



THE COMEDY

OF

89669

DANTE ALLIGHIERI.

PART I—THE HELL.

TRANSLATED INTO BLANK VERSE

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES.

AHI QUANTO A DIR QUAL ERA È COSA DURA!

LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1865.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

4-24-37 jhm

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P R E F A C E.

THE aim of this translation of Dante may be summed up in one word—Literality.

Numerous are the translations already existing. Some may be passed in silence, as either in themselves failures, or superseded by some other version aiming at the same special qualities; but there are four of which no fresh translator can assume to be unheedful—Cary's, Cayley's, Carlyle's, and Pollock's. Each of these has a distinct aim, and none is done less than creditably.

Two things are to be considered in translating—the substance, and the form. The thorough rendering of the first requires literality; of the second, preservation of metre, rhyme, &c. The *spirit* of the original is a more intangible entity. But the utmost practicable fidelity to substance and form combined is the only prescribable mode for attaining

it; and the spirit either of substance or of form may be to some extent attained by a translator who aims at the one only without the other.

Cary gives Dante's substance with moderate literalness; drops the form so far as rhyme and line-for-line rendering go; and does not, to my judgment, come *very* close to the spirit. The value of his translation, as a literary performance, is considerable.

Cayley gives substance, form, and spirit, as far as the mutual concessions inevitable to the very arduous threefold attempt will allow. I believe his translation to be the best in execution, as it is one of the completest in aim yet done, or likely to be done.¹

Carlyle gives the substance, and its spirit, with that literalness which is due to earnestness and scholarship, and to the absolute neglect of form in metre,—his translation (which has extended to the Hell only) being in prose.

Between Cayley's completeness, with its mutual concessions, and Carlyle's literal prose, with its entire

(1) There are also three other translations equally wide in the range of their attempt; those of the Rev. Mr. Brooksbank, the Rev. Wesley Thomas, and Mrs. Ramsay. I mention them, that I may not appear to slur over the labours of my predecessors: any attempt to appraise them might be out of place here.

abnegation of form, there remained a middle course stopping short of Cary's compromise.

Pollock adopted this middle course. He gives the substance with a close aim at literality; drops the form, like Cary, so far as rhyme goes; but endeavours to adhere to line-for-line rendering.

My attempt is of precisely the same class as Pollock's. Like him, I have aimed at unconditional literality in phraseology, and at line-for-line rendering; and, like him, I have kept to the metre, which is the same as in blank verse, but not to the rhyme (the so-called *terza rima*). That I am not entirely satisfied with his success in substance and spirit is implied in the attempt which, with a consciousness of its numerous imperfections, I now submit to the reader. The aim appeared to me the best that remained to be pursued, after Cayley. To follow Dante sentence for sentence, line for line, word for word—neither more nor less—has been my strenuous endeavour; various shortcomings in form, from a literary point of view, are the result. Some readers will probably be disposed to consider that singularity, or even oddity, of phrase is one of my chief short

comings. Where that fault is my own, I must simply plead guilty ; but I would ask my reader (if unacquainted with Italian) to believe me when I say that generally I am odd to the English reader for one only reason—that Dante also is odd to the Italian reader in the same passage.

Of Dante's stupendous greatness, and the veneration due to him, I have no call to speak ; still less to express adherence to or dissent from any of the various theories and interpretations of his work which have been promulgated. To take him literally is enough, and more than enough, for most men. The notes which I have appended aim simply at enabling the reader to understand the *primary* meaning of what Dante chose to say, in passages where some explanation is essential.

Dante himself wrote to Can Grande della Scala that the title of his book was : “ Incipit Comœdia Dantis Allagherii, Florentini nationis, non moribus ;”¹ and he explains the title by saying that a comedy is that which speaks in lowly style, and, beginning harshly, ends prosperously. As the accepted title,

(1) Here begins the Comedy of Dante Allighieri, a Florentine by birth, not in character.

“*Divine Comedy*,” is not Dante’s own, but simply “*Comedy*,” I have retained the latter. The edition which I have chiefly used in translating is that of Venturi; but I have adopted from others any readings that I thought preferable here and there, without, I must acknowledge, any curious inquiry as to authority.

The Biographical Memorandum which follows is intended, in the briefest and most general of manners, to place the reader *au fait* of the historical conditions and the personal circumstances under which Dante wrote.

The General Exposition outlines the course of the narrative, and aims particularly at giving (what, as far as I am aware, has not been given before) a *connected* view of the moral relation between the sins punished in the Hell, and the punishment. In many cases, this relation proclaims itself; in some, it needs seeking. I have written down my own impressions pretty nearly independently of what any others may have said on the subject; but much of what is advanced in the Exposition must doubtless have been repeated a thousand times before. My aim was not

originality, but truth. No doubt, also, there are cases in which other interpretations might be maintained. Indeed, the subject is one to which it were vain to think of applying any exhaustive treatment, and I have attempted no more than to throw out such suggestions as occurred to me. In addition to this, the names of *all* the condemned souls, and the demons of the several Hell-circles, are recapitulated in the Exposition.

It is my desire to proceed with and issue translations of the Purgatory and the Paradise with all convenient speed; but this is a contingency dependent upon several considerations, and, leaving it to the future, I am unwilling further to postpone the appearance of the present instalment—the Hell. To avoid any misapprehension as to the relation which my translation bears to others published within the last few years, I may be excused for adding that this was completed, with notes and introductions, all substantially as now issued, some seven or eight years ago.

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October 1864.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDUM.

THE great political distinction of Dante's age and country was that between Ghibellines and Guelphs. The names first grew into party watchwords at the battle of Winsberg, in Suabia, fought in 1140 between two rivals for the throne of the Holy Roman Empire; Conrad, Duke of Franconia, a member of the Hohenstauffen family, whose patrimonial seat was Weiblingen, a town of Wurtemberg,—and Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, whose family-name was Welf, or Wölf. Weiblingen furnished the root of the word Ghibelline; Welf that of Guelph. Conrad becoming the victor, the name Ghibelline came to imply substantially Imperialist, the name Guelph anti-Imperialist; and, as the conflict spread into Italy, where the Popes were the great anti-Imperialists, "Guelph," in Italy, indicated a papal adherent, in opposition to an Imperialist, or Ghibelline. Generally speaking, also, the Guelph was the popular, the Ghibelline the aristocratic, faction.

In 1215, the City of Florence was drawn into the Guelph-Ghibelline contest in consequence of a private quarrel. Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, a young nobleman, was engaged to marry one of the family of Amidei. Falling in love, however, with one of the family of Donati, he married *her* instead; and was assassinated in revenge

by the Amidei and their partizans. The Emperor, Frederick II., favoured the latter; whence arose feuds continual, lasting till the period of Dante's birth, and beyond it.

Dante was born in Florence, in May 1265, of the noble line of Allighieri, which belonged to the Guelph party. He lost his father in childhood. In childhood also commenced the enduring passion of his life for his glorified Beatrice, whom he first met at a feast given by her father, Folco Portinari. Dante was at this time not quite nine years of age; Beatrice little past eight. And, from his early youth, but more especially after the death of Beatrice, while not neglecting the ordinary accomplishments of a young nobleman, he addicted himself with passionate ardour to the acquisition of knowledge, the study of theology, and the love of poetry.

What bar may have existed to a marriage between Dante and Beatrice does not appear; but, before 1287, her twenty-first year, Beatrice was the wife of another man, Simon de' Bardi. In 1290 she died, while Dante was still occupied in the composition of his *Vita Nuova*, whose prose narrative, interspersed with poems, tells the history of his passion. Poignant as was his grief, which appeared to his friends to bode imminent death, he was induced by them, in the following year, to marry Gemma Donati, by whom he had several children. His married life, however, was unhappy. There is reason for crediting Gemma with some sterling qualities, but she is accused of an uncontrollable temper. At any rate, it is Boccaccio's testimony that Dante, "once divided from her, would

never either go where she was, or suffer that she should come where he was."

Well-trained, wise, and noble to boot (though that was hardly a qualification in Florence), Dante naturally became one of the leading men of the Republic. We have it on the same authority that "no legation was heard or answered, no law reformed, none departed from, no peace made, no public war undertaken, and, in brief, no deliberation having any weight was held, in which he had not a voice." In 1300, he was elected one of the Priori, or temporary chief magistrates of Florence,—the highest position which any of her citizens could aspire to, but, for him, only the step to a reverse which lasted out the residue of his life.

Florence had dissensions enough within her own walls: to these she added the gall of a raging Pistojesse quarrel. The breach between Guelphs and Ghibellines was to be widened by the breach between Blacks and Whites. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, two branches of the great Pistojesse family the Cancellieri, named the White and Black branches (from the fair and dark wives respectively, as some have said, of a common ancestor), were at bloody strife, originating in a gambling-quarrel, and involving the whole city as adherents of the one side or the other. Florence endeavoured to compose the differences, and obtained that the heads of both parties should be committed to her custody. But the evil only spread. The White refugees were supported by the Cerchi, a family of "new men," or *parvenus*, and generally by the Ghibellines; the Black refugees by the

Donati, already haughtily at odds with the Cerchi. Negotiations, attempts at accommodation, came to nothing. Such was the state of Florence when Dante became one of her six Priori for June and July 1300.

He was not the man to flinch from a decided course. With the concurrence of the other Priori, he banished the chiefs of *both* parties from Florence,—the Whites, among whom was his beloved friend Guido Cavalcanti, to Sarzana, the Blacks to Perugia. In 1301, the Whites were recalled,—professedly on account of the insalubrity of Sarzana, which brought Cavalcanti to his grave soon after his return to Florence : at the same time, the sentence of exile against the Blacks was confirmed. Dante was now no longer in office : but he was accused of having influenced the authorities to recall the Whites, and even of some partiality to the latter in the original sentence of banishment. While he was absent in Rome on an embassy to the Pope, his house was burned and pillaged ; he was summoned to answer a number of charges ; and, without having time to appear, was condemned, in January 1302, to a fine of 8,000 lire and two years' banishment,—in March and April, to banishment perpetual, and to be *burned alive*, should he return.

The Whites were already, in the turn of Fortune's wheel, once more in exile. Them Dante joined ; as far, indeed, as a man of his mind and temper could, for the common object of reinstatement, join men most of whom he shunned and despised. At all events, from this time forth his cause was identified with that of the Ghibellines. In 1304, aided by forces from Arezzo, Bologna, and

Pistoja, the exiles made a sudden descent upon Florence, and gained a momentary footing in the territory: but they were soon compelled to retire, with prospects darker than before.

The rest of Dante's life was passed in bitter sojourn under the protection of influential men of the Ghibelline party; in protests and representations to the Florentines; in high-hearted determination never to return by a compromise of his cause and his dignity, terms having been offered him about 1316, if he would consent to pay a fine, and make public avowal of offence; and, happily for posterity to the latest age, in the composition of his sublime *Commedia* and other works. He stayed with the Papafavi, of Padua; with the Marquis Moroello Malaspina, of Lunigiana; with the Della Scalas, of Verona; with the Conte Guido Salvatico, at Casentino; with the Signori della Faggiola, in the Urbino Mountains; at the Monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana; with the Falcucci, at Gubbio; with Busone da Gubbio, at the Castle of Colmollaro; at Udine; with Pagano della Torre, in the Castle of Tolmino. He passed the Alps to Paris. His hopes rose high in 1312, with the elevation of Henry of Luxemburg to the Imperial throne, only to be dashed for ever in the following year by the Emperor's death. His last refuge was at Ravenna, with Count Guido Novello da Polenta. Here, in July (or possibly September) 1321, in his fifty-seventh year, the great Dante died; his death said to have been hastened by profound disappointment at the miscarriage of an embassy to the Venetians which he had undertaken on

behalf of Count Guido. Here, says Boccaccio, "he resigned his weary spirit; which, there is not a doubt, was received in the arms of his noblest Beatrice, with whom, in the sight of Him who is the Supreme Good, having left the miseries of the life present, he now most joyfully lives in that whose happiness no end awaits."

Of such a man, any personal particulars are so precious that their introduction, even into the briefest notice, pleads its own excuse; nor can they be better sought for than in Boccaccio's Memoir.

"This our poet was of middle stature; and, after he had arrived at mature age, he walked somewhat heavy. And his carriage was grave and courteous, always clothed in most decorous garb, in that habit which was befitting his mature age. His visage was long; the nose aquiline, the eyes rather large than small, the jaw large, and the under lip protruded beyond the upper. His complexion was brown; his hair and beard thick, black,¹ and crisp; and always his countenance melancholy and thoughtful. Whereby it happed one day in Verona, the fame of his works being already noised everywhere, and chiefly of that part of his Comedy which he entitles Hell, and he being known by many men and women, he passing before a door whereat several women were sitting, one of them in under tone, but still well heard by him and such as were with him, said to the other women: 'See ye

(1) In his younger days, his hair was not by any means so dark as black, but a rather bright brown, to judge from the portrait by Giotto in the Bargello of Florence (if, indeed, this hue has not been altered in the "restoration" of the whole surface of colour). This is confirmed by an expression in one of Dante's Latin Eclogues.

him who goes through hell, and returns when he lists, and brings up hither news of those who are down there ?' Whereto one of them replied in her simplicity :—' Of a truth, thou must say true. Seest not how he has his beard shrivelled up, and his complexion brown, through the heat and the smoke which are there below ?' Which words hearing said behind him, and knowing that they came from pure credence in the women, he, pleased and as it were content that they should be in such belief, somewhat smiling, passed on. In his public and domestic habits, he was wondrously composed and ordered ; more than all other, courteous and urbane. In meat and drink he was most moderate, both in taking them at the prescribed hours, and in not exceeding the limit of necessity therein ; neither had he any intemperance more in one than in the other. He praised the delicate, and chiefly fed upon the coarse ; beyond measure censuring those who place great part of their care in having choice things, and having these prepared with utmost diligence, affirming that suchlike did not eat to live, but rather lived to eat. None other was more wakeful than he, both in study and in whatever other care possessed him, in so much that oftentimes both his wife and his family complained thereof, until they learned to ascribe this to his natural habit. Rarely, unless questioned, did he speak, and then deliberately with voice befitting the matter he spoke of. Not the less was he most eloquent where it needed, and this with excellent and prompt address.

“ He supremely delighted in music and in songs in his youth ; and to every one who in those times was excelling

singer and musician he was a friend and intimate ; and, impelled by this taste, he composed many things which he got invested with pleasant and masterly music by these. How fervently he was liege unto love has been already clearly enough demonstrated. This love, it is the firm belief of all, was the mover of his whole genius towards becoming, in the manner of imitation, a writer in the vulgar tongue. Afterwards, through desire of more solemnly showing his passions, and also of glory, diligently exercising himself therein, he not only surpassed all his contemporaries, but in so far purified and embellished it that he made and will make many then, and since after him, desirous to be experts in the same. In like manner he loved to be solitary and removed from men, so that his contemplations might not be interrupted ; and, if any thought that pleased him much came to him while he was among people, albeit he might be questioned of something, never, until he had confirmed or discarded his imagining, would he reply to the questioner ; which thing many times, he being at table, or walking with companions or otherwise, upon his being questioned, so happened. In his studies he was most assiduous, in so much that no news that was to be heard could remove him therefrom. And, according as some worthy of belief narrate of this his giving himself wholly to such thing as pleased him, he, being upon a time in Siena, and coming by chance to an apothecary's shop, had here brought to him a very famous book promised him by men of worth, and never before seen by him. He, not having peradventure space to take it otherwhither, set his chest against the

counter which was before the apothecary, and, putting up the book, commenced reading and looking into it. Although soon afterwards in those parts and in front of him a great array was begun by the Sienese gentlemen and held for some general feast, and, with that, exceeding noise of the bystanders, as, in such cases, is wont to be made with various instruments and with voice by the applauders, and many other things happened fit to draw one to look, such as dances of fair women, and games of many youths, never was there any who saw him move thence, or at any time raise his eyes from the book. On the contrary, having set himself thereunto at the ninth hour, he, before vespers were past, had wholly seen it, and had as it were summarily taken it in, before he rose therefrom; affirming afterwards to some who asked him how he could have kept from looking on so fair a feast which had been acted before him, that he had heard nothing of it; on which account, he added not unduly the second wonder in the hearers to the first.

“This poet, then, was of marvellous capacity, and of firmest memory, and of perspicuous intellect; in so much that he, being in Paris, and here taking part in a question *de quolibet* which was held in a school of theologians, recited fourteen questions of different men of worth and on different matters, with their arguments *pro* and *contra* held by the proponents, without leaving any interval, collected and in order as they had been put. Then, following that same order, subtly solving and answering the contrary arguments; which thing was reputed almost a miracle by all the bystanders. He was likewise of

highest genius and subtle invention, as his works manifest to the intelligent far more than my writing could do. He was most fond of honour and of pomp,—peradventure more than would have been desired of his distinguished virtue ; but what life is so humble as not to be touched by the sweetness of glory? And through this fondness, I think, he loved poetry above every other study; seeing how, though philosophy surpasses all other in nobility, the excellence thereof can be imparted to few, and there are in the world men famous by it, and how poetry is more apparent and delightful to every one, and poets most rare. And therefore, hoping to be able, by poetry, to arrive at the unwonted and pompous honour of the crowning with laurel, he gave himself wholly thereto, studying and composing. And certes his desire would have come fulfilled, if meanwhile fortune had been gracious to him so that he could ever have returned to Florence ; in which city alone, at the founts of San Giovanni, he had imagined to be crowned, so that here, where he had taken his first name in baptism, here also he might take the second by crowning. But so it happened that, although his sufficiency was great, and by that he could, in any place he might have chosen, have received the honour of the laurel (which increases not knowledge, but is surest witness and ornament of the knowledge acquired), yet, waiting for that return which was never to be, he would not receive it elsewhere, and so died without the much-desired honour.

* * * * *

“Our poet, besides the things aforesaid, was of spirit lofty and very disdainful ; insomuch that, when it was

sought by one of his friends, who did this at the instance of his prayers, that he might be able to return to Florence (which he beyond all other things supremely desired), and when no means hereto were found with those who then had in their hands the government of the republic, unless one,—which was this, that he for a certain space should stay in prison, and, after that, should in some public solemnity be held to mercy in our principal church, and consequently be free, and out of all condemnation theretofore passed upon him,—this thing seeming to him to befit and apply to one that is depressed, and to infamous men, and not others, he therefore elected rather to be in exile of his greatest desire than by such a way to return to his home. Oh praiseworthy disdain of the magnanimous ! how manfully didst thou work, nurtured in the bosom of such a philosopher, repressing the ardent desire of returning by a way less than worthy of a man ! Very similarly, he was proud of himself, nor thought, according as his contemporaries report, that he was worth less than he was ; which thing appeared on one noteworthy occasion among others, while he, with his party, was at the summit of the government of the Republic. And, since by those who were depressed a brother or kinsman of Philip, then King of France, whose name was Charles, was called by means of Pope Boniface VIII. to reform the state of our city, all the chiefs of the party wherewith he held assembled in council to provide for this fact. And here, among other things, they provided that an embassy should be sent to the Pope, who was then in Rome, whereby the said Pope should be induced to

oppose the coming of the said Charles, or to make him come in understanding with the said party which was ruling. And, coming to deliberate who should be chief of such legation, it was said by all that Dante was the man. To which request Dante, upon being waited on, said : ' If I go, who remains ? and, if I remain, who goes ? ' As if he alone was the strong man among all, and in whom all the others were strong. . . . This worthy gentleman was above all these things in all his adversities. Only in one thing—shall I say it ?—he was impatient and resentful, that is, in matter pertaining to party ; because in exile he was a partizan much more than belonged to his worthiness, and than he wished to be believed by others. . . . The ancestors of Dante were twice, as Guelphs, expelled from home by the Ghibellines, and he in like wise held the reins of the republic in Florence under the title of Guelph ; whence being expelled, as has been shown, not by the Ghibellines, but by the Guelphs, and seeing that he could not return, he so changed his mind that no one was a more fierce Ghibelline and adversary of the Guelphs than he. And what I am most ashamed of for the sake of his memory is that it is a most public thing in Romagna that any wench, any little child, speaking of parties, and condemning the Ghibelline, would have moved him to such madness as would have¹ led him

(1) I translate this sentence literally, with its cacophonous double "*would have*." Dante's name is not to be trifled with ; and the sentence, as it stands, seems to imply that he *would have* done a particular thing if another particular thing had happened—which, for aught that appears, did *not* happen. I have gone through the Hell with the view of ascertaining what Dante shows for himself in the matter of partizanship, and find, according to my reckoning, twenty-eight Guelphs condemned to eternal torment, and twenty-

to cast stones had they not left off talking ; and with this animosity he lived until his death.

“Certes I shame to have to stain with some defect the fame of so great a man. But the adopted order of things requires it in some points ; because, should I be silent as to the things less than praiseworthy in him, I should much lessen belief in those praiseworthy already shown concerning himself. Therefore I make my excuse to him, who peradventure, from high in heaven, oftentimes looks upon me with disdainful eye. Amid so much virtue, amid so much knowledge, as have been above shown existing in this wondrous poet, lustfulness found most ample place, and not only in his youthful, but in his mature, years ; which vice, although it is natural, and common, and almost of necessity, of a truth cannot be rightly excused, much less commended. But who among mortals shall be the just judge to condemn him? Not I.”

Dante’s works, besides the *Commedia*, are the “*Vita Nova*” (New Life), being the history of his love for Beatrice,—a work of which, according to Boccaccio, he was much ashamed in later years, but wherein most readers of feeling find an inexpressible beauty and pathos ;¹ “*De Monarchiâ*,” a Latin treatise, aiming to show the secular power’s independence of the spiritual ; the “*Convito*” (Banquet), written in the form of a comment, often

four Ghibellines, which looks tolerably impartial. Of *personal* impartiality the instances are too frequent and too salient to need pointing out.

(1) English readers will find this lovely book included in “*The Early Italian Poets*, translated by D. G. Rossetti,” 1861 ; a specimen of translation with which I critically (not alone fraternally) wish this of mine might be found in some degree worthy to pair.

abstruse, upon some of his own poems ; “De Vulgari Eloquio” (On the Vernacular Speech), a Latin essay left incomplete, showing the condition of the Italian language and literature in his time ; and various minor poems and epistles.

He began the *Commedia* in his thirty-fifth year, and had written the first seven cantos of the Hell before the proceedings taken against him, and the pillage of his house. These cantos being providentially saved, and forwarded to him in exile, he proceeded with the mighty work, which continued to engage him till the last. It is narrated that he was in the habit of sending it, by instalments of seven or eight cantos at a time, to Can Grande della Scala ; but that the final thirteen cantos of the Paradise remained unsent at the time of his death, and could not, for several months, be discovered. At last his son Jacopo had a vision¹ of his dead father ; who told him that he now lived “the true life, not ours,” and, on being questioned, pointed out, in his bed-chamber wall, a window covered over by matting and previously unknown: in a recess of which the missing cantos were found.

{1} I am not quite certain whether Boccaccio, who relates this anecdote circumstantially, means to say that the vision appeared direct to Jacopo, or was communicated to him by Piero Giardino, a disciple of Dante ; but I think the former.

GENERAL EXPOSITION:

ANALOGY OF THE PUNISHMENTS TO THE SINS.

1. DANTE, towards the close of his 35th year, on Good Friday of the year 1300, being bewildered in a wood, which may symbolize the confused entanglement and depressing cares of public life, and the wickedness of the times, and attempting to mount a hill (to rise into a nobler scope of life), is obstructed by a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf; supposed to figure, in morals, Lust, Pride, and Avarice,—in historic analogy, Florence, France, and Papal Rome. He descries the ghost of Virgil, who promises to lead him aright, through Hell and Purgatory, to Heaven.

2. Dante and Virgil proceed on their way; and Virgil relates how it was Beatrice who came from Heaven to send him to Dante's aid.

3. They arrive at the gate of Hell, and enter its Vestibule. Here are those who lived without infamy or excellence in the world, together with the angels who, in the rebellion of Satan against God, declared for neither, but only looked after themselves. *Pope Celestin V.* (or *Torregiano de' Cerchi*?) They are stung and persecuted by wasps and flies, and run after a rapidly revolving flag. The former may be emblems of contemptible cares, motives, and buzz of gossip; the latter may punish by putting these sluggards in the cause of virtue to object-

less exertion. *Charon* ferries the poets over Acheron into Hell proper.

4. First Circle of Hell, or Limbo ; containing the souls of all who, without baptism, have lived honourable lives, or died before the commission of actual sin,—those only being excepted whom Christ saved on His descent into Hell. Their sole pang is longing, bereaved of hope. *Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan*, greet Virgil as fellow-poet. In a place conspicuous for light (intellect, and the fame thence resulting ?), and in a noble castle with seven walls (the seven virtues ?), seven gates (the seven sciences ?), and a moat (education ?), live the most eminent spirits of this circle. *Electra (mother of Dardanus), Hector, Æneas, Julius Cæsar, Camilla, Penthesilea, Latinus, Lavinia, Junius Brutus, Lucretia, Julia (daughter of Julius Cæsar), Marcia, Cornelia, Saladin, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Democritus, Diogenes, Anaxagoras, Thales, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Zeno, Dioscorides, Orpheus, Cicero, Livy (or Linus), Seneca, Euclid, Ptolemy the astronomer, Hippocrates, Avicenna, Galen, Averroes.*

5. At the entrance of the Second Circle, *Minos*, the Infernal Judge (rather Demon than spirit). The general scheme of Hell is this. After the Vestibule and the Limbo, the sins are punished in three great divisions, ever increasing in heinousness and in chastisement,—sins of Incontinence, of Bestialism, and of Malice. The Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Circles punish Incontinence,—ill-regulated passion and appetite of various kinds. The Sixth Circle punishes Bestialism,—the likening of oneself to the beasts that perish, or what moderns call mate-

rialism. The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Circles punish Malice,—wickedness by Violence in the first ; wickedness complicated with Fraud in the last two. Second Circle : the Lustful, blown hither and thither by furious winds, as on earth by shifting gusts of passion. *Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Helen, Achilles, Paris, Tristram, Francesca da Rimini, Paolo Malatesta.*

6. Third Circle: Gluttons or Epicures, battered by rain and hail, drenched in slush, and skinned and stunned by the Demon of the Circle, greedy *Cerberus*. "Not where you eat, but where you are eaten" (or little short of it). Beyond excessive *discomfort* in other respects to those whose guilt was the pampering of the body, the further special appropriateness of the punishment is difficult to trace. *Ciacco.*

7. Fourth Circle. Demon: *Plutus*, the God of Riches. The Avaricious and Prodigal, unrecognizable, turning eternally round and round the circle, rating each other, and rolling and knocking against each other with huge weights. The reciprocal punishment and animosity need no comment. The weights may remind us of the mass of metal which was the matter of the sin of both classes. They are unrecognizable in eternity, because, engrossed by an appetite utterly mundane and temporary, they had been uncognizant of any eternal interest. Fifth Circle: The Rageful, and the Sullen or Moping, swamped in a pool of mud, the former fighting and tearing one another,—the latter wholly smothered underneath. The turbid element in which both had lived may be symbolized: the Sullen especially are *sunk* in it.

8. The poets are ferried over by *Phlegyas*. He, like Minos, belongs to a class whom Dante, whether through following Virgil or through whatever other motive, treats rather as demons than as condemned spirits, although, in strictness, spirits of human beings. *Filippo Argenti degli Adimari*. The poets arrive at the City of Dis, the entrance of the lower Hell, wherein Bestialism and Malice are punished; a city of which devils are the "grave citizens."

9. Demons: *the Three Furies, with the Gorgon-head*. Sixth Circle, punishing the sin of Bestialism. Heretics and Unbelievers in flaming graves, hotter or less hot according to the degree of the sin. They who thought there was nothing in or beyond the grave, or who rejected the faith of the Church concerning it, find it filled with flaming torment. After the last judgment these graves will all be closed: the sinners will be *extinguished* to sight, but not, as they had imagined, to consciousness.

10. *Epicurus, Farinata degli Uberti, Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, the Emperor Frederick II., Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini*.

11. *Pope Anastasius*.

12. Entrance to the Seventh Circle, or Hell of the Violent, itself a violently shattered chasm of rock. Demon: the tearing and devouring *Minotaur*. This circle is in three rings or divisions, containing—A. Those who committed violence against their neighbour; B. violence against themselves; C. violence against God. Division I (A): Tyrants, assassins, freebooters, &c., sunk in a river of boiling *blood* to a depth greater or less,

according to the gravity of their crime. *Alexander the Great* (or of *Pheræ* ?), *Dionysius of Syracuse*, *Azzolino di Romano*, *Obizzo d'Este*, *Guy de Montfort*, *Attila*, *Pyrrhus*, *Sextus Tarquinius* (or *Pompeius* ?), *Rinier da Corneto*, *Rinier Pazzo*. Demons: the savage *Centaur*s, who keep the sinners at their prescribed depth by shooting at them (*Nessus*, *Chiron*, *Pholus*).

13. Division 2 (*B*): Those who committed violence against themselves, in two subdivisions,—*a*, *Suicides*, or *Destroyers of their own Lives*; *b*, *Destroyers of their own Property*, *Gamesters*, &c.—Subdivision *a*: the *Suicides*, incorporated in poisonous trees,—souls aptly *abolished*, as it were, in punishment of their deed, from individual existence, and faster imprisoned within the vile trunks than heretofore in the human body from which they audaciously escaped. Even after the Resurrection of the Body, soul and body shall continue divorced. Demons of the subdivision: the *Harpies*, paining the spirits by feeding on the incorporating trees. The souls are, by their own act, become as *carrion*, and degraded from the animal to the vegetable life. *Pier delle Vigne*, *Rocco de' Mozzi* (?). Subdivision *b*: *Destroyers of their own goods*, hunted and rent piecemeal by *Hell-hounds*. Analogy not very evident; unless it be that the sin of these ghosts is one which, in the world, *hunts them down* to ruin and misery, and makes them the *prey* of their own hangers-on, creditors, parasites, &c. Neither is there a strong essential distinction between these sinners and the *Prodigals* of Canto 7, except that, according to the scheme of the poem, these do in malice and perversity what those

fall into through mere want of self-restraint. *Lano, Jacopo da Sant' Andrea.*

14. Division 3 (C): Those who committed Violence against God, directly or indirectly, in three subdivisions. Dante contemplates as next to the First Cause, God, His primary derivative, Nature, and His secondary derivative, Art. Violence against God is thus, in the first degree, blasphemy; in the second, unnatural lust; in the third, any departure from that "Art," or method of human society, which is consonant with Nature, and imposed by divine precept (viz.: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"), or the direct use of the productive forces of Nature; and the particular form of such departure from "Art" which Dante notes is Usury. As, by this classification, Dante brings together sins widely different in their apparent form, so he gives a single punishment to all. The spirits of the three subdivisions equally are scathed by a rain of fire from heaven. The special appropriateness of this punishment seems to depend little, or not at all, on a theory, but essentially on the Bible narrative of the sin of Sodom (Dante's Violence against Nature, or Second Subdivision) having verily been punished by fire from heaven. Dante follows this precedent in the punishment of that sin; and applies the same, with some variation of detail, to the other sins which he has assigned to a cognate source.—Subdivision *a*: The Violent against God, or Blasphemers, who are *walking, crouching, or lying prone*, under the flames. In this case, the punishment seems to come with full appropriateness. The direct blasphemer is answered direct

from heaven with tormenting fire ; and (in some cases) he who was made in the image of the God whom he blasphemes has now lost the distinctive glory of the human form, the erect stature. *Capaneus*.

15. Subdivision *b*: The Violent against Nature, or committers of unnatural sin, all *walking* under the flames. *Brunetto Latini, Priscian, Francesco d' Accorso, Bishop Andrea de' Mozzi*.

16. *Guidoguerra, Tegghiajo Aldobrandi, Jacopo Rusticucci, Guglielmo Borsiere*.

17. Subdivision *c*: The Violent against Art, or Usurers, *seated* under the flames. As already implied, what Dante sets forth as the essential wickedness of usury is not any hard-heartedness involved in the practice, but its being an unnatural, sophisticated, and inactive social arrangement. In a certain sense, therefore, its being a sedentary employment is its condemnation ; and perhaps it is on this account that the usurers are seated. As in the case of the other sinners whose guilt was concerned with money, the Misers and Prodigals, Dante fails to recognise by the visage any of the Usurers ; but he does not expressly *say* that they were in the nature of things unrecognizable. He knows them only by the armorial bearings on bags (*quasi* money-bags) whereon their eyes are fixed. *Gianfigliuzzi, Ubbriachi, Rinaldo Scrovigno*; to whom time is to add *Vitaliano del Dente and Giovanni Buiamonte*. Here ends the Circle of the Violent. *Geryon*, the Demon of the remaining section of Hell, that of sin by Fraud, arrives, and carries the poets down.

18. From this point, all the rest of Hell is occupied by the

Fraudulent Sinners, in two Circles ; in the Eighth, those whose fraud has broken the natural bond of confidence between man and man ; and, in the Ninth, those whose fraud has broken, beyond this, the bond of *special* trust, or the Traitors. The Eighth Circle is named Evilpits, on account of its being laid out in ten pits or fosses, where sinners of divers kinds are punished. First Pit : Pandars and Seducers of Women, in two distinct bands, driven round and round by the lashing of *horned* demons. The punishment is an ignominious one for a base offence, and the punishers are appropriate : beyond this, the analogy is not readily traceable, unless the offence was so punished judicially in Dante's time. It may perhaps be questioned whether the Seducers would not rightly belong to the lowest Circle, as having broken the bond of *special* trust. Pandar : *Venedico Caccianimico*. Seducer : *Jason*. Second Pit : Flatterers, in a sink of human excrement,—choked, as it were, in their own filth. “Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man ; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.” *Alessio Interminei, Thais*.

19. Third Pit : Simoniacs, stuck one by one in round holes within the rock, head down, as their base desires had been earthward ; feet out, kicking, as it were, at heaven and heavenly things ; and flames, more or less intense according to the degree of the sin, flickering from heel to toes. They are “burning and shining lights” *inversely* ; and, to repeat Dante's own illustration of their posture, have made these rock-holes of hell a *purse* for themselves. When one Simoniac Pope is followed into

hell by his successor, the latter takes his place, and he himself falls down wholly within the rock : probably (if that plan was extant in Dante's time as now) a sarcastic application of the peculiarity of papal burials, according to which the body of one Pope is set aside in a niche until the next dead Pope succeeds, when the former one is finally interred. *Pope Nicholas III.*, who is to be relieved by *Boniface VIII.*, and he by *Clement V.*

20. Fourth Pit : Diviners, Sorcerers, &c., walking with their heads wrenched round from front to back.

“ Because they willed to see too much before
They look behind, and make their walking back.”

Dante manifests more emotion at witnessing this punishment than any other ; which is somewhat noticeable, as, of all punishments in hell, this seems to be the least terrible in point of actual suffering. The reason of Dante's emotion seems to be that he feels more acutely what is degrading to the dignity of human nature than what is physically painful to it ; and, in a certain sense, this is an eminently degrading punishment. *Amphiaraüs, Tiresias, Aruns, Manto, Eurypylus, Michael Scott, Guido Bonatti, Asdente.* We are to remember that Dante punishes these sinners as *fraudulent* ; and so, notwithstanding the purport of the lines above quoted, and his defining their sin as “ a passion for God's judgeship ” (or, according to another interpretation, resentment against God's decrees), we must conclude that he deems them more than half impostors—adepts in “ the game of magic *frauds.* ”

21. Fifth Pit : The Barterers of office, justice, &c., for

lucre, sunk in a lake of boiling pitch. They have not only "dirty hands," but dirty bodies all over. If they show themselves above the pitch, they are seized upon and rent piecemeal by the Demons of the pit, named *Evil-claws*. *Martino Bottajo*. Demons: *Bad-tail, Droopwing, Tramplebrine, Dogtooth, Bristlebeard, Play-the-Trick, Grinning-mouth, Wriggle-eel, Tearing-dog, Coltsfoot, Ruddyflare*.

22. *Ciampolo, Friar Gomita, Don Michael Zanche*.

23. Sixth Pit: Hypocrites, mantled in heaviest cloaks of lead, with a *fair outside* of gilding. *Catalano de' Malavolti, Loderingo degli Andalò*. The distinct punishment of lying in the pathway, *crucified*, and trampled by all the rest, is awarded to *Caiaphas, Annas, and the others of the Christ-crucifying Sanhedrim*.

24. Seventh Pit: Thieves, persecuted and stung by serpents, the emblem of craft, which reciprocally transform the spirits into serpents, and become themselves re-transformed into spirits, or are monstrously incorporated with the stung spirits, annihilating the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. It may be questioned whether the serpents are all transformed souls, or in part devilish. *Vanni Fucci*.

25. *Cacus* (rather demon perhaps than condemned soul); *Agnolo de' Brunelleschi, Buoso degli Abati, Puccio Sciancato de' Galigai, Cianfa de' Donati, Guercio de' Cavalcanti*.

26. Eighth Pit: Evil Counsellors, wrapped in concealing flame. The occult nature of the sin, its catching like flame, from the giver to the receiver of the evil

counsel, and its pernicious destructiveness, may be symbolized. *Ulysses* and *Diomed*, swathed in a single fire.

27. *Count Guido da Montefeltro*.

28. Ninth Pit : Schismatics, and promoters of discord and division, cut asunder, *divided*, and mutilated, by a devil. *Mahomet*, cleft right across, as he rent half the world from Christendom ; *Ali*, the *head*, or Caliph, of the Mahometans, opposed to a large section of them, cleft from chin to forelock ; *Pier da Medicina*, busybody calumniator, with the throat pierced which had propagated scandal, and one ear gone which itched for causes of offence ; *Curio*, whose tongue counselled Cæsar to blood, without a tongue now : *Mosca de' Lamberti*, whose hand aided in slaying Buondelmonte, with both hands lopped off ; *Bertrand de Born*, who incited the son of Henry II. of England to rebel against the headship of his father and sovereign, with his own head sheered away. To these is to be added *Fra Dolcino*.

29. *Geri del Bello Allighieri*. Tenth Pit : Falsifiers. These sinners are of three classes ; Falsifiers of Material Objects, of Person, and of Truth,—or, in other terms, Falsifiers in things, in deeds, and in words. The three classes correspond closely, in fraud, to the three classes, in force, of the Violent against God : the Falsifiers of Material Objects, to the Violent against Art ; of Person, to the Violent against Nature ; of Truth, to the Violent against God directly. The punishment of all is disease of various kinds, which, as it were, transforms or *disguises* them. Class *A* : Falsifiers of Material Objects ; *Griffolino and Capocchio*, Alchemists, or counterfeiters of

metals. They are *mailed* from head to foot with scaly blotches. I think Dante condemns this falsification of art simply because it *is* falsification, in the same way that he condemns violence against art, or usury, simply because it is violation: he may also have regarded alchemists as partly magicians, partly impostors, like the Sorcerers. The Alchemists further resemble the Usurers in being seated (or crouched or crawling) under their torment.

30. *Master Adam of Brescia*, a Coiner, also seated, incapable of motion through dropsy. This disease is individually appropriate to him because the thirst which plagues him is aggravated by memory of the stream-fed country where he sinned,—otherwise perhaps of no special analogy. *One of the Counts Guido*.—Class B: Falsifiers of Person, rabid, and biting the others. *Gianni Schicchi, Myrrha*. A rabid maniac would be termed in Italian “*fuor di sè*” (out of himself)—evidently a fitting chastisement. Like the Violent against Nature, these are running.—Class C: Falsifiers of Truth: *Potiphar’s wife*, and *Sinon*, fever-stricken. Like some of the Violent against God directly, these are lying prone.

31. In the bank between the Eighth and Ninth Circles are the primæval *Giants and Titans*,—they again, it would appear, classed rather as demons than as condemned souls. Their “vaulting ambition” is impotently mewed up within pits which confine them from the waist downwards. *Nimrod*, the confuser of human speech, wholly unintelligible; *Ephialtes*, the rebellious Titan, bound with fivefold chain; *Briareus, Antæus, Tityus, Typhoeus*.

32. Ninth and lowest Circle: Traitors, in four rings, stuck more or less deeply in ice. "*Treacherous*" ice is a common phrase (at least in English), and an universal fact: the cold heart of the traitor may also possibly be symbolized. The main reason, however, for the punishment is probably that, in Dante's view, it was about the frightfullest conceivable; which, to a Northern imagination, it might scarcely be. First Ring, or Caina: Traitors against their own Kindred. *Napoleone and Alessandro degli Alberti, Mordred, Focaccio de' Cancellieri, Sassol Mascheroni, Camicion de' Pazzi: Carlino de' Pazzi and Gianciotto Malatesta* are to join them.—Second Ring, or Antenora: Traitors against their Country or Party. *Bocca degli Abati, Buoso da Duera, Abbot Tesauro Beccaria, Gianni del Soldaniero, Ganellon, Tribaldello de' Manfredi, Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini.* Ugolino, starved to death by Ruggieri, is *devouring* his head.

33. Third Ring, or Ptolemæa: Traitors against their intimate Friends. *Frate Alberigo de' Manfredi, Branca d' Oria.* This Ring has the special property of receiving the sinners even before their natural death; for the act of treachery here punished is so monstrous, so open a declaration of allegiance to the devil, that, as soon as it is perpetrated, the body is usurped in the world by a demon, the soul freezes in hell.

34. Fourth and last Ring, or Judecca: Traitors against their Lords and Benefactors. They are wholly covered in the ice. But three are excepted from the generic punishment, to undergo the utmost reach of all torment by the

blackest devil, the Hell-emperor *Lucifer*; *Judas*, *Marcus Brutus*, and *Cassius*, whom he eternally champs and devours, adding to Judas still fiercer anguish of laceration. A punishment, again, which seems to be chosen as the *greatest*, not as the most significant. Lucifer is three-faced, carnation, sallow, and dusky,—in indication probably of his power over the three parts of the globe. He himself, the arch-traitor, is buried midway in the ice, the middle of his body being the centre of the globe. Dante and Virgil journey upward out of Hell, “to re-behold the stars.”

THE COMEDY
OF
DANTE ALLIGHIERI.
HELL.

CANTO I.

Dante, impeded by three wild beasts from ascending a hill, is rescued by the spirit of Virgil, who promises to show him the worlds of the dead.

IN midway of the journey of our life,¹
I found myself within a darkling wood,
Because the rightful pathway had been lost.
And ah ! how hard a thing it is to say
What this wood was, savage, and rough, and strong,
That in the thinking it reneweth fear.
So bitter it is that little more is death :
But, of the good to treat which there I found,
I'll tell the other things I saw in it.
How I went in I may not well report,

(1) The Biblical term of human life, seventy years, being taken as the standard, and Dante being now close upon thirty-five, he speaks of his age as "midway."

So full of sleep upon that point was I
 At which I had abandoned the true path.
 But, after I had reached the foot of a hill,
 There where that valley came unto an end
 Which had with terror pierced me at the heart,
 I looked aloft, and I its shoulders saw
 Already vested with the planet's rays
 Which leadeth one aright by every road.
 Then was the fear a little quieted
 The which within my heart's lake had endured
 The night that I with so much anguish passed.
 And like as he is who with panting breath,
 Issued from out the sea upon the shore,
 Turns to the perilous water, and doth gaze :
 So did my spirit, which was fleeing still,
 Turn itself round to re-behold the pass
 That never any living person left.

After I had reposed my weary frame,
 I took new way along the desert slope,
 So that the firm foot was the lower still ;¹
 And, lo ! nigh at beginning the ascent,
 A panther, light and swift exceedingly,²

(1) This line indicates, in a rather indirect manner, that Dante was *ascending* the hill.

(2) For the very little which I have felt that I could say as to the general symbolism of this opening canto—the wood, hill, panther, &c.—I may refer the reader to the General Exposition.

And which was covered with a spotted hide :
 And from before my face she would not go ;
 Nay, rather, she impeded so my path
 That I was many times turned to turn back.¹
 'Twas time of the beginning of the morn :
 And up the sun was rising with those stars
 Which then were with him when the Love Divine
 Had moved those beauteous creatures at the first ;
 So that the hour of time and season sweet ²
 Were unto me a cause for hoping well
 As to that wild beast with the vivid skin.³
 Yet not so but that terror seized me with
 The sight of a lion which appeared to me :
 This seemed as he against me were to come
 With head aloft and rabid hunger, so
 As that it seemed that the air dreaded him ;—
 And of a she-wolf, which with all desires
 Appeared for meagreness to be replete,
 And erst made many nations live distressed.
 This one produced me so much heaviness,
 With the fear coming from the sight of her,
 As that I lost the hope of the ascent.

(1) *Più volte volto.*

(2) It was Good Friday, as appears elsewhere.

(3) I have adopted here a rare reading—"Di quella fera *alla gajetta pelle.*" The ordinary reading purports that one reason why Dante "hoped well" (in the abstract) was the "vivid skin" itself, which I cannot reconcile with his being "many times turned to turn back." Either way, the meaning is somewhat difficult to seize in its fullness and nicety.

And such as he is who well-liking gains,
 And comes the time which maketh him to lose,
 Who weeps and saddens in his every thought ;
 Such rendered me the beast devoid of peace,
 Which, coming counter to me, step by step
 Was backing me to where the sun is dumb.¹

While I was crushing down to the low place,
 To me was offered one before mine eyes
 Who seemed by reason of long silence hoarse.

In the great desert him when I beheld,
 "Have pity upon me!" I cried to him,
 "Who that thou be, or shade, or certain man."

He answered me : "Not man : man once I was ;
 Also my parents were Lombardians,
 Mantuans as to country both the two.
Sub Julio was I born, although 'twere late,
 And under good Augustus lived in Rome,
 In the time of the false and lying gods.
 I was a poet, and I sang that just
 Son of Anchises who did come from Troy,
 After that haughty Ilion had been burned.
 But why to such annoy returnest thou ?
 Wherefore not scale the dèlectable mount
 Which of all joy is cause and principle ?"

(1) *Tace* (keeps silence).

"Art thou that Virgil, then, that fountain-head
 Which spreads abroad so wide a stream of speech?"
 Replied I to him with a brow ashamed.
 "O of the other poets honour and light,
 Avail me the long study and great love
 Which have impelled me search thy volume through!
 My master thou, and thou mine author art:
 Thou only art the one from whom I took
 The noble style which won me honouring.
 Behold the beast because of which I turned:
 Do thou against her help me, famous sage,
 Because she makes me tremble, veins and pulse."

"Thee it behoves to hold another course,"
 He answered, after that he saw me weep,
 "If thou wouldst get from out this savage place;
 Seeing this beast, because of which thou criest,
 Letteth not any pass along her way,
 But so impedes him that she killeth him;
 And is of nature so malign and foul
 That never does she sate her craving want,
 And after food more hungers than before.
 The animals are many which she wifes,
 And more they will be yet, until the Hound¹

(1) *Veltro*. This is supposed to indicate the Ghibelline nobleman, Can Grande (literally, Great Dog) della Scala. The date of his birth, 9th March 1291, seems hardly consistent with Dante's here speaking of it (as he appears to do) as a *future* event; nor the date when Can became conspicuous, with

Shall come which is to make her die with pain.
 This one shall feed, not upon land or pelf,
 But upon wisdom, virtue, and on love,
 And between Feltro and Feltro¹ be his breed.
 That humble Italy's saving he shall be
 For sake of which Camilla virgin² died,
 Turnus, of wounds, Nisus, Euryalus.
 This one shall hunt her out thro' every town,
 Until he have remitted her to hell,
 Thereto whence Envy first departed her.
 Whence I, for thy more good, think and discern
 Thou follow me : and I will be thy guide,
 And bring thee hence by an eternal place ;
 Where thou shalt hearken the despairing shrieks,
 Shalt see the ancient spirits dolorous,
 That each one outcries for the second death.³
 And thou shalt then see those who are content
 Within the fire, because they hope to come,
 When that it be, unto the blessed race.

the reputed fact that this canto, and the next six, were written before Dante's exile in 1302. The present passage may very well, however, have been added afterwards, and on the whole Can Grande does appear to be the person alluded to. A curious coincidence is noted respecting this Veltro, who is to destroy the she-wolf Pope. Ueltro, as the word was spelt of old, can be turned by a slight transposition of letters into Lutero (Luther).

(1) Between Feltro and Montefeltro.

(2) An Amazon in league with Turnus, in the *Æneid*. The same poem mentions Nisus and Euryalus.

(3) It seems very difficult to decide whether this means that the souls invoke death, annihilation, to end their sufferings ; or that they utter their horror at the "second death," damnation, which they are undergoing.

To whom thereafter if thou wouldst ascend,
A soul there'll be¹ more worthy this than I ;
Thee will I leave with her, when I depart :
Seeing that Emperor Who above there rules,
Because I was rebellious to His law,
Wills to His city no access by me.²
In every part He sways, and there He reigns :
There is His city, and the exalted seat.
Oh happy he whom thither He elects !”

And I to him : “ Poet, I crave of thee,
And by that God of Whom thou knewest not,
That I may flee this evil so, and worse,
That thou do take me whither now thou saidst,
So that I may behold Saint Peter's gate,
And those whom thou dost make so sorrowful.”

Then on he moved, and I kept after him.

(1) Beatrice.

(2) *Non vuol che in sua città per me si vegna.* May mean either—“ No access (for others) *through* me,” or “ No access attainable *by* myself.”

CANTO II.

Virgil encourages Dante to proceed, by narrating how Beatrice sent him.

THE day was going, and the dusky air
Taking the animals that are on earth
From their fatigues ; and I the only one
Was making ready to sustain the war
Both of the journey and the pity too
Which memory that errs not will pourtray.
O Muses ! O high genius ! help me now !
O mind which wrotest down what I beheld,
Thy nobleness will be apparent here.

'Twas I began :—“ Poet who guidest me,
Look to my virtue if it be of strength,
Before thou trust me to the lofty pass.
The parent, thou dost say, of Sylvius,
Went down to the immortal cycle, still
Corruptible, and sensibly was there.

Yet, if the Adversary of all wrong
 Was courteous to him, viewing the high effect
 Which was to come from him, and who, and what,
 He not unworthy seems to a man of mind ;
 For he of noble Rome, and of her sway,
 Was chosen father in empyreal heaven :
 Both which and who, if I shall tell the truth,
 Were instituted for the holy place
 Where sits the greater Peter's successor.
 By this descent, whence thou dost give him fame,
 He heard such matters as became the cause
 Of his own victory and the papal stole.
 The Vessel of Election went there next,¹
 Thence to bring comfort back unto the faith
 Which is the opening of salvation's way.
 But I why come thither, or who permits ?
 I not Æneas, I am not a Paul :
 Me worthy this nor I nor others think.
 Wherefore, if I make up my mind to come,
 I fear me lest the coming should be mad.
 Thou'rt wise, and comprehend'st more than I say."

And like to him who unwills what he willed,
 And changes purpose upon second thoughts,
 So that he breaks with his beginning quite,
 On that dark hill-side such I made myself ;

(1) St. Paul, the "Chosen Vessel," who was "caught up into Paradise."

Because in thinking I consumed¹ the emprize
Which was so sudden to initiate.

“If I have rightly understood thy speech,”
Replied that shade of the magnanimous,
“With abjectness thy spirit is oppressed ;
Which oftentimes encumbereth a man,
Diverting him from honoured enterprize,
As seeing false, a beast, when it is dusk.²
In order that thou free thee of this fear,
I'll tell thee why I came, and what I heard
At the first point when I was grieved for thee.
I was among the spirits in suspense :
A lady called me, blest and beautiful,
Such that I did beseech her to command.
Her eyes were shining more than does the star,
And she began to address me, soft and low,
With voice angelic in her utterance.
'O courteous spirit thou of Mantua,
Of whom the fame yet in the world endures,
And shall endure as far as motion does,—
One that is mine and is not Fortune's friend
Is so impeded on the desert slope,

(1) *Consumai*. Perhaps this should rather be *consummai*, “I consummated :” *i. e.* I reflected how arduous would be the consummation.

(2) *I. e.* As the mistaking of one object for another by dusk disconcerts a beast. The condensed involution is in the original. Or perhaps the words translated “when it is dusk” (*quand' ombra*) may really mean “when the beast shies.”

Upon his path, that he is turned for dread ;
And he's so far already strayed, I fear,
That to his help I may be risen late,
By that which I in heaven have heard of him.
Now do thou move, and with thine ornate speech,
And what behoves to his deliverance,
So succour him that I may be consoled.
I that do make thee go am Beatrice :
I come from where I would return unto :
Love moved me, as it maketh me to speak.
When I shall be in presence of my Lord,
Thee will I praise unto Him oftentimes.'
Here she was silent ; and then I began ;—
'Lady of Virtue, oh by whom alone¹
The human race exceeds the whole contents
Within that heaven which hath its circles least,²
So much doth thy commanding pleasure me
As that obeying, though now 'twere, were late :
Needs thee no further open me thy wish.
But tell me wherefore thou dost not beware
Of coming to this centre here-adown,
From the ample place thou burnest to regain.'
'Since thou so far within desir'st to know,
I briefly shall apprise thee,' she replied,
'Why I am not afraid to come herein.

(1) Or perhaps "By *which* alone."

(2) The Lunar Heaven ; in other words, "Through whom the human race excels every other sublunary thing."

Only those things are to be had in fear
 Which have the potency to do one harm ;
 The others not, for they're not terrible.
 I, of His grace, am fashioned such by God
 That misery of yours touches not me,
 Nor, of this burning, flame assails me not.¹
 In heaven a gentle lady² is, who grieves
 For this impediment I send thee to,
 So that she breaks the stern decree above.
 Lucia she prayed in her solíciting,
 And said : " Now stands thy faithful one in need
 Of thee ; and him to thee I recommend."
 Enemy to all cruel, Lucia
 Moved her, and to the place came where was I,
 Who side by side with ancient Rachel sat.
 " Beatrice," said she, " very praise of God,
 Why succourest not him who loved thee so
 He issued from the vulgar herd for thee ?
 Hearest thou not the anguish of his plaint ?
 Seest thou not the death which combats him
 Upon the flood whereof no sea can boast ?"³

(1) I have retained the peculiar double negative of the original.

(2) This gentle lady is understood to signify the Divine Mercy ; Lucia, or Saint Lucy, whose mention occurs immediately afterwards, Enlightening Grace ; and Rachel is symbolic of the Contemplative Life. Allegorically, Beatrice herself is considered as the Divine Wisdom.

(3) Perhaps an allusion to the hellish river Acheron, which loses itself in the centre of earth, instead of emptying into any sea. Or rather, I fancy, the flood of passion, embroilments, &c., than which no sea can boast itself fiercer.

Never were persons in the world so swift
To do their vantage, and to flee their harm,
As I, upon the proffering such words,
Came downward hither from my blessed throne,
Confiding me in thy decorous speech,
Which honours thee and those who've hearkened it.
After whenas she had discoursed me this,
Weeping, she turned away her shining eyes,
Whereby the swifter made she me to come.
And unto thee I came, as she did will :
Away I took thee from before the beast
Which stopped thee from the fair mount's short ascent.
What is't then ? Wherefore, wherefore, hold'st thou
back ?
Wherefore dost harbour in thy heart such fear ?
Daring and valour wherefore hast thou not ?
Seeing such ladies three beatified
Have in the court of heaven a care of thee,
And mine assertion warrants thee such good."

Like as the flowerets, by the nightly frost
Bent down and closed, when the sun whitens them,
All open on their stalk erect themselves ;
Such I became as to my courage spent :
And to my heart such righteous daring flowed
That, like to one stout-hearted, I began :
"Oh ! she that succoured me compassionate !

And courteous thou who promptly didst obey
The veritable words she proffered thee !
Thou with desiring hast disposed my heart
So to the going forward, by thy words,
That I've reverted to the first intent.
Now go, for there's one only will in both,—
Thou leader, and thou lord, and master thou."

So said I to him : and, when he had moved,
I entered in the lofty wooded way.

CANTO III.

The Vestibule of Hell, occupied by those worthless for good or evil. Dante crosses Acheron.

“THROUGH me you pass into the grieving realm ;
 Through me you pass into the eternal grief ;
 Through me you pass among the kin that's lost.
 Justice impelled my Maker the All-High ;
 The Puissance Divine created me,
 The Supreme Wisdom, and the Primal Love,
 Before myself, created things were not,
 Unless eternal :—I eternal last.
 Leave off all hope, all ye that enter in.”

Obscure of colour, these aforesaid words
 I saw inscribed in summit of a gate :
 Whence I : “ Their sense is, Master, hard on me.”

And he to me, like a discerning man :
 “ Here all suspicion it behoves to leave ;

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Behoves all cowardice should here be dead.
 We to the place are come where I affirmed
 That thou shalt see the lamentable race
 Who've lost the intellect's Beatitude." ¹

And, after he had placed his hand on mine,
 With cheerful face whence I was comforted,
 He ushered me within the secret things.
 Here lamentations, sighs, and strident howls,
 Resounded through the air without a star—
 Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
 Differing tongues and horrid utterances,
 And words of anguish and the tones of rage,
 High and hoarse voices, and with them a sound
 Of hands, a tumult made which circulates
 Aye in that air without a season dyed,²
 Like to the sand whenas the whirlwind blows.

And I, whose head with horror³ was engirt,
 Said : " Master, what may that be which I hear,
 And what the folk who seem so quelled by pain ?"

And he to me : " This miserable mode

(1) God.

(2) " *Senza tempo tinta*"—literally, *tinged or dyed without time*, without intermission, "eternally dark."

(3) Some editions read "error," some "error" (error). I think the former must be right; and that this rather peculiar phrase means "Whose head was girt with horrent hair,—whose hair stood on end with horror."

The sorry spirits do observe of them
 Who lived without or infamy or praise.
 They with that caitiff choir are intermixed
 Of angels who did not indeed rebel,
 Nor faithful were to God, but were for self.
 The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair ;
 Nor the profounder hell receiveth them,
 For the condemned would have some glory hence."¹

And I : " My master, what is grievous so
 Unto them as to make them plain so loud ? "

He answered : " I'll most briefly tell it thee.
 These spirits have not any hope of death ;
 And the blind life of them is so debased
 That they are envious of all other lots.
 Of them the world permits not fame to be :
 Them mercy, and them justice, doth disdain :
 Let us not speak of them ; but look, and pass."

And I, who looked about, an ensign saw
 Which, in revolving, ran so rapidly
 That it meseemed unworthy any stop ;
 And after it there came so long a track

(1) Monti has suggested that the right sense of this line is, " For the condemned would have *no* glory hence"—a more speciously effective, but less sensible, interpretation. It certainly derives some colour, however, from the line further on, " Displeasing unto God and to His foes."

Of people I should never have believed
That Death so many had undone of them.
After that some I there had recognised,
I looked, and I beheld the soul of him
Who made the great refusal through faint heart.¹
I comprehended straightway, and was sure,
That this was verily the caitiff sect
Displeasing unto God, and to His foes.
These wretched ones, who ne'er had been alive,
Were naked, and were stimulated much
By the great flies that were about, and wasps.
They streaked the countenance of these with blood,
Which, intermixed with tear-drops, at their feet
Was gathered up by persecuting worms.

And, when I set to looking further on,
People I saw on a great river's marge ;
Wherefore I said : " Master, vouchsafe me now
That I may know who these are, and what rule
Makes them appear so prompt to pass across,
As, by the husky light, I may descry."

And he to me : " Be the things to thee known

(1) Generally understood to indicate Celestin V., who, having been raised from a hermit's cell to the papacy, was frightened, in 1294, by Boniface, Dante's persecutor, into resigning his office. Yet poor Celestin, who was afterwards canonized, appears really to have been a saintly man. One commentator has suggested Torregiano de' Cerchi, a contemporary of Dante, who had declined an offer to take the headship of the Florentines. Others propose Esau : but how could Dante know him by sight ?

Whenas our footsteps we shall intermit
Upon the Acheron's unhappy bank."

Then, with mine eyes ashamed and downward cast,
Fearing my speech was tedious unto him,
Until the river I forbore to speak.

And lo ! toward us coming in a ship
An old man whitened with his ancient hair,
Crying : " Woe's you, abominable ghosts !
Hope not that ever ye shall look on heaven :
I come to take you to the other beach,
'Mid dark eternal in the heat and frost.
And thou who standest yonder, living soul,
From these take thy departure, which are dead."
But, when he saw that I did not depart,
He said : " By other ways, by other ports,
Thou art to come ashore—not here—to pass :
A lighter vessel fits to carry thee." ¹

To him my lord : " Charon, be not displeased.
So is it willed there where's the power to do
That which is willed ; and thou demand no more."

Thereat the woolly cheeks were quieted

(1) Probably an allusion to the angelic boat which wafts the spirits to Purgatory.

Of him the pilot of the livid pool,
Who round about his eyes had wheels of flame.

But here those souls, which naked were and spent,
They altered colour, and they gnashed their teeth,
As soon as they might hear the cruel words.
They were blaspheming God, their genitors,
The human species, the place, time, and seed,
Of their begetting and their bringing forth.
Then all together back they drew again,
Weeping aloud, unto the evil shore
Which waiteth every man who fears not God.
Fiend Charon, with the eyes like burning coals,
Beckoning unto them, collects them all ;
He batters with the oar whoever lags.
As during autumn-time the leaves come off,
The one after the other, till the bough
Unto the earth returneth all its spoils,—
Similarly do Adam's evil seed
Cast themselves from the beach by one and one,
At signals, like a bird at its recall.
So go they on upon the dusky wave ;
And, sooner than they yonder are alit,
Here also a new band is gathering.

“ My son,” the courteous master said to me,
“ Those who expire under the wrath of God

Assemble all from every country here :
And prompt are they at passage of the brook,
Because the Heavenly Justice spurreth them,
So that it changes fear into desire.
From here not ever doth a good soul pass ;
Wherefore, if Charon do complain at thee,
Thou now mayst well know what his speaking means.”

This being finished, the obscure champaign
So strongly trembled that the memory
Of the affright still steepeth me in sweat.
The tearful country exhalated wind,
Which flashed a lightning of vermilion light,
That overcame within me every sense ;
And, like the man whom sleep o’ertakes, I fell.

CANTO IV.

The First Circle of Hell, containing those who are excluded from salvation
by want of the Christian faith.

A HEAVY thunder broke the sleep profound
Within my head, so that I shook myself,
Like to a person that is waked by force ;
And roundabout I moved my rested eye,
Upright arisen, and fixedly I looked,
That I might know the place wherein I was.
True is it that I found me on the edge
Of the abyss's valley sorrowful,
Which gathers thunder of unnumbered wails.
Obscure it was, profound, and nebulous,
So that, for fixing on the depth my sight,
I did not there distinguish anything.

“ Into the blind world down descend we now,”
The poet he began, all deathly-pale ;
“ I will be first, and second thou shalt be.”

And I, who of the hue¹ had taken heed,
Said—"How shall *I* come, if *thou* stand'st in fear,
Who 'rt wont to be a comfort to my doubt?"

And he to me: "The anguish of the folk
Who are below here paints upon my face
That pity which thou apprehend'st for dread.
Go we, for the long transit urges us."

So did he put me, and made me enter so,
In the first circle which engirds the abyss.

Herein, according as by listening,
There was not any plaint except of sighs
Which made to tremble the eternal air.²
And this arose from sorrow without pangs
Which the crowds had, that many were and great,
Of infants, and of women, and of men.

Said the good lord to me: "Thou askest not
What spirits may be these whom thou dost see?
I will now, ere thou goest on, thou know
They did not sin:—and, if they had good works,
'Tis not enough, for baptism they had not,
The door unto the faith which thou believ'st:
And, if they were before Christianity,

(1) Virgil's change of colour.

(2) The original word, *aura*, has a force which I could not render, indicating that the air was fanned into a *breeze* by the sighing.

They did not adequately worship God :—
 And even of these same am I myself.
 For such defaults, and not for other guilt,
 We're lost, and only are by thus much pained—
 That in desire we live, but not in hope.”

Great grief, when I had heard him, took my heart,
 Because I knew that people of much worth
 Must be suspended in the limbo there.

“ Do thou, my master, tell me—tell me, lord—”
 Began I, for that I might so be sure
 About that faith¹ which conquers error quite,
 “ Went any ever hence, or by his own
 Or other's merit, who was after blessed ? ”

And he, who understood my covert speech,
 Replied : “ In this condition I was new
 When hither I saw come One Powerful
 Incoronate with sign of victory.
 He took from us the Primal Parent's shade,
 Abel his son's, and that of Noah too,
 Of Moses, legist and obedient,
 Abraham patriarch, and David king,
 Israel, with his father and his sons,

(1) I translate this passage as meaning that Dante inquired for the purpose of confirming his conception of Christian truth and faith ; it may mean, however, that he wished to be sure *with* a faith, or conviction, so assured as to remove all doubt or error.

And Rachel, her for whom he did so much ;
 And others many ;—and He made them blessed.
 And I would have thee know that, before them,
 There had not been a human spirit saved.”

We left not going on because he spoke,
 But passed along the forest all the while—
 The forest, as I speak, of crowded ghosts.
 Our pathway was still distant not far off
 This side the summit, when I saw a fire
 Which overcame a hemisphere of dark.
 We were a little distant from it still,
 Yet not so but that I in part discerned
 That honourable folk possessed the place.

“ O thou who honourest all lore and art,
 Who're these which have so great an honouring
 That it disparts them from the others' mode ?”

And he to me : “ The honourable name
 Which soundeth of them in thy life above
 Gains grace in heaven which doth advance them thus.”

In the mean time a voice was heard by me :
 “ The most high poet honour¹ ye : his shade,
 Which had departed, is returning now.”

(1) The great number of “honours,” “honourables,” &c., here collected, is in the original, but there the words take forms of more variety.

Whenas the voice was quiet and at rest,
I four great shadows saw come unto us ;
Semblance had they nor sorrowful nor glad.

The noble master then began to say :
" Him with that sword behold thou in his hand,
Who comes, as it were sire, before the three :
That one is Homer, poet sovereign.
The other is Horace satirist who comes ;
Ovid the third ; and Lucan is the last.
Because that each one shares along with me
In the same name the single voice did sound,
They do me honour, and thereby do well."

Assembled thus the goodly school I saw
Of him, the master¹ of the most high song,
Who o'er the others like an eagle flies.
When somewhat they together had discoursed,
They turned to me with gesture of salute ;
My master also smiling at the same.
And more they did me honour yet by much ;
For so they made me of their company
That I became, 'mid so much mind, the sixth.

(1) It is questioned whether this "master" is Homer or Virgil. Chronology and modern appreciation would conclude for the first. If we consider the three companions of Homer to constitute the "school," to the exclusion of Virgil, we may do the same; scarcely otherwise, from Dante's point of view.

Thus went we on as far as to the light,
 Conversing matters which to hush is good,
 As, where I was, the speaking them was so.

We came unto a noble castle's foot,
 Encircled seven times round with lofty walls,¹
 Defended by a fair stream roundabout.
 Like to hard earth, we this did overpass :
 I, with those sages, by seven gates went in :
 A meadow we arrived in, green and fresh.
 People were there with tardy eyes and grave,
 Of great authority in their semblances ;
 Rarely, with modulated² voice, they spoke.
 Thus we, by one o' the sides, withdrew ourselves
 Into a place open, and high, and light,
 So that they could, the whole of them, be viewed.
 Directly on the green enamel there
 Were the great spirits shown to me, that I
 Exalt me in myself for seeing them.
 I saw Electra³ with much company,
 'Mid whom I knew both Hector and Æneas ;

(1) The environments of this castle, inhabited by heroes and philosophers, have been explained allegorically—the castle itself as virtue in the abstract, the seven walls as the seven virtues in particular, the seven gates as the seven sciences, &c.

(2) *Soavi*: a beautiful word, implying something more than either gentle, sweet, or low, and for which there seems not to be any exact equivalent properly English.

(3) Commentators understand this Electra to be the mother of Dardanus, not the sister of Orestes.

With eyes as 'twere a falcon's, Cæsar armed ;
 I saw Camilla¹ and Penthesilea²
 O' the other part ; saw King Latinus too,
 Who with Lavinia, his daughter, sat.
 I saw that Brutus who drove Tarquin forth,
 Lucretia, Julia,³ Marcia,⁴ and Cornelia,
 And sole apart beheld I Saladin.
 Mine eyelids when I raised a little more,
 The master⁵ I beheld of those who know,
 Seated 'mid philosophic family.
 Him all admire, they do him honour all.
 Both Socrates and Plato saw I here,
 Who are, before the rest, more near to him ;
 Democritus, who expounds the world by chance,⁶
 Diogenes, Thales, Anaxagoras,
 Zeno, Empedocles, and Heraclitus.
 I saw the good adept of quality,⁷
 I mean Dioscorides ; and Orpheus saw,
 Tully, and Livy,⁸ moral Seneca,
 Euclid geometer, and Ptolemy,

(1) Who assisted Turnus against Æneas.

(2) Queen of the Amazons, slain by Achilles.

(3) Probably the daughter of Julius Cæsar ; the other celebrated Julias being no rivals to her in virtue.

(4) Cato's wife.

(5) Aristotle.

(6) He maintained that the world had been formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

(7) Dioscorides wrote a treatise on the *qualities* of medicinal herbs.

(8) Other editions read Linus, who taught Hercules music.

Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicen,¹
Averroes² who the great comment made.

I cannot represent of all at full ;
Because the lengthy theme so urges me
That many times the speech comes short of fact.

The sixfold company decreases twain :³
The wise guide taketh me another way
Out of the quiet to the air which thrills ;—
And to a place I come where nothing shines.

(1) Avicenna, doctor and philosopher, died 1050.

(2) Like the preceding, an Arab and a doctor. He wrote a *comment* on Aristotle.

(3) *I. e.* The company of six, Dante, Virgil, and the other four poets, loses two of its members by the departure of Dante and Virgil. The Italian may also mean "The company of six divides into two parties."

CANTO V.

Second Circle : the Lustful. Francesca da Rimini.

FROM the first circle I descended so
Down to the second, which engirds less space,
And so much more of pain it pricks to cries.
There horribly stands Minos, and he grins ;
Examines in the entrance the misdeeds ;
Judges, and sends according as he coils.
I say that, when the misbegotten soul
Comes to him, she confesses all herself ;
And he, the estimator of the sins,
Seeth what is the place in hell for her ;
Girds himself with his tail as many times
As he resolves that she be lowered grades.
Always before him many of them stand :
In turn to judgment every one they go ;
They speak, and hear, and then are turned adown.

“ O thou who com'st to the sad hostelry,”
To me, when he beheld me, Minos said,

Leaving the act of so great charge, "beware
How thou dost enter, and in whom confide :
Let not the entry's largeness cozen thee."

And unto him my guide : "Why scoldest, pray ?
Impede not thou his fated going on.
So is it willed there where's the power to do
That which is willed : and thou demand no more."¹

The lamentable notes begin to make
Themselves heard by me now ; I now am come
There where much plaining doth encounter me.
I came into a place mute of all light,
Which belloweth as a sea does in a storm,
If it is combated by adverse winds.
The infernal hurricane which never rests
Driveth the spirits with its virulence ;
Rotating it molests, and smiting them.
When they arrive before the ruin's front,²
Here the complaining, the lament, and shrieks ;
The Divine Virtue here do they blaspheme.
I understood to suchlike chastisement
That the offenders of the flesh were damned,
Who subject reason unto appetite.

(1) This is the identical rebuke before addressed to Charon.

(2) *Davanti alla ruina*. I suppose this means "As the souls are blown forward to the limits of their circle, where it shelves precipitously towards the circle below."

And, as their wings convey the starlings on,
 In the cold time, a large and ample flock,—
 In like wise doth the blast the wicked ghosts
 Hither and thither take them—up, below :
 Not ever any hope may comfort them,
 Of rest I say not, but of lesser pain.

And, as the cranes go chanting their outcry,
 Making a long line of themselves in air,
 So saw I coming, uttering forth wails,
 Shades carried by the foresaid vehemence.

Wherefore I said : “ My master, who are those
 People whom the black air chastiseth so ? ”

“ The first of those of whom thou’dst know the news,”
 He made reply unto me thereupon,
 “ Was empress of many languages.
 She was so broken to the vice of lust
 That she made *libet licet* in her law,
 To take away the blame she had incurred.
 She is Semiramis, of whom one reads
 She after Ninus reigned,¹ and was his wife :
 She held the country which the Soldan quells.

(1) There is another reading, “ *Che sugger dette a Nino* ”—“ that she gave suck to Ninus.” But the story is that Semiramis married Ninus, had by him a son Ninyas, and tempted *the latter* to commit incest. This reading, therefore, though plausible, does not seem correct.

The other's she¹ who killed herself for love,
 And to Sichæus' ashes broke her faith :
 Next, Cleopatra, the luxurious."

Helen I saw, for whom outrolled so much
 Fell time ; and saw the great Achilles, him
 Who combated with love unto the end.²
 I beheld Paris, Tristram :—and he showed
 With finger to me more than thousand shades,
 And named, whom love departed from our life.

After that I had heard my tutor name
 The antique ladies and the cavaliers,
 Pity o'ercame me, and I nigh was lost.

I made beginning : "Poet, I would fain
 Speak to those two that go in company,
 And seem to be so light upon the wind."

And he to me : "Thou shalt behold when they
 Are nearer to us ; and thou pray them then
 By the love moving them,—and they will come."

(1) Dido.

(2) I have not seen any satisfactory cause assigned *why* Achilles is placed among the lustful ; nor even is the exact literal meaning of this line clear. On the first head there is an unsavoury story about the Penthesilea named in the last canto, which possibly may have been in Dante's mind. As to the second, the Italian may mean either "at the end," or "to the end." Perhaps the line may be understood to signify that Achilles was divided, from first to last, between sensual passion and the love of glory. This is consistent with his story : but modern readers would certainly not be prone to name lust as his peculiar vice.

willful
willful

As soon as the wind bent them toward us,
I raised my voice : " O troubled souls, come speak
To us, if other one denies it not."

As turtle-doves, called by desire, with wings
Open and firm to the belovèd nest,
Fly, carried on by will, along the air—
Such from the host where Dido is they went,
Coming through the malignant air to us,
So strong was the affectionate appeal.

" O gracious and benignant animal,
^{relative}
Who through the black-blue¹ air go'st visiting
Us who with blood-red had to dye the world,
Were but the Universe's King our friend,
We would make prayer unto Him for thy peace,
Since thou hast pity of our pèrverse woe.

^{weaned} Of that which it shall please thee hear and speak
Will we hear, and will we speak unto you,
While that the wind keeps silence, as it does.
The territory I was born in sits
Upon the shore whereat the Po descends,
To be at peace, he and his followers.
Love, which takes quickly to the gentle heart,
Took *him* for the fair person which was reft

(1) *Perso*: a colour which Dante defines elsewhere as "mixed of purple and black, but the black prevailing."

From me, and still the mode offendeth me.¹
 Love, which excuses no beloved from love,
 Took me so strongly of the cheer of him
 That, as thou seest, yet it leaves me not.
 Love brought us unto one the selfsame death :
 Him who in life destroyed us Caina² waits."

These words were proffered unto us by them.

When I had hearkened those offended souls,
 I bent my face, and held it down so long
 As till the poet said to me : "What think'st ?"

"Alas!" when I responded, I began,
 "How many tender thoughts, how much desire,
 Brought these along unto the woful pass !"

(1) "E il *modo* ancor m'offende." This is the more frequent reading ; but there is good authority also for another reading, "E il *mondo* ancor m'offende"—"and the *world* still offends (insults, maligns) me." Dr. Barlow, in his recent "Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia"—a book always strenuous, and not seldom serviceable and suggestive,—pronounces emphatically in favour of this latter reading. My own feeling is one of great doubt as to which reading should be preferred ; but Dr. Barlow appears to me only to weaken his case by implying (if I understand his remarks correctly) that Francesca and Paolo did not commit adultery at all !

(2) The part of hell to which murderers, or traitors against their own kindred, are condemned. Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, and aunt of a powerful friend of Dante, his protector in exile, was given in marriage to Gianciotto Malatesta, lord of Rimini, a deformed and fierce man. Having, however, been espoused by proxy by his brother Paolo, named the Handsome, whom she appears to have supposed at first to be her actual husband, she fell in love with him ; and the two, being eventually found in adultery by Gianciotto, were by him put to death upon the spot.

Then I turned round to them, and spoke myself,¹
 And I began : " Francesca, these thy pains
 Make me to weep, mournful and pitying.²
 But tell me,—at the time of the sweet sighs,
 Whereat and in what way did love concede
 That you your dubious longings recognised ?"

And she to me : " There is no greater grief
 Than to remember one of happy time
 In misery : and this thy tutor knows.
 But, if thou hast desire so powerful
 To be acquainted of our love's first root,
 Like him will I do who doth weep and speak.
 Reading we were one day, for our delight,
 Of Lancelot, how love constrained him :³
 We were alone, with no suspiciousness.
 More than one time that reading struck our eyes
 Together, and discoloured us in face :
 But it was only one point conquered us.

(1) There is an emphasis here on the *Io* of the original, which seems to warrant its being translated as " myself." Perhaps Dante intends to raise an antithesis between his first inquiry suggested by Virgil, and this, the dictate of his own sympathy.

(2) *Pio*, literally " pious." But the word has a meaning, combined of sympathy and affectionate reverence, for which I know no single English equivalent. It fully represents the Latin *Pius*.

(3) Lancelot, the heroic Knight of the Round Table, had an intrigue with King Arthur's queen, Guenever. The very passage read by Paolo and Francesca must be Chapter 66 of the Romance of Lancelot—a book condemned by a Papal Bull in 1313, not far from the date when Dante wrote this.

Whenas we read about the longed-for smile
How by so great a lover it was kissed,
This one who from me ne'er shall be disjoined,
Trembling all over, kissed me on the mouth.
A Galahalt¹ was the book, and he that writ :
Further that day we read in it no more."

Meantime as the one soul was saying this,
The other wept so that, for pitying,
I failed at heart, as though I should have died ;
And down I fell as a dead body falls.²

(1) Galahalt was the go-between of the queen and her lover. The word became nationalized in Italian as equivalent to "Pandar."

(2) The original line, "*E caddi come corpo morto cade*," is noted for representing the fall by its sound,—a beauty which has vanished, or nearly so, in the translation.

CANTO VI.

Third Circle: the Gluttons. Ciaccio.

ON the returning of the mind, which shut
 Before the pity for the cognate twain¹
 The which with mournfulness confused me all,
 New torments round, and new tormented ones,
 I see about me, howsoe'er I move,
 And howsoe'er I turn, and how I gaze.
 In the third circle am I—of the rain
 Accursèd, everlasting, heavy, and cold :
 Ne'er is its measure new, or quality.
 Discoloured water, and great hail, and snow,
 Are pouring down the overdarkened air :
 The country which receives the same doth stink.
 Cerberus, a cruel and a diverse beast,
 Out of three throats is barking doggishly
 Over the people which is here submerged.

(1) *Duo cognati*. This word, besides the general sense which I have rendered by "cognate," expresses in Italian the exact relationship of brother and sister in law.

Vermilion eyes he hath, beard slimed and black,
And wide the belly, and the hands are clawed :
He tears the ghosts, and flays, and quarters them.
Like unto dogs, the rain maketh them howl :
With one o' the sides they make the other's screen :
The miserable profane oft shift themselves.

When Cerberus perceived us, the great worm,¹
He oped his mouths, and showed his fangs to us :
He had no limb that he would keep at rest.
And hereupon my lord spread out his palms,
Took up the earth, and with his fists at full
Threw it withinside of the greedy tubes.
Such as that dog may be which baying strains,
And quiets him after he bites the food,
Since but to eat it up he aims and fights,—
Suchlike those filthy faces then became
Of Cerberus the demon, who doth din
The spirits so that they would fain be deaf.

Over the shades the heavy rain subjects
We two were passing, and we placed our soles
Upon their vanity which seemeth form.
They, all of them, were lying on the ground ;

(1) This is Dante's term—Vermo : and thus in our older writers Worm used to express Dragon or Monster.

Save one, which raised himself to sit as soon
As he perceived us pass in front of him.

“O thou that art conducted through this hell,”
He addressed me, “recognise me if thou canst :
Before that I was unmade, thou wast made.”

And I to him : “The anguish which thou hast
Perhaps withdraweth thee from out my mind,
So that it seems not that I saw thee ever.
But tell me who thou art, that in so sad
A place art put, and to such penalty,
That, if there's other greater, none's so foul.”

And he to me : “Thy city, that's replete
With envy so that now the bag o'erbrims,
Held me within it in the life serene :
You called me Ciacco,¹ fellow-citizens.
I for the damning guilt of gluttony,
As thou beholdest, in the rain collapse.
And I, sad soul, am not the only one,
For all of these are in like punishment
For the like guilt :”—and word he gave not more.

I answered to him : “Ciacco, thy distress
Weighs on me so that it invites me weep.

(1) Hog. The real name of this person has not come down to us, but he is recorded by Boccaccio and Landino to have been a polished and accomplished gentleman.

But tell me, if thou know'st,—whereto shall come
 Those the divided city's citizens ;
 If any there is just ; and tell the cause
 Why so much discord hath assaulted her."

And he to me : " After a lengthy strife,
 They'll come to blood ; and then the Salvage Part¹
 Shall chase the other² out, with much offence.
 Then after, it befits that this one fall,
 Within three suns, and that the other mount,
 By force of one who now is lying close.³
 It shall a long time hold its forehead high,
 Keeping the other under heavy weights,
 Howe'er it weep for this, and shame therefor.
 Two just ones are there,⁴ but they are not heard:
 Envy, and haughtiness, and avarice,
 Are the three sparks which have inflamed the hearts."

Here he set end unto the tearful sound.

And I to him : " I'd have thee teach me yet,
 And make me present yet of further speech.

(1) *La Parte Selvaggia* (the Bianchi) ; the term appears to be used in depreciation of its leader, Veri de' Cerchi, whose family had recently come from the woody country of the Val di Nievole.

(2) The Neri.

(3) Charles of Valois, sent by the Pope to act as pacificator of Florence. The word rendered " lies close " (*piaggia*) seems to mean either " lies close in shore," or " coasts about," in the sense of temporizing.

(4) The persons indicated here have never been more than guessed at.

Those worthies, Farinata and Tegghiajo,
 Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo, Mosca,
 The rest who set their minds to doing well,—
 Tell me where they are—make me know of these :
 For great desire constraineth me to learn
 Whether heaven sweetens or hell poisons them.”

And he : “They are among the blacker souls :
 Sins diverse weigh them to the bottom down :
 Them thou mayst see, if thou descend so far.¹
 But, when thou art to be in the sweet world,
 I pray thou bring me unto others' mind :
 I no more tell thee, nor more answer thee.”

His straight eyes thereupon he turned asquint,
 Looked somewhat at me, and then bowed his head ;
 Flat, with the other blind, he with it fell.

And my guide said to me : “He wakes not more
 This side the sound of the angelic trump.
 Whenas the Power shall come, their Enemy,
 Each shall re-seek the melancholy tomb,
 Shall re-indue his figure and his flesh,
 Hear that which through eternity resounds.”

(1) Farinata is encountered afterwards among the heretics, Tegghiajo and Rusticucci among those guilty of unnatural sin, Mosca among the sowers of discord. Of Arrigo no further mention occurs : perhaps Arrigo Fifanti, one of the assassins of Buondelmonte, is intended : (see the Biographical Memorandum).

So passed we on through the foul minglement
Of spirits and of rain, with tardy steps,
Touching a little on the future life.

Wherefore I said : " These torments, master mine,
Passed the grand sentence, shall they be increased,
Or become less, or be thus burning-hot ? "

And he to me : " Return unto thy lore,
Which has it—the more perfect is the thing,
The more it feels of good, and so of pain.
This cursed people, notwithstanding that
In true perfection it shall never go,
Expecteth it will there be more than here." ¹

We went about that pathway in a round,
Speaking a great deal more than I repeat.
We came unto the point where one descends :
Here found we Plutus, the great enemy.

(1) The phraseology of this passage is obscure. The argument appears to be this. The more complete (perfect) a thing is, the more complete is its sense of pain or pleasure. Therefore, after the judgment day, the damned, being, by the resurrection of the body, again complete as body and soul, although not perfect (the highest order of) body and soul, will feel more pain than now that they are mere spirit.

CANTO VII.

Fourth Circle: Misers and Prodigals. Entrance to the Fifth Circle: The Furious and Sullen.

“ PAPPÈ Satàn, Pappè Satàn, Alepp,”¹

Commencèd Plutus, with the clucking voice :
And, kind and wise, he, who² knew everything,
To give me comfort, said : “ Let not thy fear
Hurt thee ; for power that he may have will not
Withhold from thee the going down this crag.”

Then he turned round unto that swollen lip,
And said : “ Be silent, thou accursèd wolf ;
Within thyself consume thee with thy rage.
Not causeless is the going to the abyss ;
Willed is it there on high where Michaël
Performed the vengeance of the haughty rape.”³

(1) This jargon is ordinarily interpreted to mean : Let Satan, King Satan, appear. According to the politico-religious interpretation of my father, it means : The Pope is Satan, King Satan.

(2) This may also mean “ That wise Gentile who.”

(3) *I. e.* the daring attempt of Satan on the Divine Authority.

Like as the sails outswollen by the wind
 Fall furling whenso that the mast doth break,
 The cruel beast fell suchlike to the earth.

Into the fourth ledge we descended so,
 O'ertaking more of the distressful coast
 Which bags entire the universe's bane.¹
 Alas God's Justice ! who doth pack so much
 New penalty and travail as I saw ?
 And wherefore thus miscarrieth us our guilt ?
 As does the wave above Charybdis there
 Which breaks with that one which it knocks against,
 It so behoves the folk here lead the reel.
 Here more than elsewhere excessive folk,
 Both on one side and other, with great howls,
 By strength of breast beheld I rolling weights.
 They struck together, and then thither still
 Each one of them reverted, turning back ;
 Crying—"Why hold'st thou ?" and "Why castest
 thou ?"
 Along the dismal circle so they turned
 From either hand to the point opposite,
 Crying each other eke their shameful catch :

(1) I understand this phrase rather in its more limited sense ; the "distressful coast" as the special hell of the Misers and Prodigals, and the "universe's bane" as gold, in which sense the term bags (*insacca*) has a peculiar appropriateness. Generally, the phrase is understood in the more extensive application to the whole of hell.

Then each one veered about, when he had reached
Through his half-circle, to the other joust.

And I, who had my heart almost compunct,
Said : " Master mine, demonstrate to me now
What is this folk, and whether all were clerks
These tonsured ones that are upon our left."

And he to me : " They all of them were squint
So much in mind in the preceding life
That there they made with measure no expense.
The voice of them out-yelps it clear enough
When they arrive at the two circle-points,
Where contrary offence dissevers them.
These ones were clerks who have not on their head
A hairy covering,—popes, and cardinals,
In whom doth avarice custom its excess."

And I : " My master, 'mong the like of these
I ought to recognise, for certain, some
Who were unclean with the aforesaid ill."

And he to me : " Thou gather'st a vain thought :
The life uncognizant which made them foul
Now makes them murky¹ to all cognizance.

(1) *Bruni*, literally brown. This is a stronger instance than even any cited by Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, vol. 3) to prove that Dante, by the term "brown," indicates tone rather than local colour.

For ever they will come to the two shocks :
 These will uprise from out the sepulchre
 With serried fist, and these with the hair clipped.¹
 Them has ill giving and ill holding baulked
 O' the lovely world, and put them to this broil :
 What *that* is I embellish not my words.
 Thou now mayst see, my son, the transient puff
 Of goods which unto Fortune are consigned,
 For which the human race perturbs itself ;
 For all the gold that is beneath the moon,
 Or that once was, of these outweary souls
 Could not make any one of them to pause."

"Master," I said to him, "now tell me still :
 This fortune, whereon thou dost touch to me,
 What is't, that has the world's goods so in clutch?"

And he to me : "How great that ignorance is,
 O foolish creatures, which encumbers ye !
 I'll have thee now digest my text thereof.
 The One Whose wisdom transcends everything
 He made the heavens, and gave them who conducts,
 So that to every part shines every part,

(1) There seems here to be an antithesis ; the misers being referred to in the first clause, the prodigals in the second. Yet both the closed fist and the clipped hair (as before noticed) would appear rather to belong to the misers. My father's comment, however, explained the application of the latter to the prodigals by recalling the Italian phrase regarding such persons, "darebbe fino ai capelli"—he'd even give away his hair.

Distributing the light coequally.
 Unto the mundane splendours He alike
 Ordained a general ministrant and chief,
 Who should in time the vain possessions change
 From race to race, from one to other blood,
 Beyond preclusion of the human wits ;
 Wherefore one people rules, one languishes,
 All in accordance to the doom of her,
 Which is occult, as in the grass the snake.
 To her your wisdom has no hindering :
 She doth provide, and judge, and prosecute
 Her reign, as even theirs the other gods.
 Her permutations have not any truce ;
 Necessity constrains her to be swift,
 So oft comes he who proves vicissitude.
 And this is she who's put on cross¹ so much
 Even by them who ought to give her praise,
 Giving her wrongly ill repute and blame.
 But she is blessed, and she hears not this :
 She, with the other primal creatures, glad
 Revolves her sphere, and blessed joys herself.—
 Let us descend now to a greater pang :
 Each star already falleth which did rise
 Whenas I moved, and too much stay's forbid.”

(1) *Posta a croce*—crucified : the phrase is used here to signify, apparently, “held up to ignominy ;” in other passages of Dante, “severely punished,” or “tormented.”

We cut the circle to the other beach,
Over a fountain which doth boil and pour
Along a fosse that is derived from it ;
The water was, much more than purple,¹ dark :
And we, in company o' the ashen waves,
Made entry down into a diverse road.
This mournful rivulet creates a pool
Which has the name of Styx, when it descends
At foot of the malignant grizzled banks.

And I, who upon gazing stood intent,
Beheld a miry people in the pond,
All of them naked, and of semblance crossed.
These struck each other, not with hand alone,
But with the head, and with the chest and feet,
Tearing themselves with teeth to shreds and shreds.

Said the good master : " Son, thou seest now
The souls of those whom rage did overcome.
And also I would have thee think for sure
That under water there are folk who sigh,
And make this water bubble to the top,
As the eye tells thee, whitherso it turns.
Stuck in the mire, they say : ' Sorry were we
In the sweet air which gladdens from the sun,
Keeping withinside of us sullen smoke ;

(1) *Persa* : see note, p. 34.

We sorrow now in the black sediment.
This hymn they gurgle in the throat of them,
For speak it can they not with word entire."

So of the filthy slough we circled round
A great arc 'tween the dry bank and the wet,
With eyes directed to who gulps the mud.
Unto a tower's foot came we at the last.

CANTO VIII.

Filippo Argenti. Dante is stopped at the gate of the City of Dis.

I SAY continuing that, much before
We had arrived at foot of the high tower,
Our eyes went upward to the top of it,
For double flamelets which we saw set up,
And, rendering sign, another from afar
So much the eye could hardly take it in.

And I, turned to the ocean of all mind,
Said : " What doth this say, and what answereth
That other fire ? And those who made it who ? "

And he to me : " Along the noisome waves
That which is looked for thou mayst now perceive,
If from thee the pool's smoke conceals it not. "

Cord never darted arrow from it which
So rapid ran along across the air

As I beheld how quite a little ship
Came through the water toward us thereupon,
Under a single pilot's governance,
Who cried : " Now, felon spirit, art thou come ? "

" Phlegyas,¹ Phlegyas, thou criest in vain
For this time,"—so my master made reply :
" Thou'lt no more have us than to pass the mud."

Like him who heareth of a great deceit
Which is done to him, and then frets therefor,
Such became Phlegyas in his gathered rage.

Into the barque my leader made descent,
And then he made me enter after him ;
And it seemed laden but when I was in.
Soon as my lord and I were in the boat,
The ancient prow goes onward, cleaving more
O' the water than with others is its wont.

While we were running over the dead sluice,
One did there get before me full of mud,
And said : " Who'rt thou who com'st before the hour ? "

And I to him : " I stay not, if I come :

(1) Phlegyas, being incensed against Phœbus for having violated his daughter, set fire to the god's temple.

But who art thou, become so hideous ?”

“Thou seest,” he answered, “that I’m one which weep.”

And I to him : “With weeping and with grief,
Accursed spirit, so continue thou ;
For thee I know, all filthy as thou art.”

He then upon the boat stretched both his hands :
Wherefore the master pushed him dextrously,
Saying : “Away hence, with the other dogs !”
He then embraced with both his arms my neck ;
He kissed my face, and said : “Indignant soul,
Blessed the woman who with thee was big !
This was a haughty person in the world ;¹
No good there is which decks his memory :
Thus is his spirit herein furious.
How many hold them now aloft great kings
Who here will have to be like pigs in slush,
Of themselves leaving horrible misfame.”

And I : “My master, greatly fain I were
To see him in a smother in this broth,
Before that we shall issue from the lake.”

And he unto me : “Ere the landing-place

(1) Filippo Argenti, stated by Boccaccio to have been noted for bodily vigour and furious temper.

Shall let thee see it, thou'lt be satisfied :
Such wish it will behove that thou enjoy."

Soon after this, I saw that massacre
Made, by the muddy people, of this man,
That God I still do therefore praise and thank.
" Upon Filippo Argenti !" all cried out :
The uncouth spirit of the Florentine
Turned with his teeth against himself himself.
Here left we him, for more I tell not of't.
But on mine ears a lamentation struck,
Whence forward I unbar mine eye intent.

And the good master said : " Lo now, my son,
The city nears which has the name of Dis,
With the grave citizens, wi' the mighty hosts."

And I : " Already, master, I discern
Its mosques within there in the valley, sure,
Vermilion, as it were they had come out
Of fire."

" The eternal fire," he said to me,
" Which fires them inward, represents them red,
As thou beholdest, in this nether hell."

Within the lofty fosses on we reached,
Which round intrench that land inconsolate :

It seemed to me that iron were the walls.
Not without making a great circuit first,
We came to where the sturdy pilot cried
To us : " Get out, for here the entrance is."

I saw more than a thousand on the gates,
Of those rained down from heaven, who rancorously
Were saying, " Who is this who, without death,
Goes through the kingdom of the kindreds dead ?"

And my wise master he made sign thereat
Of wishing to speak to them secretly.

Their great disdain a little then they closed,
And said : " Come thou alone, and he go off,
Who so audacious entered in this realm.
Alone let him return by the mad road,—
Prove if he know ; for here wilt thou remain
Who hast for him explored a land so dusk."

Think, reader, whether I discomforted
Upon the sound of the accursed words,
For I expected never to get back.

" O my dear lord, who more than seven times¹

(1) The seven times are made out by the incidents of the three beasts, Charon, Minos, Cerberus, Plutus, Phlegyas, and Filippo Argenti. "More than seven times" may be admitted if we reckon in the exhortations to constancy at the commencement of the journey and at the gate of Hell.

Hast rendered me security, and saved
From the high danger which against me stood,
Do thou not leave me," said I, " thus undone :
And, if our going further is denied,
Together let us fast retrace our steps."

And so that lord who had brought me thereunto
Said to me : " Fear thou not ; because our track
Can none forefend, by Such to us 'tis given.
But here await me, and take comfort for
Thy weary soul, and feed it with good hope ;
For leave thee in the low world will I not."

Thus my sweet father goes away, and here
Leaves me, and I continue in mayhap ;
For yes and no conflict within my head.
I could not hear that which he proffered them ;
But he did not stay with them there for long,
For every one ran back a race within.
Those adversaries of ours did shut the gate
'Gainst my lord's bosom, who remained outside,
And turned him back to me with dragging steps.
He had his eyes on earth, and his brows shorn
Of all assurance, and in sighs he said :
" The grieving houses who's denied to me ?"
And to me said he : " Thou, because I chafe,
Be not astounded ; for I'll win the match,

Whoe'er within bestirs him for repulse.
This insolence of theirs is nothing new,
For erst they used it at less secret gate,
Which without lock even now continueth.
Thou saw'st the deadened scripture¹ over that.
And hither from it now descends the slope,
Passing without a guide the circles, one²
By whom the fortress shall be oped to us."

(1) *I. e.* the words, "Through me ye pass into the grieving realm," &c., written over the outer gate of hell, which the devils had endeavoured to shut against Christ when He descended to emancipate the pardoned souls.

(2) The angel who appears in the next canto.

CANTO IX.

After being menaced by the Furies, Dante enters the City of Dis. In the Sixth Circle he finds the Heretics and Unbelievers.

THAT hue which cowardice did paint on me,
 At seeing how my guide turned back, restrained
 Within the sooner the new one of his.¹
 Attentive, like a man who harks, he stopped ;
 Because he could not carry far his eye
 Through the black air and through the turbid fog.

“ And yet 'twill be for us to win the fight,”
 'Gan he : “ if not . . . Such an one offered us . . .
 Oh ! how I long another would arrive !”

I well perceived how he had covered up
 The opening with the other which came next,

(1) *I.e.* the pallor of discomfiture which had newly affected Virgil's own face (as indicated in the lines of the last canto, “ He had his eyes on earth, and his brows shorn Of all assurance,”)—or else the flush of indignation—was restrained by him in consequence of his observing that I was pale with fear. The Italian sentence is so condensed as to become involved.

Which was of words discordant from the first :
 But not the less his speaking gave me fear,
 Because I drew the truncate utterance
 Perhaps to worse intention than he meant.

“ Into this bottom of the mournful conch
 Doth any e'er descend from the first grade,
 Who only hath for penalty hope maimed ? ”
 This question made I. Whereat he replied :
 “ Rarely it happens any one of us
 Maketh the transit upon which I fare.
 Tis true I was down here another time,
 Upconjured by that cruel Erichtho¹
 Who to their bodies was recalling souls.
 My flesh had been a short while nude of me²
 When me she made to enter in that wall
 To draw a spirit of Judas' circle thence.³
 That is the place most low and most obscure,
 And furthest from the heaven which turneth all ;
 Well do I know the road ; therefore be calm.

(1) In Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Erichtho, a Thessalian sorceress, conjures up a spirit to predict the issue of the civil war. Whether this is the transaction alluded to in the passage before us, and how far Virgil (who was not then dead) can be supposed concerned in it, are knotty questions for the commentators.

(2) *I. e.* (according to the ordinary and feasible interpretation) “ I had been dead a short while ; ” an interpretation which involves Dante in an anachronism.

(3) Judas' circle is the lowest circle of hell, where those who have betrayed their benefactors are punished.

This pool which doth respire the nauseous stench
Engirds the doleful city roundabout
Where without ire we cannot enter now."

And more he said : but I've it not in mind ;
Because I wholly had mine eye updrawn
Toward the high turret with the red-hot top ;
Where in an instant upright fast I saw
Infernal Furies three, bedyed with blood,
Who had their limbs and action feminine,
And who with greenest hydras were engirt :
They had small serpents for their hair, and asps,
Wherewith the savage temples were imbound.

And he, who well knew them the abject ones¹
Unto the queen of the eternal plaint,
" Look," said to me, " the fierce Erinnyes.
Megæra this one is upon the left ;
That is Alecto on the right, who weeps ;
I' the midst Tisiphone : " and here he stopped.

Each one was harrowing with her nails her breast :
They clashed their palms, and cried so loudly out,
That to the poet I strained me, for dismay.

(1) *Meschine*. My rendering gives the primary and more usual meaning of this word ; but perhaps here it means merely " handmaids."

“ Let come Medusa ! So we'll make him smalt, ” ---
 They, looking downwards, uttered all of them :
 “ On Theseus we revenged the assault not ill. ” ¹

“ Turn thyself back, and keep thy vision hid ;
 For, if the Gorgon show, and thou behold,
 'Twould all be o'er with e'er returning up. ”
 So did the master say ; and he himself
 Turned me, and to my own hands trusted not,
 But that with his too he should cover me.
 O you that have a sane intelligence,
 Look ye unto the doctrine which herein
 Conceals itself 'neath the strange verses' veil. ²

And now was coming o'er the turbid waves
 A rumour of a sound replete with dread,
 Because of which the banks were trembling both ;
 Not made in other wise than of a wind
 Impetuous by dint o' the adverse heats,
 Which smites the forest without any stay,
 Rends boughs, and beats them down, and bears
 along ; ³

(1) When Theseus and Pirithous attempted to carry Proserpine off from hell. Many commentators read, “ We did ill in not revenging the assault of Theseus. ”

(2) The *primâ facie* reason for introducing this admonitory sentence just here does not appear very clearly. The commentators exert themselves to explain it according to their several systems of interpretation.

(3) *Porta fuori* ; other texts have *porta i fiori*, carries off the flowers.

Dusty to vanward,¹ on it goes superb,
And makes the animals and shepherds flee.

He loosed mine eyes, and said : " Now turn the nerve
Of vision up along that ancient foam,
By yonder where that smoke is acridest."

Like as the frogs before the hostile snake
Scud off along the water one and all,
Until upon the soil each of them squats,—
I saw more than a thousand souls destroyed
Fly thus in front of one who at the ford
Was passing over Styx with unwet soles.
He from his face was moving that gross air,
Plying the left hand oftentimes in front,
And only with that anguish seemed he tired.
I well perceived he was one sent from heaven,
And to the master turned : and he made sign
I should stay quiet, and to him should bow.
Ah ! of disdain how full he to me seemed !
He reached the gate, and with a little wand
Oped it, that there was no impediment.

" O ye cast out of heaven, a refuse race,"

(1) I have assigned the word *dinanzi* (to vanward) to the epithet dusty ; but it may also belong to the verb, and so imply merely, " it goes *forward* dusty."

Upon the horrible threshold he began,
“ Whence nurtureth in you this insolence ?
Wherefore 'gainst that Volition do ye kick
To which its end can never be curtailed,
And which hath oft augmented pain to you ?
What booteth it to butt against the fates ?
Your Cerberus, if ye recollect it well,
Keeps yet therefrom his chin and throttle peeled.”

Then he turned back along the noisome path,
And word to us spoke none ; but semblance made
Of a man whom other care constrains and bites
Than that of him who is before his face.
And we toward the fortress moved our feet,
Secure in sequel of the holy words.
We entered, without any war, inside.

And I, who had desire of looking to
The state of things which such a stronghold locks,
When I was in, send mine eye round about ;
And a great country see on every hand,
Of sorrow and of direst torment full.
Like as at Arlès, where the Rhone stagnates,
Like as at Pola, near the Quarnar gulf
Which closeth Italy and bathes her shores,
The sepulchres make various all the place,—
So did they make in every part hereat,

H

Save that the manner here was bitterer ;
For flames were scattered in between the graves,
By which they altogether so were lit
That iron more not any art demands.¹
The covers of them were suspended all,
And forth there issued thence so hard laments
That well they seemed of wretched ones and pained.

And I : “ My master, whatlike are those folk
Who, being in those tombs insepulchred,
Make themselves heard with the distressful sighs ?”

And he to me : “ Here are the heresiarchs,
With their adherents of each sect ; and much
More charged than thou believest are the tombs.
The like herein is buried with the like,
And more and less the monuments are hot.”

And, after to the right hand he had turned,
Through the pangs passed we, and high buttresses.

(1) *I. e.* That iron requires no further art, or process, of heating, to melt :
or perhaps, that no art employing iron requires that to be made hotter.

CANTO X:

Sixth Circle continued : Farinata and Cavalcante.

Now goeth on, along a secret path,
Between the wall of earth and torturings,
My master, and behind his shoulders I.

“O highest worth, who through the impious gyres
Turnest me,” I began, “as pleases thee,
Speak to me, and my wishes satiate.
The people who are laid along the tombs,
Could they be seen? The covers all are raised
Already, and there’s none that keepeth guard.”

And he to me: “They’ll every one be shut
When from Jehoshaphat¹ they here return,
Wi’ the bodies which above there they have left.
Upon this side, their cemetery have
With Epicurus all his followers,

(1) The Valley of Jehoshaphat, which legend foretells as the scene of the Last Judgment.

Who with the body make the spirit dead.
Of the demand, however, which thou mak'st
Thou soon shalt here-within be satisfied,
And eke of the desire thou keep'st from me."

And I : " Good leader, hidden hold I not
My heart from thee, except to speak in brief :
And thou'st to this disposed me not but now."

" O Tuscan, who along the city of fire
Go'st living, speaking thus decorously,
Be pleased awhile to tarry in this place.
Thy form of speech doth make thee manifest
A child unto that noble native-land
Which I was over-troublous to, perchance."

Upon a sudden this sound issued there
From one o' the cinctures ; wherefore I approached,
In fear, a little nearer to my guide.

And he said to me : " Turn ; what doest thou ?
See Farinata¹ there, who's got upright :
From the waist upwards thou wilt see him all."

Already had I fixed mine eyes on his :
And he was raising him with breast and brow,

(1) Farinata degli Uberti, a great leader of the Ghibelline party in Florence, who died in 1264.

As'twere that he had hell in great disdain.
And my lord's hands, inspiring and prompt,
Impelled me 'twixt the sepulchres to him,
He saying : " Let thy words be now declared."

As soon as I was come to his tomb's foot,
He somewhat scanned me : then, as if in pride,
He questioned me : " Who were thine ancestors ?"

I, who was wishful to obey, concealed
It not from him, but oped it to him all :
Whereat a little raised he up his brows.

Then said he : " They were adverse unto me
Fiercely, and to my fathers and my part,
So that twice over I dispersèd them."¹

" If they were chased, from all parts they returned,"
I answered him, " the one and other while :
But those of yours did not well learn that art."

There rose to sight uncovered thereupon,
Up to the chin, a shade alongside this :
I think upon his knees he'd raised himself.
Round about me he looked, as if he had
Desire to see if one was with me else.

(1) In the expulsions of the Guelphs from Florence, firstly in 1248, and secondly in 1260.

But, after his surmise was all extinct,
 He weeping said : " If through this dungeon blind
 Thou go'st by loftiness of intellect,
 Where is my son,¹ and wherefore not with thee ? "

And I to him : " I come not of myself ;
 He who there waiteth leads me thorough here,
 Whom haply in disdain your Guido had." ²

His words, and eke the manner of his pain,
 Had read already this one's name to me ;
 And therefore was the answer so complete.

Raised upright of a sudden, cried he : " How
 Didst say *He had* ? Is he not living still ?
 Doth not the sweet light strike upon his eyes ? "

When he perceived a certain hesitance
 Which I was showing prior to reply,
 He fell supine, and forth appeared no more.

(1) The speaker is Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine Guelph. His son was Guido Cavalcanti, one of the most famous of the Præ-Dantesque poets, and an intimate friend of Dante. Hence the father's question. Guido, although living at the time of the action of the poem—Passion Week, 1300—died at the end of the year.

(2) This assertion that Guido Cavalcanti disdained Virgil has been much debated. The word *disdegno* (disdain) is not unfrequently used by Dante in the sense rather of "despite;" and possibly Guido, as one of the early poets who wrote Italian, may have set his face against the then prevalent practice of writing Latin, or Virgilian, poetry instead. Dante states in his *Vita Nova*, which is inscribed to Cavalcanti, that he wrote it in Italian under the advice of the latter.

But he magnanimous, at whose request
I had made halt, his aspect changed he not,
Neither moved he his neck, nor bent his side.

“And if,” continuing the former speech,
He said, “they have unmeetly learned that art,
More than this bed the same tormenteth me.
But not for fifty times will be re-lit
The lady’s countenance who reigneth here¹
When thou wilt know how much that art doth weigh.
So mayst thou ever get to the sweet world,
Tell me for what that people is so curst
'Gainst them of mine in each one of its laws.”

Whence I to him : “The slaughter and great wrack
Which made the Arbia discoloured red²
Makes prayed within our temple such a prayer.”³

When he his head had shaken, sighing, “I
Was not alone in that,” he said, “nor sure

(1) *I.e.* The moon shall not have been renewed fifty times from this date when thou too shalt find how difficult it is to return from exile.

(2) The Ghibellines under Farinata had obtained a signal victory over the Guelphs at Montaperti, near the river Arbia.

(3) Commentators explain this phrase by saying that the business of legislation was carried on in the Florentine churches, and they translate *orazione* (which I have rendered “prayer”) by “oration.” Macchiavelli’s History, indeed, shows pretty clearly that this practice, as a regular system, was discontinued towards the year 1282—18 years before the date of the action of the *Commedia* : still, there is evidence of meetings upon public affairs being held in churches up to the required date. But perhaps the phrase is merely a paraphrastic or proverbial mode of expression (like “harping on the same string,” &c.), and my rendering proceeds on that assumption.

Had I without a cause moved with the rest.
 But I, there where by every one 'twas brooked
 To do away with Florence,¹ was alone
 He who defended her with open face."

" Oh ! as your seed may ever so repose,"
 I did implore him, " solve for me this knot
 Which has enveloped here my reasoning.
 It seemeth that ye see, if well I hear,
 Beforehand that which Time brings on with him,
 And in the present keep another mode."

" Like unto him that hath bad light, we see
 The things," he said, " which are afar from us,—
 So much still shines to us the Lord Supreme.
 When they approach, or are, our intellect's
 All vain ; and, if another tell us not,
 We nothing know about your human state.
 And therefore, thou mayst comprehend, all dead
 Our knowledge will become beyond that point
 Wherein the door o' the future shall be shut." ²

Then I, as in compunction for my fault,
 Said : " Now then shall ye tell that fallen one
 His son is still conjoined unto the quick.

(1) In a council immediately after the victory of Montaperti.

(2) *I.e.* after the last judgment, when past, present, and future, shall all merge in eternity.

And, if I erst was dumb to the response,
I was so, let him know, because I opined
Then in the error you have for me solved."

Already now my master called me back :
Wherefore more quickly I the spirit prayed
He'd tell me who was stationed with him there.

He said : " With more than thousand here I lie.
Within here is the second Frederick,¹ and
The Cardinal :² I'm silent of the rest."

Thereat he hid him. And I turned my steps
Toward the antique poet, thinking o'er
That speech which seemed inimical to me.

He moved himself ; and then, in going thus,
Said to me : " Wherefore art thou wildered so ?"

And him I satisfied in his demand.

" That let thy mind conserve which thou hast heard
'Gainst thee," that sage commanded me : " and now
Attend here ;" and his finger pointed he.

(1) The splendid Emperor Frederick II., who died in 1250.

(2) Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini (died 1273), a reputed votary of the black art. His "heresy" is attested by his having said that he had lost his soul for the Ghibellines, if he had one to lose.

“ When thou shalt be in face of the sweet ray
Of her¹ whose fair eye seeth everything,
Thou'lt know the journey of thy life from her.”

He turned his foot to left-hand afterwards :
We left the wall, and wended toward the midst
Upon a road which strikes into a vale
That, even up there, made its stench troublesome.

(1) The sweet eye of Beatrice.

CANTO XI.

Virgil expounds the Divine intent in the structure of Hell.

UPON the extremity of a lofty bank
Which great stones broken in a circle made
We came unto a pack more cruel still.
And here, because of the horrible excess
Of stench which the profound abysm upcasts,
We drew close up behind a covering
Of a great tomb, where I a writing saw
Which said : "I guard Pope Anastasius,¹
Him from the right path whom Photinus drew."

"Our going down behoves to be prolonged,
So that the sense may first be used a whit
To the sorry gust, and after pay no heed."

(1) It is not certain what Pope Anastasius is here indicated ; some commentators consider Dante to have confounded the Emperor Anastasius I. of the Eastern Empire with the popedom. Generally, Pope Anastasius II. (died 498) is assumed to be meant, who was in communication with a Thessalonican deacon named Photius (Dante names Photinus), stigmatized as a heretic.

The master thus. And I said to him : " Find
Some compensation, that the time do pass
Not lost."

And he : " See, 'tis on this I think.—
My son, within these stones," he thereupon
Began to say, " three little circles are,
From grade to grade, like those which thou dost leave.
With cursed spirits they are all replete :
But now, in order that the sight suffice,
Hear how and wherefore these are so constrained.
Of every malice which gains hate in heaven
Injury is the end ; and each such end
Afflicteth one with either force or fraud.
But, because fraud is proper ill of man,
It more offends God ; and the fraudulent so
Are underneath, and them more pain assails.
All the first round ¹ is of the violent ;
But, as unto three persons force is done,
Into three rings it is distinct and built.
To God, to self, to fellow-man, can force
Be done ; to them, I say, or to their things,
As thou, with overt reasoning, shalt hear.
Both death by violence, and painful wounds,
Are given to fellow-man, and to his goods
Ruins, and arson, and distressful raids ;

(1) That is, the first *following* round.

So homicides, and each who wrongly smites,
 Marauders, devastators, ring the first
 Tormenteth all of them in diverse bands.
 Man can lay violent hands upon himself,
 And on his goods : and therefore it befits
 That in the second ring repent in vain
 Whoe'er himself depriveth of your world,
 Demolishes his property, and games,
 And weepeth there wherein he should be glad.
 Force can be done against the Deity,
 In heart denying and blaspheming Him,
 And scorning nature, and His bounteousness :¹
 And, for this cause, the minor ring doth seal
 Both Sodom with its signet, and Cahors,²
 And him who speaks in heart despising God.
 Man can use fraud, whence every conscience
 Is bitten,³ against him who trusts in him,
 And against him who not imburses trust.
 This method now, the last,⁴ appears to kill
 Only the link of love which nature makes :
 Whence in the second circle nestle there
 Hypocrisy, and glozings, sorcerers,

(1) Or, *her* bounteousness : but my reading is borne out by the phrase "God's bounty" further on, in relation to the same matter.

(2) A city in Guienne, infamous for its usurers.

(3) The precise value of this phrase is not very evident. I suppose it means that fraud sears the conscience of every fraudulent man, not of every man whatever.

(4) *I. e.* the second method, or the practising of fraud against persons indifferent.

Falsehood, and thievery, and simony,
 And pimps, and barterers,¹ and such other filth.
 By the other method is that love forgot
 Which nature makes, and that which afterwards
 Is added, wherefrom special trust is born :
 Whence in the smallest circle, where's the point
 O' the universe, on which is seated Dis,²
 Whoe'er betrayeth is consumed for aye."

And I : " My master, very clear proceeds
 Thy reasoning, and very well disparts
 This gulf, and eke the folk which it possess.
 But tell me. They within the gross-swoln pool,³
 Whom the wind drives,⁴ and whom the rain doth beat,⁵
 And who encounter with such acrid tongues,⁶
 Why inside the red city are not they
 Punished, provided God them holds in ire,
 And why in such guise, if He holds them not ? "

And unto me, " Why is so distraught," he said,
 " Thine intellect from that which it is wont ?
 Or does thy mind indeed glance elsewhere ?

(1) *Baratti*, the barterers of justice, office, &c. for lucre. I am not aware of any exact English equivalent for this word.

(2) Lucifer.

(3) The furious and sullen.

(4) The lustful.

(5) The gluttonous.

(6) The misers and prodigals.

Are not those words in thy remembrance
 Wherewith thine Ethics¹ treat upon the three
 Such dispositions as Heaven wills not of,—
 Incontinence, and malice, and insane
 Bestialism ;² and how incontinence
 Offends God less, and less procureth blame ?
 If thou regardest well this argument,
 And bringest unto memory who those are
 That sustain penance overhead without,
 Thou well wilt see why from these fell ones they
 Are separate, and wherefore less incensed
 The Equity Divine doth hammer them.”

“ O Sun which healest all perturbèd sight,
 Thou, when thou solvest, dost content me so
 That doubt not less than knowing liketh me.
 Again a little backward turn thyself
 To where thou sayst that usury,” said I,
 “ Offends God’s bounty, and untwine the knot.”

“ Philosophy,” he said, “ to who attends
 Noteth, not in a single place alone,
 In what way nature undertakes her course
 From the Divine Intelligence and Art :

(1) The Ethics of Aristotle.

(2) *Θηριότης*. In Dante’s classification “ bestialism ” (in modern phrase “ materialism ”) belongs to the heretics as a distinct class,—while “ malice ” includes both violence and fraud, as just before set forth.

And, if thou well do note thy *Physica*,¹
 Not after many pages thou wilt find
 That your art follows that, far as it can,
 As the disciple does the master : so,
 Your art, as 'twere, is grand-daughter to God.²
 From these two, if to mind thou do recall
 Genesis at its opening,³ it behoves
 The race should take its life, and should advance.
 And, since the usurer holds another way,
 Nature herself, and through her follower,
 He scorns, by placing hope in something else.—
 Now follow, for it liketh me to go :
 For up through the horizon *Pisces* ⁴ glide,
 And over *Caurus* lieth all the wain,⁵
 And further on there we dismount the steep.”

(1) The *Physica* of Aristotle.

(2) *I. e.* Nature follows the Divine plan, and human art should follow nature.

(3) “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.”

(4) And consequently morning is near.

(5) Charles's Wain, or Boötes, comes beyond the north-west quarter.

CANTO XII.

First division of the Seventh Circle : Tyrants and Depredators.

THE place we came to, to descend the slope,
Was Alpine, and, for that too which was there,
Suchlike that every sight would loathe thereat.
Like as that ruin ¹ is which in the flank
Struck Adige upon this side of Trent,
Whether through earthquake or deficient prop,
So that, from the mount's summit whence it moved
Unto the plain, the rock is shattered so
'Twould give some path to who might be above ;
Such the descent was of that precipice.
And on the angle of the broken steep
The infamy of Crete ² was stretched along
Which was conceived within the spurious cow :
And this, when it beheld us, bit itself,
Like unto him whom rage assaults within.

(1) A landslip near Roveredo.

(2) The Minotaur, the hybrid progeny of a bull and of Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, who concealed herself in the image of a cow.

My sage cried out towards it : " Thou mayhap
Believ'st that here the Duke of Athens¹ is,
Who in the world abovehead dealt thee death ?
Depart thee, beast, for this one cometh not
Instructed by thy sister,² but he goes
In order to behold your penalties."

As is that bull which on the instant bounds
When it has just received the mortal stroke,
Which cannot pace, but staggers here and there,
I saw the Minotaur do like to that :
And he alertly cried : " Run to the pass ;
While it's in rage, 'tis well that thou get off."

So took we way along the overturn
Of stones aforesaid, which did often move
Under my feet, because o' the novel load.

I went on thinking. And he said : " Thou think'st
Perhaps about this ruin, that is watched
By that beast-fury which I quenched erewhile.
Now will I that thou know, the other time
That I descended here to nether hell,³
This rock had not yet fallen. But certainly,
If rightly I discern, a little ere
He had to come Who took away from Dis

(1) Theseus.

(2) Ariadne, who gave Theseus the clue whereby he got at the Minotaur.

(3) See note 1, page 59.

All the great booty of the circle above,¹
 The deep and noisome valley from all parts
 So trembled² that I thought the universe
 Was feeling love, by which (there is who thinks)
 The world was turned to chaos more than once ;³
 And, in that very point, this ancient rock
 Made such a landslip here and elsewhere.
 But on the valley fix thine eyes ; for now
 The river of blood approaches, wherein boils
 Whoso hurts other men by violence.”

O blind cupidity. O senseless rage,
 Which so dost spur us in the transient life,
 And, in the eternal, drench us then so ill !
 I saw an ample fosse bent in an arc
 Like such one as embraces all the plain,
 According as my guide had spoken it :
 And centaurs, 'twixt the foot o' the bank and this,
 Were running, armed with arrows, as in trace,
 As used they go a-hunting in the world.
 Seeing us coming onward, each one stopped,
 And three out of the band disjoined themselves,
 With bows and arrows chosen out before.

And one from far cried : “ To what martyrdom

- (1) *I. e.* Before Christ saved some of the souls from the first circle of Hell.
 (2) In the earthquake consequent on the crucifixion.
 (3) This is said to have been a tenet of the Empedocleans.

Come ye who are descending from the slope ?
Tell it from there : if not, I draw the bow."

My master said to him : " We will return
The answer unto Chiron there at hand :
Thy will was always wrongfully so fast."
He touched me then, and said : " Nessus is that,
Who for the beauteous Dejanira died,
And wrought, himself, the vengeance of himself.¹
And he in midst, who aims against his breast,²
Is the great Chiron, who brought up Achilles :
That other's Pholus,³ erst so full of rage.
Thousand and thousand round the fosse they go,
Shooting whatever soul protrudeth more
Than its offence assigned it, from the blood."

We drew anear those rapid animals.
An arrow Chiron took, and, with the notch,
Put back his beard behind the jaws of him.

Whenas he had uncovered his great mouth,
To his companions said he : " Are ye 'ware
The one behind moves that which he doth touch ?
So are not wont to do the feet o' the dead."

And my good lord, who now was at his breast

(1) By giving Dejanira the poisoned robe which killed his slayer Hercules.

(2) This may also mean " Who gazes on his breast."

(3) Another centaur slain by Hercules, according to Virgil.

Where the two natures are associate,
 Replied : "Indeed he's quick, and thus alone
 Behoves I to him show the dusky vale :
 Necessity constrains him, not delight.
 From singing hallelujah one set off
 Who charged this novel office upon us :
 He is no robber, I no thieving soul.
 But, for that virtue by the which I move
 My steps along this savage road, give one
 Of thine to us, to whom we'll be in trust ;
 That he may show us where the fording is,
 And carry this man on his crupper, since
 He's not a spirit which can go through air."

Chiron turned round upon the right-hand breast,
 And said to Nessus : " Turn, and guide them thus,
 And motion back, if other band impedes." ¹

We forward, with the faithful escort, moved,
 Alongside the vermilion boiling's shore,
 Wherein the boiled were making piercing shrieks.

Folk saw I underneath up to the brow :
 And the great centaur said : " Tyrants are they,
 Who havocked upon blood and substance : here

(1) *I. e.* Make any other band of centaurs which may attempt to stop you fall back.

They have to weep the pitiless damages.
 Here's Alexander, and fierce Dionysius,
 Who made that Sicily had doleful years.
 And yonder forehead, which has hair so black,
 Is Azzolino,¹ and that other, fair,
 He is Obizzo d'Este,² who in truth
 Was by his stepson³ killed i' the world above."

Then turned I to the poet. And he said :
 "Be he now to thee first, and second I."

A little further on, the centaur stopped
 Over a people which appeared to come
 As far out of that boiling as the throat.

A shade he showed us in one corner sole,
 Saying : "That man clove in the lap of God
 The heart which still is serviced on the Thames."⁴

Then saw I people who outside the stream

(1) Azzolino (or Eccelino) da Romano, a Ghibelline nobleman who died in 1260, infamous for the most enormous cruelties. He appears as the *younger* Ecelin in Browning's glorious poem of "Sordello."

(2) Obizzo, Marquis of Este, a Guelph leader, who died in 1293.

(3) The story, of doubtful authenticity, is that Obizzo was murdered by his *son*, whom, for this unnatural act, Dante terms "stepson."

(4) Guy of Montfort, in revenge for the death of his father, the celebrated baron who opposed Henry III. of England, murdered that King's nephew Henry in a church at Viterbo. Prince Edward took the heart to London, and exposed it to view on London Bridge.

Maintained the head, and also all the chest ;
And many out of these I recognized.
Thus more and more that blood was getting low
So that it only covered o'er the feet :
And hereat was our passing of the fosse.

“So as thou seest on the hither part
The boiling that it still diminishes,”
The centaur said, “I'd have thee to believe
That, on this other, it presses more and more
Its bottom, till such time as it rejoins
Where it behoves that tyranny do wail.
The Divine Justice goadeth over here
That Attila who was a scourge on earth,
Pyrrhus, and Sextus ;¹ and for ever wrings²
The tears it wrenches with the boiling out
Of Rinier da Corneto and Rinier Pazzo,³
Who made upon the highways so much war.”

He then turned back, and passed the ford again.

(1) Either Sextus Tarquinius, or possibly Sextus Pompeius, who carried on civil war by means of piracy.

(2) The energetic Italian word is “munge,” which is the ordinary term for “milking” cows.

(3) Two notorious marauders of Dante's own period.

CANTO XIII.

Second division of the Seventh Circle : Suicides and reckless destroyers of their own substance. Pier della Vigna.

NOT yet had Nessus reached the other side
 When we were getting onward through a wood
 Which was not marked by any pathway-track.
 Not foliage green, but dusk of colouring,
 Not boughs exact, but knotty and involved,
 Not apples there, but briars with poison-juice.
 Those savage beasts which 'twixt Corneto and
 Cecina¹ hold the cultured lands in hate
 Have not such bristling thickets nor so dense.
 Herein the ugly harpies make their nest,—
 Which drove the Trojans from the Strophades²
 With melancholy news of future harm.
 Wings have they wide, and human neck and face,
 Talons on feet, and the great belly plumed :
 Atop of the strange trees they make laments.

(1) The boundaries of the deathful Maremma.

(2) As narrated in the *Æneid*.

And the good master, "Ere thou enter more,"
 'Gan say unto me, "know thou art within
 The second circuit, and so shalt be till
 What time thou comest to the horrid sand.
 Therefore look well, and thou shalt so behold
 Things which would sunder faith from my discourse."

I heard a moaning made in every part,
 And did not see a person who could make it :
 Wherefore I all bewildered stopped myself.
 He, I believe, believed that I believed¹
 There came so many voices through the stumps
 From people who were hid because of us.

The master therefore said : "An if thou pluck
 Some twig from one of these plants roundabout,
 The thoughts thou hast will all become as maimed."

Then did I put my hand a little forth,
 And from a lofty bramble cropped a stem,—
 And its trunk cried : "Why dost thou lop me off ?"
 Then, after it had gotten brown with blood,
 It recommenced to cry : "Why tearest me ?
 Hast thou not any spirit then of ruth ?
 We have been men, and now are grown to plants :
 Thy hand should surely be more pitying
 If we had even been the souls of snakes."

(1) Io credo ch' ei credette ch' io credesse.

As from a log yet green which may be burned
 At one, and crieth at the other end,
 And shrills because of wind which goes away,
 So issued there together from that block
 Both words and blood ; wherefore I let the point
 Fall down, and stood as 'twere a man that fears.

“ If he beforehand could have credited,”
 My sage made answer, “ thou misused soul,
 From my rhyme merely,¹ that which he has seen,
 He would not have stretched forth his hand on thee :
 But the incredible fact made me induce
 Him to a deed which weighs upon myself.
 But tell him who thou wast ; so that, instead
 Of all amends, he may refresh thy fame
 I' the world above, to which he may return.”

The trunk then : “ Thou so bait'st me with sweet
 speech
 I cannot hold my peace : nor be ye vexed
 That I a little tangle me in talk.
 I am the man who both the keys did hold
 O' the heart of Frederick,² and who turned the two

(1) This is probably an allusion to the story in the *Æneid*, of Polydorus turned into a myrtle in the same manner as the soul here. Possibly, however, the word rhyme (*rima*) does not definitely mean verse or poem, as it would on the first supposition, but merely *affirmation, dictum*.

(2) The speaker is Pier della Vigna, the private secretary of the Emperor

So softly, locking and unlocking it,
That from his secret I drew every man
Almost. I kept the glorious office faith,
So much that thence I lost my pulse and veins.
The strumpet¹ who did never from the house
Of Cæsar turn away her harlot eyes,
The common death and wickedness of courts,
Against me had inflamed the hearts of all ;
And the inflamed inflamed Augustus so
That the glad honours turned to mournful griefs.
The spirit in me, in disdainful mood,
Thinking, by dying, to escape disdain,
Made me unjust against myself the just.
By the new roots of this same tree, I swear
To you I never broke my faith to him
My lord, who was so worthy honouring.
And, if that any of you return to earth,
Let him uphold my memory, which lies
Under the blow that Envy gave it, still."

A whit he stayed. And then, "Since he keeps
peace,"

Frederick II. The history of his fall from the imperial confidence has been much debated. It appears that he was accused of malversation in various matters, of betraying the Emperor's interests at the Council of Lyons, where the latter was excommunicated, and in especial of complicity in an actual plot to poison him. The accused is reported to have killed himself by dashing his head against a wall.

(1) Envy.

The poet said to me, "lose not the now,
But speak, and ask him, if it please thee, more."

And I to him : " Enquire thou from him yet
Of what thou think'st would satisfy myself ;
For I could not, such pity heartens me."

He thereupon resumed : " So may the man
Do freely for thee what thy speaking prays,
Imprisoned spirit, let it please thee still
To tell us how the soul is relegate
Within these knots, and tell us, if thou canst,
If any ever frees it from such limbs."

Thereat the trunk blew hard, and afterwards
That wind converted to a voice like this :
" It shall be briefly answered unto you.
When the ferocious spirit parteth from
The body whence itself has stripped itself,
Minos doth send it to the seventh gorge.
It falls i' the wood ; and for it is no part
Chosen, but there where fortune shooteth it ;
It sprouts here, as it were a grain of spelt.
It rises in a bramble and wild plant ;
The harpies, feeding then upon the leaves,
Cause pain, and eke a loop-hole for the pain.
We for our spoils¹ shall, like the others, come,

(1) We shall come at the day of judgment to resume our mortal bodies.

But not that any should therein re-clothe ;
 For 'tis not just to have what one rejects.
 Here we shall drag them ; and throughout the sad
 Forest our bodies shall be all hung up,
 Each to its harassed shadow's bramble-tree."

We still remained attentive to the trunk,
 Thinking that he would tell us something more,
 When we were overtaken by a noise ;
 In like wise as the man who heareth come
 The wild-boar, and the hunt upon his track,
 Who hears the beasts and branches make turmoil.
 And two, behold, upon the left-hand side,
 Naked and scratched, flying so forcefully
 That they broke all the fan-work of the wood.¹

The one in front, " Now come, come to me, Death !"
 The other, who conceived himself too slow,
 Was crying, " Lano, so were not thy legs
 Alert that time of Toppo's skirmishing."²
 And he, for that his breath perhaps had failed,
 Made of himself and of a bush one clump.

In rear of them the forest it was full

(1) These are two of the second class punished in this division of the circle—the reckless destroyers of their own substance.

(2) Lano, a Sienese Guelph who had reduced himself to poverty, being surprised by an ambush of the hostile party in Pieve del Toppo, purposely sought and found death in the encounter, when he might have escaped by flight.

Of bitches running, black and ravenous,
 Like hounds which may have gotten from the chain.
 They into him who squatted set their teeth,
 And him they rended into shreds and shreds ;
 And then they carried off those doleful limbs.

Hereon mine escort took me by the hand,
 And to the bush he led me, which in vain
 By reason of¹ the bleeding fractures wept.

“ O Jacopo da Sant' Andrea,”² it said,
 “ What did it boot thee to make me thy screen ?
 What guilt have I in thine abandoned life ? ”

Whenas the master was above it firm,
 He said : “ Who wast thou, through so many pricks
 Who breathest with the blood a doleful tale ? ”

And he to us : “ O souls, who are arrived
 To witness the dishonoured massacre
 Which has disjoined my leafage from me thus,
 At the sad bush's foot collect it. I
 Was of that city which for Baptist John
 Changed her first patron,³ wherefore he for this

(1) Or possibly “ *through* the bleeding fractures.”

(2) Jacopo was a Paduan nobleman of whom the wildest absurdities are recorded—such as that he burned down one of his country-houses to amuse his guests.

(3) *I. e.* Florence, which changed its pagan patron Mars for its Christian

Will always make her mournful with his art.
And, if it were not that on Arno's pass
A certain show remaineth of him still,
Those citizens who then refounded her
On the ashes which from Attila remained¹
Had set themselves in vain to labouring.
I made myself a gibbet of my house."²

patron St. John the Baptist. A statue of the god was preserved in a tower by the Arno : and, according to popular superstition, his indignation at being ousted, partially soothed by this preservation, still raised up troubles against the city.

(1) Attila, or less improbably Totila, was rumoured to have destroyed the ancient Florence.

(2) The speaker is not satisfactorily identified : some call him Rocco de' Mozzi, others Lotto degli Agli. The poem seems to imply that he hung himself from a beam of his own house.

CANTO XIV.

Third division of the Second Circle : the Violent against God. The course
of the infernal rivers.

FOR that the charity of my native place
Strained me, I gathered up the scattered leaves,
And rendered them to him, who now was hoarse.

Hence to the end we came which separates
The second from the third round, and wherein
A horrible art of justice is to see.
To manifest aright the novel things,
I say that we arrived upon a lande
Which from its bed removeth every plant.
The painful forest is all round to it
A garland, as to that the dismal fosse :
We stayed our feet here, close as close may be.
The pavement was a sand, arid and dense,
Fashioned no other manner than was that
Which erst was under-pressed by Cato's feet.¹

(1) The Libyan desert.

O thou revenge of God, how much must thou
 By every one be dreaded who shall read
 That which unto mine eyes was manifest !
 Of naked spirits I saw many herds
 Who all were weeping very miserably ;
 And diverse law appeared imposed on them.
 Some people lay upon the earth supine ;
 And some, all huddled up, were seated there ;
 And other some continually went.
 The set which paced around was much the most ;
 And that was least which to the torment lay,
 But had its tongue more loosened for the pain.
 And over all the sand, with tardy fall,
 Were raining down dilated flakes of fire,
 As 'twere of snow on Alp without a wind.
 Like Alexander,¹ in those sultry parts
 Of India, saw upon his multitude
 Flames falling solid down unto the ground,—
 Whence he provided for to stamp the soil
 By his battalions, since the vapour was
 Extinguished better, while it was alone ;²—
 Suchlike descended the eternal blaze ;
 Whereby the sand took flame, as tinder doth

(1) A document purporting to be a letter from Alexander to Aristotle, translated by Cornelius Nepos, narrates that the troops were assailed successively by snow, rain, and fiery clouds, which they extinguished with their garments.

(2) *I. e.* (I suppose) it was easier to extinguish each flame as it fell than it would have been had they been left to gather.

Beneath the flint-stone, to redouble pain.
 Without reposing ever was the dance
 O' the miserable hands, now here now there,
 In shaking the fresh burning off from them.

“ Master,” began I, “ thou who conquerest
 All things excepting the obdurate fiends
 Who issued 'gainst us at the entry-gate,
 Who is that great one who not seems to reck
 About the fire, and lies in spite distort,
 So that the rain seems not to mellow him ?”

And that same man, who had become aware
 That I was asking after him my lord,
 Cried : “ As I was alive, such am I dead.
 If Jupiter should tire his smith, from whom
 Incensed he took the piercing thunderbolt
 Whereby upon the last day I was struck,¹—
 Or if he tire the others,² gang by gang,
 At the black furnace there in Mongibel,
 Exclaiming, ‘ O good Vulcan, help me ! help !’
 In like wise as he did at Phlægra's fight,³—
 And should against me dart with all his force,—
 He could not have thereby a glad revenge.”⁴

(1) Capaneus was struck down by lightning at the siege of Thebes.

(2) The Cyclopes.

(3) The fight between the gods and giants in Thessaly.

(4) He would not triumph in his revenge, because he could not exhaust my resistance.

Then did my leader speak with energy
 So much I had not heard him yet so strong :
 " O Capaneus, herein that this thy pride
 Doth quench not, art thou punishèd the more :
 Not any martyrdom ¹ except thy rage
 Would to thy fury be completed pain."

Then he turned round to me with better lip,
 Saying : " That man was one o' the seven kings
 Who leaguered Thebes,—and had, and seems he hath,
 God in disdain, and seems to prize him small :
 But, as I said unto him, his despites
 Are to his own breast worthiest ornaments.—
 Now follow me ; and see thou do not put
 Thy feet again into the scorching sand,
 But to the forest keep them ever strait."

We, keeping silence, thither came where spouts
 Out of the wood a little rivulet
 Whereof the redness makes me shudder still.
 Like as the runnel from the Hot-spring comes,
 Which 'mong them the loose women then divide,²
 Such that along the sand was going down.
 The bottom of the same, and both the crags,
 Had become stone, and at the sides the marge ;
 Whence I perceived that there the passage was.

(1) *Martirio*. Dante continually uses this word in the sense simply of torment.

(2) The Bulicame near Viterbo, which, it appears, was used by prostitutes, in Dante's time, either for bathing or for laundry purposes.

“ ‘Mid all the rest which I have shown to thee,
 After that we had entered by the gate
 Of which the thresholding is locked to none,
 No thing has been examined by thine eyes
 So notable as is the present rill,
 Which quenches every flamelet over it.”
 These words were of my leader : wherefore I
 Prayed him that he'd vouchsafe to me the food
 Of which he had vouchsafed me the desire.

“ In midst the sea a country sitteth waste,”
 He said thereon, “ which is entitled Crete,
 Under whose king¹ the world was chaste erewhile.
 A mountain 's there which heretofore was glad
 With waters and with fronds,—called Ida then :
 It now is desert, like a thing grown old.
 Rhea for faithful cradle of her son
 Chose it ; and, to conceal him better, she,
 When he was crying, had shouts made therein.²
 Within the mount a great old man stands up,³
 Who holds his shoulders turned toward Damietta,⁴

(1) Saturn, whose reign was the golden age.

(2) Rhea, to prevent Saturn from devouring their son Jupiter, as he had his previous children, concealed the infant in the Mount Ida, and had his cries stifled by clashing of shields, shouts, &c.

(3) This symbolical figure, borrowed from the prophecy of Daniel, is understood to signify, in the broadest sense, Time—compounded of the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages.

(4) Damietta in Egypt—that country, being the one of which the oldest records exist.

And looks, as 'twere his mirror, unto Rome.
 The head of him is fashioned of fine gold,
 And silver pure his arms are, and his breast ;
 Then he's of copper far as to the fork.¹
 Downward therefrom he is choice iron all,
 Save that the right foot is of baken clay :
 On that he stands erect, more than the left.
 The gold excepted, every part is cracked,
 And by a fissure that distilleth tears,
 Which, when collected, perforate that grot.
 Into this vale their course descends the crags ;
 They make Styx, Acheron, and Phlegethon.
 Then it goes downward by this straitened sluice
 As far as where there's no dismounting more :
 They make Cocytus ; and thou'lt see what that
 Stagnation is, whence here it is not told."

And to him I : " But, if the present stream
 Is thus deriving from our own world, why
 Appears it to us at this brink alone ? "

And he to me : " Thou know'st the place is round,
 And so, for all that thou hast journeyed much,
 It yet swerves left, down tending to the depth.
 Thou hast not yet turned round the circle all ;
 Wherefore, if aught seem novel to thee hence,
 It must not to thy face bring marvelling."

(x) The separation of the legs.

And I again : " Where, master, are there found
Lethe and Phlegethon ? for thou missest one,
And sayst from out this rain the other's made."

" In all thy questions sure thou pleasest me,"
He answered ; " but the water's boiling red
Should well have settled one which thou dost put.¹
Lethe thou'lt see, but outside of this fosse,
There where the spirits go to wash themselves
When guiltiness repented is removed."²
Then said he : " Now 'tis time to get away
Out of the wood : see thou come after me.
The margins make a path, which are not burned,
And every vapour over them is quenched."

(1) *I.e.* You might have guessed, from the fieriness of this present stream, that it is Phlegethon, since the word " Phlegethon " means " flaming."

(2) In Eden, the summit of Purgatory, before the souls pass thence to Heaven.

CANTO XV.

Same division continued : the Outragers of Nature. Brunetto Latini.

ONE of the hardened rims now carries us,
And the stream's smoke so saturates above
It saves from fire the water and the banks.
Like as the Flemings between Ghent and Bruges,
Fearing the flood which rushes counter them,
Construct their screen that so the sea be scaped ;
And like the Paduans along the Brent,
In order to defend their towns and forts,
Or ever Chiarentana feel the heat ;¹
On such a model these were fashioned ;
Albeit nor so lofty nor so thick,
Whoe'er he was, the master made the same.

Already from the wood were we removed
So much that where it was I'd not have seen,

(1) The Paduans erected mounds as a defence against the melting of the snows on Mount Chiarentana and other heights.

Supposing I had backward turned myself,
 When we encounterèd a troop of souls,
 Which came along the bank ; and every one
 Was looking at us, as at eve is wont
 One on the other by new moon to look ;
 And so they sharpened toward us their brows
 As an old tailor at his needle's eye.

In this wise eyed by such a family,
 I became known by one who caught me at
 The hem, and "What a wonder!" he exclaimed.

And, when unto me he stretched out his arm,
 I fixed mine eyes into his aspect baked,
 So that the burned-up face prevented not
 The knowledge of him to mine intellect ;
 And, lowering my hand unto his face,
 "Are *you*," I answered, "Ser Brunetto, here?"¹

And he then: "O my son, be not displeased
 If Brunetto Latini a whit with thee
 Returneth back, and leaves the track² aside."

(1) Brunetto Latini, of Florence, a very eminent public and literary man of his time, was Dante's tutor. The charge of unnatural sin, for which Dante here condemns him, does not appear against him in any other contemporary record.

(2) The track in which Brunetto had to walk, or possibly the company to which he belonged.

I said : " I pray you ¹ so, the most I can ;
And, if you will that I with you should sit,
I'll do 't, if him it please with whom I go."

" O son," he said, " whoever of this herd
Stoppeth at all lies then a hundred years,
And may not, when the fire doth smite him, budge.
Therefore go on : I'll follow at thy clothes,
And then I will rejoin my fellowship,
Which goeth weeping its eternal harms."

I did not from the pathway dare descend,
To go alongside him ; but held bowed down
My head, as he that walketh reverent.

" What fortune," he began, " or destiny,
Before the last day brings thee downward here ?
And who is this who showeth forth the road ?"

" Up there above, I, in the life serene,"
I answered him, " got wildered in a vale,
Before mine age was full.² But yesterday
At morning I my shoulders turned thereon.

(1) Throughout the interview between Brunetto and Dante, the tutor and scholar of old days, I have followed the Italian in the varying use of *thou* and *you*, which, in that language, indicate a greater or less degree of familiarity or respect.

(2) The precise value of this expression is disputed by commentators.

To me returning he just then appeared,
And by this pathway leads me back to home."

And he to me : " If thou pursue thy star,
Thou canst not of a glorious harbour fail,
If in the fair life I discerned aright.
And, if I had not died so much betimes,
Beholding Heaven so benign to thee,
I would have given thee comfort to the work.
But that ungrateful and malignant race
Which *ab antiquo* came from Fæsulæ,¹
And yet keeps somewhat of the mount and flint,²
Will, for thy well-doing, become thy foe ;
And reason 'tis ; for 'mong the acrid crabs
It ill behoveth the sweet fig to fruit.
Old rumour in the world doth call them blind ;³
A people avaricious, envious, proud.
See from their practice that thou furbish thee.
Thy fortune unto thee such honour keeps
The one and other part ⁴ shall of thee have
A hunger ; but afar be grass from beak.

(1) Florence was peopled from Fæsulæ (Fiesole) after, as tradition says, the latter had been destroyed in the war of Catiline ; and another mixture of the blood is said to have taken place after Attila or Totila destroyed Florence (see note 1, p. 93).

(2) Retains the trace of its highland and uncivilized origin.

(3) There was a proverb, " Pisans cheats, and Florentines blind." One explanation of this epithet for the Florentines (for there are at least two) is that they had been taken in by a shallow artifice of the Pisans in 1117.

(4) The Whites and Blacks.

E'en let the Fæsulan beasts make fodder of
Their proper persons, and not touch the plant—
If any yet amid their dung-heap rise—
In whom there lives again the sacred seed
Of those the Romans¹ who remained there when
The nest of so much malice it was built."

"If now the whole of my demand were full,"
Replied I to him, "you would not be yet
From human nature put in banishment ;
For in my mind is fixed, and touches now
My heart, the dear good image fatherly
Of you, when in the world you hour by hour
Would teach me how that man's immortalized ;
And how much love I bear this, while I live,
Behoves it be discovered in my tongue.
That of my course which you narrate I write,
And keep it to be glozed, with other text,
By a lady² who will know it if I reach
To her. Thus much I'd have made plain to you—
If but my conscience reprehend me not,
That I to Fortune, as she wills, am prompt.
Not new unto mine ears is such a pledge :
Therefore let Fortune even twirl her wheel
As it shall please her, and the clown his spade."

(1) The patrician families of Florence, including the Allighieri, claimed to be of Roman origin.

(2) Beatrice.

Then did my master on his dexter cheek
 Turn himself backward, and he looked at me ;
 Then said : " He listens well who noteth it."

Nor any less I speaking go meantime
 With Ser Brunetto ; and I ask who are
 His chiefer comrades, and the better known.

And he to me : " To know of some is good :
 The others 'twill be laudable to miss,
 For short would be the time for so much sound.
 Know thou in fine that all of them were clerks,
 And men of letters, great, and of great fame,
 Foul in the world with one the selfsame sin.
 Priscian¹ goes by with that distressful crowd,
 And eke Francis d'Accorso ;² and thou mightst,
 If thou hadst had a wish for suchlike scab,
 Have seen the man³ who was translated by
 The Servants' Servant⁴ from the Arno to
 Bacchiglion, where he left his ill-tense nerves.
 I'd tell of more ; but going on and speech
 May not be longer, for that I behold

(1) The famous grammarian of the 6th century. The grounds on which Dante condemns him for this sin are unknown.

(2) A distinguished professor of jurisprudence of Dante's time.

(3) Andrea de' Mozzi, removed from the bishopric of Florence to that of Vicenza.

(4) Pope Boniface VIII.—*servus servorum Dei*.

A new smoke there arising from the sand.
A people comes with which I must not be.
Let my Tesoro¹ be to thee in charge,
Which still I live in ; and I ask no more.”

Then round he turned ; and he appeared of those
Who at Verona race the cloth of green²
Along the plain ; and he, of these, appeared
The one who conquers, not the one who fails.

(1) The Tesoro is an encyclopædic work written by Brunetto in French. His other best known work is the Tesoretto, an Italian poem of allegorical character.

(2) The green cloth was the prize in a foot-race.

CANTO XVI.

Same division continued. Virgil summons Geryon to conduct them to the lower hell of the Fraudulent.

I NOW was in a place where the rebound
Was heard of water, which was falling to
The next round, like the hum which bee-hives make :
Whenas three shadows, running, parted them
Together from a multitude which passed
Under the rugged martyrizing's rain.

Toward us they were coming ; and each cried,
“ Stop thou, who by thy habit seem'st to us
To be some one of our degraded land.”

Ah me ! what wounds I saw upon their limbs,
Recent and olden, lighted by the flames !
It grieves me still if I but think of it.

My tutor was attentive to their cries,

Turned his face toward me, and, "Wait now," he
said,

"To these it fitteth to be courteous.
And, if it were not for the flame which here
The place's nature darteth, I should say
That haste were more becoming thee than them."

They, as we made a stop, did recommence
At the old tune ;¹ and, when they'd come to us,
They all the three made of themselves a wheel.²
As used to do the champions, oiled and nude,
Examining their vantage and their hold,
Ere they had fought each other, and had pierced,
Thus, wheeling, each presented unto me
His face, so that his neck contrárywise
Made a continual passage from his feet.

"And, if the misery of this shifting place
Brings us into despite, and prayers of ours,
And the scathed mournful aspect," one began,
"Let our renown incline thy spirit yet
To tell us who thou art, that so secure
Art moving these thy living feet through hell.

(1) *Ricominciar l'antico verso*: this seems to be used here as a proverbial phrase, the general meaning being simply that they resumed their original and wonted pace.

(2) They did not go past, but turned round and round at one spot,—being forbidden, as the preceding canto says, to cease moving.

This one whose track thou seest me to stamp,
 For all that naked he doth go, and flayed,
 Was of a higher grade than thou dost think.
 He was the good Gualdrada's grandson, of
 The name of Guidoguerra;¹ and in life
 He with his wits did much, and with his sword.
 The other who behind me scrapes the sand
 Is Tegghiajo Aldobrand, whose voice
 Ought to be revered in the world above.²
 And I who am affixed on cross with them
 Was Jacopo Rusticucci;³ and, in truth,
 My proud wife hurts me more than aught beside."⁴

If I had been protected from the fire,
 I should have thrown myself 'mid them adown,
 And think my tutor would have suffered it;
 But, since I should have burned myself and baked,
 The terror overmastered my good will
 Which made me hungry of embracing them.

And then began I: "Your condition fixed
 So much within me, not despite, but grief,
 That it can be but tardily despoiled,

(1) A celebrated Guelph leader in Florence.

(2) Another Guelph leader, who opposed in council the sally of the Florentine Guelphs which led to the overthrow at Montaperti.

(3) A Florentine, wealthy and generous.

(4) Rusticucci probably means to imply that he had fallen into sin through being unhappy with his wife.

As soon as this my lord had said to me
 Words on account whereof I thought, myself,
 That people such as you are were to come.
 Of your land am I ; and for ever still
 I with affection traced and hearkened to
 The work of you, and the well-honoured names.
 I leave the gall, and go for the sweet fruits
 Promised unto me by the truthful guide ;
 But to the centre I must first descend."

"So may thy soul a long time regulate
 Thy limbs," that man made answer thereupon,
 "And so may thy renown shine after thee,—
 Say whether courtesy and valour dwell
 Within our city, even as 'tis wont,
 Or whether wholly they are gone away :
 For William Borsier,¹ who laments with us
 Short while, and goes with his companions there,
 Troubles us greatly with the words he speaks."

"The new men, and the sudden gains, have bred,
 O Florence, pride within thee and excess,
 So as that thou already weep'st therefor !"
 Thus, with my face upraised, I cried aloud :
 And they, who understood this for reply,
 Looked on each other, as one looks at truth.

(x) Another Florentine, of whom Boccaccio, who calls him a man of courteous and elegant manners, relates an anecdote.

" If it so little cost thee other times
 To satisfy another," answered all,
 " Then happy thou who speakest thus thy mind.
 If these murk places, howsoe'er, thou scape,
 And come to re-behold the lovely stars,
 When thou wilt say contented ' I was there,'
 See that thou speak to people about us."

Thereat they broke the wheel up, and, to flee,
 The rapid legs of them resembled wings.
 An amen could not have been said so soon
 As they had disappeared ; wherefore it seemed
 Unto the master fitting to depart.

I followed him ; and little we'd advanced
 When sound of water was so near to us
 That we, for speaking, would be hardly heard.
 Like as that stream which has a course its own
 From Monte Veso first toward the East
 From off the left-hand ridge of Apennine,—
 Which is above named Acquacheta, ere
 Down to the low bed it precipitate,
 And at Forlì is empty of that name,¹—
 Re-echoes there over St. Benedict²
 From off the Alp, to fall in one descent

(1) Beyond Forlì the name of the stream changes from Acquacheta to Montone.

(2) A convent.

Where for a thousand should reception be ;¹
 Thus downward from a crazy-shattered bank
 Resounding we that darkened water found,
 So that in short while 'twould have vexed the ear.

I had a cord girt on me roundabout ;
 And with it I had thought a certain time
 To take the panther with the painted skin.²
 After I'd wholly loosed it from me off,
 So as the leader had commanded me,
 I handed it to him coiled up and twined :
 Whereat he turned him toward the right-hand side,
 And, somewhat at a distance from the edge,
 He cast it down into that lofty gulf.

“ And sure it needs some novelty respond,”

(1) The interpretation of this line is questionable. Some understand it to mean that there ought to have been more monks in the convent than there actually were. I fancy it refers to the Alp, not the convent, and is intended to magnify the idea of the height and space of the fall : “ There is room enough, not for one cascade only, but for a thousand.”

(2) Another difficult, and far *more* difficult, passage. The statement does not seem susceptible of being construed literally, and the most generally accepted interpretation is probably the best. It assumes two dubious points, viz. : 1. That Dante, in earlier years, had entered, or contemplated entering, the order of St. Francis, part of whose costume is the cord girdled round the middle ; 2. That the “ panther ” is the same as the panther of Canto I., and that that typifies sensual pleasure. Admitting these premises, the passage before us would mean that Dante wore the cord of the Franciscan order, by entering which he had hoped to mortify the flesh. Even so, the use of the cord on the present occasion is not clear. A similar phrase about “ catching the panther ” occurs in Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, but in a context so different that it does not seem to throw any light on the present matter.

I said within me, "to the novel call,
Which with his eye the master seconds so."

Ah ! and how cautious men require to be
With those who do not only see the act,
But with their mind observe within the thoughts !
He said to me : "Soon that will upward come
Which I expect, and which thy thinking dreams ;
It soon must be discovered to thy sight."

Still to that truth which has the face of lie
A man should close his lips the most he can,
Because, without a fault, it causes shame :
But this I cannot hide ; and, by the notes,
Reader, I swear, of this same comedy,—
So of long grace may they become not void !—
That through that gross and murky air I saw
A figure swimming coming upperward,—
One marvellous to every heart secure ;
Like as that man returns who goeth down
Sometimes to loose the anchor,—and doth clutch
Or rock or other thing that's shut i' the sea,
Who stretches upward, and contracts his feet.

CANTO XVII.

Same division continued : The Usurers. Dante is carried by Geryon to the Hell of the Fraudulent.

“ BEHOLD the beast with the sharp-pointed tail,¹
Which passes mountains, and breaks walls and arms ;
Behold the one which stenches all the world.”
My leader so began to speak to me ;
And to it signalled it should come ashore,
Nigh to the overtrampled marbles' end.

And that so filthy symbol-form of Fraud
Came up, and landed both its head and bust,
But did not draw its tail upon the edge.
The face thereof it was a just man's face,
It outwardly had so benign its skin,—
And of a serpent all the other trunk.
It had two claws unto the arm-pits haired ;

(1) Fraud, embodied by Dante in this monster, whom he names Geryon. Geryon was a king of Thrace, who threw his guests to anthropophagous horses, and was killed by Hercules.

The back and breast, and either of the flanks,
Painted it had with knots and little wheels.
Never did Turks nor Tartars work in silk
With more of colour on the grounds or braids,
Nor for Arachne were such webs imposed.
As barges certain times may stand in-shore,
That they are part in water, part on land,
Or, as among the guzzling Germans there,
To wage his war, the beaver settles him,—
This wickedest of beasts was standing so
Upon the edge which cramps the sand with stone.
Its tail entire was swishing in the inane,
Wriggling to upward the envenomed fork
Which, in the guise of scorpion, armed its point.

The leader said : “ It now behoves our way
Should twist a little, to as far as that
Malignant beast which there is laid along.”

Down to the right-hand breast we therefore went,
And made ten paces at the extremity,
To get the sand and flamelet fully ceased.
And, when we're come to it, a little on
Further I see upon the sand a folk
Sitting hard by to the truncated place.¹

(1) To the edge where the sand ceases, or is cut off.

Hereat the master said to me : “ That thou
Mayst take quite full experience of this round,
Now go thou, and behold the state of them.
There let thy conversations be but short :
With this thing I will speak till thou return’st,
That its strong shoulders it may grant to us.”

And so again upon the head extreme
Of that the seventh circle, all alone,
I went, where sat the melancholy folk.
Their sorrow through their eyes was bursting out :
Hither and thither with their hands they helped,
’Gainst now the vapours, now the heated soil.
Not otherwise in summer-time do dogs,
Now with the muzzle, now the foot, when they
Are bit by brizzles, or by fleas, or flies.

After I’d set mine eyes upon the face
Of some whereinto falls the painful fire,
I knew not of them any ; but perceived
That from the neck of each one hung a pouch
Which had a certain colouring and sign,
And herefrom it appears their eye is fed.
And as I come among them, looking round,
I saw, upon a purse of yellow, blue
Which had a lion’s face and carriage.¹

(1) The crest of the Gianfigliuzzi, a noble family of Florence.

Prolonging then the course of my regard,
 Redder than blood I saw another one
 Showing a goose more white than butter is.¹

And one who with a gross and azure sow²
 Had got his little bag emblazoned, said
 Unto me : " What dost thou do in this fosse ?
 Now go away : and, since thou'rt still alive,
 Know that Vitalian,³ my neighbour, will
 Be sitting here upon my left-hand flank.
 I, with these Florentines, am Paduan.
 Many a time they din into mine ears,
 Exclaiming, ' Let the sovereign knight arrive
 Who'll bring with him the pouch with he-goats three !'"⁴

Hereon he wrenched his mouth round, and drew
 out
 His tongue, as 'twere an ox that licks his nose.
 And, fearing to stay longer might incense
 Him who to stay short while admonished me,
 I returned backward from the weary souls.

I found my guide, who'd got already on

(1) The crest of the Ubbriachi, another noble Florentine family.

(2) The crest of the Scrovegni, of Padua. The speaker is Rinaldo Scrovegni, a noted usurer, whose son endowed the Arena Chapel, immortalised by the frescoes of Giotto.

(3) Vitaliano del Dente, also a Paduan.

(4) This is Giovanni Bujamonte de' Bicci, or degl' Irti, of Florence.

The crupper of the dreadful animal,
And said to me : " Be daring now and brave.
We must descend now by this sort of stairs.
Mount thou in front, for I will be the midst,
In such wise that the tail cannot do harm."

Like him who has so near the shivering
Of ague that his nails are ashen-white,
And but to eye the shade he trembles all,
I became suchlike at the proffered words ;
But yet his threatenings¹ wrought within me shame,
Which makes brave servant before worthy lord.
On those vile shoulders I adjusted me.
I meant to say so, but my voice came not
As I was minded : " See thou clasp me round."

But he, who succoured me another time
In lofty danger, soon as I did mount
Enclasped me and sustained me with his arms ;
And " Geryon," he said, " move onward now.
Wide let the wheelings be, and slight the fall ;
Think on the novel burden which thou hast."

As comes the sailing-vessel out of place
Backing and backing, so thence started he ;
And, when he felt that he had play at full,

(1) So in the Italian—" minacce : " rather exhortations or cautionings, in strictness.

Where was his breast, his tail there round he turned,
And that, distended, like an eel he moved,
And gathered with his paws the air to him.
A greater fear I think not that there was
When Phaëthon abandonèd the reins,
Whereby the sky, as still appears, was scorched,¹—
Nor when the miserable Icarus
Felt shoulder-blades unplumed by heatening wax,
His father crying, “ Evil course thou hold'st,”—
Than mine was when I saw that I was in
The air on every side, and saw extinct
Every prospect, saving of the beast.
That, slowly, slowly, goeth swimming on ;
Wheels and descends ; but I perceive it not
Save that there's wind below and on my face.
Now the abyss I on the right hand heard
Make a cascade beneath us, horrible ;
Wherefore I stretch my head with downward eyes.
I was more timid then at the descent,
For that I heard laments, and noted fires,
Whence trembling I up-huddle all myself.
And then I heard, for I heard not before,
The turning and descending, by the great
Horrors which grew, from divers quarters, near.
Like as the falcon that's been much on wing,—

(1) Probably an allusion to the Milky Way.

And which, not seeing lure or bird, doth make
The falconer say, "Fie! fie! do you alight?"—
Descends outwearied, whence he moveth quick
In hundred wheelings, and so settles far
Off from his master, in disdain and fell;
So Geryon set us at the bottom close
Against the foot of the mis-cloven rock;
And, from our persons disencumbering him,
He made away, as arrow does from cord.

CANTO XVIII.

Eighth Circle, or Evilpits, the first Hell of the Fraudulent. First two pits :
 Panders and Seducers :—Flatterers.

A PLACE there is in hell called Evilpits,
 Wholly of stone, and of an iron hue,
 Like to the circle which involves it round.
 In the right midst of the malignant field
 A well stands empty, very large and deep,
 Of which its place will tell the ordering.¹
 Round therefore is such rim as there remains
 Betwixt the well and foot o' the high hard bank,
 And in ten valleys has its bed distinct.
 As, there whereat for guarding of the walls
 More and more fosses gird the towers about,
 They make secure the quarter where they are ;
 Such sort of image these were making here ;
 And, from their thresholds as such fortresses
 Have a portcullis to the slope outside,

(1) Of which the purpose and nature will be told in the proper place : see
 Canto XXXI.

So from the lowest of the rock there moved
 Crags which retrenched the fosses and the banks
 Up to the well, which cuts them off, and heaps.

We, shaken from the spine of Geryon,
 In this place found us ; and the poet kept
 To left hand, and I moved me after him.
 A new pang at the right hand I beheld,
 Beheld new torturings and scourges new,
 With which the foremost pit was all replete.
 The sinners they were naked in the depth :
 Hither they came from midway toward our face,—
 From that side, but with greater steps, with us ;¹
 Like as the Romans, for the mighty troop,
 Have ta'en a mode of passing-on the folk
 Upon the bridge, the year of jubilee,—
 So that all have their forehead, on one side,
 Toward the Castle, going to St. Peter's,
 And, on the other bank, go toward the mount.²
 Up here and there, along the dusky stone,
 I beheld hornèd demons, with great whips,
 Who cruelly were beating them behind.
 Ah ! what a way they made them lift their legs

(1) The sinners are divided into two bands : the panders coming towards the poets, the seducers going in the same direction with the poets.

(2) In the year of jubilee, to prevent crushing, a partition was erected ; so that those crossing the bridge towards the Castle of St. Angelo and the Cathedral went on one side, those crossing towards the Janiculum on the other.

At the first blows ! and no one even now
 Awaited for the second nor the third.

While I was going, upon one mine eyes
 Encountered, and I said immediately :
 " I've not kept fast till now in seeing him." ¹

So to decipher him mine eyes I fixed ;
 And my sweet leader with me made a pause,
 And acquiesced I somewhat should go back.

And he the scourged one thought to hide himself,
 Bending his face,—but little served it him ;
 For I said : " If the looks thou bearest, who
 To earth dost cast thine eyes down, be not false,
 Thou art Venedico Caccianimico ;
 But to such pungent pickle ² what brings thee ? "

And he to me : " Unwillingly I speak ;
 But I'm enforced by thine illustrious ³ tongue,
 Which makes me recollect the ancient world.

(1) *I.e.* This is not the first time I have seen that man. Dante is partial to interchanging the epithets of the senses and faculties : as, mute of light, husky light, &c.

(2) *Salse*. Boccaccio and some other commentators say that there was near Bologna a valley named *Le Salse*, where panders were judicially whipped, and the corpses of reprobates deposited ; and they interpret the term accordingly.

(3) *Chiara*. Perhaps the term means merely " clear," and the implied meaning is that Dante's speech showed too clearly that he knew the fact.

I was the man who did induce the fair
 Ghisola to perform the Marquis' will,¹
 However the indecent tale may sound.
 Nor I alone weep here a Bolognese ;
 But rather is this place so full of them
 That not so many tongues are lessoned now
 To utter *sipa* 'twixt Savenne and Rene :²
 And, witness if thou'dst have or pledge hereof,
 Recall to mind our avaricious breast."

While he was speaking thus, a demon struck
 His thong against him, and said : " Pimp, away !
 There are not any women here for coin."

Unto my guide again I joined myself :
 Whereafter with few paces we arrived
 Where forth there issued from the bank a crag.
 Up this we very lightly climbed along,
 And, turning to the right upon its ridge,
 We went away from those eternal rounds.

When we had come there where is emptiness
 Below, to give a passage to the scourged,

(1) Ghisola was the sister of Venedico, who acted as go-between for Marquis Obizzo of Este ; the same who is punished above among the tyrants.

(2) Savenne and Rene are two rivers (the Savena and Reno) between which Bologna lies. *Sipa* was a Bolognese provincialism for *sì* (yes). Venedico says that all the living inhabitants of Bologna are not equal in number to the dead Bolognese panders.

The leader said : " Attend, and let the glance
Of these ill-omened ones against thee strike,
Of whom as yet thou hast not seen the face,
Because together they with us have gone."

From the old bridge we looked upon the troop,
Which came toward us from the other end,
And whom in selfsame way the scourges mash.

And the good master, without my demand,
Said to me : " At that great one look, who comes,
And seems he'll shed, for all the pain, no tear.
How royal an aspect retains he still !
Jason is that, he, by his heart and wits,
Who dispossessed the Colchians of the ram.
He by the Isle of Lemnos passed along
After the daring women pitiless
Had given all the males of them to death.
Therein with shows and artificial words
Did he deceive the young Hypsipyle,
Who had before deceived the others all,¹
He left her pregnant here, and all alone :
Such guilt condemns him to such martyring ;
And for Medea too revenge is wreaked.
With him go such as in this mode deceive :

(1) The women of Lemnos, in a fury instigated by Venus, murdered all the males on the island ; Thoas alone escaping by the contrivance of his daughter Hypsipyle.

And of the foremost vale be this enough
To know, and eke of them it in it goes."

We were already where the straitened path
Crosses with bank the second, and of that
It makes the shoulders to another arc.
We heard a people hence which groaneth in
The other pit, and with the muzzle puffs,
And pummels with the palms their proper selves.
The banks were over-coated with a must
By breathing from beneath which clots thereon,
Which was at battle against eyes and nose.
The bottom is so dark that place to see
Avails not, but by mounting to the back
O' the arc, whereat the crag impendeth more.
Here came we ; and herefrom down in the ditch
I saw a people in a cesspool soused
Which seemed as if from human privies moved.

And, with mine eye while downward there I search,
One with a head I saw so foul with filth
It seemed not if he laic were or clerk.

At me he cried : " Why art thou greedy so
To look at me more than the other frights ? "

And I to him : " Because erewhile, if well
I recollect, I've seen thee with hair dry,

M

And thou'rt Alesse Interminei of Lucca :¹
I therefore eye thee more than all the rest."

And he thereunto, battering his sconce :
" The flatteries have sunk me here-adown
Whereof I never had my tongue sufficed."

My leader said unto me after this :
" A little more thrust out thy countenance,
That thou with eyes may'st well attain the face
Of that so filthy and dishevelled wight
Who there with nails befouled is scratching her,
And now stoops down, and standeth now afoot.
She is the strumpet Thaïs, who rejoined,—
When asked her paramour, ' Do I receive
Great thanks from thee ? '—' Nay, rather, marvellous : '²
And hereat let our sight be satisfied."

(1) A member of a very noble family.

(2) This is a story from the *Eunuchus* of Terence. Thraso has sent a present to Thaïs, who, according to the messenger, gave him *gratias ingentes* for it,—though all the while she is intriguing with another man.

CANTO XIX.

Third pit ; The Simoniacal. Pope Nicholas III.

O SIMON MAGUS, O his wretched sect !
Ye who the things of God, which ought to be
The spouses of desert, for silver and
For gold, rapacious, do adulterate,
It now behoves the trumpet sound for you,
Seeing that ye abide in pit the third.

To the succeeding vault o' the rock had we
Already mounted upward, at that point
Which falls exactly o'er the middle fosse.
How great, O Supreme Wisdom, is the art
Thou show'st in heaven, in earth, and the bad world,
And how thy virtue dealeth justly forth !
Along the sides and at the bottom I
Beheld the livid stone replete with holes,
All of one breadth, and every one was round.
Ample not less they seemed to me nor more
Than those which in my beautiful St. John's

Are fashioned out for the baptizers' place :¹
 One among which, 'tis not yet many years,
 I broke because of one who drowned inside :
 (Be this a seal for undeceiving all !)²
 Out of the mouth of each a sinner's feet
 Were in excess, and of the legs as far
 As to the calf: the rest remained within.
 The soles were both alight to all of them :
 Wherefore they kicked so strongly with the joints
 They would have broken wicker-work and ropes.
 Like as the flame of unctuous things is wont
 To move but up along the extremest bark,
 Such there it was from heels to point of toes.

"Who, master, is the one that gets enraged,
 More kicking than the rest his fellows do,"
 Said I, "and whom a redder flame doth suck?"

And he to me : "If thou wouldst have me bring
 Thee downward by that bank which most inclines,
 From him thou'lt know himself and his misdeeds."

(1) The baptistery dedicated to St. John at Florence had a font circled by an outer casing, which contained openings for the baptizing priests to stand in.

(2) This curious incident occurred during Dante's priorship in Florence. According to Benvenuto da Imola, a Dantesque commentator of the 14th century, a boy playing in the baptistery fell into one of the openings, and got jammed in it so as to be unable to escape. Many people collected, but none hit upon any method of rescue, till Dante, taking an axe, shattered the enclosing stones. Probably, from the poet's closing remarks, this necessary, sensible, and humane act was voted scandalous and sacrilegious by the big-wigs and gossips.

And I : " To me all 's fair that pleases thee :
 Thou art the lord, and know'st I sever not
 From thy good will, and what I speak not know'st."

Unto the fourth ridge thereupon we came.
 We turned, and we descended to the left,
 Down there into the bottom pierced and strait.
 And still did the good master from his haunch
 Not stir me till he reached me to the rent
 Of him who with his shank lamented so.

" O who thou be that hold'st thine upmost down,
 Thou melancholy soul, set like a stake,"
 Began I saying, " if thou canst, give speech."

I like the friar stood which cònfesses
 The treacherous murderer, who, being stuck,¹
 Recalleth him ; for which the death is stayed.

And he exclaimed : " Art thou already there
 Set up, set up already, Boniface ?²
 By several years the writing³ lied to me.
 Art thou so early satiate with that pelf

(1) According to the old Florentine law, an assassin was to be stuck in the earth, head downwards.

(2) The speaker, Pope Nicholas III., surmises his interlocutor to be his successor in the papacy, Boniface VIII.

(3) It does not appear whether any *particular* writing—popular prophecy or otherwise—is alluded to.

For which thou fearedst not to take by fraud
The beauteous woman,¹ and then butcher her ?”

Such I became as those are who remain,
Because they understand not what's replied,
As mocked, and know not wherewith to respond.

Then Virgil said, “ Tell him immediately,
' I am not he, I am not he, thou think'st.' ”

And I replied as 'twas on me imposed.

Wherefore the soul distorted all his feet,
Sighing thereafter, and with voice of plaint
Said to me : “ What of me dost thou require ?
If who I am thou car'st to know so much
That thou hast therefore overpassed the bank,
Know that I vested the great mantle on ;
And I was verily the she-bear's child,²
So greedy for advancing of the cubs
I put in purse pelf there, and here myself.
Beneath my head down are the others dragged
Who have preceded me in simony,
Thorough the fissure of the stone-work, flat.
Down thither I shall fall in like wise when
He shall have come who I believed thou wast

(1) The Church; whose supreme government Boniface was said to have obtained by device practised upon his meek predecessor Celestin V.

(2) An allusion to the pope's family-name—Orsini.

Whenas I made the sudden-quick demand.
 But more's the time already that I've cooked
 My feet, and have been topsy-turvy thus,
 Than planted he'll remain with reddened feet ;¹
 For after him shall come by uglier work
 A pastor from the westward without law,
 Such that it fits he cover him and me.
 He'll be a second Jason, of whom you read
 In Maccabees ; and, as to him his king
 Was soft, so 'll be, to this, who ruleth France."²

I know not was I too audacious here,
 For even in this strain I answered him :
 " Pray tell me now how much our Lord required
 Of treasure from St. Peter, ere that in
 His custody he would repose the keys :
 Certes he asked no more than ' Follow me : '
 Nor Peter nor the others asked for gold
 Or silver from Matthias, when the lot
 Gave him the place the fell soul forfeited.
 Wherefore lie there, for thou art punished well ;
 And well upon the ill-got money look
 Which made thee be audacious against Charles."³

(1) Nicholas had to wait for Boniface 20 years ; Boniface for his (next but one) successor Clement V. 11 years.

(2) Jason was corruptly favoured by Antiochus Epiphanes ; Clement by Philip le Bel.

(3) Nicholas did his best to curtail the power of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, and in especial is charged with having engaged in the conspiracy against that king which resulted in the Sicilian Vespers.

And, if it were not that the reverence
 Doth still forbid me of the keys supreme
 Which thou didst hold during the joyful life,
 I would be using words still heavier ;
 For that your avarice afflicts the world,
 Trampling the good, and raising up the vile.
 Of you the pastors the Evangelist
 Was 'ware when she who on the waters sits
 Was witnessed by him whoring with the kings ;
 The one who with the seven heads was born,¹
 And from the ten horns had her argument
 For so long time as virtue pleased her spouse.²
 Of gold and silver you have made you God :
 And what 's 'twixt you and the idolater
 Save that he prays to one, to hundred you ?
 Ah Constantine, of how much ill was dam,
 Not thy conversion, but that dowry which
 The first rich Father did accept from thee ! ”³

(1) The Scarlet Woman had not herself seven heads, but sat on a beast with seven heads. These heads are here accepted for the seven sacraments, and the ten horns for the ten commandments.

(2) This is generally interpreted to mean, “As long as virtue pleased her husband, the pope.” If, however, Dante personifies the popes themselves in the woman (as may seem to be implied in the previous passage, “Of you the pastors the Evangelist Was 'ware when she,” &c.) this interpretation, which also personifies the popes in the same woman's husband, can scarcely be right. In that case, the present line might perhaps mean “As long as the virtue of the Church continued well-pleasing to her Husband Christ.” But it may be that the previous passage indicates *the Church under papal government*, not the popes themselves, and then the usual interpretation stands.

(3) This is the old story that Constantine bestowed the government of Rome on Pope Sylvester and his successors.

And, while I sang unto him suchlike notes,
Whether 'twas conscience bit him or 'twas rage,
With both his soles he was out-thrusting hard.

I well believe it pleased my leader, he
Attended still with so contented lip¹
The sound of the veracious words expressed.
He took me thereupon with both his arms,
And, when up to his breast he had me all,
Remounted by the way he made descent ;
Nor tired of having me held close to him
Till o'er the arch-head he had carried me
Which from the fourth bank crosses to the fifth.
Here tenderly he put the tender load
Down on the rock deformed and arduous,
Which would have been a passage hard to goats :
Another valley opened to me hence.

(1) *Labbia*. In the present passage and various others, *labbia*, literally lip, is used by Dante to indicate more or less decisively *countenance* in general.

CANTO XX.

Fourth pit : Diviners and Sorcerers.

OF a new pain I have to make my verse,
And give the matter for the twentieth chant
Of the first lay, which is of the submerged.

I was already altogether bent
On looking into the discovered depth
Which was with anguished weeping saturate ;
And through the rounded valley saw I folk
Come shedding tears and silent, at the pace
Which in this world the litanies¹ maintain.
As lower upon them my vision stooped,
Each marvellously seemed to be transversed
From chin unto beginning of the trunk ;
For from the reins the countenance was turned,
And backward it behoved them to come on,
For seeing forward was withdrawn from them.
Perhaps by paralytic force erewhile
Some one has been transversed completely thus :

(1) *I. e.* those who go in procession *chanting* litanies.

But I've not seen it, nor believe it is.
 So may God let thee, reader, gather fruit
 From this thy reading, think now for thyself
 In what wise could I keep my visage dry
 When close at hand our image I beheld
 Distorted so that weeping from the eyes
 Moistened the buttocks down along the cleft.

Certes I wept, leaning on one o' the crags
 Of the hard rock, so that mine escort said
 To me, "Art thou too of the other fools?
 Here, when 'tis wholly dead, doth pity¹ live:
 For who can be more wicked than the man
 Who has a passion for God's judgship?² Raise,
 Raise up thy head, and see the one to whom,
 Before the Thebans' eyes, the earth did ope,
 Wherefore they all cried out, 'Where plungest thou,
 Amphiaräus? Wherefore leave the war?'³
 And he ceased not to tumble valley-ward
 As far as Minos, who grips every one.

(1) *Pietà*; doubtless used in the double sense of *pity* and *piety*.

(2) *Che al giudisio divin passion porta*. This not very Italian-sounding phrase is generally taken to mean "Who entertains passion *against* God's judgment." I do not think that is so accurate a definition of the sin of the diviners as the rendering I have given. I think it pretty clear, but it is not beyond a doubt, that these lines do really refer to the diviners. They *may* possibly refer to Dante himself, whose misplaced pity Virgil would thus rebuke as showing a repining (*passion*) against God's decree in the punishment of these sinners.

(3) Amphiaräus, one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes, was swallowed up by the earth through the intervention of Phœbus.

See, of his shoulders he has made his breast :
 Because he willed to see too much before,
 He looks behind, and makes his walking back.
 Behold Tiresias, who changed his shape,
 When he, from masculine, grew feminine,
 Changing his members one and all ; and first
 It afterwards behoved him to re-strike
 The two convolving serpents with his wand,
 Ere he could have his male plumes back again.¹
 Aruns is that who 'gainst *his* belly backs,²
 Who, in the mounts of Luni, wherein weeds
 The Carrarese who habiteth below,
 Amid white marbles had the cavern for
 His dwelling ; whence, for gazing on the stars
 And sea, the view was not cut off from him.
 And that one who doth cover up her breasts,
 Which thou behold'st not, with her loosened locks,
 And has on that side all the hairy skin,
 Was Manto,³ who through many countries searched.
 She after settled there where I was born ;
 Wherefore I'd have thee list to me a whit.
 After her father had gone out from life,
 And Bacchus' city had become enslaved,⁴

(1) Tiresias, the blind Theban prophet, changed into a woman on striking two serpents with his wand, and back again by a similar action.

(2) A Tuscan Aruspex, of Cæsar's time.

(3) Daughter of Tiresias.

(4) Thebes, tyrannized over by Creon.

This woman went a long time through the world.
A lake above in fair Italia lies
At the Alp's foot which closes Germany,
Over Tyrol,—Benacus is its name.
I think the Apenmine from thousand founts
And more, 'tween Garda and Vale Camonic,
Bathes in the water stagnant in this lake.
There is a place about the middle where
The Trentine pastor, and the Veronese,
And Brescian, if they took that road, might sign.¹
Peschiera sitteth, fortress fair and strong,
To front the Brescians and the Bergamasques,
Where, roundabout, the shore descended most.
Here it behoves that there should wholly fall
What cannot in Benacus' lap abide,
And grows a river down the pastures green.
Soon as to flow the water maketh head,
Mincio, no more Benacus, is it called,
Far as Governo, where it falls in Po.
It runs not far before it finds a plain,
Wherein it spreadeth, and inundates it,
And is in summer wont to be of harm.
The austere virgin, passing onward hence,

(1) A place bordering on the episcopal dioceses of Trent, Verona, and Brescia; and where consequently each of these three bishops might give the *sign* of episcopal benediction. Such is the interpretation of the commentators. The lines might equally mean—a place where Manto, if she were now passing that way, could point out the shepherds of three districts, Trent, Verona, and Brescia.

Beheld, in midway of the swamp, a land
Without all culture, nude of habitants.
Therein, to fly all human fellowship,
She with her servants stayed, to use her arts,
And lived, and left her empty body there.
And then the men who were dispersed about
Upon that spot collected, which was strong
Through the morass it had on every side.
They made the city o'er those perished bones ;
And, for her sake who chose the place at first,
Called it, without more omen, Mantua.
Its people otherwhile were grown more dense
Within ere Casalodi's madness had
Encountered Pinamonte's trickery.¹
I charge thee, therefore, that, if e'er thou hear'st
My land originated otherwise,
Not any falsehood do defraud the truth."

And I : " Thy reasonings, my master, are
So certain to me, and so take my faith,
That others would to me be burned-out coals.
But tell me of the people which proceeds,
If any worthy note thou seest of them ;
For solely upon this my mind doth dwell."

(1) In 1272, Pinamonte de' Buonaccorsi, by practising upon the credulity of Alberto da Casalodi, the head of another patrician family, got him out of Mantua, and obtained the sole supremacy there.

Then said he to me : “ He that from his cheek
 On his brown shoulders putteth out his beard,
 What time that Greece was empty so of males
 That hardly in the cradles they remained,
 Was augur, and with Calchas gave the point,
 In Aulis, when to cut the earliest rope.¹
 He had the name Eurypylus ; and so
 In one place sings my lofty tragedy :
 Well know’st it thou, who know’st the whole
 of it.

That other who’s so little in the flanks
 Was Michael Scott,² who veritably knew
 The game of magic frauds. Behold thou here
 Guido Bonatti,³ and behold Asdente,⁴
 Who now would wish he’d stuck to leather and
 To packthread ; but his penitence is late.
 Behold the sorry ones who left the needl,
 Shuttle, and spindle, to be witches ; they
 Made sorceries with image and with herbs.—
 But come now ; for already Cain with thorns⁵
 Keepeth the confine of both hemispheres,

(1) Concurred with Calchas in declaring the right point, or moment, at which the Grecian fleet was to sail from Aulis on the Trojan expedition.

(2) A well-known legendary name of our own. He lived much in Italy.

(3) A Florentine diviner, attached to that Guido da Montefeltro who appears in Canto XXVII.

(4) Originally a cobbler in Parma.

(5) According to vulgar legend, the spots on the moon are Cain with a faggot of thorns.

And under Seville doth he touch the wave.¹
Last night already too the moon was round :
Thou must recall it well ; for once a time
In the thick wood it was no harm to thee."

Thus spake he to me ; and meantime we went.

(1) And consequently, this being an equinoctial time, a new day, Saturday of Passion-week, is on the point of beginning.

CANTO XXI.

Fifth pit : The Barterers of office, justice, &c., for lucre.

FROM bridge to bridge so, talking other talk,
Which careth not my comedy to chant,
We came ; and we possessed the summit when
We stopped to see the other fissuring
Of Evilpits, and other vain laments ;
And I beheld it marvellously obscure.
Like as in the Venetians' arsenal
Boileth in winter the tenacious pitch,
To tar again their un-seaworthy ships
They cannot navigate ;—and, in mean while,
One makes his vessel new, and one recaulks
The ribs of that which sailed for many a time ;
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop ;
One makes the oars, another twines the ropes ;
Another patches main and mizen sail ;—
Such, not by fire, but by the art of God,
There a dense pitch was boiling underneath,
Which viscid made the bank on every side.

N

This did I see ; but in it saw I not
 Except the bubbles which the boiling roused,
 And how the whole swelled up, and fell compressed.

While I was looking down there fixedly,
 My leader drew me—calling out, “ Look ! look ! ”—
 Toward him from the spot at which I stood.

Then did I turn me, like the man who longs
 To see a something which he has to flee,
 And whom a sudden fear dishearteneth,
 Who, for the looking, tarries not in flight ;
 And a black devil I behind us saw,
 Who, running, came above along the crag.
 And ah ! how savage was he in his look !
 And how meseemed he in his action sharp,
 With open wings, and light upon his feet !
 With both the haunches did a sinner lade
 His shoulder, which was pointed and superb,
 And he was holding the feet's nerve in grip.

He said from off our bridge : “ O Evilclaws,¹
 Here's one of Santa Zita's Ancients.²”

(1) *Malebranche*—the *generic* name of this band of devils. In 1235 the then senator of Rome, named Malebranca, had taken an oath of obedience to Pope Gregory IX. on behalf of the citizens, after some disputes. Possibly this name suggested to Dante the appellation for his Devils associated with corrupt officials.

(2) One of the Ancients, or magistrates, of the city, Lucca, whose patron Saint is Saint Zita. This Ancient is presumed to be Martin Bottajo.

You put him under ; for I go again
 To that land, which is well supplied with them.
 Except Buonturo,¹ all are barterers² there :
 There *no*, for money, changes into *yes*."

He threw him down there, and turned back along
 The hardened rock ; and ne'er was mastiff slipped
 With so much haste to follow up the thief.

The man ducked in, and up returned reversed.

But cried the demons who had covert from
 The bridge : " The Sacred Face has no room here ;³
 Not as in Serchio here one has to swim.
 If then thou wantest not our scratchings, see
 There be no surplus of thee o'er the pitch."
 They stuck him then with more than hundred prongs.
 They said : " It fits that covered here thou dance,
 That, if thou canst, thou mayst extort unseen."
 Cooks make their servants in no other wise
 Souse in the kettle's middle, with their hooks,
 The meat, in order that it may not float.

(1) Buonturo Dati was the *most* infamous for corruption among the Lucchese.

(2) *Barattieri*: barterers of office, justice, &c. for lucre. There is, I think, no single English word quite equivalent : embezzlers, extortioners, or petulators, are terms which come near. "Malversants" (if one might venture such a coinage from "malversation") would perhaps answer the purpose.

(3) A portrait of Christ ascribed by tradition to Nicodemus, which is still a much-cherished relic in Lucca.

Said the good master to me : " That it so
May not appear thou'rt present, squat thou down
Behind a rock, that thou mayst have some screen.
And fear not for whate'er offence there may
To me be done,—seeing I know the things,
For I was at this marketing before."

Then passed he on beyond the bridge's head ;
And, when he had arrived on bank the sixth,
Need 'twas that he should wear a hardy front.
With such a fury and with such a storm
As dogs go out upon the pauper who
Begs of a sudden where¹ he makes a stop,
Those issued from beneath the little bridge,
And turned against him all their tenter-hooks.

But he replied : " Let none of you be fell !
Before that hook of yours take hold on me,
Let one of you, to hear me, draw him near,
And let him think of skewering me then !"

They all of them cried out : " Let Bad-tail² go !"
Wherefore one moved, the others standing firm.

And, saying : " What brings thee ?" he came to him.

(1) Or possibly—Wherefore he stops short.

(2) Malacoda.

“Bad-tail, dost thou suppose thou seest me
Having come hither,” so my master spoke,
“Already safe from all defence of yours,
Without divine command and favouring fate?
Let me proceed; for it is willed in heaven
I show another on this salvage road.”

His pride was then so fallen that he let
His hook down-tumble to his feet, and said
Unto the rest: “Now let him not be struck.”

And unto me my lord: “O thou who sitt’st
Amid the bridge’s boulders all asquat,
Return thou to me now securely back.”

Wherefore I moved, and quickly came to him;
And forward, all of them, the devils came,
So that I feared they would not keep their pledge.
And so erewhile I saw the soldiers fear
Who covenanted from Caprona went,
Seeing themselves amid so many foes.¹
With all my person did I draw me nigh

(1) Caprona, a Pisan fortress, having capitulated to the Gueff confederates of Tuscany in 1290, the garrison fled out, when the hostile soldiers clamoured (but only to frighten them) to have them hung. Dante is believed to have served among the victors.

Alongside of my lord, and lifted not
 Mine eyes from their aspect, which was not good.

They bent their prongs ; and " Shall I touch him up
 Upon the crupper ?" one with other said :
 And they replied : " Yes, make him show some sport."

But he the demon who was holding speech
 Together with my lord turned all in haste,
 And said : " Stop, Elflocks,¹ stop !" And then he
 spoke

To us : " 'Twill not be possible to go
 Further along this rock, because that all
 The sixth arc's lying at its bottom smashed ;
 And, onward if you still would please to wend,
 Go up then by this cavern : there is nigh
 Another rock, which makes a path along.
 Five hours more on than this is, yesterday,
 A thousand and two hundred sixty-six
 Years finished since the path was broken here.²
 I'm sending thither some of these of mine,
 To see if any airs himself therefrom :
 Go you with them, for they will not be froward.

(1) Scarmiglione.

(2) The fall of the infernal rocks was caused by the earthquake at the Crucifixion. That was at the ninth hour of the day ; and the text shows that, at the moment when Bad-tail speaks, it is four hours after sunrise on Saturday of Passion-week, 1300.

Draw out, thou, Droopingwing,¹ and Tramplebrine,²
 And thou too, Dogtooth,"³ he began to say,
 "And Bristlebeard⁴ shall guide the ten of you.
 Let Play-the-trick⁵ come on, and Grinningmouth,⁶
 And tusky Wriggle-eel,⁷ and Scratching-dog,⁸
 And Coltsfoot,⁹ too, and frantic Ruddyflare.¹⁰
 Search ye the boiling bird-lime roundabout.
 Let these as far as the next ledge be safe,
 Which goes on all entire above the dens."

"Ah me! my master, what is that I see?
 Oh! let us guideless go," said I, "alone,
 If thou know'st how, for I want none of such.
 If thou art so acute as is thy wont,
 Dost thou not notice how they grind their teeth,
 And threaten sorrow to us with the brows?"

And he to me: "I will not have thee fear:
 Let them grind even to their heart's content,
 For they do this because o' the doleful stews."¹¹

(1) Alichino.

(2) Calcabrina.

(3) Cagnazzo.

(4) Barbariccia.

(5) Libicocco. I *suppose* this appellative is intended to bear some such general meaning as that by which I have rendered it.

(6) Draghignazzo.

(7) Ciriatto.

(8) Graffiacane.

(9) Farfarello.

(10) Rubicante.

(11) The poor wretches who are stewing beneath the pitch.

They made a turn along the left-hand bank :
But every one had bitten first his tongue
For signal, with his teeth, towards their lord,
And he had made a trumpet of his rear.

CANTO XXII.

Fifth pit continued : Ciampolo.

KNIGHTS have I seen aforesaid raise the camp,
Begin the battle, hold their mustering,
And sometimes make away in their retreat ;
I have seen couriers upon your land,
O Aretines, and seen the foragers ;
And fighting tournaments, and running jousts ;
Awhile at trumpets, and awhile at bells,
At beacons from the castle, and at drums,
At things that are our own, and foreign things :
Yet never at a pipe so curious
Did I see riders moved, or infantry,
Nor ship, at signalling of land or star.

With the ten demons we were going on—
Ah ! fell companionship ! But, in the church
With saints, and with the gluttons at the inn.
Upon the pitch was mine attention still,

To see the whole containing of the pit,
And of the people which inside was burned.
Like as the dolphins when they make a sign
To mariners, by arching of their back,
That they should think of how to save their ship,—
So sometimes, to alleviate the pain,
One of the sinners showed his back above,
And hid, in less time than it lightens in.
And as, at brink of water in a ditch,
The frogs stay, having just their muzzle out,
So that they hide the feet and other breadth,
Thus upon every side the sinners stayed :
But they, as Bristlebeard came onward, so
Under the boilings did withdraw themselves.
I saw, and still my heart is shuddering,
One waiting in such manner as it haps
That one frog will remain, another jump.
And Scratching-dog, who was most opposite
Unto him, hooked him by the pitchy hair,
And drew him, that he seemed an otter, up.
I knew the names already of them all,
So did I mark them when they were elect,
And, when they called each other, noted how.

“ O Ruddyflare, be sure thou put thy claws
So into him that thou do have him flayed,”
Together all cried out the accursed ones.

And I : " My master, manage, if thou canst,
So as to know who the unfortunate is,
Who's come into his adversaries' hands."

My leader drew anear him, side by side ;
He asked him whence he was. And answered he :
" I'm native of the kingdom of Navarre.¹
My mother placed me servant to a lord,
Having conceived me from a profligate,
Destroyer of his substance and himself.
Next I was favourite of good king Thibaut :²
I set me there on doing barterings,
Whereof I give account within this heat."

And Wriggle-eel, from out whose mouth there came
On either side a tusk as 'twere a hog's,
Made him to feel how one of them ripped up.
The mouse had come among uncanny cats.

But Bristlebeard confined him with his arms,
And said : " You, while I fork him, stay you there."
And to my master did he turn his face :
" Demand," he said, " again, if more thou'dst wish
To know of him, ere others him undo."

(1) The speaker is Ciampolo, a person of gentle birth.

(2) Thibaut II. of Navarre, surnamed The Good.

My lord : " Now tell then of the other damned.
Knowest thou any that is Latin 'neath
The pitch ? "

And he : " I parted little while
Ago from one who came from near thereby.
So were I only covered still with him,
I would not be in fear of nail nor hook."

Thereat said Play-the-trick : " We have forborne
Too long : " and with the fork he caught his arm,
So that he, tearing, took a fore-arm off.

And Grinningmouth he too would have a snap
Down from the legs ; whence their decurion
Turned round and round about with evil glare.

When they a little were appeased again,
Of him, who still was gazing on his wound,
Without delaying did my leader ask :
" Who was the man from whom thou sayest thou
Mad'st ill departure, so to come ashore ? "

And, " It was Friar Gomita,"¹ he replied,
" He of Gallura, vessel of all fraud,

(1) Minister of Nino de' Visconti in Gallura, one of the jurisdictions of Sardinia. The enemies of Nino purchased safety from Gomita by bribes. Nino himself appears in the vestibule of Purgatory (Purg., Canto VIII.).

Who had in hand his master's foes, and so
 Used them that each congratulates himself :
 Money he took, and loosed them quietly,
 As he affirms ; and eke in other posts
 He was no small but sovereign barterer.
 With him Don Michael Zanche doth consort,
 Of Logodoro :¹ and the tongues of them
 In speaking of Sardinia feel not tired.
 Ah me ! behold the one who grinds his teeth !
 I would speak on ; but am afraid lest he
 Should be preparing now to scratch my scab."

And the great chieftain, turned to Coltsfoot, who
 Was goggling with his eyes in act to strike,
 Said : "Stand you there aside, you ugly bird !"

"If you would like to see, or yet to hear,"
 Began again thereafter the affrayed,
 "Tuscans or Lombards, I will make them come.
 But let the Evilclaws a little stop,
 So that *they* may not fear their vengeance ;
 And, sitting in this selfsame place here, I,
 For one that I am, will make seven come forth,

(1) Another of the Sardinian jurisdictions. Donno (Don) appears to be employed here as a Sardinian provincialism, and perhaps also *di piano* (the phrase above rendered "quietly"). Zanche was murdered by Branca d'Oria, his son-in-law, who appears in Canto XXXIII.

When I shall whistle, as our custom 'tis
To do what time that any one protrudes."

At this speech Dogtooth raised his muzzle up,
Shaking his head, and saying : " Hear the trick
Which he has thought of, so to throw him down !"

Whence he, who had an ample wealth of snares,
Made answer : " I am tricksome in good sooth,
When for my greater sorrow I provide !" ¹

Drooping could not contain, and, with the rest
In conflict, said to him : " If thou make off,
Not at a gallop I'll behind thee come,
But I will beat my wings above the pitch.
Let's leave the hill, and be the bank a shield,
To see if thou alone excellest us."

O thou who read'st, thou'lt hear a novel game.
Each turned his eyes toward the other side,—
He first who'd been most raw² for doing it.
The Navarrese caught his occasion well,
Planted his soles on earth, and instantly
Leaped, and released himself from their intent :

(1) *Quando procuro a me maggior tristisia*. Some editions read *a' miei maggior tristisia* (greater sorrow for my companions); which seems a phrase more nearly representative of the fact, but less plausible as a plea.

(2) Most reluctant—Dogtooth.

Whence each one was compunctious at a stroke,
He chiefly who was cause of the default.

Therefore he moved, and cried : " I have thee now !"
But little it availed him, for his wings
Outstripped not terror. Underneath went this,
And that one, flying, righted up his breast :
Not otherwise, immediately, the duck,
When near the falcon comes, will dive beneath,
And up, enraged and ruffled, he returns.

Tramplebrine, angered at the ridicule,
Kept, flying on, behind him, well content
That he escaped, to have a quarrel so ;
And, as the barterer had disappeared,
So on his fellow did he turn his claws,
And he above the fosse with him was gripped.
But well the other was an osprey-hawk,
To claw him properly ; and both of them
Fell in the middle of the boiling pool.
The heat was instantly a severer ;
But, ne'ertheless, of rising-up was nought,
In such a manner had they limed their wings.
Bristlebeard, doleful with the rest of his,
Made four fly of them to the other side,
With all the prongs ; and they full rapidly

Descended here and there upon the post.
They held the hooks toward the stuck ones out,
Who were within the crust already cooked ;
And from them, hampered thus, we went away.

CANTO XXIII.

Sixth pit : The Hypocrites.

SILENT, alone, without companionship,
We went, this one before, and that behind,
As go the Minor Friars along the road.
On Æsop's fable was my thinking bent,
By reason of the present quarrelling,
Where of the frog and of the mouse he spoke ;¹
For *Now* and *This time* more resemble not
Than one with other does, if well you brace
Beginning and result, with steadfast mind.
And, as the one thought from another bursts,
So after was another born from that,
Which made the first fear double unto me.
I thus was thinking : " These, because of us,
Are twitted, and with mockery and scathe
Such that I think it greatly galleth them.
If rage is added to the evil will,

(1) A frog, pretending to tow a mouse across a stream by a string, is endeavouring to drown him, when both are devoured by a kite. The fable does not appear to be really Æsop's.

They after us more cruelly will come
Than does a dog upon the hare he mouths."

I felt already bristling all my hair
With fright, and was intent to backward, when,
"Master," said I, "if thou concealest not
Quickly thyself and me, I stand in dread
Of Evilclaws : they're 'hind us even now ;
I so imagine them I feel them here."

And he : " If I was made of leaded glass,
I could not draw to me thine outward shape
More swiftly than I stamp the one within.
Even now amid mine own thy thoughts had come
With act resembling and resembling face,
So that I made one counsel sole of both.
If 'tis that so the right-hand border lies
That to the other pit we can descend,
We shall escape from the imagined hunt."

He'd not yet ended giving such advice
When I beheld them come with open wings,
That they might take us, distant not afar.
My leader on a sudden took me up,
As 'twere a mother wakened by the noise,
Who seeth close to her the flames alight,
Who takes her son, and flees, and stoppeth not,

Having more care for him than for herself,
So much so that she only dons a shift.
And downward from the neck of the hard bank
Supine he gave him to the hanging crag
Which stoppeth one side of the other pit.
Water so quickly never ran through pipe
To turn the wheel round of a land-built mill,
When it approaches most toward the spokes,
As did my master run along that strip,
Carrying me upon his breast away,
Not like to a companion, but a son.
His feet had only just attained the bed
Down in the depth, when *they* attained the slope
Abovehead us ; but he was not in fear,—
Because the lofty Providence Which willed
To place them as the fifth pit's ministers
Withdraws from all the power of parting thence.

Down there encountered we a painted¹ folk
Which went around with steps exceeding slow,
Weeping, and tired in semblance, and o'ercome.
They had upon them capes with lowered hoods
Before their eyes, and fashioned of the cut
Which for the monks is ordered in Cologne.²
So that it dazzles, they are gilt outside,

(1) "Painted," I suppose, is about equivalent to *disguised*—both in the sin and in the punishment.

(2) These hoods were unusually large.

But inside all of lead, and heavy so
 As 'twere that Frederick put them on of straw.¹
 Oh mantle wearying for eternity !
 We turned again along with them once more
 To left hand, on the mournful plaint intent ;
 But, for the heaviness, that weary folk
 Was coming on so slowly we were fresh
 Of company, each motion of our flanks.

Whence to my leader I : " See that thou find
 Some one who may be known by deed or name,
 And move thine eyes around, in going, thus."

And one of them, who heard the Tuscan tongue,
 Cried from behind unto us : " Hold your feet,
 Ye who're so running through the dusky air. .
 Perhaps thou'lt have from me what thou dost ask."

Wherefore the leader turned, and, " Wait," he said,
 " And then according to his pace go on."

I stopped, and saw two show in countenance
 Great haste of soul to be with me ; but them
 The weight retarded, and the straitened path.

(1) The Emperor Frederick II. is rumoured to have wound those guilty of high treason, or of heresy, in sheets of lead, and set them to melt in a furnace. Another account is that the capes killed the sufferers by mere weight and wearisomeness. I am not aware that distinct evidence of this horrid story is forthcoming.

When they had reached, with eye askance they much
 Gazed on me, without uttering a word ;
 Then to each other turned, and 'twixt them said :
 " This man, by his throat's action, seems alive ;
 And, if they're dead, by whatlike privilege
 Go they uncovered by the heavy stole ?"
 Then said to me : " O Tuscan, who hast reached
 The college of the sorry hypocrites,
 Have not in scorn to tell us who thou art."

And I unto them : " I was born and grown
 In the great city on fair Arno's stream,
 And with that body am I've always had.
 But who are ye with whom so much of pain
 As I behold distils adown the cheeks,
 And what's your doom which scintillateth so ?"

And one replied to me : " The orange hoods
 Are thickened so with plumb-lead that the weights
 Do make their balances¹ to creak like this.
 We were Godenti Friars,² and Bolognese,
 Named Catalano I, he Lothinging,—
 And taken by thy country both at once,

(1) *I. e.* ourselves. The speaker compares himself, as it were, to a pendulum, of which the crushing hood is the weight.

(2) The speaker's companion, Loderingo degli Andalò, was the founder of a military and religious order named the Cavaliers of St. Mary ; who, through their worldliness, got popularly called " Frati Godenti " or Jolly Friars.

As 'tis the wont to take a single man,
 So to preserve her peace ;¹ and we were such
 As still around Gardingo it appears."²

I hereupon began, " O friars, your ills "—
 But said no more ; for to mine eyes there rushed
 One crucified on earth with triple stakes.
 He, when he saw me, did distort him all,
 Out-puffing with the sighs into his beard.

And Brother Catalano, who observed,
 Said unto me : " This nailed one whom thou mark'st
 Counsell'd the Pharisees that it behoved
 To make one man a martyr for the rest."³
 He is along the path crossed o'er and nude,
 As thou behold'st ; and it befits he feel
 Whoever passes, firstly how he weighs :
 And in like mode his father-in-law⁴ is strained
 Within this fosse, and the remainder of
 The council which was ill seed for the Jews."

(1) In 1266, the Florentines, in the hope of ensuring peace and quietness, instead of electing a single Podestà, divided the office between the two Bolognese, Loderingo degli Andalò and Catalano de' Malavolti, Ghibelline and Guelph respectively. They recalled the Guelphs to Florence, before under Ghibelline influence, and admitted them to share in the Government.

(2) The possessions of the Ghibellines, and especially the houses of the Uberti in the Gardingo, were much damaged during the government of the two Bolognese.

(3) Caiaphas, who gave this advice in order to procure the death of Christ.

(4) Annas.

Then did I witness Virgil marvelling
O'er him who was distended on the cross
So vilely in the eternal banishment.

He next addressed these accents to the friar :
“ Be not displeas'd to tell us, if ye may,
Whether there lies to right-hand any gorge
Whence we may both be able to depart,
Without constraining any of the black
Angels to come to part us from this depth.”

He answered therefore : “ More than thou dost hope,
A rock is near, which from the greater round
Proceeds, and crosses all the direful vales,
Except that *this* is torn, and crowns it not.
Ye can mount up along the ruin, which
Lies sloping, and protrudeth down below.”

My guide remained a whit with bended head;
Then said he : “ Ill did he who there-beyond
Inforks the sinners tell us the affair.”

The friar then : “ At Bologna I've heard tell
O' the devil vices plenty,—'mong them this,
That he's a liar, and father of a lie.”

My guide hereafter with great paces went,
With ire a little in his semblance stirred.
Whence I departed from the laden ones,
After the cherished footsoles' vestiges.

CANTO XXIV.

Seventh pit : The Thieves.

IN that part of the youngling year¹ whenas
 The Sun beneath Aquarius soothes his locks,
 And now the nights go on towards halving day ;²
 When the hoarfrost resembles on the ground
 The image of its own white sister,³ yet
 Little endureth his attempered dart ;⁴
 The countryman, to whom subsistence fails,
 Rises, and looks, and sees the country all

(1) In February.

(2) The equinox approaches.

(3) The snow.

(4) *Ma poco dura alla sua penna temprà*—soon melts before the sun's rays.

I am not quite sure whether the line does not mean, however—yet the temper (sharpness, consistency) of the hoar-frost's pen (nib, crystalline form) endures but little. This or a closely analogous reading is adopted in a forthcoming translation to which I take the present opportunity of alluding. It is a *terza rima* translation by the Rev. Prebendary Ford, of Exeter, shortly to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. ; and is of so distinguished a degree of merit that, had I seen it before my prefatory remarks were in print, I should have felt bound to modify the opinion there intimated that *terza rima* translation need scarcely be re-attempted after Mr. Cayley's version. Excellent as that version is, probably unsurpassable, Mr. Ford's has convinced me that another experiment in *terza rima* was well worth making.

A-whitening ; whereupon he strikes his flank,
Goes homeward back, and here and there complains,
Like the deject who knows not what to do :
Then he returns, and stores up hope afresh,
Beholding how the world has changed its face
Within a little while, and takes his crook,
And turns the sheep out for the pasturing.
So did my master make me stand dismayed
When I beheld his brow perturbèd thus,
And swiftly thus the plaister reached the hurt ;
For, as we came unto the ruined bridge,
My guide turned to me with that sweet regard
Which first I witnessed at the mountain's foot.
He oped his arms, after some counselling
Adopted with himself, first looking well
Upon the ruin, and took hold of me.

And, like to him who works and estimates,
Who always seems providing furtherward,
So, raising me up toward the summit of
A boulder, did he scan another rock,
Saying : " Catch next on that ; but firstly try
Whether 'tis such that it can carry thee."

'Twas not a way for one that wore a cape,
For hardly we, he light, and I pushed on,
Availed for mounting up from hold to hold.

And, if it were not that, on that precinct
More than the other one, the slope was short,
I know not he, but I'd been quelled for sure.
But, because Evilpits doth wholly hang
Toward the gate of the profoundest well,
The situation of each valley bears
That one ridge rises, and the other falls.
We did indeed come to the point at last
Wherefrom the latest of the stones impends.
The breath was so much strained¹ from out my lungs,
When I was up there, that I could no more,
But sat me down upon the first at hand.

“ It now behoves that thou unsloth thee thus,”
The master said ; “ for, sitting upon down,
One comes not, neither under quilt, to fame ;
Without which he who shall consume his life
Leaves upon earth such vestige of himself
As smoke in air, or foam in water, does.
And therefore rise, and conquer panting breath
By strength of soul, which conquers every fight
If it succumbs not with its heavy trunk.
A longer stair² there needeth us to mount ;
To have been gone from these suffices not.
An if thou mark'st me, profit by it now.”

(1) *Munta*. See note 2, p. 85.

(2) The ascent of the purgatorial mountain.

I rose then, showing as I better were
Supplied with breath than what I felt myself,
And said : "Go on, for I am strong and brave."

Up o'er the rock we took the pathway then,
Which rugged was, and strait, and difficult,
And greatly steeper than the one before.
I went conversing, not to seem forespent ;
Whence a voice issued from the other fosse,
Unseemly for the utterance of words.
I know not what it said, though I was now
Upon the back o' the arc which crosses hence ;
But he who spoke appeared to anger moved.

I downward was addressed ; but living eyes,
For darkness, to the bottom could not go :
Whence I : " My master, by the other girth
Get to arrive, and let's descend the wall ;
For I, as hence I hear, and fathom not,
So downward look, and nothing I discern."

"Other response I give thee not," he said,
"Except the doing ; for a fair request
Should be, in silence, followed by the deed."

We, by its head, descended from the bridge,
Where it's adjoining unto bank the eighth,
And then the pit was manifest to me ;

And I within it saw a horrid pack
 Of serpents, and of kind so different
 That still the memory curdles up my blood.
 No more let Libya boast about her sand ;
 For, if she bringeth adders forth, and snakes,
 Vipers, and amphisbænas too, with asps,¹
 She ne'er, with all of Æthiopia, showed
 Either so many pests or so malign,
 Nor yet with that which looks 'the Red Sea o'er.'²
 Amid this cruel and most mournful swarm
 People were running, naked and affrayed,
 Without a hope of hole or jasper-stone.³
 They had their hands with serpents bound behind :
 The e stuck into the reins of them the tail
 And head, and in the front were knotted up.

And upon one that was on our side, lo !
 A serpent darted, which transfixed him there
 Whereas the throttle with the shoulders knots.
 Nor O nor I was e'er so quickly writ
 As he lit up, and burned, and, falling down,
 Had to become a cinder utterly.

(1) The names given by Dante to his serpents are "Chelidri, Jaculi, Faree, Cencri, and Anfesibene." These names and their respective characteristics are partly due to Lucan, whose descriptions have no pretence to natural-history accuracy. I am not certain of having given the nearest equivalent modern name in each case.

(2) *I. e.* Egypt.

(3) With no hope of concealing themselves. The jasper was reputed to render its wearer invisible.

And, when he thus was on the earth destroyed,
The cinder gathered up, and of itself,
Into that same one, at a stroke, returned.
By the great sages it is so confessed
The phoenix dies, and then again is born,
When he approaches his five-hundredth year.
Nor herb nor blade he feeds on in his life,
But tears of incense and amomum sole ;
And his last swathings are of myrrh and nard.
And as is he who falls, and knows not how,
By a demon's force who drags him to the ground,
Or other seizure which constrains a man,
When he arises,—who around him looks,
By the great anguish all bewildered
Which he has suffered, and, in gazing, sighs :—
Such was the sinner risen afterwards.
And oh God's justice ! how severe it is,
Which crashes suchlike smittings in revenge !

My lord thereafter asked him who he was.
Wherefore he said : “ I rained from Tuscany
To this fierce gully but short while ago.
Me, like the mule I was, a bestial life,
And not a human, pleased : I'm Vanni Fucci,
Beast, and Pistoja was my worthy den.”¹

(1) Vanni Fucci was an illegitimate scion of the Lazzeri family, of Pistoja and, in the first contests of the Blacks and Whites there, distinguished him-

I to my lord then : " Tell him not to shirk,
 And ask what guilt propelled him down to here :
 I saw him erst a man of blood and rage."

The sinner, who had heard, dissembled not,
 But turned toward me his soul and countenance,
 And coloured o'er with melancholy shame ;
 Then said : " It grieves me more thou'st caught me in
 The misery wherein thou seest me
 Than when I forfeited the other life.
 What thou enquirest can I not deny :
 I'm put so far adown because from out
 The sacristy I thieved the adornings fair ;
 And falsely to another erst 'twas charged.¹
 But, that thou mayst not gladden at this sight
 If out of the dark places e'er thou be,
 To mine announcement ope thine ears, and hark.
 First is Pistoja to be thinned of Blacks ;²
 Florence reneweth people then, and modes.³

self by repeated acts of turbulence and atrocity. Hence he was nicknamed "Beast."

(1) Vanni Fucci, with two accomplices, stole the plate from the sacristy of Pistoja ; concealed it in the house of a friend, Vanni della Monna ; and eventually, to save another person who was in jeopardy for the crime, gave information against the unfortunate Della Monna, who was thereupon hanged. This event, which occurred in 1293, is somewhat differently stated in the notes to Mrs. Ramsay's translation, and possibly more accurately.

(2) After much tumult, the Pistoiese obtained chief magistrates from Florence, who in the sequel expelled the Blacks, with great damage.

(3) Fortune soon turned, and the Blacks were predominant both in Florence and in Pistoja.

From Val di Magra Mars doth draw a mist,
Which is with turbid clouds involved about ;
And with a storm sharp and impetuous
It will be battled on the Picene field :
Whence of a sudden he shall rend the fog,
So that each White be smitten by the same :¹—
And this I've said, that thou mayst for it grieve."

(1) The event here allusively foreshadowed is this : Marquis Moroello Malaspina, lord of Val di Magra, headed the Pistojesse Blacks, and defeated the Whites in the Campo Piceno.

CANTO XXV.

Seventh pit continued : Reciprocal transformations of souls and serpents.

UPON the ending of his words, the thief
Upraised his hands with both the figs,¹ and cried :
“God, take it, for I level them at thee !”

To me the serpents were henceforward friends ;
For thereupon one twined around his neck,
As though it said, “I’ll have thee speak no more,”—
And on the arms another ; and bound him up,
Clenching itself so forward in the front
As that he could not with them give a jog.

Pistoja ! ah Pistoja ! Why not fix
To set thyself aflame, and no more last,
Since in ill-doing thou outstripp’st thy seed ?²

(1) “Making the fig” (fico), a gesture of the grossest insult, is done by inserting the thumb between the middle and fore fingers.

(2) There was a story that the Pistoiese descended from the followers of Catiline. Perhaps Dante specially alludes to this : or he may simply mean that the Pistoiese got worse from generation to generation.

Throughout the whole of the dark girths of hell
 I saw not spirit toward God so proud,—
 Not him who from the walls fell down at Thebes.¹

Away he fled, speaking no word the more.
 And I beheld a Centaur, full of rage,
 Come crying : “ Where, where is the audacious one ? ”

Maremma's not so many snakes, I think,
 As over on his crupper this one had
 As far as thither where our face² begins.
 Upon his shoulders, backward from the nape,
 With open wings a dragon on him lay ;
 And any who may cross this sets on fire.

“ That,” said my master then, “ is Cacus,³ he
 Who 'neath the stone of the Mount Aventine
 Created oftentimes a lake of blood.
 By one path with his brothers goes he not
 By reason of the fraudulent theft he made
 Of the great herd which he had near to him ;⁴

(1) Capaneus : see Canto XIV.

(2) “ Labbia,” literally “ lip ” (see note 1, p. 135). It may be doubted whether Dante means the Centaur's face, or the human part of the Centaur's body.

(3) Mentioned in the *Æneid*. Virgil there calls him half man half beast, but does not seem to have intended him for a Centaur.

(4) He stole the oxen of Hercules, making them walk backward, in order to disguise the direction they had followed. This act of *fraud* separates him from the other Centaurs, who haunt the hell of the *violent*.

Wherefore his crooked operations ceased
 Neath Hercules's mace, which possibly
 Gave him a hundred, and he felt not ten."

While thus he spoke, both that one passed across,
 And underneath us did three spirits¹ come,
 Of whom nor I nor yet my lord was 'ware,
 Excepting when they cried out, "Who are ye?"
 Wherefore our story-telling made a stop,
 And on them only we were then intent.

I did not know them : but it happened so,
 As is the wont to happen by some chance,
 That one required to give the other's name,
 By saying, "Where can Cianfa have remained?"
 Whence, that my guide might be attentive, I
 My finger laid from chin along to nose.

If, reader, now thou'rt tardy to believe
 What I shall say, there'll be no wonder in't ;
 For I who saw it scarce admit thereof.
 As I was holding raised to them my brows,
 A serpent with six feet² there comes and darts

(1) These are three Florentines of noble family, who had, it is stated, been guilty of peculation while high in office. The first to be transformed is Agnolo Brunelleschi ; the second Buoso Donati (of the same kindred as Dante's wife) ; the third, not transformed, Puccio de' Galigai, named Sciancato (lame).

(2) This serpent is the identical Cianfa (one of the Donati, or else of the Abati) for whom Brunelleschi had just enquired. His crime was of similar kind.

In front of one, and grapples to him all.
He, with his middle feet, begriped his paunch,
And took the arms with the anterior ;
And then he bit both one and other cheek.
The hinder ones he stretched upon the thighs,
And interposed his tail betwixen both,
And back along the reins distended it.
Ivy has never been inrooted so
To tree as here the horrid animal
Entwisted with another's limbs its own.
They caught together then, as if they had
Been made of heated wax, and mixed their hue ;
Nor one nor other now seemed what it was :
As up before the burning there proceeds
Along the parchment a brown colouring,
Which is not black as yet, and the white dies.

The other two were looking on, and each
Exclaiming : " Agnolo, 'las ! how thou dost change !
See, thou art neither one nor two by this."

The two heads had become already one,
When there appeared thereof two figures mixed
Within one face, in which the two were lost.
The arms became, from the four bands,¹ but two ;

(1) The "four bands" (*liste*) are Agnolo's two arms, and the serpent's two anterior feet, grappling them.

The thighs and legs, the belly and the chest,
Became such limbs as never were beheld.
There every primal aspect was erased :
Two the perverted image seemed, and none,
And such it went its way with tardy step.

Like as the lizard, 'neath the mighty lash
Of dog-days, in its changing hedge for hedge,
Seems lightning, if it crosses o'er the road ;
A little fiery serpent ¹ so appeared,
Coming toward the paunch o' the other two,
Livid and black, as 'twere a pepper-corn :
And it transfixed in one of them the part ²
Whereby our aliment is taken first ;
Then down before him it distended fell.
The pierced one on it gazed, but nothing said ;
But rather, with his feet unmoving, yawned,
Just as if fever set on him, or sleep.
He looked upon the serpent, that on him ;
One by the wound, the other by the mouth,
Were smoking strongly, and the smoking met.
Let Lucan now keep silence where he tells
Of poor Sabellus and Nasidius, ³
And let him wait to hear what's darted now ;
Ovid, of Cadmus too, and Arethuse ;

(1) This is Guercio Cavalcanti, another Florentine nobleman-peculator.

(2) The navel.

(3) Two of Cato's soldiers, in the "Pharsalia," killed by serpents.

For, if he, poetizing, changes him
To serpent, her to fount, I envy not ;
For never he transmuted front to front
Two natures, so that both the forms of them
Were prompt at changing their materials.
Together by such laws responded they
That in a fork the serpent clove his tail,—
The wounded one together strained his feet.
The legs, and eke the thighs, of their own selves,
So welded that the joining in brief time
Made no appearance that could be perceived.
The cloven tail was taking-on the shape
Which *there* was losing, and the skin thereof
Becoming soft, and there the other hard.
I saw the arms enter the shoulder-blades,
Also the beast's two feet, which had been short,
Lengthen as much as those were shortening.
The feet, behind together twisted, next
Became the member which a man conceals ;
And, from his own, the wretch protruded two.
What time the smoke is veiling one and both
With novel hue, and genders upper skin
On one part,—on the other, skins it off,—
The one rose up, and down the other fell,
Not turning, ne'ertheless, the impious lamps¹
Whereunder each was changing countenance.

(1) Their eyes—or possibly the currents of smoke.

He who was upright toward the temples drew it ;
 And, from the extra matter which came there,
 Issued the ears developed from the cheeks.¹
 The part which ran not backward, and remained,
 Made, from that surplus, to the face a nose,
 And thickened, far as it beseemed, the lips.
 He who was lying shoots the muzzle forth,
 And backward draws the ears along the head,
 As with his horns the snail is wont to do.
 The tongue, which he united had and quick
 Before to speak, cleaves, and the forkèd one
 Shuts in the other ; and the smoking stops.
 The soul which was become an animal
 Along the valley, hissing, flees away,
 And behind him the other speaking spits.

He turned his novel shoulders on him next,
 And to the other said : " Along this path,
 As I've done, I'll have Buoso crawling run."

Thus did I see the seventh bed of sand²
 Change and transmute ; and let the novelty

(1) *Dalle gote scempie*—for "*scempiate*." Or, if *scempie* is to be taken merely as an adjective, it means "The ears issued from the cheeks, hitherto *simple*,—without any such feature."

(2) *Zavorra*, which means "sand for ballast." It seems doubtful whether Dante contemptuously means to call the spirits the ballast of this pit, or whether (as my rendering runs) the phrase is equivalent to—Such are the transformations which I saw in the seventh pit of sand.

Excuse me if my tongue abhorreth flowers.
And, notwithstanding that confused mine eyes
Were somewhat, and my soul astonishèd,
Those were not able so concealed to flee
But that I well discerned Puccio Sciancato ;
And he it was alone that was not changed
Of the three comrades who at first had come.
The last was he whom thou, Gaville, weep'st.¹

(1) *I.e.* Guercio Cavalcanti, for whose death, by the hands of the peasants of Gaville, a bloody revenge was taken.

CANTO XXVI.

Eighth pit: Evil counsellors,—Ulysses.

FLORENCE, rejoice, because thou art so great
That thou dost beat thy wings o'er land and sea,
And thorough hell the name of thee expands !
I 'mong the thieves found five such citizens
Of thine ; wherefrom there cometh to me shame,
Nor to great honour dost thou rise thereby.
But, if one dreams toward morning of the truth,
Thou'lt feel what Prato¹ wishes thee—(to say
No others)—but a little while from this.
And, if 'twere now, it would not be betimes :
So were it too, since be it even must !
For more 'twill grieve me as I age the more.

We parted thence ; and, up along the steps
The stones had made before for our descent,
My lord remounted, and assisted me.

(1) Prato is the city nearest to Florence, and appears to be named here to imply that even the closest neighbours of Florence wished her harm.

And, following the solitary path
 Between the crags and boulders of the rock,
 The foot could not advance without the hand.
 Then grieved I, and I now do grieve again
 When I direct my mind to what I saw,
 And more rein in my thought than I am wont,
 Lest whither virtue guides it not it run ;
 So that, if bounteous star or better thing
 Gave me the good, myself pervert it not.¹
 As many as the hind, stretched on a hill—
 Upon the time when he who lights the world
 Holds least his countenance concealed from us,
 Whenas the fly is yielding to the gnat,—
 Sees fireflies² down along the valley there
 Perhaps wherein he ploughs and vintages ;
 With flames so many was resplendent all
 The eighth recess, which I discerned as soon
 As I was where the bottom showed itself.
 As he who did revenge him by the bears,
 At its departing, saw Elijah's car,
 When up to heaven the horses rose erect,
 That he could not so follow with his eyes
 As to see other save alone the flame,

(1) Dante, witnessing the punishment of Evil Counsellors, prays that he may never abuse his own glorious gifts of mind in like manner.

(2) Construe—As many fire-flies as the hind sees. I have retained the inversion of the original, which is here rather an individual than a merely idiomatic peculiarity.

As though it were a cloudlet, upward soar ;
Each one was moving in such wise along
The fosse's gully,—that none shows the theft,
And every flame has got a sinner hid.

I stood upon the bridge arisen to look ;
So as that, if I had not held a crag,
I should, without being pushed, have fallen down.

And then my lord, who saw me so intent,
Told me : “ Within those fires the spirits are :
Each swathes himself with that whereby he's burned.”

“ My master,” I replied, “ through hearing thee
I'm surer ; but already I'd perceived
That 'twas so,—and already wished to say—
Who's in that fire which comes divided so
Atop it seemeth from the pyre to mount
Where with his brother lay Eteocles ?”¹

He answered me : “ Ulysses there-within
And Diomed are martyred ; and they thus
Together run in vengeance, as in wrath.
And there is wept within the flame of them
The ambush of the horse which caused the door

(1) The flame from the funeral-pyre of Eteocles and Polynices sprang up forked, indicating the hatred they had borne each other.

Through which the Romans' gentle seed emerged.¹
 The art is wept within it whereby, dead,
 Still of Achilles Deïdamia complains ;
 And there the pain for the Palladium's borne."²

"If they within those flames," I said, "can speak,
 Master, I greatly pray thee, and re-pray,
 So that the prayer be worth for thousandfold,
 Thou give me not denial to await
 Till hither shall the hornèd flame have come.
 See how toward it for desire I bend."

And he to me : "Thy prayer is worthy of
 Much praise, and therefore I accept of it ;
 But thou be careful that thy tongue refrain.
 Leave me to speak ; for I have that conceived
 Which thou desirest,—seeing they'd be loth,
 As they were Grecians, to thy speech, perchance."

Whenas the flame was thereunto arrived
 Where to my guide it seemed the place and time,
 I heard a speaking in the form of this :
 "O ye who're two within a single fire,
 If I deserved from you, the while I lived,

(1) The wooden horse, admitted into Troy by an aperture through which Æneas, the founder of the Roman race, afterwards escaped.

(2) Achilles left Naxos and Deïdamia for glory at Troy, persuaded by the well-known device of Ulysses and Diomed. The capture of the Palladium, which rendered Troy impregnable, is a story equally familiar.

If little I deserved from you or much
When in the world I wrote the lofty verse,
Remove not ; but let one of you declare
In what place lost he went him forth to die.”

The greater horn unto the ancient flame
Began to stir itself, with murmuring,
Like even unto one which wind perturbs.
Thereafter, working here and there its top,
As if it were the tongue thereof which spoke,
Outward it threw a voice, and answered : “When
From Circe I departed, who beyond
A year withdrew me near Gaeta there,
Before Æneas so had named the place,¹
Neither son’s sweetness, nor the suffering
Of mine old father, nor the love so due
Which ought to have made glad Penelope,
Could quell in me the ardour which I had
For growing to be expert of the world,
And of the worthiness and vice of men.
But I set off on the high open sea
With one ship only, and that little band
By which I had not been deserted yet.
I saw one shore and other far as Spain,
Far as Morocco, and the isle o’ the Sards,

(1) Gaeta, the ancient Cajeta, is said to have been so named by Æneas after his nurse who died there.

And others which that sea bathes roundabout.
I and my fellows we were old and slow
When we had come unto the narrow pass
Where Hercules has stamped his cautionings
That man should so proceed no further on :
On my right left I Seville ; I had left
Already Ceuta on my other hand.
'O brothers,' said I, 'ye that are arrived
Through hundred-thousand dangers to the West,—
Unto this now so little waking-time
Which is remaining of your senses still
Endure not to deny the experience
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun.
Consider what is your original :
Ye were not made that ye should live like beasts,
But follow after virtue and the truth.'
I with this brief oration so did make
My comrades eager for the journeying
I scarce could have retained them afterwards.
And, having turned our poop into the morn,
We made the oars wings to the maddened flight,
Toward the left hand gaining evermore.
I saw by night already all the stars
Within the other pole, and ours so low
It rose not forth from the marine expanse.
Five times re-kindled and as many razed
Had been the light from underneath the moon

Since we had entered in the lofty pass,
When a brown mountain there appeared to us
Upon the distance, and to me it seemed
So lofty as I had not witnessed one.¹
We were rejoiced,—and soon it turned to dole ;
For there was born a whirlwind from the new
Country, and struck the fore-side of the ship.
With all its waters thrice it made her wheel ;
The poop rise at the fourth time uppermore,
The prow go down, as pleased Another One,
Till over us again the sea was closed.”

(1) According to the Dantesque geography, this mountain is presumably that of Purgatory. Perhaps the previous line should rather be translated “a mountain brown (or dim-coloured) *because of distance*.”

CANTO XXVII.

Eighth pit continued : Guido da Montefeltro.

UPRIGHT already was the flame, and stilled
To speak no more, and going off from us
Already with the gracious poet's leave ;
When now another, which behind it came,
Toward its summit made us turn our eyes
By a confusèd sound which issued thence.
As the Sicilian bull, which bellowed first
With the lament of him,—and this was right,—
Who with his filing had attempered it,¹
Bellowed with voice of the afflicted one,
So that, for all its being copper, still
It seemed as if it were transpierced with pain ;
So, from not having pass nor orifice,
At first the woful words within the fire
Became converted to its proper speech.²

(1) The well-known story of the torture-engine, the Brazen Bull, made for the tyrant Phalaris by Perillus, who was himself the first to suffer by it.

(2) To that kind of roaring which fire itself naturally makes.

But, after they had caught their passage up
 Along the point, giving thereto the swerve
 The tongue had given in their utterance,
 This heard we say : " O thou to whom I send
 My voice, who spokest Lombard even now,
 Saying, ' Depart now, more I urge thee not,'—
 Because I'm somewhat late arrived, mayhap,
 Thou grudge not to remain to speak with me :
 See how I grudge it not, and I do burn.
 If thou but now into this blinded world
 Art fallen from that sweetest Latin land
 Whence altogether I derive my guilt,—
 Have the Romagnoles, tell me, peace or war ?
 For I was of the mountains there betwixt
 Urbino and the ridge whence Tiber bursts." ¹

I was attentive downward still, and bent,
 When at my side my leader touched at me,
 Saying : " Speak thou ; a Latin this man is."

And I, who had my words already prompt,
 Began, without delaying, thus to speak :
 " O spirit which art there-adown concealed,
 Thine own Romagna neither is nor was
 E'er free from war within her tyrants' hearts,

(1) Namely, of Montefeltro. The speaker is Count Guido da Montefeltro, who distinguished himself greatly as commander of the Ghibellines of Romagna in the Guelph and Ghibelline contests which raged there for a score or so of years, beginning about 1275.

But manifest I left not any now.
 Ravenna is as many years she's been :
 Therein the eagle from Polenta broods,
 So that he covers Cervia with his wings.¹
 The land which made the long defence erewhile,
 And all that bloody heaping-up of French,²
 Findeth herself under the talons vert.³
 Verrucchio's olden mastiff and the new,
 Who wrought Montagna's evil treatment, there
 Where they are wont make gimlets of their teeth.⁴
 The lion-cub from the white nest who'll change
 Party from summer unto winter leads
 The cities of Santerno and Lamone.⁵
 And that of which the Savio bathes the flank,⁶
 Like as she is between the plain and mount,
 Lives between tyranny and free estate.—
 Now who thou art, I pray thee tell it us :
 More hard than others have been be not thou,
 So may thy name hold presence in the world."

(1) The personages alluded to by Dante in these and the following lines are indicated mostly by their crests. The eagle is Guido da Polenta, Podestà of Ravenna and Cervia, nephew of Francesca da Rimini.

(2) Forlì, where Guido da Montefeltro had on one occasion defeated the French, with a slaughter of 8,000 men.

(3) The green lion of the Ordelfaffi.

(4) The mastiffs are Malatesta and Malatestino, lords of Rimini and of the castle of Verrucchio (relatives of Francesca's husband), who had captured and assassinated Montagna, a Ghibelline cavalier.

(5) The rivers by which stand Faenza and Imola, governed by Mainardo de' Pagani, who, as Villani says, was Guelph in Tuscany, and Ghibelline in Romagna.

(6) Cesena.

After the fire had in its manner roared
 Somewhat, it hither moved its sharpened peak
 And thither, and then gave a voice like this :
 " If I believed that my reply was to
 A person who would e'er return to earth,
 This flame would stay without another shake ;
 But, inasmuch as never from this depth
 Any, if I do hear the truth, returned,
 I answer without fear of infamy.
 I was a man of arms, then cordelier,¹
 Thinking, so girded, to have made amends ;
 And certes my belief had come fulfilled,
 Were 't not for the Arch-priest,² whom evil seize,
 Who put me back into my former wrongs :
 And how and wherefore I will have thee hark.
 The whiles I was the form of bones and pulp
 My mother gave to me, my doings were
 Not lion-like, but rather of the fox.
 I knew precautions and clandestine ways,
 Each one, and managed so the art of them
 That forth the sound went to the end of earth.
 When I beheld myself arrived at that
 Part of mine age when every one would well
 Lower the sails, and gather in the ropes,³

(1) Guido da Montefeltro entered the Franciscan order in 1297.

(2) Pope Boniface VIII.

(3) If the date of Guido's birth which I find in Cayley, 1250, is correct, he

That which before had pleased me pained me then,
 And penitent I yielded, and confessed,
 Alas me wretched ! and it would have served.
 The sovereign of the modern pharisees,
 Having a war near Lateran to wage,¹
 (And not with Saracens, nor yet with Jews,
 Seeing his enemies were Christians all,
 And none at Acre had been conquering,²
 Nor merchandizing in the Soldan's land ³),
 Regarded in himself nor charge supreme,
 Nor holy orders, nor in me the cord
 Which used to make more lean its girded ones ;
 But, as within Soracte Constantine
 Prayed Sylvester for cure from leprosy,⁴
 So unto me prayed this man, as his leach,
 Thus from his haughty fever to be cured.
 He asked me counsel ; and I held my peace,
 Because his words appeared intoxicate.
 And then said he : ' Let not thy heart suspect :
 I even now absolve thee ; teach me thou
 How Penestrino ⁵ I may throw to earth.

turned to penitence in the strength of his age, as he can then only have been 47 years old.

(1) Against the Colonna family.

(2) As the Saracens had done in 1291.

(3) Like the renegade Christians.

(4) The legend ran that, in gratitude for a miraculous cure thus effected on him by Pope Sylvester, Constantine endowed the pontiffs with the government of Rome.

(5) Where the Colonnas were still seated.

I am able to lock up and unlock heaven,
And this thou knowest ; for the keys are two
The which my predecessor¹ held not dear.
The weighty arguments impelled me then,
Where my resolve was silence, to the worse ;
And, ' Since thou lav'st me, father,' I replied,
' From that misdeed which I must fall in now,
Long promising, with short fulfilment, will
Make thee to triumph in the lofty chair.'
Then, after I was dead, did Francis come
For me ; but one of the black Cherubim
Said to him : ' Take him not, nor do me wrong.
He must come down among my sorry folk,
Because he gave the fraudulent advice,
Whereafter at his hair I've been till now :
For who repents not cannot be absolved ;
Neither at once can one repent and will,
Because the contradiction bears it not.'
Ah woful me ! how did I shake myself
Whenas he took me, saying, ' Thou perhaps
Didst not imagine I was logic-learned.'
He carried me to Minos ; and *he* writhed
Eight times his tail about his callous back,
And, after for great rage he'd bitten it,
Said, ' That's a criminal of the thieving fire.'

(1) That unfortunate Celestin V. who was encountered in the vestibule of hell.

Wherefore where thou beholdest I am lost,
And rankle, going in this manner clothed."

When he had thus made ending of his speech,
The flame in anguish took departure hence,
Writhing and brandishing its sharpened horn.

We passed on further, both my lord and I,
Over the crag up to the other arc
Which roofs the fosse wherein is paid the fine
By those who, sowing discord, gather load.¹

(1) *Acquistan carico*: either "load themselves with sin," or "acquire a still *greater* load of punishment."

CANTO XXVIII.

Ninth pit : Sowers of schism and discord.

WHO, even with untrammelled words, could e'er
 Tell of the blood and of the wounds at full
 Which now I saw,—though speaking many times ?
 For certain every tongue would come here short,
 By reason of our speech, and of the mind
 Whose gulf¹ is small to comprehend so much.
 If all the folk assembled were again
 Which on Apulïa's fair-fortuned² land
 In time aforepast had to mourn its blood,
 Because o' the Trojans, and the lengthy war
 Which made such high despoiling of the rings,³
 As Livy writeth it, who erreth not,—
 Along with that which felt the pain of blows

(1) *Senò* — either gulf (bay) or bosom — in either sense meaning here "capaciousness."

(2) *Fortunata*. Every possible latitude of interpretation is given to this word among the commentators—fortunate, unfortunate, and full of vicissitude. As reason may be shown for each interpretation, I have stuck to the primary meaning of the word.

(3) The well known story of 3½ bushels of rings having been picked off the fingers of the Roman knights slain at the battle of Cannæ.

Through fighting Robert Guiscard, and the rest
Of whom the bones are still upgathered now
At Ceperano, where the Apulians all
Were liars,¹ and at Tagliacozzo there
Where old Alardo conquered without arms,—²
And one should show his limbs transpierced, and one
Maimed,—nothing would it be for equalling
The abominable mode of pit the ninth.

No cask, through losing side or middle stave,
Is riven so as I beheld a man
Down-fractured from the chin to where one vents.
His bowels 'twixt his legs were hanging out :
The midriff and the sorry bag appeared
Which turns to ordure what one swallows down.

The while I set me all on seeing him,
He looked, and oped his bosom with his hands,
Saying : “ Behold now how I tear myself :
Behold how crippled now is Mahomet.
Before me, weeping, Ali goes along,
From chin to forelock cloven in the face.
And all the others whom thou seest here

(1) The army of Charles of Anjou having in 1265 crossed Ceperano, a ford on the Neapolitan frontier, favoured by the treachery of the Count of Caserta and his Apulian troops, gained a bloody victory at Benevento.

(2) Another famous victory of Charles of Anjou, gained over Corradino by following the strategical advice of an old knight named Alardo (Ehrhard).

Were sowers, while alive, of scandal and
 Of schism ; and therefore are they cloven so.
 A devil's here behind who slices us
 Thus cruelly ; putting again to edge
 Of sword each one belonging to this ream,
 When we have turned around the doleful road ;
 For that the wounds have been again closed up
 Or ever we in front of him repass.
 But who art thou who musest ¹ on the rock,
 So haply to delay thy going to
 The sentence on thine accusations judged ?”

“ Nor death yet reached him, neither brings him
 guilt

To be tormented,” did my lord reply ;
 “ But, for to give him full experience,
 Me who am dead it doth behove through hell
 Down here to bring him out of gyre to gyre ;
 And this is true as that I speak to thee.”

More than a hundred were they who to gaze
 Upon me, when they heard him, stopped i' the fosse,
 Forgetting, for astonishment, the pain.

“ Now, then, tell Fra Dolcino ² to be armed,—

(1) *Muse*. This word appears to have the force not only of the English “to muse,” but also of having the face (muzzle) intently set.

(2) Fra Dolcino was a sectary of Dante's time—(whether reformer, enthusiast, fanatic, or reprobate, it is not very easy to decide at this distance of

Thou who perchance wilt see the sun in brief,—
 If soon he would not hither follow me,
 With victuals, suchwise that blockade of snow
 Give not to the Novaran that success
 Which 'twere not easy to gain otherwise.”

While he held one foot in suspense to leave,
 Mahomet spoke this word unto me ; then
 Upon the earth he planted it to go.

Another one, who had his throttle bored,
 And nose truncated till below the brows,
 And who had none except a single ear,
 Having remained to gaze for marvel with
 The others, ere the others oped his pipe,
 Which was vermilion everywhere outside,
 And said : “ O thou whom guilt doth not condemn,
 And whom I erst saw up in Latin land
 If overmuch resemblance cheat me not,
 Remember Pier da Medicina,¹ if
 To see the lovely land thou e'er return'st

time)—at odds with the church of Rome. He preached millennial doctrines, and the community of goods, and (it is said) of women. After enduring, with his adherents, numerous vicissitudes, he was starved out in Monte Sebello in the territory of Novara ; captured with his sister or concubine, the beautiful and nobly born Margaret ; and, with her, put to death with ghastly tortures, which both endured unmoved (1307).

(1) Piero de' Cattani, of Medicina in the Bolognese territory, fomented strife between Guido da Polenta and Malatesta, and in Romagna generally. Dante is said to have been intimately acquainted with him.

Which from Vercello slopes to Marcabò.¹
 Make the best two of Fano be aware—
 Messere Guido and eke Angiolell²—
 That, if prevision is not here in vain,
 They will be thrown from overboard their ship,
 And, weighted down, sunk near Cattolica,
 By means of a fell tyrant's treachery.
 Between Isle Cyprus and Majorca ne'er
 Did Neptune see so great a wickedness,
 No not by pirates nor the Argolic kith.
 That traitor who can see with only one,³
 And holds the land which one that's with me here
 Would wish he'd fasted from the seeing of,
 Will make them come to conference with him ;
 Then he'll so do that at Focara's wind⁴
 Nor vow nor prayer shall do them any good."

And I to him : " Show to me and declare,
 If thou wouldst have me take up news of thee,
 Who is the person of the bitter sight."⁵

Then did he place his hand upon the jaw

(1) *I. e.* the plain of Lombardy.

(2) Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano. They were invited to a parley by Malatestino, and treacherously drowned by his orders off the Island of Cattolica.

(3) This is to be understood literally—Malatestino had only one eye.

(4) Focara is a rock near Rimini, proverbial for the stiff breezes near it.

(5) *I. e.* the person to whom the sight of the Riminese territory had proved bitter, as expressed above by Pier da Medicina.

Of one his comrade, and unclosed his mouth,
 Exclaiming: "This is he, and speaketh not.
 This man, exiled, the hesitation whelmed
 Of Cæsar, arguing that a man equipped
 Has always to his damage brooked delay."¹

Oh! how astounded did this Curio
 Appear to me, with tongue in throttle cut,
 Who had been so audacious in his speech!

And one that had one hand and other lopped,
 Raising the stumps upon the dusky air
 So that the blood made foul his countenance,
 Cried: "Thou'lt remember also Mosca, me
 Who spoke, alas! 'Deed done has got a head,'²
 Which was the Tuscan people's seed of ill."

Whereto I added: "And thy race's death."

(1) Curio, a senatorial exile, persuaded Cæsar to cross the Rubicon, saying (as the words are given by Lucan) "*Semper nocuit differere paratis.*" It seems perhaps anomalous that Dante, who expresses no disapproval of Cæsar, should punish the man who encouraged him. However, Curio was a factious time-server, veering between Cæsar and Pompey.

(2) *Capo ha cosa fatta.*—As much as to say, "Nothing like a tangible beginning," or "Well begun is half done." With this memorable phrase Mosca de' Lamberti persuaded the assassination of Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, who, being betrothed to a damsel of the Amidei, had fallen in love with and married one of the Donati (a famous history). Hence ever-succeeding feuds, which led to the Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence, and troubles innumerable.

Whence he, accumulating grief with grief,
Went off, as 'twere a person pained and mad.

But I remained to look upon the troop,
And saw a thing which I should be in fear,
Without more proof, of telling, I alone,
But that my conscience reassureth me,—
The good companion which emboldens man
Under the hauberk of its feeling pure.
I certes saw, and seems I see it still,
A trunk without a head proceeding, so
As went the others of the sorry flock.
And by the hair he held his truncate head,
In guise of lantern, pendulous in hand :
And that gazed on us, and it said, " Oh me !"
He of himself made light unto himself,
And they were two in one, and one in two :
How it can be He knows Who governs thus.

When he was right against the bridge's foot,
He raised, with all the head, his arm on high,
So to approach to us the words thereof,—
Which were : " See now the troublous penalty,
Thou who go'st breathing, looking at the dead :
See whether any is so great as this.
And, for that thou mayst carry of me news,
I, know thou, am Bertrand de Born, the man

Who gave the young king ill encouragements.¹
I mutually made rebels son and sire :
Ahithophel made Absalom no more,
And David, with his wicked goadings-on.
Because I parted persons thus conjoined,
My brain, alas ! I carry parted from
Its principle which is in this my trunk.
So retribution is in me observed."

(1) Bertrand de Born, Viscount of Hautefort, a famous knight and troubadour, incited against Henry II. of England one of the king's sons. History says that this son was Henry, whom contemporaries name the "Re Giovane" (young king), so called from having been crowned in his father's lifetime. Most texts, however, read "Re Giovanni," King John.

CANTO XXIX.

Tenth pit : Falsifiers, beginning with Alchemists, or Falsifiers of Material Objects.

THE many people and the diverse wounds
Had made mine eyes intoxicated so
That they were fain to stay a-weeping. But
Virgil said to me : "What then starest thou on ?
And wherefore prythee does thy vision bend
Down there among the mournful mangled shades ?
Thou hast not done so at the other pits.
Consider, if thou think'st to number them,
The valley turneth twenty miles and two :
Already too the moon's beneath our feet ;
The time is little now that's granted us,
And there is more to see than thou believ'st."

"An if thou hadst," I thereon answered him,
"Attended to the cause for which I looked,
Perhaps thou'dst yet have suffered me to stay."
My guide was partly going now, and on

I went behind him, making the reply,
 And saying furthermore : " Within that fosse
 Whereon so steadfastly mine eyes I set
 I think a spirit of my blood doth weep
 The guilt which costeth there-adown so much."

Then said the master : " Do not let thy thought
 Be stumbling from henceforward upon him.
 Elsewhere attend, and there let him remain :
 For I beheld him at the bridge's foot
 Point thee, and with his finger threaten hard,
 And heard him named Geri del Bello.¹ Thou
 Wast so entirely at the time engrossed
 With him who held aforetime Hautefort
 Thou thither lookedst not, so he was gone."

" Alas ! my lord, the death by violence
 Which is not yet avenged to him," said I,
 " By any that is consort in the shame,
 Made him disdainful ; therefore went he off,
 As I conceive, without addressing me,
 And so he's made me piteous towards him more."²

(1) Geri, son of Il Bello, Dante's grand-uncle, was an able man, addicted to making strife. He had killed one of the Sacchetti, or of the Geremei, of Florence, and was killed by their kinsmen in revenge.

(2) Dante has been accused of showing a revengeful temper in these lines ; but, taking them for what they *do* imply, *and no more*, they do not bear out the charge. It is quite consistent to imagine that Geri was rancorous at remaining unavenged, and yet that Dante had no mind to avenge him.

Thus did we speak until the foremost place
Which shows the other valley of the rock,
All to the bottom, were there greater light.
When we were on the last of Evilpits'
Cloisters, so that the converts of the same
Were able to appear to sight of ours,
Against me diverse lamentations shot,
Which had their arrows steeled with piteousness ;
Whence with my hands I covered up mine ears.
Such as the pain were if the maladies
Of Valdichiana's spitals from July
Until September, and Maremma's, and
Sardinia's, all were in a ditch at once ;
Such was it here : and such a stink uprose
As is the wont to rise from rotting limbs.
Downward we went upon the latest bank
Of the long rock, still to the leftward hand ;
And downward then my sight was more alive
Toward the bottom, where the Lofty Sire's
Administrant, Justice infallible,
Afflicts the counterfeits she here records.
I think not it was greater grief to see
The people in Ægina all infirm,
Whenas the air was full of malice so
That, down unto the little worms, there fell
All animals, (and then the ancient folk,
According as the poets hold for sure,

R

Became restored from out the seed of ants)¹—
 Than 'twas to see, along that darkened vale,
 The spirits languishing in divers sheaves.
 This on the belly, on the shoulders that,
 Of one another lay, and this acrawl
 Transferred himself along the mournful path.

On, step by step, we went without discourse,
 Looking upon and hearkening the diseased,
 Who had not power to raise their persons up.
 Sitting together leaned, I witnessed two,
 As bake-pan's leaned on bake-pan to be warmed,
 O'erspotted all with scabs from head to foot :
 And never did I see the curry-comb
 So plied by servant waited of his lord,
 Or one who keeps awake against his will,
 As each of these plied oftentimes the bite
 O' the nails upon him, through the mighty rage
 Of itching which has no more help for it.
 The nails were also scraping down the scab,
 As does a knife the scales of bream-fish, or
 Another which has broader ones.

“ O thou
 Who with thy fingers dost unmail thyself,”

(1) Ægina being desolated by Juno with a pestilence, as told in Ovid, its inhabitants were restored by the transformation of a nest of ants.

Began my leader unto one of them,
“ And who dost make them pincers too at times,
Tell me if any Latin is ’mid these
Who are within here ; and may so thy nail
Suffice unto this work eternally !”

“ Latins are we whom thou dost see so spoiled
Here both of us,” replied with weeping one :
“ But who art thou that of us didst enquire ?”

And said my lord : “ I’m one that make descent
With this man living down from crag to crag,
And mine intention is to show him hell.”

Thereat the mutual supporting broke,
And trembling each one turned him toward me,
With others who had heard him by rebound.

Wholly toward me the good master drew,
Saying, “ Say what thou wishest unto them.”

And I began, according as he chose :
“ So may your memory not steal away
From human minds within the former world,
But may it live so under many suns,
Acquaint me who, and of what lands, ye are ;
Let not your foul and troublous punishment
Scare you from publishing yourselves to me.”

"I was an Aretine ; and Albero¹
 Of Siena sent me to the fire," said one :
 "But hither what I died for brings me not.
 'Tis true I told him, speaking as in jest,
 That I could raise myself in air to fly :
 And he, who had his fancies and small sense,
 Wished I would show the art to him, and, only
 Because I made him not a Dædalus,
 By him whose son he was he got me burned.
 But to the latest pit among the ten
 Minos, who may not err, condemned me for
 The alchemy which in the world I used."

And to the poet said I : "Was there now
 A people e'er so vain as the Sienese ?
 Certes the French not equally by much."

Whereat the other leper, who had heard,
 Replied upon my speech : "Save Stricca, who
 Took care to make the temperate expense,
 And Niccolò, he that discovered first
 The costly custom of the clove-spice in
 The garden where such kind of seed will take ;²

(1) The speaker, Griffolino of Arezzo, was burned by the Bishop of Siena at the instigation of that prelate's natural son Albero, as here related.

(2) Niccolò de' Bonsignori invented a manner of cooking pheasants and capons on a fire of cloves, which went by the name of the "*costuma ricca*." The "garden" is Siena itself, where prodigality of such sort "takes" and increases. Niccolò, Stricca, and the others here ironically excepted from

Save also the brigade where ran to waste
Caccia d'Asciano's vine and plenteous wood,
And Abbagliato evidenced his sense.
But, so that thou mayst know who seconds thee
'Gainst the Sienese, sharpen toward me thine eye,
So that my face may answer to thee well :
Thou so shalt see that I'm Capocchio's shade,¹
Who made the metals false by alchemy :
And, if I scan thee well, thou'lt recollect
How I of nature was a goodly ape."²

Dante's denunciation, belonged to a body of a dozen spendthrifts of Siena, who, putting together 216,000 florins to spend in waste, reduced themselves to misery in about a twelvemonth. They were called the "Brigata Godereccia" (Pleasure Brigade); and their folly has immortalized them, not only in Dante's sarcasm, but in a body of 22 laudatory and festive sonnets by Folgore da San Geminiano, full of sweet and lively mediæval details, translated in "the Early Italian Poets" by Dante G. Rossetti.

(1) Capocchio, burned as an alchemist, is said to have studied natural philosophy together with Dante.

(2) A skilful counterfeiter of natural objects.

CANTO XXX.

Tenth pit continued : Falsifiers of person, and of truth.

UPON the time when Juno was enraged,
For Semele, against the Theban blood,
As she displayed at one and other time,
So wholly Athamas became insane
That, seeing go his wife, in either hand
Charged with her children twain, he shouted out,
“ Let's spread the nets, that I may take therewith
I' the pass the lioness and lion-cubs ;”
And then distended his un pitying claws,
Taking the one of whom Learchus was
The name, and whirled, and struck him on a stone ;
And, with the other load, she drowned herself.
Also, when Fortune overturnèd low
The Trojans' loftiness which dared at all,
So that the king was with the kingdom razed,
Hecuba, mournful, captive, miserable,
When dead she had beheld Polyxena,
And, full of sorrows, when she had discerned

Her Polydorus on the water's shore,
Out of her senses, barked as 'twere a dog,
So much of sorrow made her mind awry.
But neither Trojan furies nor of Thebes
Were ever against any seen so fierce,
Nor beasts be stabbed—(I say not human limbs)—
As I beheld two death-pale shades and nude
Which biting ran in such a mode as doth
The pig when he is turned from out the sty.
One reached Capocchio, and within the nape
Of the neck fanged him, so that, dragging him,
He made his belly grate the solid ground.

And then the Aretine, who trembling stayed,
Told me : " That imp is Gianni Schicchi,¹ and
He goeth rabid, treating others thus."

" Oh !" said I to him, " may the other so
Not stick its teeth in thee as grudge thou not
The telling who it is, ere hence it plunge."

And he to me : " That is the ancient soul
Of wicked Myrrha, who grew intimate

(1) At the instance of a relative of Buoso Donati (the peculator of Canto XXV.), Gianni Schicchi, concealed within the dying Buoso's bed-curtains, and counterfeiting his voice, dictated a will in favour of this relative. He took care of himself also by bequeathing to himself a splendid mare, afterwards referred to as "the lady of the stud."

With her own father, not in rightful love.
 She in like manner came to sin with him,¹
 By falsifying herself in other's shape,
 As durst the other who is going there,
 That he might gain the lady of the stud,
 Falsify in himself Buoso Donati,
 Testating and directing for his will."

And, after the two rabid ones had passed
 On whom I'd kept mine eye, I with it turned
 To look upon the other evil-born.²
 One I saw made in manner of a lute,
 Were it that he had only had the groin
 Truncated on the side which men have forked.
 Oppressive dropsy, which unsorteth so
 The members, with the lymph it ill converts,
 That countenance to belly answers not,
 Enforced him that he kept his lips apart,
 As does the hectic, who, because of thirst,
 Turns one toward his chin, the other up.

"O ye who are without all punishment,—
 And why I know not,—in the painful world,"
 He said unto us, "look ye, and attend

(1) As related by Ovid.

(2) *Malnati*; an expressive word, currently used simply as "unlucky," but having probably the original force either of "born with bad horoscope," or of "unfortunate in being born at all."

To Master Adam's misery.¹ I had
Of what I wanted plenty, while alive,
And crave, alas ! a drop of water now.
The rivulets which from the verdant hills
Of Casentin descend to Arno down,²
Making their channels be both cold and moist,
Always before me stay, and not in vain ;
Because their image dries me even more
Than the disease whence I'm unfleshed in face.
The rigid justice which doth search me through
Takes matter from the place wherein I sinned
To set my sighings all the more on flight.
There is Romena, where I coined the false
Alloy which had the Baptist on it stamped,³
For which above I left my body burned.
But, if I saw the sorry spirit here
Of Guido, Alexander, or their brother,
Not for Fount Branda would I give the sight.
One is within already, if the enraged
Shadows which go around do say the truth ;
But what avails it me whose limbs are bound ?
If I were light by thus much only still
That I could go an inch a hundred years,

(1) This man was induced by the brothers Guidi, of Romena, to counterfeit the Florentine coinage, for which offense he was burned.

(2) This pleonasm "descend down," in this instance and others, is Dante's own. So elsewhere, "rise up."

(3) Florence, being under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, had his image on her coins.

I'd have already set me on the road,
Seeking, among this squalid people, him,
For all that round it turns eleven miles,
And is not less than half a mile across.
Because of them, 'mid such a family
Am I : 'twas they persuaded me to mint
The florins with three carats pared away."

And I to him : " Who are the wretched two
That steam as does a hand in winter bathed,
Lying so closely at thy right-hand side ?"

" I found them here, and no turn made they since,"
He answered, " when I rained into this fall,
And I believe they will not make for aye.
The one is Joseph's false accuser, and
The other's Sinon, the false Greek of Troy :
Through sharpest fever they exhale such fume."

And one of them, who'd taken it amiss,
Perhaps, that he was mentioned so obscure,
Struck with his fist upon the hardened paunch.

That sounded like as it had been a drum ;
And Master Adam struck him in the face
Back with his arm, which no less hard appeared,
Saying unto him : " Though it's ta'en from me

To move, by reason of the heavy limbs,
I have mine arm for such a business loosed."

Whence he replied : " When thou wast going to
The fire, thou not in like wise hadst it prompt ;
But, when thou coinedst, hadst it so and more."

The dropsical : " Thou sayest true of that :
But thou wast not so true an evidence
When thou at Troy wast questioned of the truth."

" If I spoke false, and thou didst falsify
The coin," said Sinon, " I'm for one crime here,
And thou for more than any demon else." ¹

" Recall to mind the horse, thou perjurer,"
Responded he who had his belly swelled,
" And be 't thy pang that the world knows it all."

" Let thy pang be the thirst whereby thy tongue
Bursts, and the putrid water," said the Greek,
" Which hedges up thy paunch before thine eyes."

Thereat the coiner : " Thy mouth splitteth so
In speaking ill as is its wont ; for, if

(1) Why so? I suppose by the logic of malice, which reckons every separate coin a separate crime.

I'm thirsty, and the moisture stuffs me out,
Thou hast the burning, and the head which aches ;
And thou, to lick Narcissus' looking-glass,
Wouldst need not for inviting many words."

To listen to them I was wholly fixed,
When "Look now," unto me the master said,
"That I am all but quarrelling with thee."

Whenas I heard him speak to me in wrath,
I turned towards him with so much of shame
That in my memory it whirleth still.
And, as is he who dreams of his mischance,
Who, dreaming, wishes that it *were* a dream,
And longs so, as 'twere not, for that which is ;
Such I became, incapable to speak,
Who wished to make excuse, and all the while
Excused myself, and thought not that I did.

"Less shame will wash a greater foible out,"
The master said, "than that which thine has been :
Therefore unlade thyself of all distress.
And reckon that I'm always at thy side
If yet it happen fortune catches thee
Where there are people in a broil like this ;
For wishing to hear that's a base desire."

CANTO XXXI.

Entrance to the Ninth and lowest Circle : The Primæval Giants.

ONE selfsame tongue had firstly bitten me
So that it tinged my one and other cheek,
And tendered me the medicine afterwards :
Achilles' and his father's lance was thus
Accustomed, as I hear, to be the cause
First of a mournful, then a goodly, gift.

We turned our back upon the wretched vale
Up by the bank which girds it roundabout,
Crossing without exchange of any speech.
Here it was less than night, and less than day,
So that my vision went but little on.
I heard a mighty horn, however, sound,
Such that it would have made all thunder hoarse ;
Which turned mine eyes, in following its path
Against itself, all to a single spot.
After the lamentable rout, whenas
The sacred geste was lost by Charlemagne,
Not Roland sounded out so terribly.

Thither I little had raised up my head
 When many lofty towers meseemed I saw ;
 Whence I : " What country, master, say, is this ? "

And he to me : " Because thou traversest
 Along the darkness from too far away,
 It comes that then thou err'st in imaging.
 Well wilt thou see, if thou do thither join,
 How much from far the sense has been deceived :
 Prick thyself on a little, therefore, more."
 Then dearly did he take me by the hand,
 And said : " Or ever we are further on,—
 That so the fact may seem to thee less strange,—
 Know that not towers, but giants, then, are these :
 And they are in the well around the bank,
 Each and all of them, from the navel down."

As, when the fog's in act to dissipate,
 The sight, by little and by little, shapes
 That which the mist that stuffs the air conceals ;
 So, piercing through the air obscure and gross,
 Approaching more and more toward the edge,
 The error fled me, and affright did gain :
 Since, even as upon the rounded girth
 Montereccione,¹ crowns herself with towers,

(1) A fortress near Siena.

The horrible giants thus, whom Jupiter
 Still, when it thunders, menaces from heaven,
 Were over-towering with half their frame
 The margin which encircles round the well :
 And I already marked of one the face,
 Shoulders, and breast, and of the belly much,
 And downward both the arms along the flanks.
 Certainly Nature, when she left the art
 Of animals like these, did passing well,
 To take away such ministers from Mars ;
 And, if she not repents of elephants
 And whales, the man who looketh subtly to't
 Holds her for that more just and more discreet ;
 For, where the argumenting of the mind
 Is added to ill will and potency,
 People can make against it no defence.
 The face of him seemed to me long and big,
 Like as it were at Rome St. Peter's pine,¹
 And in proportion were the other bones ;
 So that the bank, which was a girdle from
 The middle down, showed of him full so much
 Above that ill three Frisians would have made
 A boast that they could reach unto the hair :²

(1) A bronze pine-cone which, in Dante's time, was standing in the Piazza di San Pietro ; now in the garden of the Vatican.

(2) The united height of three Frisians (taken as representatives of uncommonly tall men), standing one upon the other, would not have equalled the height of the giant from the middle upwards.

Since I saw of him thirty ample palms
Down from the place where men would buckle cloaks.

“ Raäfel maï amech zabi almi,”¹
So the ferocious mouth began to cry
Whereunto sweeter psalms had not been meet.

And toward him my leader : “ Silly soul,
Keep to the horn, and vent thyself with that
When rage or other passion touches thee.
Search at thy throat, and thou wilt find the thong
Which, O confusèd soul, retains it tied,
And look at it which hoops thy bosom huge.”
Then unto me : “ Himself accuses him ;
For this is Nimrod, through whose evil thought
One only language is not used on earth.
Let's leave him there, nor to no purpose speak ;
For unto him is every language so
As his to others, which is known to none.”

We therefore made our passage lengthier,
Turned to the left ; and, at a crossbow-shot,
We found the other far more fierce and large.
To girdle him who might the master be
I cannot tell ; but he had got begirt

(1) It may be doubted whether this representation of præ-Babel speech means *anything*. Three interpretations, however, have been suggested, of which the most applicable seems to be “ Fallen hath my glory low ; see here my world ” (Cayley's Notes).

In front the other arm, the right behind,
With chains which held him downward from the neck
Imbound ; so as that, on the uncovered part,
To the fifth twisting, it was twined along.

“ This proud one chose to make experiment
Of his own power against supremest Jove,”
My leader said ; “ of which his prize is this.
His name is Ephialtes, and he did
Great feats what time the giants scared the gods :
The arms he plied he never moveth more.”

And I to him : “ I would, if it can be,
That of the measureless Briareus
Mine eyes should have experience.”

Whereat

He answered : “ Thou near hither shalt behold
Antæus, who is fetterless, and speaks,
Who'll place us at the bottom of all guilt.
The one whom thou wouldst see is much beyond ;
And he is bound, and fashioned like to this,
Save that he seems more fierce in countenance.”

Never was earthquake so impetuous
That it could shake a tower so mightily
As Ephialtes was to shake him quick.

s

Then, more than ever, had I fear of death ;
And nought would have been needed save the fright,
If I had not beheld the fetters there.
We then proceeded further on, and came
Unto Antæus, who full fifty ells,
Without his head, protruded from the grot.

‘ O thou who, in the valley fortunate¹
Which rendered Scipio heir to glory when
Hannibal turned his shoulders, with his troops,
Took'st erst a thousand lions for a prey,—
And, if thou'dst come unto the lofty war
Of those thy brothers, still it seems believed,
The Sons of Earth had been the conquerors,—
Put us adown (and take not thence disgust)
There where the cold has locked Cocytus up.
Make us not go to Tityus, nor to Typhon.²
This man can give of what is here desired :
Bend therefore, neither twist thy mazzard wry.
Fame in the world he still can render thee ;
For he doth live, and still expects long life,
If grace do call him not before the time
Unto itself.” So said the master. And
He stretched in haste, and took my guide, his hands—
Wherefrom felt Hercules great strait erewhile.

(1) The valley of the Bagrada, wherein was fought the battle of Zama.

(2) Or Typhoeus, who, with Tityus, is mentioned in the *Æneid*.

Virgil, whenas he felt him taken, said
To me : " Come here, that I may take thee so : "
Then made one bundle of himself and me.

Such as the Carisenda,¹ 'neath the incline,
Appears to look at, when there goes a cloud
So over it that counterwise it hangs,
Such seemed Antæus unto me, who stayed
In heed to see him bend,—and time there was
I would have wished to go by other road ;
But lightly at the bottom, which devours
With Judas Lucifer, he put us down :
Nor there, so bended, did he make delay,
And, as it were a mast on ship, he rose.

(1) A leaning tower in Bologna.

CANTO XXXII.

Ninth Circle : Traitors—firstly, against the ties of consanguinity, and of patriotism.

IF I had rhymes both harsh and spluttering,¹
 As would befit the melancholy hole
 Which all the other cliffs are pitched above,
 I should ex-press the juice of my concept
 More fully : but, because I have them not,
 Not without fear do I proceed to speak ;
 For 'tis no jesting matter to set down
 The fathomings of all the universe,
 Nor for a tongue which Mammy calls and Dad.
 But may those ladies help this verse of mine
 Who helped Amphion to make fast his Thebes,²
 So that the speech be not diverse from fact !

Oh above all thou mis-created mob
 Which art i' the place whereof to speak is hard,
 Better up here had ye been sheep or goats !

(1) *Chiocce*, literally, "clucking."

(2) The walls of Thebes rose and ranged themselves to the playing of Amphion, inspired by the Muses.

As we were down now in the darksome well,
 Under the giant's feet and lower far,
 And I at the high wall was gazing yet,
 I heard said to me : "Look how thou dost pass :
 So do that with thy soles thou trample not
 Thy¹ miserable weary brothers' heads."

Wherefore I turned, and saw in front of me,
 And 'neath my feet, a lake which, thorough frost,
 Of glass, and not of water, had the look.
 In Austria the Danube never made
 So thick a veil in winter to its course,
 Neither the Don beneath the frigid sky,
 As here it was ; so as that, if thereon
 Had Tabernicch² or Pietrapana³ fallen,
 'Twould not against the edge have even made "crick!"⁴
 And, as to croak the frog doth set himself
 With muzzle out of water, at the time
 When oft of gleaning dreams the country-girl,
 Livid as far as where appeareth shame⁵
 The doleful shadows were within the ice,
 Setting their teeth as unto note of stork.⁶

(1) Or, *the* miserable brothers' heads, in which case the line probably refers to the first two souls specially introduced, who were brothers.

(2) A mountain of Slavonia.

(3) A mountain in the Lucchese territory.

(4) "Cricch"—a word imitative of the sound.

(5) *I.e.* the length of the face.

(6) Chattering and clashing their teeth with cold.

Each held the face turned downward : from the mouth
The cold, and from the eyes the mournful heart,
One for the other give their evidence.

When I had somewhat seen about me, I
Turned footward, and saw two in such wise strained
They had the hair o' the head together mixed.

“ Ye who thus strain your bosoms, tell me who
Ye are,” I said.

And they bowed down their necks ;
And, when they had their faces toward me raised,
Their eyes, which were before but moist within,
Along the lips gushed over, and the frost
Between them strained the tears, and locked them up.
Never did cross-beam girdle wood with wood
So hard ; whence they, as 'twere a pair of goats,
Butted together, rage so conquered them.

And one who had, by reason of the cold,
Lost both his ears, still with his visage down,
Said : “ Why so much dost mirror thee in us ?
If thou dost wish to know who these two are,
The valley whence Bisenzio declines,
It was their father Albert's, and was theirs.
They issued from one body ;¹ and thou mayst

(1) These souls were Napoleone and Alessandro, sons of Alberto Alberti, a noble of Manzona occupying an estate through which the river Bisenzio

Search all Caina,¹ and not find a shade
 More worthy to be stuck in ice-jelly :—
 Not him to whom were breast and shadow rent²
 With that the selfsame stroke by Arthur's hand ;
 Neither Focaccia ;³ neither this who so
 Impedes me with his head I see nought else,
 And bore the name of Sassol Mascheroni :⁴
 If Tuscan, well thou know'st now who he was.
 And, that thou put me not to further speech,
 Know I was Camicion de' Pazzi, and
 I wait Carlino, to assoilzie me."⁵

Then did I see a thousand faces made
 Doglike⁶ by cold ; whence shuddering to me comes,

flowed. The brothers poniarded each other ; and indeed, according to an old chronicler, there was a kind of *relative-murdering mania* hereditary in the family.

(1) The section of the ninth circle containing criminals of the present class ; so called, of course, after Cain.

(2) The traitor Mordred, who mortally wounded his father King Arthur, receiving from him at the same time such a thrust "that a ray of sunlight passed through his body, as was beheld by Girflet the Paladin." Some commentators, however, make out that *ombra* (shadow) means here "the reins."

(3) Focaccia de' Cancellieri, a Pistojesse noble, conspired with others of the White party to murder his own kinsman Detto.

(4) Who murdered his nephew, to obtain his inheritance. He was punished by being rolled through Florence in a cask stuck with nails.

(5) Camicione murdered his kinsman Ubertino. His brother Carlino (whose more heinous guilt is to "assoilzie" Camicione, by making *his* appear comparatively venial), betrayed his own party, the Whites, in their need, surrendering the castle of Fravigno, and thereby entailing the death of an uncle of his, and another relative.

(6) *Cagnazzi*. Some commentators define this to mean a *colour*, which appears to be a sort of purplish slate-colour. Even in such case, however, I suppose the original meaning is "doglike" (in hue) ; and I rather under-

And always will come, for the frozen fords.
 And, while we were proceeding toward the midst
 Whereunto every weight doth concentrate,¹
 And I was trembling in the eternal dark,²
 Whether 'twas will, or destiny, or hap,
 I know not ; but, in walking through the heads,
 I struck my foot hard in the face of one.

On me he weeping cried : “ Why poundest me ?
 Unless thou com'st the vengeance to increase
 For Mont' Aperti,³ why dost me molest ? ”

And I : “ My master, now await me here,
 That I may get out of a doubt by him :
 Then thou shalt hurry me howe'er thou wilt.”

The leader stopped : and unto him I said,
 Who in the mean while kept blaspheming hard,
 “ Who art thou who revil'st another thus ? ”

stand the word to imply that eager, sharp-muzzled, gape-mouthed look which belongs to craving dogs, and to persons suffering the extreme of cold,—a look, as it were, of being eaten away.

(1) The centre of the earth, which attracts all falling weights toward itself.

(2) *Rezzo* (shade). I think the force of the word here is not simple darkness, but the *cold* belonging to shade, as deprived of sun-warmth: so also where the same word is used in the simile of the ague, Canto 17, p. 119.

(3) The speaker is Bocca degli Abati, who betrayed his party, the Guelphs, at the battle of Mont' Aperti, cutting off the hand of the standard-bearer, and going over to the enemy, who gained the bloody victory spoken of in the case of *Farinata*.

“ Now who art *thou* who go'st through Antenore,¹
Striking,” he answered, “ on another's cheeks,
So that, were I alive,² 'twere overmuch ?”

“ Alive am *I*; and, if thou askest fame,
It may be dear to thee,” was my response,
“ That I should put thy name 'mong other notes.”

And he to me : “ I wish the contrary :
Arise herefrom, and give me irk no more,
For ill know'st thou to flatter in this plain.”

Then took I hold upon him by the scalp,
And said : “ 'T will have to be thou name thyself,
Or that no hair remain to thee hereon.”

Whence he to me : “ For thine unhairing me,
I'll neither tell nor show thee who I am,
If on my head thou fall a thousand times.”

I had in hand his hair already twined,
And I had plucked more than one lock of it,
He barking with his eye concentrated down,
When cried another : “ Bocca, what dost want ?

(1) The hell of the traitors to their country,—so called after Antenor, son of Priam, who is said by some writers to have betrayed Troy to the Greeks.

(2) “ Wert *thou* alive,” say some commentators ; but I think Bocca means to say that this is an insult which, in his mundane days, he would have resented, even to blood.

Is't not enough for thee to sound thy jaws
Unless thou bark'st? What devil touches thee?"

"Now," said I, "I've no wish for thee to speak,
Flagitious traitor; for, unto thy shame,
I'll carry of thee veritable news."

"Aroint," he said, "and what thou choosest tell:
But miss not speaking, if thou hence emerge,
Of him who had his tongue so ready now.
He weeps herein the money of the French;
'I saw him of Duera,'¹ thou mayst say,
'There where the sinners feel it cool enough.'²
If thou wert questioned who was here as well,
Thou hast beside thee him of Beccheria,
Whose gullet Florence sawed.³ And I believe
Gianni del Soldanier⁴ is further on,
With Ganellon,⁵ and Tribaldello, who
Opened Faenza while the people slept."⁶

(1) Buoso of Duera, or Dovara, a Ghibelline leader in Lombardy under Frederick II. and Manfred, allowed the army of Charles of Anjou to pass scatheless to Naples, being, as some say, bribed thereto.

(2) *Stanno freschi*—literally, "are fresh or cool," but always used in a sarcastic sense so as to imply delusion or discomfort, and thence generally for misfortune of any kind.

(3) A Bishop of Vallombrosa, beheaded in 1258 by the Florentines for Ghibelline treason.

(4) A Florentine noble who deserted to the popular faction.

(5) Infamous as the traitor who betrayed Charlemagne at Roncesvalles.

(6) A nobleman of Faenza; who, sore at some slight put upon him by the Bolognese Ghibelline refugees in that city, succeeded, by a long-preconcerted

We had already gone away from him
When two I saw within a crevice iced,
So that the one head was the other's hat.
And, as through hunger bread is eaten, so
The upmost in the other set his teeth,
There where the brain adjoineth with the nape.
Not otherwise did Tydeus for disdain
Gnaw Menalippus' temples¹ than did he
Do with the skull and with the other things.

“O thou who showest with so bestial sign
Thy hatred over him whom thou dost eat,
Tell me,” I said, “the why; with this compact,
That, if with reason thou complain'st of him,
Knowing his sin and who ye are, I too
May in the world above requite thee for't,
If that with which I speak be dried not up.”

plan involving the assumption of mental imbecility, in betraying Faenza to the Guelph army from Bologna.

(1) In the wars of Eteocles and Polynices.

CANTO XXXIII.

Ninth Circle continued : Traitors against their country, and against guests.
Ugolino.

THAT sinner from the savage meal his mouth
Uplifted, wiping it upon the hair
Of the head which he'd wasted from behind.

Then he began : " Thou'dst have me to renew
Desperate grief, which presses on my heart
Now only thinking, ere I speak of it.
But, if my words may be a seed to yield
Infamy to the traitor whom I gnaw,
Thou shalt behold me speak and weep at once.
I know not who thou art, nor by what mode
Thou'rt come down hither : but a Florentine
Thou, when I hear thee, seem'st to me in truth.
I was Count Ugolino,¹ thou must know,

(1) Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, a Guelph, being associated in the government of Pisa with his nephew Nino de' Visconti, conspired with Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, and the Ghibelline leaders, to turn out Nino, and succeeded, partly by stratagem. Almost immediately afterwards, the confederates quarrelled; and Ruggieri (Roger) shut Ugolino, with his sons

And he Archbishop Roger : now will I
 Tell wherefore I'm a neighbour like to this.¹
 That, by the effecting of his evil thoughts,
 Confiding in him, I was capturedèd,
 And after done to death, I need not tell.
 Nevertheless, what thou canst not have heard,—
 That is, how much my death was cruel,—thou
 Shalt hear, and know whether he's injured me.
 A scanty opening within the mew
 Which has from me the name of Famine, and
 Wherein it needs that others too be shut,²
 Had shown me through its loophole several moons
 Already, when I had the evil sleep
 Which rent away for me the future's veil.
 Master and lord this man unto me seemed,
 Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs to the mount
 Because of which the Pisans see not Lucca.³
 With bitches lean, and eager, and well-trained,
 He had Gualandi, with Sismondi and
 Lanfranchi,⁴ stationed in the front of him.

Gaddo and Uguccione, and his grandsons Brigata and Anselmuccio, in a tower named from their fate the Tower of Famine. Here they remained from August to March ; when Ruggieri left them without food, had the keys of the tower thrown into the Arno, and so starved all to death. On the ninth day after their fast began, Guido da Montefeltro entered the city, and found them dead.

(1) Why I am such a bad neighbour to Ruggieri (by devouring his head).

(2) This sounds like a *special* allusion of some kind, but I do not find it explained by the commentators.

(3) Mount San Giuliano, which stands between the two cities.

(4) Three of the Ghibelline auxiliaries of the Archbishop.

In little course, the father and the young
Seemed to me tired, and with the sharpened fangs
I seemed to see the flanks of them ripped up.
When I before the morrow was awake,
Weeping amid their sleep I heard my sons
Which were along with me, and asking bread.
Sure thou art cruel if thou grieveest not
Already, thinking what was told my heart ;
And, if thou weep'st not, when art wont to weep ?
We now were wakened, and the hour approached
When food was customed to be brought to us,
And each was doubting, on his dream's account :
And I heard locked the exit underneath
The horrible turret ; whereupon I looked
In my sons' faces, saying not a word.
I wept not, I so petrified¹ within :
They wept ; and said my Anselmuccio, 'Thou,
Father, art looking so ? How is't with thee ?'
I shed no tear, however, nor replied
The whole of that day, nor the after night,
Till issued in the world the other sun.
Whenas some little ray had got itself
Into the painful dungeon, and I marked
My selfsame aspect upon faces four,
I bit for anguish into both my hands :

(1) *Sì dentro impietrai.* Some commentators understand this to mean
"I kept such command over myself."

And they, supposing I did that for need
 Of eating, of a sudden raised themselves,
 And said : ' 'T will give us, father, much less pain
 If us thou eat'st of : thou indued'st us
 This miserable flesh, and doff it thou.'
 I, not to make them sadder, stilled me then :
 That and the next day we remained all dumb ;
 Ah ! hardened earth, why openedst thou not ?
 When to the fourth day we were come, before
 My feet, distended, Gaddo threw himself,
 Saying, ' My father, why not give me help ?'
 Herewith he died ; and, as thou seest me,
 I saw the three fall one by one, between
 The fifth day and the sixth : whereat I took,
 Already blind, to groping over each,
 And three days called them after they were dead.
 Then fasting more availed than sorrowing."¹

When he had spoken this, with eyes askew
 He took again the wretched skull with teeth
 Which like a dog's upon the bone were strong.

Ah Pisa ! ignominy of the men ²

(1) I see no rational ground for supposing, with several of the commentators, that this means that Ugolino ate the flesh of his dead children or grandchildren, or anything beyond that, though grief did not kill him, hunger did. Indeed, the fact that he was found dead on the ninth day of his fast is scarcely perhaps compatible with the idea of this horrid repast, begun about the sixth day.

(2) *Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti.* A Pisan woman told me that the

Of the fair country there where sounds the *sì* !¹
 Since neighbours are in punishing thee slow,
 Let now Capraia and Gorgogna² move,
 And make a dam to Arno 'gainst the gorge,
 That it may drown within thee every one !
 For if Count Ugolino had repute
 Of being traitor to thee with the forts,³
 Thou shouldst not on such cross⁴ have set his sons.
 Their early age, new Thebes !⁵ made innocent
 Brigata, Uguccione, and the two
 Besides whom higher up the poem names.⁶

We passed on further, thither where the ice
 Ruggedly swaddles up another folk,
 Not downward turned, but utterly reversed.
 Weeping itself permits not there to weep,

Pisans have made here an ingenious play of words, converting *vituperio* (ignominy) into *vita e imperio* (life and empire).

(1) *Sì* is the Italian *Yes*; the line therefore is as much as to say "Italy."

(2) Islands near the mouth of the Arno. The "neighbours" may be Florence and Lucca.

(3) Pisa being worsted in a combination of other Italian cities, Ugolino was said to have got rid of the Genoese by relinquishing certain fortresses to them in 1297.

(4) *Porre a tal croce*,—see Note, p. 48.

(5) Named here, I suppose, in memory of the unnatural deeds of Eteocles and Polynices, joint kings of Thebes.

(6) The two grandsons of Ugolino were children, not of Ugolino's sons starved with him, but of an elder son. So far, therefore, there is no reason for inferring that any of the four junior captives were less young and innocent than Dante represents. But it is said that even the grandsons were taken with arms in their hands, and were married. At the same time, it seems hardly probable that Dante could have been mistaken in his assertion, and it is one which even a man reckless of truth would scarcely hazard if it were not correct.

And grief, which finds a stoppage in the eyes,
Turneth within, to make the pain augment ;
Because the earliest tear-drops make a knot,
And, as it were a crystal vizor, fill
The cup completely underneath the lid.

And, notwithstanding that, as from a corn,
Every feeling, by the cold's effect,
Had ceased its lodgment in my countenance,
I ne'ertheless appeared to feel some wind ;
Whence I : " My master, who is moving this ?
Below here is not every vapour quenched ? "

And he to me : " Thou shalt anon be where
The eye shall give thee answer as to that,
Seeing the cause which raineth out the blast. "

And one o' the mournful of the freezing rind
Cried unto us : " O spirits cruel so
As that the final post is given ye,
Take from my face the hardened veils, that I
May vent the sorrow which impregns my heart
A little, ere again the weeping freeze. "

Whence I to him : " If thou wouldst have mine aid,
Say who thou wast ; and, if I free thee not,
To the ice's bottom let me have to go. " ¹

(1) There is doubtless a *double entendre* here. Dante appears to be imprecating on himself the doom of a traitor, while, in reality, he is only wishing himself a safe arrival at his journey's end.

He answered then : " I'm Friar Alberic :
I am the man of the ill garden's fruits,
Who here in recompense take date for fig." ¹

" Oh !" said I to him, " art thou dead then yet ?"

And he to me : " How in the world aloft
My body may be knowledge hold I none.
Such an advantage has this Ptolemee ²
That oftentimes the soul thereinto falls
Ere Atropos have given it the move.
And, so that thou more willingly mayst scrape
From off my countenance the glassen tears,
Know that, as quickly as the soul betrays,
As I did, then its body from it is
Ta'en by a fiend, who sways it afterward
Until its time completely be evolved.
Into this sort of cistern it doth plunge :
And haply overhead appears the trunk
O' the shade which wintereth behind me here :—
This thou shouldst know if down thou com'st but
now.

(1) A special allusion. Alberigo de' Manfredi, one of the Frati Godenti, after professing to accept an apology for a blow which a kinsman had given him, invited the latter, and his son or brother, to a banquet, and, calling " Fuori le frutta" (bring the fruit), had them both assassinated.

(2) The third division of the Circle, which Dante entered after leaving Ugolino : containing the souls of those who betrayed their guests, and named Ptolemæa probably after Ptolemy, the betrayer of Pompey.

He is Ser Branca d'Oria,¹ and, since
He was shut up thus, several years are past."

"I think," said I to him, "thou mockest me ;
For Branca d'Oria never died as yet,
And eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and dons his
clothes."

"Into the fosse above of Evilclaws
Wherein," he said, "boils the tenacious pitch,
Not e'en had Michael Zanche yet arrived
When this man left the devil in his stead
Within his body, and a kinsman's too
Who wrought the treachery along with him.
But hither now betimes stretch out thine hand,—
Open mine eyes."—And them I opened not,
And to be rude to him was courtesy.

Ah Genoese ! ye men diverse from all
Well-doing, and with all corruption filled,
Why are ye not from out the world dispersed ?
For with Romagna's foulest spirit I
Found such an one of yours that, for his deed,
He in Cocytus bathes e'en now, in soul,
And seems, in body, living still above.

(1) A Genoese, who murdered his father-in-law, Michael Zanche, the barterer of Canto XXII., to obtain his province in Sardinia. He was still living when the *Inferno* was published.

CANTO XXXIV.

Ninth Circle continued : Traitors against benefactors, at the lowest depth of all, with Lucifer. The exit out of Hell.

“ Vexilla Regis prodeunt¹ Inferni

Toward us : therefore look in front of thee,”
My master said, “ if thou discernest him.”

As, at the time when breathes a heavy fog,
Or when our hemisphere is under night,
Appears from far a mill which wind doth turn,
Meseemed to see then such an edifice :
Then, for the wind, I strained me up behind
My leader, for no other cave² was there.
Already was I (and with fear I put
It into metre) where the shades were all
Covered, and like a mote in glass showed through.
Down some are lying ; others stand erect,—
That with the head, and with the foot-soles that ;
Another, as a bow, inverts toward
The feet the visage.

(1) *Vexilla Regis prodeunt* is the beginning of a hymn for Passion Week, which Virgil here adapts to the circumstances, saying, “ The banners of the king of hell advance.”

(2) No other shelter.

When so far we'd got
 As that my master pleased to show to me
 The Creature which had had the noble form,
 He from before me moved, and made me stay,
 Saying : " Behold here Dîs, and here the place
 Where it befits thou arm with fortitude."

Thereat how frozen I became, and hoarse,
 Ask it not, reader, for I write it not,
 For little would be every utterance.
 I died not, and I did not keep alive ;
 Think for thyself now, if thou'st flower of wit,
 What I became, deprived of one and both.

The Lamentable Kingdom's Emperor
 Issued from out the ice with half his breast ;
 And with a giant more do I compare
 Than with his arms do giants : therefore see
 How great must be that whole which corresponds
 Unto a part so fashioned. If he was
 As beautiful as he is ugly now,
 And raised his brows against his Maker, sure
 All sorrowfulness must proceed from him.¹
 Ah ! how great marvel unto me it seemed
 When I beheld three faces to his head !

(1) Why ? The inference is not very obvious : but I suppose it runs—If he, being made by God as beautiful as he is now ugly, was so monstrously wicked and ungrateful as to rebel, we may well surmise him capable of producing all evil whatsoever.

The one before, and that was vermeil-hue :
 Two were the others which adjoined to this,
 Over the midst of either shoulder, and
 They made the joining where the crown is placed.
 And between white and yellow seemed the right ;
 The left was such an one to be beheld
 As come from there wherein the Nile is sunk.¹
 There issued under each two mighty wings,
 Such as 'twas fitting for so great a bird :
 I never saw the sails of shipping such.
 They had not feathers, but the mode thereof
 Was like a bat's ; and these he fluttered so
 That from him there was moved a threefold wind :
 Cocytus all was frozen over hence.
 With six eyes wept he, and three chins along
 The weeping trickled, and a bloody foam.
 At every mouth he shattered with his teeth
 A sinner, in the manner of a brake,
 So that he thus made woful three of them.
 The biting for the foremost one was nought
 Unto the scratching, for at times the spine
 Remained of all the skin completely stripped.

(1) I think the ordinary old interpretation of these three heads sufficient, and it is certainly the most obvious,—viz. : that they indicate Satan's power over the three parts of the world, by the complexion of their respective inhabitants—vermeil or carnation for Europe, sallow for Asia, Æthiop-black for Africa. Cupidity, pride, and envy, appropriated respectively to Judas, Brutus, and Cassius, have been suggested ; also impotence, blindness, and malice, as opposed to the Power, Wisdom, and Love, of God. The whole question is well put in Cayley's notes, though one may differ from the conclusion.

“ That soul above which has most punishment
Is,” said my lord, “ Judas Iscariot,
Who has his head within, and outside plies
His legs. O’ the other two, whose head is down,
Brutus is he who from the black head hangs ;
See how he writhes, and does not speak a word :
The other’s Cassius, who appears so gaunt.¹—
But night again is rising, and it now
Is ours to leave, for we have seen the whole.”

I, as it pleased him, did embrace his neck,
And he took vantage of the time and place ;
And, when the wings were opened far apart,
He caught upon the shaggy ribs. From tuft
To tuft he afterwards descended down
Between the thick hair and the frozen crusts.
When we had got thereunto where the thigh
Turns just upon the thickness of the haunch,
The leader, with fatigue and anguishing,
Turned round his head to where he had his shanks,
And grappled to the hair as one who mounts,
So that I thought I back returned to hell.

“ Now hold on well ; for by such stairs as these,”
The master, panting like a tired man, said,
“ It needs from so much ill that we depart.”

(1) *Membruto*,—perhaps strong-limbed.

Then forth through a stone's orifice he came,
 And put me down to sit upon the brink :
 He set toward me then his wary step.
 I raised mine eyes, and thought I should have seen
 Lucifer as I'd left him just, and I
 Beheld him holding upperward his legs.
 And whether I became then travailed let
 The grosser folk conceive, which seeth not
 What was the point that I had overpassed.¹

"Rise up," the master said, "upon thy feet ;
 The way is long, and sorry is the road,
 And now the sun returns to half of three."²

'Twas not the pathway of a palace there
 Where we were passing, but a natural cell
 Which had soil evil, and no ease of light.

"Or ever I do pluck me from the abyss,
 My master," said I, when I was erect,
 "A whit, to loose from error, speak to me.
 Where is the ice ? And how is this one stuck
 So topsyturvy ? And in time so scant
 How has the sun from evening passed to morn ?"³

(1) Dante has just passed the very centre of the globe, coincident with the centre of Satan's body. Consequently, to pass from his middle to his head would be going upwards ; and to pass from his middle to his feet is also going upwards.

(2) To the half of three hours from the Jewish third hour, *i.e.* to an hour and a half before noon.

(3) Dante being now in another hemisphere, this is the necessary consequence.

And he to me : " Thou still imaginest
 Thou'rt that side of the centre where I caught
 The hair of that fell worm which drills the world.
 As long as I went down, on that wast thou :
 Whenas I turned me, thou didst pass the point
 Whereunto weights from every part are drawn ;
 And thou hast reached now 'neath the hemisphere
 Which is opposed to that which covereth
 The spacious dry,¹ and 'neath whose top was quenched
 The Man Who free from sin was born and lived :²
 Upon a little sphere thou hast thy feet,
 Which constitutes Judecca's other face.³
 Here it is morning when it there is eve ;
 And this who makes our staircase with his fell
 Is still so planted as he was at first.
 Downward in this part did he fall from heaven ;
 And here the earth, which did before project,
 Made of the sea, for fear of him, a veil,
 And came unto our hemisphere ; and that
 Which there appears, and upward rushed, perchance
 To flee from him, left vacant here the place."⁴

(1) The dry land, or Earth.

(2) Jerusalem being deemed the centre of the earth, Christ would have been crucified under the culminating point of the mundane hemisphere.

(3) The last division of the last circle of hell is named Judecca, after Judas.

(4) *I.e.* the earth which now forms the Purgatorial Mountain, sole land in the antipodal hemisphere, emerged there in the convulsion consequent upon Satan's fall, leaving the cavity which the poets are now traversing.

Down there's a place, remote from Belzebub
As great a distance as the tomb¹ extends,
Which not by sight is known, but by the sound
Made by a runnel which descendeth here
By a stone's hole which it has eaten out
During the course it turns ; and little this
Impends. My guide and I by that hid path
Entered to turn again to the clear world :
And, having not a care of any rest,
We mounted up, he first and second I,
So far that I, through a round opening, saw
Some of the beauteous things which heaven contains :
And hence we came to re-behold the stars.²

(1) The "tomb" appears to be the entire hollow of Hell from its entrance down to Lucifer. If so, the "place remote from Belzebub" (Lucifer) is the entire space between him and the exit from Hell. Or possibly the tomb is the well or space leading down from the giants to Judecca and Lucifer ; in which case, the "place" is the particular spot from which Dante now proceeds on his way to Purgatory.

(2) The word stars (*stelle*) ends all the three parts of the Commedia.

END OF THE HELL.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

