questi si percotean non pur con mano,  
 Ma con la testa, e col petto, e co' piedi,  
 Troncandosi coi denti a brano a brano.  
 Lo buon Maestro disse: Figlio, or vedi 115  
 L' anime di color cui vinse l' ira:  
 Ed anche vo' che tu per certo credi,  
 Che sotto l' acqua ha gente che sospira,  
 E fanno pullular quest' acqua al summo,  
 Come l' occhio ti dice u' che s' aggira. 120  
 Fitti nel limo dicon: Tristi fummo  
 Nell' aer dolce che dal Sol s' allegra,  
 Portando dentro accidioso fummo:

*vastaque voragine gurges Æstuat,  
 atque omnem Coccyto eructat arenam.*  
*Æn. vi. 295. Coccyti stagna alta  
 vides, Stygiamque paludem. Ib. 323.*  
*Colles maligni. Georg. ii. 179.*

<sup>24</sup> Some editions read: *del Sol s' allegra*, "rejoices in the sun."

<sup>25</sup> "Accidie, or slouth, maketh a

man hevvy, thoughtful and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitternesse in herte, which bitternesse is mother of accidie, and benimeth him the love of all goodnesse; than is accidie the anguish of a trouble herte." Chaucer *Persones Tale*.

now lie we sullen here in the black mire.'<sup>26</sup> This hymn they gurgle in their throats, for they can not speak it in full words."

Thus between the dry bank and the putrid fen,<sup>27</sup> we compassed a large arc of that loathly slough, with eyes turned toward those that swallow of its filth. We came to the foot of a tower at last.

Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.

Quest' inno si gorgoglian nella strozza, 125

Chè dir nol posson con parola integra.

Così girammo della lorda pozza

Grand' arco, tra la ripa secca e il mezzo,

Con gli occhi volti a chi del fango ingozza.

Venimmo al piè d' una torre al dassezzo. 130

124. *Belletta*, deposit, settlings of muddy water.

<sup>26</sup> "He hath cast me into the mire." *Job xxx. 19.* "I sink in deep mire." *Ps. lxix. 2.*

<sup>27</sup> *Mezzo* (with the *e stretta*, or close | *e*), a term applied to an apple when it is beginning to rot; and from that transferred to other things in the same state. See *Landino*, *Vellutello*, &c.

## ARGUMENT.

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BEFORE reaching the high tower, the Poets have observed two flame-signals rise from its summit, and another make answer at a great distance ; and now they see Phlegyas, coming with angry rapidity to ferry them over. They enter his bark ; and sail across the broad marsh, or Fifth Circle. On the passage, a spirit, all covered with mud, addresses Dante, and is recognized by him. It is Filippo Argenti, of the old Adimari family ; who had been much noted for his ostentation, arrogance, and brutal anger. After leaving him, Dante begins to hear a sound of lamentation ; and Virgil tells him that the City of Dis (Satan, Lucifer) is getting near. He looks forward, through the grim vapor ; and discerns its pinnacles, red, as if they had come out of fire. Phlegyas lands them at the gates. There they find occupied by a host of fallen angels, who deny them admittance.

## CANTO VIII.

I SAY continuing,<sup>1</sup> that, long before we reached the foot of the high tower, our eyes went upward to its summit, because of two flamelets,<sup>2</sup> that we saw put *there*, and another from far give signal back; so far that the eye could scarcely catch it. And I, turning to the Sea<sup>3</sup> of all knowledge, said: "What says this? and what replies yon other light? And who are they that made it?"

And he to me: "Upon the squalid waves, already thou mayest discern what is expected,<sup>4</sup> if the vapor of the fen conceal it not from thee."

Never did cord impel from itself an arrow, that ran

Io dico seguitando, ch' assai prima  
 Che noi fussimo al pie dell' alta torre,  
 Gli occhi nostri n' andâr suso alla cima,  
 Per due fiammette che vedemmo porre,  
 E un' altra da lungi render cenno, 5  
 Tanto, che a pena il potea l' occhio torre.  
 Ed io, rivolto al mar di tutto il senno,  
 Dissi: Questo che dice? e che risponde  
 Quell' altro foco? e chi son quei che il fenno?  
 Ed egli a me: Su per le suicide onde 10  
 Già puoi scorgere quello che s' aspetta,  
 Se il fummo del pantan nol ti nascondé.  
 Corda non pinse mai da se saetta,

<sup>1</sup> Continuing the account of the Wrathful, &c., begun in the preceding canto; which is the first that ends without completing the subject treated in it.

<sup>2</sup> The two flames indicate that two persons are come to be ferried over. The tower, with its sentinals is an

outpost of the city of Lucifer; and is separated from it by the wide marsh.

<sup>3</sup> Virgil, "who knew all" (canto vii 3); who "did honor to every art and science." Canto iv. 73.

<sup>4</sup> What the signals have been made for.

through the air so quickly, as a little bark which I saw come toward us then, under the guidance of a single steersman, who cried: "Now art thou arrived, fell spirit?"

"Phlegyas,<sup>5</sup> Phlegyas," said my Lord, "this time thou criest in vain. Thou shalt not have us longer than while we pass the wash."

And as one who hears some great deceit which has been done to him, and then deeply grieves thereat; such grew Phlegyas in his gathered rage.<sup>6</sup> My Guide descended into the skiff, and then made me enter after him; and not till I was in, did it seem laden.<sup>7</sup> Soon as my Guide and I were in the boat,

Che sì corresse via per l' aer snella,  
 Com' io vidi una nave piccioletta 15  
 Venir per l' acqua verso noi in quella,  
 Sotto il governo d' un sol galeoto,  
 Che gridava: Or se' giunta, animi fella?  
 Flegiàs, Flegiàs, tu gridi a vôto,  
 Disse lo mio Signore, a questa volta: 20  
 Più non ci avrai, se non passando il loto.  
 Quale colui che grande inganno ascolta  
 Che gli sia fatto, e poi se ne rammarca,  
 Tal si fe' Flegiàs nell' ira accolta.  
 Lo Duca mio discese nella barca, 25  
 E poi mi fece entrare appresso lui,  
 E sol, quand' io fui dentro, parve carca.  
 Tosto che il Duca ed io nel legno fui,

21. *Il loto, the wash.*

<sup>5</sup> Phlegyas, the angry ferryman of the marsh, is he who burnt the temple of Apollo. *Phlegyasque miserri- mus omnes Admonet, et magnâ testa- tur voce per umbras, &c. Æn. vi. 618.*

<sup>6</sup> The eager rage that had come upon Phlegyas in his expectation of

prey, is changed into bitter sadness when he hears that the Poets are not doomed to remain.

<sup>7</sup> By the weight of his living body. *Genuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis, &c. Æn. vi. 413.*





“Indignant soul! blessed be she that bore thee.<sup>10</sup> In your world, that was an arrogant personage. Good there is none to ornament the memory of him: so is his shadow here in fury. How many up there<sup>11</sup> now deem themselves great kings,<sup>12</sup> that shall lie here like swine in mire, leaving behind them horrible contemnings!”

And I: “Master, I should be glad<sup>13</sup> to see him dipped in this lee, ere we quit the lake.”

And he to me: “Before the shore comes to thy view, thou shalt be satisfied. It is fitting that thou shouldst be gratified in such a wish.” A little after this, I saw the muddy people make such rending of him, that even now I praise and thank God for it.

Benedetta colei che in te s' incinse.	45
Quei fu al mondo persona orgogliosa :	
Bontà non è che sua memoria fregi :	
Così è l' ombra sua qui furiosa.	
Quanti si tengon or lassù gran regi,	
Che qui staranno come porci in brago,	50
Di se lasciando orribili dispregi !	
Ed io : Maestro, molto sarei vago	
Di vederlo attuffare in questa broda,	
Prima che noi uscissimo del lago.	
Ed egli a me : Avanti che la proda	55
Ti si lasci veder tu saria sazio :	
Di tal disio converrà che tu goda.	
Dopo ciò poco, vidi quello strazio	
Far di costui alle fangose genti,	
Che Dio ancor ne lodo e ne ringrazio.	60

<sup>10</sup> Virgil commends Dante for the high indignation and disgust which he manifests on recognizing this chief representative of empty arrogance, rage, and disorder.

<sup>11</sup> “There above ;” in your world.

<sup>12</sup> Kings in a general sense : men prominent for their great qualities, and worthy to be kings. See the

comments of Boccaccio, Landini, &c. *Regem non faciunt opes . . . Non aura nitida fores : Rex est, qui posuit metus, Et divi mala pectoris,* &c. Seneca, *Thyestes*, chorus, act ii.

<sup>13</sup> Glad to see his brutal rage have its due consummation in the vile mud, though infinitely above caring for him personally.

All cried: "To Filippo Argenti!"<sup>14</sup> The wrathful Florentine spirit turned with his teeth upon himself. Here we left him, so that of him I speak no more.

But in my ears a lamentation smote me, whereat I bent my eyes<sup>15</sup> intently forward. And the kind Master said: "Now, Son, the city<sup>16</sup> that is named of Dis draws nigh, with the heavy citizens, with the great company."<sup>17</sup>

And I: "Master, already I discern its mosques, distinctly there within the valley, red as if they had come out of fire."

And to me he said: "The eternal fire, that inward burns them, shows them red, as thou seest, in this low<sup>18</sup> Hell."

Tutti gridavano: A Filippo Argenti.

Lo Fiorentino spirito bizzarro

In se medesimo si volgea co' denti.

Quivi il lasciammo, che più non ne narro:

Ma negli orecchi mi percosse un duolo, 65

Per ch' io avanti intento l' occhio sbarro.

E il buon Maestro disse: Omai, figliuolo,

S' appressa la città che ha nome Dite,

Co' gravi cittadin, col grande stuolo.

Ed io: Maestro, già le sue meschite 70

Là entro certo nella valle cerno

Vermiglie, come se di fuoco uscite

Fossero. Ed ei mi disse: Il foco eterno,

Ch' entro le affoca, le dimostra rosse,

Come tu vedi in questo basso inferno. 75

<sup>14</sup> Filippo Argenti was of the Caviccioni family—a branch of the Adimari—and "was so rich that he had the horse, on which he used to ride, shod with Silver (*Argento*); and from this he derived his surname. He was a man of large size, dark and sinewy, and of marvelous strength; and, beyond all others, choleric, even on the slightest occasions. And except this,

there is no mention of any thing that he did." *Boccaccio Com.* See also *Decam.* G. ix. Nov. 8.

<sup>15</sup> Lit.: "I unbar my eyes," &c.

<sup>16</sup> compare *Æn.* vi. 541-556, and viii. 667.

<sup>17</sup> Heavy with guilt (canto vi. 86); and very numerous.

<sup>18</sup> Low, or deep Hell; called the "bottom" (canto vi. 86); the "bottom

We now arrived in the deep fosses, which moat that joyless city. The walls seemed to me as if they were of iron. Not before making a long circuit, did we come to a place where the boatman loudly cried to us: "Go out: here is the entrance." Above the gates I saw more than a thousand spirits, rained from Heaven,<sup>19</sup> who angrily exclaimed: "Who is that, who, without death, goes through the kingdom of the dead?"

And my sage Master made a sign of wishing to speak with them in secret. Then they somewhat hid<sup>20</sup> their great disdain, and said: "Come thou alone; and let him go, who has entered so daringly into this kingdom. Let him return alone his foolish

Noi pur giugnemmo dentro all' alte fosse,  
 Che vallan quella terra sconsolata :  
 Le mura mi pareo, che ferro fosse.  
 Non senza prima far grande aggirata,  
 Venimmo in parte, dove il nocchier, forte,                   80  
 Uscite, ci gridò ; qui è l' entrata.  
 Io vidi più di mille in sulle porte  
 Dal ciel piovuti, che stizzosamente  
 Dicean : Chi è costui, che senza morte  
 Va per lo regno della morta gente ?                               85  
 E il savio mio Maestro fece segno  
 Di voler lor parlar segretamente.  
 Allor chiusero un poco il gran disdegno,  
 E disser : Vien tu solo, e quei sen vada,  
 Che sì ardito entrò per questo regno :                       90  
 Sol si ritorni per la folle strada :

of the dismal shell." Canto ix. 16. | this division of Hell will be more  
 The whole of it is occupied by the | fully explained by the Poet him-  
 city to which the Poets are now ap- | self.  
 proaching. The upper Hell consists |  
 of the Five Circles, which they have |<sup>19</sup> Angels fallen from Heaven.  
 already passed. In canto xi. 16, &c., |<sup>20</sup> Lit.: "closed their great dis-  
 dain."

way : try if he can ; for thou shalt stay here that hast escorted him through so dark a country."

Judge, Reader, if I was discouraged at the sound of the accursed words ; for I believed not that I ever should return by it. " O my loved Guide, who more than seven times hast restored me to safety,<sup>21</sup> and rescued from deep peril that stood before me, leave me not so undone," I said : " and if to go farther be denied us, let us retrace our steps together rapidly."

And that Lord, who had led me hither, said to me : " Fear not ; for our passage none can take from us : by Such has it been given to us.<sup>22</sup> But thou, wait here for me ; and comfort and feed thy wearied spirit with good hope ; for I will not forsake thee in the low world."

Provi se sa ; chè tu qui rimarrai,  
 Che scorto l' hai per sì buia contrada.  
 Pensa, Lettor, s' io mi disconfortai  
 Nel suon delle parole maledette : 95  
 Ch' io non credetti ritornarci mai.  
 O caro Duca mio, che più di sette  
 Volte m' hai sicurtà renduta, e tratto  
 D' alto periglio che incontra mi stette,  
 Non mi lasciar, diss' io, così disfatto : 100  
 E se l' andar più oltre m' è negato,  
 Ritroviam l' orme nostre insieme ratto.  
 E quel Signor, che lì m' avea menato,  
 Mi disse : Non temer, chè il nostro passo  
 Non ci può torre'alcun : da tal n' è dato. 105  
 Ma qui m' attendi ; e lo spirito lasso  
 Conforta e ciba di speranza buona,  
 Ch' io non ti lascerò nel mondo basso.

<sup>21</sup> Lit. : "Hast given back safety to me." The expression "more than seven times" is put for any indefinite number. *Boccac. Com.* And there is no necessity for painfully seeking, as some commentators have done,

what seven dangers these could be from which Dante had been delivered by Virgil.

<sup>22</sup> By such high authority, i.e. by Celestial Wisdom. Canto ii. p. 28, &c.

Thus the gentle Father goes, and leaves me here. And I remain in doubt; for yes and no contend within my head. I could not hear that which he offered to them. But he had not long stood with them, when they all, vying with one another, rushed in again.<sup>23</sup> These our adversaries closed the gates on the breast of my Master, who remained without; and turned toward me with slow steps. He had his eyes upon the ground and his brows shorn of all boldness, and said with sighs: "Who hath denied me the woful houses?"<sup>24</sup> And to me he said: "Thou, be not discouraged at my anger; for I shall master the trial, whatever be contrived within for hindrance. This insolence of theirs is nothing new; for they showed it once at a less secret gate, that still is found unbarred. Over it thou sawest the dead

Così sen va, e quivi m' abbandona  
 Lo dolce padre, ed io rimango in forse;                    110  
 Chè il sì, e il no nel capo mi tenzona.  
 Udir non potei quello che a lor porse:  
 Ma ei non stette là con essi guari,  
 Che ciascun dentro a pruova si ricorse.  
 Chiuser le porte quei nostri avversari                    115  
 Nel petto al mio Signor, che fuor rimase,  
 E rivolsesi a me con passi rari.  
 Gli occhi alla terra, e le ciglia avea rase  
 D' ogni baldanza, e dicea ne' sospiri:  
 Chi m' ha negate le dolenti case?                    120  
 Ed a me disse: Tu, perch' io m' adiri,  
 Non sbigottir, ch' io vincerò la pruova,  
 Qual ch' alla difension dentro s' aggiri.  
 Questa lor tracotanza non è nuova,  
 Chè già l' usaro a men segreta porta,                    125  
 La qual senza serrame ancor si trova.

<sup>23</sup> *A pruova.* "Certatim." Or, trying who could get in first. Blind with rage. | <sup>24</sup> . . . . *Quis fortuna negat*  
*In patriam reditus.* Æn. x. 435.

inscription.<sup>25</sup> And already, on this side of it comes down the steep, passing the circles without escort, One by whom the city shall be opened to us."<sup>26</sup>

Sovr' essa vedestù la scritta morta :

E già di qua da lei discende l' erta,

Passando per li cerchi senza scorta

Tal, che per lui ne fia la terra aperta.

130

127. *Vedestù, vedesti tu.*

<sup>25</sup> The gate of entrance, over which is seen the dark inscription. Virgil tells Dante that the demons opposed the entrance of Christ into Hell. In the service of Easter eve ("sabbato santo"), are these words: *Hodie*

*portas mortis, et seras pariter Salvator noster dirupit.*

<sup>26</sup> Lit.: "Such, that by him the city shall be opened to us." The Angel who is coming.

## ARGUMENT.

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DANTE grows pale with fear when he sees his Guide come back from the gate, repulsed by the Demons, and disturbed in countenance. Virgil endeavors to encourage him, but in perplexed and broken words, which only increase his fear. They can not enter the City of Lucifer in their own strength. The three Furies suddenly appear, and threaten Dante with the head of Medusa. Virgil bids him turn round; and screens him from the sight of it. The Angel, whom Virgil has been expecting, comes across the angry marsh; puts all the Demons to flight, and opens the gates. The Poets then go in, without any opposition; and they find a wide plain, all covered with burning sepulchers. It is the Sixth Circle; and in the sepulchers are punished the Heretics, with all their followers, of every sect. The Poets turn to the right hand, and go on between the flaming tombs and the high walls of the city.

## CANTO IX.

THAT color which cowardice painted on my face, when I saw my Guide turn back, repressed in him more quickly his new *color*.<sup>1</sup> He stopped attentive, like one who listens; for his eye could not lead him far, through the black air and the dense fog. "Yet it behoves us to gain this battle," he began. "If not . . . such help was offered to us."<sup>2</sup> Oh! how long to me it seems till some one<sup>3</sup> come!"

I saw well how he covered the beginning<sup>4</sup> with the other that came after, which were words differing from the first. But not the less his language gave

QUEL color che viltà di fuor mi pinse,  
 Veggendo il Duca mio tornare in volta,  
 Più tosto dentro il suo nuovo ristringse.  
 Attento si fermò, com' uom che ascolta;  
 Chè l' occhio nol potea menare a lunga 5  
 Per l' aer nero, e per la nebbia folta.  
 Pure a noi converrà vincer la punga,  
 Cominciò ei: se non . . . tal ne s' offerse.  
 Oh quanto tarda a me ch' altri qui giunga!  
 Io vidi ben, sì com' ei ricoperse 10  
 Lo cominciar con l' altro, che poi venne,  
 Che fur parole allè prime diverse.  
 Ma nondimen paura il suo dir dienne,

7. *Punga*, pugna; as *venga*, vagna, &c.

13. *Diene*, ne diede.

<sup>1</sup> The paleness "which cowardice painted outwardly on me," made my Guide, in order to restore my courage, "more quickly repress within him the new color," which that repulse of the Demons had given him. *Pinse* also means "thrust, or urged."

<sup>2</sup> Lit.: "Such (i. e. Beatrice, or Di-

vine Wisdom) offered herself to us." If we are not to gain the battle—but that is impossible, considering the help that has been promised to us."

<sup>3</sup> *Altri*, some higher Power. See verse 81; and note 15, p. 60.

<sup>4</sup> The beginning: "If not"—with the: "Such help," &c.



me fear; for perhaps I drew his broken speech to a worse meaning than he held. "Into this bottom of the dreary shell,<sup>5</sup> does any ever descend from the first degree, whose only punishment is hope cut off?"

This question I made, and he replied to me: "Rarely it occurs that any of us makes the journey on which I go. It is true, that once before I was down here, conjured by fell Erictho,<sup>6</sup> who recalled the shadows to their bodies. My flesh had been but short time divested of me, when she made me enter within that wall, to draw out a spirit from the Circle

Perch' io traeva la parola tronca  
 Forse a peggior sentenza, oh' si non tene. 15  
 In questo fondo della trista conca  
 Discende mai alcun del primo grado,  
 Che sol per pena ha la speranza cionca?  
 Questa question fec' io; e quei: Di rado  
 Incontra, mi rispose, che di nui 20  
 Faccia il cammino alcun per quale io vado.  
 Vero è che altra fiata quaggiù fui  
 Congiurato da quella Ericton cruda,  
 Che richiamava l' ombre a' corpi sui.  
 Di poco era di me la carne nuda, 25  
 Ch' ella mi fece entrar dentro a quel muro,  
 Per trarne un spirto del cerechio di Giuda.

20. Nui, noi.

<sup>5</sup> "Shell, from the resemblance that some shells have to the essential form of Hell; which, as we have said, is broad above, and below grows narrower." *Boccaccio Com.* Dante, in his terror, puts this indirect question to ascertain whether Virgil has been down from Limbo before, and knows the way.

<sup>6</sup> Erictho, a sorceress, mentioned by Lucan, vi. 508, &c. And Ovid:

*Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis  
 Erictho Impulit.* *Epist. Sappho Phaoni*, v. 139. *Veneficis famosa fuit  
 Theasala mulier; cujus nomen hic  
 pro quolibet Venefica ponitur.* *Crispin. Com. Ovid.* Dante here uses the name of Erictho in the same general sense; and probably takes some old tradition of the middle ages respecting Virgil, who was thought to have been a great magician.

of Judas.<sup>7</sup> That is the lowest place, and the most dark, and farthest from the Heaven,<sup>8</sup> which encircles all. Well do I know the way, so reassure thyself. This marsh, which breathes the mighty stench, all round begirds the doleful city, where we can not now enter without anger.”

And more he said : but I have it not in memory ; for my eye had drawn me wholly to the high tower with glowing summit, where all at once I saw erect three Hellish Furies, stained with blood ; who had the limbs and attitude of women, and were girt with greenest hydras. For hair they had little serpents and cerastes,<sup>9</sup> wherewith their horrid temples were bound.

Quell' è il più basso loco, e il più oscuro,  
 E il più lontan dal Ciel che tutto gira :  
 Ben so il cammin ; però ti fa sicuro. 30  
 Questa palude, che il gran puzzo spira,  
 Cinge d' intorno la città dolente,  
 U' non potemo entrare omai senz' ira.  
 Ed altro disse ma non l' ho a mente ;  
 Perocchè l' occhio m' avea tutto tratto 35  
 Vêr l' alta torre alla cima rovente,  
 Ove in un punto vidi dritte ratto  
 Tre furie infernal di sangue tinte,  
 Che membra femminili aveano, ed atto ;  
 E con idre verdissime eran cinte : 40  
 Serpentelli e ceraste avean per crine,  
 Onde le fiere tempie eran avvinte.

<sup>7</sup> The *Giudecca*, where the worst kind of traitors are placed. Vide canto xxxiv. 117.

<sup>8</sup> The Empyrean Heaven.

<sup>9</sup> “Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Elops dear,

And Dipsas ; not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon.”

*Par. Lost*, x. 525.

Lucan. vi. 679, &c. The Furies are placed here as emblems of rebellion against God, and its results.

And he, knowing well the handmaids of the Queen<sup>10</sup> of everlasting lamentation, said to me: "Mark the fierce Erynnis! This is Megæra on the left hand; she, that weeps upon the right, is Alecto. Tesiphone is in the middle." And therewith he was silent.

With her claws each was rending her breast; they were smiting themselves with their palms, and crying so loudly, that I pressed close to the Poet for fear. "Let Medusa come, that we may change him into stone," they all cried, looking downward. "Badly did we avenge the assault of Theseus."<sup>11</sup>

"Turn thee backward, and keep thy eyes shut; for if the Gorgon show herself, and thou shouldst see her, there would be no returning up again." Thus

E quei, che ben conobbe le meschine  
 Della Regina dell' eterno pianto,  
 Guarda, mi disse, le feroci Erine. 45  
 Questa è Megera dal sinistro canto :  
 Quella, che piange dal destro, è Aletto :  
 Tesifone è nel mezzo : e tacque a tanto.  
 Coll' unghie si fendea ciascuna il petto ;  
 Batteansi a palme, e gridavan sì alto, 50  
 Ch' io mi strinsi al Poeta per sospetto.  
 Venga Medusa, sì il farem di smalto :  
 Gridavan tutte riguardando in giuso :  
 Mal noi vengiammo in Teseo l' assalto.  
 Volgiti indietro, e tien lo viso chiuso ; 55  
 Chè se il Gorgon si mostra, e tu il vedessi,  
 Nulla sarebbe del tornar mai suso.

43. *Meschine*, serve, damigelle.

<sup>10</sup> Proserpine. See *Par. Lost*, vi. 269. *Dominam Ditis*. *Æn.* vi. 379.

<sup>11</sup> Allusion to the descent of Theseus and Pirithous into Hell; and the escape of Theseus, by aid of Hercu-

les. Other mortals venture down in consequence. The *Sedet, æternumque sedebit Infelix Theseus* (*Æn.* vi. 617) does not seem vengeance sufficient.

said the Master, and he himself turned me, and trusted not to my hands, but closed me also with his own. O ye, who have sane intellects, mark the doctrine which conceals itself beneath the vail of the strange verses!<sup>12</sup>

And now there came, upon the turbid waves, a crash of fearful sound, at which the shores both trembled: a sound as of a wind, impetuous for the adverse heats,<sup>13</sup> which smites the forest without any stay; shatters off the boughs, beats down, and sweeps

Così disse il Maestro; ed' egli stessi  
 Mi volse, e non si tenne alle mie manì,  
 Che con le sue ancor non mi chiudessi. 60  
 O voi, che avete gl' intelletti sani,  
 Mirate la dottrina, che s' asconde  
 Sotto il velame degli versi strani.  
 E già venìa su per le torbid' onde  
 Un fracasso d' un suon pien di spavento, 65  
 Per cui tremavano ambedue le sponde;  
 Non altrimenti fatto che d' un vento  
 Impetuoso per gli avversi ardori,  
 Che fier la selva senza alcun rattento;  
 Li rami schianta, abbatte, e porta fuori: 70

58. *Stessi*, stesso; *as elli* for ello, egli.

69. *Fier*, ferisce; *fere* in canto x. 69.

<sup>12</sup> The very sight of hardened rebellion against the Almighty—against the Source of all light, and peace, and joy—and its eternal consequences, is too terrible; is a thing not to be realized or endured without Divine assistance. Compare the fear that comes over Dante, before and after entering the upper part of Hell, in cantos 2d, 3d, and 4th.

A careful perusal of what the old and new commentators say concerning this passage, leads to the clear

conviction that it is not worth repeating. Readers, who choose to satisfy themselves, may consult Boccaccio, the Ottimo, Landino, Velutello, &c.; and, among the more modern, Volpi, Venturi, Lombardi, &c. The *Comento Analitico* of Rosetti, though always acute and ingenious, is far too wild and absurd for any serious reader of Dante.

<sup>13</sup> Rushing toward the rarer, heated air, as if it were a great antagonist.

away: dusty in front, it goes superb, and makes the wild beasts and the shepherds flee.

He loosed my eyes, and said: "Now, turn thy nerve of vision on that ancient foam, there where the smoke is harshest."<sup>14</sup>

As frogs, before their enemy the serpent, run all asunder through the water, till each squats<sup>15</sup> upon the bottom; so I saw more than a thousand ruined spirits flee before one, who passed the Stygian ferry with dry feet. He waved that gross air from his countenance, often moving his left *hand* before *him*; and only of that trouble seemed he weary. Well did I perceive that he was a Messenger of Heaven; and I turned to the Master. And he made a sign that I should stand quiet, and bow down to him. Ah, how full he seemed to me of indignation! He

Dinanzi polveroso va superbo,  
 E fa fuggir le fiere e li pastori.  
 Gli occhi mi sciolse, e disse: Or drizza il nerbo  
 Del viso su per quella schiuma antica,  
 Per indi ove quel fummo è più acerbo. 75  
 Come le rane innanzi alla nimica  
 Biscia per l' acqua si dileguan tutte,  
 Fin ch' alla terra ciascuna s' abbica;  
 Vid' io più di mille anime distrutte  
 Fuggir così dinanzi ad un, che al passo 80  
 Passava Stige colle piante asciutte.  
 Dal volto rimovea quell' aer grasso,  
 Menando la sinistra innanzi spesso;  
 E sol di quell' angoscia pareo lasso.  
 Ben m' accorsi ch' egli era del Ciel messo, 85  
 E volsimi al Maestro: e quei fe' segno,  
 Ch' io stessi cheto, ed inchinassi ad esso.  
 Ahi quanto mi pareo pien di disdegno!

<sup>14</sup> Or densest: where the evil spirits are getting out of sight.

<sup>15</sup> "Makes a heap of itself," or gathers itself up, on the bottom.

reached the gate, and with a wand opened it; for in it there was no resistance.

“Outcasts of Heaven! race despised!” began he, upon the horrid threshold. “Why dwells this insolence in you? Why spurn ye at that Will,<sup>16</sup> whose object never can be frustrated, and which often has increased your pain? What profits it to butt against the Fates? Your Cerberus, if ye remember, still bears his chin and his throat peeled for doing so?”<sup>17</sup>

Then he returned by the filthy way, and spake no word to us;<sup>18</sup> but looked like one whom other care urges and incites than that of those who stand

Giunse alla porta, e con una verghetta  
L'aperse, chè non v'ebbe alcun ritegno. 90  
O cacciati del ciel, gente dispetta,  
Cominciò egli in su l'orribil soglia,  
Ond' esta oltracotanza in voi s'alletta?  
Perchè ricalcitate a quella voglia,  
A cui non puote il fin mai esser mozzo, 95  
E che più volte v'ha cresciuta doglia?  
Che giova nelle Fata dar di cozzo?  
Cerbero vostro, se ben vi ricorda,  
Ne porta ancor pelato il mento e il gozzo.  
Poi si rivolse per la strada lorda, 100  
E non fé' motto a noi: ma fé' semblante  
D'uomo, cui altra cura stringa e morda,  
Che quella di colui che gli è davante.

93. *S'alletta*, si annida, si alberga.

95. *Mozzo*, mozzato, cut off.

<sup>16</sup> The Angel avoids using the name of God in addressing the Demons; and takes their Fates and their loud barking Cerberus, in the verses that follow, as being the only terms fit for them.

<sup>17</sup> Alluding to the old fable of Hercules, and his dragging Cerberus with the threefold chain, which has

left its mark: *Tartareum ille (Hercules) manu custodem in vincla pectivit, Ipsius a solio regis traxitque trementem.* *Æn.* vi. 395. See also *Æn.* viii. 296.

<sup>18</sup> Come to execute what has been willed in Heaven, and not to parley with us.

before him. And we moved our feet toward the city, secure after the sacred words. We entered into it without any strife. And I, who was desirous to behold the condition<sup>19</sup> which such a fortress incloses, as soon as I was in, sent my eyes around; and saw, on either hand, a spacious plain full of sorrow and of evil torment.

As at Arles, where the Rhone stagnates, as at Pola near the Quarnaro *gulf*, which shuts up Italy and bathes its confines, the sepulchers<sup>20</sup> make all the place uneven; so did they here on every side, only the manner here was bitterer. For among the tombs were scattered flames, whereby they were made all over so glowing-hot, that iron more *hot* no craft re-

E noi movemmo i piedi in vèr la terra,  
 Sicuri appresso le parole sante. 105  
 Dentro v' entrammo senza alcuna guerra :  
 Ed io, ch' avea di riguardar disio  
 La condizion che tal fortezza serra,  
 Com' io fui dentro, l' occhio intorno invio ;  
 E veggio ad ogni man grande campagna 110  
 Piena di duolo e di tormento rio.  
 Sì come ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,  
 Sì com' a Pola presso del Quarnaro,  
 Che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna,  
 Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo : 115  
 Così facevan quivi d'ogni parte,  
 Salvo che il modo v' era più amaro ;  
 Chè tra gli avelli fiamme erano sparte,  
 Per le quali eran sì del tutto accesi,  
 Che ferro più non chiede verun' arte. 120

115. *Varo*, vario, diseguale.

<sup>19</sup> The condition of those that are within it.

<sup>20</sup> At Arles, where the Rhone stagnates before the sea; and at Pola, a city of Istria, near the gulf of Quar-

naro, there are numerous mounds, which are supposed to have been sepulchers. The old legends respecting them are now quite obsolete.

quires. Their covers were all raised up; and out of them proceeded moans so grievous, that they seemed indeed *the moans of spirits* sad and wounded.

And I: "Master, what are these people who, buried within those chests,<sup>21</sup> make themselves heard by their painful sighs?"

And he to me: "These are the Arch-heretics with their followers of every sect; and much more than thou thinkest, the tombs are laden. Like with like is buried here; and the monuments are more and less hot."

Then, after turning to the right hand, we passed between the tortures and the high battlements.

Tutti gli lor coperchi eran sospesi,  
 E fuor n' uscivan sì duri lamenti,  
 Che ben parean di miseri e d' offesi.  
 Ed io: Maestro, quai son quelle genti,  
 Che seppellite dentro da quell' arche 125  
 Si fan sentir coi sospiri dolenti?  
 Ed egli a me: Qui son gli eresiarche  
 Co' lor seguaci d' ogni setta, e molto  
 Più che non credi, son le tombe carche.  
 Simile qui con simile è sepolto: 130  
 E i monumenti son più, e men caldi.  
 E poi ch' alla man destra si fu vólto,  
 Passammo tra i martìri e gli alti spaldi.

<sup>21</sup> *Arche*, arks, chests, coffers. The term *arca* is properly applied to the part of a monument in which the bodies are deposited, and which, with its lid, resembles a chest.



## ARGUMENT.

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THE Poets go on, close by the wall of the city, with the fiery tombs on their left; and Dante, observing that the lids of these are all open, inquires if it would be possible to see the spirits contained in them. Virgil, understanding the full import and object of his question, tells him that the Epicurean Heretics are all buried in the part through which they are then passing; and that he will therefore soon have his wish gratified. While they are speaking, the soul of Farinata, the great Ghibelline chief, of whom Dante has been thinking, addresses him from one of the sepulchers. Farinata was the father-in-law of Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's most intimate friend; and Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, the father of Guido, rises up in the same sepulcher, when he hears the living voice, and looks round to see if his son is there. Among other things, Farinata foretells the duration of Dante's exile; and explains to him how the spirits in Hell have of themselves no knowledge concerning events that are actually passing on earth, but only of things distant, either in the past or the future.



tion, which thou askest me, thou shalt soon have satisfaction here within; and also to the wish<sup>3</sup> which thou holdest secret from me."

And I: "Kind Guide, I do not keep my heart concealed from thee, except for brevity of speech, to which thou hast ere now disposed me."<sup>4</sup>

"O Tuscan! who through the city of fire goest alive, speaking thus decorously; may it please thee to stop in this place. Thy speech clearly shows thee a native of that noble country, which perhaps I vexed too much." Suddenly this sound issued from one of the chests, whereat in fear I drew a little closer to my Guide.

And he said to me: "Turn thee round. What

Però alla dimanda che mi faci

Quinci entro soddisfatto sarai tosto,

E al disio ancor, che tu mi taci.

Ed io: Buon Duca, non tegno nascosto

A te mio cor, se non per dicer poco; 20

E tu m' hai non pur ora a ciò disposto.

O Tosco, che per la città del foco

Vivo ten vai così parlando onesto,

Piacciati di ristare in questo loco.

La tua loquela ti fa manifesto 25

Di quella nobil patria natio,

Alla qual forse fui troppo molesto.

Subitamente questo suono uscìo

D' una dell' arche: però m' accostai,

Temendo, un poco più al Duca mio. 30

Ed ei mi disse: Volgiti: che fai?

<sup>3</sup> Probably the wish to see Farinata. Canto vi. 79, &c. Dante has now reached the "bottom," where Ciacco told him he might find Farinata; and is reminded of this by hearing Virgil speak of Epicurus. See note 5, p. 107.

<sup>4</sup> Lit.: "Not only now;" not only by thy example and admonitions here (canto iii. 51, 76, and ix. 86), but also by the old and well-known brevity of thy style, "hast thou disposed me to speak little."



brows a little. Then he said: "Fiercely adverse were they to me, and to my progenitors, and to my party; so that twice I scattered<sup>7</sup> them."

"If they were driven forth, they returned from every quarter, both times," I answered him. "But yours have not rightly learnt that art."

Then, beside him, there rose a shadow, visible to the chin.<sup>8</sup> It had raised itself, I think, upon its knees. It looked around me, as if it had a wish to see whether some one were with me. But when all its expectation was quenched, it said, weeping: "If through this blind prison thou goest by height of genius, where is my son? And why is he not with thee?"

And I to him: "Of myself I come not. He that

Poi disse: Fieramente furo avversi

A me ed a' miei primi, ed a mia parte,

Sì che per due fiata gli dispersi.

S' ei fur cacciati, ei tornar d' ogni parte,

Risposi io lui, l' una e l' altra fiata;

50

Ma i vostri non appreser ben quell' arte.

Allor surse alla vista scoperchiata

Un' ombra lungo questa infino al mento:

Credo che s' era inginocchion levata.

D' intorno mi guardò, come talento

55

Avesse di veder s' altri era meco;

Ma poi che il sospicar fu tutto spento,

Piangendo disse: Se per questo cieco

Carcere vai per altezza d' ingegno,

Mio figlio ov' è? e perchè non è teco?

60

Ed io a lui: Da me stesso non vegno:

<sup>7</sup> In the year 1248; and after the battle of Montaperti in 1260.

<sup>8</sup> Lit.: "Rose discovered to view, down to the chin." This is the shade

of Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, the father of Dante's friend, Guido. He was of the Guelph party, *Malesp. c.* 105, 168.

waits yonder, leads me through this place; whom perhaps thy Guido<sup>9</sup> had in disdain."

Already his words and the manner of his punishment had read his name to me. Hence my answer was so full. Rising instantly erect he cried: "How saidst thou? He had?<sup>10</sup> Lives he not still? Does not the sweet light<sup>11</sup> strike his eyes?" When he perceived that I made some delay before my answer, he fell supine, and showed himself no more.

But that other, magnanimous, at whose desire I

Colui, che attende là, per qui mi mena,  
 Forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno.  
 Le sue parole, e il modo della pena  
 M' avevan di costui già letto il nome:                    65  
 Pero fu la risposta così piena.  
 Di subito drizzato gridò: Come  
 Dicesti: egli ebbe? non viv' egli ancora?  
 Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome?  
 Quando s' accorse d' alcuna dimora                    70  
 Ch' io faceva dinanzi alla risposta,  
 Supin ricadde, e più non parve fuori.  
 Ma quell' altro magnanimo, a cui posta

69. *Fiere*, ferisce.

73. *Posta*, request.

<sup>9</sup> Guido Cavalcanti, celebrated as a poet and philosopher in those times, and now chiefly remarkable for his intimate friendship with Dante, which continued till the time of his death, in December 1300. He married the daughter of Farinata in 1266 (*Viliani*, vii. 15); so that he must have been much older than Dante, who was born in 1265. He took a zealous and violent share in the party-squabbles of the time, and was one of those that were banished when Dante held the office of chief Prior, in 1300. *Vil-*

*lani*, viii. 41, 42. In the *Vita Nuova* (p. 334) Dante speaks of Guido's aversion to the Latin tongue. It must have been either for that reason, or for his foolish party-violence, with which Dante by no means sympathized, that he is here said to have held Virgil (Poet, or emblem of Wisdom) in disdain. Several of his poems are still extant.

<sup>10</sup> "He had;" as of a thing past.

<sup>11</sup> "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." *Eccles.* xi. 7.

had stopped, changed not his aspect, nor moved his neck, nor bent his side. "And if," continuing his former words, he said, "they have learnt that art badly, it more torments me than this bed. But the face of the Queen,<sup>12</sup> who reigns here, shall not be fifty times rekindled ere thou shalt know the hardness of that art.<sup>13</sup> And so mayest thou return to the sweet world,<sup>14</sup> tell me why that people is so fierce against my kindred in all its laws?"<sup>15</sup>

Whereat I to him: "The havoc,<sup>16</sup> and the great

Restato m' era, non mutò aspetto, Nè mosse collo, nè piegò sua costa.	75
E se, continuando al primo detto, Egli han quell' arte, disse male appresa, Ciò mi tormenta più che questo letto.	
Ma non cinquanta volte fia raccesa La faccia della donna, che qui regge, Che tu saprai quanto quell' arte pesa.	80
E se tu mai nel dolce mondo regge, Dimmi, perchè quel popolo è sì empio Incontro a' miei in ciascuna sua legge?	
Ond' io a lui: Lo strazio e il grande scempio,	85

82. *Regge*, rieda; from an obsolete verb.

<sup>12</sup> *Tria Virginis ora Diana. Æn.* iv. 511. Proserpine, Diana, or the Moon.

<sup>13</sup> Not fifty months shall pass before thou know the whole weight, or difficulty, of that art of returning from exile. The Cardinal da Prato, who had come to make a last attempt at reconciling the two factions, quitted Florence on the 4th of June, 1304. *Villani*, viii. 69. And from that time, the party with which Dante had been banished lost all hope.

<sup>14</sup> I adjure thee by thy wish to return, tell me, &c. See also v. 94.

<sup>15</sup> "Whenever any law was made

for recalling the exiles, the Uberti were always excepted." *Beniv. da Imola, Boccac.*, &c. And the bones of the family were taken out of their tombs, and cast into the Arno. *Ibid.*

<sup>16</sup> At the battle of Montaperti, near the river Arbia, which took place on Tuesday the 4th of September, 1260, and made that day very memorable. The army of the Florentine Guelphs, with their allies, amounting to more than thirty thousand foot and three thousand horse, was defeated there, and trampled to pieces, by Farinata, with a much smaller force. *Malesp.* cap. 167; *Villani*, vi. 78.

slaughter, which dyed the Arbia red, causes such orations in our temple."<sup>17</sup>

And sighing, he shook his head; then said: "In that I was not single; nor without cause, assuredly, should I have stirred with the others. But I was single there, where all consented to extirpate Florence,<sup>18</sup> I alone with open face defended her."

"Ah! so may thy seed have rest," I prayed him, "solve the knot which has here involved my judgment. It seems that you see beforehand what time brings with it, if I rightly hear; and have a different manner with the present."

Che fece l' Arbia colorata in rosso,  
 Tale orazion fa far nel nostro tempio.  
 Poi ch' ebbe sospirando il capo scosso;  
 A ciò non fui io sol, disse, nè certo  
 Senza cagion sarei con gli altri mosso:                    90  
 Ma fu' io sol colà, dove soffierto  
 Fu per ciascuno di torre via Fiorenza,  
 Colui che la difese a viso aperto.  
 Deh se riposi mai vostra semenza,  
 Pregai io lui, solvetemi quel nodo,                    95  
 Che qui ha invilupata mia sentenza.  
 E' par che voi veggiate, se ben odo,  
 Dinanzi quel, che il tempo seco adduce,  
 E nel presente tenete altro modo.

<sup>17</sup> The Councils were held in the churches at Florence till the year 1281. *Macchiav.* lib. ii. And Benvenuto da Imola says that, even in his time, they frequently met in a church adjoining the Palace of the Priors. *Orazione* means also "prayer," as well as "oration," or speech; and may here be taken in either sense.

<sup>18</sup> Lit.: "Where by every one it was suffered (voted) to take away Florence," &c. A council of the Ghibellines was held at Empoli,

after the battle of Montaperti, in which it was proposed that Florence should be destroyed. Farinata alone opposed the measure, and said: "If there were no other but himself, he would defend it with sword in hand, as long as there was life in his body." The rest, "seeing the man they had to deal with, and his authority, and followers, desisted. And thus our city escaped from such fury, by the valor of one citizen." *Malisp.* c. 170; *Villani*, viii. 81.



“Like one who has imperfect vision we see the things,” he said, “which are remote from us: so much light the Supreme Ruler still gives to us.<sup>19</sup> When they draw nigh, or are, our intellect is altogether void;<sup>20</sup> and except what others bring us, we know nothing of your human state. Therefore thou mayest understand that all our knowledge shall be dead, from that moment when the portal of the Future shall be closed.”<sup>21</sup>

Then, as compunctious for my fault,<sup>22</sup> I said: “Now will you therefore tell that fallen *one*, that his child is still joined to the living.<sup>23</sup> And if I was mute

Noi veggiam come quei, che ha mala luce,                   100  
 Le cose, disse, che ne son lontano;  
 Cotanto ancor ne splende il sommo. Duce:  
 Quando s' appressano, o son, tutto è vano  
 Nostro intelletto; e, s' altri nol ci apporta,  
 Nulla sapem di vostro stato umano.                   105  
 Però comprender puoi che tutta morta  
 Fia nostra conoscenza da quel punto,  
 Che del futuro fia chiusa la porta.  
 Allor, come di mia colpa compunto,  
 Dissi: Or direte dunque a quel caduto,                   110  
 Che il suo nato è co' vivi ancor congiunto.  
 E s' io fui dianzi alla risposta muto,

105. *Sapem, sapiamo.*

<sup>19</sup> Lit.: “So much does the Supreme Ruler still shine to us.”

<sup>20</sup> They see things distant, whether past or future; but not things at hand, or present. General opinion of the Fathers.

<sup>21</sup> “The departed spirits know things past and to come; yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen unto Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is

become of his own son.” Browne, *Urne Burial*, cap. iv.

<sup>22</sup> After the last judgment, when “there shall be time no longer;” when all the tombs shall be sealed up. See v. 10, &c.

<sup>23</sup> Fault of not having told Cavalcante that his son was alive; and thus having given him additional pain.

<sup>24</sup> “For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope.” *Eccles. ix. 4.*

before, at the response, let him know, it was because my thoughts already were in that error<sup>24</sup> which you have resolved for me."

And now my Master was recalling me. Wherefore I, in more haste, besought the spirit to tell me who was with him.

He said to me: "With more than a thousand lie I here. The second Frederick<sup>25</sup> is here within, and the Cardinal;<sup>26</sup> and of the rest I speak not." Therewith he hid himself.

Fat' ei saper che il fei, perchè pensava  
Già nell' error che m' avete soluto.  
E già il Maestro mio mi richiamava: 115  
Per ch' io pregai lo spirito più avaccio,  
Che mi dicesse, chi con lui si stava.  
Dissemi: Qui con più di mille giaccio:  
Qua entro è lo secondo Federico,  
E il Cardinale, e degli altri mi taccio. 120  
Indi s' ascose: ed io in vèr l' antico

113. *Ei*, a lui.

<sup>24</sup> Error of believing that the spirits in Hell, who could speak so clearly of things past and future, were likewise acquainted with things present.

<sup>25</sup> The Emperor Frederick the Second, who died on the 13th of December, 1250, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As Emperor he reigned thirty years, thirty-eight as King of Germany, and fifty-two as King of the Two Sicilies. One learns from the old Chronicles, &c., that he spent his early life in energetic studies, and made his Court in Sicily very famous by princely patronage of literature and all that was highest in those times. In his later years, he seems to have moved in a very turbid element, with armies of Saracens,

Papal excommunications, and universal suspicion of his nearest friends. The fabulous book *De Tribus Impositoribus* was imputed to him; and he gave cause enough besides for the charge of heresy which Dante here sanctions. In the treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia* (lib. i. cap. 12), Dante speaks of his literary influence, &c., in high terms.

<sup>26</sup> Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a Florentine, made Cardinal by Innocent IV. in 1245; and distinguished from other cardinals by his talents, his great influence, and vehement adherence to the Ghibelline party. "If there be any soul, I have lost mine for the Ghibellines," is a profane exclamation of his, reported by all the old commentators.

And I toward the ancient Poet turned my steps, revolving that saying which seemed hostile to me.<sup>27</sup> He moved on; and then, as we were going, he said to me: "Why art thou so bewildered?" And I satisfied him in his question.

"Let thy memory retain what thou hast heard against thee," that Sage exhorted me. "And now mark here," and he raised his finger. "When thou shalt stand before the sweet ray of that *Lady*,<sup>28</sup> whose bright eye seeth all, from her thou shalt know the journey of thy life."<sup>29</sup>

Then to the sinister hand<sup>30</sup> he turned his feet. We left the wall, and went toward the middle, by a path that strikes into a valley, which even up there annoyed us with its fetor.<sup>31</sup>

Poeta volsi i passi, ripensando  
 A quel parlar che mi pareva nemico.  
 Egli sì mosse; e poi così andando  
 Mi disse: Perchè sei tu sì smarrito? 125  
 Ed io li soddisfecì al suo dimando.  
 La mente tua conservi quel che udito  
 Hai contra te, mi comandò quel Saggio,  
 Ed ora attendi qui: e frizzò il dito.  
 Quando sarai dinanzi al dolce raggio 130  
 Di quella, il cui bell' occhio tutto vede,  
 Da lei saprai di tua vita il viaggio.  
 Appresso volse a man sinistra il piede:  
 Lasciammo il muro, e gimmo in vèr lo mezzo  
 Per un sentier, che ad una valle fiede, 135  
 Che in fin lassù facea spiacer suo lezzo.

<sup>27</sup> Farinata's prophesy about his exile.

<sup>28</sup> Beatrice, or Celestial Wisdom. See canto ii.

<sup>29</sup> Thy earthly joys and hopes are gone. The gay leopard will never impede thee again. Thou shalt go through this dark Hell, and see all its bitterness; and then shalt thou come

to that heavenly Light which will teach thee the journey of thy life, and the eternal things that depend on it.

<sup>30</sup> The Poets always turn to the left, when going to a worse class of sinners.

<sup>31</sup> Lit.: "Which made its fetor displease even up there. They are still far from the lowest part of Hell.

## ARGUMENT.

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AFTER crossing the Sixth Circle, the poets come to a rocky precipice which separates it from the circles beneath. They find a large monument, standing on the very edge of the precipice, with an inscription indicating that it contains a heretical Pope; and are forced to take shelter behind it, on account of the fetid exhalation that is rising from the abyss. Virgil explains what kind of sinners are punished in the three circles which they have still to see; and why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy-sluggish, are not punished within the city of Dis. Dante then inquires how usury offends God; and Virgil having answered him, they go on, toward a place at which a passage leads down to the Seventh Circle.

## CANTO XI.

UPON the edge of a high bank, formed by large broken stones in a circle, we came above a still more cruel throng.<sup>1</sup> And here, because of the horrible excess of stench<sup>2</sup> which the deep abyss throws out, we approached it under cover of a great monument, whereon I saw a writing that said: "I hold Pope Anastasius, whom Photinus drew from the straight way."<sup>3</sup>

"Our descent we must delay, till sense be some-

IN su l' estremità d' un' alta ripa,  
 Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio,  
 Venimmo sopra più crudele stipa:  
 E quivi per l' orribile soperchio  
 Del puzzo, che il profondo abisso gitta, 5  
 Ci raccostammo dietro ad un coperchio  
 D' un grande avello, ov' io vidi una scritta  
 Che diceva: Anastasio papa guardo,  
 Lo qual trasse Fotin della via dritta.  
 Lo nostro scender convien esser tardo, 10

<sup>1</sup> Crowd of greater sinners in greater punishment, below the precipice to which the Poets have come.

<sup>2</sup> Stench of murderers, &c., that are below.

"Oh, my offense is rank; it smells to heaven."

*Hamlet*, act iii. scene 3.

<sup>3</sup> It was a current belief in Dante's time, and for two hundred years later, that a Pope Anastasius had been drawn from the straight way by Photinus, the Heretic of Thessalonica; and had died a horrible death in consequence. See the comments of Boccaccio, Landino, Vellutello, Daniello, &c. The Jesuits Bellarmino, Venturi, &c., have endeavored to

show that there was no such Pope in the time of Photinus. The question, whether any heretical Pope or Emperor of that name ever existed, may remain a matter of indifference to us. The practical meaning of the passage is very evident. Dante wishes all men to know his opinion, that Popes are not exempt from heresy, and that it deserves greater punishment in them than in other men. He finds an Emperor, a Ghibelline Cardinal, and the greatest of the Ghibelline chiefs, in the same circle. "This cry of thine will do like wind, which strikes with greatest force the highest summits." *Parad.* xvii. 133.

what used to the dismal blast, and then we shall not heed it." Thus the Master. And I said to him: "Find some compensation, that the time may not be lost." And he: "Thou seest that I intend it."

"My Son, within these stones," he then began to say, "are three circlets<sup>4</sup> in gradation, like those thou leavest. They are all filled with spirits accurst. But, that the sight of *these* hereafter may of itself suffice thee, hearken how and wherefore they are pent up. Of all malice, which gains hatred in Heaven, the end is injury; and every such end, either by violence or by fraud, aggrieveth others. But because fraud is a vice peculiar to man, it more displeases God; and therefore the fraudulent are placed beneath,<sup>5</sup> and more pain assails them.

Sì che s' ausi prima un poco il senso  
 Al tristo fiato, e poi non fia riguardo.  
 Così il Maestro. Ed io: Alcun compenso,  
 Dissi lui, trova, che il tempo non passi  
 Perduto. Ed egli: Vedi ch' a ciò penso. 15  
 Figliuol mio, dentro da cotesti sassi,  
 Cominciò poi a dir, son tre cerchietti  
 Di grado in grado, come quei che lassi.  
 Tutti son pien di spirti maledetti: 20  
 Ma perchè poi ti basti pur la vista,  
 Intendi come, e perchè son costretti.  
 D' ogni malizia ch' odio in Cielo acquista,  
 Ingiuria è il fine; ed ogni fin cotale  
 O con forza, o con frode altrui contrista.  
 Ma perchè frode è dell' uom proprio male, 25  
 Più spiace a Dio; e però stan di sutto  
 Gli frodolenti, e più dolor gli assale.

11. *S' ausi, s' avezzi.*

18. *Lassi, lasci.*

<sup>4</sup> "Circlets," from the smallness of their size, compared with those above. "In gradation," i.e. one after another, becoming smaller. | <sup>5</sup> *Quum autem duobus modis, id est, aut vi aut fraude fiat injuria . . . . . utrumque alienissimum ab*

“All the first circle is for the violent. But as violence may be done to three persons, it is formed and distinguished into three rounds.<sup>6</sup> To God, to one's self, and to one's neighbor may violence be done: I say to them and to their things, as thou shalt hear with open demonstration.

“By violence, death and painful wounds may be brought upon<sup>7</sup> one's neighbor; and upon his substance, devastations, burnings, and injurious extortions: wherefore the first round torments all homicides, every one who strikes maliciously, all plunderers and robbers, in different bands. A man may lay violent hands upon himself, and upon his property: and therefore in the second round must every one repent in vain who deprives himself of your world,<sup>8</sup> games away and dissipates his wealth, and weeps

De' violenti il primo cerchio è tutto,  
 Ma perchè si fa forza a tre persone,  
 In tre gironi è distinto e costruito. 30

A Dio, a sè, al prossimo si puone  
 Far forza; dico in loro, e in lor cose,  
 Come udirai con aperta ragione.

Morte per forza, e ferute dogliose  
 Nel prossimo si danno, e nel suo avere 35  
 Ruine, incendi e tollette dannose:

Onde omicidi, e ciascun che mal fiere,  
 Guastatori e predon, tutti tormenta  
 Lo giron primo per diverse schiere.

Puote uomo avere in sè man violenta 40  
 E ne' suoi beni: e però nel secondo  
 Giron convien che senza pro si pente  
 Qualunque priva sè del vostro mondo,  
 Biscazza e fonde la sua facultade,

*homine est; sed fraus odio digna*  
*major.* Cicero, de Offic. i. 18.

<sup>6</sup> Concentric spaces, or rings.

<sup>7</sup> Lit.: "Are given to the neigh-

bor." *Catervatim dat stragem.*  
 Georg. iii. 556. *Cæcum dare vulnus.*  
 Æn. x. 733.

<sup>8</sup> Commits self-murder.

there where he should be joyous.<sup>9</sup> Violence may be done against the Deity, in the heart<sup>10</sup> denying and blaspheming Him; and insulting Nature and her bounty: and hence the smallest<sup>11</sup> round seals with its mark<sup>12</sup> both Sodom and Cahors,<sup>13</sup> and all who speak with disparagement of God in their hearts.

“Fraud, which gnaws every conscience,<sup>14</sup> a man may practice upon those who confide in him; and upon those who lend no *special* confidence. This latter mode<sup>15</sup> seems only to cut off the bond of love

E piange là dove esser dee giocondo. 45  
 Puossi far forza nella Deitade,  
 Col cor negando e bestemmiando quella,  
 E spregiando Natura, e sua bontade:  
 E però lo minor giron suggella  
 Del segno suo e Sodoma, e Caorsa, 50  
 E chi, spregiando Dio, col cor favella.  
 La frode, ond' ogni coscienza è morsa,  
 Può l' uomo usare in quei, ch' in lui si fida,  
 E in quei che fidanza non imborsa.  
 Questo modo di retro par che uccida 55  
 Pur lo vincol d' amor che fa Natura :

<sup>9</sup> Dante has an earnestness that is deep, nay infinite; but that only makes him feel the beauty and bounty of God's creation with more clearness and intensity. To him moroseness seems a great crime.

<sup>10</sup> “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.” *Psalm* xiv. 1; liii. 1. “Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts . . . blasphemy, pride, foolishness.” *Mark* vii. 21, 22.

<sup>11</sup> Included within the other two, and therefore smallest.

<sup>12</sup> “If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in the forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God.” *Rev.* xiv. 9, 10.

<sup>13</sup> Cahors, a city of Guienne; a nest of usurers in Dante's time. Boccaccio says that in Florence *Caorsino* was synonymous with *usuraio*, usurer. See *Ducange, Glossar*, art. *Caorcini*, for some curious particulars respecting the numbers and hateful work of those usurers.

<sup>14</sup> Gnaws every one conscious of having practiced it. Or: gnaws the conscience of every one: from its being so common in those times.

<sup>15</sup> Fraud in general, without violation of any special confidence, breaks only the common bond of love that unites man to man.



which Nature makes: hence in the second circle nests hypocrisy, flattery, sorcerers, cheating, theft and simony, panders, barterers, and like filth. In the other mode is forgotten that love which Nature makes, and also that which afterward is added,<sup>16</sup> giving birth to special trust. Hence in the smallest circle, at the center of the universe and seat of Dis,<sup>17</sup> every traitor is eternally consumed."

And I: "Master, thy discourse proceeds most clearly, and excellently distinguishes this gulf, and the people that possesses it. But tell me: Those of the fat marsh;<sup>18</sup> *those* whom the wind leads, and whom the rain beats; and *those* who meet with

Onde nel cerchio secondo s' annida  
Ipocrisia, lusinghe e chi affattura,  
Falsità, ladroneccio e simonia,  
Ruffian, baratti, e simile lordura. 60  
Per l' altro modo quell' amor s' obblia  
Che fa Natura, e quel ch' è poi aggiunto,  
Di che la fede spezial si cria :  
Onde nel cerchio minore, ov' è il punto  
Dell' universo, in su che Dite siede, 65  
Qualunque trade in eterno è consunto.  
Ed io: Maestro, assai chiaro procede  
La tua ragione, ed assai ben distingue  
Questo baratro, e il popol che il possiede.  
Ma dimmi: Quei della palude pingue 70  
Che mena il vento, e che batte la pioggia,  
E che s' incontran con sì aspre lingue,

<sup>16</sup> Fraud, or treachery, against relations, benefactors, friends, &c., breaks this additional bond of love. See *Æn.* vi. 609.

<sup>17</sup> Lit.: "Where is the point (center) of the universe, upon which Dis sits." See canto xxxiv.

<sup>18</sup> "Those of the fat marsh" are the Wrathful, &c. Canto viii. "Those

whom the wind leads," the Carnal sinners. Canto v. "Whom the rain beats," the Gluttons and Epicures. Canto vi. "Those with tongues so sharp," the Prodigal and Avaricious. Canto vii. They of the confines, "who never were alive" (canto iii.), are not taken into account.

tongues so sharp—why are they not punished in the red city, if God's anger be upon them? And if not, why are they in such plight?"

And he to me: "Wherefore errs thy mind so much beyond its wont? Or are thy thoughts turned somewhere else? Rememberest thou not the words wherewith thy *Ethics*<sup>19</sup> treat of the three dispositions which Heaven wills not, incontinence, malice, and mad bestiality? And how incontinence less offends God, and receives less blame? If thou rightly considerest this doctrine, and recallest to thy memory who they are that suffer punishment above, without,"<sup>20</sup>

Perchè non dentro della città roggia  
 Son ei puniti, se Dio gli ha in ira?  
 E se non gli ha, perchè sono a tal foggia? 75  
 Ed egli a me: Perchè tanto delira,  
 Disse, lo ingegno tuo da quel ch' ei suole?  
 Ovver la mente dove altrove mira?  
 Non ti rimembra di quelle parole,  
 Con le quai la tua Etica pertratta 80  
 Le tre disposizion, che il Ciel non vuole;  
 Incontinenza, malizia e la matta  
 Bestialitade? e come incontinenza  
 Men Dio offende, e men biasimo accatta?  
 Se tu riguardi ben questa sentenza, 85  
 E rechiti alla mente chi son quelli,  
 Che su di fuer sostengon penitenza,

73. *Roggia*, rossa, red with fire.

<sup>19</sup> The *Ethics* of Aristotle, which thou hast made thy own by study. Lib. vii. cap. 1. "Respecting morals, three things are to be avoided: malice, incontinence, and bestiality." See also *Ibid.* cap. 8, &c.

<sup>20</sup> Incontinence is punished in the five circles, which are above, without the city of Dis; and malice and bestiality, in the three lowest circles within it. Heresy lies between

them in the Sixth Circle, like a kind of connecting link; a preparation for the transition from incontinence to malice and brutishness. That tomb of the Pope is put on the verge of the precipice, and exposed to the blast of the abyss, in order to show, among other things, what crimes heresy may lead to, especially in those of high station.

thou easily wilt see why they are separated from these fell *spirits*, and why, with less anger, Divine Justice strikes them."

"O Sun!<sup>21</sup> who healest all troubled vision, thou makest so glad when thou resolvest me, that to doubt is not less grateful than to know. Turn thee yet a little back, to where thou sayest that usury offends the Divine Goodness,<sup>22</sup> and unravel the knot."

He said to me: "Philosophy, to him who hears<sup>23</sup> it, points out, not in one place alone, how Nature takes her course from the Divine Intellect, and from its art. And, if thou note well thy Physics, thou wilt find, not many pages from the first, that your art, as far as it can, follows her,<sup>24</sup> as the scholar does

Tu vedrai ben perchè da questi felli  
 Sien dipartiti, e perchè men crucciata  
 La divina giustizia gli martelli. 90  
 O Sol, che sani ogni vista turbata,  
 Tu mi contenti sì, quando tu solvi,  
 Che, non men che saver, dubbiar m' aggrata,  
 Ancora un poco indietro ti rivolvi,  
 Diss' io, là dove di' che usara offende 95  
 La divina bontade, e il groppo svolvi.  
 Filosofia, mi disse, a chi l'attende,  
 Nota non pure in una sola parte,  
 Come Natura lo suo corso prende  
 Dal divino Intelletto e da sua arte: 100  
 E se tu ben la tua Fisica note,  
 Tu troverai non dopo molte carte,  
 Che l' arte vostra quella, quanto puote,  
 Segue, come il maestro fa il discente,

<sup>21</sup> "Light of other Poets." Canto i. 82.

<sup>22</sup> See verses 46-50, where this is said in substance.

<sup>23</sup> Lit.: "Who attends to it;" considers it rightly. Some editions

read: *Chi la intende*, "who understands it;" but without good authority.

<sup>24</sup> Nature. In the Physics of Aristotle, ii. 2: *Ars imitatur naturam in quantum potest*.

his master; so that your art is, as it were, the grand-child<sup>25</sup> of the Deity. By these two,<sup>26</sup> if thou recallest to thy memory Genesis<sup>27</sup> at the beginning, it behoves man to gain his bread, and multiply the people.<sup>28</sup> And because the usurer takes another way, he contemns Nature in herself, and in her follower,<sup>29</sup> placing elsewhere his hope.

“But follow me now, as it pleases me to go; for the Fishes<sup>30</sup> glide on the horizon, and all the Wain lies over Caurus, and yonder far onward we go down the cliff.”

Sì che vostr' arte a Dio quasi è nipote. 105  
 Da queste due, se tu ti rechi a mente  
 Lo Genesi dal principio, conviene  
 Prender sua vita, ed avanzar la gente.  
 E perchè l' usuriere altra via tiene,  
 Per sè Natura, e per la sua seguace 110  
 Dispregia, poichè in altro pon la spene.  
 Ma seguimi oramai, che il gir mi piace:  
 Chè i Pesci guizzan su per l' orizzonta,  
 E il Carro tutto sovra Coro giace,  
 E il balzo via là oltre si dismonta. 115

<sup>25</sup> Your art being the daughter of Nature, and Nature the daughter of the Deity.

<sup>26</sup> By Nature and Art; by real work, agreeable to Nature and Art, “it behoves,” &c.

<sup>27</sup> Allusion to the labor appointed for Adam and all his posterity: “And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it.” *Genesis*, ii. 15. “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.” *Ibid.* iii. 19.

<sup>28</sup> Lit.: “To take, or receive, his life (sustenance), and advance the people.” The “advance” admits of different interpretations. Boccaccio translates it, “multiply;” and the words in the first chapter of *Genesis*,

“Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth,” also suggest that meaning.

<sup>29</sup> Art. See v. 103. The usurer trusts in his gains by usury alone. Our systems of Political Economy, and our Money Market, lie very far remote from those times of Dante.

<sup>30</sup> The constellation of the Fishes, now above the horizon, is that which immediately precedes Aries; and as the sun is in Aries (note 9, p. 16), the time here indicated is some two hours before sunrise. The position of the Wain, or Great Bear, in the northwest (*Caurus* is the Latin name for the northwest wind), indicates the same thing.

## ARGUMENT.

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THE way down to the Seventh Circle commences in a wild chasm of shattered rocks. Its entrance is occupied by the Minotaur, horror of Crete, and emblem of the bloodthirsty violence and brutality that are punished below. The monster begins to gnaw himself threateningly; but Virgil directs emphatic words to him, which instantly make him plunge about in powerless fury, and leave the passage free for some time. Dante is then led down among loose stones, which are lying so steep, that they give way under the weight of his feet. The river of Blood comes to view as they approach the bottom of the precipice. It goes round the whole of the Seventh Circle, and forms the first of its three divisions. All who have committed Violence against others are tormented in it; some being immersed to the eyebrows, some to the throat, &c., according to the different degrees of guilt; and troops of Centaurs are running along its outer bank, keeping each sinner at his proper depth. Nessus is appointed by Chiron, chief of the Centaurs, to guide Dante to the shallowest part of the river, and carry him across it. He names several of the tyrants, murderers, assassins, &c., that appear as they go along; and then repasses the river by himself to rejoin his companions.

## CANTO XII.

THE place to which we came, in order to descend the bank, was alpine, and such, from what was there besides, that every eye would shun<sup>1</sup> it. As is the ruin, which struck the Adige in its flank, on this side Trent,<sup>2</sup> *caused* by earthquake or by defective prop; for from the summit of the mountain, whence it moved, to the plain, the rock is shattered so, that it might give some passage to one that were above: such of that rocky steep was the descent. And on the top of the broken cleft lay spread the infamy of Crete,<sup>3</sup> which was conceived in the false cow.<sup>4</sup> And

ERA lo loco, ove a scender la riva  
 Venimmo, alpestro; e, per quel ch' ivi er' anco,  
 Tal, ch' ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva.  
 Qual è quella ruina, che nel fianco  
 Di qua da Trento l' Adice percosse 5  
 O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco;  
 Che da cima del monte, onde si mosse,  
 Al piano, è sì la roccia discosciosa,  
 Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse:  
 Cotal di quel burrato era la scesa. 10  
 E in su la punta della rotta lacca  
 L' infamia di Creti era distesa,  
 Che fu concetta nella falsa vacca:

<sup>1</sup> Such, from the Minotaur which lay spread over it (ver. 11, &c.), that "every look would be shy of it."

<sup>2</sup> Dante had doubtless seen the fall of the mountain, which he here describes, as it could not have been far from Verona. One such fall took place near Rivoli in 1310, when he was probably staying with Bartolom. della Scala. See the Paduan edition

of Dante. But the Adige is a rapid stream, and seems to have been thus "struck in flank, or thrust out of its course, at various places, by the mountains it had undermined.

<sup>3</sup> The Minotaur. *Æn.* vi. 26, &c. Ovid. *Mét.* viii. 155, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Pasiphaë; *suppositaque furto*, &c. *Æn.* vi. 25, &c.

when he saw us, he gnawed himself, like one whom anger inwardly consumes.

My Sage cried toward him: "Perhaps thou think-est the Duke<sup>5</sup> of Athens may be here, who, in the world above, gave thee thy death? Get thee gone, Monster! For he comes not, instructed by thy sister;<sup>6</sup> but passes on to see your punishments."

As a bull, that breaks loose, in the moment when he has received the fatal stroke, and can not go, but plunges hither and thither; so I saw the Minotaur do. And my wary Guide cried: "Run to the passage. While he is in fury, it is good that thou descend."

Thus we took our way downward on the ruin<sup>7</sup> of those stones, which often moved beneath my feet,

E quando vide noi, se stesso morse,  
Sì come quei cui l' ira dentro fiacca. 15  
Lo Savio mio in vèr lui gridò: Forse  
Tu credi che qui sia il Duca d' Atene,  
Che su nel mondo la morte ti porse?  
Partiti, bestia, chè questi non viene  
Ammaestrato dalla tua sorella, 20  
Ma vassi per veder le vostre pene.  
Qual è quel toro, che si slaccia in quella  
Che ha ricevuto già 'l colpo mortale,  
Che gir non sa, ma qua e là saltella;  
Vid' io lo Minotauro far cotale. 25  
E quegli accorto gridò: Corri al varco;  
Mentre ch' è in furia, è buon che tu ti cale.  
Così prendemmo via giù per lo scarco  
Di quelle pietre, che spesso moviensi

<sup>5</sup> Theseus, Shakspeare's "re-nowned Duke." The name makes the Minotaur spring up from its lair, in blind fury.

<sup>6</sup> Ariadne, by whose instructions Theseus was enabled to slay the

Minotaur, and make his escape from its labyrinth.

<sup>7</sup> Lit.: "Discharge," &c. Stones lying as steep as when they were first shattered and fell.

from the unusual weight.<sup>8</sup> I went musing, and he said: "Perhaps thou art thinking of this fallen mass, guarded by that bestial rage, which I quelled just now. I would have thee know, that, when I went the other time, down here to the deep Hell,<sup>9</sup> this rock had not yet fallen. But certainly, if I distinguish rightly, short while before he came, who took from Dis the great prey of the upmost circle,<sup>10</sup> on all sides the deep loathsome valley trembled so, that I thought the Universe felt love, whereby, as some believe, the world has oft-times been converted into chaos.<sup>11</sup> And in that moment,<sup>12</sup> here, and elsewhere,<sup>13</sup> this ancient rock made such downfall.

Sotto i miei piedi per lo nuovo càrco. 30  
 Io già pensando; e quei disse: Tu pensi  
 Forse a questa rovina, ch' è guardata  
 Da quell' ira bestial, ch' io ora spensi.  
 Or vo' che sappi, che l' altra fiata  
 Ch' io discesi quaggiù nel basso Inferno, 35  
 Questa roccia non era ancor cascata.  
 Ma certo, poco pria, se ben discerno,  
 Che venisse Colui, che la gran preda  
 Levò a Dite del cerchio superno,  
 Da tutte parti l' alta valle feda 40  
 Tremò sì, ch' io pensai che l' Universo  
 Sentisse amor, per lo quale è chi creda  
 Più volte il mondo in caos converso:  
 E in quel punto questa vecchia roccia  
 Qui, e altrove, tal fece riverso. 45

<sup>8</sup> Weight of his body; on a way frequented only by spirits.

<sup>9</sup> See canto ix. 25, &c.

<sup>10</sup> Took the Patriarchs ("great prey" of Dis till then) from Limbo. Canto iv. 52, &c.

<sup>11</sup> Opinion of Empedocles. Arist. *Metaphys.* i. 4; Lucret. i. 717, &c.

<sup>12</sup> When Christ died. "And the

earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened: and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves, and went into the holy city." *Matt.* xxvii. 51, &c.

<sup>13</sup> In the place of the Hypocrites. Canto xxiii. 136, &c.



“ But fix thy eyes upon the valley ;<sup>14</sup> for the river of blood draws nigh, in which boils every one who by violence injures others. O blind cupidity ! O foolish anger ! which so incites us in the short life ; and then, in the eternal, steeps us so bitterly.”

I saw a wide foss bent arcwise, as embracing all the plain, according to what my Guide had told me. And between it and the foot of the bank were Centaurs, running one behind the other, armed with arrows, as they were wont on earth to go in hunting. Perceiving us descend, they all stood still ; and from the band three came forth with bows and javelins chosen first. And one of them cried from far : “ To what torment come ye, ye that descend the coast ? Tell from thence : if not, I draw the bow.”

My Master said : “ Our answer we will make to

Ma ficca gli occhi a valle ; chè s' approccia  
 La riviera del sangue, in la qual bolle  
 Qual che per violenza in altrui nocchia.  
 O cieca cupidigia, o ira folle,  
 Che sì ci sproni nella vita corta, 50  
 E nell' eterna poi sì mal c' immolle !  
 Io vidi un' ampia fossa in arco torta,  
 Come quella che tutto il piano abbraccia,  
 Secondo ch' avea detto la mia scorta :  
 E tra il piè della ripa ed essa, in traccia 55  
 Correan Centauri armati di saette,  
 Come solean nel mondo andare a caccia.  
 Vedendoci calar ciascun ristette,  
 E della schiera tre sì dipartiro  
 Con archi e asticciuole prima elette : 60  
 E l' un gridò da lungi : A qual martiro  
 Venite voi, che scendete la costa ?  
 Ditel costinci, se non, l' arco tiro.  
 Lo mio Maestro disse : La risposta

<sup>14</sup> Look down ; “ fix thy eyes (a valle) valleyward.”

Chiron, there near at hand. Unhappily<sup>15</sup> thy will was always thus rash."

Then touching me, he said: "That is Nessus, who died for the fair Dejanira, and took vengeance for himself.<sup>16</sup> He in the middle, that is looking down upon his breast, is the great Chiron,<sup>17</sup> he who nursed Achilles. That other is Pholus,<sup>18</sup> who was so full of rage. Around the foss they go by thousands, piercing with their arrows whatever spirit wrenches itself out of the blood farther than its guilt has allotted for it."

We drew near those rapid beasts. Chiron took an arrow, and with the notch put back his beard upon his jaws. When he had uncovered his great mouth, he said to his companions: "Have ye perceived that

Farem noi a Chiron costà di presso :	65
Mal fu la voglia tua sempre sì tosta.	
Poi mi tentò, e disse : Quegli è Nesso,	
Che morì per la bella Deianira,	
E fe' di sè la vendetta egli stesso.	
E quel di mezzo, che al petto si mira,	70
È il gran Chirone, il qual nudrio Achille :	
Quell' altro è Folo, che fu sì pien d' ira.	
Dintorno al fosso vanno a mille a mille,	
Saettando qual' anima si svelle	
Del sangue più che sua colpa sortille.	75
Noi ci appressammo a quelle fiere snelle :	
Chiron prese uno strale, e con la cocca	
Fece la barba indietro alle mascelle.	
Quando s' ebbe scoperta la gran bocca,	
Disse ai compagni : Siete voi accorti,	80

<sup>15</sup> Unhappily for thyself. Hercules slew thee for thy rashness. Virgil will explain his errand only to Chiron, the sage physician.

<sup>16</sup> Vengeance upon Hercules, by "the envenomed robe." See the

whole story in Ovid. *Metam.* ix. 101, &c.

<sup>17</sup> *Magistri, Phillyrides Chiron, &c.* Georg. iii. 549.

<sup>18</sup> *Furentes Centauros leto domuit Rhetumque, Pholumque.* Ib. ii. 451

he behind moves what he touches? The feet of the dead are not wont to do so."

And my good Guide, who was already at his breast, where the two natures join, replied: "Indeed he is alive, and solitary thus have I to show him the dark valley. Necessity brings him to it,<sup>19</sup> and not sport. From singing Alleluiah, came She<sup>20</sup> who gave me this new office. He is no robber, nor I a thievish spirit. But by that virtue<sup>21</sup> through which I move my steps on such a woody way,<sup>22</sup> give us one of thy companions whom we may follow,<sup>23</sup> that he may show us where the ford is, and carry over him upon his back, for he is not a spirit to go through the air."

Che quel di dietro move ciò ch' ei tocca?

Così non soglion fare i piè de' morti.

E il mio buon Duca, che già gli era al petto,

Ove le due nature son consorti,

Rispose: Ben è vivo; e sì soletto 85

Mostrarli mi convien la valle buia:

Necessità il c' induce, e non diletto.

Tal si partì da cantare alleluia,

Che mi commise quest' ufficio nuovo;

Non è ladron, nè io anima fuia. 90

Ma per quella virtù, per cui io muovo

Li passi miei per sì selvaggia strada,

Danne un de' tuoi, a cui noi siamo a pruovo,

Che ne dimostri là ove si guada,

E che porti costui in su la groppa, 95

Chè non è spirto che per l'aer vada.

93. *A pruovo*, from Lat. *prope*, near.

<sup>19</sup> "And there was no other way," &c. *Purg.* canto i. 62.

<sup>20</sup> Lit.: "Such (Beatrice, Celestial Wisdom) came from singing Alleluiah;" and "gave me (Human Wisdom) this new office." See note 9, p. 28. See also the "Great voice of much people in Heaven, saying Alleluiah . . . as the voice of many wa-

ters, and as the voice of many thunders," &c. *Rev.* xix. 1, 6.

<sup>21</sup> That high Celestial mission.

<sup>22</sup> Or: "wild," obstructed way.

<sup>23</sup> Lit.: "To whom we may be near," &c. *Nessus adit, membrisque valens, scitusque vadorum.* Ovid. *Met.* ix. 108.

Chiron bent round on his right breast, and said to Nessus: "Turn, and guide them so; and if another troop meet you, ward it off."

We moved onward with the trusty guide, along the border of the purple seething, wherein the boiled *spirits* gave loud yells. I saw people, to the eyebrows immersed in it; and the large Centaur said: "These are tyrants who took to blood and plunder. Here they lament their merciless offenses. Here is Alexander;<sup>24</sup> and fierce Dionysius, who made Sicily have years of woe. And that brow with hair so black is Azzolino;<sup>25</sup> and that other who is blonde, is Obizzo<sup>26</sup>

Chiron si volse in sulla destra poppa,  
 E disse a Nesso: Torna, e sì li guida;  
 E fa cansar, s' altra schiera v' intoppa.  
 Noi ci movemmo colla scorta fida 100  
 Lungo la proda del bollor vermiglio,  
 Ove i bolliti faceano alte strida.  
 Io vidi gente sotto infino al ciglio;  
 E il gran Centauro disse: Ei son tiranni,  
 Che dier nel sangue e nell' aver di piglio. 105  
 Quivi si piangon li spietati danni:  
 Quivi è Alessandro, e Dionisio fero,  
 Che fe' Cicilia aver dolorosi anni:  
 E quella fronte che ha il pel così nero  
 È Azzolino; e quell' altro, ch' è biondo, 110

<sup>24</sup> Alexander the Great, according to the earliest commentators, Pietro (Dante's son), Boccaccio, Landino, &c. And their opinion is confirmed by the passage in Lucan, beginning: *Illic Pellæi proles vesana Philippi, Felix prædo jacet*, &c. Phars. x. 21, &c. Alexander is praised, but for his liberality only, in the *Convito*, Tr. iv. c.

<sup>25</sup> Azzolino, or Ezzelino di Romano, Lieutenant of the Emperor Frederick II.; and afterward Chief

of the Ghibellines, in the Marca Trevigiana and great part of Lombardy. He died in 1260; and was "the most cruel and formidable tyrant that ever lived among Christians." *Villani*, vi. 72. No exaggeration here in the Guelph historian.

<sup>26</sup> Marquis of Ferrara, "a furious, cruel, rapacious tyrant." When weakened by disease, in the year 1293, he was smothered by his own son Azzo, who is here called a stepson in consequence. He was a

of Este, who in verity was suffocated, up in the world, by his step-son."

Then I turned me to the Poet, and he said: "Let him be chief guide to thee now,"<sup>27</sup> and me second."

A little farther on the Centaur paused beside a people which, as far as the throat, seemed to issue from that boiling stream. He showed us a spirit by itself apart, saying: "He, in God's bosom, pierced the heart which still is venerated on the Thames."<sup>28</sup>

Then some I saw, who kept the head and likewise all the chest out of the river; and of these I recog-

È Obizzo da Esti, il qual per vero  
Fu spento dal figliastro su nel mondo.  
Allor mi volsi al Poeta; e quei disse:  
Questi ti sia or primo, ed io secondo.  
Poco più oltre il Centauro s' affiase 115  
Sovra una gente, che infino alla gola  
Parea che di quel bulicame uscisse.  
Mostrocci un' ombra dall' un canto sola,  
Dicendo: Colui fesse, in grembo a Dio,  
Lo cuor che in sul Tamigi ancor si cola. 120  
Poi vidi genti, che di fuor del rio  
Tenean la testa e ancor tutto il casso:

Guelph, counterpart to Ezzelino the Ghibelline. Dante had an equal hatred of both factions. The Monarchy, for which he strove so zealously, was to be a thing infinitely above both. Azzo is again alluded to in *canto xviii.* 56; and in *Purg.* v. 77.

<sup>27</sup> Lit.: "Let him be first to thee," &c. Let him show thee these tyrants, assassins, and murderers. Phlegyas, whom we saw on the angry marsh, is Grandfather of the Centaurs, in the ancient myths; and like him, they are emblems of Violence.

<sup>28</sup> Guy de Montfort, during mass and the elevation of the host in a church at Viterbo, stabbed Prince

Henry, the son of Richard of Cornwall, and nephew of Henry III., in revenge for the death of his father, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Villani (vii. 39) says, "that the heart of Henry, in a golden cup, was placed on a pillar at London bridge, over the river Thames, for a memorial to the English of the said outrage." Some Italian commentators make *ancor si cola* mean "still drips," as if calling for vengeance: but that is quite a modern interpretation, and hardly deserves notice.

Guy is put apart from the rest, on account of the circumstances and the place where his crime was committed.

nised many. Thus more and more that blood grew shallow, until it covered the feet only: and here lay our passage through the foss. "As thou seest the boiling stream, on this side, continually diminish," said the Centaur, "so I would have thee to believe that, on this other,"<sup>29</sup> it lowers its bottom more and more, till it comes again to where tyranny is doomed to mourn. Divine Justice here torments that Attila, who was a scourge on earth; and Pyrrhus and Sextus;<sup>30</sup> and draws eternal tears, which with its boiling it unlocks, from Rinier of Corneto, from Rinier Pazzo,<sup>31</sup> who on the highways made so much war."

Then he turned back, and by himself repassed the ford.

E di costoro assai riconobb' io.  
 Così a più a più si faceva basso  
 Quel sangue sì, che copria pur li piedi:      125  
 E quivi fu del fosso il nostro passo.  
 Sì come tu da questa parte vedi  
 Lo bulicame che sempre si scema,  
 Disse il Centauro, voglio che tu credi,  
 Che da quest' altra a più a più giù prema      130  
 Lo fondo suo, infin che si raggiunge  
 Ove la tirannia convien che gema.  
 La divina giustizia di qua punge  
 Quell' Attila che fu flagello in terra,  
 E Pirro, e Sesto; ed in eterno munge      135  
 Le lagrime, che col bollor disserra,  
 A Rinier da Corneto, a Rinier Pazzo,  
 Che fecero alle strade tanta guerra.  
 Poi si rivolse, e ripassossi il guazzo.

<sup>29</sup> Nessus keeps wading across the broad ford, at the same time that he is telling Dante how, on both sides of them, the stream deepens.

*erat, magno proles indigna parente,* &c. Lucan vi. 420.

<sup>30</sup> Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. Sextus the Pirate, son of Pompey. *Sextus*

<sup>31</sup> Two noted robbers and assassins, both on a great scale, in the time of Frederick II. The latter belonged to the noble family of the Passi in Florence.

## ARGUMENT.

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**THE Second Round, or ring, of the Seventh Circle; the dismal mystic Wood of Self-murderers.** The souls of these have taken root in the ground, and become stunted trees, with withered leaves and branches; instead of fruit, producing poison. The obscene Harpies, insatiable foreboders of misery and despair, sit wailing upon them and devouring them. Pietro delle Vigne, the great Chancellor of Frederick II., is one of the suicides; and he tells Dante what had made him destroy himself, and also in what manner the souls are converted into those uncouth trees. Their discourse is interrupted by the noise of two spirits all naked and torn, who come rushing through the dense wood, pursued by eager female hell-hounds. The first of them is Lano, a Siennese; the second, Jacopo da Sant' Andrea, a Paduan. Both had violently wasted their substance, and thereby brought themselves to an untimely end, and to this punishment. Dante finds a countryman, who, after squandering all his substance, had hanged himself; and hears him speak superstitiously about the Calamities of Florence.

## CANTO XIII.

NESSUS had not yet reached the other side,<sup>1</sup> when we moved into a wood, which by no path was marked. Not green the foliage, but brown in color; not smooth the branches, but gnarled and warped; apples none were there, but withered sticks with poison. No holts<sup>2</sup> so rough or dense have those wild beasts, that hate the cultivated tracts, between Cecina and Corneto.<sup>3</sup>

Here the unseemly Harpies make their nest, who chased the Trojans from the Strophades with dismal note of future woe.<sup>4</sup> Wide wings they have, and necks and faces human, feet with claws,<sup>5</sup> and their

NON era ancor di là Nesso arrivato,  
 Quando noi ci mettemmo per un bosco,  
 Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.  
 Non frondi verdi ma di color fosco;  
 Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti;                    5  
 Non pomi v' eran, ma stecchi con toscò.  
 Non han sì aspri sterpi nè sì folti  
 Quelle fiere selvagge, che in odio hanno  
 Tra Cecina e Corneto i luoghi colti.  
 Quivi le brutte Arpie lor nido fanno.                    10  
 Che cacciâr delle Strofade i Troiani  
 Con tristo annunzio di futuro danno.  
 Ale hanno late, e colli e visi umani,  
 Piè con artigli, e pennuto il gran ventre:

<sup>1</sup> Of the river of blood.

<sup>2</sup> Lit.: "No roots, trunks, or shoots so rough," &c.

<sup>3</sup> Cecina, a small river to the south of Leghorn; Corneto, a town in the Patrimony of the Church. The district between them is still wild, and entangled with forests and marshes.

<sup>4</sup> See the prophecy of Cæloëno the Harpy, &c.; and its effect on the Trojans. *Æn.* iii. 245-262.

<sup>5</sup> *Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris Proluvies, uncaque manus, et pallida semper Ora fama.* *Æn.* iii. 216, &c.



large belly feathered. They make rueful cries<sup>6</sup> on the strange trees.

And the kind Master began to say to me: "Before thou goest farther, know that thou art in the second round; and shalt be, until thou come to the horrid sand.<sup>7</sup> Therefore look well, and thou shalt see things that will confirm my speech."<sup>8</sup>

Already I heard wailings uttered on every side, and saw no one to make them; wherefore I, all bewildered, stood still. I believe he thought that I imagined so many voices came, among those stumps, from people who hid themselves on our account. Therefore the Master said; "If thou breakest off any twiglet from one of these plants, the thoughts, which thou hast, will all become defective."

Fanno lamenti in su gli alberi strani.	15
E il buon Maestro: Prima che più entre,	
Sappi che sei nel secondo girone,	
Mi cominciò a dire; e sarai, mentre	
Che tu verrai all' orribil sabbione.	
Però riguarda bene, e sì vedrai	20
Cose, che daran fede al mio sermone.	
Io sentia già d' ogni parte trar guai,	
E non vedea persona che il facesse;	
Per ch' io tutto smarrito m' arrestai.	
I' credo ch' ei credette ch' io credesse,	25
Che tante voci uscisser tra que' bronchi	
Da gente che per noi si nascondesse,	
Però disse il Maestro: Se tu tronchi	
Qualche fraschetta d' una d' este piante,	
Li pensier ch' hai si faran tutti monchi.	30

<sup>6</sup> *Vox tetrum dira inter odorem.*  
Ibid. 228.

<sup>7</sup> In the third round. See canto xiv.

<sup>8</sup> What I have said of Polydorus.  
*Æn.* iii. 21-56. Some editions read:  
*Che tarrien fede al mio sermone,*

"which would take away belief from my speech," i. e. which would be incredible if I related them. The words in verse 48, &c., which made Foscolo adopt this reading, ought to have made him reject it.

Then I stretched my hand a little forward, and plucked a branchlet from a great thorn; and the trunk of it cried: "Why dost thou rend me?" And when it had grown dark with blood, it again began to cry: "Why tearest thou me? Hast thou no breath of pity? Men we were, and now are turned to trees. Truly thy hand should be more merciful, had we been souls of serpents."

As a green brand, that is burning at one end, at the other drops, and hisses with the wind which is escaping; so from that rent, words and blood came forth together: whereat I let fall the top,<sup>9</sup> and stood like one who is afraid.

"If he, O wounded spirit!" my Sage replied, "could have believed before, what he has seen only in my verse,<sup>10</sup> he would not have stretched forth his

Allor porsi la mano un poco avante,  
 E colsi un ramuscel da un gran pruno,  
 E il tronco suo gridò: Perchè mi schiante?  
 Da che fatto fu poi di sangue bruno,  
 Rico-nincìò a gridar: Perchè mi scerpi? 35  
 Non hai tu spirito di pietate alcuno?  
 Uomini fummo, ed or siam fatti sterpi:  
 Ben dovreb' esser la tua man più pia,  
 Se state fossimo anime di serpi.  
 Come d' un stizzo verde, che arso sia 40  
 Dall' un de' capi, che dall' altro geme,  
 E cigola per vento che va via;  
 Sì della scheggia rotta usciva insieme  
 Parole e sangue: ond' io lasciai la cima  
 Cadere, e stetti come l' uom che teme. 45  
 S' egli avesse potuto creder prima,  
 Rispose il Savio mio, anima lesa,  
 Ciò che ha veduto pur con la mia rima,  
 Non averebbe in te la man distesa;

<sup>9</sup> Which he had broken off. | which he has already alluded. See  
<sup>10</sup> In the story of Polydorus, to (p. 136) ver. 21, and note 8.

hand against thee; but the incredibility of the thing made me prompt him to do what grieves myself. But tell him who thou wast; so that, to make thee some amends, he may refresh thy fame up in the world, to which he is permitted to return."

And the trunk: "Thou so allurest me with thy sweet words, that I can not keep silent; and let it not seem burdensome to you, if I enlarge a little in discourse.<sup>11</sup> I am he,<sup>12</sup> who held both keys of Frederick's heart, and turned them, locking and unlocking so softly, that from his secrets I excluded almost every other man. So great fidelity bore I to the glorious

Ma la cosa incredibile mi fece 50  
 Indurlo ad ovra, ch' a me stesso pesa.  
 Ma dilli chi tu fosti, sì che, in vece  
 D' alcuna ammenda, tua fama rinfreschi  
 Nel mondo su, dove tornar gli lece.  
 E il tronco: Sì col dolce dir m' adeschi, 55  
 Ch' io non posso tacere; e voi non gravi  
 Perch' io un poco a ragionar m' inveschi.  
 Io son colui, che tenni ambo le chiavi  
 Del cor di Federigo, e che le volsi  
 Serrando e disserrando sì soavi, 60  
 Che dal segreto suo quasi ogni uom tolsi:  
 Fede portai al glorioso ufizio,

<sup>11</sup> Lit.: "If I am enticed, or caught in the lure, to discourse a while." *Adescare* and *invescare* are both derived from *esca*, a bait or lure.

<sup>12</sup> Pietro delle Vigne (*de Vineis*), secretary, protonotary, chancellor, &c. of the Emperor Frederick II. He was born of very poor parents, at Capua, toward the end of the twelfth century; begged his way to Bologna, and studied there with great zeal and effect; attracted the notice of the Emperor, and stood in the highest favor with him for many years, trans-

acting all his greatest affairs. In his prosperity, he remembered his poor mother and sister; and seems to have been every way a noble and brave-hearted man, with whom Dante could deeply sympathize. It was not till after the Council of Lyons, in 1245, when Frederick became entangled with universal suspicion, that he was accused of treachery, and destroyed himself in that bitter "sorrow and disdain." Six Books of his Latin letters are still extant, and one *Canzone* in Italian.

office that I lost thereby both sleep and life. The harlot,<sup>13</sup> that never from Cæsar's dwelling turned her adulterous eyes,<sup>14</sup> common bane, and vice of courts, inflamed all minds against me; and these so inflamed Augustus, that my joyous honors were changed to dismal sorrows. My soul, in its disdainful mood, thinking to escape disdain by death, made me, *though* just, unjust against myself. By the new roots of this tree, I swear to you, never did I break faith to my lord, who was so worthy of honor. And if any of you return to the world, strengthen the memory of me, which still lies prostrate from the blow that envy gave it."

The Poet listened a while, and then said to me :

Tanto ch' io ne perdei lo sonno e i polsi.  
 La meretrice, che mai dall' ospizio  
 Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti, 65  
 Morte comune, e delle corti vizio,  
 Infiammò contra me gli animi tutti,  
 E gl' infiammati infiammâr sî Augusto,  
 Che i lieti onor tornaro in tristi lutti.  
 L' animo mio, per disdegnoso gusto, 70  
 Credendo col morir fuggir disdegno,  
 Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto.  
 Per le nuove radici d' esto legno  
 Vi giuro, che giammai non ruppi fede  
 Al mio signor, che fu d' onor sî degno. 75  
 E se di voi alcun nel mondo riede,  
 Conforti la memoria mia, che giace  
 Ancor del colpo che invidia le diede.  
 Un poco attese, e poi : Da ch' ei si tace,

<sup>13</sup> Envy. See ver. 78.

<sup>14</sup> By Cæsar is meant the Emperor; called also Augustus in ver. 66. Adulterous, i. e. disloyal, seduc-

ing eyes. Envy first set loose the harlot Wolf. Canto i. 100-111. "Through Envy of the Devil came death into the world." *Wisd.* ii. 24.

“Since he is silent, lose not the hour;<sup>15</sup> but speak; and ask him, if thou wouldst know more.”

Whereat I to him: “Do thou ask him farther, respecting what thou thinkest will satisfy me; for I could not, such pity is upon my heart.”<sup>16</sup>

He therefore resumed: “So may the man<sup>17</sup> do freely for thee what thy words entreat him, O imprisoned spirit, please thee tell us farther, how the soul gets bound up in these knots. And tell us, if thou mayest, whether any ever frees itself from such members.”<sup>18</sup>

Then the trunk blew strongly, and soon that wind was changed into these words: “Briefly shall you be answered. When the fierce spirit quits the body, from which it has torn itself, Minos sends it to the

Disse il Poeta a me, non perder l' ora ;	80
Ma parla, e chiedi a lui, se più ti piace.	
Ond' io a lui : Dimandal tu ancora	
Di quel che credi ch' a me soddisfaccia ;	
Ch' io non potrei : tanta pietà m' accora,	
Però ricominciò : Se l' uom ti faccia	85
Liberamente ciò che il tuo dir prega,	
Spirito incarcerato, ancor ti piaccia	
Di dirne come l' anima si lega	
In questi nocchi ; e dinne, se tu puoi,	
S' alcuna mai da tai membra si spiega.	90
Allor soffìò lo tronco forte, e poi	
Si convertì quel vento in cotal voce :	
Brevemente sarà risposto a voi.	
Quando si parte l' anima feroce	
Dal corpo, ond' ella stessa s' è disvelta.	95
Minos la manda alla settima foce.	

<sup>15</sup> The moment, the occasion.

<sup>16</sup> Dante well knew the great task of Frederick's chief man, and the way in which he had endeavored to perform it.

<sup>17</sup> "The man," i. e. Dante.

<sup>18</sup> Lit. : "Unfolds itself from such members;" escapes from those knotty stunted forms, in which it is kept imprisoned.

seventh gulf. It falls into the wood, and no place is chosen for it; but wherever fortune flings it, there it sprouts, like grain of spelt; shoots up to a sapling, and to a savage plant. The Harpies, feeding then upon its leaves, give pain, and to the pain an outlet.<sup>19</sup> Like the others, we shall go for our spoils;<sup>20</sup> yet none shall thereby clothe himself with them again: for it is not just that a man have what he takes from himself. Hither shall we drag them, and through the mournful wood our bodies shall be suspended, each on the thorny tree of its tormented shade."<sup>21</sup>

We still were listening to the trunk, thinking it would tell us more, when by a noise we were surprised; like one who feels the boar and chase ap-

Cade in la selva, e non l' è parte scelta ;  
 Ma là dove fortuna la balestra,  
 Quivi germoglia come gran di spelta ;  
 Surge in vermena ed in pianta silvestra :                    100  
 Le Arpie, pascendo poi delle sue foglie,  
 Fanno dolore, ed al dolor finestra.  
 Come l' altre verrem per nostre spoglie,  
 Ma non però ch' alcuna sen rivesta :  
 Chè non è giusto aver ciò ch' uom si toglie.                105  
 Qui le strascineremo, e per la mesta  
 Selva saranno i nostri corpi appesi,  
 Ciascuno al prun dell' ombra sua molesta.  
 Noi eravamo ancora al tronco attesi,  
 Credendo ch' altro ne volesse dire ;                        110  
 Quando noi fummo d' un romor sorpresi,  
 Similmente a colui, che venire  
 Sente il porco e la caccia alla sua posta,

<sup>19</sup> Lit.: "Give a window for the pain." Thus Virgil: *Ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.* Æn. ii. 482.

<sup>20</sup> Like the other souls, at the last judgment, we shall go for our bodies, &c.

<sup>21</sup> *Molesta* is here taken for *molestata*, "afflicted, tormented," that being the plainest construction. Lombardi, and others before him, make it mean "hostile, injurious, or homicidal."

proaching to his stand; <sup>22</sup> who hears the beasts and the branches crashing. And lo! on the left hand, <sup>23</sup> two *spirits*, naked and torn, fleeing so violently that they broke every fan <sup>24</sup> of the wood.

The foremost: "Come now, come O death!" <sup>25</sup> And the other, who thought himself too slow, cried: "Lano, <sup>26</sup> thy legs were not so ready at the jousts of Toppo." And then, his breath perhaps failing him, of himself and of a bush he made one group. <sup>27</sup>

Behind them, the wood was filled with black braches, eager and fleet, as grayhounds that have escaped the leash. Into him who squatted, they

Ch' ode le bestie e le frasche stormire.  
 Ed ecco duo dalla sinistra costa, 115  
 Nudi e graffiati fuggendo sì forte,  
 Che della selva rompièno ogni rosta.  
 Quel dinanzi: Ora accorri, accorri, morte.  
 E l' altro, a cui pareva tardar troppo,  
 Gridava: Lano, sì non furo accorte 120  
 Le gambe tue alle giostre del Toppo.  
 E poi che forse gli fallia la lena,  
 Di sè e d' un cespuglio fe' un groppo.  
 Dirietro a loro era la selva piena  
 Di nere cagne bramose e correnti, 125  
 Come veltri che uscisser di catena.  
 In quel, che s' appiattò, miser li denti,

<sup>22</sup> Boar and hounds, &c., coming to the place where he is stationed.

<sup>23</sup> On the way to the next division, and to the greater sinners.

<sup>24</sup> "Fan;" for leaf or bough. Others take it to mean "impediment." Milton, *Par. Lost*, v. 6:

"Leaves and rills, Aurora's fan."

<sup>25</sup> Or: "Help now, help," &c.—Hasten to my relief.

<sup>26</sup> Lano, a rich Siennese of noble family, who, after squandering his property, and thereby reducing himself to despair, sought death in the "jousts," or fight of Toppo (in 1288) which is mentioned by Villani, vii 120.

<sup>27</sup> Thrusting himself into the bush. These plants are of a size proportioned to the importance of the spirits which they imprison.

thrust their teeth, and rent him piece by piece; then carried off his miserable limbs.

My Guide now took me by the hand, and led me to the bush, which was lamenting through the bleeding fractures, in vain. "O Jacopo da Sant' Andrea!"<sup>28</sup> it cried, "what hast thou gained by making me thy screen? What blame have I of thy sinful life?"

When the Master had stopped beside it, he said: "Who wast thou, who, through so many wounds, blowest forth with blood thy dolorous speech?"

And he to us: "Ye spirits, who are come to see the ignominious mangling which has thus disjoined my leaves from me, O gather them to the foot of the dismal shrub! I was of the city that changed its first patron for the Baptist,<sup>29</sup> on which account he

E quel dilaceraro a brano a brano ;  
 Poi sen portâr quelle membra dolenti.  
 Presemi allor la mia scorta per mano, 130  
 E menommi al cespuglio che piangea  
 Per le rotture sanguinenti, invano.  
 O Jacopo, dicea, da Sant' Andrea,  
 Che t' è giovato di me fare schermo ?  
 Che colpa ho io della tua vita rea ? 136  
 Quando il Maestro fu sovr' esso fermo,  
 Disse : Chi fusti, che per tante punte  
 Soffi col sangue doloroso sermo ?  
 E quegli a noi : O anime, che giunte 140  
 Siete a veder lo strazio disonesto,  
 Che le mie frondi ha sì da me disgiunte,  
 Raccoglietele al piè del tristo cesto :  
 Io fui della città, che nel Battista  
 Cangio' 'l primo padrone : ond' ei per questo

<sup>28</sup> A Paduan, "who had more wealth than any of his countrymen," and wasted it in the insanest fashion. See Benv. da Imola, *Com.* Lano and he represent the class of sinners who have done violence to their substance (canto xi. 41); and the hell-hounds are to them what the Harpies are to the self-murderers.

<sup>29</sup> Florence, according to the old



with his art will always make it sorrowful. And were it not that at the passage of the Arno there yet remains some semblance of him, those citizens, who afterward rebuilt it on the ashes left by Attila, would have labored in vain.

“I made a gibbet for myself of my own dwelling.”<sup>30</sup>

Sempre con l' arte sua la farà trista. 145  
 E se non fosse che in sul passo d' Arno  
 Rimane ancor di lui alcuna vista ;  
 Quei cittadin, che poi la rifondarno  
 Sovra il cener che d' Attila rimase,  
 Avrebbero fatto lavorare indarno. 150  
 Io fei giubetto a me delle mie case.

traditions given by Malespini, Villani, &c., was founded by the Romans, who chose Mars for their patron or protector; was destroyed by Attila, and then rebuilt by Charlemagne, with St. John the Baptist for its patron. Hence the vengeance of Mars, “with his art;” and the superstitious veneration (often mentioned by the old chroniclers) for the remnant of his statue, which stood at the end of the bridge over the Arno, and was at last swept away by a flood in 1333. See *Villani*, xi. 1.

<sup>30</sup> Who this was, that hung him-

self in his own house, remains un- known. Rocco de' Mozzi and Lotto degli Agli, both of noble families in Florence, are mentioned by the oldest commentators, as having been driven by the despair and poverty (“hell-hounds”) which they had brought upon themselves, to seek death in this way. Boccaccio says: “In those times, as if it had been a curse sent by God upon our city, many hanged themselves;” so that every one can apply the words to whomsoever he pleases.

## ARGUMENT.

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DANTE can not go on till he has collected the scattered leaves, and restored them to that wretched shrub in which the soul of his countryman is imprisoned. He is then led by Virgil, across the remainder of the wood, to the edge of the Third Round, or ring, of the Seventh Circle. It is a naked plain of burning Sand; the place appointed for the punishment of those who have done violence against God, against Nature, and against Nature and Art. Canto xi. 46, &c. The violent against God, the least numerous class, are lying supine upon the sand, and in greater torment than the rest. The violent against Nature and Art are sitting all crouched up; and the violent against Nature are moving about, in large troops, with a speed proportioned to their guilt. A slow eternal Shower of Fire is falling upon them all. Capaneus is among the supine, unsubdued by the flames, blaspheming with his old decisiveness and fury. After speaking with him, the Poets go on, between the burning sand and the wood of self-murderers, and soon come to a crimson streamlet that gushes forth from the wood and crosses the sandy plain. Virgil here explains the origin of all the rivers and marshes of Hell.

G

## CANTO XIV.

THE love of my native place constraining me, I gathered up the scattered leaves; and gave them back to him, who was already hoarse. Then we came to the limit, where the second round is separated from the third, and where is seen the fearful art of justice. To make the new things clear, I say we reached a plain which from its bed repels all plants. The dolorous wood is a garland to it round about, as to the wood the dismal foss.<sup>1</sup> Here we stayed our feet close to its very edge. The ground was a sand, dry and thick, not different in its fashion from that which once was trodden by the feet of Cato.<sup>2</sup>

O vengeance of God! how shouldst thou be feared

POICHÈ la carità del natio loco

Mi strinse, raunai le fronde sparte,  
E rende' le a colui, ch' era già roco.

Indi venimmo al fine, ove si parte

Lo secondo giron dal terzo, e dove  
Si vede di giustizia orribil' arte.

6

A ben manifestar le cose nuove,

Dico ch' arrivammo ad una landa,  
Che dal suo letto ogni pianta rimuove.

La dolorosa selva l' è ghirlanda

10

Intorno, come il fosso tristo ad essa :

Quivi fermammo i piedi a randa a randa

Lo spazzo era una rena arida e spessa,

Non d' altra foggia fatta che colei,

Che da' piè di Caton già fu soppressa.

15

O vendetta di Dio, quanto tu dei

<sup>1</sup> The wood of the suicides goes all round the burning plain, as the river of blood goes round the wood. See canto xi.

<sup>2</sup> The Libyan desert, over which Cato conducted the remains of Pompey's army. See *Lucan*. ix. 375, &c.

by every one who reads what was revealed to my eyes! I saw many herds of naked souls, who were all lamenting very miserably; and there seemed imposed upon them a diverse law: Some were lying supine upon the ground; some sitting all crouched up; and others roaming incessantly. Those that moved about were much more numerous; and those that were lying in the torment *were* fewer, but uttered louder cries of pain.<sup>3</sup>

Over all the great sand, falling slowly, rained dilated flakes of fire, like *those* of snow in Alps without a wind. As the flames which Alexander, in the hot regions of India, saw fall upon his host, entire<sup>4</sup> to the ground; whereat he with his legions took care

Esser temuta da ciascun, che legge  
 Ciò che fu manifesto agli occhi miei!  
 D' anime nude vidi molte gregge,  
 Che piangean tutte assai miseramente,                   20  
 E pareo posta lor diversa legge.  
 Supin giaceva in terra alcuna gente;  
 Alcuna si sedea tutta raccolta,  
 Ed altra andava continuamente.  
 Quella che giva intorno era più molta,                   25  
 E quella men, che giaceva al tormento,  
 Ma più al duolo avea la lingua sciolta.  
 Sovra tutto il sabbion d' un cader lento  
 Piovean di fuoco dilatate falde,  
 Come di neve in alpe senza vento.                   30  
 Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde  
 D' India vide sopra lo suo stuolo  
 Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde;  
 Per ch' ei provvide a scalpitar lo suolo

<sup>3</sup> Lit.: "Had the tongue more let loose for the pain;" were in greater torment, and had to cry louder.

<sup>4</sup> "Whole," unchanged to the

ground. This tradition about Alexander is said to be taken from some supposed letter of his to Aristotle.

See Landino, *Com.*

to tramp the soil, for the fire was more easily extinguished while alone: so fell the eternal heat, by which the sand was kindled, like tinder beneath the flint and steel, redoubling the pain. Ever restless was the dance<sup>s</sup> of miserable hands, now here, now there, shaking off the fresh burning.

I began: "Master, thou who conquerest all things, save the hardened Demons, that came forth against us at the entrance of the gate: who is that great spirit, who seems to care not for the burning; and lies disdainful and contorted, so that the rain seems not to ripen him?"

And he himself, remarking that I asked my Guide concerning him, exclaimed: "What I was living, that am I dead. Though Jove weary out his smith, from

Con le sue schiere, perciocchè il vapore	35
Me' si stinguera mentre ch' era solo :	
Tale scendeva l' eternale ardore ;	
Onde l' arena s' accendea, com' esca	
Sotto il focile, a doppiar lo dolore.	
Senza riposo mai era la tresca	40
Delle misere mani, or quindi or quinci	
Isotendo da se l' arsura fresca.	
Io cominciai: Maestro, tu che vinci	
Tutte le cose, fuor che i Dimon duri,	
Ch' all' entrar della porta incontro uscinci,	45
Chi è quel grande, che non par che curi	
Lo incendio, e giace dispettoso e torto,	
Sì che la pioggia non par che il maturi ?	
E quel medesimo, che si fue accorto	
Ch' io dimandava il mio Duca di lui,	50
Gridò: Qual fui vivo, tal son morto.	
Se Giove stanchi il suo fabbro, da cui	

<sup>s</sup> The *Tresca* was a sort of Neapolitan dance, consisting mainly of rapid complicated gestures, and movements of the hands. See Beau-  
da Imola, *Com.*

whom in anger he took the sharp bolt with which on my last day I was transfixed; and though he weary out the others, one by one, at the black forge in Mongibello,<sup>6</sup> crying: 'Help, help, good Vulcan!' as he did at the strife of Phlegra; and hurl at me with all his might, yet should he not thereby have joyful vengeance."<sup>7</sup>

Then my Guide spake with a force such as I had not heard before: "O Capaneus!" in that thy pride remains unquenched, thou art punished more. No torture, save thy own raging, would be pain proportioned to thy fury."

Then to me he turned with gentler lip, saying: "This was one of the seven kings who laid siege to Thebes; and he held, and seems *still* to hold God in

Crucciato prese la folgore acuta, Onde l' ultimo dì percosso fui ;	
E s' egli stanchi gli altri a muta a muta	55
In Mongibello alla fucina negra, Gridando : Buon Vulcano, aiuta, aiuta,	
Sì com' ei fece alla pugna di Flegra ; E me saetti di tutta sua forza,	
Non ne potrebbe aver vendetta allegra.	60
Allora il Duca mio parlò di forza Tanto, ch' io non l' avea sì forte udito :	
O Capaneo, in ciò che non s' ammorza La tua superbia, sei tu più punito :	
Nullò martirio, fuor che la tua rabbia,	65
Sarebbe al tuo furor dolor compito. Poi si rivolse a me con miglior labbia,	
Dicendo : Quel fu l' un de' sette regi Ch' assiser Tebe; ed ebbe, e par ch' egli abbia	

<sup>6</sup> *Etna*, in which Vulcan and his Cyclops (*Ætnæi Cyclopes*) forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter. *Æn.* viii. 419.

<sup>7</sup> See Statius, *Theb.* iii. 598, &c.; and x. 828, &c.

<sup>8</sup> Capaneus is the representative of blasphemy and arrogance, in the Canzone of Dante which begins: *O patria degna, &c.*

defiance, and to prize him lightly. But, as I told him, his revilings are ornaments that well befit his breast. Now follow me, and see thou place not yet thy feet upon the burning sand; but always keep them back close to the wood."

In silence we came to where there gushes forth from the wood a little rivulet, the redness of which still makes me shudder. As from the Bulicame<sup>9</sup> issues the streamlet, which the sinful women share among themselves; so this ran down across the sand. Its bottom and both its shelving banks were petrified, and also the margins near it; whereby I discerned that our passage lay there.

"Amid all the rest that I have shown thee, since we entered by the gate whose threshold is denied to

- Dio in disdegno, e poco par che il pregi : 70  
 Ma, come io dissi lui, li suoi dispetti  
 Sono al suo petto assai debiti fregi.  
 Or mi vien dietro, e guarda che non metti  
 Ancor li piedi nell' arena arsiccia ;  
 Ma sempre al bosco gli ritieni stretti. 75  
 Tacendo divenimmo là ove spiccia  
 Fuor della selva un picciol fiumicello,  
 Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.  
 Quale del Bulicame esce il ruscello,  
 Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici ; 80  
 Tal pèr l' arena giù sen giva quello.  
 Lo fondo suo ed ambo le pendici  
 Fatt' eran pietra, e i margini da lato :  
 Per ch' io m' accorsi che il passo era lici.  
 Tra tutto l' altro ch' io t' ho dimostrato, 85  
 Poesia che noi entrammo per la porta,  
 Lo cui sogliare a nessuno è negato,

<sup>9</sup> The Bulicame, here alluded to, Land., &c., speak of "the sinful is a hot spring near Viterbo. Boco., women" that lived near it."

none,<sup>10</sup> thy eyes have discerned nothing so notable as the present stream, which quenches all the flames above it." These were words of my Guide. Wherefore I prayed him to bestow on me the food,<sup>11</sup> for which he had bestowed the appetite.

"In the middle of the sea lies a waste country," he then said, "which is named Crete,<sup>12</sup> under whose King the world once was chaste.<sup>13</sup> A mountain is there, called Ida, which once was glad with waters and with foliage: now it is deserted like an antiquated thing. Rhea<sup>14</sup> of old chose it for the faithful cradle

Cosa non fu dagli tuoi occhi scorta  
 Notabile, com' è il presente rio,  
 Che sopra sè tutte fiammelle ammorta. 90  
 Queste parole fur del Duca mio :  
 Per ch' io pregai, che mi largisse il pasto,  
 Di cui largito m' aveva il disio.  
 In mezzo il mar siede un paese guasto,  
 Diss' egli allora, che s' appella Creta, 95  
 Sotto il cui Rege fu già il mondo casto.  
 Una montagna v' è, che già fu lieta  
 D' acque e di fronde, che si chiama Ida ;  
 Ora è deserta come cosa vieta.  
 Rea la scelse già per cuna fida 100

99. *Vieta*, grown old, or stale ; dim with age.

<sup>10</sup> "Gate, that still is found unbarred." See p. 93, and note 25.

<sup>11</sup> To explain why that stream is so notable.

<sup>12</sup> *Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto, Mons Idæus ubi, et gentis cunabula nostræ.* *Æn.* iii. 104. "Cradle" of the Trojans; and of Rome and its Empire, &c.

<sup>13</sup> Dante, quoting the *redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna* of Virgil, says: *Virgo vocabatur Justitia, quam et Astream vocabant. Satur-*

*nia regna dicebantur optima tempora, quæ et Aurea nuncupabant. Justitia potissima est solum sub Monarcha. Ergo ad optimam mundi dispositionem requiritur, esse Monarchiam, &c.* *Monarch.* lib. i. p. 28.

<sup>14</sup> Rhea, or Cybele, &c., daughter of Heaven and Earth, and wife of Saturn, or Chronos, concealing her son Jupiter. *Hinc mater cultrix Cybele, Corybantiaque, æra Idæum-que nemus; hinc fida silentia sacris, &c.* *Æn.* iii. 111.



of her son ; and the better to conceal him, when he wept, caused cries to be made on it.

“ Within the mountain stands erect<sup>15</sup> a great Old Man, who keeps his shoulders turned toward Damietta, and looks at Rome as if it were his mirror. His head is shapen of fine gold, his arms and his breast are pure silver ; then he is of brass to the cleft : from thence downward he is all of chosen iron, save that the right foot is of baked clay ; and he rests more on this<sup>16</sup> than on the other. Every part, except the gold, is broken with a fissure that drops tears, which collected perforate that grotto.<sup>17</sup> Their course descends from rock

Del suo figliuolo, e per celarlo meglio,  
 Quando piangea, vi facea far le grida.  
 Dentro dal monte sta dritto un gran veglio,  
 Che tien volte le spalle invèr Damiaata,  
 E Roma guarda sì come suo specchio. 105  
 La sua testa è di fino oro formata,  
 E puro argento son le braccia e il petto ;  
 Poi è di rame infino alla forcata :  
 Da indi in giuso è tutto ferro eletto,  
 Salvo che il destro piede è terra cotta, 110  
 E sta in su quel, più che in su l' altro, eretto.  
 Ciascuna parte, fuor che l' oro, è rotta  
 D' una fessura che lagrime goccia,  
 Le quali accolte foran quella grotta.  
 Lor corso in questà valle si diroccia : 115

115. *Si diroccia*, falls from rock to rock.

<sup>15</sup> With his golden head toward Heaven ; and the poor foot of clay, on which he chiefly stands, toward Dis. Looking sadly at Rome, the center of temporal and spiritual government, as the mirror of his condition. This image of the generations of men and their monarchies is taken from *Daniel* (ii. 31, &c.) ; and its associations from the old poetic traditions. A new life and significance is

given to both. The tears of Sin and Misery, returning to Satan, make the image complete.

<sup>16</sup> Lit. : “ Stands more erect on this” clay foot ; supports himself more with it.

<sup>17</sup> “ Bore,” or work through, that cavern in which the Image stands ; and then in Hell flow down from circle to circle.

to rock into this valley. They<sup>18</sup> form Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon; then, by this narrow conduit, go down to where there is no more descent.<sup>19</sup> They form Cocytus; and thou shalt see what kind of lake that is: here therefore I describe it not."

And I to him: "If the present rill thus flows down from our world, why does it appear to us only<sup>20</sup> on this bank?"

And he to me: "Thou knowest that the place is round: and though thou hast come far, always to the left, descending toward the bottom; thou hast not yet turned through the entire circle. Wherefore if aught new appears to us, it ought not to bring wonder on thy countenance."

And I again: "Master, where is Phlegethon and

Fanno Acheronte, Stige, e Flegetonta;  
 Poi sen van giù per questa stretta doccia  
 Infìn là, ove più non si dismonta:  
 Fanno Cocito; e qual sia quello stagno,  
 Tu il vederai; però qui non si conta. 120  
 Ed io a lui: Se il presente rigagno  
 Si deriva così dal nostro mondo,  
 Perchè ci appar pure a questo vivagno?  
 Ed egli a me: Tu sai che il luogo è tondo,  
 E tutto che tu sii venuto molto 125  
 Pur a sinistra giù calando al fondo,  
 Non se' ancor per tutto il cerchio vólto;  
 Perchè, se cosa n' apparisce nuova,  
 Non dee addur maraviglia al tuo volto.  
 Ed io ancor: Maestro, ove si trova 130

<sup>18</sup> Those tears of Sin and Misery.

<sup>19</sup> To the Center of the Earth.

<sup>20</sup> If it thus descends from circle to circle, why have we not seen it before? Does not at first conceive that the river of blood (canto xii. 46,

&c.) can be Phlegethon; Virgil himself having described it as a river of flame: *Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, Tartareus Phlegethon.* Æn. vi. 550, &c.

Lethe; for thou speakest not of the one, and sayest that the other is formed by this rain?"<sup>21</sup>

"In all thy questions truly thou pleasest me," he answered; "but the boiling of the red water might well resolve one<sup>22</sup> of those thou askest. Lethe thou shalt see, but out of this abyss,<sup>23</sup> there where the spirits go to wash themselves, when their guilt is taken off by penitence."

Then he said: "Now it is time to quit the wood. See that thou follow me. The margins, which are not burning, form a path; and over them all fire is quenched."<sup>24</sup>

Flegetonte e Letéo, chè dell' un taci,  
 E l' altro di' che si fa d' esta piovà ?  
 In tutte tue question certo mi piaci,  
 Rispose; ma il bollor dell' acqua rossa  
 Dovea ben solver l' una che tu faci. 135  
 Letè vedrai, ma fuor di questa fossa,  
 Là ove vanno l' anime a lavarsi,  
 Quando la colpa pentuta è rimossa.  
 Poi disse: Omai è tempo da scostarsi  
 Dal bosco: fa che dietro a me vegne. 140  
 Li margini fan via, che non son arsi,  
 E sopra loro ogni vapor si spegne.

<sup>21</sup> The rain of tears. See ver. 113.

<sup>22</sup> Thou mightest have known that the river of blood was Phlegethon.

<sup>23</sup> Not in Hell, but in Purgatory. *Purg.* canto xxviii. 25-130.

<sup>24</sup> See next canto, ver. 1-2. *Vapor*, both here and at ver. 35, is used in the Latin sense of "heat, or fire." *Semusta madesunt Robora: restinus donec vapor omnis.* *Æn.* v. 697.

## ARGUMENT.

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THE crimson stream—whose course is straight across the ring of burning sand, toward the center of Hell—sends forth a dark exhalation that quenches all the flames over itself and its elevated margins. Upon one of these Dante continues to follow his Guide, in silence, till they have got far from the wood when they meet a troop of spirits coming along the sand by the side of the bank. Dante is recognized by one of them, who takes him by the skirt; and, on fixing his eyes over the baked and withered figure, he finds it is Brunetto Latini, his old master. They speak to each other with great respect and affection, recalling the past and looking forward to the future under the pressure of separate eternities. Their colloquy has a dark background, which could not be altered; and it stands there in deep perennial warmth and beauty.

## CANTO XV.

Now one of the hard margins bears us on, and the smoke of the rivulet makes shade above, so that from the fire it shelters the water and the banks.<sup>1</sup> As the Flemings between Bruges and Cadsand, dreading the flood that rushes toward them, make their bulwark<sup>2</sup> to repel the sea; and as the Paduans, along the Brenta, to defend their towns and villages, ere Chiarentana feels the heat:<sup>3</sup> in like fashion those *banks* were formed, though not so high nor so large, the master, whoever it might be, made them.

Already we were so far removed from the wood, that I should not have seen where it was, had I

ORA cen porta l' un de' duri margini,  
 E il fummo del ruscel di sopra aduggia,  
 Sì che dal fuoco salva l' acqua e gli argini.  
 Quale i Fiamminghi, tra Guzzante e Bruggia,  
 Temendo il fiotto che in vèr lor s' avventa,      5  
 Fanno lo schermo, perchè il mar si fuggia ;  
 E quale i Padovan, lungo la Brenta,  
 Per difender lor ville e lor castelli,  
 Anzi che Chiarentana il caldo senta ;  
 A tale imagine eran fatti quelli,      10  
 Tutto che nè sì alti nè sì grossi,  
 Qual che si fosse, lo maestro felli.  
 Già eravam dalla selva rimossi  
 Tanto, ch' io non avrei visto dov' era,

2. *Aduggia*, from *uggia*, shade, or shadow.

<sup>1</sup> The exhalation of the rivulet "quenches all the flames above it." on the Carinthian Alps, and swell the Brenta. It flows between strong embankments, on a bed raised by its

<sup>2</sup> The dyke here alluded to is said to be still kept up. Cadsand is some sediment above the level of the plain, like other rivers in that part of Italy.

<sup>3</sup> Before the snow begins to melt

turned back, when we met a troop of spirits, who were coming alongside the bank; and each looked at us, as in the evening men are wont to look at one another under a new moon;<sup>4</sup> and toward us sharpened their vision,<sup>5</sup> as an old tailor does at the eye of his needle.

Thus eyed by that family, I was recognized by one who took me by the skirt, and said: "What a wonder!"<sup>6</sup>

And I, when he stretched out his arm to me, fixed my eyes on his baked aspect, so that the scorching of his visage hindered not my mind from knowing him. And bending my face to his, I answered: "Are you here, Ser Brunetto!"<sup>7</sup>

Perch' io indietro rivolto mi fossi,	15
Quando incontrammo d' anime una schiera,	
Che venìa lungo l' argine, e ciascuna	
Ci riguardava, come suol da sera	
Guardar l' un l' altro sotto nuova luna;	
E sì vèr noi aguzzavan le ciglia,	20
Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna.	
Così adocchiato da cotal famiglia,	
Fui conosciuto da un, che mi prese	
Per lo lembo, e gridò: Qual meraviglia!	
Ed io, quando il suo braccio a me distese,	25
Ficcai gli occhi per lo cotto aspetto	
Sì, che il viso abbruciato non difese	
La conoscenza sua al mio intelletto;	
E chinando la mia alla sua faccia,	
Risposi; Siete voi qui, Ser Brunetto?	30

<sup>4</sup> Lit.: "The one is wont to look at the other under a new moon;" which gives a feeble light, so as to make recognition difficult.

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: "Sharpened their eyebrows," &c.; pointed them, as if frowning at us.

<sup>6</sup> To see thee here in the body.

<sup>7</sup> Brunetto Latini, of the Porta del Duomo in Florence, Dante's teacher; a man noted for his learning in those times, and for his politeness and manifold dexterity. The Florentine Guelphs sent him as their ambassador to Alonzo X., King of Spain, in 1260 (*Malespini*, c. 162); and he was

And he: "O my son! let it not displease thee, if Brunetto Latini turn back with thee a little, and let go his train."<sup>8</sup>

I said: "With all my power I do beseech it of you. And if you wish me to sit down with you, I will do so, if it pleases him *there*, for I go with him."

"O my son," he said, "whoever of this flock stops one instant, lies a hundred years thereafter, without fanning himself<sup>9</sup> when the fire strikes him. Therefore go on: I will follow at thy skirts;<sup>10</sup> and then

E quegli: O figliuol mio, non ti dispiaccia,  
Se Brunetto Latini un poco teco  
Ritorna indietro, e lascia andar la traccia.

Io dissi lui: Quanto posso ven preco;  
E se volete che con voi m'asseggia, 35  
Farò, se piace a costui, chè vo seco.

O figliuol, disse, qual di questa greggia  
S'arresta punto, giace poi cent'anni  
Senza arrostarsi quando il fuoco il feggia.

Però va oltre: io ti verrò a' panni, 40  
E poi rigiugnerò la mia masnada,

afterward appointed secretary and notary of the city. Villani (viii. 10) calls him "a great philosopher, and supreme master of rhetoric, as well in speaking as in writing," &c.: but adds, that "he was a worldly man." The early commentators (Boccaccio, Benv. da Imola, &c.) mention that, having made an error in some contract drawn up by him in his capacity of notary, and being too proud to acknowledge the possibility of it, he was accused of fraud, and left Florence in high disdain. He died in 1294. Two works of his still remain. One of these is the *Tesoretto* (Little Treasure), in short, jingling, quaint rhymes—too feeble and empty for any serious perusal; but curious as a

specimen of old Italian, and as bearing a faint outward resemblance in some phrases and incidents to the *Commedia*. The other, *Le Trésor*, or *Tesoro*, is a kind of encyclopedia, written in the French of those times, or, as Brunetto himself says, *en romans, selon le patois de France*. It has never been printed. There is a manuscript copy of it in the British Museum.

<sup>8</sup> Let his train, or companions in file, go on without him.

<sup>9</sup> Lies prostrate like the contumacious blasphemers (canto xiv. 22, &c.), without power to defend himself from the flames.

<sup>10</sup> Lit.: "I will come at thy clothes." On a lower level.

will I rejoin my band, that go lamenting their eternal miseries."

I durst not descend from the road to go level with him; but kept my head bent down, like one who walks in reverence. He began: "What chance, or destiny, brings thee, ere thy last day, down here? And who is this that shows the way?"

"There above, up in the clear life, I lost myself," replied I, "in a valley, before my age was full.<sup>11</sup> Only yester morn I turned my back to it. He appeared to me, *as I was* returning into it, and guides me home again<sup>12</sup> by this path."

And he to me: "If thou follow thy star, thou canst not fail of glorious haven, if I discerned rightly in the

Che va piangendo i suoi eterni danni.  
 Io non osava scender della strada  
 Per andar par di lui; ma il capo chino  
 Tenea, com' uom che riverente vada. 45  
 Ei cominciò: Qual fortuna, o destino,  
 Anzi l' ultimo dì quaggiù ti mena?  
 E chi è questi, che mostra il cammino?  
 Lassù di sopra in la vita serena,  
 Rispos' io lui, mi smarri' in una valle, 50  
 Avanti che l' età mia fosse piena.  
 Pur ier mattina le volsi le spalle:  
 Questi m' apparve, ritornando in quella,  
 E riducemi a ca' per questo calle.  
 Ed egli a me: Se tu segui tua stella, 55  
 Non puoi fallire a glorioso porto,  
 Se ben m' accorsi nella vita bella.

<sup>11</sup> Lost "the straight way" before I had come to the full maturity, *i.e.* to the 35th year of my age; but did not till then feel that I had lost it, or begin to see the full misery and darkness of the "valley" into which I had

fallen. Spent a long night of sorrow, and did not awake from it till yester morn. See canto i.

<sup>12</sup> Or: "Brings me back to a home." *Ca'* for *casa*.



fair life.<sup>13</sup> And if I had not died so early, seeing heaven so kind to thee, I would have cheered thee in the work. But that ungrateful, malignant people, who of old came down from Fiesole,<sup>14</sup> and still savors of the mountain and the rock, will make itself an enemy to thee for thy good deeds. And there is cause: for among the tart sorb-trees, it befits not the sweet fig<sup>15</sup> to fructify. Ancient report on earth names them blind,<sup>16</sup> a people avaricious, envious, and proud: look that thou cleanse thyself of their customs. Thy fortune reserves such honor for thee, that both parties

E s' io non fossi sì per tempo morto,  
 Veggendo il cielo a te così benigno,  
 Dato t' avrei all' opera conforto. 60

Ma quell' ingrato popolo maligno,  
 Che discese di Fiesole ab antico,  
 E tiene ancor del monte e del macigno,  
 Ti si farà, per tuo ben far, nimico:  
 Ed è ragion; chè tra gli lazzi sorbi 65  
 Si disconvien fruttare al dolce fico.  
 Vecchia fama nel mondo li chiama orbi,  
 Gente avara, invidiosa, e superba:  
 Dai lor costumi fa che tu ti forbi.  
 La tua fortuna tanto onor ti serba, 70

<sup>13</sup> Our earthly life; "beautiful" to him in that eternal gloom.

<sup>14</sup> The old chronicles say that Florence was first founded by Romans, whose descendants, after many centuries of perpetual contention with the city of Fiesole, made its inhabitants come down and mix with them. To this double origin of the Florentines, Villani frequently attributes all their intestine wars.

<sup>15</sup> Boccaccio and others say that the family of the Elisei, of which Dante was a branch, had its origin from the Frangipani of Rome. And

the "sweet fig" alludes to the "noble and virtuous Romans; the "tart sorbs," to the "rude and harsh Fiesolans." These are terms used by Villani in speaking of the Romans and Fiesolans.

<sup>16</sup> Villani (ii. 1) says the Florentines "were called blind ever after," from having foolishly opened their gates to Attila, who put many of them to death, and "commanded that the city should be destroyed, burnt, and laid waste; so that one stone might not be left upon another, . . . in the year 450."

will have a hunger of thee; but far from the beak shall be the grass.<sup>17</sup> Let the beasts of Fiesole make litter of themselves, and not touch the plant, if any yet springs up amid their rankness, in which the holy seed revives of those Romans who remained there when it became the nest of so much malice."<sup>18</sup>

"Were my desire all fulfilled," I answered him, "you had not yet been banished from human nature; for in my memory is fixed, and now goes to my heart, the dear, kind, paternal image of you, when in the world, hour by hour, you taught me how man makes himself eternal. And while I live, beseems my tongue should show what gratitude I have for it. That which

Che l' una parte e l' altra avranno fame  
 Di te; ma lungi fia dal becco l' erba.  
 Faccian le bestie Fiesolane strame  
 Di lor medesme, e non tocchin la pianta,  
 S' alcuna surge ancor nel lor letame, 75  
 In cui riviva la sementa santa  
 Di quei Roman, che vi rimaser quando  
 Fu fatto il nido di malizia tanta.  
 Se fosse pieno tutto il mio dimando,  
 Risposi lui, voi non sareste ancora 80  
 Dell' umana natura posto in bando:  
 Chè in la mente m' è fitta, ed or m' accuora  
 La cara buona imagine paterna  
 Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora  
 M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna: 85  
 E quant' io l' abbo in grado, mentr' io vivo  
 Convien, che nella mia lingua si scerna.  
 Ciò che narrate di mio corso, scrivo,

<sup>17</sup> The *Neri* and *Bianci* (note 11, p. 70) will both hunger after thee; but neither will get thee to take part with them. Thou shalt stand thyself alone. *Parad.* xvii. 69.

*Beco* means "he-goat" as well as

"beak;" and the passage may be translated: "Far from the he-goat shall be the grass;" far from its poisonous teeth.

<sup>18</sup> When the Fiesolans came down to dwell in it.

you relate about my course, I write;<sup>19</sup> and keep it, with another text, for a Lady to comment,<sup>20</sup> who will be able if I get to her. Thus much I would have you know: So conscience chide me not, I am prepared for Fortune as she wills. Not new to my ears is such earnest.<sup>21</sup> Therefore, let Fortune turn her wheel as pleases her, and the boor his mattock."<sup>22</sup>

Thereupon my Master turned back on his right,<sup>23</sup> and looked at me, then said: "He listens well who marks it."<sup>24</sup>

Not the less I go on speaking with Ser Brunetto, and ask who are the most noted and highest of his companions.

E serbolo a chiosar con altro testo	
A donna che il saprà, s' a lei arrivo.	90
Tanto vogl' io che vi sia manifesto,	
Pur che mia coscienza non mi garra,	
Che alla fortuna, come vuol, son presto.	
Non è nuova aglie orecchi miei tale arra:	
Però giri Fortuna la sua rota,	95
Come le piace, e il villan la sua marra.	
Lo mio Maestro allora in sulla gota	
Destra si volse indietro, e riguardommi;	
Poi disse: Bene ascolta chi la nota.	
Nè per tanto di men parlando vommi	100
Con Ser Brunetto, e dimando chi sono	
Li suoi compagni più noti e più sommi	

<sup>19</sup> Inscribe it in my memory. See canto ii. 8.

<sup>20</sup> The "other text" is the prophecy of Ciaccio and Farinata, regarding Dante's exile; and the Lady, able to explain both, is Beatrice, or Celestial Wisdom.

<sup>21</sup> "Such earnest" of what is coming. The date of 1300 (note 1, p. 14) must be constantly held in mind.

<sup>22</sup> "Let the boor of Fiesole dig and

sow what he chooses." *Ottimo Com.* Let him do his worst.

<sup>23</sup> Lit.: "On his right cheek turned himself back," &c. Delicately indicates that Brunetto is on the right hand; and their way on the right bank of the streamlet. See canto xvii. 31.

<sup>24</sup> Or: "Marks the saying." Virgil alludes to his *Quicquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est* (*Æn.* v. 710); which Dante has marked with effect.

And he to me: "It is good to know of some. Of the rest it will be laudable that we keep silence, as the time would be too short for so much talk. In brief, know that all were clerks, and great scholars, and of great renown; by one same crime on earth defiled. Priscian<sup>25</sup> goes with that wretched crowd, and Francesco d'Accorso;<sup>26</sup> also, if thou hadst had any longing for such scurf, thou mightest have seen him<sup>27</sup> there, who by the Servant of servants was translated from the Arno to the Bacchiglione, where he left his ill-strained nerves. I would say more, but my going and my speech must not be longer;

Ed egli a me: Saper d'alcuno è buono:  
 Degli altri fia laudabile il tacerci,  
 Chè il tempo saria corto a tanto suono. 105  
 In somma sappi, che tutti fur cherci,  
 E letterati grandi e di gran fama;  
 D'un medesimo peccato al mondo lerci.  
 Priscian sen va con quella turba grama,  
 E Francesco d'Accorso; anco vedervi, 110  
 S'avessi avuto di tal tigna brama,  
 Colui potei, che dal Servo de' servi  
 Fu trasmutato d'Arno in Bacchiglione,  
 Ove lasciò li mal protesi nervi.  
 Di più direi; ma il vener, e il sermone 115  
 Più, lungo esser non può, però ch'io veggio

111. *Tigna*, Lat. *tinea*.112. *Potei*, potevi.

<sup>25</sup> Priscian, the grammarian of Cæsarea, and teacher of grammar; understood by Dante's son Pietro, and the other old commentators, to be put here as a representative of the class, i. e. the teachers of youth.

<sup>26</sup> Francesco, son of Accorso (*Accursius*) the celebrated Florentine interpreter of Roman law; and like him, professor at Bologna. See the

comment of Benv. da Imola; and the account he there gives of his visit to Bologna in 1375.

<sup>27</sup> Andrea de' Mozzi, of the rich Florentine family of that name, Bishop of Florence in Dante's time; and on account of his scandalous habits, translated by the Pope ("Servant of servants") to Vicenza, on the river Bacchiglione.

for there I see new smoke arising from the great sand.<sup>28</sup> People are coming with whom I may not be. Let my Treasure,<sup>29</sup> in which I still live, be commended to thee. And more I ask not.”

Then he turned back, and seemed *like one* of those who run for the green cloth at Verona through the open field; and of them seemed he who gains, not he who loses.<sup>30</sup>

Là surger nuovo fummo dal sabbione.  
 Gente vien con la quale esser non deggio,  
 Sieti raccomandato il mio Tesoro  
 Nel quale io vivo ancora; e più non cheggio. 120  
 Poi si rivolse, e parve di coloro  
 Che corrono a Verona il drappo verde  
 Per la campagna; e parve di costoro  
 Quegli che vince, e non colui che perde.

<sup>28</sup> Smoke raised by a new crowd of spirits.

<sup>29</sup> *Le Trésor*, or *Tesoro*, mentioned in note 7, p. 158. In the Italian version (lib. vi. cap. 31) of this work, Brunetto calls the sin, for which he is here punished, “*una delectazione secolare*.” And in the *Tesorretto* he says of himself: *Sai che siam tenuti un poco mondanetti*, “thou knowest that we are held to be a little world-

ly.” Another work, called *Il Pataffio*, a collection of profane Jests and Proverbs in *terze rime*, now happily almost unintelligible, has long been attributed to him.

<sup>30</sup> In Dante’s time, at Verona, there was an annual race of the kind here alluded to. The runners were all stript; and “none but the quickest competed for the prize,” or *pallio*, as it was called.

## ARGUMENT.

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DANTE keeps following his Guide on the same path, and has already got so far as to hear the crimson stream falling into the next circle, when another troop of spirits presents itself under the burning rain. They are the souls of men distinguished in war and council, suffering punishment for the same crime as Brunetto and his companions. Three of them, seeing Dante to be their countryman by his dress, quit the troop and run toward him, entreating him to stop. They allude to their wretched condition, as if under a sense of shame; and make their names known in order to induce him to listen to their eager inquiries. Two of them, Tegghiaio and Rusticucci, are mentioned before (canto vi. 79): all three were noted for their talents and patriotism; and the zeal they still have for Florence suspends "their ancient wail" of torment. He answers them with great respect; and, in brief emphatic words declares the condition of the "perverse city." Virgil then leads him to the place where the water descends; makes him unloose a cord wherewith he had girded himself; and casts it down into the abyss, on which a strange and monstrous shape comes swimming up through the dark air.

## CANTO XVI.

ALREADY I was in a place where the resounding of the water, that fell into the other circle,<sup>1</sup> was heard like the hum which bee-hives make; when three shades together, running, quitted a troop that passed beneath the rain of the sharp torment. They came toward us, and each cried: "Stay thee, thou who by thy dress to us appearest to be some one from our perverse city."

Ah me! what wounds I saw upon their limbs, recent and old, kindled<sup>2</sup> by the flames. It pains me yet, when I but think thereof.

To their cries my Teacher listened; turned his face toward me, and said: "Now wait: to these courtesy is due. And were there not the fire, which the nature

GIÀ era in loco, ove s' udia il rimbombo  
 Dell' acqua, che cadea nell' altro giro,  
 Simile a quel, che l' arnie fanno, rombo;  
 Quando tre ombre insieme si partiro,  
 Correndo, d' una torma che passava 5  
 Sotto la pioggia dell' aspro martiro.  
 Venien vèr noi; e ciascuna gridava:  
 Sostati tu, che all' abito ne sembri  
 Essere alcun di nostra terra prava.  
 Aimè, che piaghe vidi ne' lor membri 10  
 Recenti e vecchie dalle fiamme incese!  
 Ancor men duol, pur ch' io me ne rimembri.  
 Alle lor grida il mio Dottor s' attese,  
 Volse il viso vèr me, e: Ora aspetta,  
 Disse; a costor si vuole esser cortese: 15  
 E se non fosse il fuoco che saetta

<sup>1</sup> Into the eighth circle; place of punishment for the fraudulent.

<sup>2</sup> Or: "By the flames burnt in, and scorched anew!"

of the place darts, I should say the haste befitted thee more than them."

They recommenced, as we stood still, their ancient wail; and when they had reached us, all the three made of themselves a wheel.<sup>3</sup> As champions, naked and anointed, were wont to do, spying their grasp and vantage, ere they came to blows and thrusts at one another; thus, wheeling, each directed his visage toward me, so that the neck kept traveling in a *direction* contrary to the feet.<sup>4</sup>

And one of them began: "If the misery of this loose place,<sup>5</sup> and our dreary and scorched aspect,<sup>6</sup> bring us and our prayers into contempt, let our fame incline thy mind to tell us who thou art, that thus

La natura del luogo, io dicerei,  
 Che meglio stesse a te, ch' a lor, la fretta.  
 Ricominciar, come noi ristemmo, ei  
 L' antico verso; e quando a noi fur giunti,      20  
 Fenno una ruota di se tutti e trei.  
 Qual soleano i campion far nudi ed unti,  
 Avvisando lor presa e lor vantaggio,  
 Prima che sien tra lor battuti e punti:  
 Così, rotando, ciascuna il visaggio      25  
 Drizzava a me, sì che in contrario il collo  
 Faceva a' piè continuo viaggio.  
 E, se miseria d' esto loco sollo  
 Rende in dispetto noi e nostri preghi,  
 Cominciò l' uno, e il tristo aspetto e brollo;      30  
 La fama nostra il tuo animo pieghi  
 A dirne chi tu se', che i vivi piedi

<sup>3</sup> Began to wheel round, one following the other. The next circle is so near, that they can not turn back with Dante, as Brunetto did; and they dare not stand still. See canto xv. 37-39.

<sup>4</sup> Lit.: "The neck made continuous journey in contrary *direction* (*sensu*) to the feet." They kept turn-

ing round in their circle, and looking with their faces constantly toward Dante.

<sup>5</sup> "Loose," sandy plain, which "from its bed repels all plants."

<sup>6</sup> Or: "Sad and peeled aspect." *Brollo*, or *brullo*, means "naked," or "burnt naked." See also canto xxxiv. 60.



securely movest thy living feet<sup>7</sup> through Hell. He in whose footsteps thou seest me tread, all naked and peeled though he be, was higher in degree than thou believest. Grandson of the good Gualdrada,<sup>8</sup> his name was Guidoguerra; and in his lifetime he did much with counsel and with sword. The other, that beats the sand behind me, is Tegghiaio Aldobrandi,<sup>9</sup> whose fame should be grateful up in the world. And I, who am placed with them in torment, was Jacopo Rusticucci;<sup>10</sup> and certainly, more than aught else, my savage wife injures me."

Così sicuro per lo Infernò freggi.

Questi, l' orme di cui pestar mi vedi,

Tutto che nudo e dipelato vada,

35

Fu di grado maggior che tu non credi.

Nepote fu della buona Gualdrada:

Guidoguerra ebbe nome, ed in sua vita

Fece col senno assai e con la spada

L' altro, che appresso me l' arena trita,

40

È Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, la cui voce

Nel mondo su dovrebbe esser gradita.

Ed io, che posto son con loro in croce, .

Iacopo Rusticucci fui; e certo

La fiera moglie più ch' altro mi nuoce.

45

<sup>7</sup> Lit.: "Rubbest thy living feet through Hell;" with louder step than spirits.

<sup>8</sup> Gualdrada, daughter of Bellincione Berti, "the greatest and most honored cavalier of Florence," long famous for her beauty, modesty, and noble frankness. See *Villani*, v. 37; *Boccaccio*, *Landino*, &c. The incident connected with her marriage, related by them all, will not bear the test of dates, or of what Dante himself says elsewhere (*Parad.* xv. and xvi.); but it at least shows her fame. Guidoguerra led the Guelphs of Florence, at the battle of Benevento, on the last of February, 1265-6, and sig-

nally contributed to the victory of Charles of Anjou over Manfred. *Malespini*, c. 180; *Villani*, vii. 8-10.

<sup>9</sup> Tegghiaio (pronounced *Tegghia'* here and at ver. 79, canto vi.), of the Adimari family, distinguished as a statesman and soldier. Among other things, he zealously attempted to dissuade the Florentines from the expedition which ended in the disastrous battle of Montaperto. *Malespini*, c. 166; *Villani*, vi. 77, &c.

<sup>10</sup> A rich Florentine, of "plebeian family," famous for his talents and generosity. Had to separate himself from that "savage wife," to whom he owes his miserable punishment.

Had I been sheltered from the fire, I should have thrown myself amid them below, and I believe my Teacher would have permitted it; but as I should have burnt and baked myself, fear overcame the good will which made me greedy to embrace them.

Then I began: "Not contempt, but sorrow, your condition fixed within me, so deeply that it will not leave me soon,<sup>11</sup> when this my Lord spake words to me, by which I felt that such men as you are might be coming. Of your city am I, and always with affection have I rehearsed and heard your deeds and honored names. I leave the gall, and go for the sweet apples<sup>12</sup> promised me by my veracious Guide. But to the center it behoves me first to fall."<sup>13</sup>

S' io fussi stato dal fuoco coverto,  
 Gittato mi sarei tra lor disotto,  
 E credo che il Dottor l' avria sofferto.  
 Ma perch' io mi sarei bruciato e cotto,  
 Vinse paura la mia buona voglia, 50  
 Che di loro abbracciar mi facea ghitto.  
 Poi cominciai: Non dispetto, ma doglia  
 La vostra condizion dentro mi fisse  
 Tanto, che tardi tutta si dispoglia,  
 Tosto che questo mio Signor mi disse 55  
 Parole, per le quali io mi pensai,  
 Che, qual voi siete, tal gente venisse.  
 Di vostra terra sono; e sempre mai  
 L' ovra di voi e gli onorati nomi  
 Con affezion ritrassi ed ascoltai. 60  
 Lascio lo fele, e vo pei dolci pomi  
 Promessi a me per lo verace Duca;  
 Ma fino al centro pria convien ch' io torni.

<sup>11</sup> Lit.: "Fixed sorrow within me so much, to such a degree, that late, or slowly, it is all divested;" it will cling to me long. Real and deep sadness.

of iniquity." *Acts* viii. 33. "Sweet apples" of Faith and everlasting Freedom; fruits of heavenly Mercy, Grace, and Wisdom. See canto ii. p. 32.

<sup>12</sup> Must go down to the very center of Hell, before he can begin to ascend.

“So may thy spirit long animate thy members,” he then replied, “and so thy fame shine after thee; tell, if courtesy and valor abide within our city as they were wont, or have gone quite out of it? For Guglielmo Borsiere,<sup>14</sup> who has been short time in pain with us, and yonder goes with our companions, greatly torments us with his words.”

“The upstart people<sup>15</sup> and the sudden gains, O Florence, have engendered in thee pride and excess, so that thou already weepst thereat.”

Thus I cried with face uplifted; and the three, who understood this as an answer, looked at one another as men look when truth is told. “If otherwhile it costs thee so little to satisfy others,”<sup>16</sup> they all re-

Se lungamente l' anima conduca	
Le membra tue, rispose quegli allora,	65
E se la fama tua dopo te luca,	
Cortesia e valor, di', se dimora	
Nella nostra città sì come suole,	
O se del tutto se n' è gito fuora?	
Chè Guglielmo Borsiere, il qual si duole	70
Con noi per poco, e va là coi compagni,	
Assai ne cruccia con le sue parole.	
La gente nuova, e i subiti guadagni,	
Orgoglio e dismisura han generata,	
Fiorenza, in te, sì che tu già ten piagni.	75
Così gridai colla faccia levata:	
E i tre, che ciò inteser per risposta,	
Guatar l' un l' altro, come al ver si guata.	
Se l' altre volte sì poco ti costa,	
Risposer tutti, il soddisfare altrui,	80

• <sup>14</sup> A Florentine, distinguished for his “courteous and elegant manners, and great readiness and wit in conversation.” See Boccaccio, *Com.*; and *Decam. Giorn.* i. Nov. 8.

<sup>15</sup> Or: “New people;” people newly settled in Florence, such as the Cerchi, &c. Nearly all of the White party, the party which Dante joined in resisting the coming of Charles. See canto vi. p. 70, &c.

<sup>16</sup> They hint at his freedom in speaking the truth, and the exile, &c., which it is to cost him.

plied, "happy thou, who thus speakest at thy will! Therefore, if thou escape out of these gloomy regions, and return to see again the beauteous stars; when thou shalt rejoice to say, 'I was,'<sup>17</sup> see that thou speak of us to men."

Then they broke their wheel; and, as they fled, their nimble legs seemed wings. An "Amen" could not have been said so quickly as they vanished. Wherefore it pleased my Master to depart. I followed him; and we had gone but little, when the sound of the water was so near us, that in speaking we should scarce have heard each other.

As that river<sup>18</sup>—which has a path of its own, first<sup>19</sup> from Monte Viso toward the east, on the left skirt of

Felice te, che sì parli a tua posta!  
 Però, se campi d' esti luoghi bui,  
 E torni a riveder le belle stelle,  
 Quando ti gioverà dicere: Io fui,  
 Fa che di noi alla gente favelle. 85  
 Indi rupper la ruota, ed a fuggirsi  
 Ale sembiaron le lor gambe snelle.  
 Un amen non saria potuto dirsi  
 Tosto così, com' ei furo spariti:  
 Perchè al Maestro parve di partirsi. 90  
 Io lo seguiva, e poco eravam iti,  
 Che il suon dell' acqua n' era sì vicino,  
 Che per parlar saremmo appena uditi.  
 Come quel fiume, ch' ha proprio cammino  
 Prima da monte Veso in vèr levante, 95  
 Dalla sinistra costa d' Apennino,

<sup>17</sup> "I was" in those "gloomy regions." *Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* Æn. i. 103. *Ut tristes sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires.* Ib. vi. 534.

<sup>18</sup> The Montone, which passes the Abbey of St. Benedict; and there descends into the plain of Romagna,

"its low bed." It is the first of the rivers, on the left (northern) skirts of the Apennines, that has a course of its own to the sea, near Ravenna. All the rest before it, from Monte Viso eastward, are tributaries or "attendants" of the Po.

<sup>19</sup> Or: "Before any other river."

the Apennine ; which is called Acquacheta above, ere it descends to its low bed, and is vacant of that name<sup>20</sup> at Forli—resounds from the mountain, there above San Benedetto, in falling at a descent, where for a thousand there should be refuge ;<sup>21</sup> thus down from a steep bank we found that tainted water re-echoing, so that in little time it would have stunned the ear.

I had a cord<sup>22</sup> girt round me ; and with it I

Che si chiama Acquacheta suso, avante

Che si divalli giù nel basso letto,

E a Forlì di quel nome è vacante,

Rimbomba là sopra San Benedetto 100

Dall' alpe, per cadere ad una scesa,

Dove dovria per mille esser ricetto ;

Così, giù d' una ripa discoscesa,

Trovammo risonar quell' acqua tinta,

Sì che in poc' ora avria l' orecchia offesa. 105

Io aveva una corda intorno cinta,

<sup>20</sup> Has lost the name of Acquacheta (*cheta*, still, quiet), and taken that of Montone before reaching Forli.

<sup>21</sup> The Abbey being rich enough to shelter thousands, instead of the few that are in it. *Dove* perhaps refers to *scesa* ; and there is a story told about some village (*castello*), "capable of containing many people," which was to have been built "very near the place where this water falls." Bocc. *Com.* Those who adopt this latter meaning read *dovea*, instead of *dovria*, in line 102.

<sup>22</sup> In the Bible, the expressions, to "gird," to have the "loins girded about," to "gird with strength," &c., always denote preparation for some work of a serious kind ; and Dante himself (*Purg.* vii. 114) speaks of one who "wore the cord of every virtue girded" round him. The painted Leopard represents Florence, or

Worldly Pleasure ; and the cord, with which he had once hoped to catch her (in many senses), has become a thing that he requires to get rid of. He quite unlooses it, and rolls it up in his brief way ; and Virgil (Wisdom) casts it with energy and decision into the deep abyss, as a fit lure for the monster that is to appear.

The plain solution, if we err not, lies in taking the mystic cord as an emblem of the mere human "righteousness," the semblances of strength, with which he had once girt himself to do his life-battle. Readers, who desire to fill up the details, will turn back to Canto First, and see how he attempts to ascend the bright Hill unaided and alone ; how the sight of the Leopard on the way to it strongly attracts his attention, pleases, and encourages him ; and how he gets the first lesson of

thought some time to catch the Leopard of the painted skin. After I had quite unloosed it from me, as my Guide commanded me, I held it out to him coiled and wound up. Then he bent himself toward the right side,<sup>23</sup> and threw it, some distance from the edge, down into that deep abyss.

“Surely,” said I within myself, “something new must answer this new signal, which my Master so follows with his eye.”

Ah! how cautious ought men to be with those who see not only the deed, but with their mind look through into the thoughts! He said to me: “What I expect will soon come up; and what thy thought dreams of, soon must be discovered to thy view.”

E con essa pensai alcuna volta  
 Prender la lonza alla pelle dipinta.  
 Poscia che l' ebbi tutta da me sciolta,  
 Sì come il Duca m' avea comandato, 110  
 Porsila a lui aggroppata e ravvolta.  
 Ond' ei si volse inver lo destro lato,  
 E alquanto di lungi dalla sponda  
 La gittò giuso in quell' alto burrato.  
 E pur convien che novità risponda, 115  
 Dicea fra me medesimo, al nuovo cenno  
 Che il Maestro con l' occhio sì seconda.  
 Ah! quanto cauti, gli uomini esser denno  
 Presso a color, che non veggon pur l' opra,  
 Ma per entro i pensier miran col senno! 120  
 Ei disse a me: Tosto verrà di sopra  
 Ciò ch' io attendo; e che il tuo pensier sogna,  
 Tosto convien ch' al tuo viso si scopra.

his weakness from the Lion and the Wolf. In the cantos that follow, he gets many lessons of the same kind. The prophecies of his separation from the Leopard (exile, poverty, &c.) thicken on him. He sees Farinata, Brunetto, Guidoguerra, &c.

The necessity of casting off all shams and semblances, and seeking firm footing in the Infinitudes and Eternities, becomes more and more apparent and pressing.

<sup>23</sup> Like one who is going to throw with his right hand.

Always to that truth which has an air of falsehood, a man should close his lips, if possible; for, though blameless, he incurs reproach.<sup>24</sup> But here keep silent I can not; and, Reader, I swear to thee, by the notes<sup>25</sup> of this my Comedy—so may they not be void of lasting favor—that I saw, through that air gross and dark, come swimming upward, a figure<sup>26</sup> marvelous to every steadfast heart; <sup>27</sup> like as he returns, who sometimes goes down to loose the anchor, which grapples a rock or other thing that in the sea is hid, who spreads the arms and gathers up the feet.<sup>28</sup>

Sempre a quel ver, ch' ha facci di menzogna,  
 De' l' uom chiuder le labbra quant' ei puote, 125  
 Però che senza colpa fa vergogna;  
 Ma qui tacer nol posso: e per le note  
 Di questa Commedia, lettor, ti giuro,  
 S' elle, non sien di lunga grazia vote,  
 Ch' io vidi per quell' aer grosso e scuro 130  
 Venir notando una figura in suso,  
 Meravigliosa ad ogni cor sicuro,  
 Sì come torna colui che va giuso  
 Talvolta a solver l' àncora, ch' aggrappa  
 O scoglio, od altro, che nel mare è chiuso, 135  
 Che in su si stende, e da piè si rattappa.

<sup>24</sup> "Causes shame" to himself by relating what seems unlikely.

<sup>25</sup> "With other Notes than to the Orphéan lyre

I sang of Chaos and eternal Night."  
*Par. Lost*, iii. 17.

<sup>26</sup> *Forma tricornporis umbrae*. *Æn.* vi. 289. "The beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit." *Rev.* xi. 17.

<sup>27</sup> "The beast shall ascend," &c., "and they that dwell on the earth shall wonder." *Rev.* xvii. 8.

<sup>28</sup> Lit.: "Who above" (in the upper part of his body) "spreads himself, and at the feet draws himself together," as he is swimming up from the anchor.

## ARGUMENT.

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**THE** monster Geryon is described ; and the Poets leave the rocky margin of the streamlet, and go down, on the right hand, to the place where he has landed himself. Virgil remains with him, and sends Dante, by himself alone (not without significance), to see the last class of sinners that are punished on the burning sand,—the Usurers who have done violence to Nature and Art. Canto xi. 94, &c. They are sitting all crouched up, tears gushing from their eyes ; and each of them has a Purse, stamped with armorial bearings, hanging from his neck. Dante looks into the faces of some ; but finds it quite impossible to recognize any one of them. He briefly examines their condition in the way of duty ; listens to a few words that make him understand it completely ; and then turns away without speaking at all to them. He goes back to his Guide ; and Geryon conveys them down to the Eighth Circle.



## CANTO XVII.

“BEHOLD the savage beast with the pointed tail, that passes mountains, and breaks through walls and weapons! Behold him that pollutes the whole world.”<sup>1</sup> Thus began my Guide to speak to me; and beckoned him to come ashore, near the end of our rocky path.<sup>2</sup> And that uncleanly image of Fraud came onward, and landed his head and bust, but drew not his tail upon the bank.

His face was the face of a just man, so mild an aspect had it outwardly;<sup>3</sup> and the rest was all a reptile's body. He had two paws, hairy to the arm-pits; the neck, and the breast, and both the flanks, were painted with knots and circlets. Never did

Ecco la fiera con la coda aguzza,  
 Che passa i monti, e rompe mura ed armi;  
 Ecco colei che tutto il mondo appuzza :  
 Sì cominciò lo mio Duca a parlargli ;  
 Ed accennolle che venisse a proda, 5  
 Vicino al fin de' passeggiati marmi :  
 E quella sozza imagine di froda,  
 Sen vennne, ed arrivò la testa e il busto ;  
 Ma in su la riva non trasse la coda.  
 La faccia sua era faccia d' uom giusto, 10  
 Tanto benigna avea di fuor la pelle ;  
 E d' un serpente tutto l' altro fusto.  
 Duo branche avea pilose infin l' ascelle :  
 Lo dosso, e il petto, ed ambedue le coste  
 Dipinte avea di nodi e di rotelle. 15

“Diseases all the world with | bles” (stony margin of the streamlet)  
 stench;” fills it with Shams of every | “walked on” by us.  
 sort and their results. Canto xi. | <sup>3</sup> Lit. : “It had the skin outwardly

<sup>1</sup> Lit. : “Near the end of the mar- | so mild.”

Tartars nor Turks with more colors make ground or broidery<sup>4</sup> in cloth; nor by Arachne were such webs laid on *her loom*.

As at times the wherries lie on shore, that are part in water and part on land; and as, among the guzzling Germans, the beaver adjusts himself to make his war;<sup>5</sup> so lay that worst of savage beasts upon the brim<sup>6</sup> which closes the great sand with stone. In the void<sup>7</sup> swam all his tail, twisting upward the venomed fork, which, as in scorpions, armed the point.

My Guide said: "Now must we bend our way a little, to that wicked brute which couches there." Then we descended on the right,<sup>8</sup> and made ten paces

Con più color, sommese e sopraposte  
 Non fer mai in drappo Tartari nè Turchi,  
 Nè fur tai tele per Aragne imposte.  
 Come tal volta stanno a riva burchi,  
 Che parte sono in acqua e parte in terra,                    20  
 E come là tra li Tedeschi lurchi  
 Lo bevero s' assetta a far sua guerra;  
 Così la fiera pessima si stava  
 Su l' orlo, che di pietra il sabbion serra.  
 Nel vano tutta sua coda guizzava,                                25  
 Torcendo in su la venenosa forca  
 Che, a guisa di scorpion, la punta armava.  
 Lo Duca disse: Or convien che si torca  
 La nostra via un poco, infino a quella  
 Bestia malvagia, che colà si corca.                                30  
 Però scendemmo alla destra mammella,  
 E dieci passi femmo in sullo stremo,

<sup>4</sup> *Sommese*, the groundwork of the cloth; and *sopraposte*, the raised work, or broidery.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* to catch his prey.

<sup>6</sup> Ring of rock between the sand and the deep central "void."

<sup>7</sup> The empty space over the abyss.

<sup>8</sup> "On the right breast." Down from the elevated margin of the streamlet.

toward the edge,<sup>9</sup> that we might quite avoid the sand and flames.

And when we came to him, I saw upon the sand, a little farther onward, people sitting<sup>10</sup> near the empty space. Here my Master said to me: "That thou mayest take full experience of this round, go now and mark the mien of these. Let thy talk with them be brief. Till thou returnest, I will speak with this *beast*, that he may lend us his strong shoulders."

Thus also, on the utmost limit<sup>11</sup> of that seventh circle, all alone I went to where the woeful folk were seated. Through the eyes their grief was bursting forth; on this side, on that, they with their hands kept warding off,<sup>12</sup> sometimes the flames, sometimes

Per ben cessar la rena e la fiammella :  
 E quando noi a lei venuti semo,  
 Poco più oltre veggio in su la rena 35  
 Gente seder propinqua al luogo scemo.  
 Quivi il Maestro : Acciocchè tutta piena  
 Esperienza d' esto giron porti,  
 Mi disse, or va, e vedi la lor mena.  
 Li tuoi ragionamenti sien là corti : 40  
 Mentre che torni, parlerò con questa,  
 Che ne conceda i suoi omeri forti.  
 Così ancor, su per la strema testa  
 Di quel settimo cerchio, tutto solo  
 Andai ove sedea la gente mesta. 45  
 Per gli occhi fuori scoppiava lor duolo :  
 Di quà, di là soccorrien con le mani,  
 Quando a' vapori, e quando al caldo suolo.

33. *Cessar, evitare. Parad. xxv. 133.*

<sup>9</sup> Edge of the abyss. Went ten paces from the sand.

<sup>10</sup> Usurers, "sitting all crouched up." Canto xiv. 23. They are near the end of the sand; close to the rim of stone, or inner boundary of the circle. Ver. 24.

<sup>11</sup> Along the "extreme head," or stony border of that seventh circle, went also to see the third class of sinners, having already seen the other two.

<sup>12</sup> Or, "made help, sometimes, against the flames," &c.

the burning soil. Not otherwise the dogs in summer do, now with snout, now with paw, when they are bitten by fleas, or flies, or breezes.

Directing my eyes into the visages of some, on whom the dolorous fire descends, I knew not one of them;<sup>13</sup> but I observed that from the neck of each there hung a pouch, which had a certain color and a certain impress, and thereon it seems their eye still feeds.

And as I came among them looking, on a yellow purse I saw azure, that had the semblance and gesture of a lion.<sup>14</sup> Then, my look continuing its course, I saw another of them, redder than blood, display a goose more white than butter.<sup>15</sup> And one who, with

Non altrimenti fan di state i cani,  
 Or col ceffo or col piè, quando son morsi                    50  
 O da pulci o da mosche o da tafani.  
 Poi che nel viso a certi gli occhi porsi,  
 Ne' quali il doloroso fuoco casca,  
 Non ne conobbi alcun; ma io m' accorsi  
 Che dal collo a ciascun pendea una tasca,                    55  
 Ch' avea certo colore e certo segno,  
 E quindi par che il loro occhio si pasca.  
 E com' io riguardando tra lor vegno,  
 In una borsa gialla vidi azzurro,  
 Che di lione avea faccia e contegno.                    60  
 Poi procedendo di mio sguardo il curro,  
 Vidine un' altra più che sangue rossa  
 Mostrare un' oca bianca più che burro.

<sup>13</sup> They are all of them "too obscure for any recognition" (canto vii. 53); too despicable for being named. Have nothing left for eternity but those purses and emblems of nobility, on which their eye seems to feed. *Animum picturâ pascit inani, . . . . largoque humectat flumine vultum.* *Æn.* i. 464. *Congestis un-*

*dique saccis, &c.* *Hor. Serm.* i. 70, &c.

<sup>14</sup> Arms of the Gianfigliuzzi, Florentines of the Guelph party. *Malesp.* c. 168.

<sup>15</sup> Arms of the Ubbrichi, an ancient family of distinction in Florence, and of the Ghibelline party. *Malesp.* c. 137, &c.; *Villani*, vi. 33, &c.

a sow azure and pregnant, had his argent sacklet stamped,<sup>16</sup> said to me: "What dost thou in this pit? Get thee gone: and, because thou art still alive, know that my neighbor Vitaliano<sup>17</sup> shall sit here at my left side. With these Florentines am I, a Paduan. Many a time they din my ears, shouting: 'Let the sovereign cavalier<sup>18</sup> come, who will bring the pouch with the three goats!'" Then he writhed his mouth, and thrust his tongue out,<sup>19</sup> like an ox that licks his nose. And I, dreading lest longer stay might anger him who had admonished me to stay short time, turned back from those fore-wearied souls.

Ed un, che d' una scrofa azzurra e grossa  
 Segnato avea lo suo sacchetto bianco, 65  
 Mi disse: Che fai tu in questa fossa?  
 Or te ne va: e perchè se' vivo anco,  
 Sappi che il mio vicin Vitaliano  
 Sederà qui dal mio sinistro fianco.  
 Con questi Fiorentin son Padovano; 70  
 Spesse fiate m' intruonan gli orecchi,  
 Gridando: Vegna il cavalier sovrano,  
 Che recherà la tasca coi tre becchi.  
 Quindi storse la bocca, e di fuor trasse  
 La lingua, come bue che il naso lecchi. 75  
 Ed io, temendo nol più star crucciasse  
 Lui che di poco star m' avea ammonito,  
 Tornai indietro dall' anime lasse.

<sup>16</sup> The arms of the Scrovigni (*Scrofa*) of Padua.

<sup>17</sup> Vitaliano del Dente, a rich Paduan nobleman. Dante, being still alive, can report what he hears about him, &c.

<sup>18</sup> Messer Giovanni Buiamonte, "the most infamous usurer of those times," a Florentine of the Bicci family, whose arms were three "he-goats;" not "beaks," as some have

thought. *Ille cum tribus hircis*, &c., is the expression of Pietro Dante's son.

<sup>19</sup> Mark of the heartiest, and the meanest contempt; indicating the real rank of those noble usurers. One sees it yet, with its old accompaniments, among the lowest classes in Italy; and it comes to them from the Romans. See *Pers. Sat. i. 58-60*.

I found my Guide, who had already mounted on the haunch of the dreadful animal; and he said to me: "Now be stout and bold! Now by such stairs must we descend. Mount thou in front; for I wish to be in the middle, that the tail may not do hurt *to thee*."

As one who has the shivering of the quartan so near, that he has his nails already pale, and trembles all, still keeping the shade;<sup>20</sup> such I became when these words were uttered.<sup>21</sup> But his threats<sup>22</sup> excited shame, which makes the servant bold in presence of a worthy master.

I placed myself on those huge shoulders, and wished to say, only the voice came not<sup>23</sup> as I thought: "See that thou embrace me."

Trovai lo Duca mio ch' era salito  
 Già sulla groppa del fero animale, 80  
 E disse a me : Or sie forte e ardito.  
 Omai si scende per sì fatte scale :  
 Monta dinanzi, ch' io voglio esser mezzo,  
 Sì che la coda non possa far male.  
 Qual è colui, ch' ha sì presso il ribrezzo 85  
 Della quartana, ch' ha già l' unghie smorte,  
 E trema tutto, pur guardando il rezzo ;  
 Tal divenn' io alle parole porte :  
 Ma vergogna mi fer le sue minacce,  
 Che innanzi a buon signor fa servo forte. 90  
 Io m' assettai in su quelle spallacce :  
 Sì volli dir, ma la voce non venne  
 Com' io credetti : Fa che tu m' abbracce.

<sup>20</sup> Continuing, unnerved and discouraged, in the shade which is cold and hurtful to him. With a frightful Italian ague coming upon him; trembling all over, and without heart to move till some one force him.

<sup>21</sup> Or, more lit.: "At the words directed" to me.

<sup>22</sup> These "threats" of Virgil, looks

of highest calmness and security (mere visible presence of Wisdom), which make Dante ashamed of his trembling, and give him strength to mount, recall the expression (*Æn.* iv. 88), *Minæque Murorum ingentes*, so much tortured by commentators. The reading followed by Cary is without any good authority.

<sup>23</sup> Still unable to speak from fear.

But he, who at other times assisted me in other difficulties,<sup>24</sup> soon as I mounted, clasped me with his arms, and held me up. Then he said: "Geryon, now move thee. Be thy circles wide, and gradual thy descent: think of the unusual burden that thou hast."

As the bark<sup>25</sup> goes from its station backward, backward, so *the monster* took himself from thence; and when he felt himself quite loose,<sup>26</sup> there where his breast had been he turned his tail, and stretching moved it, like an eel, and with his paws gathered the air to him.

Greater fear there was not, I believe, when Phaeton

Ma esso che altra volta mi sovvenne  
 Ad altro forte, tosto ch' io montai, 95  
 Con le braccia m' avvinse e mi sostenne :  
 E disse : Gerion, moviti omai :  
 Le ruote larghe, e lo scender sia poco :  
 Pensa la nuova soma che tu hai.  
 Come la navicella esce di loco 100  
 In dietro in dietro, sì quindi si tolse :  
 E poi ch' al tutto si sentì a giuoco,  
 Là ov' era il petto, la coda rivolse ;  
 E quella tesa, come anguilla, mosse ;  
 E con le branche l' aere a sè raccolse. 105  
 Maggior paura non credo che fosse,  
 Quando Fetonte abbandonò li freni,

*Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*  
*En. vi. 493.*

<sup>24</sup> Lit.: "Who other times assisted me at other difficult encounter;" the word *rincontro*, *passo*, or some such, being understood after *forte*. Many editions have *Ad alto forte*, or *Ad alto, forte*, in line 95; and the commentators say *Ad alto* means "above, or in one of the higher cir-

cles;" and that *forte* is used adverbially, and refers to *m' avvinse*. Foscolo gives the explanation wrong, but succeeds in showing that the *Ad altro forte* of Torelli, &c., makes a somewhat better reading.

<sup>25</sup> Recalls the wherries, or barks (*burchi*), of verse 19.

<sup>26</sup> Or: "Quite at play;" at full play in the void.

let fall the reins,<sup>27</sup> whereby the sky, as yet appears,<sup>28</sup> was burnt; nor when poor Icarus felt his loins unfeather by the heating of the wax,<sup>29</sup> his father crying to him, "Perilous thy way!"<sup>30</sup> than was my *fear*, when I saw myself in the air on all sides, and saw extinguished every sight, save of the beast.<sup>31</sup> He goes on swimming slowly, slowly; wheels and descends; but I perceive it not, otherwise than by a wind upon my face and from below.<sup>32</sup> Already, on the right hand, I heard the whirlpool<sup>33</sup> make a hideous roaring under us; whereat I stretched my head forth, looking downward.<sup>34</sup> Then was I more terror-struck at the descent;

Per che il ciel, come appare ancor, si cosse ;  
 Nè quando Icaro misero le reni  
 Sentì spennar per la scaldata cera, 110  
 Gridando il padre a lui: Mala via tieni;  
 Che fu la mia, quando vidi ch' io era  
 Nell' aer d' ogni parte, e vidi spenta  
 Ogni veduta, fuor che della fiera.  
 Ella sen va notando lenta lenta ; 115  
 Ruota, e discende ; ma non me n' accorgo,  
 Se non ch' al viso e disotto mi venta.  
 Io sentia già dalla man destra il gorgo  
 Far sotto noi un orribile stroschio ;  
 Per che con gli occhi in giù la testa sporgo. 120  
 Allor fu' io più timido allo scoscio :

118. *Gorgo*, Lat. *gorges*.

121. *Scoscio*, descent, precipice.

<sup>27</sup> *Gelidâ formidine lora remisit.* Metam. ii. 200.

<sup>28</sup> In the Milky Way, according to the Pythagoreans. Compare *Convito*, Tr. ii. cap. 15; and *Parad.* xvi. 99.

<sup>29</sup> *Rapidâ vicinia solis Mollit adoras, pennarum vincula, ceras. Tabuerant ceras: nudos quatit ille lacertos,* &c. Metam. viii. 225.

<sup>30</sup> Lit.: "Ill way thou keepest."

<sup>31</sup> "Saw every sight quenched,

except that of the beast;" saw nothing but the beast.

<sup>32</sup> "It blows on his face," from the circling; and "beneath," or on his feet, from the sinking.

<sup>33</sup> Into which the red stream is falling. "On the right hand," indicating that Geryon had turned to the right, and keeps circling down with the rocky precipice on that hand.

<sup>34</sup> Lit.: "With eyes downward, my head I stretch."



for I saw fires and heard lamentings, so that I shrunk all trembling. And then I saw—what I had not seen before—the sinking and the wheeling,<sup>35</sup> through the great evils which drew near on diverse sides.

As the falcon, that has been long upon his wings—that, without seeing bird or lure, makes the falconer cry, “Alas! thou stoopest”—descends weary;<sup>36</sup> then swiftly moves himself with many a circle, and far from his master sets himself disdainful and sullen; so at the bottom Geryon set us, close to the foot of the ragged rock; and, from our weight relieved, he bounded off like an arrow from the string.<sup>37</sup>

Però ch' io vidi fuochi, e sentir pianti;  
 Ond' io tremando tutto mi raccoscio.  
 E vidi poi, che nol vedea davanti,  
 Lo scendere e il girar, per li gran mali                    125  
 Che s' appressavan da diversi canti.  
 Come il falcon ch' è stato assai su l' ali,  
 Che, senza veder logoro o uccello,  
 Fa dire al falconiere: Oimè tu cali!  
 Discende lasso, onde si muove snello                    130  
 Per cento ruote, e da lungi si pone  
 Dal suo maestro, disdegnoso e fello;  
 Così ne pose al fondo Gerione  
 A piede a piè della stagliata rocca:  
 E, discarcate le nostre persone,                    135  
 Si dileguò, come da corda cocca.

134. *A piede a piè*, “at foot at foot.” Iteration like *a randa a randa* (canto xiv. 12), *vicin vicino*, &c.

<sup>35</sup> The descending and circling, which only the wind on his face and feet had made him feel before, he now sees by the succession of horrors (*gran mali*) that present themselves. The reading of this passage given in the (1842) edition of Foscolo seems quite unintelligible. *E udi' poi, che non l' udia davante* is the Cruscan reading of ver. 124. It is

less simple than the one we have adopted, and rests on inferior authority.

<sup>36</sup> . . . . . “Satan . . . ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings,” &c.  
*Par. Lost*, iii. 70.

<sup>37</sup> “As notch of arrow from cord.” Geryon has been disappointed of the prey he expected; and is angry, like the falcon.

## ARGUMENT.

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**DURING** the "circling and sinking," on the back of Geryon, Dante has observed the outlines of the lowest Hell, and here briefly describes them. He is now far beneath the circles of Violence, &c.; and has to see the punishment of far graver sins. Every thing around him is made of dark solid rock. The high wall of the great circular shaft in which he has descended with Geryon, forms the outer barrier of the Eighth Circle, where he and his Guide have just been landed. The circle itself occupies the whole of a shelving space, which lies between the foot of a high wall and the brim of another (lower) shaft or "well" that is exactly in the center; and it is divided (in successive rings) into ten deep fosses or chasms, resembling the trenches which begird a fortress, and each containing a different class of sinners. Across these chasms, and the banks which separate them from one another, run cliffs from the outer border of the circle down to the central well, forming lines of road and bridges that also resemble those by which the fortress is entered from different sides. The well contains the Traitors, and Satan, "Emperor of the dolorous kingdom," in the middle of them. Virgil turns to the left, and conducts Dante along the outer edge of the first chasm, till they come to one of the cliffs. This they ascend; and, turning to the right, pass two of the bridges, and examine the chasms beneath them. In the First are Panders (*Ruffiani*) and lying Seducers, hurrying along in two separate crowds—meeting one another—all naked and scourged by Horned Demons. In the Second, Flatterers immersed in filth.

## CANTO XVIII.

THERE is a place in Hell called Malebolge,<sup>1</sup> all of stone, and of an iron color, like the barrier<sup>2</sup> which winds round it. Right in the middle yawns a well exceeding wide and deep, whose structure its *due* place shall tell.<sup>3</sup> The border<sup>4</sup> therefore that remains, between the well and the foot of the high rocky bank, is round; and it has its bottom divided into ten valleys. As is the form that ground presents,<sup>5</sup> where to defend the walls successive ditches begird a castle; such

Luogo è in inferno, detto Malebolge,  
 Tutto di pietra e di color ferrigno,  
 Come la cerchia che d' intorno il volge.  
 Nel dritto mezzo del campo maligno  
 Vaneggia un pozzo assai largo e profondo, 5  
 Di cui suo luogo conterà l' ordigno.  
 Quel cinghio, che rimane, adunque è tondo,  
 Tra il pozzo e il piè dell' alta ripa dura,  
 E ha distinto in dieci valli il fondo.  
 Quale, dove per guardia delle mura 10  
 Più e più fossi cingon li castelli,  
 La parte dov' ei son rende figura;

<sup>1</sup> Name given to this Eighth Circle, on account of the ten "Evil" *Bolgie*, or *Bolge*, which it contains. *Bolgia* (Lat. *bulga*), in its original signification, "a bag, budget, valise, or portmanteau," came afterward to mean "any dark hole, nest, repository, chasm, or gulf." *Bouge*, its derivative in French, has something of the latter sense; while its diminutive *bougette* (budget) still retains the original meaning. Pietro di Dante says: *Per bolgias, id est, vestibula* ("porches" or "courts"), &c. The

place of Satan is getting near; and all these meanings suggest ideas.

<sup>2</sup> The "high bank of rock" (ver. 8) which divides it from the Seventh Circle.

<sup>3</sup> Will be described in its place.

<sup>4</sup> Ring of space, or "belt," between the brim of the lower (central) well and the foot of the high bank.

<sup>5</sup> *Quale figura la parte rende, &c.* The whole round of Malebolge presents the same aspect as "the part" on which numerous fosses are made for defense of a castle or fortress.

nage these made here. And as, from the thresholds of the fortress, there are bridges to the outward bank ; so from the basis of the rock proceeded cliffs that crossed the embankments and the ditches, down to the well which truncates and collects them.<sup>6</sup>

In this place, shaken from the back of Geryon,<sup>7</sup> we found ourselves ; and the Poet kept to the left, and I moved behind. On the right hand I saw new misery, new torments, and new tormentors, wherewith the first chasm was filled. In its bottom the sinners were naked : from the middle, on our side,<sup>8</sup> they came facing us ; and, on the other side, along with us, but with larger steps.<sup>9</sup> Thus the Romans, because of the great throng, in the year of Jubilee, upon the bridge

Tale immagine quivi facean quelli :  
 E come a tai fortezze da' lor sogli  
 Alla ripa di fuor son ponticelli ; 15  
 Così da imo della roccia scogli  
 Movien, che ricidean gli argini e i fossi,  
 Infino al pozzo che i tronca e raccogli.  
 In questo luogo, dalla schiena scossi  
 Di Gerion, trovammoci : e il Poeta 20  
 Tenne a sinistra, ed io dietro mi mossi.  
 Alla man destra vidi nuova pietra ;  
 Nuovi tormenti e nuovi frustatori,  
 Di che la prima bolgia era repleta.  
 Nel fondo erano ignudi i peccatori : 25  
 Dal mezzo in qua ci venian verso il volto ;  
 Di là con noi, ma con passi maggiori :  
 Come i Roman, per l' esercito molto,  
 L' anno del Giubbileo, su per lo ponte

<sup>6</sup> These flinty cliffs that rivet the dark chasms together, and give them communication with Satan and his emissaries, proceed from "the basis of the rock," or outer margin of Malebolge ; and converge as they descend toward the central well which terminates and collects them in its ring.

<sup>7</sup> Set down by him in anger.

<sup>8</sup> In the half of the chasm next to us. Taken lengthwise.

<sup>9</sup> "Larger steps than ours." Chased by Demons, ver. 35.

have taken means to pass the people over; so that, on the one side, all have their faces toward the Castle, and go to St. Peter's; at the other ledge, they go toward the Mount.<sup>10</sup>

On this side, on that, along the hideous stone, I saw horned Demons<sup>11</sup> with large scourges, who smote them fiercely from behind. Ah! how they made them lift their legs at the first strokes! And truly none waited for the second or the third.

As I went on, my eyes were met by one, and instantly I said: "Him I have seen before."<sup>12</sup> I therefore stayed my feet to recognize him; and the kind

Hanno a passar la gente modo tolto ;	30
Che dall' un lato tutti hanno la fronte	
Verso il castello, e vanno a santo Pietro,	
Dall' altra sponda vanno verso il monte.	
Di qua, di là, su per lo sasso tetro	
Vidi Dimon cornuti con gran ferze,	35
Che li battean crudelmente di retro.	
Ahi come facean lor levar le berze	
Alle prime percosse! E già nessuno	
Le seconde aspettava nè le terze.	
Mentr' io andava, gli occhi miei in uno	40
Furo scontrati; ed io sì tosto dissi:	
Già di veder costui non son digiuno.	
Perciò a figurarlo i piedi affissi;	

<sup>10</sup> In the year 1300 (date of the Vision of Dante), when Boniface VIII. proclaimed the first Jubilee, the concourse of pilgrims was so great that it became necessary to divide the bridge of St. Angelo lengthwise, and make all those who were going toward the Castle (of St. Angelo) and St. Peter's keep on one side; and those who were returning from it, on the other side. The "mount" is Monte Giordano, or more

probably that part of the Janiculum on which the church of St. Pietro in Montorio stands.

<sup>11</sup> Horned here only. And kindred sinners meeting, as in canto vii.

<sup>12</sup> Lit.: "Already I am not without having seen him." *Digiuno*, from Lat. *jejunus* "empty, void of:" as, *jejunas hujus orationis aures*. Cic. *Orat.* 30. Used again in the same sense, canto xxvii. 87.

Guide stood still with me, and allowed me to go back a little. And that scourged *spirit* thought to hide himself, lowering his face; but little it availed him, for I said: "Thou that dost cast thy eye upon the ground! If the features which thou wearest be not false, thou art Venedico Caccianimico.<sup>13</sup> But what brings thee to such a biting pickle?"<sup>14</sup>

And he to me: "Unwillingly I tell it; but thy clear speech,<sup>15</sup> that makes me recollect the former world, compels me. It was I who led the fair Ghisola to do the Marquis' will, however the unseemly tale may sound.<sup>16</sup> And I am not the only Bolognese that

E il dolce Duca meco si ristette,  
E assentì ch' alquanto indietro gissi. 45  
E quel frustato celar si credette  
Bassando il viso; ma poco gli valse,  
Ch' io dissi: Tu che l' occhio a terra gette,  
Se le fazion che porti non son false,  
Venedico sei tu Caccianimico. 50  
Ma che ti mena a sì pungenti salse?  
Ed egli a me: Mal volentier lo dico;  
Ma sforzami la tua chiara favella,  
Che mi fa sovvenir del mondo antico.  
Io fui colui, che la Ghisola bella 55  
Condussi a far la voglia del Marchese,  
Come che suoni la sconcia novella.  
E non pur io qui piango Bolognese;

<sup>13</sup> A Bolognese (if those features of his be real) of distinguished family, who persuaded his beautiful sister Ghisola, under false pretenses, to do the will of Azzo III., Marquis of Ferrara, that "step son" of canto xii. 112. See *Ottimo Com.*; and that of Benv. da Imola, who was at Bologna in 1375, and knew the family.

<sup>14</sup> *Salse* ("sauces," seasoning of the lash) was also the name of "a very steep and hollow place" near

Bologna, into which the bodies of those who were deemed unworthy of Christian burial used to be thrown. Benv. da Imola *Com.*

<sup>15</sup> "Clear" living voice, that reminds him of old things on earth. The shadows have hoarse, faint voices. See canto i. 63, and other passages.

<sup>16</sup> Whatever reports there may be of the vile tale.

weeps here: nay, this place is so filled with us, that as many tongues are not now taught to say *Sipa* between Savena and the Reno.<sup>17</sup> And if thou desirest assurance and testimony thereof, recall to thy memory our avaricious heart."<sup>18</sup>

And as he thus spake, a Demon smote him with his lash, and said: "Away! Ruffian, there are no women here for coin."<sup>19</sup>

I rejoined my Escort. Then, with a few steps, we came to where a cliff proceeded from the bank. This we very easily ascended; and, turning to the right upon its jagged ridge,<sup>20</sup> we quitted those eternal circles.<sup>21</sup>

Anzi n' è questo luogo tanto pieno,  
 Che tante lingue non son ora apprese 60  
 A dicer *sipa* tra Savena e il Reno:  
 E se di ciò vuoi fede o testimonio,  
 Recati a mente il nostro avaro seno.  
 Così parlando il percosse un Demonio  
 Della sua scuriada, e disse: Via, 65  
 Ruffian, qui non son femmine da conio.  
 Io mi raggiunsi con la Scorta mia:  
 Poscia con pochi passi divenimmo,  
 Dove uno scoglio della ripa uscia.  
 Assai leggieramente quel salimmo, 70  
 E volti a destra su per la sua scheggia,  
 Da quelle cerchie eterne ci partimmo.

<sup>17</sup> Bologna lies between the rivers Savena and Reno. *Sipa* (or *si po*) is the cheerful "yes," or "truly," of the Bolognese to the present time.

<sup>18</sup> Dante had studied in Bologna.

<sup>19</sup> Or: "to coin;" to make into money, as the *Ottimo Com.* suggests.

<sup>20</sup> Lit.: "Its splinter." Or "its splintered part," taking *scheggia* for *scheggiata*.

<sup>21</sup> Circles of the violent, &c., or

those guilty of direct sins. The Poets take a different way, in this circle of the Fraudulent, from what they have taken in the circles above. They "held to the left" (ver. 21) after Geryon quitted them; and now they turn "to the right" in going toward the centre of Hell, instead of turning to the left as heretofore. Compare cantos ix. 132; x. 133; xiii. 115, 130; xiv. 126, &c. We shall also find that the way (like that of Fraud or

When we reached the part where it yawns beneath<sup>22</sup> to leave a passage for the scourged, my Guide said: "Stay, and let the look strike on thee<sup>23</sup> of these other ill-born *spirits*, whose faces thou hast not yet seen, for they have gone along with us."

From the ancient bridge we viewed the train, who were coming toward us, on the other side, chased likewise by the scourge. The kind Master, without my asking, said to me: "Look at that great *soul* who comes, and seems to shed no tear for pain. What a regal aspect he yet retains! That is Jason, who, by courage and by counsel, bereft the Colchians of the ram. He passed,<sup>24</sup> by the isle of Lemnos, after the bold merciless women had given all their males to

Quando noi fummo là, dov' ei vaneggia  
 Di sotto, per dar passo agli sferzati,  
 Lo Duca disse: Attienti, e fa che feggia 75  
 Lo viso in te di questi altri mal nati,  
 A' quali ancor non vedesti la faccia,  
 Perocchè son con noi insieme andati.  
 Dal vecchio ponte guardavam la traccia,  
 Che venia verso noi dall' altra banda, 80  
 E che la ferza similmente scaccia.  
 Il buon Maestro, senza mia dimanda,  
 Mi disse: Guarda quel grande che viene,  
 E per dolor non par lagrima spanda.  
 Quanto aspetto reale ancor ritiene! 85  
 Quelli è Jason, che per cuore e per senno  
 Li Colchi del monton privati fene.  
 Ello passò per l' isola di Lenno,  
 Poi che le ardite femmine spietate  
 Tutti li maschi loro a morte dienno. 90

75. *Feggia*, from *federe*. Canto x. 135.

sham goodness) leads more directly to Satan.

<sup>22</sup> Where the cliff forms a bridge over the first chasm.

<sup>23</sup> Take a direct, and painful, view of them too. See ver. 27.

<sup>24</sup> On his way to Colchis.





vapor below, which concretes upon them, which did battle<sup>31</sup> with the eyes and with the nose.

The bottom is so deep, that we could see *it* nowhere without mounting to the ridge of the arch, where the cliff stands highest.<sup>32</sup> We got upon it; and then, in the ditch beneath, I saw a people dipped in excrement, that seemed *as it had* flowed from human privies.

And while I was searching with my eyes, down among it, I beheld one with a head so smeared in filth, that it did not appear whether he was layman or clerk.<sup>33</sup> He bawled to me: "Why art thou so eager in gazing at me, more than the others in their nastiness?"

And I to him: "Because, if I rightly recollect, I have seen thee before with thy hair dry: and thou art

Per l' alito di giù che vi si appasta,  
 Che con gli occhi e col naso facea zuffa.  
 Lo fondo è cupo sì, che non ci basta  
 Luogo a veder senza montare al dosso 110  
 Dell' arco, ove lo scoglio più sovrasta.  
 Quivi venimmo, e quindi giù nel fosso  
 Vidi gente attuffata in uno sterco,  
 Che dagli uman privati pareva mosso:  
 E mentre ch' io là giù con l' occhio cerco, 115  
 Vidi un col capo sì di merda lordo,  
 Che non pareva s' era laico o chercò.  
 Quei mi sgridò: Perchè sei tu sì ingordo  
 Di riguardar più me che gli altri brutti?  
 Ed io a lui: Perchè, se ben ricordo, 120  
 Già t' ho veduto coi capelli asciutti,  
 E sei Alessio Interminei da Lucca:

<sup>31</sup> "Made strife;" assailed with pungent stench both the eyes and the nostrils.

<sup>32</sup> At the center of the arch.

<sup>33</sup> There was no seeing whether he had the tonsure of a priest or not.

Alessio Interminai<sup>34</sup> of Lucca. Therefore do I eye thee more than all the rest."

And he then, beating his pate:<sup>35</sup> "Down to this, the flatteries wherewith my tongue was never weary have sunk me!"

Thereupon my Guide said to me: "Stretch thy face a little forward, that thy eyes may fully reach the visage of that unclean, disheveled strumpet,<sup>36</sup> who yonder with her filthy nails scratches herself, now cowering low, now standing on her feet. It is Thais, the harlot, who answered her paramour, when he said: 'Dost thou thank me much?' 'Nay, wondrously.'<sup>37</sup> And herewith let our view rest sated."<sup>38</sup>

Però t' adocchio più che gli altri tutti.  
 Ed egli allor, battendosi la zucca :  
 Quaggiù m' hanno sommerso le lusinghe, 125  
 Ond' io non ebbi mai la lingua stucca.  
 Appresso ciò lo Duca : Fa che pinghe,  
 Mi disse, un poco il viso più avante,  
 Sì che la faccia ben con gli occhi attinghe  
 Di quella sozza scapigliata fante, 130  
 Che là si graffia con l' unghie merdose,  
 Ed or s' accoscia, ed ora è in piede stante.  
 Taida è, la puttana che rispose  
 Al drudo suo, quando disse : Ho io grazie  
 Grandi appo te ? Anzi meravigliose. 135  
 E quindi sien le nostre viste sazie.

<sup>34</sup> The Interminelli (in 1301) were at the head of the Ghibellines and Whites in Lucca (*Villani*, viii. 46); and the great Ghibelline chief, Castruccio Castracani was of their family. *Vill.* ix. 68, &c. Alessio "besmeared every one with flattery, even the meanest of the populace." *Omnes unguebat, omnes lingeat, etiam vilissimos.* Benv. da Imola, *Com.*

<sup>35</sup> *Zucca*, "gourd or pumpkin," in its original meaning: still a favorite

name, among the Italians, for heads of a certain description.

<sup>36</sup> *Omnis mulier, quæ est fornicaria, quasi, sterqus in via, &c.* *Ecles.* (Vulgate) ix. 10.

<sup>37</sup> In the *Eunuchus* of Terence (act iii. scene 1), it is Gnatho, and not Thais herself who uses the expression alluded to. *THR. Magnas vero agere gratias Thais mihi? GN. Ingentes.*

<sup>38</sup> "And now, enough of this vile place."

## ARGUMENT.

---

**I**N the Third Chasm are the Simonists. The heart of Dante seems almost too full for utterance when he comes in sight of them. To him they are, as it were, a more hateful species of panders and seducers than those he has just left; and they lie beneath the vile flatterers "that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness." It is they who have prostituted the things of God for gold and silver, and made "His house a den of thieves." They are all fixed one by one in narrow round holes, along the sides and bottom of the rock, with the head downward, so that nothing more than the feet and part of the legs stand out. The soles of them are tormented with flames, which keep flickering from the heels to the toes, and burn with a brightness and intensity proportioned to the different degrees of guilt. Dante is carried down by his Guide to the bottom of the chasm; and there finds Pope Nicholas the Third, who, with a weeping voice, declares his own evil ways, and those of his successors Boniface the Eighth and Clement the Fifth. The Poet answers with a sorrow and indignation proportionate to his reverence for the Mystic Keys, speaking as if under the pressure of it. Virgil then lifts him up again, and lightly carries him to the rough summit of the arch which forms a passage over the next chasm.



I saw the livid stone, on the sides and on the bottom, full of holes, all of one breadth; and each was round. Not less wide they seemed to me, nor larger, than those that are in my beauteous San Giovanni made for stands<sup>6</sup> to the baptizers; one of which, not many years ago, I broke to save one that was drowning in it: and be this a seal to undeceive all men. From the mouth of each emerged a sinner's feet, and legs to the calf; and the rest remained within. The soles of all were burning both; wherefore the joints quivered

Io vidi, per le coste e per lo fondo,  
 Piena la pietra livida di fori  
 D' un largo tutti, e ciascuno era tondo. 15  
 Non mi parean meno ampi nè maggiori,  
 Che quei che son nel mio bel San Giovanni  
 Fatti per luogo de' battezzatori;  
 L' un degli quali, ancor non è molt' anni,  
 Rupp' io per un che dentro vi annegava: 20  
 E questo sia suggel ch' ogni uomo sganni.  
 Fuor della bocca a ciascun soperchiava  
 D' un peccator li piedi, e delle gambe  
 Infino al grosso; e l' altro dentro stava.  
 Le piante erano accese a tutti intrambe; 25  
 Perchè sì forte guizzavan le giunte,

punished exactly according to his deserts, with an infinite Goodness, and infinite Justice inseparable from it. He is now in view of the Simonists, and observes that their heads are turned downward and fixed in the ground, as befits their avarice and low desires. Compare *Purg.* xix. 115-124.

<sup>6</sup> Round the old font in the Baptistery of St. John—where great numbers of the Florentines used to assemble on stated days for baptism Landino says, “little wells” (or narrow circular holes, called *pozzetti* from their shape) “were made for

the priests to stand in, when baptizing; that they might be nearer to the water” of the font, and free from the pressure of the crowd. Dante broke one of these to save the life of a boy who had got into it in sport, apparently with head downwards, and could not be extricated, but was “drowning” or “suffocating” in it; and he wants to set all men right in regard to his real motive for breaking it. See *Com.* of Benv. da Imola, Velutello, Ottimo, &c. Judging by the old prints (edition of 1567), these *pozzetti* must have been made at the tops of short pillars.

so strongly, that they would have snapt in pieces withes and grass-ropes. As the flaming of things oiled moves only on their outer surface; so was it there, from the heels to the toes.

“Master! who is that who writhes himself, quivering more than all his fellows,” I said, “and sucked by ruddier flame?”<sup>7</sup>

And he to me: “If thou wilt have me carry thee down there, by that lower bank,<sup>8</sup> thou shalt learn from him about himself and about his wrongs.”

And I: “Whatever pleases thee, to me is grateful. Thou art my lord; and knowest that I depart not from thy will: also thou knowest what is not spoken.”

Then we came upon the fourth bulwark.<sup>9</sup> We turned and descended, on the left hand, down there

Che spezzate averian ritorte e strambe.  
 Qual suole il fiammeggiar delle cose unte  
 Muoversi pur su per l' estrema buccia,  
 Tal era là da' calcagni alle punte. 30  
 Chi è colui, Maestro, che si cruccia,  
 Guizzando più che gli altri suoi consorti,  
 Diss' io, e cui più rossa fiamma succia?  
 Ed egli a me: Se tu vuoi ch' io ti porti  
 Laggiù per quella ripa che più giace, 35  
 Da lui saprai di sè e de' suoi torti.  
 Ed io: Tanto m' è bel, quanto a te piace:  
 Tu se' Signore, e sai ch' io non mi parto  
 Dal tuo volere, e sai quel che si tace.  
 Allor venimmo in su l' argine quarto; 40  
 Volgemma, e discendemmo a mano stanca

41. *Stanca, sinistra.* See note 7, p. 16.

<sup>7</sup> “Whom a ruddier (stronger) flame sucks,” or dries up, flickering on the soles of him.

<sup>8</sup> “That bank which lies lower,” or is nearer to the central well. The whole of Malebolge descends sloping

toward the center; and hence the inner margin of each chasm is lower than the outer.

<sup>9</sup> Went down from the bridge to the fourth bank.

into the perforated and narrow bottom. And the kind Master did not yet depose me from his side, till he brought me to the cleft of him who so lamented with his legs. "Whoe'er thou be that hast thy upper part beneath, O unhappy spirit, planted like a stake!" I began to say; "if thou art able, speak."

I stood, like the friar who is confessing a treacherous assassin that, after being fixed, recalls him to delay the death.<sup>10</sup> And he cried: "Art thou there already standing, Boniface?<sup>11</sup> Art thou there already standing? By several years the writ<sup>12</sup> has lied to me. Art thou so quickly sated with that wealth, for which

Laggiù nel fondo foracchiato ed arto.  
 E il buon Maestro ancor dalla sua anca  
 Non mi dipose, sin mi giunse al rotto  
 Di quei che sì piangeva con la zanca. 45  
 O qual che sei, che 'l di su tien di sotto,  
 Anima trista, come pal commessa,  
 Comincia' io a dir, se puoi, fa motto.  
 Io stava come il frate che confessa  
 Lo perfido assassin che, poi ch' è fitto, 50  
 Richiama lui, perchè la morte cessa.  
 Ed ei gridò: Sei tu già costì ritto,  
 Sei tu già costì ritto, Bonifazio?  
 Di parecchi anni mi mentì lo scritto.  
 Sei tu sì tosto di quell' aver sazio, 55

<sup>10</sup> "For he delays, or avoids the death" a few moments longer, by pretending that he has something more to confess. In Dante's time assassins were "put into a deep hole in the ground, with their heads downward, and buried alive." This horrid kind of punishment was called *propagginare* or *propaggine*, from the manner of planting vines.

<sup>11</sup> Takes Dante for Boniface VIII.,

who did not die till 1303; and is surprised to find him "standing" erect, instead of being instantly planted (as a Simonist) with feet upward in that hole which he himself fills.

<sup>12</sup> "Writ," i. e. text or scripture of future events, which the spirits in Hell are permitted to read with their "imperfect vision." Canto x. 100, &c.



thou didst not fear to seize the comely Lady<sup>13</sup> by deceit, and then make havoc of her?"

I became like those who stand as if bemocked, not comprehending what is answered to them, and unable to reply. Then Virgil said: "Say to him quickly, 'I am not he, I am not he whom thou believest.'"

And I replied as was enjoined me; whereat the spirit quite wrenched his feet. Thereafter, sighing and with voice of weeping, he said to me: "Then what askest thou of me? If to know who I am concerneth thee so much, that thou hast therefore passed the bank, learn that I was clothed with the Great Mantle. And verily I was a son<sup>14</sup> of the She-

Per lo qual non temesti torre a inganno  
 La bella Donna, e di poi farne strazio?  
 Tal mi fec' io, quai son color che stanno,  
 Per non intender ciò ch' è lor risposto,  
 Quasi scornati, e risponder non sanno. 60  
 Allor Virgilio disse: Dilli tosto,  
 Non son colui, non son colui che credi.  
 Ed io risposi come a me fu imposto;  
 Perchè lo spirto tutti storse i piedi:  
 Poi sospirando, e con voce di pianto, 65  
 Mi disse: Dunque che a me richiedi?  
 Se di saper ch' io sia ti cal cotanto,  
 Che tu abbi però la ripa scorsa,  
 Sappi ch' io fui vestito del gran manto:  
 E veramente fui figliuol dell' Orsa, 70

<sup>13</sup> The beautiful Lady is the Church, which Boniface (in 1294) had dared to seize by fraud. He first induced Celestine to resign, and got himself elected by secret agreement with Charles II. of Sicily; then secured Celestine in prison, and began like a perfect hero in Simony. *Vill.* viii. 6.

<sup>14</sup> Nicholas III. of the Orsini (*Bears*) family. He was made Pope in 1277; and died in August, 1281, after having enriched all his nephews ("the cubs or whelps") by "open Simony," and every other means in his power. *Vill.* vii. 54, &c.; *Malesp.* c. 204.

bear, so eager to advance the Whelps, that I pursed wealth above, and here myself.<sup>15</sup> Beneath my head are dragged the others who preceded me in simony, cowering along the fissure of the stone.<sup>16</sup> I too shall fall down thither, when he comes for whom I took thee when I put the sudden question. But longer is the time already, that I have baked my feet and stood inverted thus, than he shall stand planted with glowing feet.<sup>17</sup> For after him, from westward there shall come a lawless Shepherd,<sup>18</sup> of uglier deeds, fit to cover him and me. A new Jason<sup>19</sup> will it be, of

Cupido sì, per avanzar gli Orsatti,  
 Che su l' avere, e qui me misi in borsa.  
 Di sotto al capo mio son gli altri tratti,  
 Che precedetter me simoneggiando,  
 Per la fessura della pietra piatti. 75  
 Laggiù cascherò io altresì, quando  
 Verrà colui ch' io credea che tu fossi,  
 Allor ch' io feci il subito dimando.  
 Ma più è il tempo già che i piè mi cossi,  
 E ch' io son stato così sottosopra, 80  
 Ch' ei non starà piantato coi piè rossi :  
 Chè dopo lui verrà, di più laid' opra,  
 Di vèr ponente un Pastor senza legge,  
 Tal che convien che lui e me ricopra.  
 Nuovo Iason sarà, di cui si legge 85

<sup>15</sup> "Above (on earth) put wealth, and here put myself in purse."

<sup>16</sup> Are dragged, or sucked in, as it were, through the neck of that Hell-purse; and lie "squat" or cowering in it.

<sup>17</sup> Nicholas died in 1281, so that he had "already" (in 1300) been there 19 years: whereas Boniface would have to "stand planted with his feet red" only 11 years; or from his death in 1303 to that of Clement in 1314.

<sup>18</sup> Bertrand de Gotte, Archbishop

of Bordeaux; made Pope in 1305, under very shameful conditions, through the influence of Philip the Fair, of France. *Villani*, viii. 80. He took the title of Clement V.; and it was he who transferred the holy see to Avignon. He favored the Ghibellines, and the Emperor (Henry VII.), in whom Dante took so lively an interest; but that does not help him here.

<sup>19</sup> Jason, "that ungodly wretch," who purchased the office of high

whom we read in Maccabees: and as to that *high priest* his king was pliant; so to this shall be he who governs France."<sup>20</sup>

I know not if here I was too hardy, for I answered him in this strain: "Ah! Now tell me how much treasure our Lord required of St. Peter, before he put the keys into his keeping? Surely he demanded naught but 'Follow me!' Nor did Peter, nor the others, ask of Matthias gold or silver, when he was chosen<sup>21</sup> for the office which the guilty soul had lost. Therefore stay thou *here*, for thou art justly punished:<sup>22</sup> and keep well the ill-got money,<sup>23</sup> which

Ne' Maccabei: e come a quel fu molle  
 Suo Re, così fia a lui chi Francia regge.  
 Io non so s' io mi fui qui troppo folle,  
 Ch' io pur risposi lui a questro metro:  
 Deh or mi di' quanto tesoro volle 90  
 Nostro Signore in prima da San Pietro,  
 Che ponesse le chiavi in sua balia?  
 Certo non chiese se non, Viemmi dietro.  
 Nè Pier nè gli altri chiesero a Mattia 95  
 Oro o argento, quando fu sortito  
 Nel luogo, che perdè l' anima ria.  
 Però ti sta, che tu se' ben punito;  
 E guarda ben la mal tolta moneta

priest, from king Antiochus, with his "three hundred and threescore talents;" and degraded it by the introduction of heathenish customs. 2 *Maccab.* iv. 9-13, &c.

<sup>20</sup> King Philip IV. (note 18, p. 201); the "Pest of France." *Purg.* vii. 109. He reigned from 1285 to 1314. *Vill.* ix. 66.

<sup>21</sup> When chosen by lot "to take part of the ministry and apostleship, from which Judas" (Traitor and blackest of Simonists) "by transgression fell." *Acts* i. 25.

<sup>22</sup> *Però ti sta, &c.*, may also be rendered: "Therefore it befits thee, that thou art well punished."

<sup>23</sup> "Thy money perish with thee." *Acts* viii. 20. Villani (vii. 57) relates how John of Procida gave largely of the money of the Emperor Paleologus to Nicholas and his nephew, and thereby obtained his sanction for the revolt against Charles I. of Sicily, which began (the year after Nicholas's death) with the Sicilian Vespers. "Ill-got money" also before this had made him bold against

against Charles made thee be bold. And were it not that reverence for the Great Keys thou heldest in the glad life yet<sup>24</sup> hinders me, I should use still heavier words; for your avarice grieves the world, trampling on the good, and raising up the wicked.<sup>25</sup> Shepherds such as ye the Evangelist perceived, when she, that sitteth on the waters,<sup>26</sup> was seen by him committing fornication with the kings; she that was born with seven heads, and in her ten horns had a witness so long as virtue pleased her spouse. Ye have made you a god of gold and silver;<sup>27</sup> and wherein do ye

Ch' esser ti fece contra Carlo ardito.  
 E se non fosse ch' ancor lo mi vieta 100  
 La riverenza delle somme Chiavi,  
 Che tu tenesti nella vita lieta,  
 Io userei parole ancor più gravi;  
 Chè la vostra avarizia il mondo attrista,  
 Calcando i buoni e sollevando i pravi. 105  
 Di voi pastor s' accorse il Vangelista,  
 Quando colei, che siede sovra l' acque,  
 Puttaneggiar co' regi a lui fu vista:  
 Quella che con le sette teste nacque,  
 E dalle diece corna ebbe argomento, 110  
 Fin che virtute al suo marito piacque.  
 Fatto v' avete Dio d' oro e d' argento:

Charles, who contemptuously refused alliance with his family. *Villani*, viii. 54.

<sup>24</sup> "Yet," *i. e.* though thou art in Hell. Dante revered the great keys, and detested the avarice and baseness of those who abused them; as he well might, considering what they represented. Unhappily for itself, the Inquisition of Spain prohibited and suppressed this whole passage.

<sup>25</sup> Compare *Convito*, Tr. iv. c. 1.

<sup>26</sup> Or: "You Shepherds the Evangelist discerned," &c., when the

angel showed him "the great whore that sitteth upon many waters: with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been drunk with the wine of her fornication," &c. *Rev.* xvii. 1. In *Purg.* xxxii. 143-9, the "Sacred Edifice, transformed" by its profane alliance with temporal things, is described as putting forth seven heads and ten horns; and the Church of Rome under Boniface is spoken of as "a loose harlot" gazing round with wanton eyes. <sup>27</sup> "Of their silver and their gold

differ from the idolater, save that he worships one, and ye a hundred? <sup>28</sup> Ah Constantine! to how much ill gave birth, not thy conversion, but that dower <sup>29</sup> which the first rich Father took from thee!"

And while I sung these notes to him, whether it was rage or conscience gnawed him, he violently sprawled with both his feet. And indeed I think it pleased my Guide, with so satisfied a look did he keep listening to the sound of the true words uttered. Therefore with both his arms he took me; and, when he had me quite upon his breast, remounted by the path where he had descended. Nor did he weary in

E che altro è da voi all' idolatre,  
 Se non ch' egli uno, e voi n' orate cento ?  
 Ahi Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre, 115  
 Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote  
 Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!  
 E mentre io gli cantava cotai note,  
 O ira o coscienza che il mordesse,  
 Forte spingava con ambo le piote. 120  
 Io credo ben ch' al mio Duca piacesse,  
 Con sì contenta labbia sempre attese  
 Lo suon delle parole vere espresse.  
 Però con ambo le braccia mi prese,  
 E poi che tutto su mi s' ebbe al petto, 125  
 Rimontò per la via onde discese;  
 Nè si stancò d' avermi a sè ristretto,

have they made them idols." *Hos.* viii. 4. See also *Ephes.* v. 5; and *Coloss.* iii. 5.

<sup>28</sup> Ye make an idol of every piece of silver and gold, of every species of gain.

<sup>29</sup> Dante again alludes to this pretended gift of Constantine in *Purg.* xxxii. 125; in *Parad.* xx. 55; and in his treatise *De Monarchia* (lib. iii.) he speaks of it as a thing that is

doubtful, a gift that the emperor could not lawfully make, if he ever did make it. Milton (*Prose Works*) has translated the passage in the text:

" Ah Constantine! of how much ill was cause,  
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
 That the first wealthy pope received of thee!"

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holding me clasped to him, till he bore me away to the summit of the arch which is a crossway from the fourth to the fifth rampart. Here<sup>30</sup> he placidly set down the burden, pleasing to him on the rough steep cliff, which to the goats would be a painful passage.

Thence another valley was discovered to me.

Sì men portò sovra il colmo dell' arco.  
 Che dal quarto al quinto argine è tragetto.  
 Quivi soavemente spose il carco, 130  
 Soave per lo scoglio sconcio ed érto,  
 Che sarebbe alle capre duro varco.  
 Indi un altro vallon mi fu scoperto.

128. *Si* for sinchè (*Purg.* xxi. 12), *men*, me ne.

130. *Spose*, from *sporre*, to lay down, &c.

<sup>30</sup> "Here," *i. e.* on the summit of the arch, he sweetly or gently laid down the burden, which had been a burden sweet to him along the ugly cliff. In such way is Dante lifted up and carried by his mystic Guide from that den of the Simonists.

The "true words pressed" (*espresso*, ver. 123) from him are brief, and entangled with infinite disdain and hatred.

See what our own Milton says, on this same subject, in his "Reformation in England."

## ARGUMENT.

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FROM the arch of the bridge, to which his Guide has carried him, Dante now sees the Diviners, Augurs, Sorcerers, &c. coming slowly along the bottom of the Fourth Chasm. By help of their incantations and evil agents, they had endeavored to pry into the Future which belongs to the Almighty alone, interfering with His secretdecrees; And now their faces are painfully twisted the contrary way; and, being unable to look before them, they are forced to walk backwards. The first that Virgil names is Amphiaratus; then Tiresias the Theban prophet, Aruns the Tuscan. Next comes Manto, daughter of Tiresias; on seeing whom Virgil relates the origin of Mantua his native city. Afterward he rapidly points out Eurypylyus, the Grecian augur; Michael Scot, the great magician, with slender loins (probably from his northern dress); Guido Bonatti of Forli; Asdente, shoemaker of Parma, who left his leather and his awls to practice divination; and the wretched women who wrought malicious witchcraft with their herbs and waxen images. And now the moon is setting in the western sea; time presses, and the Poets hasten to the next chasm.

## CANTO XX.

OF new punishment I have to dictate verse, and to give matter for the twentieth canto of the first Lay, which concerns the sunken.<sup>1</sup>

I now was all intent on looking into the depth discovered *to me*, which was bathed with tears of anguish; and through the circular valley I saw a people coming, silent and weeping, at the pace which the litanies<sup>2</sup> make in this world. When my sight descended lower on them,<sup>3</sup> each seemed wondrously distorted, from the chin to the commencement of the chest,<sup>4</sup> so that the face was turned toward the loins; and they had to come backward, for to look before

Di nuova pena mi convien far versi,  
 E dar materia al ventesimo canto  
 Della prima canzon ch' è de' sommersi.  
 Io era già disposto tutto quanto  
 A risguardar nello scoperto fondo, 5  
 Che si bagnava d' angoscioso pianto :  
 E vidi gente per lo vallon tondo  
 Venir, tacendo e lagrimando, al passo  
 Che fanno le letanie in questo mondo.  
 Come il viso mi scese in lor più basso, 10  
 Mirabilmente apparve esser travolto  
 Ciascun dal mento al principio del casso,  
 Che dalle reni era tornato il volto ;  
 E indietro venir gli convenia,  
 Perchè il veder dinanzi era lor tolto. 15

<sup>1</sup> The spirits sunk in Hell. *Canzone* here, and *Cantica* in *Purg.* xxxiii. 140, are the terms applied by Dante to the three great Parts of his Poem.

of them that in long procession chant the solemn litanies. *Vill.* ii. 15.

<sup>3</sup> When they came nearer the bridge, so that I saw farther down among them.

<sup>4</sup> Or: "Distorted" in the neck.



them was denied.<sup>5</sup> Perhaps by force of palsy some have been thus quite distorted; but I have not seen, nor do believe it to be so.

Reader, so God grant thee to take profit of thy reading, now think for thyself how I could keep my visage dry,<sup>6</sup> when near at hand I saw our image so contorted, that the weeping of the eyes bathed the hinder parts at their division? Certainly I wept, leaning on a branch of the hard cliff, so that my Guide said to me: "Art thou, too, like the other fools? Here pity lives when it is rightly dead.<sup>7</sup> Who more impious than he that sorrows at God's

Forse per forza già di parlasìa  
 Sì travolse così alcun del tutto;  
 Ma io nol vidi, nè eredo che sia.  
 Se Dio ti lasci, Lettor, prender frutto  
 Di tua lezione, or pensa per te stesso, 20  
 Com' io potea tener lo viso asciutto,  
 Quando la nostra imagine da presso  
 Vidi sì torta, che il pianto degli occhi  
 Le natiche bagnava per lo fesso.  
 Certo io piangea, poggiato ad un de' rocchi 25  
 Del duro scoglio, sì che la mia Scorta  
 Mi disse: Ancor se' tu degli altri sciocchi?  
 Qui vive la pietà quand' è ben morta.  
 Chi è più scellerato di colui,  
 Ch' al giudicio divin passion porta? 30

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: "To look forward was taken away from them."

<sup>6</sup> "Sight so deform what heart of rock could long Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept, Though not of woman born; compassion quelled His best of man, and gave him up to tears A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess." *Par. Lost*, xi. 494.

<sup>7</sup> The "Tiresias and Phineus prophets old," &c., comes upon Dante too, and makes him weep bitterly; but his Bible, in many places, speaks clearly of those diviners, sorcerers, "wise men," &c., and he does not doubt of their existence. *Pietà* means "piety" (Lat. *pietas*) as well as "pity" in the old Italian.

judgment?<sup>8</sup> Raise up thy head, raise up, and see *him* for whom the earth opened herself before the eyes of the Thebans, when they all cried, 'Whither rushest thou, Amphiaräus?'<sup>9</sup> Why leavest thou the war?' And he ceased not rushing headlong down to Minos, who lays hold on every *sinner*. Mark how he has made a breast of his shoulders: because he wished to see too far before him, he now looks behind and goes backward.<sup>10</sup>

"Behold Tiresias<sup>11</sup> who changed his aspect, when

Drizza la testa, drizza, e vedi a cui  
 S' aperse agli occhi de' Teban la terra,  
 Quando gridavan tutti: Dove rui,  
 Anfiarao? perchè lasci la guerra?  
 E non restò di ruinare a valle 35  
 Fino a Minòs, che ciascheduno afferra.  
 Mira, ch' ha fatto petto delle spalle:  
 Perchè volle veder troppo davante,  
 Dirietro guarda, e fa ritroso calle.  
 Vedi Tiresia, che mutò sembiante, 40

<sup>8</sup> Or perhaps, alluding to the crime here punished: "Who more wicked than he that bears a passion for the decrees of God"—that seeks to look into the Future which belongs to Him alone? This meaning agrees best with the comment of Pietro di Dante.

<sup>9</sup> One of the seven kings that besieged Thebes. *Qui præceps per inane ruis?* Stat. *Theb.* viii. 84. Lydgate, in his *Siege of Thebes*, part iii., calls him "Amphiorax the Bishop," and gives details of his fall into Hell:

"This old bishop, with horse and chare certain,  
 Disappeared and no more was seen, &c.  
 And thus the Devil for his old outrages  
 Liche his desert paid him his wages."

<sup>10</sup> Lit.: "Makes backward way." Perhaps from *Isaiah* xlv. 25: "That frustrateth the tokens of the liars (*divinorum* Vulg.), and maketh diviners (*ariolos*) mad; that turneth wise men backward (*retrosum*)," &c.

<sup>11</sup> Tiresias, the prophet of Thebes, according to the ancient mystic fable, was changed into a woman when he struck the two great serpents; and on seeing them again, at the end of seven years, and striking them in the same way, he recovered his original sex and form. *Nam duo magnorum viridi cœuntia silva Corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu: Deque viro factus (mirabile) fœmina*, &c. Ovid. *Met.* iii. 324.

of male he was made woman, all his limbs transforming: and afterward he had again to strike the two involved serpents with his rod, before he could resume his manly plumes.

“That is Aruns<sup>12</sup> coming back before him, who, in the mountains of Luni where hoes<sup>13</sup> the Carrarese that dwells beneath, among white marbles had the cave for his abode; from which he could observe the stars and sea with unobstructed view.

“And she that covers her bosom, which thou seest not, with her flowing tresses, and has all her hair on the other side, was Manto,<sup>14</sup> who searched through many lands, then settled there where I was born: whence it pleases me to have thee listen a little to

Quando di maschio femmina divenne,  
 Cangiandosi le membra tutte quante;  
 E prima poi ribatter le convenne  
 Li duo serpenti avvolti con la verga,  
 Che riavesse le maschili penne. 45  
 Aronta è quei ch' al ventre gli s' atterga,  
 Che ne' monti di Luni, dove ronca,  
 Lo Carrarese che di sotto alberga,  
 Ebbe tra bianchi marmi la spelonca  
 Per sua dimora; onde a guardar le stelle 50  
 E il mar non gli era la veduta tronca.  
 E quella che ricopre le mammelle,  
 Che tu non vedi, con le trecce sciolte,  
 E ha di là ogni pilosa pelle,  
 Manto fu, che cercò per terre molte, 55  
 Poscia si pose là dove nacqu' io:  
 Onde un poco mi piace che m' ascolte.

<sup>12</sup> An Etruscan soothsayer, who predicted to the Romans their civil wars and the victory of Cæsar. *Aruns incoluit desertæ mania Luna*, &c. Lucan. i. 586. The mountains of Luni are above Carrara, still famous for marbles.

<sup>13</sup> Lit.: “Stubs” (Lat. *runcare*). Cleans and cultivates the soil.

<sup>14</sup> Manto, daughter of Tiresias, quitted Thebes (native city of Bacchus), when it was “enslaved” by the tyrant Creon, uncle of Eteocles and Polynices.

me. After her father departed out of life, and the city of Bacchus became enslaved, she for a long time roamed through the world. Up in fair Italy there lies a lake, at the foot of the Alps that near the Tyrol shut in Germany, and it is called Benacus.<sup>15</sup> Through a thousand fountains, I believe, and more, the Pennine, between Garda and Val Camonica, is irrigated by the water which stagnates in that lake. At the middle there is a place<sup>16</sup> where the Trentine pastor, and he of Brescia, and the Veronese might bless, if they went that way. Peschiera,<sup>17</sup> a fortress beautiful and strong to front the Brescians and the Bergamese, sits where the shore around is lowest. There all that in the

Poscia che il padre suo di vita uscio,  
 E venne serva la città di Baco,  
 Questa gran tempo per lo mondo giù. 60  
 Suso in Italia bella giace un laco  
 Appiè dell' Alpe, che serra Lamagna  
 Sovra Tiralli, ed ha nome Benaco.  
 Per mille fonti, credo, e più si bagna,  
 Tra Garda e Val Camonica, Pennino 65  
 Dell' acqua che nel detto lago stagna.  
 Luogo è nel mezzo là, dove il Trentino  
 Pastore, e quel di Bresci, e il Veronese  
 Segnar porìa, se fesse quel cammino  
 Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese 70  
 Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,  
 Ove la riva intorno più discese.  
 Ivi convien che tutto quanto caschi

<sup>15</sup> Now Lago di Garda. The part of the Alps, from which its waters flow down "in more than a thousand streams," were formerly called *Alpes Pennæ* (Pennine Alps); and Val Camonica is to the west.

<sup>16</sup> Prato di Fame, where the dioceses of Trent, Brescia, and Verona

meet; and the three bishops might "cross," or give the sign of benediction to their flocks.

<sup>17</sup> Peschiera still "sits a fortress," at the head of the Mincio. The water is rapid and beautifully clear as it flows from the Lake.

bosom of Benacus can not stay, has to descend and make itself a river, down through the green pastures. Soon as the water sets head to run, it is no longer named Benacus, but Mincio, to Governo, where it falls into the Po. Not far has it flowed, when it finds a level, on which it spreads and makes a marsh thereof, and is wont in summer to be at times unwholesome.<sup>18</sup> The cruel<sup>19</sup> virgin, passing that way, saw land amidst the fen, uncultivated and naked of inhabitants. There, to shun all human intercourse, she halted with her ministers to do her arts; and there she lived and left her body vacant.<sup>20</sup> Afterward the men, that were scattered round, gathered together on

Ciò che in grembo a Benaco star non può,  
 E fassi fiume giù pe' verdi paschi. 75  
 Tosto che l' acqua a correr mette co',  
 Non più Benaco, ma Mincio si chiama  
 Fino a Governo, dove cade in Po.  
 Non molto ha corso, che trova una lama,  
 Nella qual si distende e la impaluda, 80  
 E suol di state talora esser grama.  
 Quindi passando la vergine cruda  
 Vide terra nel mezzo del pantano,  
 Senza cultura, e d' abitanti nuda.  
 Lì, per fuggire ogni consorzio umano, 85  
 Ristette co' suoi servi a far sue arti,  
 E visse, e vi lasciò suo corpo vano.  
 Gli uomini poi, che intorno erano sparti,

76. *Mette co'*, mette capo; sbocca.

<sup>18</sup> Lit.: "Afflictive, or sorrowful," on account of the malaria and fever it produces.

<sup>19</sup> "Cruel" or fell, like Erictho (cauto ix. 23), from the bloody accompaniments of her conjurations. *Tunc innuba Mantho Exceptum pateris*

*pralibet sanguinem et, omnes Ter circum acta pyras, sancti de more parentis, Semineces fibras, et adhuc spirantia reddit Viscera, &c. Stat. Theb. iv. 463.*

<sup>20</sup> Left her body void of life.

that spot; for it was strong by reason of the marsh it had on every side. They built the city over those dead bones; and for her who first chose the place, they called it Mantua<sup>21</sup> without other augury. Once the inhabitants were denser in it, before the madness of Casalodi was cheated by Pinamonte.<sup>22</sup> Therefore I charge thee, if thou ever hearest other origin given to my city, let no falsehood defraud the truth."

And I: "Master, thy words are to me so certain, and so take hold of my belief, that all others would be to me *like* coals quenched out."<sup>23</sup> But tell me of

S' accolsero a quel luogo, ch' era forte  
 Per lo pantan ch' avea da tutte parti. 90  
 Fer la città sovra quell' ossa morte;  
 E per colei, che il luogo prima elesse,  
 Mantova l' appellar senz' altra sorte.  
 Già fur le genti sue dentro più spesse,  
 Prima che la mattia di Casalodi, 95  
 Da Pinamonte inganno ricevesse.  
 Però t' assenno, che se tu mai odi  
 Originar la mia terra altrimenti,  
 La verità nulla menzogna frodi.  
 Ed io: Maestro, i tuoi ragionamenti 100  
 Mi son sì certi, e prendon sì mia fede,  
 Che gli altri mi sarien carboni spenti.  
 Ma dimmi della gente che procede,

<sup>21</sup> Compare *Æn.* x. 199, &c. *Fatidicæ Mantus, et Truci filius amnis. Qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen; Mantua dives avis, sed non genus omnibus unum: Gens illi triplex, &c.*

<sup>22</sup> Pinamonte do' Buonacossi, who (about 1276) craftily persuaded Alberto de' Casalodi, Lord of Mantua, and chief of the nobility, that he might pacify the people by banishing the most odious and powerful of the nobles for a time to their own castles.

"This being done, Pinamonte himself seized the government, with great tumult and applause of the people; and forthwith cruelly exterminated nearly all the noble and renowned families, with sword and fire laying waste their houses," &c. *Benv. da Imola Com.* Other less sure details are given in *Muratori, Rer. Ital.* tom. xx.

<sup>23</sup> Would have neither light nor heat for me.

the people that are passing,<sup>24</sup> if thou seest any of them worthy of note; for to that alone my mind recurs."<sup>25</sup>

Then he said to me: "He *there*, who from the cheeks reaches forth the beard upon his dusky shoulders, was an augur, when Greece was so empty of males, that hardly they remained *even* in the cradles;<sup>26</sup> and in Aulis he, with Calchas, gave the time for cutting the first cable. Eurypylyus his name; and my high Tragedy thus sings him in some place:<sup>27</sup> well knowest it thou, who knowest the whole.

"That other who is so small about the flanks was Michael Scot;<sup>28</sup> and of a truth he knew the play of magic frauds.

Se tu ne vedi alcun degno di nota ;	
Chè solo a ciò la mia mente rifiede.	105
Allor mi disse : Quel, che dalla gota	
Porge la barba in su le spalle brune,	
Fu, quando Grecia fu di maschi vota	
Si ch' appena rimaser per le cune,	
Augure, e diede il punto con Calcanta	110
In Aulide a tagliar la prima fune.	
Euripilo ebbe nome, e così il canta	
L' alta mia Tragedia in alcun loco ;	
Ben lo sai tu che la sai tutta quanta.	
Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,	115
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente	
Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.	

<sup>24</sup> "Lit.: "That proceed," or go on like those "processions of the litanies." See note 2, p. 207.

<sup>25</sup> "Strikes back;" impetuously returns. Compare canto xvii. 75, and *Purg.* xvi. 101.

<sup>26</sup> When Greece sent its "thousand ships" to Troy.

<sup>27</sup> *Suspensi Eurypylyum scitatum oracula Phœbi Mittimus, &c. Æn.* ii. 114. The *Æneid* is called a Tra-

gedy on account of its elevated style. See the reasons which Dante gives, in his Letter to Can Grande, for calling his own Poem a Comedy. Also *De Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 4.

<sup>28</sup> Our own Sir Michael Scot of Balwearie, whose "memory still survives in many a legend." See Notes of Sir Walter Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Michael was physician and astrologer to the Emperor Fred-

“See Guido Bonatti;<sup>29</sup> see Asdente,<sup>30</sup> who now would wish he had attended to his leather and his cord, but too late repents. See the wretched *women* who left the needle, the shuttle, and the spindle, and made themselves divineresses. They wrought witchcraft with herbs and images.

“But now come! for Cain and the thorns<sup>31</sup> already holds the confine of both hemispheres, and under Seville touches the wave; and already yester-night the

Vedi Guido Bonatti, vedi Asdente.

Ch' avere inteso al cuoio ed allo spago

Ora vorrebbe, ma tardi si pente.

120

Vedi le triste che lasciaron l' ago,

La spola e il fuso, e fecersi indovine;

Fecer malie con erbe e con imago.

Ma vienne omai; chè già tiene il confine

D' amenduo gli emisperi, e tocca l' onda

125

Sotto Sibia, Caino e le spine.

E già iernotte fu la Luna tonda :

erick II., who died in 1250; and not less famous in Italy than in Scotland. Villani (x. 101, 137; xii. 19, &c) mentions some of his prophecies as having been fulfilled in the next century; and with awe calls him the “great philosopher,” &c. Boccaccio says: “Not long since there was in this city (of Florence) a great master in necromancy, who was called Michele Scotto, because he was of Scotland; and from many noble people he received very great honor,” &c. *Dec. Giorn.* viii. 9.

<sup>29</sup> Astrologer of Forli; stood in high favor with Guido da Montefeltro, and was present at the memorable defeat of the French before that city on the first of May, 1282. See canto xxvii. 44; and *Vill.* vii. 81.

<sup>30</sup> “Asdente, the shoemaker of

Parma,” Dante elsewhere disdainfully says, “would be more noble than any of his fellow-citizens, if nobleness consisted merely in being much known and talked of.” *Convito.* Tr. iv. cap. 16.

<sup>31</sup> The Man i' the Moon of Italian children in those old times; here put for the Moon itself. “Round” or full “yesternight” (which in Italy and other Catholic countries still means the night before yesterday); and consequently exactly opposite to the sun—setting as he rises. Now on the wane, and farther east; so that the time here indicated by the Moon's being on the “confine of both hemispheres,” or touching the wave beyond Seville on the western horizon, is about an hour after sunrise on the Saturday morning.



Moon was round : well must thou remember ; for she  
did not hurt thee once in the deep wood."<sup>32</sup>

Thus he spake to me, and we went on meanwhile.

Ben ten dee ricordar, chè non ti nocque  
Alcuna volta per la selva fonda.

Sì mi parlava, ed andavamo introcque. 130

130. *Introcque*, frattanto ; Lat. *inter hoc*.

<sup>32</sup> Somewhat helped thee once, in the Dark Wood, before thou sawest the Sunlit Hill. Canto i. (Philosophy in the mystic sense, or mere human Knowledge, pure but cold and feeble reflex of the Sun), The Moon is "the lesser light" "made to rule the Night." *Gen. i. 16.*

## ARGUMENT.

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**THE** Poets come to the arch of the Fifth Chasm or Budget which holds the Barterers, the Peculators who made traffic of their public offices for money. As the Tyrants and Assassins (canto xii.) are steeped in boiling Blood, and have the Centaurs (emblems of Violence) watching them with arrows, and keeping each at his proper depth; so here the Barterers lie covered with filthy Pitch, and get themselves rent in pieces by horrid Demons—Shadows of their sins—whenever they appear above its surface. The chasm is very dark, and at first Dante can see nothing but the pitch boiling in it. A Demon arrives with one of the Senators of Lucca on his shoulders, throws him down from the bridge, tells what a harvest of Barterers there is in that city, and hastens away for more. Other Demons, hitherto concealed beneath the bridge (like secret sins), rush out and fiercely teach the poor sneaking senator under what conditions he has to swim in the pitch. After some parley with Malacoda, chief of the Fiends, the Poets are sent on, along the edge of the chasm, with an ugly and questionable escort of Ten.

## CANTO XXI.

Thus from bridge to bridge we came, with other talk which my Comedy cares not to recite; and held the summit,<sup>1</sup> when we stood still to see the other cleft of Malebolge and other vain lamentings: and I found it marvelously dark.

As in the arsenal<sup>2</sup> of the Venetians boils the clammy pitch, to caulk their damaged ships; in winter when they can not navigate; and, instead thereof,<sup>3</sup> one builds his ships anew, one plugs the ribs of that which hath made many voyages; some hammer at the prow, some at the stern; some make oars, and some twist ropes; one mends the jib, and one the mainsail: So, not by fire but by art Divine, a dense

Così di ponte in ponte, altro parlando  
 Che la mia Commedia cantar non cura,  
 Venimmo; e tenevamo il colmo, quando  
 Ristemmo per veder l' altra fessura  
 Di Malebolge, e gli altri pianti vani: 5  
 E vidila mirabilmente oscura.  
 Quale nell' Arzanà de' Viniziani  
 Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece  
 A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani,  
 Che navicar non ponno; e in quella vece 10  
 Chi fa suo legno nuovo, e chi ristoppa  
 Le coste a quel che più viaggi fece;  
 Chi ribatte da proda, e chi da poppa;  
 Altri fa remi, ed altri volge sarte;  
 Chi terzeruolo, ad artimon rintoppa: 15  
 Tal, non per fuoco, ma per divina arte

<sup>1</sup> Of the fifth arch. So Milton:  
 "The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heaven doth hold."  
<sup>2</sup> Busiest of Arsenals in those

times, when Dante saw it. *Arzanà*  
 is the Venetian name.  
<sup>3</sup> Instead of voyaging.



both haunches laded; and of each foot he held the sinew<sup>7</sup> grasped. "Ye Malebranche<sup>8</sup> of our bridge!" he said, "lo! one of Santa Zita's Elders.<sup>9</sup> Thrust him under, while I return for others<sup>10</sup> to that city which is well provided with them. Every man there is a barterer, except Bonturo:<sup>11</sup> there they make 'Ay' of 'No' for money."

Down he threw him, then wheeled along the flinty cliff; and never was mastiff loosed with such a haste to follow thief.<sup>12</sup> The sinner plunged in, and came up again *writhing* convolved.<sup>13</sup> But the Demons,

Ed ei tenea de' piè ghermito il nerbo.  
 Del nostro ponte, disse, o Malebranche,  
 Ecco un degli Anzian di Santa Zita:  
 Mettetel sotto, ch' io torno per anche  
 A quella terra che n' è ben fornita. 40  
 Ogni uom v' è barattier, fuor che Bonturo:  
 Del no per li denar vi si fa ita.  
 Laggiù il buttò, e per lo scoglio duro  
 Si volse; e mai non fu mastino sciolto  
 Con tanta fretta a seguitar lo furo. 45  
 Quei s' attuffò, e tornò su convolto;  
 Ma i Demon, che del ponte avean coverchio,

<sup>7</sup> A sinner laded the gibbous shoulders of him; and he held the "sinew" (tendon of Achilles that lifts the heel) grasped in his clutches.

<sup>8</sup> *Malebranche*, i. e. Evil clutches or talons. Name of the Fiends in this chasm.

<sup>9</sup> Elders or chief magistrates of Lucca, where Santa Zita is still venerated. Tradition says she was a simple maid-servant of the Fatinelli family, and for her holy life canonized in the time of Dante. The Elder here meant is probably one Martino Bottajo, who "was in office at that time (1300), and died suddenly." Buti, and *Ottimo Com.*

<sup>10</sup> Other barterers. The adverbs *anche*, *anco*. are often used for *altri altro*. See Cinonio *Particelle*, xxv. 8.

<sup>11</sup> Ironically, Bonturo de' Dati being the greatest of all barterers or speculators in Lucca, and well known as such. Benv. da Imola *Com.*; and Muratori *Rer. Ital.* tom. xv.

<sup>12</sup> "Loosed and set to follow with such haste the thief."

<sup>13</sup> "... Then Satan first knew pain. And writhed him to and fro convolved." *Par. Lost*, vi. 327.

Lombardi, Biagioli, &c., somewhat arbitrarily make *convolto* mean "turned with head and feet downward;" and Lombardi says "this

who were beneath the bridge, cried: "Here the Sacred Face besteads not;<sup>14</sup> here swim ye otherwise than in the Serchio.<sup>15</sup> Therefore, if thou wouldst not *prove the sharpness* of our drags, come not out above the pitch." Then they struck him with more than a hundred prongs, *and* said: "Covered thou must dance thee here;<sup>16</sup> so that, if thou canst, thou mayest pilfer privately." Not otherwise do the cooks make their vassals dip the flesh into the middle of the boiler with their hooks, to hinder it from floating.

The kind master said to me: "That it may not be seen that thou art here, cower down behind a jagg which has some screen for thee;<sup>17</sup> and whatever out-

Gridar: Qui non ha luogo il Santo Volto;  
 Qui si nuota altrimenti che nel Serechio:  
 Però se tu non vuoi de' nostri graffi, 50  
 Non far sovra la pegola soverchio.  
 Poi l' addentâr con più di cento raffi,  
 Disser: Coverto convien che qui balli,  
 Sì che, se puoi, nascosamente accaffi.  
 Non altrimenti i cuochi a' lor vassalli 55  
 Fanno attuffare in mezzo la caldaia  
 La carne cogli uncin, perchè non galli.  
 Lo buon Maestro: Acciocchè non si paia  
 Che tu ci sii, mi disse, giù t'acquatta  
 Dopo uno scheggio, che alcun schermo t'haia; 60  
 E per nulla offension, che a me sia fatta,

posture, similar to that of one who is in fervent prayer, may be the object of the Diabolic sarcasm which follows" in verse 48. The sense of "besmeared, rolled in the pitch," has an air of platitude here, in spite of all the irrelevant examples cited by the Crusicans. The nearest and plainest meaning is obviously that of the Latin *convolutus*, from which the word is immediately derived.

<sup>14</sup> No hypocritical prayers can help thee here. The "*Volto Santo*," a very ancient Crucifix, still standing in the Cathedral of Lucca.

<sup>15</sup> River that passes near Lucca.

<sup>16</sup> Must have thy sport here under cover of the boiling pitch; and barter in it if thou canst.

<sup>17</sup> Or: "So that thou mayest have some screen for thyself." *Tu post* ("dopo") *carecta latebas*. Eclog. iii. 20.

rage may be done to me, fear not thou; for I know these matters, having once before been in the like affray."<sup>18</sup> Then he passed beyond the head of the bridge; and when he arrived on the sixth bank, it was needful for him to have a steadfast front. With that fury and that storm, wherewith the dogs rush forth upon the poor man who where he stops suddenly seeks *alms*, rushed those *Demons* from beneath the bridge, and turned against him all their hooks. But he cried: "Be none of ye outrageous. Before ye touch me with your forks, let one of you come forth to hear me, and then take counsel about hooking me."

All cried: "Let Malacoda"<sup>19</sup> go." Thereat one moved himself, the others standing firm, and came to him, saying: "What will this avail him?"

Non temer tu, ch' io ho le cose conte,  
 Perch' altra volta fui a tal baratta.  
 Poscia passò di là dal co' del ponte,  
 E com' ei giunse in su la ripa sesta, 65  
 Mestier gli fu d' aver sicura fronte.  
 Con quel furore, e con quella tempesta,  
 Ch' escono i cani addosso al poverello,  
 Che di subito chiede ove s' arresta;  
 Usciron quei di sotto al ponticello, 70  
 E volser contra lui tutti i roncigli;  
 Ma ei gridò: Nessun di voi sia fello.  
 Innanzi che l' uncin vostro mi pigli,  
 Traggasi avanti l' un di voi che m' oda,  
 E poi di roncigliarmi si consigli. 75  
 Tutti gridaron: Vada Malacoda;  
 Perch' un si mosse, e gli altri stetter fermi;  
 E venne a lui dicendo: Che gli approda?

<sup>18</sup> "Once before I was down here. . . . Well do I know the way." See canto ix. 29-30.

<sup>19</sup> Or: "Evil tail," their Chief Smooth at first like Fraud (canto xviii.), and ending badly.

“Dost thou expect, Malacoda,” said my Master, “to find I have come here, secure already against all your weapons,<sup>20</sup> without will Divine and fate propitious? Let me pass on; for it is willed in Heaven that I show another this savage way.”<sup>21</sup>

Then was his pride so fallen, that he let the hook drop at his feet, and said: “Now let him not be struck!” And my Guide to me: “O thou that sittest cowering, cowering among the great splinters of the bridge, securely now return to me!” Whereat I moved, and quickly came to him; and the Devils all pressed forward, so that I feared they might not hold the compact. And thus once I saw the footmen, who marched out under treaty from Caprona,<sup>22</sup> fear at seeing themselves among so many enemies.

Credi tu, Malacoda, qui vedermi  
 Esser venuto, disse il mio Maestro, 80  
 Securo già da tutti i vostri schermi,  
 Senza voler divino e fato destro?  
 Lasciami andar, chè nel Cielo è voluto  
 Ch' io mostri altrui questo cammin silvestro.  
 Allor gli fu l' orgoglio sì caduto, 85  
 Che si lasciò cascar l' uncino ai piedi,  
 E disse agli altri: Omai non sia feruto.  
 E il Duca mio a me: O tu, che siedì  
 Tra gli scheggion del ponte quatto quatto,  
 Sicuramente omai a me ti riedi. 90  
 Perch' io mi mossi, ed a lui venni ratto;  
 E i Diavoli si fecer tutti avanti,  
 Sì ch' io temetti non tenesser patto.  
 E così vid' io già temer li fanti  
 Ch' uscivan patteggiati di Caprona, 95  
 Veggendo sè tra nemici cotanti.

<sup>20</sup> Or: Against all your defenses, hindrances.

<sup>21</sup> Or: “Woody” way; always with allusion to the Dark Wood.

<sup>22</sup> The fortress of Caprona on the Arno, belonging to the Pisans (Ghibellines), was taken by the Guelphs of Lucca and Florence in August,



I drew near my Guide with my whole body, and turned not away my eyes from the look of them, which was not good. They lowered their drag-hooks, and kept saying to one another: "Shall I touch him on the rump?" and answering: "Yes, see thou nick him."<sup>23</sup> But that Demon, who had spoken with my Guide, turned instant round, and said: "Quiet, quiet, Scarmiglione!"<sup>24</sup>

Then he said to us: "To go farther by this cliff will not be possible; for the sixth arch lies all in fragments at the bottom. And if it please you still to go onward, go along this cavern:<sup>25</sup> near at hand is another cliff which forms a path. Yesterday, five

Io m' accostai con tutta la persona

Lungo il mio Duca, e non torceva gli occhi

Dalla sembianza lor, ch' era non buona.

Ei chinavan gli raffi, e: Vuoi ch' io 'l tocchi 100

Diceva l' un con l' altro, in sul groppone?

E rispondean: Sì, fa che gliele accocchi.

Ma quel Demonio, che tenea sermone

Col Duca mio, si volse tutto presto

E disse: Posa, posa, Scarmiglione. 105

Poi disse a noi: Più oltre andar per questo

Scoglio non si potrà; perocchè giace

Tutto spezzato al fondo l' arco sesto:

E se l' andare avanti pur vi piace,

Andatevene su per questa grotta: 110

Presso è un altro scoglio che via face.

1289. *Vill.* vii. 137. Dante, at that time 24 years of age, was present (probably as one of the "400 gentlemen troopers from Florence") during the brief and furious siege. Crowds of the common people, it is said, had come to see the garrison march out, and terrified them by shouting: *Appicca, appicca!* "Hang, hang!" See *Com.* of Benv. da Imola, Ottimo, &c.

<sup>23</sup> Properly, "nick it to him." *Gli-  
ele*, in all the older authors, is indeclinable, standing equally for *glielo* (as here), *gliela*, *glieli*. *Cinon. Partic.* c. 119. Compare cantos x. 44; xxxiii. 149, &c.

<sup>24</sup> "Great Unkempt;" or "Tower" (*scarmigliare*); shadowy, representative of the disorder and foul practice of bartery.

<sup>25</sup> "Grotto," chasm of the pitch.

hours later than this hour, a thousand two hundred and sixty-six years were fulfilled since the way here was broken.<sup>26</sup> Thitherward<sup>27</sup> I send some of these my *men*, to look if any *sinner* be out airing himself. Go with them; for they will not be treacherous.

“Draw forward, Alichino<sup>28</sup> and Calcabrina,” he then began to say, “and thou, Cagnazzo; and let Barbariccia lead the ten. Let Libicocco come besides,

Ier, più oltre cinqu' ore che quest' otta,  
 Mille dugento con sessanta sei  
 Anni compier, che qui la via fu rotta.  
 Io mando verso là di questi miei 115  
 A riguardar s' alcun se ne sciorina :  
 Gite con lor, ch' ei non saranno rei.  
 Trattati avanti, Alichino e Calcabrina,  
 Cominciò egli a dire, e tu, Cagnazzo,  
 E Barbariccia guidi la decina. 120  
 Libicocco vegna oltre, e Draghignazzo,

112. *Otta for ora*; still used in Tuscany.

<sup>26</sup> This passage (like verse 1st, canto i.) indicates the time of Dante's descent. The “way here was broken” after the Crucifixion (canto xii. 40), when “the earth did quake and the rocks rent.” To 1266 add 34 (the number of years from the Nativity to the Crucifixion) and it gives 1300.

Hell “trembled in every part” at the great event whereby “Death was swallowed up in Victory;” but the shock was most felt in the circles of the Violent (canto xii.) and of the Hypocrites (canto xxiii.)—hateful accusers and crucifiers of the Meek and Spotless.

<sup>27</sup> Toward that “other cliff which forms a path,” verse 111.

<sup>28</sup> In the names of these ten Fiends thus mustered by Malacoda, Landino and others find that Dante “expresses the passions, habits, and

deeds of Peculators.” The derivations are partly fanciful, yet not without some shadow of real significance. Thus: Alichino (*ali china*) “bends his wings,” ready to “stoop,” and pounce. Calcabrina is “Trampligrace,” or Peculation doing its work; Cagnazzo (*cane*, canto xxxii. 70), “Dogface.” Barbariccia (*barba arricciata*) “Crispbeard;” for, “according to physiognomists, the crisped or curled beard denotes fraudulency.” Libicocco (*Libia cocco*), “Blackred” or “Scarletmoor;” wearing the livery of Hell. Draghignazzo (*drago*), Dragonface;” Ciriatto (*χοιρος, ciro*) still vulgarly used for *porco*), “Swiny;” Graffiaccane, “Dogscratcher;” Farfarello (*farfalla*, butterfly, or *farfarone*), “Hellbat” or “Babbler;” Rubicante, “Ruby” or “Blazer,” redhot and mad with battery. See them in action, canto xxii.

and Draghignazzo, tusked Ciriatto, and Graffiacane, and Farfarello, and furious Rubicante. Search around the boiling glue. Be these *two guided* safe to the other orag, which all unbroken goes across the dens."<sup>29</sup>

"Oh me! Master, what is this that I see?" said I: "Ah, without escort let us go alone, if thou knowest the way; for as to me, I seek it not! If thou beest so wary, as thou art wont, dost thou not see how they grin their teeth, and with their brows threaten mischief to us?"

And he to me: "I would not have thee be afraid. Let them grin on at their will; for they do it at the boiled wretches."<sup>30</sup>

By the sinister bank they turned;<sup>31</sup> but first, each

Ciriatto sannuto, e Graffiacane,  
E Farfarello, e Rubicante pazzo.  
Cercate intorno le bollenti pane;  
Costor sien salvi insino all' altro scheggio, 125  
Che tutto intero va sopra le tane.  
O me! Maestro, che è quel che io veggio?  
Diss' io: deh senza scorta andiamci soli,  
Se tu sa' ir, ch' io per me non la cheggio.  
Se tu sei sì accorto come suoli, 130  
Non vedi tu ch' ei digrignan li denti,  
E con le ciglia ne minaccian duoli?  
Ed egli a me: Non vo' che tu paventi:  
Lasciali digrignar pure a lor senno,  
Ch' ei fanno ciò per li lessi dolenti. 135  
Per l' argine sinistro volta dienno;

124. *Pane*, panie, bird-lime, pitch.

136. *Dienno*, diedero; as *fenno*, fecero.

<sup>29</sup> Other cliff (verse 111) or line of bridges, which crosses the "dens" or chasms; but is not "unbroken," as lying Malacoda asserts. See canto xxiii. 136.

doleful," i. e. for the sinners boiled in the pitch. Some good editions read *lesi*, instead of *lessi*, in verse 135.

<sup>31</sup> Along the part of the bank which lies on the left hand in descending from the bridge.

<sup>30</sup> Lit.: "They do this for the boiled

of them had pressed his tongue between the teeth,<sup>32</sup> toward their Captain as a signal; and he of his— had made a trumpet.<sup>33</sup>

Ma prima avea ciascun la lingua stretta  
Co' denti verso lor duca per cenno:  
Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.

<sup>32</sup> The Demons think that Virgil and Dante are caught by the lies of Malacoda; and here among Barterers they make the same base signal, with their tongues, as the Usurer in canto xvii. 74.

The Poet mentions these things, says Pietro di Dante, *ut ostendat turpes mores et actus horum talium*, "in order to show the vile habits and

acts of such people." The Avaricious and Prodigal (canto vii.), the Usurers (canto xvii.), and the Barterers, descend in regular degradation. All of them have "lost the bright life" through worship of Money, which is with Dante the basest of idols.

<sup>33</sup> Σάλπιγγις ὁ προκτικός ἐστίν, &c.  
Aristoph. *Nubes*, 165.

## ARGUMENT.

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THE Demons under their "great Marshal" Barbariccia, lead the way, along the edge of the boiling Pitch; and Dante, who keeps looking sharply, relates how he saw the Barterers lying in it, like frogs in ditch-water, with nothing but their "muzzles" out, and instantly vanishing at sight of Barbariccia; and how Graffiacane hooked one of them and hauled him up like a fresh-speared otter, all the other Demons gathering round and setting on Rubicante to mangle the unlucky wretch. At Dante's request, Virgil goes forward, and asks him who he is; and no sooner does the pitchy thief mention how he took to bartering in the service of worthy King Thibault of Navarre, than he is made to feel the bitter force of Ciriatto's tusks. Barbariccia now clasps him with both arms, and orders the rest to be quiet, till Virgil has done with questioning. But "Scarletmoor" loses patience; "Dragonface" too will have a clutch at the legs; Farfarella, "wicked Hell-bird" that he is, glares ready to strike; and their "Decurion" has difficulty in keeping them off. At last the cunning barterer, though Cagnazzo raises his dog-face in scornful opposition, plays off a trick by which he contrives to escape. Thereupon Calcabrina and Alichino fall to quarreling, seize each other like two mad vultures, and drop into the burning pitch; and the whole troop is left in fitting disorder.

## CANTO XXII.

I HAVE ere now seen horsemen moving camp, and commencing the assault, and holding their muster, and at times retiring to escape: coursers have I seen upon your land, O Aretines!<sup>1</sup> and seen the march of foragers, the shock of tournaments and race of jousts, now with trumpets, and now with bells,<sup>2</sup> with drums and castle-signals, and with native things and foreign; but never yet to so uncouth a cornet saw I cavaliers nor footmen move, nor ship by mark of land or star.

Io vidi già cavalier muover campo  
 E cominciare stormo, e far lor mostra,  
 E talvolta partir per loro scampo:  
 Corridor vidi per la terra vostra,  
 O Aretini; e vidi gir gualdane, 5  
 Ferir torneamenti, e correr giostra,  
 Quando con trombe, e quando con campane,  
 Con tamburi e con cenni di castella,  
 E con cose nostrali, e con istrane;  
 Nè già con sì diversa cennamella 10  
 Cavalier vidi mover, nè pedoni,  
 Nè nave a segno di terra o di stella.

<sup>1</sup> The people of Arezzo, chiefly Ghibelline, were almost continually at war with the Florentines. They and their allies were sorely defeated in the memorable battle of Campaldino, on Saturday, 1st June, 1289. *Vill.* vii. 131. Dante was there, as he says, "no child in arms (*non fanciullo nell' armi*); and had much dread, and in the end great joy, through the various chances of that battle." See extract from a Letter (written in his exile). L. Aretino, *Vita di Dante*:

<sup>2</sup> Such as the "Martinella," the bell "to sound of which the Florentines used to march" in Dante's boyhood; and which they haughtily "rung day and night" before marching, in order "to give the enemy due warning to prepare." See the curious description of their old Carroccio, "all painted vermilion, and drawn by a large pair of oxen, destined solely for that purpose," &c. *Malespini*, c. 164; copied by *Vill.* vi. 75.

We went with the ten Demons : Ah, hideous company ! but, "In church with saints, and with guzzlers in the tavern."<sup>3</sup> Yet my intent was on the pitch, to see each habit of the chasm and of the people that were burning in it.

As dolphins, when with the arch of the back they make sign<sup>4</sup> to mariners that they may prepare to save their ship ; so now and then, to ease the punishment, some sinner showed his back and hid in less *time* than it lightens. And as at the edge of the water of a ditch, the frogs stand only with their noses out, and so conceal their feet and other bulk ; thus stood on every hand the sinners. But as Barbariccia

Noi andavam con li dieci Dimoni :

Ahi fiera compagnia ! ma nella chiesa

Co' santi, ed in taverna co' ghiottoni.

15

Pure alla pegola era la mia intesa,

Per veder della bolgia ogni contegno,

E della gente ch' entro v' era incesa.

Come i delfini, quando fanno segno

Ai marinar con l' arco della schiena,

20

Che s' argomentin di campar lor legno ;

Talor così ad alleggiar la pena

Mostrava alcun de' peccatori il dosso,

E nascondeva in men che non balena.

E come all' orlo dell' acqua d' un fosso

25

Stan li rannocchi pur col muso fuori,

Sì che celano i piedi e l' altro grosso ;

Sì stavan d' ogni parte i peccatori :

Ma come s' appressava Barbariccia,

<sup>3</sup> And in this chasm of the Peculators, with low savage Demons ; whose company, though extremely detestable, must be endured for a time.

<sup>4</sup> When the dolphins ("bended dolphins" of Milton) rise above the water with their arched backs, it is a sign of approaching storm. Pliny says : *Delphini tranquillo mari lascivientes flatum presagunt*, &c. Hist. Nat. xviii. 35.

approached, so they retired beneath the seething.<sup>5</sup> I saw, and my heart still shudders *thereat*, one linger so, as it will happen that one frog remains while the other spouts away. And Graffiacane, who was nearest to him,<sup>6</sup> hooked his pitchy locks and haled him up, so that to me he seemed an otter.<sup>7</sup>

I already knew the name of every one, so well I noted them as they were chosen, and when they called each other, listened how. "O Rubicante, see thou plant thy clutches on him, and flay him!" shouted together all the accursed *crew*.

And I: "Master, learn if thou canst, who is that pitious *wight*,<sup>8</sup> fallen into the hand of his adversaries." My Guide drew close to him, and asked him whence he came; and he replied: "I was born in the king-

Così si ritraean sotto i bollori.	30
Io vidi, ed anche il cuor mi s' accapriccia, Uno aspettar così, com' egli incontra Che una rana rimane, e l' altra spiccia.	
E Graffiacan, che gli era più di contra, Gli arroncigliò le impegolate chiome, E trassel su, che mi parve una lontra.	35
Io sapea già di tutti quanti il nome, Sì li notai quando furono eletti, E poi che si chiamaro, attesi come	
O Rubicante, fa che tu gli metti Gli unghioni addosso sì che tu lo scuoi, Gridavan tutti insieme i maladetti.	40
Ed io: Maestro mio, fa, se tu puoi, Che tu sappi chi è lo sciagurato Venuto a man degli avversarj suoi.	45
Lo Duca mio gli s' accostò a lato, Domandollo ond' ei fosse; e quei rispose:	

<sup>5</sup> "Boilings" of the pitch.

<sup>6</sup> Lit.: "Was most opposite to him," and therefore nearest.

<sup>7</sup> Glittering with pitch, and with-

ing, like an otter newly speared and dragged out of water.

<sup>8</sup> Commentators call this barterer Ciampolo or Giampolo, i.e. John Paul.



dom of Navarre. My mother placed me as servant of a lord; for she had bore me to a ribald waster of himself and of his substance. Then I was domestic<sup>9</sup> with the good king Thibault:<sup>10</sup> here I set myself to bartering, of which I render reckoning in this heat."

And Ciriatto, from whose mouth on either side came forth a tusk as from a swine, made him feel how one of them did rip. Among wicked cats the mouse had come; but Barbariccia locked him in his arms, and said: "Stand off while I enfork him!"<sup>11</sup> And turning to my Master: "Ask on," he said, "if thou wouldst learn more of him, before some other undo him."

The Guide therefore: "Now say, of the other sin-

Io fui del regno di Navarra nato.  
 Mia madre a servo d' un signor mi pose,  
 Chè m' avea generato d' un ribaldo 50  
 Distruggitor di sè e di sue cose.  
 Poi fui famiglia del buon re Tebaldo;  
 Quivi mi misi a far baratteria,  
 Di che rendo regione in questo caldo.  
 E Ciriatto, a cui di bocca uscìa 55  
 D' ogni parte una sanna, come a porco,  
 Gli fe' sentir come l' una sdrucìa.  
 Tra male gatte era venuto il sorco;  
 Ma Barbariccia il chiuse con le braccia,  
 E disse: State in là, mentr' io lo inforco. 60  
 E al Maestro mio volse la faccia:  
 Dimanda, disse, ancor, se più disii  
 Saper da lui, prima ch' altri il disfaccia.  
 Lo Duca dunque: Or di', degli altri rii

<sup>9</sup> Or: "Servant in the household of." *Famiglia* means all the servants of a house, or one only.

<sup>10</sup> Thibault II. of Navarre, born in 1240, and made king at 13 years of age; was at Tunis with St. Louis,

and saw him die. Son of the Thibault whose verses Dante quotes in the *Treatisè De Vulg. Eloq.* i. 9; ii 5, 6.

<sup>11</sup> Hold him securely, clasp him with arms and legs.

ners knowest thou any that is a Latian,<sup>13</sup> beneath the pitch?"

And he: "I parted just now from one who was a neighbor of theirs.<sup>13</sup> Would I still were covered with him, for I should not fear claw nor hook!"

And Libicocco cried: "Too much have we endured!" and with the hook seized his arm, and mangling carried off the forepart. Draghignazzo, he too, wished to have a catch at the legs below; whereat their Decurion<sup>14</sup> wheeled around, around with evil aspect.

When they were somewhat pacified, my Guide without delay asked him that still kept gazing on his wound: "Who was he, from whom thou sayest that thou madest an ill departure to come ashore?"

And he answered: "It was Friar Gomita, he of

Conosci tu alcun che sia Latino,	65
Sotto la pece? E quegli: Io mi partii	
Poco è, da un che fu di là vicino:	
Così foss' io ancor con lui coverto,	
Ch' io non temerei unghia, nè uncino.	
E Libicocco: Troppo avem sofferto,	70
Disse; e prese gli il braccio col ronciglio,	
Sì che, stracciando, ne portò un lacerto.	
Draghignazzo anch' ei volle dar di piglio	
Giù dalle gambe; onde il decurio loro	
Si volse intorno intorno con mal piglio.	75
Quand' elli un poco rappaciatì foro,	
A lui ch' ancor mirava sua ferita,	
Dimandò il Duca mio senza dimoro:	
Chi fu colui, da cui mala partita	
Di' che facesti per venire a proda?	80
Ed ei rispose: Fu frate Gomita,	

<sup>13</sup> An Italian, *Latino* being used by Virgil in this sense, as cantos xxvii. 33; xxix. 88, &c.

them, or in Sardinia. See verse 82.

<sup>14</sup> Barbariccia, captain of Ten;

<sup>15</sup> Literally: "Neighbor beyond" "provost" or marshal, verse 94.

Gallura,<sup>15</sup> vessel of every fraud, who had his master's enemies in hand, and did so to them that they all praise him for it. Money took he for himself, and dismissed them smoothly,<sup>16</sup> as he says; and in his other offices besides, he was no petty but a sovereign barrator. With him, keeps company Don Michel Zanche of Logodoro;<sup>17</sup> and in speaking of Sardinia the tongues of them do not feel weary. Oh me! see that other grinning: I would say more; but fear he is preparing to claw my scurf."

And their great Marshal, turning to Farfarello who rolled his eyes to strike, said: "Get thee hence, wicked bird!"

"If you wish to see or hear Tuscans or Lombards," the frightened *sinner* then resumed, "I will make

Quel di Gallura, vassel de' ogni froda,  
 Ch' ebbe i nimici di suo donno in mano,  
 E fe' lor sì, che ciascun se ne loda: 85  
 Denar si tolse, e lasciolti di piano,  
 Sì com' ei dice: e negli altri uficj anche  
 Barattier fu non picciol, ma sovrano.  
 Usa con esso donno Michel Zanche  
 Di Logodoro; e a dir di Sardigna  
 Le lingue lor non si sentono stanche. 90  
 O me! vedete l'altro che digrigna:  
 Io direi anche; ma io temo ch' ello  
 Non s' apparecchi a grattarmi la tigna.  
 E il gran proposto, volto a Farfarello  
 Che stralunava gli occhi per ferire, 95  
 Disse: Fatti in costà, malvagio uccello.  
 Se voi volete vedere o udire,  
 Ricominciò lo spaurato appresso,  
 Toschi o Lombardi, io ne farò venire.

<sup>15</sup> The government of Gallura, one of the four Jurisdictions of Sardinia, was given to this Gomita by Nino de' Visconti of Pisa.

*Di piano* (Lat. *de plano*, Span. *de llano*), then a legal, or perhaps Sardinian phrase.

<sup>17</sup> Logodoro, another of the Jurisdictions of Sardinia.

them come. But let the Malebranche stand a little back, that they may not fear their vengeance; <sup>18</sup> and I, sitting in this same place, for one that I am, will make seven come, on whistling as is our wont to do when any of us gets out."

Cagnazzo at these words raised his snout, shaking his head, and said: "Hear the malice, which he has contrived, to throw himself under."

Whereat he, who had artifices in great store, replied: "Too malicious indeed! when I contrive for my *companions* greater sorrow."

Alichino held in no longer, and in opposition to the others said to him: "If thou descend, I will not follow thee at gallop, <sup>19</sup> but beat my wings above the pitch. Let the height be left, and be the bank a screen; <sup>20</sup> to see if thou alone prevaillest over us."

Ma stien le Malebranche un poco in cesso,	100
Sì che non teman delle lor vendette;	
Ed io, seggendo in questo luogo stesso,	
Per un ch' io son, ne farò venir sette,	
Quando sufolerò, com' è nostr' uso	
Di fare allor che fuori alcun si mette.	105
Cagnazzo a cotal motto levò il muso,	
Crollando il capo, e disse: Odi malizia	
Ch' egli ha pensato per gittarsi giuso.	
Ond' ei, ch' avea lacciuoli a gran divizia,	
Rispose: Malizioso son io troppo,	110
Quando procuro a' miei maggior tristizia!	
Alichin non si tenne, e di rintoppo	
Agli altri, disse a lui: Se tu ti cali,	
Io non ti verrò dietro di galoppo,	
Ma batterò sovra la pece l' ali:	115
Lascisi il colle, e sia la ripa scudo,	
A veder se tu sol più di noi vali.	

<sup>18</sup> Let the Demons with their "evil clutches give way a little," that my fellows may not fear their vengeance.

<sup>19</sup> Will not run, but fly after thee; have wings as well as feet.

<sup>20</sup> Bankè high in the middle, and

O Reader, thou shalt hear new sport. All turned their eyes toward the other side, he first who had been most unripe<sup>21</sup> for doing it. The Navarrese chose well his time; planted his soles upon the ground, and in an instant leapt and from their purpose freed himself. Thereat each suddenly was stung *with rage*; but he most who had been cause of the mistake.<sup>22</sup> He therefore started forth, and shouted: "Thou'rt caught!" But little it availed; for the wings could not outspeed the terror. The sinner went under; and he, flying, raised up his breast.<sup>23</sup> Not otherwise the duck suddenly dives down, when the falcon approaches; and he returns up angry and defeated.

Calcabrina, furious at the trick, kept flying after him, desirous that the sinner might escape, to

O tu, che leggi, udirai nuovo ludo :  
 Ciascun dall' altra costa gli occhi volse ;  
 Quel prima, ch' a ciò fare era più crudo. 120  
 Lo Navarrese ben suo tempo colse ;  
 Fermò le piante a terra, e in un punto  
 Saltò, e dal proposto lor si sciolse :  
 Di che ciascun di colpo fu compunto,  
 Ma quei più, che cagion fu del difetto. 125  
 Però si mosse, e grido : 'Tu se' giunto.  
 Ma poco valse ; chè l' ale al sospetto  
 Non potero avanzar : quegli andò sotto,  
 E quei drizzò, volando, suso il petto.  
 Non altrimenti l' anitra di botto, 130  
 Quando il falcon s' appressa, giù s' attuffa,  
 Ed ei ritorna su crucciato e rotto.  
 Irato Calcabrina della buffa,  
 Volando dietro gli tenne, invaghito  
 Che quei campasse, per aver la zuffa. 135

capable of being a screen or "shield" to hide the demons.

<sup>21</sup> Cagnazzo (verse 106), who had been hardest to persuade, who turned up his snout, smelling the trick

at once. *Crudo* from Lat. *crudus*.  
<sup>22</sup> Alichino (see ver. 112, &c.), who made the rest retire.

<sup>23</sup> Wheeled upward again, like an angry falcon.

have a quarrel: and, when the barterer had disappeared, he turned his talons on his fellow, and was clutched with him above the ditch. But the other was indeed a sparrowhawk to claw him well; and both dropt down into the middle of the boiling marsh. The heat at once unclutched<sup>24</sup> them; but rise they could not, their wings were so beglued. Barbariccia with the rest lamenting, made four of them fly over to the other coast with all their drags: and most rapidly, on this side, on that, they descended to the stand. They stretched their hooks toward the limed *pair*, who were already scalded within the crust.<sup>25</sup> And we left them thus embroiled.<sup>26</sup>

E come il barattier fu disparito,  
 Così volse gli artigli al suo compagno,  
 E fu con lui sopra il fosso ghermito.  
 Ma l' altro fu bene sparvier grifagno  
 Ad artigliar ben lui; e ambedue 140  
 Cadder nel mezzo del bollente stagno.  
 Lo caldo sghermitor subito fue:  
 Ma però di levarsi era niente,  
 Sì aveano inviscate l' ale sue.  
 Barbariccia con gli altri suoi dolente, 145  
 Quattro ne fe' volar dall' altra costa  
 Con tutti i raffi: e assai prestamente  
 Di quà di là discesero alla posta;  
 Porser gli uncini verso gl' impaniati,  
 Ch' eran già cotti dentro dalla crosta, 150  
 E noi lasciammo lor così impacciati.

<sup>24</sup> The word *sghermitor* (unclutcher, separator) comes from *ghermire*, to gripe, clutch. Some editions have *schermitor*, instead of *sghermitor*, in verse 142.

<sup>25</sup> Of boiling pitch that was clinging to them. Verses 141-4.

<sup>26</sup> The simile of the frog and mouse, in next canto, will be Dante's last parting stroke. He himself was exiled, as we know, under a miserable charge of "bartery," which he never took the trouble of denying.

## ARGUMENT.

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DANTE keeps following his Guide in silence, with head bent down, meditating on the things he has had to witness in that chasm of the pitch. The fable of the frog and the mouse comes into his mind; then fear that the ugly Demons may seek vengeance for their misfortune. He sees them coming with outstretched wings, when Virgil takes him in his arms, and rapidly glides down with him into the next chasm. Here they find the Hypocrites walking along the narrow bottom in slow procession, heavy-laden with cloaks of lead, which are gilded and of dazzling brightness on the outside. Dante speaks with Catalano and Loderingo, two Friars of Bologna, who had been appointed chief magistrates of Florence under trying circumstances, and brought memorable disasters on that city by their hypocrisy and bartery; and has just begun to tell them what he thinks of their evil deeds, when he observes Caiaphas stretched across the narrow road, and fixed to it, in such a way that all the other Hypocrites have to trample on him as they pass. The sight of that High Priest and his ignominious punishment is enough. Hypocrisy did its very utmost in him and "the others of that Council," for which the Jews still suffer. The Poets hasten away to another class of sinners.





us are put to scorn, and with hurt and mockery of such sort, as I believe must greatly vex them. If rage be added to their malice, they will pursue us fiercer than a dog the leveret that he snaps !”

Already I felt my hair all rise with fear ; and stood *looking* back intently,<sup>5</sup> as I said : “ Master, if thou do not hide thyself and me speedily, I dread the Malebranche : they are already after us. I so imagine them that I hear them now.”

And he : “ If I were of leaded glass,<sup>6</sup> I should not draw thy outward image more quickly to me, than I impress<sup>7</sup> that from within. Even now thy thoughts have entered among mine, with similar act and similar face ; so that of both I have made one resolve. In case the right coast so slopes, that we may descend

Sono scherniti, e con danno e con beffa  
 Sì fatta, ch' assai credo che lor nôï. 15  
 Se l' ira sovra il mal voler s' aggueffa,  
 Ei ne verranno dietro più crudeli,  
 Che cane a quella levre ch' egli acceffa.  
 Già mi sentia tutto arricciar li peli  
 Della paura, e stava indietro intento, 20  
 Quando io dissi : Maestro, se non celi  
 Te e me tostamente, io pavento  
 Di Malebranche : noi gli avem già dietro :  
 Io gli immagino sì, che già gli sento.  
 E quei : S' io fossi d' impiombato vetro, 25  
 L' immagine di fuor tua non trarrei  
 Più tosto a me, che quella dentro impetro.  
 Pur mo venieno i tuoi pensier tra i miei  
 Con simile atto e con simile faccìa,  
 Sì che d' entrambi un sol consiglio fei.  
 S' egli è, che sì la destra costa giaccia,  
 Che noi possiam nell' altra bolgia scendere,

<sup>5</sup> “ Was backward intent.”

<sup>6</sup> If I were a mirror-glass.

<sup>7</sup> Receive and imprint in me, as

in stone, that inward image of thine which thou hast described. See verse 21, &c.

into the other chasm, we shall escape the imagined chase."

He had not ended giving this resolve, when I saw them come with wings extended, not far off, in will to seize us. My Guide suddenly took me; as a mother, that is awakened by the noise, and near her sees the burning flames, who takes her child and flies, and caring more for him than for herself, pauses not so long as even to cast a shift about her. And down from the ridge of the hard bank, supine he gave himself to the pendent rock,<sup>8</sup> which shuts one side of the other chasm.

Never did water run so fast through spout to turn a land-mill's<sup>9</sup> wheel, when it approaches nearest to the ladles, as my Master down that bank, carrying me

Noi fuggirem l' immaginata caccia.  
 Già non compio di tal consiglio rendere,  
 Ch' io gli vidi venir con l' ale tese, 35  
 Non molto lungi, per volerne prendere.  
 Lo Duca mio di subito mi prese,  
 Come la madre ch' al romore è desta,  
 E vede presso a sè le fiamme accese,  
 Che prende il figlio, e fugge, e non s' arresta,  
 Avendo più di lui che di sè cura,  
 Tanto che solo una camicia vesta :  
 E giù dal collo della ripa dura  
 Supin si diede alla pendente roccia,  
 Che l' un de' lati all' altra bolgia tura. 45  
 Non corse mai sì tosto acqua per doccia  
 A volger ruota di mulin terragno,  
 Quand' ella più verso le pale approccia,  
 Come il Maestro mio per quel vivagno,

<sup>8</sup> Placed himself supine, and shot down the steep rock, or outer boundary of the next chasm. | trough or spout. Dante here takes his image from the poorest kind of mills; as he took that of the mother

<sup>9</sup> Mill on land; where water is scarce, and led to the wheel in a | fire.



We turned again to the left hand,<sup>13</sup> along with them, intent upon their dreary weeping. But that people, wearied by their burden, came so slowly that our company was new at every movement of the hip. Wherefore I to my Guide: "See that thou find some one who may by deed or name be known; and move thy eyes around as we go on."

And one, who understood the Tuscan word, cried after us: "Stay your feet, ye who run so fast through the brown air. Perhaps thou shalt obtain from me that which thou askest." Whereat my Guide turned round, and said: "Wait, and then at his pace proceed."

I stood still, and saw two, showing by their look great haste of mind to be with me; but the load and the narrow way retarded them. When they came

Noi ci volgemma ancor pure a man manca  
 Con loro insieme, intenti al tristo pianto :  
 Ma per lo peso quella gente stanca 70  
 Venia sî pian, che noi eravam nuovi  
 Di compagnia ad ogni muover d' anca.  
 Per ch' io al Duca mio: Fa che tu trovi  
 Alcun, ch' al fatto o al nome si conosca ;  
 E gli occhi, sî andando, intorno muovi. 75  
 Ed un, che intese la parola Tosca,  
 Dirietro a noi gridò: Tenete i piedi,  
 Voi, che correte sî per l' aura fosca :  
 Forse ch' avrai da me quel che tu chiedi.  
 Onde il Duca si volse, e disse: Aspetta, 80  
 E poi secondo il suo passo procedi.  
 Ristetti, e vidi duo mostrar gran fretta  
 Dell' animo, col viso, d' esser meco ;  
 Ma tardavagli il carco e la via stretta.

of straw," light as straw. Frederick said to have followed his example.  
 It is said to have burnt in leaden See Ducange, *Glos. v. Capa or cappa*  
 cloaks those who were guilty of high *plumbea.*  
 treason; and some of the Popes are <sup>13</sup> As before. Canto xxi. 137.

up, long with eye askance they viewed me, without uttering a word. Then they turned to one another, and said between them: "That one seems alive by the action of his throat! And if they are dead, by what privilege go they divested of the heavy stole?" Then they said to me: "O Tuscan, that art come to the college<sup>14</sup> of the sad hypocrites! to tell us who thou art disdain not."

And I to them: "On Arno's beauteous river in the great city<sup>15</sup> I was born and grew; and I am with the body that I have always had. But you, who are ye from whom distills such sorrow as I see, down your cheeks? And what pain is on ye that glitters so?"

And one of them replied to me: "Our orange<sup>16</sup>

Quando fur giunti, assai con l' occhio bieco	85
Mi rimiraron senza far parola;	
Poi si volsero in sè, e dicean seco:	
Costui par vivo all' atto della gola.	
E s' ei son morti, per qual privilegio	
Vanno scoverti della grave stola?	90
Poi dissermi: O Tosco, ch' al collegio	
Degl' ipocriti tristi se' venuto,	
Dir chi tu se' non avere in dispregio.	
Ed io a loro: I' fui nato e cresciuto	
Sovra il bel fiume d' Arno alla gran villa,	95
E son col corpo ch' i' ho sempre avuto.	
Ma voi chi siete, a cui tanto distilla,	
Quant' io veggio, dolor giù per le guance?	
E che pena è in voi, che s' sfavilla?	
E l' un rispose a me: Le cappe rance	100

<sup>14</sup> "Congregation of hypocrites." to the summit of my life," &c. See *Job* xv. 34. "Hypocrites, of a sad countenance" (*hypocritæ tristes* Vulg.). *Convito* (Tr. i. 3), where he speaks of his exile.

*Matt.* vi. 16. <sup>16</sup> "Gilded" (verse 64); and of a weight to make us tremble like an overcharged balance.

mantles are of lead so thick, that the weights thus cause their scales to creak. We were Jovial Friars,<sup>17</sup> and Bolognese: I named Catalano, and Loderingo he; and by thy city chosen together, as usually one solitary man is chosen, to maintain its peace. And we were such, that it yet appears<sup>18</sup> round the Gardingo."

I began: "O Friars, your evil"—but said no more, for to my eyes came one, cross-fixed in the ground with three stakes. When he saw me, he writhed all over, blowing into his beard with sighs. And Friar

Son di piombo sì grosse, che li pesi  
 Fan così cigolar le lor bilance.  
 Frati Godenti fummo, e Bolognesi,  
 Io Catalano, e costui Loderingo  
 Nomati; e da tua terra insieme presi, 105  
 Come suole esser tolto un uom solingo  
 Per conservar sua pace: e fummo tali,  
 Ch' ancor si pare intorno dal Gardingo.  
 Io cominciai: O Frati, i vostri mali. . . .  
 Ma più non dissi, ch' agli occhi mi corse 110  
 Un crocifisso in terra con tre pali.  
 Quando mi vide, tutto si distorse,  
 Soffiando nella barba co' sospiri.

<sup>17</sup> Friars or "Knights of St. Mary," instituted by Urban IV.; and allowed to retain their worldly goods, under a solemn vow of becoming "Peacemakers, defenders of all orphans and widows," &c. Nicknamed Frati Godenti (jovial friars) from their actual life. See Benv. da Imola, *Com.*

In 1266, the news of the defeat and death of Manfred caused great agitation in Florence; and the Ghibellines (at that time masters of the city), "in order to satisfy the people," chose both Catalano and Loderingo (one a Guelph and the other a Ghibelline) to be chief magistrates, in-

stead of choosing in the usual way only one chief magistrate or Podesta—one stranger ("solitary" or party-free), as the law required. "These two friars under cover of false hypocrisy were in concord, more for their own gain than for the public good." *Malespini*, c. 183; *Villani*, vii. 13.

<sup>18</sup> "It yet appears *what we were.*" Barterers and hypocrites at the same time, we took a bribe from the Guelphs who burnt and laid waste the houses of the Uberti, &c., in the street called Gardingo. Benv. da Imola, *Com.* See also note 5, p. 107.

Catalano, who perceived this, said to me: "That confixed *spirit*, on whom thou lookest, counseled the Pharisees that it was expedient to put one man to tortures for the people.<sup>19</sup> Traverse and naked he is upon the road, as thou seest; and has to feel the weight of every one that passes.<sup>20</sup> And after the like fashion his father-in-law<sup>21</sup> is racked in this ditch, and the others of that Council, which was a seed of evil for the Jews."

Then I saw Virgil wonder over him that was distended on the cross so ignominiously in the eternal exile. He afterward addressed the Friar thus: "Let it not displease you, so it be lawful for you, to tell us if on the right hand lies any gap by which we both

E il frate Catalan, ch' a ciò s' accorse,  
 Mi disse: Quel confitto, che tu miri, 115  
 Consigliò i Farisei, che convenia  
 Porre un uom per lo popolo a' martiri.  
 Attraversato e nudo è per la via,  
 Come tu vedi; ed è mestier che senta,  
 Qualunque passa, com' ei pesa pria. 120  
 E a tal modo il suocero si stenta  
 In questa fossa, e gli altri del Concilio,  
 Che fu per li Giudei mala sementa.  
 Allor vid' io maravigliar Virgilio  
 Sopra colui, ch' era disteso in eroce 125  
 Tanto vilmente nell' eterno esilio.  
 Poscia drizzò al Frate cotal voce:  
 Non dispiaccia, se vi lece, dirci  
 Se alla man destra giace alcuna foce,  
 Onde noi ambedue possiamo uscirci 130

121. *Si stenta*, is stretched or racked. *Stentare* now means to toil, suffer, lack, be stinted of, &c.

<sup>19</sup> Caiaphas, who said: "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people." *John*, xi. 50.

<sup>20</sup> Lit.: "It is necessary that he feel how whoever passes weighs be-

fore" passing. The hypocrites, with their heavy loads and short steps, have all to trample on him.

<sup>21</sup> Annas. *John* xviii. 13, 24.

may go out hence, without constraining the Black Angels to come and extricate us from this depth:"

So he answered: "Nearer than thou dost hope, there is a stone that moves from the Great Barrier,<sup>23</sup> and bridges all the cruel valleys, save that in this 'tis broken and covers it not. Ye may mount up by its ruins, which slope down the side, and on the bottom make a heap."<sup>23</sup>

The Guide stood still a while with head bent down, then said: "Falsely did he<sup>24</sup> tell the way, who hooks the sinners yonder."

And the Friar: "At Bologna<sup>25</sup> once I heard many of the Devil's vices told; among which, I heard that he is a liar and the father of lies."

Then with large steps my Guide went on, some-

Senza costringer degli angeli neri,  
 Cho vegnan d' esto fondo a dipartirci.  
 Rispose adunque: Più che tu non sperì  
 S' appressa un sasso, che dalla gran cerchia  
 Si muove, e varca tutti i vallon feri, 135  
 Salvo ch' a questo è rotto, e nol coperchia.  
 Montar potrete su per la ruina,  
 Chè giace in costa, e nel fondo soperchia.  
 Lo Duca stette un poco a testa china,  
 Poi disse: Mal contava la bisogna 140  
 Colui, che i peccator di là uncina.  
 E il Frate: Io udi' già dire a Bologna  
 Del Diavol vizj assai, tra i quali udi',  
 Ch' egli è bugiardo e padre di menzogna.  
 Appresso il Duca a gran passi sen giù, 145

<sup>23</sup> Or circular wall of the great shaft, the iron-colored rock where Geryon had landed the Poets. Canto xviii. 3.

<sup>23</sup> Fragments of the bridge, which still "lie on the side, and rise above the bottom" of the chasm, as when they fell.

<sup>24</sup> Lit.: "Badly told he the matter." Malacoda, canto xxi. 106.

<sup>25</sup> Bologna, more noted for telling the Devil's vices than for avoiding them? "College" of hypocrites (ver. 91), with their scriptural phrases. Compare canto xvii. 58, &c.



what disturbed with anger in his look : whereat I  
from the laden *spirits* departed, following the prints  
of his beloved feet.

Turbato un poco d' ira nel semblante :  
Ond' io dagl' incarcati mi parti'  
Dietro alle poste delle care piante.

## ARGUMENT.

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IN this canto, the vehement despair of the poor Italian peasant, who has no food for his sheep, and thinks he is going to lose them, gives a lively image of Dante's dependence on his mystic Guide; while the Sun with freshened hair (*Crinitus Apollo*, *Æn.* ix. 638) points to the real Virgil. Here too on the shattered bridge, as at the foot of the Hill in canto first, help in many senses is necessary; and Dante, put quite out of breath by climbing from the den of the Hypocrites, sits down exhausted. Virgil reminds him of their Mission—of the great things which lie beyond this painful journey through Hell—and he rises instantly; and “keeps speaking,” as they go on, “that he may not seem faint.” In the Seventh Chasm, which is very dark and filled with hideous serpents, they find the Thieves; and get speech of Vanni Fucci, who pillaged the sacristy of St. James in Pistoia, though another was hanged for it. He is ashamed at being found among the Thieves, and recognized by Dante, who had “Seen him a man of blood and brutal passions;” and he foretells the disasters that will lead to the Poet's exile.

L

## CANTO XXIV.

In that part of the youthful year,<sup>1</sup> when the Sun tempers his locks beneath Aquarius, and the nights already wane toward half the day; when the hoar-frost counterfeits his white sister's image, but short while lasts the fashion of his plumes:<sup>2</sup> the peasant, whose stock of fodder fails, rises, and looks, and sees the fields all white; whereat he smites his thigh,<sup>3</sup> goes back into the house, and to and fro laments like a poor wight, who knows not what to do; then comes out again, and recovers hope, observing how the world has changed its face in little time; and takes his staff,

In quella parte del giovinetto anno,  
 Che il Sole i crin sotto l' Aquario temprà,  
 E già le notti al mezzo dì sen vanno;  
 Quando la brina in su la terra assempra  
 L' immagine di sua sorella bianca, 5  
 Ma poco dura alla sua penna temprà;  
 Lo villanello, a cui la roba manca,  
 Si leva e guarda, e vede la campagna  
 Biancheggiar tutta, ond' ei si batte l' anca;  
 Ritorna a casa, e qua e là si lagna, 10  
 Come il tapin che non sa che si faccia;  
 Poi riede, e la speranza ringavagna,  
 Veggendo il mondo aver cangiata faccia  
 In poco d' ora; e prende suo vincastro,

<sup>1</sup> In February, when the Sun "freshens his hair" (gives warmer rays) under the sign of Aquarius; when the nights "go away," grow shorter toward the equinox; and the hoar-frosts look like snow, but are soon melted. In Italy the day is reckoned from sunset to sunset; so

that the *mezzo dì* is twelve hours after sunset.

<sup>2</sup> "Cut or make of his pen."

<sup>3</sup> "Cry and howl . . . smite therefore upon thy thigh." *Ezek.* xxi. 12. *Δή ῥα τὸρ' ὤμωξέν τε καὶ ὠ πεπλήγετο μηρῷ. Iliad.* xii. 162.

and chases forth his lambs to feed. Thus the Master made me despond, when I saw his brow so troubled;<sup>4</sup> and thus quickly to the sore the plaster came. For when we reached the scattered bridge, my Guide turned to me with that sweet aspect which I saw before at the foot of the mountain.<sup>5</sup> He opened his arms after having chosen some plan within himself, first looking well at the ruin, and took hold of me. And as one who works, and calculates, always seeming to provide beforehand; so, lifting me up toward the summit of one block, he viewed another splinter, saying: "Now clamber over that, but try first if it will carry thee."

It was no way for one clad with cloak *of lead*; for scarcely we, he light and I pushed on, could mount

E fuor le pecorelle a pascere caccia :	15
Così mi fece sbigottir lo Mastro,	
Quand' io gli vidi sì turbar la fronte,	
E così tosto al mal giunse lo impiastro.	
Chè come noi venimmo al guasto ponte,	
Lo Duca a me si volse con quel piglio	20
Dolce, ch' io vidi in prima a piè del monte.	
Le braccia aperse, dopo alcun consiglio	
Eletto seco, riguardando prima	
Ben la ruina, e diedemi di piglio.	
E come quei che adopera ed istima,	25
Che sempre par che innanzi si provvegga ;	
Così, levando me su vèr la cima	
D' un ronchione, avvisava un' altra scheggia,	
Dicendo : Sovra quella poi t' aggrappa ;	
Ma tenta pria s' è tal ch' ella ti reggia.	30
Non era via da vestito di cappa,	
Chè noi a pena, ei lieve ed io sospinto,	
Potevam su montar di chiappa in chiappa.	

<sup>4</sup> See canto xxiii. 146.

| <sup>5</sup> Recalls canto i. 64, &c.

up from hold to hold. And were it not that on that precinct<sup>6</sup> the ascent was shorter than on the other, I know not about him, but I certainly had been defeated. But as Malebolge all hangs toward the entrance of the lowest well, the site of every valley imports that one side rises and the other descends.<sup>7</sup> We, however, came at length to the point from which the last stone<sup>8</sup> breaks off. The breath was so exhausted from my lungs,<sup>9</sup> when I was up, that I could no farther; nay, seated me at my first arrival.

“Now must thou free thee thus<sup>10</sup> from sloth,” said the Master; “for sitting on down, or under coverlet, men come not into fame; without which whose con-

E se non fosse, che da quel precincto,  
 Più che dall' altro, era la costa corta, 3:  
 Non so di lui, ma io sarei ben vinto.  
 Ma perchè Malebolge in vér la porta  
 Del bassissimo pozzo tutta pende,  
 Lo sito di ciascuna valle porta,  
 Che l' una costa surge e l' altra scende : 40  
 Noi pur venimmo al fine in su la punta  
 Onde l' ultima pietra si scoscende.  
 La lena m' era del polmon sì munta  
 Quando fui su, ch' io non potea più oltre,  
 Anzi m' assisi nella prima giunta. 46  
 Omai convien che tu così ti spoltre,  
 Disse il Maestro ; chè, seggendo in piuma,  
 In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre :  
 Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma,

<sup>6</sup> That inner boundary.

<sup>7</sup> The whole place tends downward to Satan; and the valleys, lying like successive rings on the steep hanging ground, have the outer side high and the inner low. Compare canto xviii.

<sup>8</sup> Last stone of the ruin.

<sup>9</sup> Lit.: “So milked from my lungs.”

<sup>10</sup> Thus, by this hard and toilsome journey, hast thou to rouse thyself, to cast off all sloth and all poltroonery forever. *Spoltre* (*spoltrare* or *spoltrire*) from *poltrire*, “to lie idle, inert.” Hence also *poltrone*, “a do-nothing, an idler or poltroon.”

sumes his life, leaves such vestige of himself on earth, as smoke in air or foam in water. And therefore rise! Conquer thy panting with the soul, that conquers every battle, if with its heavy body it sinks not down.<sup>11</sup> A longer ladder must be climbed.<sup>12</sup> To have quitted these is not enough. If thou understandest me, now act so that it may profit thee."

I then rose, showing myself better furnished with breath than I felt, and said: "Go; for I am strong and confident." We took our way up the cliff, which was rugged, narrow, and difficult, and greatly steeper than the former. Speaking I went,<sup>13</sup> that I might not seem faint; whereat a voice came from the other foss, unsuitable for forming words.<sup>14</sup> I know not what it said, though I already was on the ridge

Cotal vestigio in terra di sè lascia, 50  
 Qual fummo in aere, o in acqua la schiuma ;  
 E però leva su, vinci l' ambascia  
 Con l' animo che vinse ogni battaglia,  
 Se col suo grave corpo non s' accascia.  
 Più lunga scala convien che si saglia : 55  
 Non basta da costoro esser partito :  
 Se tu m' intendi, or fa sì che ti vaglia.  
 Levàmi allor, mostrandomi fornito  
 Meglio di lena ch' io non mi sentia ;  
 E dissi : Va, ch' io son forte e ardito. 60  
 Su per lo scoglio prendemmo la via,  
 Ch' era ronchioso, stretto e malagevole,  
 Ed erto più assai che quell di pria.  
 Parlando andava per non parer fievole,  
 Onde una voce uscìo dall' altro fosso, 65  
 A parole formar disconvenevole.  
 Non so che disse, ancor che sovra il dosso

<sup>11</sup> "The corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things." *Wisd.* ix. 15.

<sup>12</sup> Compare canto i. 118, &c.

<sup>13</sup> Spoke as I went on.

<sup>14</sup> Confused with rage.

of the arch which crosses there; but he who spake seemed moved to anger. I had turned myself downward; but the living eyes could not reach the bottom for the darkness. Wherefore I: "Master, see thou get to the other boundary,<sup>15</sup> and let us dismount the wall; for as I hear from hence and do not understand, so I see down and distinguish nothing."

"Other answer I give thee not," he said, "than the deed: for a fit request should be followed with the work<sup>16</sup> in silence."

We went down the bridge, by the head where it joins with the eighth bank; and then the chasm was manifest to me. And I saw within it a fearful throng of serpents, and of so strange a look, that even now the recollection scares<sup>17</sup> my blood. Let Libya boast no longer with its sand; for, though it

Fossi dell' arco già, che varca quivi; Ma chi parlava ad ira pareva mosso.	
Io era volto in giù; ma gli occhi vivi	70
Non potea ire al fondo per l' oscuro: Perch' io: Maestro, fa che tu arrivi	
Dall' altro cinghio, e dismantiam lo muro; Chè com' io odo quinci, e non intendo,	
Così giù veggio, e niente affiguro.	75
Altra risposta, disse, non ti rendo, Se non lo far: chè la dimanda onesta	
Si dee seguir con l' opera tacendo.	
Noi discendemmo il ponte dalla testa.	
Ove s' aggiunge con l' ottava ripa,	80
E poi mi fu la bolgia manifesta: E vidivi entro terribile stipa	
Di serpenti, e di sì diversa mena, Che la memoria il sangue ancor mi scipa.	
Più non si vanti Libia con sua rena;	85

<sup>15</sup> The next "belt" or ring-wall.

<sup>16</sup> The work which it asks.

<sup>17</sup> Lit.: "Dissipates;" drives back with horror.

engenders Chelydri, Jaculi, and Pareæ, and Cenchres with Amphisbæna,<sup>18</sup> plagues so numerous or so dire it never showed, with all Ethiopia, nor with the land that lies by the Red Sea.<sup>19</sup>

Amid this cruel and most dismal swarm were people running, naked and terrified, without hope of lurking hole or heliotrope.<sup>20</sup> They had their hands tied behind with serpents: these through their loins fixed the tail and the head, and were coiled in knots before. And lo! at one, who was near our shore, sprang up a serpent, which transfixed him there where the neck is bound upon the shoulders. Neither "O" nor "I" was ever written so quickly as he took fire,

Chè se Chelidri, Iaculi e Faree  
 Produce, e Cencri con Anfesibena,  
 Non tante pestilenze, nè sì ree  
 Mostrò giammai con tutta l' Etiopia,  
 Nè con ciò che di sopra il mar Rosso èe. 90  
 Tra questa cruda e tristissima copia  
 Correvan genti nude e spaventate,  
 Senza sperar pertugio o elitropia.  
 Con serpi le man dietro avean legate :  
 Quelle ficcavan per le ren la coda 95  
 E il capo, ed eran dinanzi aggroppate.  
 Ed ecco ad un, ch' era da nostra proda,  
 S' avventò un serpente, che il trafisse  
 Là dove il collo alle spalle s' annoda.  
 Nè O sì tosto mai, nè I si scrisse, 100

<sup>18</sup> Some of Lucan's serpents. *Phars.* ix. 711, &c. *Chelydrus* (χελύδρος), a water-snake, that leaves a hideous smell on its track. *Jaculus*, dart-serpent "two cubits in length," and so called because it throws itself on its prey, stretched out like a dart. *Pareas* (παρείας), copper-snake, "that marches on its tail;" or cobra de capello. *Cenchris* (κέγχρις), stiff speckled snake; and "Amphis-

bæna dire" (ἀμφὶ and βαίνω), which "has a head at each end," and goes either way.

<sup>19</sup> Lit.: "With that which is (èe for è) on the Red Sea:" the land of Egypt with its mud-river and "Serbonian bog."

<sup>20</sup> A green stone or gem with red spots, "said to render its bearer invisible."



and burnt, and dropt down all changed to ashes.<sup>21</sup> And after he was thus dissolved upon the ground, the ashes reunited, and of themselves at once resumed the former shape.<sup>22</sup> Thus by great sages 'tis confessed the Phœnix dies, and is then reborn, when it approaches the five-hundredth year. In its life it eats no herb or grain, but only tears of incense and of spice: and nard and myrrh are its last swathings.<sup>23</sup>

And as one who falls, and knows not how, through force of Demon which drags him to the ground, or of other oppilation<sup>24</sup> that fetters men; who, when he rises, looks fixtly round him, all bewildered by the great anguish he has undergone, and looking sighs: such was the sinner when he rose. Justice of God!

Com' ei s' accese, e arse, e cener tutto  
 Convenne che cascando divenisse,  
 E poi che fu a terra sì distrutto,  
 La cener si raccolse, e per sè stessa  
 In quel medesimo ritornò di butto. 105  
 Così per li gran savi si confessa.  
 Che la Fenice muore, e poi rinasce,  
 Quando al cinquecentesimo anno appressa,  
 Erba nè biada in sua vita non pasce,  
 Ma sol d' incenso lagrime e d' amomo; 110  
 E nardo e mirra son l' ultime fasce.  
 E quale è quei che cade, e non sa como,  
 Per forza di Demon ch' a terra il tira,  
 O d' altra oppilazion che lega l' uomo,  
 Quando si leva, che intorno si mira, 115  
 Tutto smarrito dalla grande angoscia  
 Ch' egli ha sofferta, e guardando sospira;  
 Tal era il peccator levato poscia.

<sup>21</sup> Lit.: "And all ashes it behoved him falling to become."

<sup>22</sup> Lit.: "Returned to that same one (verse 97) at a blow," or instantly. *Butto for botto*.

<sup>23</sup> Compare *Metam.* xv. 392, &c.

<sup>24</sup> "Obstruction" of the vital spirits, "that binds a man" in fits, like those of Epilepsy or "possession of a devil."

O how severe, that showers such blows of vengeance!

The Guide then asked him who he was. Whereupon he answered: "I rained from Tuscany, short while ago, into this wild gullet. Bestial life, not human, pleased me, mule that I was. I am Vanni Fucci,<sup>25</sup> savage beast; and Pistoia was a fitting den for me."

And I to the Guide: "Tell him not to flee; and ask what crime thrust him down here, for I saw him once a man of rage and blood."<sup>26</sup>

And the sinner who heard, feigned not; but directed toward me his mind and face, with a look of dismal

O Giustizia di Dio, quant' è severa!  
 Che cotai colpi per vendetta croscia. 120  
 Lo Duca il dimandò poi chi egli era:  
 Perch' ei rispose: Io piovvi di Toscana  
 Poco tempo è, in questa gola fera.  
 Vita bestial mi piacque, e non umana,  
 Sì come a mul ch' io fui: son Vanni Fucci 125  
 Bestia, e Pistoia mi fu degna tana.  
 Ed io al Duca: Dilli che non mucci,  
 E dimanda qual colpa quaggiù il pinse;  
 Ch' io il vidi uom già di sangue e di corrucci.  
 E il peccator, che intese, non s' infinse, 130  
 Ma drizzò verso me l' animo e il volto,  
 E di trista vergogna si dipinse.

<sup>25</sup> Vanni (Giovanni) Fucci, bastard son of M. Fucci de' Lazari of Pistoia. "A most villainous man," says Benv. da Imola, "and most daring in every kind of wickedness. And because he was of noble family, he often committed many excesses with impunity. And though frequently banished for enormous crimes," &c., he always contrived to return. He was of the Neri faction, at the time when

Dante took part with the Bianchi (see canto vi.); but no injustice is here done to him or his "den." See Landino, Vellut., Ottimo, &c.; and Murat. *Rer. Ital.* tom. xi.

<sup>26</sup> His "bestial rage" might have brought him to the marsh with Filippo Argenti, or down to Phlegethon as "a murderer and assassin;" but he robbed the Cathedral besides.

shame.<sup>27</sup> Then he said: "It pains me more that thou hast caught me in the misery wherein thou seest me, than when I was taken from the other life. I can not deny thee what thou askest: I am put down so far, because I robbed the sacristy of its goodly furniture; and falsely once it was imputed to another.<sup>28</sup> But that thou mayest not joy in this sight, if ever thou escape the dark abodes, open thy ears and hear what I announce. Pistoia first is thinned of Neri; <sup>29</sup> then Florence renovates her people and her laws.<sup>30</sup> Mars brings from Valdimagra a fiery vapor,<sup>31</sup> which is wrapt in turbid clouds, and on Piceno's field shall

Poi disse: Più mi duol che tu m' hai colto  
 Nella miseria, dove tu mi vedi,  
 Che quand' io fui dell' altra vita tolto. 135

Io non posso negar quel che tu chiedi:  
 In giù son messo tanto, perch' io fui  
 Ladro alla sagrestia de' bellì arredi;  
 E falsamente già fu apposto altrui.  
 Ma perchè di tal vista tu non godi, 140  
 Se mai sarai di fuor de' luoghi bui,  
 Apri gli orecchi al mio annunzio, e odi:  
 Pistoia in pria di Neri si dimagra,  
 Poi Firenze rinnova genti e modi.  
 Tragge Marte vapor di val di Magra, 145  
 Ch' è di torbidi nuvoli involuto,  
 E con tempesta inpetuosa ed agra

<sup>27</sup> Lit.: "And painted himself with dismal shame."

<sup>28</sup> To Rampino who was put to the torture, and to Vanni della Nona, who was hanged for it.

<sup>29</sup> "In May, 1301, the Bianchi party of Pistoia, with aid and favor of the Bianchi who ruled Florence, drove out the Neri, and destroyed their houses, palaces," &c. *Vill.* viii. 45.

<sup>30</sup> The Bianchi will lose their power in Florence when Charles de Valois comes (Nov. 1301), and be expelled in April, 1302. *Ibid.* viii. 49.

<sup>31</sup> The lightning-vapor which Mars brings, is Morello Malaspina, who shall come (in 1304) from his Magra valley, gathering the Neri ("turbid clouds"); and utterly defeat the angry Bianchi on Campo Piceno near Pistoia.

be assailed with angry and impetuous storm ; whence it suddenly shall rend the mist, so that every Bianco shall be wounded by it. And I have said this, that it may afflict thee."

Sopra campo Picen fia combattuto :

Ond' ei repente spezzerà la nebbia,

Sì ch' ogni Bianco ne sarà feruto :

E detto l' ho, perchè doler ten debbia.

150

## ARGUMENT.

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At the end of his angry prophecy, Fucci rises into a boundless pale rage, such as is hardly known in northern countries; and like the sacrilegious thief and brute that he is, gives vent to it in the wildest blasphemy. The serpents instantly set upon him, and inflict such punishment, that Dante regards them as friends ever after. Cacus, too, with a load of serpents on his haunch and a fiery dragon on his shoulders, comes shouting in pursuit of him. Dante afterward finds five of his own countrymen—first three in human shape, then two changed into reptiles—and by dint of great attention learns the names of them all, and very accurately sees the unheard of transformations they have to undergo. The reptiles are Ciafa de' Donati and Guercio de' Cavalcanti; the three in human shape are Agnello de' Brunelleschi, Buoso degli Abati, and Puccio de' Galigai—all five of very noble kindred, and "great thieves in their time" (*magni fures suo tempore*. Pietro.) Ciafa, and Agnello whom he attacks, are of families that sided with the Neri; Guercio and Buoso, who exchange shapes, are of families that belonged to the Bianchi, or opposite party. *Vill.* viii. 39. Our Poet equally recognizes the base materials of both factions. The party of Puccio is unknown, and he is the only one of the three that remains unchanged.

## CANTO XXV.

At the conclusion of his words, the thief raised up his hands with both the figs,<sup>1</sup> shouting: "Take *them*, God, for at thee I aim them!"

From that time forth the serpents were my friends; for one of *them* then coiled itself about his neck, as if saying, "Thou shalt speak no farther!"<sup>2</sup> and another about his arms; and it tied him again,<sup>3</sup> riveting itself in front so firmly, that he could not give a jog with them. Ah, Pistoia! Pistoia! why dost thou not decree to burn thyself outright,<sup>4</sup> that thou mayest endure no longer, since thou outgoest thy seed<sup>5</sup> in

Al fine delle sue parole il ladro  
 Le mani alzò con ambeduo le fighe,  
 Gridando: Togli, Dio, chè a te le squadro.  
 Da indi in qua mi fur le serpi amiche,  
 Perch' una gli s' avvolse allora al collo,                    5  
 Come dicesse: Io non vo' che più diche;  
 E un' altra alle braccia, e rilegollo  
 Ribadendo sè stessa sù dinanzi,  
 Che non potea con esse dare un crollo.  
 Ah Pistoia, Pistoia! chè non stanzi                    10  
 D' incenerarti, sù che più non duri,  
 Poi che in mal far lo seme tuo avanzi?

<sup>1</sup> Clenching both his fists, and thrusting the thumbs between the fore and middle fingers; "making the fig" with both, like the filthy senseless mule that he was. His townsmen (in 1228) had "a tower seventy cubits high, on the rock of Carmignano; and at the top of it were two arms of marble with hands that made the figs at Florence." *Malessp.* c. 116; *Vill.* vi. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Lit.: "I will not that thou say more." *Diche* for *dica*.

<sup>3</sup> With head and tail through his body, tied his arms again so that he could not stir them. Compare canto xxiv. 94.

<sup>4</sup> To burn thyself to ashes at once. The factions of Pistoia, as they alternately prevailed, used to burn each other's houses.

<sup>5</sup> Thy ancestors, the "hacked an"

evil-doing? Through all the dark circles of Hell, I saw no spirit so proud toward God, not *even* him<sup>6</sup> who fell down from the walls of Thebes.

He fled, speaking not another word. And I saw a Centaur, full of rage, come crying: "Where is where is the surly<sup>7</sup> thief?" Maremma,<sup>8</sup> I do believe has not so many snakes as he had on his haunch, to where our *human* form<sup>9</sup> begins. Over his shoulders, behind the head, a dragon lay with outstretched wings; and it sets on fire every one he meets.<sup>10</sup> My Master said: "That is Cacus, who, beneath the rock of Mount Aventine, full often made a lake of blood. He goes not with his brethren on one *same* road,<sup>11</sup> because of

Per tutti i cerchi dello Inferno oscuri  
 Spirto non vidi in Dio tanto superbo,  
 Non quel che cadde a Tebe giù de' muri.      15  
 Ei si fuggì, che non parlò più verbo:  
 Ed io vidi un Centauro pien di rabbia.  
 Venir gridando: Ov' è, ov' è l' acerbo?  
 Maremma non cred' io che tante n' abbia,  
 Quante bisce egli avea su per la groppa,      20  
 Infino ove comincia nostra labbia.  
 Sopra le spalle, dietro dalla coppa,  
 Con l' ale aperte gli giaceva un draco,  
 E quello affuoca qualunque s' intoppa.  
 Lo mio Maestro disse: Quegli è Caco,      25  
 Chè sotto il sasso di monte Aventino  
 Di sangue fece spesse volte laco.  
 Non va co' suoi fratei per un cammino,

maimed" refuse of Catiline's followers. See *Vil.* i. 32.

<sup>6</sup> The heathenish blasphemer Capaneus. Canto xiv.

<sup>7</sup> Lit.: "The acerb;" sour and unripe like Capaneus.

<sup>8</sup> A fenny tract in Tuscany, swarming with reptiles.

<sup>9</sup> Compare *Æn.* viii. 194.

<sup>10</sup> Lit.: "And whoever is met, him (*quello*) it sets on fire." See *Æn.* viii. 199, &c.

<sup>11</sup> Goes not along the river of blood (canto xii. 55) with the other Centaurs; because, like Vanni Fucci, he was a thief besides being what they were.

the cunning theft he made from the great herd that lay near him: whence his crooked actions ceased beneath the club of Hercules, who gave him perhaps a hundred *blows* with it; and he felt not the *first* ten."

While he thus spake, the Centaur ran past; and under us there came three spirits, whom neither I nor my Guide perceived, until they cried: "Who are ye?" Our story therefore paused, and we then gave heed to them alone. I knew them not; but it happened, as usually it happens by some chance, that one had to name another, saying: "Where has Cianfa<sup>12</sup> stopped?" Whereat I, in order that my Guide might stand attentive, placed my finger upward from the chin to the nose.<sup>13</sup>

Per lo furar frodolente ch' ei fece  
 Del grande armento ch' egli ebbe a vicino;      30  
 Onde cessar le sue opere biece  
 Sotto la mazza d' Ercole, che forse  
 Gliene diè cento, e non sentì le diece.  
 Mentre che sì parlava, ed ei trascorse,  
 E tre spiriti venner sotto noi,      35  
 De' quai nè io, nè il Duca mio s' accorse,  
 Se non quando gridar: Chi siete voi?  
 Per che nostra novella si ristette,  
 E intendemmo pure ad essi poi.  
 Io non gli conoscea; ma ei seguette,      40  
 Come suol seguitar per alcun caso,  
 Che l' un nomare all' altro convenette,  
 Dicendo: Cianfa dove fia rimaso?  
 Perch' io, acciocchè il Duca stesse attento,  
 Mi posi il dito su dal mento al naso.      45

31. *Biece* for *bieche*; Lat. *obliqua*.

40. *Seguette*, *seguì*.

42. *Convenette*, *convenne*.

<sup>12</sup> Cianfa de' Donati, who has been coming with the other three; and is here transformed, as we

<sup>13</sup> Signal for silence.



If thou art now, O Reader, slow to credit what I have to tell, it will be no wonder; for I who saw it, scarce allow it to myself. While I kept gazing on them, lo!<sup>14</sup> a serpent with six feet darts up in front of one, and fastens itself all upon him. With its middle feet it clasped his belly, with the anterior it seized his arms; then fixed its teeth in both his cheeks. The hinder *feet* it stretched along his thighs; and put its tail between the two, and bent it upward on his loins behind. Ivy was never so rooted to a tree, as round the other's limbs the hideous monster entwined its own. Then they stuck together, as if they had been of heated wax, and mingled their colors: neither the one, nor the other,<sup>15</sup> now seemed what it was *at first*;

Se tu sei or, Lettore, a creder lento  
 Ciò ch' io dirò, non sarà maraviglia,  
 Chè io, che il vidi, appena il mi consento.  
 Com' io tenea levate in lor le ciglia,  
 Ed un serpente con sei piè si lancia 50  
 Dinanzi all' uno, e tutto a lui s' appiglia.  
 Co' piè di mezzo gli avvinse la pancia,  
 E con gli anterior le braccia prese;  
 Poi gli addentò e l' una e l' altra guancia.  
 Gli diretani alle cosce distese, 55  
 E miseli la coda tr' amendue,  
 E dietro per le ren su la ritese.  
 Ellera abbarbicata mai non fue  
 Ad alber sì, come l' orribil fiera  
 Per l' altrui membra avviticchiò le sue. 60  
 Poi s' appiccar, come di calda cera  
 Fossero stati, e mischiar lor colore;  
 Nè l' un, nè l' altro già pareva quel ch' era;

<sup>14</sup> Lit.: "Kept my eyebrows raised at them, lo!" *Ed for ecco. Cinon. Particelle.*

<sup>15</sup> Neither the one color (the man's) nor the other (the reptile's) remained

what it had been; as when you kindle a piece of white paper, the brown shade, that goes before the flame, makes the white rapidly vanish in its transition to black.

as up, before the flame, on paper goes a brown color, which is not yet black, and the white dies away.

The other two looked on, and each cried: "O me! Agnello,<sup>16</sup> how thou changest! Lo, thou art already neither two nor one!" The two heads had now become one, when two shapes appeared to us mixed in one face, where both were lost. Two arms were made of the four lists.<sup>17</sup> The thighs with the legs, the belly, and the chest, became such members as were never seen. The former shape was all extinct in them:<sup>18</sup> both, and neither, the perverse image seemed; and such it went away with languid step.

As a lizard, beneath the mighty scourge of the canicular days, going from hedge to hedge,<sup>19</sup> appears

Come procede innanzi dall' ardore  
 Per lo papiro suso un color bruno, 65  
 Che non è nero ancora, e il bianco muore.  
 Gli altri duo riguardavano, e ciascuno  
 Gridava: O me, Agnèl, come ti muti!  
 Vedi che già non se' nè duo nè uno.  
 Già eran li duo capi un divenuti, 70  
 Quando n' apparver duo figure miste  
 In una faccia, ov' eran duo perduti.  
 Fersi le braccia duo di quattro liste;  
 Le cosce con le gambe, il ventre, e il casso  
 Divenner membra che non fur mai viste. 75  
 Ogni primaio aspetto ivi era casso:  
 Due e nessun l' immagine perversa  
 Parea, e tal sen già con lento passo.  
 Come il ramarro, sotto la gran fersa  
 Dei dì canicular, cangiando siepe, 80

<sup>16</sup> Agnello Brunelleschi.

<sup>17</sup> Lit.: "The arms, from *being* four lists, were made two." *Liste* (lists, bands, or fillets) is the name here given to the serpent's forefeet and the sinner's arms.

<sup>18</sup> Lit.: "All former aspect here (in them) was quashed."

<sup>19</sup> "Changing hedge," lit. The image will be a lively one to those who have seen Italian lizards thus moving under the hot scourge of the

a flash of lightning, if it cross the way; so, coming toward the bowels of the other two, appeared a little reptile<sup>20</sup> burning *with rage*, livid and black as pepper corn. And it pierced that part,<sup>21</sup> in one of them, at which we first receive our nourishment; then fell down stretched out before him. The pierced *thief* gazed on it, but said nothing; nay, with his feet motionless, yawned only as if sleep or fever had come upon him. He eyed the reptile, the reptile him: the one from his wound, the other from his mouth, smoked violently, and their smoke met. Let Lucan now be silent, where he tells of poor Sabellus and Nasidius;<sup>22</sup> and wait to hear that which is now sent forth. Of Cad-

Folgore par, se la via attraversa:  
 Così pareva venendo verso l' epe  
 Degli altri due un serpentello acceso,  
 Livido e nero come gran di pepe.  
 E quella parte, donde prima è preso 85  
 Nostro alimento, all' un di lor trafisse;  
 Poi cadde giuso innanzi lui disteso.  
 Lo trafitto il mirò, ma nulla disse;  
 Anzi co' piè fermati sbadigliava,  
 Pur come sommo o febbre l' assalisse. 90  
 Egli il serpente, e quei lui riguardava:  
 L' un per la piaga, e l' altro per la bocca  
 Fumavan forte, e il fumo s' incontrava.  
 Taccia Lucano omai, là dove tocca  
 Del misero Sabello e di Nassidio, 95  
 E attenda a udir quel ch' or si scocca.

sun in July and August. "The living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning" (*fulguris coruscantis*, Vulg.). Ezek. i. 14.

<sup>20</sup> Guercio Cavalcante.

<sup>21</sup> The navel; which here gets a mystic nourishment—"poison of con-

scious Theft, that makes the man a serpent."

<sup>22</sup> Sabellus, who melts away like "snow under a hot south wind;" and Nasidius, who swells so as to burst his armor, on being stung by serpents in the Libyan desert. *Phars.* ix. 763, &c.

mus and of Arethusa<sup>23</sup> be Ovid silent; for if he, poetizing, converts the one into a serpent and the other into a fount, I envy him not. For never did he so transmute two natures front to front, that both forms<sup>24</sup> were ready to exchange their substance. They mutually responded in such a way,<sup>25</sup> that the reptile cleft its tail into a fork, and the wounded *spirit* drew his steps together. The legs and the thighs along with them so stuck to one another, that soon their juncture left no mark that was discernible. The cloven tail assumed the figure that was lost in the other; and its skin grew soft, the other's hard. I saw the arms enter at the ampits, and the two feet of the brute, which were short, lengthen themselves

Taccia di Cadmo e d' Aretusa Ovidio:

Chè se quello in serpente, e quella in fonte

Converte poetando, io non l' invidio:

Chè duo nature mai a fronte a fronte . . . . . 100

Non trasmutò, sì ch' amendue le forme

A cambiar lor materie fosser pronte.

Insieme si risposero a tai norme,

Che il serpente la coda in forza fesse,

E il feruto ristinse insieme l' orme. . . . . 105

Le gambe con le cosce seco stesse

S' appiccar sì, che in poco la giuntura

Non facea segno alcun che si paresse.

Togliea la coda fessa la figura,

Che si perdeva là; e la sua pelle . . . . . 110

Si facea molle, e quella di là dura.

Io vidi entrar le braccia per l' ascelle,

E i duo piè della fiera, ch' eran corti,

<sup>23</sup> See *Metam.* iv. 562; v. 572.

<sup>24</sup> Or formative powers. "Every essential Form proceeds from its first cause, which is God." *Conv.* Tr. iii. 2, &c. "The human soul, which is the noblest of all Forms

that are made under heaven." *Ibid.*

<sup>25</sup> Lit.: "They corresponded to each other by such rules or models," that they exchanged their parts as follows in verse 104, &c.

as much as those *arms* were shortened. Then the *two* hinder feet, twisted together, became the member which man conceals; and the wretch from his had two<sup>26</sup> thrust forth.

While the smoke with a new color veils them both,<sup>27</sup> and generates on one part hair, and strips it from another; the one rose upright, and prostrate the other fell, not therefore turning the impious lights,<sup>28</sup> under which they mutually exchanged visages:<sup>29</sup> he that was erect, drew his toward the temples; and from the too much matter that went thither, ears came out of the smooth<sup>30</sup> cheeks. That which went not back, but was retained, of its superfluity formed a nose, and enlarged the lips to a fit size. He that lay

Tanto allungar, quanto accorciavan quelle.  
 Poscia li piè di dietro insieme attorti 115  
 Diventarøn lo membro che l' uom cela,  
 E il misero del suo n' avea duo porti.  
 Mentre che il fummo l' uno e l' altro vela  
 Di color nuovo, e genera il pel suso  
 Per l' una parte, e dall' altra il dipela, 120  
 L' un si levò, e l' altro cadde giuso,  
 Non torcendo però le lucerne empie,  
 Sotto le quai ciascun cambiava muso.  
 Quel ch' era dritto, il trasse in vèr le tempie;  
 E di troppa materia, che in là venne, 125  
 Uscir gli orecchi delle gote scempie:  
 Ciò che non corse in dietro, e si ritenne,  
 Di quel soverchio fe' naso alla faccia,  
 E le labbra ingrossò quanto convenne.

<sup>26</sup> Two hinder feet. *Porti* from *porgere*, Lat. *porrecti*.

<sup>27</sup> The angry smoke speedily gives the man a reptile's color, the reptile a man's.

<sup>28</sup> "The light (*lucerna*) of the body is the eye." *Matt.* vi. 22. They did not shift their glaring eyes—preg-

nant with thievishness—from one another, for that change of posture, till the transformation was completed.

<sup>29</sup> Lit.: "Each exchanged muzzle or visage with the other."

<sup>30</sup> "Smooth" (*scempie*, Lat. *simplices*), or serpent cheeks.

prone, thrusts forward his sharpened visage, and draws back his ears into the head, as the snail does its horns; and his tongue, which was before united and apt for speech, cleaves itself; and in the other the forked *tongue* recloses: and the smoke *now* rests.

The soul that had become a brute, flies hissing along the valley, and after it the other talking and sputtering. Then he turned his novel shoulders toward it, and said to the other: "I wish Buoso<sup>31</sup> to run crawling, as I have done, along this path."

Thus I beheld the seventh sink<sup>32</sup> change and rechange; and here let the novelty excuse me, if my tongue goes aught astray.<sup>33</sup> And though my eyes were somewhat perplexed, and my mind depressed, they could not flee so covertly, but that I well dis-

- Quel, che giaceva, il muso innanzi caccia, 130  
 E gli orecchi ritira per la testa,  
 Come face le corna la lumaccia :  
 E la lingua, che aveva unita e presta  
 Prima a parlar, si fende ; e la forcuta  
 Nell' altro si richiude, e il fummo resta. 135  
 L' anima, ch' era fiera divenuta,  
 Si fugge sufolando per la valle,  
 E l' altro dietro a lui parlando sputa.  
 Poscia gli volse le novelle spalle,  
 E disse all' altro : I' vo' che Buoso corra, 140  
 Com' ho fatt' io, carpon per questo calle.  
 Così vid' io la settima zavorra  
 Mutare e trasmutare ; e qui mi scusi  
 La novità, se fior la lingua abborra.  
 E avvegnachè gli occhi miei confusi 145  
 Fossero alquanto, e l' animo smagato,  
 Non poter quei fuggirsi tanto chiusi,

<sup>31</sup> Buoso degli Abati.

<sup>32</sup> Lit.: "The seventh ballast:" perhaps meaning "sink;" or the off-scourings, the despicable coil of

thieves and serpents at the bottom

<sup>33</sup> Or goes into too great details. *Fior* or *fiove*, adverb; *abborra* (Lat. *aberrare*), "swerves, deviates."

tinguished Puccio<sup>34</sup> Sciancato : and it was he alone,  
of the three companions that first came, who was not  
changed. The other<sup>35</sup> was he whom thou, Gaville,  
lamentest.

Ch' io non scorgessi ben Puccio Sciancato :

Ed era quei che sol, de' tre compagni

Che venner prima, non era mutato :

150

L' altro era quel che tu, Gaville, piagni.

<sup>34</sup> Puccio de' Galigai.

<sup>35</sup> Guercio de Cavalcanti, killed at  
the village of Gaville in Valdarno,

which laments for the sore vengeance  
that was taken.

## ARGUMENT.

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DANTE, after having seen and recognized the five noble thieves, addresses his native city in bitter concentrated sorrow and shame, mingled with heart-felt longings and affection. The calamities which misgovernment, faction, and crime had been preparing for many years before the date of his mystic Vision, and which he himself as Chief Magistrate in 1300 had done his utmost to prevent, are notified in form of prophecy. His own exile, though not directly alluded to and his hopes of "morning"—of deliverance for Florence and himself, and of justice on their enemies were nearly connected with those calamities. And when he sees the fate of the Evil Counselors in the Eighth Chasm, to which his Guide now leads him, he "curbs his genius," and deeply feels he has not to seek that deliverance and justice by fraud. The arts of the fox, on however great a scale, are extremely hateful to him. To employ that superior wisdom, which is the good gift of the Almighty, in deceiving others, for any purpose, is a Spiritual Theft of the most fearful kind; and the sinners, who have been guilty of it, are running along the narrow chasm, each "stolen" from view, wrapt in the Flame of his own Consciousness, and tormented by its burning. Ulysses and Diomed, who went together by night, cheated and slew Dolon, and stole the mythic Palladium of Troy, are also here united in punishment. The former, speaking through the Flame, relates the manner and place of his death.



## CANTO XXVI.

Joy, Florence, since thou art so great that over land and sea thou beatest thy wings, and thy name through Hell expands itself!<sup>1</sup> Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens; whereat shame comes on me, and thou to great honor mountest not thereby. But if the truth is dreamed of near the morning,<sup>2</sup> thou shalt feel ere long what Prato, not to speak of others, craves for thee.<sup>3</sup> And if it were already *come*, it would not

Godi, Firenze, poi che sei sì grande,  
 Che per mare e per terra batti l' ali,  
 E per lo Inferno il tuo nome si spande,  
 Tra li ladron trovai cinque cotali  
 Tuoi cittadini, onde mi vien vergogna,  
 E tu in grande onranza non ne sali. 5  
 Ma se presso al mattin del ver si sogna,  
 Tu sentirai di qua da picciol tempo  
 Di quel che Prato, non ch' altri, t' agogna.

<sup>1</sup> True, thy energies, arts, and wealth carry thee triumphant far and wide; but mark the fame thou hast in Hell too!

<sup>2</sup> If morning dreams are true.—*Namque sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna, Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.* Ovid. *Heroid.* xix. The same ancient belief is spoken of, *Purg.* ix. 13.

<sup>3</sup> "What, not only others, but even Prato," the nearest town, "eagerly wishes thee." The Poet here announces, with manifold emotion and brevity, the evil that awaits his native city—due already as the inevitable consequence of folly and crime—and wishes it were come, as Time will make him less able to bear it

than now (in 1300), "at the summit of his life-arch." See note 1, p. 14.

The disasters of 1304, in some of which Prato was concerned, are more especially alluded to. In February of that year, the long and bloody contests of the Neri and Bianchi had brought Florence to a state of anarchy; and the Cardinal da Prato was sent by Benedict XI., and remained till the 4th of June (see note 13, p. 110), vainly trying to make peace between the adherents of the two factions. On the 10th of June, a fire, lighted by a priest of noble family and of the Neri faction, destroyed more than 1700 of the finest houses, towers, and palaces, "and, in short," as Villani says, "burnt all the mar-

be *too* early. So were it! since indeed it must be; for it will weigh the heavier on me as I grow older.

We departed thence; and, by the stairs which the rocky bourns<sup>4</sup> had given us to descend before, my Guide remounted and drew me up. And pursuing our solitary way among the jaggs and branches of the cliff,<sup>5</sup> the foot without the hand sped not.

I sorrowed then,<sup>6</sup> and sorrow now again when I direct my memory to what I saw; and curb my genius more than I am wont, lest it run where Virtue guides it not; so that, if kindly star or something better have given to me the good, I may not grudge myself that gift.<sup>7</sup>

E se già fosse, non saria per tempo. 10

Così foss' ei, da che pure esser dee!

Chè più mi graverà com' più m' attempo.

Noi ci partimmo; e su per le scalee,

Che n' avean fatte i borni a scender pria,

Rimontò il Duca mio, e trasse mee. 15

E proseguendo la solinga via

Tra le schegge e tra' rocchi dello scoglio,

Lo piè senza la man non si spedia.

Allor mi dolsi, e ora mi ridoglio,

Quando drizzo la mente a ciò ch' io vidi; 20

E più lo ingegno affreno ch' io non soglio,

Perchè non corra, che virtù nol guidi;

Sì che, se stella buona o miglior cosa

M' ha dato il ben, ch' io stesso nol m' invidi.

row, and yolk, and costly places of the city." The same historian tells how, in that year, on the first of May, a festive representation of Hell and its torments was given on the Arno; and how the Carraia bridge (then of wood) broke down under the throng of spectators, "so that many were drowned, and the sport became a reality." *Vill.* viii. 68-72.

<sup>4</sup> Or, "curbstones" (*borni*, Fr. *bor-*

*nes*); jagged rocks that formed the inner boundary of the chasm, and made "stairs" for the Poets to descend in canto xxiv. 79.

<sup>5</sup> "Cliff," or next bridge; which is so steep that it requires both hands and feet.

<sup>6</sup> At sight of the Evil Counselors and their fate.

<sup>7</sup> Lit.: "I may not myself envy me it," may not enviously withhold from

As many fire-flies<sup>8</sup> as the peasant who is resting on the hill, at the time that he who brightens the world least hides his face from us, when as the fly yields to the gnat—sees down along the valley, there perchance where he gathers grapes and tills: with flames thus numerous the eighth chasm was all gleaming, as I perceived, as soon as I came to where the bottom showed itself. And as he,<sup>9</sup> who was avenged by the bears, saw Elijah's chariot at its departure, when the horses rose erect to heaven; for he could not so follow it with his eyes as to see other than the flame alone, like a little cloud, ascending up: thus moved each of those flames along the gullet of

Quante il villan ch' al poggio si riposa,	25
Nel tempo che colui, che il mondo schiara,	
La faccia sua a noi tien meno ascosa.	
Come la mosca cede alla zanzara,	
Vede lucciole giù per la vallea,	
Forse colà dove vendemmia ed ara :	30
Di tante fiamme tutta risplendea	
L' ottava bolgia, sì com' io m' accorsi,	
Tosto che fui là 've il fondo pareo.	
E qual colui, che si vengìo con gli orsi,	
Vide il carro d' Elia al dipartire,	35
Quando i cavalli al Cielo erti levorsi ;	
Chè nol potea sì con gli occhi seguire,	
Che vedesse altro che la fiamma sola,	
Sì come nuvoletta, in su salire :	
Tal si movea ciascuna per la gola	40

36. *Levorsì*, si levoro, or levaronai.

myself the good of that genius or talent, which happy star or Providence has given me.

<sup>8</sup> Lit. : "How many fire-flies (*quante lucciole*) the peasant sees," &c. The time when the sun "keeps his face least hidden from us" is summer. The Italian gnats swarm forth

in the evenings with far more vigor than our own; and the peasant "rests on the hill" the air of his valleys being dangerous after sunset—and sees the fire-flies down in the vineyards and fields where he has been laboring.

<sup>9</sup> Elisha. 2 Kings ii. 9-24.

the foss, for none of *them* shows the theft,<sup>10</sup> and every flame steals a sinner.

I stood upon the bridge, *having* risen so<sup>11</sup> to look, that, if I had not caught a rock, I should have fallen down without being pushed. And the Guide, who saw me thus intent, said: "Within those fires are the spirits: each swathes himself with that which burns him."

"Master," I replied, "from hearing thee I feel more certain; but had already discerned it to be so, and already wished to say to thee: Who is in that fire, which comes so parted at the top, as if it rose from the pile<sup>12</sup> where Eteocles was put with his brother?"

He answered me: "Within it there, Ulysses is

Del fosso, chè nessuna mostra il furto,  
Ed ogni fiamma un peccatore invola.  
Io stava sopra il ponte a veder surto,  
Sì che s' io non avessi un ronchion preso,  
Caduto sarei giù senza esser urto. 45  
E il Duca, che mi vide tanto atteso,  
Disse: Dentro da' fuochi son gli spirti:  
Ciascun si fascia di quel ch' egli è inceso.  
Maestro mio, risposi, per udirti  
Son io più certo; ma già m' era avviso 50  
Che così fusse, e già voleva dirti:  
Chi è in quel fuoco, che vien sì diviso  
Di sopra, che par surger della pira,  
Ov' Eteocle col fratel fu miso?  
Risposemi: Là entro si martira 55

50. *Avviso*, avvisto.

54. *Miso*, messo.

<sup>10</sup> The sinner it steals.

<sup>11</sup> Lit.: "Stood so risen (*surto st*), that," &c. He had scrambled up with both hands and feet (v. 18), and now rises and eagerly leans forward to see from the bridge, as in verse 69.

<sup>12</sup> The flame of the funeral pile, on which Eteocles was laid with his brother Polynices, is said to have divided itself in token of their enmity. *Lucan.* i. 145; *Stat. Theb.* xii. 431.

tortured, and Diomed; and thus they run together in punishment, as *erst* in wrath. And in their flame they groan for the ambush of the horse,<sup>13</sup> that made the door by which the noble seed of the Romans came forth. Within it they lament the artifice,<sup>14</sup> whereby Deidamia in death still sorrows for Achilles; and there they suffer penalty for the Palladium.”<sup>15</sup>

“If they within those sparks can speak,” said I, “Master! I pray thee much, and repray that my prayer may equal a thousand, deny me not to wait until the horned flame comes hither. Thou seest how with desire I bend me toward it.”

And he to me: “Thy request is worthy of much praise, and therefore I accept it. But do thou refrain

Ulisse e Diomede, e così insieme  
 Alla vendetta corron, com' all' ira :  
 E dentro dalla lor fiamma si geme  
 L' aguato del caval, che fe' la porta  
 Ond' uscì de' Romani il gentil seme. 60  
 Piangevisi entro l' arte, per che morta  
 Deidamia ancor sì duol d' Achille;  
 E del Palladio pena vi si porta.  
 S' ei posson dentro da quelle faville  
 Parlar, diss' io, Maestro, assai ten priego, 65  
 E ripriego che il priego vaglia mille,  
 Che non mi facci dell' attender niego,  
 Finchè la fiamma cornuta qua vegna :  
 Vedi che del disio vèr lei mi piego.  
 Ed egli a me: La tua preghiera è degna 70  
 Di molta lode; ed io però l' accetto :  
 Ma fa che la tua lingua si sostegna.

<sup>13</sup> The wooden horse, by means of which Troy was taken, and Æneas, the founder of Rome, driven forth to Italy.

<sup>14</sup> Ulysses induced Achilles to for-

sake Deidamia; telling him that Troy could not be taken without him, but deceitfully concealing the prediction of his death.

<sup>15</sup> Which they carried off.

thy tongue. Let me speak, for I have conceived what thou wishest; and they, perhaps, because they were Greeks, might disdain thy words."<sup>16</sup>

After the flame had come where time and place seemed fitting to my Guide, I heard him speak in this manner: "O ye, two in one fire! If I merited of you while I lived, if I merited of you much or little, when on earth I wrote the High Verses,<sup>17</sup> move ye not; but let the one of you tell where he wandering<sup>18</sup> went to die."

The greater horn of the ancient flame began to shake itself, murmuring, just like a flame that struggles with the wind.<sup>19</sup> Then carrying to and fro the top, as if it were the tongue that spake,<sup>20</sup>

Laccia parlare a me, ch' io ho concetto  
 Ciò che tu vuoi; ch' ei sarebbero schivi,  
 Perch' ei fur Greci, forse del tuo detto. 75  
 Poichè la fiamma fu venuta quivi,  
 Ove parve al mio Duca tempo e loco,  
 In questa forma lui parlare audivi :  
 O voi, che siete duo dentro ad un fuoco,  
 S' io meritai di voi mentre ch' io vissi, 80  
 S' io meritai di voi assai o poco,  
 Quando nel mondo gli alti versi scrissi,  
 Non vi movete; ma l' un di voi dica  
 Dove per lui perduto a morir gissi.  
 Lo maggior corno della fiamma antica 85  
 Cominciò a crollarsi, mormorando,  
 Pur come quella cui vento affatica.  
 Indi la cima qua e là menando,  
 Come fosse la lingua che parlasse,

<sup>16</sup> Or: "Might be shy of speaking to thee;" but why their having been Greeks could make them so is not satisfactorily explained by any of the commentators.

<sup>17</sup> The *Æneid* (in which Ulysses and Diomed are often spoken of):

written in the high or tragic style. Compare note 27, p. 214.

<sup>18</sup> Or: "Having lost himself."

<sup>19</sup> Lit.: "Just like that *flame* which wind wearies," or lashes to and fro. The words have no outlet at first.

<sup>20</sup> "The tongue is a fire, a world

threw forth a voice, and said: "When I departed from Circe, who beyond a year detained me there<sup>21</sup> near Gaeta, ere Æneas thus had named it, neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged father, nor the due love that should have cheered Penelope, could conquer in me the ardor that I had to gain experience of the world, and of human vice and worth: I ventured into the deep open sea, with but one ship, and with that small company, which had not deserted me. Both the shores<sup>22</sup> I saw as far as Spain, far as Morocco; and saw Sardinia and the other isles which that sea bathes round.

"I and my companions were old and slow, when we came to that narrow pass,<sup>23</sup> where Hercules as-

Gittò voce di fuori, e disse: Quando	90
Mi diparti' da Circe, che sottrasse	
Me più d' un anno là presso a Gaeta,	
Prima che sì Enea la nominasse;	
Nè dolcezza di figlio, nè la pièta	
Del vecchio padre, nè il debito amore,	95
Lo qual dovea Penelope far lieta,	
Vincer potero dentro a me l' ardore	
Ch' io ebbi a divenir del mondo esperto,	
E degli vizj umani, e del valore:	
Ma misi me per l' alto mare aperto	100
Sol con un legno, e con quella compagna	
Picciola, dalla qual non fui deserto.	
L' un lito e l' altro vidi infin la Spagna,	
Fin nel Marrocco, e l' isola de' Sardi,	
E l' altre che quel mare intorno bagna.	105
Io e i compagni eravam vecchi e tardi,	
Quando venimmo a quella foce stretta,	

of iniquity: . . . . it is set on fire of hell." *James* iii. 6.

<sup>21</sup> At Monte Circello, or Circe's Promontory: near Gaeta, which is named after Æneas' nurse.

<sup>22</sup> European and African.

<sup>23</sup> Strait of Gibraltar, with its Columns of Hercules: "Marks or warnings, that man may not venture beyond." In Romagna the landmarks

signed his landmarks to hinder man from venturing farther. On the right hand, I left Seville; on the other, had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers!' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not, to this the brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the unpeopled world behind the Sun.<sup>24</sup> Consider your origin: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' With this brief speech I made my companions so eager for the voyage, that I could hardly then have checked them. And, turning the poop toward morning, we of our oars made wings for the foolish flight, always gaining on the left.<sup>25</sup> Night

Ov' Ercole segnò li suoi riguardi,  
 Acciocchè l' uom più oltre non si metta :  
 Dalla man destra mi lasciai Sibilia, 110  
 Dall' altra già m' avea lasciata Setta.  
 O frati, dissi, che per cento milia  
 Perigli siete giunti all' Occidente,  
 A questa tanto picciola vigilia  
 De' vostri sensi, ch' è del rimanente, 115  
 Non vogliate negar l' esperienza,  
 Direto al Sol, del mondo senza gente.  
 Considerate la vostra semenza :  
 Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,  
 Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza. 120  
 Li miei compagni fec' io sì acuti,  
 Con questa orazion picciola, al cammino,  
 Che appena poscia gli avrei ritenuti.  
 E, volta nostra poppa nel mattino,  
 De' remi facemmo ale al folle volo, 125  
 Sempre acquistando del lato mancino.

and the road-poles are still called *riguardi*. Here used in the sense of Sacred Limits.

<sup>24</sup> Or westward. The Western Hemisphere, in Dante's time, was

supposed to be all covered with water. *Conv. Tr.* iii. 5.

<sup>25</sup> Rowed west by south. See the *εὐήπε' ἐπερμὰ τὰ τε κρεὰ νηυσί,* &c. *Odys.* xi. 124.



already saw the other pole, with all its stars; and ours so low, that it rose not from the ocean floor.<sup>26</sup> Five times the light beneath the Moon<sup>27</sup> had been rekindled and quenched as oft, since we had entered on the arduous passage, when there appeared to us a mountain,<sup>28</sup> dim with distance; and to me it seemed the highest I had ever seen.<sup>29</sup> We joyed, and soon our joy was turned to grief; for a tempest rose from the new land, and struck the forepart of our ship. Three times it made her whirl round with all the waves; at the fourth, *made* the poop rise and the prow go down, as pleased Another,<sup>30</sup> till the sea was closed above us."

Tutte le stelle già dell' altro polo  
 Vede la notte, e il nostro tanto basso,  
 Che non surgeva fuor del marin suolo.  
 Cinque volte raccesso, e tante casso 130  
 Lo lume era di sotto dalla Luna,  
 Poi ch' entrati eravam nell' alto passo,  
 Quando n' apparve una montagna, bruna  
 Per la distanza, e parvemi alta tanto,  
 Quanto veduta non n' aveva alcuna. 135  
 Noi ci allegrammo, e tosto tornò in pianto;  
 Chè dalla nuova terra un turbo nacque,  
 E percosse del legno il primo canto.  
 Tre volte il fe' girar con tutte l' acque,  
 Alla quarta levar la poppa in suso, 140  
 E la prora ire in giù, com' altrui piacque,  
 Infin che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

<sup>26</sup> They had now reached the Equator.

<sup>27</sup> Five changes of the Moon.

<sup>28</sup> Mountain of Purgatory: situated, according to Dante, on the other side of the globe, in the Southern

Hemisphere, and exactly opposite to Jerusalem. Canto xxxiv. 125; and *Purg.* canto i. 24, &c.

<sup>29</sup> Lit.: "Seemed so high, as I had not seen any."

<sup>30</sup> God. Compare note 5, p. 60.

## ARGUMENT.

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**THE** Flame of Ulysses, having told its story, departs with permission of Virgil; and is immediately followed by another, which contains the spirit of Count Guido da Montefeltro, a Ghibelline of high fame in war and counsel. It comes moaning at the top, and sends forth eager inquiries about the people of Romagna, Guido's countrymen. Dante describes their condition under various petty Tyrants, in 1300. His words are brief, precise, and beautiful; and have a tone of large and deep sadness. Guido, at his request, relates who he is, and why condemned to such torment; after which, the Poets pass onward to the bridge of the Ninth Chasm.

## CANTO XXVII.

THE flame was now erect and quiet,<sup>1</sup> having ceased to speak, and now went away from us with license of the sweet Poet; when another, that came behind it, made us turn our eyes to its top, for a confused sound that issued therefrom. As the Sicilian bull<sup>2</sup> (which bellowed first with the lament of him—and that was right—who had tuned it with his file) kept bellowing with the sufferer's voice; so that, although it was of brass, it seemed transfixed with pain: thus, having at their commencement no way nor outlet from the fire, the dismal words were changed into its lan-

GIÀ era dritta insù la fiamma, e queta  
 Per non dir più; e già da noi sen già  
 Con la licenzia del dolce Poeta:  
 Quando un' altra, che dietro a lei venia,  
 Ne fece volger gli occhi alla sua cima, 5  
 Per un confuso suon che fuor n' uscia.  
 Come il bue Cicilian, che mugghiò prima  
 Col pianto di colui, e ciò fu dritto,  
 Che l' avea temperato con sua lima,  
 Mugghiava con la voce dell' afflitto, 10  
 Sì che, con tutto ch' e' fosse di rame,  
 Pure el pareva dal dolor trafitto:  
 Così, per non aver via nè forame  
 Dal principio del fuoco, in suo linguaggio

<sup>1</sup> No longer moved its sharp point to and fro like a tongue. Canto xxvi. 85.

<sup>2</sup> The brazen bull which Perillus invented for the Sicilian tyrant Phalaris. It was constructed with such art, that the cries of those burning within it resembled the bellowing of

a real bull; and Phalaris, very justly, made the first experiment on the artist himself. The sinners here too are tortured within the flames they have prepared for themselves by applying their talents to wicked counsels.

guage.<sup>3</sup> But after they had found their road up through the point, giving to it that vibration which the tongue had given in their passage, we heard *it* say: "O thou, to whom I address my voice! who spakest just now in Lombard,<sup>4</sup> saying, 'Now go, no more I urge thee;'<sup>5</sup> though I have come perhaps a little late, let it not irk thee to pause and speak with me: thou seest it irks not me, although I burn. If thou art but now fallen into this blind world from that sweet Latian land, whence I bring all my guilt, tell me if the Romagnuols have peace or war; for I was of the mountains there,<sup>6</sup> between Urbino and the chain from which the Tiber springs."

I still was eager downward and bent, when my

Si convertivan le parole grame.	15
Ma poscia ch' ebber colto lor viaggio	
Su per la punta, dandole quel guizzo	
Che dato avea la lingua in lor passaggio,	
Udimmo dire: O tu, a cui io drizzo	
La voce, e che parlavi mo Lombardo,	20
Dicendo: Issa ten va, più non t' aizzo;	
Perch' io sia giunto forse alquanto tardo,	
Non t' increzca restare a parlar meco:	
Vedi che non increzca a me, e ardo.	
Se tu pur mo in questo mondo cieco	25
Caduto se' di quella dolce terra	
Latina, onde mia colpa tutta reco;	
Dimmi se i Romagnuoli han pace o guerra;	
Ch' io fui de' monti là intra Urbino	
E il giogo di che Tever si disserra.	30
Io era ingiuoso ancora attento e chino,	

<sup>3</sup> Into a painful murmuring sound at first, till they got away. See canto xxvi. 86, &c.

<sup>4</sup> "Lombard" for Italian; or perhaps because *issa* (now) and *aizzo* were Lombard words, and Virgil himself of Lombardy.

<sup>5</sup> "No more I stimulate or fan thy flame;" ask no farther speech of thee, Ulysses.

<sup>6</sup> Of Montefeltro, between Urbino and that part of the Appenine chain from which "Tiber unlocks himself."

Leader touched me on the side, saying: "Speak thou; this is a Latian."

And I, who had my answer ready then, began without delay to speak: "O soul, that there below art hidden! Thy Romagna is not, and never was, without war in the hearts of her tyrants; but open war just now I there left none.<sup>7</sup> Ravenna stands, as it has stood for many years. The Eagle<sup>8</sup> of Polenta broods over it, so that he covers Cervia with his pinions. The town,<sup>9</sup> which made erewhile the long probation and the bloody heap of Frenchmen, finds itself again under the Green Clutches. And

Quando il mio Duca mi tentò di costa,  
 Dicendo: Parla tu, questi è Latino.  
 Ed io ch' avea già pronta la risposta,  
 Senza indugio a parlare incominciai:                    35  
 O anima, che sei laggiù nascosta,  
 Romagna tua non è, e non fu mai  
 Senza guerra ne' cuor de' suoi tiranni;  
 Ma palese nessuna or ven lasciai.  
 Ravenna sta, come stata è molti anni:                    40  
 L' aquila da Polenta la si cova,  
 Sì che Cervia ricuopre co' suoi vanni.  
 La terra che fe' già la lunga prova,  
 E di Franceschi sanguinoso mucchio,  
 Sotto le branche verdi si ritrova.                            45

<sup>7</sup> In the spring of 1300, the year of Jubilee, and of Dante's vision, there was no open war in Romagna, but abundant materials for it in the hearts of many wretched Tyrants.

<sup>8</sup> Guido Novello da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, and then of Cervia too, who had an eagle on his coat of arms. He was Dante's best friend, a Poet himself, and Nephew of Francesca (see canto v.); and ruled his little territory well and peacefully for many years. "As an eagle stirreth

up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings," &c. *Deut.* xxxii. 11.

<sup>9</sup> Forli, which stood a long siege in 1282. The Guido who is here listening was at that time its ruler; and by means of a stratagem, he made great slaughter of the besieging army, which consisted mainly of Frenchmen. Dante tells him that Forli is now "again under the green clutches," or the Ordelaffi family, whose coat of arms was a lion vert.

the old Mastiff of Verrucchio and the young,<sup>10</sup> that marred Montagna, there where they are wont do ply their teeth. The cities of Lamone and Santerno<sup>11</sup> guides the little Lion of the argent den, who changes faction from the summer to the winter. And that city<sup>12</sup> whose flank the Savio bathes, as it lies between the plain and mountain, so lives it between tyranny and freedom.

“Now I pray thee, tell us who thou art. Be not more hard than one has been<sup>13</sup> to thee: so may thy name on earth maintain its front.”

After the flame had roared awhile as usual, it moved

E il Mastin vecchio, e il nuovo da Verrucchio,  
 Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo,  
 Là, dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.  
 Le città di Lamone e di Santerno  
 Conduce il leoncel dal nido bianco, 50  
 Che muta parte dalla state al verno :  
 E quella, a cui il Savio bagna il fianco,  
 Così com' ella s' è tra il piano e il monte,  
 Tra tirannia si vive e stato franco.  
 Ora chi sei ti prego che ne conte : 55  
 Non esser duro più ch' altri sia stato,  
 Se il nome tuo nel mondo tegna fronte.  
 Poscia che il fuoco alquanto ebbe rugghiato  
 Al modo suo, l' aguta punta mosse

<sup>10</sup> Malatesta Vecchio, and Maltestino dell' Occhio (one-eyed) his son, “mastiffs of Verrucchio” (a castle of theirs); who imprisoned and then murdered Montagna de' Parcitati, leader of the Ghibellines at Rimini, where they still exercise ferocious tyranny; or lit. “make a borer, auger, or gimlet of their teeth.” Maltestino was the brother of Giovanni and Paolo (canto v.); and is again alluded to in canto xxviii. 85. See Benv. da Imola, *Com.*; and Murat. *Rer. Ital.* tom. xv.

<sup>11</sup> Faenza, near the river Lamone, and Imola near the Santerno: under the rule of Machinarado Pagani, surnamed “Il Diavolo,” whose arms were a lioncel on a field argent, and who kept changing party, “facing both ways,” all his life.

<sup>12</sup> Cesena on the Savio; now ruled by tyrants, now by the citizens themselves.

<sup>13</sup> Lit.: “Than other has been,” meaning, “than I have been to thee.” He speaks to Guido with a child-like kindness and pity.

the sharp point to and fro, and then gave forth this breath: <sup>14</sup> "If I thought my answer were to one who ever could return to the world, this flame should shake no more. <sup>15</sup> But since none ever did return alive from this depth, if what I hear be true, without fear of infamy I answer thee.

"I was a man of arms; and then became a Cordelier, <sup>16</sup> hoping, thus girt, to make amends. And certainly my hope were come in full, <sup>17</sup> but for the Great Priest, <sup>18</sup> may ill befall him! who brought me back to my first sins: and how and why, I wish thee to hear from me. While I was a form of bones and pulp, which my mother gave me, my deeds were not those of the lion, but of the fox. All wiles and covert

Di qua, di là, e poi diè cotal fiato :	60
S' io credessi che mia risposta fosse	
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,	
Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse :	
Ma perciocchè giammai di questo fondo	
Non tornò vivo alcun, s' io odo il vero,	65
Senza tema d' infamia ti rispondo.	
Io fui uom d' arme, e poi fui Cordigliero,	
Credendomi, sì cinto, fare ammenda :	
E certo il creder mio veniva intero,	—
Se non fosse il Gran Prete, a cui mal prenda,	70
Che mi rimise nelle prime colpe :	
E come, e quare voglio che m' intenda.	
Mentre ch' io forma fui d' ossa e di polpe,	
Che la madre mi diè, l' opere mie	
Non furon leonine, ma di volpe,	75
Gli accorgimenti e le coperte vie	

<sup>14</sup> Found this utterance.

<sup>15</sup> Lit.: "Should stand without more shakes," or speak no more.

<sup>16</sup> "Cordelier;" or monk, girt with the Cord of St. Francis.

<sup>17</sup> Or, "had been fulfilled;" I should have been in Heaven instead of here.

<sup>18</sup> Pope Boniface VIII.

ways I knew; and used the art of them so *well*, that to the ends of the earth the sound went forth. When I saw myself come to that period of my age at which every one should lower sails and gather in his ropes,<sup>19</sup> that which before had pleased me, grieved me then; and with repentance and confession I yielded myself,<sup>20</sup> ah woe alas! and it would have availed *me*. The Prince of the new Pharisees<sup>21</sup>—waging war near to the Lateran, and not with Saracens or Jews; for

Io seppi tutte; e sì menai lor arte,  
 Ch' al fine della terra il suono uscìe.  
 Quando mi vidi giunto in quella parte  
 Di mia età, dove ciascun dovrebbe 80  
 Calar le vele e raccoglièr le sarte,  
 Ciò che pria mi piaceva, allor m' increbbe;  
 E pentuto e confesso mi rendei,  
 Ah miser lasso! e giovato sarebbe.  
 Lo Principe de' nuovi Farisei 85  
 Avendo guerra presso a Laterano,  
 E non con Saracin, nè con Giudei;

<sup>19</sup> In the Convito (Trat. iv. 28) Dante, speaking of Old Age, and the "sea of this life" on which our Soul has its voyage of trial, says: "Natural death is as it were a haven and a rest to us after long navigation. And the noble Soul is like a good mariner; for he, when he draws near the port, lowers his sails, and enters it softly with feeble steerage: even so ought we to lower the sails of our worldly operations, and turn to God with all our understanding and heart, that we may reach this haven with all suavity and with all peace. And herein we have from our own nature a great lesson of suavity; for in such a death as this there is no grief nor any bitterness: but as a ripe apple is lightly and without violence loosened

from its branch, so our soul without grieving departs from the body in which it hath been," &c.

The rest of this passage is still higher. Guido is praised in it.

<sup>20</sup> "Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead," &c. *Rom.* vi. 13.

<sup>21</sup> Boniface VIII., at war with the Colonna family in Rome, who had opposed his election. He laid waste their palaces "near the Lateran," in May, 1297; and then, in September, 1298, demolished their fortress of Penestrino (Palestrina), which he had been unable to take by force, and gained possession of by "promising much and performing nothing," as Guido advised. *Vill.* viii. 21, 23; *Benv. da Imola, Com.*



every enemy of his was a Christian, and none had been to conquer Acre,<sup>22</sup> nor *been* a merchant in the Soldan's land—regarded not the Highest Office nor Holy Orders in himself, nor in me that Cord which used to make those whom it girded leaner; but as Constantine called Silvestro out of Soracte<sup>23</sup> to cure his leprosy, so this man called me as an adept to cure the fever of his pride. He demanded counsel of me; and I kept silent, for his words seemed drunken.<sup>24</sup> And then he said to me: 'Let not thy heart mis-doubt: even now I do absolve thee, and do thou teach me so to act, that I may cast Penestrino to the ground. Heaven I can shut and open, as thou knowest; for

Chè ciascun suo nemico era Cristiano,  
 E nessuno era stato a vincer Acri,  
 Nè mercatante in terra di Soldano: 90  
 Nè sommo ufficio, nè ordini sacri  
 Guardò in sè, nè in me quel capestro  
 Che solea far li suoi cinti più macri.  
 Ma come Costantin chiese Silvestro  
 Dentro Siratti a guarir della lebbre, 95  
 Così mi chiese questi per maestro  
 A guarir della sua superba febbre.  
 Domandommi consiglio; ed io tacetti,  
 Perchè le sue parole parvero ebbre.  
 E poi mi disse: 'Tuo cor non sospetti: 100  
 Fin or ti assolvo, e tu m' insegna fare  
 Sì come Penestrino in terra getti.  
 Lo Ciel poss' io serrare e disserrare,  
 Come tu sai; però son duo le chiavi,

<sup>22</sup> Acre, the last stronghold of the Christians, after all their crusades, was, in April, 1291, retaken by the Sultan, who received advice and aid from the renegades and Christian merchants here alluded to. *Vill.* vii. 145.

<sup>23</sup> "Called Silvestro from within" the cave where he lay hid in Mount Soracte, according to the old tradition; and made him the "first rich Father." Canto xix. 117.

<sup>24</sup> With high rage and pride.

two are the keys that my predecessor<sup>25</sup> held not dear.' Then the weighty arguments impelled me to think silence worst;<sup>26</sup> and I said: 'Father! since thou cleansest me from that guilt into which I now must fall, large promise, with small observance of it, will make thee triumph in thy High Seat.'

"Saint Francis afterward, when I was dead, came for me; but one of the Black Cherubim<sup>27</sup> said to him: 'Do not take him; wrong me not. He must come down among my menials; because he gave the fraudulent counsel, since which I have kept fast by his hair. For he who repents not, can not be absolved; nor is it possible to repent and will *a thing* at the same time, the contradiction not permitting it.' O wretched

Che il mio antecessor non ebbe care. 105  
 Allor mi pinser gli argomenti gravi  
 Là 've il tacer mi fu avviso il peggio,  
 E dissi: Padre, da che tu mi lavi  
 Di quel peccato, ove mo cader deggio,  
 Lunga promessa con l' attender corto 110  
 Ti farà trionfar nell' alto seggio.  
 Francesco venne poi, com' io fu' morto,  
 Per me; ma un de' neri Cherubini  
 Gli disse: Nol portar; non mi far torto.  
 Venir se ne dee giù tra' miei meschini, 115  
 Perchè diede il consiglio frodolente,  
 Dal quale in qua stato gli sono a' crini:  
 Ch' assolver non si può chi non si pente;  
 Nè pentere e volere insieme puossi,  
 Per la contraddizion che nol consente. 120

<sup>25</sup> Celestine V., who resigned the Keys: which no threats or violence could make Boniface himself resign. *Vill.* viii. 63.

<sup>26</sup> Lit.: "Drove me there where keeping silence seemed to me the worst" plan; i.e. by his drunken

words, haughty rage, and sudden absolution, made me think it safest to speak. Compare *Vill.* viii. 23; *Benv. da Imola, Com., &c.*

<sup>27</sup> Compare canto xxiii. 131; and *Matt.* xxv. 41.

me! how I started when he seized me, saying to me: 'May be thou didst not consider that I was a loggician!'

"To Minos he bore me, who twined his tail eight times round his fearful back, and then biting it in his great rage, said: 'This is a sinner for the thievish fire.'<sup>28</sup> Therefore I, where thou seest, am lost; and going thus clothed, I burn my heart with pain."

When he his words had ended thus, the flame, sorrowing, departed, writhing and tossing its sharp horn. We passed on, I and my Guide, along the cliff up to the other arch that covers the foss, wherein *due* fee is paid to those who, sowing discord, gather guilt.<sup>29</sup>

O me dolente! come mi riscossi

Quando mi prese, dicendomi: Forse

Tu non pensavi ch' io loico fossi!

A Minos mi portò: e quegli attorse

Otto volte la coda al dosso duro;

125

E poi che per gran rabbia la si morse,

Disse: Questi è de' rei del fuoco furo:

Per ch' io là, dove vedi, son perduto;

E sì vestito andando mi rancuro.

Quand' egli ebbe il suo dir così compiuto,

130

La fiamma dolorando si partio,

Torcendo e dibattendo il corno aguto.

Noi passammo oltre, ed io e il Duca mio,

Su per lo scoglio infino in su l' altr' arco

Che copre il fosso, in che si paga il fio

135

A quei che, scommettendo, acquistan carico.

<sup>28</sup> The fire that "steals the sinners. Canto xxvi. 42.

<sup>29</sup> Lit.: "Who, by disjoining or unbinding" those whom Nature ties to-

together with her "bond of love" (canto xi. 56), "accumulate a burden or load" of guilt for themselves.

## ARGUMENT.

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OUR Pilgrim—more and more heavy-laden, yet rapid and unconquerable—is now with his Guide looking down into the Ninth Chasm; and briefly describes the hideous condition of the “sowers of Scandal and Schism” that are punished in it. First comes Mahomet: in Dante’s view, a mere Sectarian who had taken up Christianity and perverted its meaning. The shadow of him, rent asunder from the chin downward, displays the conscious vileness and corruption of his doctrines. He tells how Ali—his nephew, his earliest and bravest disciple and son-in-law; who, as Caliph, had battles with the Prophet’s own faithful followers, in which more than seventy thousand fell; and who was himself assassinated by one of them—“goes weeping before him, cleft from chin to forelock.” He then asks what Dante is doing there; and on learning his errand and the likelihood of his return to earth, bids him give due warning to “Brother Dolcino,” a Schismatic and Communist, who is stirring up strife in Piedmont and Lombardy. Next comes Pier da Medicina, who, with a fair face and show of friendship, fomented dissensions among the small Princes of Romagna; Curio, who urged Cæsar to cross the Rubicon and begin the civil war; Mosca de’ Lamberti of Florence, who counseled and took part in the murder of Buondelmonti, by which the factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines were introduced; and lastly, Bertrand de Born, who divided father and son. All of them have punishments representing their crimes.

## CANTO XXVIII.

Who, even with words set free,<sup>1</sup> could ever fully tell, by oft relating, the blood and the wounds that I now saw? Every tongue assuredly would fail, because of our speech and our memory<sup>2</sup> that have small capacity to comprehend so much.

If all the people too were gathered, who of old upon Apulia's fateful<sup>3</sup> land wailed for their blood, *shed* by the Romans; and in that long war which made so

CHI poria mai, pur con parole sciolte,  
 Dicer del sangue e delle piaghe appieno,  
 Ch' i' ora vidi, per narrar più volte?  
 Ogni lingua per certo verria meno  
 Per lo nostro sermone e per la mente, 5  
 Ch' hanno a tanto comprender poco seno.  
 Se s' adunasse ancor tutta la gente,  
 Che già in su la fortunata terra  
 Di Puglia fu del suo sangue dolente  
 Per li Romani, e per la lunga guerra 10

<sup>1</sup> Free from verse or rhyme. *Verso sciolto*, blank verse; *parole sciolte*, prose.

<sup>2</sup> *Multa namque per intellectum videmus, quibus Signa Vocalia desunt, &c. Intellectus humanus in hac vita . . . . quando elevatur, in tantum elevatur ut Memoria post reditum deficiat.* Dante (Epist. vi. 28, 27) to Can Grande."

<sup>3</sup> Lit.: "Fortuned," or eventful land: scene of many changes. The Poet first alludes to the thousands of Apulians slain by the Romans under P. Decius (Liv. x. 15, &c.); then to the second Punic war, which lasted upward of 15 years, and gave Hannibal the booty of "more than three

bushels and a half" of rings at Canusæ, in Apulia. See Liv. xxiii. 12; and Convito (Tr. iv. 4, 5), where this war is spoken of, as well as the other sore trials which the "sacred people," who came from Troy, had to go through in establishing their Monarchy.

If we read *Trojani* with the old editions, instead of *Romani* in verse 10, we must adopt the comment (geographically incorrect) of Pietro di Dante; and make the passage refer, as he does, to the people slain by Æneas and the Trojans *in ea parte Apulia quæ dicitur Laurentia*. The exaggerations of Foscolo certainly can not help us.

vast a spoil of rings, as Livy writes, who errs not; with those<sup>4</sup> who, by withstanding Robert Guiscard, felt the pains of blows; and the rest<sup>5</sup> whose bones still lie in heaps at Ceperano, where each Apulian proved false; and there at Tagliacozzo,<sup>6</sup> where old Alardo conquered without weapons: and one should show his limbs transpierced, and another his cut off; it were naught to equal the hideous mode of the ninth chasm.

Even a cask, through loss of middle-piece or cant, yawns not so wide<sup>7</sup> as one I saw, ripped from the

Che dell' anella fe' sì alte spoglie,  
 Come Livio scrive, che non erra;  
 Con quella, che sentio di colpi doglie  
 Per contrastare a Ruberto Guiscardo;  
 E l' altra, il cui ossame ancor s' accoglie      15  
 A Ceperan, là dove fu bugiardo  
 Ciascun Pugliese; e là da Tagliacozzo.  
 Ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo:  
 E qual forato suo membro, e qual mozzo  
 Mostrasse, d' agguagliar sarebbe nulla      20  
 Il modo della nona bolgia sozzo.  
 Già veggia, per mezzul perdere o lulla,  
 Com' io vidi un, così non si pertugia,  
 Rotto dal mento insin dove si trulla.

<sup>4</sup> "The schismatic Greeks and unbelieving Saracens" (Gibbon, Hist. cap. lvi.), with their adherents in Apulia; so rapidly defeated by the famous Guiscard, son of Tancred de Hauteville, and Duke of Apulia, &c. They got nothing but "painful blows" by resisting him. He is again named in Parad. xviii. 48.

<sup>5</sup> Manfred, with his Germans and Tuscans, through treachery of the Apulians at Ceperano and Benevento, defeated and slain by Charles of Anjou, in February, 1265-6. *Vill.* vii. 5-10.

<sup>6</sup> At Tagliacozzo, in August, 1268, Charles gained an easy and sudden victory over Conradin's superior forces, by the stratagem of Alardo (Ehrhard) de Vallery—lying in wait till the Germans had defeated part of his army, and then falling upon them when they were scattered for plunder. *Vill.* vii. 26-7.

<sup>7</sup> Lit.: "Is not so holed." The staves of a cask fall open when it loses the middle or the sidepiece ("cant") of its bottom. *Lulla* perhaps from *lunella*, the cant having the shape of a half or "little moon."

chin down to the part that utters vilest sound. Between his legs the entrails hung; the pluck appeared, and the wretched sack that makes excrement of what is swallowed. While I stood all intent<sup>8</sup> on seeing him, he looked at me, and with his hands opened his breast, saying: "Now see how I dilacerate myself! See how Mahomet<sup>9</sup> is mangled! Before me Ali weeping goes, cleft in the face from chin to forelock. And all the others, whom thou seest here, were in their lifetime sowers of scandal and of schism; and therefore are they thus cleft. A Devil is here behind, who splits us thus cruelly, reapplying each of this throng to his sword's edge, when we have wandered round the dolorous road; for our wounds heal up ere

- Tra le gambe pendevan le minugia ; 25  
 La corata pareva, e il tristo sacco  
 Che merda fa di quel che si trangugia.  
 Mentre che tutto in lui veder m' attacco,  
 Guardommi, e con le man s' aperse il petto,  
 Dicendo : Or vedi come io mi dilacco : 30  
 Vedi come storpiato è Maometto.  
 Dinanzi a me sen va piangendo Ali  
 Fesso nel volto dal mento al ciuffetto.  
 E tutti gli altri, che tu vedi qui,  
 Seminador di scandalo e di scisma 35  
 Fur vivi ; e però son fessi così.  
 Un Diavolo è qua dietro, che n' accisma  
 Sì crudelmente, al taglio della spada  
 Rimettendo ciascun di questa risma,  
 Quando avem volta la dolente strada ; 40  
 Perocchè le ferite son richiuse

37. *Accisma* (scisma) splits, divides.

<sup>8</sup> Lit.: "While I fixed myself all on seeing him."

<sup>9</sup> Dante's son Pietro tells how Mahomet "went with his master's cam-

els, always inquiring and learning about the Old and New Testament," &c.

any of us goes again before him. But thou, who art thou that musest on the cliff, perhaps in order to delay thy going to the punishment, adjudged upon thy accusations?"<sup>10</sup>

"Not yet has death come to him; nor does guilt lead him," replied my Master, "to torment him. But to give him full experience, I who am dead have to conduct him through the Hell down here, from round to round: and this is true, as that I speak to thee."

More than a hundred, when they heard him, stopped in the ditch to look at me, through wonder forgetting their torment. "Well, then, thou who perhaps shalt see the Sun ere long, tell Fra Dolcino,<sup>11</sup> if he wish

Prima ch' altri dinanzi li rivada.  
 Ma tu chi sei, che in su lo scoglio muse,  
 Forse per indugiar d' ire alla pena,  
 Ch' è giudicata in su le tue accuse? 45  
 Nè morte il giunse ancor, nè colpa il mena,  
 Rispose il mio Maestro, a tormentarlo;  
 Ma per dar lui esperienza piena,  
 A me, che morto son, convien menarlo  
 Per lo Inferno quaggiù di giro in giro: 50  
 E questo è ver così, com' io ti parlo.  
 Più fur di cento, che quando l' udiro,  
 S' arrestaron nel fosso a riguardarmi,  
 Per maraviglia obliando il martiro.  
 Or di' a Fra Dolcin dunque che s' armi, 55  
 Tu che forse vedrai il Sole in breve,  
 S' egli non vuol qui tosto seguitarmi,

<sup>10</sup> In presence of Minos. Canto v. 7, &c. It is their own guilt that accuses, condemns, and torments the sinners. *Ut scirent quia per que peccat quis, per hæc et torquetur.* Sapientiae xi. 17.

<sup>11</sup> Fra Dolcino (*Dulcinus*) "a man of great talent, and learning, and singular eloquence," who preached

Community of goods and (as is said) of wives, at the time of Dante's vision; and "censured the Pope, Cardinals, and other Dignitaries of the Holy Church, for not doing their duty, nor leading the angelic life," &c. In 1305 he had several thousands of followers, "some of whom were noble and wealthy;" and being





do mislead me ; remember Pier da Medicina,<sup>12</sup> if ever thou returnest to see the gentle plain<sup>13</sup> that from Vercelli slopes to Marcabò ; and make known to the worthiest two<sup>14</sup> of Fano, to Messer Guido and to Angiolello likewise, that, unless our foresight here be vain, they shall be cast out of their ship, and drowned near the Cattolica, by a fell tyrant's treachery. Between the isles of Cyprus and Majorca, Neptune never saw so great a trespass *done*—not even by Pirates,

Se troppa simiglianza non m' inganna,  
 Rimembriti di Pier da Medicina,  
 Se mai torni a veder lo dolce piano,  
 Che da Vercello a Marcabò dischina ; 75  
 E fa saper a' duo miglior di Fano,  
 A messer Guido, e anche ad Angiolello,  
 Che, se l' antiveder qui non è vano,  
 Gittati saran fuor di lor vasello,  
 E mazzerati presso alla Cattolica, 80  
 Per tradimento d' un tiranno fello.  
 Tra l' isola di Cipri e di Maiolica  
 Non vide mai sì gran fallo Nettuno,  
 Non da Pirati, non da gente Argolica.

<sup>12</sup> Of Medicina, a little town between Bologna and Imola. Piero, among other things, hindered Guido of Ravenna and Malatesta of Rimini from "contracting affinity and alliance," and set them at variance, by secretly and officiously informing each, that the other was going to cheat him ; and got large presents from both for his confidential falsehoods.

Dante is said to have been a frequent visitor in the house of the Capitani or Cattani at Medicina, and Piero might have seen him there. Benv. da Imola, *Com.*

<sup>13</sup> Plain of Lombardy, gently descending for more than 200 miles, from Vercelli to Marcabò, a castle

built by the Venetians on the south-most branch of the Po, near Ravenna, to obstruct its navigation ; and entirely demolished after their defeat at Ferrara, in 1308. *Ibid.*

<sup>14</sup> Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano, two noble citizens of Fano : invited by Maltestino, the "One-eyed Traitor," to friendly parley or dinner with him on an appointed day, at Cattolica, a seaport between Fano and Rimini ; and there, by his orders, *mazzerati*, or "thrown into the sea, in sacks, and with stones tied round their necks." *Ibid.* and Vellut. *Com.* Happily we have no word in English for *mazzerare*.

not by Argives. That traitor who sees with but one eye, and holds the land which one *who* is here with me would wish that he had never seen, will make them come to parley with him; then act so, that they shall need no vow nor prayer against Focara's<sup>15</sup> wind."

And I to him: "Show me and explain, so thou wouldst have me carry tidings up of thee, who he is that rues that sight."<sup>16</sup>

Then he laid his hand upon the jaw of one of his companions; and opened the mouth of him, saying: "This is he, and he speaks not. This outcast<sup>17</sup> quenched the doubt in Cæsar, affirming that to *men* prepared delay is always hurtful."<sup>18</sup> Oh, how dis-

Quel traditor che vede pur con l' uno,	85
E tien la terra, che tal è qui meco	
Vorrebbe di vedere esser digiuno,	
Farà venirli a parlamento seco;	
Poi farà sì, che al vento di Focara	
Non farà lor mestier voto nè preco.	90
Ed io a lui: Dimostrami e dichiara,	
Se vuoi ch' io porti su di te novella,	
Chi è colui dalla veduta amara.	
Allor pose la mano alla mascella	
D' un suo compagno, e la bocca gli aperse,	95
Gridando: Questi è desso, e non favella:	
Questi scacciato il dubitar sommerse	
In Cesare, affermando che il fornito	
Sempre con danno l' attender sofferse.	

<sup>15</sup> Focara, a mountain near Cattolica; so noted for its perilous squalls, that "God keep thee from the wind of Focara" became a proverb. Benv. da Imola, *Com.*

<sup>16</sup> Lit.: "He of the bitter sight;" the one who wishes that he were "fasting (canto xviii. 42) from sight of," or had never seen, the Young Mastiff's land of Rimini.

<sup>17</sup> Curio, banished from Rome: who found Cæsar at Rimini (Ariminum) hesitating to pass the Rubicon, and daringly with "venal tongue" incensed him to it. *Lucan.* i. 269, &c.

<sup>18</sup> Lit.: "That the man prepared always with injury endured delay." *Semper nocuit deferre paratis.* *Ib.* i. 281.

mayed, with tongue slit in his gorge, seemed Curio to me, who was so daring in his speech !

And one who had both hands cut off, raising the stumps through the dim air so that their blood defiled his face, said: "Thou wilt recollect the Mosca<sup>19</sup> too, ah me ! who said, 'A thing done has an end;' which was the seed of evil to the Tuscan people."

"And death to thy kindred!"<sup>20</sup> I added here.

Wherefore he, accumulating pain on pain, went away as one distressed and mad. But I remained to view the troop, and saw a thing which I should

O quanto mi pareva sbigottito, 100  
 Con la lingua tagliata nella strozza,  
 Curio, ch' a dicer fu così ardito !  
 Ed un, ch' avea l' una e l' altra man mozza,  
 Levando i moncherin per l' aura fosca,  
 Sì che il sangue facea la faccia sozza, 105  
 Gridò : Ricorderaiti anche del Mosca,  
 Che dissi, lassò ! Capo ha cosa fatta :  
 Che fu il mal seme della gente Tosca.  
 Ed io v' aggiunsi : E morte di tua schiatta ;  
 Per ch' egli, accumulando duol con duolo, 110  
 Sen giò come persona trista e matta.  
 Ma io rimasi a riguardar lo stuolo,  
 E vidi cosa ch' io' avrei paura,

<sup>19</sup> In the year 1215, the Buondelmonte (*Parad.* xvi. 140, &c.) who was engaged to wed a lady of the Amidei family, broke his promise, and betrothed himself to one of the Donati. The relations of the former met to consult how they might avenge the affront; and by advice of this Mosca, a noble and famous Ghibelline of that time, who assisted them with his own hands, they dragged the young bridegroom from his horse in open day, and slew him at the foot of the "ominous" statue of

Mars. "This murder was the cause and commencement of the accursed Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence." *Malesp.* c.104; *Vill.* v.38.

The "*Cosa fatta, capo ha*," as all the old Chroniclers have it, is still in use as a proverb; and here means "Kill him first, and then consult." It might be rendered, "Done deed will speed;" will contrive to assert and justify itself: or, "A thing done is soon settled."

<sup>20</sup> Or: "Thy race;" the great Lamberti family. *Parad.* xvi. 110.

be afraid to tell alone, without more proof; but that conscience makes me sure, the good companion that fortifies a man beneath the hauberk of his self-felt purity.<sup>21</sup> Certainly I saw, and still seem to see a trunk going without a head, as the others of that dismal herd were going. And it was holding the severed head, by the hair, swinging like a lantern in its hand; and that looked at us, and said: "O me!" Of itself it made for itself a lamp:<sup>22</sup> and they were two in one, and one in two. How this can be, he knows who so ordains.

When it was right *beneath us*, at the bottom of the bridge, it raised the arm high up, with all the head,<sup>23</sup> to bring near to us its words, which were: "Now see the grievous penalty, thou, who breathing goest

Senza più prova, di contarla solo ;  
 Se non che coscienza m' assicura, 115  
 La buona compagnia che l' uom francheggia  
 Sotto l' osbergo del sentirsi pura.  
 Io vidi certo, ed ancor par ch' io il veggia,  
 Un busto senza capo andar, sì come  
 Andavan gli altri della trista greggia. 120  
 E il capo tronco tenea per le chiome  
 Pesol con mano, a guisa di lanterna ;  
 E quei mirava noi, e dicea : O me !  
 Di se faceva a sè stesso lucerna ;  
 Ed eran due in uno, ed uno in due : 125  
 Com' esser può, quei sa che sì governa.  
 Quando diritto appiè del ponte fue,  
 Levò il braccio alto con tutta la testa  
 Per appressarne le parole sue,  
 Che furo : Or vedi la pena molesta 130  
 Tu che, spirando, vai veggendo i morti :

<sup>21</sup> Lit. : "Conscience . . . the good companion that emboldens or frees a man from fear, under the hauberk of his feeling himself pure."

<sup>22</sup> The eternal recognition of his hideous crime.

<sup>23</sup> Or: "And the head withal:" the head too. Cinon. *Part.* 147.

to view the dead; sec if any *else* be great as this! And that thou mayest carry tidings of me, know that I am Bertran<sup>24</sup> de Born, he who to the Young King gave the evil counsels. I made the father and the son rebels to each other. Ahithophel did not do more with Absalom and David by his malicious instigations. Because I parted persons thus united, I carry my brain, ah me!. parted from its source<sup>25</sup> which is in this trunk. Thus the *law of retribution*<sup>26</sup> is observed in me."

Vedi s' alcuna è grande come questa.  
 E perchè tù di me novella porti,  
 Sappi ch' io son Bertram dal Bornio, quelli  
 Che al Re Giovane diedi i mal conforti. 135  
 Io feci il padre e il figlio in sè ribelli:  
 Achitofel non fe' più d' Absalone  
 E di David co' malvagi pungelli.  
 Perch' io partii così giunte persone,  
 Partito porto il mio cerebro, lasso! 140  
 Dal suo principio ch' è in questo troncone.  
 Così s' osserva in me lo contrappasso.

<sup>24</sup> Lord Bertrand de Born ("En Bertran," &c.), the great Troubadour, turbulent statesman, and warrior, of Hautefort in Guienne: he who made the Young King ("el rei jove"), Prince Henry, rebel against his own father Henry II., and lent his aid in that rebellion till the Prince was killed. See Raynouard, *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. v. 76, &c.

The old reading of line 135 is *Re Giovanni*, "King John;" and certainly, after the murder of Becket, all the sons of Henry successively rebelled against him, John among

the rest. But even Villani himself (v. 4) loosely writes "*il re Giovane*," so that the error is easily accounted for: and Dante, who knew the Poems of Bertrand (see *Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 2, 3, &c.), and is more accurate than any of the historians, could not make such a mistake. Foscolo reads *Re Giovine* for *Giovane*; but without any authority.

<sup>25</sup> Or from its root or germ, the spinal cord, which is in this headless trunk or stock.

<sup>26</sup> The ἀντιπέπονης (*contra-passus*) of Aristotle.

## ARGUMENT.

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THE numberless Shadows of discord and bloody strife have filled the Poet's eyes with tears ; and he keeps still gazing down, expecting to find his own father's cousin, Geri del Bello, among them. Virgil makes him quit the miserable spectacle ; and tells, as they go on, how he had seen Geri, at the foot of the bridge, pointing with angry gesture, and then departing in the crowd. From the arch of the Tenth Chasm, Dante now hears the wailings of a new class of sinners, the last in Malebolge. They are the Falsifiers of every sort : punished with innumerable diseases, in impure air and darkness. Pietro di Dante enumerates three classes of Falsifiers : in things in deeds, and in words. Of the first class are the Alchemists, Forgers, &c., such as Griffolino of Arezzo, and Capocchio of Siena, in the present canto, and Adamo da Brescia in the next,—where we shall also find the other two classes.

## CANTO XXIX.

THE many people and the divers wounds had made my eyes so drunken,<sup>1</sup> that they longed to stay and weep. But Virgil said to me: "Why art thou gazing still? Wherefore does thy sight still rest, down there, among the dismal mutilated shadows? Thou hast not done so at the other chasms. Consider, if thou thinkest to number them, that the valley goes round two-and-twenty miles;<sup>2</sup> and the Moon already is beneath our feet.<sup>3</sup> The time is now short, that is

LA molta gente e le diverse piaghe  
 Avean le luci mie sì inebriate,  
 Che dello stare a piangere eran vaghe.  
 Ma Virgilio mi disse: Che pur guate?  
 Perchè la vista tua pur si soffolge 5  
 Laggiù tra l' ombre triste smozzicate?  
 Tu non hai fatto sì all' altre bolge:  
 Pensa, se tu annoverar le credi,  
 Che miglia ventiduo la valle volge;  
 E già la Luna è sotto i nostri piedi: 10  
 Lo tempo è poco omai, che n' è concesso;

<sup>1</sup> "And their land shall be drunken (*inebriabitur*) with blood." *Isaiah xxxiv. 7.* Reader! mark the true pathos, dignity, and justice of this scene, where the poet has to speak of a worthless relation of his own.

<sup>2</sup> Dante here gives the measurement of this Ninth ring of Malebolge—last but one, with shadows not to be numbered—and, in next canto, that of the innermost or smallest ring, which is eleven miles round; and so leaves us to imagine the vast

dimensions and population of all the Hell above.

The ingenious *Dialogo di Antonio Manetti* (Giunta, Flor. 1506), with curious plates and calculations, now before me, attempts—not very poetically or successfully—to reduce the "Site, form, and Size of the Hell" to a kind of architectural reality.

<sup>3</sup> It is past mid-day: six hours later than the time given by the Moon in canto *xx. 124, &c.*



conceded to us; and far other *things* are to be seen than thou dost see."

"Hadst thou," I thereupon replied, "attended to the cause for which I looked, perhaps thou mightest have vouchsafed me yet to stay."<sup>4</sup> Meantime the Guide was going on; and I went behind him, now making my reply, and adding: "Within that cavern where I kept my eyes so fixed,<sup>5</sup> I believe that a spirit, of my own blood, laments the guilt which costs so much down there."

Then the Master said: "Let not thy thought henceforth distract itself on him.<sup>6</sup> Attend to somewhat else, and let him stay there; for I saw him, at the foot of the little bridge, point to thee, and vehemently threaten with his finger; and heard *them* call

Ed altro è da veder, che tu non vedi.  
 Se tu avessi, rispos' io appresso,  
 Atteso alla cagion per ch' io guardava,  
 Forse m' avresti ancor lo star dimesso. 15  
 Parte sen già, ed io retro gli andava,  
 Lo Duca, già facendo la risposta,  
 E soggiungendo: Dentro a quella cava,  
 Dov' io teneva gli occhi sì a posta,  
 Credo ch' un spirto del mio sangue pianga 20  
 La colpa, che laggiù cotanto costa.  
 Allor disse il Maestro: Non si franga  
 Lo tuo pensier da qui innanzi sovr' ello:  
 Attendi ad altro, ed ei là si rimanga;  
 Ch' io vidi lui a piè del ponticello 25  
 Mostrarti, e minacciar forte col dito,  
 Ed udì nominar Geri del Bello.

<sup>4</sup> Or: "To stay yet *longer*."

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: "So at stand:" so eagerly and painfully looking for one of my own kindred.

<sup>6</sup> Virgil or mere Human Wisdom,

not to speak of Divine, bids Dante waste no farther thought on that miserable kinsman of his, who even in Hell thinks of nothing but vengeance and bloodshed.

him Geri del Bello.<sup>7</sup> Thou wast then so totally entangled upon him who once held Altaforte,<sup>8</sup> that thou didst not look that way ; so he departed.”<sup>9</sup>

“ O my Guide ! his violent death which is not yet avenged for him,” said I, “ by any that is a partner of his shame, made him indignant : therefore, as I suppose, he went away without speaking to me ; and in that has made me pity him the more.”<sup>10</sup> Thus we spake, up to the first place of the cliff, which

Tu eri allor sì del tutto impedito  
 Sovra colui che già tenne Altaforte,  
 Che non guardasti in là ; sì fu partito. 30  
 O Duca mio ! la violenta morte  
 Che non gli è vendicata ancor, diss' io,  
 Per alcun che dell' onta sia consorte,  
 Fece lui disdegnoso ; onde sen giò  
 Senza parlarmi, sì com' io stimo ; 35  
 E in ciò m' ha fatto egli a sè più pio.  
 Così parlammo insino al luogo primo,  
 Che dello scoglio l' altra valle mostra,

<sup>7</sup> This Geri was the son of Dante's granduncle (Allighieri il Bello, “ the Fair”); and, being a stirrer up of strife, was slain by one of the Sacchetti in some wretched squabble. The *Ottimo Com.* says he “ was a coiner too; but as his death was caused by sowing of tares” (strife), “ he is placed in the Ninth Budget; and for having been a forger, he is spoken of in the present chapter,” &c. The forgery was probably a mere partial report, known to Dante and this writer; for we find no hint of it in other comments.

<sup>8</sup> Or: “ So wholly occupied with him,” i. e. with Bertrand of Hautefort, or “ Altaforte.”

<sup>9</sup> Or perhaps: “ Till he departed:” *sì* for *sinché*, as in canto xix. 128.

<sup>10</sup> That rage for vengeance, vivid image of his former life, which still adds to his torments in Hell, makes me pity him the more.

“ Here the Author reprehends the wickedness of Geri and of his associates” (nephews who took vengeance on the Sacchetti thirty years after his death), “ and tacitly blames the pestilential spirit of the Florentines, who never forget an injury, nor without vengeance forgive any offense : whence there is among us a saying that ‘ Vengeance a hundred years old has milk-teeth’ (is only cutting its teeth), *Vendetta di cento anni tiene lattaiuoli!*” *Ottimo Com.* See also Benv. da Imola, who gives the same explanation of this passage.

shows the other valley, if more light were there, quite to the bottom.

When we were above the last cloister of Malebolge, so that its lay-brethren<sup>11</sup> could appear to our view, lamentations pierced me, manifold, that had their arrows shod with pity; whereat I covered my ears with my hands.

Such grief as there would be, if the diseases in the hospitals of Valdichiana,<sup>12</sup> between July and September, and of Maremma and Sardinia, were all together in one ditch: such was there here; and such stench issued thence, as is wont to issue from putrid limbs.

We descended on the last bank of the long<sup>13</sup> cliff,

Se più lume vi fosse, tutto ad imo.  
 Quando noi fummo in su l' ultima chiostra 40  
 Di Malebolge, sì che i suoi conversi  
 Potean parere alla veduta nostra,  
 Lamenti saettaron me diversi,  
 Che di pietà ferrati avean gli strali;  
 Ond' io gli orecchi con le man copersi. 45  
 Qual dolor fora, se degli spedali  
 Di Valdichiana tra il luglio e il settembre,  
 E di Maremma, e di Sardigna i mali  
 Fossero in una fossa tutti insembre,  
 Tal era quivi; e tal puzzo n' usciva, 50  
 Qual suole uscir dalle marcite membre.  
 Noi discendemmo in su l' ultima riva

49. *Insembre* (Fr. ensemble) insieme.

<sup>11</sup> The sinners are "lay-brothers" in these cloisters, or inclosed rings, where Demons are the Monks.

<sup>12</sup> In the Valley of the sluggish river Chiana, near Arezzo, which is now thoroughly drained, deadly marsh-fevers were frequent, especially during the hot months of July, August, and September. The drainage of the Maremma, or marshy sea-

coast south of the Arno, was also undertaken by the Tuscan Government some twenty years ago; and much excellent land has already been gained for cultivation, and rendered quite healthy. Compare canto xxv. 19.

<sup>13</sup> "Long," for it crosses all the chasms of Malebolge, from the Great Barrier downward. Canto xviii. 16.

again to the left hand;<sup>14</sup> and then my sight was more vivid, down toward the depth in which the Minister of the Great Sire, infallible Justice, punishes the falsifiers that she here registers.<sup>15</sup> I do not think it was a greater sorrow to see the people in Ægina all infirm;<sup>16</sup> when the air was so malignant, that every animal, even to the little worm, dropped down—and afterward, as Poets hold for sure, the ancient peoples were restored from seed of ants—than it was to see, through that dim valley, the spirits languishing in divers heaps. This upon the belly, and that upon the shoulders of the other lay; and some were crawling on<sup>17</sup> along the dismal path. Step by step we went,

Del lungo scoglio, pur da man sinistra,  
 Ed allor fu la mia vista più viva  
 Giù vèr lo fondo, dove la ministra 55  
 Dell' alto Sire, infallibil Giustizia,  
 Punisce i falsator che qui registra.  
 Non credo ch' a veder maggior tristizia  
 Fosse in Egina il popol tutto infermo,  
 Quando fu l' aer sì pien di malizia, 60  
 Che gli animali, infino al picciol vermo,  
 Cascaron tutti, e poi le genti antiche,  
 Secondo che i poeti hanno per fermo,  
 Si ristorar di seme di formiche;  
 Ch' era a veder per quella oscura valle 65  
 Languir gli spirti per diverse biche.  
 Qual sopra il ventre, e qual sopra le spalle  
 L' un dell' altro giacea; e qual carpone  
 Si trasmutava per lo tristo calle.  
 Passo passo andavam senza sermone, 70

<sup>14</sup> As in cantos xviii. 21, xix. 41, xxi. 136, &c.

<sup>15</sup> Here on earth registers. As in the hymn *Dies iræ, dies illa*:

*Liber scriptus proferetur,  
 In quo totum continetur,  
 Unde mundus judicetur.*

<sup>16</sup> Allusion to the pestilence of Ægina, and mythic re-peopling of it by the ant-born Myrmidons. Ovid. *Met.* vii. 523-657.

<sup>17</sup> Lit.: "This, or some, crawling changed from place to place along the dismal path."

without speech, looking at and listening to the sick who could not raise their bodies.

I saw two sit leaning on each other, as pan is leant on pan<sup>18</sup> to warm: from head to foot spotted with scabs. And never did I see currycomb plied by stable-boy for whom his master waits, nor by one who stays unwillingly awake;<sup>19</sup> as each of these plied thick the clawing of his nails upon himself, for the great fury of the itch, which has no other succor. And so the nails drew down the scurf, as *does* a knife the scales from bream or other fish that has them larger.

“O thou!” began my Guide to one of them, “who with thy fingers dismailest<sup>20</sup> thyself, and sometimes

Guardando ed ascoltando gli ammalati,  
 Che non potean levar le lor persone.  
 Io vidi duo sedere a sè appoggiati,  
 Come a scaldar s' appoggia tegghia a tegghia,  
 Dal capo ai piè di schianze maculati : 75  
 E non vidi giammai menare stregghia  
 A ragazzo aspettato dal signorso,  
 Nè a colui che mal volentier vegghia ;  
 Come ciascun menava spesso il morso  
 Dell' unghie sovra sè per la gran rabbia 80  
 Del pizzicor, che non ha più soccorso :  
 E si traevan giù l' unghie la scabbia,  
 Come coltel di scardova le scaglie,  
 O d' altro pesce che più larghe l' abbia.  
 O tu, che colle dita ti dismaglie, 85  
 Cominciò il Duca mio a un di loro,

77. *Signorso*, signor suo: as in Boccac. Signorto—  
 tuo, mogliema—mia, fratelmo—mio, &c.

<sup>18</sup> “Pan or cover” for household uses, says the Vocab. della Crusca. The warming of which, before hearth-fires without fenders or other apparatus, in those old days, would give a familiar homely illustration of the at-

titude, back to back, of these two helpless sinners leaning against each other.

<sup>19</sup> Who is eager for bed.

<sup>20</sup> Keepest rending and sometimes picking off thy mail of scurf.

makest pincers of them ; tell me if there be any Latian among these who are here within : so may thy nails eternally suffice thee for that work."

"Latians are we, whom thou seest so disfigured here, both of us," replied the one weeping ; "but thou, who art thou that hast inquired of us?"

And the Guide said : "I am one, who with this living *man* descend from steep to steep, and mean to show him Hell." Then they sprang asunder,<sup>21</sup> and each turned trembling toward me, with others that by echo heard him.

The kind Master to me directed himself wholly,<sup>22</sup> saying : "Tell them what thou wishest."

And I began, as he desired : "So may your me-

E che fai d' esse tal volta tanaglie ;  
 Dimmi s' alcun Latino è tra costoro  
 Che son quinc' entro, se l' unghia ti basti  
 Eternalmente a cotesto lavoro. 90  
 Latin sem noi, che tu vedi sì guasti  
 Qui ambodue, rispose l' un piangendo ;  
 Ma tu chi sei, che di noi dimandasti ?  
 E il Duca disse : Io son un, che discendo  
 Con questo vivo giù di balzo in balzo, 95  
 E di mostrar l' Inferno a lui intendo.  
 Allor si ruppe lo comun rincalzo,  
 E tremando ciascuno a me si volse  
 Con altri, che l' udiron di rimbalzo.  
 Lo buon Maestro a me tutto s' accolse, 100  
 Dicendo : Di' a lor ciò che tu vuoi.  
 Ed io incominciai, poscia ch' ei volse :  
 Se la vostra memoria non s' imboli

<sup>21</sup> Lit. : "Then the mutual propping broke," &c. They ceased to lean on one another, and turned to me. "the living man," trembling in their weakness and surprise : along with others, who indirectly ("by rebound") heard the words of Virgil.

<sup>22</sup> Or : "Gathered himself all to me ;" bent his head, arms, &c., toward me : as a kind Italian would still do.

mory not fade<sup>23</sup> away from human minds in the first world, but may it live for many circling suns: tell me who ye are, and of what nation. Let not your ugly and disgusting punishment fright ye from revealing yourselves to me."

"I was of Arezzo,"<sup>24</sup> replied the one, "and Albero da Siena got me burnt; but that for which I died, does not bring me here. 'Tis true, I said to him, speaking in jest: 'I could raise myself through the air in flight.' And he, who had a fond desire and little wit, willed that I should show him the art; and only because I made him not a Dædalus, he made me be burnt by one who had him for a son. But to the last budget of the ten, for the alchemy

Nel primo mondo dall' umane menti,  
 Ma s' ella viva sotto molti Soli ; 105  
 Ditemi chi voi siete, e di che genti :  
 La vostra sconcia e fastidiosa pena  
 Di palesarvi a me non vi spaventi.  
 Io fui d' Arezzo, e Alberò da Siena,  
 Rispose l' un, mi fe' mettere al fuoco ; 110  
 Ma quel, per ch' io mori', qui non mi mena.  
 Ver è, ch' io dissi a lui, parlando a giuoco :  
 Io mi saprei levar per l' aere a volo :  
 E quei che avea vaghezza e senno poco,  
 Volle ch' io gli mostrassi l' arte ; e solo 115  
 Perch' io nol feci Dedalo, mi fece  
 Ardere a tal, che l' avea per figliuolo.  
 Ma nell' ultima bolgia delle diece

<sup>23</sup> Lit. : "Not steal itself away," &c. ; but live "under many suns," or for many years. *Soli* (solar years), as in canto vi. 68.

<sup>24</sup> "Master Griffolino of Arezzo, a great Alchemist," &c., who, under pretense of teaching Albero—real or adopted son of the Bishop or Inquisitor of Siena—the art of flying, got

much money from the witless youth; and then was denounced and burnt alive as a dealer in the Black Art. Benv. da Imola, Pietro, &c. The *Ottimo* bids us note, that "almost none of the Alchemists dared to practice in their own country, more especially in public."

that I practiced in the world, Minos, who may not err, condemned me.”

And I said to the Poet: “Now were there ever people vain as the Sienese? Certainly the French<sup>25</sup> are not so vain by far.”

Whereat the other leper,<sup>26</sup> who heard me, responded to my words: “Except the Stricca who contrived to spend so moderately; and Niccolò, who first discovered the costly usage of the clove, in the garden<sup>27</sup> where such seed takes root; and except the company in

Me per alchimia, che nel mondo usai,	
Dannò Minos, a cui fallir non lece.	120
Ed io dissi al Poeta: Or fu giammai	
Gente sì vana come la Sanese?	
Certo non la Francesca sì d' assai.	
Onde l' altro lebbroso, che m' intese.	
Rispose al detto mio: Tranne lo Stricca,	125
Che seppe far le temperate spese;	
E Niccolò, che la costuma ricca	
Del garofano prima discoperse	
Nell' orto, dove tal seme s' appicca;	
E tranne la brigata, in che disperse	130

125. *Trane, tra ne ne tra.*

<sup>25</sup> Boccaccio, speaking of this passage, says, “The whole world is aware that there is no vainer people than the French,” &c.; and then goes on to show that the Sienese are descended from them—apparently confounding Siena with *Sena Gallica* or Binigaglia, which was indeed founded by the Gauls. The Sienese again called “*gente vana*,” Purg. xiii. 151.

<sup>26</sup> The other scabbed leper is Capocchio, a Florentine who is said to have studied natural philosophy along with Dante; and was burned at Siena for Alchemy. He ironically bids

Dante “except the Stricca,” vainest of all the Sienese, who spent his whole fortune in follies; and Niccolò de' Bonsignori of Siena, who invented the “costly mode of roasting pheasants and capons at fires made with cloves” (Benv. da Imola and Pietro); and the company or club, called “*brigata spenderaccia*, or *godereccia*,” consisting of twelve young noblemen who squandered more than two hundred thousand florins in ten months. See Benv. da Imola, Landino, &c.

<sup>27</sup> In Siena, where such follies take root or “fasten.”



which Caccia of Asciano<sup>28</sup> squandered his vineyard and his great forest, and the Abbagliato<sup>29</sup> showed his wit. But that thou mayest know who thus seconds thee against the Sieneſe, sharpen thine eye upon me, that my face may give thee right reſponſe; <sup>30</sup> ſo ſhalt thou ſee I am the ſhadow of Capocchio, who falſified the metals by alchemy. And thou muſt recollect, if I rightly eye thee,<sup>31</sup> how good an ape I was of Nature.”

Caccia d' Ascian la vigna e la gran fronda,  
 E l' Abbagliato il ſuo ſenno proferſe.  
 Ma perchè ſappi chi ſì ti ſeconda  
 Contra i Sanesi, aguzza vèr me l' occhio,  
 Sì che la faccia mia ben ti riſponda;      135  
 Sì vedrai ch' io ſon l' ombra di Capocchio,  
 Che falſai li metalli con alchimia,  
 E ten dee ricordar, ſe ben t' adocchio,  
 Com' io fui di natura buona ſcimia.

<sup>28</sup> Caccia ſold his vineyards and forests of Asciano, near Siena; and ſpent them in his club.

<sup>29</sup> Who “was poor” (*Ottimo*), and contributed his wit, inſtead of the “twenty thouſand florens” that each of the others contributed. Some few

commentators, as Benv. da Imola and Lombardi, make *abbagliato* an adjective, and epithet of Asciano, or of *senno*; but without neceſſity or profit.

<sup>30</sup> May enable thee to diſtinguiſh me through the ſcurf.

<sup>31</sup> Rightly recognize thee.

## ARGUMENT.

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STILL on the brim of the Tenth Chasm, in which new horrors await us.

"Here," says the *Ottimo Com.*, "all the senses are assailed: the sight by murky air (*se più lume vi fosse, &c.*); the ear, by lamentations that 'have arrows shod with pity;' the smell, by stench of 'putrid limbs;' the touch by hideous scurf, and by the sinners lying on one another; and the taste, by thirst that 'craves one little drop of water,'" &c. Here Gianni Schicchi of Florence, and Myrrha, who counterfeited the persons of others for wicked purposes, represent the Falsifiers "in deeds;" Sinon and Potiphar's wife, the Falsifiers "in words." The canto ends with a dialogue between Master Adam of Brescia and Sinon, who strike and abuse each other with a grim scorn and zeal. Dante gets a sharp and memorable reproof from Virgil for listening too eagerly to their base conversation.

O

## CANTO XXX.

At the time that Juno was incensed for Semele against the Theban blood, as she already more than once had shown, Athamas<sup>1</sup> grew so insane, that he, seeing his wife, with the two sons, come laden on either hand, cried: "Spread<sup>2</sup> we the nets, that I may take the lioness and her young lions at the pass;" and then stretched out his pitiless talons, grasping the one that had the name Learchus; and whirled him, and dashed him on a rock: and she with her other burden drowned herself. And when Fortune brought low the all-daring<sup>3</sup> pride of the Trojans, so

NEL tempo che Giunone era crucciata  
 Per Semele contra il sangue Tebano,  
 Côme mostrò già una ed altra fiata,  
 Atamante divenne tanto insano,  
 Che veggendo la moglie co' duo figli 5  
 Venir carcata di ciascuna mano,  
 Gridò: Tendiam le reti, sì ch' io pigli  
 La lionessa e i lioncini al varco;  
 E poi distese i dispietati artigli,  
 Prendendo l' un che avea nome Learco, 10  
 E rotollo, e percosselo ad un sasso;  
 E quella s' annegò con l' altro incarco.  
 E quando la fortuna volse in basso  
 L' altezza de' Troian, che tutto ardiva,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Ovid. *Metam.* iv. 416-561; and note the brevity of Dante, and the fresh touches by which he shows the very heart of the story, here as elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> *His retia tendite silvis: Hic modo cum gemina visa est mihi prole leonæ. . . . Deque sinu matris videntem, et parva Learchum Bra-*

*chia tendentem, rapit, et bis terque per auras More rotat fundæ, rigido-que infantia saxo Discutit ossa ferox,* &c. And then Ino, the mother: *Seque super pontum nullo tardata timore, Mittit, onosque suum,* &c. *Ibid.* iv. 512, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Lit.: "The highness, or pride, of the Trojans, which dared all."

that their King together with his kingdom was blotted out; Hecuba, sad, miserable, and captive, after she had seen Polyxena *her daughter* slain, and on the sea-strand, forlorn,<sup>4</sup> discerned *the mangled body* of her Polydorus: she, out of her senses, barked like a dog; to such a degree had sorrow wrung her soul. But neither Theban Furies nor Trojan were ever seen in aught so cruel<sup>5</sup>—not in stinging brutes, and much less human limbs; as I saw two shadows, pale and naked, which ran biting in the manner that a *hungry swine*<sup>6</sup> *does* when he is thrust out from his sty. The one came to Capocchio, and fixed its tusks

Sì che insieme col regno il Re fu casso;                    15  
 Ecuba trista, misera e cattiva,  
 Poscia che vide Polisenà morta,  
 E del suo Polidoro, in su la riva  
 Del mar, si fu la dolorosa accorta,  
 Forsennata latrò sì come cane;                                20  
 Tanto dolor le fe' la mente torta.  
 Ma nè di Tebe furie, nè Troiane  
 Si vider mai in alcun tanto crude,  
 Non punger bestie, non che membra umane,  
 Quant' io vidi due ombre smorte e nude,                    25  
 Che mordendo correvan di quel modo  
 Che il porco, quando del porcil si schiude.  
 L' una giunse a Capocchio, ed in sul nodo

<sup>4</sup> Lit.: "And *she* the doleful, on the sea-strand discerned." *Troja simul Priamusque cadunt; Priameique conjux . . . novo latratu terruit auras*, &c. *Metam.* xiii. 404-535, &c.

<sup>5</sup> Or, "ever seen so fierce or cruel in any *person or thing*; not so cruel in stinging even brutes *to rage*—not to speak of human limbs," or human bodies—"as I saw two shadows,"

&c. Some good editions read, in verse 25, *Quant' io vidi in due*, &c. ("as I saw *them*, the Furies, fierce or cruel in two shadows," &c.). This reading is adopted by Foscolo, who does not mention that the Aldine, Cruscan, Giunta, &c., are against it.

<sup>6</sup> He compares those fierce unclean spirits to swine, devil-possessed on a memorable occasion.

on his neck-joint, so that, dragging *him*, it made the solid bottom claw his belly. And the Aretine,<sup>7</sup> who remained trembling, said to me: "That goblin is Gianni Schicchi;<sup>8</sup> and, rabid, he goes thus mangling others."

"Oh!" said I to him, "so may the other not plant its teeth on thee, grudge not to tell *me* who it is, ere it snatch itself from hence."

And he to me: "That is the ancient spirit of flagitious Myrrha, who loved her father with more than rightful love. She came to sin with him disguised in alien form;<sup>9</sup> even as the other who there is going

Dell collo l' assannò, sì che tirando  
Grattar gli fece il ventre al fondo sodo. 30  
E l' Aretin, che rimase tremando,  
Mi disse: Quel folletto è Gianni Schicchi,  
E va rabbioso altrui così conciando.  
Oh, diss' io lui, se l' altro non ti ficchi  
Li denti addosso, non ti sia fatica 35  
A dir chi è, pria che di qui si spicchi.  
Ed egli a me: Quell' è l' anima antica  
Di Mirra scellerata, che divenne  
Al padre fuor del dritto amore amica.  
Questa a peccar con esso così venne, 40  
Falsificando sè in altrui forma,

<sup>7</sup> Griffolino of Arezzo.

<sup>8</sup> Gianni (Johnny) Schicchi de' Cavalcanti of Florence, a kinsman of Dante's friend Guido, and a soldier. Simon Donati having privately smothered his sick uncle, Buoso Donati, who meant to leave "his ill-got money for charitable purposes," persuaded this Gianni to put himself in the uncle's bed, assume the voice and features of a dying man, and dictate a will in due form. Gianni made over the whole property to Simon, reserving for himself the

uncle's best mare—"Lady or Queen, of the troop"—worth 1000 gold florins. See Pietro di Dante, *Benv. da Imola, and Ottimo*. The two last do not mention the murder of Buoso.

<sup>9</sup> Lit.: "Falsifying herself into other's form," into the form of a stranger (*Aliena potentior, &c. Met. iv. 340*); as Gianni undertook "to falsify Buoso into himself;" to represent Buoso in his own person. Some say it is the same Buoso who is put among the thieves in canto xxv.

way, undertook, that he might gain the Lady of the hoop, to disguise himself as Buoso Donati, making a testament and giving to it legal form."

And when the furious two,<sup>10</sup> on whom I had kept my eye, were passed, I turned it to observe the other ill-born *spirits*. I saw one shapen like a lute, if he had but had his groin cut short at the part where man forked. The heavy dropsy, which with its ill-digested humor so disproportions the limbs, that the visage corresponds not to the paunch, made him hold his lips apart, as does the hectic *patient*, who for a first curls the one *lip* toward his chin, and the other upward.

"O ye! who are exempt from every punishment, and why I know not, in this grim world," said he to

Come l' altro, che in là sen va, sostenne,  
 Per guadagnar la donna della torma,  
 Falsificare in sè Buoso Donati,  
 Testando, e dando al testamento norma. 45  
 E poi che i duo rabbiosi fur passati,  
 Sovra i quali io avea l' occhio tenuto,  
 Rivolsilo a guardar gli altri mal nati.  
 Io vidi un fatto a guisa di liuto,  
 Pur ch' egli avesse avuta l' anguinaia 50  
 Tronca dal lato che l' uomo ha forcuto.  
 La grave idropisia, che sì dispaia  
 Le membra con l' umor, che mal converte,  
 Che il viso non risponde alla ventraia,  
 Faceva lui tener le labbra aperte, 55  
 Come l' etico fa, che per la sete  
 L' un verso il mento, e l' altro in su riverte.  
 O voi, che senza alcuna pena siete,  
 E non so io perchè, nel mondo gramo,  
 Diss' egli a noi, guardate e attendete 60

<sup>10</sup> Gianni and Myrrha.

us, "look and attend to the misery of Master Adam.<sup>11</sup> When alive, I had enough of what I wished; and now, alas! I crave one little drop of water. The rivulets that from the verdant hills of Casentino<sup>12</sup> descend into the Arno, making their channels cool and moist, stand constantly before me, and not in vain; for the image of them dries me up far more, than *does* the malady which from my visage wears the flesh.<sup>13</sup> The rigid Justice, that searches me, takes occasion from the place at which I sinned, to give my sighs a quicker flight.<sup>14</sup> There is Romena where I falsified the alloy, sealed with the Baptist's

Alla miseria del maestro Adamo :

Io ebbi vivo assai di quel ch' io volli,  
E ora, lasso ! un gocciol d' acqua bramo.

Li ruscelletti, che d' verdi colli

Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno, 65  
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,

Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno;

Chè l' imagine lor via più m' asciuga,

Che il male, ond' io nel volto mi discarno.

La rigida giustizia, che mi fruga, 70

Tragge cagion del luogo, ov' io peccai,

A metter più gli miei sospiri in fuga.

Ivi è Romena, là dov' io falsai

La lega suggellata del Batista,

<sup>11</sup> Adam of Brescia, "a coiner and perfect master in his art;" rich, and extremely greedy of gain, says Landino. "By desire of Guido, Alessandro, and Aghinolfo, brothers, and Counts of Romena, he coined and made false florens of gold; for which crime he was at last burned in Florence. In him is set forth covetousness and thirst of money." *Ottimo*.

<sup>12</sup> Casentino, the upper Valley of

the Arno above Arezzo, is noted for its beauty and the clearness of its mountain streams. "There is Romena," seat of the Guidos, a few miles below the sources of the Arno, and a little to the west of the Camaldoli.

<sup>13</sup> Lit.: "Whereby I grow lean in the face."

<sup>14</sup> Lit.: "To put my sighs more to flight," make them more quick and frequent.

*image*; <sup>15</sup> for which on earth I left my body burnt. But if I could see the miserable soul of Guido here, or of Alessandro, or their brother, for Branda's fount <sup>16</sup> I would not give the sight. One is within already, if the mad shadows that go around speak true. But what avails it me whose limbs are tied? Were I only still so light, that I could move one inch in a hundred years, I should already have put myself upon the road to seek him amid this disfigured <sup>17</sup> people, though it winds round eleven miles, and is not less than half a *mile* across. Through them am I in such a crew:

Per ch' io il corpo suso arso lasciai.      75  
 Ma s' io vedessi qui l' anima trista  
 Di Guido, o d' Alessandro, o di lor frate,  
 Per fonte Branda non darei la vista.  
 Dentro ee l' una già, se l' arrabbiate  
 Ombre, che vanno intorno, dicon vero:      80  
 Ma che mi val, ch' ho le membra legate?  
 S' io fossi pur di tanto ancor leggiere,  
 Ch' io potessi in cent' anni andare un' oncia,  
 Io sarei messo già per lo sentiero,  
 Cercando lui tra questa gente sconcia,      85  
 Con tutto ch' ella volge undici miglia,  
 E men d' un mezzo di traverso non ci ha.  
 Io son per lor tra sì fatta famiglia:

<sup>15</sup> The florens, with the Lily (*giglio*) on one side and St. John on the other, were first coined in the year 1252, and each of them contained 24 carats of pure gold (*Villani* vi. 54), like the modern Zecchino. They soon circulated every where; and "Genuine as the yellow floren" became a proverb. "For that the Floraines been so fair and bright," says our own Chaucer in his Pardoner's Tale. Guido stamped the

Baptist's image on his own base coin, which "had three carats of alloy."

<sup>16</sup> "The fountain to which all Siena goes for water." *Ottimo Com.*

<sup>17</sup> Disfigured by diseases. The crowd of them extends round the whole of this last chasm, which is eleven miles in circumference, and not less than half a mile in breadth.



they induced me to stamp the florens that had three carats of alloy."

And I to him: "Who are the abject<sup>18</sup> two, lying close to thy right confines,<sup>19</sup> and smoking like a hand bathed in winter-time?"

"Here I found them, when I rained into this riven pot," he answered; "and since then they have not given a turn, and will not give, I think, to all eternity. One is the false *wife*<sup>20</sup> who accused Joseph; the other is false Sinon, the Greek from Troy. Burning fever makes them reek so strongly."<sup>21</sup>

And one of them, who took offense perhaps at being named thus darkly,<sup>22</sup> smote the rigid belly of him with

Ei m' indussero a battere i fiorini,  
 Ch' avevan tre carati di mondiglia. 90  
 Ed io a lui: Chi son li duo tapini,  
 Che fuman come man bagnata il verno,  
 Giacendo stretti a' tuoi destri confini?  
 Qui li trovai, e poi volta non dierno,  
 Rispose, quando piovvi in questo greppo, 95  
 E non credo che dieno in sempiterno.  
 L' una è la falsa, che accusò Giuseppo;  
 L' altro è il falso Sinon Greco da Troia:  
 Per febbre acuta gittan tanto leppo.  
 E l' un di lor, che si recò a noia 100  
 Forse d' esser nomato sì oscuro,  
 Col pugno gli percosse l' epa croia.

94. *Dierno*, dettero, diedero.

96. *Dieno*, deano, or diauo.

<sup>18</sup> Or low, humble, *ταπεινοί*.

<sup>19</sup> Right side: "confines" of his wide dropsy.

<sup>20</sup> Potiphar's wife, and the false Trojan Greek, lie roasting together.

<sup>21</sup> Lit.: "Because of acute fever they throw out such a smoking

stench." *Leppo* properly signifies the stifling smoke of greasy matter burning without flame.

<sup>22</sup> "Named so obscurely;" and that, too, by such a despising colloquialism.

his fist: it sounded like a drum; and Master Adam smote him in the face with his arm, that did not seem less hard,<sup>23</sup> saying to him: "Though I am kept from moving by my weighty limbs,<sup>24</sup> I have an arm free for such necessity." Thereat he answered: "When thou wast going to the fire, thou hadst it not so ready; but as *ready*, and more, when thou wast coining."<sup>25</sup>

And he of the dropsy: "In this thou sayest true; but thou wast not so true a witness there, when questioned of the truth at Troy."

"If I spoke false, thou too didst falsify the coin," said Sinon; "and I am here for one crime, and thou for more than any other Demon."<sup>26</sup>

"Recollect thee, perjurer, of the horse," answered

Quella sonò, come fosse un tamburo:

E mastro Adamo gli percosse il volto  
Col braccio suo, che non parve men duro, 105

Dicendo a lui: Ancor che mi sia tolto  
Lo muover, per le membra che son gravi,  
Ho io il braccio a tal mestier disciolto.

Ond' ei rispose: Quando tu andavi  
Al fuoco, non l' avei tu così presto; 110  
Ma sì e più l' avei quando coniavi.

E l' idropico: Tu di' ver di questo;  
Ma tu non fosti sì ver testimonio,  
Là' ve del ver fosti a Troia richiesto. 115

S' io dissi falso, e tu falsasti il conio,  
Disse Sinone; e son qui per un fallo.

E tu per più che alcun altro Dimonio.  
Ricorditi, spergiuro, del cavallo,  
Rispose quei ch' aveva enfiata l' epa:

<sup>23</sup> "Not less hard" and swollen than his rigid paunch.

<sup>24</sup> Lit.: "Though to move is taken away from me, by the limbs that are heavy," &c.

<sup>25</sup> Thou hadst a ready arm for coining, indeed; and wast bound and burnt for it.

<sup>26</sup> Counts every coin a crime.

he who had the inflated paunch; "and be it a punishment to thee that all the world knows thereof."<sup>27</sup>

"To thee be punishment the thirst that cracks thy tongue," replied the Greek, "and the putrid water which makes that belly such a hedge before thy eyes."

Then the coiner: "Thus thy jaw gapes wide, as usual, to speak ill; for if I have thirst, and moisture stuffs me, thou hast the burning, and the head that pains thee: and to *make thee* lick the mirror of Narcissus thou wouldst not require many words of invitation."<sup>28</sup>

I was standing all intent to hear them, when the Master said to me: "Now keep on looking! A little longer, and I quarrel with thee!" When I heard him speak to me in anger, I turned toward him with

E sieti reo che tutto il mondo sallo.	120
A te sia rea la sete onde ti crepa,	
Disse il Greco, la lingua e l' acqua marcia	
Che il ventre innanzi agli occhi s' t' assiepa.	
Allora il monetier: Così si squarcia	
La bocca tua per dir mal come suole;	125
Chè s' i' ho sete, ed umor mi rinfarcia,	
Tu hai l' arsura, e il capo che ti duole:	
E per leccar lo specchio di Narcisso,	
Non vorresti a invitar molte parole.	
Ad ascoltarli er' io del tutto fisso,	130
Quando il Maestro mi disse: Or pur mira,	
Che per poco è che teco non mi risso!	
Quand' io il senti' a me parlar con ira,	
Volsimi verso lui con tal vergogna,	

<sup>27</sup> Lit.: "Be it evil or afflictive to thee, that all the world knows" how thou didst lie about the wooden horse. and the headache; and, ugly as thou art, wouldst full eagerly apply thyself to the clear mirror-fountain of Narcissus.

<sup>28</sup> Thou hast the parching fever

such shame, that it comes over me again as I but think of it.<sup>29</sup>

And as one who dreams of something hurtful to him, and dreaming wishes it a dream, so that he longs for that which is, as if it were not; such grew I, who, without power to speak, wished to excuse myself and all the while excused, and never thought that I was doing it.<sup>30</sup>

“Less shame washes off a greater fault than thine has been,” said the Master: “therefore unload thee of all sorrow. And count that I<sup>31</sup> am always at thy side, should it again fall out that Fortune brings thee where people are in similar contest; for the wish to hear it is a vulgar wish.”

Ch' ancor per la memoria mi si gira. 135  
 E quale è quei, che suo dannaggio sogna,  
 Che sognando desidera sognare,  
 Sì che quel ch' è, come non fosse, agogna;  
 Tal mi feo' io, non potendo parlare,  
 Che disiava scusarmi, e scusava 140  
 Me tuttavia, e nol mi credea fare.  
 Maggior difetto men vergogna lava,  
 Disse il Maestro, che il tuo non è stato;  
 Però d' ogni tristizia ti disgrava:  
 E fa ragion ch' io ti sia sempre allato, 145  
 Se più avvien che fortuna t' accoglia,  
 Dove sien genti in simigliante piato;  
 Chè voler ciò udire è bassa voglia.

<sup>29</sup> Or: “Overspreads, encircles me again, or even yet, when I but think of it.” Boccaccio has: “S' egli venisse, ella gli farebbe sì fatta vergogna, che, sempre ch' egli alcuna donna vedesse, gli si girerebbe per capo.”

<sup>30</sup> In another very beautiful passage (*Purg.* v. 10-21), Dante, blushing at a gentler reproof of the same sort, is again “somewhat tinged with

the color which at times makes a man worthy of pardon.”

<sup>31</sup> I, the Poet Virgil and emblem of Wisdom; to whom alike such contest, such mean jangling, is foreign. “Thou art my master and my author. Thou alone,” &c. *Canto* i. 85. *Honor est homini qui separat se a contentionibus: omnes autem stulti miscentur contumeliis.* *Prov.* xx. 3. Quoted by Pietro di Dante.

## ARGUMENT.

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**THE Poets** now mount up, and cross the bank which separates the last chasm of Malebolge from the Central Pit, or Ninth Circle, wherein Satan himself is placed. The air is thick and gloomy (*Zech.* xiv. 6, 7; *Rev.* ix. 2); so that Dante can see but little way before him. The sound of a horn louder than any thunder, suddenly attracts all his attention; and, looking in the direction from which it comes, he dimly discerns the figures of huge Giants standing round the edge of the Pit. These are the proud rebellious Nephilim and "mighty men which were of old," &c. (*Genes.* vi. 4); "giants which still groan under the waters" (*Job* xxvi. 5); "sons of earth" who made open war against Heaven. The first of them is Nimrod of Babel, who shouts in perplexed unintelligible speech, and is himself a mass of stupidity and confusion: for Dante elsewhere (*Vulg. Eloq.* i. 7) tells how "man, under persuasion of the Giant, took upon him to surpass Nature and the Author of Nature" on the plain of Shinar, and was baffled and confounded. After seeing him, the Poets turn to the left hand, and go along the brim of the Pit till they come to Ephialtes; and then to Antæus, who takes them in his arms and sets them down "into the bottom of all guilt," or lowest part of Hell, where eternal cold freezes and locks up Cocytus, the marsh (*canto* xiv. 119) that receives all its rivers.

## CANTO XXXI.

ONE *and the* same tongue first wounded me so that it tinged *with blushes* both my cheeks, and then held forth the medicine to me. Thus I have heard that the lance of Achilles, and of his father, used to the occasion first of sad and then of healing gift.<sup>1</sup>

We turned our back to the wretched valley, up by the bank that girds it round, crossing without any speech. Here was less than night and less than day, so that my eye went little *way* before me; but I heard a high<sup>2</sup> horn sound so *loudly*, that it would have made any thunder weak: which, toward it fol-

UNA medesima lingua pria mi morse,  
 Sì che mi tinse l' una e l' altra guancia,  
 E poi la medicina mi riporse.  
 Così od' io che soleva la lancia  
 D' Achille, e del suo padre, esser cagione                    5  
 Prima di trista e poi di buona mancia.  
 Noi demmo il dosso al misero vallone,  
 Su per la ripa che il cinge dintorno,  
 Attraversando senza alcun sermone.  
 Quivi era men che notte e men che giorno,                    10  
 Sì che il viso m' andava innanzi poco:  
 Ma io senti' sonare un alto corno  
 Tanto, ch' avrebbe ogni tuon fatto fioco;  
 Che, contra sè la sua via seguitando,

<sup>1</sup> As the rust of Achilles' spear alone could heal the wounds that weapon had inflicted, so Virgil's tongue in last canto, 131, &c. Thus Chaucer in his Squier's Tale: "And fell in speech of Telephus the king, And of Achilles for his quaint spere, For he couth with it both heale and dere." And Shakspeare, 2 *Hen. VI.* act v. sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "High up," v. 19, &c. Or "large, mighty," v. 75.

lowing its way,<sup>3</sup> directed my eyes all to one place. After the dolorous route, when Charlemain had lost the holy emprise,<sup>4</sup> Orlando did not sound *with his* so terribly. Short *while* had I kept looking up<sup>5</sup> in that direction, when I seemed to see many lofty towers; whereat I: "Master! say, what town is this?"

And he to me: "Because thou traversest the darkness too far off,<sup>6</sup> it follows that thou errest in thy imagining. Thou shalt see indeed, when thou arrivest there, how much the sense at distance is deceived: therefore spur thee somewhat more." Then lovingly<sup>7</sup> he took me by the hand, and said: "Ere we go

Dirizzò gli occhi miei tutti ad un loco. 15  
 Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
 Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,  
 Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.  
 Poco portai in là alta la testa,  
 Che mi parve veder molte alte torri; 20  
 Ond' io: Maestro, di', che terra è questa?  
 Ed egli a me: Però che tu trascorri  
 Per le tenebre troppo dalla lungi,  
 Avvien che poi nel maginare abborri.  
 Tu vedrai ben, se tu là ti congiungi, 25  
 Quanto il senso s' inganna di lontano:  
 Però alquanto più te stesso pungi.  
 Poi caramente mi prese per mano,

24. *Aborri, aberri, erri.*

<sup>3</sup> The sound made my eyes follow its course "against or toward itself," or up meeting it.

<sup>4</sup> Failed in the enterprise against the Saracens, "whom Biserta sent from Afric shore," at Roncesvalles: when Orlando, in despair, blew so terrible a blast that he rent his horn and the veins and sinews of his neck; and Charles, who heard it eight miles off, according to Turpin (*Vita Caroli*

*Magni*, c. xxiii.), was hindered by the traitor Ganellon from coming to his assistance.

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: "Carried my head high thitherward," &c.

<sup>6</sup> Thou art walking, or looking through the darkness at too great a distance from them.

<sup>7</sup> Mindful of his sharp rebuke, and its effect on me.

farther, that the reality may seem less strange to thee, know, they are not towers, but Giants; and are in the pit,<sup>8</sup> around its bank, from the navel downward all of them."

As when a mist is vanishing, the eye by little and little reshapes<sup>9</sup> that which the air-crowding vapor hides; so *while* piercing through that gross and darksome air, more and more approaching toward the brink, error flees from me, and fear comes on me. For as Montereccione,<sup>10</sup> on its circular wall, is crowned with towers; so with half their bodies<sup>11</sup> the horrible giants, whom Jove from heaven still threatens when he thun-

E disse: Pria che noi siam più avanti,  
 Acciocchè il fatto men ti paia strano, 30  
 Sappi che non son torri, ma giganti,  
 E son nel pozzo, intorno dalla ripa,  
 Dall' ombelico in giuso tutti quanti.  
 Come quando la nebbia si dissipa,  
 Lo sguardo a poco a poco raffigura 35  
 Ciò che cela il vapor, che l' aere stipa;  
 Così forando l' aura grossa e scura,  
 Più e più appressando in vèr la sponda,  
 Fuggemi errore, e giungemi paura:  
 Perocchè come in su la cerchia tonda 40  
 Montereccion di torri si corona;  
 Così la proda, che il pozzo circonda,  
 Torreggiavan di mezza la persona  
 Gli orribili giganti, cui minaccia

<sup>8</sup> Pit or Well of canto xviii. 5. *Et aperuit puteum abyssi . . . et obscuratus est sol et aer de fumo putei.* Rev. ix. 2. *Quod ibi sint Gigantes, et in profundis inferni convivæ ejus.* Prov. ix. 18. *Gigantes non resurgant, &c.* Is. xxvi. 14.

<sup>9</sup> Gradually gets the real outlines of things from the vapor.

<sup>10</sup> A castle near Siena: "which on the circuit of its walls," says the *Ottimo*, "has about one tower for every 50 braccia (or 94 feet), having none in the middle," or center of the fortress. The ruins of them are still visible.

<sup>11</sup> The giants, standing half out of the pit, were as towers on its brim.



ders, towered the brow which compasses the pit: and already I discerned the face of one, the shoulders and the breast, and great part of the belly, and down along his sides both arms. Nature certainly, when she left off the art of *making* animals like these, did very well, in taking away such executioners from Mars. And if she repents her not of Elephants and Whales, he who subtly looks, therein regards her as more just and prudent; for when the argument<sup>12</sup> of mind is joined to evil will and power, men can make no defense against it.

His visage seemed to me long and large as the pine<sup>13</sup> of St. Peter's at Rome, and his other bones were in proportion to it; so that the bank, which was an

Giove del cielo ancora, quando tuona :	45
Ed io scorgeva già d' alcun la faccia,	
Le spalle, e il petto, e del ventre gran parte,	
E per le coste giù ambo le braccia.	
Natura certo, quando lasciò l' arte	
Di sì fatti animali, assai fe' bene,	50
Per tor cotali esecutori a Marte.	
E s' ella d' elefanti e di balene	
Non si pente, chi guarda sottilmente,	
Più giusta e più discreta la ne tiene ;	
Chè dove l' argomento della mente	55
S' aggiunge al mal volere ed alla possa,	
Nessun riparo vi può far la gente.	
La faccia sua mi pareva lunga e grossa,	
Come la pina di San Pietro a Roma ;	
E a sua proporzione eran le altr' ossa ;	60
Sì che la ripa, ch' era perizoma	

<sup>12</sup> Force of mind: *arma rationis*. | which now stands in the garden of  
See Aristotle, *Polit.* i. 2. | the Belvedere. In Dante's time it

<sup>13</sup> The colossal pine of bronze, | stood in front of the old Church of St.  
from the monument of Hadrian, | Peter.

apron<sup>14</sup> from his middle downward, showed us certainly so much of him above, that three Friezelanders<sup>15</sup> had vainly boasted to have reached his hair; for downward from the place where a man buckles on his mantle, I saw thirty large spans of him. "RAAFEL MAAEE AAMECH ZAABEE ALMEE,"<sup>16</sup> began to shout the savage mouth, for which no sweeter psalmody is fit. And toward him my Guide: "Dull spirit! keep to thy horn; and vent thyself with that, if rage or other passion touches thee. Search on thy neck, and thou shalt find the belt that holds it tied, O spirit confused; and see itself that girdles<sup>17</sup> thy huge breast." Then he said to me: "He accuses himself.<sup>18</sup> This is

Dal mezzo in giù, ne mostrava ben tanto  
 Di sopra, che di giungere alla chioma  
 Tre Frison s' averian dato mal vanto;  
 Perocch' io ne vedea trenta gran palmi 65  
 Dal luogo in giù, dov' uom s' affibbia il manto.  
 Rafel mà amech zabì almi,  
 Cominciò a gridar la fiera bocca,  
 Cui non si convenien più dolci salmi.  
 E il Duca mio vèr lui: Anima sciocca 70  
 Tienti col corno, e con quel ti disfoga,  
 Quand' ira o altra passion ti tocca.  
 Cercati al collo, e troverai la sogà  
 Che il tien legato, o anima confusa,  
 E vedi lui che il gran petto ti dogà. 75  
 Poi disse a me: Egli stesso s' accusa.

<sup>14</sup> *Consuerunt folia ficus, et fecerunt sibi perizomata.* Gen. iii. 7.

<sup>15</sup> Standing one upon another.

<sup>16</sup> Shadowy words from his old Babel. See v. 76-81. *Ecce gigantes gemunt sub aquis, et qui habitant cum eis. Nudus est infernus coram illo.* Job xxvi. Virgil speaks "toward" not to him.

<sup>17</sup> Or lies across the whole of thy

large breast. *Doga*, "stave" of a cask, as in *Purg.* xii. 105; then "stripe" of color, as "*doghe bianche e digie*" in *Vill.* vii. 109. Whence *dogare*, to gird.

<sup>18</sup> His own jargon tells his guilt. It is the mighty Nimrod; "and the beginning of his kingdom was Babel," &c. *Gen.* x. 10. Brunetto Latini (*Tresor*, Liv. i. c. 22) says: "Nembrot ediffia la tour Babel en

Nimrod, through whose ill device one tongue is not now used in the world. Let us leave him standing, and not speak in vain; for every language is to him, as to others his which no one understands."

We therefore journeyed on, turning to the left; and at a crossbow-shot *from him* we found another, much fiercer and larger. What the artist *fit* to gird him could be, I can not tell; but he had his right arm pinioned down behind, and the other before, with a chain which held him clasped from the neck downward, and on the uncovered *part* went round to the fifth turn.<sup>19</sup> "This proud *spirit* willed to try his power against high Jove," said my Guide; "whence he has such reward. Ephialtes is his name; and he made the great endeavors,<sup>20</sup> when the giants made

Questi è Nembrotto, per lo cui mal coto  
 Pure un linguaggio nel mondo non s' usa.  
 Lasciamlo stare, e non parliamo a voto;  
 Chè così è a lui ciascun linguaggio, 80  
 Come il suo ad altrui, ch' a nullo è noto.  
 Facemmo adunque più lungo viaggio  
 Volti a sinistra; ed al trar d' un balestro  
 Trovammo l' altro assai più fiero e maggio.  
 A cinger lui, qual che fosse il maestro, 85  
 Non so io dir; ma ei tenea succinto  
 Dinanzi l' altro, e dietro il braccio destro,  
 D' una catena, che il teneva avvinto  
 Dal collo in giù, sì che in su lo scoperto  
 Si ravvolgeva infino al giro quinto. 90  
 Questo superbo voll' essere esperto  
 Di sua potenza contra il sommo Giove,  
 Disse il mio Duca, ond' egli ha cotal merto.  
 Fialte ha nome; e fece le gran prove,

Babylonie, où advint la diversité des  
 lengaiges et la confusion des par-  
 leures. Nembrot mesmes mua sa  
 langue Hebreu en Caldeu," &c.

<sup>19</sup> Made five turns on the visible  
 part of his body.

<sup>20</sup> *Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio  
 Ossam Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondo-*

the gods afraid: the arms, which he *then* played, he never moves."

And I to him: "If it were possible, I should wish my eyes might have experience of the huge Briareus." Whereat he answered: "Thou shalt see Antæus near at hand, who speaks and is unfettered,<sup>21</sup> who will put us into the bottom of all guilt. He whom thou desirest to see is far beyond; and is tied and made like this, save that he appears in visage more ferocious." No mighty earthquake ever shook a tower so violently, as Ephialtes forthwith shook himself.<sup>22</sup> Then more than ever I dreaded death; and nothing else was wanting for it but the fear, had I not seen his bands.

Quando i giganti fer paura ai Dei : 95  
 Le braccia, ch' ei menò, giammai non muove.  
 Ed io a lui : S' esser puote, io vorrei  
 Che dello smisurato Briareo  
 Esperienza avesser gli occhi miei.  
 Ond' ei rispose : Tu vedrai Anteo 100  
 Presso di qui, che parla, ed è disciolto,  
 Che ne porrà nel fondo d' ogni reo.  
 Quel che tu vuoi veder, più là è molto,  
 Ed è legato, e fatto come questo,  
 Salvo che più feroce par nel volto. 105  
 Non fu tremuoto già tanto rubesto,  
 Che scotesse una torre così forte,  
 Come Fialte a scuotersi fu presto.  
 Allor temetti più che mai la morte,  
 E non v' era mestier più che la dotta, 110  
 S' io non aversi viste le ritorte.

*sum involvere Olympum.* Georg. i. 281. The size of Ephialtes corresponds with that which Homer gives him. *Odyss.* xi. 307, &c.

<sup>21</sup> For Antæus did not join his brothers in war against the gods, verse 119, &c.

<sup>22</sup> Lit. : "Not yet has there been an earthquake so mighty or impetuous (*rubesto*, 'robustious,' and like it antiquated) that it could shake a tower so violently, as Ephialtes was ready or quick to shake himself."

We then proceeded farther on, and reached Antæus, who full five ells, besides the head, forth issued from the cavern. "O thou! who in the fateful valley,<sup>23</sup> which made Scipio heir of glory when Hannibal retreated with his *hosts*, didst take of old a thousand lions for thy prey; and through whom,<sup>24</sup> hadst thou been at the high war of thy brethren, it seems yet to be believed that the sons of earth had conquered: set us down—and be not shy to do it—where the cold locks up Cocytus. Do not makes us go to Tityos nor Typhon:<sup>25</sup> this *man* can give of that which here is longed for. Therefore bend thee, and curl not thy lip *in scorn*: he can restore thy fame on earth; for

Noi procedemmo più avanti allotta,  
 E venimmo ad Anteo, che ben cinqu' alle,  
 Senza la testa, uscia fuor della grotta.  
 O tu, che nella fortunata valle, 115  
 Che fece Scipion di gloria ereda,  
 Quando Annibal co' suoi diede le spalle,  
 Recasti già mille lion per preda,  
 E che se fossi stato all' alta guerra  
 De' tuoi fratelli, ancor par ch' ei si creda, 120  
 Che avrebber vinto i figli della terra;  
 Mettine giuso, e non ten venga schifo,  
 Dove Cocito la freddura serra.  
 Non ci far ire a Tizio, nè a Tifo:  
 Questi può dar di quel che qui si brama: 125  
 Però ti china, e non torcer lo grifo.  
 Ancor ti può nel mondo render fama;

<sup>23</sup> Near Carthage, where "more than 20,000 Carthaginians were slain;" and the fate of Carthage and Rome, and "all the world," was decided. *Liv. xxx. 32, &c.*—Valley of the Bagrada, where Antæus had his cave and prey of lions and combat with Hercules; *quâ se Bagrada len-*

*tus agit sicca sulcator arena, &c.* Lucan. iv. 588.

<sup>24</sup> Lit.: "And if who hadst been," &c. *Cæloque perpercit, quod non Phlegræis Antæum sustulit arvis* Ibid. 596.

<sup>25</sup> Two other giants, "sons of Earth," in Lucan. *Ibid.*



which swallows<sup>29</sup> Lucifer with Judas, he placed us ;  
nor lingered there thus bent, but raised himself as in  
a ship the mast.

Lucifero con Giuda, ci posò :  
Nè sì chinato lì fece dimora,  
E come albero in nave si levò.

145

<sup>29</sup> . . . "Neither let the deep swal- | "Swallow them up alive, as the  
low me up, and let not the pit shut | grave; and whole, as those that go  
her mouth upon me." *Ps.* lxxix. 15. | down into the pit." *Prov.* i. 12.

## ARGUMENT.

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THIS Ninth and Last, or frozen Circle, lowest part of the Universe, and farthest remote from the Source of all light and heat, divides itself into four concentric Rings. The first or outermost is the *Caïna*, which has its name from Cain who slew his brother Abel, and contains the sinners who have done violence to their own kindred. The second or *Antenora*, so called "from Antenor the Trojan, betrayer of his country" (Pietro di Dante, &c.), is filled with those who have been guilty of treachery against their native land. Dante finds many of his own countrymen, both Guelphs and Ghibellines, in these two rings; and learns the names of those in the First from Camiccion de' Pazzi, and of those in the Second from Bocca degli Abati. He has a very special detestation of Bocca, through whose treachery so many of the Guelphs were slaughtered, and "every family in Florence thrown into mourning;" and, as the *Ottimo* remarks, "falls into a very rude method, that he has used to no other spirit." The canto leaves him in the *Antenora* beside two sinners that are frozen close together in the same hole.



## CANTO XXXII.

IF I had rhymes both rough and hoarse, as would befit the dismal hole, on which all the other rocky steeps converge and weigh,<sup>1</sup> I should press out the juice of my conception more fully : but since I have them not, not without fear I bring myself to tell *thereof* ; for to describe the bottom of all the Universe is not an enterprise for being taken up in sport, nor for a tongue that cries *mamma* and *papa*. But may those Ladies<sup>2</sup> help my verse, who helped *Amphion with walls* to close in Thebes ; so that my words may not be diverse from the fact.

O *ye*, beyond all *others*, miscreated rabble, that are in the place, to speak of which is hard, better had ye here *on earth* been sheep or goats !

When we were down in the dark pit, under the

S' io avessi le rime e aspre e chioce,  
 Come si converrebbe al tristo buco,  
 Sovra il qual pontan tutte l' altre rocce,  
 Io premerei di mio concetto il suco  
 Più pienamente ; ma perch' io non l' abbo, 5  
 Non senza tema a dicer mi conduco :  
 Chè non è impresa da pigliare a gabbo,  
 Descriver fondo a tutto l' universo,  
 Nè da lingua che chiami *mamma* e *babbo*.  
 Ma quelle Donne aiutino il mio verso, 10  
 Ch' aiutaro *Anfione* a chiuder *Tebe*,  
 Sì che dal fatto il dir non sia diverso.  
 Oh sopra tutte mal creata plebe,  
 Che stai nel loco, onde parlare è duro !  
 Me' foste state qui pecore o zebe. 15  
 Come noi fummo giù nel pozzo scuro

<sup>1</sup> Meeting as at the keystone of a bridge or vault. *Rocce* for *roccie*. | <sup>2</sup> Muses, by whose aid *Amphion* reared the walls of Thebes.

Giant's feet, much lower,<sup>3</sup> and I still was gazing at the high wall, I heard *a voice* say to me: "Look how thou passest: take care that with thy soles thou tread not on the heads of the weary wretched brothers."<sup>4</sup> Whereat I turned myself, and saw before me and beneath my feet a lake, which through frost had the semblance of glass and not of water. Never did the Danube in Austria make so thick a veil for his course in winter, nor the Don afar beneath the frigid sky,<sup>5</sup> as there was here; for if Tabernicch<sup>6</sup> had fallen on it, or Pietrapana, it would not even at the edge have given a creak. And as the frog to croak, sits with his face out of the water,<sup>7</sup> when the villager oft

Sotto i piè del Gigante, assai più bassi,  
 Ed io mirava ancora all' alto muro,  
 Dicere udimmi: Guarda come passi;  
 Fa sì, che tu non calchi con le piante 20  
 Le teste de' fratei miseri lassi.  
 Per ch' io mi volsi, e vidimi davante  
 E sotto i piedi un lago, che per gielo  
 Avea di vetro, e non d' acqua sembiente.  
 Non fece al corso suo sì grosso velo 25  
 Di verno la Danoia in Austericch,  
 Nè il Tanai là sotto il freddo cielo,  
 Com' era quivi: che se Tabernicch  
 Vi fosse su caduto, o Pietrapana,  
 Non avria pur dall' orlo fatto cricoh. 30  
 E come a gracidar si sta la rana  
 Col muso fuor dell' acqua, quando sogna  
 Di spigolar sovente la villana;

<sup>3</sup> This last circle, like Malebolge, slopes toward Satan.

<sup>4</sup> Two brothers of verse 55, &c.

<sup>5</sup> *Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaïmque nivalem.* Geogr. iv. 517.

<sup>6</sup> Probably the Frusta Gora, a solitary mountain, the only one in the

district of Tovarnich in Sclavonia. Pietrapana is another high mountain near Lucca.

<sup>7</sup> In the warm summer nights, during the Italian harvest, when the village gleaner dreams of her day-work. Image of heat, contrasting

dreams that she is gleaning; so, livid, up to where the hue of shame appears,<sup>8</sup> the doleful shades were in the ice, sounding with their teeth like storks.<sup>9</sup> Each held his face turned downward: by the mouth their cold, and by the eyes the sorrow of their hearts is testified among them.<sup>10</sup>

When I had looked round awhile, I turned toward my feet; and saw two so pressed *against each other*, that they had the hairs of their head intermixed. "Tell me, ye who thus *together* press your bosoms," said I, "who are ye?"

And they bended their necks; and when they had raised their faces toward me, their eyes, which only inwardly were moist before,<sup>11</sup> gushed at the lids, and

Livide insin là, dove appar vergogna,  
 Eran l' ombre dolenti nella ghiaccia. 35  
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.  
 Ognuna in giù tenea volta la faccia:  
 Da bocca il freddo, e dagli occhi il cor tristo  
 Tra lor testimonianza si precaccia.  
 Quand' io ebbi d' intorno alquanto visto, 40  
 Volsimi a' piedi, e vidi due sì stretti,  
 Che il pel del capo aveano insieme misto.  
 Ditemi voi, che sì stringete i petti,  
 Diss' io, chi siete? E quei piegaro li colli;  
 E poi ch' ebber li visi a me eretti, 45  
 Gli occhi lor, ch' eran pria pur dentro molli,  
 Gocciar su per le labbra, e il gelo strinse

with the eternal winter: like the peaceful touches in Homer's wildest battle-scenes.

<sup>8</sup> Up to their necks in ice.

<sup>9</sup> Lit.: "Putting their teeth into the note of the stork;" rattling with them, as the stork does with her bill. *Ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante ciconia rostro. Metam. vi. 97.*

<sup>10</sup> By their chattering teeth and eyes glazed with tears, "testimony is given" of their cold and the sadness of their hearts.

<sup>11</sup> Their brotherly love all frozen up. When spoken to, they forget their hatred for an instant; and bend their necks with effort.

the frost bound fast the tears between them, and closed them up again: wood with wood no iron cramp could ever gird so strongly. Wherefore they, like two sea-goats, butted one another; such rage came over them.

And one, who had lost both ears by the cold, with his face still downward, said: "Why art thou looking so much at us?"<sup>12</sup> If thou desirest to know where these two,<sup>13</sup> the valley whence the Bisenzio descends was their father Albert's and theirs. They issued from one body;<sup>14</sup> and thou mayest search the whole Caina, and shalt not find a shade more worthy to be fixed in gelatine:<sup>15</sup> not him,<sup>16</sup> whose breast

Le lagrime tra essi, e riserrolli.

Legno con legno spranga mai non cinse  
Forte così: ond' ei, come duo becchi, 50

Cozzaro insieme, tant' ira li vinse.

Ed un, ch' avea perduti ambo gli orecchi  
Per la freddura, pur col viso in giue  
Disse: Perchè cotanto in noi ti specchi?

Se vuoi saper chi son cotesti due, 55

La valle, onde Bisenzio si dichina,  
Del padre loro Alberto e di lor fue.

D' un corpo uscìro: e tutta la Caina  
Potrai cercare, e non troverai ombra  
Degna più d' esser fitta in gelatina: 60

<sup>12</sup> Or, staring over our icy forms, as over a mirror.

<sup>13</sup> Napoleone and Alessandro, sons of Count Alberto, whose possessions lay in the upper valley of the Bisenzio, a small river that flows into the Arno some six miles below Florence. After many other acts of treachery, they betrayed and murdered each other.

<sup>14</sup> They were sons of one mother.

<sup>15</sup> Fixed in this frozen marsh.

<sup>16</sup> Mordrec or Modred, bastard son

of King Arthur. By his treachery many Knights of the Round Table were slain. Arthur pierced the traitor with such a stroke of his lance, that the sun shone through the wound; and afterward died of a blow that Modred gave him in falling, as is related in the old Romance of *Lancelot du Lac* (Paris, 1513; P. iii. fol. 197, &c.): "Et dit l'histoire qu'après l'ouverture de la lance passa parmi la plaie ung ray de soleil," &c.

and shadow at one blow were pierced by Arthur's hand; not Focaccia;<sup>17</sup> not this, who so obstructs me with his head that I see no farther, and *who* was named Sassol<sup>18</sup> Mascheroni: if thou beest a Tuscan, well knowest thou now who he was. And that thou mayest not put me to further speech, know that I was Camiccion<sup>19</sup> de' Pazzi, and am waiting for Carlino to excuse me."

Afterward I saw a thousand visages, made doggish by the cold; whence shuddering comes over me, and always will come, *when I think* of the frozen fords.<sup>20</sup>

Non quelli a cui fu rotto il petto, e l' ombra  
 Con esso un colpo per la man d' Artù;  
 Non Focaccia; non questi, che m' ingombra  
 Col capo sì, ch' io non veggio oltre più,  
 E fu nomato Sassol Mascheroni: 65  
 Se Tosco sei, ben sa' omai chi fu.  
 E perchè non mi metti in più sermoni,  
 Sappi ch' io fu' il Camiccion de' Pazzi,  
 Ed aspetto Carlin che mi scagioni.  
 Poscia vid' io mille visi cagnazzi 70  
 Fatti per freddo: onde mi vien ribrezzo,  
 E verrà sempre, de' gelati guazzi.

70. *Cagnazzi, cagneschi, paonazzi.*

<sup>17</sup> Focaccia de' Cancellieri of Pistoia, who, for a silly boyish offense, cut off his young cousin's hand, and murdered his uncle; thereby giving rise to the factions of the Bianchi and Neri in Pistoia and Florence. *Ben. da Imola; Vill. viii. 38.*

<sup>18</sup> Sassol de' Toschi of Florence, guardian of his brother's only son, whom he murdered for the sake of his inheritance: and was notoriously carried, "nailed in a cask" (*clavatus in una vegete*), through the whole city; and then beheaded. *Ben. da Imola, &c.*

<sup>19</sup> Of Valdarno: who treacherously slew his kinsman Ubertino de' Pazzi. He says, the treacheries of Carlino de' Pazzi, who is still living, will be great enough to "excuse" or make his own seem trifling. Carlino (in 1302) betrayed the castle of Piantrevigne in Valdarno for money, to the Florentines, after the exiled Whites and Ghibellines had defended it twenty-nine days: "whence many, even of the best exiles of Florence, were slain or taken," &c. *Vill. viii. 53.*

<sup>20</sup> Those ice-fords of the Pit.

And as we were going toward the middle<sup>21</sup> at which all weight unites, and I was shivering in the eternal shade, whether it was will, or destiny or chance, I know not; but, walking amid the heads, I hit my foot violently against the face of one. Weeping it cried out to me: "Why tramplest thou on me? If thou comest not to increase the vengeance for Montaperti,<sup>22</sup> why dost thou molest me?"

And I: "My Master! now wait me here, that I may rid me of a doubt respecting him: then shalt thou, however much thou pleasest, make me haste." The Master stood. And to that *shade*, which still kept bitterly reviling, I said: "What art thou, who thus reproachest others?"

"Nay, who art thou," he answered, "that through

E mentre ch' andavamo in vèr lo mezzo,  
 Al quale ogni gravezza si rauna,  
 Ed io tremava nell' eterno rezzo, 75  
 Se voler fu, o destino, o fortuna,  
 Non so; ma passeggiando tra le teste,  
 Forte percossi il piè nel viso ad una.  
 Piangendo mi sgridò: Perchè mi peste?  
 Se tu non vieni a crescer la vendetta 80  
 'Di Mont' Aperti, perchè mi moleste?  
 Ed io: Maestro mio, or qui m' aspetta,  
 Sì ch' io esca d'un dubbio per costui:  
 Poi mi farai, quantunque vorrai, fretta.  
 Lo Duca stette; ed io dissi a colui, 85  
 Che bestemmiava duramente ancora:  
 Qual sei tu, che così rampogni altrui?  
 Or tu chi sei, che vai per l' Antenora

<sup>21</sup> "Middle" of Hell, and of the Earth, and all the Universe: center of all gravity, physical and moral. *Convito*, Tr. ii. c. 3, &c.

<sup>22</sup> The great defeat of the Guelphs at Montaperti (see canto x. 86) was completed by the treachery of Bocca

degli Abati, who here speaks; who cut off the hand of Jacopo del Vacca de' Pazzi, standard-bearer of the Florentine cavalry, who was near him during the "ruinous" assault of Farinata's German troops. *Vill.* vi. 78, 79.

the Antenora goest, smiting the cheeks of others ; so that, if thou wert alive, it were too much ?”

“ I am alive,” was my reply ; and if thou seekest fame, it may be precious to thee, that I put thy name among the other notes.”

And he to me : “ The contrary *is what* I long for. Take thyself away ! and pester me no more ; for thou ill knowest *how* to flatter on this *icy* slope.”

Then I seized him by the afterscalp, and said : “ It will be necessary that thou name thyself, or that not a hair remain upon thee here !” Whence he to me : “ Even if thou unhair me, I will not tell thee who I am ; nor show it thee, though thou fall foul upon my head a thousand times.” I already had his hair coiled on my hand, and had plucked off more than one tuft of it, he barking and keeping down his eyes, when another cried : “ What ails thee, Bocca ? Is it not

- Percotendo, rispose, altrui le gote,  
 Si che, se vivo fossi, troppo fora ? 90  
 Vivo son io ; e caro esser ti puote,  
 Fu mia risposta, se domandi fama,  
 Ch' io metta il nome tuo tra l' altre note.  
 Ed egli a me : Del contrario ho io brama :  
 Levati quinci, e non mi dar più lagna ; 95  
 Chè mal sai lusingar per questa lama.  
 Allor lo presi per la cuticagna,  
 E dissi : E' converrà che tu ti nomi,  
 O che capel qui su non ti rimagna.  
 Ond' egli a me : Perchè tu mi dischiemi, 100  
 Nè ti dirò ch' io sia, nè mostrerolti,  
 Se mille fiate in sul capo mi tomi.  
 Io avea già i capelli in mano avvolti,  
 E tratto glien avea più d' una ciocca,  
 Latrando lui con gli occhi in giù raccolti ; 105  
 Quando un altro gridò : Che hai tu, Bocca ?

95. *Lagna*, cause of complaint.

rough for thee to chatter with thy jaws, but thou must bark too? What Devil is upon thee?"

"Now," said I, "accursed traitor! I do not want thee to speak; for to thy shame I will bear true tidings of thee."

"Go away!" he answered; "and tell what pleases thee. But be not silent, if thou gettest out from hence, respecting him,<sup>23</sup> who now had his tongue so ready. Here he laments the Frenchmen's silver. 'Him of Duera,' thou canst say, 'I saw there, where the sinners stand pinched in ice.'<sup>24</sup> Shouldst thou be asked who else was there, thou hast beside thee the Beccaria<sup>25</sup> whose gorge was slit by Florence. Gianni

Non ti basta sonar con le mascelle,  
 Se tu non latri? qual Diavol ti tocca?  
 Omai, diss' io, non vo' che tu favelle, 110  
 Malvagio traditor; ch' alla tua onta  
 Io porterò di te vere novelle.  
 Va via, rispose, e ciò che tu vuoi, conta;  
 Ma non tacer, se tu di qua entro eschi,  
 Di quel ch' ebbe or così la lingua pronta.  
 Ei piange qui l' argento de' Franceschi: 115  
 Io vidi, potrai dir, quel da duera  
 Là, dove i peccatori stanno freschi.  
 Se fossi dimandato, altri chi v' era;  
 Tu hai da lato quel di Beccaria,  
 Di cui segò Fiorenza la gorgiera. 120

<sup>23</sup> Buoso da Duera of Cremona, who for money betrayed the Ghibellines, allowing Guy de Montfort to pass the Oglio, with the French army of Charles of Anjou, in 1265; at which the people of Cremona were so enraged, that they extirpated his whole race. Buoso himself "carried off much money," but died at last in miserable poverty and exile. *Benv. da Imola; Vill. vii. 4; Murat. Rer. Ital. t. ix. p. 709.*

<sup>24</sup> The phrase *star fresco*, "to be in a fix or pucker," is said to be derived from v. 117.

<sup>25</sup> Tesauro Beccaria of Pavia, Abbot of Vallombrosa and Legate of Pope Alexander IV. at Florence, was accused of treacherously plotting to bring back the exiled Ghibellines, and beheaded in 1258. *Benv. da Imola; Vill. vi. 65.*



del Soldanier,<sup>26</sup> I think, is farther on, with Ganellone,<sup>27</sup> and Tribaldello<sup>28</sup> who oped Faenza when it slept."

We had already left him, when I saw two frozen in one hole so *closely*, that the one head was a cap to the other. And as bread is chewed for hunger, so the uppermost put his teeth into the other there where the brain joins with the nape. Not otherwise did Tydeus<sup>29</sup> gnaw the temples of Menalippus for rage, than he the skull and the other parts.

"O thou! who by such brutal token showest *thy* hate on him whom thou devourest, tell me why," I

Gianni del Soldanier credo che sia  
 Più là con Ganellone, e Tribaldello  
 Ch' aprì Faenza quando si dormia.  
 Noi eravam partiti già da ello,  
 Ch' io vidi duo ghiacciati in una buca 125  
 Sì, che l' un capo all' altro era cappello :  
 E come il pan per fame si manduca,  
 Così il sovran li denti all' altro pose  
 Là, 've il cervel s' aggiunge con la nuca.  
 Non altrimenti Tideo si rose 130  
 Le tempie a Menalippo per disdegno,  
 Che quei faceva il teschio e l' altre cose.  
 O tu, che mostri per sì bestial segno  
 Odio sovra colui che tu ti mangi,  
 Dimmi il perchè, diss' io : per tal convegno, 135

<sup>26</sup> This Gianni was of Ghibelline family; and in 1286, after the defeat of Manfred, "put himself at the head of the populace in order to rise into power, not regarding the issue, which was to hurt the Ghibellines and ruin himself;" &c. *Vill.* vii. 14.

<sup>27</sup> Ganellone or Gano, the traitor at Roncesvalles: celebrated in the old poets. "O new Scariot and new Ganillion," &c. Chaucer, *Nonne's Priest's Tale.*

<sup>28</sup> Tribaldello de' Manfredi of Faenza, who for money opened his native city at dead of night to the French in 1282; and that same year was slain with them, in the "bloody heap" (canto xxvii. 44) at Forli. *Vill.* vii. 80, 81.

<sup>29</sup> See Statius, *Theb.* viii. 740, &c.: *Caput, o! caput, o! mihi si quis Apportet, Menalippe, tuum! nam volveris arvis, &c.*

said: "on this condition, that if thou with reason complainest of him, I, knowing who ye are and his offense, may yet repay thee in the world above, if that, wherewith I speak, be not dried up."

Che se tu a ragion di lui ti piangi,  
Sappiendo chi voi siete, e la sua pecca,  
Nel mondo suso ancor io te ne cangi,  
Se quella, con ch' io parlo, non si secca.

P\*

## ARGUMENT.

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"WHEREWITHAL a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished" (*quia per quæ peccat quis, per hæc et torquetur*) is the unalterable law which Dante sees written—not only in the ancient Hebrew records, but in every part of the Universe. The sinners whom he here finds frozen together in one hole, are Count Ugolino and Archbishop Ruggieri (Roger) of Pisa, traitors both; and Ruggieri has the Shadow of Ugolino's hunger gnawing upon him in the eternal ice, while Ugolino has the image of his own base treachery and hideous death continually before him. He lifts up his head from the horrid meal, and pauses, when Dante recalls to him his earthly life, in the same way as the storm paused for Francesca; and the Archbishop is silent as Paolo. See canto v.

The two tragedies occurred about the same time—when Dante was nearly twenty-four years of age; and, so far as we have the means of ascertaining, he seems to have been accurately acquainted with the circumstances of both, and to have taken them exactly as they occurred. The Archbishop was summoned to Rome, to account for the murder of Ugolino—with what result is not known: perhaps because the Romish clergy, when found guilty of great crimes, are usually suppressed and taken out of sight. The Pisans never recovered their ancient state and power, after the disasters and crimes of 1284–9; but lost their islands of Sardinia and Corsica; were seized with cowardice ("*viltà*" in *Vill.* vii. 154), so that Guido di Montefeltro, the best general of the time, whom they had appointed Lord of their city, "durst not show himself" with them when the Florentines were laying waste and burning its suburbs. They and it rapidly became quite insignificant in the affairs of Italy. *Vill.* vii. 137; viii. 2, 30, &c.

After leaving Ugolino, the Poets go on to the Third Ring or Ptolomæa, which takes its name from the Ptolomæus (1 *Maccab.* xvi. 11, &c.) who "had abundance of silver and gold," and "made a great banquet," for his father-in-law Simon the high priest and his two sons; and, "when Simon and his sons had drunk largely," treacherously slew them "in the banqueting place." Friar Alberigo and Branca d' Oria are found it.

## CANTO XXXIII.

FROM the fell repast that sinner raised his mouth, wiping it upon the hair of the head he had laid waste behind. Then he began: "Thou willest that I renew desperate grief, which wrings my heart, even at the very thought, before I tell thereof. But if my words are to be a seed, that may bear fruit of infamy to the traitor whom I gnaw, thou shalt see me speak and weep at the same time. I know not who thou mayest be, nor by what mode thou hast come down here; but, when I hear thee, in truth thou seemest to me a Florentine. Thou hast to know that I was Count Ugolino, and this the Archbishop Ruggieri:<sup>1</sup> now I

LA bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto  
 Quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli  
 Del capo ch' egli avea dietro guasto.  
 Poi cominciò: Tu vuoi ch' io rinnovelli  
 Disperato dolor, che il cor mi preme, 5  
 Già pur pensando, pria ch' io ne favelli.  
 Ma se le mie parole esser den seme,  
 Che frutti infamia al traditor ch' io rodo,  
 Parlare e lagrimar vedrai insieme.  
 Io non so chi tu sie, nè per che modo 10  
 Venuto sei quaggiù; ma Fiorentino  
 Mi sembri veramente, quand' io t' odo.  
 Tu dei saper ch' io fui il Conte Ugolino,  
 E questi l' Arcivescovo Ruggieri:

<sup>1</sup> Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, chief of the Guelphs in Pisa; and Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, chief of the Ghibellines. In the year 1284, Pisa was the only city of Tuscany that adhered to the Ghibelline party; and Ugolino himself was of a Ghibelline family, but quite unscrupulous, and eager for power. In that same year, after the disastrous sea-fight with the Genoese, on Sunday, 6th August, in which the Pisans lost

will tell thee why I am such a neighbor to him. That by the effect of his ill devices I, confiding in him, was taken and thereafter put to death, it is not

15

Or ti dirò perch' io son tal vicino.  
 Che per l' effetto de' suoi mal pensieri,  
 Fidandomi di lui, io fossi preso  
 E poscia morto, dir non è mestieri.

many of their galleys, and had 16,000 of their best men killed or taken prisoners, "the Florentines (in September) formed a league with the Lucchese, Sienese, &c., together with the Genoese, to make war on Pisa; the Florentines and other Tuscans by land, and the Genoese by sea." Ugolino, who had fled from the battle before it was fully decided, now by bribery and other unfair means induced the Florentines to withdraw secretly from the league; and by their aid "expelled the Ghibellines from Pisa, and made himself master of it with the Guelphs." *Vill.* vii. 92, 98. See also *Annal. Genuens.* p. 587; *Cronica di Pisa*, in Tartin. Supp. *Rer. Ital.* t. i. p. 564.

Again, in July, 1288, when three parties were competing for the mastery in Pisa, viz., Nino de' Visconti, Judge of Gallura, with certain Guelphs; Ugolino with the rest of the Guelphs; and, in opposition to both, "Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubalдини, with the Lanfranchi, and Gualandi, and Sismondi and other Ghibelline houses; the said Count Ugolino, in order to make himself master, united with the Archbishop and his party, and betrayed Judge Nino, not considering that he was his own grandson, son of his own daughter; and they arranged that he should be expelled from Pisa with his followers, or seized in person. Nino hearing this, and not finding himself able to make defense, left the city and went

to Calci, his castle; and leagued with the Florentines and Lucchese, to make war on the Pisans. The Count, before Nino was gone, in order the better to conceal his treachery, when every thing was arranged for the expulsion of the Judge, went out of Pisa to a manor of his called Settimo. As soon as he was informed of Nino's departure, he returned to Pisa with great joy, and was made Lord of the city amid great rejoicing and festivity. But his lordliness was of brief duration. Fortune turned against him, as it pleased God, because of his treacheries and sins; for with truth it was said he had caused Anselmo da Capraia, his sister's son, to be poisoned, out of envy and fear, lest Anselmo, who was much esteemed in Pisa, might take his place. . . . The force of the Guelphs being thus impaired, the Archbishop took means to betray Count Ugolino, and caused him to be suddenly attacked in his palace by the fury of the people, telling them that he had betrayed Pisa, and given up their castles to the Florentines and Lucchese; and the people having come upon him without any defense, he surrendered. And in this assault, a bastard son and a grandson of Count Ugolino's were killed; and he himself taken, with two of his sons and three (or two? as below) of his grandchildren, sons of his son, and put in prison. *Vill.* vii. 121.

"In the following March, the Pi-

necessary to say: but that which thou canst not have learnt, that is, how cruel was my death, thou shalt hear—and know if he has offended me.

“ A narrow hole within the mew, which from me has the title of Famine, and in which others yet must be shut up, had through its opening already shown me several moons,<sup>2</sup> when I slept the evil sleep that rent for me the curtain of the future. This *man* seemed to me lord and master, chasing the wolf and his whelps, upon the mountain<sup>3</sup> for which the Pisans

Però quel che non puoi avere inteso,  
 Cioè, come la morte mia fu cruda, 20  
 Udirai; e saprai se m' ha offeso.  
 Breve pertugio dentro dalla muda,  
 La qual per me ha il titol della fame,  
 E in che conviene ancor ch' altri si chiuda,  
 M' avea mostrato per lo suo forame 25  
 Più lune già, quand' io feci il mal sonno,  
 Che del futuro mi squarciò il velame.  
 Questi pareva a me maestro e donno,  
 Cacciando il lupo e i lupicini al monte,

sans, who had imprisoned Count Ugolino with two of his sons and two sons of his son Count Guelfo (as we have mentioned above), in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, caused the door of that tower to be locked up, the keys to be thrown into the Arno, and all food withheld from the said prisoners, who died of hunger in a few days. But the Count had previously kept demanding penitence with loud cries, and yet they permitted no friar or priest to confess him. All the five, when dead, were dragged together from the tower and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the said prison was called the Tower of Famine, and always will be. For this cruelty the Pisans throughout the whole world, wherever it became

known, were greatly blamed; not so much for the Count himself, who by reason of his crimes and treachery was perhaps worthy of such a death, but for his sons and grandsons, who were young boys and innocent, *ch' erano giovani garzoni e innocenti.*" *Vill.* vii. 128.

For further details see *Cronica di Pisa*, in Murat. *Rer. Ital.* t. xv. p. 979, &c.; *Annales Genuens.* *ibid.* t. vi. p. 608, &c.; *Fragm. Hist. Pis.* *ibid.* t. xxiv. p. 648, &c.; and the other *Cron. di Pisa*, in Tartin. *Supplem. Rer. Ital.* t. i. p. 564, &c.

<sup>2</sup> From July to March.

<sup>3</sup> Monte St. Giuliano, between Pisa and Lucca, which are some twelve miles apart.

can not see Lucca. With hounds meager, keen, and dextrous, he had put in front of him Gualandi with Sismondi, and with Lanfranchi.<sup>4</sup> After short course, the father and his sons seemed to me weary; and methought I saw their flanks torn by the sharp teeth. When I awoke before the dawn, I heard my sons who were with me, weeping amid their sleep, and asking for bread. Thou art right cruel, if thou dost not grieve already at the thought of what my heart foreboded; and if thou weepst not, at what art thou used to weep? They were now awake, and the hour approaching at which our food used to be brought us, and each was anxious from his dream, and below I heard the outlet of the horrible tower locked up: whereat I looked into the faces of my sons, without

Per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno. 30  
 Con cagne magre, studiose e conte,  
 Gualandi con Sismondi, e con Lanfranchi  
 S' avea messi dinanzi dalla fronte.  
 In picciol corso mi pareano stanchi  
 Lo padre e i figli, e con l' agute scane 35  
 Mi pareo lor veder fender li fianchi.  
 Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane,  
 Pianger senti' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli,  
 Ch' erano meco, e dimandar del pane.  
 Ben sei crudel, se tu già non ti duoli, 40  
 Pensando ciò ch' il mio cor s' annunziava:  
 E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?  
 Già eran desti, e l' ora s' appressava  
 Che il cibo ne soleva essere addotto,  
 E per suo sogno ciascun dubitava, 45  
 Ed io sentii chiavar l' uscio di sotto  
 All' orribile torre: ond' io guardai  
 Nel viso a' miei figliuoi senza far motto.

<sup>4</sup> Ruggieri, Lord and Master of the chase; the Ghibelline nobles, leaders of the keen Hounds or populace; Ugolino, the father Wolf with sons.

ering a word. I did not weep: so stony grew I  
 hin. They wept; and my little Anselm said:  
 hou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?" But  
 shed no tear, nor answered all that day, nor the  
 ct night, till another Sun came forth upon the  
 rld. When a small ray was sent into the doleful  
 son, and I discerned in their four faces the aspect  
 my own, I bit on both my hands for grief; and  
 y, thinking that I did it from desire of eating, of  
 sudden rose up, and said: 'Father, it will give us  
 ch less pain, if thou wilt eat of us: thou didst put  
 on us this miserable flesh, and do thou strip it off.'  
 en I calmed myself, in order not to make them  
 ore unhappy. That day and the next we all were  
 ute. Ah, hard earth! why didst thou not open?  
 hen we had come to the fourth day, Gaddo threw

Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietra: 7  
 Piangevan elli; e Anselmuccio mio 50  
 Disse: Tu guardi sì! Padre, che hai?  
 Però non lagrimai, nè rispos' io  
 Tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso,  
 Infin che l' altro Sol nel mondo uscìo.  
 Come un poco di raggio si fu messo 55  
 Nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi  
 Per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,  
 Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi;  
 E quei, pensando ch' io il fessi per voglia  
 Di manicar, di subito levorsi, 60  
 E disser: Padre, assai ci fia men doglia,  
 Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti  
 Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.  
 Quetaimi allor, per non farli più tristi:  
 Quel dì, e l' altro stemmo tutti muti: 65  
 Ah! dura terra, perchè non t' apristi  
 Poesia che fummo al quarto dì venuti,  
 Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,



himself stretched out at my feet, saying: 'My father! why don't you help me?' There he died; and even as thou seest me, saw I the three fall one by one, between the fifth day and the sixth, whence I betook me, already blind, to groping over each; and for three days called them, after they were dead. Then fasting had more power than grief."<sup>5</sup>

When he had spoken this, with eyes distorted he seized the miserable skull again with his teeth, which as a dog's were strong upon the bone. Ah, Pisa! scandal to the people of the beautiful land where "Sì" is heard!<sup>6</sup> Since thy neighbors are slow to punish thee, let the Capraia and Gorgona<sup>7</sup> move, and

Dicendo: Padre mio, che non m' aiuti?  
 Quivi morì; e come tu mi vedi, 70  
 Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno,  
 Tra il quinto dì e il sesto, ond' io mi diedi  
 Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno;  
 E tre dì li chiamai, poi ch' ei fur morti:  
 Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno. 75  
 Quand' ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti  
 Riprese il teschio misero co' denti,  
 Che furo all' osso, come d' un can, forti.  
 Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti  
 Del bel paese là dove il sì suona; 80  
 Poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,  
 Muovasi la Capraia e la Gorgona,

<sup>5</sup> So that Ugolino died on the ninth day; and the old Pisan commentator, Buti, says the tower was opened after eight days, "*dopo li otto giorni*." Many volumes have been written about verse 75. Does the *più potè* ("was more powerful") indicate only that hunger killed Ugolino? Or that fasting overcame his senses, and made him die eating as his poor children had invited? The words admit of either meaning,

<sup>6</sup> Italy, where *Sì* is the word for *yes*. Dante (*Vulg. Eloq.* i. 8) gives *Jò* or *ja* as characteristic of the Germans, Saxons, &c.; *Oc* of the "Spaniards" (the *Langue d' Oc*, used at the Court of Castile; as well as in Provence, to part of which it gave name); *Oil* or *oui* of the French, and *Sì* of the Italians.

<sup>7</sup> Small islands, not far from the mouth of the Arno.

hedge up the Arno at its mouth, that it may drown in thee every living soul. For if Count Ugolino had the fame of having betrayed thee in thy castles, thou oughtest not to have put his sons into such torture. Their youthful age, thou modern Thebes! made innocent Uguccione and Brigata, and the other two whom my song above has named.<sup>8</sup>

We went farther on, where the frost ruggedly in-wraps another people, not bent forward, but all reversed.<sup>9</sup> The very weeping there allows *them* not to weep; and the grief, which finds impediment upon their eyes, turns inward to increase the agony: for

E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,  
 Sì ch' egli annieghi in te ogni persona.  
 Chè se il Conte Ugolino aveva voce 85  
 D' aver tradita te delle castella,  
 Non dovei tu i figliuoi porre a tal croce.  
 Innocenti facea l' età novella,  
 Novella Tebe! Uguccione e il Brigata,  
 E gli altri duo che il canto suso appella. 90  
 Noi passamm' oltre, dove la gelata  
 Ravidamente un' altra gente fascia,  
 Non volta in giù, ma tutta riversata.  
 Lo pianto stesso lì pianger non lascia,  
 E il duol, che truova in su gli occhi rintoppo, 95  
 Si volve in entro a far crescer l' ambascia;

<sup>8</sup> Troya in his *Veltro Allegorico* (Flor. 1826, p. 28, &c.) asserts, in opposition to Villani and other contemporary historians, that Ugolino's sons and grandsons were not innocent, the Archbishop not guilty, &c.; but the *Veltro* still seems much more like a romance than a piece of sober history. One is led to expect speedy proofs of many hazardous assertions in it, and they have now been due for twenty-two years. Such books dark-

en every part of the subjects on which they treat, and are inexcusable among serious men.

<sup>9</sup> The Poets have now come to the Third Ring, or Ptolomæa. The spirits in it have their heads turned backward, and not down, like those in the Caina and Antenora. They show no feeling of shame, or desire to conceal themselves: "all heat is extinguished" among them.

their first tears form a knot, and, like crystal vizors, fill up all the cavity beneath their eyebrows. And although, as from a callous, through the cold all feeling had departed from my face,<sup>10</sup> it now seemed to me as if I felt some wind. Whereat I: "Master, who moves this? Is not all heat extinguished here below?" Whence he to me: "Soon shalt thou be where thine eye *itself*, seeing the cause which rains the blast,<sup>11</sup> shall answer thee in this." And one of the wretched *shadows* of the icy crust cried out to us: "O souls, so cruel that the last post of *all* is given to you! Remove the hard veils from my face, that I may vent the grief, which stuffs my heart, a little ere the weeping freeze again." Wherefore I to him: "If thou wouldst have me aid thee, tell me who thou

Chè le lacrime prime fanno groppo,  
 E, sì come visiere di cristallo,  
 Riempion sotto il ciglio tutto il coppo.  
 E avvegna che, sì come d' un callo, 100  
 Per la freddura ciascun sentimento  
 Cessato avesse del mio viso stallo,  
 Già mi pareva sentire alquanto vento;  
 Per ch' io: Maestro mio, questo chi muove?  
 Non è quaggiuso ogni vapore spento? 105  
 Ond' egli a me: Avaccio sarai dove  
 Di ciò ti farà l' occhio la risposta,  
 Veggendo la cagion che il fiato piove.  
 E un de' tristi della fredda crosta  
 Gridò a noi: O anime crudeli 110  
 Tanto, che data v' è l' ultima posta,  
 Levatemi dal viso i duri veli,  
 Sì ch' io sfoghi il dolor che il cor m' impregna,  
 Un poco pria che il pianto si raggeli.  
 Per ch' io a lui: Se vuoi ch' io ti sovvegna, 115

<sup>10</sup> "Left the abode of my face." | <sup>11</sup> The wind here comes down. | See next canto, verse 8, 50, &c.

art; and if I do not extricate thee, may I have to go to the bottom of the ice."

He answered: "Then I am Friar Alberigo,<sup>12</sup> I am he of the fruits from the ill garden, who here receive dates for *my* figs."<sup>13</sup>

"Ha!" said I to him, "then art thou dead too?"

And he to me: "How my body stands in the world above, I have no knowledge. Such privilege has this Ptolomæa, that oftentimes the soul falls down hither, ere Atropos impels it.<sup>14</sup> And that thou

Dimmi chi sei, e s' io non ti disbrigo,  
 Al fondo della ghiaccia ir mi convegna.  
 Rispose: Adunque io son Frate Alberigo,  
 Io son quel delle frutte del mal orto,  
 Che qui riprendo dattero per figo. 120  
 Oh, dissi lui, or sei tu ancor morto?  
 Ed egli a me: Come il mio corpo stea  
 Nel mondo su, nulla scienza porto.  
 Cotal vantaggio ha questa Tolomea,  
 Che spesse volte l' anima ci cade 125  
 Innanzi ch' Atropòs mossa le dea.

<sup>12</sup> Old Alberigo de' Manfredi, another of the Jovial Friars (see their profession, canto xxiii. 103). His kindred were Guelphs and Lords of Faenza; and one of them, the "young and fiery" Manfredino de' Manfredi, in a fit of passion, gave him a slap on the face. Alberic "dissembled and quietly bore the affront for a long time. And at last, when he thought the other might have forgotten it, pretended that he wished to be reconciled. Then Manfred begged pardon for his youthful heat; and, the peace being made up between them, Alberic gave a banquet, to which Manfred and his son (Alberghetto, or "little Alberic") were invited. The supper over, with great alacrity old Alberic cried, 'Now bring the fruit!'

And suddenly his servants, who had been concealed behind a screen, rushed forth armed, and slew both the father and son, Alberic meanwhile looking on and rejoicing." *Benvenuto da Imola*. See also *Pietro di Dante*. The "Fruit of Friar Alberic" thenceforth became a proverb. The "ill garden" is Faenza, from which Tribaldello (canto xxxii. 122), a Ghibelline of the same Manfredi family, also came. *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> Or, get full repayment.

<sup>14</sup> Ere Atropos cuts the life-thread, or "gives signal to move." *Veniat mors super illos: et descendant in Infernum viventes*, "let them go down quick (or living) into Hell." *Ps.* liv. 16; lv. 15. Quoted by Pietro, &c.

more willingly mayest rid the glazen tears from off my face, know that forthwith, when the soul betrays, as I did, her body is taken from her by a Demon who thereafter rules it, till its time has all revolved. She falls rushing to this cistern; and perhaps the body of this shade, which winters here behind me, is still apparent *on the earth* above. Thou must know, if thou art but now come down: it is Ser Branca d' Oria;<sup>15</sup> and many years have passed since he was thus shut up."

"I believe," said I to him, "that thou deceivest me; for Branca d' Oria never died: and eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and puts on clothes."

"In the ditch above, of the Malebranche," said he, "there where the tenacious pitch<sup>16</sup> is boiling, Michel

E perchè tu più volentier mi rade  
 Le invetriate lagrime dal volto,  
 Sappi, che tosto che l' anima trade,  
 Come fec' io, il corpo suo l' è tolto 130  
 Da un Dimonio, che poscia il governa,  
 Mentre che il tempo suo tutto sia volto.  
 Ella ruina in sì fatta cisterna;  
 E forse pare ancor lo corpo suso  
 Dell' ombra, che di qua dietro mi verna. 135  
 Tu il dei saper, se tu vien pur mo giuso:  
 Egli è Ser Branca d' Oria, e son più anni  
 Poscia passati ch' ei fu sì racchiuso.  
 Io credo, dissi a lui, che tu m' inganni;  
 Chè Branca d' Oria non morì unquanche, 140  
 E mangia, e bee, e dorme, e veste panni.  
 Nel fosso su, diss' ei, di Malebranche,  
 Là dove bolle la tenace pece,

<sup>15</sup> Of the great Doria family, Ghibellines of Genoa. In conjunction with his nephew, he invited to a banquet, and there treacherously murdered, his own father-in-law,

Michel Zanche of Logodoro, "in order to get possession of his immense wealth." *Benv. da Imola, Pietro.*

<sup>16</sup> See canto xxi. 7, &c.

she<sup>17</sup> had not yet arrived, when this *man* left a  
 il in his stead in the body of himself, and of one  
 is kindred who did the treachery along with him.

reach hither thy hand: open my eyes." And I  
 ed them not for him: and to be rude to him was  
 :tesy.<sup>18</sup>

h, Genoese! men estranged from all morality,  
 full of all corruption,<sup>19</sup> why are ye not scattered  
 a the earth? For with the worst spirit<sup>20</sup> of Ro-  
 gna, found I one of ye, who for his deeds even now  
 soul bathes in Cocytus, and above *on earth* still  
 ns alive in body.

Non era giunto ancora Michel Zanche,  
 Che questi lasciò un Diavolo in sua vece 145  
 Nel corpo suo, e d' un suo prossimano,  
 Che il tradimento insieme con lui fece.

Ma distendi oramai in qua la mano,  
 Aprimi gli occhi; ed io non gli ele apersi:  
 E cortesia fu lui esser villano. 150

Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi  
 D' ogni costume, e pien d' ogni magagna,  
 Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi?  
 Chè col peggiore spirto di Romagna  
 Trovai un tal di voi, che per sua opra 155  
 In anima in Cocito già si bagna,  
 E in corpo par vivo ancor di sopra.

The barterer of canto xxii.  
 So Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* xxvii. 77):  
 è *teco cortesia l' esser villano,*  
 s a charity to be rude to thee."  
 Compare *Annal. Gen.* (Murat.

Rer. Ital. vi. 608) for 1294, written at  
 the time by Jacopo Doria (*Jacobus de*  
*Auria*), in which quite as bad an ac-  
 count is given of the Genoese.  
<sup>20</sup> With the Friar Alberigo.

## ARGUMENT.

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THE Judecca, or Last Circle of Cocytus, takes its name from Judas Iscariot, and contains the souls of those 'who betrayed their masters and benefactors.' The Arch Traitor Satan, "Emperor of the Realm of Sorrow," stands fixed in the Center of it; and he too is punished by his own Sin. All the streams of Guilt keep flowing back to him, as their source; and from beneath his three Faces (Shadows of his consciousness) issue forth the mighty wings with which he struggles, as it were, to raise himself; and sends out winds that freeze him only the more firmly in his ever-swelling Marsh. Dante has to take a full view of him too; and then is carried through the Center by his Mystic Guide—"grappling on the hair of Satan," not without significance; and set down on "the other face of the Judecca." And now the bitter journey of our Pilgrim is over; and a tone of gladness goes through the remaining verses. Hell is now behind him, and the Stars of Heaven above: he has got beyond the 'Everlasting No,' and is "sore travailed," and the "way is long and difficult," but it leads from Darkness to the "bright world." After some brief inquiries, "without caring for any repose," by aid of the heaven-sent Wisdom he "plucks himself from the Abyss;" and follows climbing, till they see the Stars in the opposite hemisphere.

## CANTO XXXIV.

THE banners of the King<sup>1</sup> of Hell now issue forth  
 and us: therefore look before," said the Master,  
 "if thou discern him." As when a thick mist  
 rises, or when the night comes on our hemisphere,  
 a bill, turning with the wind, appears at distance:  
 as an engine did I now seem to see; and, for the  
 wind,<sup>2</sup> shrunk back behind my Guide, because no  
 light shed was there. Already I had come (and with  
 this I put it into verse) where all the souls were  
 arrayed,<sup>3</sup> and shone through like straw in glass. Some  
 lay lying; some stand upright, this on its head, and  
 that upon its soles; another, like a bow, bends face  
 to feet.

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt Inferni*

Verso di noi: però dinanzi mira,

Disse il Maestro mio, se tu il discerni.

Come quando una grossa nebbia spira,

O quando l' emisperio nostro annotta 5

Par da lungi un mulin che al vento gira;

Veder mi parve un tal dificio allotta:

Poi per lo vento mi ristringesi retro

Al Duca mio; chè non v' era altra grotta.

Già era (e con paura il metto in metro) 10

Là, dove l' ombre tutte eran coverte,

E trasparèan come festuca in vetro.

Altre stanno a giacere, altre stanno erte,

Quella col capo, e quella con le piante;

Altra, com' arco, il volto a' piedi inverta. 15

The *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*, which Dante here brings to bear, is the first verse of a sacred hymn of tribulation, in praise of the Cross. It is chanted in the service of the Holy Week.  
<sup>1</sup> "The wind." See. v. 51, &c.  
<sup>2</sup> In the last or central ring of Cocytus.



When we had proceeded on so far, that it pleased my Guide to show to me the Creature which was once so fair,<sup>4</sup> he took himself from before me, and made me stop, saying: "Lo Dis! and lo the place where it behoves thee arm thyself with fortitude."

How icy chill and hoarse I then became, ask not, O Reader! for I write it not, because all speech would fail to tell.<sup>5</sup> I did not die, and did not remain alive: now think for thyself, if thou hast any grain of ingenuity, what I became, deprived of both *death and life*. The Emperor of the dolorous realm, from mid breast stood forth out of the ice; and I *in size* am liker to a giant, than the giants are to his arms.<sup>6</sup>

Quando noi fummo fatti tanto avante,  
 Ch' al mio Maestro piacque di mostrarmi  
 La creatura ch' ebbe il bel sembiante,  
 Dinanzi mi si tolse, e fe' restarmi,  
 Ecco Dite, dicendo, ed ecco il loco 20  
 Ove convien che di fortezza t' armi.  
 Com' io divenni allor gelato e fioco,  
 Nol dimandar, Lettor, ch' io non lo scrivo,  
 Però ch' ogni parlar sarebbe poco.  
 Io non morii, e non rimasi vivo: 25  
 Pensa oramai per te, s' hai fior d' ingegno,  
 Qual io divenni, d' uno e d' altro privo.  
 Lo Imperador del doloroso regno  
 Da mezzo il petto uscia fuor della ghiaccia;  
 E più con un gigante io mi convegno, 30  
 Che i giganti non fan con le sue braccia :

26. *Fior*, sprinkling, trace, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Lit.: "Which had the beautiful semblance:" fairest of the Angels once. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer....brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit" (*ad infernum in profundum lacu*). Is. xiv. 12.

<sup>5</sup> Lit.: "Would be little;" would go short way to tell the state in which I was at sight of Dis.

<sup>6</sup> Or, I "agree better," in size and stature, with one of the giants, than they do with one of Satan's arms.

... "His other parts besides Prone on the flood extended long and large Lay floating many a rood. . . . Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool His mighty stature."

*Per. Lost*, i. 194, &c.

Mark now how great that whole must be, which corresponds to such a part. If he was once as beautiful as he is ugly now, and lifted up his brows against his Maker, well may all affliction come from him. Oh how great a marvel seemed it to me, when I saw three faces<sup>7</sup> on his head! The one in front, and it was fiery red: the others were two, that were adjoined to this, above the very middle of each shoulder; and they were joined up to his crest;<sup>8</sup> and the right seemed between white and yellow; the left was such to look on, as they who come from where the Nile begins his valley.<sup>9</sup> Under each there issued forth two mighty wings, of size befitting such a bird: sea-sails

Vedi oggimai quant' esser dee quel tutto,  
 Ch' a così fatta parte si confaccia.  
 S' ei fu sì bel, com' egli è ora brutto,  
 E contra il suo Fattore alzò le ciglia, 35  
 Ben dee da lui procedere ogni lutto.  
 O quanto parve a me gran meraviglia,  
 Quando vidi tre facce alla sua testa!  
 L' una dinanzi, e quella era vermiglia:  
 L' altre eran due, che s' aggiungeano a questa 40  
 Sovr' esso il mezzo di ciascuna spalla,  
 E si giungeano al luogo della cresta.  
 E la destra pareva tra bianca e gialla:  
 La sinistra a vedere era tal, quali  
 Vengon di là, ove il Nilo s' avvalla. 45  
 Sotto ciascuna uscivan duo grand' ali,  
 Quanto si conveniva a tanto uccello:

<sup>7</sup> The three faces are emblematical of conscious opposition to the Power, and Wisdom, and Love, in canto iii. 5, &c.: hopeless Impotence, glowing with rage, in the scarlet or vermilion; darkest ignorance in the black; and envious hatred in the pale-yellow face. Hence Milton (*Par. Lost*, iv. 114):

... "Each passion dimm'd his face  
 Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and  
 despair."

<sup>8</sup> Lit.: "Up to the place of his crest." The three faces unite their qualities to form the Crest of him, emblem of his Pride.

<sup>9</sup> . . . "Under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus head." *Par. Lost*, iv. 322.

I never saw so broad.<sup>10</sup> No plumes had they; but were in form and texture like a bat's:<sup>11</sup> and he was flapping them, so that three winds went forth from him, whereby Cocytus all was frozen. With six eyes he wept; and down three chins gushed tears and bloody foam. In every mouth he champed a sinner with his teeth, like a brake; so that he thus kept three of them in torment. To the one in front, the biting was naught, compared with the tearing; for at times the back of him remained quite stript of skin.

“That soul up there, which suffers greatest punishment,” said the Master, “is Judas Iscariot, *he* who has his head within, and outside plies his legs. Of

Vele di mar non vid' io mai cotali.  
 Non avean penne, ma di vispistrello  
 Era lor modo: e quelle svolazzava, 50  
 Sì, che tre venti si movean da ello.  
 Quindi Cocito tutto s' aggelava.  
 Con sei occhi piangeva, e per tre menti  
 Gocciava il pianto e sanguinosa bava.  
 Da ogni bocca dirompea co' denti 55  
 Un peccatore, a guisa di maciulla;  
 Sì che tre ne faceva così dolenti.  
 A quel dinanzi il mordere era nulla  
 Verso il graffiar, che tal volta la schiena  
 Rimanea della pelle tutta brulla. 60  
 Quell' anima lassù, ch' ha maggior pena,  
 Disse il Maestro, è Giuda Scariotto,  
 Che il capo ha dentro, e fuor le gambe mena.

<sup>10</sup> . . . . “At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight.”

*Par. Lost*, ii. 927.

Has wings like a huge vampire; and, flapping them, sends forth the blasts of Impotency, Ignorance, and Hatred,

which freeze all the Marsh of Sin—thereby fixing himself only the more strongly in it.

<sup>11</sup> Lit.: “But as a bat's was their mode,” or fashion.

3 other two, who have their heads beneath, that *one*,  
10 hangs from the black visage, is Brutus :<sup>12</sup> lo !  
w he writhes himself, and utters not a word. And  
at other is Cassius, who seems so stark of limb.  
it night is reascending :<sup>13</sup> and now must we depart ;  
: we have seen the whole."

As he desired, I clasped his neck : and he took op-  
portunity of time and place ; and when the wings  
ore opened far, applied him to the shaggy sides, and  
en from shag to shag descended down, between the  
ngled hair and frozen crusts.

When we had come to where the thigh revolves

De gli altri duo, ch' hanno il capo di sotto,  
Quei, che pende dal nero ceffo, è Bruto : 65  
Vedi come si storce, e non fa motto ;  
E l' altro è Cassio, che par sì membruto.  
Ma la notte risurge ; ed oramai  
È da partir, chè tutto avèm veduto.  
Come a lui piacque, il collo gli avvinghiai ; 70  
Ed ei prese di tempo e luogo poste :  
E, quando l' ale furo aperte assai,  
Appigliò sè alle velute coste.  
Di vello in vello giù discese poscia,  
Tra il folto pelo e le gelate croste. 75  
Quando noi fummo là dove la coscia

<sup>12</sup> In the *Monarchia* and *Convito*, and also in many passages of the *Argatorio* and *Paradiso*, Dante addresses to Cæsar as the appointed founder of that Universal Monarchy by which the temporal government of the whole world was to be provided for; and Brutus is regarded as the treacherous murderer of Cæsar; his good qualities, and the fortitude which he here continues to show, only make his guilt seem blacker. The *Kαὶ οὐ, rékrov* (*Sueton. Vit.* *Cæs.* i. 82), and the 'Ἐραίρε, ἐφ' ᾧ πύρει; (*Matt.* xxvi. 50), might be connected in Dante's mind.

<sup>13</sup> Night is coming (it "ascends" with Dante, for to him our Earth is fixed in the center, and the Heavens revolve, *Conv.* Tr. iii. c. 5); and here the old commentators find mystic allusion to the "Night of Sin." The Poets have now been twenty-four hours, or one night and one day, in Hell. See cantos ii. 1; vii. 98; xi. 113; xx. 134; xxi. 112, &c.; xxix. 10.

just on the swelling of the haunch,<sup>14</sup> my Guide with labor and with difficulty turned his head where he had had his feet before, and grappled on the hair, as one who mounts; so that I thought we were returning into Hell again. "Hold thee fast! for by such stairs," said my Guide, panting like a man forespent, "must we depart from so much ill." Thereafter through the opening of a rock he issued forth, and put me on its brim to sit; then toward me he stretched his wary step.

I raised my eyes, and thought to see Lucifer as I had left him; and saw him with the legs turned upward.<sup>15</sup> And the gross people, who see not what a point<sup>16</sup> it was that I had passed, *even they* may judge if I grew toil-worn then. "Rise up!" said the Mas-

Si volge appunto in sul grosso dell' anche,  
 Lo Duca con fatica e con angoscia  
 Volsè la testa ov' egli avea le zanche,  
 Ed aggrappossi al pel, come uom che sale,                    80  
 Sì che in Inferno io credea tornar anche.  
 Attienti ben' chè per cotali scale,  
 Disse il Maestro, ansando com' uom lasso,  
 Conviensi dipartir da tanto male.  
 Poi uscì fuor per lo foro d' un sasso,                    85  
 E pose me in su l' orlo a sedere :  
 Appresso porse a me l' accorto passo.  
 Io levai gli occhi, e credetti vedere  
 Lucifero, com' i' l' avea lasciato,  
 E vidili le gambe in su tenere.                    90  
 E s' io divenni allora travagliato,  
 La gente grossa il pensi, che non vede  
 Qual era il punto ch' io avea passato.  
 Levati su, disse il Maestro, in piede :

<sup>14</sup> Come to the hip-joint of him, | the legs upward," as in verse 104.  
 which is exactly at the middle.                    <sup>16</sup> Center of the Universe and of all

<sup>15</sup> Literally: "Saw him holding | gravity."

ter, "upon thy feet: the way is long, and difficult the road;<sup>17</sup> and now to middle tierce<sup>18</sup> the Sun returns."

It was no palace-hall, there where we stood, but native dungeon, with an evil floor and want of light. "Before I pluck myself from the Abyss," said I when risen up, "O Master! speak to me a little, to draw me out of error. Where is the ice? And this, how is he fixed thus upside down? And how, in so short a time, has the Sun from eve to morn made transit?"

And he to me: "Thou imaginest that thou art still upon the other side of the center, where I caught hold on the hair of the evil Worm<sup>19</sup> which pierces through

La via è lunga, e il cammino è malvagio,           95  
E già il Sole a mezza terza riede.  
Non era camminata di palagio  
Là ov' eravàm, ma natural burella  
Ch' avea mal suolo, e di lume disagio.  
Prima ch' io dell' Abisso mi divella,                   100  
Maestro mio, diss' io quando fui dritto,  
A trarmi d' erro un poco mi favella,  
Ov' è la ghiaccia? e questi com' è fitto  
Sì sottosopra? e come in sì poc' ora  
Da sera a mane ha fatto il Sol tragitto?           105  
Ed egli a me: Tu immagini ancora  
D' esser di là dal centro, ov' io mi presi  
Al pel del vermo reo che il mondo fora.

<sup>17</sup> . . . "Long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up  
to light."

*Par. Lost*, ii. 432.

<sup>18</sup> The *mezza Terza* or "middle Tierce" of Dante, as explained by himself (*Convito*, Tr. iv. 23), means the time immediately before the stroke of three, the Third morning-hour: or with us nine o'clock, at the season when days and nights are of

equal length. The poets have now got into the opposite hemisphere, and left the night (v. 68) on this side of the center.

<sup>19</sup> "The piercing Serpent, even Leviathan that crooked Serpent." *Isaiak* xxvii. 1. "And he laid hold on the Dragon, that old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan . . . . and cast him into the bottomless Pit." *Rev.* xx. 2. Our earth gnawed

the world. Thou wast on that side, so long as I descended: when I turned myself, thou *then* didst pass the point<sup>20</sup> to which all gravities from every part are drawn; and now thou art arrived beneath the hemisphere opposed to that<sup>21</sup> which canopies the great dry *land*, and underneath whose summit<sup>22</sup> was consumed the Man, who without sin was born and lived. Thou hast thy feet upon a little sphere, which forms the other face<sup>23</sup> of the Judecca. Here it is morn, when it is evening there: and this *Fiend*, who made a ladder for us with his hair, is still fixed as he was before. On this side fell he down from Heaven;

Di là fosti cotanto, quant' io scesi :  
 Quando mi volsi, tu passasti il punto 110  
 Al qual si traggon d' ogni parte i peai :  
 E sei or sotto l' emisferio giunto,  
 Che è opposto a quel, che la gran secca  
 Coverchia, e sotto il cui colmo consunto  
 Fu l' uom che nacque e visse senza pecca : 115  
 Tu hai i piedi in su picciola spera,  
 Che l' altra faccia fa della Giudecca.  
 Qui è da man, quando di là è sera :  
 E questi, che ne fe' scala col pelo,  
 Fitto è ancora, sì come prima era, 120  
 Da questa parte cadde giù dal Cielo :

through by Satan, as an apple by a worm.

<sup>20</sup> Lowest point of the Universe, Center of all Gravity.

<sup>21</sup> The Poets are now in the Hemisphere, placed opposite to our Northern Hemisphere which canopies the "dry land" (*Genesis* i. 9, 10), or stands over that northern part of the globe which, in Dante's time, was supposed to be the only part uncovered by sea. The North Pole "is manifest to nearly all the uncovered

part of the Earth;" and the South Pole "is hidden from nearly all the uncovered part." *Convito*, Tr. iii. c. 5.

<sup>22</sup> The highest or culminating point, above Jerusalem, where the Divine Man "was consumed," or died for our transgressions. "This is Jerusalem; I have set it in the midst of the nations," &c. *Ista est Jerusalem: in medio Gentium possessi eam*, &c. *Ezek.* v. 5.

<sup>23</sup> The face which looks toward Heaven and not toward Hell.

and here the land, which erst stood out, through fear of him veiled itself with sea, and came to our hemisphere: and perhaps, in order to escape from him, that which on this side appears,<sup>24</sup> left here the empty space, and upward rushed.

Down there, from Beelzebub as far removed as his tomb extends, is a space,<sup>25</sup> not known by sight but by the sound of a rivulet descending in it, along the hollow of a rock which it has eaten out with tortuous course and slow declivity.<sup>26</sup> The Guide and I entered by that hidden road, to return into the bright world: and, without caring for any rest, we mounted up, he first and I second, so far that I distinguished through

E la terra, che pria di qua si sporse,  
 Per paura di lui fe' del mar velo,  
 E venne all' emisferio nostro; e forse  
 Per fuggir lui lasciò qui il luogo voto 125  
 Quella che appar di qua, e su ricorse.  
 Luogo è laggiù da Belzebù rimoto  
 Tanto, quanto la tomba si distende,  
 Che non per vista, ma per suono è noto  
 D' un ruscelletto, che quivi discende 130  
 Per la buca d' un sasso, ch' egli ha roso  
 Col corso ch' egli avvolge e poco pende.  
 Lo Duca ed io per quel cammino ascoso  
 Entrammo a ritornar nel chiaro mondo;  
 E senza cura aver d' alcun riposo 135  
 Salimmo su, ei primo ed io secondo,  
 Tanto ch' io vidi delle cose belle

<sup>24</sup> Or the Mount of Purgatory: antipodes of Jerusalem.

<sup>25</sup> An open space which goes from Beelzebub, "Prince of Devils," to the opposite surface of the earth: or as far as his tomb of Hell goes on the other side.

<sup>26</sup> Lit.: "Has gnawed out with the course which it winds and bends little," or gently downward. It flows in a spiral direction and by slow degrees. It is the streamlet of Sin from Purgatory, which also flows back to Satan.



a round opening the beauteous things which Heaven bears ; and thence we issued out, again to see the Stars.

Che porta il Ciel, per un pertugio tondo :  
E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.

END OF THE INFERNO.

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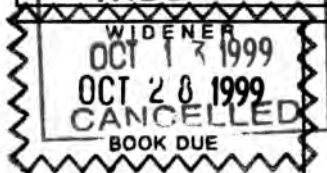
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