

Dante's *Inferno*

Translated by Henry Francis Cary
1814

Inferno - Canto 1 - Cary

1 In the midway of this our mortal life,
2 I found me in a gloomy wood, astray
3 gone from the path direct:

4 and e'en to tell, it were no easy task, how savage wild
5 that forest, how robust and rough its growth,
6 which to remember only, my dismay renews,

7 in bitterness not far from death.
8 Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
9 all else will I relate discover'd there.

10 How first I enter'd it I scarce can say,
11 such sleepy dullness in that instant weigh'd
12 my senses down, when the true path I left;

13 but when a mountain's foot I reach'd,
14 where closed the valley
15 that had pierced my heart with dread,

16 I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
17 already vested with that planet's beam,
18 who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

19 Then was a little respite to the fear,
20 that in my heart's recesses deep had lain
21 all of that night, so pitifully past.

22 And as a man, with difficult short breath,
23 forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
24 turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands at gaze;

25 e'en so my spirit, that yet failed,
26 struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits
27 that none hath passed and lived.

28 My weary frame after short pause recomforted,
29 again I journey'd on over that lonely steep,
30 the hinder foot still firmer.

31 Scarce the ascent began,
32 when, lo! a panther, nimble, light,
33 and cover'd with a speckled skin, appear'd;

34 Nor, when it saw me, vanish'd; rather strove
35 to check my onward going; that oftentimes,
36 with purpose to retrace my steps, I turn'd.

37 The hour was morning's prime,
38 and on his way aloft the sun ascended
39 with those stars, that with him rose

40 when Love divine first moved those its fair works:
41 so that with joyous hope all things conspired
42 to fill me, the gay skin of that swift animal,

43 the matin dawn, and the sweet season.
44 Soon that joy was chased, and by new dread succeeded,
45 when in view a lion came,

46 'gainst me as it appear'd,
47 with his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
48 that e'en the air was fear-struck.

49 A she-wolf was at his heels,
50 who in her leanness seem'd full of all wants,
51 and many a land hath made disconsolate ere now.

52 She with such fear o'erwhelm'd me,
53 at the sight of her appalled,
54 that of the height all hope I lost.

55 As one, who, with his gain elated, sees the time
56 when all unawares is gone, he inwardly
57 mourns with heart-gripping anguish;

58 such was I, haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
59 who coming o'er against me, by degrees
60 impell'd me where the sun in silence rests.

61 While to the lower space with backward step
62 I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one
63 whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse of speech.

64 When him in that great desert I espied,
65 “Have mercy on me,” cried I out aloud,
66 “Spirit! or living man! whate’er thou be.”
67
68 He answered: “Now not man, man once I was,
69 and born of Lombard parents,
70 Mantuans both by country,
71 when the power of Julius yet was scarcely firm.
72 At Rome my life was past, beneath the mild Augustus,
73 in the time of fabled deities and false.
74 A bard was I, and made Anchises’ upright son
75 the subject of my song, who came from Troy,
76 when the flames prey’d on Ilium’s haughty towers.
77 But thou, say wherefore to such perils
78 past return’st thou? Wherefore not this pleasant mount
79 ascendest, cause and source of all delight?”
80 “And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
81 from which such copious floods of eloquence
82 have issued?” I with front abash’d replied.
83 “Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
84 May it avail me, that I long with zeal have sought
85 thy volume, and with love immense have conn’d it o’er.
86 My master thou, and guide! Thou he from whom alone
87 I have derived that style,
88 which for its beauty into fame exalts me.
89 See the beast, from whom I fled. O save me from her,
90 thou illustrious sage! For every vein and pulse throughout
91 my frame she hath made tremble.”
92 He, soon as he saw that I was weeping, answer’d, “
93 Thou must needs another way pursue,
94 if thou wouldst ‘scape from out that savage wilderness.
95 This beast, at whom thou criest,
96 her way will suffer none to pass,
97 and no less hindrance makes than death:

98 so bad and so accursed in her kind,
99 that never sated is her ravenous will,
100 still after food more craving than before.

101 To many an animal in wedlock vile she fastens,
102 and shall yet to many more, until that greyhound come,
103 who shall destroy her with sharp pain.

104 He will not life support by earth nor its base metals,
105 but by love, wisdom, and virtue;
106 and his land shall be the land 'twixt either Feltro.

107 In his might shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
108 for whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
109 Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.

110 He, with incessant chase, through every town
111 shall worry, until he to hell at length
112 restore her, thence by envy first let loose.

113 I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
114 that thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,
115 will lead thee hence through an eternal space,

116 where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks,
117 and see spirits of old tormented,
118 who invoke a second death;

119 and those next view, who dwell
120 content in fire, for that they hope to come,
121 whene'er the time may be, among the blest,

122 into whose regions if thou then desire to ascend,
123 a spirit worthier than I must lead thee,
124 in whose charge, when I depart, thou shalt be left:

125 for that Almighty King, Who reigns above,
126 a rebel to his law adjudges me; and therefore hath
127 decreed that, to his city, none through me should come.

128 He in all parts hath sway; there rules,
129 there holds His citadel and throne.
130 O happy those, whom there He chases!"

131 I to him in few: "Bard! by that God,
132 whom thou didst not adore, I do beseech thee
133 (that this ill and worse I may escape)

134 to lead me where thou said'st,
135 that I Saint Peter's gate may view,
136 and those who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."

137 Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

Inferno - Canto 2 - Cary

1 Now was the day departing, and the air,
2 imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils released
3 all animals on earth; and I alone

4 prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
5 both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
6 which my unerring memory shall retrace.

7 O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe your aid.
8 O mind! that all I saw hast kept safe in a written record,
9 here thy worth and eminent endowments come to proof.

10 I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my guide?
11 Consider well, if virtue be in me sufficient,
12 ere to this high enterprise thou trust me.

13 Thou hast told that Silvius' sire, yet clothed
14 in corruptible flesh, among the immortal tribes
15 had entrance, and was there sensibly present.

16 Yet if heaven's great Lord, Almighty foe to ill,
17 such favor showed in contemplation of the high effect,
18 both what and who from him should issue forth,

19 it seems in reason's judgment well deserved;
20 sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,
21 in heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire:

22 both which, if truth be spoken,
23 were ordained and stablish'd for the holy place,
24 where sits who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.

25 He from this journey, in thy song renowned,
26 learn'd things, that to his victory gave rise
27 and to the papal robe.

28 In after-times the chosen vessel also traveled there,
29 to bring us back assurance in that faith
30 which is the entrance to salvation's way.

31 But I, why should I there presume? or who permits it?
32 not Aeneas I, nor Paul.
33 Myself I deem not worthy, and none else will deem me.

34 I, if on this voyage then I venture,
35 fear it will in folly end. Thou, who art wise,
36 better my meaning know'st, than I can speak."

37 As one, who unresolves what he hath late resolved,
38 and with new thoughts changes his purpose,
39 from his first intent removed;

40 e'en such was I on that dun coast,
41 wasting in thought my enterprise,
42 at first so eagerly embraced.

43 "If right thy words I scan,"
44 replied that shade magnanimous,
45 "Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd,

46 which oft so overcasts a man, that he recoils
47 from noblest resolution, like a beast
48 at some false semblance in the twilight gloom.

49 That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,
50 I will instruct thee why I came, and what I heard
51 in that same instant, when for thee grief touch'd me first.

52 I was among the tribe, who rest suspended,
53 when a dame, so blest and lovely
54 I besought her to command, call'd me;

55 her eyes were brighter than the star
56 of day, and she, with gentle voice and soft,
57 angelically tuned, her speech address'd:

58 'O courteous shade of Mantua!
59 thou whose fame yet lives,
60 and shall live long as nature lasts!

61 A friend, not of my fortune but myself,
62 on the wide desert in his road has met
63 hindrance so great, that he through fear has turn'd.

64 Now much I dread lest he past help have stray'd,
65 and I be risen too late for his relief,
66 from what in heaven of him I heard.

67 Speed now, and by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
68 and by all means for his deliverance meet,
69 assist him. So to me will comfort spring.

70 I, who now bid thee on this errand forth,
71 am Beatrice, from a place I come revisited with joy.
72 Love brought me thence, who prompts my speech.

73 When in my master's sight I stand,
74 thy praise to him I oft will tell.'
75 She then was silent, and I thus began:

76 'O Lady! by whose influence alone
77 mankind excels whatever is contain'd
78 within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,

79 so thy command delights me, that to obey,
80 if it were done already, would seem late.
81 No need hast thou further to speak thy will:

82 yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth
83 to leave that ample space, where to return
84 thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'

85 She then: 'Since thou so deeply wouldst inquire,
86 I will instruct thee briefly why no dread
87 hinders my entrance here.

88 Those things alone are to be fear'd
89 whence evil may proceed;
90 none else, for none are terrible beside.

91 I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace!
92 That any sufferance of your misery touches me not,
93 nor flame of that fierce fire assails me.

94 In high heaven a blessed dame resides, who mourns
95 with such effectual grief that hindrance, which I send thee
96 to remove, that God's stern judgment to her will inclines.

97 To Lucia, calling, her she thus bespake:
98 “Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
99 and I commend him to thee.”

100 At her word sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
101 and coming to the place, where I abode
102 seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,

103 she thus address'd me: “Thou true praise of God! Beatrice!
104 why is not thy succor lent to him, who so much loved thee,
105 as to leave for thy sake all the multitude admires?”

106 Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
107 nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,
108 swol'n mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?”

109 Ne'er among men did any with such speed
110 haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
111 as, when these words were spoken,

112 I came here, down from my blessed seat,
113 trusting the force of thy pure eloquence, which thee,
114 and all who well have mark'd it, into honor bring.”

115 When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
116 tearful she turn'd aside;
117 whereat I felt redoubled zeal to serve thee.

118 As she will'd, thus am I come:
119 I saved thee from the beast, who thy near way
120 across the goodly mount prevented.

121 What is this comes o'er thee then? Why, why dost thou
122 hang back? why in thy breast harbor vile fear?
123 why hast not courage there, and noble daring;

124 since three maids, so blest,
125 thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven;
126 and so much certain good my words forebode?”

127 As florets, by the frosty air of night bent down
128 and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
129 rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;

130 so was my fainting vigor new restored,
131 and to my heart such kindly courage ran,
132 that I as one undaunted soon replied:

133 “O full of pity she, who undertook
134 my succor! and thou kind, who didst perform
135 so soon her true behest!

136 With such desire thou hast disposed me
137 to renew my voyage,
138 that my first purpose fully is resumed.

139 Lead on: one only will is in us both.
140 Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord.”
141 So spake I; and when he had onward moved,

142 I enter’d on the deep and woody way.

Inferno - Canto 3 - Cary

1 “Through me you pass into the city of woe:
2 through me you pass into eternal pain:
3 through me among the people lost for aye.

4 Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
5 to rear me was the task of power divine,
6 supremest wisdom, and primeval love.

7
8 Before me things create were none,
9 save things eternal, and eternal I endure.
10 All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

11 Such characters, in color dim, I mark’d
12 over a portal’s lofty arch inscribed. Whereat I thus:
13 “Master, these words import hard meaning.”

14 He as one prepared replied:
15 “Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;
16 here be vile fear extinguish’d.

17 We are come where I have told thee
18 we shall see the souls to misery doom’d,
19 who intellectual good have lost.”

20 And when his hand he had stretch’d forth
21 to mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer’d,
22 into that secret place he led me on.

23 Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
24 resounded through the air pierced by no star,
25 that e’en I wept at entering.

26 Various tongues, horrible languages, outcries of woe,
27 accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
28 with hands together smote that swell’d the sounds,

29 Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
30 round through that air with solid darkness stain’d,
31 like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

32 I then, with error yet encompass, cried:
33 “O master! what is this I hear? what race
34 are these, who seem so overcome with woe?”

35 He thus to me: “This miserable fate
36 suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived
37 without or praise or blame,
38 with that ill band of angels mix’d,
39 who nor rebellious proved, nor yet were true to God,
40 but for themselves were only.

41 From his bounds Heaven drove them forth not to impair
42 his lustre; nor the depth of Hell receives them, lest the
43 accursed tribe should glory thence with exultation vain.”

44 I then: “Master! what doth aggrieve them thus,
45 that they lament so loud?” He straight replied:
46 “That will I tell thee briefly.

47 These of death no hope may entertain:
48 and their blind life so meanly passes,
49 that all other lots they envy.

50 Fame of them the world hath none,
51 nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
52 Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by.”

53 And I, who straightway look’d, beheld a flag,
54 which whirling ran around so rapidly,
55 that it no pause obtain’d:
56 and following came
57 such a long train of spirits, I should ne’er
58 have thought that death so many had despoil’d.

59 When some of these I recognized, I saw
60 and knew the shade of him, who to base fear
61 yielding, abjured his high estate.

62 Forthwith I understood, for certain,
63 this the tribe of those ill spirits
64 both to God displeasing and to his foes.

65 These wretches, who ne'er lived,
66 went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
67 by wasps and hornets,

68 which bedew'd their cheeks
69 With blood, that, mix'd with tears, dropp'd to their feet,
70 and by disgustful worms was gather'd there.

71 Then looking further onward, I beheld
72 a throng upon the shore of a great stream:
73 whereat I thus: "Sir! grant me now

74 to know whom here we view, and whence impell'd
75 they seem so eager to pass o'er, as I discern
76 through the blear light?"

77 He thus to me in few:
78 "This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive
79 beside the woful tide of Acheron."

80 Then with eyes downward cast, and fill'd with shame,
81 fearing my words offensive to his ear,
82 till we had reach'd the river, I from speech abstain'd.

83 And lo! toward us in a bark
84 comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
85 crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits!

86 hope not ever to see the sky again. I come to take you
87 to the other shore across, into eternal darkness,
88 there to dwell in fierce heat and in ice.

89 And thou, who there standest, live spirit!
90 get thee hence, and leave these who are dead."
91 But soon as he beheld I left them not,

92 "By other way," said he, "By other haven
93 shalt thou come to shore, not by this passage;
94 thee a nimbler boat must carry."

95 Then to him thus spake my guide:
96 "Charon! thyself torment not: so 'tis will'd,
97 where will and power are one: ask thou no more."

98 Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks
99 of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,
100 around whose eyes glared wheeling flames.

101 Meanwhile those spirits, faint and naked,
102 color changed, and gnash'd their teeth,
103 soon as the cruel words they heard.

104 God and their parents they blasphemed,
105 the human kind, the place, the time, and seed,
106 that did engender them and give them birth.

107 Then all together sorely wailing drew
108 to the curst strand, that every man must pass
109 who fears not God.

110 Charon, demoniac form, with eyes of burning coal,
111 collects them all, beckoning,
112 and each, that lingers, with his oar strikes.

113 As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
114 one still another following, till the bough
115 strews all its honors on the earth beneath,

116 e'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
117 cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,
118 each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

119 Thus go they over through the umber'd wave,
120 and ever they on the opposing bank be landed,
121 on this side another throng still gathers.

122 "Son," thus spake the courteous guide,
123 "Those who die subject to the wrath of God
124 all here together come from every clime

125 and to o'erpass the river are not loth:
126 for so Heaven's justice goads them on,
127 that fear is turn'd into desire.

128 Hence ne'er hath past good spirit.
129 If of thee Charon complain,
130 now mayst thou know the import of his words."

131 This said, the gloomy region trembling shook
132 so terribly, that yet with clammy dews
133 fear chills my brow.

134 The sad earth gave a blast,
135 that, lightening, shot forth a vermillion flame,
136 which all my senses conquer'd quite,

137 and I down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seized.

Inferno - Canto 4 - Cary

1 Broke the deep slumber in my brain a crash
2 of heavy thunder, that I shook myself;
3 as one by main force roused.

4 Risen upright, my rested eyes I moved around,
5 and search'd with fixed ken,
6 to know what place it was wherein I stood.

7 For certain, on the brink I found me
8 of the lamentable vale, the dread abyss,
9 that joins a thundrous sound of plaints innumerable.

10 Dark and deep, and thick with clouds overspread,
11 mine eye in vain
12 explored its bottom, nor could aught discern.

13 “Now let us to the blind world there beneath
14 descend,” the bard began, all pale of look:
15 “I go the first, and thou shalt follow next.”

16 Then I, his altered hue perceiving, thus:
17 “How may I speed, if thou yieldest to dread,
18 who still art wont to comfort me in doubt?”

19 He then: “The anguish of that race below
20 with pity stains my cheek,
21 which thou for fear mistakest.

22 Let us on. Our length of way urges to haste.” Onward,
23 this said, he moved; and entering led me with him, on the
24 bounds of the first circle that surrounds the abyss.

25 Here, as mine ear could note,
26 no plaint was heard except of sighs,
27 that made the eternal air tremble,

28 not caused by tortures, but from grief
29 felt by those multitudes, many and vast,
30 of men, women, and infants.

31 Then to me the gentle guide: "Inquirest thou not
32 what spirits are these which thou beholdest?
33 Ere thou pass farther,

34 I would thou know, that these of sin were blameless;
35 and if aught they merited, it profits not,
36 since baptism was not theirs, the portal to thy faith.

37 If they before the Gospel lived,
38 they served not God aright;
39 and among such am I.

40 For these defects, and for no other evil,
41 we are lost; only so far afflicted,
42 that we live desiring without hope."

43 Sore grief assailed my heart at hearing this,
44 for well I knew suspended in that Limbo
45 many a soul of mighty worth.

46 "O tell me, sire revered! Tell me, my master!"
47 I began, through wish of full assurance
48 in that holy faith which vanquishes all error;

49 "say, did e'er any, or through his own or other's merit,
50 come forth from thence, who afterward was blest?"
51 Piercing the secret purport of my speech,

52 he answer'd: "I was new to that estate
53 when I beheld a puissant one arrive amongst us,
54 with victorious trophy crowned.

55 He forth the shade of our first parent drew,
56 Abel his child, and Noah righteous man,
57 of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,

58 of patriarch Abraham, and David king,
59 Israel with his sire and with his sons,
60 nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,

61 and others many more, whom he to bliss
62 exalted. Before these, be thou assured,
63 no spirit of human kind was ever saved."

64 We, while he spake, ceased not our onward road,
65 still passing through the wood;
66 for so I name those spirits thick beset.

67 We were not far on this side from the summit,
68 when I kenn'd a flame,
69 that o'er the darken'd hemisphere prevailing shined.

70 Yet we a little space were distant, not so far
71 but I in part discover'd that a tribe
72 in honor high that place possess'd.

73 "O thou, who every art and science values"!
74 who are these, that boast such honor,
75 separate from all the rest?"

76 He answer'd: "The renown of their great names,
77 that echoes through your world above, acquires
78 favor in Heaven, which holds them thus advanced."

79 Meantime a voice I heard:
80 "Honor the bard sublime!
81 his shade returns, that left us late!"

82 No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld
83 four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,
84 of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.

85 When thus my master kind began: "Mark him,
86 who in his right hand bears that falchion keen,
87 the other three preceding, as their lord.

88 This is that Homer, of all bards supreme:
89 Flaccus the next, in satire's vein excelling;
90 the third is Naso; Lucan is the last.

91 Because they all that appellation own,
92 with which the voice singly accosted me,
93 honoring they greet me thus, and well they judge."

94 So I beheld united the bright school
95 of him the monarch of sublimest song,
96 that o'er the others like an eagle soars.

97 When they together short discourse had held,
98 they turn'd to me, with salutation kind
99 beckoning me; at the which my master smiled:

100 Nor was this all; but greater honor still
101 they gave me, for they made me of their tribe;
102 and I was sixth amid so learn'd a band.

103 Far as the luminous beacon on we pass'd,
104 speaking of matters, then befitting well
105 to speak, now fitter left untold.

106 At foot of a magnificent castle we arrived,
107 seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round
108 defended by a pleasant stream.

109 O'er this as o'er dry land we pass'd.
110 Next, through seven gates, I with those sages enter'd,
111 and we came into a mead with lively verdure fresh.

112 There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around majestically moved,
113 and in their port bore eminent authority:
114 they spake seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.

115 We to one side retired, into a place
116 open and bright and lofty, whence each one
117 stood manifest to view.

118 Incontinent, there on the green enamel of the plain
119 were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight
120 I am exalted in my own esteem.

121 Electra there I saw accompanied by many,
122 among whom Hector I knew, Anchises' pious son,
123 and with hawk's eye Caesar all arm'd,

124 and by Camilla there Penthesilea.
125 On the other side, old king Latinus
126 seated by his child Lavinia,

127 and that Brutus I beheld who Tarquin chased,
128 Lucretia, Cato's wife Marcia, with Julia and Cornelia there;
129 and sole apart retired, the Soldan fierce.

130 Then when a little more I raised my brow,
131 I spied the master of the sapient throng,
132 seated amid the philosophic train.
133
134 Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.
135 There Socrates and Plato both I mark'd
136 nearest to him in rank,

137 Democritus, who sets the world at chance, Diogenes,
138 with Heraclitus, and Empedocles,
139 and Anaxagoras, and Thales sage, Zeno,

140 and Dioscorides well read
141 in nature's secret lore. Orpheus I mark'd
142 and Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,

143 Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,
144 Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
145 the commentary vast, Averroes.

146 Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;
147 for my wide theme so urges, that ofttimes
148 my words fall short of what bechanced.

149 In two the six associates part. Another way
150 my sage guide leads me, from that air serene,
151 into a climate ever vex'd with storms

152 And to a part I come, where no light shines.

Inferno - Canto 5 - Cary

1 From the first circle I descended thus down
2 to the second, which, a lesser space embracing,
3 so much more of grief contains, provoking bitter moans.

4 There Minos stands, grinning with ghastly feature:
5 he, of all who enter, strict examining the crimes, gives sentence,
6 and dismisses them beneath, according as he foldeth him around:

7 For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
8 it all confesses;
9 and that judge severe of sins,

10 considering what place in Hell suits the transgression,
11 with his tail so oft himself encircles,
12 as degrees beneath he dooms it to descend.

13 Before him stand always a numerous throng;
14 and in his turn each one to judgment passing, speaks, and
15 hears His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.

16 "O thou! who to this residence of woe approachest!"
17 when he saw me coming, cried Minos,
18 relinquishing his dread employ,

19 "Look how thou enter here; beware in whom thou place
20 thy trust; let not the entrance broad deceive thee
21 to thy harm." To him my guide: "Wherefore exclaimest?"

22 Hinder not his way by destiny appointed;
23 so 'tis willed, where will and power are one.
24 Ask thou no more."

25 Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
26 Now am I come where many a plaining voice
27 smites on mine ear.

28 Into a place I came where light was silent all.
29 Bellowing there groan'd a noise, as of a sea
30 in tempest torn by warring winds.

31 The stormy blast of Hell
32 with restless fury drives the spirits on,
33 whirled round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.

34 When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
35 there shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
36 and blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in Heaven.

37 I understood, that to this torment sad
38 the carnal sinners are condemn'd,
39 in whom reason by lust is sway'd.

40 As, in large troops and multitudinous, when winter
41 reigns, the starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
42 so bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.

43 On this side and on that, above, below,
44 it drives them: hope of rest to solace them
45 is none, nor e'en of milder pang.

46 As cranes, chanting their dolorous notes,
47 traverse the sky, stretch'd out in long array;
48 so I beheld spirits,

49 who came loud wailing, hurried on
50 by their dire doom. Then I "Instructor! who
51 are these, by the black air so scourged?"

52 "The first 'mong those, of whom thou question'st,"
53 he replied,
54 "O'er many tongues was empress.

55 She in vice of luxury was so shameless,
56 that she made liking be lawful by promulged decree,
57 to clear the blame she had herself incurr'd.

58 This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
59 that she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
60 and held the land, which now the Soldan rules.

61 The next in amorous fury slew herself,
62 and to Sichaus' ashes broke her faith:
63 Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

64 There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so long
65 the time was fraught with evil; there the great
66 Achilles, who with love fought to the end.

67 Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
68 a thousand more he show'd me, and by name
69 pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

70 When I had heard my sage instructor name,
71 those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpower'd
72 by pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind was lost;

73 and I began: "Bard! willingly,
74 I would address those two together coming,
75 which seem so light before the wind."

76 He thus: "Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
77 Then by that love which carries them along,
78 entreat; and they will come."

79 Soon as the wind sway'd them toward us,
80 I thus framed my speech: "O wearied spirits! come,
81 and hold discourse with us, if by none else restrain'd."

82 As doves by fond desire invited, on wide wings
83 and firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
84 cleave the air, wafted by their will along;

85 Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
86 they, through the ill air speeding with such force
87 my cry prevail'd, by strong affection urged.

88 "O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
89 visiting, through this element obscure,
90 us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued,

91 if, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd,
92 our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
93 since thou hast pity on our evil plight.

94 Of whatso'er to hear or to discourse it pleases thee,
95 that will we hear, of that freely with thee discourse,
96 while e'er the wind, as now, is mute.

97 The land, that gave me birth,
98 is situate on the coast, where Po descends
99 to rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

100 “Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
101 entangled him by that fair form, from me
102 ta’en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:

103 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
104 caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
105 that, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.

106 Love brought us to one death:
107 Caïna waits the soul, who spilt our life.”
108 Such were their words;

109 at hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
110 and held them there so long, that the bard cried:
111 “What art thou pondering?” I in answer thus:

112 “Alas! by what sweet thoughts,
113 what fond desire must they at length
114 to that ill pass have reach’d!”

115 Then turning, I to them my speech address’d,
116 and thus began: “Francesca! your sad fate
117 even to tears my grief and pity moves.

118 But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
119 by what, and how Love granted,
120 that ye knew your yet uncertain wishes?”

121 She replied: “No greater grief than to remember
122 days of joy, when misery is at hand.
123 That kens thy learn’d instructor.

124 Yet so eagerly if thou art bent to know the primal root,
125 from whence our love gat being,
126 I will do as one, who weeps and tells his tale.

127 One day, for our delight we read of Lancelot,
128 how him love thrall’d.
129 Alone we were, and no suspicion near us.

130 Ofttimes by that reading our eyes were drawn together,
131 and the hue fled from our alter'd cheek.
132 But at one point alone we fell.

133 When of that smile we read, the wished smile
134 so rapturously kiss'd by one so deep in love, then he,
135 who ne'er from me shall separate, at once my lips

136 all trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
137 were love's purveyors.
138 In its leaves that day we read no more."

139 While thus one spirit spake,
140 the other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck
141 I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
142 from death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

Inferno - Canto 6 - Cary

1 My sense reviving, that erewhile had droop'd
2 with pity for the kindred shades,
3 whence grief o'ercame me wholly,

4 straight around I see new torments,
5 new tormented souls, which way;
6 soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.

7 In the third circle I arrive, of showers
8 ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged
9 forever, both in kind and in degree.

10 Large hail, discolor'd water, sleety flaw
11 through the dun midnight air stream'd down amain:
12 stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.

13 Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
14 through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog
15 over the multitude immersed beneath.

16 His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard, his
17 belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which he tears the
18 spirits, flays them, and their limbs piecemeal disparts.

19 Howling there spread, as curs, under the rainy deluge,
20 with one side the other screening,
21 oft they roll them round, a wretched, godless crew.

22 When that great worm descried us, savage Cerberus,
23 he aped his jaws, and the fangs show'd us,
24 not a limb of him but trembled.

25 Then my guide, his palms expanding on the ground,
26 thence fill'd with earth raised them,
27 and cast it in his ravenous maw.

28 E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food his keeper,
29 when the morsel comes, lets fall his fury,
30 bent alone with eager haste to swallow it;

31 so dropp'd the loathsome cheeks
32 of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns
33 the spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.

34 We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the brunt
35 of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
36 upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.

37 They all along the earth extended lay,
38 save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,
39 soon as that way he saw us pass.

40 "O thou!" He cried, "who through the infernal shades
41 art led, own, if again thou know'st me.
42 Thou wast framed or ere my frame was broken."

43 I replied: "The anguish thou endurest perchance
44 so takes thy form from my remembrance,
45 that it seems as if I saw thee never.

46 But inform me who thou art, that in a place so sad
47 art set, and in such torment,
48 that although other be greater, none disgusteth more."

49 He thus In answer to my words rejon'd:
50 "Thy city, heap'd with envy to the brim, aye,
51 that the measure overflows its bounds, held me in brighter days.

52 Ye citizens were wont to name me Ciacco.
53 For the sin of gluttony, damned vice,
54 beneath this rain, e'en as thou seest,

55 I with fatigue am worn nor I sole spirit
56 in this woe all these have by like crime
57 incurr'd like punishment."No more he said,

58 and I my speech resumed:
59 "Ciacco! thy dire affliction grieves me much,
60 even to tears. But tell me, if thou know'st,

61 what shall at length befall the citizens of the divided city;
62 whether any just one inhabit there and tell the cause,
63 whence jarring discord hath assail'd it thus."

64 He then: "After long striving they will come
65 to blood; and the wild party from the woods
66 will chase the other with much injury forth.

67 Then it behoves that this must fall, within three
68 solar circles; and the other rise by borrow'd force of one,
69 who under shore now rests.

70 It shall a long space hold aloof its forehead,
71 keeping under heavy weight the other oppress,
72 indignant at the load, and grieving sore.

73 The just are two in number, but they neglected.
74 Avarice, envy, pride, three fatal sparks,
75 have set the hearts of all on fire."

76 Here ceased the lamentable sound;
77 and I continued thus: "Still would I learn
78 more from thee, further parley still entreat.

79 Of Farinata and Tegghiaio say? They who
80 so well deserved; of Giacopo, Arrigo, Mosca,
81 and the rest, who bent their minds on working good.

82 Oh! tell me where they bide, and to their knowledge let one come.
83 For I am prest with keen desire to hear if heaven's sweet cup,
84 or poisonous drug of Hell, be to their lip assign'd."

85 He answer'd straight: "These are yet blacker spirits.
86 Various crimes have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
87 If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them.

88 But to the pleasant world, when thou return'st,
89 of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.
90 No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."

91 This said, his fixed eyes he turn'd askance,
92 a little eyed me, then bent down his head,
93 and midst his blind companions with it fell.

94 When thus my guide: "No more his bed he leaves,
95 ere the last angel-trumpet blow.
96 The Power Adverse to these shall then in glory come,

97 each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,
98 resume his fleshly vesture and his form,
99 and hear the eternal doom reechoing rend the vault.”

100 So pass’d we through that mixture foul
101 of spirits and rain, with tardy steps;
102 meanwhile touching, though slightly, on the life to come.

103 For thus I questioned: “Shall these tortures, Sir!
104 when the great sentence passes be increased,
105 or mitigated, or as now severe?”

106 He then: “Consult thy knowledge; that decides,
107 that, as each thing to more perfection grows,
108 it feels more sensibly both good and pain.

109 Though ne’er to true perfection may arrive
110 this race accurst, yet nearer then, than now,
111 they shall approach it.”

112 Compassing that path, circuitous we journey’d;
113 and discourse, much more than I relate, between us pass’d:
114 till at the point, whence the steps led below,

115 arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

Inferno - Canto 7 - Cary

1 "Ah me! O Satan! Satan!"
2 loud exclaim'd Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm
3 and the kind sage, whom no event surprised,

4 to comfort me thus spake: "Let not thy fear
5 harm thee, for power in him, be sure, is none
6 to hinder down this rock thy safe descent."

7 Then to that swol'n lip turning, "Peace!" he cried,
8 "Curst wolf! thy fury inward on thyself
9 prey, and consume thee! Through the dark profound,

10 not without cause, he passes. So 'tis will'd
11 on high, there where the great Archangel pour'd
12 Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer proud."

13 As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
14 drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split;
15 so to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend.

16 Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,
17 gain'd on the dismal shore, that all the woe
18 hems in of all the universe.

19 Ah me! Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap'st
20 new pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.
21 Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this?

22 E'en as a billow, on Charybdis rising,
23 against encounter'd billow dashing breaks;
24 such is the dance this wretched race must lead,

25 whom more than elsewhere numerous here I found.
26 From one side and the other, with loud voice,
27 both roll'd on weights, by main force of their breasts,

28 then smote together, and each one forthwith
29 roll'd them back voluble, turning again,
30 exclaiming these, "Why holdest thou so fast?"

31 Those answering, "And why castest thou away?"
32 So, still repeating their spiteful song, they to the opposite point,
33 on either hand, traversed the horrid circle;

34 then arrived, both turn'd them round,
35 and through the middle space conflicting met again.
36 At sight whereof I, stung with grief, thus spake:

37 "O say, my guide! What race is this.
38 Were these, whose heads are shorn.
39 On our left hand, all separate to the church?"

40 He straight replied: "In their first life,
41 these all in mind were so distorted, that they made,
42 according to due measure, of their wealth no use.

43 This clearly from their words collect,
44 which they howl forth, at each extremity arriving of the circle,
45 where their crime contrary in kind disparts them.

46 To the church were separate those, that with no hairy
47 cowls are crown'd, both popes and cardinals,
48 o'er whom avarice dominion absolute maintains."

49 I then: "Mid such as these some needs must be,
50 whom I shall recognize, that with the blot,
51 of these foul sins were stain'd."

52 He answering thus: "Vain thought conceivest thou.
53 That ignoble life, which made them vile before,
54 now makes them dark, and to all knowledge indiscernible.

55 Forever they shall meet in this rude shock:
56 these from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise,
57 those with close-shaven locks.

58 That ill they gave, and ill they kept,
59 hath of the beauteous world deprived, and set them at this strife,
60 which needs no labor'd phrase of mine to set it off.

61 Now mayst thou see, my son! how brief, how vain,
62 The goods committed into Fortune's hands,
63 for which the human race keep such a coil!

64 Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,
65 or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
66 might purchase rest for one.”

67 I thus rejoin’d: “My guide! of these this also
68 would I learn; this Fortune, that thou speak’st of,
69 what it is, whose talons grasp the blessings of the world.”

70 He thus: “O beings blind!
71 what ignorance besets you!
72 Now my judgment hear and mark.

73 He, whose transcendent wisdom passes all,
74 the heavens creating, gave them ruling powers to guide them;
75 so that each part shines to each,

76 their light in equal distribution pour’d.
77 By similar appointment he ordain’d, over the world’s bright images to rule,
78 superintendence of a guiding hand

79 and general minister, which, at due time,
80 may change the empty vantages of life from race to race,
81 from one to other’s blood, beyond prevention of man’s wisest care:

82 wherefore one nation rises into sway, another languishes,
83 e’en as her will decrees, from us conceal’d,
84 as in the grass the serpent train.

85 Against her nought avails your utmost wisdom.
86 She with foresight plans, judges, and carries on her reign,
87 as theirs the other powers divine. Her changes know

88 none intermission by necessity
89 she is made swift, so frequent come who claim fit.
90 Succession in her favors.

91 This is she, so execrated even by those whose debt
92 to her is rather praise they wrongfully with blame
93 requite her, and with evil word,

94 but she is blessed, and for that recks not
95 amidst the other primal beings glad
96 rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.

97 Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe descending
98 for each star is falling now, that mounted at our entrance,
99 and forbids too long our tarrying.”

100 We the circle crossed to the next steep,
101 arriving at a well, that boiling pours itself down
102 to a foss sluiced from its source.

103 Far murkier was the wave than sablest grain
104 and we in company of the inky waters, journeying by their side,
105 entered, though by a different track, beneath.

106 Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands
107 dismal stream, when it hath reached the foot
108 of the gray withere’ cliffs.

109 Intent I stood to gaze, and in the marish sunk
110 descried a miry tribe, all naked,
111 and with looks betokening rage.

112 They with their hands alone
113 struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
114 cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

115 The good instructor spake: “Now seest thou, son!
116 The souls of those, whom anger overcame.
117 This too for certain know,

118 that underneath the water dwells a multitude,
119 whose sighs into these bubbles make the surface heave,
120 as thine eye tells thee wheresoever it turn.

121 Fix’d in the slime, they say: ‘Sad once were we,
122 in the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
123 carrying a foul and lazy mist within

124 now in these murky settlings are we sad.’
125 Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
126 but word distinct can utter none.”

127 Our route thus compass’d we, a segment widely stretch’d
128 between the dry embankment, and the core of the loath’d pool,
129 turning meanwhile our eyes downward on those who gulp’d its muddy lees,

130 nor stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came.

Inferno - Canto 8 - Cary

1 My theme pursuing, I relate, that ere
2 we reach'd the lofty turret's base, our eyes
3 its height ascended, where we mark'd uphung

4 two cressets, and another saw from far
5 return the signal, so remote, that scarce
6 the eye could catch its beam.

7 I, turning round to the deep source of knowledge,
8 thus inquired: "Say what this means; and what,
9 that other light in answer set: what agency doth this?"

10 "There on the filthy waters," he replied,
11 "e'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,
12 if the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not."

13 Never was arrow from the cord dismiss'd,
14 that ran its way so nimbly through the air,
15 as a small bark, that through the waves I spied

16 toward us coming, under the sole sway
17 of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:
18 "Art thou arrived, fell spirit?"

19 "Phlegyas, Phlegyas, this time thou criest in vain,"
20 my lord replied; "No longer shalt thou have us,
21 but while o'er the slimy pool we pass."

22 As one who hears of some great wrong he hath sustain'd,
23 whereat inly he pines
24 so Phlegyas inly pined in his fierce ire.

25 My gliide, descending, stepp'd to the skiff,
26 and bade me enter next, close at his side;
27 nor, till my entrance, seem'd the vessel freighted.

28 Soon as both embark'd,
29 cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,
30 more deeply than with others it is wont.

31 While we our course o'er the dead channel held,
32 one drench'd in mire before me came, and said:
33 "Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine hour?"

34 I answer'd: "Though I come, I tarry not
35 but who art thou, that art become so foul?"
36 "One, as thou seest, who mourn": he straight replied.

37 To which I thus: "In mourning and in woe,
38 curst spirit! tarry thou. I know thee well,
39 e'en thus in filth disguised."

40 Then stretch'd he forth hands to the bark;
41 whereof my teacher sage aware, thrusting trim back:
42 "Away! down there to the other dogs!"

43 then, with his arms my neck encircling, kiss'd my cheek, and spake:
44 "O soul, justly disdainful!
45 blest was she in whom thou wast conceived.

46 He in the world was one for arrogance noted:
47 to his memory no virtue lends its lustre;
48 even so here is his shadow furious.

49 There above, how many now hold themselves
50 mighty kings, who here like swine shall wallow
51 in the mire, leaving behind them horrible dispraise."

52 I then: "Master! him fain
53 would I behold whelm'd in these dregs,
54 before we quit the lake."

55 He thus: "Or ever to thy view the shore
56 be offer'd, satisfied shall be that wish,
57 which well deserves completion."

58 Scarce his words were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
59 set on him with such violence, that yet
60 for that render I thanks to God, and praise.

61 "To Filippo Argenti!" cried they all:
62 and on himself the moody Florentine
63 turn'd his avenging fangs.

64 Him here we left, nor speak I of him more.
65 But on mine ear sudden a sound of lamentation smote,
66 whereat mine eye unbarr'd I sent abroad.

67 And thus the good instructor: "Now, my son
68 draws near the city, that of Dis is named,
69 with its grave denizens, a mighty throng."

70 I thus: "The minarets already, Sir! There, certes,
71 in the valley I descry, gleaming vermilion,
72 as if they from fire had issued."

73 He replied "Eternal fire,
74 that inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame
75 illumed; as in this nether Hell thou seest."

76 We came within the fosses deep, that moat
77 this region comfortless. The walls appeared
78 as they were framed of iron.

79 We had made wide circuit, ere a place we reach'd,
80 where loud the mariner cried vehement:
81 "Go forth: the entrance is here."

82 Upon the gates I spied more than a thousand,
83 who of old from heaven were shower'd.
84 With ireful gestures, "Who is this," they cried,

85 "that, without death first felt, goes through
86 the regions of the dead?" My sapient guide
87 made sign that he for secret parley wish'd;

88 whereat their angry scorn abating, thus
89 they spake: "Come thou alone; and let him go,
90 who hath so hardily enter'd this realm.

91 Alone return he by his witless way; if well he knew it,
92 let him prove. For thee, here shalt thou tarry,
93 who through clime so dark hast been his escort."

94 Now bethink thee, reader!
95 What cheer was mine at sound of those curst words.
96 I did believe I never should return.

97 "O my loved guide! who more than seven times
98 security hast render'd me, and drawn
99 from peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,
100 desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.
101 And, if our onward going be denied,
102 together trace we back our steps with speed."
103 My liege, who thither had conducted me, replied:
104 "Fear not: for of our passage none hath power to disappoint us,
105 by such high Authority permitted.
106 But do thou expect me here; meanwhile,
107 thy wearied spirit comfort, and feed with kindly hope,
108 assured I will not leave thee in this lower world."
109 This said, departs the sire benevolent,
110 and quits me. Hesitating I remain
111 at war, 'twixt will and will not, in my thoughts.
112 I could not hear what terms he offer'd them,
113 but they conferr'd not long, for all at once
114 pellmell rush'd back within.
115 Closed were the gates, by those our adversaries,
116 on the breast of my liege lord:
117 excluded, he return'd to me with tardy steps.
118 Upon the ground his eyes were bent, and from his brow erased all confidence,
119 while thus in sighs he spake:
120 "Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"
121 Then thus to me: "That I am anger'd,
122 think no ground of terror: in this trial I shall vanquish,
123 use what arts they may within for hindrance.
124 This their insolence, not new,
125 erewhile at gate less secret they display'd,
126 which still is without bolt;
127 upon its arch thou saw'st the deadly scroll:
128 and even now, on this side of its entrance,
129 down the steep, passing the circles, unescorted, comes

One whose strong might can open us this land.”

Inferno - Canto 9 - Cary

1 The hue, which coward dread on my pale cheeks;
2 imprinted when I saw my guide turn back, chased that from his
3 which newly they had worn, and inwardly restrain'd it.

4 He, as one who listens, stood attentive:
5 for his eye not far could lead him through the sable air,
6 and the thick-gathering cloud.

7 "It yet behoves we win this fight"; thus he began:
8 "if not, such aid to us is offer'd –
9 Oh! how long me seems it, ere the promised help arrive."

10 I noted, how the sequel of his words
11 cloked their beginning; for the last he spake
12 agreed not with the first.

13 But not the less my fear was at his saying; sith I drew
14 to import worse, perchance, than that he held,
15 his mutilated speech.

16 "Doth ever any into this rueful concave's extreme depth
17 descend, out of the first degree, whose pain
18 is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"

19 Thus I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,
20 "it chances, that among us any makes
21 this journey, which I wend.

22 Erewhile, 'tis true, once came I here beneath,
23 conjured by fell Erictho, sorceress,
24 who compell'd the shades back to their bodies.

25 No long space my flesh was naked of me,
26 when within these walls she made me enter,
27 to draw forth a spirit from out of Judas' circle.

28 Lowest place is that of all, obscurest,
29 and removed furthest from heaven's all-circling orb.
30 The road full well I know: thou therefore rest secure.

31 That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round
32 the city of grief encompasses, which now
33 we may not enter without rage.”

34 Yet more he added: but I hold it not in mind,
35 for that mine eye toward the lofty tower
36 had drawn me wholly, to its burning top;

37 where, in an instant, I beheld uprisen
38 at once three hellish furies stain’d with blood.
39 In limb and motion feminine they seem’d;

40 around them greenest hydras twisting roll’d
41 their volumes; adders and cerastes crept
42 instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.

43 He, knowing well the miserable hags
44 who tend the queen of endless woe, thus shake:
45 “Mark thou each dire Erynnis.

46 To the left, this is Megra; on the right hand,
47 she who wails, Alecto; and Tisiphone I’ th’ midst.”
48 This said, in silence he remain’d.

49 Their breast they each one clawing tore; themselves
50 smote with their palms, and such shrill clamor raised,
51 that to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.

52 “Hasten Medusa: so to adamant him shall we change”;
53 all looking down exclaim’d: “E’en when
54 by Theseus’ might assail’d, we took no ill revenge.”

55 “Turn thyself round and keep thy countenance hid;
56 for if the Gorgon dire be shown, and thou shouldst view it,
57 thy return upwards would be for ever lost.”

58 This said, himself, my gentle master, turn’d me round;
59 nor trusted he my hands,
60 but with his own he also hid me.

61 Ye of intellect sound and entire,
62 mark well the lore conceal’d
63 under close texture of the mystic strain.

64 And now there came
65 o'er the perturbed waves
66 loud-crashing, terrible,

67 a sound that made either shore tremble,
68 as if of a wind impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
69 that against some forest driving all his might,

70 plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
71 afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
72 his whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

73 Mine eyes he loosed, and spake: "And now direct
74 thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,
75 there, thickest where the smoke ascends."

76 As frogs before their foe the serpent,
77 through the wave ply swiftly all,
78 till at the ground each one lies on a heap;

79 more than a thousand spirits
80 destroy'd, so saw I fleeing before one
81 who pass'd with unwet feet the Stygian sound.

82 He, from his face removing the gross air,
83 oft his left hand forth stretch'd, and seem'd alone
84 by that annoyance wearied.

85 I perceived that he was sent from heaven;
86 and to my guide turn'd me, who signal made,
87 that I should stand quiet, and bend to him.

88 Ah me! how full of noble anger seem'd he.
89 To the gate he came, and with his wand touch'd it,
90 whereat open without impediment it flew.

91 "Outcasts of heaven! O abject race, and scorn'd!"
92 Begon he, on the horrid grunsel standing,
93 "Whence doth this wild excess of insolence lodge in you?

94 wherefore kick you 'gainst that will
95 ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
96 hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?"

97 What profits, at the fates to butt the horn?
98 Your Cerberus, if ye remember, hence
99 bears still, peel'd of their hair, his throat and maw."

100 This said, he turn'd back o'er the filthy way,
101 and syllable to us spake none; but wore
102 the semblance of a man by other care beset,

103 and keenly prest, than thought of him who in his presence stands.
104 Then we our steps toward that territory moved,
105 secure after the hallow'd words.

106 We, unopposed, there enter'd;
107 and, my mind eager to learn
108 what state a fortress like to that might hold,

109 I, soon as enter'd, throw mine eye around,
110 and see, on every part, wide-stretching space,
111 replete with bitter pain and torment ill.

112 As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,
113 or as at Pola, near Quarnaro's gulf,
114 that closes Italy and laves her bounds,

115 the place is all thick spread with sepulchres;
116 so was it here, save what
117 in horror here excelled

118 for 'midst the graves were scattered flames,
119 wherewith intensely all throughout they burn'd,
120 that iron for no craft there hotter needs.

121 Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,
122 from them forth issued lamentable moans,
123 such as the sad and tortured well might raise.

124 I thus: "Master! say who are these,
125 interr'd within these vaults,
126 of whom distinct we hear the dolorous sighs."

127 He answer thus return'd: "The arch-heretics are here,
128 accompanied, by every sect their followers;
129 and much more, than thou believest, the tombs are freighted:

130 like with like is buried; and the monuments
131 are different in degrees of heat." This said,
132 he to the right hand turning,
133 on we pass'd betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

Inferno - Canto 10 - Cary

1 Now by a secret pathway we proceed, between the walls,
2 that hem the region round, and the tormented souls:
3 my master first, I close behind his steps.

4 “Virtue supreme!” I thus began:
5 “Who through these ample orbs in circuit lead’st me,
6 even as thou wilt; speak thou, and satisfy my wish.

7 May those, who lie within these sepulchres, be seen?
8 Already all the lids are raised,
9 and none o’er them keeps watch.”

10 He thus in answer spake: “They shall be closed all,
11 what-time they here from Josaphat return’d shall come,
12 and bring their bodies, which above they now have left.

13 The cemetery on this part obtain,
14 with Epicurus, all his followers,
15 who with the body make the spirit die.

16 Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon,
17 both to the question ask’d, and to the wish
18 which thou conceal’st in silence.”

19 I replied: “I keep not, guide beloved! from thee my heart secreted,
20 but to shun vain length of words;
21 a lesson erewhile taught me by thyself.”

22 “O Tuscan! thou, who through the city of fire
23 alive art passing, so discreet of speech:
24 here, please thee, stay awhile.

25 Thy utterance declares the place of thy nativity
26 to be that noble land, with which perchance
27 I too severely dealt.”

28 Sudden that sound forth issued from a vault,
29 whereat, in fear, I somewhat closer to my leader’s side
30 approaching, he thus spake: “What dost thou? Turn:

31 Lo! Farinata there, who hath himself uplifted:
32 from his girdle upwards,
33 all exposed, behold him.”

34 On his face was mine already fix’d:
35 his breast and forehead there erecting,
36 seem’d as in high scorn he held e’en Hell.

37 Between the sepulchres, to him
38 my guide thrust me, with fearless hands and prompt;
39 this warning added: “See thy words be clear.”

40 He, soon as there I stood at the tomb’s foot,
41 eyed me a space; then in disdainful mood
42 address’d me: “Say what ancestors were thine.”

43 I, willing to obey him,
44 straight revealed the whole,
45 nor kept back aught whence he, his brow

46 somewhat uplifting, cried: “Fiercely were they
47 adverse to me, my party, and the blood from whence
48 I sprang twice, therefore, I abroad scatter’d them.”

49 “Though driven out, yet they each time
50 from all parts,” answer’d I, “return’d; an art
51 which yours have shown they are not skill’d to learn.”

52 Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,
53 rose from his side a shade, high as the chin,
54 leaning, methought, upon its knees upraised.

55 It look’d around, as eager to explore
56 if there were other with me; but perceiving
57 that fond imagination quench’d,

58 with tears thus spake: “If thou through this blind prison go’st,
59 led by thy lofty genius and profound,
60 where is my son? and wherefore not with thee?”

61 I straight replied: “Not of myself I come; by him,
62 who there expects me, through this clime’ conducted,
63 whom perchance Guido thy son had in contempt.”

64 Already had his words
65 and mode of punishment read me his name,
66 whence I so fully answer'd.

67 He at once exclaim'd, up starting,
68 "How! said'st thou, he *had*? No longer lives he?
69 Strikes not on his eye the blessed daylight?"

70 Then, of some delay I made ere my reply,
71 aware, down fell supine,
72 nor after forth appear'd he more.

73 Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near whom
74 I yet was station'd, changed not countenance stern,
75 nor moved the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.

76 "And if," continuing the first discourse,
77 "They in this art," he cried, "small skill have shown;
78 that doth torment me more e'en than this bed.

79 But not yet fifty times shall be relumed
80 her aspect, who reigns here queen of this realm,
81 ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art.

82 So to the pleasant world mayst thou return,
83 as thou shalt tell me why, in all their laws,
84 against my kin this people is so fell."

85 "The slaughter and great havoc," I replied, "That color'd Arbia's flood
86 with crimson stain – to these impute,
87 that in our hallow'd dome such orisons ascend."

88 Sighing he shook the head,
89 then thus resumed: "In that affray
90 I stood not singly, nor, without just cause,

91 assuredly, should with the rest have stirr'd; but singly
92 there I stood, when, by consent of all, Florence had to the
93 ground been razed, the one who openly forbade the deed."

94 "So may thy lineage find at last repose,"
95 I thus adjured him, "as thou solve this knot,
96 which now involves my mind.

97 If right I hear, ye seem to view beforehand
98 that which time leads with him,
99 of the present uninform'd."

100 "We view, as one who hath an evil sight," he answer'd, "plainly,
101 objects far remote; so much of his
102 large splendor yet imparts the Almighty Ruler

103 but when they approach, or actually exist,
104 our intellect then wholly fails; nor of your human state,
105 except what others bring us, know we aught.

106 Hence therefore mayst thou understand, that all
107 our knowledge in that instant shall expire,
108 when on futurity the portals close."

109 Then conscious of my fault, and by remorse smitten,
110 I added thus: "Now shalt thou say to him there fallen,
111 that his offspring still is to the living join'd;

112 and bid him know, that if from answer, silent, I abstain'd,
113 'twas that my thought was occupied, intent
114 upon that error, which thy help hath solved."

115 But now my master summoning me back I heard,
116 and with more eager haste besought the spirit
117 to inform me, who with him partook his lot.

118 He answer thus return'd: "More than a thousand with me here are laid.
119 Within is Frederick, second of that name,
120 and the Lord Cardinal, and of the rest I speak not."

121 He, this said, from sight withdrew.
122 But I my steps toward the ancient bard reverting,
123 ruminated on the words betokening me such ill.

124 Onward he moved, and thus, in going, question'd:
125 "Whence the amaze that holds thy senses wrapt?"
126 I satisfied the inquiry, and the sage enjoin'd me straight:

127 "Let thy safe memory store what thou hast heard;
128 to thee importing harm; and note thou this,"
129 with his raised finger bidding me take heed,

130 “When thou shalt stand before her gracious beam,
131 whose bright eye all surveys, she of thy life
132 the future tenor will to thee unfold.”

133 Forthwith he to the left hand turn'd his feet:
134 we left the wall, and toward the middle space
135 went by a path that to a valley strikes,

136 which e'en thus high exhaled its noisome steam.

Inferno - Canto 11 - Cary

1 Upon the utmost verge of a high bank,
2 by craggy rocks environ'd round, we came,
3 where woes beneath, more cruel yet, were stow'd:

4 and here, to shun the horrible excess of fetid exhalation
5 upward cast from the profound abyss,
6 behind the lid of a great monument we stood retired,

7 whereon this scroll I mark'd:"
8 I have in charge Pope Anastastius,
9 whom Photinus drew from the right path."

10 "Ere our descent, behoves we make delay,
11 that somewhat first the sense,
12 to the dire breath accustom'd, afterward regard it not."

13 My master thus; to whom answering I spake: "Some compensation find,
14 that the time pass not wholly lost."
15 He then: "Lo! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend.

16 My son! within these rocks," he thus began,
17 "are three close circles in gradation placed,
18 as these which now thou leavest.

19 Each one is full of spirits accurst;
20 but that the sight alone hereafter may suffice thee,
21 listen how and for what cause in durance they abide.

22 Of all malicious act abhorr'd in heaven,
23 the end is injury; and all such end
24 either by force or fraud works other's woe.

25 But fraud, because of man's peculiar evil,
26 to God is more displeasing; and beneath,
27 the fraudulent are therefore doom'd to endure severer pang.

28 The violent occupy all the first circle;
29 and because, to force, three persons are obnoxious,
30 in three rounds, each within other separate, is it framed.

31 To God, his neighbor, and himself, by man force
32 may be offer'd; to himself I say, and his possessions,
33 as thou soon shalt hear at full.

34 Death, violent death, and painful wounds
35 upon his neighbor he inflicts; and wastes,
36 by devastation, pillage, and the flames, his substance.

37 Slayers, and each one that smites in malice,
38 plunderers, and all robbers, hence the torment undergo
39 of the first round, in different herds.

40 Man can do violence to himself and his own blessings:
41 and for this, he in the second round must aye deplore
42 with unavailing penitence his crime.

43 Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,
44 in reckless ravishment his talent wastes,
45 and sorrows there where he should dwell in joy.

46 To God may force be offer'd, in the heart
47 denying and blaspheming his high power,
48 and Nature with her kindly law contemning.

49 And thence the inmost round marks with its seal
50 Sodom, and Cahors, and all such as speak
51 contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.

52 "Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,
53 may be by man employ'd on one, whose trust he wins,
54 or on another who withholds confidence.

55 Seems as the latter way broke
56 but the bond of love which Nature makes.
57 Whence in the second circle have their nest,

58 witchcraft, flatteries, theft, falsehood, simony,
59 all who seduce to lust, or set their honesty at pawn,
60 with such vile scum as these.

61 The other way; forgets both Nature's general love,
62 and that which thereto added afterward
63 gives birth to special faith.

64 Whence in the lesser circle,
65 point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,
66 the traitor is eternally consumed.”

67 I thus: “Instructor, clearly thy discourse
68 proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm
69 and its inhabitants with skill exact.

70 But tell me this they of the dull, fat pool,
71 whom the rain beats, or whom the tempest drives,
72 or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,

73 wherefore within the city fire-illumed are not these punish’d,
74 if God’s wrath be on them?
75 And if it be not, wherefore in such guise are they condemn’d?”

76 He answer thus return’d: “Wherefore in dotage wanders thus thy mind,
77 not so accustom’d?
78 or what other thoughts possess it?

79 Dwell not in thy memory the words,
80 wherein thy ethic page describes
81 three dispositions adverse to Heaven’s will,

82 Incontinence, malice, and mad brutishness,
83 and how incontinence the least offends
84 God, and least guilt incurs?

85 If well thou note this judgment,
86 and remember who they are,
87 without these walls to vain repentance doom’d,

88 thou shalt discern why they apart are placed
89 from these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours
90 justice divine on them its vengeance down.”

91 “O sun! who healest all imperfect sight,
92 thou so content’st me, when thou solvest my doubt,
93 that ignorance not less than knowledge charms.

94 Yet somewhat turn thee back,” I in these words continued,
95 “where thou said’st, that usury offends celestial Goodness;
96 and this knot perplex’d unravel.”

97 He thus made reply: "Philosophy, to an attentive ear,
98 clearly points out, not in one part alone,
99 how imitative Nature takes her course

100 from the celestial mind, and from its art: and where
101 her laws the Stagirite unfolds, not many leaves
102 scann'd o'er, observing well thou shalt discover,

103 that your art on her obsequious follows,
104 as the learner treads in his instructor's step; so that your art
105 deserves the name of second in descent from God.

106 These two, if thou recall to mind creation's holy book,
107 from the beginning were the right source of life
108 and excellence to human kind.

109 But in another path the usurer walks;
110 and Nature in herself and in her follower
111 thus he sets at naught, placing elsewhere his hope.

112 But follow now my steps on forward journey bent;
113 for now the Pisces play with undulating glance along the horizon,
114 and the Wain lies all o'er the northwest;

115 and onward there a space is our steep passage down the rocky height."

Inferno - Canto 12 - Cary

1 The place, where to descend the precipice
2 we came, was rough as Alp; and on its verge
3 such object lay, as every eye would shun.

4 As is that ruin, which Adice's stream
5 on this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave,
6 or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop;

7 for from the mountain's summit, whence it moved
8 to the low level, so the headlong rock is shiver'd,
9 that some passage it might give

10 to him who from above would pass; e'en such
11 into the chasm was that descent and there at point
12 of the disparted ridge lay stretch'd the infamy of Crete,

13 detested brood of the feign'd heifer
14 and at sight of us it gnaw'd itself,
15 as one with rage distract.

16 To him my guide exclaim'd: "Perchance thou deem'st
17 the King of Athens here, who, in the world.
18 Above, thy death contrived.

19 Monster! avaunt!
20 He comes not tutor'd by thy sister's art,
21 but to behold your torments is he come."

22 Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring darts,
23 at the moment when the fatal blow hath struck him,
24 but unable to proceed plunges on either side;

25 so saw I plunge the Minotaur;
26 whereat the sage exclaim'd: "Run to the passage!
27 while he storms, 'tis well that thou descend."

28 Thus down our road we took
29 through those dilapidated crags, that oft moved underneath my feet,
30 to weight like theirs unused.

31 I pondering went, and thus he spake:
32 “Perhaps thy thoughts are of this ruin’d steep, guarded by
33 the brute violence, which I have vanquish’d now.

34 Know then, that when I erst
35 hither descended to the nether Hell,
36 this rock was not yet fallen.

37 But past doubt, (if well I mark)
38 not long ere He arrived, Who carried off from Dis
39 the mighty spoil of the highest circle,

40 then through all its bounds
41 such trembling seized the deep concave and foul,
42 I thought the universe was thrill’d with love,

43 whereby, there are who deem, the world hath oft
44 been into chaos turn’d and in that point,
45 here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled down.

46 But fix thine eyes beneath the river of blood
47 approaches, in the which all those are steep’d,
48 who have by violence injured.”

49 O blind lust! O foolish wrath!
50 who so dost goad us on in the brief life,
51 and in the eternal then thus miserably o’erwhelm us.

52 I beheld an ample foss,
53 that in a bow was bent, as circling all the plain;
54 for so my guide had told.

55 Between it and the rampart’s base, on trail ran Centaurs,
56 with keen arrows arm’d,
57 as to the chase they on the earth were wont.

58 At seeing us descend they each one stood;
59 and issuing from the troop, three sped with bows
60 and missile weapons chosen first;

61 of whom one cried from far: “Say, to what pain ye come
62 condemn’d, who down this steep have journey’d.
63 Speak from whence ye stand, or else the bow I draw.”

64 To whom my guide: "Our answer shall be made
65 to Chiron, there, when nearer him we come.
66 Ill was thy mind, thus ever quick and rash."

67 Then me he touch'd and spake: "Nessus is this,
68 who for the fair Deianira died,
69 and wrought himself revenge for his own fate.

70 He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,
71 is the great Chiron who Achilles nursed;
72 that other, Pholus, prone to wrath."

73 Around the foes these go by thousands,
74 aiming shafts at whatsoever spirit dares emerge
75 from out the blood, more than his guilt allows."

76 We to those beasts, that rapid strode along, drew near;
77 when Chiron took an arrow forth, and with the notch
78 push'd back his shaggy beard to the cheek-bone,
79 then, his great mouth to view exposing,
80 to his fellows thus exclaim'd: "Are ye aware,
81 that he who comes behind moves what he touches?
82 The feet of the dead are not so wont."
83 My trusty guide, who now stood near his breast,
84 where the two natures join, thus made reply:
85 "He is indeed alive, and solitary so
86 must needs by me be shown the gloomy vale,
87 thereto induced by strict necessity, not by delight.

88 She left her joyful harpings in the sky,
89 who this new office to my care consign'd.
90 He is no robber, no dark spirit I.

91 But by that virtue, which empowers my step
92 to tread so wild a path,
93 grant us, I pray, one of thy band,
94 whom we may trust secure, Who to the ford may lead us,
95 and convey across, him mounted on his back;
96 for he is not a spirit that may walk the air."

97 Then on his right breast turning, Chiron thus To Nessus
98 spake: "Return, and be their guide. And if ye chance
99 to cross another troop, command them keep aloof."

100 Onward we moved, the faithful escort by our side,
101 along the border of the crimson-seething flood,
102 whence, from those steep'd within, loud shrieks arose.

103 Some there I mark'd, as high as to their brow immersed,
104 of whom the mighty Centaur thus: "These are the souls
105 of tyrants, who were given to blood and rapine.

106 Here they wail aloud their merciless wrongs.
107 Here Alexander dwells, and Dionysius fell,
108 who many a year of woe wrought for fair Sicily.

109 That brow, whereon the hair
110 so jetty clustering hangs, is Azzolino;
111 that with flaxen locks Obizzo of Este,

112 in the world destroy'd by his foul step-son." To the bard revered
113 I turn'd me round, and thus he spake:
114 "Let him be to thee now first leader, me but next to him in rank."

115 Then further on a space the Centaur paused,
116 near some, who at the throat
117 were extant from the wave;

118 and, showing us a spirit by itself apart retired,
119 exclaim'd: "He in God's bosom smote the heart,
120 which yet is honored on the bank of Thames."

121 A race I next espied who held the head,
122 and even all the bust, above the stream.
123 Midst these I many a face remember'd well.

124 Thus shallow more and more the blood became,
125 so that at last it but imbrued the feet;
126 and there our passage lay athwart the foes.

127 "As ever on this side the boiling wave
128 thou seest diminishing," the Centaur said,
129 "so on the other, be thou well assured,

130 it lower still and lower sinks its bed,
131 till in that part it reuniting join,
132 where 'tis the lot of tyranny to mourn.

133 There Heaven's stern justice lays chastising hand
134 on Attila, who was the scourge of earth,
135 on Sextus and on Pyrrhus, and extracts

136 tears ever by the seething flood unlock'd from
137 the Rinieri, of Corneto this, Pazzo the other named,
138 who fill'd the ways with violence and war."

139 This said, he turn'd, and quitting us, alone repass'd the ford.

Inferno - Canto 13 - Cary

1 Ere Nessus yet had reach'd the other bank,
2 we enter'd on a forest, where no track
3 of steps had worn a way.

4 Not verdant there the foliage, but of dusky hue;
5 not light the boughs and tapering, but with knares deform'd and matted thick fruits
6 there were none, but thorns instead, with venom fill'd.

7 Less sharp than these, less intricate the brakes,
8 wherein abide those animals, that hate the cultured fields,
9 betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.

10 Here the brute harpies make their nest,
11 the same who from the Strophades the Trojan band
12 drove with dire boding of their future woe.

13 Broad are their pennons, of the human form their neck and countenance,
14 arm'd with talons keen the feet, and the huge belly fledge with wings.
15 These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.

16 The kind instructor in these words began:
17 "Ere further thou proceed,
18 know thou art now i' th' second round, and shalt be,

19 till thou come upon the horrid sand:
20 look therefore well around thee, and such things thou shalt behold,
21 as would my speech discredit."

22 On all sides I heard sad plainings breathe,
23 and none could see from whom they might have issued.
24 In amaze fast bound I stood.

25 He, as it seem'd, believed
26 that I had thought so many voices came
27 from some amid those thickets close conceal'd,

28 and thus his speech resum'd: "If thou lop off
29 a single twig from one of those ill plants,
30 the thought thou hast conceived shall vanish quite."

31 Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,
32 from a great wilding gather'd I a branch, and straight
33 the trunk exclaim'd: "Why pluck'st thou me?"

34 as the dark blood trickled down its side,
35 these words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?
36 Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?"

37 Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
38 Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been
39 the souls of serpents."

40 As a brand yet green, that burning at one end
41 from the other sends a groaning sound,
42 and hisses with the wind that forces out its way,

43 so burst at once forth from the broken splinter
44 words and blood. I, letting fall the bough,
45 remain'd as one assail'd by terror;

46 and the sage replied: "If he, O injured spirit!
47 could have believed
48 what he hath seen but in my verse described,

49 he never against thee had stretch'd his hand.
50 But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,
51 prompted him to this deed, which even now myself I rue.

52 But tell me, who thou wast; that, for this wrong to do thee some amends,
53 in the upper world (for thither to return
54 is granted him) thy fame he may revive."

55 "That pleasant word of thine," the trunk replied, "hath so inveigled me,
56 that I from speech cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge a little longer,
57 in the snare detain'd, count it not grievous.

58 I it was, who held both keys to Frederick's heart,
59 and turn'd the wards,
60 opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,

61 that besides me, into his inmost breast scarce any other could admittance find.
62 The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
63 it cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.

64 The harlot, who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
65 from Cesar's household,
66 common vice and pest of courts,

67 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all;
68 and to Augustus they so spread the flame,
69 that my glad honors changed to bitter woes.

70 My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
71 refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
72 just as I was, unjust toward myself.

73 By the new roots, which fix this stem,
74 I swear, that never faith I broke to my liege lord,
75 who merited such honor;

76 and of you, If any to the world indeed return,
77 clear he from wrong my memory, that lies
78 yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."

79 First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words were ended,
80 then to me the bard began: "Lose not the time; but speak,
81 and of him ask, if more thou wish to learn."

82 Whence I replied: "Question thou him again
83 of whatso'er will, as thou think'st, content me;
84 for no power have I to ask, such pity is at my heart."

85 He thus resumed: "So may he do for thee
86 freely what thou entrest, as thou yet
87 be pleased, imprison'd spirit! to declare,

88 how in these gnarled joints the soul is tied;
89 and whether any ever from such frame
90 be loosen'd, if thou canst, that also tell."

91 Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the wind soon
92 changed into sounds articulate like these:
93 "Briefly ye shall be answer'd.

94 When departs the fierce soul from the body,
95 by itself thence torn asunder,
96 to the seventh gulf by Minos doom'd,

97 into the wood it falls,
98 no place assign'd, but wheresoever chance
99 hurls it, there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,

100 it rises to a sapling, growing thence a savage plant.
101 The harpies, on its leaves then feeding,
102 cause both pain, and for the pain a vent to grief.

103 We, as the rest, shall come for our own spoils,
104 yet not so that with them we may again be clad;
105 for what a man takes from himself it is not just he have.

106 Here we perforce shall drag them; and throughout
107 the dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
108 each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade.”

109 Attentive yet to listen to the trunk we stood,
110 expecting further speech,
111 when us a noise surprised;

112 as when a man perceives the wild boar and the hunt approach
113 his place of station'd watch, who of the beasts and boughs
114 loud rustling round him hears.

115 And lo! there came two naked, torn with briers,
116 in headlong flight,
117 that they before them broke each fan o' th' wood.

118 “Haste now,” the foremost cried, “now haste thee, death!”
119 The other, as seem'd, impatient of delay, exclaiming,
120 “Lano! not so bent for speed thy sinews,

121 in the lists of Toppo's field.” And then,
122 for that perchance no longer breath sufficed him,
123 of himself and of a bush one group he made.

124 Behind them was the wood
125 full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,
126 as greyhounds that have newly slipt the leash.

127 On him, who squatted down, they stuck their fangs,
128 and having rent him piecemeal
129 bore away the tortured limbs.

130 My guide then seized my hand,
131 and led me to the thicket, which in vain
132 mourn'd through its bleeding wounds:

133 “O Giacomo of Sant’ Andrea! what avails it thee,”
134 it cried, “that of me thou hast made thy screen?
135 For thy ill life, what blame on me recoils?”

136 When o’er it he had paused, my master spake:
137 “Say who wast thou, that at so many points
138 breathest out with blood thy lamentable speech?”

139 He answer’d: “O ye spirits! arrived in time
140 to spy the shameful havoc that from me
141 my leaves hath sever’d thus,

142 gather them up, and at the foot of their sad parent-tree
143 carefully lay them. In that city I dwelt,
144 who for the Baptist her first patron changed,

145 Whence he for this shall cease not with his art
146 to work her woe and if there still remain’d not
147 on Arno’s passage some faint glimpse of him,
148
149 those citizens, who rear’d once more her walls
150 upon the ashes left by Attila,
151 had labor’d without profit of their toil.

152 I slung the fatal noose from my own roof.”

Inferno - Canto 14 - Cary

1 Soon as the charity of native land wrought my bosom,
2 I the scatter'd leaves collected, and to him restored,
3 who now was hoarse with utterance.

4 To the limit thence we came,
5 which from the third the second round divides,
6 and where of justice is display'd contrivance horrible.

7 Things then first seen clearer to manifest,
8 I tell how next a plain we reach'd,
9 that from its sterile bed each plant repell'd.

10 The mournful wood waves round its garland on all sides,
11 as round the wood spreads the sad foes.
12 There, on the very edge, our steps we stay'd.

13 It was an area wide of arid sand and thick,
14 resembling most the soil that
15 erst by Cato's foot was trod.

16 Vengeance of heaven! Oh!
17 how shouldst thou be fear'd by all,
18 who read what here mine eyes beheld.

19 Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
20 fill weeping piteously,
21 to different laws subjected;

22 for on the earth some lay supine,
23 some crouching close were seated,
24 others paced incessantly around;

25 the latter tribe more numerous,
26 those fewer who beneath the torment lay,
27 but louder in their grief.

28 O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
29 dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
30 on Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.

31 As, in the torrid Indian clime, the son of Ammon saw,
32 upon his warrior band descending,
33 solid flames, that to the ground came down;

34 whence he bethought him with his troop
35 to trample on the soil, for easier thus
36 the vapor was extinguish'd, while alone

37 so fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith
38 the marle glow'd underneath, as under stove
39 the viands, doubly to augment the pain.

40 Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
41 now this, now that way glancing,
42 to shake off the heat, still falling fresh.

43 I thus began: "Instructor! thou who all things overcomest,
44 except the hardy demons that rush'd forth
45 to stop our entrance at the gate,

46 say who is yon huge spirit, that, as seems,
47 heeds not the burning, but lies writhen in proud scorn,
48 as by the sultry tempest immatured?"

49 Straight he himself, who was aware I ask'd
50 my guide of him, exclaim'd:
51 "Such as I was when living, dead such now I am.

52 If Jove weary his workman out,
53 from whom in ire he snatch'd the lightnings,
54 that at my last day transfix'd me;

55 if the rest he weary out, at their black smithy
56 laboring by turns, in Mongibello, while he cries aloud,
57 'Help, help, good Mulciber!'

58 as erst he cried in the Phlegrean warfare;
59 and the bolts launch he, full aim'd at me, with all his might;
60 he never should enjoy a sweet revenge."

61 Then thus my guide, in accent higher raised
62 than I before had heard him: "Capaneus!
63 Thou art more punish'd, that this thy pride

64 lives yet unquench'd no torment,
65 save thy rage,
66 were to thy fury pain proportion'd full.”

67 Next turning round to me, with milder lip
68 he spake: “This of the seven kings was one,
69 who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,

70 as still he seems to hold, God in disdain, and sets his high
71 omnipotence at naught. But, as I told him,
72 his despiteful mood in ornament well suits the breast that wears it.

73 Follow me now, and look thou set not yet
74 thy foot in the hot sand,
75 but to the wood keep ever close.”

76 Silently on we pass'd to where there gushes
77 from the forest's bound a little brook,
78 whose crimson'd wave yet lifts my hair with horror.

79 As the rill, that runs from Bulicame,
80 to be portion'd out among the sinful women,
81 so ran this down through the sand;

82 its bottom and each bank stone-built,
83 and either margin at its side,
84 whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.

85 “Of all that I have shown thee,
86 since that gate we enter'd first,
87 whose threshold is to none denied,

88 naught else so worthy of regard,
89 as is this river, has thine eye discern'd,
90 o'er which the flaming volley all is quench'd.”

91 So spake my guide; and I him thence besought,
92 that having given me appetite to know,
93 the food he too would give, that hunger craved.

94 “In midst of ocean,” forthwith he began, “a desolate country lies,
95 which Crete is named; under whose monarch,
96 in old times, the world lived pure and chaste.

97 A mountain rises there, call'd Ida,
98 joyous once with leaves and streams,
99 deserted now like a forbidden thing.

100 It was the spot which Rhea, Saturn's spouse,
101 chose for the secret cradle of her son, and better
102 to conceal him, drown'd in shouts his infant cries.

103 Within the mount, upright an ancient form there stands, and huge,
104 that turns his shoulders toward Damiata;
105 and at Rome, as in his mirror, looks.

106 Of finest gold his head is shaped,
107 pure silver are the breast and arms,
108 thence to the middle is of brass,

109 and downward all beneath well-temper'd steel,
110 save the right foot of potter's clay,
111 on which than on the other more erect he stands.

112 Each part, except the gold, is rent throughout,
113 and from the fissure tears distil,
114 which join'd penetrate to that cave.

115 They in their course, thus far precipitated down the rock,
116 form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon;
117 then by this straiten'd channel passing hence

118 beneath e'en to the lowest depth of all,
119 form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself shalt see it)
120 I here give thee no account."

121 Then I to him: "If from our world this sluice
122 be thus derived; wherefore to us but now
123 appears it at this edge?"

124 He straight replied: "The place, thou know'st, is round:
125 and though great part thou have already past,
126 still to the left descending to the nethermost,

127 not yet mast thou the circuit made of the whole orb.
128 Wherefore, if aught of new to us appear,
129 it needs not bring up wonder in thy looks."

130 Then I again inquired: “Where flow the streams
131 of Phlegethon and Lethe? for of one thou tell’st not;
132 and the other, of that shower, thou say’st, is form’d.”

133 He answer thus return’d: “Doubtless thy questions
134 all well pleased I hear. Yet the red seething wave
135 might have resolved one thou proposest.

136 Lethe thou shalt see, but not within this hollow,
137 in the place whither, to lave themselves, the spirits go,
138 whose blame hath been by penitence removed.”

139 He added: “Time is now we quit the wood.
140 Look thou my steps pursue:
141 the margins give safe passage,

142 unimpeded by the flames.

Inferno - Canto 15 - Cary

1 One of the solid margins bears us now
2 envelop'd in the mist, that, from the stream arising,
3 hovers o'er, and saves from fire both piers and water.

4 As the Flemings rear their mound,
5 'twixt Ghent and Bruges, to chase back the ocean,
6 fearing his tumultuous tide that drives toward them;

7 or the Paduans theirs along the Brenta,
8 to defend their towns and castles,
9 ere the genial warmth be felt on Chiarentana's top;

10 such were the mounds, so framed,
11 though not in height or bulk to these made equal,
12 by the master, whosoe'er he was, that raised them here.

13 We from the wood
14 were now so far removed, that turning round
15 I might not have discern'd it,

16 when we met a troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.
17 They each one eyed us, as at eventide
18 one eyes another under a new moon;

19 and toward us sharpen'd their sight,
20 as keen as an old tailor
21 at his needle's eye.

22 Thus narrowly explored by all the tribe,
23 I was agnized of one, who by the skirt caught me,
24 and cried, "What wonder have we here?"

25 And I, when he to me outstretch'd his arm,
26 intently fix'd my ken on his parch'd looks,
27 that, although smirch'd with fire, they hinder'd not

28 but I remember'd him; and toward his face
29 my hand inclining, answer'd:
30 "Ser Brunetto! And are ye here?"

31 He thus to me: "My son! Oh let it not displease thee,
32 if Brunetto Latini but a little space with thee turn back,
33 and leave his fellows to proceed."

34 I thus to him replied: "Much as I can, I thereto pray thee;
35 and if thou be willing that I here seat me with thee,
36 I consent; his leave, with whom I journey, first obtain'd."

37 "O son!" said he, "whoever of this throng one instant stops,
38 lies then a hundred years, no fan to ventilate him,
39 when the fire smites sorest.

40 Pass thou therefore on. I close will at thy garments walk,
41 and then rejoin my troop,
42 who go mourning their endless doom."

43 I dared not from the path descend to tread
44 on equal ground with him, but held my head
45 bent down, as one who walks in reverent guise.

46 "What chance or destiny," thus he began,
47 "ere the last day, conducts thee here below?
48 And who is this that shows to thee the way?"

49 "There up aloft," I answer'd, "in the life serene,
50 I wander'd in a valley lost,
51 before mine age had to its fulness reached.

52 But yester-morn I left it then once more
53 into that vale returning, him I met;
54 and by this path homeward he leads me back."

55 "If thou," he answer'd, "follow but thy star,
56 thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven;
57 unless in fairer days my judgment err'd.

58 And if my fate so early had not chanced,
59 seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee,
60 I had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.

61 But that ungrateful and malignant race,
62 who in old times came down from Fesole,
63 ay and still smack of their rough mountain-flint,

64 will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.
65 Nor wonder; for amongst ill-savor'd crabs
66 it suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.

67 Old fame reports them in the world for blind,
68 covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well
69 take heed thou cleanse thee of their ways. For thee,

70 thy fortune hath such honor in reserve,
71 that thou by either party shalt be craved with hunger keen
72 but be the fresh herb far from the goat's tooth.

73 The herd of Fesole may of themselves
74 make litter, not touch the plant,
75 if any such yet spring on their rank bed,

76 in which the holy seed revives, transmitted
77 from those true Romans, who still there remain'd,
78 when it was made the nest of so much ill."

79 "Were all my wish fulfilled," I straight replied,
80 "Thou from the confines of man's nature yet
81 hadst not been driven forth;

82 for in my mind is fix'd, and now strikes
83 full-upon my heart, the dear, benign,
84 paternal image, such as thine was,

85 when so lately thou didst teach me the way for man to win eternity
86 and how I prized the lesson, it behoves,
87 that, long as life endures, my tongue should speak.

88 What of my fate thou tell'st, that write I down;
89 and, with another text to comment on, for her I keep it,
90 the celestial dame, who will know all, if I to her arrive.

91 This only would I have thee clearly note that,
92 so my conscience have no plea against me,
93 do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared.

94 Not new or strange such earnest to mine ear.
95 Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best;
96 the clown his mattock, all things have their course."

97 Thereat my sapient guide upon his right;
98 turn'd himself back, then looked at me, and spake:
99 “He listens to good purpose who takes note.”

100 I not the less still on my way proceed,
101 discoursing with Brunetto, and inquire
102 who are most known and chief among his tribe.

103 “To know of some is well ;” he thus replied,
104 “but of the rest silence may best beseem.
105 Time would not serve us for report so long.

106 In brief I tell thee, that all these were clerks,
107 men of great learning and no less renown,
108 by one same sin polluted in the world.

109 With them is Priscian; and Accorso's son,
110 Francesco, herds among the wretched throng:
111 and, if the wish of so impure a blotch

112 possess'd thee, him thou also mightst have seen,
113 who by the servants' servant was transferr'd from Arno's seat
114 to Bacchiglione, where his ill-strain'd nerves he left.

115 I more would add, but must from further speech
116 and onward way alike desist; for yonder I behold
117 a mist new-arisen on the sandy plain.

118 A company, with whom I may not sort,
119 approaches. I commend my *Treasure* to thee,
120 wherein I yet survive; my sole request.”

121 This said, he turn'd, and seem'd as one of those
122 who o'er Verona's champaign try their speed
123 for the green mantle; and of them he seem'd,

124 not he who loses but who gains the prize.

Inferno - Canto 16 - Cary

1 Now came I where the water's din was heard
2 as down it fell into the other round,
3 resounding like the hum of swarming bees:

4 when forth together issued from a troop,
5 that pass'd beneath the fierce tormenting storm,
6 three spirits, running swift.

7 They toward us came, and each one cried aloud,
8 "Oh! do thou stay, whom, by the fashion of thy garb,
9 we deem to be some inmate of our evil land."

10 Ah, me! what wounds I mark'd upon their limbs,
11 recent and old, inflicted by the flames.
12 E'en the remembrance of them grieves me yet.

13 Attentive to their cry, my teacher paused,
14 and turned to me his visage, and then spake:
15 "Wait now: our courtesy these merit well:

16 and were't not for the nature of the place,
17 whence glide the fiery darts, I should have said,
18 that haste had better suited thee than them."

19 They, when we stopp'd, resumed their ancient wail,
20 and, soon as they had reach'd us, all the three
21 whirl'd round together in one restless wheel.

22 As naked champions, smear'd with slippery oil
23 are wont, intent, to watch their place of hold
24 and vantage, ere in closer strife they meet;

25 thus each one, as he wheeled, his countenance
26 at me directed, so that opposite
27 the neck moved ever to the twinkling feet.

28 "If woe of this unsound and dreary waste," thus one
29 began, "added to our sad cheer thus peel'd with flame,
30 do call forth scorn on us and our entreaties,

31 let our great renown incline thee to inform us
32 who thou art, that dost imprint,
33 with living feet unharm'd, the soil of Hell.

34 He, in whose track thou seest my steps pursuing,
35 naked though he be and reft of all,
36 was of more high estate than thou believest;

37 grandchild of the chaste Gualdrada, him they Guidoguerra call'd,
38 who in his lifetime many a noble act achieved,
39 both by his wisdom and his sword.

40 The other, next to me that beats the sand,
41 is Aldobrandi, name deserving well,
42 in the upper world, of honor; and myself,

43 who in this torment do partake with them, am Rusticucci,
44 whom, past doubt, my wife, of savage temper,
45 more than aught beside hath to this evil brought.”

46 If from the fire I had been shelter'd, down amidst them straight
47 I then had cast me; nor my guide, I deem,
48 have restrain'd my going

49 but that fear of the dire burning
50 vanquish'd the desire,
51 which made me eager of their wish'd embrace.

52 I then began: “Not scorn, but grief much more,
53 such as long time alone can cure,
54 your doom fix'd deep within me,

55 soon as this my lord spake words,
56 whose tenor taught me to expect
57 that such a race, as ye are, was at hand.

58 I am a countryman of yours, who still
59 affectionate have utter'd, and have heard
60 your deeds and names renown'd. Leaving the gall,

61 for the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide
62 hath promised to me. But behoves, that far
63 as to the centre first I downward tend.”

64 “So may long space thy spirit guide thy limbs,”
65 he answer straight return’d; “and so thy fame
66 shine bright when thou art gone,

67 as thou shalt tell,
68 if courtesy and valor, as they wont,
69 dwell in our city, or have vanish’d clean

70 for one amidst us late condemn’d to wail,
71 Borsiere, yonder walking with his peers,
72 grieves us no little by the news he brings.”

73 “An upstart multitude and sudden gains,
74 pride and excess, O Florence! have in thee engender’d,
75 so that now in tears thou mourn’st!”

76 Thus cried I, with my face upraised, and they all three,
77 who for an answer took my words, look’d at each other,
78 as men look when truth comes to their ear.

79 “If at so little cost,” they all at once rejoin’d,
80 “thou satisfy others who question thee, O happy thou!
81 Gifted with words so apt to speak thy thought.

82 Wherefore, if thou escape this darksome clime,
83 returning to behold the radiant stars,
84 when thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past,

85 see that of us thou speak among mankind.”
86 This said, they broke the circle, and so swift fled,
87 that as pinions seem’d their nimble feet.

88 Not in so short a time might one have said “Amen,”
89 as they had vanish’d. Straight my guide
90 pursued his track.

91 I follow’d and small space had we past onward,
92 when the water’s sound was now so near at hand,
93 that we had scarce heard one another’s speech for the loud din.

94 E’en as the river, that first holds its course unmingled
95 from the Mount of Vesulo,
96 on the left side of Apennine, toward the east,

97 which Acquacheta higher up they call,
98 ere it descend into the vale, at Forli,
99 by that name no longer known,

100 Rebellows o'er Saint Benedict, roll'd on
101 from the Alpine summit down a precipice,
102 where space enough to lodge a thousand spreads;

103 thus downward from a craggy steep we found
104 that this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,
105 so that the ear its clamor soon had stunn'd.

106 I had a cord that braced my girdle round,
107 wherewith I erst had thought fast bound
108 to take the painted leopard.

109 This when I had all unloosen'd from me
110 (so my master bade)
111 I gather'd up, and stretch'd it forth to him.

112 Then to the right he turn'd, and from the brink
113 standing few paces distant,
114 cast it down into the deep abyss.

115 "And somewhat strange," thus to myself I spake,
116 "signal so strange betokens,
117 which my guide with earnest eye thus follows."

118 Ah! what caution must men use
119 with those who look not at the deed alone,
120 but spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.

121 "Quickly shall come," he said, "what I expect,
122 thine eye discover quickly that,
123 whereof thy thought is dreaming."

124 Ever to that truth, which but the semblance of
125 a falsehood wears, a man, if possible, should bar his lip;
126 since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.

127 But silence here were vain; and by these notes,
128 which now I sing, reader, I swear to thee,
129 so may they favor find to latest times!

130 That through the gross and murky air I spied
131 a shape come swimming up, that might have quell'd
132 the stoutest heart with wonder; in such guise

133 as one returns, who hath been down to loose
134 an anchor grappled fast against some rock,
135 or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,

136 who, upward springing, close draws in his feet.

Inferno - Canto 17 - Cary

1 “Lo! the fell monster with the deadly sting,
2 who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls
3 and firm embattled spears, and with his filth taints all the world.”

4 Thus me my guide address’d,
5 and beckon’d him, that he should come to shore,
6 near to the stony causeway’s utmost edge.

7 Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear’d,
8 his head and upper part exposed on land,
9 but laid not on the shore his bestial train.

10 His face the semblance of a just man’s wore,
11 so kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
12 the rest was serpent

13 all two shaggy claws reach’d to the arm-pits,
14 and the back and breast, and either side,
15 were painted o’er with nodes and orbits.

16 Colors variegated more nor Turks nor Tartars
17 e’er on cloth of state with interchangeable embroidery wove,
18 nor spread Arachne o’er her curious loom.

19 As oft-times a light skiff, moor’d to the shore,
20 stands part in water, part upon the land;
21 or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,

22 the beaver settles, watching for his prey;
23 so on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,
24 sat perch’d the fiend of evil.

25 In the void glancing, his tail
26 upturn’d its venomous fork,
27 with sting like scorpion’s arm’d.

28 Then thus my guide,
29 “Now need our way must turn few steps apart,
30 far as to that ill beast, who couches there.”

31 Thereat, toward the right our downward course
32 we shaped, and, better to escape the flame
33 and burning marle, ten paces on the verge proceeded.

34 Soon as we to him arrive,
35 a little further on mine eye beholds a tribe of spirits,
36 seated on the sand near to the void.

37 Forthwith my master spake: “That to the full
38 thy knowledge may extend of all this round contains,
39 go now, and mark the mien these wear

40 but hold not long discourse. Till thou returnest,
41 I with him meantime will parley, that to us
42 he may vouchsafe the aid of his strong shoulders.”

43 Thus alone, yet forward on the extremity
44 I paced of that seventh circle,
45 where the mournful tribe were seated.

46 At the eyes forth gush’d their pangs,
47 against the vapors and the torrid soil
48 alternately their shifting hands they plied.

49 Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply
50 their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore
51 by gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.

52 Noting the visages of some, who lay
53 beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
54 one of them all I knew not; but perceived,

55 that pendent from his neck each bore a pouch
56 with colors and with emblems various mark’d,
57 on which it seem’d as if their eye did feed.

58 And when, amongst them, looking round I came,
59 a yellow purse I saw with azure wrought,
60 that wore a lion’s countenance and port.

61 Then, still my sight pursuing its career,
62 another I beheld, than blood more red,
63 a goose display of whiter wing than curd.
64

65 And one, who bore a fat and azure swine
66 pictured on his white scrip, address'd me thus:
67 "What dost thou in this deep?

68 Go now and know,
69 since yet thou livest, that my neighbor here
70 Vitaliano on my left shall sit.

71 A Paduan with these Florentines am I.
72 Ofttimes they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,
73 'Oh! haste that noble knight,
74 he who the pouch with the three goats will bring.'"
75 This said, he writhed the mouth, and loll'd the tongue out,
76 like an ox that licks his nostrils.

77 I, lest longer stay he ill might brook,
78 who bade me stay not long,
79 backward my steps from those sad spirits turn'd.

80 My guide already seated on the haunch
81 of the fierce animal I found; and thus
82 he me encouraged. "Be thou stout be bold.

83 Down such a steep flight must we now descend.
84 Mount thou before for, that no power the tail
85 may have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."

86 As one, who hath an ague fit so near,
87 his nails already are turn'd blue, and he
88 quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade;

89 such was my cheer at hearing of his words.
90 But shame soon interposed her threat, who makes
91 the servant bold in presence of his lord;

92 I settled me upon those shoulders huge,
93 and would have said, but that the words to aid
94 my purpose came not, "Look thou clasp me firm."

95 But he whose succor then not first I proved,
96 soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,
97 embracing, held me up; and thus he spake:

98 “Geryon! now move thee: be thy wheeling gyres
99 of ample circuit, easy thy descent.
100 Think on the unusual burden thou sustain’st.”

101 As a small vessel, backening out from land,
102 her station quits; so thence the monster loosed,
103 and, when he felt himself at large, turn’d round

104 there, where the breast had been, his forked tail.
105 Thus, like an eel, outstretch’d at length he steer’d,
106 gathering the air up with retractile claws.

107 Not greater was the dread, when Phaeton
108 the reins let drop at random, whence high heaven,
109 whereof signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames;

110 nor when ill-fated Icarus perceived, by liquefaction of the scalded wax,
111 the trusted pennons loosen’d from his loins,
112 his sire exclaiming loud, “Ill way thou keep’st,”

113 than was my dread, when round me on each part
114 the air I view’d, and other object none
115 save the fell beast.

116 He, slowly sailing, wheels his downward motion,
117 unobserved of me, but that the wind, arising to my face,
118 breathes on me from below.

119 Now on our right
120 I heard the cataract beneath us leap
121 with hideous crash; whence bending down to explore,

122 new terror I conceived at the steep plunge;
123 for flames I saw, and wailings smote mine ear
124 so that, all trembling, close I crouch’d my limbs,

125 and then distinguished, unperceived before,
126 by the dread torments that on every side
127 drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.

128 As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,
129 but lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair
130 the falconer cries, “Ah me! thou stoop’st to earth,”

131 wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose
132 in many an airy wheel, and lighting sits
133 at distance from his lord in angry mood;

134 so Geryon lighting places us on foot
135 low down at base of the deep-furrow'd rock,
136 and, of his burden there discharged, forthwith

137 sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.

Inferno - Canto 18 - Cary

1 There is a place within 'tine depths of Hell Malebolge,
2 all of rock dark-stain'd with hue ferruginous,
3 e'en as the steep that round it circling winds.

4 Right in the midst of that abominable region
5 yawns spacious gulf profound,
6 whereof the frame due time shall tell.

7 The circle, that remains, throughout its round,
8 between the gulf and base of the high craggy banks,
9 successive forms ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised.

10 As where, to guard the walls, full many a foss
11 begirds some stately castle, sure defence
12 affording to the space within;

13 so here were model'd these and as like fortresses,
14 e'en from their threshold to the brink without,
15 are flank'd with bridges;

16 from the rock's low base thus flinty paths advanced,
17 that 'cross the moles and dykes struck onward far as to the gulf,
18 that in one bound collected cuts them off.

19 Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves
20 from Geryon's back dislodged. The bard to left
21 held on his way, and I behind him moved.

22 On our right hand new misery I saw,
23 new pains, new executioners of wrath,
24 that swarming peopled the first chasm.

25 Below naked sinners. Hitherward they came,
26 long our faces, from the middle point;
27 with us beyond, but with a larger stride.

28 E'en thus the Romans, when the year returns of Jubilee,
29 with better speed to rid the thronging multitudes,
30 their means devise for such as pass the bridge;

31 that on one side all front
32 toward the castle, and approach Saint Peter's fane,
33 on the other toward the mount.

34 Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,
35 horn'd demons I beheld, with lashes huge,
36 that on their back unmercifully smote.

37 Ah! how they made them bound
38 at the first stripe!
39 None for the second waited, nor the third.

40 Meantime, as on I pass'd, one met my sight,
41 whom soon as view'd, "Of him," cried I,
42 "not yet mine eye hath had his fill."

43 I therefore stay'd my feet to scan him,
44 and the teacher kind paused with me,
45 and consented I should walk backward a space;

46 and the tormented spirit, who thought to hide him,
47 bent his visage down. But it avail'd him naught; for I exclaim'd:
48 "Thou who dost cast shine eye upon the ground,

49 unless thy features do belie thee much,
50 Venedico art thou. But what brings thee
51 into this bitter seasoning?"

52 He replied: "Unwillingly I answer to thy words.
53 But thy clear speech, that to my mind recalls
54 the world I once inhabited, constrains me.

55 Know then 'twas I who led fair Ghisola
56 to do the Marquis' will, however fame
57 the shameful tale have bruited.

58 Nor alone Bologna hither sendeth me to mourn.
59 Rather with us the place is so o'erthrong'd,
60 that not so many tongues this day are taught,

61 betwixt the Reno and Savena's stream, to answer *Sipa*
62 in their country's phrase. And if of that securer proof thou need,
63 remember but our craving thirst for gold."

64 Him speaking thus, a demon with his thong
65 struck and exclaim'd, "Away, corrupter!
66 here women are none for sale."

67 Forthwith I join'd my escort,
68 and few paces thence we came
69 to where a rock forth issued from the bank.

70 That easily ascended, to the right
71 upon its splinter turning,
72 we depart from those eternal barriers.

73 When arrived where, underneath,
74 the gaping arch lets pass
75 the scourged souls: "Pause here," the teacher said,

76 "and let these others miserable now
77 strike on thy ken; faces not yet beheld,
78 for that together they with us have walk'd."

79 From the old bridge we eyed the pack, who came
80 from the other side toward us, like the rest,
81 excoriate from the lash.

82 My gentle guide, by me unquestion'd,
83 thus his speech resumed: "Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,
84 and seems too woebegone to drop a tear.

85 how yet the regal aspect he retains!
86 Jason is he, whose skill and prowess
87 won the ram from Colchos.

88 To the Lemnian isle his passage thither led him,
89 when those bold and pitiless women
90 had slain all their males.

91 Them he with tokens and fair witching words
92 Hypsipyle beguiled, a virgin young,
93 who first had all the rest herself beguiled.

94 Impregnated, he left her there forlorn.
95 Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.
96 Here too Medea's injuries are avenged.

97 All bear him company, who like deceit to his have practiced.
98 And thus much to know of the first vale suffice thee,
99 and of those whom its keen torments urge.”

100 Now had we come where,
101 crossing the next pier, the straiten'd path
102 bestrides its shoulders to another arch.

103 Hence, in the second chasm we heard the ghosts,
104 who gibber in low melancholy sounds, with wide-stretch'd nostrils snort,
105 and on themselves smite with their palms.

106 Upon the banks a scurf,
107 from the foul steam condensed, encrusting hung,
108 that held sharp combat with the sight and smell.

109 So hollow is the depth, that from no part,
110 wave on the summit of the rocky span,
111 could I distinguish aught.

112 Thus far we came; and thence I saw,
113 within the foss below, a crowd immersed in ordure,
114 that appear'd draff of the human body.

115 There beneath searching with eye inquisitive,
116 I mark'd one with his head so grimed,
117 'twere hard to deem if he were clerk or layman.

118 Loud he cried: “Why greedily thus bendest more on me,
119 than on these other filthy ones, thy ken?”
120 “Because, if true my memory,” I replied,

121 “I heretofore have seen thee with dry locks;
122 and thou Alessio art, of Lucca sprung.
123 Therefore than all the rest I scan thee more.”

124 Then beating on his brain, these words he spake:
125 “Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk,
126 wherewith I ne'er enough could glut my tongue.”

127 My leader thus: “A little further
128 stretch thy face,
129 that thou the visage well mayst note;

130 of that besotted, sluttish courtesan,
131 who there doth rend her with defiled nails,
132 now crouching down, now risen on her feet.

133 Thais is this, the harlot, whose false lip
134 answer'd her doting paramour that ask'd,
135 'Thankest me much!' – 'Say rather, wondrously,'
136 and, seeing this, here satiate be our view."

Inferno - Canto 19 - Cary

1 Woe to thee, Simon Magus! woe to you, his wretched followers!
2 who the things of God, which should be wedded
3 unto goodness, them, rapacious as ye are,

4 do prostitute for gold and silver in adultery.
5 Now must the trumpet sound for you,
6 since yours is the third chasm.

7 Upon the following vault
8 we now had mounted, where the rock impends
9 directly o'er the centre of the foss.

10 Wisdom Supreme! how wonderful the art,
11 which thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth, and in the evil world,
12 how just a meed allotting by thy virtue unto all.

13 I saw the livid stone, throughout the sides
14 and in its bottom full of apertures,
15 all equal in their width, and circular each.

16 Nor ample less nor larger they appear'd than,
17 in Saint John's fair dome of me beloved,
18 those framed to hold the pure baptismal streams,

19 one of the which I brake, some few years past,
20 to save a whelming infant and be this a seal
21 to undeceive whoever doubts the motive of my deed.

22 From out the mouth of every one emerged a sinner's feet,
23 and of the legs high upward as the calf.
24 The rest beneath was hid.

25 On either foot the soles were burning;
26 whence the flexile joints glanced with such violent motion,
27 as had snaps asunder cords or twisted withes.

28 As flame, feeding on unctuous matter, glides along
29 the surface, scarcely touching where it moves;
30 so here, from heel to point, glided the flames.

31 “Master! say who is he,
32 than all the rest glancing in fiercer agony,
33 on whom a ruddier flame doth prey?” I thus inquired.

34 “If thou be willing,” he replied, “that I
35 carry thee down, where least the slope bank falls,
36 he of himself shall tell thee, and his wrongs.”

37 I then: “As pleases thee, to me is best.
38 Thou art my lord; and know’st that ne’er I quit
39 thy will: what silence hides, that knowest thou.”

40 Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we turn’d
41 and on our left descended to the depth,
42 a narrow strait, and perforated close.

43 Nor from his side my leader set me down
44 till to his orifice he brought, whose limb
45 quivering express’d his pang.

46 “Whoe’er thou art, sad spirit! thus reversed,
47 and as a stake driven in the soil,” I in these words began;
48 “If thou be able, utter forth thy voice.”

49 There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive
50 a wretch for murder doom’d, who, e’en when fix’d,
51 calleth him back, whence death awhile delays.

52 He shouted: “Ha! already standest there?
53 Already standest there, O Boniface!
54 By many a year the writing play’d me false.

55 So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,
56 for which thou fearedst not in guile to take
57 the lovely lady, and then mangle her?”

58 I felt as those who, piercing not the drift
59 of answer made them, stand as if exposed
60 in mockery, nor know what to reply,

61 when Virgil thus admonish’d: “Tell him quick,
62 ‘I am not he, not he whom thou believest.’
63 And I, as was enjoin’d me, straight replied.

64 That heard, the spirit all did wrench his feet,
65 and, sighing, next in woful accent spake:
66 “What then of me requirest?

67 If to know so much imports thee, who I am,
68 that thou hast therefore down the bank descended,
69 learn that in the mighty mantle I was robed,

70 and of a she-bear was indeed the son, so eager
71 to advance my whelps, that there my having in my purse above
72 I stow’d, and here myself.

73 Under my head are dragg’d the rest, my predecessors
74 in the guilt of simony. Stretch’d at their length,
75 they lie along an opening in the rock.

76 ‘Midst them I also low shall fall,
77 soon as he comes, for whom I took thee,
78 when so hastily I question’d.

79 But already longer time hath past, since my soles kindled,
80 and I thus upturn’d have stood,
81 than is his doom to stand planted with fiery feet.

82 For after him, one yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive,
83 from forth the west, a shepherd without law,
84 fated to cover both his form and mine.

85 He a new Jason shall be call’d, of whom in Maccabees we read;
86 and favor such as to that priest his King indulgent show’d,
87 shall be of France’s monarch shown to him.”

88 I know not if I here too far presumed,
89 but in this strain I answer’d:
90 “Tell me now what treasures

91 from Saint Peter at the first Our Lord demanded,
92 when he put the keys into his charge?
93 Surely he ask’d no more but ‘Follow me!’

94 Nor Peter, nor the rest, or gold or silver of Matthias took,
95 when lots were cast upon the forfeit place
96 of the condemned soul.

97 Abide thou then; thy punishment of right is merited
98 and look thou well to that ill-gotten coin,
99 which against Charles thy hardihood inspired.

100 If reverence of the keys
101 restrain'd me not,
102 which thou in happier time didst hold,

103 I yet severer speech might use.
104 Your avarice o'ercasts the world with mourning,
105 under foot treading the good, and raising bad men up.

106 Of shepherds like to you, the Evangelist was ware,
107 when her, who sits upon the waves,
108 with kings in filthy whoredom he beheld;

109 she who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,
110 and from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
111 long as her spouse in virtue took delight.

112 Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
113 differing wherein from the idolater,
114 but that he worships one, a hundred ye?

115 Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
116 not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
117 which the first wealthy Father gain'd from thee."

118 Meanwhile, as thus I sung, he, whether wrath
119 or conscience smote him, violent upsprang
120 spinning on either sole.

121 I do believe my teacher well was pleased,
122 with so composed a lip he listen'd ever to the sound
123 of the true words I utter'd.

124 In both arms he caught, and,
125 to his bosom lifting me,
126 upward retraced the way of his descent.

127 Nor weary of his weight, he press'd me close,
128 till to the summit of the rock we came,
129 our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.

130 His cherish'd burden there gently he placed
131 upon the rugged rock and steep, a path
132 not easy for the clambering goat to mount.

133 Thence to my view another vale appear'd.

Inferno - Canto 20 - Cary

1 And now the verse proceeds to torments new,
2 fit argument of this the twentieth strain of the first song,
3 whose awful theme records the spirits whelm'd in woe.

4 Earnest I look'd into the depth,
5 that open'd to my view,
6 moisten'd with tears of anguish,

7 and beheld a tribe, that came along the hollow vale,
8 in silence weeping such their step as walk
9 quires, chanting solemn litanies, on earth.

10 As on them more direct mine eye descends,
11 each wondrously seem'd to be reversed
12 at the neck-bone, so that the countenance

13 was from the reins averted; and because
14 none might before him look, they were compell'd
15 to advance with backward gait.

16 Thus one perhaps hath been
17 by force of palsy clean transposed,
18 but I ne'er saw it nor believe it so.

19 Now, reader! think within thyself,
20 so God fruit of thy reading give thee! how I long;
21 could keep my visage dry,

22 when I beheld near me our form distorted in such guise,
23 that on the hinder parts fallen from the face,
24 the tears down-streaming roll'd.

25 Against a rock I leant and wept,
26 so that my guide exclaim'd:
27 "What, and art thou, too, witless as the rest?"

28 Here pity most doth show herself alive,
29 when she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,
30 who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives?

31 Raise up thy head, raise up,
32 and see the man before whose eyes
33 earth gaped in Thebes, when all;

34 cried out ‘Amphiaraus, whither rushest?
35 Why leavest thou the war?’ He not the less fell ruining far
36 as to Minos down, whose grapple none eludes.

37 Lo! how he makes the breast his shoulders;
38 and who once too far before him wish’d to see,
39 now backward looks, and treads reverse his path.

40 Tiresias note, who semblance changed,
41 when woman he became of male,
42 through every limb transform’d, and then

43 once more behoved him with his rod to strike
44 the two entwining serpents, ere the plumes,
45 that mark’d the better sex, might shoot again.

46 “Aruns, with rere his belly facing, comes.
47 On Luni’s mountains ‘midst the marbles white,
48 where delves Carrara’s hind, who once beneath,

49 cavern was his dwelling,
50 whence the stars and main-sea wide
51 in boundless view he held.

52 “The next, whose loosen’d tresses
53 overspread her bosom, which thou seest
54 not for each hair on that side grows

55 was Manto, she who search’d through many regions,
56 and at length her seat fix’d in my native land
57 whence a short space my words detain thy audience.

58 When her sire from life departed, and in servitude
59 the city dedicate to Bacchus mourn’d,
60 long time she went a wanderer through the world.

61 Aloft in Italy’s delightful land a lake there lies,
62 at foot of that proud Alp that o’er the Tyrol
63 locks Germania in, its name Benacus,

64 from whose ample breast a thousand springs,
65 methinks, and more, between Camonica and Garda,
66 issuing forth, water the Apennine.

67 There is a spot at midway of that lake, where he
68 who bears of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him of Brescia,
69 and the Veronese, might each passing that way his benediction give.

70 A garrison of goodly site and strong Peschiera stands,
71 to awe with front opposed the Bergamese and Brescian,
72 whence the shore more slope each way descends.

73 There, whatsoe'er Benacus' bosom holds not,
74 tumbling o'er down falls, and winds a river flood
75 beneath through the green pastures.

76 Soon as in his course the stream makes head,
77 Benacus then no more they call the name, but Mincius,
78 till at last reaching Governo, into Po he falls.

79 Not far his course hath run, when a wide flat it finds,
80 which overstretching as a marsh it covers,
81 pestilent in summer oft.

82 Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw
83 midst of the fen a territory waste
84 and naked of inhabitants.

85 To shun all human converse, here she with her slaves,
86 plying her arts, remain'd, and liv'd,
87 and left her body tenantless.

88 Thenceforth the tribes, who round were scatter'd,
89 gathering to that place, assembled; for its strength
90 was great, enclosed on all parts by the fen.

91 On those dead bones; they rear'd themselves a city,
92 for her sake calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,
93 nor ask'd another omen for the name;

94 wherein more numerous the people dwelt,
95 ere Casalodi's madness by deceit
96 was wronged of Pinamonte.

97 If thou hear henceforth another origin assign'd
98 of that my country, I forewarn thee now,
99 that falsehood none beguile thee of the truth."

100 I answer'd, "Teacher, I conclude thy words
101 so certain, that all else shall be to me
102 as embers lacking life.

103 But now of these, who here proceed,
104 instruct me, if thou see any that merit more especial note.
105 For thereon is my mind alone intent."

106 He straight replied: "That spirit, from whose cheek
107 the beard sweeps o'er his shoulders brown, what time
108 Graecia was emptied of her males, that scarce

109 the cradles were supplied, the seer was he in Aulis,
110 who with Calchas gave the sign
111 when first to cut the cable. Him they named

112 Eurypilus so sings my tragic strain,
113 in which majestic measure well thou know'st,
114 who know'st it all.

115 That other, round the loins
116 so slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,
117 practised in every slight of magic wile.

118 Guido Bonatti see: Asdente mark,
119 who now were willing he had tended still
120 the thread and cordwain, and too late repents.

121 See next the wretches, who the needle left,
122 the shuttle and the spindle, and became diviners:
123 baneful witcheries they wrought with images and herbs.

124 But onward now: for now doth Cain
125 with fork of thorns confine on either hemisphere,
126 touching the wave beneath the towers of Seville.

127 Yesternight the moon was round.
128 Thou mayst remember well for she good service
129 did thee in the gloom of the deep wood."

130

This said, both onward moved.

Inferno - Canto 21 - Cary

1 Thus we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,
2 the which my drama cares not to rehearse,
3 pass'd on; and to the summit reaching, stood

4 to view another gap, within the round of Malebolge,
5 other bootless pangs.
6 Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.

7 In the Venetians' arsenal as boils through wintry months tenacious pitch,
8 to smear their unsound vessels;
9 for the inclement time

10 seafaring men restrains, and in that while
11 his bark one builds anew, another stops
12 the ribs of his that hath made many a voyage,

13 one hammers at the prow, one at the poop,
14 this shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,
15 the mizzen one repairs, and main-sail rent;

16 so, not by force of fire but art divine,
17 boil'd here a glutinous thick mass,
18 that round limed all the shore beneath.

19 I that beheld, but herein naught distinguish'd,
20 save the bubbles raised by the boiling,
21 and one mighty swell heave, and by turns subsiding fall.

22 While there I fix'd my ken below,
23 "Mark! mark!" my guide exclaiming,
24 drew me toward him from the place

25 wherein I stood. I turn'd myself, as one
26 impatient to behold that which beheld
27 he needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,

28 that he his flight delays not for the view.
29 Behind me I discern'd a devil black,
30 that running up advanced along the rock.

31 Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.
32 In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
33 buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread.

34 His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,
35 was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
36 he held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.

37 "Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-talon'd fiends!
38 Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders. Him
39 whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.

40 That land hath store of such. All men are there,
41 except Bonturo, barterers of 'no'
42 for lucre there an 'ay' is quickly made."

43 Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd;
44 nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
45 sped with like eager haste.

46 That other sank, and forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
47 But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge, cried,
48 "Here the hallow'd visage saves not.

49 Here is other swimming than in Serchio's wave,
50 wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
51 take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch."

52 This said, they grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
53 and shouted: "Cover'd thou must sport thee here,
54 so, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."

55 'E'en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,
56 to thrust the flesh into the caldron down
57 with flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.

58 Me then my guide bespake: "Lest they descry
59 that thou art here, behind a craggy rock
60 bend low and screen thee

61 and whate'er of force be offer'd me, or insult,
62 fear thou not; for I am well advised,
63 who have been erst in the like fray."

64 Beyond the bridge's head therewith he pass'd,
65 and reaching the sixth pier,
66 behoved him then a forehead terror-proof.

67 With storm and fury, as when dogs rush forth
68 upon the poor man's back, who suddenly
69 from whence he standeth makes his suit;

70 so rush'd those from beneath the arch,
71 and against him their weapons all they pointed.
72 He, aloud: "Be none of you outrageous ere your time
73 dare seize me, come forth from amongst you one,
74 who have heard my words, decide he then
75 if he shall tear these limbs."

76 They shouted loud, "Go, Malacoda!"
77 Whereat one advanced, the others standing firm, and as he came,
78 "What may this turn avail him?" he exclaim'd.

79 "Believest thou, Malacoda! I had come
80 thus far from all your skirmishing secure,"
81 my teacher answer'd,

82 "without will divine and destiny propitious?
83 Pass we then; for so Heaven's pleasure is, that I
84 should lead another through this savage wilderness."

85 Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop the instrument of torture at his feet,
86 and to the rest exclaim'd:
87 "We have no power to strike him."

88 Then to me my guide: "O thou!
89 Who on the bridge among the crags dost sit
90 low crouching, safely now to me return."

91 I rose, and toward him moved with speed; the fiends
92 meantime all forward drew me terror seized,
93 lest they should break the compact they had made.

94 Thus issuing from Caprona, once I saw
95 the infantry, dreading lest his covenant
96 the foe should break; so close he hemm'd them round.

97 I to my leader's side adhered, mine eyes
98 with fixt and motionless observance bent
99 on their unkindly visage.

100 They their hooks protruding, one the other thus bespake:
101 "Wilt thou I touch him on the hip?"
102 To whom was answer'd: "Even so; nor miss thy aim."

103 But he, who was in conference with my guide,
104 turn'd rapid round; and thus the demon spake:
105 "Stay, stay thee, Scarmiglione!"

106 Then to us he added: "Further footing to your step
107 this rock affords not,
108 shiver'd to the base of the sixth arch.

109 But would ye still proceed,
110 up by this cavern go not distant far,
111 another rock will yield you passage safe.

112 Yesterday, later by five hours than now, twelve hundred threescore years and six
113 had fill'd the circuit
114 of their course, since here the way was broken.

115 Thitherward I straight despatch certain of these my scouts,
116 who shall espy if any on the surface bask.
117 With them go ye for ye shall find them nothing fell.

118 Come, Alichino, forth," with that he cried,
119 "and Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo thou!
120 The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.

121 With Libicocco, Draghinazo haste,
122 fang'd Ciratta, Grafficanne fierce,
123 and Farfarello, and mad Rubicant.

124 Search ye around the bubbling tar.
125 For these, in safety lead them, where the other crag
126 uninterrupted traverses the dens."

127 I then "O master! what a sight is there.
128 Ah! without escort, journey we alone,
129 which, if thou know the way, I covet not.

130 Unless thy prudence fail thee,
131 dost not mark how they do gnarl upon us,
132 and their scowl threatens us present tortures?"

133 He replied: "I charge thee, fear not: let them, as they will,
134 gnarl on: 'tis but in token of their spite
135 against the souls who mourn in torment steep'd."

136 To leftward o'er the pier they turn'd; but each
137 had first between his teeth press close the tongue,
138 toward their leader for a signal looking,
139
140 which he with sound obscene triumphant gave.

Inferno - Canto 22 - Cary

1 It hath been heretofore my chance to see horsemen
2 with martial order shifting camp,
3 to onset sallying, or in muster ranged, or in retreat

4 sometimes outstretch'd for flight light-armed
5 squadrons and fleet foragers scouring thy plains, Arezzo!
6 have I seen, and clashing tournaments, and tilting jousts,

7 now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells, tabors,
8 or signals made from castled heights, and with inventions multiform,
9 our own, or introduced from foreign land;

10 but ne'er to such a strange recorder I beheld,
11 in evolution moving, horse nor foot,
12 nor ship, that tack'd by sign from land or star.

13 With the ten Demons on our way we went;
14 ah, fearful company! but in the Church with saints,
15 with gluttons at the tavern's mess.

16 Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark
17 all things whatever the chasm contain'd,
18 and those who burn'd within.

19 As dolphins that, in sign to mariners,
20 heave high their arched backs, that thence forewarn'd
21 they may advise to save their threaten'd vessel;

22 so, at intervals,
23 to ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,
24 then hid more nimbly than the lightning-glance.

25 E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat
26 stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
27 their feet and of the trunk all else concealed,

28 thus on each part the sinners stood;
29 but soon Barbariccia was at hand,
30 so they drew back under the wave.

31 I saw, and yet my heart doth stagger, one,
32 that waited thus, as it befalls that oft one frog remains,
33 while the next springs away

34 and Graffiacan, who of the fiends was nearest,
35 grappling seized his clotted locks, and dragg'd him sprawling up,
36 that he appear'd to me an otter.

37 Each already by their names I knew,
38 so well when they were chosen I observed,
39 and mark'd how one the other call'd.

40 "O Rubicant!
41 See that his hide thou with thy talons flay,"
42 shouted together all the cursed crew.

43 Then I: "Inform thee, Master! if thou may,
44 what wretched soul is this, on whom their hands,
45 his foes have laid."

46 My leader to his side approach'd,
47 and whence he came inquired; to whom
48 was answer'd thus: "Born in Navarre's domain,

49 my mother placed me in a lord's retinue;
50 for she had borne me to a loser vile,
51 a spendthrift of his substance and himself.

52 The good King Thibault after that I served
53 to peculating here my thoughts were turn'd,
54 whereof I give account in this dire heat."

55 Straight Ciratto, from whose mouth a tusk
56 issued on either side, as from a boar,
57 ripp'd him with one of these.

58 'Twixt evil claws the mouse had fallen but Barbariccia cried,
59 seizing him with both arms: "Stand thou apart
60 while I do fix him on my prong transpierced."

61 Then added, turning to my guide his face,
62 "Inquire of him, if more thou wish to learn,
63 ere he again be rent."

64 My leader thus: "Then tell us of the partners in thy guilt;
65 knowest thou any sprung of Latin land
66 under the tar?" "I parted," he replied,

67 "but now from one, who sojourn'd not far thence;
68 so were I under shelter now with him,
69 nor hook nor talon then should scare me more."

70 "Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried;
71 then, darting forth a prong, seized on his arm,
72 and mangled bore away the sinewy part.

73 Him Draghinazo by his thighs beneath would next
74 have caught; whence angrily their chief, turning on
75 all sides round, with threatening brow restrain'd them.

76 When their strife a little ceased, of him,
77 who yet was gazing on his wound,
78 my teacher thus without delay inquired:

79 "Who was the spirit, from whom by evil hap
80 parting, as thou hast told, thou camest to shore?"
81 "It was the friar Gomita," he rejoin'd,

82 "he of Gallura, vessel of all guile,
83 who had his master's enemies in hand,
84 and used them so that they commend him well.

85 Money he took, and them at large dismiss'd;
86 so he reports; and in each other charge committed to
87 his keeping play'd the part; of barterer to the height.

88 With him doth herd the chief of Logodoro,
89 Michel Zanche. Sardinia is a theme
90 whereof their tongue is never weary.

91 Out! alas! behold that other,
92 how he grins. More would I say,
93 but tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."

94 Their captain then to Farfarello turning,
95 who roll'd his moony eyes in act to strike,
96 rebuked him thus: "Off, cursed bird! avaunt!"

97 “If ye desire to see or hear,” he thus
98 quaking with dread resumed, “or Tuscan spirits
99 or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.

100 Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,
101 so that no vengeance they may fear from them,
102 and I, remaining in this self-same place,

103 will, for myself but one, make seven appear,
104 when my shrill whistle shall be heard; for so
105 our custom is to call each other up.”

106 Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinn’d,
107 then wagg’d the head and spake: “Hear his device,
108 mischievous as he is, to plunge him down.”

109 Whereto he thus, who fail’d not in rich store;
110 of nice-wove toils: “Mischief, forsooth, extreme!
111 Meant only to procure myself more woe.”

112 No longer Alichino then refrain’d,
113 but thus, the rest gainsaying, him bespake:
114 “If thou do cast thee down, I not on foot;

115 will chase thee, but above the pitch will beat my plumes.
116 Quit we the vantage ground, and let the bank be as a shield;
117 that we may see, if singly thou prevail against us all.”

118 Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear.
119 They each one turn’d his eyes to the other shore,
120 he first, who was the hardest to persuade.

121 The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,
122 planted his feet on land, and at one leap
123 escaping, disappointed their resolve.

124 Them quick resentment stung, but him the most
125 who was the cause of failure: in pursuit
126 he therefore sped, exclaiming, “Thou art caught.”

127 But little it avail’d; terror outstripped
128 his following flight; the other plunged beneath,
129 and he with upward pinion raised his breast

130 e'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives
131 the falcon near, dives instant down,
132 while he enraged and spent retires.

133 that mockery in Calcabrina fury stirr'd,
134 who flew after him,
135 with desire of strife inflamed;

136 and, for the barterer had 'scaped, so turn'd
137 his talons on his comrade. O'er the dyke
138 in grapple close they join'd;

139 but the other proved a goshawk
140 able to rend well his foe;
141 and in the boiling lake both fell.

142 The heat was umpire soon between them;
143 but in vain to lift themselves they strove,
144 so fast were glued their pennons.

145 Barbariccia, as the rest,
146 that chance lamenting, four in flight despatch'd
147 from the other coast, with all their weapons arm'd.

148 They, to their post on each side speedily
149 descending, stretch'd their hooks toward the fiends,
150 who flounder'd, inly burning from their scars;

151 and we departing left them to that broil.

Inferno - Canto 23 - Cary

1 In silence and in solitude we went,
2 one first, the other following his steps,
3 as minor friars journeying on their road.

4 The present fray had turn'd my thoughts to muse
5 upon old Aesop's fable, where he told
6 what fate unto the mouse and frog befell;

7 for language hath not sounds more like in sense,
8 than are these chances, if the origin
9 and end of each be heedfully compared.

10 And as one thought bursts from another forth,
11 so afterward from that another sprang,
12 which added doubly to my former fear.

13 For thus I reason'd: "These through us have been
14 so foil'd, with loss and mockery so complete,
15 as needs must sting them sore.

16 If anger then be to their evil will conjoin'd,
17 more fell they shall pursue us, than the savage hound
18 snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."

19 Already I perceived my hair stand all on end
20 with terror, and look'd eager back.
21 "Teacher," I thus began, "if speedily

22 thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread
23 those evil talons. Even now behind they urge us:
24 quick imagination works so forcibly, that I already feel them."

25 He answer'd: "Were I form'd of leaded glass,
26 I should not sooner draw unto myself thy outward image,
27 than I now imprint that from within.

28 This moment came thy thoughts presented before mine,
29 with similar act and countenance similar,
30 so that from both I one design have framed.

31 If the right coast incline so much, that we may thence
32 descend into the other chasm, we shall escape
33 secure from this imagined pursuit.”

34 He had not spoke his purpose to the end,
35 when I from far beheld them with spread wings
36 approach to take us.

37 Suddenly my guide caught me,
38 even as a mother that from sleep is by the noise aroused,
39 and near her sees the climbing fires,

40 who snatches up her babe and flies ne'er pausing,
41 careful more of him than of herself,
42 that but a single vest clings round her limbs.

43 Down from the jutting beach
44 supine he cast him to that pendent rock,
45 which closes on one part the other chasm.

46 Never ran water with such hurrying pace
47 adown the tube to turn a land-mill's wheel,
48 when nearest it approaches to the spokes,

49 as then along that edge my master ran,
50 carrying me in his bosom, as a child,
51 not a companion.

52 Scarcely had his feet reach'd to the lowest
53 of the bed beneath, when over us the steep
54 they reach'd but fear in him was none;

55 for that high Providence,
56 which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,
57 power of departing thence took from them all.

58 There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,
59 who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,
60 faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.

61 Capes had they on, with hoods, that fell low down
62 before their eyes, in fashion like to those
63 worn by the monks in Cologne.

64 Their outside was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
65 but leaden all within, and of such weight,
66 that Frederick's compared to these were straw.

67 Oh, everlasting wearisome attire!
68 We yet once more with them together turn'd
69 to leftward, on their dismal moan intent.

70 But by the weight oppress, so slowly came
71 the fainting people, that our company
72 was changed, at every movement of the step.

73 Whence I my guide address'd: "See that thou find
74 some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be known;
75 and to that end look round thee as thou go'st."

76 Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,
77 cried after us aloud: "Hold in your feet,
78 ye who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.

79 Perchance from me thou shalt obtain thy wish."
80 Whereat my leader, turning, me bespake:
81 "Pause, and then onward at their pace proceed."

82 I staid, and saw two spirits in whose look impatient eagerness
83 of mind was mark'd to overtake me; but the load they bare
84 and narrow path retarded their approach.

85 Soon as arrived, they with an eye askance
86 perused me, but spake not then turning, each
87 to other thus conferring said:

88 "This one seems, by the action of his throat, alive;
89 and, be they dead, what privilege allows
90 they walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole?"

91 Then thus to me: "Tuscan, who visitest
92 the college of the mourning hypocrites,
93 disdain not to instruct us who thou art."

94 "By Arno's pleasant stream," I thus replied,
95 in the great city I was bred and grew,
96 and wear the body I have ever worn.

97 But who are ye, from whom such mighty grief,
98 as now I witness, courseth down your cheeks?
99 What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe?"

100 "Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue,"
101 one of them answer'd, "are so leaden gross,
102 that with their weight they make the balances to crack beneath them.

103 Joyous friars we were, Bologna's natives; Catalano I,
104 he Loderingo named; and by thy land
105 together taken, as men use to take

106 a single and indifferent arbiter,
107 to reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,
108 Gardingo's vicinage can best declare."

109 "O friars!" I began, "your miseries—"
110 but there brake off, for one had caught mine eye,
111 fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:

112 he, when he saw me, writhed himself, throughout
113 distorted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard.
114 And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,

115 Thus spake: "That pierced spirit, whom intent
116 thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees counsel,
117 that it were fitting for one man to suffer for the people.

118 He doth lie transverse;
119 nor any passes, but him first
120 behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.

121 In straits like this along the foss are placed the father
122 of his consort, and the rest partakers in that council,
123 seed of ill and sorrow to the Jews."

124 I noted then, how Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,
125 thus abjectly extended on the cross
126 in banishment eternal.

127 To the friar he next his words address'd:
128 "We pray ye tell,
129 if so be lawful, whether on our right

130 lies any opening in the rock, whereby we both may issue hence,
131 without constraint on the dark angels,
132 that compell'd they come to lead us from this depth."

133 He thus replied: "Nearer than thou dost hope,
134 there is a rock from the great circle moving,
135 which o'ersteps each vale of horror,

136 save that here his cope is shatter'd.
137 By the ruin ye may mount for on the side it slants,
138 and most the height rises below."

139 With head bent down awhile
140 my leader stood; then spake: "He warn'd us ill,
141 who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."

142 To whom the friar: "At Bologna erst I many voices
143 of the devil heard; among the rest was said,
144 'He is a liar, and the father of lies!'"

145 When he had spoke, my leader with large strides proceeded on,
146 somewhat disturb'd with anger in his look.
147 I therefore left the spirits heavy laden,
148 and, following, his beloved footsteps mark'd.

Inferno - Canto 24 - Cary

1 In the year's early nonage, when the sun
2 tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
3 and now toward equal day the nights recede,

4 when as the rime upon the earth puts on
5 her dazzling sister's image, but not long
6 her milder sway endures;

7 then riseth up the village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
8 and looking out beholds the plain around
9 all whiten'd; whence impatiently he smites his thighs,

10 and to his hut returning in, there paces to and fro,
11 wailing his lot, as a discomfited and helpless man;
12 then comes he forth again, and feels new hope spring in his bosom,

13 finding e'en thus soon the world hath changed
14 its countenance, grasps his crook,
15 and forth to pasture drives his little flock

16 so me my guide dishearten'd,
17 when I saw his troubled forehead;
18 and so speedily that ill was cured,

19 for at the fallen bridge arriving, toward me with a look
20 as sweet, he turn'd him back,
21 as that I first beheld at the steep mountain's foot.

22 Regarding well; the ruin,
23 and some counsel first maintain'd with his own thought,
24 he open'd wide his arm and took me up.

25 As one, who, while he works, computes his labor's issue,
26 that he seems still to foresee the effect;
27 so lifting me up to the summit of one peak,

28 he fix'd his eye upon another. "Grapple that,"
29 said he, "but first make proof,
30 if it be such as will sustain thee."

31 For one capt with lead this were no journey.
32 Scarcely he, though light, and I,
33 though onward push'd from crag to crag, could mount.

34 And if the precinct of this coast
35 were not less ample than the last, for him
36 I know not, but my strength had surely fail'd.

37 But Malebolge all toward the mouth
38 inclining of the nethermost abyss,
39 the site of every valley hence requires,

40 that one side upward slope, the other fall.
41 At length the point from whence the utmost stone
42 juts down, we reach'd;

43 soon as to that arrived,
44 so was the breath exhausted from my lungs
45 I could no further, but did seat me there.

46 "Now needs thy best of man"; so spake my guide:
47 "for not on downy plumes, nor under shade
48 of canopy reposing, fame is won;

49 without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
50 leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
51 as smoke in air or foam upon the wave.

52 Thou therefore rise vanquish thy weariness by the mind's effort,
53 in each struggle form'd to vanquish, if she suffer not
54 the weight of her corporeal frame to crush her down.

55 A longer ladder yet remains to scale.
56 From these to have escaped sufficeth not,
57 if well thou note me, profit by my words."

58 I straightway rose, and show'd myself less spent
59 than I in truth did feel me. "On," I cried,
60 "for I am stout and fearless."

61 Up the rock our way we held,
62 more rugged than before,
63 narrower, and steeper far to climb.

64 From talk I ceased not, as we journey'd,
65 so to seem least faint; whereat a voice from the other foes
66 did issue forth, for utterance suited ill.

67 Though on the arch that crosses there I stood,
68 what were the words I knew not,
69 but who spake seem'd moved in anger.

70 Down I stoop'd to look;
71 but my quick eye might reach not to the depth
72 for shrouding darkness; wherefore thus I spake:

73 "To the next circle, teacher, bend thy steps, and from
74 the wall dismount we; for as hence I hear and
75 understand not, so I see beneath, and naught discern."

76 "I answer not," said he,
77 "but by the deed. To fair request
78 silent performance maketh best return."

79 We from the bridge's head descended,
80 where to the eighth mound it joins;
81 and then, the chasm

82 opening to view, I saw a crowd within of serpents terrible,
83 so strange of shape and hideous,
84 that remembrance in my veins yet shrinks the vital current.

85 Of her sands let Libya vaunt no more if jaculus,
86 pareas and chelyder be her brood,
87 cenchrus and amphisbaena,

88 plagues so dire or in such numbers swarming
89 ne'er she show'd, not with all Ethiopia,
90 and whate'er above the Erythraean sea is spawn'd.

91 Amid this dread exuberance of woe ran naked spirits
92 wing'd with horrid fear, nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
93 or heliotrope to charm them out of view.

94 With serpents were their hands behind them bound,
95 which through their reins infix'd the tail and head,
96 twisted in folds before.

97 And lo! on one near to our side, darted an adder up,
98 and, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,
99 transpierced him.

100 Far more quickly than e'er pen
101 wrote *O* or *I*, he kindled, burn'd, and changed
102 to ashes all, pour'd out upon the earth.

103 When there dissolved he lay, the dust again
104 uproll'd spontaneous, and the self-same form
105 instant resumed.

106 So mighty sages tell, the Arabian Phoenix,
107 when five hundred years have well-nigh circled, dies,
108 and springs forthwith renascent blade nor herb throughout his life

109 he tastes, but tears of frankincense alone
110 and odorous amomum swaths of nerd
111 and myrrh his funeral shroud.

112 As one that falls, he knows not how, by force demoniac dragg'd to earth,
113 or through obstruction fettering up
114 in chains invisible the powers of man,

115 who, risen from his trance, gazeth around,
116 bewilder'd with the monstrous agony
117 he hath endured, and wildly staring sighs,

118 so stood aghast the sinner when he rose.
119 Oh! how severe God's judgment, that deals out
120 such blows in stormy vengeance. Who he was,

121 my teacher next inquired; and thus in few he answer'd:
122 "Vanni Fucci am I call'd, not long since
123 rained down from Tuscany to this dire gullet.

124 Me the bestial life
125 and not the human pleased, mule that I was,
126 who in Pistoia found my worthy den."

127 I then to Virgil: "Bid him stir not hence;
128 and ask what crime did thrust him thither once
129 a man I knew him, choleric and bloody."

130 The sinner heard and feign'd not, but toward me
131 his mind directing and his face, wherein
132 was dismal shame depicted, thus he spake:

133 "It grieves me more to have been caught by thee
134 in this sad plight, which thou beholdest, than
135 when I was taken from the other life.

136 I have no power permitted to deny what thou inquirest.
137 I am doom'd thus low to dwell, for that the sacristy
138 by me was rifled of its goodly ornaments,

139 and with the guilt another falsely charged.
140 But that thou mayst not joy to see me thus,
141 so as thou e'er shalt 'scape this darksome realm,

142 open thine ears and hear what I forebode.
143 Reft of the Neri first Pistoia pines,
144 then Florence changeth citizens and laws;

145 from Valdimagra, drawn by wrathful Mars,
146 a vapor rises, wrapt in turbid mists,
147 and sharp and eager driveth on the storm

148 with arrowy hurtling o'er Piceno's field,
149 whence suddenly the cloud shall burst, and strike
150 each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.

151 This have I told, that grief may rend thy heart."

Inferno - Canto 25 - Cary

1 When he had spoke, the sinner raised his hands
2 pointed in mockery and cried: "Take them, God!
3 I level them at thee."

4 From that day forth the serpents were my friends;
5 for round his neck one of them rolling twisted,
6 as it said, "Be silent, tongue!"

7 Another, to his arms upgliding,
8 tied them, riveting itself so close,
9 it took from them the power to move.

10 Pistoia! ah, Pistoia! why dost doubt to turn thee
11 into ashes, cumbering earth no longer, since in evil act
12 so far thou hast outdone thy seed? I did not mark,

13 through all the gloomy circles of the abyss,
14 spirit, that swell'd so proudly 'gainst his God;
15 not him, who headlong fell from Thebes. He fled,

16 nor utter'd more; and after him there came
17 a centaur full of fury, shouting,
18 "Where, where is the caitiff?"

19 On Maremma's marsh
20 swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch
21 they swarm'd, to where the human face begins.

22 Behind his head, upon the shoulders,
23 lay with open wings a dragon,
24 breathing fire on whomsoe'er he met.

25 To me my guide:
26 "Cacus is this, who underneath the rock
27 of Aventine spread oft a lake of blood.

28 He, from his brethren parted, here must tread
29 a different journey, for his fraudulent theft
30 of the great herd that near him stall'd, whence found

31 his felon deeds their end, beneath the mace
32 of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on
33 a hundred blows, and not the tenth was felt.”

34 While yet he spake, the centaur sped away
35 and under us three spirits came,
36 of whom nor I nor he was ware,

37 till they exclaim’d,
38 “Say who are ye!” We then brake off discourse,
39 intent on these alone.

40 I knew them not but,
41 as it chanceth oft, befell, that one
42 had need to name another.

43 “Where,” said he, “Doth Cianfa lurk?”
44 I, for a sign my guide should stand attentive,
45 placed against my lips the finger lifted.

46 If, O reader! now thou be not apt to credit what I tell,
47 no marvel, for myself do scarce allow
48 the witness of mine eyes.

49 But as I look’d toward them, lo!
50 a serpent with six feet springs forth on one,
51 and fastens full upon him his midmost grasp’d the belly,

52 a forefoot seized on each arm
53 (while deep in either cheek
54 he flesh’d his fangs);

55 the hinder on the thighs were spread,
56 ‘twixt which the tail inserted curl’d
57 upon the reins behind.

58 Ivy ne’er clasp’d a dodder’d oak,
59 as round the other’s limbs
60 the hideous monster intertwined his own.

61 Then, as they both had been of burning wax,
62 each melted into other, mingling hues,
63 that which was either now was seen no more.

64 Thus up the shrinking paper, ere it burns,
65 a brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,
66 and the clean white expires.

67 The other two look'd on exclaiming,
68 "Ah! how dost thou change, Agnello!
69 See! Thou art nor double now, nor only one."

70 The two heads now became one,
71 and two figures blended in one form appear'd,
72 where both were lost.

73 Of the four lengths two arms were made the belly
74 and the chest, the thighs and legs,
75 into such members changed as never eye hath seen.

76 Of former shape all trace was vanish'd.
77 Two, yet neither, seem'd that image miscreate,
78 and so pass'd on with tardy steps.

79 As underneath the scourge of the fierce dog-star
80 that lays bare the fields, shifting from brake to brake
81 the lizard seems a flash of lightning, if he thwart the road;

82 so toward the entrails of the other two
83 approaching seem'd an adder all on fire,
84 as the dark pepper-grain livid and swart.

85 In that part, whence our life is nourish'd first,
86 once he transpierced;
87 then down before him fell stretch'd out.

88 The pierced spirit look'd on him,
89 but spake not; yea, stood motionless and yawn'd,
90 as if by sleep or feverous fit assail'd.

91 He eyed the serpent, and the serpent him.
92 One from the wound, the other from the mouth
93 breathed a thick smoke, whose vapory columns join'd.

94 Lucan in mute attention now may hear,
95 nor thy disastrous fate, Sabellus, tell,
96 nor thine, Nasidius. Ovid now be mute.

97 What if in warbling fiction he record
98 Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake him changed,
99 and her into a fountain clear, I envy not;

100 for never face to face two natures thus transmuted
101 did he sing, wherein both shapes
102 were ready to assume the other's substance.

103 They in mutual guise so answer'd that the serpent
104 split his train divided to a fork,
105 and the pierced spirit drew close his steps together,

106 legs and thighs compacted,
107 that no sign of juncture soon
108 was visible the tail, disported, took

109 the figure which the spirit lost;
110 its skin softening,
111 his indurated to a rind.

112 The shoulders next I mark'd, that entering join'd
113 the monster's arm-pits, whose two shorter feet
114 so lengthen'd, as the others dwindling shrunk.

115 The feet behind then twisting up became
116 that part that man conceals, which in the wretch
117 was cleft in twain.

118 While both the shadowy smoke with a new color veils,
119 and generates the excrescent pile on one,
120 peeling it off from the other body,

121 lo! upon his feet one upright rose, and prone
122 the other fell. Nor yet their glaring and malignant lamps
123 were shifted, though each feature changed beneath.

124 Of him who stood erect, the mounting face retreated
125 toward the temples, and what there superfluous matter came,
126 shot out in ears from the smooth cheeks;

127 the rest, not backward dragg'd,
128 of its excess did shape the nose; and swell'd
129 into due size protuberant the lips.

130 He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends
131 his sharpen'd visage, and draws down the ears
132 to the head, as doth the slug his horns.

133 His tongue, continuous before and apt
134 for utterance, severs; and the other's fork
135 closing unites. That done, the smoke was laid.

136 The soul, transform'd into the brute, glides off,
137 hissing along the vale,
138 and after him the other talking sputters;

139 but soon turn'd his new-grown shoulders on him,
140 and in few thus to another spake: "Along this path
141 crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso now!"

142 So saw I fluctuate in successive change
143 the unsteady ballast of the seventh hold
144 and here if aught my pen have swerved,

145 events so strange may be its warrant.
146 O'er mine eyes confusion hung,
147 and on my thoughts amaze.

148 Yet 'scaped they not so covertly, but well
149 I mark'd Sciancato he alone it was;
150 of the three first that came, who changed not tho'

151 the other's fate, Gaville! still dost rue.

Inferno - Canto 26 - Cary

1 Florence, exult! for thou so mightily
2 hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings
3 thou beatest, and thy name spreads over Hell.

4 Among the plunderers, such the three I found
5 thy citizens; whence shame to me thy son,
6 and no proud honor to thyself redounds.

7 But if our minds, when dreaming near the dawn,
8 are of the truth presageful, thou ere long shalt feel
9 what Prato (not to say the rest) would fain might come upon thee;

10 and that chance were in good time, if it befell thee now.
11 Would so it were, since it must needs befall!
12 For as time wears me, I shall grieve the more.

13 We from the depth departed; and my guide
14 remounting scaled the flinty steps, which late
15 we downward traced, and drew me up the steep.

16 Pursuing thus our solitary way
17 among the crags and splinters of the rock,
18 sped not our feet without the help of hands.

19 Then sorrow seized me, which e'en now revives,
20 as my thought turns again to what I saw, and, more than I am wont,
21 I rein and curb the powers of nature in me, lest they run

22 where Virtue guides not; that, if aught of good
23 my gentle star or something better gave me,
24 I envy not myself the precious boon.

25 As in that season, when the sun least veils
26 his face that lightens all, what time the fly
27 gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then,

28 upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees
29 fire-flies innumerable spangling o'er the vale,
30 vineyard or tilth, where his day-labor lies;

31 with flames so numberless throughout its space
32 shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth
33 was to my view exposed.

34 As he, whose wrongs the bears avenged,
35 at its departure saw if Elijah's chariot,
36 when the steeds erect raised their steep flight for heaven;

37 his eyes meanwhile,
38 straining pursued them, till the flame alone,
39 upsoaring like a misty speck, he kenn'd

40 e'en thus along the gulf moves every flame,
41 a sinner so enfolded close in each,
42 that none exhibits token of the theft.

43 Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,
44 and grasp'd a flinty mass, or else had fallen,
45 though push'd not from the height.

46 The guide, who mark'd how I did gaze attentive,
47 thus began: "Within these ardors are the spirits,
48 each swathed in confining fire."

49 "Master! thy word,"
50 I answer'd, "hath assured me; yet I deem'd
51 already of the truth, already wish'd

52 to ask thee who is in yon fire, that comes so parted
53 at the summit, as it seem'd; ascending from that
54 funeral pile where lay the Theban brothers."

55 He repined: "Within, Ulysses there and Diomede
56 endure their penal torte thus to vengeance now
57 together hasting as erewhile to wrath

58 These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore
59 the ambush of the horse, that open'd wide a portal
60 for the goodly seed to pass, which sow'd Imperial Rome;

61 nor less the guile lament they, whence, of her Achilles reft,
62 Deidamia yet in death complains.
63 And there is rued the stratagem that Troy of her Palladium spoil'd."

64 “If they have power of utterance from within
65 these sparks, said I, “O master!
66 think my prayer a thousand-fold in repetition urged,

67 that thou vouchsafe to pause
68 till here the horned flame arrive.
69 See, how toward it with desires I bend.”

70 He thus: “Thy prayer is worthy of much praise,
71 and I accept it therefore; but do thou
72 thy tongue refrain: to question them be mine;

73 for I divine thy wish;
74 and they perchance, for they were Greeks,
75 might shun discourse with thee.”

76 When there the flame had come,
77 where time and place seem’d fitting
78 to my guide, he thus began:

79 “O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!
80 If, living, I of you did merit aught,
81 whate’er the measure were of that desert,

82 when in the world my lofty strain I pour’d,
83 move ye not on, till one of you unfold
84 in what clime death o’ertook him self-destroy’d.”

85 Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
86 began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
87 that labors with the wind, then to and fro;

88 wagging the top’ as a tongue
89 uttering sounds
90 threw out its voice, and spake:

91 “When I escaped from Circe, who beyond a circling year
92 had held me near Caieta by her charms,
93 ere thus Aeneas yet had named the shore;

94 nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
95 of my old father, nor return of love,
96 that should have crown’d Penelope with joy,

97 could overcome in me the zeal I had
98 to explore the world, and search the ways of life,
99 man's evil and his virtue.

100 Forth I sail'd into the deep illimitable main,
101 with but one bark, and the small faithful band
102 that yet cleaved to me.

103 As Iberia far, far as Marocco, either shore I saw,
104 and the Sardinian and each isle
105 beside which round that ocean bathes.

106 Tardy with age were I and my companions,
107 when we came to the strait pass,
108 where Hercules ordain'd

109 the boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
110 The walls of Seville to my right I left,
111 on the other hand already Ceuta past.

112 'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west through perils without number
113 now have reach'd; to this the short remaining watch,
114 that yet our senses have to wake,

115 refuse not proof
116 of the unpeopled world,
117 following the track of Phoebus.

118 Call to mind from whence ye sprang:
119 ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,
120 but virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'

121 With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
122 the mind of my associates, that I then
123 could scarcely have withheld them.

124 To the dawn our poop we turn'd,
125 and for the witless flight
126 made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.

127 Each star of the other pole night now beheld,
128 and ours so low,
129 that from the ocean floor it rose not.

130 Five times reillumed, as oft vanish'd
131 the light from underneath the moon,
132 since the deep way we enter'd,

133 when from far appear'd a mountain dim,
134 loftiest methought
135 of all I e'er beheld.

136 Joy seized us straight; but soon to mourning changed.
137 From the new land a whirlwind sprung,
138 and at her foremost side did strike the vessel.

139 Thrice it whirl'd her round with all the waves;
140 the fourth time lifted up the poop,
141 and sank the prow: so fate decreed:

142 and over us the booming billow closed."

Inferno - Canto 27 - Cary

1 Now upward rose the flame, and still'd its light
2 to speak no more, and now pass'd on with leave
3 from the mild poet gain'd;

4 when following came another,
5 from whose top a sound confused,
6 forth issuing, drew our eyes that way to look.

7 As the Sicilian bull,
8 that rightfully his cries first echoed
9 who had shaped its mould,

10 did so rebellow, with the voice of him
11 tormented, that the brazen monster seem'd
12 pierced through with pain;

13 thus, while no way they found,
14 nor avenue immediate through the flame,
15 into its language turn'd the dismal words

16 but soon as they had won their passage forth,
17 up from the point, which vibrating obey'd
18 their motion at the tongue, these sounds were heard:

19 "O thou to whom I now direct my voice,
20 that lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,
21 'Depart thou; I solicit thee no more';

22 though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive,
23 let it not irk thee here to pause awhile,
24 and with me parley lo! it irks not me, and yet I burn.

25 If but e'en now thou fall into this blind world,
26 from that pleasant land of Latium,
27 whence I draw my sum of guilt,

28 tell me if those who in Romagna dwell have peace or war.
29 For of the mountains there was I, betwixt Urbino and the height
30 whence Tiber first unlocks his mighty flood."

31 Leaning I listn'd yet with heedful ear,
32 when, as he touch'd my side, the leader thus:
33 "Speak thou: he is a Latain."

34 My reply was ready,
35 and I spake without delay:
36 "O spirit! who art hidden here below,

37 never was thy Romagna without war
38 in her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now:
39 but open war there left I none.

40 The state, Ravenna hath maintain'd this many a year, is steadfast.
41 There Polenta's eagle broods; and in his broad circumference
42 of plume o'ershadows Cervia.

43 The green talons grasp the land,
44 that stood erewhile the proof so long
45 and piled in bloody heap the host of France.

46
47 The old mastiff of Verruchio and the young,
48 that tore Montagna in their wrath, still make,
49 where they are wont, an auger of their fangs.

50 Lamone's city, and Santerno's, range under the lion
51 of the snowy lair, inconstant partisan, that changeth sides,
52 or ever summer yields to winter's frost.

53 And she, whose flank is wash'd of Savio's wave,
54 as 'twixt the level and the steep she lies,
55 lives so 'twixt tyrant power and liberty.

56 Now tell us, I entreat thee, who art thou:
57 be not more hard than others. In the world,
58 so may thy name still rear its forehead high."

59 Then roar'd awhile the fire,
60 its sharpen'd point on either side waved,
61 and thus breathed at last:

62 "If I did think my answer were to one
63 who ever could return unto the world,
64 this flame should rest unshaken.

65 But since ne'er, if true be told me, any from this depth
66 has found his upward way, I answer thee,
67 nor fear lest infamy record the words.

68 A man of arms at first, I clothed me, then in good
69 Saint Francis' girdle, hoping so to have made amends.
70 And certainly my hope had fail'd not,

71 but that he, whom curses light on,
72 the high priest, again seduced me into sin.
73 And how, and wherefore, listen while I tell.

74 Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp
75 my mother gave me, less my deeds bespake
76 the nature of the lion than the fox.

77 All ways of winding subtlety I knew,
78 and with such art conducted,
79 that the sound reach'd the world's limit.

80 Soon as to that part
81 of life I found me come, when each behoves
82 to lower sails and gather in the lines;

83 that, which before had pleased me, then I rued,
84 and to repentance and confession turn'd,
85 wretch that I was; and well it had bested me.

86 The chief of the new Pharisees meantime,
87 waging his warfare near the Lateran,
88 not with the Saracens or Jews

89 (his foes all Christians were,
90 nor against Acre one had fought,
91 nor traffick'd in the Soldan's land),

92 he, his great charge nor sacred ministry,
93 in himself revered, nor in me that cord
94 which used to mark with leanness whom it girded.

95 As Soracte,
96 Constantine besought, to cure his leprosy,
97 Sylvester's aid;

98 so me, to cure the fever of his pride, this man besought:
99 my counsel to that end he ask'd; and I was silent;
100 for his words seem'd drunken but forthwith he thus resumed

101 from thy heart banish fear of all offense I hitherto
102 absolve thee. In return, teach me my purpose
103 so to execute, that Penestrino cumber earth no more.

104 Heaven, as thou knowest, I have power
105 to shut and open and the keys are therefore twain,
106 the which my predecessor meanly prized."

107 Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,
108 of silence as more perilous I deem'd,
109 and answer'd: 'Father! since thou washest me

110 clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,
111 large promise with performance scant, be sure,
112 shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat."

113 When I was number'd with the dead, then came
114 saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark
115 he met, who cried, 'Wrong me not; he is mine,

116 and must below to join the wretched crew,
117 for the deceitful counsel which he gave.
118 E'er since I watch'd him, hovering at his hair.

119
120 No power can the impenitent absolve;
121 nor to repent, and will, at once consist,
122 by contradiction absolute forbid.'

123
124 Oh misery! how I shook myself, when he
125 seized me, and cried, 'Thou haply thought'st me not
126 a disputant in logic so exact!'

127 To Minos down he bore me; and the judge
128 twined eight times round his callous back the tail,
129 which biting with excess of rage, he spake:

130 this is a guilty soul, that in the fire
131 must vanish.' Hence, perdition-doom'd, I rove
132 a prey to rankling sorrow, in this garb."

133 When he had thus fulfil'd his words, the flame
134 in dolor parted, beating to and fro,
135 and writhing its sharp horn.

136 We onward went, I and my leader, up along the rock,
137 far as another arch, that overhangs the foss,
138 wherein the penalty is paid

139 of those who load them with committed sin.

Inferno - Canto 28 - Cary

1 Who, e'en words unfetter'd, might at full
2 tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
3 though he repeated oft the tale?

4 No tongue so vast a theme could equal,
5 speech and thought
6 both impotent alike.

7 If in one band collected,
8 stood the people all, who e'er
9 pour'd on Apulia's happy soil their blood,

10 slain by the Trojans, and in that long war,
11 when of the rings the measured booty made
12 a pile so high, as Rome's historian writes who errs not;

13 with the multitude, that felt
14 the grinding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,
15 and those the rest, whose bones are gather'd yet

16 at Ceperano, there where treachery branded the Apulian name,
17 or where beyond thy walls, O Tagliacozzo,
18 without arms the old Alardo conquer'd;

19 and his limbs one were to show transpierced,
20 another his clean lopt away; a spectacle like this were
21 but a thing of naught, to the hideous sight of the ninth chasm.

22 A rundlet, that hath lost its middle or side stave,
23 gapes not so wide as one I mark'd,
24 torn from the chin throughout down to the hinder passage:

25 'twixt the legs dangling his entrails hung,
26 the midriff lay open to view, and wretched ventricle,
27 that turns the englutted aliment to dross.

28 Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,
29 he eyed me, with his hands laid his breast bare,
30 and cried, "Now mark how I do rip me lo!

31 How is Mohammed mangled: before me
32 walks Ali weeping, from the chin his face
33 cleft to the forelock;

34 and the others all, whom here thou seest,
35 while they lived, did sow scandal and schism,
36 and therefore thus are rent.

37 A fiend is here behind, who with his sword
38 hacks us thus cruelly,
39 slivering again each of this ream,

40 when we have compass round
41 the dismal way; for first our gashes close
42 ere we repass before him.

43 But, say who art thou, that standest
44 musing on the rock, haply so lingering
45 to delay the pain sentenced upon thy crimes.”

46 “Him death not yet,” my guide rejoin’d,
47 “hath overta’en, nor sin conducts to torment;
48 but, that he may make full trial of your state,

49 I who am dead must through the depths of Hell,
50 from orb to orb, conduct him.
51 Trust my words; for they are true.”

52 More than a hundred spirits, when that they heard,
53 stood in the foss to mark me through amaze
54 forgetful of their pangs.

55 “Thou, who perchance shalt shortly view the sun,
56 this warning thou bear to Dolcino bid him,
57 if he wish not here soon to follow me,

58 that with good store of food he arm him,
59 lest imprisoning snows yield him
60 a victim to Novara’s power; no easy conquest else”:

61 with foot upraised for stepping,
62 spake Mohammed, on the ground
63 then fix’d it to depart.

64 Another shade, pierced in the throat,
65 his nostrils mutilate e'en from beneath the eyebrows,
66 and one ear lopt off,

67 who, with the rest, through wonder stood gazing,
68 before the rest advanced, and bared his wind-pipe,
69 that without was all o'ersmear'd with crimson stain.

70 "O thou!" said he, "whom sin condemns not,
71 and whom erst (unless too near resemblance
72 to deceive me) I aloft have seen on Latian ground,

73 call thou to mind Piero of Medicina,
74 if again returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land
75 that from Vercelli slopes to Mercabo;

76 And there instruct the twain, whom Fano boasts
77 her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,
78 that if 'tis given us here to scan aright the future, they out of life's tenement

79 shall be cast forth,
80 and whelm'd under the waves near to Cattolica,
81 through perfidy of a fell tyrant.

82 'Twixt the Cyprian islet and Balearic,
83 ne'er hath Neptune seen an injury so foul,
84 by pirates done, or Argive crew of old.

85 That one-eyed traitor
86 (whose realm there is a spirit here were fain
87 his eye had still lack'd sight of) them shall bring

88 to conference with him, then so shape his end,
89 that they shall need not 'gainst Focara's wind
90 offer up vow nor prayer."

91 I answering thus: "Declare, as thou dost wish
92 that I above may carry tidings of thee, who is he,
93 in whom that sight doth wake such sad remembrance?"

94 Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone of one,
95 his fellow-spirit, and his jaws expanding, cried:
96 "Lo! this is he I wot of he speaks not for himself the outcast this,

97 who overwhelm'd the doubt in Caesar's mind,
98 affirming that delay to men prepared
99 was ever harmful."

100 Oh! how terrified methought was Curio,
101 from whose throat was cut
102 the tongue, which spake that hardy word.

103 Then one, maim'd of each hand,
104 uplifted in the gloom the bleeding stumps,
105 that they with gory spots sullied his face, and cried:

106 "Remember thee of Mosca too; I who, alas! exclaim'd,
107 'The deed once done, there is an end' that proved
108 a seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

109 I added: "Ay, and death to thine own tribe."
110 Whence, heaping woe on woe, he hurried off,
111 as one grief-stung to madness.

112 But I there still linger'd to behold
113 the troop, and saw things,
114 such as I may fear without more proof

115 to tell of, but that conscience makes me firm, the boon companion,
116 who her strong breastplate buckles on him,
117 that feels no guilt within, and bids him on and fear not.

118 Without doubt I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
119 a headless trunk,
120 that even as the rest of the sad flock paced onward.

121 By the hair it bore the sever'd member,
122 lantern-wise pendant in hand,
123 which look'd at us, and said, "Woe's me!"

124 The spirit lighted thus himself;
125 and two there were in one, and one in two.
126 How many that may be, he knows who ordereth so.

127 When at the bridge's foot direct he stood, his arm aloft
128 he rear'd thrusting the head full in our view,
129 that nearer we might hear the words, which thus it utter'd:

130 “Now behold; this grievous torment, thou,
131 who breathing go’st to spy the dead behold,
132 if any else be terrible as this.

133 And, that on earth thou mayst bear tidings of me,
134 know that I am Bertrand, he of Born,
135 who gave King John the counsel mischievous.

136 Father and son I set at mutual war.
137 For Absalom and David more did not Ahitophel,
138 spurring them on maliciously to strife.’

139 For parting those so closely knit, my brain parted, alas!
140 I carry from its source,
141 that in this trunk inhabits.

142 Thus the law of retribution fiercely works in me.”

Inferno - Canto 29 - Cary

1 So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
2 of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
3 disfigured, that they long'd to stay and weep.

4 But Virgil roused me: "What yet gazest on?
5 Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below
6 among the maim'd and miserable shades?

7 Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside this weakness.
8 Know, if thou wouldst number them,
9 that two and twenty miles the valley winds its circuit,

10 and already is the moon beneath our feet
11 the time permitted now is short,
12 and more, not seen, remains to see."

13 "If thou," I straight replied,
14 "hadst weigh'd the cause, for which I look'd,
15 thou hadst perchance excused the tarrying still."

16 My leader part pursued his way,
17 the while I follow'd, answering him,
18 and adding thus: "Within that cave I deem,

19 whereon so fixedly I held my ken,
20 there is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,
21 wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."

22 Then spake my master: "Let thy soul no more
23 afflict itself for him.
24 Direct elsewhere its thought, and leave him.

25 At the bridge's foot I mark'd how he did point
26 with menacing look at thee,
27 and heard him by the others named Geri of Bello.

28 Thou so wholly then wert busied with his spirit,
29 who once ruled the towers of Hautefort,
30 that thou lookedst not that way, ere he was gone."

31 "O guide beloved!
32 His violent death yet unavenged," said I,
33 "by any, who are partners in his shame,

34 made him contemptuous; therefore, as I think,
35 he pass'd me speechless by; and, doing so,
36 hath made me more compassionate his fate."

37 So we discoursed to where the rock
38 first show'd the other valley, had more light been there,
39 e'en to the lowest depth.

40 Soon as we came o'er the last cloister
41 in the dismal rounds of Malebolge,
42 and the brotherhood were to our view exposed,

43 then many a dart of sore lament assail'd me,
44 headed all with points of thrilling pity, that
45 I closed both ears against the volley with mine hands.

46 As were the torment, if each lazar-house of Valdichiana,
47 in the sultry time 'Twixt July and September,
48 with the isle Sardinia and Maremma's pestilent fen,

49 had heap'd their maladies all in one foss together;
50 such was here the torment dire the stench,
51 as issuing streams from fester'd limbs.

52 We on the utmost shore of the long rock
53 descended still to leftward.
54 Then my sight was livelier

55 to explore the depth, wherein the minister of
56 the most mighty Lord, All-searching Justice, dooms
57 to punishment the forgers noted on her dread record.

58 More rueful was it not methinks to see the nation
59 in Aegina droop, what time each living thing, e'en to
60 the little worm, all fell, so full of malice was the air,

61 (And afterward, as bards of yore have told,
62 the ancient people were restored anew
63 from seed of emmets),

64 than was here to see the spirits,
65 that languish'd through the murky vale,
66 up-piled on many a stack.

67 Confused they lay, one o'er the belly,
68 o'er the shoulders one roll'd of another;
69 sideling crawl'd a third along the dismal pathway.

70 Step by step we journey'd on,
71 in silence looking round, and listening those diseased,
72 who strove in vain to lift their forms.

73 Then two I mark'd, that sat propt 'gainst each other,
74 as two brazen pans set to retain the heat.
75 From head to foot, a tetter bark'd them round.

76 Nor saw I e'er groom currying so fast,
77 for whom his lord impatient waited,
78 or himself perchance tired with long watching,

79 as of these each one plied quickly
80 his keen nails, through furiousness
81 of ne'er abated pruriency.

82 The crust came drawn from underneath,
83 in flakes, like scales scraped from the bream,
84 or fish of broader mail.

85 "O thou! who with thy fingers rendest off
86 thy coat of proof," thus spake my guide to one,
87 "and sometimes makest tearing pincers of them,

88 tell me if any born of Latian land
89 be among these within so may thy nails
90 serve thee for everlasting to this toil."

91 "Both are of Latium," weeping he replied,
92 "whom tortured thus thou seest:
93 but who art thou that hast inquired of us?"

94 To whom my guide:
95 "One that descend with this man, who yet lives,
96 from rock to rock, and show him Hell's abyss."

97 Then started they asunder, and each turn'd
98 trembling toward us, with the rest,
99 whose ear those words redounding struck.

100 To me my liege address'd him:
101 "Speak to them whate'er thou list."
102 and I therewith began:

103 "So may no time filch your remembrance
104 from the thoughts of men in the upper world,
105 but after many suns survive it,

106 as ye tell me, who ye are, and of what race ye come.
107 Your punishment, unseemly and disgustful in its kind,
108 deter you not from opening thus much to me."

109 "Arezzo was my dwelling," answer'd one,
110 "and me Albero of Sienna brought to die by fire but that,
111 for which I died, leads me not here.

112 True is, in sport I told him,
113 that I had learn'd to wing my flight in air;
114 and he, admiring much, as he was void of wisdom,

115 will'd me to declare to him the secret of mine art
116 and only hence, because I made him not a Daedalus,
117 prevail'd on one supposed his sire to burn me.

118 But Minos to this chasm, last of the ten,
119 for that I practiced alchemy on earth,
120 has doom'd me. Him no subterfuge eludes."

121 Then to the bard I spake "Was ever race
122 light as Sienna's? Sure not France herself
123 can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

124 The other leprous spirit heard my words, and thus return'd:
125 "Be Stricca from this charge exempted,
126 he who knew so temperately to lay out fortune's gifts;

127 and Niccolo, who first the spice's costly luxury
128 discover'd in that garden, where such seed
129 roots deepest in the soil and be that troop

130 exempted, with whom Caccia of Asciano lavish'd
131 his vineyards and wide-spreading woods,
132 and his rare wisdom Abbagliato show'd a spectacle for all.

133 That thou mayst know who seconds thee
134 against the Siennese thus gladly, bend this way
135 thy sharpen'd sight, that well my face may answer to thy ken;

136 so shalt thou see I am Capocchio's ghost,
137 who forged transmuted metals by the power of alchemy;
138 and if I scan thee right, thou needs must well remember

139 how I aped creative nature by my subtle art."

Inferno - Canto 30 - Cary

1 What time resentment burn'd in Juno's breast
2 for Semele against the Theban blood,
3 as more than once in dire mischance was rued;

4 such fatal frenzy seized on Athamas,
5 that he his spouse beholding with a babe
6 laden on either arm,

7 "Spread out," he cried, "the meshes,
8 that I take the lioness and the young lions at the pass":
9 then forth stretch'd he his merciless talons,

10 grasping one, one helpless innocent, Learchus named,
11 whom swinging down he dash'd upon a rock,
12 and with her other burden, self-destroy'd, the hapless mother plunged.

13 And when the pride of all presuming Troy
14 fell from its height, by fortune overwhelm'd,
15 and the old king with his realm perish'd;

16 then did Hecuba, a wretch forlorn and captive,
17 when she saw Polyxena first slaughter'd,
18 and her son, her Polydorus,

19 on the wild sea-beach next met the mourner's view,
20 then reft of sense did she run barking even as a dog;
21 such mighty power had grief to wrench her soul.

22 But ne'er the Furies, or of Thebes, or Troy,
23 with such fell cruelty were seen, their goads
24 infixing in the limbs of man or beast,

25 as now two pale and naked ghosts I saw,
26 that gnarling wildly scamper'd,
27 like the swine excluded from his sty.

28 One reach'd Capocchio, and in the neckjoint
29 sticking deep his fangs, dragg'd him, that, o'er
30 the solid pavement rubb'd his belly stretch'd out prone.

31 The other shape, he of Arezo, there left trembling, spake:
32 “That sprite of air is Schicchi, in like mood
33 of random mischief vents he still his spite.” To whom I answering:

34 “Oh! as thou dost hope the other may not
35 flesh its jaws on thee, be patient to inform us,
36 who it is, ere it speed hence.”

37 “That is the ancient soul
38 of wretched Myrrha,” he replied, “who burn’d
39 with most unholy flame for her own sire,

40 and a false shape assuming,
41 so perform’d the deed of sin;
42 e’en as the other there, that onward passes,

43 dared to counterfeit Donati’s features, to feign’d testament
44 the seal affixing, that himself might gain,
45 for his own share, the lady of the herd.”

46 When vanish’d the two furious shades,
47 on whom mine eye was held,
48 I turn’d it back to view the other cursed spirits.

49 One I saw in fashion like a lute,
50 had but the groin been sever’d
51 where it meets the forked part.

52 Swol’n dropsy, disproportioning the limbs
53 with ill-converted moisture,
54 that the paunch suits not the visage,

56 open’d wide his lips,
57 gasping as in the hectic man for drought,
58 one toward the chin, the other upward curled.

59 “O ye! who in this world of misery,
60 wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,”
61 thus he began, “attentively regard

62 Adamo’s woe. When living, full supply
63 ne’er lack’d me of what most I coveted;
64 one drop of water now, alas! I crave.

65 The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes of Casentino,
66 making fresh and soft the banks
67 whereby they glide to Arno's stream,

68 stand ever in my view; and not in vain;
69 for more the pictured semblance dries me up, much more than the disease,
70 which makes the flesh desert these shrivel'd cheeks.

71 So from the place,
72 where I transgress'd, stern justice urging me,
73 takes means to quicken more my laboring sighs.

74 There is Romena, where I falsified the metal
75 with the Baptist's form impresst,
76 for which on earth I left my body burnt.

77 But if I here might see the sorrowing soul of Guido,
78 Alessandro, or their brother, for Branda's limpid spring
79 I would not change the welcome sight.

80 One is e'en now within, if truly the mad spirits tell,
81 that round are wandering.
82 But wherein besteads me that? My limbs are fetter'd.

83 Were I but so light,
84 that I each hundred years might move one inch,
85 I had set forth already on this path,

86 seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,
87 although eleven miles it wind,
88 not less than half of one across.

89 They brought me down among this tribe;
90 induced by them, I stamp'd the florens
91 with three carats of alloy."

92 "Who are that abject pair," I next inquired,
93 "that closely bounding thee upon thy right lie smoking,
94 like a hand in winter steep'd in the chill stream?"

95 "When to this gulf I dropp'd," he answer'd,
96 "here I found them; since that hour they have not turn'd,
97 nor ever shall, I ween, till time hath run his course.

98 One is that dame, the false accuser of the Hebrew youth;
99 Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.
100 Sharp fever drains the reeky moistness out, in such a cloud upsteam'd."

101 When that he heard, one,
102 galled perchance to be so darkly named,
103 with clench'd hand smote him on the braced paunch,

104 that like a drum resounded but forthwith
105 Adamo smote him on the face,
106 the blow returning with his arm, that seem'd as hard.

107 "Though my o'erweighty limbs have ta'en from me
108 the power to move," said he,
109 "I have an arm at liberty for such employ."

110 To whom was answer'd: "When thou wentest to the fire,
111 thou hadst it not so ready at command,
112 then readier when it coin'd the impostor gold."

113 And thus the dropsied: "Ay, now speak'st thou true
114 but there thou gavest not such true testimony,
115 when thou wast question'd of the truth, at Troy."

116 "If I spake false, thou falsely stamp'dst the coin,"
117 said Sinon; "I am here for but one fault,
118 and thou for more than any imp beside."

119 "Remember," he replied, "O perjured one!
120 The horse remember, that did teem with death;
121 and all the world be witness to thy guilt."

122 "To Thine," return'd the Greek, "witness the thirst
123 whence thy tongue cracks, witness the fluid mound
124 rear'd by the belly up before thine eyes, a mass corrupt."

125 To whom the coiner thus: "Thy mouth
126 gapes wide as ever to let pass its evil saying.
127 Me if thirst assails, yet I am stuff with moisture.

128 Thou art parch'd:
129 pains rack thy head no urging wouldst thou need,
130 to make thee lap Narcissus' mirror up.

131 I was all fix'd to listen, when my guide admonish'd:
132 "Now beware. A little more,
133 and I do quarrel with thee."

134 I perceived how angrily he spake,
135 and toward him turn'd with shame so poignant,
136 as remember'd yet confounds me.

137 As a man that dreams of harm befallen him,
138 dreaming wishes it a dream,
139 and that which is, desires as if it were not;

140 such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,
141 wish'd to excuse myself, and all the while excused me,
142 though unweeting that I did.

143 "More grievous fault than thine has been, less shame?"
144 My master cried, "might expiate.
145 Therefore cast all sorrow from thy soul;

146 and if again chance bring thee
147 where like conference is held,
148 think I am ever at thy side.

149 To hear such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

Inferno - Canto 31 - Cary

1 The very tongue, whose keen reproof
2 before had wounded me, that either cheek was stain'd,
3 now minister'd my cure.

4 So have I heard,
5 Achilles' and his father's javelin
6 caused pain first, and then the boon of health restored.

7 Turning our back
8 upon the vale of woe,
9 we cross'd the encircled mound in silence.

10 There was less than day and less than night,
11 that far mine eye advanced not: but I heard a horn
12 sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made

13 the thunder feeble. Following its course
14 the adverse way, my strained eyes
15 were bent on that one spot.

16 So terrible a blast Orlando blew not,
17 when that dismal rout o'erthrew the host of Charlemain,
18 and quench'd his saintly warfare.

19 Thitherward not long my head was raised,
20 when many a lofty tower methought I spied.
21 "Master," said I, "what land is this?"

22 He answer'd straight: "Too long a space
23 of intervening darkness has thine eye to traverse:
24 thou hast therefore widely err'd in thy imagining.

25 Thither arrived thou well shalt see,
26 how distance can delude the sense.
27 A little therefore urge thee on."

28 Then tenderly he caught me by the hand;
29 "Yet know," said he, "ere further we advance,
30 that it less strange may seem,

31 these are not towers, but giants.
32 In the pit they stand immersed,
33 each from his navel downward, round the bank.”

34 As when a fog disperseth gradually,
35 our vision traces what the mist involves
36 condensed in air; so piercing through the gross

37 and gloomy atmosphere, as more and more
38 we near'd toward the brink,
39 mine error fled and fear came o'er me.

40 As with circling round of turrets,
41 Montereccion crowns his walls;
42 e'en thus the shore, encompassing the abyss,

43 was turreted with giants, half their length uprearing, horrible,
44 whom Jove from heaven yet threatens,
45 when his muttering thunder rolls.

46 Of one already I descried the face, shoulders,
47 and breast, and of the belly huge great part,
48 and both arms down along his ribs.

49 All-teeming Nature, when her plastic hand left framing
50 of these monsters, did display past doubt her wisdom,
51 taking from mad war such slaves to do his bidding;

52 and if she repent her not of the elephant and whale,
53 who ponders well confesses her
54 therein wiser and more discreet;

55 for when brute force and evil will
56 are back'd with subtlety,
57 resistance none avails.

58 His visage seem'd in length and bulk,
59 as doth the pine that tops Saint Peter's Roman fane;
60 and the other bones of like proportion,

61 so that from above the bank,
62 which girdled him below,
63 such height arose his stature, that three Friezelanders

64 had striven in vain to reach but to his hair.
65 Full thirty ample palms was he exposed
66 downward from whence a man his garment loops.

67 “Raphel baï ameth, sabi almi”:
68 so shouted his fierce lips,
69 which sweeter hymns became not;

70 and my guide addressed him thus: “O senseless spirit!
71 let thy horn for thee interpret: therewith vent thy rage,
72 if rage or other passion wring thee.

73 Search thy neck. there shalt thou find the belt
74 that binds it on. Spirit confused!
75 lo, on thy mighty breast where hangs the baldrick!”

76 Then to me he spake “He doth accuse himself.
77 Nimrod is this, through whose ill counsel
78 in the world no more one tongue prevails.

79 But pass we on, nor waste our words;
80 for so each language is to him,
81 as his to others, understood by none.”

82 Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,
83 and at a sling’s throw found another shade
84 far fiercer and more huge.

85 I cannot say what master hand had girt him;
86 but he held behind the right arm fettered,
87 and before, the other,

88 with a chain, that fasten’d him from the neck down;
89 and five times round his form
90 apparent met the wreathed links.

91 “This proud one would of his strength
92 against almighty Jove make trial,”
93 said my guide, “whence he is thus requited.

94 Ephialtes him they call. Great was his prowess,
95 when the giants brought fear on the gods:
96 those arms, which then he plied, now moves he never.”

97 Forthwith I return'd: "Fain would I, if 'twere possible,
98 mine eyes, of Briareus immeasurable,
99 gain'd experience next."

100 He answered: "Thou shalt see not far from hence Antaeus,
101 who both speaks and is unfetter'd,
102 who shall place us there where guilt is at its depth.

103 Far onward stands whom thou wouldst fain behold,
104 in chains, and made like to this spirit,
105 save that in his looks more fell he seems."

106 By violent earthquake rock'd
107 ne'er shook a tower,
108 so reeling to its base, as Ephialtes.

109 More than ever then I dreaded death;
110 nor than the terror more had needed,
111 if I had not seen the cords that held him fast.

112 We, straightway journeying on, came to Antaeus,
113 who, five ells complete without the head,
114 forth issued from the cave.

115 "O thou, who in the fortunate vale, that made
116 great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword
117 drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,

118 who thence of old didst carry for thy spoil
119 an hundred lions; and if thou hadst doublet
120 in the high conflict on thy brethren's side,

121 seems as men yet believed, that through thine arm the sons of earth
122 had conquer'd; now vouchsafe to place us down beneath,
123 where numbing cold locks up Cocytus.

124 Force not that we crave or Tityus' help or Typhon's.
125 Here is one can give what in this realm ye covet.
126 Stoop therefore, nor scornfully distort thy lip.

127 He in the upper world can yet bestow renown on thee;
128 for he doth live, and looks for life yet longer,
129 if before the time grace call him not unto herself."

130 Thus spake the teacher.
131 He in haste forth stretch'd his hands and caught my guide.
132 Alcides whilom felt that grapple, straiten'd sore.

133 Soon as my guide had felt it, he bespake me thus:
134 "This way, that I may clasp thee ;"
135 then so caught me up, that we were both one burden.

136 As appears the tower of Carisenda,
137 from beneath where it doth lean, if chance
138 a passing cloud so sail across, that opposite it hangs;

139 such then Antaeus seem'd,
140 as at mine ease I mark'd him stooping.
141 I were fain at times to have passed another way.

142 Yet in the abyss,
143 that Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,
144 lightly he placed us; nor, there leaning, stay'd;

145 but rose, as in a bark the stately mast.

Inferno - Canto 32 - Cary

1 Could I command rough rhymes and hoarse,
2 to suit that hole of sorrow
3 o'er which every rock his firm abutment rears,

4 then might the vein of fancy rise full springing:
5 but not mine such measures,
6 and with faltering awe I touch the mighty theme;

7 for to describe the depth of all the universe,
8 is no emprise to jest with,
9 and demands a tongue not used to infant babbling.

10 But let them assist my song, the tuneful maidens,
11 by whose aid Amphion wall'd in Thebes,
12 so with the truth my speech shall best accord.

13 Oh ill-starr'd folk, beyond all others wretched! who abide
14 in such a mansion, as scarce thought finds words to speak of,
15 better had ye here on earth been flocks, or mountain goats.

16 As down we stood in the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,
17 but lower far than they,
18 and I did gaze still on the lofty battlement,

19 a voice bespoke me thus: "Look how thou walkest.
20 Take good heed, thy soles do tread not
21 on the heads of thy poor brethren."

22 Thereupon I turn'd, and saw before and underneath
23 my feet a lake, whose frozen surface
24 liker seem'd to glass than water.

25 Not so thick a veil in winter e'er hath Austrian Danube
26 spread o'er his still course,
27 nor Tanaïs far remote under the chilling sky.

28 Roll'd o'er that mass
29 had Tabernich or Pietrapana fallen,
30 not e'en its rim had creak'd.

31 As peeps the frog croaking above the wave,
32 what time in dreams
33 the village gleaner oft pursues her toil,

34 so, to where modest shame appears,
35 thus low blue pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits stood,
36 moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.

37 His face each downward held;
38 their mouth the cold,
39 their eyes express'd the dolor of their heart.

40 A space I look'd around, then at my feet
41 saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head
42 the very hairs were mingled.

43 "Tell me ye, whose bosoms thus together press," said I,
44 "who are ye?" At that sound their necks they bent;
45 and when their looks were lifted up to me,

46 straightway their eyes, before all moist within,
47 distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound
48 the tears betwixt those orbs, and held them there.

49 Plank unto plank hath never cramp closed up so stoutly.
50 Whence, like two enraged goats,
51 they clash'd together: them such fury seized.

52 And one, from whom the cold both ears had reft,
53 exclaim'd, still looking downward:
54 "Why on us dost speculate so long?"

55 If thou wouldst know who are these two,
56 the valley, whence his wave Bisenzio slopes,
57 did for its master own their sire Alberto,

58 and next him themselves. They from one body issued
59 and throughout Caïna thou mayst search,
60 nor find a shade more worthy in congealment to be fix'd;

61 not him, whose breast and shadow Arthur's hand
62 at that one blow dissever'd; not Focaccia;
63 no, not this spirit, whose o'egutting head

64 obstructs my onward view:
65 he bore the name of Mascheroni:
66 Tuscan if thou be, well knowest who he was.

67 And to cut short all further question, in my form behold
68 what once was Camiccione. I await Carlino here
69 my kinsman, whose deep guilt shall wash out mine.”

70 A thousand visages then mark'd I, which the keen and eager cold
71 had shaped into a doggish grin; whence creeps a shivering horror o'er me,
72 at the thought of those frore shallows.

73 While we journey'd on toward the middle,
74 at whose point unites all heavy substance,
75 and I trembling went through that eternal chillness,

76 I know not if will it were, or destiny, or chance,
77 but, passing 'midst the heads, my foot did strike
78 with violent blow against the face of one.

79 “Wherefore dost bruise me?” weeping he exclaim'd
80 “unless thy errand be some fresh revenge
81 for Montaperto, wherefore troublest me?”

82 I thus: “Instructor, now await me here,
83 that I through him may rid me of my doubt
84 thenceforth what haste thou wilt.”

85 The teacher paused and to that shade I spake,
86 who bitterly still cursed me in his wrath.
87 “What art thou, speak, that railest thus on others?”

88 He replied: “Now who art thou, that smiting
89 others' cheeks, through Antenora roamest,
90 with such force as were past sufferance, wert thou living still?”

91 “And I am living, to thy joy perchance,”
92 was my reply, “if fame be dear to thee,
93 that with the rest I may thy name enroll.”

94 “The contrary of what I covet most,”
95 said he, “thou tender'st hence! nor vex me more.
96 Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale.”

97 Then seizing on his hinder scalp
98 I cried: "Name thee,
99 or not a hair shall tarry here."

100 "Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for that I will not tell,
101 nor show thee, who I am,
102 though at my head thou pluck a thousand times."

103 Now I had grasp'd his tresses, and stript off
104 more than one tuft, he barking,
105 with his eyes drawn in and downward,

106 when another cried, "What ails thee, Bocca?
107 Sound not loud enough thy chattering teeth,
108 but thou must bark outright? What devil wrings thee?"

109 "Now," said I, "be dumb,
110 accursed traitor! To thy shame,
111 of thee true tidings will I bear."

112 "Off!" he replied; "tell what thou list but,
113 as thou 'scape from hence,
114 to speak of him whose tongue hath been so glib,
115 forget not here he wails the Frenchman's gold.
116 'Him of Duera,' thou canst say, 'I mark'd,
117 where the starved sinners pine.'

118 If thou be ask'd what other shade was with them,
119 at thy side Is Beccaria, whose red gorge
120 distain'd the biting axe of Florence.

121 Further on, if I misdeem not, Soldanieri bides,
122 with Ganellon, and Tribaldello,
123 him who oped Faenza when the people slept."

124 We now had left him, passing on our way,
125 when I beheld two spirits by the ice pent in one hollow,
126 that the head of one was cowl unto the other;

127 and as bread is raven'd up through hunger,
128 the uppermost did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,
129 where the spine joins it.

130 Not more furiously
131 on Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
132 than on that skull and on its garbage he.

133 "O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
134 'ganst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
135 "the cause, on such condition, that if right

136 warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
137 and what the color of his sinning was,
138 I may repay thee in the world above,

139 If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long"

Inferno - Canto 33 - Cary

1 His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
2 that sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
3 which he behind had mangled,

4 then began: "Thy will obeying,
5 I call up afresh sorrow past cure;
6 which, but to think of, wrings my heart, or ere I tell on't.

7 But if words, that I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
8 fruit of eternal infamy to him, the traitor whom I gnaw at,
9 thou at once shalt see me speak and weep.

10 Who thou mayst be I know not,
11 nor how here below art come but Florentine
12 thou seemest of a truth, when I do hear thee.

13 Know, I was on earth Count Ugolino,
14 and the Archbishop he Ruggieri.
15 Why I neighbor him so close, now list.

16 That through effect of his ill-thoughts
17 in him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
18 and after murder'd, need is not I tell.

19 What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
20 how cruel was the murder; shalt thou hear,
21 know if he have wrong'd me.

22 A small grate within that mew,
23 which for my sake the name of Famine bears,
24 where others yet must pine,

25 already through its opening several moons
26 had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
27 that from the future tore the curtain off.

28 This one, methought, as master of the sport, rode forth
29 to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
30 unto the mountain which forbids the sight of Lucca to the Pisan.

31 With lean brachs
32 inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
33 Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.

34 After short course the father and the sons
35 seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw
36 the sharp tusks gore their sides.

37 When I awoke, before the dawn, amid their sleep
38 I heard my sons (for they were with me)
39 weep and ask for bread.

40 Right cruel art thou, if no pang
41 thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
42 and if not now, why use thy tears to flow?

43 Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near
44 when they were wont to bring us food;
45 the mind of each misgave him through his dream,

46 and I heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
47 the horrible tower whence, uttering not a word,
48 I look'd upon the visage of my sons.

49 I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
50 They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
51 'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?'

52 Yet I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
53 nor the next night, until another sun
54 came out upon the world.

55 When a faint beam had to our doleful prison
56 made its way, and in four countenances
57 I descried the image of my own,

58 on either hand through agony I bit;
59 and they, who thought I did it through desire of feeding,
60 rose o' the sudden, and cried,

61 'Father, we should grieve far less, if thou wouldst
62 eat of us: thou gavest these weeds of miserable flesh
63 we wear; and do thou strip them off from us again.'

64 Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down my spirit
65 in stillness. That day and the next we all were silent.
66 Ah, obdurate earth! Why open'dst not upon us?

67 When we came to the fourth day, then Gaddo
68 at my feet outstretch'd did fling him, crying,
69 'Hast no help for me, my father!'

70 There he died; and e'en plainly as thou seest me,
71 saw I the three fall one by one
72 'twixt the fifth day and sixth whence I betook me,

73 now grown blind, to grope over them all,
74 and for three days aloud call'd on them who were dead.
75 Then, fasting got the mastery of grief."

76 Thus having spoke, once more upon the wretched skull
77 his teeth he fasten'd like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
78 firm and unyielding.

79 O thou Pisa! shame of all the people,
80 who their dwelling make in that fair region, where the Italian voice is heard;
81 since that thy neighbors are so slack to punish,

82 from their deep foundations rise Capraia and Gorgona,
83 and dam up the mouth of Arno;
84 that each soul in thee may perish in the waters.

85 What if fame reported that thy castles were betray'd
86 by Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
87 to stretch his children on the rack.

88 For them, Brigata, Ugucione, and the pair
89 of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told, their tender years,
90 thou modern Thebes, did make incapable of guilt.

91 Onward we pass'd, where others,
92 skarf'd in rugged folds of ice,
93 not on their feet were turn'd, but each reversed.

94 There, very weeping suffers not to weep;
95 for, at their eyes, grief, seeking passage,
96 finds impediment, and rolling inward turns

97 For increase of sharp anguish:
98 the first tears hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,
99 under the socket brimming all the cup.

100 Now though the cold had from my face
101 dislodged each feeling,
102 as 'twere callous, yet me seem'd

103 some breath of wind I felt. "Whence cometh this," said I,
104 "my Master? Is not here below all vapor quench'd?"
105 "Thou shalt be speedily,"

106 he answer'd, "where thine eyes
107 shall tell thee whence,
108 the cause descrying of this airy shower."

109 Then cried out one, in the chill crust who mourn'd:
110 "O souls! so cruel,
111 that the farthest post hath been assign'd you,

112 from this face remove the harden'd veil;
113 that I may vent the grief impregnate at my heart,
114 some little space, ere it congeal again."

115 I thus replied: "Say who thou wast,
116 if thou wouldst have mine aid; and if I extricate thee not,
117 far down as to the lowest ice may I descend."

118 "The friar Alberigo," answer'd he, "am I,
119 who from the evil garden pluck'd its fruitage,
120 and am here repaid, the date more luscious for my fig."

121 "Hah!" I exclaim'd, "art thou, too, dead?"
122 "How in the world aloft it fareth with my body,"
123 answer'd he, "I am right ignorant.

124 Such privilege, hath Ptolomea,
125 that oftentimes the soul drops hither,
126 ere by Atropos divorced.

127 And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly
128 the glazed tear-drops that o'erlay mine eyes,
129 know that the soul, that moment she betrays, as I did,

130 yields her body to a fiend
131 who after moves and governs it at will,
132 till all its time be rounded: headlong she

133 falls to this cistern.
134 And perchance above
135 doth yet appear the body of a ghost,

136 who here behind me winters. Him thou know'st, if thou but newly
137 art arrived below. The years are many that have passed away,
138 since to this fastness Branca Doria came.”

139 “Now,” answer'd I, “methinks thou mockest me; for Branca Doria
140 never yet hath died, but doth all natural functions of a man,
141 eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on.”

142 He thus: “Not yet unto that upper foss
143 by th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch
144 tenacious boils, had Michel Zanche reach'd,

145 when this one left a demon in his stead
146 in his own body, and of one his kin,
147 who with him treachery wrought.

148 But now put forth thy hand,
149 and ope mine eyes.” I oped them not.
150 ill manners were best courtesy to him.

151 Ah Genoese! men perverse in every way,
152 with every foulness stain'd,
153 why from the earth are ye not cancel'd?

154 Such an one of yours I with Romagna's darkest spirit found,
155 as, for his doings, even now in soul
156 is in Cocytus plunged, and yet doth seem

157 in body still alive upon the earth.

Inferno - Canto 34 - Cary

1 "The banners of Hell's Monarch
2 do come forth toward us; therefore look,"
3 so spake my guide, "if thou discern him."

4 As, when breathes a cloud heavy and dense,
5 or when the shades of night fall on our hemisphere,
6 seems view'd from far a windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round;

7 such was the fabric then methought I saw.
8 To shield me from the wind, forthwith
9 I drew behind my guide no covert else was there.

10 Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain record the marvel)
11 where the souls were all 'whelm'd underneath, transparent,
12 as through glass pellucid the frail stem.

13 Some prone were laid; others stood upright,
14 this upon the soles, that on his head,
15 a third with face to feet arch'd like a bow.

16 When to the point we came,
17 whereat my guide was pleased that I should see
18 the creature eminent in beauty once,

19 he from before me stepp'd and made me pause.
20 "Lo!" he exclaim'd, "lo! Dis; and lo! the place,
21 where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."

22 How frozen and how faint I then became,
23 ask me not, reader! for I write it not;
24 since words would fail to tell thee of my state.

25 I was not dead nor living.
26 Think thyself, if quick conception work in thee at all,
27 how I did feel.

28 That emperor, who sways the realm of sorrow,
29 at mid breast from the ice
30 stood forth; and I in stature

31 am more like a giant, than the giants are his arms.
32 Mark now how great that whole must be,
33 which suits with such a part.

34 If he were beautiful as he is hideous now,
35 and yet did dare to scowl upon his Maker,
36 well from him may all our misery flow.

37 Oh what a sight! How passing strange it seem'd,
38 when I did spy upon his head three faces
39 one in front of hue vermilion,

40 the other two with this
41 midway each shoulder
42 join'd and at the crest;

43 the right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd;
44 the left to look on, such as come from
45 whence old Nile stoops to the lowlands.

46 Under each shot forth two mighty wings,
47 enormous as became a bird so vast.
48 Sails never such I saw outstretch'd on the wide sea.

49 No plumes had they, but were in texture like a bat;
50 and these he flapp'd i' th' air,
51 that from him issued still.

52 Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth was frozen.
53 At six eyes he wept the tears
54 adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.

55 At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
56 bruised as with ponderous engine;
57 so that three were in this guise tormented.

58 But far more than from that gnawing,
59 was the foremost pang'd by the fierce rending,
60 whence oftentimes the back was stript of all its skin.

61 "That upper spirit, who hath worst punishment,"
62 so spake my guide, "is Judas, he that hath his head
63 within and plies the feet without.

64 Of th' other two, whose heads are under,
65 from the murky jaw who hangs, is Brutus:
66 lo! how he doth writhe and speaks not.

67 The other, Cassius, that appears so large of limb.
68 But night now reascends;
69 and it is time for parting. All is seen.”

70 I clipp'd him round the neck; for so he bade:
71 and noting time and place, he,
72 when the wings enough were oped,
73 caught fast the shaggy sides,
74 and down from pile to pile descending
75 stepp'd between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

76 Soon as he reach'd the point, whereat the thigh
77 upon the swelling of the haunches turns,
78 my leader there, with pain and struggling hard,
79 turn'd round his head where his feet stood before,
80 and grappled at the fell as one who mounts;
81 that into hell methought we turn'd again.

82 “Expect that by such stairs as these,”
83 thus spake the teacher, panting like a man forespent,
84 “we must depart from evil so extreme.”

85 Then at a rocky opening issued forth,
86 and placed me on the brink to sit,
87 next join'd with wary step my side.

88 I raised mine eyes, believing that I Lucifer
89 should see where he was lately left,
90 but saw him now with legs held upward.

91 Let the grosser sort,
92 who see not what the point was I had past,
93 bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.

94 “Arise,” my master cried, “upon thy feet. “the way is long,
95 and much uncouth the road;
96 and now within one hour and half of noon the sun returns.”

97 It was no palace-hall lofty and luminous
98 wherein we stood, but natural dungeon
99 where ill-footing was and scant supply of light.

100 “Ere from the abyss I separate,” thus when risen I began:
101 “my guide! vouchsafe few words
102 to set me free from error’s thralldom.

103 Where is now the ice? How standeth he
104 in posture thus reversed? And how from eve to morn
105 in space so brief hath the sun made his transit?”

106 He in few thus answering spake: “Thou deemest
107 thou art still on the other side the centre, where I grasp’d
108 the abhorred worm that boreth through the world.

109 Thou wast on the other side, so long as I descended;
110 when I turn’d, thou didst o’erpass that point,
111 to which from every part is dragg’d all heavy substance.

112 Thou art now arrived under the hemisphere
113 opposed to that, which the great continent
114 doth overspread, and underneath whose canopy expired

115 the Man, that was born sinless and so lived.
116 Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,
117 whose other aspect is Judecca.

118 Morn here rises, when there evening sets and he,
119 whose shaggy pile we scaled,
120 yet standeth fix’d, as at the first.

121 On this part he fell down, from heaven;
122 and th’ earth, here prominent before, through fear of him
123 did veil her with the sea, and to our hemisphere retired.

124 Perchance, to shun him, was the vacant space left here,
125 by what of firm land on this side appears,
126 that sprang aloof.”

127 There is a place beneath, from Belzebub as distant,
128 as extends the vaulted tomb;
129 discover’d not by sight, but by the sound

130 of brooklet, that descends this way along
131 the hollow of a rock, which, as it winds
132 with no precipitous course, the wave hath eaten.

133 By that hidden way
134 my guide and I did enter,
135 to return to the fair world and heedless of repose

136 we climb'd, he first, I following his steps,
137 till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
138 dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave

139 thence issuing we again beheld the stars.