

DANTE'S  
DIVINE COMEDY  
WILSTACH

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THE COMEDY  
OF ANTE

in English Verse





DAUTE AND BEATRICE. *Ary Scheffer.*



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THE DIVINE COMEDY  
OF DANTE

Translated into English Verse

WITH NOTES

BY

JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH

AUTHOR OF "THE VIRGILIANS" AND TRANSLATOR INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF VIRGIL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

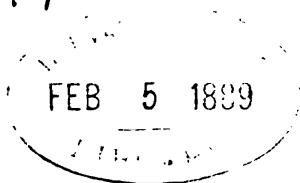


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Cambridge.

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## TO DANTE.

*Poet divine, or, yet, in terraces meek  
The effulgent Cross of southern oceans lights,  
Or, throned where Seraphs, in empyrean heights,  
Close contemplation of the Highest seek ;  
Thy heaviest woes from wrath that factions wreak,  
Thy keen resentments voiced in melody's flights,  
Safe thou from Minos and infernal rites ;  
On whose behalf was Beatrice moved to speak  
With Virgil's shade, his aid expert to pray ;  
On this thine humble follower's task do thou  
Look down benign ! Since went thy soul its way  
From out the western wave hath risen, and now  
Hails thy great Muse, a realm more wide than Rome's,  
And give thy themes their thoughts its studious homes.*



## PREFACE.

---

IN attempting a rhymed translation into English of Dante's *DIVINA COMMEDIA*, the author has been governed by the conviction that only thus can one hope to approximate a reproduction of the effect created by the original; that the form is so inseparable from the soul of the work as to compel the translator to accept all the risks involved in the effort to represent it. The author is aware that he subjects himself, by this course, to severer criticism, but since in translation, especially in the translation of a great national work, so much that is characteristic of the original is sure to be lost, it is hoped that one may be pardoned for putting himself under bonds, and denying himself the freedom which inevitably leads to the expression of too much of the translator's personality. Fidelity to the Italian poet has therefore been the *jus et norma* of the translator's dealing with the text.

Every enthusiastic student of Dante is aware of the temptation which assails him to follow the innumerable paths into which the *COMMEDIA* affords him glimpses. In pursuing his studies, the author has accumulated a large store of interesting and suggestive material, but he has endeavored to distinguish between that which throws direct light upon the text of the poem, and that which more

indirectly illustrates the great themes which gather about the life and times of Dante, the art of the poet, the purpose, scope, and general signification of his principal poem, the relation which he holds to his country and generation. The more direct material he has thrown into the form of notes appended to the several cantos; it would have been easy to extend these notes to great length, and to have added to them illustrations; and the author is aware that he has now and then indulged himself in a disquisition approaching the character of an excursus, not actually required in the way of explanation; but he has endeavored to keep in mind the needs of the reader who wishes to arrive at a quick understanding of the work before him.

The results of his studies upon the more general themes connected with the work have gradually taken shape in a companion volume devoted to Dante, the Danteans, and things Dantean, which the author hopes shortly to offer to the public. The two works will set forth the full round of his Dantean studies — studies which connect themselves naturally with the author's earlier devotion to the great poet of ancient Italy.

It may be proper to note, among the prolegomena of these volumes, that in them is adopted the new diphthong, originated by the author of the present translation. The new device is here first brought into use. This diphthong is the combination of the vowels *e* and *u*, *eu*. It is, to a certain extent, applicable in several languages, ancient and modern. In English, it is applicable chiefly to proper names having their origin in the Greek.

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## COMMEDIA.



### GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE COMMEDIA.

Beatrice, reciprocating the love of Dante, and urged by Mercy and Grace, descends from Paradise to the Lower World. There she engages the shade of Virgil to conduct Dante to the summit of the Mountain of Purgatory, where she promises to await their arrival. The embassy of Beatrice is accepted. The gateway of the Lower World passed, the Poets reach, and effect the crossing of, the Acheron, and meet the great worthies of the pre-Christian Age in the Limbo of the Fathers. Descending, they seek the abodes of Vice, Violence, Fraud, and Treason. Delivered from the Furies by the interposition of an Angel sent from heaven, they reach, and follow, through showers of fire, the banks of the Phlegethon, encountering hosts of the damned baked by the heat. Assisted by Geryon, symbol of Fraud, and by Antæus, one of the Giants who made war on heaven, they reach Cocytus, the lake of eternal frost, and behold Satan at the centre of gravity of the Universe. Thence they pass to the opposite side of the globe, and are received by Cato of Utica on the shores of the Island of Purgatory. There they behold the spirits arrive from the mouths of the Tiber. They converse first with the spirits of those who met death through violence. Sordello, a Poet of Mantua, becomes the

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**General Argument.**

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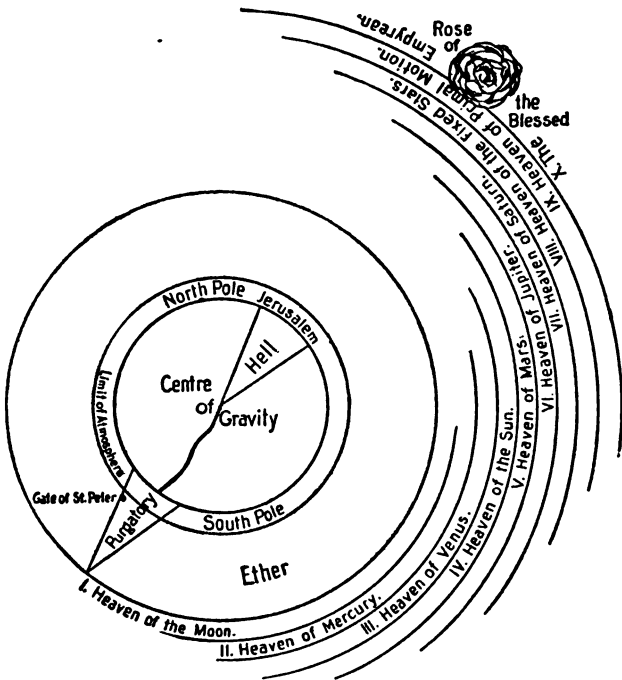
guide of the Poets. They pass the Gate; they mingle with the spirits of the proud, envious, wrathful, slothful, avaricious, prodigal, lascivious. Statius, author of the *Thebaid*, joins them. The beloved name of Beatrice encourages Dante to pass through a fiery rampart into the Terrestrial Paradise. There they meet Beatrice, according to her appointment, and Virgil takes his leave. The procession of the Church Triumphant is seen. Beatrice, surrounded by Angels, and showered with roses, descends upon the Triumphal Car. Matilda is here the guide of Dante and Statius, and they are by her bathed in Lethe and in Eunoë. Repeatedly, both in the Lower World and on the Purgatorial Mountain, Dante is overpowered by his emotions, and needs the encouragement of Virgil, or, in Eden, of Beatrice. Throughout the entire Poem, the plans of God and matters of personal and political history come under discussion. In the *Purgatorio* are heard penitential prayers and devout songs, and, at the approach to each terrace, an Angel welcomes the comers. In the *Paradiso*, discourses on matters personal and political share the attention with themes philosophical and theological. The *Paradiso* exhibits Dante's orthodoxy, his intense love of Beatrice, and his absorbing desire to return to the city of Florence; and, in this final division of the Poem, the unrivalled eschatology of Dante finds its grandest expression. Light, Fervor, Melody, Motion, are here characteristics. Feasting on the beauty of Beatrice, Dante ascends into Paradise. With Beatrice as his guide he traverses successively the spheres of the Moon, of Mercury, of the other planets, including the Sun, which, under the Ptolemaic system, was recognized as a

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**General Argument.**

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planet, and of the Fixed Stars, and arrives at the sphere of Primal Motion, and afterwards at the motionless and boundless Empyrean, the seat of the immediate presence of God. He successively meets and converses with, or hears discourses from, spirits, some of wide, and some of narrow fame; with Justinian and Cacciaguida and Folco; with Saint Thomas of Aquin, Saint Francis of Assissium, Saint Bonaventura, Adam, Solomon, Saint Peter, Saint James, Saint John. Saint Bernard shows him Beatrice on her throne among the blest, and introduces him into the immediate presence of the Deity. •



DANTE'S PLAN OF THE UNIVERSE.



# INFERNO.



## GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE INFERNO.

Dante, wandering at night in a forest, is approached by the shade of Virgil, who, sent by Beatrice, offers to guide him to the threshold of Paradise. Hesitatingly accepting the offer, he follows the Mantuan. Entering the gateway of the Lower World, they pass through the neutral ground of the poltroons, and arrive at the shores of Acheron. Ferried over by Charon, they arrive at the Limbo of the Fathers. Thence they descend to the realms of Minos, in which they find the abodes of the depraved, and of the intemperate; to the domains of Plutus, the abode of the avaricious and profligate; to that of the morose; to that of the arrogant, which leads them to the ferry of Phlegyas and the City of Dis. An Angel sent from Heaven rescues them from the Furies, and admits them to the tombs of the heretical, where Virgil discourses on the gradations of punishment. Meeting and discomfiting the Minotaur, and guarded by Centaurs, the Poets pass along the banks of the Phlegethon, and meet the Harpies and suicides, blasphemers showered with fire, and sodomites and usurers baked with heat. The Poets challenge Geryon, the symbol of Fraud, and demand his assistance in their further descent. They find themselves in the ten evil-pits, where seducers and flatterers are scourged

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**General Argument.**

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by demons ; where simonists, fortune-tellers, corrupt officials, hypocrites and the sacrilegious, evil-counselors, schismatics, scandal-mongers, counterfeiters, forgers, and liars are tortured. There they also meet the giants who made war on heaven, and one of these, Antæus, assists them in their further descent. Cocytus, the lake of eternal frost, is reached, the very presence of Satan, and of traitors to country, kindred, friends, benefactors. Frequently Dante is overpowered by fear, and throughout he leans upon Virgil ; and the usual topic of conversation with the shades is the state of affairs in Florence. The poets pass the centre of gravity, and, following the subterranean course of Lethe, again see the stars.

## CANTO FIRST.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poet, in his thirty-fifth year, is surrounded by a frowning forest. Therein he wanders at night. He escapes from it, only to find, at the dawn of day, a mountain before him, where the leopard of Pleasure, the lion of Ambition, and the wolf of Avarice track his steps. Alarmed at his situation, he encounters the shade of Virgil, who informs him that he can hardly expect to escape the wolf, and that, if he so desires, he will show him the scenes of the Lower World and of Purgatory, and will afterwards leave him in charge of Beatrice, who will accompany him as his Guide in Paradise.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** Allegorical figures.

**TIME :** Night of Thursday of Holy Week, March 25, and morning of Good Friday, March 26, 1300.

MIDWAY upon the journey of our life,  
I found me in a forest dark and deep,  
For I the path direct had failed to keep.  
Ah me ! how hard it is, since all my strife,  
That forest's grim and rugged strength to tell,  
To think of which brings back its mastering  
spell,  
So bitter, and so little less than death  
It is ; but of fair things to speak which bless  
The seer, will I, first, speak of that distress.

---

*The Leopard.*

---

Scarce can I tell mine entrance on that heath, 10  
So full was I of sleep about the time  
That I the true way left these wilds to climb.  
But, at a mountain, in the rosy gleam  
Where closed the valley which my breast had  
torn,  
I looked aloft, and saw his summit lorn  
And shoulders broad graced by that planet's  
beam  
Which lends its guidance to all wanderers, lost  
In every maze, by every error crossed.

Then came into my heart some calm, as thought 19  
May fix upon a lake soft zephyrs light,  
My heart so stormed on by that pitiless night.  
And as a man, with pantings thick and short,  
Out of the ocean, strikes at last the lea,  
And turning, gazes at the perilous sea,  
E'en so my mind, that struggled yet to flee,  
Turned back again the rocky pass to view  
That ne'er had yet admitted mortal through.

But, soon my weary frame from numbness free, 28  
Up I began the desert slant to go,  
My firmer foot the one which moved below.  
But scarcely had I left the horrid plain,  
When, lo, a leopard saw I, nimble, light,  
And shining with a speckled body bright.  
It near me played, again and yet again,  
Nay, it delayed so much my upward pace,  
That oft I turned my journey to retrace.

---

*The Lion and the Wolf.*

---

The hour was morning's dawn, and was arrayed 37  
Fair nature's freshness in the sun's first gleams,  
And those stars fading shone which shed their  
beams

Upon the day when Love Divine displayed  
Those its fair works. So thus my fond hopes  
grew.

The beast's gay skin, the glittering morning dew,  
The trooping joys that throng that season sweet,  
All these united to inspire my heart ;  
Yet not but that a lion made me start,

Which then with head erect came me to meet, 46  
Its madly-hungry jaws so grimly drear  
That e'en the air to tremble seemed with fear.  
A she-wolf, too, who, in her leanness seemed  
Of every craving full, and who hath brought  
Many to grief who have her presence sought.  
So keenly fierce her teeth and eye-balls gleamed  
That, overwhelmed, a heaviness sore me bent,  
And lost I hope of making the ascent.

And as one who a liking hath for gold, 55  
And when the times come which his losses bring,  
In every thought complains of fortune's sting,  
Such was I made by terrors manifold  
Of that peace-quelling beast who, resolute, won,  
And me drove back to where is mute the sun.  
Whilst I was rushing to the mountain's base,  
Before mine eyes came one whose voice not  
strong  
Seemed hoarse to have become from silence long.

When him I saw in this wild, desert place, 64

“Have mercy,” said I, “whatsoe'er thou be,  
Or ghost or man, that thus appear'st to me.”

He answered, “Man I'm not, but was in days  
Gone by ; my parents Lombards were on earth,  
And both claimed Mantua for their place of birth.  
My birth, though late, was midst the Julian rays,  
I lived beneath Augustus good at Rome,  
What time false, treacherous Gods made there  
their home.

“A bard I was, and sung of that just man, 73

Anchises' son, from Troy who came,  
What time proud Ilion's towers succumbed to  
flame.

But thou, why was it that thou just now ran  
Again to grief ? The mount delectable why  
Dost thou desert, the source of every joy ? ”

“That Virgil, then, art thou, and fountain clear,  
Whence pours of story forth so grand a stream ? ”  
Him answered I, all modest with esteem,

“O glory thou and light of bard and seer, 82

May study long and ardent love of mine  
Towards thy volume make me friend of thine !

For thou my master art, mine author thou,  
And thou alone art he in whom I sought  
That beauteous style which me hath honor  
brought.

Behold the beast from which I turned just now !  
Help me to shun her, O thou famous sage,  
My veins and pulses tremble at her rage ! ”

---

 The Greyhound predicted.
 

---

"Then must thou take another path," he said, 91  
 After he looked upon me bathed in tears,  
 "If thou wouldst shun this valley full of fears,  
 Because this beast 'gainst which thou seek'st mine  
 aid

Amidst thy tears, lets no man pass her way  
 That she doth not entangle, trap, and slay,  
 And is her nature so perverse and vile,  
 That ne'er her craving appetite's maw is filled ;  
 Full-fed, her bite is deadlier and more skilled.

"To many an animal of envenomed guile 100  
 She married is, and will yet be to more,  
 Until the Greyhound comes, then dies she sore.  
 Not upon land or lucre will he feed,  
 But wisdom ; love and virtue him will guard ;  
 'Twixt Feltro and Feltro holds he watch and  
 ward.

Help shall he bring to Italy's far flat plains,  
 For which Camilla's virgin blood was shed,  
 And sweet Euryalus, Nisus, Turnus, bled.

"Her shall he chase through cities, fens, and fanes  
 Till he have her again consigned to hell, 110  
 Whence she was sent by envy's promptings fell.  
 Wherefore for thee this think I and discern :  
 That thou me follow ; be thou by my side  
 And through a place eternal thee I'll guide,  
 A place where shrieks shall meet thee at each turn  
 From spirits writhing there in hopeless pain,  
 Each crying out that death again were gain.

## Mention of Beatrice.

" And thou shalt see those who content abide 118  
 Their fiery trials, for they hope to rest,  
 Whene'er their time may be, among the blest.  
 If to the blest, in their bright regions wide,  
 Thou wouldst ascend, there, when we part, I'll  
 thee  
 Yield to a soul more worthy far than me.  
 For that great Emperor wise who reigns above,  
 Because I was rebellious to his law,  
 Wills that I enter not his gates of awe.

" Therein his Empire is, a reign of love, 127  
 His City there, his high and lofty Seat ;  
 O happy he whom for it He deems meet ! "  
 And I to him : " O Poet, by that God  
 Whom thou knew'st not, that I may shun this ill  
 And worse that after it may linger still,  
 Lead me where thou hast said, thy kindly nod  
 I'll follow, let me see Saint Peter's gate  
 And those thou say'st are in such dismal state."

Then moved he ; near, and after him, I trod. 136

## NOTES TO THE FIRST CANTO.

1. " *Midway.*" In Dante's *Convito* (Banquet), tr. iv. c. 23, and elsewhere in his writings, human life is compared to an arch, whereon we ascend and descend, " the middle point whereof," conforming to the scriptural limit, he declares to be, " in men of perfect constitution, at the thirty-fifth year." Dante's natal year is known to be 1265. Some uncertainty exists as to the month and day of the month, but it seems to be fixed with sufficient certainty at May 14th, a date derived



## Notes.

from the astronomical fact stated by himself that, on that day of the year 1265, the sun entered his star, or rather, his cluster of stars, the constellation of Gemini, the Twins of Leda. In the early spring of the year 1300, he was, therefore, in his thirty-fifth year, at the keystone of the arch of human life. Dante, in the Fifteenth Canto, line 51, will say to his tutor, Latini, that his, Dante's, entrance into the Lower World took place *before* the summit of the life-arch had been reached, that is, before he had fully attained his thirty-fifth year. This date was a convenient one in reference to his banishment, which was decreed on the 27th of January, 1302. It was a convenient one in reference to the well-nigh perpetual intestine troubles in Tuscany, which, in 1305, ended a term, a most grievous one, of ninety warlike years. The year 1300, marking the beginning of another Christian century, was, by pontifical decree, the year of the Jubilee of the Christian world and its millions of pilgrims, an event referred to by our Poet in the Eighteenth Canto of the *Inferno* and the Second of the *Purgatorio*. The date, the 25th of March, was, also, the anniversary of the Annunciation. This ensured it, with Dante, a peculiar welcome. Thursday in Holy Week, Maundy-Thursday, is that day whereon Christ's new commandment (in Latin, *mandatum*, in the English of the middle ages, *maund*), to love one another, is celebrated, even to the washing of each other's feet, even to the washing of the feet of the poorest of the poor. This ceremony, I may add, in the form of the washing of the feet of poor pilgrims by men and women of the highest rank in Italy, it was, through the thoughtful kindness of Cardinal Reisach, the privilege of the author of these notes to witness, in the Halls of the Society of the Pellegrini in Rome, on Maundy-Thursday of the year 1867.

It seems clear, from what we learn from Dante in the Twenty-first Canto, that the action of the Poem (the initial step of which is Dante's entrance into the allegorical forest) begins, not at the time usually assigned, Good Friday, but on Maundy-Thursday, the day preceding Good Friday; and

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from what we learn from the Comment of Dante's son Jacopo, his earliest commentator, that this Maundy-Thursday was the beginning of the year 1300 (Parchment MS. No. 7764, National Library of France), probably the first day in that year, the year, in Dante's time, following what was called the Florentine calculation, having, and, for more than four hundred years afterwards, continuing to have, its beginning on the 25th of March. The date, in its most sacred sense, is the date of the institution of the Holy Eucharist. It is then that the Church sings, with especial significance, the hymn beginning :

" Pange, lingua, gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium ;" . . .

" Sing, my tongue, the Savior's glory,  
Of his flesh the mystery sing ;" . . .

17. *That planet's beam.*" Under the Ptolemaic system, which was followed in Dante's time, the sun was reckoned as one of the planets.

32. *"A leopard."* The commentators, as their varying religious or political predilections incline them, give their impressions of the meanings, partisan, political, moral, ecclesiastical, derivable from the allegory of the beasts. Dante, probably, had the suggestion from Jeremiah v. 6: "A lion out of the forests shall slay them, and a wolf of the evening shall spoil them; a leopard shall watch over their cities." And the supposition is doubtless reasonable that he designed that they should be variously understood, in view of the unhappy state of affairs, as well civil as ecclesiastical, wherewith he was confronted. But a lack of conclusiveness surrounds the supposition that his figure of the wolf was intended to convey reproach upon the character of the princes of the church in a general sense, because he says she will be vanquished by the Greyhound, probably Can Grande of Verona, and will die the death. And, again, this prediction would seem to have been merely a flight of exalted eulogy inspired by gratitude towards a patron, for this Lord of Verona would seem to have accomplished but little, addicted,

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as he was, to wars, and in favor with all unbefriended people ; for, during more than a hundred years after the death of Can Grande, these factions, inspired on the one hand by civil, on the other by ecclesiastical ambition, battled on ; they were in vigor in the times of Rienzi, and later ; and, after imbruting the Italian annals with more than four hundred years of carnage, they seem to have slumbered from self-exhaustion, or halted from the necessity of making common cause against the French invasion of 1494. Can Grande della Scala (so called from his armorial bearings), the Great Dog of the Ladder, will be mentioned again by Dante, in the Seventeenth Canto of the Paradiso, as the friend of his exile, and as a scorner equally of idleness and gain :

“ In labors great and in contempt for gold.”

The friendship, too, of the exile and the prince seems not to have been unalloyed, and it may be that Dante gives prominence to him here, as connected with the Poet's favorite number nine, the prince being nine years of age at the date of the opening of the Poem, the very age of Beatrice and himself at the beginning of their romantic attachment.

It seems important to note that Dante avails himself of the first opportunity in his Poem to denounce the passion for gain. It is abundantly shown, in the Poem and his other works, that he held riches in contempt. He is well supposed to have become a member of the Third Order of Saint Francis, a saint who made poverty glorious. It was to call attention to this association and its costume that he elsewhere describes himself as girt with a cord, the emblem of holy poverty, an emblem which he will cast down to the covetous and fraudulent Geryon, that thereby he may challenge the Demon.

41. “ *Those its fair works.*” The season was Spring ; the stars were those of the constellation of the Ram. Dante here gives an early hint of his predilection for astronomy, the study of the skies : the sun, at the date of the creation, was believed by the learned to have been in this constella-

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tion. This passage may be noted, too, as the first allusion on the part of Dante to the Poems of Virgil, which are to be so abundant throughout the *Commedia*.

" I could believe  
That, in the nascent world's first origin hailed,  
Such days shone out, and such a tenor had.  
A Spring was that ; a great Spring ruled the world."

*Second Georgic, 336.*

63. "*Silence long.*" This phrase is by some commentators interpreted to mean the general neglect of Virgil by scholars of the age of Dante and of the other degenerate ages preceding his; and, by others, long disuse by Virgil of his powers of speech. The interpretation of the latter class has probability, especially if we receive it with the qualification that Dante means to intimate Virgil's long disuse of speech in conversation with living persons. Dante should probably be understood to intimate, even thus early in the Poem, the original and wondrous art which he has in store for his descriptions of the denizens of the other worlds, and their sayings and doings. He will have a ghost-body for those in the Lower World, a spiritual body for those in Purgatory, a body of effulgent flame for those in Paradise, and he will take pains to predict and describe the glorified body of the Resurrection. These are to be prominent among the marvels of the *Commedia*. Virgil is the first inhabitant of the Lower World whom Dante meets, and with the very spirit and zeal of an artist, he treats with his shade as he intends to treat with all the shades of the Lower World. He gives him, besides the hoarseness of a voice long unused to mortal converse, intellectuality; he gives him memory, will, fear, sight, hearing. It will be manifest that Dante's eschatology is peculiar to himself, his own invention. These denizens of these worlds, so acting, so speaking, are of his creation. Allusion is not made here to his doctrinal eschatology, for, as to doctrine, it is assumed that he desired to teach nothing new, that he was a moralist rather than a theologian, but to what may be termed his poetical, his imaginative, eschatology.

## Notes.

## 73. "And sung of that just man."

"Æneas was our King, than whom more just  
None ever lived, none more devout, and none  
In warfare mightier, nor in arms more brave."

*First Æneid, 43.*

## 73. "Proud Iliion's towers."

"And all Neptunian Troy in smoke  
Lay prostrate."

*Third Æneid, 3.*

79. "That Virgil, then, art thou." The exalted positions Virgil is made to assume throughout the Poem indicate that Dante estimated him as the sum of literary excellence. He probably welcomed him, also, for political reasons, as the representative Poet of Italy. More profoundly, the commentators are accustomed to say that he is made to represent Terrestrial Wisdom, or Philosophy, Human Science, in the same way that Beatrice is put forward as the synonym of Celestial Wisdom, Theology, Divine Science. This is doubtless true in part, but convenience, if not truth, would counsel that we take Dante's own word in these regards, and that we concede that his views of these personages are such as would be taken by a politician, a lover, a poet, and a troubadour.

"Roman Virgil, thou that singest Iliion's lofty temples robed in fire,  
Iliion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

"Landscape lover, lord of language, more than he that sang the Works  
and Days,

All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;

"Light among the vanished ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore;  
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no  
more;

"I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

*Tennyson.*

105. "'*Twixt Feltro and Feltro.*" Feltro and Montefeltro, two cities in northeastern Italy, between which lay the principedom of Can Grande, Lord of Verona.

## Notes.

106. "*Italy's far flat plains.*" Owing to the sphericity of the earth, land seen from a distance on the sea seems low, especially as contrasted with the dark silhouette of mountains, the Apennines, rising behind it.

"Was blushing now

The dawn the fleeing stars among, when far  
Dark hills we saw, and the low coast's dim line:  
Our Italy 't was! Achates 'Italy!' first  
Shouts forth; and 'Italy!' we with joyful tears  
Salute."

*Third Æneid*, lines 521-5.

There may be also intended here a reference to the depressed state of Italian politics.

107. "*For which Camilla's virgin blood was shed.*"

"Her all the youth from field and threshold poured  
To gaze upon; and stood amazed the crowds  
The mothers made, who came her progress proud  
To see, the while for wonderment dumb their breaths  
They held: What royal honors roll in bars  
Of purple, thought they, o'er her rounded limbs!  
How with a golden clasp she loops her hair!  
How like a Queen her quiver sets her off!  
How conscious seems her war-steed of his charge!  
And how her shepherd's staff of myrtle-wood  
Ends in a spear-point polished for the fight!"

*Seventh Æneid*, 812 to end.

108. "*Sweet Euryalus, Nisus.*"

"O pair most fortunate, Hail! If aught my songs  
Your fame may serve, no day in coming time  
Your memory shall forget, while stands the house  
Æneas founded on the Capitol's rock,  
That rock of towering might immovably fixed,  
Or empire's march a Roman father guides."

*Ninth Æneid*, lines 446-450.

108. "*Turnus bled.*"

"For arms he madly foamed, and sought his sword  
Both in his bed and in his house throughout.  
Rages his love for weapons, rages high  
His wrath and cursed madness rash and wild  
Which thirsts for war."

*Seventh Æneid*, lines 460-4.

123. "*A soul.*" Beatrice.

## Notes.

124. "Emperor." Thus early in the Poem, too, does Dante indicate his political, his imperialist predilections. He would have Florence and Rome know that he has deserted the Guelphs and gone over to the Ghibellines.

## GENERAL NOTE.

The first Canto of the *Commedia* is introductory to the entire Poem. Dante's ideas ran upon exact numbers. His mind was mathematical. His mind was led by its early passion for Beatrice to run on nines. Lover and beloved were each nine years of age at their first meeting. When both were eighteen, twice nine, he wrote his first sonnet in her praise. And in his *Vita Nuova* (*New Life*, or *Early Life of Love*) he mentions other dates and happenings turning on the number nine. If we set aside the First Canto of the *Commedia* as introductory, the Cantos of the *Commedia* are in number ninety-nine. The stanzas fall into groups of three lines each, three of which make nine, all triply rhymed, rhyme, as he tells us in his *Vita*, being especially adapted to love-poetry. And it would seem that on account of this idea, and the supposed greater popularity of rhymes, he changed the metre of his Poem from Latin blank verse to Italian rhymes.

In connection with these general remarks upon the entire Poem, this is deemed a fitting place to introduce the six admirable sonnets of Longfellow, which, in his own charming way, epitomize the entire poem. They are based upon a metaphor (an architectural one, that of a cathedral), and although this, or any other metaphor on such a theme, may be deemed inapplicable, yet do these lines breathe the spirit of the very highest poetry, and are characterized by a melody of versification which belongs only to the noblest efforts of the Muse.

1.

" Oft have I seen at some cathedral door  
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor

## Notes.

Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;  
 Far off the noises of the world retreat ;  
 The loud vociferations of the street  
 Become an undistinguishable roar.  
 So, as I enter here from day to day,  
 And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
 The tumult of the time disconsolate  
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.

## II.

" How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers !  
 This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves  
 Birds build their nests ; while canopied with leaves  
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
 And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers !  
 But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves  
 Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves.  
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !  
 Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,  
 What exultations trampling on despair,  
 What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,  
 What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
 Uprose this Poem of the earth and air,  
 This mediæval miracle of song !

## III.

" I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
 Of the long aisles, O Poet saturnine !  
 And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.  
 The air is filled with some unknown perfume ;  
 The congregation of the dead make room  
 For thee to pass ; the votive tapers shine ;  
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine  
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.  
 From the confessionals I hear arise  
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
 And lamentations from the crypts below ;  
 And then a voice celestial, that begins  
 With the pathetic words, ' Although your sins  
 As scarlet be,' and ends with ' as the snow.'

## IV.

" With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,  
 She stands before thee, who so long ago,



## Notes.

Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe  
 From which thy song and all its splendors came ;  
 And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,  
 The ice about thy heart melts as the snow  
 On mountain heights, and in swift overflow  
 Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame  
 Thou makest full confession ; and a gleam,  
 As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,  
 Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase ;  
 Lethe and Eunoë — the remembered dream  
 And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last  
 That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

## v.

" I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
 With forms of saints and holy men who died,  
 Here martyred and hereafter glorified ;  
 And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
 Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,  
 With splendor upon splendor multiplied ;  
 And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
 No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.  
 And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs  
 Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,  
 And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;  
 And the melodious bells among the spires  
 O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above  
 Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

## vi.

" O star of morning and of liberty !  
 O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines  
 Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
 Forerunner of the day that is to be !  
 The voices of the city and the sea,  
 The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
 Repeat thy Song, till the familiar lines  
 Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !  
 Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,  
 Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,  
 As of a mighty wind, and men devout,  
 Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
 In their own language hear thy wondrous word,  
 And many are amazed and many doubt."

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**Notes.**

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The entire time of Dante's stay in the forest and its adjacent eminence is one day, from Maundy-Thursday afternoon to Good Friday morning. The entire time of his journey through the Lower World will be two days, from Good Friday morning to the evening of Holy Saturday. The entire time of his ascent of the Purgatorial Mountain will be three and a half days, that is, Easter Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and half of Wednesday in Easter Week. His stay in Paradise will be four and a half days, that is, half of Wednesday to the first Sunday after Easter. The entire time of the *Commedia* is thus eleven days.

It should be observed that the time, March 25 to April 5, 1300, is constantly had in view throughout the *Commedia*, whenever reference is made to events of history. The events, if of date subsequent to these eleven days, are given, not as history, but as prophecy.

## CANTO SECOND.

### ARGUMENT :

On Dante's protesting that he is neither an Æneas nor a Paul, Virgil overcomes his fears by representing to him that he has been sent by Beatrice, whose intercession in Dante's behalf has been urged upon her by Mercy and Grace.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** Æneas, Beatrice, and other honored names, by narration.

THE parting day was deepening into brown,  
Relieving from their toils, in zone on zone,  
The animals here on earth, and I alone  
Myself was steadying to keep battled down  
What I might meet, what pity I might feel,  
Which memory, erring not, shall now reveal.  
O Muse, O Genius high, be thou mine aid !  
O Memory, on whose faithful tablets glow  
The things I saw, thy noble nature show !

"Poet, who dost me guide," 't was thus I said, 10  
 "Look if there be in me of worth enough  
 Before thou trust me to this passage rough !  
 Thou say'st that he who Sylvius' father was  
 Fared to that world immortal while not yet  
 Had him corruption's hour and mission met:  
 But, if that One, of every good the Cause,  
 Who evil hates, so willed ; considering, too,  
 The high result, and what should come, and who,

"From him; the intellectual man might deem 19  
 This fitting, for, in th' empyreal dome,  
 Father he chosen was of nursing Rome  
 And of her Empire, both established there  
 In that same holy place (truth this admits)  
 Where the successor of great Peter sits.  
 His journey thither earned thy praises fair,  
 In things which brought him victory's plume  
 him taught,  
 And, in time's course, the papal mantle brought.

"To Paradise high the Chosen Vessel went, 28  
 Assurance of that faith to us to bring  
 Which of salvation is the source and spring.  
 But I, why go? by whose will am I sent?  
 Æneas I am not, I am not Paul,  
 Nor I, nor any, deem me worth the call.  
 Wherefore if I resign myself to go,  
 I fear my going foolish may be found.  
 Thou 'rt wise, and better thou the cause canst  
 sound."

---

The Mission is from Beatrice.

---

And, as one who unwilld what once he willed, 37  
 And, for new thoughts, rejects the ones he held,  
 So that his enterprise<sup>o</sup> fond is all dispelled,  
 So on that coast obscure my plans were chilled,  
 Because through thought the purpose failed and  
 failed,

Which with such joy at first mine ardor hailed.  
 "If I thy words have rightly understood,"  
 Replied the shade of him the great of soul,  
 "Thy soul to coward fear hath given control,

"The which encumbers men against their good, 46  
 And them from honors drives, with frightened  
 mien,

As doth a startled beast some thing ill-seen ;  
 And purposing now that I thy fears may end,  
 I'll tell thee why I came, and what I learned  
 When first my pitying thoughts upon thee turned.  
 Delayed 'mongst those whom laws divine suspend,  
 A Lady blest and beautiful thence me called,  
 Me gladly by her heavenly charms enthralled.

"Her eyes in brightness clear outshone the Star, 55  
 And mild and gentle, with angelic voice,  
 She spoke in words which still my heart rejoice :

'O courteous Mantuan soul, whose fame as far  
 As earth extends, and will so long remain  
 As Time's own self on earth shall hold his reign,  
 My friend (and not my friend through chance) his  
 way

Finds so impeded in a desert place,  
 That he through dread his steps doth now retrace,

---

 Urged by Mercy and Grace.
 

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" " And this my fear is, that so far astray 64  
 He is already, that too late is given  
 My care for him, from what I 've heard in Heaven.  
 Now go, and with thy gift of speech, [thy grace,  
 And other means whereby fear is controlled,  
 Assist him, so that I may be consoled.  
 I who thee send am Beatrice named ; the place  
 Wherefrom I came I long again to seek ;  
 Love moved me, and me prompted thus to speak.

" " When I again shall be before my Lord, 73  
 Oft shall to him thy praise my tongue employ.'  
 I then began when ceased her words [of joy :]  
 ' O Lady, singular in worth, whose word  
 Commands ; through thee mankind surpasses all  
 Within that heaven whose circle is most small ;  
 So grateful to me is thy loved behest  
 That, were it done already, 't would seem slow ;  
 No further me thy meaning need 'st thou show.

" " But tell me why, from that wide space of rest 83  
 Whereto thy spirit burns to make return,  
 Our lower centre here thou didst not spurn.'  
 ' Since,' she replied, ' thou dost this question make,  
 Thee briefly I will tell the reason why  
 No fear me kept within those regions high.  
 Fear should be had of things which hurt, for sake  
 Of shunning which, we shun their place of harm,  
 But things which cannot hurt cause no alarm.

## The Tears of Beatrice moved Virgil.

“ ‘ Such am I made, through grace divine of God, 97  
 That me your misery touches not, (nor wails,) -  
 Nor me that hell of burning flame assails.

A noble Lady there in Heaven the rod  
 Of Him the Almighty breaks by power she wields ; ~  
 My aid from pity comes she freely yields.

She Lucia called, and thus to Lucia said :

“ Thy faithful one hath need of aid from thee,  
 And thou his commendation hast from me.” ~

“ ‘ Moved Lucia, she whom cruelty holds in dread, 100  
 And to the place where I was sitting came,  
 Rachel beside me sitting, (worthy dame.)

“ Beatrice,” thus Lucia said, “ God’s honored one,  
 Why in his help who loved thee so delay ?  
 ’T was he for thee from busy crowds would stray. ~  
 Hear’st not from him each harrowing plaint and  
 groan ?

Seest not the death which meets him on the stream  
 That ne’er to ocean sends its fearful gleam ? ”

“ ‘ On earth none ever were to seek their good, 109  
 Or flee their hurt, so swift as I when, (sweet  
 From sacred lips came forth this message meet,  
 My seat to leave (with all its glories strewed,)  
 Confiding in this speech direct and clear,  
 And honoring thee who speak and those who  
 hear.’

Saying these words her brilliant eyes she turned  
 Weeping away, whereby in me more zeal  
 In this my mission I began to feel.

---

Dante consents to follow Virgil.

---

“ And thus I thee and that fell beast discerned, 118  
 Through him thee from the beauteous mount  
 retired,  
 And here I meet thee as she me desired.  
 What is it then? Why, why, art thou at halt?  
 Why in thine heart is lodged such fear[condign?]  
 Why art not bold and free, when thus combine  
 Three blessed Ladies in the heavenly vault  
 Thy cause to champion in the eternal court,  
 And my words wall thee round as doth a fort? ”

Like as the flowerets, by the frosts of night 127  
 Bent down and closed, when them the sunlight  
 gems,  
 Erect themselves all open on their stems,  
 So then did I, such had been my sad plight;  
 And so my courage rose and warmed my heart  
 That I began as one to freedom brought:  
 “ O she compassionate, who help brought me,  
 And thou so courteous who didst quick obey  
 The words of truth that she before thee lay!

“ Thou hast me given a heart from panic free; 136  
 I now desire to go, through thy words' force,  
 And I return to my first-chosen course.  
 Now go. Our will is one. Here is no coward,  
 Thou Leader, Master, Lord; this shall be  
 proved.”  
 Such words I said. And, after he had moved,  
 I entered on that path deep and embowered.



## NOTES TO THE SECOND CANTO.

1. "*The parting day.*" Dante here gives a compendious rendering of Virgil's description in the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*, line 522 :—

"Night came, and wearied bodies through the earth  
Were nipping placid sleep; the woods and waves,  
The savage waves, were still; half-way revolved  
Through heaven, the stars had lapsed; the idle fields,  
The flocks, the painted birds, and all that haunt  
The liquid lakes or wild and weird retreats,  
In sleep recline, the silent sky beneath,  
Soothed all their cares, and all their hearts at rest  
From toils of day."

7. "*O Muse . . . be thou mine aid.*"

"O Muse . . . or m' aiutate."

Dante does not say which one of the Muses he appeals to. With exceeding art he makes the reference general. He cared not to select between them. He wanted no jealousy in the sacred college. He desired the aid of the entire nine; for nine, the age of Beatrice, when she first came upon his dazzled vision, was, as has been already remarked, his favorite number. Therefore here we may understand that Dante invokes Calliope the muse of epic, and Euterpe of lyric, poetry; Melpomene of tragic, Thalia of comic, and Erato of erotic, verse; Clio of history, Urania of astronomy, Polyhymnia of the sublime hymn, and Terpsichore of choral dance and song.

The author of the *Commedia* is unfavorably criticised by some most worthy people for the almost unstinted use he makes of the classic myths, even in the *Paradiso*. But it should be considered that the Christian poets, even at the present moment, are unable to surrender these beautiful crystallizations of ancient thought, ancient philosophy, ancient imagination. Indeed we may safely say that these names and forms, terrible or lovely, noble or ignoble, grotesque or

## Notes.

graceful, never will be surrendered by the poetic mind. They belong to it, and they will abide by it, as long as imagination adorns religion, as long as learning embellishes art. As well can the poet forget that "voiceful sea" wherefrom "rose the music" of the Iliad and the Æneid, and which still washes Europe with beauty, enrapturing the poetic imagination forever. No, indeed; not until the haunts of the Muses and the Deities, their dales, their mountains, their forests, their streams, their fountains, shall disappear in some cataclysm of nature, can these "fair humanities" be forgotten; and we may rejoice with Coleridge, that it is so.

13. "*Sylvius' father.*" Æneas, founder of the Roman Empire. Sylvius, his descendant, is mentioned by Virgil in the Vision of Anchises, Sixth Book of the Æneid, line 768, as one

"For piety rare and arms renowned."

17. "*Considering, too.*" The peculiarity of the phrase follows the original:

. . . "pensando l' alto effetto,"

20, 21, 22. "*For, in th' empyreal dome,  
Father he chosen was of nursing Rome  
And of her Empire.*"

Carlyle translates "*alma Roma*" *generous Rome*, and Longfellow translates it *great Rome*. The Italian and the Latin "*alma*" have their common root in *alo*, to nourish.

The prophecies of Jove "in the empyreal dome" contribute to the Æneid some of its most brilliant lines. They are found in the First and Fourth Books:

"Smiling, as when he soothes the sky and storms,  
Sower of Gods and men, his daughter's lips  
He touched, as would a God-appointed priest  
Take on his lips the sacred wine. So he  
The nectar of her kisses sipped, and said:  
'Fear, Cytherea, not. The Fates of thine,  
Now and henceforth, remain unmoved to thee.  
Thou shalt behold the city and the walls  
Lavinian promised, and shalt lift serene  
Æneas great of soul, up to the stars.

## Notes.

My purpose doth not swerve. He (for since care  
Thy bosom gnaws, thee I will tell, and roll  
For thee the curtain backward, of the Fates)  
Shall wage in Italy's bounds great wars, and crush  
Ferocious peoples, and to men shall walls  
And manners give.

On them I lay no bounds or space of time.  
I give them Empire without end.'

"Not such to us hath promised he should be  
She, beauteous far o'er all, who him hath brought forth,  
And, therefore, twice from arms of Greeks him saved.  
But thus she promised, that it should be he  
Would govern Italy's fields, with empires big  
And battles fierce, and would show forth his blood  
From Teucer's lofty line, and the whole globe  
Should put beneath his laws.'

28. "*Chosen Vessel.*" Saint Paul. "He is a chosen vessel unto me." *Acts* ix. 15. "And I knew such a man, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth; how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." *2 Corinthians* xii. 3, 4.

53. "*A Lady.*" Beatrice, the transfigured, the impersonation of Divine Truth, the adored of the religious imagination of the Poet.

55. "*The Star.*" The Sun, "*La Bella Stella*, ch' il tempo misura," the beautiful star that measures time. *Canzone* xix. "She (Wisdom) is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars; being compared with light, she is found before it." *Wisdom* vii. 29.

78. "*Within that heaven.*" The astronomy of the *Commedia* follows the system of Pythagoras. The earth occupies the centre, and is surrounded by nine revolving spheres, of which the nearest is that of the moon. Dante's meaning, therefore, is that the character of Beatrice surpasses that of any other being on the earth.

94. "*A noble Lady.*" The divine Mercy.

## Notes.

100. "*Lucia*." The enlightening grace of heaven. Perhaps also meant to designate the Virgin Martyr Saint Lucia. She will be found, in vision, in Purgatory; see the Ninth Canto of the Purgatorio; and in her place in Paradise; see Thirty-second Canto.

102. "*Rachel*." Divine contemplation.

127. "*Quale i fioretti*." Quale, as Dr. Carlyle observes, used like "Quale sopor fessis:"

"As, to the wearied, sleep the green turf yields."

*Daphnis*, 46.

## GENERAL NOTE.

This Canto, devoted to the message of Beatrice, suggests the description of her which, both in prose and verse, he gives in his *Vita*: "This most gentle lady, of whom there hath been discourse in the preceding words, came into such favor among the people, that, when she passed along the way, persons ran to see her, which gave me wonderful delight. And when she was near any one, such modesty came into his heart that he dared not raise his eyes, or return her salutation; and of this many, as having experienced it, could bear witness for me, to whoso might not believe it. She, crowned and clothed with humility, took her way, displaying no pride in that which she saw and heard. Many said, when she had passed, 'This is not a woman; rather she is one of the most beautiful angels of heaven.' And others said, 'She is a marvel. Blessed be the Lord who can work thus admirably!' I say that she showed herself so gentle and so full of all pleasantness that those who looked upon her comprehended in themselves a pure and sweet delight, such as they could not after tell in words; nor was there any who might look upon her but that he needs must sigh at the beginning. These and more admirable things proceeded from her admirably and with power. Wherefore I, thinking upon this, desiring to resume the style of her praise, resolved to say words in which I would set forth her admirable and excellent influ-

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Notes.

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ences, to the end that not only those who might actually behold her, but also others, might know of her whatever words could tell. Then I devised this sonnet : —

So gentle and so modest doth appear  
My lady when she giveth her salute,  
That every tongue becometh, trembling, mute;  
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.  
Although she hears her praises, she doth go  
Benignly vested with humility;  
And like a thing come down, she seems to be,  
From heaven to earth, a miracle to show.  
So pleaseth she whoever cometh nigh,  
She gives the heart a sweetness through the eyes,  
Which none can understand who doth not prove.  
And from her countenance there seems to move  
A spirit sweet and in Love's very guise,  
Who to the soul is ever saying, Sigh ! "

C. E. NORTON'S *Trans.*

## CANTO THIRD.

### ARGUMENT :

Encouraged by Virgil, Dante accepts his leadership. Entering the Lower World, they hear the lamentations of the poltroons, selfish souls driven out of heaven, and denied companionship even in hell, whose inmates despise them. In a place remote from all other classes of sinners, they run about naked, following a phantom flag, suffering from the stings of gadflies and hornets, while worms lick up their blood which trickles on the ground. Arriving at Acheron, the Poets encounter Charon, whose reproaches, addressed to Dante, are silenced by Virgil. Multitudes throng to the crossing. The sights and sounds of terror overcome Dante.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil.

PERSONS APPEARING : Multitudinous shades.

*“ Through me are found the grieving City's walls,  
Through me the way is to eternal pain,  
Through me those lost are never found again.  
Justice the Founder urged of my grim halls  
And Power Divine which reared the courts above  
And Wisdom Infinite and Primal Love.  
Save things eternal, was created naught  
Before myself, eternal I and drear.  
All hope surrender, ye who enter here.”*

## The Poltroons.

Mine eye the legend's sombre colors sought 10  
 Above a gateway's lofty arch of gloom ;  
 " The meaning's hard, it speaks an awful doom,"  
 I to my Master said ; but he, as one  
 Prepared, made answer : " All distrust lay by,  
 Within thine heart let slavish terror die,  
 For we the place whereof I spoke have won,  
 Where we the souls shall see in misery tost  
 Who God, the mind's best dower and prop, have  
 lost."

His looks were looks of joy, his welcome hand 19  
 Reached forth for mine, its clasp brought sweet  
 relief,  
 And into secret things led me my Chief.  
 Here wailings deep and screams and sighs  
 Stirred all the starless air of that black deep,  
 Whereat at first I could not choose but weep.  
 Tongues diverse, deafening yells, and horror's cries,  
 Accents of grief and voices deep and hoarse,  
 And hands together struck with frenzied force,

A tumult made which its incessant whirl 28  
 Strewed through the eternal tint of that grim air  
 As sand when whirlwinds breathe on deserts  
 bare.

And I, who round my head felt wondering curl,  
 Said : " Master, what is this I hear, explain,  
 And tell me, who are these so thrilled with pain."  
 And he to me : " This miserable mood  
 Sustain the dreary souls of those whose shame  
 Is that they lived without or praise or blame.

“Mixed are they with that choir, nor bad nor good, 37  
 Of Angels, not for rebels, imps and elves,  
 Nor not for God, but only for themselves.  
 Heaven chased them forth to save its zones from  
 soil ;

Receive them not the deeper parts of Hell,  
 For over them the damned might triumph well.”  
 And I : “What makes them, Master, grieve and toil  
 So bitterly ?” He said : “Attend and hear  
 What I shall utter briefly to thine ear.

“Cut off from hope of death they death desire, 46  
 And their blind life’s so mean, the wretched  
 ghouls,  
 That they are envious of all other souls.  
 The world for them ne’er had nor love nor ire,  
 Justice and mercy treat them with disdain,  
 And let us, too, from viewing them refrain.”  
 But I, who looked, now saw an ensign borne,  
 Which, whirling, passed along at such wild speed  
 That pause it scorned, as doth a furious steed.

Behind it, followed on of those who mourn 55  
 So many that I ne’er could have believed  
 That death had of the world such throngs be-  
 reaved.

And soon I saw among them those I knew,  
 And saw of him the shade whom cowardice base  
 Led, through his great refusal, to disgrace.  
 Forthwith I deemed, and felt assured was true,  
 That this the crew of poltroons base must be  
 Whom God doth hate, and whom his enemies flee.



## Charon.

Naked they were, and crazed, the unfortunate flew,  
These objects of contempt, who ne'er did live, 65  
While wasps and hornets them their venom give.  
The venomous stings bring blood their faces down ;  
The blood brings tears ; tears, blood, all seek the  
ground

Where, at their feet, vile vermin gather round.  
And then, as I looked on, t'wards spaces brown,  
I people saw on a wide river's side,  
Whereat I said : " Master, and kindly Guide,

" Grant me to know who these are, and to learn 75  
What custom 't is that makes them struggle quite  
To cross, as them I see by this faint light."

And he : " Of things which now give thee concern  
Thou shalt be told when we our footsteps stay  
Upon the banks of joyless Acheron gray."

Then, with mine eyes cast down, and fearing much  
Some word of mine might have displeased my  
Guide,

I silence kept until we reached the tide.

When in a bark approached one whom the touch 85  
Of age had whitened, shouting as he came

" Woe, ye depraved, woe, woe, and shame !  
Surrender hope that ye shall e'er see Heaven !

I come to lead ye to the other shore,  
To darkness, fire and ice forevermore !

And thou, to Death who hath not yet been given,  
See thou depart from those already dead ! "

But when he saw that I stirred not, he said :

## The Shores of Styx.

"By other ways, by other ferries, thou 91  
 Must passage seek, here 't is forbid ; no more ;  
 A boat more buoyant must thee ferry o'er."  
 My Guide to him : "Charon, thyself vex not,  
 Thus it is willed where will and act are one,  
 Ask thou no further question, but be done."  
 Then to the woolly cheeks, which thus had got  
 A fitting answer, fitting quiet came  
 While round the livid eyes rolled wheels of flame.

But Charon's words the other souls had bruised ; 100  
 Weary and naked, crowned with misery's wreath,  
 Their color went, they rattled chattering teeth.  
 God they blasphemed, their parents kind abused,  
 Abused the human race, the place, the time,  
 Their generation and their native clime.  
 Then they withdrew, those grieved and wretched  
 souls,  
 All bathed in tears, back to that horrid shore,  
 Souls who ne'er fear the God they should adore.

Demoniac Charon, with his eyes like coals 109  
 (That glow in furnaces keen,) collects the crowd,  
 His stout oar those who linger smiting loud  
 As Autumn all the falling leaves controls,  
 Till on the ground sees all its foliage sent  
 The branch which erst with summer's bravery  
 bent,  
 So, one by one, did Adam's evil seed,  
 At signals seek the other shore through choice,  
 As doth a bird obey its master's voice.

## The hurrying Throngs.

Thus on the sombre water they recede, 118  
 And ere they from the thither shore are gone,  
 Comes yet another crowd still pressing on.  
 "My son," the Master said, "all they who die  
 The wrath of God beneath, from every land  
 Together meet here on this marshy strand.  
 And prompt they are, and with each other vie,  
 For so are they by heavenly justice spurred,  
 That yields to fear desire, (and is preferred.)

"Hereby there passes never a good soul; 127  
 Therefore if Charon sent thee words that stung,  
 Thou now may'st know what ruled his bitter  
 tongue."

When he had ceased, a fearful trembling shook  
 The dusk abode with violence such that yet  
 My terror bathes my shrinking frame with sweat.  
 The tearful ground which Mercy so forsook  
 Belched wind, and from it flashed a crimson flame  
 Which all my routed senses overcame.

I fell like one who slumber cannot brook. 136

## NOTES TO THE THIRD CANTO.

10. "*The legend's sombre colors.*" The inscription must be understood in a sense consistent with the teachings of revealed religion and also with Dante's general plan of the universe. The need of a place of punishment came with the fall of the rebellious angels. Satan, in falling, displaced earth sufficient to form the cavity of hell. And this displaced earth exists in the form of a mountain in the South Pacific

Ocean, the Purgatorial Mountain. The displaced earth carried in its upward progress the Garden of Eden on its summit to the first sphere of the heavens. See Canto XI. 65; XXXIV. 28; and the last seven cantos of the Purgatorio.

18. "*God, the mind's best dower and prop!*" Aristotle teaches that "the good of the intellect is the highest beatitude;" and Dante says, in his *Convito*, that "The True is the good of the intellect." Knowledge of the true God should, therefore, be the highest intellectual good.

"It is a most just punishment," so teaches Saint Augustine, "that man should lose that freedom which man could not use, yet had power to keep if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not do it, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; and that he who would not do righteously, when he had the power, should lose the power to do it when he had the will."

22. "*Here wailings deep.*" Alberic, a monk of Monte Cassino, before Dante's time, had, in his tenth year, a trance, wherein he lay nine days and nine nights. Therein he saw, in vision, Saint Peter and an angel. These became his guides through the Lower World. There they came to the mouth of the infernal pit (*os infernalis barathri*) a vast gulf, dark, and emitting an intolerable stench, and full of screaming and howling. Near by was a serpent of huge size, bound by a great chain, one end of which seemed to be fastened in the pit. Before the mouth of this serpent stood a multitude of souls, which he sucked in like flies at each breath, and then, with the return of respiration, blew out, scorched to sparks.

Other early representations of the Lower World are Cicero's Vision of Scipio, that of Saint Brandon, that of Bishop Walkelin of Lisieux, and the Vision called the Icelandic. The three latter are not lacking in the mediæval element of the grotesque.

29. "*The eternal tint of that grim air.*"

"Adsum, atque advenis Acheronte, vix, via alta atque ardua,  
Per speluncas saxi structas asperis, pendentibus,  
Maximis: ubi rigida constat crassa caligo inferum."

## Notes.

(I come, but this moment arrived, from Acheron, struggling, through a deep and rugged pathway, through caverns formed of savage rocks, impending, immense, where abides the stiff, thick smoke of hell !)

The foregoing Latin lines are quoted by Cicero from a thrilling drama which he states was popular in his day. He reveals neither its name nor the name of its author, but he states that its representation was keenly enjoyed by the Roman audiences, a large proportion of which, he adds, with a dryness of humor not unusual in the laurelled orator, were "the little women and the boys" (*muliercula et pueri*), an interesting aggregation so engagingly prominent in the seats, reserved and unreserved, of the Thespian temples of our own times. *Tusculan Questions*, Book 1, part 16. The humorists of post-classic times would say, instead of *pueri*, *puericuli*, small boys.

34. "This miserable mood." Longfellow takes occasion here to remind the reader of Bunyan's town of Fair-speech.

"Christian. Pray who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold.

"By-ends. Almost the whole town; and in particular, my Lord Turnabout, my Lord Timeserver, my Lord Fair-speech, from whose ancestors that town first took its name; also Mr. Smoothman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything,—and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by my father's side. . . .

"There Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow Hopeful, saying, 'It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech; and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts.'"

42. "Nor bad, nor good." "So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." *Revelation* iii. 16. Macchiavelli's epigram on Soderini seems also in point :

- "The night that Peter Soderini died,  
He at the mouth of hell himself presented.
- 'What! You come into Hell! Poor ghost demented,  
Go to the Babies' Limbo!' Pluto cried."

And we find, almost too severely intensified, the same idea in the ballad of *Carle of Kelly-Burn Brecc* :

“ She 's nae fit for heaven, an' she 'll ruin a' hell ! ”

Dean Church (*Essay on Dante*, p. 45) supposes that Dante had here in mind the timid and vacillating chiefs of the family of the Cerchi, partisans of the White faction.

52. “ *An ensign.* ” A whirling flag, borne rapidly along : the rallying-point of people of no fixed opinions, “ children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine.”

60. “ *His great refusal.* ” Milman, *Hist. Latin Christianity*, vi. 194, seems to entertain no doubt that here Dante means to indicate Saint Celestine the Fifth. But we hesitate to accept so severe an opinion until after an examination of the undisputed facts of history. These facts show, in brief, that this saint and pontiff was a man of extraordinary piety, a monk of the Benedictine order, a hermit, and the author of several religious treatises. They further show that, against his earnest protest, he was elected to the pontificate in a very troubled time, and when he was of the advanced age of seventy-two years. “ The news of his election,” says Darras, *History of the Church*, iii. 414, “ drew from him tears of grief. . . . While he gave himself up to the sweets of prayer and contemplation, in a cell which he had built in the midst of his palace, the government of the church was in a state of confusion. . . . Men of judgment complained of such a state of things ; their complaints reached the ears of the pope. He had accepted the onerous charge only to avoid a seeming opposition to the will of God. In these complaints he heard the expression of the same divine will, warning him to cast down a burden too heavy for his weak shoulders. On the 13th of December, 1294, the holy pope convoked the cardinals in a solemn consistory. He appeared before them in full pontificals, and read aloud his resignation of the papal dignity. Then stripping off all the pontifical vestments, he once more put on the modest habit of the hermit, and took

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leave of the assembled dignitaries, who followed him in tears, recommending to his prayers the now widowed Church."

Such are the facts of history, and we are hardly justified in saying that they describe "a poltroon," one "disgraced by base cowardice," as they rather describe one controlled by sincere piety, by a lofty sense of duty.

We have, at a recent date, the resignation, based on considerations of health, of an American bishop, Grace, of Saint Paul, and still later, and for the same cause, of an Italian cardinal, Jacobini, of Rome. Why should not a bishop of Rome, also, be privileged to resign? Is it not manifest that in some other hypothesis the solution of this question must be sought? Yet had this resignation, laudable or otherwise, important results. Cardinal Gaetano, afterwards Pope Boniface the Eighth, towards whom, later on in the Poem, Dante will evince, in repeated instances, an embittered hatred, was accused (with what measure of truth is matter of dispute) of intriguing with Charles the Second of Naples to bring about the resignation of Saint Celestine, with a view to his own elevation, and of conniving, after his resignation, with Celestine's consignment to an unhealthy place of abode, that his death might confirm his successor in his seat. And these accusations (whether true or false) were believed by two of the cardinals of the papal court, Jacopo and Pietro Colonna, and the other princes of the Colonna house. That house and all its allies opposed Boniface's incumbency of the papacy, and refused to recognize his authority. The Pope exercised the utmost rigor, not only of ecclesiastical, but of martial, law against them, destroying their property both at Rome and at Præneste, and reducing them to beggary and outlawry. Naturally they resented such wrong and violence; naturally they had sympathizers in such resentment. And so stormed upon by embittered and insolent foes was this unwise and belligerent pontiff that, according to the statement of orthodox historians, the struggle exhausted his physical strength, and brought him, heart-broken and grief-crushed, to a premature end.

## Notes.

Not seldom has the Roman Father, from his august seat in the Vatican, occasion to say, as the "First Roman Father" said to his friend, and with a fuller significance :

" ' Quis jam locus,' inquit, ' Achate,  
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?  
En Priamus. Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.  
Sunt lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.' "

" ' What place,' he said, ' Achates, is there now,  
What land remote, the circling globe throughout,  
That is not full with our unnumbered toils ?  
There Priam see ! E'en here is found his praise.  
For tears all history weeps, and touch all hearts  
Such tears.' "

A manuscript annotator has written on the margin of the passage in question : " The reference is to *Matt. xix. 22.*" This citation reads : " And behold one came, and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life ? . . . Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful : for he had great possessions." It is the only instance, as a contributor to the *North British Review*, xl. 87, observes, wherein so glorious an invitation was declined, and, in his opinion, it affords a solution of the question of Dante's meaning.

Another opinion, however, may be adopted, that of Lombardi. Lombardi maintains, in view of the context, which indicates a familiar acquaintanceship with the person alluded to, that Dante's allusion here is a political and local one, that he had in his mind some one of his fellow-citizens whose position and fortune could have saved the imperialistic party from its reverses, and by whom these valuable aids were, through avarice, or lack of public spirit, or craven fear, refused. Dean Church (*Essay on Dante*, p. 45) expresses the same opinion.

78. " *Joyless Acheron.*" The river system of the Infernal World will be described by Dante in the Fourteenth Canto.



## Notes.

He traces its origin to the Island of Crete and the tears of Saturn personating Time. First flows from this sad source joyless Acheron, then sluggish Styx, then fiery Phlegethon, and, finally, frozen Cocytus. Thus we have the stupendous allegory, traced from ancient poetry and inspired prophecy; the meaning of which, its sombre import, in condensed terms, is that the rivers of Hell are fed by the tears of Time. The import of the picture is sombre, but against it arises the joyful outlines of another, the glorious manifestation of the Christian Dispensation, a stone which shall break the statue in pieces, and inaugurate in its place a perennial reign of joy.  
82. "When in a bark approached."

"And horrible the ferryman who serves  
These miry waves and floods, Charon his name,  
In squalor wrapt, upon whose chin grows thick  
The long white beard neglected, and whose eyes  
Stand out in fire, while from his shoulders hangs,  
Tied in a knot, his kerchief, old and foul. His boat  
He poles, and manages with sails, — sails, pole,  
And boat encrusted o'er with rust, the rust  
An aged rust, — but new and fresh his age  
Seemed like a God's, so strong the old man was.  
Thereto rushed down a crowd immense, and filled  
The noisome banks; matrons and men, and Shades  
Defunct of life of heroes great of soul;  
And boys; and girls unwedded; and on biers  
Stretched out, their parents' eyes before, child-forms  
Beloved. As many were they as the leaves  
That in the early frosts of autumn fall,  
Or as the birds whose flying multitudes fleet  
Seek shelter from the storms when the cold year  
Comes in across the sea on sunny lands.

'Whoe'er thou art who, armed, our streams doth storm,  
Say, do, why comest thou? Now, where thou art  
Stand still. Of Shades the place this is; of Sleep  
And drowsy Night. . . .'

To which remonstrance of the surly God  
Made answer brief the Amphrysian prophetess sage:

'Designs like these exist not here. Let cease,

## Notes.

Therefore, thy warmth. For here no violence rash  
 Our weapons signify. His cave within  
 The mighty Janitor his watch fore'er  
 May keep, and to the bloodless Shades give fear,  
 And still Proserpina chaste shall wisely rule  
 Her uncle's house within, unharmed by us.  
 Æneas, he of Troy, renowned alike  
 For proofs of piety rare and arms, descends  
 Unto the depths of Erebus' gloom, to seek  
 His father out. If thee moves not such worth,  
 If thou to piety proven like this, remain'st  
 Insensible, yet let me beg that thou  
 This branch would recognize, and it respect.  
 And, thereupon, the branch which she had brought,  
 Her bosom hid within, she to him showed.  
 Then, down his heart sank: all its rage was gone.  
 Nor more was said than this. He, wondering much,  
 At sight of this the fateful branch, unseen  
 Since long years gone, his coal-blue barge turns round  
 And nears the shore. The other souls who sat  
 The seats upon he thence drives forth, and clears  
 The ship, whose ribs within at once he takes  
 The huge Æneas. Groaned beneath the weight  
 The hide-sewed boat, and much its gaps let in  
 The marshy flood."

*Sixth Æneid*, 298 et seq.

Charon and his realms are not unknown to Shakespeare:

"I passed, methought, the melancholy flood  
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

*Richard III.*, i. 4.

"This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery clouds, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice!  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling."

*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

112. "*The falling leaves.*" Ruskin made a study of

## Notes.

Dante, at least as to colors and tints, and, in reference to this passage, uses, in his *Modern Painters*, iii. 160, the following language :

“ When Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron as dead leaves flutter from a bough, he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and *scattering agony of despair*, without, however, for a moment losing his own clear perception that *these* are souls, and *those* are leaves : he makes no confusion of one with the other.”

Ruskin's style, I submit, seems to rattle, somewhat, here, with the leaves. It, too, seems to be in a scattering agony, perhaps in what Miss Hutchinson might term : “ A pious melancholy ? ”

## CANTO FOURTH.

### ARGUMENT.

Aroused by a crash of thunder, Dante proceeds with Virgil into the first circle of the Lower World, limbo, the abode of the blameless but unbaptized, who desire without hope. Christ, at his rising, exalted many of these to heaven. Here, provided with a clear atmosphere and pleasant surroundings, castled residences, pellucid streams, and green banks, he found the poets and sages and heroes of antiquity, Homer and Horace, Lucan, Naso, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Hector, Cæsar, Camilla, Penthesilea, and others.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil.

PERSONS APPEARING : The Worthies of the Ancient World.

A CRASHING thunder-peal my deep sleep broke,  
And, as by rude force shocked, I, with a start,  
Aroused to consciousness my heavy heart.  
Erect, I fully to the scene awoke,  
Mine eyes some rest had had, and now around  
I looked with steadfastness to know the ground.  
Upon the awful brink of the abyss,  
'Tis true I stood, where never-ceasing wail  
Gathers and breaks in thunders through the vale.

---

*The Limbo of the Unbaptized.*

---

So dark it was, so deep, so far from bliss, 10  
So full of misty clouds, that though I turned  
Mine eyes throughout its bounds, they naught  
discerned.

“ Now let us into this blind world descend,”  
Began the Poet, and all pale was he,  
“ I will go first, and do thou follow me ! ”

And I, who had observed his courage bend,  
And change of color saw : “ How will it blanch  
My cheeks to come, when shrinks my leader  
stanch ! ”

And he : “ The anguish of those tribes confined 19  
Beneath, paints on my face, for their sad sake,  
That pity which for fear thou dost mistake.

Let us away, the devious paths to find ! ”

Thus entered we, I glad to hear his words,  
The circle, first of those the abyss that girds.  
No murmurs here were heard, but only sighs,  
Which caused to tremble with the ceaseless care  
The eternal circle's depths of peaceful air.

For here no torment was, no guise 28

Of pain, but sadness, through its wide domain,  
Rules multitudes of children, women, men.  
Said good my Master then : “ Thou dost not ask  
What quiet souls these are that throng herein ;  
Know then, at once, that they are free from sin.  
Merit they had, they honored every task,  
But baptism they had not, the gateway sole  
That leads towards the bright celestial goal.

“ And, seeing they lived before the Christian  
date, 37

They worship not the Lord of Truth aright.  
This keeps myself from that celestial light.  
For such defects, we must forever wait,  
No fault but this restrains our progress higher,  
We sigh that hopeless is our fond desire.”  
On hearing this, my heart with sadness fell,  
Because in bonds like these, held in suspense,  
I knew were men whose lives gave no offence.

“ Sir, Master, I began, “ do thou me tell,” 46  
Desirous of that Faith to be informed  
Whereby are error's works to ruins stormed,  
“ Hath ever any from this place gone forth  
Through merits of his own or others' blest ? ”  
Herein a covert meaning was confessed.  
And he : “ New was I here, when came, where worth  
In all its features fair doth so abound,  
A mighty One with sign of victory crowned.

“ The shade of our first parent took he hence, 55  
Of Abel, Noah, Moses, famed for laws,  
The Patriarch Abraham, faithful to God's cause,  
King David, Israel, they who in defence  
Of holy things waxed strong, and Israel's sire  
And children, denizens choice of that high choir,  
Rachel, for whom he did so much, and yet  
Great numbers more, and made them blest, till  
whom  
None other souls were ever saved from doom.”

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"L' altissimo Poeta" is Virgil.

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Our progress, while his words flowed on, no let 64  
Nor hindrance suffered, and meanwhile we  
passed  
The wood, the wood I say, where souls were  
massed.

Our way was not yet far within that part  
Which nearest was, when, in the darkness there,  
I saw a fire which cleared its hemisphere.  
Still from it were we a small space apart,  
But not so far but that I inly felt  
That there a noble sort of persons dwelt.

"O thou who dost all science gild, while vie 73  
The arts exalted, who are these whose place,  
Apart from all the rest, so beams with grace?"  
And he to me: "The fame which merit high  
Hath gained them in that upper life of thine  
Makes them partakers of the grace divine."  
Meanwhile a voice my willing senses caught:  
"Let honors to the loftiest Bard be made:  
Returns, that hath been gone, his glorious  
shade!"

Then, when the voice was silent heard I nought, 82  
And t'wards us came four shadows great; nor sad,  
I thought, nor joyful were the looks they had.  
The Master good began to speak: "Mark him  
That hath a war-sword in his hand,  
And who before the three advances grand.  
That Homer is, the sovereign Bard supreme,  
And next to him the satirist Horace moves,  
Ovid the third, Lucan the last one proves."

"Because each one of them adores his name," 97  
 The sole voice sounded, "great the honor's  
 thence,  
 And well they do such honor to dispense."  
 The splendid school thus saw I dear to fame  
 Of that great Master of the loftiest song  
 Who, like an eagle, soars above the throng.  
 After a space together they had talked,  
 To me they turned with saluting sign ;  
 And thereat smiled that courteous Master mine.

And (to increase my joy,) as on we walked, 100  
 They of their honored number made me one,  
 One of six (shone upon by genius' sun)  
 Thus kept we on our way towards the light,  
 Of things discoursing not here aptly placed,  
 However much our tongues they may have  
 graced.

Soon came we to a noble castle's site  
 Encompassed round seven times with lofty walls  
 Defended by a stream with prattling falls.

As on dry land we pass the dimpling stream, 109  
 And through seven gates we with those sages go,  
 And reach a meadow fresh with verdure's glow.  
 Eyes slow and grave with intellectual gleam  
 Had people here, authority's tone seemed theirs,  
 And that sweet voice which dignity declares  
 Thus to one side we gradually withdrew  
 Unto a part where all could feast the eye,  
 A luminous lawn, serene and clear and high.



The green enamel's carpet gave a view 118  
 Direct of those great souls, whom that I saw  
 I glory in my soul with reverent awe.  
 Electra there I saw, and others famed,  
 Æneas' self and Hector's noble guise  
 And Cæsar armed, he with the black hawk-eyes ;  
 Penthesilea, among heroes named,  
 And brave Camilla, and the Latian King,  
 And sweet Lavinia with her wedding-ring ;

And Brutus, Tarquin's foe, Cornelia (gemmed,) 127  
 Lucretia, Julia, Marcia (pure of heart)  
 And by himself stern Saladin held apart.  
 Mine eyelids fell, with gentle feeling dimmed,  
 But raising them, I saw that Master Mind  
 Sitting among a crowd whose honors kind  
 And bright admiring glances made me know  
 His philosophic family great, and there  
 Plato and Socrates the nearest were ;

Democritus who taught how planets grow, 136  
 Anaxagoras, Thales, and Diogenes,  
 Zeno, Heraclitus, Empedocles.  
 Dioscorides, too, I saw, who herbs  
 Made helpful, Orpheus, Tully, saw, nor missed  
 Livy, and Seneca the moralist,  
 Nor Euclid, measurer of the starry orbs,  
 And Ptolemy, Hippocrates and Galen wise  
 And Avicenna, and Averrhoës

The writer of the Comment great. Not all 145  
 Can I outline, their wisdom, worth, and grace ;  
 Oft of the theme falls short the wearying chase.  
 We who were six fall to a number small,  
 To two ; by another path we fare,  
 Out of the still into the trembling air  
 Where darkness hangs in folds that us appall.

## NOTES TO THE FOURTH CANTO.

## 8. "Never-ceasing wail."

" Auditus Stygiis gemitus resonare sub antris,  
 ' O detur miseris hinc procul hora brevis ! ' "

*Damnatorum lamentabilis vox*, Pope Leo XIII.

24. "The circle, first of those the abyss that girds." This circle is known in theology as limbo, the border-land, from *limbus*, a border or edge. Therein Saint Thomas of Aquin recognized a *limbus infantum*, and a *limbus patrum*, the one containing the souls of unbaptized children, the other those of the holy men and women of the first dispensation, all or part of whom accompanied Christ in his ascent to heaven.

Psalm lxxviii. (sometimes numbered lxxvii.) : "... Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led *captivity captive* ; thou hast received gifts for men. . . ." The Hebrew seems to read, "... *A multitude of captives*, . . ." and "... thou hast received gifts *in men* ;" that is, that the Almighty has given into thy charge the souls of a multitude of the worthies of the ancient world.

And *Ephesians* iv. 1-16 : "... Wherefore he saith : Ascending on high he led captivity captive, and *gave* gifts unto men. Now that he ascended, what is it, but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth ? He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all the heavens, that he might fill all things. . . ."

Beheaded by the order of Herod, Saint John the Baptist

## Notes.

entered this *limbus patrum* two years before Christ's resurrection, and, on Christ's ascension, accompanied our Lord to heaven.

54. "*A Mighty One.*" The reverence which Dante entertains for Our Lord prevents him from uttering his name in the Inferno and the Purgatorio. He reserves it for the circles of the heavens. In the Twelfth Canto of the Inferno, line 38, will be found an instance similar to the present. The words used there are: "That One." In the Sixth Canto of the Purgatorio, line 118, he will use the word "Jove," or rather, "Supremest Jove," to avoid the use of the Sacred Name; and even when arrived at the summit of the Purgatorial Mountain, in the Terrestrial Paradise, the name he will use will be that of a symbol, the "Gryphon." Even in the Paradiso, he will permit no other word than "Christ" to rhyme with "Christ." See the instances in the following Cantos of the Paradiso: The Twelfth, at line 71; the Fourteenth, at line 104; the Nineteenth, at line 104; and the Thirty-second, at line 83.

66. "*The wood, the wood, I say.*" The repetition is Dante's:

"La selva tuttavia,  
La selva dico."

Dante's idea seems to be that these souls were like the leaves, or at least, like the trees of a forest. The emphasis, it may be allowable to suggest, may be for a political purpose, to draw attention, thus early in the Poem, to the leaders of the Cerchi, the White Guelphs, imperialistic churchmen, a rural faction, "the party of the woods," who had gained control in Florence, or had the promise of control, if their method should turn out to be equal to their fortune.

80. "*Honors to the loftiest bard.*"

"Onorate l' altissimo poeta."

The question arises who is this great Master? Who is the loftiest Bard?

Scolari and Lombardi, together with the more ancient com-

## Notes.

mentators, give their suffrages in favor of Homer; while Dolce, Speroni, Francesconi, the Rossetti family, and the modern commentators generally, give their votes in favor of Virgil. Cary, Longfellow, and Minchin express no opinion.

The "voice" that hails Virgil is one from among the throng of poets.

86. "*A war-sword.*" Longfellow explains that Dante puts the sword into the hand of Homer, as a symbol of his warlike epic, which is a Song of the Sword.

90. "*Lucan.*"

"Quanto fraudata est tua gloria plena nitore,  
Corduba! quamque minus te Mantua docta veretur,  
Mantua, cui primæ fulget nunc gloria palmæ."

VERULANUS.

106. "*A noble castle's site.*" The castle is sometimes interpreted as representing seven branches of learning, Logic, Astronomy, Music, etc., sometimes as representing the Seven Virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, etc. The rivulet is understood to symbolize Rhetoric or Eloquence.

121. "*Electra.*" Dante, in his *Monarchy*, Book Second, says: "Electra is she who was the daughter of King Atlas of mighty name, as of both *our Poet* renders testimony, in the Eighth Book of the *Æneid*, where *Æneas* thus speaks to *Evander* :

" 'Of Ilium's walls  
The builder first and father Dardanus was,  
And he good fortune brought to Teucrian tribes,  
Son he, as show the annals of the Greeks,  
Of Queen Electra, child of Atlas great,  
Atlas who holds upon his shoulders poised  
The ethereal orbs.' "

Dante, here in his *Commedia*, places her in the companionship of *Æneas* himself, and of her descendants *Cæsar* and *Julia* his daughter.

122. "*Hector.*" Homer's impersonation of Greek nobility of character.

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123. "Caesar." The head of Dante's ideal monarchy, which, like the ancient Roman Empire, he would have embrace the whole world.

124. "Penthesilea."

"There leads  
The Amazonian phalanx, shaped their shields  
Like the new moon, Penthesilea fierce,  
Who flames and rages in the midst of hosts,  
Her breast above a belt of gold thrust forth,  
A maiden warrior, with no fear of men."

*First Æneid, 490.*

125. "The Latian King."

"An aged King, Latinus, o'er the fields  
And cities ruled that quiet were with peace  
Continued long."

*Seventh Æneid, 46.*

126. "Sweet Lavinia." The bride of Æneas.

"Her royal tresses fair and gem-wrought crown."

*Seventh Æneid, 76.*

"The daughter fair and true."

*Twelfth Æneid, 606.*

127. "Brutus . . . Cornelia."

"And proud of soul, avenging Brutus, comes."

*Vision of Anchises, Sixth Æneid.*

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, her jewels. No woman in history has a purer fame.

128. "Lucretia, Julia, Marcia." All noble names. Dante, in his *Convito*, iv. 28, uses the name of Marcia, Cato's wife, as the symbol of the noble soul.

129. "Saladin." Gibbon, in the fifty-ninth chapter of his *Decline and Fall*, thus speaks of the rival of Richard Cœur-de-Lion: "In a fanatic age, himself a fanatic, the genuine virtues of Saladin commanded the esteem of the Christians; the emperor of Germany gloried in his friendship; the Greek emperor solicited his alliance; and the conquest of Jerusalem diffused, and perhaps magnified, his fame both in the East and West. . . . The justice of his divan was accessible to the

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meanest suppliant against himself and his ministers; and it was only for a kingdom that Saladin would deviate from the rule of equity. While the descendants of Seljuk and Zenghi held his stirrup and smoothed his garments, he was affable and patient with the meanest of his servants. So boundless was his liberality that he distributed twelve thousand horses at the siege of Acre; and, at the time of his death, no more than forty-seven drams of silver and one piece of gold were found in the treasury; for, in a martial reign, the tributes were diminished, and the wealthy citizens enjoyed, without fear or danger, the fruits of their industry. . . . The Orientals describe his edifying death, which happened at Damascus; but they seem ignorant of the equal distribution of his alms among the three religions, or of the display of a shroud, instead of a standard, to admonish the East of the instability of human greatness."

In this final note of praise, Gibbon alludes to the dying injunction of Saladin, which is thus given by Knolles, *History of the Turks*, p. 57:

"Mindful of man's fragility and the vanity of worldly honors, Saladin commanded at the time of his death no solemnity to be used at his burial, but only his shirt in manner of an ensign, made fast to the point of a lance, to be carried before his dead body as an ensign, a plain priest going before, and crying aloud to the people in this sort: 'Saladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in his life, carrieth not with him anything more than his shirt.' A sight worthy so great a King, who lacked nothing to his eternal commendation except the true knowledge of his salvation in Christ Jesus."

Dante, also in his *Convito*, makes kindly mention of this favorite of history and romance.

131. "*That Master Mind.*" Aristotle, the Master of those who know, the father of the inductive philosophy, honored by Dante here as well as in his *Convito*. Plato was his instructor, but Plato established a different school, the ideal. Socrates was a moral philosopher, concerning himself with

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ethics rather than with physics, with the inner man rather than with outward phenomena. Thales, Heraclitus and Democritus flourished before the time of Aristotle, and probably suggested to him the theory of the origin of matter which bears, in our own times, under the patronage of Herschel and Laplace, the name of the nebular hypothesis.

Empedocles was an exalted scientist and patriot, to whom, before his death, his people accorded divine honors. Anaxagoras deserves his immortality, if only for his love of children: "When I die," he used to say, "let my memory be celebrated by giving all the children in the land a holiday."

143. "*Avicenna*." A corruption of Ibn Sina, an Arabian physician and philosopher, A. D. 980-1037. The head of the Eastern School of Philosophy.

144. "*Averrhoës*." An Arabian scholar, author of a translation of Aristotle's Works, and of a Commentary upon them, A. D. 1149-1200. The head of the Western School of Philosophy.

## CANTO FIFTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets descend to the second circle, the abode of the depraved, lashed by incessant tempests of warring winds. Minos, the Judge of the shades, opposes the advance of the Poets, but is silenced by Virgil. Proceeding, they meet the shades of Semiramis, Cleopatra, Helen, and others, and hear from Francesca da Rimini the story of her crime with Paolo. Paolo's lamentations so horrify Dante that he falls upon the ground as dead.

**PERSONS SPEAKING:** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Minos. Francesca. Paolo.

**PERSONS APPEARING:** Seramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Helen, Paris, Achilles, and others.

FROM the first circle to the second, down  
Our progress bore, where less of space contains,  
As shows its wailing, greatly more of pains.  
Horrid there, in that sad air and brown,  
Sits grinning Minos, swift to examine crimes,  
And measuring his commitments by the times  
His tail girds round him. This I say: when there  
Before him comes each ill-begotten soul,  
It all confesses, and, expert, he'll roll



His tail as often round him as degrees 10  
 That soul should sink, for he at first doth know  
 How deep in hell the guilty soul should go.  
 Of these before him always stands a throng ;  
 To judgment passes each one in his turn ;  
 They tell ; they hear ; they seek their final  
 bourne.  
 " O thou who dost descend these souls among,"  
 To me said Minos, who, when he me saw,  
 Suspended held the functions of the law,  
  
 " Look how thou enterest, who thou trustest here ; 19  
 Trust not because the entrance-way is wide !"  
 My Guide to him : " And thou 'gainst him hath  
 cried !  
 His fated going see thou hinder not !  
 Thus it is willed where will and power are one !  
 Therefore ask thou no more, but be thou done !"  
 Begin to reach me now the doleful tones ;  
 Now am I come where thick lamentings hoarse  
 Seem me to strike as violence strikes, with force.  
  
 Void of all light the place was ; harrowing moans 28  
 Rise into bellowings like the sea in storm,  
 When warring winds its marble plain deform.  
 The infernal tempest which doth never rest  
 The spirits leads within its whirling sweep ;  
 And there they toss, all broken on the deep ;  
 And on the rocks, which all that place invest,  
 Shrieks, moanings, lamentations, screams, com-  
 bine ;  
 There they blaspheme the Majesty Divine.

To torments such I learned were there consigned 37  
 The carnal sinners, they who lust preferred  
 To reason's rule, and blindly, wildly, err'd.  
 And as their wings on cold and wintry winds  
 The starlings float along in crowded groups,  
 So did that blast the evil souls in troops.  
 It leads them, hither, thither, up and down ;  
 No hope they have they e'er will rest again,  
 No hope forever for surcease of pain.

And so those souls in hell's eternal frown 46  
 Were borne in windy strife, while uttering wails,  
 Like streaks of cranes that chant on riotous  
 gales.

Whereat I said : " Master, I fain would know  
 Who are these people whom the darkening air  
 So seems to lash and buffet, beat and tear."  
 " The first of these was one of long ago,"  
 He made reply, " she empress was and reigned  
 O'er lands of various speech her vices stained.

" And that luxurious ways might widely grow, 55  
 And others' faults her guiltiness overwhelm,  
 She lust and law alike made in her realm.  
 Semiramis she is, her realm the same  
 The Soldan rules ; her consort Nisus ; he  
 Left her his throne when death's knell set him  
 free.

That other shade was burned in love's own flame,  
 To her Sichæus fatally untrue.  
 There Cleopatra comes into the view."

I Helen saw, maker so long of ill, 64  
 And saw the great Achilles who, at last,  
 Through love the line of safety rashly passed.  
 Paris I saw, and Tristan, and until  
 More than a thousand flitted, had he shown  
 Me with his finger where love's wrecks were  
 strewn.  
 After my teacher had to me named o'er  
 The dames antique, the olden cavaliers,  
 Bewildering pity brought me near to tears.

"Poet," I said, "I would one favor more : 73  
 To speak with those that there fit side by side,  
 And seem so lightly on the wind to glide."  
 And he to me : "Thou shalt them see when drive  
 They nearer ; then by that same love them pray  
 That them impels, that they a moment stay.  
 And raising, then, my voice 'gainst winds to strive,  
 "O wearied souls." I said, "if none deny,  
 Here stop for speech with us as ye pass by."

As doves, whom through heaven's fields desire 82  
 invites,  
 With open wings and steady seek their nest,  
 Borne by their will, by zephyrs bland caressed,  
 From Dido's company then these love-lorn sprites  
 To us their course through that foul noxious air  
 Directed, answering thus my kindly prayer :  
 "O living creature, gracious and benign,  
 Who in this atmosphere of purple-black  
 Us calls whose blood on earth has left its track,

---

 Francesca da Rimini.
 

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" If were our friend that Potentate divine 91  
 Who rules the universe, our prayer would rise  
 To Him for peace to thee, who of our sighs  
 And sad, perverse, misfortune piteous art ;  
 Of that which thou dost ask we 'll hold discourse  
 While stays the wind its customary force.  
 The town which gave me birth is that thronged mart  
 Where Po and his attendant streams descend  
 Into that sea where streams so numerous blend.

" Love, which in gentle hearts is quickly caught, 100  
 Enamored him of my fair form, whose fate  
 Afflicts me even at this moment late.  
 Love which, to one beloved, can be in nought  
 Condemned, so strongly me enamored, too,  
 With him, that even yet 't is strong and true.  
 Love us to one death led. For him whose hand  
 Our life hath quenched Caina waits." We heard ;  
 To us was thus set forth the offered word.

I bowed my head, for I could understand 109  
 The love, the wound, and held my head bowed  
 low ;  
 The Poet said : " What thinkest ? I would know."  
 " Ah me ! " I answered, " what sweet thoughts are  
 these !  
 What longing led those hapless lovers on,  
 Led to the woful pass, there lost and gone ! "  
 And then to them words which I knew would please :  
 " Francesca, me thy torments cause to weep  
 With grief and pity, heartfelt, strong and deep.

## Her Story.

“But tell me, in the time of those sweet sighs, <sup>118</sup>  
What sign Love used, and how became confessed  
The sweet emotion trembling in each breast.”

“Woe greater 's none,” Francesca then replies,  
Than happiness to recall when misery stings :  
Thy Teacher knows the sadness of such things.  
But if such wish thou hast, learn then how grew  
Our plant of love ; although my heart-strings  
swell,  
I will, as one tear-choked, the story tell.

“One day we read, 'mongst histories old and new, <sup>127</sup>  
Of Launcelot, how love held him in constraint ;  
We were alone, without suspicion's taint ;  
At times the reading made our eyes to meet,  
At times the color in our faces changed,  
But one sole thing our fates all disarranged :  
When read we how, the queen's fond smile to greet,  
He kissed the lady, him, whom from my side  
No lapse of painful ages shall divide,

“Thus mine for aye, my mouth all trembling  
kissed. <sup>136</sup>  
Our Galahad thus the book and author proved ;  
That day we read no more.” And so was moved  
The other spirit, that his sad eyes missed  
No word of hers that he wet not with tears ;  
And pity made me faint and chilled with fears  
And griefs ; and fell I as the dead who nothing  
list.

## NOTES TO THE FIFTH CANTO.

2. "*Less of space.*" Dante hereby calls attention to the shape of his hell, an inverted cone, the circles contracting as they converge towards the centre of the globe.

5-11. "*Horrific . . . grinning Minos . . . with his tail.*"

"Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia:  
. . . colla coda. . ."

Longfellow surmises that the tail is attached to His Honor's seat of honor in compliance with the grotesque notions prevailing in the Middle Ages. Is it not probable that this feature is introduced by Dante as expressive of his contempt of the court? Minos was king of Crete, and, according to early accounts, was, in his lifetime, called the Favorite of the Gods; and was promoted, after death, to be supreme justice of the Lower World, in compliment, presumably, to the equitable character of his super-terrene decisions. In the light of the Florentine annals it is quite possible that the Florentine judiciary had inspired Dante with a distrust of the bench. And the later and more reliable accounts as to Minos represent him as an unjust judge and cruel tyrant. He is said to have been the author of the bloodthirsty decree compelling the Athenians to send to Crete periodically a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur.

Dante will have occasion to speak in more favorable terms of the judiciary represented in the person of Nino, Judge of Gallura. To him in the Eighth Canto of the Purgatorio he will award high praise. This praise will be all the more honorable to Dante from the circumstance that Judge Nino is of the other party in politics.

Virgil, in the Sixth Æneid, is more forbearing towards the infernal judge:

"Nor were these seats deprived  
Of right of trial. Here a judge they had.  
The Seeker Minos moves the urn, and calls  
The silent jury, and inquires of lives  
And crimes, and true indictments hears and weighs."

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20. "Trust not because the entrance-way is wide."

"From blood of Gods derived,  
Anchises' son and Troy's, the way that leads  
Towards the Avernian Shades full easy is;  
For, night and day, to all *stand wide the doors*  
To gloomy Dis; but to regain the path,  
The upward path, and breathe once more the air  
Of upper earth, this is the task, ay, this  
The labor is."

Words of the Sibyl, *Sixth Æneid*, 126.

48. "Like streaks of cranes that chant on riotous gales."

"'T was as when give  
The Strymon cranes 'neath darkening clouds their cry,  
Filling the air with mighty sounds of joy,  
As forth their way they wing towards the north."

*Tenth Æneid*, 265.

61. "That other shade." Dido, the Tyrian Queen.

"I who my faith  
To dead Sychæus' ashes failed to keep."

*Fourth Æneid*, 552.

66. "The line of safety." Enamored of Polyxena, one of the daughters of Priam, Achilles went unarmed to the temple of Apollo, where he was put to death by Paris.

"I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasure." Bacon, *Essay on Love*.

71. "The dames . . . the cavaliers."

"When in the chronicle of wasted time,  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights."

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CVI*.

82. "As doves." Doubtless Dante here had in mind the lines of the Fifth Æneid, beginning with that stirringly onomatopoeic one, the 213th:

"Qualis spelunca subito commota columba,"

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the starting at the sense of danger, the clapping of the wings, the launching upon the quiet air, the skimming the liquid way on almost motionless pinions.

In the *Autobiography of Giovanni Dupré, translated by Madame Peruzzi*, at p. 140, a criticism is found on this passage, wherein it is suggested, on the authority of Muzzi and Giusti, combatted by Cavalieri, to change the punctuation of this passage so as to make "will" apply to the "love-lorn" companions of Dido, and not to the dove; on the ground that the lower orders of creation are not gifted with will. But the ground is not tenable: the lower orders *are* gifted with will adapted to their plane of being. The contest on the part of Cavalieri seems to be a just one, and his name and those of many other learned scholars in the centuries behind us will make us cautious as to accepting the suggestion of Dupré.

97. "*That thronged mart.*" The city of Ravenna. Ampère, who followed through Europe the footprints of Dante, in his Dantean Journey (*Voyage Dantesque*), describes his approach to Ravenna through its funereal pine-woods. "Not long ago, Lord Byron evoked" in that forest of seven leagues' length, "the fantastic tales" connected with its past, "and now he is himself a figure of the past, wandering in these melancholy woods. I thought, in travelling it, that the singer of despair had ridden along this melancholy shore, trodden before him by the graver and slower footsteps of the Poet of the Inferno."

We may well suppose that Ampère had in mind the brilliant but despairing lines of Byron:

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:  
 How little do we know that which we are!  
 How less what we may be! The eternal surge  
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
 Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,  
 Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves  
 Of empires heave but as some passing waves."

106. "*Love us to one death led.*" "The desire of man is



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for the woman, but the desire of woman is for the desire of man ; " a distinction the stating of which Longfellow assigns to Coleridge.

107. "*Caina waits.*" The place of punishment of murderers, the first division of the ninth, the lowest, circle, Canto Thirty-second.

117. "*Grief and pity.*" The distress of Dante at the recital by Francesca of her painful story arises not only from the nature of the recital, but also from the circumstance that he was under obligation for the kindest hospitality to Guido Novello her nephew. Francesca was the daughter of Guido Vecchio da Polenta, lord of Ravenna. She was contracted in marriage to the eldest son of Malatesta Vecchio, Lord of Rimini ; but her husband, John the hipshot (Giovanni Sciancato), being an unattractive person, she was deceived into supposing herself married to Paolo, his handsome brother, who, however, was proxy only for Giovanni. She naturally hated her lawful husband, and loved the proxy. Discovering their intimacy, Giovanni put them both to death with his own hand.

121. "*Woe greater 's none.*"

" This is the truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

TENNYSON.

123. "*Thy Teacher knows.*"

" Albeit the mind  
Is by the memory shocked, and from such grief  
Recoils."

*Second Æneid, 10.*

126. "*As one tear-choked.*" As in the case of Virgil we observe here, in the case of Dante's second interlocutor (Virgil being the first), how robust his ghosts are ! They have not the squeaking notes of those of Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare. They represent by due modulations of the voice, high or low, subdued or free, gay or solemn, every emotion. They are not ideal, trembling visions, but actual, real, palpable entities.

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Notes.

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123. "*Launcelot.*" Launcelot, called "of the Lake," was one of the knights of the Round Table, and, in the pages of romance, is described as "the greatest knight of all the world." He was the lover of Queen Guenever. The book called "The Romance of Launcelot of the Lake" was to Francesca and Paolo what Sir Galahad (Gallehault, or Galeotto) had been to Launcelot and the Queen. I quote from Delvan :

"Chap. 39. Comment Launcelot et la Reine Genièvre devisèrent de choses et d'autres, et surtout de choses amoureuses. . . .

"La Reine, voyant qu'il n'osait plus rien faire ni dire, le prit par le menton, et le baisa assez longuement en présence de Gallehault."

In the Sixteenth Canto of the *Paradiso*, Dante will make allusion to another incident in this Romance.

## CANTO SIXTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Dante reviving, the Poets descend to the third circle, the abode of the intemperate, where they meet a tempest of cold rain, hail, and sleet. Cerberus assails them, but Virgil repulses him by throwing a handful of earth into each of his three throats. Dante discourses with the shade of Ciaccio, a glutton, who foretells to him the future state of parties in Florence. The Poets, conversing as they go, descend to the fourth circle.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Ciaccio.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** The spirits of the intemperate. Cerberus.

WHEN came my senses back which me forsook  
Stunned by the misery of my kinsfolk twain,  
Which me with sadness filled and mastering pain,  
I torments new discern, nor can I look,  
Nor here nor there, that do not meet mine eyes  
New tortured souls in some new wretched guise.  
I now am in the Circle Third where falls  
Eternal, cursed, cold and heavy rain,  
Descending in one endless, changeless strain.

## Cerberus.

Large hail pours down in these dim echoing halls 10  
 And inky floods and snow ; and stinks the ground  
 Whereon the darkling, putrid stream resounds.  
 O'er those immersed therein the dog-like bark  
 Of Cerberus swells ; the monster's three huge  
 throats  
 Drive fierce and strange their melancholy notes.  
 Red eyes he hath, and gory beard and dark,  
 His belly wide, and clawed his hands extend,  
 His joy to clutch the souls, and tear and rend.

They, in return, a howling send like dogs, 19  
 One side from him they by the other save,  
 And so, profane, the wretched turn and rave.  
 When Cerberus us perceived midst those grim fogs,  
 The monstrous worm his three mouths opened  
 wide,  
 And showed his tusks, while trembled all his hide.  
 My Guide took earth up in his spreading palms,  
 And three heaped handfuls then he drove direct  
 Down the three ravening gullets with effect.

For, as the dog whom feasting ever calms, 28  
 His bark suspends when comes the meal he waits,  
 And with it strains and battles and debates,  
 So did the Demon Cerberus with his food,  
 He who so thundered on those spirits sad  
 That sudden deafness would have made them  
 glad.

Now walked we over shades by rain subdued,  
 And seemed their emptiness vain a solid thing  
 Whereon our feet in walking we would bring.

---

 Ciacco.
 

---

All on the ground save one were lying prone, 37  
 And he, when us he saw, sat up intent,  
 And knew we thus he on discourse was bent.  
 "O thou," he said to me, "who through this Hell  
 Art led, see if thou me dost know. Life thine  
 And fame were made before unmade were mine."  
 And I to him: "Perhaps I cannot tell  
 Who thou may'st be, changed so by anguish thou,  
 But I recall not who thou may'st be now.

"But tell me who thou art whose dolorous place 46  
 And punishment keen, though than some less in  
 woe,  
 Yet in discomfort all the rest outgo."  
 And he to me: "Thy city, whose disgrace  
 Its envy is, whereof the sack o'erflows,  
 Me claimed in that clear life where sunlight  
 glows.

You citizens there me named Ciacco, so  
 Would I indulge in gluttony's baneful crime,  
 Wherefore I languish here in rain and rime.

"And I, unhappy soul, am not alone, 55  
 Since all ye see have sinned at rout and feast."  
 And then his lamentable piping ceased.  
 To him I answered: "Ciacco, each sharp moan  
 Of thy distress me weighs upon, and draws  
 My tears sincere; but tell me the true cause,  
 If that thou canst, why discord so assails  
 Thy rended city. Hath it not one just man?  
 And what may be his noble-minded plan?"

And he to me : " When moderation fails 64  
 And strife succeeds, blood shall be shed ; that fell,  
 Hot, rustic party shall its foe expel.  
 Then shall the victor fall within three suns ;  
 Then shall its foe prevail by force of one,  
 A man by whom much trimming now is done.  
 Then high with courage which a long term runs  
 Shall the triumphant party burdens heap  
 Upon its foe, which in its shame will weep.

" One just man ? Ay, I could name two ; but none 73  
 To them lend ear. On all, three sparks,  
 Pride, envy, greed, have placed their fiery marks."  
 The lamentable sound its course had run.  
 And I to him : " Go on, me still to teach,  
 On me bestow a little further speech.  
 Of Farinata and the Teggiaio say,  
 Both men so worthy, and that league so sure,  
 Mosca, Jacopo Rusticucci pure,

" And Arrigo ; of them, O tell me, pray, 82  
 Where now they are, if thou perchance canst tell ;  
 Doth soothe them Heaven, or doth them poison  
 Hell ? "

And he to me : " Amongst the souls more black  
 Than these are they ; crimes sink them in the  
 abyss ;  
 Descend so far, and thou 'lt have proof of this.  
 But if to the sweet world thou shouldst go back,  
 I pray thee to recall men's minds to me ;  
 No more I tell, no more I answer thee."

---

*The Resurrection of the Body.*

---

And thereupon his eyes a squint assumed, 91  
He me a moment viewed, and then, inclined  
His head, he fell where lay his fellows blind.  
And said my Guide to me : " There lies he doomed  
Until the Angel shall his trumpet blow.  
In those last days of trial when comes Death's foe,  
Each of those souls shall visit his sad tomb,  
Each shall resume that body he did leave,  
Each his eternal sentence shall receive."

Then through the mixture foul of rain and gloom 100  
We onward passed with paces slow, and talked  
Of that same future life as on we walked.  
Whereof I said : " My Master, shall increase  
These torments after the Great Sentence sounds,  
Or bide as now, or shrink to narrower bounds ? "  
And he to me : " From this doubt find release  
In philosophic truth which doth explain  
How that perfection brings of joy or pain

" A finer sense. Although these people base 109  
Shall ne'er to true perfection come, yet they  
Shall nearer be to it than at this day."  
Around still pass we on, to find the place  
Where the descent begins, still in debate  
With words more numerous than I here relate.  
Of Plutus here, man's foe, we come in face.

## NOTES TO THE SIXTH CANTO.

4. "*Discern.*" In changing to the present tense, the translation follows Dante.

14. "*Cerberus.*"

"And Cerberus huge these realms makes ring with sounds,  
There, as he lies, immense, in cavern couched,  
And from his triple jaws drives barkings fierce;  
To whom the poet-prophetess, when now  
His triple neck she saw with serpents hiss,  
Threw, mixed with drowsy drugs, a honied cake."

*Sixth Æneid, 418.*

The Demons presiding over the several circles are the symbols of the vices they represent: Cerberus, for example, of gluttony.

52. "*Ciacco.*" The Italian word for pig. But it may be also a family name. Mr. Forsyth, in his "*Italian Journeys,*" remarks upon the frequency of nicknames in Italy. He says that many Italians are known only by the names of the places of their birth, as Correggio, Bassano, etc.; that some have names derived from their fathers' occupations, as Andrea del Sarto, Tintoretto, etc., some from bodily defects, as the squinting Guercino, and the dog-faced Cagnacci, etc., and some by their given names alone, as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guido, Titian. It will be remembered that Cicero was so named from a pea-like wen on his face, Cincinnatus from his frowsy hair, Coriolanus from his campaign against the Corioli, Torquatus from the twisted chain of gold; that Filippo Argenti had his name from the silver shoes of his horse; that John Guido of Mugello became John of Fesole, and subsequently, from the beauty of his saints and angels, Fra Angelico, the angelical Brother, and, finally, that Durante Alighieri became, briefly, Dante.

The pursuit of the biography of our Ciacco is of course unimportant, but the gossiping chroniclers of the fair city on the Arno enable us to state that he was a society-man, and, like his tribe, irrepressible. No party, reception, ball, dinner,



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was complete without this voracious Mr. Brewer ; his address, his volubility, his cool blood, made it impossible to "shake" him. Of course in the intervals of fashionable dissipation he had time to entertain, and also to send forth, the abominable practical joke. For instance, a beau named Biondello gave the lying information to Ciaccio that Corso Donati, on that very afternoon, expected company to dinner. Ciaccio's effrontery, as usual, dispensed with an invitation. He dined with Donati, but on very simple fare. To punish Biondello, Ciaccio sent to the irascible Silver Philip (Philippo Argenti) an errand-boy with a bottle, instructing him to say to that important and excitable personage: "Signor Biondello desires you would erubinate this bottle with your best claret wine." The boy propounded this message, but failed to get the wine, and in due time, the enraged erubinated Philip fell upon poor Biondello and gave him an unmerciful thrashing.

Philip's patronymic was a double one. Named in full he was Philipppo Cavacciuoli-Adimari.

An Australian journal gives a history of the triumph, in 1885, of a newly-elected member of the Colonial Parliament, wherein the leading horse of a tandem team, to which the carriage of the member was attached, wore *golden* horse-shoes.

54. "*Rain and rime.*" Seems noteworthy the painful contrast which Dante outlines between the "rout and feast" of the lives of these people on earth and their condemnation to the "rain and rime," and "hail and inky floods," and "snow," and "stench," of their final abode.

65-72. "*Blood . . . rustic party . . . shame.*" By the phrase, the rustic party, is meant, as we have seen, the Whites, the imperialistic Guelphs, called "rustic" because having a rural origin, the forests of the Val di Sieve. Their chieftains were of the powerful family of the Cerchi. The Blacks, their opponents, were led by the Donati. They were the church faction of the Guelphs.

The trimmer is Charles of Valois, nicknamed Sansterre, Senzaterra, the Landless, brother of King Philip the Fair of

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France. Dr. Carlyle would say, in his hearty and pious way, "There are trimmers enough in all ages!" To the interference of this Prince in Florentine politics Dante attributed his expulsion from Florence.

In the notes to the First Canto allusion has been made to the Guelph and Ghibelline parties as the representatives of the rival claims of church and state, which so persistently disturbed, and still threaten to disturb, the peace of Christendom. Dante's words here allude to only one incident in this interminable struggle, the Pistoian quarrel, dividing the people of Pistoia into the factions named above, the White and the Black, led by the divided family of the Cancellieri, the Chancellors, and having its excuse in debates, and finally wars, over the question as to who should control the affections of a lovely and enchanting girl. The Pistoian quarrel spread to the congenial soil of Florence. The Pope, Boniface the Eighth, was invoked to restore peace. His peaceful ambassador, Cardinal Acqua Sparta, met with no success. His military ally, Charles of Valois, restored the church faction, delivered the imperialists to oppression and robbery, and, that he might add to the gravity of the situation, conspired the death of the pontiff, averring that he had failed in his promise to him of the imperial crown.

Not but that through all these scenes of anarchy there were truces for repairs, so that through the unhappy city, stained with gore and swept by fire and famine, resounded the notes of joy and revelry, the music of the dance, the clinking of beakers, the noise of dice, the screaming of the gamblers, — a pungent satire, wherein, with mutual welcome, mirth and murder mingled.

Giovanni Fiorentino gravely traces the origin of the Welf-Wibelung feud to a quarrel about a dog, and its stirring renewals to squabbles about women, but it is very easy to suppose that the pretext for outbreaks, a dog or a beauty, being wanting, could have as easily been made to turn on a calf or a handspike.

73. "*I could name two.*" The names of these two remain

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unknown. It is conjectured that one of them was Dante's friend Guido Cavalcanti, whom he will bring upon the scene in the Tenth Canto. And a passage in Villani would seem to assign the honor to Barduccio and Giovanni Vespignano. Villani relates that they were holy men and bountiful in almsgiving, *although laymen*, a qualification which, it may be noted, Villani, although a layman himself, seldom omits.

76. "*The lamentable sound.*" Dante had ample reasons to so characterize it. As chief Prior in June, 1300, he advised a wholesale banishment of friends and foes. Until now a Guelph, in an unhappy moment he connected his fortunes with the Ghibellines, in opposing the intervention of Charles of Valois. His own banishment followed, and upon that ensued the confiscation of his property, and the warning that, if he returned, he might expect death by fagot and torch.

79-82. "*Farinata . . . Arrigo.*" Arrigo's history has not come down to our times. He is not again mentioned by Dante. All these were men of pure patriotism but condemned for their personal faults. Their names will occur again in the Tenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-seventh Cantos.

85. "*Souls more black.*" Hereby are intimated the coming gradations of punishment.

106. "*Of joy or pain a finer sense.*" Such is the philosophy of Aristotle. And it accords with the teaching of Saint Augustine: "*Cum fiet resurrectio carnis, et bonorum gaudia, et tormenta malorum majora erunt.*" In the resurrection of the body, the joys of the good and the torments of the wicked shall be increased.

But, Dante continues to say, the souls in hell shall gradually advance towards perfection.

## CANTO SEVENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The fourth circle is reached, the abode of the avaricious and the spendthrifts. Divided into opposing ranks, rank rolls huge stones against rank, with mutual insult. Plutus here presides. He is rebuked by Virgil, and allows the Poets to pass. Virgil discourses of Fortune as one of the primal beings, and they descend to the fifth circle, the abode of the ill-natured.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil. Misers. Spendthrifts.

PERSONS APPEARING: The shades of misers, spendthrifts, and the gloomy.

“Hah! Satan! Hah! Prince Satan!” as a hen  
Disturbed her clucking clamors widely spreads,  
Plutus began. But him the Sage not dreads  
Who all things holds in his far-reaching ken :

“Him fear thou not, for in his power’s despite  
This rock we shall descend, and in his sight.”  
Thus comforting me, to those excited eyes  
His words he turned : “Peace, cursed Wolf, with  
speed

Within let thee consume thy raging greed !

---

 Plutus rebuked by Virgil.
 

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" For valid reasons here our journey lies ;           10  
   Thus it is willed on high, where Michael's sword  
   Its vengeance wreaked on thy rebellious lord."  
 As when, what time doth break the crashing mast,  
   Fall flat the wind-puffed sails, so fell supine  
   That monster cruel at these words divine.  
 Then down into the Circle Fourth we passed,  
   With more experience of that dismal wall  
   That of the world hems in the evils all.

Ah, Justice great of God ! Who can so vast       19  
   And fearful an array of woes condense ?  
   Why doth our guilt to us such pains dispense ?  
 As breaks the surge against Charybdis' pool,  
   As breaks the surge rock-sent, so here advance  
   People 'gainst people, massed as in a dance.  
 More numerous here they were than was the rule  
   Elsewhere, and side met side with howlings great,  
   Each soul before it pushing on a weight.

The weights against each other clashed, and then 28  
   Each party wheeled, and shouted on its way :  
   " Why holdest thou ? " " Why throwest thou  
   away ? "

Thus through the gloomy circle they again  
   To the same base as that wherefrom they came  
   Went back, their howls, their clash, again the same.  
 So back and forth round, round, about their den  
   The wretched creatures strove and clashed and  
   sung  
   Till drooped my heart all through with sorrow  
   stung.



“ For all the gold that ’s coined beneath the moon, 64  
Or ever was, no weary soul ’mongst those  
In all these crowds could furnish sweet repose.”

“ My Master,” then I said, “ or late or soon  
This Fortune, who her clutch doth fix, I see,  
On all sublunar things, say who is she ? ”  
And he to me : “ O creatures void of light,  
How great your ignorance dense ! But lest thou  
err,  
Hear thou, and tell, what I adjudge of her.

“ As He whose wisdom made in ether bright 73  
The wandering orbs of heaven, to them gave  
guides,  
That equal light might shine on all their sides,  
So His transcendent care of worldly things  
A general minister wise and guide ordained  
Who over worldly splendors is maintained,  
To change from time to time the goods she brings,  
From race to race, from kin to kin, in dowers  
Beyond the hindrance of our mortal powers.

“ Hence, here one people comes to high command, 83  
And there one fails, for on them all doth pass  
Her sentence hidden as a snake in grass.  
Your simple knowledge cannot her withstand ;  
She sets in order, judges, and declares  
Her laws and realm as th’ other Gods do theirs.  
No truce her permutations have. So oft  
Come things requiring change, she must be swift.  
She is it whom the angered people lift

"Upon the cross, when they to praises soft      91  
     Should turn their violent tongues, nor wrong  
 • With evil words the Goddess wise and strong.  
 But she in bliss hears not the angry jar ;  
     Her sphere she wheels, her hidden rule sustains,  
     And with the other Primal Creatures reigns.  
 Descend we now to deeper woe. Each star  
     That when we entered rose, now seeks the sea,  
     And our stay here must not too lengthy be."

The circle now, unto the banks opposed,      100  
     We crossed, near to a fount which, through a seam  
     Itself hath made, boils and pours down its stream.  
 Darker than purple-black the water oozed,  
     And we, accompanying now the dusky waves,  
     Followed the stream where it a strange path laves.  
 A marsh this dreary streamlet makes, its name,  
     When shores it reaches of malignant gray,  
     Is Styx, its floods more grim and drear than they.

And I, who stood intent to view the same,      109  
     Saw muddy people in that bog effete,  
     Naked and angry each when each would meet.  
 And each the other would with fury smite  
     With hands, head, chest, and feet; their rage so  
     sore,  
     Each with keen teeth the other maimed and tore.  
 And, as we gazed together on this sight,  
     The gracious Master said: "See, son, the souls  
     That anger damns, and look where further rolls



“ This sickening flood, and see the bubbles  
 break ; . . . 118  
 These bubbles are the sobs of those submerged,  
 Sobs from their breasts by deep contrition urged ;  
 Fixed in the slime they say, with hearts that ache,  
 ‘ Sullen we were in that sweet air made bright  
 By sunshine, sullen now in this sad plight,  
 The lazy smoke of wrath our hearts contained  
 Its alchemy vile works out in this vile mire,’  
 This hymn they gurgle, words fail their desire.”

Thus passed we on the bank that marsh retained 127  
 An arc not small of filth in pit on pit,  
 Our eyes turned on the souls that swallow it.  
 At last a tower arose whose foot we gained.

#### NOTES TO THE SEVENTH CANTO.

1. “‘ *Hah! . . . Prince Satan!*’ . . . as a hen.” In Dante’s supreme contempt for riches he has imagined the God of Wealth to be a hen, clucking in alarm at the invasion of her domains. We may suppose that he had in his mind some scene in Florence wherein he figured as an unsuccessful applicant for an accommodation at bank. He probably has had reason to dread the bank-messenger, that opprobrium of noble minds, whom our own Webster, in his vexation, described as “the little short-legged, sixty-day man.” With the persuasions of Dante and Webster would seem to accord the more dignified testimony of Lord Bacon, Essay xxxiv.: “I cannot call riches by a more appropriate name than the impediments of virtue; for as the baggage of an army are called *impedimenta*, so are riches to virtue; they are necessary, but heavy, and they impede the march to victory. Of great riches there is no use except in the distribution of them; the

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rest is but in idea. There is idea, custody, liberality, fame, inflation, but in solid benefit to the owner they are deficient."

Possibly, also, is here, as in the case of Minos, another instance of our Poet's contempt for an organized judiciary, for it would seem from an anecdote recorded by Benvenuto Cellini, that he, Cellini, in Paris, heard a judge rebuke a disorderly person in court with the words: "Peace, peace, Satan! Go! Peace!" and Cellini says that he has concluded that Dante and his companion Giotto, in their ramblings about Paris, heard these same words from the bench. Is it not possible that they might have been addressed to Dante himself, who, in his zeal to impress upon his artist-friend some favorite opinion, was disturbing the peace of the courtroom?

12. "*Thy rebellious lord.*" "Superbo strupo," in the text, should be rendered proud *troop*, Satan and his followers. Cary, quoting the Dantean Monti and the etymologist Grassi.

24. "*As breaks the surge.*"

"The fight is Scylla's side,  
The left implacable Charybdis holds,  
And thrice, in deepest whirlpool's gorge headlong,  
He sucks the waves, again to cast them forth  
By turns, and lashes with his spray the stars."

*Third Æneid, 419.*

26. "*Side met side.*" In desperate clash here meet the parsimonious and the prodigal. In patient and penitent mood they walk together the terraces of Purgatory. Twentieth Canto.

47, 48, 58. "*Popes . . . and Cardinals . . . ill keeping.*"

"Avarice, after the description of Saint Augustine, is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly thinges. And understood wel, that avarice standeth not only in land ne catel, but som time in science and in glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing is avarice." Chaucer, *Persones Tale*, p. 227.

In the corrupt and venal times in which Dante lived his soul was stirred with strong disgust at the use to which

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money was put for the perversion of public and private justice, and at the unworthy means taken for its acquirement; and in the close of the Seventeenth Canto of the *Paradiso* he will say that he selects high examples that his reproof may have greater weight. He will compare himself to the storm which strikes first the highest summits.

## 68. "Fortune."

"It chanced the song that Enid sang was one  
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:  
'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands,  
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
For man is man, and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn, thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'"

TENNYSON.

## 84. "As a snake in grass."

"Latet anguis in herba."

*Pastoral of Palamon, 93.*

## 105. "The stream."

"To him the long-lived priestess answer made:  
'Anchises' son, thou very child of heaven,  
The stagnant depths thou seest Cocytus are  
And Styx, that Styx whereby the Gods with awe  
Make solemn oath, an oath they fear to break.'"

*Sixth Æneid, 322.*

129. "That swallow it." Dean Plumptre observes that this entire Canto is substantially a protest against the plutocracy of Florence.

## CANTO EIGHTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The sixth circle succeeds, in which, first, is the marsh for the arrogant, with its signal tower; and, next, the iron walls of Dis, gleaming with the vermillion of eternal flames. Ferried over the marsh by Phlegyas, the Poets are denied access to the City of Dis by a band of fallen Angels, but Virgil declares that aid will be sent to effect their admission. In the boat of Phlegyas, Virgil, to reassure Dante against an attack by Philippo Argenti, kisses Dante.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Phlegyas. Philippo Argenti. The fallen Angels.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** The shades in the marsh of the arrogant. The shades in the flames of the heretical.

**CONTINUING** in my narrative's course : Before  
The foot we reached of the high tower, our sight  
Went upwards to its summit's rocky height,  
Because of flamelets twain it kindling wore,  
Put there as on we looked, and in the rim  
Of that our view, a counter-signal dim.  
To him of all intelligence wide the sea  
I, turning, said : " What doth this say ? and what,  
And by whom, is yon fire on that far spot ? "

## Phlegyas.

He thus : "Thou o'er the squalid waves may'st see 10  
 What will their purpose plain to thee reveal,  
 If that the fen's fog doth not it conceal."  
 Never did cord an arrow drive so swift  
 Along the highway of the tenuous air  
 As came a little bark, which saw I there,  
 On through the water's murky foam and drift,  
 To where we stood, steered by one steersman sole,  
 Whose voice we heard : "Art thou arrived, base  
 soul ?"

"O Phlegyas, Phlegyas, thou this time in vain 19  
 Dost vaunt," thus spake my Lord, "with thee  
 our stay  
 Will only us to pass the wash delay."  
 As one who listens much against the grain  
 To some gross fraud which comes before his path,  
 So Phlegyas grew, as rose his gathering wrath.  
 Took in the skiff his seat mine honored Guide,  
 And after him my place me bade assume,  
 Me, whose sole weight the argosy seemed to doom.

Soon as our seats we took she rode the tide, 28  
 But this time deeper cut her ancient prow,  
 Not often bearing such a weight as now.  
 Whilst through the stagnant slime our keel sped on,  
 Before me rose one drenched with mire, who said :  
 "Who 'rt thou, before thy time amongst the dead ?"  
 And I to him : "If here, I am soon gone,  
 But thou, who may'st thou be, whose lowering  
 scowl  
 Answers so well to this thy person foul ?"

Silver Philip.

“Thou seest,” he said, “that I am one who weep.” 37  
 And I to him : “With weeping, then, and woe,  
 Damned soul, remain ; though filthy, thee I  
 know.”

Then stretched he to the boat both hands, but deep  
 My wary Master watched, and thrust him off :  
 “Begone there, with the other dogs, thou scoff !”  
 Then put my Master round my neck his arms,  
 And kissed my face. “Thou dear indignant one,”  
 He said, “her bless I who bore such a son !

“An arrogant personage, he his wild alarms 46  
 Oft in thy world dispensed ; ne’er he displayed  
 Of good one jot ; hence rages here his shade.  
 How many there now deem themselves great kings  
 That here shall lie as lie the swine in mire,  
 And there shall memories leave reviled and dire !”  
 And I : “My Master, so I hate ill things,  
 Of him plunged in this swill I crave the sight  
 Ere it we quit ; I hope for this delight.”

And he to me : “Before the boat we beach 55  
 Thou shalt be satisfied, for it is meet  
 That such a wish should its fulfillment greet.”  
 And now I saw the muddy people reach  
 For that vile soul, and him so rend that praise  
 And thanks to God e’en now for it I raise.  
 All cried : “At Philippo Argenti !” He,  
 By his wild Florentine frenzy urged, set keen  
 His own teeth in himself, in raging spleen.

Here left we him, henceforth of his filth free. 64  
But smote mine ears a wailing, and intent  
Mine eyes unbarred upon the view I bent.  
And said the Master kind : " Now, son, draws nigh  
The City that is named of Dis, her state,  
Her citizens stern, and all her company great."  
And I : " My Master, now mine eyes espy  
Its mosques distinctly in the valley there,  
Red as if just from out the furnace-glare."

And unto me he said : " The eternal fire 73  
Which causes that within they glow, doth tell  
In redness, as thou see'st, in this base hell."  
We the deep fosses trod in coming nigher,  
Whose moats that joyless city's walls environ ;  
To me the walls seemed as if made of iron.  
But not before a circuit long was passed  
Did we attain the place the boatman cried :  
" Now forth, the entrance see here by your side !"

Above the gates I saw a concourse vast, 82  
More than a thousand spirits rained down from  
heaven,  
Who angrily exclaimed : " To whom is 't given  
Without death's doom the kingdom of the dead  
To enter ?" And made sign my Master sage  
With them he would in secret speech engage.  
Then of their great disdain a portion fled ;  
" Come thou alone," their answer was, " depart  
Let him, invader of this kingdom's heart !

“ His foolish way let him return alone ; 91  
 Try, if he can ; for thou shalt here remain,  
 Thou who wouldst him guide through the dark  
 domain.”

Judge, O my Reader ! whether at the tone  
 Of this I loss of comfort felt ; my mind  
 Was fixed that thence my way I ne'er should find.  
 “ O my dear Guide,” I said, “ who me more times  
 Than seven to safety hast restored, and caught  
 From perils deep wherewith my path was fraught,

“ Leave me not so undone ; let us betimes, 100  
 If to go further be to us denied,  
 Retrace our steps together, side by side ! ”  
 And then that Lord who me had thither led  
 Said : “ Fear not ; for our passage none can take  
 From us away ; such did the promise make.  
 But thou, wait here for me ; be amply fed  
 And comforted thy spirit with good hope,  
 For thee I will not leave in hell to grope ! ”

Then goes the Master sweet, and leaves me here ; 109  
 And I remain in doubt ; for in my head  
 Keep aye and no a ceaseless rivalry dread.  
 That which he offered them I could not hear,  
 But with them he had not long stood, when they  
 Rushed scrambling in as in a rout or fray,  
 And 'gainst my Master's breast the gates closed fast,  
 Who stayed without, and me with slow steps  
 sought,  
 His treaty with the foe thus come to nought.



---

 Virgil reassures Dante.
 

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Not bold his eyes upon the ground were cast, 118

And thus he said, with hesitating sighs :

“ Who me to see the doleful halls defies ? ”

And unto me : “ Thou, be not thou dismayed

Though I should angry be, for nought within

Can they contrive wherein I will not win.

Not new their insolence is now here displayed ;

At a less secret gate they showed it once,

Whereat no bar the visitor's steps affronts.

“ Thou sawest the mortal scroll above its arch ; 127

And passing now, on this its hither side

And unattended down the circles wide,

Comes One, a host in our victorious march ! ”

#### NOTES TO THE EIGHTH CANTO.

1. “ *Continuing in my narrative's course.* ” Some of the commentators maintain that these words sustain the supposition that the Cantos preceding the present one were written prior to the Poet's exile. I incline, however, to the opinion of Dr. Carlyle, that Dante uses these words because the present Canto is the first one which takes up a narration of an incident in continuation of a partial recital of it in the preceding Canto.

4. “ *Flamelets twain.* ” The number of the flamelets indicates the number of the souls applying for ferriage. The “ counter-signal ” is “ dim ” because on the distant towers of the City of Dis, and is given as responsive to the “ flamelets twain. ”

18. “ *Phlegyas.* ” Phlegyas was King of the Lapithæ, and father of Ixion and Coronis. He was so incensed against Apollo for violating his daughter, Coronis, that he set fire to the temple of the God at Delphi. For this sacrilege he was

## Notes.

cast into Tartarus. His punishment there was to stand beneath a huge impending rock, always about to fall upon him.

“And there Phlegyas, too, his cry  
Most wretched raises, and throughout the shades  
His testimony sends with ringing voice :  
‘Be warned, and follow righteousness, nor Gods  
Contemn.’”

*Sixth Æneid, 618.*

27. “*Whose sole weight.*”

“The other souls who sat  
The seats upon he thence drives forth, and clears  
The ship, whose ribs within at once he takes  
The huge Æneas. Groaned beneath the weight  
The hide-sewed boat, and much its gaps let in  
The marshy flood.”

*Sixth Æneid, 411.*

36. “*One who weep.*” Refuses to tell his name. Bocca degli Abbati is another instance of such refusal, in the Thirty-second Canto. The name, Dr. Carlyle remarks, none but the basest spirits refuse.

61. “*Argenti.*” An incident in the life of this Florentine terror has been given in the notes to the Sixth Canto. Doubtless Dante, in these lines, intended to convey an expression of his intense dislike for him, and he has succeeded. The vehemence of the passage suggests the lines of Claudian on the fall of Rufinus :

“Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,  
An Superi curarent terras, aut nullus inesset  
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.  
Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum,  
Absolvitque Deos; nam non ad culmina rerum  
Injustos crevisse queror; tolluntur in altum  
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.”

78. “*Made of iron.*”

“Looked now Æneas, and beneath the rock  
That now at once upon his left hand frowned,  
Saw strongholds deep, which by a triple wall  
Were fortified. Round this a river ran,

## Notes.

Both deep and wide, Tartarean Phlegethon hot,  
Its torrent flames torn midst resounding rocks.  
And opposite these arose the mighty gates  
And adamantine piers of solid bulk  
With which no force of man could vie, nor power  
Of heavenly denizen nor steel be found  
Whose edge they would not turn like melting wax.  
Far upwards soars the iron citadel stern,  
And there Tisiphone in bloody robe  
Whereof the folds are in her girdle tucked,  
Keeps sleepless guard upon the vestibule red  
Both night and day."

*Sixth Æneid, 548.*

97. "*More times than seven.*" Venturi calls attention to the fact that the commentators give themselves great concern to make the tally justify Dante's generalization. It seems to me to be very simple. There are the three beasts, and then Charon, Minos, Cerberus, Plutus, and Phlegyas, eight.

124. "*They showed it once.*" This same insolence, Virgil asserts, these same demons exhibited towards our Saviour, when he, through the unbarred gate through which the Poets had passed, descended into the Lower World. Already, Virgil says, an Angel has passed that gate to bring aid to the Poets.

## CANTO NINTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Awaiting their deliverer, they observe the Furies, when approaches an Angel sent from heaven, who with his wand waves open the gates, and they enter the place of the tombs of the heretical, in the sixth circle.

PERSONS SPEAKING : The Angel. Dante. The shade of Virgil. Megæra. Alecto. Tisiphone.

PERSONS APPEARING : The shades of the heretical.

BUT cowardice on my face its color showed,  
Which when he saw, as he to me turned back,  
Quelled he a sign *his* courage too was slack.  
He stopped attentive, just as is the mode  
Of one who listens, for his eye in vain  
Might through that gloom and fog impervious  
strain.

“Why, sure it must be that this joust we gain,”  
He said, “. . . if not . . . aid she assured, such  
aid!  
But O how long our Ally is delayed !”

## Virgil's former infernal Journey.

I noted well how of his broken strain 10  
 The last words covered those that went before,  
 Which not the same interpretation bore.  
 But in his qualms I felt myself concerned,  
 For mayhap my interpretations wronged  
 The true intent which to his words belonged.  
 "Into this shell's base depths hath it been learned  
 That any from that circle downward went,  
 That happier place whose throngs from hope are  
 rent?"

Made I this question, and he, answering, said: 19  
 "This journey whereon now with thee I fare  
 That any one of us doth make is rare.  
 'Tis true that once before, here 'mongst the dead,  
 I made my way, through sour Erictho's spell,  
 Who souls recalled again in flesh to dwell.  
 Not long had I of flesh divested been  
 When me a soul to bring from Judas' round  
 She made to pass within that wall's dread bound.

"That round 's the lowest place of death and sin, 28  
 The darkest, the most distant from the skies.  
 Well do I know the way, fear not, I thee advise.  
 This marsh wherefrom the mighty stench doth come  
 Girds that sad City to whose avenues gray  
 We cannot but through anger make our way."  
 And more he said wherein my memory 's dumb,  
 Because upon a tower mine eyes were bent  
 Whose summits glowed with tints from hell-fire  
 sent.

There, all at once, three Furies stand I saw, 37  
 Infernal, stained with blood, in act, in limb,  
 Like women, but in every feature grim.  
 Girt them green hydras with a horrid awe,  
 And snakes and lithe cerastes tresses made  
 Which round their brows in venomous motion  
 played.

And he, who well the handmaids knew of her  
 Eternal misery's queen, was moved by care :  
 "Of these, the fierce Erynnnes, be thou ware !

"She on the left Megæra is, and stir 46  
 Sad tears Alecto on the right, midway  
 Tisiphone stands." And naught else did he say.  
 Each one was rending with her claws her breast  
 And smiting ; each so loudly, bitterly, cried  
 That close I sought in fear the Poet's side.  
 "Let come Medusa that her vengeful crest  
 May change him into stone ; Theseus' assault  
 Was but too lightly punished, through our fault !"

But said the Master : "Turn thy back, and close 55  
 Thine eyes, for should the Gorgon meet thy sight,  
 Thou ne'er again wouldst see the bright world's  
 light."

And me, himself, the Master turned, and rose  
 In him distrust of mine own hands, for held  
 His hands mine eyes, and thus all light dispelled.  
 O ye of healthful minds, with wonder greet  
 The lore which lurking-places fit receive  
 Beneath the veil which mystic verses weave !

---

*The Angel arrives.*

---

And now upon the turbid stream's deep seat 64  
A clangor comes, whence trembling seized both  
shores,  
A crashing sound as when the hurricane roars  
And rush to conflict winds impetuous borne  
By temperatures adverse, and in their might  
Superb the forest's quivering monarchs smite,  
Whose limbs fly wide, torn, mangled in their scorn,  
The while the dust-cloud leads sublime the front  
And covert makes wild beasts and shepherds hunt.

Mine eyes he loosed, and said : " Turn now 73  
Thy nerve of vision on that foam antique  
That which confused the denser smoke-clouds  
seek."

I saw. For then, as frogs the water plough  
Before their foe the serpent, till each squats  
Upon the bottom in whatever spots,  
So before me, who passed with feet unwet  
The Stygian ferry, ruined souls I saw  
More than a thousand routed by his awe.

Waved he that gross air which his countenance met 81  
With his left hand away ; this oft he did,  
And wearied only seemed of this not rid.  
Perceived I well a Messenger high he came  
From Heaven, and to my Master turned,  
Whose sign me quiet made and bowed 'fore him  
divine.

Ah ! how with indignation's noble flame  
He seemed replete ! He reached the gate, it knew  
Resistance none, his wand it open threw.

"O ye outcasts from Heaven," he said, 91  
 Upon that threshold horrible, "why swells  
 This insolence rash that in ye hateful dwells?  
 Wherefore refractory are ye, nor in dread  
 Of that high Will whose objects ne'er can fail,  
 And which hath often made ye weep and wail?  
 Why 'gainst the Fates contend? Your Cerberus  
 still,  
 If ye recall it, bears his throat and chin,  
 For doing thus, peeled of their lawless skin."

No word to us he spake; his task to fill 100  
 Seemed all his care; like one he looked who men  
 Before him grouped gave little of his ken.  
 Returned he by the Stygian way, and we  
 Our feet towards the city moved, secure  
 In those high words given by that presence pure.  
 We entered it of all contention free,  
 And I, who knowledge wished to gain, sought out  
 What state of things might be in that redoubt.

Mine eyes, at once sent round, me soon informed 109  
 That spread on either hand a spacious plain  
 Filled full with every sorrow, ill and pain.  
 As is the ground by sepulchres all deformed  
 At Arles where sinks the Rhone in stagnant  
 pools,  
 Or where Quarnaro Italy's confines rules,  
 So is 't uneven in this grievous place,  
 So here on every side do graves abound,  
 Only that here the mode is bitterer found.



## The Arch-Heretics.

For midst them here flame flame would chase, 118  
 Whereby such glowing heat they all would take  
 That heat in no craft hotter iron can make.  
 Raised up their covers were, and thence  
 Proceeded moans so sad, and of such store  
 That seemed they those of spirits wounded sore.  
 "My Master, who by sighs like these intense,"  
 I asked, "are they who make their presence  
 known  
 Within these chests? They utter moan on moan."

And he to me: "The Arch-Heretics are those, 127  
 With all their followers vain of every sect;  
 More numerous are they than thou wouldst  
 suspect.  
 Like with its like in these tombs glows and glows,  
 But in degree, not all with heat so vast."  
 Then, turning to the right hand, on we passed  
 These fires betwixt and where the battlements rose.

## NOTES TO THE NINTH CANTO.

1-8. "*Cowardice . . . if not . . .*" Virgil hesitates; Dante is dismayed. The occasion is appropriate for the introduction by Dante of the imitation of a feature of the *Æneid*, the dramatic pause. This pause occurs, as myself and those critics who concur with me maintain, in those Books of the *Æneid* wherein strong emotion plays a part. In my translation of Virgil I have indicated, at pages 102 to 105 of the first volume, and have treated specially in the notes, forty-nine instances of this dramatic pause indicated by the Shorter Line. They are found in greater number in the Second Book, that which describes the Fall of Troy, a Book abounding in intense feeling.

## Notes.

8. "*Aid she assured, such aid.*" Beatrice gave the assurance in her interview with Virgil treated of in the First and Second Cantos.

23. "*Erictho.*" This Erictho is usually supposed to be a sorceress of Thessaly, who in the Civil War between the rival factions of Pompey and Cæsar, was applied to by Sextus, the son of Pompey, to summon up a spirit who should foretell to him the issue of the war. It would seem that this same sorceress,

"Who souls recalled again in flesh to dwell,"

was Virgil's patroness in a former journey made by him through the Lower World. He is now under better guidance, but even under her auspices, he made, as the moderns would say, the round trip. It would seem that his errand was to bring back a soul from "Judas' round," the ninth and last circle of the abyss, a soul we may suppose unduly consigned to that abode of infamy. His errand was, therefore, as becomes so amiable a Poet, in the interest of charity. The remark applies widely through the *Commedia*, that Dante omits no opportunity to show his devotion to Virgil, and his appreciation not only of his literary, but of his personal, characteristics.

Cary notes that here seems to be an anachronism on the part of Dante, because, as Virgil survived the Civil War, he could not have availed himself of the services of Erictho. But this does not follow. Some of these gifted ladies lived almost incredible lengths of time: the Cumæan Sibyl, for instance, fifteen hundred years. And, it would seem, from the researches of Lombardi, that there was probably another Erictho, and that both these sorceresses were supernaturally, not to say infranaturally, gifted.

41. "*Tresses.*"

"And there of discord mad the shape was seen,  
Her hair of vipers bound with bloody wreaths."

*Sixth Æneid, 281.*

53. "*Thespus' assault.*" Made, in company with Pirithous to rescue Proserpine from the Lower World. Of this at-

## Notes.

tempt, Virgil thus, in the *Æneid*, Sixth Book, line 393, makes Charon speak to *Æneas* and the Sibyl :

“ Not pleased at all was I upon this lake  
 The hero Hercules' self to have received,  
 Nor Theseus and Pirithous proud, although  
 Of Gods begotten and of strength supreme ;  
 For e'en the guard Tartarean, by his hand  
 Made captive, Hercules sought to quell, and him  
 Dragged trembling on the footstool of the King,  
 The King who rules o'er all the World of Shades ;  
 While sought that other from her chamber's couch  
 His spouse, Proserpina fair, to bear away.”

61. “ *Healthful minds.*” “ Sani,” sane, sound, healthful. It may be well conjectured that here is a rebuke to the morbid exclusiveness of certain Christian philosophers who refuse to admit that any value exists in the allusions and fables of the pre-Christian era, “ the power, the beauty, and the majesty ” of the ancient myths.

113. “ *Arles.*” Tradition affirms that at Arles was fought a great battle between the Peers of Charlemagne on the one hand and infidels from Africa on the other ; that a considerable number of the Peers and ten thousand of their soldiers fell in the battle, and that on the following night sepulchres of stone were miraculously brought to the battle-field for the burial of the Christian dead.

114. “ *Quarinaro.*” A gulf at the northern extremity of the Adriatic. Near the town of Pola on this gulf existed, in the time of Benvenuto da Imola, numerous ancient tombs.

## CANTO TENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The tombs of the Epicurean heretics are now explored, and conversations had with the shades of two of them, Farinata and Cavalcante. Farinata predicts Dante's banishment from Florence. The Poets are yet in the sixth circle. Epicurus and his followers deny the immortality of the soul.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Farinata degli Uberti. Cavalcante Cavalcanti, father of Guido Cavalcanti, of the Guelphic nobility of Florence.

PERSONS APPEARING : The shades of the Epicureans.

BETWEEN the wall and that hot torturing ground  
A narrow path there was my Master went,  
Whilst I behind him followed all intent.  
“O Virtue loftiest, me who through the round  
Of circles dread dost wheel, through thy kind will  
Speak thou to me and gratify me still.  
The people here within these tombs who burn,  
May they be seen? Raised all the covers are  
And guard is none our opening them to bar.”

## Immortality of the Soul.

I thus, and he : " All shall be closed when turn 10  
 They shall their course from Josaphat back, then  
 clad

In fleshly bodies which above they had.

In this part Epicurus lies entombed  
 And all his followers : theirs this word of dole  
 That with the body dies the immortal soul.

And to the questions as to these souls doomed  
 Within, the answer soon shall be revealed,  
 And to the wish thou hold'st from me concealed."

" Kind Guide," I said, " from thee my heart holds  
 nought, 19

Except for brevity's sake of speech, 't is thee  
 I follow here, best pattern e'er for me."

" O Tuscan, thou who, in the flesh, hast wrought  
 Thy way the fiery city through with speech  
 So decorous, here to stop I thee beseech.

Clearly thy language shows thee of that land,  
 That noble land, which had from me perhaps  
 Vexation overmuch in time's sad lapse."

This sound a sepulchre dim just close at hand 28  
 Gave forth, whereat in fear I to the side  
 A little nearer drew of my good Guide.

And he to me : " Why ! Turn thyself about !  
 What doest thou ? Farinata 's there, erect,  
 From his belt upwards thou may'st him detect ! "

Already had mine eyes his look searched out,  
 While he upright arose, as from him fell  
 A look as if he held great scorn of hell.

The bold and ready hands of him my Guide      37  
 Me pushed among the tombs t'wards him, and said:  
 "See that be brief thy words and cool thine head."  
 Soon as he at his tomb's foot me descried,  
 At me he looked a little, and then, "Pray,"  
 He brusquely said, "thine ancestors, who were  
 they?"  
 I, who obedient felt, made no reserve,  
 Although his tone almost contemptuous was;  
 I told it all; he raised somewhat his brows.

And then he said: "From nothing fierce did  
 swerve      46  
 Their strife 'gainst me, my line and party, so  
 That twice I scattered all their bravery's show."  
 "If routed were they, yet they rallied strong,  
 Both times, from every quarter," I returned,  
 "An art your side have never rightly learned."  
 And then arose a shadow just along,  
 Next him, a head as far down as the chin;  
 Upon its knees I think it raised had been;

It looked round me as if it sought to know      55  
 Whether with me some friend I had not brought,  
 But when it found not that for which it sought,  
 It weeping said: "If only thou dost go  
 Through height of genius through this prison blind,  
 Where is my son? Why is he left behind?"  
 And I to him: "Not of myself come I,  
 He that there waits my Guide is through this place,  
 For whom thy Guido had, perhaps, small grace."

## Farinata's Discourse.

Who now he was 't was easy to descry ;                   64  
 His words, his doom, to me his name had read,  
 Hence prompt and full his answer had been sped.  
 At once took he an attitude keen erect,  
 And cried : " How dost thou say ? He *had* ? Is 't  
                   true  
 He lives not still, nor doth the sweet light view ? "  
 A halt in my response he could detect,  
 Whereat he misconstrued the brief delay  
 And, falling backwards, passed from me away.

But great of soul that other who my stay                   73  
 Had at his tomb besought, changed not his look,  
 Nor neck, nor side, nor other motion took.  
 " And if," renewing our conversation, " they  
 Have badly learned that art to know, this more  
 Torments me than this bed of torture sore.  
 But fifty times that Queen's face who here reigns  
 Shall not rekindled be, ere it thy part  
 Shall be to know the hardness of that art.

" And by thy wish to see those sweet champignons, &c  
 Tell me what, when my kin is named, 's the cause  
 Of such severity found in all your laws."  
 Whereat I said : " The ghastly havoc made  
 And carnage huge which dyed the Arbia red  
 Still shake our temples with orisons dread."  
 Sighing, his head he shook, then said :  
 " In that I was not sole, nor but for grounds  
 Of war did we let slip the fatal hounds.

“ But sole I was when Florence to destroy  
 Consented all, and for the deed were rife,  
 But by my sword I swore to guard her life.”

“ Ah! may thy generations rest in joy,”  
 I begged, “ as thou the knot shalt solve when  
 I feel your sayings do my judgment tie.

It seems, if rightly I have understood,  
 The future yields to your prophetic power,  
 But that your ken grasps not the present how

“ Like one,” he said, “ whose power of sight’s  
 good,

Things distant we observe ; so much of light  
 The Guide Supreme allows us in this plight.

When things draw nigh, are facts, our mind is g  
 And only as may others these things tell

Doth on your human state our memory dwell  
 Therefore, when in the final day’s great dawn,

The Future’s gates obey the mandate dread,  
 Know thou that then our knowledge shall  
 dead.”

Then said I, in compunction for my fault :

“ Now wilt thou tell that fallen spirit lorn  
 His child is not yet from the living torn,  
 And that if I in my response made halt,

It was because my thoughts that error held  
 Which your apt words have kindly just dispelle

But more my Master would not be delayed,  
 Wherefore I of the spirit asked, in haste,  
 Who were with him in that infernal waste ?



He said to me : "The number 's great, are laid 118  
 With me more than a thousand, Frederick 's here  
 The Second, and the Cardinal ; scorch and sear  
 Souls I name not." Therewith himself he hid.

And I towards the ancient Poet went,  
 Upon that strange prediction still intent.  
 He forward moved ; and then, as I so did,  
 He said : " Why so bewildered seems thine air ? "  
 I made return to him of answer fair.

"What thou hast heard against thee, that keep  
 well 127

In mind," exhorted me that Sage well-praised,  
 "And now mark here," and he his finger raised,  
 "When thou within the radiance sweet shalt dwell  
 Of her whose bright eye seeth all, such seer  
 Shall set before thee all thy life's career."

Then to the left he turned. Our course went  
 thence,

Leaving the wall, and following a mid-way,  
 That strikes into a valley's sombre gray,

Where, even so high, us plagued its stench in-  
 tense. 136

#### NOTES TO THE TENTH CANTO.

11. "*Josaphat.*" "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." *Joel* iii. 2.

## Notes.

32. "*Farinata.*" Farinata of the Uberti (so named to distinguish him from the unworthy Farinata of the Scoringiani) was the most conspicuous, and the most esteemed, character among the Florentine Ghibellines of his time. He was their general at Montaperto, near the River Arbia, where they gained over the Guelphs a signal victory, September the 4th, 1260, thirty thousand Guelphic foot and three thousand Guelphic horse being trampled to pieces by Farinata with a much inferior force. This victory drove the Guelphs, at least for the moment, out of Florence. Farinata's death took place in the year 1264. He is condemned to hell because of his holding Epicurean opinions. In the colloquies with Farinata, Dante feels the embarrassment resulting from his change of party. He was now a Ghibelline; but his conversion was recent: up to the date of his exile he had acted with the Guelphs, and had shared their fortunes. He was now hailing an ancient foe, a present friend, and yet not an ancient personal foe, for Farinata died just one year before Dante's birth.

48. "*Twice.*" He fought against the Alighieri in the year 1248, and again at a date in 1260 later than the battle of the Arbia.

51. "*Your side.*" The wars of the imperial and papal parties and their *raison d'être* are alluded to in general terms in the notes to the First Canto. Incidents in their Florentine quarrels will be found touched upon in the notes to the Sixth Canto of the Purgatorio, and in those to the Sixteenth Canto of the Paradiso.

53. "*A head.*" The spirit of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a Florentine noble, of the Guelph party, whose son, Guido, was Dante's most attached friend. Yet is Dante compelled to condemn his friend's own father, and at that time a man of his own party, for false religious opinions, to the tombs of the heretics. The Ghibelline Farinata and the Guelph Cavalcante share one and the same fate. This is, doubtless, here, a matter of political policy with Dante, a sort of poetical justification of his counsel given in his capacity of statesman,

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which, when he was chief Prior, in 1300, condemned Guelph and Ghibelline alike to banishment.

60. "My son."

"Now tell me truth. — Hear ye in whose abode  
My son resides? Dwells he in Pylus, say,  
Or in Orchomenos, or else beneath  
My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?  
For my Orestes is not yet a shade."

*Odyssey*, xi. COWPER.

Guido, Dante's friend of friends, was, according to Villani and other authorities, a person of admirable characteristics—refined, studious, courteous, brave, philosophical, lofty, reserved. Dante mentions, with regret, the circumstance that he failed to appreciate Virgil. Guido took, however, high rank as a Poet. In the Eleventh Canto of the *Purgatorio* it will be seen that he is assigned a place above that of his predecessor Guinicelli. He married a daughter of Farinata of the Uberti and shares his political views and fortunes, being condemned with the elder Cavalcante and others at the suggestion of Dante in 1300. He was living at the time of the action of the Poem, March, 1300, but he died in the ensuing December. The commentaries on his poem on "Terrene Love" are ample, and, some of them, recent, including the discriminating and valuable praise of Ozanam. This is conceived in these terms: "Guido Cavalcanti fut salué le prince de la Lyre: un chant qu'il composa sur l'amour obtint les honneurs de plusieurs commentaires aux quels les théologiens les plus vénérés ne dédaignèrent pas de mettre la main."

72. "But great of soul." Longfellow calls attention to the circumstance, indicating the stern character of Farinata, that he betrays no feeling in response to this outburst of paternal tenderness on the part of his son-in-law towards the poet-son-and-grandson, but waits until it is ended, and then takes up again, with calmness, the broken thread of his discourse.

80. "The Queen." Called, in the Lower World, Proserpine; on earth, Diana; in heaven, the Moon.

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"The three-fold Hecatè, the faces three  
Which great Diana wears, the Goddess pure,  
The Virgin Goddess' self."

*Fourth Æneid, 512.*

81. "*The hardness of that art.*" The art of rallying, of acquiring influence enough to obtain recall from exile. Not fifty months shall intervene before a strong attempt shall fail. This was the mission of Cardinal da Prato, to whom Dante and his companions confidently looked to end their exile. On the 4th day of June, 1304, he quitted Florence after the total rout of his plans. And this was the last attempt involving such an array of preparation and influence made in behalf of these unhappy men.

84. "*Severity.*" We gather from Benvenuto da Imola and others that all laws favoring the recall of the exiles contained a clause refusing the benefit of the acts to the Uberti; and that the Guelphs, betrayed into such an extreme of rancor by partisan hate, invaded the very graves of that valiant house, and, perpetrating an outrage of which wolves might be ashamed, threw into the river their detested bones.

91. "*Sole I was.*" Napier, *Florentine History*, i. 257, gives the speech of Farinata, in which he flouts his allies of Sienna and Pisa, who thirsted for the destruction of their rival, "beauteous Florence, the home, although lost, of Farinata. "It would have been better," he said, "to have died on the Arbia, than survive to hear such a proposition as you are now discussing. There is no happiness in victory itself, *that* must ever be sought for among those companions who helped us to gain the day. The injury we receive from an enemy inflicts a far more trifling wound than the wrong that comes from the hand of a *friend* . . . As long as I have life to wield a sword Florence shall never be destroyed. . . . If I have carried arms, if I have persecuted my foes, I still have never ceased to love my country . . . and if it be necessary for her sake to die a thousand deaths, I am ready to meet them all in her defence." Farinata, then, in a dumb show of angry gestures (for his vehemence of feeling seemed to have choked his utterance), withdrew from the council. The debate in-

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stantly ceased. The project fell dead. For the moment, the conspirators had but one care — to recover Farinata.

Longfellow does well to embellish his Sonnet on "Dante" with the name of "Farinata."

104. "*Only as may others.*" Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*, chap. iv., condenses this subject into these words: "The departed spirits know things past and to come; yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen to Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son."

109. "*Compunction.*" Dante blamed himself for keeping Cavalcanti in suspense as to his son Guido.

113. "*That error.*" The error of supposing the denizens of the Infernal World acquainted with current events.

119. "*Frederick.*" Frederick the Second was the grandson of Barbarossa. For thirty years, 1220 to 1250, he reigned as Emperor of Germany and King of Naples and Sicily. His mother, the Empress Constance, in her dying moments, made Innocent the Third guardian of the youthful emperor of the age of only twelve years, and the pontiff, wisely or unwisely, accepted the trust, a political one, which those who argue evil results from the union of church and state thought he ought to have declined. Towards successive sovereign pontiffs, including Innocent, Frederick certainly conducted himself with great audacity. Ambitious, skeptical, worldly, he resorted to extreme measures to counteract the political influence of the papacy, measures so harsh that, according to the account of Darras, an historian of unquestioned orthodoxy, they are supposed to have driven one pontiff, Gregory the Ninth, into his grave, and another, Innocent the Fourth, out of Italy.

His career as a crusader was one of avowed emptiness and hypocrisy. He obtained admission to Jerusalem by cajolery with the Orientals; he remained in it two days, only long enough to take from the altar of the holy sepulchre, and place upon his own head, without the ceremonies, or the sanction, of the church, the crown of Jerusalem; and, hurry-

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ing back to the Mediterranean, he left Jerusalem as he found it, a province of the Orient.

The close of Frederick's career was clouded with misfortunes and horrors. Invading Italy, his army was routed by the Guelphs. His chancellor, once the most trusted of his counsellors, committed suicide to escape his rage. It is alleged that he compassed the death of his own son. And history disputes whether he was strangled to death by another son, while in a state of enmity with the church, or whether he returned, at the latest moment, a prodigal, to her fold.

120. "*The Cardinal.*" Ottaviano of the Ubaldini, a vehement Ghibelline partisan, died about the year 1273. His ability and influence gave him the appellation by which he was generally known, of "The Cardinal." Gossiping chroniclers attribute to him the flippant saying: "If there be such a thing as a soul, I have lost mine for the Ghibellines." If they relate the truth, we must conclude that a prince of the Church is justly placed here as a denier of the immortality of the soul.

131. "*Her.*" Beatrice.

133. "*To the left.*" It will be observed that in the Lower World Dante always turns to the sinister hand, the left.

## CANTO ELEVENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Proceeding, but in the same circle, the sixth, the Poets find themselves in a valley offensive with noisome vapors filled with the shades of accursed spirits. As they are shielded somewhat from these vapors by a great monument, Virgil discourses to Dante of the gradations of punishment.

PERSONS SPEAKING : The shade of Virgil.

PERSONS APPEARING : Dante. The accursed spirits.

UPON a high bank's edge, where broken rock  
Rough formed a curve the grisly rim along,  
We saw below a still more cruel throng.  
And here brought up the horrible stench a shock  
So stifling from that deep abyss, that yield  
We near deemed best, but there its covering  
shield

A monument great afforded opportune,  
Whereon this screed I read : "*Within I hold  
Pope Anastasius, whom Photinus bold*

“*Drew from the path direct.*” “’T is yet too soon” 10

My Master said, “to speed our onward way;  
Till used somewhat to this foul stream, delay  
We must admit; then shall we heed it not.”

“For time so lost some compensation find,”  
I said; and he: “Thou seest ’t was in my mind.”  
“My son, the rocks which frown around this spot,”  
He thus began, “converge, as they descend,  
And form three circles of a lessening trend,

“Smaller than those we leave, filled all with souls 19  
Accurst. And that the sight of these enough  
May be, hear how they suffer such rebuff  
And why. Of every heart which malice holds  
And God doth hate, injury ’s the end and aim,  
And this, by force or fraud, effects the same.  
But since of man fraud ’s the peculiar vice,  
It more displeaseth God; the fraudulent, then,  
Are placed beneath, and suffer more of pain.

“In the first circle violence pays its price. 28  
But, as on classes three may violence fall,  
Three several rings embrace their cases all.  
On God, one’s self, and one’s own neighbor may  
The act of violence fall, I say on them  
And on their things; hear what thou shalt condemn.  
By force may wounds that pain and sometimes slay  
Upon one’s neighbor be inflicted sore,  
And plunder, fire, extortion, on his store.”



## On Violence, Fraud,

"Thence doth the first ring homicides torment, 37  
 And all who strike maliciously, and those  
 Who rob, destroy, and burn, in different rows.  
 A man may on himself with base intent  
 Lay violent hands, and on his goods the same,  
 And therefore in the second ring men blame  
 Themselves in vain who of your world deprive  
 Their own rash souls, and gamble, or destroy  
 Their own estates, and grief prefer to joy.

"And 'gainst the Deity may rash mortals strive 46  
 By violence in their hearts which him deny,  
 Blaspheming him, and scorning Nature high,  
 And Nature's gifts; and hence the smallest ring  
 Seals with its mark both Sodom and Cahors  
 And all who in their hearts despise God's laws.  
 Fraud, which the conscience gnaws of thrall or king  
 A man may practise upon those who place  
 A confidence known in him, or those whose case

"Is not of confidence. And this latter mode 55  
 Nature alone concerns; is cut alone  
 Her bond of love. For such fraud souls atone  
 Within the second circle. There are stowed  
 Hypocrisy, flattery base and sorcerers' guile,  
 Cheating and barrators, simony, panders vile,  
 And such ordure. In the other mode the love  
 Nature entails is wronged, and there's a thrust  
 At love given in confidence and special trust.

## And the Shape and Arrangement,

“Hence, in the smallest circle, from above 64  
 The deepest, centre of the universe vast,  
 And seat of Dis, the traitor’s doom is cast.”

“Proceeds most clearly, master, thy discourse,”  
 I said, “and in an excellent fashion tells  
 Of this gulf and the host that in it dwells,  
 But this impart : Those doomed to feel the force  
 Of endless filth and mud, or wind or rain,  
 And those who ne’er their mutual taunts restrain,

“Why is ’t that these, if God’s wrath be on them, 73  
 Are not in that red city doomed to bide,  
 And why in such plight are they, good my  
 Guide?”

And he : “Herein shall I thy mind condemn  
 That far beyond its wont seeks error’s way?  
 Or do thy thoughts on other subjects stray?  
 Recall thine Ethics, what their lines declare,  
 Wherein of dispositions three they treat,  
 Which in the heavenly Will are deemed unmeet,

“Incontinence, malice, bestiality mad ; all bare 82  
 Of claim on grace ; but that offends least God  
 Incontinence, and least feels, therefore, his rod.  
 If on this doctrine thou dost well reflect,  
 And dost recall those that are placed without  
 That city red, thou then wilt cease to doubt  
 Why they from those fell spirits which reject  
 God’s throne and name are set apart, and why  
 With torments less God’s justice doth them try.”

“Thou Sun, who dost all troubled vision heal, 98  
 Thou makest, when doubt is solved, my mind so  
 glow

That grateful 't is no less to doubt than know !  
 Turn yet a little back, and there unseal  
 Thy meaning where thou sayest that usury brings  
 Against the offender never-ending stings.”

He said to me : “ Philosophy doth impart  
 To one who hears her frequently discourse  
 How Nature grows, how that it hath for source

“ Remote the Mind Divine, and that Mind's  
 Art, 100

And in thy Physics if again immersed,  
 Thou 'lt find, not many pages from the first,  
 That Human Art, your own, doth follow meek  
 In Nature's steps, as pupil master, hence  
 God's grandchild is, in an important sense.  
 These two are they whereby his bread to seek  
 And race to multiply it man behoves,  
 As thou rememberest Genesis' page well proves.

“ And for that takes the usurer a way 109  
 That Nature knows not nor her follower Art,  
 Them he contemns, from them he walks apart.  
 But do thou now me follow, for delay  
 Should cease ; on the horizon's edge glide fast  
 The Fishes, and the Wain 's o'er Caurus cast,  
 And from yet deeper depths we must not stray.”

## NOTES TO THE ELEVENTH CANTO.

9. "*Anastasius . . . Photinus.*" Our Poet is by some supposed here to have confounded Pope Anastasius the Second, who assumed the pontificate in the year 496, with the Emperor Anastasius the First, who succeeded to the throne of the East in the year 491. The mistake would be natural enough, and the result of haste, or insufficient revision, somewhat like the mistake of assigning to Attila, instead of to Totila, the sacking of Florence, an error which the Poet makes at the close of the Thirteenth Canto, and of his calling Cadsand Guizzante in the beginning of the Fifteenth. These objectors aver that Photinus, who held heretical views on the nature of the Trinity, and was a deacon of Alexandria, died before the time of Pope Anastasius.

It would seem that the Emperor and Pope were each severally accused of heresy, but that the heresy of the Pope was rather an excess of charity. His offence consisted in supposing that the mercy of God might be interposed to overrule the damnifying effect of a jurisdictional order pronounced by a Pope. It is probable that it was the Emperor who followed the heresy of the Deacon.

18. "*Converge as they descend.*" The inverted-conical shape of the Barathrum or Abyss is here indicated. The remainder of the present Canto prepares us for the descent into the nether hell — the hell of Malice, Fraud, and Treachery. We have passed through the gloom of the neutral territory of the poltroons, the border-land of the unbaptized, the gales of the lascivious, the rain and snow of the epicures, the strife of misers and spendthrifts, the mud and filth of the morose. We now prepare to descend to the fire of Pluto's City, and the ice of the abode of Judas.

26. "*It more displeaseth God.*" "*Quum autem duobus modis, id est, aut vi aut fraude fiat injuria . . . utrumque alienissimum ab homine est; sed fraus odio digna majore.*" Cicero, *De Offic.* i. 13.

## Notes.

47. "*Violence in their hearts.*" Cary calls attention to this fine moral, that not to enjoy our being is to be ungrateful to the Author of it, and quotes, as formulating the moral, the words of Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. viii. st. 15:—

"For he whose daies in wilful woe are worne  
The grace of his Creator doth despise,  
That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise."

50. "*Sodom and Cahors.*" Cahors is the capital and cathedral city of the department of the Lot, in the South of France. It is the birthplace of Pope John the Twenty-second, of Joachim Murat, and of Clement Marot. Here Fénelon received his education. In the Middle Ages its bishop had the title of count, and wore a sword and gauntlets, military insignia, which, during his celebration of mass, he deposited on the altar. Its university numbered the famous jurist Cujas among its professors. Its money-lenders seem to have possessed, or to have controlled, great wealth. Among their patrons were the English crown and hierarchy. They had a way of cloaking their usury under other names. Dante's morbid horror of riches brings this splendid and famous city, in this passage, into most odious company. His argument is that, as the usurer violates both Nature and Art, he is worse than the sodomite, who violates only Nature.

Pope John the Twenty-second, above mentioned, wore the tiara during the last five years of Dante's life, and Dante here, and in the Twenty-seventh Paradiso, line 134, is supposed to allude to him.

60. "*Cheating and barrators.*" The translation follows the original in this case, and in a similar one just below.

70, 72. "*Those . . . and those.*" The morose, the lascivious, epicures, misers, spendthrifts.

80. "*Thine Ethics.*" The "Ethics" of Aristotle, which teach as Virgil states.

91. "*Thou Sun.*"

"O glory, thou, and light of bard and seer."

*First Canto, line 82.*

## Notes.

94. "Turn yet a little back." To his words about Cahors, ante, line 49.

101. "Thy Physics." The "Physics" of Aristotle.

108. "Genesis' page." L. 28: "And God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

111. "Them he contemns."

"Nous ne recevons l'existence  
Qu'afin de travailler pour nous, ou pour autrui :  
De ce devoir sacré quiconque se dispense  
Est puni par la Providence,  
Par le besoin, ou par l'ennui."

FLORIAN.

114. "Caurus." The West wind, the West: —

"The Western breeze . . . Boreas or Caurus."

*Third Georgic, 278.*

Dante, in the Abyss, says to Virgil, "It is morning, the Great Bear hangs over the Western heavens." But that Dante spoke of the stay in the Lower World does not justify Balbo in saying that Dante's hell is open at the top, as he does at the beginning of the eighth chapter of the second volume of his *Life of Dante*.

## CANTO TWELFTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets descend to the seventh circle, in the approach to which they meet the Minotaur, who is rebuked by Virgil. They encounter the river of blood flaming through the abodes of malice, violence, murder, and tyranny. The Centaurs swarm upon the banks, discharging their arrows. Nessus, one of the Centaurs, becomes the guide of the Poets through these scenes.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Chiron the Centaur. Nessus the Centaur.

PERSONS APPEARING : Azzolino. Obizzo. Montfort. Attila. Sextus. Pyrrhus. Pholus the Centaur. The shades of murderers and tyrants. The Minotaur.

ALPINE the place was whereat we arrived  
The cliff to clear, and such that every eye  
Would shun it from what horror lay thereby.  
As is the wreck that to the Adige dived  
Of rocks enormous lapsed on this side Trent,  
Or illy propped, or by an earthquake sent,  
For shattered so the rocks are from the top  
Wherefrom the moving mountain grinding came,  
That downward one might pick a pathway lame,

---

~  
Virgil rebukes the Minotaur.

---

Such seemed of their sheer steep the sudden drop ; 10  
 And at its broken summit's dizzy head  
 The infamy foul of Crete t'our view was spread,  
 He in the heifer false conceived, who us  
 When he observed, himself so gnawed as one  
 By inward anger's pangs almost undone.  
 "Perhaps thou deem'st," my Sage cried t'wards  
 him thus,  
 "That comes the Duke of Athens to this heath,  
 Who in the world above gave thee thy death.

"Thou monster, get thee gone! For comes not  
 here 19

This one instructed by thy sister's ire,  
 But passes he to see thy penalties dire."  
 As in the moment of his deadly fear,  
 When him the fatal stroke hath powerless made,  
 A bull breaks loose, by plunges wild betrayed,  
 Thus did the Minotaur foiled. "Now do thou run,"  
 Spoke swift my wary Guide, "to that descent,  
 Whilst furious he on raving is intent."

Thus downward was the steep discharge begun, 28  
 Whose stones oft moved beneath my feet, dis-  
 turbed

By my unusual weight and state perturbed.  
 We further went, I bent in thought ; he said :  
 "Perhaps thou 'rt thinking of that rocky cape  
 And of its bestial guard, and thine escape.  
 I'd have thee know that when I hither sped  
 The other time that I this Hell traversed,  
 This rocky cape had not yet been reversed.



“But surely just before — I can't be wrong — 37  
The coming of that One who such rich prey  
From the first circle took and bore away,  
On all sides seized with such a trembling strong  
Was all this deep and fetid gulf that love  
I thought made all the universe to move,  
Through which, as some believe, hath oft, so thrilled,  
The world been into chaos thrown again,  
And in such moment sought this rock the plain.

“But fix thine eyes upon the valley; filled 46  
With blood the river draweth nigh wherein  
Boil those whom violence rash hath driven to sin.”  
O thou, cupidity blind! O anger mad!  
Which so us goad in this existence brief!  
Which so us steep plunged in eternal grief!  
An ample moat I saw, and form it had  
As of a bow which bent around the plain,  
As it my Guide did unto me explain.

Between the flood and rocky sides there ran 55  
Centaur, in single file, with arrows armed  
As on the earth when they the game alarmed.  
They all had stood when our descent began,  
And from the ghostly troop three now advanced,  
Their state with bows and javelins choice en-  
hanced.

And from afar one of them called aloud:  
“Ye that the coast descend, what torment's  
yours?  
Tell us from thence! If not, the arrow soars!”

Chiron.

My Master said : " Thy ways are somewhat proud, 64  
 Thy will hath always been unhappily rash ;  
 Let Chiron, there at hand, thine airs abash."  
 Then touched he me, and said : " That Nessus is  
 Who for the fair Deianira died,  
 And yet heaped vengeance on the other side.  
 The middle one, who on that breast of his  
 Is looking down, is noble Chiron, famed  
 Achilles' nurse ; Pholus the last one, blamed

" For brutal rage. The moat by thousands round 73  
 They go and go ; their arrows pierce each soul  
 That from the blood departs beyond its dole."  
 So us at once near those swift beasts we found.  
 Chiron an arrow took, and its notched end  
 Used from his lips his flowing beard to bend.  
 An ample mouth disclosed doth this wise greet  
 His fellows : " Ye ! Perceived have ye this much,  
 That he behind moves that which meets his  
 touch.

" Not of the dead do thus the shadowy feet." 83  
 And, standing at his breast now, my good Guide,  
 Where man and steed their nature join, replied :  
 " Alive he is indeed, and thus alone  
 He views with me the valley's lacking light,  
 His spur necessity ; this, and not delight.  
 She who this task me gave the joyful tone  
 Of Hallelujahs sweet left in the sky ;  
 No robber 's he, no thievish spirit I.

## Nessus.

" But by that Virtue high through which my steps 91  
 On such a savage way I onward move,  
 Of thine give us who may our helper prove,  
 That he may keep us from the river's depths,  
 And, at the ford, him on his broad back bear,  
 For, not a shade, he goes not through the air."  
 Chiron to Nessus bent on his right breast,  
 And to him said: " Turn thou and be their guide,  
 And any troop ye meet turn thou aside ! "

So with our trusty guide we onward pressed 100  
 Along the border of the boiling red  
 Wherein the boiled were uttering shrieks of dread.  
 Down to the eyebrows plunged there souls I saw,  
 And the tall Centaur said: " These tyrants are  
 Who blood and plunder placed behind no bar.  
 From them their cruel crimes sad wailings draw.  
 Here Alexander is; Dionysius here,  
 He who plagued Sicily's homes from year to year.

" That brow is Azzolino's, black of hair; 109  
 Este's Obizzo that blonde is, whose life  
 Was by his step-son clipp'd, fiends both in  
 strife."

Then to the Poet turned I now; his care  
 This precept gave: " Let him thy chief guide be;  
 As to his second only, look to me."  
 Not far thence paused the Centaur near a throng  
 Which constantly as far down as the throat  
 Were in the blood plunged of that boiling moat.

A spirit showed he us whose double wrong, 118  
 He said, placed him apart in blood and flames :  
 "A heart he pierced in God's own breast; the  
 Thames

This heart adores e'en yet." Then some I saw  
 Their heads who kept, and all their bosoms too  
 Upraised, of whom I recognized not few.  
 Thus shallower grew the blood by that same law,  
 Until the feet it only steeped at last,  
 And there across the hideous stream we passed.

"Here, see, the boiling river grows less deep," 127  
 The Centaur said, "but I would have thee know  
 It sinks again, till, low and yet more low,  
 It comes once more to where the tyrants weep ;  
 Again it covers almost all the form  
 Of those who Mercy's edicts held in scorn.  
 Justice Divine that Attila here torments  
 Who was on earth a scourge, and Pyrrhus sears  
 And Sextus, and through Eternity's years milks  
 tears

"Which, by the boiling, it unlocks from sense 136  
 As dull as Rinier hath, Corneto's lord,  
 Or Pazzo's Rinier, highwaymen abhorred."  
 Turned he, and o'er the ford alone went thence.

NOTES TO THE TWELFTH CANTO.

5. "*Rocks enormous lapsed.*" Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*, i. 71, in speaking of this region, says: "The mountains break into rocks and precipices," and that they not seldom assume forms of "terrible majesty."

## Notes.

It is matter of history that such a mass of rocks fell in the year 1310, at a time, probably, when Dante, near at hand, was the guest of Bartholomeo della Scala.

12. " *The infamy foul . . . the heifer false.*"

" There is the love  
Unnatural for the bull, and Parsiphaë  
Through guile embraced, and the mixed birth, two-formed,  
The Minotaur, of Venus' hate the sign  
Unspeakable."

*Sixth Æneid, 24.*

Ovid's line seems worded with happy exactitude :

" Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum."

17. " *The Duke of Athens.*" Theseus, Duke, or King, of Athens, who, instructed by Ariadne, the sister of the Minotaur, was successful in his attempt to slay the Minotaur and to effect his escape from the labyrinth. This same title of "Duke of Athens" is applied to Theseus by Chaucer, in the *Knights Tale*, and by Shakespeare in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

24. " *A bull.*"

" As when some vigorous youth with sharpened axe  
A pastured bullock smites behind the horns,  
And hews the muscle through ; he, at the stroke,  
Springs forth and falls." . . .

*Iliad, xvii. 522, COWPER.*

38. " *That One.*" Christ, whose name, out of reverence, Dante refrains from using in the *Inferno*. An instance of this effect of Dante's reverential awe for the Sacred Name has already been seen in the Fourth Canto, line 54. The Crucifixion, and the trembling which that event caused in hell, was, as Virgil says, "just before," exactly forty days before, the Ascension.

44. " *Chaos.*" Dante gives a theory supported by Empedocles, and following him, Aristotle, and other ancient philosophers. "Love sustains the aggregation of matter," this theory said, "the destruction of Love brings about the separation of the constituents of matter, brings chaos." This physical idea prefigured the moral idea.

## Notes.

49. "*O anger mad!*" "Be angry and sin not." Saint Paul, *Ephes.* vii. 17.

"Meekness moderates our anger. . . . Virtue is an eclectic habit, consisting in the mean." Dante, *Convito*, iv. 17.

"He that is *truly meek* is angry whereat he ought, and with whom, and as much as, and as, and when, and where. He is wrathful that *passes the mean* in these things, and forthwith rushes into anger. The unangerable is he that is not angry when he should be, and when, and as much as, and with whom, and as. He is not to be praised." Latini, *Tesoro*, vi. 21.

Dante's phrase in the text is "*O ira folle!*"

56. "*Centaur*." A centaur is, in classical lore, usually recognized as the poetical symbol for violence.

66-73. "*Chiron . . . Pholus . . . Nessus.*"

"The healing art, instead of helping, hurts.  
Its masters quit the ground: Chiron, the son  
Of Philyra renowned, and e'en the sage  
Melampus,"

*Third Georgic*, 549.

"What gifts that equal mention merit here,  
Doth *Bacchus* grant? Indeed, occasion gave  
The God for grave complaint: for he it was  
The Centaurs' rage for blood who caused, made mad  
Fierce Rhœtus, Pholus, and Hylæus grim,  
Hylæus whom his zeal made seize, to hurl  
Against the Lapithæ, a wine-cask huge."

*Second Georgic*, 454.

The guile of Nessus, aided by the knowledge on his part of the properties of poisons, brought Hercules to his end: "heaped vengeance on the other side."

"Virgil," says Dr. Carlyle, "will explain his errand only to Chiron, the sage *physician*." An instance of what the French denominate the "*esprit de corps*."

97. "*At the ford*." Cary remarks that Sophocles, and afterwards Ovid, describe Nessus as skilful in breasting the fording-places in rivers, and that the lines of those Poets so portraying him decided Dante to assign to Nessus the task of conducting the Poets over the infernal ford.

## Notes.

I give the words of Sophocles :

Ὅς τὸν βαθύρρουν ποταμὸν Εὐήρου βροτοῦς  
Μισθοῦ πόρευε χερσίν οὔτε πομπιμοῖς  
Κώπαις ἐρίσσω, οὔτε λαίφαισι νεῦς.

*Track. 570.*

He in his arms (Evenus' stream  
Deep-flowing) bore the passenger for hire,  
Without or sail or billow-cleaving oar.

107. "*Alexander . . . Dionysius.*" Here, probably, two precious tyrants are meant, the one of Pheræ, the other of Syracuse. But, as to Alexander, a question has arisen as to which Alexander is meant. The ancient commentators consent, without discussion, that the allusion is to Alexander the Great. But Venturi and Biagioli, not always in harmony, agree that it should be some other Alexander, and that the probabilities point to Alexander the tyrant of Pheræ. It appears that, in the *Convito*, Dante praises him whom later Milton called "the great Emathian," and the suggestion seems pertinent that Dante, even if he be as morose as some would imagine him, would scarcely immerse in a sea of boiling blood one so much an enthusiast in his admiration for Pindar as to spare his house, and for Homer as to carry with him, on his campaigns, the "Tale of Troy Divine," a chieftain, too, who, after the victory of Gaugamela, enclosed the admired poem in the most precious of the spoils, the priceless casket of Darius. And, if this be a weak argument, the further suggestion may be made that its weakness may gain force from the rhetorical circumstance that Dante seems to be holding "the Emathian" in reserve, to form the central figure in a superb comparison the lover of Emperors will introduce into the next Canto but one.

Lombardi, undecided in his notes, decides for him of Pheræ in his Index, and Longfellow, silent in his notes, decides for the same Alexander in *his* Index.

109. "*Azzolino.*" Azzolino or Ezzolino di Romano, the son-in-law of the Emperor Frederick the Second, was the tyrant of Padua, and earned well his other titles of "*the Ferocious,*" and "*the Son of the Devil.*"

## Notes.

Before quoting the severer picture Sismondi paints of him. I may advert to two anecdotes found in the hundred old stories (*Cento Novelle Antiche*). In Novella 83 we read that he made proclamation in his own district and those surrounding it that he desired to do a great charity, and therefore invited all beggars to meet him at a time and place named, that he might give each a new gown and a plentiful repast. Good or evil fame bore the tidings abroad. Few regrets, if any, were sent in. They all did themselves the honor. Himself and his assistants gave them the promised banquet, and at its close endued them with their new gowns; they demanded their old gowns with tears and outcries; in vain; the robber of beggars found more money in the old garments than the new and the dinner had cost. Again: riding one day with his father-in-law, the emperor, they and a numerous detachment of cavalry being with them, but all the men-at-arms being of the command of Azzolino, he wagered the Emperor as to which bore the more beautiful sword. The Emperor drew from its sheath his own, which shone resplendently with its garniture of gold and jewels. Thereupon said Azzolino, drawing his homely war-sword: "It is very beautiful, but mine, without any great ornament, is far more beautiful." The six hundred cavalymen had been advised of the signal; each sent aloft his shining steel. When the Emperor beheld the cloud of swords he said: "Yes, yours is the more beautiful!"

"Azzolino," says Sismondi (*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, chap. xix.), "was small of stature, but the whole aspect of his person, all his movements, indicated the soldier. His countenance was proud; his language bitter; by a single look, he made the boldest tremble. . . . Never had he loved women . . . against them as against men he was void of pity."

"Ezzelino," says Darras (*History of the Church*, vol. iii. 362), "placed himself at the head of the Ghibelline faction, deluged Italy with blood, and won the deserved epithet of the Ferocious, applied by general execration."



## Notes.

Indeed he so outraged the religious sense of the people by his atrocities that a crusade was, according to Sismondi, preached against him. He was made a prisoner, and after a bloody reign of thirty-four years, he died, in 1259, seven years before the birth of Dante, fierce and defiant to the last, and tearing the bandages from his fatal wounds.

111, 112. "*Obizzo of Este . . . step-son.*" Obizzo of Este was Marquis of Ferrara and of the Marca d' Ancona. His own son was his murderer, moved by desire for the treasures which the father's rapacity had amassed. See Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto III. stanza 32. According to Gibbon, his death took place in the year 1293. *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick, Posthumous Works*, v. ii. of the quarto edition.

For the most unnatural act Dante calls the son a step-son. This Dante does in imitation of Virgil, to whom relationships made by second marriages were objects of great distaste. I find that none of the commentators, except Cary, understand this passage in its true sense.

118. "*Double wrong.*" Murder and sacrilege. This abhorred shade was that of Guido di Monforte, who murdered Prince Henry of England, son of the Duke of Cornwall, "in God's own breast," that is, while taking the sacrament in the church of Saint Sylvester in Viterbo. The murderer and his victim were cousins. The act was in revenge for the death of the Earl of Leicester, the murderer's father. Doubly damned, Monforte is "placed apart," as Dante informs us, "in blood and flames."

"The *body* of the prince," says Barlow, *Study of the Divine Comedy*, p. 125, "was brought to England and committed to the earth at Hayles, in Gloucestershire, in the abbey which his father had there built for monks of the Cistercian order; but his *heart* was put into a golden vase, and placed on the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in *Westminster Abbey*; most probably, as stated by some writers, in the hands of a statue." The latter abbey is, as Dante says, "on the Thames."

The date is 1271, at which time Dante was only four years

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of age; and the story, related to him in his childhood, must have exercised upon his imagination a powerful influence.

133-5. "*Attila . . . Pyrrhus . . . Sextus.*" Attila, the Scourge of God, and, according to Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. 39, a typical barbarian. As to which Pyrrhus and which Sextus are meant the commentators cannot agree; but Vellutelli's conjecture of Pyrrhus of Epirus is generally adopted, as his conjecture of Sextus Claudius Nero is rejected. Sextus, son of Tarquin the Proud, may be meant, or Sextus, son of Pompey, the terror of the Mediterranean.

137-8. "*Rinier . . . Rinier.*" Dreaded highwaymen, of whom it is barely known that one overawed the city of Corneto on the western coast of Italy, and that the other was of the noble family of the Pazzi in Florence.

## CANTO THIRTEENTH.

### ARGUMENT:

Continuing in the same circle, the seventh, the Poets encounter the harpies, and their habitation, a great forest, trackless and tangled, formed of men who had been changed into trees, whose branches exuded blood when broken. Such was the abode and the fate of suicides. One of these broken and bleeding trees was a Florentine, Lano. Squanderers are there pursued by their parasites in the form of black bitches.

**PERSONS SPEAKING:** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Pietro delle Vigne of Capua, Lano, Giacomo, and another, suicides.

**PERSONS APPEARING:** Harpies. Men rooted as trees. The wasteful.

THE ford was broad, and not yet quite across  
Was Nessus, when into a wood, where trace  
Of path was none, we walked with usual pace.  
Not green its foliage was, but dull as dross,  
All gnarled its branches as by Furies whipped,  
For fruit it had but thorns, which poisons  
dripped.  
Between Cecina and Corneto wilds  
So rough and dense seek not fierce beasts that  
shun  
The tracts where cultivation hath begun.

Here throngs the harpy crew, which all defiles, 10  
 They who the Trojans from their filthy groves  
 With dismal prophecies shrill of evil drove.  
 Wide wings they have ; clawed feet ; in neck and face  
 They human are ; their feathered bellies large ;  
 And from the trees sad utterings they discharge.  
 And said to me the Master, full of grace :  
 "Thou 'rt in the second ring this circle holds,  
 And so wilt be until the third enfolds

"Thyself and me its fearful sands within. 19  
 Therefore look well, and thou shalt surely see  
 Confirmed what elsewhere hath been said by me."  
 And now of wailings heard I such a din  
 On every side and yet no person saw,  
 That I confused stood still in silent awe.  
 I think he thought I thought such voices came  
 From people who from us themselves to screen  
 Lurked midst those dense and savage trunks un-  
 seen.

Therefore he said : "If thou should'st from the  
 same 28  
 Break off some little shoot, the thoughts thy mind  
 Doth entertain erroneous thou wilt find."  
 Then forward somewhat stretched I forth my hand,  
 And broke a branchlet from a thorny tree  
 Whose trunk cried out : "Ah ! why dost thou  
 rend me ?"  
 And, as the dark blood sought the gloomy sand,  
 Again its cry went forth : "Ah ! why me tear ?  
 Is thy hard heart of pity's promptings bare ?

---

Pietro delle Vigne.

---

“ Men once we were, and now to trees are turned ; 37  
Should not thine hand more signs of mercy  
show

Had we been souls of serpents here below ? ”  
As when a green brand is at one end burned,  
From out the other drops the burning sends,  
And hiss on hiss with ’scaping vapor blends,  
So from that broken twig words came and blood  
Together forth, whereat I let it fall,  
And stood like one whom terror doth appall.

“ If he, offended soul,” as so I stood, 46  
My Sage replied, “ could have believed before  
What in my verse he only read as lore,  
Not he against thee would his hand have raised ;  
But so incredibly strange appeared the thing,  
I bade him do what causes me a sting.  
But tell him who thou wast, him thus amazed,  
That he amends may make and help thy fame,  
Returned, as is allowed, there whence he came.”

And thus the trunk : “ As music sweet doth please 55  
Mine ears thy voice, and mute I cannot stay ;  
As I talk on may ’t not upon ye weigh !  
He am I who of Frederick’s heart both keys  
Possessed ; I locked, unlocked, and yet with soft  
And easy motion, such that ’t was not oft  
One other person was there who could seize  
His secret deep ; and to the glorious post  
My deep fidelity sleep and life me cost.

"That harlot that from Cæsar's dwelling ne'er 64  
 Turned her adulterous eyes, the common bane  
 And vice that give all human courts a stain,  
 Inflamed 'gainst me all minds ; through them severe  
 T'wards me Augustus' self became, and so  
 My joyous honors lapsed to grievous woe.  
 In its indignant mood, my angry soul,  
 Thinking by death indignity to evade,  
 Me just, towards myself unjust, hath made.

"By the new roots that hath this bleeding bole, 73  
 To you I swear that ne'er my good faith swerved  
 From him my lord, who honors rich deserved,  
 And if of you shall either see again  
 The breathing world, my memory strengthen  
 there,  
 Which blows have felled that Envy sole could  
 dare."

He ceased ; a moment passed, and then, "Refrain  
 Not thou from speech ; improve the hour," my  
 Guide  
 Me urged, "if more thou seek'st beside!"

Whereon I to the Bard : "Do thou him ask 82  
 What things thou think'st I would, for so my heart  
 Feels pity's weight, my lips refuse their part."  
 Resumed he then : "So may the man the task  
 Do freely for thee which thy words entreat,  
 Imprisoned soul, when he the light shall meet,  
 Do thou be pleased to let us further know  
 How in these knots the soul is so confined,  
 And whether thence it may itself unbind."

Then strongly blew the trunk, and soon the flow 91  
 Of vapor changed to words: "In phrases few  
 Response hereto shall come from me to you.  
 When quits the spirit fierce its mortal frame  
 Whence it itself hath torn, it Minos sends  
 Into the circle whereunto it tends,  
 The Seventh Circle, such its grade of blame.  
 Not choice but fortune gives it place to sprout;  
 There, like seed cast, it works its changes out,

"And shoots, a sapling, forth, a savage plant. 100  
 The Harpies feeding on its leaves give woe,  
 And to the woe an outlet whence to go.  
 Like to the others, we too, shadows gaunt,  
 Our spoils shall seek, yet shall not wear again;  
 What one rejects that he should not regain.  
 Them hither shall we drag, and they shall hang  
 Suspended each upon its tree forlorn,  
 Where there shall grimly meet ghost, flesh, and  
 thorn."

Still were we listening to the trunk, when rang 109  
 Upon our ears a note which us surprised,  
 Intent on being further thus advised.  
 Aroused were we like one who feels come nigh  
 To where he stands the boar and chase, while  
 flash  
 Pursuit, pursued, and trembling branches crash.  
 And lo! upon the left hand there did fly  
 With violence such that every fan of the wood  
 They broke, two souls, in terror, torn and nude.

---

Have no Resurrection.

---

The foremost : "Come, now, come, O Death !" and  
he 118

Who lagged cried, for he thought himself too slow,  
"Thy legs were not so ready, Lano, ho,  
At Toppo's jousts !" and then, perhaps that free  
In speed his legs no further were, one stoop  
He made into a bush, it, he, a group.  
And at their rear, she-mastiffs black, at speed,  
Filled all the wood ; eager they were and fleet  
As leash-slipped greyhounds ; him who made his  
seat

Within the bush their teeth attacked with greed 127  
And him to pieces with much snarling tore ;  
Then they away his wretched members bore.  
Now by the hand my Guide me took and led  
Unto the bush, which through its bleeding rents  
In vain was blowing sorrowful laments.  
It "Jacopo of Sant' Andrèa" said  
"In making me thy screen wherein 's thy gain ?  
Or why for thy bad life should I have pain ?"

And when quite to it had approached my Guide, 136  
He said : "What wast thou who thy blood dost blow  
And speech through wounds so many brimmed  
with woe ?"  
And he to us, "Ye souls," most sadly cried,  
"Who this dishonouring mutilation see  
Which thus my leaves have rudely torn from me,  
O gather ye them up at this shrub's foot !  
I of that city was which changed its first  
Chief patron to the Baptist, whence a thirst



"In that rejected one's keen heart was put 145  
 To make her sad, and were it not that clings  
 To Arno's bridge some wreck which of him sings,  
 Those of her people who, when ashes laid  
 O'er all her face by Attila's torches brought,  
 Rebuilt her site, would site in vain have sought.  
 Of mine own dwelling I my gibbet made."

## NOTES TO THE THIRTEENTH CANTO.

7. "*Wilds.*" Dante continues the mention of Corneto from the last stanza. The mention there had already made it a word of horror. The Cecina is a small river emptying into the Mediterranean not far from Leghorn. The tract alluded to is wild and thinly-peopled, abounding in stunted forests and putrid lagoons, the haunts of deer, goats, and the wild boar.

This is the fatal Maremma (*campagna vicina al mare*, a country by the sea-shore) to which Dante will again make allusion in the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-ninth Cantos of the *Inferno*, and the Fifth Canto of the *Purgatorio*.

According to Forsyth, *Italy*, p. 156, this region, though now worse than a desert, is supposed to have been, in former times, both fertile and salubrious. Traces still exist of Roman cisterns, and, in the most repulsive part of the tract one may still see the ruins of Populonium. All nature conspires to drive man away from this fatal region; but the Casentine peasants still migrate thither in the winter to feed their cattle, and there they sow wheat, make charcoal, saw lumber, cut hoop-poles, and peel the cork-oak. On the return of summer they break up their camps; but sometimes too late; the Maremmian disease claims its victims.

"Where the path  
 Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe  
 Is to inhale distemper, if not death;  
 Where the wild-boar retreats, when hunters chafe,

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And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo-herd  
 Afflicted plunge into the stagnant pool,  
 Nothing discerned amid the water-leaves,  
 Save here and there the likeness of a head,  
 Savage, uncouth."

ROGERS, *Italy*, *prope fin.*

11. "*They who the Trojans.*"

" Saved from the waves, me first  
 The shores receive of isles Strophades called,  
 A Grecian name, in Great Ionia's sea.  
 There dwell the Harpies, there Celæno dire  
 And all the rest, from feasts driven forth by fear  
 In Phineus' house polluted. Than these pests  
 No monster is more dread. Nor Stygian waves,  
 Nor heavenly anger, e'er have missioned forth  
 A plague more harsh. Wing'd shapes are they like birds,  
 With faces as of maids, their excrement most foul,  
 Their hands like claws, and ever pale  
 Are they with hunger's pangs."

" One on a rock  
 High-placed, sits down, Celæno, prophet sad,  
 And croaks this message from her loathsome breast."

*Third Æneid*, 210, 245.

The isles, two in number, were called the Strophades, from the verb *στρέφω*, to turn, because Zetes and Caläis, the sons of Boreas, returned thence, after they had driven thither the Harpies from the halls of King Phineus.

19. "*Its fearful sands.*" These will be described in the next Canto.

21. "*What elsewhere hath been said by me.*"

" By chance, near by there was a hill,  
 Upon whose top grew cherry-shrubs, and, rough  
 With twigs thick-set like spears, dense myrtles stood.  
 Them I approach. I seek to pluck them up,  
 For frondent boughs to deck our altars with,  
 When to my sight arose a prodigy dire,  
 Fearful to see, and horrible to tell;  
 For blood, in black drops, started from the roots  
 Which first I tore from out their native soil,  
 And stained the earth with gore. Cold horror shakes

## Notes.

My limbs. My gelid blood stands still with fear.  
 And now I break apart a tender branch,  
 Intent on knowing what may be the cause.  
 So follows from this, too, the oozing blood.  
 Revolving much in mind, the wood-nymphs wild  
 I worship, and the Gradive Sire, who sits,  
 Supreme in power above the Getic fields,  
 That what mine eyes had seen they might make plain,  
 And from the portent take all fear away.  
 And then, returning to the task, I grasp,  
 With added strength, a third plant, fixed my knees  
 Against the adverse sands, when (shall I speak,  
 And tell this woe, or not?) came upwards sad,  
 From depths below, a fearful groan, which bore  
 These words unhappy to my listening ears:  
 'Why, wretched me, Æneas, dost thou tear?  
 Now spare the tomb, spare to imbue with crime  
 Thy pious hands. Troy bore me close allied  
 To thee. The gore thou see'st comes not from trees.  
 Ah! fly these cruel lands, a greedy shore  
 Escape. For I am Polydorus. Here  
 Of weapons me transfixed a crop of iron,  
 Which yet grows on severe, in javelins sharp.'  
 Then, smit by doubt and fear, my mind was stunned,  
 Stood up my hair, clung to my jaws my tongue."

*Third Æneid, 21.*

25. "I think he thought I thought."

"Io credo ch'ei credette ch'io credesse."

Imitated by Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, ix. 23.

58. "He am I." Pietro delle Vigne, chancellor of the Emperor Frederick the Second. Learned and eloquent, he had risen to this exalted station from a humble origin, and the envy of the other courtiers embittered them against him. Forged letters were exhibited to the Emperor to persuade that embroiled and unhappy monarch, that his trusted counsellor was conducting a secret and traitorous correspondence with the Pope, with whom Frederick was then at enmity. The silence of Pietro at the Council of Lyons called by Innocent the Fourth in hostility to the Emperor, and with a view to his excommunication, confirmed the suspicions of the

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Emperor, although the imperial cause was warmly and ably advocated at the council by Taddeo de Sessa. His penalty was to lose his eyes, and the usual statement is that, seized with despair at his undeserved calamity and disgrace, he ended his life by dashing out his brains against the walls of a church, in the year 1245. But Napier (*Florentine History*, i. 97) seems to incline to the opinion that the cause of his death was a fall from a horse on a horseback journey to Pisa, where he was disliked, and would be an object of derision, this journey being forced upon him after the loss of his sight.

He, like Frederick, wrote poetry, in the Sicilian dialect, which still survives. Six Books of Pietro's Latin Letters are also still extant. Dutiful as a son and brother, he did not forget his mother and his sister, and made them sharers of his prosperity. He seems to have been in all respects such a man as Dante would esteem and honor, and his immortal lines have saved his fame. His downfall was one of the stains upon the memory of Frederick touched upon in the notes to the Tenth Canto.

64. "That harlot." Envy.

114. "Pursuit, pursued."

"Like forest-boards, which, hearing in the hills  
The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,  
With start oblique lay many a sapling flat  
Short-broken by the root."

*Iliad*, xii. 146, COWPER.

120. "Lano." Lano seems to have been a gay youth of Sienna, the heir of a fortune. Intent on defying the maxims of economy, he became very poor; and at Toppo developed a headlong bravery, attributable either to ambition or despair. Dante attributes it to the latter.

133. "Jacopo of Sant' Andrea." Like Lano, the inheritor of wealth, which he squandered. He enjoyed, says the *Ottimo Commento*, the destruction by fire of one of his own residences, as affording a grand and beautiful illumination.

143. "That city." Florence was originally under the pro-

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tection of the God Mars; and it was supposed that the planet Mars shed beneficial or baneful influences upon it. In Dante's time the statue of Mars was still standing on a column at the head of the Old Bridge (ponte vecchio). It was swept away by a freshet sweeping through the valley in the year 1333, twelve years after Dante's death. In Christian times Florence took as its patron Saint John the Baptist.

145, 147. "*In that rejected one's keen heart . . . some wreck that of him sings.*" The allusion is to the prophecy that Mars would avenge himself unless his statue were restored. It seems that, in the same devotion to the ancient myths, the discovery of the site of the city, with a view to its restoration, was popularly attributed to the portion of the statue which still remained.

149. "*Attila.*" Here is a mistake of Dante, or of some copyist. *Totila*, not *Attila*, destroyed Florence. The *Ottimo Commento* seems to defend the error, and, in so doing, reveals a strange confusion of ideas as to these prominent barbarians: "Some say that *Totila* was one person, and *Attila* another; and some say that *he* was one and the same man."

*Totila* destroyed Florence in the middle of the Sixth Century, the year 550. It was restored by Charlemagne in the Eighth. *Totila's* real name, according to Gibbon, was *Baduila*. *Totila* was an affix: the German word *Todlos*, deathless, immortal. Probably the word is the only vestige of the epic of some barbaric bard, or of the ode of some Gothic Horace.

151. "*Of mine own.*" Dante does not mention the name of this wretched man. He may have had charitable motives in withholding it; or it was because necessity counselled him to brevity: the Canto was already beyond its normal length.

## CANTO FOURTEENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The third round of the Seventh Circle brings the Poets to an arid plain, where the miserable shades of blasphemers, naked, and in various postures, vainly endeavor to escape the falling flakes of fire. The Poets see also the River Phlegethon, formed by the Rivers Acheron and Styx, whose source is the tears of Time.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The Shade of Virgil. Capaneus.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** The shades of blasphemers.

**IMPELLED** by patriotic pride, the scattered leaves  
I gathered up, and placed them near their source,  
The tree-imprisoned soul, already hoarse.  
Then came we to the turning-point where weaves  
Justice Divine in patterns dread its plans,  
And in the third ring penalties due demands.  
To make my meaning clear, I say a plain  
We reached, which from its sterile bed  
Permits no plant to raise its peeping head.

## Phlegethon.

The trees, its garland grim, it close retain,      10  
 As round the wood the burning blood-stream ran.  
 Our feet we stayed just where the plain began.  
 The ground a sand was, dry and thick, not far  
 In texture differing from that Cato's feet  
 Once on the Libyan desert chanced to meet.  
 O Vengeance just of God ! and God's just bar !  
 How must thy fear seize every soul not steeled  
 Who reads what unto me was here revealed !

Flocks many, all of trembling spirits nude,      19  
 All uttering grievous wailings here I saw,  
 To whom there seemed diversity given of law.  
 Some lying supine on the ground I viewed,  
 Some sitting all crouched up, and some again,  
 Who roamed incessantly o'er all the plain.  
 The souls who roamed outnumbered all the rest ;  
 Those on the ground supine in count were least,  
 But with these last the agony was increased.

With slow and gradual fall upon that waste      28  
 Rained fire upon the air outspread in flakes  
 Like snow when winds are hushed on Alpine  
 lakes,  
 Like to the flames which Alexander saw,  
 In India's torrid realms and sandy coast,  
 Fall whole from heaven upon his wondering  
 host,  
 Wherewith his legions (he to them their law)  
 Took care the soil to tramp, for ceased the flame  
 More readily when disjoined it earthward came.

## The falling Fire-Flakes.

So fell the eternal flames whereby the sands, 37  
 Like tinder under steel, were turned to flame,  
 Which with redoubled pangs upon them came.

Without repose danced miserable hands,  
 Now here, now there, in frenzied wreathings  
 thrown  
 Fresh flakes to pluck from souls all desperate  
 grown.

Thus I began: "My Master, thou whose power  
 Doth conquer all things save the demons hard  
 Who would our progress hitherto have barred,

"Who is that spirit great, whose features lower, 46  
 And who contorted lies, and proud disdain  
 Shows of the fire, nor ripens in its rain."

And he himself, who had of him observed  
 That I my Guide made question, proudly said:  
 "What I was living, that am I, though dead.  
 Though Jove should tire with work his smith strong-  
 nerved  
 Who that sharp bolt delivered to his frown  
 Wherewith on my last day he smote me down,

"And although one by one he weary out 55  
 The others at that gloomy forge, and call  
 'Good Vulcan, help!' in Mongibello's hall,  
 As at the day of Phlegra's direful rout,  
 And at me strike with all his vengeful might,  
 Yet should he not in victory's wreath delight!"  
 At once spoke forth my Guide words clear of doubt,  
 And firmer than from him I yet had heard:  
 "O Capanus, in that thy pride, ill-stirred,



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Capaneus the Blasphemer.

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“Unquenchable remains, thou’rt punished more : 64  
 No torture less than thine own ravings’ gauge  
 Would pain insure proportioned to thy rage.”

Then unto me, with gentler words in store,  
 He turned : “That was the one of those seven  
 kings

Who Thebes laid under siege ; him stings  
 His crime, contempt t’wards God, now as before,  
 His boast ; but, as I him assured, his bile  
 Is such as well befits his nature vile.

“Now follow me, and see thou place not yet 73  
 Thy feet upon the burning sand, but them  
 Keep back within the wood’s protecting hem.”

In silence came we to where gushed a jet  
 And jets from out the wood, a rivulet red  
 Whereof the tint still makes me shrink with  
 dread.

As from the Bulicamé comes a thread,  
 Which share the sinful women ’mongst themselves,  
 So ran this streamlet down the sandy shelves.

Bottom and sloping banks to stone had sped, 82  
 And petrified its margins too were found,  
 Whereby I saw our way lay on this ground.

“Midst all that I have shown thee since the gate  
 We passed whose threshold dark’s denied to  
 none,

Nought in the journey we have so far won  
 Compares in interest to this wonder great  
 Which, by the vapor from its substance shed,  
 Extinguishes the flamelets from o’erhead.”

Words these were of my Guide. Him thence I  
prayed 91

That he on me that sustenance would bestow  
For which his words caused appetite such to grow.

“In the mid-sea a desolate country’s laid  
Whose name is Crete, and ’neath whose king was  
chaste

The world entire with every virtue graced.  
A mountain, Ida called, is there, when time  
Was young, with founts and foliage glad, but now,  
An old and wrinkled thing from foot to brow.

“Chose Rhea it, that cradled here sublime 100  
Her son might be; and that she might conceal  
The weeping child, she caused loud cries to peal.

Within the mount a huge Old Man erect,  
His back t’wards Damietta, stands, and e’er  
He looks at Rome, as if his mirror ’t were.

Of gold refined his head is and aspect,  
Of silver pure are made his arms and breast,  
Of bronze, unto the groin, is made the rest.

“Downward from thence he’s all of iron choice, 109  
Save that of baked clay is his right foot made,  
And on this more than on the left he’s stayed.

Except the gold, seat of his unheard voice,  
Each part a fissure hath in tears that speaks,  
Each rivulet sad the mount’s foundation seeks.

From rock to rock into this vale they course,  
And Acheron form and Styx and Phlegethon hot,  
Then flow they on through kindling grot on grot,

"And at that point at which there is, perforce, 118  
 No further outlet, they Cocytus seek,  
 A lake thou 'lt see, of which I 'll not here speak."  
 I said: "If from our world flows down this rill  
 Why is 't that on this bank alone 't is found,  
 And not elsewhere upon our journey's round?"  
 And he to me: "Our journey's course to fill  
 In this round place, we to the left descend,  
 But have not yet attained unto the end.

"Wherefore if aught in our descent seems new, 127  
 Thy wonder should not be expressed though felt,  
 Until we 're passed through the remotest belt."  
 "Let me still seek to obtain a clearer view,"  
 I said, "Where, Master, is that Phlegethon,  
 where  
 Is Lethe too? Thy speech gives one no care,  
 Thou sayest the other doth from these tears rain."  
 "In all thy questionings thou dost please me  
 well,"  
 He answered, "but the boiling thee might tell

"What this red water is. Thou shalt see plain 136  
 What Lethe is, yet not in this abyss,  
 But where seek guilt-cleansed penitents merited  
 bliss."  
 And then: "Now time it is the wood to leave,"  
 He said, "see that thou follow me; each side,  
 The quenching vapor forms a pathway wide,  
 And, upon both, hath dulled the fires that grieve."

## NOTES TO THE FOURTEENTH CANTO.

12. "*Just where the plain began.*" Just within the vegetable suicide limit, so as to escape the fire-flakes and the hot sand.

14. "*Cato.*" When, after the battle of Pharsalia, he led the remnant of Pompey's army in retreat over the Libyan desert.

"Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,  
My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil."

LUCAN, *Pharsalia*, ix. 375, Rowe.

29. "*Flakes.*"

"Th' accursed spot, where Heaven  
Rained down its flaky fire in ancient time,  
Revening outraged Nature on the leaven  
Of foul Gomorrah and her coasts of crime."

TASSO'S *Jerusalem*, x. 61, Wiffen.

32. "*India.*" For the circumstance here alluded to, Landino refers to Albertus Magnus. The event is described in a letter written by Alexander to Aristotle in these words: "In India ignited vapors fell from heaven like snow. I commanded my soldiers to trample them under foot."

57. "*Mongibello's hall.*" Mount Ætna, under which Vulcan, with his Cyclops, forged the thunderbolts of Jove.

"From out the sea, the sea for marvels famed,  
Between the shore Sicilian and the mounts,  
Which crown the heights Æolian, Lipari called,  
An island rises steep with smoking rocks  
Beneath which spreads its chambers a vast cave,  
Whence sounds Ætnæan deep and din remote  
Through Cyclops' chimneys seek the upper air,  
And anvils ring 'neath mighty strokes laid on,  
And hiss the sparkles dashed through caverns dusk  
Where, wrought in various forms, the Chalybs' steel  
Upon the stithy glows, and sends the fire  
From furnaces hot its breathings low and hoarse,  
Vulcan's own house, the place Vulcania called."

*Eighth Æneid*, 416.

Mongibello is probably the Italianizing of "Mulciber," the fashioner, moulder, softener, introducer of the civilizing arts.

## Notes.

This name of Vulcan, Virgil introduces into the description of the shield of Æneas, in the Eighth Book of the Æneid :

“ Pass on, in order long, the conquered tribes,  
In dress and arms as various as in tongues.  
Here had the skilful fashioner's art set forth  
The Nomad tribes, and Africa's nude sons ;  
And here the Cari fierce, and Lelegi grim ;  
And here Gelonian clans,” etc.

Vulcano is, of course, the Anglicizing of Virgil's word “Vulcania.”

60. “*Victory's wreath.*” Dr. Carlyle refers to Statius, *Theb.* iii. 598 ; and x. 828, et seq.

63. “*Capanæus.*” In Dante's Canzone beginning “*O patria degna!*” Capanæus is put forth as the synonym of blasphemy and arrogance. Milton adopts him as the model of his Satan, wherein he probably follows Saint Avitus.

68. “*Those seven kings.*” The seven kings who besieged Thebes, more briefly known as the Seven against Thebes. Their campaign was a disastrous one. Of the entire seven Adrastus alone survived. Æneas found him and his comrades in the Lower World :

“ Him here  
Met Tydeus ; here in arms renowned him met  
Parthenopæus ; him Adrastus met,  
A marble image pale.”

*Sixth Æneid, 479.*

79. “*The Bulicamé.*” The boiling springs of Viterbo, the ancient Vigezia.

Mr. Barlow, *Contributions to the Study of the Divine Comedy*, p. 129, describes a large building near Viterbo whereto the water of the Bulicamé is conducted by conduits. This, he says, has popularly been regarded as the Bagno delle Meretrici alluded to by Dante. “There is no other building here found,” he remarks, “which can dispute with it the claim to this distinction.”

95. “*Crete.*”

“ Lies in the midmost sea  
An island, Crete, great Jove's. There is the Mount  
Idæan, there the cradle of our race,



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Notes.

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137. "*Lethe . . . yet not in this abyss.*" From the statue of Time in Crete flow to Cocytus the Rivers Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon, and from the Terrestrial Paradise, on the summit of the Purgatorial Mountain, flows, to the same lake, Lethe.

142. "*The quenching vapor.*" This vapor is the "fiery stream" of the Fifth Book of the *Æneid*, line 697.

## CANTO FIFTEENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

In the same circle, the seventh, the Poets encounter a troop of Sodomites, one of whom, Brunetto Latini, Dante's former tutor, engages him in conversation on the subject of Florence. Latini inveighs against Florence, and foretells Dante's political troubles.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Brunetto Latini.

PERSONS APPEARING : Priscian, Francesco, Mozzi, and others.

Now bears us on one of the margins hard,  
And casts the rivulet's vapor shade o'er all,  
Which doth the flamelets quench ere down they  
fall.

As, Bruges 'twixt and Cadsand, lest should marred  
The land be by the flood, the Flemings shrewd  
Erect their bulwark 'gainst the ocean rude,

And as the Paduans, along Brenta's marge,  
Their towns and villages save which waters  
meet,

Ere Chiarentana's summit feel the heat,

5

a

c

12

or



## The Ghastly Ghosts.

So formed were those stone banks, though not so  
large 10

Nor high the Master made them, or whoe'er  
It might be, took upon himself that care.

Nor were we from the wood so far remote  
That I could not have told where it might be,  
If I had even backward turned to see,  
When we a troop of spirits upon our route  
Encountered, passing by the brooklet's side,  
And each looked at us as, at eventide,

Men 'neath a new moon do each other scan, 19  
And sharpened so their vision us to spy  
As seeks a tailor old his needle's eye.

Thus by that family eyed, one from their van  
Me recognized, and by the skirt me clipped,  
And "What a wonder!" from his dead lips  
slipped.

And I, when he his arm stretched out to me,  
Fixed on his baked appearance mine own eyes,  
So that his scorched and ghastly face and guise

Me hindered not from knowing it was he. 28

And, bending to his face mine own, "Are you,  
Ser Brunetto, here," I said, "and is this true?"  
"O son of mine, may it thee not displease,"  
He said, "if with thee, Brunetto Latini speak  
A moment's space, and then his company seek?"  
I said: "With all my power what so agrees  
With my desires I ask. If he consent  
With whom I am, we'll sit, if 't is your bent."

## Destiny strange.

"O son," he said, "whoever of this flock 37  
     One instant stops, lies there a hundred years  
     Unfanned in flame which all his body sears.  
 Therefore go on, I'll follow at thy frock,  
     And then will I my band rejoin, whose woe  
     Eternal losses weeps, as on we go."  
 I durst not from the road my level change,  
     But held my head bent down like one who walks  
     In reverence. He proceeds and talks.

"What chance," he thus began, "or destiny  
     strange, 46  
     Brings thee down here ere cometh thy last day,  
     And who is this that showeth thee the way?"  
 "Up in the life which airs serene adorn  
     Myself I lost, within a valley's bound,  
     Before mine age had reached its fullest round.  
 To it my back I turned but yestermorn ;  
     There unto me appeared, on my return,  
     My Guide, from whom this homeward path I  
     learn."

So I ; and he : "If follow thou thy star, 55  
     Thou canst not of a glorious haven fail,  
     If in that world I rightly scanned thy sail ;  
 And if so early had not been the bar  
     That closed my life since heaven so favored thee,  
     Cheers would thy work have always had from me.  
 But that neglectful, that malignant, race  
     Which came from ancient Fesole's gnarled stock  
     And of the mountain smacks yet and the rock,

---

 Latini.
 

---

“ Will, for thy well-doing, thee forever chase ;   64  
 And cause there is for this, for ill its fruit  
 The sweet fig bears where sour sorbs have their  
 root.

Report on earth of old proclaims them blind ;  
 Envy and greed and pride are in their smile ;  
 Look that their manners do not thee defile.  
 Reserves for thee such fame thy fortune kind  
 That, for thee, hunger will both sides harass,  
 But from the goat far off shall be the grass.

“ And let the Fesolan beasts their reeking sty   73  
 Of their own stock make up, nor touch the plant,  
 If growth to such their rank enclosures grant,  
 In which revives the sacred seed whereby  
 She Romans counted then when stood confessed  
 That sty of malice foul the favorite nest.”

“ Were my complete desire fulfilled, you yet,”  
 I answer made, “ would not have banished been  
 From all on earth that men’s affections win,

“ For in my memory’s fixed, my heart’s regret,   82  
 Your image dear, paternal, kind, when taught,  
 From hour to hour, your words, with wisdom  
 fraught,

How man himself eternal makes ; and long  
 As life is mine, my deeds should all reveal,  
 And my tongue tell, the gratitude great I feel.  
 What of my course predicts thy friendship strong  
 I write, and keep it, and a text beside,  
 For one, a Lady, able to decide

"Their meaning, if I reach her sphere. Believe <sup>98</sup>  
 That conscience only is the goad I fear.  
 Let Fortune, as she pleases, then, appear.  
 Not new divinings such do I receive.  
 So, Fortune, turn thy wheel as suits thee still,  
 And, boor, thy mattock as it suits thy will."  
 And thereupon my Master his right cheek  
 Towards me turned, and, looking at me, said,  
 "He listens well who notes, and so is led."

Nor less do I still Ser Brunetto seek, 100  
 And ask him the most noted ones to name,  
 Those shades the highest his company's ranks  
 may claim.

And he to me : "'T is well of some to speak,  
 But of the rest 't is best discourse were short,  
 As time would fail of all to give report.  
 In brief, then, know that all of these were clerks  
 And scholars great, and men of fame widespread,  
 By one same crime to these sad regions sped.

"There Priscian walks, and others great in works, <sup>109</sup>  
 Accorso's Francesco, and if so vile  
 A wretch thou seek'st, he passed but now, for guile  
 Translated by the Servants' Servant's word,  
 From Florence to Bacciglione's wave,  
 Which of his ill-strained nerves doth wash the  
 grave.

More would I say, and would be further heard,  
 But now must I depart, for there a cloud  
 Of smoke arising through the sands a crowd

## The Tesoro.

"Announces which I must not see. But beamed 118  
 May be thy smiles o'er my Tesoro's page  
 Wherein on earth I still live with mine age!  
 More ask I not." Then turned he back, and  
 seemed  
 Like one who at Verona through the fields  
 Runs for the green cloth which the victory  
 yields,  
 And who no loser, but a gainer's deemed.

## NOTES TO THE FIFTEENTH CANTO.

6, 9. "*Bulwark . . . banks.*" Dante's word here is Guizante. It is agreed that he meant, not Ghent, but Cadsand.

9. "*Chiarentana.*" A part of the Alps whose melting snows contribute to flood the Brenta.

11. "*The Master.*" Dante has probably reference here to the inscription over the entrance to the Lower World, at the beginning of the Third Canto, importing that the abyss was constructed by the Almighty for his own wise purposes.

29. "*You.*" "*Vol.*" The courteous word, on the part of Dante.

32. "*Thee.*" "*Tu.*" The affectionate word on the part of Latini.

32. "*Latini.*" The fulness of the text leaves little occasion for amplification from notes. Latini was Dante's tutor, and the author of three works of merit, *The Tesoro*, *The Tesoretto*, and *The Keys of the Tesoro*. He died in the year 1294, eight years before Dante's exile, and the special feature of interest in his history is that he was the instructor of the author of the *Commedia*, and enjoyed his abiding friendship. To his promptings Dante was, in part, at least, indebted for his success in oratory. He seems to have become, according to the contemporaneous judgment of Villani, confirmed by the more modern, and more deliberate

## Notes.

judgment of Barlow, the most able orator of his era in Italy. Dante has placed his beloved instructor in clerical, but ill, company. Yet there may be art in this: it seems to be in the way of apology, as though he should say, "Sometimes men of otherwise estimable character deserve condemnation for a single fault."

36. "*Your.*" The courteous word. It will be seen hereafter, in the beginning of the Sixteenth Canto of the Paradiso, that Dante, with inconsistency, condemns the courteous word.

55. "*Star.*"

*"Se tu segui tua stella,  
Non puoi fallire a glorioso porto."*

The figure is a nautical and astronomical one, and yet the printers usually insist on giving it a touch of the supernatural by printing haven (*porto*) "*heaven.*" This mistake I find is maintained in all the editions of Dr. Carlyle's work. Longfellow shrewdly maintains his place on this planet by employing the word *port*:

"If thou thy star do follow,  
Thou canst not fail thee of a glorious port."

62. "*Fesole.*" For the misfortunes of Dante, Latini, thus, blames the Fesolan element. The ancient Tuscan town of Fesole, built on fortified heights, surrendered to a Roman siege. "Then the Romans built, in the plain, another city, now called Florence," says Latini's *Trésor* (for the *Tesoro* is written in the French language), book I. pt. I. chap. xxxvii. The first printed edition of this work is as late as 1863. P. Chabaille, editor. •

In the Fifteenth Canto of the Paradiso, Cacciaguida will paint a pleasing picture of the Florentine matron of the simpler times telling, as she nips the flax from her distaff,

"Of Troy and Rome and Fesole histories old."

66. "*Fig . . . sorbs*" "For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes." *Luke* vi. 44.

"The acid apple of the sorb-tree."

*Third Georgic, 381.*

## Notes.

67. "*Blind.*" Villani, ii. 1, says the Florentines were called "blind" ever after their opening their gates to Totila in the year 450.

71, 72. "*Hunger . . . grass.*" Both parties shall hunger for thee, but thou shalt stand aloof from both. This very reserve ruined Dante's fortunes, and made him, a moderate Guelph, ultimately an extreme Ghibelline.

78. "*Right cheek.*" The phrase indicates the position of the three. Dante was in the middle; on his left was Virgil; on his right Latini. A delicate courtesy to Latini.

89. "*And a text beside.*" The prophecy made by Ciacco in the Sixth Canto, and by Farinata in the Tenth.

90. "*A Lady.*" Beatrice.

93, 96. "*Fortune . . . mattock.*" Dante makes equally small account of Fortune's wheel and the boor's mattock. Yet he elsewhere, in the Seventh Canto of the *Inferno*, descants upon Fortune as one of the primal beings, and employed to veil from man the mysterious workings of the divine. Tennyson's lines on the Wheel of Fortune have been given in the notes to the Seventh Canto. Dante in the present passage follows Virgil in the speech which he places in the mouth of Nautes, the cherished counsellor of Æneas, at a time when the accumulated weight of the misfortunes of that hero almost drove him to despair. Said Nautes:

"Thou Goddess' son, where Fates call and recall,  
There must we follow. Whatsoe'er may chance,  
That must we bear, and Fortune rule thereby."

*Fifth Æneid, 709.*

98. "*Right.*" The phrase again shows that Dante was walking between the two, with Virgil on his left, next to the abyss, and Latini on his right and towards the wall of the infernal chasm.

109. "*Priscian.*" The grammarian. His date is the sixth century, his residence Constantinople. Here Dante seems to fix upon his fame an unjust aspersion. This may be in the way of art, too, to save the credit of Latini.

110. "*Francis of Accorso.*" A distinguished jurist of the

## Notes.

thirteenth century, usually called Accursius. His principal work was his *Commentary on the Roman Civil Code*.

112. "*The Servants' Servant*." A title of the supreme pontiff: "Servus Servorum."

"Degli servi  
Io sia il gran servo."

ARIOSO, *Sat.* 3.

113. "*Mozzi*." Bishop of Florence, transferred (either by Nicholas Third, or Boniface Eighth) to Vicenza on the river Bacchiglione, as Dante intimates that his objectionable life might there be less exposed to observation.

122. "*Like one who at Verona*." The foot-races at Verona, where a green mantle, or *Pallio*, was the prize. In the time of Dante they would seem to have been run by athletes naked.



## CANTO SIXTEENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The same circle, and troops of shades, succeed. Dante finds among them three distinguished Florentines, with one of whom, Rusticucci, he holds discourse on the lamentable state of Florence. Dante, in discourse with another of the shades, finds himself arrived at a craggy steep, down which Virgil throws the cord which Dante, up to that moment, had been wearing round his waist. This causes the coming up of Geryon the dragon, one of the images of Fraud.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Rusticucci.

PERSONS APPEARING : Guidoguerra, Aldobrandi, Borsiere, and others.

ADVANCED so far was I that here the boom  
The cataract in the approaching circle makes,  
A beehive's hum, the attentive senses wakes ;  
When running came three subjects of this doom  
Together, who had left a troop whose train  
Along was moving 'neath the fiery rain.  
Came they t'wards us, and each one raised the cry :  
" Stay, thou, who by thine habit seemeth one  
In this degraded land of ours undone ! "

Ah me! what wounds upon their limbs descry 10  
 Our pitying eyes, wounds old and new! E'en yet  
 The thought thereof by rising pain is met.  
 Heeded their cries my listening Teacher's ear;  
 To me his face he turned, and said: "Attend,  
 To these thou shouldst fair courtesy's rites extend.  
 And did the fire permit, whose flakes cause fear,  
 I should have said that rather thee than them  
 Would haste befit; in thee I haste condemn."

They now, as we stood still, their former wail 19  
 Renewed; and, when us they had reached, a tire,  
 Round us a hub, they moved in ceaseless gyre.  
 And as do champions nude and oiled, to avail  
 Themselves of grasp and vantage, look well out  
 Before in thrusts and blows begins the bout,  
 Thus, wheeling, each his visage t'wards us turned;  
 So while in one direction ran their feet  
 Their necks elsewhere were turned our group to  
 greet.

"If the sad state of this waste place hath earned, 28  
 It and our faces scorched and baked and wan,  
 Us and our prayers contempt," thus one went on,  
 "Yet let our fame thy mind to tell incline  
 Who thou may'st be, whose course secure doth  
 prove  
 Whilst thou thy living feet through Hell dost move.  
 He in whose footsteps me thou see'st place mine,  
 All naked though he be and peeled by fire,  
 Than thou would seem to have a station higher.

## Guidoguerra.

"Grandson he is of good Gualdrada, name 37  
 He had, famed Guidoguerra ; at the board  
 Of counsel much he did, much with the sword.  
 The other following me in steps the same  
 Is Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, whose renown  
 Up in the world should ne'er produce a frown.  
 And I, who share with them their torments dire,  
 Jacopo Rusticucci was ; my wife,  
 Imperious tyrant, dooms me to this strife."

Had I had covering from the pestilent fire, 46  
 Midst them below myself I would have thrown,  
 An act my Guide had surely made his own.  
 But as myself I would have baked and burned,  
 Greedy to hold these shades in mine embrace,  
 Fear of good will somewhat usurped the place.  
 "Not mine contempt, but sorrow ; I have yearned,"  
 I said, "to show ye how your woes me grieve ;  
 Not soon will me this softening sorrow leave ;

"Thus was I when spake words to me my Lord, 55  
 Whereby within me I assurance felt  
 That men like thee approached, my heart to melt.  
 I of your city am, and oft have heard  
 Your deeds and fame, and, with fond pride re-  
 hearsed,  
 Your names that soar on Fame's proud trumpet-  
 burst.

My truthful Guide hath made my pathway clear,  
 For apples sweet to reach ; I leave the gall ;  
 But to the centre first must be my fall."

---

Fame's proud Trumpet-Burst.

---

“So may thy soul long time thy members cheer,” 64  
 Thus made he then reply, “and so may shine,  
 Long after life hath ceased, thy fame divine,  
 As thou shalt tell if in our city still,  
 As they were wont, clear valor's plumes burn  
 high,  
 And courtesy dwell, or ne'er come they it nigh.  
 For one who but short time hath borne this ill,  
 And yonder with our company keeps his pace,  
 Guglielmo Borsiere, speaks not words of grace.”

“Thine upstart people and their sudden gold 73  
 Have in thee, Florence, such excess and pride  
 Engendered, that thereat thy tears are tried!”  
 With face uplifted thus my mind was told;  
 And, such being my reply, the three in ruth  
 Looked at each other as one looks at truth.  
 “If, other times, the cost 's to thee so slight,”  
 Rejoined they all, “to satisfy thy friends,  
 Happy art thou whose will so shapes thine ends;

“Wherefore if thou escape from this sad night, 83  
 And come the beauteous stars again to see,  
 When joy 'I was' to say will bring to thee,  
 Do thou unto thy people of us speak.”  
 Then they the tire broke up, and as they fled,  
 It seemed as if on wings away they sped.  
 Indeed could not be said an Amen meek  
 So rapidly as was their rate of speed.  
 Wherefore the Master deemed best to proceed.

---

 Monte Viso.
 

---

Him followed I, and short space had we gone 91  
 Before the sound of water was so near  
 That scarcely could one there one speaking  
 hear.

E'en as that stream which pours unmingled on,  
 The first on Monte Viso's steep incline,  
 Where to the left slopes down the Apennine,  
 Which, higher, Acquacheta 's called, before  
 It in the valley seeks its couch profound,  
 A name it loses after Forli's found,

From Alp-like cliffs resounds in roar on roar 100  
 Above Saint Benedict's gate, where at one leap  
 It falls where might a thousand grace the steep ;  
 Thus found we, from a sheer bank sounding down  
 That tinted water dark, so that not far  
 It came from bringing to the ear a jar.  
 A cord I had once girt about my gown,  
 Within which I once formed the purpose fair  
 The panther with the painted skin to snare.

After from me I had unloosed it all, 109  
 As had my Guide thereto me given command,  
 I gave it coiled and twined into his hand ;  
 And, turning to the right side, t'wards that fall,  
 And standing from the edge a little space,  
 He cast it down into the deep, dark place.  
 "Some novelty, sure," within myself I said,  
 "Must this new signal answer, which the eye  
 Of my good Master doth pursue so nigh."

Ah me ! how much of caution should one's head 118  
 Possess ; for one who sees the deed should thence  
 Beyond look, inwardly, to seek the sense !  
 He said to me : " What I expect, will soon  
 Itself present, and what thy thought doth dream  
 Soon to thy view will come a concrete theme."  
 To that truth which with falsehood may attune  
 A man should, if he can, his lips refuse ;  
 Herefor men may a blameless man abuse.

But silent here I cannot be, and so 127  
 I swear to thee, my Reader, by the notes  
 Of this my Comedy — so of favoring votes  
 May they ne'er lack — that saw I, from that low,  
 Dark depth, come swimming upward such  
 A form as would stout hearts with wonder touch,  
 As he from depths returns whose diving meet  
 Hath been to loose the anchor from a rock  
 Or other thing that doth its movement block,

Who spreads the arms, and gathers up the feet. 136

#### NOTES TO THE SIXTEENTH CANTO.

4. "*Three.*" Guidoguerra, Aldobrandi, and Rusticucci.

24. "*Look well out before . . . begins the bout.*" The reader will recall the boxing-match between Dares and Entellus in the Fifth Book of the *Æneid*, and Virgil's graphic lines describing the slowing-on of the match.

31. "*Thus one went on.*" Rusticucci.



## Notes.

37. "*Gualdrada*." A peculiar story of this young lady of the olden time comes from Villani, i. 37. The Emperor Otho the Fourth, sojourning for the moment in Florence, and the recipient of courtesies from Bellincion Berti and his family, admired his daughter Gualdrada, and had her father's permission to offer her a kiss. She, however, declined the imperial compliment, and declared that none but the man who should be given her in marriage should enjoy that osculatory satisfaction. The emperor, a courteous and magnanimous gentleman, overlooking the offence, and still pleased with the girl, and intent, no doubt, upon leaving behind him pleasing remembrances of his stay in the city, sought out for her a desirable husband, and assigned to the new couple a liberal share of lands.

38. "*Guidoguerra*." Guidoguerra was the commander of the Guelph Florentine cavalry at the Battle of Benevento, on the last of February, 1265-6, and, according to Landino and the chroniclers generally, contributed in a signal manner to the victory of Charles of Anjou over the Ghibelline army commanded by Manfred.

41. "*Aldobrandi*." Tegghiaio (pronounced Teg-yo) Aldobrandi was a distinguished military leader of the Guelphs, and of the noble Florentine family of the Adimari. He opposed, as Malespini relates, "the ill-counsel of the people," which insisted upon the disastrous campaign against Sienna, a campaign which resulted in the defeat of the Florentines at Monte Aperto, and was, naturally, succeeded by their expulsion from Florence.

44. "*Rusticucci*." Longfellow has here the following humorous note: "Jacopo Rusticucci was a rich Florentine gentleman, whose chief misfortune seems to have been an ill-assorted marriage. Whereupon the amiable Boccaccio, in his usual Decameron style, remarks: 'Men ought not, then, to be over-hasty in getting married; on the contrary, they should come to it with much precaution.' And then he indulges in five octavo pages against matrimony and woman in general."

## Notes.

62. "*I leave the gull.*" Dante thus indicates to these shades that he is on his way to Paradise.

72. "*Borsiere.*" This person receives great praise from the annalists, as a gentleman worthy of the name. His rebuke of a miserly citizen is recorded:

"Suggest an ornament for my house."

"I suggest a picture of Liberality."

94-97. "*That stream . . . Acquacheta.*" The stream is the Montone. But, above Forli, it bears the name of Acquacheta (*cheta*, still quiet; Anglice, Stillwater.)

We may here remark upon the delight which Dante takes in physical geography and accurate topography. To reach the plunging cascade where the Acquacheta becomes the Montone, he traverses in thought the entire valley of the Po, a valley which spreads across the whole breadth of Northern Italy.

102. "*Where might a thousand grace the steep.*" Where a multitude might subsist instead of the limited number in the monastery, or where exists a broad and lofty plateau. The Italian text is capable of either interpretation.

106. "*A cord.*" As to the significance to be assigned to this cord, many counsels distract the commentators. All of them, except Lombardi, Longfellow, and Tommasseo, assign to it an allegorical meaning, deceit, fraud, humility, etc. Lombardi and Longfellow say it was the cord of Saint Francis; Lombardi says, thrown in to deceive; Longfellow says, because he had nothing else to throw. Tommasseo attributes to the act a political meaning. He says the cord signifies *Dante's disposition to deal with the Florentines in good faith*, and that, as such, Dante relied upon it as a talisman against the fraud of the Demon. My opinion has already been expressed in a note to a preceding Canto, that the cord, and the use to which Dante puts it, have a religious significance, that the cord is that of the Third Order of Saint Francis, and was thrown down to challenge the Demon.

125. "*If he can, his lips refuse.*" Cary notes that this apothegm is repeated by Pulci:



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Notes.

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“ Sempre a quel ver, ch'ha faccia di menzogna  
E più senno tacer la lingua cheta,  
Che spesso senza colpa la vergogna.”

*Morgante Magg. c. xxiv.*

It has also been imitated by Trissino :

“ La verità che par mensogna,  
Si dovrebbe tacer dall' nom ch' é saggio.”

*Italia Lib. c. xxi.*

## CANTO SEVENTEENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets approach Geryon, and on their way, pass groups of usurers, a portion of whom are Florentines. Geryon, instructed by Virgil, takes the Poets on his shoulders, and deposits them safely in the eighth circle.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil. One of the family of the Scrovigni.

PERSONS APPEARING: Geryon. One of the Gianfigliuzzi. One of the Ubriacchi. And other usurers.

“BEHOLD the monster with the tail acute,  
That glides through mountains, weapons breaks  
and walls,  
And all the world with his pollutions thralls!”  
’T was thus my Guide began; and to the brute  
Beckoned ashore to come, near to the end  
Of that our path where edges marbled trend.  
And onward came of fraud the image base,  
And landed head and bust just at the edge,  
But left his tail to float beyond the ledge.

Like to a just man's was the creature's face,      10  
 So mild its outward aspect was and clear,  
 The rest was all a reptile's body mere.

Two paws it had, and, to the arm-pits, hair ;  
 On neck and breast and flanks were pictured  
 knots,

And circlets ranged in involuted plots.  
 And colors more nor Turks' nor Tartars' care  
 In groundwork or embroidery hath inlaid,  
 Nor hath Arachne e'er such tissues made.

As lie, at times, the light skiffs on the shore,      19  
 Part in the water placed and part on land,  
 And, as among the guzzling Germans, planned

The beaver's posture is to urge his war,  
 So on the brink he lay, of monsters worst,  
 Where stone doth close the sandy waste accurst.  
 Quick curled his tail vibrating in the void,  
 Curved supplely upwards each remoter joint,  
 And armed a scorpion-fork the envenomed point.

And thus my Guide : " Now must we turn aside    28  
 A little space, towards that beast abhorred  
 Which there before us hath its body moored."

Then went we down upon the right, and made  
 Ten paces t'wards the edge that thus we might  
 Avoid the sand and troublous burnings quite,  
 And when to it we came I saw arrayed  
 A little further onward on the sand,  
 And sitting near the abyss, of souls a band.

---

The Ghosts Flamo-nagged.

---

And here my Master said : " That of this ring <sup>37</sup>  
 Thou may'st complete experience have, go now  
 And see what Justice doth to these allow.  
 Let to thy talk with them no lagging cling ;  
 Meantime this beast I 'll talk with, to the end  
 That it its shoulders strong to us may lend."  
 So, then, upon this Seventh Circle's bound  
 I all alone my way took t'wards the place  
 Where seated were the band disowned of grace.

Vent through their grieving eyes their misery  
 found ; <sup>46</sup>  
 Now here, now there, their hands were kept in toil,  
 Or 'gainst the flames, or 'gainst the burning soil.  
 Not differently do dogs in summer time,  
 With jaw now, now with paw, when flies and fleas  
 Annoy and bite, and gadflies sting and tease.  
 After that I mine eyes in that hot clime  
 Where falls the dolorous fire had on them set  
 I knew not one ; some souls we soon forget.

But I observed that from the neck of each <sup>55</sup>  
 A pocket hung, which was of certain hue,  
 With certain sign ; eyes feasting there they glut <sup>ic.</sup>  
 And, as I sought what might these emblems teach <sup>ch,</sup>  
 A yellow purse I saw, with azure wrought  
 Which had a lion's face and semblance caught <sup>t.</sup>  
 And then, my look continuing on its course,  
 One redder than is blood held fast my sight,  
 Which showed a goose than butter's hue more <sup>re</sup>  
 white.

## Heraldry of the Usurers.

And one who, with an azure sow and gross 64  
 Had had his sacklet stitched, me queried this :  
 " Say now, what dost thou do in this abyss ?  
 Begone ! And, seeing that thou art still alive,  
 Know that my neighbor Vitaliano's turn  
 'T shall be to sit at my left side and burn.  
 The Florentines here with me of Padua strive ;  
 Their noisy din full oft attacks mine ear.  
 ' Let come, ' they shout, ' the sovereign cavalier

" " Who will the pocket with the three goats  
 bring ! ' " 73

Then twisted he his mouth with hatred wrung  
 And, like an ox that licks his nose, his tongue  
 Thrust out ; and I, in dread of anything  
 That might my Master anger, who my stay  
 Had shortened, turned from those worn souls away.  
 My Guide I found, who had already leaped  
 Upon the back of that fierce beast ; nor long  
 His speech to me : " Now daring be and strong !

" Now, by such stairs, these frowning walls high-  
 heaped 82

Must we descend ; mount thou in front, midway  
 My seat must be, lest foul the tail thee play."  
 As one who feels so near his ague-fit  
 That pale his nails already are, and thrills  
 The shade he cannot quit with trembling chills,  
 So I became, thus warned, above that pit ;  
 From warning shame, from shame came bravery,  
 moved  
 Forth all my fears by his dear voice reproved.

Then on those shoulders huge myself I placed, 91  
 And strived to say, but failed the words to find :  
 "Grasp thou me close in thine embraces kind !"  
 But he who elsewhere with obliging haste  
 Me rendered aid in other perils sought,  
 At once round me his arms embracing brought,  
 And then : "Geryon," he said, "now move thee on ;  
 Be gradual thy descent in circles large ;  
 Think of the unwonted freight thou hast in  
 charge !"

As, from the coast whereon it had been drawn 100  
 The skiff floats backward, backward still, so he  
 Drew thence, and when he felt himself quite free,  
 There where had been his breast his tail he turned,  
 And stretched, as if an eel his bulk had been,  
 And with his paws the air he gathered in.  
 Fear greater was there not what time was burned  
 The sky, as yet appears, when loose the reins  
 Let Phaëthon fall, high in yon azure plains ;

Nor when his loins poor Icarus saw laid bare, 109  
 Unfeathered by the heating wax, while cried  
 His father : "Son, in dangerous paths ye bide !"  
 Than mine was, when was round me nought but air  
 And when mine eyes from every shape had ceased  
 Save of the wondrous form of that fell beast.  
 Swimming he goes on, slowly, slowly, wheels  
 And sinks, but I perceive it not, unless  
 That on my face a wind's slight weight doth press.

## The Arrival.

And from below, upon the right, the peals 118  
 The crashing whirlpool gave I plainly caught,  
 Which my strained eyes, with head held down-  
 ward, sought.

But then, when at the precipice sheer arrived,  
 I shrank, for fires mine eye, mine ear caught  
 groans,

So that a trembling went through all my bones.  
 And then I saw how well had been contrived  
 Our sinking and our wheeling by the woes  
 That now on every side before us rose.

As when the falcon, that hath long his wings 127  
 Employed, while lacks both bird and lure the sky,  
 Hears "Ah, thou stoop'st!" the angry falconer  
 cry,

Descends fatigued, then swiftly circling brings  
 A hundred wheelings, and from *his* lord wide  
 Sets him apart in his indignant pride,  
 Soft to the bottom Geryon us thus lowered,  
 Close to the ragged rocks' grim base, and then,  
 When from our weight he felt relief again,

Off bounded as an arrow from the cord. 136

## NOTES TO THE SEVENTEENTH CANTO.

1-17. "*The monster . . . tissues made.*" The monster Geryon, whom Dante uses here as the impersonation of Fraud, was the son of Chrysaor and Callirhoë, and is represented by Virgil, and by the poets generally, as being three-headed, and as having, below the loins, the limbs of three

## Notes.

men, the bodies cohering into one trunk. King of Hesperia, or Spain, and the adjacent islands, and living on Erytheia, the red island of sunset, and the possessor of beautiful oxen, he was, at the command of Eurystheus, slain by Hercules, who drove away the oxen, which were sacrificed to Juno.

Virgil, in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, line 289, says that *Æneas* and the Sibyl saw, in the Lower World,

“ Grim and huge,  
The form of that three-bodied shade,”

meaning Geryon.

And in the Seventh Book, line, 659, he deduces the origin of Aventinus, one of the allies of Turnus, from the slayer of Geryon :

“ Him, in the woods  
That crowned the Aventine's heights, in furtive birth  
Unto the light of day gave Rhea forth,  
A priestess she, and mingled with a God,  
What time, for Geryon's overthrow, the fields  
Laurentian entered he who drove his car  
Tirynthian hitherward, and in the flood  
Tyrrhenian drove and washed the Iberian bulls.”

And in the Eighth Book, line 200, he puts in the mouth of Evander the words :

“ But time, at length, to us  
Desiring help, was kind. Approached a God.  
The great avenger Hercules' self was he.  
Proud with the death and spoils of Geryon fierce,  
The threefold man, he hither conquering drove  
His bulls immense.”

Modern interpretation makes Geryon to signify the three Balearic Islands, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica, which formed part of Geryon's dominions.

Fraud is thus painted by Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xiv. 87, Rose's Tr. :

“ With pleasing mien, grave walk, and decent vest,  
Fraud rolled her eyeballs humbly in her head ;  
And such benign and modest speech possessed,  
She might a Gabriel seem who 'Ave' said.



## Notes.

Foul was she and deformed in all the rest;  
 But with a mantle, long and widely spread,  
 Concealed her hideous parts; and evermore  
 Beneath the stole a poisoned dagger wore."

Law, civil and criminal, is cautious not to define fraud, for the reason that it abounds in disguises, and is, in its nature, Protean and illusive.

"It glides through mountains, weapons breaks and walls."

And Dante, a better lawyer than many of his critics and commentators, doubtless deemed himself entirely at liberty to give Fraud a shape different from that which he assumes in the lines of Virgil.

56. "*A pocket.*" Landino safely remarks that Dante here intimates that the usurer's care is exclusively for his pocket and the family crest.

59, 60. "*Yellow . . . lion.*" The crest of the Gianfigliuzzi, Florentines, and of the Guelph party.

62, 63. "*Blood . . . goose . . . white.*" The crest of the Ubbriacchi, a Florentine family of high antiquity and distinction, and of the Ghibelline party.

64. "*An azure sow and gross.*" The crest of the Scrovigni (scrofa). I find no mention of their political affinities. They were of Padua.

68. "*Vitaliano.*" Vitaliano del Dente. He of the Scrovigni sends him thus, by Dante, a pleasant message.

72, 73. "*The sovereign cavalier . . . the pocket with the three goats.*" The prose of this is: Giovanni Bujamonte, a usurer of Padua, the head of his class, whose crest displayed three he-goats.

78. "*Those worn souls.*" Rather than hoard money, Dante would, with Horace, take part and lot with the destitute:

"Horum

Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum."

*First Satire, line 78.*

84. "*Lest foul.*" Miss Rossetti explains that Virgil intended to guard against "any possible tail-treachery."

107. "*As yet appears.*" Dante here indicates the Milky

## Notes.

Way, the erroneous course of Phaëthon. The Milky Way has its name "milky" from the Greek legend which declared it to be the milk spilled by Hercules in his eager assaults upon the liberal breasts of his mother Alcmena. The Northmen call it the pathway of the warrior-spirits ascending to their Valhalla. The Spanish call it Saint James's Road.

Virgil alludes to the fall of Phaëthon in connection with the history, in the Tenth Book of the *Æneid*, of Cynus, the poet, who

"Grieved for the death of Phaëthon lost, his friend,  
And, singing still, far journeyed to the stars."

As pertinent here, the note to that passage is reproduced: "Unsuccessful in guiding the chariot of the sun, Phaëthon was thrown by Jupiter into the Po. His sisters, lamenting his fate, were turned into poplar trees. The statue in the Louvre, called the *Phaëthus*, representing a maiden in a process of transformation into a tree, is a rare gem of art. It would afford me great pleasure to give the name, if I knew it, of the sculptor. *Personal Observation.*"

109-111. "*Poor Icarus . . . Son, in dangerous paths.*"

"A history old there is that Dædalus famed  
From realms of Minos fleeing on swift wings,  
Himself consigned to heaven, and made his course,  
A path unused before, to the Two Bears,  
Through frosts that round the Northern Pole bite keen;  
And that above the Chalcidianic towers  
He hovered lightly; and that when, at length  
To earth again descended, on these lands  
He unto thee did consecrate, O thou  
Of day the God, Apollo, those his wings  
And all their oarage cunning, and built up  
Vast temples. On the doors Androgeos' death  
He figured, and the penalty sore which fell,  
Alas! on the Cecropians bid, each year,  
The bodies of their offspring, boys and girls,  
By sevens to render up. There stands the urn,  
And there are seen the lots just now drawn out,  
And opposite these, and raised up from the sea,  
Responds the Gnosian land. . . .

## Notes.

But Dædalus' heart felt pity for the Queen,  
And by a thread made clear the doubtful paths,  
The blind and treacherous ways. And Icarus, thou  
Lost one, would have, in such a masterpiece,  
Thy part did grief permit. But, twice thy fate  
Deplorably sad to figure forth in gold  
Thy father tried, and twice his hands fell down."

*Sixth Æneid, 14.*

## CANTO EIGHTEENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The eighth circle, known as the Evil-Pits, is found to be a deep gulf, surrounded by ten Pits or trenches. In the first Pit they meet corrupters of youth, naked, and lashed by demons; and, in the second, flatterers immersed in ordure that seemed as of the human body.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Caccianimico. Interminelli.

PERSONS APPEARING : Jason, Thäis, and other shades.

CALLED Evil-Pits in Hell 's a place condign.  
Of stone it is of tint ferruginous all,  
Like to the cliffs of rock that form its wall.  
Just in the middle of its field malign,  
Exceeding wide and deep descends a well  
Whose form and use its proper place shall tell.  
The border that 'twixt well and wall remains  
Is round ; and, for the shape of this dark den,  
It doth consist of separate valleys ten.

---

*The Throngs of the Damned.*

---

And, in the form of stone-work which maintains 10  
Defence of trenches several round a fort,  
Such is their general shape and haughty port ;  
And as, across from fort to outward bank,  
Run little bridges whereby one may reach  
The works which first the coming foe impeach,  
So from that wall projecting forward sank  
Cliffs that across the banks and trenches lay  
To that interior well or central bay.

Here, from the indignant back of Geryon scorned, 19  
We stood ; and to the left the Poet moved,  
And followed I my Master's will approved.  
On the right hand new misery, groaning, mourned,  
New torments rose in this first pit to view,  
And, grimly fierce, arose tormentors new.  
The sinners naked were its depths that filled ;  
Came facing us a throng that passed our side ;  
With us a throng went, all with hurrying stride.

Thus do the Romans, like an army drilled, 28  
Upon the bridge pass in the Jubilee Year,  
Divided by a fence which then they rear,  
So that, towards the Castle faced, one throng  
Saint Peter's seeks, while that in face it meets  
Towards the Mount files on through Roman  
streets.

And on whichever side, black rocks along,  
I demons horned observed, who smote them sore  
With heavy scourges which behind them tore.

---

This Pickle tart.

---

Ah ! how their legs the first stroke made them lift ! 37  
 And, truly, one their haste so briskly stirred  
 That waited for the second none, nor third.  
 As went I on, and sent mine eyes adrift,  
 I quickly said, when one I knew I saw,  
 "This one, without a doubt, I've seen before."  
 My feet I therefore stayed, to scan him nigh,  
 And my sweet Guide remained with me apart,  
 And back a little suffered me to start.

And that scourged soul would what he was deny, 46  
 And lowered his face, but with small chance at  
 last.

"Thou that upon the ground thine eye dost cast,"  
 I said, "If truth thy features may declare  
 Thou Venedico Caccianimico art ;  
 But what brings thee into this pickle tart ?"  
 And he to me : "Thine own speech clear and care  
 Compel response unwilling, but it back  
 Me sends upon that world's and memory's track.

"'T was I who basely led Ghisola fair 55  
 'To do the Marquis' will, howe'er may sound  
 The unseemly tale ; nor, truly, am I found  
 The only Bolognese midst these rocks weeps,  
 For to this place are we so often brought  
 That not so many tongues as ours are taught  
 'Sipa' to say between where Savena leaps  
 And Reno's banks, and if of this proof clear  
 Thou 'dst have, recall our avarice sheer."

---

 Jason.
 

---

Him speaking smote a demon with his scourge, 64  
 And to his lashes fierce rebuke did join :

“ Hence, ruffian, women here are none to coin ! ”  
 Then to mine escort I returned. Where urge  
 Their way from out the bank a cliff’s rocks rude,  
 We had so far our novel way pursued.  
 The cliff we found full easy of ascent,  
 And, turning to the right, upon its ridge,  
 The eternal circles changed we on this bridge.

We to the half-way point of this bridge went, 73  
 And, while the scourged passed on beneath,  
 “ Delay

A moment,” said my Guide, “ the other way  
 Now look, at those whose faces with us came,  
 The ill-born souls whom thou hast not yet met ;  
 In these is much to kindle grave regret.”  
 So turned, we viewed from our high arch that same  
 Sad train, and saw their faces now, while urged  
 The demons dire their hurried bodies scourged.

Unasked, to me now said my kindly Guide 83  
 “ At that great soul now look who comes. Can  
 wring

From him no tear all pangs that pain can bring.  
 How yet he steps with all a monarch’s pride !  
 That Jason is, whose courage high and calm  
 And counsel shrewd bore off the Colchian ram.  
 After in Lemnos’ isle had given to death  
 Their every male the furious women’s rage,  
 That isle upon his route he made a stage,

"There he with tokens and seducing breath 91  
     Hypsipyle young deceived, and her caressed,  
     She who already had deceived the rest,  
 And there her left with child and all forlorn.  
     Such guilt the breath of righteous heaven awakes.  
     And for Medea vengeance him o'ertakes.  
 With him go all who honesty equally scorn,  
     And for Pit First, and those whom it devours  
     Let this suffice, this general view of ours."

Already had we come to where a ridge 100  
     The second pit o'erspanns maintains its march  
     From flank to flank advancing as an arch.  
 And heard we people 'neath this second bridge  
     Complain and whine and puff with mouth and  
     nose  
     And on themselves deliver vigorous blows.  
 A mould the valley's banks, encrusted o'er,  
     Sends from below, which on them doth concrete,  
     Where it and eyes and nose in battle meet.

So deep the bottom is, that we could nowhere 109  
     It well discern, unless where doth ascend  
     Up to its highest point that arch's trend.  
 Thereon we stood, and in the ditch beneath  
     Saw I a people in such excrement dipped  
     As seemed to have from human privies dripped.  
 And, while mine eyes roamed round that filthy  
     heath,  
     One I beheld with head so foully smeared  
     That, clerk or layman he, it not appeared.



## Interminelli.

To me he screamed : " Why eager art thou more 118  
 At me to gaze than others in this plight ? "  
 " Because," I said, " if I remember right,  
 Thou art of Lucca ; thee I 've seen before,  
 With dryer hair and otherwise perfumed ;  
 Alessio Interminelli, why art thou so doomed ? "  
 His pumpkin beating, then thus he confessed :  
 " The flatteries base, wherewith my tongue ne'er  
 tired,  
 Have me in this foul depth of ordure mired."

And thereupon, my Guide me thus addressed : 127  
 " A little forward thither do thou stretch,  
 Till fully in thy view may come that wretch,  
 The unclean dishevelled strumpet, who with nails  
 Filled full with filth doth her scratched body greet,  
 Now cowering low, now standing on her feet.  
 Tha's the harlot 't is, who, say the tales,  
 When her her lover asked, ' Dost thank me  
 much ? '  
 ' Prodigiously,' replied ; and here she 's found with  
 such."

Of this enough ; another view us hails. 136

## NOTES TO THE EIGHTEENTH CANTO.

4-18. " *Middle . . . border . . . trenches . . . bridges.*" That part of Hell called Evil-Pits Dante describes as consisting of successive trenches concentric with a central bay, and crossed by bridges of rock, as the spokes of a wheel run from the tire to the hub.

## Notes.

29. "*The Jubilee Year.*" Here Dante alludes to a leading event in Christian History, the institution of the Jubilee, the Jewish name applied to an institution of the Christian Era. The honor of decreeing the Christian Jubilee belongs to Pope Boniface the Eighth, the object of Dante's peculiar hatred. This pontiff's decree made the interval from Jubilee to Jubilee a hundred years, the closing Christmas of each Christian Century, the first in the series to take place on Christmas Day, 1299, and to continue a twelve-month. Pope Clement the Sixth (1342) made the interval fifty years, Pope Urban the Sixth (1370) thirty-three years, and Pope Paul the Second (1464) twenty-five years. The conditions of the first Jubilee required a pilgrimage, with fit dispositions, to the holy places in Rome, but this requirement does not exist in our day, certain works of charity or devotion being assigned as equivalent to the pilgrimage. As might be supposed, on an occasion so extraordinary, immense numbers of good people, with the usual mixture of bad, thronged to the Capital of Christendom. Ventura, who was himself one of the pilgrims, estimates the total number who attended this Jubilee at two millions; and Villani says that throughout the year the throngs continued, so that at no one time during the year was there seen in the City a smaller number of pilgrims than two hundred thousand. The bridge opposite the Castle of Saint Angelo was so thronged, that, the people being taken with panics, or crowded upon by ruffians, accidents occurred, some more defenceless people were thrown down and trodden upon, and it was found necessary, in order to control, at least in part, these dangers, to erect on the centre line of the bridge a fence dividing those making their way towards Saint Peter's from those returning to the main body of the City. The chroniclers relate that, although lodgings brought high prices, yet that, as though providentially, all provisions for the use of man and beast were abundant and cheap: bread, wine, meat, fish, oats. Ventura records that his own bed and his horse's stall "*stood him*" (*constabat*) in a considerable sum.

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Day and night, as Ventura further states, the people deposited liberal contributions upon the appointed altar, that of Saint Paul, keeping constantly busy two clergymen who stood there with rakes, "raking in infinite money" ("*rastellantes pecuniam infinitam*").

31-33. "*Castle . . . Mount.*" The Castle, as we all know, is the Castle of Saint Angelo, formerly the superb mausoleum of Hadrian, since the Empire the principal fortification of Rome, and which owes its later name to an event of the pontificate of Gregory the Great.

The Mountain Barlow declares (*Study of the Divine Comedy*, p. 126) to be Mount Janiculum. Others know, or imagine, a Mount Jordan, near the bridge. The truth is, Dante used the word "monte," coerced to it by the necessities of his rhyme. He must rhyme with "ponte" and "fronte." He knew that Rome was a many-hilled city, and that his word, "monte," after passing over the most populous part of Rome, a plain, the ancient Campus Martius, would or might strike one of the several hills beyond the plain.

The hills of Rome, anciently seven or less, represent, in modern times, the full number of the apostles, including Judas, for there is a false hill, of the considerable altitude of a hundred and sixty feet, the despair of the antiquarians, Monte Testaccio, seemingly composed throughout of broken crockery; and, rather than the Seven-Hilled City, which it has not been since the Augustan Age, it should be called the Twelve-Hilled City.

50, 55. "*Venedico . . . Ghisola.*" The chroniclers report Venedico as of the Bolognese nobility, a liberal, affable man, of unbounded influence. Yet Dante here makes him so utterly corrupt as to sell his own sister, the beautiful Ghisola, to Azzo of Este, whom we have met with in the Twelfth Canto.

61, 62. "*Sipa . . . Savena . . . Reno.*" Bologna is situated between the rivers Savena and Reno. A peculiarity of the Bolognese dialect is their cheerful "Sipa" ("yes," or "truly") for the briefer word "Sì."

## Notes.

63. "*Our avarice.*" Dante had studied in Bologna, and he thus gives his testimony against the lights of Bolognese society.

71, 72. "*Turning to the right . . . changed we on this bridge.*" The advance through Hell to the left compelled the Poets in taking a cliff, arch, or bridge, which led towards the centre of the abyss, to turn to the right. Across the bridge their journey would be resumed to the left.

92, 93. "*Hypsipyle . . . had deceived the rest.*" The women of Lemnos, in a mad fit of jealousy, vowed and accomplished the destruction of all their men. Hypsipyle pretended compliance with this severely homicidal order, but managed to conceal her father, Thoas, and he was the only male saved from this memorable outburst of female wrath. Her story is well told by Statius, *Thebaid*, v. 49.

104. "*Complain and whine and puff.*" The words suggest the troubles of the Trojans in their malodorous interviewing of the Harpies, in the Third Book of the *Æneid*.

123. "*Alessio.*" A Ghibelline of Lucca of great influence, but who incessantly flattered all who approached him, even the humblest menial. Dante's sincere nature made him detest flattery with a royal disdain.

124. "*Pumpkin.*" "*Zucca.*" "Still a favorite name," says Dr. Carlyle, "among the Italians, for heads of a certain description."

135. "*Prodigiously.*" The story is an Athenian one.

"*Thraso: Magnas vero agere Thais mihi?*

*Gnatho: Ingentes.*"

TERENCE, *Æmuculus*, a. iii. s. 1.

"*Satis erat respondere magnas: ingentes inquit; semper auget assentator.*" Cicero, *De Amicitia*, 26, 98.

## CANTO NINETEENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets, still in the eighth circle, proceed to the third Pit, where the crime of simony is punished, the guilty shades being placed head downwards, as in purses of the earth, and their projecting feet licked by flames.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Nicholas the Third.

PERSONS APPEARING : The shades of the simoniacal, their feet only being seen.

O SIMON MAGUS ! O his followers base,  
Who things of God, to Goodness fair espoused  
That ought to be, your grasping avarice roused,  
For gold and silver vile, with dire disgrace,  
Ye prostitute, now should for you resound  
The bugle's blare, ye in the Third Pit found !  
Mounted already had we, to observe  
This coming Pit, the arch where 't there across  
Hangs plumb above the middle of the foss.

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 The Sinners in Purses of the Pit.
 

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O highest Wisdom! how dost thou deserve 10  
 Our reverence for thy wise and kind control  
 On earth, in hell, and where the planets roll!  
 The rock was livid there, and on each side  
 Of holes was full, and on the plain;  
 Equal and round they were, those cells of pain.  
 To me it seemed that they were not less wide  
 Than those my beauteous square St. John so  
 grace,  
 Where the baptizers go themselves to place.

Whereof I one, not many years gone by, 19  
 To save a drowning person broke; received  
 My seal hereon will make men undeceived.  
 From each a sinner's feet assailed the eye,  
 And to the calf the sinners' legs were seen,  
 The rest the rock concealed within its screen.  
 Of all were licked by flames both soles,  
 Wherefore their joints with frenzy quivered so  
 That they would bands and withes have snapped  
 like tow.

As on things oiled, the flaming only rolls 28  
 Upon their outer surface, so those joints  
 Showed rolling flames from heels out to the points.  
 "Master," I said, "who is't that writhes so there,  
 More quivering than his sharers of this shame,  
 And, as his feet show, seared by ruddier flame?"  
 And he to me: "'T will be forthwith my care  
 There thee to take, by way of that lower bank;  
 His wrongs and him thou there may'st hear and  
 thank."

And I : "That pleaseth me which pleaseth thee ; 37  
My Lord thou art, and knowest that I thy will  
In all things seek ; thou hearest me e'en when  
still."

And then upon the Fourth Pit's verge came we,  
And, turning to the left, went down the bank  
Wherefrom that perforated valley sank.  
Nor from his hip did my kind Master me  
Then loose, but to the cleft me bore of him  
Who with his legs expressed his sufferings grim.

"O thou, whoe'er thou art, placed upside down, 46  
Sad shade," I said, "and planted like a stake,  
Do, if thou canst, for me thy silence break !"  
I stood like one who, in his sacred gown,  
Shrives an assassin false who, pinioned, waits,  
And death delays while he his sins debates.  
And he : "Art thou already standing there ?  
Already, Boniface, standing there art thou ?  
Years make the writ to lie, thy coming now.

"Hast thou for all those riches lost thy care 55  
For which, by fraud made bold and violence  
strong,  
Thou didst the Beautiful Lady seize and wrong ?"  
I stood as people mocked, repulsed, like me,  
By words a knot that seem none can untie,  
And whereto none can frame a fit reply.  
Then Virgil said : "Say, quick, to him, 'Not he,  
Not he, I am, whom in thy mind thou hast,'"  
And my reply in these words followed fast ;

Whereat the shade wrenched vehemently his feet. 64  
 Thereafter, sighing, and with voice of woe,  
 "What seekest thou of me," he said, "to know?  
 If who I am to thee doth seem so meet  
 As that thou hast the bank passed down there-  
 for,  
 Know, then, that I the Mantle Great once wore.  
 A son, indeed, I was of the She-Bear,  
 And showered so much the little Bears with pelf  
 That pursed I wealth above and here myself.

"Dragged, me beneath, in this infernal lair, 73  
 They who in simony me precede, atone,  
 Cowering along the fissure of the stone.  
 Thither I too shall fall when comes that one  
 For whom I thee mistook when I so used  
 That sudden question which thee so confused.  
 But longer is the time that now hath run  
 That I have stood thus planted midst the dead  
 Than he shall stand with feet of glowing red.

"For after him from westward shall arrive 82  
 Of uglier deeds a lawless Shepherd fit  
 To cover him and me in this dread pit.  
 A Jason new he'll be, and like him strive  
 Of Maccabees, and as 'neath him his king  
 He brought, so this shall France's ruler bring."  
 I know not whether here I made too bold,  
 But unto him I answered in this strain:  
 "Ah! tell me now, the answer's straight and  
 plain,



## The Great Keys.

“ How much our Lord asked of Saint Peter’s  
gold 91

Before into his hands the keys placed he?

Why, surely, nought he asked but ‘ Follow me ! ’

Sought of Matthias treasure Peter ne’er,

Nor did the rest when he the office took

Which Judas, that most guilty soul, forsook.

So, where thou ’rt justly punished, stay thou here ;

Keep well thine ill-got money which thee made

So bold ’against Charles, so meek to him who  
paid.

“ And, were it not that reverence yet me awes 100

For the Great Keys which in the glad life came

Into thine hands unworthy of the same,

I should use heavier words of blame ; because

Your avarice grieves all men, the good doth  
wrong,

And makes the wicked in their insolence strong.

Pastors like thee the Evangelist’s ken perceived

When she that on the waters sits he saw

With kings in fornication break the law ;

“ She that at birth had her seven heads received, 109

And in her ten horns had a witness clear,

So long as virtue to her Spouse was dear.

Your God’s of gold and silver’s precious worth ;

Ye as the idolater err, but, moderate, he

One idol worships while a hundred ye.

Ah Constantine ! to how much ill gave birth

Not thy conversion, but that dower which he,

The First rich Father took, alas, from thee ! ”

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Virgil embraces and carries Dante.

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And whilst these notes to him my free voice  
 sung, 118

Whether or rage or conscience did him gnaw,  
 He violently sprawled with either paw.

And I do think approved my Guide my tongue  
 So satisfied his lip seemed while he heard  
 The sound, as it escaped, of each true word.

Therefore took he me up with his arms both ;  
 And close upon his breast then he me placed ;  
 Then, by the path we came, our way retraced.

To bear me further yet he was not loath, 127

But clasped me firm till we the summit made  
 Of that arch which across the Fourth Pit 's laid.

Here pleasingly he placed his pleasing load  
 Where frowned the cliff steep, flinty, rough, and  
 gray,

Which to the goats would be a painful way.  
 There to the view new scenes and sinners flowed.

#### NOTES TO THE NINETEENTH CANTO.

1. "*O Simon Magus.*" "And when Simon saw that by the imposition of the hand of the Apostles the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I shall lay my hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said to him: Keep thy money to thyself, to perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." *Acts* viii. 18-20.

One of the five articles in the decree of Saint Louis known as the *Pragmatic Sanction*, was the following: "3. It is our wish that simony, that crime so fatal to the Church, be utterly

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banished from our kingdom." Darras, *History of the Church*, iii. 392.

6. "*The bugle's blare.*" The text intimates that the various performers succeed each other upon a signal as do those in a circus on the sounding of a bugle. The simile seems grotesque, but is it, for that, less effective?

17, 21. "*Saint John . . . seal . . . undeceived.*" A boy fell into the baptismal font at the Duomo in Florence, and but for Dante would have been drowned. In rescuing the boy Dante broke the font, and his enemies ascribed the act to impiety. Dante, too proud, perhaps, before to deny the impiety, now undeceives the people.

35. "*That lower bank.*" The bank still nearer the central abyss. Evil-Pits descend sloping towards the common centre. In the Twenty-fourth Canto, line 37, Dante calls special attention to this shape of the abyss.

46. "*Planted.*" The *Ottimo Commento* states that the mode of punishment here described by Dante was that provided by the law of Florence for *murderers*. They were planted, head-downwards, as grape-stocks are planted.

52, 53, 56, 57. "*Already . . . Boniface . . . fraud . . . violence . . . Beautiful Lady.*" The "Beautiful Lady" is the Church. The speaker is Nicholas the Third, who assumed the pontificate in 1277, and who, if we are to believe Villani, book VII. chap. 54, was an avowed simoniac. Milman, *Latin Christianity*, book XI. chap. iv. says of him:

"At length the election fell on John Gaetano, of the noble Roman house, the Orsini, a man of remarkable beauty of person and demeanor. His name, 'The Accomplished,' implied that in him met all the graces of the handsomest clerks in the world, but he was a man likewise of irreproachable morals, of vast ambition, and of great ability."

When a child he was presented to Saint Francis, who predicted for him a great career. He died, of apoplexy, in 1280. Dante here consigns him to the torments of the simoniacal, and makes him expectant of Boniface the Eighth.

The fierce Ghibelline partisanship to which Dante was

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committed after his exile prompted him to the bitterest expressions against Boniface. They will be found, not only in the Inferno, but in the Purgatorio and Paradiso. He here denounces his avarice, and declares that he obtained his office by fraud. This, as told by Villani, consisted in colluding with Charles the Second of Naples for the control of the votes of the conclave. For this corrupt agreement Dante dooms him to the tombs of the simoniacal even before his time. His election was of the date of 1294, his death of the date of 1303. In only one other instance has Dante hinted of the consignment of the soul to hell while the body walked the earth. This is the instance of those who are *traitors to their friends*, whose souls are hurried into hell, while their living bodies remain on earth possessed by a demon. There can be no doubt that Dante considered Boniface as belonging to that category also. He died after fearful experiences touched upon in the notes to the Third Canto. His faults seem to have been rather those of the times than of the man. Demanding great honor, waited on by kings, inaugurated with pomp theretofore unknown in religious usages, he entered into the quarrels of the day with a truculent vehemence offensive to men of peace and inconsistent with the patriarchal, apostolical character becoming to the Head of the Church. He seemed to deem no stretch of power too great, no form of violence too excessive to advance the cause, or the alleged cause, of the Church. Like Moses in the desert of Zin, he proposed himself to bring water out of the rock. He arrogantly proclaimed himself the supporter of that party, the Guelphs, which promised aggrandizement to the Church.

The strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines (outlined in a note to the First Canto) has, in the individual vehemence of Dante, a local name, but it is, more largely considered, a world-argument. With other evils it belongs in the abyss, but its moral consideration cannot be forgotten in the Mountain of Expiation, and may well be imagined to evoke righteous indignation in the highest Heavens. Dante's allusions

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to it serve with him a double purpose. He was writing for the people, and the people delight to hear of strife and war. He was writing for philosophers, and the philosophic love to dream of the dawn of peace. In our own times, and in our own land, we do not escape the argument. But with us the subject is, happily, one of constitutional regulation. The United States Constitution provides (Art. 6, closing clause), that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." And the first clause of the first article in amendment of the Constitution reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It is matter of documentary history that the first provision was *unanimously* adopted by the Constitutional Convention. (*Journal of the Convention*, p. 313.) The amendment was ratified by the States generally, although it is noted in the Revision of 1878 that no evidence exists on the journals of Congress that it was ratified by the legislatures of Georgia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and, as we shall see later in this note, it had, in 1844, no authoritative existence in Louisiana.

These provisions of the Constitution Justice Story declares (*Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*, book III. chap. xliii. sec. 1847) "are not introduced merely for the purpose of satisfying the scruples of many respectable persons who feel an invincible repugnance to any religious test or affirmation. They had a higher object, — to cut off forever every pretence of any alliance between church and state in the national government. The framers of the Constitution were fully sensible of the dangers from this source marked out in the history of other ages and countries and not wholly unknown to our own. They knew that bigotry was unceasingly vigilant in its stratagems to secure to itself an exclusive ascendancy over the human mind, and that intolerance was ever ready to arm itself with all the terrors of the civil power to exterminate those who doubted its dogmas or resisted its infallibility. The Catholic and the Protestant had alternately

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waged the most ferocious and unrelenting warfare on each other; and Protestantism itself, at the very moment that it was proclaiming the right of private judgment, prescribed boundaries to that right, beyond which if any one dared to pass, he must seal his rashness with the blood of martyrdom." And he proceeds to administer to Blackstone a severe but well-deserved rebuke for his advocacy of the odious corporation and test acts of England.

For, we may remark, in addition to what is said by Justice Story, the charity of the civil law has, sometimes, to enforce charity, to compel religious people to practise what they preach; has to protect piety against piety. The purest and most devoted men have been, at times, the most persistent advocates of persecution. We know, to our shame, that, in our own colonies, Quakers, Ranters, Adamites, and others were, by such lights of religion, vehemently persecuted, indeed sometimes delivered to ignominious death, merely for entertaining and expressing their conscientious opinions.

The State Constitutions generally follow the Constitution of the United States in these provisions.

Chancellor Kent, in his *Commentaries on American Law*, Part IV. Lecture XXIV., says, that in 1636 a covenant penned or inspired by Roger Williams, of the denomination of Baptists, first settlers of the colony of Rhode Island, proclaimed, in substance, religious liberty, and that in 1663 the principle was incorporated into the charter of the Colony; and that "the legislature of Maryland had already, in 1649, declared by law that no persons professing to believe in Jesus Christ should be molested in respect to their religion, or in the free exercise thereof, or be compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against their consent. Thus, to use the words of a learned and liberal historian (Grahame, *History of the Rise and Progress of the United States*) the Catholic planters of Maryland procured to their adopted country the distinguished praise of being the first of the American States in which toleration was established by law; and, while the Puritans were persecuting their Protestant

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brethren in New England, and the Episcopalians retorting the same severity on the Puritans in Virginia, the Catholics, against whom the others were combined, formed in Maryland a sanctuary where all might worship and none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance." And the chancellor proceeds to show that the other colonists, with more or less hesitation, adopted the principles announced by the founders of Rhode Island and Maryland.

Let us stop to say that History shows that Roger Williams was the Dante of his time. Exiled from Massachusetts by the Guelphs of that age, the Puritans, his reverses made him a Ghibelline, and he lost no time in announcing the cherished principle which he had borne with him into a pitiless wilderness, the separation of the ecclesiastical from the civil power.

And these provisions are for the protection of the hierarchy as well as of the laity. We find that because a special provision of the State Constitution of Louisiana had not recognized the principle as applicable to that state, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the year 1844, in the case of *Permoli v. Municipality No. 1 of the City of New Orleans*, 3 How. 589, decided, a full bench concurring in the decision, that the principle was not applicable to that state, and that, therefore, the council of a municipality in Louisiana *might prohibit the celebration of a funeral, in a church, indeed, in any church, in all the churches of the municipality, a privilege the municipality insisted on, an interesting, perhaps we might say vampirical, privilege which must have given considerable satisfaction to the nihilistic element among the Ghibellines of that modern, American, enlightened, municipality number one.*

The wars waged by theologians of opposing creeds or jurisdictions against each other are bad enough, but the wrong becomes infinitely greater when, as in the case of Boniface, a pastor makes war upon his own flock. A sentence in Farinata's speech, outlined in a note to the Tenth Canto, has a

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pungent significance, a most bitter fulness of meaning, his declaration that *the injury we receive from the hand of an enemy inflicts a wound far more easily bearable than the wrong which comes from the hand of a friend.*

The military-political career of Boniface may be charged in some measure to the laws and the times. He died an object of commiseration, exhausted by the violent exercise of forms of authority alien to the nature of his great office.

We may say, I think, that the exercise of power is always seductive. As applied to the discharge of duties as wide as the world there seems an added pathos in the words addressed by Æneas to Achates :

“Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!”

And Augustus, doubtless, comprehended better than Horace the weight of the praise :

“Quum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus.”

And Roman pontiffs, imperial and papal, have left to the founders of our government—a government still *west* of Rome—the enactment of organic laws giving practical effect to the injunction of the Founder of Christianity: “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s.”

54. “*The writ.*” “Lo Scritto.” Either the chart of the future read by the imperfect vision of the shades (Canto Tenth, line 100), or some prophecy assigning a remote date as the time of the death of Boniface.

70, 71. “*She-Bear . . . little Bears.*” A play upon the family name, Orsini.

81. “*Longer.*” That is, Nicholas had stood planted nineteen years, Boniface will stand planted only eleven, when he, in turn, will sink into the tube-like furnace, to make room for Clement, who will be planted above him.

83. “*A lawless shepherd.*” Clement the Fifth, elected to the pontificate in 1305. His election was attributed to the influence of Philip the Fair, King of France. He transferred the Papal See to Avignon in 1308, where it remained for sixty-nine years, till 1377. He died in 1314.



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85. "*A new Jason.*" Jason, whose ill career is given in Second Maccabees, seems to have been, as high-priest of the Jews, one of a succession of simoniacal high-priests. He bought the office of Antiochus the Illustrious for five hundred and ninety talents, about six hundred thousand dollars of our money. He seems to have neglected the temple, and sacrificed to Hercules. A rival, Menelaus, bought the office for three hundred talents, about three hundred thousand dollars, more than Jason had offered, and Jason became a wanderer in foreign parts. A truly deplorable picture of the decline of the Jewish priesthood!

87. "*France's ruler.*" Philip the Fair of France. History describes him as a man of superb and graceful physique, and the orthodox Villani, ix. 66, vouches for him as "a wise and good man—for a layman." He industriously and ably maintained the interests of France in all matters, military, religious, and civil. In 1302 he lost the battle of Courtray, known as the battle of the Spurs of Gold, from the great number which the combatants left upon the field. This disaster drove him to falsify the coin of the realm to obtain the means of paying his troops. Attacked by a wild boar in 1314, he received fatal injuries in falling from his horse. Dante hated him for his spoliation of the Italian, and especially of the Florentine, merchants.

94. "*Matthias.*" Elected as an apostle in the place of Judas. *Acts* i. 26.

99. "*Charles.*" Charles of Anjou, a French king of an Italian country, the Sicilian island, and an exasperating usurper and tyrant. He had offended Nicholas not only by the odium of his rule, but by a private insult, his refusal to sanction the marriage of his nephew to the Pope's niece. Villani is authority for the statement that Nicholas received large sums of money from John of Procida to influence the papal court against the French rule, but Nicholas needed no such incentive. Finally an incident, the licentious brutality of a French soldier abetted by his comrades, occurring at the moment a Palermo congregation were passing into church to

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attend vespers, kindled the flames of a revolt involving an indiscriminate massacre of the French population, clerical and lay, male and female, young and old, and costing Charles his dominion of the Island. He survived the event only three years, dying in 1285. His memory continued dear to Dante, however, probably because of his insult to Nicholas, and Dante will place him in Purgatory among the princes in the fragrant dell, on his way to Paradise.

The facetious title of this revolutionary uprising, "The Sicilian Vespers," proved for a long time a source of annoyance to the French. It is related by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, chap. lxii. note 43), that King Henry the Fourth of France, three hundred years afterwards (1581-1610), did not escape the annoyance. Offended by a speech of the Italian ambassador, in a royal audience, he exclaimed: "If you of Italy continue to annoy me in this way, you will hear of my breakfasting in Milan and dining in Naples!" "If your majesty intends to travel at such a rate of speed," observed the Spanish ambassador, "you might close the day by hearing vespers at Palermo."

102, 104. "*Thine . . . your.*" "Tu" the individual, "vostra" the class.

The words of Christ to Saint Peter, as given in the twenty-second chapter of Saint Luke's Gospel, show this peculiarity:

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have *you* that he may sift *you* as wheat: but I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith fail not: and *thou*, being once converted, confirm *thy* brethren."

106. "The Evangelist's ken." *Revelation* xvii. 1, 2, 3.

109, 110. "*Seven . . . ten.*" The seven virtues, theological and cardinal: Faith, Hope, Charity; Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance. Or, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost: Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Patience, Knowledge, Devotion, and the Fear of God. *Isaiah* xi. 1, 2. The ten commandments.

115. "*Constantine.*" I will attempt an outline of Constantine's relations to the Roman See and City in a note to

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the Twentieth Canto of the Paradiso. His famous "*Donation*" has been exaggerated on the one hand and disparaged on the other. He was generous to the Roman people and clergy, especially in the matter of the government buildings in Rome, the great basilicas, and their conversion into Christian churches. And, intent in building up a *New Rome*, Constantinople, the city of Constantine, he preferred, as a matter of personal convenience to leave the supreme pontiff in sole possession of the *Old Rome*, the city of the *Pre-Christian* Cæsars. His gifts of landed property to the church suggested to him his amendment of the Roman law of wills. Until his time the Roman law had not allowed ecclesiastical corporations to acquire real estate by devise.

120. "*Paw.*" "*Piote.*"

123. "*Each true word.*" Dr. Carlyle remarks on "the infinite disdain and hatred" manifested in this Canto.

"Burning words against scandals in the mediæval world," says Cardinal Manning, in his letter to Dr. Bowden, translator of *Hettinger's Commentary on the Commedia*, "have made Dante's loyalty to the Catholic faith a matter of doubt, a doubt, however, which Bellarmine has long ago cleared away."

130. "*Pleasing . . . pleasingly.*" "*Soave . . . soavemente.*"

## CANTO TWENTIETH.

### ARGUMENT:

The fourth Pit of the same eighth circle is reached. Here abide the soothsayers and other diviners of the future, with their heads reversed, their tears falling down their backs, their walk solemn and silent.

The Poets have now passed the whole of the night of Good Friday in the Lower World, and have reached the morning of Holy Saturday.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil.

PERSONS APPEARING: Amphiaraüs. Tiresias. Aruns. Manto. Eurypylos. Scott. Bonati. Ardente. And other soothsayers.

Of punishments new must verses now be framed,  
And progress through the Twentieth Canto urged  
Of the First Song, which treats of the submerged.  
Now was I all prepared the scene untamed  
To view, which, in the depth, I saw, was swathed  
With grief profuse, and in hot tears was bathed.  
And through the circular space those souls I saw  
In tears and silence walk, in that same pace  
Which in this world, the Litany-sayers grace.

---

Virgil reproves Dante.

---

But when below I could sight closer draw, 10  
Each wondrously distorted seemed, within  
The narrow space betwixt the chest and chin,  
So that the face towards the spine was turned,  
And backwards they must make each lingering  
stride,  
Because to look before them was denied.  
Perhaps, through palsy's visitation spurned,  
Have wrenched thus strangely been the necks of  
some,  
But not within my ken or creed 't hath come.

So, Reader, may God grant that of this Book 19  
Thou profit due shalt have, think thou it o'er  
How I could quell the drop that forth would pour  
When near at hand I saw each woeful look,  
And saw man's image such contortion show  
That o'er his hinder parts his tears would flow.  
Full sure I wept, a rock my place of stead  
On that hard cliff, so that mine escort now  
Reproached me : " Like the other fools art thou ?

" Here pity lives where piety 's wholly dead ; 28  
For who more impious than a weeping man  
Whose weeping shows he disapproves God's plan?  
Raise up, raise up, thine head, and there him see  
For whom earth gaped before the Thebans' eyes !  
Him whom they all assailed, then, with their cries,  
' Whither, O Amphiaräus, dost thou flee ?  
Why dost desert the war ? ' Him who rushed on,  
Headlong to Minos' dread tribunal gone !

## Manto.

"Mark, of his shoulders how he makes a breast ; 37  
 Because he sought to see too far before,  
 He backwards looks and walks forevermore.  
 Tiresias there behold, among the rest,  
 Who did from man to woman change, and, too,  
 His members all in transformation due !  
 And struck he, then, by others' wishes pressed,  
 Upon the two twined serpents with his rod  
 Before again his manly plumes could nod.

"He who against the other's belly backs 46  
 Is Aruns, who in Luni's mount, where plants  
 The Carrarese that dwells beneath her haunts,  
 Midst marble white which nought of beauty lacks,  
 A cave had for his home, whence he the sea  
 And glowing stars could woo through spaces  
 free.

And she that covers with her flowing locks  
 Her breast not in thy view, and all her hair  
 Wears on the other side her shoulders bare,

"Was Manto who felt many lands' sharp rocks 55  
 Ere in my birthplace her abode made she :  
 Thence do I choose a listener brief in thee.  
 Her father dead, and Bacchus, Thebes-renowned,  
 To slavery down from glory's summit hurled,  
 She, for a long time, wandered round the world.  
 In beautiful Italy's breast a lake is found,  
 Beneath those Alps where Germany joins Tyrol  
 That 's Benacus called upon the traveller's scroll.

“Through founts a thousand, I believe, and more 64  
The Pennine vale is, through that lake's supply,  
’Twi’x Garda and Val Carmonica, never dry.  
And on its face, remote from either shore,  
Trent’s, Brescia’s, and Verona’s blessings joint  
Would, from their pastors, seek a common point.  
There Peschiera sits, fort fair and strong,  
To front the Brescians and the Berghamese,  
There where the shore from ruggedness doth  
cease.

“There all the flood that overflows along 73  
The bosom of the lake, seeks out a stream,  
Whose silvery waves through emerald pastures  
gleam.

Soon as the overflow’s in fair career,  
Benacus ’t is no more, but Mincio,  
And at Governo falls into the Po.  
But not far hath it onward rippled, ere  
A level spread it finds, whose rippling marsh  
Sometimes the air fills with malaria harsh.

“The Virgin, pitiless, that way who went 82  
Saw land amidst the marsh where no one dwelt,  
And which had not the plow and harrow felt.  
There, on retreat from human haunts intent,  
She, with her servants, in her arts expert,  
Made halt, there lived, there left her frame inert.  
Came then the inhabitants of neighboring parts,  
And, gathered there, lived useful lives and long,  
For the surrounding waters made it strong.

"There rose a city, one of Italy's marts, 91  
 And from her bones its name so famous won  
 Of Mantua, which hath other augury none.  
 Were denser once its throngs than now they are,  
 Ere Casalodi's folly fell betrayed  
 By Pinamonte's fraud and bloody raid.  
 Therefore I charge thee this: if e'er  
 Thou of my city other origin hear,  
 Do thou in truth's defence have ne'er a fear."

And I: "My Master, thy deduction 's clear, 100  
 And so within itself my faith enfolds  
 That 'gainst its blaze aught else were mere spent  
 coals.

But tell me of the souls that now appear,  
 If thou observest any, worthy note,  
 For to that port alone my mind doth float."  
 Then he to me: "That one who hath his beard  
 To dusky shoulders waving from his cheek,  
 An augur was what time that one male Greek

"Was scarcely left, when e'en the cradles feared, 109  
 And he in Aulis, joined with Calchas grave,  
 The time for cutting the first cable gave.  
 Eurypylos his name; and so him sings,  
 In some part given, my lofty Tragedy's verse —  
 Thou knowest it well, and canst it all rehearse.  
 The other who so small flanks with him brings  
 Is Michael Scott, and, truly, if a man  
 E'er magic's ways well played, he had the plan.



“Guido Bonatti see ; see Asdente, 118  
 Who now would wish he had his leather kept  
 And cord, then had he not thus wept.

Those wretched women there whom thou dost see  
 On needle, shuttle, spindle, turned those backs,  
 And, as diviners, wrought with herbs and wax.  
 But now, come thou! Cain and the thorns have  
 won  
 The limit 'twixt both hemispheres wide defined,  
 And 'neath Seville into the waves declined.

“ And yesternight the full moon sought the  
 dawn : 127  
 Well must thou bring to mind her evening charm,  
 For in the deep wood thee she did no harm.”  
 'T was thus he talked, and meanwhile walked we  
 on.

#### NOTES TO THE TWENTIETH CANTO.

28. “*Pity . . . piety.*” In the older Italian language *pietà* meant both pity and piety. Thence Dante's opportunity for a play on the word.

34. “*Amphiaräus.*” One of the seven against Thebes. Gifted with prophetic ken, he foresaw the disastrous outcome of the expedition, and that he would lose his own life therein. He concluded to “desert the war,” and, to that end, kept himself in concealment. But his wife, Eriphyle, tempted by the bribe of Harmonia's costly robe and diamond necklace, disclosed his place of concealment. Pursued in battle, the earth (that hell might receive him, say some, that a refuge might be given him, say others) opened and received him. Jupiter made him immortal. At Thebes his oracle was much

## Notes.

frequented. Statius, in *The Thebaid*, condemns him as a magician.

The ancient necklace, figuring in this story, recalls a more modern one, connected with the history of another unhappy queen, Marie Antionette of France.

41. "*From man to woman.*" Dante here gives the story of King Tiresias and his change of sex, from Ovid, *Met.* iii. 324. Virgil introduces into the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* (line 446) a similar instance, that of Cæneus, one of the Lapithæ. Gifted by Neptune with invulnerability, his arrogant pride brought upon him the displeasure of Jupiter, who changed his sex. With the change his name lapsed to the feminine, Cænis. *Æneas* and the Sibyl meet him in the Shades,

"Once more again

Wearing the warrior-guise *she* once wore well."

Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, and the principal theme of this Canto, was the founder of Mantua, Virgil's home.

46. "*Aruns.*" An Etruscan soothsayer mentioned by Lucan in the *Pharsalia*. Aruns predicted the Roman civil wars, and the career and triumph of Cæsar. His cave for the observation of the heavens seems to have been wrought out of a cliff of Carrara marble.

55. "*Manto.*" When Thebes, the native city of Bacchus, was enslaved by the tyrant Cleon, Manto took her departure from the city, and after many wanderings settled in a place secure in its surrounding marshes, and which became Mantua.

The Mantuan contingent in the war between *Æneas* and Turnus was on the side of *Æneas*, and Virgil thus gives its leader mention in the Tenth Book of the *Æneid* :

"Calls, too, that Ocnus from his native shores  
His band. Son of the Tuscan flood he was  
And Manto prophetess; the same who gave,  
Mantua, thy walls to thee, and for a name,  
Gave thee his mother's name; a lordly town  
Well-built."

"Mantua, cui primæ fulget gloria palmæ."

VERULANUS.

## Notes.

62. "*Tyrol*." "Tiralli" is Dante's word. Villani, xii. 85, notes that in Dante's time a town existed there called Tiralli or Tiralla. As he and Dante were contemporaries they may, one or both of them, have seen this town.

63. "*Benacus*." Now called the Lago di Garda. Longfellow observes that in Claudian's time, as shown by his *Old Man of Verona*, it still bore the name of Lake *Benacus*.

70. "*There Peschiera sits*." And still sits, on the fair marge of the Mincio, while the clear and sweeping current from the lake flows into the beautiful river.

82. "*Pitiless*." "*La vergine cruda*." The virgin severe.

94, 95. "*Casalodi's folly . . . Pinamonte's fraud*."

Alberto, Count of Casalodi, being Lord of Mantua, Pinamonte persuaded him to banish the more powerful nobles and their men-at-arms from the city. Pinamonte, this being done, proclaimed himself the leader of the people, seized the government, and set on foot a massacre of the most renowned and noble families.

98. "*Other origin*." Lombardi notes that Servius, in his commentary on this passage, speaks of a tradition imputing the founding of Mantua to Tarchon, the Tuscan ally of Æneas, a chief of whose prowess in battle, Virgil, in the Eleventh Æneid (725), makes one of the most stirring of battle-pictures:

" Not unobservant of these scenes was he,  
Of men and Gods the Sower, as throned aloft  
Upon Olympus' heights he sat supreme,  
The Father. He Tyrrhenian Tarchon stirs  
To savage war, and all his rage excites  
With maddening stings. So, midst the carnage red  
And yielding lines, upon his fretting steed,  
Is Tarchon borne, and with well-chosen words  
His wings harangues. *Each man by name he calls,*  
And rallies back to battle all his ranks:  
'What fear is this, Tyrrhenians, O inert,  
O always slow your bitter griefs to feel?  
Into your souls how comes such cowardice, men?  
A woman drives ye wandering all about!  
A woman turns such stalwart lines as these!

## Notes.

For what wear we our swords, and in our hands  
 Bear we our spears? That at them men of nerve  
 May raise the laugh? Alert in Venus' cause,  
 And in nocturnal combats always brave,  
 Ye keenly wait the feasts and flowing cups,  
 Where Bacchus' winding pipes the dancers call.  
 Your study this and love, whilst auguries fair  
 The priest announces glad, and calls to hosts  
 That on fat altars smoke in thickets deep.'

" So spake the man, and then, as courting death,  
 Spurred he his horse amidst the insolent foe,  
 And Venulus full against in fury rushed,  
 And grappled him, and tore him from his horse,  
 And with prodigious strength him bore away,  
 Held on his saddle-bow. Shouts shake the skies.  
 The Latins all look on. Along the plain  
 The fiery Tarchon flies, his prize and arms  
 Together bearing off; and from his spear  
 The point he tears, and seeks for parts exposed  
 Wherein to plant the wound that shall bring death.  
 Fights back his prey, and from his throat his hand  
 Restrains, and strength with strength resists: as when  
 In lofty flight a tawny eagle soars,  
 Clutched in his claws, and fastened to his nails,  
 A dragon's coils. The wounded serpent writhes,  
 And sinuous volumes rolls, his scales erects,  
 And, struggling fiercely, hisses forth his wrath.  
 But none the less upon him plies the bird  
 His crooked beak in all his strugglings dire,  
 The while the air with conquering wings he beats.  
 Not otherwise triumphant Tarchon bears  
 His prey from battle, Venulus, Tiburs called.  
 And by his deed encouraged and success,  
 Rush now his Tuscan soldiery to the fight."

110. "*Calchas*." The Grecian augur who accompanied the expedition against Troy. Virgil names him, more than once, in Sinon's story in the Second Book of the *Æneid*.

112. "*Eurypylos*."

" Of heaven's decree  
 Not sure, we send Eurypylos forth to seek  
 From Phœbus' oracle the Sun-God's will.  
 He from the shrine these grievous words brings back :

## Notes.

With blood, and with a virgin slain, O Greeks,  
 Ye did the winds appease, when first ye sailed  
 For Ilian shores: with blood for your return  
 Ye must prepare, and with an Argive soul."

*Second Æneid, 114.*

113. "*My lofty Tragedy.*" The Æneid. Dante loses no opportunity to exalt the Poem of Virgil. His own Poem he modestly insists on calling a Comedy, as we have just seen at the close of the Sixteenth Canto, and will soon see again, at the beginning of the Twenty-first.

Dante's devotion to Virgil had, besides its literary, also a latent political significance. Virgil's fame with the people of Italy transcended the bounds of literature, and verged into the supernatural. In a superstitious age Virgil was esteemed a magician, a wonder-worker, a thaumaturgist.

116. "*Scott.*" This remarkable man, a native of Scotland, and astrologer to the Emperor Frederick the Second, lived in the thirteenth century. According to Villani (x. 101, 137; xii. 19, etc.) he made predictions which were fulfilled in the succeeding century. Benvenuto da Imola says that he had always predicted that he would come to his death by the falling of a *small stone* on his head, and that this prediction was verified. He removed from his head, in a church, the metallic skull-cap which he always wore as a precaution, and at the moment, a small stone fell upon his head, causing his death.

Dr. Carlyle, with an allowable effusion of patriotic pride, speaks of him as "Our own Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie."

Sir Walter Scott, too, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* enlarges somewhat on his renown :

" The wondrous Michael Scott,  
 A wizard of such dreaded fame  
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,  
 Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

His magic-book seems to have been buried with him, but afterwards recovered from the tomb. There

" His left hand held his book of might;  
 A silver cross was in his right;

## Notes.

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The lamp was placed beside his knee,  
High and majestic was his look."

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118. "*Bonatti.*" Guido Bonatti of Forli was formerly a tiler. Having pursued the business of draining one planet, it seems not unnatural to find him draining the rest. He so impressed his patron, Guido of Montefeltro, Lord of Forli, that Montefeltro is said never to have trusted himself to the clash of arms except at the moment pronounced propitious by his chosen prophet. "*Now* take the gonfalon," the student of the stars would say, "and so long as a rag of it remains, wherever thou bearest it, thou shalt be victorious!"

One circumstance, however, related by Benvenuto da Imola, must have a little shocked the count's confidence in his chosen seer. A rustic predicted an almost immediate rain-storm. The count consulted the astrologer; the astrologer his astrolabe; the scientific report was "no rain to-day." The report had scarcely been announced before plump from the heavens came a mighty rain. "How didst *thou* know it would rain?" demanded the professional expert. "Because," responded the rustic, "to-day my ass, in coming out of the stable, shook his head, and pricked up his ears, and whenever he does this, it is a certain sign that the weather will soon change." "Supposing this to be," proceeded Bonatti, in the manner of a cross-examiner, "how didst thou know there would be *much* rain?" "Because my ass, with his ears pricked up, turned his head aside, and wheeled about more than usual." This was for a long time, reports the chronicler, a great source of merriment among the people. The weather prophet probably took more frequent cognizance, thereafter, of the antics of donkeys. He may even have been a convert to the oracular whims of pigs carrying straws in their mouths, or to the vaticinations of cocks crowing in the daytime, or between hours at night.

118. "*Asdente.*" A shoemaker of Parma, who did *not* stick to his last, but devoted himself to star-gazing.

123. "*Herbs . . . wax.*" Dante here, probably, intends an allusion to Virgil's Eclogue, the *Pharmacutria*, otherwise called the *Enchantress* :

## Notes.

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“ As this, of clay, will harder grow, and this,  
Of wax, like tow before the flame sink down,  
So in Love's presence may we stand, and melt  
May Daphnis' heart. Spread round the salted meal;  
And burn with bitumen rich the laurel twigs:  
In them 'tis Daphnis burns, who doth burn me.  
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,  
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.”

124. “*Cain and the Thorns.*” According to the Italian popular tradition, the Mân in the Moon is Cain with his Thorns. In the *Paradiso*, Canto Second, line 51, the same tradition is again mentioned. It finds a place, too, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1.

## CANTO TWENTY-FIRST.

### ARGUMENT :

The fifth Pit of the eighth circle is reached. This Pit is peopled with corrupt magistrates and judges, steeped to the neck in a lake of boiling pitch, and kept there by black demons, the Evil-Claws.

TIME: An hour after sunrise on Holy Saturday.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil. Evil-Tail. Rumpier, one of the Evil-Claws. A black fiend. Numerous black fiends.

PERSONS APPEARING: Numerous corrupt magistrates and judges in tar.

Of the Evil-Claws: Pouncer, Frozenheel, Dogface, Crisp-beard, Deepred, Dragonface, Swiney, Grappledog, Butterfly, Blazer.

THUS crossed we o'er from bridge to bridge again,  
With talk besides my Comedy in its march  
Cares not to sing, and held the next stone-arch.  
There stood we still to strive to find more plain  
This vale of Evil-Pits, and its woes mark,  
But found it to a marvel deep and dark.  
As in their arsenal the Venetians boil  
The clammy pitch their damaged ships to calk,  
Because the winter doth their sailing balk,



## The Fiends.

And, round the place move various forms of toil : 10  
One his ship builds anew, and one his plugs  
That storms have strained in oft-repeated tugs ;  
Hammerers at prow and stern the whole shore line ;  
There oars some make, there some are twisting  
ropes ;  
With jib or mainsail each its party copes ;  
So, not by force of fire, but art divine  
Down there a dense pitch boiled, and on each side  
Its glutinous mass it spattered far and wide.

It saw I plain, but nought therein I saw 19  
Except the bubbles in the boiling ditch,  
And how would heave, and then subside, the  
pitch.

And whilst therefrom some shapes I sought to draw,  
“ Have care, have care,” said unto me my Guide,  
And thus me from my place drew to his side.  
Then turned I round, like one what he must shun  
Who longs to see, and yet who feels the dash  
Of sudden fear, and lest it might be rash

To look behind, keeps on a steady run, 28  
And saw behind us a black Demon's shape  
Come running up the pitch-bespattered cape.  
Ah ! how ferocious in his look was he !  
How bitter all his horrid gestures were,  
With wings outspread and feet as light as air !  
His shoulders sharp and high, now, we could see  
Held each a sinner's thigh, while of each heel  
That nerve he grasped which sought the Trojans'  
steel.

"Ho, Evil-Claws of this our bridge," he cried, 37  
 "An elder of St. Zita for your lake!  
 Him plunge therein, for I my way must take,  
 For others, to that city well supplied,  
 Where, save Bonturo, every man's for sale,  
 And money aye or no e'er tells the tale!"  
 Down him he threw, then wheeled the bridge along,  
 And hound ne'er quicker sprang to follow thief  
 Than sprang this Demon through this den of grief.

He plunged, but rose again with writhing strong, 46  
 When cried those Demons, glad of his disgrace:  
 "This for *your* Santo Volto's not the place;  
 Swim otherwise than in the Serchio here;  
 Keep down within the pitch, or with his drag  
 Each Demon of us will thy carcass nag!"  
 At once, by scores, their keen prongs touched him  
 near.  
 "'Neath cover here," they said, "dance thou,  
 and kneel,  
 That if thou canst, thou mayst in secret steal!"

Not otherwise the cooks their scullions make 55  
 Keep down with forks the meat within the pot,  
 So that above the broth it venture not.  
 Said unto me the Master kind: "Now take,  
 Concealed, thy placè stooped down behind the  
 screen  
 This jut affords, that thou may'st not be seen.  
 No form of outrage fear, whate'er their mode  
 Of injury be, for know I well their ways,  
 Having before passed through the self-same frays."

## Virgil rebukes the Fiends.

Beyond the bridge's head he onward strode, 64  
 And there upon the sixth embankment came,  
 Where courage needed he and front not tame.  
 With fury such and avalanche rash of rage  
 Wherewith the dogs a beggar poor attack  
 Because he seeks for bread that he doth lack,  
 So rushed those Demons from their pitchy stage,  
 And turned against him all their bristling crooks,  
 But he, "Act not," cried out, "as threat your  
 looks ;"

"Ere me," he said, "ye with your forks assail, 73  
 Let one of ye come forth my words to hear,  
 And then take counsel about whom ye 'll spear."  
 Then cried they all: "Go forth let Evil-Tail!"  
 Thereat one moved, the while the rest remained,  
 And coming said, "What is 't that 's hereby  
 gained?"

"Dost thou think, Evil-Tail," my Master said,  
 "That hither I have come against the fence  
 Of weapons safe arrayed to drive me hence

"Unless on Fate's decree and God's will stayed? 82  
 Let me pass on, the will of heaven doth say;  
 I shall another show through this dark way."  
 Then was his pride so fallen that down the hook  
 He let fall at his feet, and to his mates,  
 "Now strike him not," he said. So their debates  
 Were ended, and my Guide now t'wards my nook  
 His voice directed: "Thou who cowerest cowed  
 Against thy rock to come forth art allowed!"

---

Rocks displaced by the Crucifixion.

---

Moved I then forth, and quickly sought his side ; 91  
 But pressed the Demons on so stern and bold  
 I feared they might not to the compact hold.  
 Thus once I saw a band, their country's pride,  
 March from Caprona forth, whose tremblings rose  
 When they beheld around them threatening foes.  
 Near to my Guide my body all I drew,  
 And glances sent to where those foemen stood,  
 Upon their ways and looks, which were not good.

Their drag-hooks brought they down, and through 100  
 Their ranks the word went : " Shall I make him  
 jump ? "  
 And then : " Yes, see thou nick him on the rump ! "  
 But then the one who with my Guide had talked  
 Turned quickly round and said : " Cease, Rump-  
 pler, cease ! "  
 And added, unto us, these words of peace :  
 " Thus far, by this cliff's aid ye 've safely walked,  
 But know ye that henceforth here dangers rise,  
 For in the gulf the sixth arch ruined lies,

" And since this route 's no longer in your power, 109  
 And ye 't will please another cliff to find,  
 There 's one which safe 's above the gulf inclined.  
 For yesterday, five hours beyond this hour,  
 Twelve hundred threescore years and six were  
 spent  
 Since of the abyss the trembling rocks were rent.  
 Of my mates some I 'll thitherward with thee send,  
 Out for an airing may be some stray ghoul,  
 Do ye go with them — they are honor's soul.

---

 Dante alarmed.
 

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“Come, Pouncer! Frozenheel, thine attention  
lend! 118

And thou, Dogface! And thou, Crispbeard, take  
lead!”

Thus he began, and of him took they heed:  
“Deepred and Dragonface, tusked Swiney, ye  
And Grappledog and Butterfly, quail not;  
The rear brought up by Blazer’s courage hot,  
Search round the boiling glue; safe these two see  
Far as the other cliff which, all unrent,  
Across the Pits a bridge-like path is bent.”

“Oh me! my Master, what do I observe? 127

Ah! without escort let us go alone,  
If knowest thou how; no liking here I own.  
If from thy caution thou dost not here swerve,  
Dost thou not see the grins their teeth display,  
And how their brows are vocal of false play?”  
And he: “I would not have thee be afraid;  
Let them grin on to their own heart’s content,  
’T is for the boiling sinners’ miseries meant.”

By the left bank they turned, but each delayed 136  
Enough his tongue betwixt his teeth to turn,  
From which somewhat their captain shrewd  
might learn,  
The while he of his rump a trumpet made.

## NOTES TO THE TWENTY-FIRST CANTO.

2. "*My Comedy*." So he has already called it in the Sixteenth Canto, line 128. And, as though to apologize for his own work, he calls, in the Twentieth, the *Æneid* a "lofty Tragedy."

7. "*Arsenal*." Hillard, in his excellent work entitled *Six Months in Italy*, gives a description of the Venetian arsenal as he saw it, still in activity, five hundred and fifty years after the date of Dante.

29. "*Demon*." The name of this demon is not given. The names of others are given in the progress of the Canto. The demons in general are called, by Dante, Malebranche, and their leader, Malacoda. And his followers have names characterizing each. Already, instead of Malebolge, Evil-Pits is used, and, as more intelligible to the reader, and as in further development of the dry humor of this Canto, are used the equivalent English names of the Demons in general, and of their leader and his followers. Appended is the little glossary which has guided the annotator in pursuing this idea :

Malebranche : Evil-Claws.	Libbicocco : Deepred.
Malacoda : Evil-Tail.	Draghighnazzo : Dragonface.
Scarmiglione : Rumpier.	Ciriatto : Swiney.
Alichino : Pouncer.	Graffiacane : Grappledog.
Calabrina : Frozenheel.	Farfarello : Butterfly.
Cagnazzo : Dogface.	Rubicante : Blazer.
Barbariccia : Crispbeard.	

36. "*That nerve*." "The tendon of Achilles that lifts the heel," explains good Dr. Carlyle, in the double capacity of surgeon and critic.

37. "*An elder of St Zita*." This saint was the Patron Saint of Lucca, and held in special veneration. Elder is the name of the chief magistrate. The meaning of the phrase, therefore, is: one of the chief magistrates of the City of Lucca. Cary says that the name of this sinner is supposed to be Martino Botaio.

## Notes.

41. "*Save Bonturo.*" Spoken in irony. Bonturo was beyond measure corrupt.

The corrupt use of money in Dante's time provoked his vehement indignation and disgust, and he is at pains to manifest these feelings in regard to this odious public crime repeatedly in the course of the Poem. Of the vile factions of his day, Guelph, Ghibelline, Black, White, money secretly used was a potent engine. Nor, as it would seem, has the old vice yet died out in that land so distracted by intrigue, so humiliated by outrage. A London journal of a date in April, 1887, observes upon the incidents of a jury trial in a capital case just tried at Viterbo. Against the law and the evidence and the instructions of the court, a jury acquitted manifest murderers already tried in vain before five other juries, who had failed to agree. The presiding judge, from the bench, denounced the verdict as the result of *the use of money*. A mob, in sympathy with the prisoners, drove the judge and the state's attorney from the court-house and from the city.

48. "*Santo Volto.*" This, too, in sarcasm. The *Santo Volto*, or Holy Face, is a very ancient crucifix, still in a chapel of the cathedral in Lucca, where it is venerated. Tradition affirms that it is the work of Nicodemus, who sculptured it from memory.

49. "*The Serchio*" A river, having its "fierce course," as Shelley calls it, near Lucca.

The light banter of this Canto is in grotesque contrast with the fierce satire of the Twentieth: That Canto treated of the clerical simoniacs. This treats of the lay.

63. "*Before.*" Virgil, in the Ninth Canto, line 22, has already made mention of this visit to the Lower World.

82. "*On Fate's decree and God's will stayed.*" I think we may be sure that Dante had here in mind that remarkable portion of the *Æneid* (Tenth Canto, line 108 and those following), wherein Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, submits the whole issue of the war to the Fates:

"What fortune each one hath to-day, what hope  
Each from the garment of the times may cut,  
. . . . . labor and luck,

## Notes.

Let each one have, as to his hand it comes.  
 The self-same Jupiter still to all is King.  
 Let find the way the Fates.' His nod he gave  
 By streams his Stygian brother owns, by gulfs  
 Black with their pitchy torrents, by the banks  
 With shadows crowded. And Olympus shook."

89. "Cowerest cowed." "O tu, che siedì . . . quatto quatto."

93. "Compact." "Patto," the *factum* of the Roman law.

95. "A band, their country's pride." A Ghibelline garrison, who, in 1289, were dispossessed of the fortress of Caprona by the Guelphs of Lucca and Florence. Dante, at that time twenty-four years of age, was "a looker-on in Vienna," that is, in the camp of his friends the Guelphs. The jubilant Guelphic crowd shouted to the crest-fallen Ghibellines, as they filed out, "*Appicca! appicca!*" (Hang! hang!) Does Dante's conversion to Ghibellinism make him now speak of this garrison as the pride of Italy, whom at the time he was willing to see hanged?

109. "*No longer in your power.*" Herein the demon, characteristically, uttered a falsehood, for although this cliff (series of bridges or arches, spoke of the malebolg wheel) was, at the time of the crucifixion, shaken and broken, it was not rendered impassable. See the last twenty-two lines of the Twenty-third Canto.

112. "*Yesterday.*" That is, on noon of Good Friday, in the year 1300; found by adding to 1266 the 34 years of our Lord's stay upon earth, and, by computing from an hour after sunrise (the time indicated at the close of the preceding Canto) five further hours, the scriptural sixth hour, or noon, the time of the crucifixion. See the First Canto and its notes; and the Twelfth Canto and its notes.

Dante, *Convito*, iv. 23, thus construes the scripture: "Luke says that it was about the sixth hour when he died."

114. "*The trembling rocks.*" The scriptural texts will occur to the mind of the reader:

"The earth did quake, and the rocks were rent."

"The devils also believe and tremble."



## CANTO TWENTY-SECOND.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets are still in the same Pit, the fifth, that of corrupt magistrates and judges. This Canto is principally devoted to the gambols of the demons, the Evil-Claws.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Ciampolo of Navarre. The Evil-Claws, namely: Crispbeard, Grappledog, Blazer, Swiney, Deepred, Dragonface, Butterfly, Dogface, Rumpler, Pouncer, and Frozenheel.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** Numerous corrupt magistrates and judges in boiling tar. Numerous black demons.

ERE now have I seen cavalry moving camp,  
Assault commencing, rendezvousing fleet,  
And then, at times, retiring in retreat ;  
Coursers, O Aretines, have I seen tramp  
Upon your land ; the march of foragers seen,  
The tournament's shock, the joust upon the  
green,  
With trumpets now, and now with warning bells,  
With drums and fortress-signals, and with things  
Of our own land, or what the stranger brings ;

But never saw I (clear this memory tells) 10  
 By so uncouth a bugle foot or horse  
 Their march direct, nor govern ship its course.  
 On went we with the Demons ten : ah me,  
 What company vile! But where 's therein the  
 sin?

“At church with saints, with gluttons at the inn !”  
 And my intent was on the strain to see  
 Each feature of the Pit and those sad throngs  
 These Demons pitched about upon their prongs.

As dolphins, when, with arching backs, they sign 19  
 To mariners give that time it is alarm  
 To take for winds that come the ship to harm,  
 So, now and then, to 'scape a Demon's tine  
 Some sinner showed his back, and with a splash  
 Drew in, in less time than would lightning flash ;  
 And as, around the margin of a ditch,  
 The frogs stand only with their mouths dis-  
 played,  
 So that from view their feet and bodies fade,

Thus stood the sinners in that boiling pitch, 28  
 But as Crispbeard his looks towards them fired,  
 They all beneath the bubbles quick retired.  
 I saw, and yet my heart thereat is thrilled,  
 One linger, so as 't will at times occur,  
 When only he his glimmering doth defer,  
 And Grappledog, as evil fortune willed,  
 Being nearest, hooked his pitchy locks, and him  
 So haled to view, he seemed an otter dim.

Ciampolo.

The Demons' names I knew now every one ; 37  
 So well I noted when they were detailed,  
 That now each one I knew as he was haled.  
 "O Blazer! Let him not thy clutches shun!  
 Do thou him flay!" in hideous chorus sung  
 Of all the ten each foul accursed tongue.  
 And I: "Learn, Master, if thou canst, the name  
 Of that unhappy fellow whom his foes  
 Are thus insulting, burdened with his woes."

Drew close to him my Guide, and whence he  
 came 46  
 Inquired, and he made answer from the bubbling  
 tar :  
 "Born was I in the kingdom of Navarre ;  
 Placed me my mother to attend a lord,  
 For she had borne me to a man who shift  
 Made none except to waste himself and thrift.  
 Then waited I on Thibault, king adored.  
 Here barratry base employed my leisure hours,  
 For which in this keen heat my spirit cowers."

And Swiney, from whose mouth on either side 55  
 Came forth a tusk, as from a hog, him made  
 To feel the rip that one of them conveyed.  
 'Mongst evil cats the mouse had come, but hied  
 To him Crispbeard, and locked him in his arms,  
 And said: "Stand off, I'll fork him with my  
 charms!"  
 Then, turning to my Master said: "Ask on,  
 If thou from him wouldst other matters know  
 Before some other fellow deals a blow."

## The Decurion.

The Guide therefore : " Say, spirit, ere thou'rt  
gone, 64

Beneath the pitch submerged some soul know'st  
thou

That Latian is?" And he : " It was but now  
From one I parted, their own neighbor born ;  
Would I were with him in his covered nook,  
For then I should not dread or claw or hook !"  
And Deepred cried : " Too much have we endured !"  
And with the hook his arm attacked, and drawn  
Back with the hook was part of that arm's brawn.

And hereby doughty Dragonface was lured ; 73

He at the legs, below, would make a scour ;

But the decurion wheeled with aspect sour.

The Demons thus to more of quiet quelled,

Without delay my Guide of him whose eyes

Kept gazing on his wound sought yet replies :

" Who was the one that safe himself withheld,

And whom to leave thou saidst was indiscreet ?"

" 'T was friar Gomita, one for such doom meet ;

" Gellura's courts were his, and in his heart 82

Lurked every fraud, and with his master's foes

He dealt so that his praise from them arose.

Money he took for his own knavish part,

And smoothly them dismissed, as me he tells ;

And fraud elsewhere not small his sad fame  
swells.

Of Logodoro's forum doth consort

With him Don Michel Zanche ; and the two

Sardinian talks unwearying have not few.



## The Escape.

"O me! to grieving, see, doth now resort 91  
 That other fiend; scarce I my breath can draw  
 For fear that he designs my scabs to claw."  
 And their great marshal spoke to Butterfly,  
 Who rolled his eyes to strike, this gentle word:  
 "Take thyself off, thou damned infernal bird!"  
 "If Tuscans ye would hear or Lombards try,"  
 The frightened sinner said, now reassured,  
 "I'll easily have their presence here secured,

"But let the Evil-Claws somewhat draw back 100  
 That may my fellows not their vengeance fear,  
 And I, for one that I am, sitting here,  
 Will seven more make to come from that gulf black  
 On whistling, as our wont it is to do,  
 When wander forth the members of our crew."  
 Dogface, at these words, raised aloft his nose,  
 And shook his head. "The fraud he doth con-  
 trive,  
 Hear ye," he said, "into the lake to dive!"

When he, whose art with the occasion rose: 109  
 "I ye defraud indeed, when you I show  
 How you my friends can plague with added  
 woe!"

Held in no longer Pouncer, but by all  
 Frowned at for his mistake: "If thou dost flee,  
 By legs not, but by wings, I'll follow thee,  
 And start I'll give thee of the bank and fall,  
 To see if thou, with flying legs alone,  
 Canst distance us who broad wings also own."

## The Quarrel between Demons.

O thou who readest, now the sport shall turn ! 118  
 To give him start they all stood in repose,  
 Dogface being first, whose fears the Reader knows.  
 He of Navarre was not the man to spurn  
 So fair a chance, so down from Crispbeard's arms  
 He leaped and 'scaped the planned demoniac  
 harms.

Thereat was stunned with sudden rage each one,  
 But Pouncer most, the fatal error's sire ;  
 He therefore started forth with words of ire :

“Caught, caught thou art !” But yet the thing was  
 done ; 127

For terror's wings, like crimes, are armed with  
 speed ;

Though Pouncer's flying breast curved up at need ;

Not otherwise oft the duck dives down to shun

The falcon's swoop, and he, enraged, returns,

— The while his breast with indignation burns.

And Frozenheel, all furious at the trick,

But yet that he no cause of fight might lack,

With Pouncer swift kept flying in his track.

And when had disappeared Navarre, to nick 136

His worthy fellow thought this fiend of pitch ;

He soon by him was clutched above the ditch.

A hawk this demon was him well to pick,

And furious both together struggling fell

Into the middle of the boiling hell.

— The heat them made desirous to withdraw,

But so were limed their wings within the marl

They had no strength to lift them from the snarl.

## A sweet Mission.

This in distress Crispbeard's decemvirate saw, <sup>145</sup>  
 And of them four to the other coast he sent,  
 With all their hooks, on this sweet mission bent.  
 And on this coast with equal zest they toiled,  
 Stretching their hooks forth t'wards the unhappy  
 pair,  
 Scalded their limbs and glittering winglets fair.  
 And we them left therein thus all embroiled.

## NOTES TO THE TWENTY-SECOND CANTO.

5. "*Arctines*." Citizens of Arezzo. Dante, in his youth a mounted soldier, took part in the battle of Campaldino waged by the Ghibelline faction of Arezzo against the Florentines, and resulting in a victory for Arezzo. In the very first shock the Florentine cavalry, of whom Dante was one, was driven back upon the infantry reserve. "I had great dread," wrote Dante, "and finally great joy, in the various chances of the battle."

7. "*Warning bells*." The Florentines, in going to battle, paraded a blood-red Battle-Car (*Carroccio*) drawn by oxen, and bearing the Florentine flag, and a huge sonorous or unsonorous Bell (*Martinella*, or *Campagna degli Asini*: its enemies probably had the naming of it) for a continuous month preceding a campaign. One historian, of course a Florentine, says, as Dante intimates, that this was to give magnanimous and prolonged notice to the foe, that he might make due preparation to receive the threatened onslaught.

14. "'*At church with saints, with gluttons at the inn.*'" All things to all men. In Rome do as the Romans do. The latter proverb Saint Augustine, in a letter to Casulanus, seems to attribute to Saint Ambrose. In Rome, but not elsewhere, a custom came in vogue, to fast on Saturdays. "What do you do about this custom?" was Saint Augustine's question to Saint Ambrose. The Milanese saint responded: "When I am in Milan, I do not fast on Saturday,

## Notes.

when I am in Rome I do fast on Saturday." ("Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato.") Bartlett's *Quotations*, p. 634.

48. "*Navarre.*" Ciampolo, or Giampolo (that is, John Paul), say all the annotators. This fact and Dante's lines here give us all the information obtainable of this John Paul, senator, magistrate, judge, or whatever else he may have been.

52. "*Thibault, king adored.*" Probably the crusader and poet, King Thibault the Fourth, of Navarre, born 1201, died 1253. According to Cary, he was a bigoted Ghibelline. Is it on this account that Dante "adores" him?

52. "*Latian.*" That is to say, a Latin; that is to say, an Italian.

75. "*The Decurion.*" Leader of the Ten, Crispbeard.

81. "*Friar Gomita.*" A mediæval unjust steward. An appointee of Dante's friend, Judge Nino, whom we will meet and honor in the Eighth Canto of the *Purgatorio*. The Friar was a bad subject, and fared accordingly.

88. "*Zanche.*" Seneschal of King Enzo of Sardinia.

151. "*All embroiled.*" That is, two in the lake, and four on either shore. Thus the attention of the whole decemvirate was engrossed in the new affair. They will reappear, however, in the next Canto.



## CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

### ARGUMENT :

The gambols of Crispbeard and his decemvirate of demons alarm the Poets, and they escape into the sixth Pit, the shade of Virgil carrying Dante as a mother would carry her babe. In this Pit they meet hypocrites weeping, hooded with orange-colored hoods inwardly lead, and robed in cloaks inwardly lead, outwardly gilded, the hoods and cloaks so heavy that they groaned beneath their weight. Still the eighth circle. The hypocrites speaking are factionists who wrought much damage in Florence.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Catalano and Loderingo, hypocrites.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** Numerous gilded hypocrites ; and, transpierced in the shape of crosses on the floor of the Pit, Caiaphas and Annas and members of the council that condemned Christ.

SILENT, apart, and escortless we went,  
The one before, the other following slow,  
As Minor Friars on sacred errands go.  
Was now my mind on Æsop's tale intent,  
Where of the frog and mouse embroiled he tells,  
Whom, as they strive, a common foeman quells ;  
For not more closely pair do Aye and Yea  
Than doth the one case with the other blend,  
If kept in mind the outset are and end.

## The Poets discuss the Situation.

And as one thought the mind will oft betray 10  
 Into another, so, from that one sprung  
 One which my breast with double terror wrung.  
 For thus I thought : "Through us is this affray ;  
 Scorn, damage, misery, these they suffer all,  
 And their chagrin therefor will not be small,  
 If to their ill-will rage be added on ;  
 They will attack us fiercer than attraps  
 A hound the rabbit doomed whereat he snaps."

With fear my hair seemed rising, and all wan 19  
 I backward looked, and to my Master said :  
 " I of the Evil-Claws am filled with dread.  
 If thou do not thyself conceal and me,  
 They will at once with fury on us fall,  
 I seem this moment e'en to hear their call."  
 " Were I of leaded glass," responded he,  
 " More quickly should I not thine outward guise  
 Unto me draw than thine interior flies.

" E'en now thy thoughts have entered among  
 mine 28  
 With similar act, and face the very same,  
 So that at once one purpose they became.  
 In case the right-hand coast doth so incline  
 That to the other Pit we may descend,  
 The chase imagined soon will find an end."  
 His words had not yet ceased, when them I spied  
 With wings extended coming with intent  
 'Gainst us to put forth their malignant bent.

---

And escape into the lower Pit.

---

And suddenly took me in his arms my Guide, 37  
Just as a mother, whom the noise awakes  
While fire its threatening progress near her  
makes,  
Takes up her child, and caring more for him  
Than for herself, escapes with footsteps swift,  
Not pausing round herself to cast a shift ;  
So he, from that bank's lofty outer rim,  
Gave to the pendent rock himself supine  
Where of the adjoining Pit it formed the line.

Ne'er through its trough did water run so fast 46  
To turn a mill-wheel when it nearest comes  
To where upon the paddles broad it trums,  
As did my Master, where his course he cast ;  
Me carrying on his breast ; as his own son,  
And not as his companion, was it done.  
Scarce had his feet the Pit below attained,  
When they above us rested on the height ;  
But him it gave no particle small of fright,

For that high Providence wise above who reigns, 55  
And willed their ministry vile of that Fifth Pit,  
Doth take from all the power of leaving it.  
A painted people there beneath we found,  
Who walked about with steps exceeding slow,  
And wept, and weary seemed with burdening woe.  
Cloaks had they on with hoods, such as around  
Their heads and bodies wrapt wear in Cologne  
The reverend monks, the hood far forward  
thrown.

---

The Hypocrites address them.

---

Gilded without they are with dazzling gold, 64  
 But lead they are within, a foe to ease,  
 And straw were Frederick's when compared with  
 these.

O weight that grows as grow the ages old !  
 Turned to the left again, we with them stepped,  
 And saw how every instant sore they wept.  
 But soon was slow their pace with ours compared,  
 So irksome was their garb of dazzling hue,  
 Each movement of the hip brought company new.

Wherefore I to my Guide : " Be thou prepared 73  
 Some one by name or history known to find,  
 And busy thou therewith thine eyes and mind."  
 And one who understood our Tuscan speech  
 Called after us : " A leash be on ye cast,  
 Ye who the brown air through proceed so fast !  
 Perhaps the lore ye seek that I can teach !"  
 When turned my Guide to me, and said : " Here  
 wait,  
 And, while with him, let us adopt his gait."

I stood, and two saw, showing by their air 83  
 Their haste of mind to gain my side, but them  
 Their load retarded, and the road's thronged hem.  
 When they abreast came, long with wondering stare,  
 Or look askance, they me surveyed, nor sped  
 From out their lips one word ; then 'twixt them  
 said :

" This one alive seems, so his throat would show ;  
 And, if they're dead, what privilege strange is theirs  
 Which them from wearing of our garment spares ?"

## The Jovial Friars.

Then said they unto me : " O Tuscan, know 91  
 That thou the school of hypocrites sad dost see ;  
 Therefore us tell what person thou mayst be.  
 And I to them : " There was I born and reared  
 Where beauteous Arno the great city laves,  
 And life I always had my being saves.  
 But ye, who are ye, in these regions feared,  
 Distilling sorrow down grief's deep-wrought lines,  
 And punishment what is on ye that so shines ? "

And one of them to me replied : " Of lead 100  
 So thick our orange cloaks are made, that groan  
 The balances grieved whereon their folds are  
 thrown.

We jovial Friars once were, Bologna-bred,  
 I Catalano named, Loderingo he,  
 And with us did thy city fair agree  
 Us to entrust with power such as before  
 One sole hand swayed, its peace to keep intact ;  
 And what we were speaks forth Gardingo  
 wracked."

And I began : " O Friars, your ill . . ." but more 109  
 Said not, for by three stakes transfixed was one  
 There on the ground — a thing the mind to stun.  
 When me he saw, writhed all his body, sighs  
 Blew through his beard, and his wild mien  
 By Friar Catalano's thoughtful eyes was seen.  
 " That transpierced one," he said, " before thine  
 eyes,  
 The Pharisees counselled that expedient 't was  
 One man to torture for the people's cause.

"Stretched out and naked is he on the road 118  
 As thou dost see, and of each passer-by  
 He the full weight, soul, garment, all, must try.  
 And so his father-in-law must bear this load,  
 These stakes, and of that council others too,  
 That seed with evil fraught to every Jew."  
 Then saw I Virgil's face with wonder stirred,  
 O'er him that, exiled thus, in such a place  
 Cross-shaped endured such endless foul disgrace.

A space elapsed, when to the Friar this word 127  
 He spoke : " Be pleased to tell us if mayhap  
 That on the right side there lies any gap  
 Whereby we may hence make our way, nor aid  
 From any of the dusky Angels need  
 From out this Pit to pass with proper heed."  
 Thus answered he : " Nearer in this dim glade  
 Than thou dost hope, moves from the circling  
 wall  
 The cliff that these sad valleys bridges all,

" Save that in this is gone the rounding arch, 136  
 But ye may mount the ruins, which still keep  
 A sloping shape though in the vale a heap."  
 With head bent down, stopped now my Guide his  
 march,  
 Then said : " Ill he the matter told who drives  
 With prongs the sinners in yon boiling hives."  
 And said the Friar : " I heard, 't is not long since,  
 In my Bologna shown, the Devil's guise,  
 And heard him liar called and father of lies."

Latini.

Then, with large steps, went on my guiding  
 Prince, 145  
 Somewhat disturbed, with anger in his look ;  
 When of the laden souls my leave I took,  
 And of his feet beloved pursued the prints.

## NOTES TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CANTO.

5. "*Frog and mouse.*" This is a good fable, although not one of Æsop's. A mouse of simple manners had formed the acquaintance of a frog of crafty ways. They had dined jovially together, and, after dinner, the frog treacherously tied the leg of the mouse to his own, intending to feast, in his watery home, upon the victimized mouse. At the moment, a kite, from the realms of air, pounced upon the mouse ; the mouse brought up the frog ; the kite devoured them both.

7. "*Aye and Yea.*" Dante's text has "mo ed issa" (now and now), "mo" being the Tuscan word, from the Latin "modo," and "issa" the Lombard contraction of the Latin "ipsa hora."

47. "*A mill-wheel.*" Dante's phrase is "mulin terragno ;" but *all* mills are land-mills ; and possibly he used the word "terragno" of necessity, to make a rhyme with "vivagno" and "compagno." Of Dante's forced rhymes other examples exist.

63. "*The reverend monks.*" The monks of Cologne wore their cowls unusually large.

64. "*Gilded . . . lead.*" The words define a hypocrite.

66. "*Frederick's.*" Tradition says that Frederick the Second punished treason by wrapping the traitor in lead and consigning him to the flames. Longfellow expresses his doubt of the truth of this tradition.

95. "*The great city.*" "Florence, the most beautiful and most famous daughter of Rome . . . Florence, in which I was born, and nourished even to the summit of my life." Dante, in the *Convito*, l. 3.

## Notes.

103, 108. "*Jovial Friars . . . Gardingo.*" Knights of Saint Mary, instituted by Urban the Fourth, their vow being that of peacemakers and defenders of the defenceless. Two of them, Catalano and Loderingo, one a Ghibelline, the other a Guelph, were placed in the supreme power, to act conjointly as Podestá. Once installed they led a riotous life, and violent public disorder ensued. Gardingo, that part of the city inhabited by the hated but powerful family of the Uberti, of whom, as we have seen, Farinata was the head, was attacked and destroyed by the Guelphs; and this was but one incident in a long train of disorders incident to the maladministration of this sanctimonious government.

115. "*Transpierced.*" Caiaphas, the high-priest.

121. "*His father-in-law.*" Annas.

137. "*The ruins.*" At the hour of the crucifixion the arch-bridge trembled, was broken, and fell in ruins. It was fitting that it should fall *in the Pit destined for Caiaphas and his colleagues of the Council.*

143. "*Liar.*" *John viii. 44.*



## CANTO TWENTY-FOURTH.

### ARGUMENT:

The seventh Pit of the eighth circle is, after great difficulty, reached, the shade of Virgil being compelled to carry Dante and also to flout his fears. There they found naked spirits pierced with serpents. One of these spirits experienced changes of form like the fabled Phœnix. His crimes were those of sacrilege and perjury combined. He foretells the change of parties in Florence.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil. Vanni Fucci, sacrilegious and a perjurer.

PERSONS APPEARING: Reptiles. The sacrilegious.

WHEN yet the year is youthful, and the Sun  
His tresses 'neath Aquarius warms, and rules  
The day a space near what night's darkness cools,  
And when the frost, not yet his season run,  
Paints on the ground his sister's image white,  
While doomed his own plumes are to speedy  
blight,  
Rises from sleep the swain whose fodder fails,  
And looks, and sees the fields so ghastly lie,  
Whereat distraught, he smites upon his thigh,

And, back returning to his cottage, wails, 10  
 And, like an outcast, knows not what to do,  
 But, thence returning, gathers hope anew,  
 Observing how the world is brighter now ;  
 And chases he his flock forth with his staff  
 To feed where Nature, frowning late, doth laugh :  
 Thus me the Master saddened, when his brow  
 I saw so darkened ; and saw I the sore  
 As quickly covered by the plaster o'er.

For when us to the slope our walk had brought, 19  
 My Guide turned to me with that manner sweet  
 With which he did me at the mountain greet.  
 His arms he ready made, after in thought  
 He all the ruin viewed and fixed his plan,  
 When me to manage forwards he began ;  
 And, as a worker reckons, ponders, stays,  
 And seems beforehand danger's signs to see,  
 So, as upon a rock, he lifted me.

He on another splinter fixed his gaze 28  
 The while he said : " Now this one, if thou durst  
 But if its poise will carry thee, try first."  
 For one with leaden mantle loaded down  
 No path it was, for scarcely we, he light  
 And I pushed on, could with the great rock  
 fight ;  
 And, were it not that here 's a shorter frown  
 Of fear-filled rocks than we had elsewhere scaled  
 Perhaps not he, but surely I, had failed ;

But as, inclining, Evil-Pits extends 37

Towards the interior gulf which limits it,  
That follows, which is found in every Pit,  
That one side 's high, and the other side descends.

Came we, at length, however, to the place  
Where of the ruin is the furthest trace.  
So from my lungs was all breath drained away  
By exercise like this, that, quite distressed,  
For breath I, helpless, sat down here to rest.

"Now," said the Master, "is the favoring day; 46

Shun sloth; for upon down reposing tame,  
Or coverlets 'neath, men come not into fame;  
Without which whoso doth his life consume  
Leaves of himself such vestige in the world  
As foam in waves or smoke in zephyrs curled.

And therefore rise! thy panting soul relume,  
That soul that conquers every hostile flag  
Unless its cumbrous body makes it lag!

"Than this a longer ladder must be climbed; 55

'Tis not enough these depths our feet have  
tracked;

If understood I am, with profit act!"  
I rose, and so my scanty breathing timed  
That seemed my quickened heart-throbs to be  
long;

"Go on," I said, "I'm confident, brave, and  
strong!"

Our way now took we up the gloomy arch,  
Rough, narrow, difficult, wild, and of a pitch  
Steeper than that above the former ditch.

That faint I might not seem, my voice and march 64  
 Together went, when from the depth were heard  
 Sounds which seemed not to fashion any word.  
 I know not what it said, though on the rise  
 I was already of the highest stage,  
 But seemed the speaker stung by vehement rage.  
 Far down I bent me, but my living eyes  
 To penetrate failed the downward darkness dense.  
 Wherefore I said: "My Master, let us hence

"Unto the limit next, and there the lead 73  
 It gives pursue, for nought here can I see,  
 And sounds desired but from my hearing flee."  
 "Response," he said, "I, other than the deed,  
 Return thee not, for work should fit request,  
 And silence may sincere consent attest."  
 Then down the bridge's curve we went along,  
 To where it on the eighth bank doth abut,  
 And then was not a horror from me shut.

Of reptiles there I saw a fearful throng, 82  
 So grim, so mixed, so horribly strange a sight  
 That yet the thought thereof my blood doth  
 fright.

Let Lybia's sands no longer make their boasts,  
 For though there Chelydræ hiss and Pareæ fell,  
 And Jaculi, Chenchres, Amphisbænæ, swell,  
 Such plagues so dire and in such numerous hosts  
 Ne'er Æthiopia showed, nor all the land  
 That trends along the Red Sea's torrid strand.

## The Reptiles.

This cruel, dismal swarm amidst espied 98  
 Were people running naked, lost to hope  
 In their despair of hole or heliotrope.  
 With serpents were their hands behind them tied,  
 And through their loins keen heads and tails  
 would bore,  
 While coil on coil conglomerate hung before.  
 And lo, at one who almost us did face,  
 A serpent huge, where neck and trunk unite,  
 Transpiercing sprang, and could no penman  
 bright

Or O or I in ink so quickly trace 100  
 As he took fire and burnt, and to the ground  
 Changed all to ashes in an instant's bound.  
 Dissolved and scarce upon the ground at rest  
 The ashes formed again into the shape  
 From which just now had been their swift escape.  
 Thus, by philosophers great, it is confessed  
 The Phœnix dies, and thence is born again  
 When its five hundredth year doth nearly reign.

No herb nor grain it eats in all its life, 109  
 But tears of incense, and amomum's seeds;  
 And nard and myrrh for swathings, last, it needs.  
 And, as a man who falls, but whether strife  
 Of Demon drag him downward to the ground,  
 Or other oppilation hold him bound,  
 He knoweth not, who, when he rises, stares  
 Bewildered by the anguish he hath borne,  
 And, sighing out his feelings low and lorn;

So, when he rose, this sinner showed his cares. 118  
 Justice divine of God, which we revere,  
 What blows doth not thy vengeance deal severe !  
 Who was he once, the Guide then of him sought ;  
 Responded he : " From Tuscany was I rained  
 Short while ago, and into this ditch drained.  
 For bestial life not human, my mind caught,  
 A mulish mind. I 'm Vanni Fucci, then,  
 A beast ; Pistoia was my worthy den."

And I : " My Guide, bid him he go not hence ; 127  
 And ask his crime that waked the slumbering law.  
 A man of rage and blood I once him saw."  
 The sinner heard, and sought no vain pretence,  
 But bent t'wards me his mind and suffering face,  
 Whose look of shame confessed his deep dis-  
 grace ;  
 Then said : " More pains upon me thence do lie  
 That thou hast caught me in these miseries whirled  
 Than when thrown out I was from that bright  
 world.

" What thou dost ask, that cannot I deny : 136  
 So low herein I am because away  
 I stole the jewell'd sacristy's bright array ;  
 And falsely once on others it was blamed.  
 But that thou mayst not in this sight rejoice,  
 If e'er thou hence escape, I raise my voice  
 In prophecy dire, to which be thine ears tamed :  
 Of Neri first is she, Pistoia, thinned ;  
 Then Florence laws and men cleans that have  
 sinned ;



## Notes.

"a beast," was the illegitimate son of M. Fucci degli Lazari of Pistoia. "A most villainous man," says Benvenuto da Imola, "and most daring in every kind of wickedness. And because he was of noble family, he often committed many excesses with impunity, and, although frequently banished for enormous crimes, he always contrived to effect his return." He was of the Neri faction when Dante took part with the Bianchi, "but no injustice," Dr. Carlyle dryly remarks, "is done by Dante in this Canto to him or his fellows." He robbed the sacristy of the church of Saint James in Pistoia of jewels of great value, and concealed them in the house of Vanni della Nona; encouraged suspicions against an innocent man, one Rampino, and permitted him to be put to the torture for the sacrilege; made his escape from the jurisdiction; and sent back word that Vanni della Nona was the guilty party, and that the jewels would be found in his house. The jewels were found there, and Nona was put to death. The predictions here made relate to the facts recorded by Villani, viii. 45, that in May, 1301, the Bianchi party of Pistoia, aided by the Bianchi who ruled Florence, drove out the Neri party from Pistoia, and destroyed their palaces, castles, and city and country houses. The further prediction is that Charles of Valois, in November of the same year, 1301, will bring reverses upon the Bianchi of Florence, he representing the Guelph, or Neri, interest. The Mars who will bring the "fire in turbid clouds" (clouds of Neri) will be Marquis Morello Malaspina, who (in 1304) will come from his Magra valley, and "dispel the mist" (defeat the Bianchi) in a pitched battle fought at Piceno, near Pistoia. Piceno is the battle-field, formerly known as Fesulæ, whereon a Roman army under Petreius overthrew Catiline, and wherein he lost his life fighting with desperate valor.

As Dante was of the party of the Bianchi these prophecies, unfavorable to that party, could not fail to sting his party-pride, and thus afford delight to this man of crime.

It is in illustration of the partisan and depraved condition of literature in those abominable times, that a historian of





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**Notes.**

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the Neris is found, Crescembeni, who, in his *History of Italian Poetry*, praises his odious fellow-Neri.

The Bianchi and Neri factions (Whites and Blacks) and their internecine wars have been noticed, in connection with questions relating to church and state, in the notes to the Sixth Canto, and the significance of the general quarrel between the Guelphs and Ghibellines has been mooted in the notes to the First and Nineteenth Cantos.

## CANTO TWENTY-FIFTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Still in the seventh Pit, eighth circle. Terrible reptiles and dragons mingle and blend with the damned souls, and the scenes are horrible and disgusting. Two of the subjects of the transformations are citizens of Florence. Three others, not transformed, are also citizens of Florence.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Vanni Fucci. Cacus in the form of a Centaur. Agnello Brunelleschi. Buoso degli Abbatì. Puccio Sciancato de Galigai. Chianfa in the form of a six-legged serpent.

PERSONS APPEARING : Guercio Cavalcante in the shape of an adder all on fire. Reptiles, robbers, and the sacrilegious.

HIS words concluded, raised the thief his hands  
With both the figs, and shouted, void of shame,  
“ God, take thou them, for at thee them I aim ! ”  
From this time forth the serpents were my friends ;  
For one of them around his neck then coiled,  
As if to say, “ Thy speaking further ’s foiled ! ”  
And wound itself another in such bands  
His arms about, that from the binding knot  
Those impious hands could not be stirred a jot.

---

A Dragon huge and dire.

---

Pistoia, ah Pistoia ! were 't not well 10  
 That thou decree thyself to ashes burned  
 Since even by thy seed thou wouldst be spurned ?  
 Not I through all the circles grim of Hell  
 A spirit saw so proud against his God,  
 Not e'en the Theban who provoked his rod !  
 Word more he spoke not, but swift took the path.  
 And saw I, next, along, a Centaur tear,  
 Who cried : " Where is the bitter spirit, where ? "

So many snakes not e'en Maremma hath, 19  
 As I believe, as he had on his haunch,  
 Up to the point from whence our form doth  
 branch.

His shoulders o'er, above his head, did rise  
 With outstretched wings a dragon huge and dire,  
 Who every one he meets doth set on fire.  
 " That Cacus is," so said to me my Guide,  
 " Who, where the rock of Aventine soars aloft  
 A lake of innocent blood hath made full oft.

" Not he the same road trots his brethren seek, 28  
 Because of that his cunning theft, when lowed  
 Cows of the great herd in his cavern stowed ;  
 When came an end unto his life oblique  
 'Neath Hercules' club, who blows a hundred  
 dealt,  
 Such as that only the first ten were felt."  
 While he was speaking, forth the Centaur bore,  
 And came three spirits there, whom not descried  
 Either myself or my discoursing Guide,

Till they called out : " Who are ye ? " and there-  
fore 37

Our story paused ; and thenceforth gave we heed  
To them alone, whereof was truly need.

I knew them not, but so it happened then,  
As usually, where chance a fact doth frame,  
One had, in speech, to weave another's name.  
One said : " Where hath Cianfa stopped ? " Restrain  
My Guide I would from speech, and up in haste  
Betwixt my chin and nose my finger placed.

If, Reader, thou art now to credit slow 46  
That which I have to tell, not strange 't will be,  
For I, who saw it, marvel must with thee.

Whilst I upon them still was gazing, lo !  
In front of one a serpent with six feet  
Darts up, and to him clings with grasp complete.  
His middle feet were round his belly fetched,  
The front feet held his pinioned arms in wreath,  
And in both cheeks the serpent fixed his teeth.

The hinder feet along his thighs it stretched, 55  
And 'twixt them put its tail, and up behind,  
Against his loins, there did it closely bind.  
Ne'er ivy so by roots itself compacts  
Upon a tree, as round the other close  
Itself had fixed this hideous monster gross.  
Together they adhered as if of wax  
By heat commingled, and confused became  
Their hues ; no longer either seemed the same ;

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Monstrous, dread.

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As paper white by running flamelets crossed ; 64  
The flame goes first, then brown, and then the  
black

Leaves of the white nought but destruction's track.  
Looked on the other two, in wonder lost,  
And cried : " O how, Agnello, dost thou change !  
Nor two nor one is now thy shape ! O strange ! "  
The heads of both had one become ; the face  
Two shapes combined, and yet no feature gained  
Which seemed from either of the old retained.

Two arms of four now came to take the place, 73  
While legs, thighs, belly, shoulders, chest, surprise  
Gave more than e'er was known to startled eyes.  
In them was all extinct their former shape ;  
Both, neither, 't was ; perverted, monstrous, dread,  
Its languid steps along Hell's depths it led.  
As then from hedge to hedge in fleet escape  
The lizard flits when reign canicular days,  
Nor longer than a streak of lightning stays,

So t'wards the bowels of the other two came  
fierce 82

A little reptile which no rage did lack,  
Livid, and as a pepper-kernel black.  
In one of them that part the snake did pierce  
Where we obtain life's earliest means of strength,  
Then on the ground before him fell at length.  
The pierced one nothing said, but close it eyed,  
Nay, while his feet no motion had, he yawned  
As though in fever slight or slumber fond.

And, as he eyed, the reptile's eyes replied ; 91  
 A violent smoke poured from the wound its jet,  
 And from the reptile's mouth — the two smokes  
 met.

Be, Lucan, now, thy silence absolute  
 Of poor Sabellus, and Nasidius' fate,  
 And that to hear which now is published, wait !  
 Ovid, be thou of Arethusa mute,  
 And Cadmus, for if poetry's art divine  
 To fount or serpent change, no envy's mine !

For ne'er did he two diverse natures fuse 100  
 So that the two to exchange their substance  
 wrought,  
 Which, front to front, they from each other caught.  
 Responded then these subjects of the Muse  
 By such a law, that cleaved his tail the snake  
 While in began the man his feet to take.  
 Of legs and thighs the line seemed now to fail,  
 And soon of juncture could be seen no trace,  
 So thoroughly seemed their parts to interlace.

But what he lost assumed the cloven tail ; 109  
 Grew soft its skin, while like a reptile's hard  
 The other's was, the wounded one ill-starred.  
 I saw the arms into the arm-pits steal,  
 And so the feet were shortened ; but with feet  
 And arms the serpent soon was found complete ;  
 Only, the serpent lacked yet either heel ;  
 And grew forth two ; heels in the wretch were seen  
 To disappear as shrinks a part obscene.

## Novelty.

Whilst in the smoke of each the color grows, 118  
And on the skin of one produces hair,  
While on the other comes a snaky glare,  
One prostrate fell, the other upright rose,  
Continuing yet the witchery of their eyes,  
Beneath which changed their faces' form and size.  
He that stood up drew flesh towards his brow,  
And from its superfluity soon there grew  
Ears which the slimy cheeks came peering  
through ;

And yet was left enough, from which came now 127  
A nose, and from their reptile thinness grown,  
The mouth two human lips began to own.  
The prostrate one now sharpened features wore  
And back its ears into its head withdrew,  
As draws the snail its horns in from the view,  
And cleaved itself its tongue unleft before  
And apt for speech ; and in the other woke  
To speech the fork now closed ; and rests the  
smoke.

The soul that to a reptile had been changed 136  
Along the valley hissing went, and walked  
More slow the other sputtering as he talked.  
Then, as his novel shoulders near him ranged,  
He to that spirit said : " Buoso now shall run  
Crawling along this road as I have done."  
Thus change and re-change I this Pit beheld ;  
And here, if in aught goes my tongue astray,  
The novelty's self for that must pardon pray,

And though perplexed mine eyes were and dis-  
 pelled 145  
 My mind almost at times with the dismay,  
 It could not from my senses flee away  
 That there was Puccio Sciancato deep,  
 And, of the three companions that first came,  
 He, all the while, alone remained the same.  
 The other one, Gavillé, thou dost weep.

NOTES TO THE TWENTY-FIFTH CANTO.

2. "*Figs.*" A "fig" is a gesture of contempt, made by thrusting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. Both Malespina and Villani relate that, in 1228, there existed in Carmignano a tower two hundred and ten feet high, on which were two marble arms, making the figs at Florence. Others say it was merely a sign-board at the roadside.

10, 12. "*Pistoia, ah Pistoia! . . . even by thy seed thou wouldst be spurned.*" Pistoia is supposed to have been founded by the surviving soldiers of the army of Catiline; and to have derived its name, originally Pestoire, from a pestilence occasioned by the bodies of those slain in the battle. Such seed, treason and pestilence, would spurn Pistoia. Dante says, in effect, "Burn all Pistoia at once, not leaving it to the work of alternately successful rioters."

15. "*The Theban.*" Capaneus. Canto XIV.

19. "*Maremma.*" *Campagna vicina al mare*, a country on the Tuscan seashore, marshy and abounding in reptiles. It has already formed the subject of a note to the Thirteenth Canto.

25, 29, 32. "*Cacus . . . Theft . . . Hercules.*"

"Here was a cavern vast, a huge recess,  
 By Cacus held, whereto ne'er sent the sun  
 His gladdening rays. Half man, half beast was he,  
 And, warm with gore of recent victims slain,  
 Smoked night and day his cavern's floor, while hung  
 The heads of men that fatal entrance near,  
 With reeking murder pale.

. . . . .



## Notes.

## From out their folds

Four bulls of mighty bulk, four cows besides,  
Of beauty excellent, sly he drove aside.  
And these, lest marks of footsteps inward turned  
Might him betray, he by the tails drew in,  
So that their tracks all seemed from out the cave  
To take their way, and thus 'neath stone opaque  
Concealed.

Here Cacus caught he vomiting vain flames  
Beneath the darkness' veil, and in a knot  
Him bends, and strains his staring eyeballs out,  
And leaves no drop of blood his throat within."

*Eighth Æneid, 194.*

28. "*Not he.*" Virgil made of Cacus a "half-man, half-beast." Dante makes of him a Centaur, half-man, half-horse; but keeps him apart from the other Centaurs and in a lower Pit (as the Evil-Pits converge downwards towards their common centre) because he was not only guilty of open violence, but also of secret theft.

43. "*Cianfa.*" A Florentine nobleman, of the family of the Donati. In the form of a serpent with six feet he will fasten upon Agnello Brunelleschi.

68. "*Agnello.*" Brunelleschi.

73. "*Two . . . four.*" The fore feet of the serpent and the arms of Agnello.

79. "*Hedge.*" To those who have seen Italian lizards under the intense heats of summer this image is very suggestive.

83, 85. "*A little reptile . . . one of them.*" The reptile is Guercio Cavalcanti. He changes form with Buoso degli Abati.

It should be borne in mind that the five persons named in this Canto are all Florentines, and all noted thieves. Pietro Alighieri (son of Dante) says that they were *omnes de Florentia et magni fures suo tempore.*

94. "*Lucan . . . Sabellus . . . Nasidius.*" Sabellus stung by a Seps, and melting like snow before the breezes of the south; Nasidius attacked by a Prester, and swelling so as to

## Notes.

burst his armor, and finally falling into a headless, formless heap. *Pharsalia*, ix.

97, 98. "Ovid . . . *Arethusa . . . Cadmus*." Arethusa, a nymph in the train of Diana, pursued by the River-God Alpheus, and changed into a fountain.

" But first of all,  
Among her sisters Arethusa rose,  
And, with her wealth of tresses blonde, looked forth  
Above the summit of the loftiest wave ;  
And in the distance thus her song went forth."

*Fourth Georgic*, 352.

Cadmus, so the divine powers decreed, was, with his wife Harmonia, the wearer of the diamond necklace, changed into the serpent form. *Metamorph.* iv.

140. "To that spirit." To Sciancato.

140. "Buoso." Degli Abati.

148. "Sciancato." A noted robber, but whether allied with the first families of Florence is unknown.

151. "The other one, Gavillè, thou dost weep." Gavillè was a village in the valley of the Arno, where Guercio de Cavalcanti was murdered. The family avenged his death by putting to death several of the inhabitants of that village. *Hinc illa lachrymæ*.

Apparently the meaning of this Canto reduced to its simplest terms is: "Florence, you have produced a precious set of scoundrels. These are *your* nobles; this is *your* nobility!" Dante will continue this theme, in a style of rasping sarcasm, at the beginning of the next Canto.

## CANTO TWENTY-SIXTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Satirical apostrophe to Florence. The eighth Pit, after difficult climbing, yawns before the advance of the Poets. Here they behold the spirits of false counsellors swathed in wreaths of fire, like the horses of Elijah's chariot. Virgil announces that two of these wreaths, joined in one, and parted only at the summit, are the spirits of Ulysses and Diomede, and with them Virgil converses.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil. Ulysses.

PERSONS APPEARING: Diomede, and other spirits, swathed in wreaths of fire.

FLORENCE, rejoice, since that thou art so great  
That beat o'er land and sea thy widening wings,  
And throughout Hell thy reputation rings !  
Five such among the thieves I found to mate,  
Thy citizens all ; whence shame doth o'er me  
creep,  
And thou dost not into great honor leap.  
But, if near morning truth is dreamed, not long  
Shall't be before thy homes shall feel what  
crave  
Against thee Prato and her allies brave.

---

Kindly Star or something better.

---

'T were well did it this moment thrill my song ; 10  
 So may it be, since that it must be so,  
 'T will more me grieve when I shall older grow !  
 Thence parted we, and by the stairs the wall  
 Had given us to descend before, my Guide  
 Remounted, and me helped the rocks to stride.  
 And here, relieved of ghosts and Demons all,  
 Hands, feet, were busy in our progress made  
 Among the rocks the next grim arch betrayed.

There did I grieve, and here I grieve again, 19  
 When memory brings me back to sights there  
 seen ;  
 And, lest my genius run with speed too keen,  
 I place it under Virtue's guiding rein :  
 If kindly star, or something better, lift  
 My song to higher planes, I hail the gift !  
 As numerous as the fire-flies' gleams which sees  
 A peasant resting on the hill, in days  
 When he who lights the world the least time stays

From us removed, and when the peasant's ease 28  
 Now gnats, not flies, annoy, along the vale  
 Wherein he plows, or reaps, or swings the flail :  
 With flames thus numerous gleamed, as I perceived  
 The eighth Pit, soon as to a favorable place  
 I came wherefrom mine eye the view could trace ;  
 And, like as he, the Prophet old aggrieved  
 Whom bears avenged, saw mount erect to Heaven  
 The steeds before Elijah's chariot driven,

## Every Flame a Sinner.

Which, unto him who stood on earth below, 37  
 Seemed, as its path it took through distant space,  
 A cloudlet winged which wrapt Elijah's face,  
 Thus did those flames along that gullet glow ;  
 For none the secret theft it holds reveals,  
 Yet every flame thereof a sinner steals.  
 My place of view was on the bridge's rise,  
 Wherefrom I so strained forward that alone  
 Saved me a rock from being overthrown.

And said my Guide who marked my busy eyes : 46  
 " Within those fires the spirits are, and swathes  
 Himself each one with flame his body bathes."  
 " My Master," thus I said, " thy word decides,  
 The fact, natheless, I did at once discern ;  
 But this I would of thine indulgence learn :  
 Whose flame is that which at the top divides,  
 As that from out the funeral pyre did soar,  
 Which Eteocles and his brother bore ? "

" Tortured therein Ulysses rolls," he said, 55  
 " And Diomed wreathes ; and thus in punishment's  
 guage  
 They run together as before in rage.  
 And in their flame they utter groanings dread  
 Because of that schemed ambush of the horse,  
 That door whence noble Romans claim their  
 source.

There, too, the artifice shrewd they sore bewail  
 Whereby Deidamia dead yet weeps her lord  
 Achilles, and the Palladium's theft abhorred."

" If they within those sparks can tell their tale, 64  
     Master, I pray thee much, and pray again,  
     Until my prayers to thousands may attain,  
 Refuse me not permission here to wait  
     Until to this point comes the horn-shaped flame  
     At which thou seest I all mine ardor aim."  
 And he to me : " Of commendation great  
     Is worthy thy request ; I it concede ;  
     But do not thou in this thing take the lead.

" Leave speech to me, for know I thy desire, 73  
     And they perhaps, being Greeks, thy words might  
     meet  
     With coldness which our purpose would defeat."  
 When suited, then, time, place, and waving fire  
     Unto my Guide, I heard him thus his speech  
     Give forth to those whose favor he would reach :  
 " O ye whose souls in fire together float,  
     Or I in life of you somewhat deserved,  
     Or I to justice held, or somewhat swerved,

" 'T was I on earth the Lofty Verses wrote. 83  
     Then, move not on ; and thou, pray not deny  
     Thy wanderings forth to tell, when thou didst  
     die."

The greater horn the ancient flame displayed  
     Now shook and murmured as at times we find  
     A fork of flame will do which stirs the wind.  
 Then to and fro the top thereof was swayed  
     As by a tongue that spake therein, whose sound  
     In tones articulate these our hearing found :

---

 Invited by Virgil.
 

---

" When me from Circe forth the land-breeze drove 91  
 (At Gaëta me more than a year she claimed,  
 Port through Æneas' grateful memory named),  
 Nor fondness for my son, nor filial love  
 For mine old father, nor affection due  
 To my Penelope left, of wives most true,  
 Could quell the burning zeal I felt in me  
 To know more of the world, to sally forth  
 And study men, their weaknesses, their worth.

" With but one ship I ventured on the sea, 100  
 The deep, wide waste, and with those followers  
 few  
 Who yet desired my fortunes to pursue.  
 Both shores as far as Spain { beheld us guests, }  
 Far as Morocco's and Sardinia's coasts,  
 And isles besides that inland ocean boasts.  
 Tardy and old, at last, { 'neath various tests, }  
 The narrow pass we gained where Hercules  
 placed  
 His warning landmarks { which the adventurous  
 faced, }

" That outward further might no pennon wave. 109  
 Seville upon the right was passed ; the left  
 Already us of Ceuta had bereft.  
 ' Ye, through a hundred thousand dangers brave,  
 Brethren,' I said, ' have safely reached the West,  
 And now apply that vigil brief the rest  
 Of your prolonged existence is, to learn  
 The unpeopled world which lies behind the Sun !  
 Consider whence your origin great is won ! }

[ “The noble blood that in your veins doth burn” 118  
 Ye were not born to live like brutish beasts !  
 Virtue and knowledge hail you to their feasts !  
 This brief speech ended all demur was gone,  
 Indeed so eager for the voyage wide  
 My men became, they could not be denied.  
 And then our stern we turned towards the dawn,  
 And to the foolish flight gave wing each oar ;  
 Towards the left we always somewhat bore.

“The other pole, with all its stars, rose soon ; 127  
 Fell ours so low that never came its light  
 Upon the glow that ocean spreads at night.  
 Five times its light had changed the rolling Moon,  
 Quenched, kindled, turn by turn, since on the  
 path  
 We drove where dangers lurk and ruthless wrath,  
 When brought to us a view remote relief :  
 A mountain with the distance dim ; its height  
 All others I had seen exceeded quite.

“Alas ! gave way our transient joy to grief ! 136  
 From out the new land rose a tempest dark  
 And struck in its forepart our quivering bark.  
 Three times round all the waves it made her whirl ;  
 The fourth time rose the stern, the prow went  
 down,  
 And it Another pleased, with potent frown,  
 Us into ocean’s ravenous jaws to hurl.”



## NOTES TO THE TWENTY-SIXTH CANTO.

6. "*Not into great honor.*" "E tu in grande onranza nonne sali."

7. "*Near morning truth is dreamed.*" Dreams near the morning hour were supposed to be prophetic. Purg. ix. 13.

8, 9. "*Thy homes shall feel . . . Against thee Prato.*" Prato was a neighboring village, which, like a neighbor, and like a village, would be glad to hear of disasters attending Florence. These disasters were (according to Villani, *Cronica*, viii. 70, and Napier, *Florentine History*, i. 394) the fall of the wooden bridge of Caraja with a crowd upon it, assembled to witness a representation of hell and the infernal torments, in May, 1304, resulting in the loss of many lives; the street battles between the Cerchi and Giugni, representing the warring parties, Bianchi and Neri, White and Black, in the same year, and, immediately succeeding these, and turning the tide of horror in favor of the Neri, the great fire. A certain dissolute priest, called Neri Abati, prior of San Piero Scheraggio, false to his family, and influenced by the chiefs of the Neri, applied the torch to the dwellings of his kinsmen in Saint Michael's Square. The flames, encouraged by the Blacks, spread rapidly over the central portion of the city. Stores, warehouses, towers, dwellings, palaces, from the Old to the New Market, from the Commons to Saint Mary's Gate and the Old Bridge, all was one broad sheet of flame: more than nineteen hundred houses were consumed; plunder and devastation revelled unchecked, and opulent families were reduced to beggary. These events, however, seem to be but a specimen of the devastations by fire and sword resulting from the criminations and recriminations, attacks and counter-attacks, battles and sieges, of these barbarous parties. The notes to the preceding Cantos treat further of their unhappy history and its causes.

27. "*From us removed.*" That is, when the days are longest, about the time of the 21st of June.

36. "*Elijah.*" 2 Kings ii.

54. "*Eteocles.*" Eteocles and Polynices, sons of Œdipus and Jocasta, were actuated with such enmity towards each other that, after death, when their bodies were in process of cremation on the same funeral pile, the flames swayed apart, and their several ashes refused to mingle. Statius, *Thebaid*, xii. 430.

This unhappy Eteocles should not be confounded with another Eteocles, son of Andraus and Evippe. This latter Eteocles was the appreciative student of the æsthetic, who instituted the worship of the Graces, Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia. To him, in Greek archæology is assigned the honor of having been the first person who offered sacrifices upon the altars of the Gods to those impersonations of all that is best, in a worldly, as well as in a spiritual sense. (Pausanias, ix. 34, sec. 5; 35, sec. 1; Theocritus, xvi. 104; Müller's *Orchomenos*, p. 128.)

59. "*That schemed ambush of the horse.*"

"And thus warned,

They make, in place of the Palladium stolen,  
This effigy great, in expiation meant  
For their foul wrong and treason to her shrine.

But if by you it should be brought safe in,  
Asia on Greece would wage fierce war, and so  
Dominion exercise o'er our sons' sons,  
Through such deceit and fraud and perjury's arts  
Sinon prevails. His story is believed.  
And we, whom ten years' war could not subdue,  
Nor all their thousand ships with veterans filled,  
Nor that Achilles in Larissa born,  
Nor valiant Diomed great of Tydeus' house,  
Were by false tears and lying tricks o'erthrown."

*Second Æneid, 183.*

62, 63. "*Deidamia . . . Achilles.*" Achilles (properly Achilleus, son of Pelæus, grandson of Æacus, and thus third in descent from Zeus) was, through the artifice of his mother, to keep him from warlike pursuits, disguised in woman's attire, and placed at the court of King Lycomedes in Scyros,

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where he was content to stay, beloved as he was by Deidamia, daughter of the king. Ulysses found himself embarrassed with a double commission : to find the concealed hero, which the oracle had predicted would (but at the expense of his life) alone be able to overthrow Troy ; and to persuade him to take the field. Ulysses himself assumed a disguise, that of a peddler, and while the ladies of the court were selecting bits of finery or things possessing domestic value or interest, the pretended peddler displayed a tempting sword and shield, upon which the eyes of Achilles flashed, and which, forgetting his rôle of maiden, he seized with enthusiasm. Ulysses availed himself of the favorable moment, threw aside his disguise, and announced the prediction of the oracle, but deceitfully suppressed that portion of it fatal to the life of his recruit.

81. "*Or I to justice held, or somewhat swerved.*"

"S' io meritai di voi mentre ch' io vissi,  
S' io meritai di voi, assai o poco."

One of the critics of the *Commedia*, himself a poet, remarks here that "even Virgil, a Latian, has to plead with Ulysses the merit of having praised him in the *Æneid*;" and intimates that this mention of this praise was necessary to secure, for an "outside barbarian," an interview with Ulysses' ghost. But there seems to be no doubt that in this the critic is mistaken : Virgil does *not* praise Ulysses in the *Æneid*. He mentions him there more than a dozen times, but always with harsh disparagement, as of the foe and destroyer of Troy. Nor does he here claim to have praised him. With the adroit Ulysses, *Virgil* is adroit. He says he has dealt with him justly or unjustly, and the vanity of the ghost is caught by the equivocal phrase. Besides, the phrase is not addressed to Ulysses, but to him *and* Diomedé jointly. Of Diomedé Virgil speaks in the *Æneid* three times, but never with praise : once with repugnance, as of the aider of Ulysses in the theft of the Palladium ; a second time with mere casual mention ; and a third time with commiseration, as one would of a man broken by public and domestic troubles. His horses he mentions once, and then he praises.

## Notes.

## 92. "Gaieta."

"Unto our shores, eternal Fame, thou, too,  
 Æneas' nurse, Caieta, through thy death,  
 Hast given, and guards thy memory now the place.  
 Thy bones its name have glorious made, if aught  
 There be of glory in that one in land  
 Of great Hesperia hath renown."

*Seventh Æneid, init.*

109. "Hercules." This Hercules was not the Greek hero, but the Tyrian deity, whom the Greeks called Melicertes or Palæmon, and whom the Latins called Melicerta or Portunus, and whose worship the Phœnicians introduced into all their settlements.

"But if on her fourth rising (and this sign  
 Most certain is) clear, nor with blunted horns,  
 She cleaves the sky, then all that day, and those  
 That out of it are born, for all that month,  
 Will rain and wind escape, and sailors saved  
 Will on the shore pay vows to Glaucus made  
 And Panope and Melicerta, son  
 Of that good Ino who a Goddess rose  
 From out the depths wherein she saved her child."

*First Georgic, 432.*

"But then comes forth his various court.  
 Huge whales are seen; and Glaucus' chorus old;  
 Palæmon, Ino's son; the Tritons swift:  
 And Phorcus' army all."

*Fifth Æneid, 823.*

"He said, and 'neath the floods,  
 Sheer down into their crystal depths, heard him  
 The Nereids' choir, the troop by Phorcus ruled,  
 And Panopea, beauteous maid; and on  
 Father Portunus, with his mighty hand,  
 Him pushed in his career."

*Fifth Æneid, 238.*

Tasso, in the *Jerusalem*, Canto xv. stanza 25, describes the wrong Hercules.

## 121. "This brief speech."

"Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

## Notes.

Push off, and sitting well in order, smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides: and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

TENNYSON.

139. "Three times."

"Three times the ship is twisted, round and round,  
 And then the nimble whirlpool swallows her."

*First Æneid, 116.*

This story of the final voyage of Ulysses seems to be the invention of Dante. Classical annals show that the story exists in no other pages than those of the *Commedia*.

## CANTO TWENTY-SEVENTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Still in the eighth Pit, eighth Circle, the Poets encounter Guido, Count of Montefeltro, whose crime was ill-counsel given to Pope Boniface the Eighth. Guido relates his own history, and the successful struggle of a demon with Saint Francis for his soul.

**PERSONS SPEAKING:** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Guido of Montefeltro.

**PERSONS APPEARING:** For a moment, to receive dismissal from Virgil, the shades of Ulysses and Diomedes; afterwards the shades of other false counsellors, swathed, also, in wreaths of fire.

ERECT and quiet, rested now the flame,  
As ceased the voice, and went its way when meet  
Dismissal gave it thence the Poet sweet ;  
When now another, close behind it, came,  
And t'wards its summit made us turn our eyes  
The sounds confused that therefrom took their  
rise.

As first Sicilia's bull the frenzied tones  
Of him who made it (fate deserved of guile)  
Who had it modulated with his file,

Sent bellowing forth from out its throat of bronze, 10  
 And while it could no pang or woe sustain,  
 Seemed as if stricken through with keenest pain :  
 So, where commencing, finding thence no way,  
 No outlet, from the fire, changed these words grave  
 Into the language which the flame them gave ;  
 But after that a space came of delay,  
 Wherein that mouthpiece strange the words so  
 shook,  
 This form of speech the escaping accents took :

“O thou, t’wards whom my voice I send, whose state 19  
 And tongue seem Lombard ; such just now each  
 word  
 ‘ *Issa t’ en va, più non t’ aizzo,*’ heard  
 From thee ; although my coming hither ’s late  
 A little ; yet pause thou ; nor hence me spurn ;  
 It irks not me, and lo ! thou seest I burn.  
 If thou ’rt but now into this darksome world  
 Sent down from that sweet Latian land whence  
 springs  
 Upon me all the guilt which here me stings,

“Tell me if of the Romagnoles war’s flag is furled, 28  
 For theirs my rugged home was which the founts  
 That Tiber feed part from Urbino’s mounts.”  
 Eager I was to hear, and downward bent,  
 When touched my side my Master, saying, mild :  
 “Do thou now speak, of Latium he’s a child.”  
 And I, who had mine answer ready, lent  
 Swift wings unto my speech, and in this wise :  
 “O soul, couched there below in such disguise,

“War thy Romagna hath, war and its fears, 37  
 And always had within its tyrants’ hearts,  
 But now escapes of open war the darts.

Ravenna stands, still, as through lengthening years,  
 Polenta’s Eagle o’er it rule assumes,  
 And Cervia shields, beneath his covering plumes.  
 The state there, which through long probation hung,  
 Whose sanguinary heap of Frenchmen swelled,  
 Again beneath the Clutches Green is held.

“And there, Verrucchio’s Mastiffs old and young, 46  
 Whose ill deed ’gainst Montagna men decry,  
 Their ravening teeth, now, as of old time, ply.  
 Lamone’s and Santerno’s cities guides  
 Lioncel of the Argent Nest, whose change  
 Of faction runs its usual six-months’ range.  
 And that whose flank the Savio bathes abides  
 In freedom now, in tyranny plunged again,  
 Just as its homes stand, ’twixt the mount and  
 glen.

“Now tell us who thou art, let me implore; 55  
 Be not more hard than others are to thee,  
 So that on earth thy fame not wronged may be.”  
 Then gave the flame awhile its former roar,  
 And moved, now here, now there, its point acute,  
 And then these words gave forth, no longer mute:  
 “If my reply I thought were given to one  
 Who to the world would ever journey more,  
 This flame would cease to shake, would cease to  
 roar,



“ But since alive return from this depth none      64  
Hath ever made, if true be what I hear,  
I may respond, nor stand in infamy's fear.  
A man of arms I was, and at the call  
Of piety pure, St. Francis' cord assumed,  
And in fruition sure my hopes had bloomed,  
But for the Great Priest whom may ill befall,  
Who me unto my first faults did remit ;  
Hear how and why, I wish to tell ye it.

“ Whilst bones and pulp that form was which I  
drew      73  
From her who bore me, not was I inclined  
To lions' deeds, the foxes' ruled my mind.  
Precautions all and covert ways I knew,  
And so well used their art, that went the sound  
Thereof reëchoed the whole earth around,  
When I myself to that age come perceived  
Wherein each one his sails should lower, and bring  
To deck the ropes that from his vessel swing.

“ That which had pleased me, now me only  
grieved,      82  
Repentance and confession I sought out ;  
And these would have my safety brought about.  
But he, of the new Pharisees, sure, the Prince,  
War waging near the Lateran's holy site,  
Nor Jews nor Saracens meeting in the fight,  
For foes had Christians all, and none had dints  
In Acre's siege upon their honor brought,  
Nor, traders 'neath the Soldan, sold and bought.

"His Office Highest, his Holy Orders pure, ' 91  
 He disregarded, as he did my cord,  
 That which of old its wearer's fatness lowered ;  
 But as called Constantine, who sought a cure  
 For leprosy, Sylvester from the Mount  
 Soracte, as of miracles deemed the fount,  
 So me this man to cure his fever's pride  
 Sought as a master ; begged me him to teach.  
 Silence I kept, for drunken seemed his speech.

"And then he said : ' Lay every doubt aside : 100  
 E'en now I thee absolve, so thou, profound,  
 Advise how Palestrina to the ground  
 May fall. I, as thou knowest, can Heaven's doors  
 close  
 And ope : for two the keys are we revere,  
 The which my predecessor held not dear.'  
 Before me then the weighty arguments rose,  
 And silence now by me not best was seen.  
 'Father,' I said, 'since thou me wastest clean

" ' From that offence for which myself I blame, 109  
 Large promise with observance small will greet  
 With triumph thee throned in thy lofty seat.'  
 When I was dead, Saint Francis for me came,  
 But a black cherub urged his purpose strong :  
 'Take thou him not ; see thou me do no wrong ;  
 He must among my menials take his place,  
 Because to give false counsel he did dare,  
 Since which I him have held fast by his hair.

---

 Saint Francis.
 

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“The impenitent gains not absolution’s grace ; 118  
 To yield and at the same time to resist  
 Is contradiction, and will not consist.’

O wretched me ! how did my spirit quail  
 When me he seized and said : ‘ Perhaps that me  
 As a logician thou didst not foresee.’

To Minos then he haled me, who his tail  
 Eight times around his horrid back entwined,  
 And then it bit with fearfully raging mind,

“And said: ‘The thieving fire on him hath  
 claim.’ 127

Therefore I where thou seest am sadly lost,  
 In garb, in heart, in flames, thus grieved, thus  
 tossed.”

When he his words had ended thus, the flame  
 Took its departure on its way forlorn,  
 Writhing and twisting still its sharpened horn.  
 I and my Guide now took that cliff, the same  
 That all the Pits o’erspan, and that arch made  
 Which crowns the ditch in which their fee is paid,

Who, sowing discord, reap a crop of shame. 136

#### NOTES TO THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CANTO.

3. “*The Poet sweet.*” Virgil took leave of Ulysses and  
 Diomedes in the dialect of Lombardy,

“*Issa t’ en va, più non t’ aizzo,*”

as will appear from line 20 of the present Canto.

It is observable that Dante makes these Greek ghosts  
 stand before Virgil as before a superior presence, until he gives

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them permission to withdraw. And Virgil, on his part, does not dignify them with a dismissal in the Greek, or Latin, or Italian (the Tuscan dialect thereof), but in his own familiar native dialect. He has heard their story; he never entertained respect for them personally; he dismisses them without ceremony. "*Aizzo*" is from a verb meaning to make dogs fight or snarl; and the whole phrase is: "Now thou may'st go, I make thee snarl no longer." The dismissal, by-the-bye, entirely ignores Diomede.

4. "*When now another.*" The shade of Guido, Count of Montefeltro, a famed leader of the Ghibellines. His jurisdiction, of which the city of Montefeltro, his "rugged home," was the seat, lay between the mountains of Urbino and "the founts that Tiber feed," that is, the sources of the Tiber in the Apennines.

6. "*Sicilia's Bull.*" Perillus, an Athenian artist in bronze, presented to Phalaris, a Sicilian tyrant, a bronze bull, in which to roast his victims; the idea being that the sound of the imprisoned sufferer's agonies should resemble the roaring of a bull, and thus the less excite the pity of the hearers. The invention, thus, had in it one element of mercy, and the tyrant, probably on that account, insisted on the artist proving his own invention. Perillus was the first sufferer: the engineer was hoist by his own petard, the artist roasted in his own bull. Naturally, this tyrant's atrocities brought upon him the public hatred, and he was stoned to death by the people.

41. "*Polenta's Eagle.*" Guido Novello da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, whose jurisdiction also included Cervia. His escutcheon was adorned with an eagle, half white, in a field of azure, and half red, in a field of gold. He ruled peacefully and prosperously, was a poet himself, and was the best friend of Dante's exile. He was nephew of Francesca whose tragic story is told in the Fifth Canto. With him Dante was residing at the time of his death.

45. "*Clutches green.*" A lion vert, the shield of the Ordeffaffi family, rulers of Forlì. In 1282 the Count of Monte-

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feltro, Dante's present interlocutor, was besieged there by the French. He made great slaughter of their army by means of a stratagem.

46. "*Verrucchio's Mastiffs, old and young.*" Malatesta Vecchio (Old Badhead?) and his son, Malatestino del Occhio (the One-Eyed, the Cyclops), Lords of Rimini, leaders of the Ghibellines, and called "Mastiffs" because of their ferocious tyranny. Verrucchio was their castle. They murdered Montagna another Ghibelline leader. The son was brother of Giovanni and Paolo, whose troubles receive mention in the Fifth Canto, and will be again alluded to in the Twenty-eighth Canto.

50. "*Lioncel of the Argent Nest.*" Machinarado Pagano, aptly termed "The Devil," ruler of Faenza, a city near the river Lamone, and of Imola, another city near the river Santerno. His arms were a blue lion on a silver field.

52. "*The Savio bathes.*" The city of Cesena.

70. "*The Great Priest.*" "*Il Gran Prete.*" Pope Boniface the Eighth.

79. "*Age.*" This simile of the sailor taking in sail is adopted by Dante from Cicero. Dante, in his *Convito* (iv. 28), adds to it another, that of the ripe apple loosened from the branch. A truly admirable article on the subject of Old Age, under the title "De Senectute," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1884. The present annotator is glad here to record the name of the author of it, Mr. F. Sheldon, who, in this article, has shown himself the owner of large resources both of learning and of humor. He closes with the cheery simile worthy to be placed with those of Cicero and Dante: "There are days in the Indian summer as fair as any in the spring."

85, 86, 88. "*Pharisees . . . war . . . Christians.*" This Canto furnishes further manifestations of the angry spirit to which Dante surrendered himself against Boniface. He here enlarges upon the war made by this unhappy pontiff upon Catholics, members of his own flock, and the sly and covert means, abounding in hypocrisy, whereby, as the historians of

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the time assert, Boniface advanced to his unworthy ends. It was a fearful characteristic of those unhappy times that the Head of the Church could command armies, destroy cities, pursue and outlaw princes, and all in contempt of his own teachings and in contempt of every principle of piety and honor. The historians I refer to are the orthodox Villani (viii. 23) and the respectable Benvenuto da Imola (*om. ad loc.*). In the notes to the preceding Cantos certain generalizations and reflections on this theme may have caught the eye of my reader.

The crime, absolution beforehand as an incentive to the commission of sin, wherewith, in this connection, Dante charges Pope Boniface, is, without doubt, the invention of a heated imagination, an imagination inflamed by personal hatred and warped by partisan animosity. No mention of the sacrilegious act is found in the pages of any other writer. It is the conjecture of the eminent Italian annalist, Muratori, that Dante ventured on so extraordinary an invention to startle and shock the public mind, with a view to its possible *political* effect. This conjecture seems the more reasonable when we consider that, in the Ages of Faith, when religion and its institutions seemed secure against any assaults, a writer of approved piety might venture on so daring a personal attack without the fear of criticism as an opponent of the divine institution of the Church.

89. "Acre." Acre, or Saint Jean d'Acre, a fortified seaport of Syria, the scene of one of the most daring feats of Richard Cœur de Lion, and commanded, after 1191, by the Knights of Saint John, was the last stronghold of the Christians after all the wars of the Crusades so wasteful of blood and treasure. History accuses the Christians of conniving, in 1291, just a hundred years after its occupancy by the Knights, in its surrender to the infidel powers.

94, 95, 96. "Constantine . . . Sylvester . . . Soracte." The *Legenda Aurea* (Golden Legends) have the story alluded to by Dante. Constantine, it would seem, was attacked with a leprosy. The priests of the old dispensation, with their dis-

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regard of human life, especially when political ends are to be attained, prescribed a hideous remedy: a bath made of the blood of three thousand children. The Emperor's determination to try this interesting prescription was broken down by the terrible scene of three thousand mothers in tears meeting him on the highway. In a vision Saints Peter and Paul appeared to him, and thanking him, in the name of Christ, for his humane determination, urged him to find the hiding-place of Sylvester, and as a cure for his malady receive from him Christian baptism. The Emperor complied. The Saint administered the Christian rite, and the Emperor was thus cleansed of his leprosy.

99. "*Drunken.*" His proposal was so extraordinary that he supposed him to be in drink.

105. "*My predecessor.*" Celestine the Fifth. See notes to the Third Canto.

113. "*Black cherub.*" The special gift assigned to the Cherubim in Paradise is that of *knowledge*.

## CANTO TWENTY-EIGHTH.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets climb into another Pit, the ninth, the abode of the schismatics and scandal-mongers, going their rounds hacked and hacked, again and again, by a demon with a sharp sword, and the subjects of his fearful mutilations. There Dante converses with Mahomet, Piero of Medicina, Mosca, and Bertrand de Born, Bertrand carrying his head in his hand as one would carry a lantern.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The shade of Virgil. Mahomet. Piero. Bertrand.

PERSONS APPEARING : Curio, Geri de Bello, and other schismatics, and scandal-mongers, variously gashed and mangled.

WHO, e'en in words by no restriction bound,  
And if he often on the theme should dwell,  
The blood, the wounds that now I saw could tell?  
Would fail, indeed, each tongue, because are found  
Of speech the limits placed, and histories teach  
How short is fancy's unassisted reach.  
If were together all the armies brought  
Which in Apulia's fateful land their blood  
Lamented poured, a swelling, crimson flood,



---

As in Italian Wars.

---

From Roman swords, and in that long war fought 10  
By knights whose rings so many were, as writes  
Livy, who always what is true indites,  
With those who, Robert Guiscard's foemen, felt  
His nervous arm, and those besides whose bones  
Still rest beneath memorial burying-stones  
At Ceperano, there where seemed to melt  
Apulian courage quite, and there where rout  
At Tagliacozzo old Alardo stout

Gave weaponless ; and one rained darts had felt ; 19  
Another thirsty swords had fed ; nought all  
Would like that ninth grim Valley's scene appall.  
Not yawns so wide a cask staved side or end  
As one I saw, ripped downward from the chin  
To where the escaping wind doth make a din.  
His legs betwixt hung with a sickening bend  
His entrails, plainly showed his heart, and thrilled  
The sight the sack with food and excrement filled.

While all intent I stood this sight to see, 28  
His breast he tore apart as me he viewed :  
" See now how I myself disserve rude,"  
He said, " How is Mahomet mangled ! Me  
Before goes Ali, all in tears, his face  
Cleft from his chin up to the forelock's place ;  
And all the others whom thou seest here  
Scandal and schism in their lifetime spread,  
And therefore this their place is 'mongst the  
dead.

" Behind here is a Demon whom we fear ;                    37  
     He, with his sword's keen edge incisive splits  
     The dwellers in this bloodiest far of Pits,  
 When we have made complete our mournful march ;  
     For ere once more before him any goes,  
     The body 's whole again, the gashes close.  
 But who art thou that musest on the arch ?  
     Perhaps thus much thy punishment to delay  
     Which thou the offended law must duly pay."

" Not yet hath death him visited," thus said                    46  
     To him my Master, " torments none him wait ;  
     But, that experience full of this thy state  
 He may through me acquire, I, who am dead,  
     Appointed am deep Hell to lead him through  
     From round to round ; as that I speak, 't is  
     true."

More than a hundred, soon as they him heard,  
     Stopped in the foss, on me to turn their gaze,  
     Their torment all forgetting in amaze.

" Well, then, to Fra Dolcino take this word,                    55  
     Thou who perhaps ere long the Sun shalt see,  
     If he would hither keep from following me,  
 To so himself with ample food provide  
     That stress of snow may triumph none assign  
     Novara's troops, else doomed to fate condign."

This said Mahomet to me, as in stride  
     One foot he held to join the ghastly round ;  
     Then, to depart, he stretched it on the ground.

---

Pier da Medicina.

---

And one who had his throat pierced through, and  
nose 64

Up to the eyebrows shorn away, and lacked  
An ear that had been from his temples hacked,  
Standing to gaze in wonder in the rows,  
Opened before the rest his windpipe wide,  
(His breast of hue that with vermilion vied)  
And said: "O thou whom guilt doth not condemn,  
And whom e'er now I've seen on Latian coasts,  
Unless deceives me the resemblance close ;

"Pier da Medicina, on that plain 73  
Recall, if thou to it return, whose flow  
Vercelli gently leads to Marcabò ;  
And unto Fano's worthiest pair make known,  
Ser Guido's self and Angiolello too,  
That unless here our foresight be not true,  
They from their ship shall overboard be thrown,  
And drowned near the Cattolica, betrayed  
Through treacherous plans by a fell tyrant laid.

"'Twixt Cyprus and Majorca's isles ne'er saw 82  
Neptune so great a crime, not even when  
Pirates the actors were or Argive men.  
That one-eyed traitor, who, despising law,  
That land possesses which one here with me  
Would wish that chance had never let him see,  
Had sent for them to hold a parley fair,  
Then acted so, that never prayer or vow  
Shall they for winds need from Focara's brow."

And I to him : " Show to me and declare 91  
 So up thou wouldst send tidings of thee true,  
 Who is the one who so that sight would rue ? "  
 Then t'wards the jaw of one his hand went out,  
 Whose mouth he opened ; " this is he," he cried,  
 " And power of speech is here to him denied.  
 This outcast drowned in Cæsar's mind the doubt,  
 Affirming that to men prepared delay  
 Is hurtful always of a prosperous day."

Oh, how cast down, with spirits all in rout, 100  
 And in his gorge his tongue slit, Curio stood,  
 Who in his speech had shown such hardihood !  
 And one stood there who both hands was without,  
 Who in that gloom the stumps so raised that gore  
 Therefrom his wretched visage grimly bore.  
 " The Mosca, too, thou 'lt recollect, ah me !  
 Who said, ' A thing done hath an end ! ' A seed  
 Of evil to the Tuscan people 't was decreed."

" And " (here I added) " to thy kin, and thee." 109  
 Wherefore, pain piling upon pain, with wrath  
 Of mind, he sadly sought the well-thronged path.  
 But I to view the throng remained, and there  
 A thing observed which I should be afraid  
 Even to name without more proof to aid,  
 But that my conscience makes me free from care,  
 Conscience that good companion, 'neath whose  
 shield,  
 High-hearted goes the warrior to the field.

Beyond all doubt I saw, and still to see 118  
 I seem, a trunk without a head, the throng  
 Unhappy move with, as it moved along,  
 And by the hair its severed head hold free,  
 A head that like a carried lantern swung,  
 A lantern that proclaimed it had a tongue  
 And eyes, and looked at us, and said : " O me !"  
 As twin to itself a lamp itself it bore,  
 Two thus made one, one two. He whom adore

Mankind, knows this, and only knows it He. 127  
 Now just beneath our bridge, its arm raised high,  
 These words came from its mouth, to us brought  
 nigh :

" The penalty fixed severe see thou, alive,  
 Here in the gloomy regions of the dead ;  
 See if this may not all surpass in dread.  
 And that, above, truth may of me arrive,  
 Bertrand de Born I am ; with counsels ill  
 I did the Young King's mind unripened fill.

" Father and son I mutual rebels made ; 136  
 Not more Ahitophel's self of wrong contrived  
 When Absalom's aid from David's side he rived.  
 Because as foes friends sworn I thus arrayed,  
 My brain, ah me ! I carry cut apart  
 From its dependence on its limbs and heart.  
 Thus retribution's law by me 's obeyed."

## NOTES TO THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CANTO.

1. "*Words by no restriction bound.*" "*Parole schiolte,*" free words, words uncontrolled by the rules of rhythm.

8, 10, 11. "*Apulia's fateful land . . . blood from Roman swords . . . rings so many.*" By the modern commentators Dante is generally supposed here to allude to Rome's campaign under Decius against Apulia, and to Hannibal's battle at Cannæ during the Second Punic War. The old editions, instead of "Romani," read "Trojani," in reference to the people slain by the army of Æneas "in that part of Apulia called Laurentia." Pietro di Dante supports the reading of "Trojani;" and, although a geographical difficulty suggests itself, Apulia being remote from the scene of the campaign of Æneas against Turnus, yet Æneas may have had, in the process of subjugating the country, a campaign even against the Apulians. Using either word "Trojan" or "Roman" (and I use "Roman" because it includes "Trojan"), Dante may here well have had in view the battle-scenes of the Tenth Book of the Æneid, wherein Virgil depicts Æneas as the type of Roman valor, spreading, especially after the death of Pallas, terror and desolation among his foes.

" And now unto Æneas flew, not fame  
Of a calamity so great, but that  
Which is more sure, a courier, sent to tell  
How that the war upon death's perilous edge  
Hung tremulous there, and that had come the time  
His flanked and falling Teucrians to relieve.  
So all that nearest to him is he reaps  
A bloody harvest for his anxious sword,  
And a wide swath with burning steel his arm  
Drives through the embattled ranks, thee, Turnus proud,  
Seeking through slaughters new. And in his eyes  
The whole scene comes again. Evander comes,  
And Pallas' noble face, and he himself  
Welcomed he sees to their first feast of love,  
And right hands given in friendship's mutual pledge.  
Four sons of Ulmo then he takes alive,

## Notes.

And four whom Ufens reared, all whom he 'll slay,  
 Oblations offered to the loved one's shade,  
 And that, in captive blood the flames that rise  
 From out his funeral pyre may sink appeased.

Thus flamed

Æneas over all the field, his path  
 The gory path the victor treads, when once  
 In blood his falchion's edge was steeped.

Thus death the fields throughout the Dardan chief  
 Spreads wide, with all the fury dire that waves  
 In torrents have or winds in storms."

*Tenth Æneid, 510, 568, 602.*

The story of the rings gathered by Hannibal after the victory at Cannæ is familiar to every reader. Hannibal, as Horace so tersely and forcefully tells, in his *Praises of Drusus*, lived to find that Rome, like the live-oak lopped by the axe, could, through losses, through slaughters, from the sword itself, draw strength and courage.

14. "*Guiscard.*" Robert Guiscard, 1015-1085, was of Normandy. The "foemen" who "felt his nervous arm" were numerous. As the result of his successes in Southern Italy, he founded the kingdom of Naples. For his wars against the infidel, Dante will give him a place in Paradise, as an ornament of the planet Mars. His name, Guiscard, signifies prudent, adroit, cunning. Through his adroitness, and by a device which the wooden horse of Troy may have suggested, he made prize of the impregnable position of Monte Cassino, an eagle's nest in the clouds. He feigned death, and, by a funeral cortège of real heroes but pretended mourners, he was borne up and up and up to that imperial height. There the monks and *their* military escort were not slow in finding that they were in possession of a "pretty lively corpse," and that the subject for prayers and dissection was in possession of their lands and tenements, goods and chattels, real and personal, equitable and legal, religious and secular.

16. "*Ceperano.*" The victory of Charles of Anjou over

## Notes.

Manfred King of Apulia and Sicily, at Ceperano, near Monte Cassino, in 1265. The Apulians, on that occasion, deserted their king, and went over to the enemy.

“ There is Ceperano, where a renegade  
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,  
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,  
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.”

LONGFELLOW.

17. “ *Alardo.*” Count Alardo (Ehrhard) di Valleri was a crusader, valiant and wary, by whose advice Charles of Anjou, at the battle of Tagliacozzo, in 1268, held *in reserve* a third of his force, which, in the decisive moment, he launched, with fatal effect, upon Conradin.

23, 31. “ *One I saw . . . Mahomet.*” Gibbon (ch. 1. of the *Decline and Fall*) hesitates whether to assign enthusiasm or imposture as the basis of the success of the founder of Islamism, whose character appears in the various lights cast upon it by the cave of a recluse, the tribune of a preacher, and the throne of a conqueror.

32. “ *Ali.*” The son-in-law and disciple of Mahomet; his Aaron, his Achates; a poet, a soldier, and, according to the testimony of Gibbon, “ a saint.”

53. “ *Dolcino.*” A friar, originally of the order of the Humiliati, who, in 1305, while Dante was busied with the *Inferno*, by force of his talent, learning, and eloquence, collected in Lombardy three thousand people, men and women, who held to community of property and wives, and subsisted, in the mountains, by depredation and rapine. Their privations were great, and thinned their ranks, and, at the end of two years, in 1307, he and his companion, the beautiful Margaret of Trent, were pursued, and made prisoners, and, as those bitter times allowed, were burned. These data are from the statements of Villani and Muratori. Later writers claim Dolcino as a reformer, and deny the injurious averments against him as to doctrine, but, as it seems, they do not clear his private character. For this worthy friar, if we read his record aright, was, first, expelled from his own order; then became domes-





## Notes.

85. "One-Eyed." Malatestino.

86. "That land." Rimini.

89. "Focara." A mountain near Cattolica, from which a wind blows, peculiarly dangerous to navigation: "God keep ye from the wind of Focara!" was, and probably is, an ejaculation familiar to the mariners of that coast.

95. "This is he." Curio, the Tribune, who, banished from Rome, fled to the camp of Cæsar, and urged him to cross the Rubicon, the boundary of his province, and advance upon Rome:

"Tolle moras: semper nocuit differe paratia."

*Pharsal.* i. 281.

To attempt a translation:

Strike down delays; advance; nor here be snared;  
Delays injurious are, when all's prepared!

103. "And one." A fellow, possibly of high family, but certainly of low nature, Buondelmonte, was, in 1215, engaged to marry a lady of the Amadei family. Flattered by the cozening approach of a match-making old lady of the Donatis, he cancelled his engagement and promised his wonderful alliance to this busy mother's daughter. Naturally, the Amadeis and their friends were filled with resentment. At their conference one Mosca of the Ubertis advised assassination, saying "capo ha cosa fatta," "a thing done hath an end."

"This murder," says Villani, "was the cause and beginning of the accursed Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence." Villani is mistaken. Those parties represent the opposing sides in the interminable quarrel between Church and State. The Buondelmonte incident only gave, on this occasion, an excuse for the excesses of saints and patriots antagonized on this irritating theme.

119. "A trunk without a head." Bertrand de Born, viscount, poet, politician, now happily relegated to the learned past, was in his day, a person of no mean mark. His evil influence arrayed Prince John, the *Re Giovanni* (the Johnny King), in rebellion against his father King Henry the Second of England.

## Notes.

Cary quotes, in reference to Bertrand and his writings, Dante's work on Eloquence, and Millot's *History of the Troubadours*. Longfellow quotes, in addition, Raynouard's *Troubadours* and Fauriel's *History of Provençal Poetry*, and, in relation to King Henry and the Prince, Barlow's *Study of the Divine Comedy*, Guingéné's *Literary History of Italy*, Barbazan's *Bible Guiot*, the *Hundred Antique Novels*, Roger de Wendrow's *Flowers of History*, the works of Bertrand himself, and, finally, the dramas of Shakespeare (Bacon, *quare*).

Dante condemns Bertrand to a deserved ditch for his evil counsel to the Prince, and this circumstance, together with the above array of poets and historians, has made this sinner's literary fame as accurately estimable as the position of "a fly in amber, a more than royal tomb." Consult Bacon, *Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum*, Cent. i. Exper. 100.

! .  
.  
over!

## CANTO TWENTY-NINTH.

### ARGUMENT :

Dante, recognizing one of his own kin as a participant in this scene of horror, is so shocked that he is almost moved to tears, and is rallied by Virgil, and the Poets pass on to the tenth and last Pit of Evil-Pits, which steams with the insufferable stench of the loathsome spirits of forgers and falsifiers, counterfeiters and liars, piled in foul and leprous heaps. Of these they first meet the alchemists.

PERSONS SPEAKING : Dante. The Shade of Virgil. Griffolino. Capocchio.

PERSONS APPEARING : Geri del Bello.

THE multitudes of people and the array  
Of wounds diverse had so mine eyes made leap  
Intoxicate now they longed to stay and weep.  
But Virgil to me said : " Why dost delay ?  
On what doth so thy sight gaze which controls  
Among those dismal mutilated souls ?  
At the other Pits this hath not been thy mien ;  
Their number seek'st thou vainly, for 't is found  
That two and twenty miles this Pit is round.

---

The Scene appalls Dante.

---

“Already ’neath our feet the Moon her sheen 10  
Sends forth ; short now ’s the time to us allowed,  
And greatly different scenes upon us crowd.”

“Had’st thou,” I answer to him made, “the cause  
Considered which me made to gaze, perhaps  
Thou might’st of time have given some further  
lapse.”

Meantime went on my Guide without more pause,  
And I behind him walked, as him I gave  
Response, and thereto added : “In yon cave,

“Wherein my gaze was for some moments caught, 19  
A spirit of my blood, as I believe  
Hard retribution’s pangs full sorely grieve.”

Then said the Master : “Henceforth let no thought  
Of thine distract itself on him. Regain  
Regard elsewhere, and let him there remain ;  
For him I saw, where joins the arch yon coast,  
To thee his finger raise in vehement threat ;  
Geri del Bello they him called who met ;

“Then was thy mind so utterly, son, engrossed 28  
With him who Hautefort’s Heights once held,  
that look

Him giving none, he his departure took.”  
“His violent death,” I said, “O Guide of mine,  
Not yet avenged by any whom by name  
And consanguinity share the stinging shame,  
Made him indignant ; thence, as I divine,  
Departed he, vouchsafing me no word ;  
This hath in me more pity for him stirred.”

Thus spake we, to the bottom of that arch 37  
 Which of the other Pit the objects quite  
 Reveals, if in its depths were more of light.  
 When us above the cloister last our march  
 Through Evil-Pits had brought, so that survey  
 We could therein its pious brethren-lay,  
 Me lamentations manifold here transfixed,  
 The barbed arrows calling for my tears,  
 Whereat I with mine hands closed up mine ears.

Such grief as would be if all ills were mixed 46  
 That Valdichiana's hospitals' wards can show,  
 And that Maremma and Sardinia know,  
 From hot July to slow September's glow,  
 Such was there here, and from them such stench  
 swayed  
 As wont is to arise from limbs decayed.  
 To the long cliff's last bank descending, so  
 As formerly, t'wards the left hand side, more  
 bright  
 The view thence was unto my wondering sight,

Down t'wards the depth wherein the Ministress  
 pure 55  
 Of the High Lord, infallible Justice, writes  
 Her falsifiers down, whom there she smites.  
 I think 't was not a greater sorrow, sure,  
 T' have seen the people in Ægina, all  
 Infirm before the air malignant fall,  
 When every creature, e'en the little worm,  
 Fell down (and then the antique race,  
 From what the Poets say in words of grace,

## Leprosy.

From seed of ants were born and filled man's  
term) 64

Than 't was to see beneath their righteous curse  
Those spirits languishing, piled in heaps diverse.  
This on the belly of another lay,  
This on one's shoulders writhed, while some  
crawled round  
Where, midst disorder such, space might be found.  
And step by step we kept upon our way,  
And speechless were, to look alone intent,  
And hear the sick with such unhappiness spent.

Two sitting leaned together I espied, 73  
As pan to pan inclined before the fire,  
And who with scabs were spotted as with mire.  
And never currycomb swift did I see plied  
By stable-boy for whom his master waits,  
Or who his call from sleep well-relished hates,  
As each of these upon himself plied thick  
The clawing of his nails, whence succor came  
The fury of the itching's rage to tame.

And so the nails the scurf drew down as quick 82  
Scales from the knife fly forth that scrapes a  
bream,  
Or fish upon whom scales still larger gleam.  
"O thou," began to one of these my Guide,  
"Who with thy fingers dost thyself dismail,  
Or pincers usest, nail opposed to nail ;  
Tell me if 'mongst the souls who here abide  
A Latian is : so may thee thy nails serve  
Eternally, nor from that work e'er swerve."

"Latians are we, whom here disfigured so 91  
 Thou seest, both of us," weeping said the one,  
 "But who art thou this querying hast begun?"  
 And said the Guide: "One am I, ye should know,  
 Who with this living man descend below  
 From rock to rock, and Hell mean him to show."  
 Then ceased the mutual propping of the two,  
 And each now t'wards me trembling turned, and  
 stirred  
 Still others that by echo heard that word.

And me the Master too his kind look threw, 100  
 And said: "What thou dost wish, them tell."  
 Began  
 My words as he desired, and thus they ran:  
 "So in the first world may your memory bide,  
 And in men's minds live on, while shall maintain  
 The Sun through ages long its jubilant reign:  
 To me your names and ancestries both confide,  
 Let not this punishment, irksome as 't may be  
 And foul, make ye these things refuse to me."

"I of Arezzo was," replied the one, 109  
 "And me Sienna's Albert ordered burned;  
 But what I died for me not hither turned.  
 'Tis true I said to him (in jest 't was done)  
 'I through the air myself in flight could raise,'  
 And he whose wit deserved but little praise  
 Fondly desired the art to learn, and when  
 I could not him a Dædalus make, then fire  
 Wrought his revenge through one supposed his  
 sire.



## Italian Instances.

- "But to the final Pit of all the ten, 118  
 For the alchemy I practised in the world,  
 Minos, who erreth not, decreed me hurled."  
 And I unto the Poet said: "Now say,  
 Were ever people as Sienna's vain?  
 Not e'en the French the trait could so maintain."  
 Whereat the other leper, where he lay,  
 To my words made response: "Except  
 The Stricca who his wealth so closely kept,
- "And Niccolo, who, at the earliest date 127  
 The costly usage of the clove brought in  
 Where naturally all such wisdom should begin;  
 And that wise Club, where all his forest great  
 And vineyards wide Asciano's Caccia spent,  
 And which his wit the Abbagliato lent!  
 But that thy mind acute may not escape  
 Who doth thee second 'gainst the Siennese,  
 Look hither, make my face out by degrees;
- "So shalt thou see in me the shadowy shape 136  
 Capocchio owned, who metals falsified  
 By arts alchemical; if rightly ey'd  
 By me thou art, thou knowest me Nature's ape."

## NOTES TO THE TWENTY-NINTH CANTO.

27, 36. "*Geri del Bello . . . more pity for him.*" *Geri del Bello*, that is, son of *Alighieri il Bello* (the Fair) who was Dante's granduncle. *Geri* was a quarrelsome person, and, in some affray, was killed by one of the family of the *Sachetti*. The killing was avenged *thirty years afterwards*, by a relative

## Notes.

of Geri taking the life of a Schetti at his own door—a frightful picture of frightful times.

Dante here gives it to be understood that he deplors this spirit of vengeance, and that he is sorry that his kinsman should be prompted by so unworthy a feeling. Such is the construction placed upon the passage by the *Ottimo Comento* and by Benvenuto.

As Dante says the killing has "not yet" been avenged, we must understand that the date of the vengeance was after the date in 1300 at which Dante and Virgil were in the Lower World.

Geri is placed among the schismatics in allusion probably to his uncongenial temper, possibly to his opposition to ecclesiastical doctrine or jurisdiction.

29. "*Him who Hautefort's Heights once held.*" Bertrand de Born.

42. "*Pious brethren-lay.*" The intimation seems to be that the Demons are the superiors of these degraded human souls.

47, 48. "*Valdichiana . . . Maremma . . . Sardinia.*" The Valdichiana is the valley of the river Chiana in Tuscany, now, by drainage, reclaimed. The Maremma (vicina al mare) has been described in the notes to the Thirteenth Canto. Sardinia would seem to have advanced in sanitation since the time of Dante. Through draining and cultivation, the character of the Maremma has also changed.

52. "*The long cliff.*" One of the series of cliffs which moved from the outer wall of hell towards the interior, as spokes of a wheel towards its hub, and furnished bridges affording means of crossing from pit to pit.

59. "*Ægina.*" Dante here alludes to the fable of the ants changed into myrmidons. Ovid, *Metamorph.* vii.

89. "*Latian.*" A person of the Latin race, an Italian.

109. "*Of Arezzo.*" Griffolino of Arezzo obtained much money from Albert, real or adopted son of the Bishop of Sienna, for pretending to teach him how to fly, and was burnt, finally, as a dealer in the Black Art.



## Notes.

122. "Were ever people as Sienna's vain?" Forsyth's *Italy*, p. 532, gives some amusing data in partial answer to Capocchio's question.

126, 127, 130, 131, 132. "Except the Stricca . . . and Niccolo . . . and that wise Club . . . Caccia . . . Abbagliato." These exceptions appear to have been phenomenally brilliant characters, and, while the institution lasted, members of the Spendthrift Club. "The Stricca" was, at full length, Baldastricca (literally *the bold-disentangler, the daring analyser*), a lawyer of Sienna, here by Dante immortalized. Niccolo dei Salimbeni, enjoying the same immortality, seems to have been the club's cook, who roasted the club's marvellous pheasants, with a fire fed with fragrant and costly cloves. The club was an organization of wealthy young men, who, by a course of reckless extravagance, brought themselves and the club to bankruptcy in the brief period of ten months. In honor of the short-lived wealthy corporation, a contemporary poet, Signor Folgore da San Germiniano, wrote *twelve* convivial sonnets, one for each month in the year.

Caccia (the word signifies *hunting*) was a member who put "real estate" into the club, and Abbagliato (*dazzled*, probably by his own jokes) priceless argosies of humor.

136. "Capocchio." A subtle alchemist, and, at one time, a fellow-student of Dante's in natural philosophy. Burned by the Siennese for practising alchemy, he can hardly be blamed for retorting upon them these sarcasms.

## CANTO THIRTIETH.

### ARGUMENT:

The counterfeiters and forgers come next. Here the informants of the Poets are Griffolino the alchemist and Adamo the counterfeiter. Adamo having offended Sinon by the mention of his name, a quarrel and fisticuffs ensue between them, to all of which Dante gives attention, and for doing so is reproved by Virgil.

**PERSONS SPEAKING:** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Griffolino. Adamo. Sinon.

**PERSONS APPEARING:** Schicchi. Myrrha. The wife of Potiphar. And other wretched shades.

WHAT time, incensed, for Semele fair, the race  
Of Thebes against, was Juno's mind, as once  
And more than once, indignant for affronts,  
She showed, grew Athamas so insane, in face  
Of wife and (one in each hand held) her sons,  
That cried he, as a forester when he runs:  
"Spread, spread the nets! The lioness now is  
sought!  
Her and her cubs let's at the next pass snare!"  
And then with talons wild to seize and tear

## Hecuba.

He the bright boy they 'd named Learchus caught, 10  
And whirled, and dashed upon a rock ; and she  
Plunged with the other in the ruthless sea.  
And when brought Fortune low the all-daring pride  
The Trojans showed, so that together fell  
King, kingdom, all, with history-filling knell,  
Sad Hecuba in distress, in bonds, beside  
Polyxena slain, saw on the sea-shore dead  
Her Polydore, she, from whom reason fled,

Barked like a dog, so grief her soul had wrung, 19  
So, from the miseries of the double woe  
Of son and daughter lost, had come the blow.  
But cruelty ne'er to Theban furies clung  
Nor Trojan (whether beasts were mad, or men),  
As I two shadows saw in that dark den,  
Which, pale and naked, in the manner ran  
That would a gnarling boar thrust from his sty  
By hunger forth, with rage in either eye.

The one upon Capocchio's neck began ; 28  
And with his tusks him dragged, as then I saw,  
So that the ground he made his belly claw.  
And to me now the Aretine trembling said :  
" Gianni Schicchi is that goblin sad,  
And mangling others, thus he wanders mad."  
" And," my response was, " I the *other* dread ;  
And so it may not plant its teeth on thee,  
Ere it be gone pray say who it may be ? "

*Myrrha.*

"The ancient spirit 't is of Myrrha vile," 37  
 He said, "she whom her father loved with love  
 That had no warrant from the powers above.  
 In alien form her art disguised her guile ;  
 E'en as the other, who now runs away,  
 She for her ends brought falsehood into play.  
 For he, that he the lady of the herd  
 Might gain, himself as Buoso Donati feigned,  
 That thus a false last will might be obtained."

And when the two, with brutal fury stirred, 46  
 On whom mine eye had rested, left the view,  
 I turned it t'wards the rest of that vile crew.  
 One saw I figured like a lute ; his shape  
 Would such an instrument then resemble much  
 If cut across his groin were at the crutch.  
 The heavy dropsy, which doth no escape  
 To ill-digested humors furnish grave,  
 Strange disproportion paunch and visage gave.

And held apart his lips as curl in thirst 55  
 The hectic patient's, when the lower turns  
 Towards the chin, the which the upper spurns.  
 "O ye ! who by no penalty are accursed  
 In this grim world (and why, I do not know),  
 Give eye and ear to Master Adam's woe ;  
 Alive, abundance such as wishes fills  
 Beyond sufficiency's mark was mine, but now  
 A drop of water fails my lips, my brow.

"The rivulets cool that from the verdant hills 64  
 Of Casentino seek green Arno's vales,  
 A bright sheen shedding as of fairy tales,  
 Stand constantly before me, nor in vain,  
 For dries me up their image more than steals  
 From my lean face the dire disease it feels.  
 The rigid Justice which me holds in pain  
 Occasion takes e'en from my place of sin  
 A quicker flight from my deep sighs to win.

"Romena's there, where I the alloy made base, 73  
 Sealed with the Baptist's image, for which earth  
 My body, burnt, holds in its place of birth.  
 But if I here could see the Demons chase  
 Guido's or Alexander's wretched souls,  
 Or that their brother had, no rill that rolls,  
 Not Branda's e'en, so much mine eyes would grace.  
 One 's in already, or the shades have lied ;  
 But what avails it me whose limbs are tied !

"Were I but now so light that I an inch 82  
 Within a hundred years could move, I'd go  
 Forthwith upon this journey glad but slow,  
 To seek him 'mongst these shades whom ills so  
 pinch,  
 Although the journey eleven miles round here  
 winds,  
 And half a mile at least its broadness finds.  
 Through them am I in such a dismal plight ;  
 'T was they who made me stamp the florins bad  
 That of the base alloy three carats had."

And I to him : " Who are they on thy right,      91  
     That lie so close, those smoking two, from whom  
     As from a hand in winter bathed comes fume ? "  
 " Them here I found when I to this drain rained,  
     And since that time they have not moved one  
     wink,  
     Nor will to all eternity, as I think.  
 One is the wife whom faithlessness so stained  
     In Joseph's case ; Greek Sinon false, from Troy,  
     The other is : fierce fever racks their joy.

And one of them, who took perhaps offence      100  
     At this base mode of mention, gave a blow  
     Upon the other's skin-tight paunch ; given so  
 It sounded like a drum, and Adam hence  
     Him in the face a blow gave with his arm,  
     That showed no less capacity his for harm ;  
 While thus he spoke : " Though me from motion  
     keep  
     My weighty limbs, an arm reserved (dost see ?)  
     I have for such a delicate business free."

Thereat he answered : " It did not so leap      109  
     When thou didst go the burning flames to feed,  
     But thou in coining felt of it the need ! "  
 And he the dropsical : " Here 's Truth's fair face !  
     Such face at Troy, when Priam would divine  
     Thy testimony given, was not, at that time,  
     thine ! "  
 " If I spoke false, thou didst the coin make base, "  
     Said Sinon, " I 'm for one crime here, and more  
     Than of aught other Demon is thy store ! "



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Dante enjoys a Quarrel.

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“Bethink thee of the horse, thou perjurer,” sung <sup>118</sup>  
 He of the paunch, “and be it still thy woe  
 That all the world thy perjury vile dost know!”  
 “Torture to thee be thirst that cracks thy tongue,”  
 Rejoined the Greek, “and that foul watery bag  
 Which like a hedge before thine eyes doth sag!”  
 The coiner then: “Thus opens wide thy jaw  
 As usual only forth to utter ill,  
 For if both thirst and moisture do me fill,

“Thou hast the burning, by the same fixed law, <sup>127</sup>  
 And painful head, and thee to make lap up  
 Narcissus’ mirror would need word nor cup!”  
 I all intent was standing them to hear,  
 When said the Master to me: “Now then look!  
 A little more, and I will not it brook!”  
 When I from him heard words of anger mere,  
 Turned I t’wards him with such a glow of shame,  
 That now thought brings it me as then it came.

And as one dreams of something him may harm, <sup>136</sup>  
 Still dreaming wishes ’t were a dream, and so  
 For that which stays longs as if it must go;  
 So I became, speech losing in alarm,  
 And striving some excuse to frame, and through  
 All this excused, but thinking ’t was not true.  
 “Less shame doth wash a greater fault away  
 Than thine hath been,” the Master said, “there-  
 fore  
 Be from thy mind removed all sorrow more,

Virgil indignant.

“And deem that I e'er at thy side do stay, 145  
 Should Fortune thee again bring where such  
 strife  
 Upon the offended senses rises rife;  
 For vulgar 't is to hear so low a fray.”

## NOTES TO THE THIRTIETH CANTO.

2. “*Thebes*.” As Juno was, through her jealousy of Electra, a foe to Troy, she was, through her jealousy of Semele, a foe to Thebes.

4, 10, 12. “*Athamas . . . Learchus . . . the other*.” Athamas was King of Thebes, and husband of Ino, daughter of Cadmus. Their children were two sons Learchus and Melicerta. The fate of Learchus is here told, and the story of Melicerta we have already touched upon, *ante*, Canto xxvi. 107. Ovid gives the whole unhappy story, *Metamorph.* iv.

16, 17, 18, 20. “*Hecuba . . . Polyxena . . . Polydore . . . double woe*.” Hecuba was the wife of Priam, King of Troy, and mother of Polyxena and Polydore. Virgil, in the Second and Third Books of the *Æneid*, tells the story of their woes :

“Rabid with gore

Pyrrhus Neoptolémus saw I there;  
 And, as they forward pressed, the Atrideans twain;  
 Saw Hecuba, and saw her daughters fair,  
 And Priam at the altars, where the fires  
 Which he himself had blessed his blood defiled.  
 And fell those bridal chambers, hope of heirs  
 So great, and with barbaric gold and spoils  
 Superb.”

*Second Æneid, 499.*

“Priam, the luckless King, had secretly  
 This Polydorus sent, with burden great  
 Of gold, unto the Thracian King, as ward,  
 That he might nourish him, and train him up.  
 The King beheld the Dardan arms decline;  
 Beheld the city girded with a siege:  
 The Teucric power destroyed, and Fortune gone;  
 And so, he followed Agamemnon's cause  
 And his victorious arms. All faith he broke,

## Notes.

Slew Polydorus, and possessed his wealth.  
To what wilt thou not mortal bosoms drive,  
Thou cursed thirst for gold!"

*Third Æneid, 50.*

"' Andromache, once Hector's wife,  
Of Pyrrhus now, is't true, thou art the bride?'  
Then cast she down her face, and with a voice  
Subdued she spoke: 'O happy far before  
All others she, the Priameian maid,  
Led out for death upon a foeman's tomb  
Beneath Troy's lofty walls! Not she the lot  
For captives cast obeyed, nor touched, a slave,  
A conquering master's couch, disgraced and sad.'"

*Third Æneid, 318.*

A description of the insanity of Hecuba, consequent upon the murder of Polydore and the sacrifice of Polyxena, is found in Ovid, *Metamorph.* xiii.

In the year 1867 the present annotator saw, in the porch of the lancers in Florence, the new marble group then just brilliantly finished by the sculptor Fédi, which professes to represent the bearing off of Polyxena by Ulysses. The group represents a violent capture, Polyxena distracted, and Hecuba furious; and Euripides is quoted on the pedestal. But this violent scene is contrary to Euripides. He declares that Ulysses was successful in a peaceful mission, and that, while the mother was excessively pained, the girl, under the persuasion of Ulysses, consented to go. She had been, and still was, deeply in love with Achilles, on whose tomb she was to be sacrificed, and her devotion to her dead lover doubtless helped her to acquiesce in the persuasive arguments of the wily diplomatist.

31. "*The Aretine.*" The alchemist of Arezzo, Griffolino, who discourses on the Siennese in the close of the preceding Canto.

32. "*Gianni Schicchi.*" Gianni (Johnny) was of the family of the Cavalcanti, a kinsman of Dante's friend Guido. Buoso, of the family of the Donati, an unscrupulous man ("like other noblemen *of his time,*" says Benvenuto), had increased his patrimony by thefts. Under the sting of conscience,

## Notes.

however, at the hour of death, he made bequests showing great liberality and munificence. Simon the son (the *Ottimo* says the nephew) of the testator, being dissatisfied with the will, engaged Gianni to get into Buoso's bed and personate him in another will more to his liking. Gianni was an excellent mimic, and bore considerable resemblance to Buoso. The occasion was one which tempted the pretended testator to remember himself; so, in the most solemn manner he dictated to the notary: "*And to Gianni Schicchi I bequeathe my mare.*" The animal was one of extraordinary beauty and value.

46. "*The two.*" Gianni and Myrrha.

61, 90. "*Master Adam . . . three carats.*" The person here named was a counterfeiter of Brescia, employed by the brothers Guido, Alessandro, and Aghinolfo, noblemen of Romena, to counterfeit the golden florin of Florence, a coin which bore on one side the figure of Saint John the Baptist (*Paradiso*, xviii. fin.) and on the other the impress of a lily.

The florin had its name from the flower, *flor, flore*.

The Florentine coinage is a measure of the progress of the republic in power and wealth. The earlier coins were of copper; bronze coins came next; the use of iron and tin in coinage came later. The first florin was of *silver*, a coin of great beauty, first introduced in the twelfth century. Its value would be nearly represented by a two-franc piece of the present day, about forty cents. But the purchasing power of money at that time was vastly greater than it is at present. The *gold* florin was introduced in the year 1252. Its value, measured by any modern standard, is somewhat matter of conjecture. If Cary's note gives reliable data, we should estimate it at something less than a dollar and sixty cents.

Absolute purity in gold coins is twenty-four carats fine. An alloy of "three carats" would, therefore, furnish to the alloyer a profit of one eighth on each coin. In the United States, standard fineness admits of one tenth alloy.

65. "*Casentino.*" Romena is a part of the *Province of Casentino*.

## Notes.

78. "Branda." Barlow, *Contributions to the Study of the Divine Comedy*, supposes Dante to allude to the famous Fonte Branda at Sienna. Forsyth, *Italy*, 116, and Ampère, *Voyage Dantesque*, 246, suppose allusion is intended to a comparatively obscure spring in Romena, of the same name, "Fonte Branda." The argument of these latter authorities is, apparently, a good one, that, in a local matter, the poet would refer to the local fountain.

98. "*Sinon false, from Troy.*" The citations from the Æneid in the notes to prior Cantos indicate the character of this successful, and therefore hated, spy, the deluder of the Trojans, and introducer of the fateful horse into their city. Virgil makes him a conspicuous character in other passages, among the rest these, in the Second Æneid:

"What I shall say to thee, O King, shall all  
Be true. That I am of the Grecian blood  
I'll not deny. This first. For if blind Fate  
Hath Sinon wretched made, it shall not him  
Vain and a liar render."

Line 78.

"I pray thee, then, O King, by the great Gods,  
Yea, they to whom the truth is manifest,  
By faith, immaculate faith, if such remains  
Yet on the earth."

Line 141.

"O ye eternal fires, ye Gods, whose will  
Is irresistible," he said, "be ye  
My witnesses."

Line 155.

"Then, when the lights  
Shone from the King's ship aft, he, by the Gods  
For frauds reserved, Sinon, loosened by stealth  
The imprisoned Danaans from their bonds of pine."

Line 257.

"Greeks in the blazing city master all.  
Pours forth the horse armed men within our midst.  
Victorious Sinon spreads the greedy flames."

Line 328.

148. "*For vulgar 'tis.*" "*Honor est homini qui separat se a contentionibus: omnes autem stulti miscetur contumeliis.*" *Prov. xx. 3.* Quoted in this place by Pietro di Dante.

## CANTO THIRTY-FIRST.

### ARGUMENT :

The Poets, still in the tenth Pit, proceed to the Plain of the Giants, a depressed level wherein the giants stand, so that they seem to be buried in the earth from the navel downward. The head, shoulders and breasts presented to the view Dante mistook, in the distance, for towers. These were the giants who, with the sole exception of Antæus, who was there, but without bonds, made war on heaven. Antæus, at Virgil's request, took up Virgil, and he clasping Dante, the Poets were by the giant placed in the ninth Circle.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Nimrod.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** Ephialtes, Antæus, Briareus, and other giants.

THE self-same tongue that had me wounded sore  
So that my cheeks with deep confusion blushed,  
Now medicine brought which all my trembling  
hushed.

Thus have I heard the lance Achilles bore,  
And that his father wielded, would annoy,  
And then its healing power turn grief to joy.  
Upon the wretched Pit our backs we turned,  
Up by the bank which round its confines reach,  
And made our way without exchanging speech.

## Orlando's Horn.

Here less than night it was, yet daylight spurned, 10  
So that my sight before me went small way,  
When I a lofty horn heard harshly play,  
So harshly that 't would thunder make seem weak ;  
And, the direction following of the sound,  
The place wherefrom its music came I found.  
After the direful rout when Charlemagne meek  
Had lost his holy enterprise, not the horn  
Orlando blew by such a storm was torn.

Short while had I raised thitherward my dazed  
head, 19  
When many a lofty tower I seemed to see,  
Whereat I : " Master, here what town have we ? "  
And he to me : " Because thine eye is sped  
So far across the gloom, it thence proceeds  
That thine imagination thee misleads.  
Thou shalt see well, when at a nearer stand,  
How much the sense at distance is deceived ;  
Therefore of sloth let thy feet be relieved."

Thus lovingly he took me by the hand, 28  
And said : " Ere further we proceed, that less  
Upon thee the reality's weight may press,  
That these things towers are not, but giants know,  
Who, in that central well, within its wall,  
Stand hidden from the navel downwards all."  
As when a mist from Nature's face doth go,  
Forms by degrees again the eye those shapes  
The air, with vapor crowded, hiding, drapes ;

So, piercing through that murky air and brown, 37  
 And nearing more and more the central well,  
 Weak error flies, strong fear asserts her spell.  
 For, as Montreggione's towers a crown  
 Above its rounding ramparts form, so here  
 With half their bodies o'er the margin drear,  
 The giants horrible, whom Jove's bolts yet,  
 Whene'er he thunders, threaten, that dark rim  
 With turrets furnished high and broad and grim.

The face of one mine eyes already met, 46  
 And of his trunk all that the rocks allowed,  
 And saw his arms and brawny shoulders proud.  
 When Nature, in her plans, the art resigned  
 Of making animals gross like these, 't was meant  
 Such aids of Mars to render obsolete ;  
 And, if to elephants huge she 's still inclined,  
 And whales, who subtly looks, will her discreet  
 And just discrimination gladly greet,

For where ill-will and muscular force more  
 strong 55  
 By intellectual power are made, in vain  
 Against them will the helpless people strain.  
 To me his face appeared as large and long  
 As is at Rome Saint Peter's pine-cone high ;  
 'T will serve to judge the other members by ;  
 So that the rocky rim which him concealed  
 Down from the middle, so much of him showed,  
 That, to reach up to where his coarse locks  
 flowed,



## Nimrod.

Three Frieslanders their idle boasts would yield ; 64  
 For of him thirty great palms met my face,  
 Down from where 's found one's mantle-buckle's  
 place.

“ *Raphel mai amech zabi almi !*”

Its clamorings sent the mouth ferocious forth,  
 Which suited not with psalms of greater worth.  
 And unto him my Guide : “ Soul senseless, thee  
 Thy horn suits best, with that be thou content  
 When wrath or other passion needs a vent !

At thy neck seek, and there the belt thou 'lt find 73  
 Which keeps it fastened, O bewildered soul,  
 And see it on thy breast its volume roll ! ”

“ Himself he doth accuse,” my Master kind  
 Me spoke : “ Nimrod is he, through whose ill  
 thought

So many tongues into the world were brought.  
 Here let us leave him, and not hold vain speech ;  
 For knows he not one single language lone,  
 And what he says to others is unknown.”

Now, journeying further to the left, a reach 82  
 We made, and far-off as a cross-bow shot,  
 A larger one we found of temper hot.

Who might the master be that could restrain  
 Or what power hold this monster, know I not.  
 Pinioned behind his right arm was, and caught  
 His other arm before was with a chain,  
 Which from his chin down, clasped him round  
 and round  
 Five times before the rocky rim was found.

## Ephialtes.

“This giant once gave vent to high contempts 91  
Of mightiest Jove,” my well-taught Guide explained,

“Thence hath he this deserved reward attained.  
Ephialtes he : he made the great attempts  
What time of giants were the Gods afraid :  
His arms moved then, but thenceforth have been  
stayed.”

And I to him : “If possible ’t is, I here  
Should wish that might experience have mine eyes  
Of Briaræus’ hundred hands and wondrous size.”

Whereat he answered : “Thou shalt see quite  
near 100

Antæus, who’s unchained, and speaks, and who  
Will place us where ’s seen guilt of deepest hue.  
He upon whom thou dost desire to look  
Is far beyond ; like this, a prisoner tied  
Save that a fiercer aspect crowns his pride.”

No mighty earthquake e’er a town so shook  
As forthwith Ephialtes himself stirred  
When from the Poet’s lips had fallen this word.

Then more than ever had I death in dread, 109  
And nothing but the fear would have it brought,  
E’en had not me his huge chains caution taught.  
Then further on our journey forth we sped,  
And reached Antæus, who was seen to stand  
Five ells, besides the head, upon the strand.

“O thou, who in the fateful valley fared  
That Scipio heir of endless glory made  
When Hannibal with his hosts withdrew dismayed,

## Antæus.

“Of old for prey a thousand lions snared, 118  
 And through whom hadst thou in the lofty war  
 Thy brethren aided, there would chances more  
 For their success have been 'gainst heaven's high  
 powers :

Let thou us down (no prompt, kind aid withhold)  
 There where locks up Cocytus deep the cold.  
 To Tityos hence, or where huge Typhon towers,  
 Bid us not go ; this man what here is sought  
 Can give ; therefore bend thee, be proud in  
 nought ;

“He can restore thy fame in living lands, 127  
 For lives he, and awaits for further years,  
 So Grace with his desires not interferes.”

Thus spake the Master. And forth then his hands  
 The giant held, wherefrom felt Hercules stress,  
 And took my Guide within his huge caress.  
 Virgil, when he their grasp felt, said to me :  
 “That I may thee embrace, now come thou here.”  
 Then he and I became one bundle mere.

Such as the Carisenda seems to be 136  
 Beneath the leaning side, when o'er it sails  
 A cloud which 'gainst the tower's huge outline  
 trails ;

Such seemed to me Antæus, as aghast  
 Almost, I watched to see him bend, when joy  
 I should have found some other road to employ.  
 But on the deep he placed us kindly fast,  
 The deep which Lucifer proud with Judas base  
 Doth swallow ; there he bent not long his face,

But raised himself as in a ship the mast.

145

NOTES TO THE THIRTY-FIRST CANTO.

3. "*Now medicine brought . . . the lance Achilles bore.*"

"Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat hoste  
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta fuit."

OVID, *Rem. Amor.* 47.

Chaucer, in his *Squier's Tale*, introduces a *sword* having this quality.

So Shakespeare, *Henry the Sixth*, Part II. 5, 1 :

"Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure."

Homer, in the Sixteenth Book of the *Iliad*, gives its origin :

"It was that Pelian ash which from the top  
Of Pelion hewn, that it might prove the death  
Of heroes, Chiron had to Pelæus given."

COWPER.

Hippocrates, "the Father of Medicine" (about 460 years B. C.), maintained that some medicines acted according to the rule of *similia*, and others according to that of *contraria*. This opinion, in connection with the suggestive saying as to the spear, indicates an early common origin of the respective schools of medicine, the allopathic and the homœopathic.

40. "*Montereggione.*" A castle on an eminence near Sienna. Its crown of towers lent, and lend, to it, as we learn from Ampère, a peculiarly picturesque effect.

59. "*Saint Peter's pine-cone.*" "Here," says Ampère, "Dante takes, as a mode of comparison, an object of definite size; the cone is eleven feet high; the giant, then, must be seventy. It performs, in the description, the office of those figures which are placed near monuments to render the measurement of their height easier to the eye." This massive bronze-casting is now in one of the gardens of the Vatican palace, "underneath," says Hare, *Walks in Rome*, p. 576, "the great semicircular niche of Bramante."

## Notes.

67. "*Raphel mai amech sabi almi.*" Dante, line 79, says these words are unintelligible, mere worthless jargon, the clamorings of a senseless soul whose high intellectuality on earth is rebuked by being thrown into helpless idiocy in Hell. Accordingly, and characteristically, the commentators have expended a considerable amount of perverse industry and ingenuity in the attempt to make them intelligible. Lombardi gives the conjecture of one, to the effect that they are a conglomerate of Arabic, Chaldean, and other words, and that their sense is such as this line in five languages (the Spanish, Latin, German, French, and Italian) would give :

"Pardiez! cur ego hier? va-t'-en, t'ascondi."

"By God! why am I here? begone thou, clear thyself!"

94. "*Ephialtes.*" Ephialtes and Otus were sons of Aloius.

"Then the earth

In birth nefandous Cœus life produced  
And Iapetus and Typhœus dire,  
And that bad brotherhood which joined in league  
To abolish heaven. Thrice did they strive to place,  
Thou knowest, on Pelion Ossa, and on those,  
On top of both their heights, Olympus' crown  
Of foliage fair to hurl."

*First Georgic, 278.*

"Here, too,

The bodies vast that to Aloius' sons,  
The giant twins, belonged, I saw, who heaven  
Attacked, and thought of Jove the rulership  
To nought to bring, and him from out his realms  
To banish forth."

*Sixth Æneid, 582.*

99. "*Briareus.*" The name which the Gods gave to Ægeon.

"There the Centaurs were. And there  
Scyllas bi-formed were seen, and Briareus,  
He of the hundred arms."

*Sixth Æneid, 287.*

"Like to Ægeon was he, who, they say,  
Possessed a hundred arms, a hundred hands,

## Notes.

And from whose fifty mouths and fifty throats  
 Poured fire, and when war waged he Jove against  
 And 'gainst his thunderbolts, on fifty shields  
 He clashed, and forth drew fifty swords. Thus flamed  
 Æneas over all the field."

*Tenth Æneid, 565.*

101. "*Antæus, who's unchained.*" Free from chains because he did not aid his brethren "in the lofty war." See line 119.

115. "*Fateful valley.*" An African valley, that of the Bagrada River, a branch of which stream flows by Zama, the scene of the victory gained by Scipio Africanus the elder over Hannibal: a victory which closed the war and crushed Carthage. The Scipios, each honored with the title of Africanus, are mentioned by Virgil in the Vision of Anchises:

"The Scipios grim, *twin thunderbolts of war,*  
 And Libya's scourge."

The giant Antæus had in the valley of the Bagrada his cave, where he "for prey a thousand lions snared."

123. "*The cold.*" To Dante, the native and inhabitant of a southern clime, ice readily conveyed an idea of horror.

Virgil makes Gallus lament the departure of Lycoris in winter for the Rhine:

"Ah, may the keen ice-blocks, in gorges packed,  
 Ne'er cut thy feet, thy tender feet divine!"

*Tenth Pastoral, 48.*

"Where Scythian nations dwell  
 On either side of chill Mærotia's waves,  
 And where its yellowing sands the Danube rough,  
 Rome's stream, but not Rome's boundary, rolls along."

*Third Georgic, 348.*

To the people of colder regions ice signifies use, beauty. It forms the solid bridge over river and marsh, and fills the eye with infinite delight.

124. "*Tityos . . . and Typhon.*" Tityos damned for his attempt on Latona.

"Then Tityos, too, was seen, the foster-child  
 Of Earth, our common parent. Stretched he lay

## Notes.

O'er all of acres nine, and with hooked beak  
A vulture huge his deathless liver clips."

*Sixth Æneid, 595.*

Typhon, otherwise called Typhoeus, upon whom Jove hurled the island Ænaria or Pithecusa, on the coast of Campania. The island, by Virgil, in the Ninth Æneid, is called "Inarime."

131. "Wherefrom felt Hercules stress." In his battle with Antæus, described by Lucan, *Pharsalia*, iv. :—

"Bright in Olympic oil Alcides shone,  
Antæus with his mother's dust is strown,  
And seeks her friendly force to aid his own."

*Rowe's Trans.*

136. "Carisenda." One of the two leaning towers in Bologna, and named after the family of the Garisendi.

## CANTO THIRTY-SECOND.

### ARGUMENT:

Immersed to their necks in the frozen lake of Cocytus were the inhabitants of this lowest circle of perdition, the ninth, the Judas circle, the abode of the treacherous, of traitors to kindred, or country, or friends, or benefactors. Here Dante converses with Camiccion, traitor to his kinsman, and Bocca, traitor to his party, and is shown Buoso da Duera, traitor to his country, and Alessandro and Napoleone, mutual fratricides. Bocca and Buoso are Florentines. And Dante beholds, among the others, Count Ugolino and the Archbishop Ruggieri, both condemned here as traitors to their country, the Count a Guelph, the Archbishop a Ghibelline. The Poets are, first, in Caina where betrayers of kindred are placed; then in Antenora, the place of traitors to their country.

**PERSONS SPEAKING:** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Camiccion. Bocca.

**PERSONS APPEARING:** Buoso of Duera, Alessandro, Napoleone, Soldanieri, Ganelon, Ugolino, Ruggieri, and other traitors.

**RHYMES** rough and hoarse did I possess,  
Such as the dismal hole would aptly fit  
On which converge and weigh ring, circle, pit,  
I should the juice of my conception press  
More fully out, but since these are not mine,  
Not without fear to come my words incline;  
For the deep base of all the Universe  
To color forth is not a thing of play,  
Nor for a tongue that ma and pa doth say.



## Invocation.

But may those Ladies help my halting verse 10  
 Who helped Amphion walls round Thebes to  
 build,

So only that with truth my words be filled !  
 O tribe, beyond all others miscreate,  
 Who there abide where fail my feeble notes,  
 Better had ye on earth been sheep or goats !  
 When in the dark pit down we stood sedate,  
 Under the giants' feet, but lower yet,  
 And I still gazed at that high parapet,

"Look how thou passest," words mine ears did  
 greet, 19

"Take care that with thy soles the heads forlorn  
 Thou strike not of the wretched brothers worn."  
 Whereat I turned me, and beneath my feet  
 A lake I saw which seemed a solid mass,  
 Not water, but, through frost, resembling glass.  
 Never did Austria's Danube veil so thick  
 His winter course, ne'er did the Don afar,  
 Beneath the chilling skies which Nature mar,

As veil lay here ; for if high Tambernich 28  
 Or Pietrapana were on it to fall,  
 Its edge would not have given a crick, e'en small ;  
 And as when frogs to croak, their muzzles show  
 Above the water, when the village-maid  
 Dreams that in harvest-fields she 's rendering aid,  
 So, livid, up to where shame's blush doth glow,  
 The doleful shades were in the ice, with sounds  
 Of chattering teeth as of storks on their rounds.

Each downward held his face ; and evidence meet <sup>37</sup>  
 Their mouths of cold gave forth, and gave their  
 eyes  
 Proof ample of the grief their doom supplies.  
 When I the scene had viewed awhile, my feet  
 Towards I looked ; there saw I two so fixed  
 That of their heads the hair was intermixed.  
 "Tell me, ye who together breast to breast  
 Thus madly dash," I said, "who, pray, are ye ?"  
 Their heads they turned, and when their sight  
 caught me,

Their eyes, which inward moisture first confessed <sup>46</sup>  
 Gushed at the lids, but thence no tears came then ;  
 Frost-bound they closed those sad eyes up again ;  
 Wood cramped with wood not half so close adheres.  
 Wherefore, like two he-goats, they butts ex-  
 changed,  
 Such dire contention in their bosoms ranged.  
 And one, who by the cold had lost both ears,  
 Holding his suffering face still downward, said :  
 "Why us to scan so closely art thou led ?

"If thou, who are these two, hast wish to know, <sup>55</sup>  
 The valley the Bisenzio's waters claim  
 Theirs and their father Albert's was ; they came  
 From the same mother both ; and one may go  
 Caina through, and there shall not be seen  
 A shade more fit for shroud of gelatine :  
 Not him whom, breast and shadow, Arthur's lance  
 At one blow pierced ; Focaccia not ; nor he  
 Whose head obstructs me that I see not free,

---

Faces like Dogs'.

---

“ And who Sassol Mascheroni 's named : good  
chance 64

Thou hast, if thou a Tuscan art, the crime  
To know that sends him to his chosen clime.  
And that thou may'st not me with questions ply,  
Camiccion de' Pazzi was my name,  
And I Carlino wait to gild my fame.”  
A thousand faces afterwards met mine eye,  
Faces like dogs' through cold ; whence shudder-  
ings come,  
And will, while memory holds their miseries dumb.

And as we still continued to advance 73  
Towards the centre where all weights converge,  
And seemed my senses in the cold to merge,  
Or will it was, or destiny's freak, or chance,  
I, walking midst the heads, a violent blow  
Gavè 'gainst the face of one of those below.  
Weeping, to me it cried : “ Why tramplest me ?  
Unless thou Montaperti's vengeance more  
Wouldst make, why smitest thou me sore ? ”

And I : “ My Master, clear that I may be 82  
As to a doubt I have of him, here wait ;  
Then hasten thou me, if I tarry late.”  
The Master stood. And to that shade who woe  
Around with bitterness dire denounced, I said :  
“ Who art thou who dost use such tauntings  
dread ? ”  
“ Nay, who art thou,” he answered, “ that dost go  
Through Antenora, giving smittings such  
That e'en in one alive would be too much ? ”

“I am alive,” was my reply, “and fame 99  
 If thou dost seek, ’t may give thee longed-for  
 votes

If I thy name place ’mongst mine other notes.”  
 And he to me: “I would avoid the same.  
 Begone, and me no more annoy, for hope  
 Of flattery’s none upon this icy slope.”  
 Him took I by the hinder scalp. “Declare,”  
 I said, “thy name; this do thou, or not here  
 Will on thee one sole hair stand free and clear.”

Whence he to me: “E’en if thou me unhair, 100  
 I will not tell thee who I am, nor show,  
 Though thou fall on me like a torrent’s flow.”  
 His hair my hand, already coiled, held still,  
 And of it more than one tuft out I tore,  
 He barking, and his eyes held down the more.  
 When cried another: “Bocca, art thou ill?  
 Is ’t not enough thy jaws should chatter? Bark  
 Must thou, torn cruelly by some Demon dark?”

And “Now,” I said, “accursed traitor fell! 109  
 To speak I ask thee not; for to thy shame  
 I will true tidings bear of thy foul fame!”  
 “Begone,” he answered, “and what suits thee tell;  
 But be not silent, if thou dost go hence,  
 Respecting this one; his tongue ne’er relents.  
 Here he the Frenchmen’s silver ta’en repents.  
 ‘Him of Duera’ thou canst say, ‘was there;  
 Him saw I where in ice groan sinners bare.’

“Shouldst thou be asked for other souls’ laments, 118  
 Thou seest beside thee the Beccaria’s bed,  
 He whose vile blood was by wronged Florence  
 shed.

Gianni del Soldanier’s soon in view,  
 With Ganelon and Tribaldello kept;  
 This last unbarred Faenza while it slept.”  
 And now we had him left, when I saw two  
 In one hole frozen closely, so that lapped  
 One head above the other which it capped.

And, as for hunger bread is chewed, so drove 127  
 The uppermost fiend his teeth into the lower,  
 There where the brain the neck’s domain hangs  
 o’er.

Not otherwise ’t was when Tydæus keenly strove  
 The brow of Menalippus to devour,  
 Than he that skull attacked with anger sour.  
 “O thou by whom such brutal sign thy hate  
 T’wards him whom thou attackest thus is shown  
 On this condition make it to me known,

“That if do not against fair reason grate 136  
 The things thou sayest of him and his offence,  
 I recompense may thee when I go hence,  
 If ere that time my voice do not abate.”

#### NOTES TO THE THIRTY-SECOND CANTO.

10, 11. “*Ladies . . . who helped Amphion.*” The “Ladies” are the Muses. Amphion was a son of Zeus. Apollo presented him a lyre. With it, Amphion, after he and his army

## Notes.

had taken Thebes, fortified the city, the stones moving into the positions which his persuasive music assigned them.

21, 56, 57. "*Wretched brothers . . . Bisenzio . . . Albert.*" Alessandro and Napoleone, sons of Alberto degli Alberti, lord of Falterona in the valley of the Bisenzio, a river which falls into the Arno about six miles below Florence. Their father's death was followed by quarrels, and they became guilty each of the other's murder.

26. "*The Don.*" The Tanais of Virgil, whereon Orpheus roamed in search of Eurydice :

"Alone the Hyperborean ice, alone  
The snowy banks of Tanais, forth he roamed."

*Fourth Georgic, 518.*

25, 28, 30. "*Thick . . . Tambernich . . . crick.*" Tambernich is a mountain in Slavonia. Dante rhymes "Tambernizzi" with "Cricchi."

29. "*Pietrapana.*" A mountain in the district called the Garfagnana not far from Lucca.

52, 68. "*And one . . . Camiccion.*" The speaker is Camiccion dei Pazzi, who treacherously murdered his kinsman Ubertino. He, in 1300, was awaiting a kinsman of guilt deeper than his own, Carlino dei Pazzi, who in 1302, betrayed the castle of Piantrevigne in Valdarno to the Blacks after the exiled Whites had defended it for twenty-nine days. By this surrender many of the best citizens of Florence were delivered to death.

59. "*Caina.*" The first of the four divisions, or belts, of this final circle, and so named from the first fratricide. The other divisions, or belts, will be called, respectively, Antenora, Ptoloæma, and Judecca, from the Trojan traitor Antenor, and the traitor Ptolomæus mentioned in the Second Book of Maccabees, or Ptolemy murderer of Pompey, and the arch-traitor Judas.

61. "*Whom Arthur's lance.*" Sir Mordred, son of King Arthur. See *La Mort d'Arthure*, iii. 167.

63. "*Focaccia.*" A murderous Pistoian of the Cancellieri

## Notes.

family, whose acts of atrocity set on foot the Guelphic factions of the Neri and Bianchi, the Blacks and Whites, already often named.

65. "*Mascheroni.*" A murderer, one of the Toschi family in Florence. He murdered his nephew in order to obtain possession of his property, and Benvenuto says was carried through the streets of Florence, nailed up in a cask, and then beheaded.

81, 106, 107. "*Why tramplest me? . . . Montaperti . . . Bocca.*" Bocca degli Abbati was the occasion of the defeat of the Guelphs in the battle of Montaperti, through his traitorous act in cutting off the hand of the bearer of the standard of the Florentine cavalry, Giacopo del Vacca dei Pazzi. The dastardly act contributed to make more effective the gallant charges of Farinata, commander of the Ghibellines.

89. "*Antenora.*" Virgil makes Antenor, from whom this belt is named, the founder of Padua. First *Æneid*, 248. He is said to have held a secret traitorous correspondence with the Greeks.

117. "*Him of Duera.*" Buoso da Duera of Cremona, who, for money, permitted the French cavalry under Guy de Montfort, in 1265 (Dante's birth-date) to pass the Oglio, on their way through Lombardy to Apulia; an act of treason which so enraged the people of Cremona that they exterminated his race. He escaped, and with much money, but died at last in miserable poverty in a distant land.

119. "*The Beccaria.*" Beccaria of Pavia, Abbot of Valombrosa, beheaded, in 1258, for treason to the cause of the Guelphs.

121. "*Gianni del Soldanier.*" An ambitious popular leader of the Ghibellines of Florence, who betrayed his party.

122. "*Ganelon . . . Tribaldello.*" Ganelon betrayed the Christian cause at Roncesvalles, persuading Charlemagne to disregard the alarm of Orlando. Tribaldello, in 1282, treacherously opened the gates of his native city of Faenza, at dead of night, to the French.

Notes.

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125. "*Two frozen in one hole.*" Ugolino and Ruggieri, whose terrible story will be found in the next canto.

130, 131. "*Tydeus . . . Menalippus.*" The scene is described by Statius, in the Eighth Thebaid.



## CANTO THIRTY-THIRD.

### ARGUMENT :

Ugolino relates to the Poets his dreadful story. They here find Alberigo and Branca d'Oria, traitors to friends. These treacherous spirits weep, but their tears are frozen to their cheeks, and their souls only are in hell, their bodies remaining upon the earth. With each such soul an evil demon had exchanged places. This part of Cocytus is called Ptolomæa, the place of the betrayers of guests and friends.

**PERSONS SPEAKING :** Dante. The shade of Virgil. Ugolino. Alberigo.

**PERSONS APPEARING :** The spirits of traitors steeped to their necks in the frozen lake.

AND now from that fell feast his mouth withdrew  
That sinner, wiping it upon the hair  
Of him whom he could hardly cease to tear.  
Then he began : " Thy will 't is I renew  
A desperate sorrow that doth crush my heart  
Even before my lips its tale impart.  
But if my words may be a seed that, sowed,  
Shall fruit of infamy to this traitor bear,  
Then, though I weep, speech too shall be my care.

"Who thou may'st be I know not, nor what mode <sup>10</sup>  
 Hath brought thee here below, but then I glean,  
 From words of thine, thou art a Florentine.  
 That I Count Ugolino was, know thou,  
 And this the Archbishop Ruggieri. Why  
 I will thee tell we are such neighbors nigh.  
 Needs not to say that him I did allow  
 A friend's own trusts, but so his treachery  
 wrought  
 That first my liberty, then my life, it sought.

"But that which thou canst not have hitherto  
 learned, 19  
 That is, how cruel was my death, I thee  
 Will tell; judge thou if he offended me.  
 Within the Mew, a tower which well hath earned  
 From me its name of Famine, and where wrath  
 Yet others waits, a narrow opening hath,  
 Through which of several moons the broken light  
 Had strayed, when unto me in sleep was sent  
 A dream whereby the future's veil was rent.

"This ill dream me this man set forth in might: <sup>28</sup>  
 He wolf and whelps upon those mounts pursued  
 Which Pisa 'twixt and Lucca's domes obtrude.  
 Hounds had he with him, lank and shrewd and keen,  
 And in their front Gualandi's sword had place,  
 Sismondi's lash and sour Lanfranchi's mace.  
 Father and sons' undoing soon was seen;  
 Methought the sharp fangs on them closed, and  
 tore  
 Their flanks which now the hue of crimson wore.

## The Tower of Famine.

“ Before the dawn I woke, and heard my sons, 37  
The helpless children with me, in their sleep,  
Cry out for bread, cries pushed from sobbings  
deep.

Right cruel art thou, if not e'en now runs  
To tears thy grief at what my heart forbode,  
If tears of thine at misery's tale e'er flowed.  
And then they woke, and came the hour around  
Which had been wont our scanty meal to bring ;  
But from our dreams dumb terrors seemed to  
spring ;

“ When from below we heard the dreadful sound 46  
Of nails ; the horrible tower was closed ; all dumb  
I let my gaze into my sons' eyes come.  
Weep I did not, like stone my feelings lay.  
They wept, and spoke my little Anselm : ‘ Pray  
Why lookest so ? Father, what ails thee, say ? ’  
Shed I no tear, nor answered all that day  
Nor the next night, until another sun  
His journey through the wide world had begun.

“ Then came a small ray into our sad, sad den, 55  
And when in their four faces I beheld  
That carking grief which mine own visage held,  
Mine hands for grief I bit, and they, who then  
Deemed that I did it from desire to eat,  
Stood up each one at once upon his feet,  
And said : ‘ Father, 't will give us much less pain  
If thou wilt eat of us : of thee was born  
This hapless flesh, and be it by thee torn.’

"Myself I calmed that they might not so grieve ; 64  
 Mute that day and the next we were ; O thou  
 Most cruel earth, that didst not open now !  
 When we the fourth day's agony did receive  
 Stretched at my feet himself my Gaddo threw,  
 And said : ' My father, canst thou nothing do ? '  
 There died he, and, as now sees me thy sight,  
 The three I saw fall one by one ; first died  
 One on the fifth ; deaths two the sixth me tried.

"Then, blind, I groped o'er them to left and right, 73  
 And for three days called on their spirits dead ;  
 Then grief before the power of fasting fled."  
 When there his words had ceased, with rolling eye  
 Seized he again upon the other one,  
 As drives a dog his teeth against a bone.  
 Ah, Pisa ! scandal to the people high  
 Of that fair land where 's heard the sound of  
 "Sl,"  
 Since slow thy neighbors are to punish thee,

Let take Capraia and Gorgona shame, 82  
 And, at its mouth, rise 'gainst the Arno's wave,  
 For every soul of thine, a fitting grave !  
 For, grant Count Ugolino had the fame  
 Of having played the traitor in thy forts,  
 Thou shouldst not murder children at their  
 sports.

Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, exempt  
 From blame Uguccione held and Brigata,  
 And two besides my song sends sailing far.

Then went we further on the frost to tempt, 91  
 Which ruggedly inwraps those traitors black  
 Not forward bent, but all throughout thrown  
 back.

Their very weeping there forbids to weep ;  
 Their woes, which in their eyes impediment find,  
 Turn inward to increase their agony blind.  
 For their first tears into a knot do creep,  
 And, crystal visors like, the cavity fill  
 Whereinto 'neath their brows they do distill.

And, though, as from a callus, had the cold 100  
 From out my face all feeling driven away,  
 So that no sensibility now it would betray ;  
 Yet seemed it some sure trace of wind to mould ;  
 Whereat I said : " Whence, Master, tell me, flow  
 These draughts ? Fails not heat here below ? "  
 And he to me : " Soon shalt thou be where sight  
 Of thine own eye, seeing the source whence rain  
 'These coursing blasts, shall this to thee explain."

And from the ice cried out a wretched wight 109  
 " O souls so cruel that to you is given  
 The last, worst, post to which the damned are  
 driven,  
 Take from mine eyes the veils upon them laid,  
 That I the grief that crowds my heart may vent  
 A little, while the freezing may relent ! "  
 Wherefore I answered : " If thou seek'st mine aid,  
 To me thy name declare ; if thee I fail  
 May I the flint of lowest freezings hail ! "

"Then I Friar Alberigo am," he said ; 118  
 Here that ill garden's fruits my memory hates ;  
 The figs I gave here yield me plenteous dates."  
 "Hah !" said I to him, "then thou, too, art dead !"  
 And he : "To know how in that world doth fare  
 My fame, hath not me followed to this lair.  
 For privilege such this Ptolomæa hath,  
 That oft times hither doth fall down the soul  
 While Atropos' shears yet leave the life-thread  
 whole.

"And that more willingly my hard badge of wrath, 127  
 These frozen tears, thou mayest from me remove,  
 Know that when treason foul as *this* doth prove,  
 Takes from the soul a fiend her body straight,  
 And by him 't is thereafter ruled and led  
 Till its full term of time hath duly fled.  
 The soul falls rushing to this cistern's fate.  
 It may be that the body of this soul  
 That winters here behind me yet is whole.

"This thou must know, if but just now come  
 down, 136  
 Ser Branca d' Oria's 't is, and year on year  
 Hath passed since it hath been imprisoned here."  
 "Deceivest not me ?" my voice said and my frown,  
 "For ne'er hath Branca d' Oria died ; the elf  
 Eats, drinks and sleeps, and puts clothes on him-  
 self."  
 "Above, where Evil-Claws are grimly cleft,  
 There where is boiling the tenacious pitch,  
 Not yet had Michel Zanche reached the ditch,

Ah Genoese !

"When, in his stead, this man a Demon left, 145  
 In his own body, and in one his kin,  
 Who with him did the treason's deadly sin.  
 But hither reach ; open mine eyes." But reft  
 I not his bonds. He who 's to bad men rude  
 A courtesy does to men whose lives are good.  
 Ah Genoese, men estranged from all good ways,  
 Who show of all good impulses a dearth,  
 Why scattered are ye not from off the earth ?

For with the worst soul of Romagna's days 154  
 I one of ye discovered who in soul  
 Pays mid Cocytus' frosts eternal dole,  
 And yet above alive in body stays.

## NOTES TO THE THIRTY-THIRD CANTO.

13, 14. "*Ugolino . . . Ruggieri.*" As to the events with which these names are connected, Villani gives, in the Seventh Book of his *Chronica*, the following data :

In the year 1288, Pisa was agitated by the rivalry of the candidates competing for the office of chief magistrate, or podestà, of the republic, the term of whose tenure of office was a liberal one, ten years. One party, composed of a portion of the Guelphs, was led by Judge Nino of Gallura, nephew of Count Ugolino della Gherardesca ; another, also composed of Guelphs, was led by the count himself ; and a third, composed of Ghibellines, including the great houses of the Lanfranci, Sismondi, Gualandi, rallied under the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini. The count had murdered the archbishop's nephew ; and now, Ugolino, betraying Nino, his own sister's son, made common cause with the archbishop, or pretended so to do. Nino fled to his castle of Calci. Ugolino was invested with the supreme power. But

## Notes.

the archbishop exasperated the people against the count by a revelation of his crimes, his treachery, his tyranny; that he had surrendered the forts Santa Maria a Monte, Fuccechio, Santa Croce, and Monte Calvole to Florence, and others to Lucca, and that he had driven into banishment the most zealous Ghibellines of the city, and poisoned his own nephew, Count Anselmo da Capraia, because of his high popularity. The people, in sudden fury, attacked Ugolino in his palace. They killed, in the affray, his illegitimate son and a grandson, and took prisoners the count and his two sons Uguccione and Gaddo and his grandsons Anselmuccio and Brigata. Their prison was in a tower on the Piazza Anziana, The Pisans caused the tower to be locked, the key thrown into the Arno, and all food to be withheld, and the attendance of ministers of religion to be denied them. In a few days they died of hunger; and the five were brutally dragged forth, and meanly buried. The tower is to this day called the Tower of Famine; and to this day the voice of humanity exclaims against the abominable deed; not so much for the count's sake, stained as he was with manifold crimes, but for the sake of his children and grandchildren, who were young and innocent boys. The Pisans, shortly thereafter, lost their principalities of Sardinia and Corsica, and became rapidly insignificant in the affairs of Italy.

The archbishop was summoned to Rome to answer for these murders, before Pope Nicholas the Fourth.

Dante, at the date of these events, was in his twenty-fourth year.

22. "*The Mew.*" "*Muda.*" So called because the eagles of the republic were placed there to moult.

29. "*Wolf and whelps.*" The archbishop and his followers, the Ghibellines.

80. "*Sì.*" Italy, the land where *sì* is said, as elsewhere *oui*, and *ja*, and *yes* are said: in other words, a nation, one of the principal divisions of the globe.

82. "*Capraia and Gorgona.*" Islands near the mouth of the Arno.



## Notes.

87. "*Thebes*." To justify this comparison it is sufficient to recall the woes suggested by the names of Pentheus and Laius.

92. "*Those traitors*." The Poets have now arrived at the belt called Ptolomæa, reserved for the betrayers of guests and friends. These, having no feeling of shame, have their heads turned backwards, and not downwards.

105. "*These draughts*." Wind from the flapping of the wings of Satan, whom the Poets are approaching.

118. "*Friar Alberigo*." According to Benvenuto da Imola and Pietro di Dante, this seems to be the story :

Old Alberigo dei Manfredi was one of the Jovial Friars, lords of Florence, described in the Twenty-third Canto. His kindred were Guelphs, and lords of Fanenza, and one of them, a young and fiery prince, Manfredo dei Manfredi, had offended his ghostly and jovial relative, co-president of the republic of Florence, by slapping him in the face. The ancient clergyman and magistrate harbored a concealed grudge; Manfredo apologized, and accepted a fatal invitation to dinner, he and his son "little Alberic." At the signal "now bring the fruit!" concealed assassins entered the room and dispatched Manfredo and the boy. Only the year before, this noble, pious, and jovial murderer had done the same thing at Pistoia, at the close of an entertainment to invited guests at the Castello delle Mura.

"O tempora! O mores!" and with no Cicero, save Dante, to rebuke them!

At the date of the Poem Alberigo was still living, but his soul had already been borne by fiends to hell.

126. "*Atropos*." That one of the three Fates who cuts the thread. Lachesis spins it, while Clotho holds the distaff.

137, 144. "*D' Oria . . . Zanche*." Genoese. D' Oria is said to have murdered Zanche his father-in-law; Zanche is, as a corrupt magistrate, in the boiling pitch of Canto Twenty-second. The murder was a treacherous one, it is said, like that of Manfredo and his son, and in it were involved Zanche and his nephew.

## Notes.

150. "*Ah, Genoese.*" This exclamation against the Genoese reminds Longfellow of the bitter Tuscan proverb against them: "Sea without fish; mountains without trees; men without faith; and women without shame!"

150. "*To bad men rude.*" Dante apologizes for his exceptional rudeness to the wretched soul of D' Oria by an allusion to the legal maxim that mercy to the individual is cruelty to the public.

154. "*Worst soul.*" Alberigo.

157. "*And yet above.*" Dante, I conceive, may have had this idea from Homer. Ulysses, in the Lower World, discourses with the *semblance* of Hercules, while Hercules himself is exalted to the heights of Olympus, and is received as a favorite at the feasts of Jove:

"The might of Hercules I next surveyed,  
His semblance; for *himself* their banquet shares  
With the immortal Gods, and in his arms  
Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair  
Of Jove and of his golden-sandaled spouse."

*Iliad*, xi. 734, COWPER.

## CANTO THIRTY-FOURTH.

### ARGUMENT:

The last division of the last circle is reached, the abode of those who have proven traitors to their benefactors. Chilled by the wind of Satan's wings, here Cocytus is one solid mass of ice, and this class of traitors is submerged within it and beneath it, all except Satan who soars from the body of the lake, in which he is submerged only to his middle breast. He has three faces. In one mouth is Judas head foremost, and in the other two Brutus and Cassius feet foremost. Virgil, using one of Satan's wings as a ladder, and bidding Dante clip him round the neck, makes his way through Lethe's vale to the opposite side of the world, the base of the Mountain of Purgatory.

The Poets have reached the evening of Holy Saturday, the eve of Easter.

PERSONS SPEAKING: Dante. The shade of Virgil.

PERSONS APPEARING: Satan, and Judas, Brutus, and Cassius in Satan's three mouths; and other traitors, wholly submerged beneath the ice, in all attitudes, erect, headlong, circular, oblique.

"COME t'wards us bent the banners of the King  
Infernal; onward, then, thine outlook turn,"  
My Master said, "that him thou mayest discern."  
As when mists in the air a thickness bring,  
Or when our hemisphere doth night's darkness  
fill,  
Appears, at distance, wind-revolved, a mill;  
An edifice such I now did seem to see,  
And, for the wind, shrunk back behind my Guide,  
For shed none other did the place provide.

At once I saw a ghastly icy lea 10  
 (My verse it trembling speaks) where lay, alas,  
 Souls all in ice immersed, like straws in glass!  
 Prostrate were some, some upright stood, and dwelt,  
 Some on their heads, and others like a bow  
 Bent face to feet, were rigidly held so.  
 When come we had to that point in this belt  
 That it my Master pleased that I should see  
 The Creature once from every defect free,

Himself he from before me took, and bade 19  
 Me stop. "Lo, Dis!" he said, "and lo the place  
 Where arms of steel complete thy soul should  
 grace!"

What icy chill and hoarseness then me clad  
 Ask not, O Reader! It I write not here;  
 Words would not reach to tell the story drear.  
 Die did I not, remained alive not I;  
 Think for thyself, if ingenuity's thine,  
 Nor dead nor living, what a state was mine!

The Emperor of the dolorous realm as high 28  
 As midbreast stood from out the ice, and rise  
 More like a giant I myself in size  
 Than are the giants to his arms compared.  
 Mark now how great must be that whole complete  
 When, in a part, such grossness thee doth meet!  
 If once as beautiful in heaven he fared  
 As hideous here, and 'gainst his Maker frowned,  
 Well may he be of every woe the ground!

## Judas.

O what a marvel great it seemed to me, 37  
 When I three faces witnessed on his head !  
 One was in front, and as vermillion red ;  
 The other rose above each shoulder free,  
 Above the very middle parts thereof,  
 And they were joined up to his crest above.  
 The right in hue seemed white and yellow mixed,  
 The left had such a tint as those tribes show  
 Which Nile's remotest valleys' fountains know.

Beneath these heads two mighty wings were fixed, 46  
 Of size befitting such a bird ; ne'er sails  
 So widely spread bland zephyrs felt or gales.  
 No feathers had they ; like a bat's they seemed ;  
 Flapping he kept them, so that from him went  
 Three winds whereby as cool their streams were  
 blent  
 Cocytus all with frozen terrors teemed.  
 Wept he with six eyes sad ; and down chins three  
 Gushed tears and bloody foam in currents free.

In every mouth his teeth a sinner churned 55  
 As doth an engine, so he kept in moil  
 Three sinners, victims of his ceaseless toil.  
 To him in front the bites to nothing turned  
 Compared with grievous tearing that ensued,  
 Wherefrom at times his suffering back was nude.  
 "That soul who up there his great punishment  
 bears  
 Judas Iscariot is," the Master said,  
 "His legs ply outward, inside bleeds his head.

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*Brutus, Cassius.*

---

“Of the other two whose legs the monster tears, 64  
 That one who hangs from out the visage black  
 Is Brutus. How he writhes, but words keeps back !  
 The other Cassius is, all gaunt with cares.  
 But Night is re-ascending ; we must go ;  
 All have we seen permitted us to know.”  
 I clasped, as he desired, his neck ; of time  
 And place soon came the opportunity sought,  
 And, when the wings spread flapping open, caught

My Guide the shaggy side of one, and climb 73  
 Did we from shag to shag down as we must  
 ’Twixt tangled clumps of hair and frozen crust.  
 When reached had we just where the thigh its seat  
 Hath on the rounding of the hip, my Guide  
 With labor great which much his patience tried,  
 His head turned where before had been his feet,  
 And mounted with the crust and tangled fell,  
 So that returned I thought us into Hell.

“Cling yet to me, for by such stairs depart 82  
 Must we from so much ill,” thus, short of breath,  
 My Guide said to me in this home of death.  
 Thereafter where the rocks stood spaced apart  
 He issued forth, and there me sitting placed,  
 While he near by some cautious foot-falls paced.  
 Mine eyes I raised, and Lucifer thought to see  
 As I had seen, but as him now I saw  
 His legs were upward turned by some strange  
 law.



## The Centre of Gravity.

And e'en those people not from dulness free, 91  
Who fail to apprehend the point I'd passed,  
E'en they may judge how worn I was at last.  
"Rise up!" the Master said, "thy feet resume,  
The way is long, attack the path begun;  
For now to middle tierce returns the Sun."  
No palace splendors did that path relume,  
A natural dungeon 't was with floor whose plight  
Made walking irksome, and which lacked in light.

"Ere from the abyss I pluck myself," I said, 100  
When up I stood, "O Master, help I seek  
From error; somewhat to me speak;  
Where now's the ice? And this huge shape of dread,  
Why's he reversed? And how in time so brief  
Hath passed from eve to morn Day's radiant  
chief?"

And he to me: "Thou dost imagine yet  
Thyself upon the centre's other side,  
Where bores the world that Worm whose wing  
we tried.

"Thou wast on that side till the turn I met; 109  
Ceased my descent then, and the point was passed  
Whereon all weights throughout all parts are cast.  
And now the hemisphere thou'rt arrived beneath  
Opposed to that which holds the land wide-spread,  
And 'neath whose summit mingled with the dead  
The sinless Man, whose life a sinless wreath  
Bore ever. On a small arc rest thy feet,  
An arc which makes Judecca's orb complete.

## The Exit.

" Here morning 't is when there 't is time of even, 118  
 And that fell Fiend whose wing hirsute we rode  
 Still fixed is there, as in the ancient mode.  
 This side of earth beheld his fall from Heaven,  
 And here the land, which once the sea did grace,  
 Through fear of him drew 'neath the waves its  
 face,  
 And was unto our hemisphere's volume given ;  
 Perhaps, too, dreading him, it on this side,  
 Here upward rushed for separation wide."

A space, which down from Beelzebub extends 127  
 Far as his own tomb upward is remote,  
 There is, not known by sight, but by the note  
 A rivulet sounds which into it descends  
 Along a hollow which its waves corrode,  
 Which, slowly winding, into it have flowed.  
 So helped, my Guide and I passed all the bars  
 That from the beautiful bright world us kept,  
 And, rest disdaining, through this hollow crept,

He mounting first, I second, through dim bowers 136  
 Of rock, so far that through an opening round  
 I saw those splendors that in Heaven abound ;  
 Thence stepped we out again to see the stars.

## NOTES TO THE THIRTY-FOURTH CANTO.

1. "*Forth comes.*" A parody on the first line of a Latin hymn sung in the churches on Good Friday and Passion and Palm Sundays. The writer of it was Venantius Fortunatus, a native of Italy, and in early life a citizen of Ravenna, from



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which city he was driven by the Lombard invasion. Passing into France, he became the leading poet of his age. Removing to Tours he became the friend of Saint Radegunde and Saint Gregory of Tours, and finally was made Bishop of Poitiers. He died about the year 600. The hymn was composed by him on the occasion of the reception of a piece of the true cross sent by the Emperor Justinian to Saint Radegunde. The first stanza is in these words :

" Vexilla regis prodeunt :  
Fulget crucis mysterium,  
Qua vita mortem pertulit,  
Et morte vitam protulit."

(Forth comes the standard of the King :  
The effulgent mystery of the Cross,  
Where life bore death, and, wondrous thing,  
Death brought back life, gain following loss.)

8. "*Wind.*" From the wings of Satan. See the preceding Canto, line 103, and the present Canto, line 48.

38. "*Three faces.*" Cary remarks that it can scarcely be doubted that Milton derived from this passage his description of the face of Satan :

" Each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,"

the "red" of rage, the "white and yellow mixed" of envy, the "tint of Nile's remotest tribes," the blackness of despair.

65. "*Brutus.*" Frequent allusions in the *Monarchia*, the *Convito*, the *Purgatorio*, the *Paradiso*, make it evident that Dante regards Cæsar as his Ideal Ruler, the Founder of the Universal Monarchy, which should include the civil government of the world, and which was to advance to its fulfilment under the auspices of Henry the Seventh of Germany.

77. "*Hip.*"

" Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield

. . . . .  
But Diomedè grasped a stone enormous  
. . . . .

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Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh  
Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.

Venus quick perceived his peril imminent."

*Iliad*, v. 343, COWPER.

92, 110, 111. "The point . . . the point . . . Whereon all  
weights throughout all parts are cast."

"Quel punto . . . il punto . . .  
Al qual si traggon d' ogni parte il pese."

Dante treats the centre of our globe as the centre of the gravitation, not only of our globe, but of the universe, because, in the Ptolemaic theory, prevailing in the time of Dante, our globe was held to be this universal centre. The existence of gravitation was thus recognized four hundred years before the time of Newton. He announced its law. Copernicus, two hundred years before Newton, had demonstrated that gravitation centres in the sun.

96. "Middle tierce." That portion of the canonical day embraced between sunrise and sunset was divided into four equal parts, *third, sixth, ninth* hours, and *evening* hour; in Italian *Terza, Sesta, Nona* and *Vespro*; the length of each part varying, of course, with the varying length of the sunshine in the revolution of the seasons. *Terza* (tierce) was the first part of the period after the sunrise, and at the equinox would include the time between six and nine o'clock. "Mezza terza," middle tierce, would, therefore, be half-past seven o'clock.

114. "The summit." Jerusalem.

126. "Here upward." The Mountain of Purgatory, imagined to be an island in the South Pacific, rising out of the ocean at a point directly opposite Jerusalem on the other side of the globe.

130. "A rivulet sounds." Lethe, the stream which flows from the Garden of Eden, the Terrestrial Paradise, on the summit of the Mountain of Purgatory. It flows, as do Achéron, Styx and Phlegethon, into the lake Cocytus.

The word "Lethe" suggests a potent name in modern

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authorship. It seems ungracious to dismiss the Inferno without alluding, in general terms, to the obligation under which the literary world has been placed by the translation and notes, in the German language, of the entire *Commedia* by King John of Saxony, who, in every good sense of the phrase, may be avouched a royal author. He possesses the modesty, too, of merit, for he seems to shrink from the acknowledgment of his identity under his nom-de-plume of "Philaethes."

138. "*Again to see the stars.*"

"Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;  
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume."

LONGFELLOW'S *Sonnet to Dante*.

Lombardi states that the first scholar to call attention to the pleasing circumstance that Dante closes each of the three portions of the *Commedia* with the word "stars" was Napoletano. The annotators are silent as to whether Napoletano or any other scholar has also called attention to the circumstance that the "stars" are also given a place in the middle of the *Commedia*, its central point, lines 70-72, the central stanza of Canto Seventeenth of the *Purgatorio*, the central Canto of the Poem.

These central stars, with their context, read :

"Above our heads uplifted to such length  
 Were the last sunbeams, followed close by night,  
 That frequent stars shed from the heavens their light."

