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• ΠΑΝΤΑ ΡΕΙ •



22

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**DANTE,**

TRANSLATED BY

**ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT,**

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOL. I.

**THE INFERNO.**

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

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LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN

1845.

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“In exhibiting the works of great Poets in another language, much depends upon preserving not only the internal meaning —the force and beauty as regards sense, but even the external lineaments, the proper colour and habit, the movement; and, as it were, the gait of the original.”—*Bishop Lenth. Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. Lec. 3.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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The present Translation of Dante's triple Poem was originally published at intervals of several years.—It is now for the first time published as a whole, and in a form accessible to the general reader. A Memoir of Dante has been added ; also an Index ; and the rhymes of the Inferno considerably improved.

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The text has been selected from the "Various Readings" of the original, and not from any single edition ; and this will account for many apparent mistakes. (See note to the 31st line of the third canto of the Inferno.)

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That the Poet of the Middle Ages should be called upon to give light to the present century, may appear extraordinary :—but greatly revered as he was in former ages, his authority is now, if possible, held in still higher estimation. During the last few years the press of the continent has teemed with translations and commentaries. Dante is there consulted as an Oracle, as well as a Poet ; and Professorships have been lately re-established in the foreign Universities, for the explanation of the Divina Commedia. At such a time, no apology is required for the endeavour to make Dante more known in England.





## MEMOIR OF DANTE.

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Dante was born at Florence in 1265, and derived his descent from the noble family of the Alighieri. He received a learned education under the instruction of Brunetto Latini, the most distinguished scholar of the age, and applied himself to literature and science with astonishing ardour and success. At the age of 24 he became a soldier, and gained great distinction in the field.

In his boyhood he conceived a strong affection for the daughter of Folco Portinari. This passion increased with his age; and Beatrice first inspired him with that love of poetry which proved his consolation amid all the subsequent calamities of his eventful life. What were the obstacles to their union we are not informed; but the cause may perhaps be found in the violent family disputes and political schisms which in that age were carried to an extent not easily imagined. She married Simone de' Bardi, and died in the 24th year of her age. Her death caused Dante the greatest grief; and it appears to have been with the view of distracting his mind from the melancholy into which he was plunged, that his friends exerted themselves to bring about a marriage between him and a lady of the Donati family, by whom he had five sons and a daughter. The memory, however, of Beatrice was so little effaced, that his devotion to her, after her death, acquired an increased intensity. And

where is the difficulty of believing that a creature of superior beauty and excellence, who in her life-time inspired Dante with so deep a passion, should, at her death, have prompted him to view her, clothed with angelic brightness, and exalted to the mansions of heaven?

From this time Beatrice is transformed into a purely ideal Being, and becomes not only the guardian Angel of Dante, but in his poem assumes a most exalted character as the personification of Heavenly Wisdom. Henceforth she is a theme on which the Poet descants in descriptions of endless variety and beauty.\* And worthy of the "Beauty of Holiness" are the divine lays in which Dante has enshrined his sainted Beatrice; thus holding with her an uninterrupted intercourse, and soaring on the wings of poetry and devotion to the highest realms of bliss and glory.

His gratitude to her for descending to his assistance he thus pours forth:—

“ O Lady, upon whom my hopes are placed,  
 And who to work out my security,  
 Hast left Hell's precincts with thy footsteps traced—  
 For all the wondrous things that I have seen  
 My gratitude and praise are due to thee,  
 By whom have grace and power accorded been:  
 A slave before—thou hast released me—thou,  
 By every art and mode that could be tried,  
 Didst win the freedom that I cherish now.  
 Continue thy beneficence to me,  
 So that my soul, which thou hast purified,  
 May loose its mortal bonds, approved by thee.”

*Paradiso*, xxxi. 79.

\* See *Par.* xviii. 16, &c.; xxvii. 91; xxx. 19.

The factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines had long distracted Italy—the former, partisans of the Pope—the latter, of the Emperors, to whom, as heirs of the Cæsars, Italy belonged; and whose right had been acknowledged, till the Pope, enriched by the gifts of succeeding Emperors, set himself in opposition to them, and assumed a temporal as well as a spiritual dominion.

By birth Dante was a Guelf, and to this party he had hitherto been attached;—attaining such reputation as a Statesman, that he was employed on several embassies, and looked up to for advice in all emergencies. When he was thirty-five years of age, and acting as one of the Priors or chief magistrates of Florence in the year 1300, the Guelfs quarrelled among themselves, and divided into the factions of the Neri and Bianchi.

The Bianchi being in some measure inclined to the Ghibellines, ancient animosities were revived with increased fury, and the two parties soon came to blows. By the advice of Dante, whose impartiality and disregard for all private feelings were remarkably evinced in this crisis, the leaders of both parties were banished. Another set of Magistrates, however, shortly coming into office, recalled the Bianchi; when the Neri had recourse to Pope Boniface VIII., who was well pleased to embrace any opportunity of restoring the ascendancy of the Guelfs.

At the instigation of Boniface, Charles of Valois, brother to the King of France, undertook an expedition against Florence. Making the most solemn promises to the Republic that he would act as a mediator only, he was admitted into the city. By flattery and deceit he cajoled both parties, till he had acquired power; and then threw the leaders of the Bianchi into prison, and

permitted the Neri, who returned with him, to commit the most atrocious outrages. Houses were pillaged to gratify the avarice of Charles; and sentence of exile and confiscation passed on 600 citizens. Among these was Dante, who having excited the hostility of Pope Boniface by resisting the introduction of foreigners into Florence, and being at this time on an embassy to Rome, fell a victim to the machinations of his enemy. Thus he suddenly found himself a banished man, condemned to be burnt to death, and without even the power of returning to bid a last adieu to his family.

Driven from his country, Dante was now necessarily thrown among the Bianchi who were exiled at the same time with himself, and induced to side with a party composed chiefly of the Ghibellines, to whom he had been for the greater part of his life opposed. And hence arises the monstrous injustice which Dante's Biographers have successively been guilty of, in calling him the fierce Ghibelline, and the vindictive assailant of the Guelfs. As a true patriot, he had exposed himself to the enmity of his former friends. But, if in supporting the Bianchi he supported the Ghibellines—to brand him as a violent and revengeful partizan is the greatest of calumnies. Not only does he observe the strictest impartiality, as in passing through the several circles of Hell he assigns to each individual his deserved station, without respect to party, and according to the character of their crimes, but even treats Pope Boniface, his bitterest foe, in his spiritual capacity, with extreme respect.\* If, on the one hand, he condemns his avarice, so far as to call him an "Usurper," and to declare that in the eyes of the Almighty, the Papal chair was actually "vacant"†—on the other, he rebukes, in the strongest terms

\* Purg. xx. 88.

† Par. xxvii. 23.

Philip le Bel for the indignities he offered to Boniface, and even avows that in the person of his Vicar, our Saviour had been crucified a second time.\* Such a confession, on behalf of one who caused his exile, savours little of that spleen and indulgence of personal feeling which have been attributed to Dante. His indignation against Boniface, as the scandal of Christendom, and the destroyer of the liberties of his country, he pours forth without measure. But this he does, not as the disappointed member of a faction, but as a sincere Christian, and ardent patriot. Guelfs and Ghibellines he condemns alike—the former for opposing the Emperors, whom he supported as heirs of the Cæsars, and for want of any domestic Sovereign,—the latter, for siding with the Emperors, merely to promote their party interests, and without caring for the “sacred standard,” round which he wished to rally the whole nation.† As for the Ghibellines, he scruples not to declare his utter contempt for them in that well known passage, where describing the miseries of his exile, he denounces them as the “foul and senseless company,” with whom he was for awhile condemned to associate.

“’Tis thine to part from all thou lovest best—

From all most cherish’d:—Exile’s bow shall send

This self-same arrow first, to pierce thy breast.

’Tis thine to prove what bitter savour bears

The bread of others; and how hard to wend

Upward and downward by another’s stairs.

But that which shall thy misery complete,

Shall be the foul and senseless company

Which in this valley thou art doom’d to meet;

\* Purg. xx. 88.

† Par. vi. 31—35, and 97—109.

For most ungrateful, loathsome, impious—all  
 Shall set themselves against thee; but full nigh  
 The hour approaches of their destined fall."

*Paradiso* xvii. 55.

And he proceeds to tell us that he gloried in being a party by himself—i.e. that he was neither a Guelf nor a Ghibelline, but a true Italian, anxious to reconcile the contending factions, and to hoist the national standard, for the purpose of uniting the various States of Italy under one Monarch, and thus defeating the selfish intrigues of the Pope, whose policy it was to acquire power by the dissensions he created.

Quitting his unworthy associates, after a vain attempt to re-enter Florence by force of arms, Dante had recourse to his pen, with the view of showing his countrymen how party strife and Papal misgovernment, had corrupted and degraded Italy.† Hence he conceived the idea of a poem, which, representing this world under an allegory of the next, should enable him to unfold the corruptions of the Church, and the venality of its Pastors. And he has executed his design with wonderful skill and impartiality,—looking forward, as he says, to posterity for his due reward:

"But if the truth I timidly unfold,  
 I fear to die in the esteem of those  
 To whom this present time will soon be old."

*Paradiso*, xvii. 119.

To that love of justice which prompted him to punish the heads of both factions—to that unbending spirit which would not permit him to become subservient to the traitorous designs of his friends, Dante owed his misfortunes. But

\* "Si ch'a te fia bello averti fatta parte per te stesso."—*Par.* xvii. 68.

† *Purg.* vi. 76 to end; xvi. *passim.*

he acted on no short-sighted views of political expediency. He felt not bound to follow a faction against the dictates of his conscience. He cast off the shackles of party, and declared himself an independent man. And, although it has been his fate to be maligned while he lived, and to be misrepresented after death by those who envied his adamantine firmness, or who could not appreciate his motives, still will a late posterity reverse the sentence of interested or ignorant Biographers, and hail the man who, amid all the disasters of life, followed out the maxim he lays down for his conduct :

“ Be like a tower that never stoops its head,  
Bellow the tempests fiercely as they may.”

*Purgatorio.* v. 14.

From the period of his banishment, Dante was a wanderer, as he describes himself, from house to house, scarcely able at one time to obtain his bread, yet at another, received into the houses of the great, whether of the Guelf or Ghibelline party. After long enduring the miseries of banishment, and making vain appeals to his countrymen to be allowed to return, the intercession of his friends was acceded to, on the condition that he should pay a fine, confess the justice of his sentence, and make an apology to the state. The indignation with which he spurns the offer is exhibited in the following letter from Dante to a friend.

“ After the sufferings of exile for nearly fifteen years, can such a recall be a glorious one to Dante Alighieri? Is this the reward of an innocence universally acknowledged—of the labour and fatigues of unremitting study? Far from a man conversant with Philosophy be the senseless pusillanimity that would bespeak such baseness of heart, and induce him to offer himself up in chains, and follow others into the path of infamy.

Far be it from a man demanding justice, to compromise injustice with money, and treat his persecutors as if they were his benefactors. No, my Father, this is not the way of returning to one's country. If, however, any other offer shall be made now, or at a future time, that shall not detract from the honour and reputation of Dante, that offer I will accept with no tardy steps. But if by no such way can Florence be entered, Florence I will never enter. What? can I not everywhere enjoy the sight of the sun and the stars! Can I not, under every part of heaven, meditate upon the most delightful truths, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay, infamous to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, at least, will not fail me."

The hopes he here expresses were never destined to be realized. He never again returned to his beloved Florence, or enjoyed the comforts of domestic life. Yet he rarely speaks of himself, and tender hearted as he was, never of his wife and family.\* His last refuge was at Ravenna, in the palace of Guido da Polenta, a Guelf, to whom he felt so much indebted, that having been sent ambassador to Venice, by his protector, and failing in the object of his mission, he died on his return, from fatigue and disappointment, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. A.D. 1321. And at Ravenna his ashes rest, notwithstanding the tardy endeavours of "ungrateful Florence" to recover them.

The incidents of Dante's life are involved in much obscurity; nor has it been attempted to trace his wanderings during twenty years of banishment. The history of his life is in fact the history of his mind—that mind which feeding upon high and heavenly thoughts, yet anxious to promote

\* See note to Par. xv. 118.



his grand scheme of uniting Italy under one Monarch, and Christians under one Shepherd, was ever and anon descending from above to mingle his ardent and benign affections in the things of earth;—that mind which neither relenting in its enmity to the “Wolves” that desolated his beloved country, nor abandoning the hope of returning with the laurels of a Poet to the “fair fold” where he had his birth, was bent through many a painful year on the completion of his Sacred Poem.

“Should it befall that e'er the Sacred lay,  
 To which have lent their aid both Heaven and earth,—  
 While year by year my body pined away—  
 O'ercome the cruelty that is my bar  
 From the fair fold where I, a lamb, had birth,  
 Foe to the ravening wolves its peace who mar—  
 With other voice, with other fleece shall I,  
 Poet return; and at that shrine be crown'd,  
 Which my baptismal fountain did supply.”

*Paradiso. xxv. 1.*

In his poem indeed must the life of Dante be read and studied. And though his other works, both in prose and verse, are sufficiently important of themselves to have raised him to a high place as a Poet and a Philosopher, still the *Divina Commedia* is the imperishable crown of his labours—the offering of his heart as an admirer of Nature, and a devout worshipper of God—the melodious voice, not only of a Poet but of a Prophet—the representation of Time, and the mirror of Eternity.

Let Dante but be viewed in his proper light, and we shall acknowledge him to be a true patriot, an independent Italian, a zealous Christian, a champion of liberty, and a lover of all that

is beautiful, whether in the rural images of nature, or in the tenderest scenes of domestic life. Let us not only descend with him to the Inferno, but also mount with him to the Paradiso ; and confess that if he could paint the horrors of Hell, he could depict with still more wondrous skill the light and glory of Heaven.

One great recommendation of Dante is, that nothing immoral or impure ever escapes him, although he was born amid the darkness of the Middle Ages. And this is most remarkable, when we compare him not only with the subsequent poets of Italy, but with our own Chaucer and Shakspeare. Amidst the vice and impurity around him, he walked the earth scarcely touched by its contamination. Pride, he admits, was his besetting sin. Nor can we wonder that a man of high birth, so infinitely in advance of his age, should be conscious of his superiority. That he exerted himself, however, to attain humility, is evident from the candour of his confessions, and the abasement he experiences on entering the circle where pride is punished.\* To war against evil in every shape was the object of his life and of his works ; and he advances with boldness to the encounter on the raging sea of wickedness,† “secure in the consciousness of pure intent.‡” And this purity of heart, this intense earnestness in the cause of truth, united to extreme simplicity and conciseness of expression, form the grand features of a Poem, which, at the same time that it places many of the doctrines of Christianity in the clearest point of view,§ renders them most attractive by those outpourings of feeling and devotion, and those strains of matchless harmony with which they are accompanied. Hence it may be truly said

\* Purg. xi. 108 ; xii. 9 ; xiii. 136, &c.

† Inf. ii. 107.

‡ Inf. xxviii. 15.

§ See especially Par. vii.

that no other human work is so replete with sacred melody, divested of all modern cant and affectation; and that the poetry of Dante is, above all other poetry, the hand-maid to Religion.

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The life of Dante has been sketched in the most concise manner, without entering into discussion as to any of the religious or literary questions which are mixed up with it. Nor in an edition like the present can space be afforded to consider them as they deserve.

At a time, however, when Dante is exciting the most intense interest on the continent; when commentaries and translations are daily multiplied, and Professorships established for the explanation of his poem—when Catholic and Protestant are each striving to claim him as their own; and both are anxious to fathom the depths of the Oracle, whose voice is only now beginning to be understood—when England alone is backward in exploring Truth, as exhibited in the most truthful and the most earnest of uninspired Bards—some allusion can scarcely be avoided to the various questions that present themselves.

1st. To what extent Dante was a Reformer; and how it is that he continues to be claimed as a supporter by both Romanists and Protestants?

The fact is, that the inconsistencies which appear to exist as to Dante's religious and political views, arise from his veneration for the Catholic Church in its original purity on the one hand, and his detestation, on the other, of those abuses, by which it had been venalized and corrupted.

Standing by himself, and compared with the age in which he lived, Dante was a gigantic Reformer, of whom Rome was justly afraid. But Protestantism having since carried Reform to a far greater length, Rome has been glad to claim him as a supporter of those superstitions he was not prepared to cast off. And hence the anomalous claims of Catholic and Protestant. But the Reformer of the Middle Ages must not be contrasted with the Reformers of three centuries later.—Dante was not preceded by that daring spirit of enquiry and philosophical investigation, which distinguished after times; neither was he urged on by others, as Luther was, to a far more comprehensive assault upon Rome than he originally contemplated. We must therefore the more admire that genius which, alone and unassisted, struck light into the universal darkness by which he was surrounded. Morally impossible, it appears to have been, that Dante should at once have cast off the habits and prejudices of centuries, and set himself in battle against the whole superstructure which Rome had built upon the Catholic Church. And thus he denounced those abuses only which appeared to him the most flagrant.

At the time Dante wrote (near three hundred years before Luther), he indulged a hope of restoring the ancient discipline of the Church; and accordingly was satisfied to show how greatly it had degenerated, and to expose to the world the iniquity of several Pontiffs, whom he designates as Wolves,\* Usurpers,† Idolaters,‡ Modern Pharisees,|| and followers of Simon Magus.§ For the spiritual office of the Pope, he shows the utmost respect;¶ but at the same time entirely denies his

\* Par. ix. 132. xxvii. 55. † Par. xxvii. 23. ‡ Inf. xix. 113.  
 † Inf. xxvii. 85. ‡ Inf. xix. 1 to 6. ¶ Inf. xix. 100. Purg. xix.  
 127. Ib. xx. 85, &c.

right to exercise any kind of temporal power, either at home or abroad,\* or to abuse his ecclesiastical power by the unwarrantable imposition of Interdicts †—the granting of Indulgences ‡—and even of Absolution, unaccompanied by repentance. ¶ Whether, if he had lived in the time of Luther, he would have proceeded to attack the Papacy itself, cannot be determined; but he strongly indicates his sentiments, when he declares that, in the eyes of God, the Papal chair was at one time actually vacant, through the enormities of its possessor, Pope Boniface. §

The nature of the Reforms he advocated having been concisely stated, it is better to let Dante speak for himself.

He tells us plainly that at Rome Christ was daily bought and sold. ¶ He avows his detestation of the Romish Canon Law, contained in the Decretals, constituting the discipline of the Church, or the rules of its ecclesiastical and civil government—declares that the Popes and Cardinals devote themselves to these, for covetous purposes, to the neglect of the Gospel and the Fathers; and never bestow a thought upon Christ.\*\* The people, he says, are like sheep gone astray from the right path, since the Pope, through love of money has become a very wolf. †† And, as for the Clergy generally, he tells them they are lost in specious learning, or real ignorance of the Scriptures.—You are fond, he says, not only of intricate philosophy, and outward show; but such vanities, disgusting as they are to God, are exceeded by your neglect and perversion of

\* Purg. vi. 91; xvi. 106—114; 127—132. (See Par. xxi. 127; xxvii. 22—27; 40 to 57.) † Purg. iii. 133, &c. Par. xviii. 127, &c.; xxvii. 45—60.

‡ Par. xii. 91; xxix. 118, &c. ¶ Inf. xxvii 100—123.

‡ Par. xxvii. 24.

¶ Par. xvii. 51.

\*\* Ib. ix. 133 to end.

†† Ib. ix. 132.

the Bible. You consider not what your Redemption cost, and how pleasing to God are those who approach him with humility. The Preachers, he adds, are striving for fame and show, and have recourse to all kind of subtleties and inventions, while the Word of God is passed over in silence. Thus the flock is amused with the fables that are told them from the pulpits, and return home without deriving any benefit from their teachers. But very different was the injunction of Christ:—

Christ said not to his earliest congregation,  
 “Go, and with lies the people lead astray,”  
 But, “testify the truth to every nation.\*”

With regard to the Church—he bitterly laments its first accession to temporal power, to which he attributes its degeneracy. By confounding civil and ecclesiastical government, Rome, he says, has fallen into the mire, and sullied herself, with all her charge;—a fact, he adds, which forcibly illustrates the exclusion of the tribe of Levi from the inheritance. The property of the Church, he says, all belongs to the poor, and ought to be given to indigent Christians, as was the case before they were deprived of it,—not through the fault of the Church, but of Him who presides over the Church, and has appropriated the money for the benefit of relations, or for worse purposes.†

“The Church,” he makes St. Peter declare, “was not nourished on the blood of the Papal martyrs, in order to teach the practice of acquiring wealth. We intended not that Christians should be excommunicated, and placed, part on the right hand and part on the left, for political offences. We intended not that the keys entrusted to my care should be made a signal of war against Christians; nor that I should give a sanction by means

\* Par. xxix. † Inf. xix. 115. Purg. xvi. 97—132. Par. xii. 88—93; xxii. 83.

of my seal, to Bulls, Indulgences, and such like lying privileges.—Ravenous Wolves in sheep's clothing are rife throughout the Sees. Oh! Judgment of God, why delay the sentence? Foreigners are now drinking our blood. But the Providence of God will soon, I imagine, devise a remedy."\*

For audacities like these, and above all, for placing several Popes in Hell, notwithstanding their supposed infallibility, Dante was considered so far from being a Papist, that he was not even deemed an orthodox Romanist. And this is proved by the fact that the Cardinal Bernardo di Pogetto was sent by John XXII. to Ravenna, to endeavour to obtain his bones, that they might be scattered to the winds, and thus receive the indignities due to a Heretic. Yet so important is the authority of Dante, that the Romish Priesthood are at this very day striving to claim him as exclusively their own, though as unwilling as ever to conform to the precepts he advocated.

The ardour, however, with which Dante is now sought and consulted, is favourable to truth; and a general desire has sprung up to comprehend that universal system which his capacious mind conceived and shadowed out;—viz. of governing the world on Christian principles, not by confounding the sword and the crozier,—not by rendering the Clergy independent of the laity; but by restoring the Church to its original purity, so as to unite all Christians in one common brotherhood, and give Religion an universal and paramount influence.

2ndly. As to the reasons why Dante is less known and appreciated in this country than on the continent, much might be said with regard to various prevailing errors and prejudices. It is sufficient, however, to observe that Dante has usually been

\* Par. xxvii. 40—63.

judged of by the *Inferno* only, and that the public are unacquainted with that exquisite melody which runs throughout the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*.

3dly. It has lately been attempted to prove, that several works, both prior and subsequent to the age of Dante, were entirely allegorical, and composed in a secret cipher, to avoid disclosures of the principles entertained in opposition to the Court of Rome. Such a view of the *Divina Commedia* is not only an unwarrantable degradation of the Poet, but is wholly irreconcilable with the openness and boldness with which he has expressed himself against the Popes, and the abuses they had introduced. Were it however possible that he could have written a poem, abounding in sublime descriptions, and in passages of exquisite pathos, under the weight of such oppressive trammels—still, posterity will worship only the exalted Muse, which made him the instrument for rousing the noblest and most amiable sympathies of the human heart. Speculation on the various allusions embraced in so comprehensive a work may furnish an interesting employment to the curiosity of learned men; but we should never forget those sublimer qualities, which render the poet a fit companion for his immortal guide, and place the name of Dante in harmonious fellowship with that of Homer, of Shakspeare, and of Milton.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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To enable us to understand the design of Dante's poem, it may be useful to take a short review of the time in which he wrote.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, Italy presents a lamentable picture of darkness and misery. At that unhappy period, the pure religion of the primitive Christians had been wholly corrupted by the superstitious innovations of the Court of Rome. Over all affairs, both ecclesiastical and political, she exercised a withering and debasing influence. The faculties were enchained—the feelings deadened, by the inventions of priestcraft; and the commission of crime encouraged by the sale of Indulgences. Hence resulted a state of morals more gross than can well be conceived:—for if the example set by many of the Popes was as infamous as we are compelled to believe—what must have been the condition of the people, who looked up to them as infallible? So venalized was the Church by the covetousness of the Priests, as to create a belief in the

mind of Dante that the usurped temporal power of Papal Rome was indeed the Antichrist foretold in the Revelations.

The evils thus arising from religious abuses were aggravated by the violence of party spirit. Guelfs and Ghibellins—partisans of the Pope or of the Emperor—carried on a constant and deadly warfare throughout the numerous states into which Italy was divided. The Guelfs had blindly rendered themselves the instruments of the Church; and while fighting, as they imagined, in defence of their liberties, were unconsciously forging for themselves the fetters of a degrading tyranny. Too weak to unite Italy under one government; and at the same time, too powerful to submit to the Emperors of Germany, the Court of Rome preserved her political ascendancy by fomenting the antipathies of the two factions. Whenever her cause appeared declining, foreigners were called in to its support. Hence Italy was deluged with blood, and her welfare sacrificed to ambition and avarice.

With this picture before our eyes, let us imagine Dante—a being of transcendent genius and profound learning, imbued with strong religious and patriotic feelings, roused as it were from sleep, in the full maturity of his intellect, to the contemplation of this sad reality. Let us imagine him in the situation he describes—thrown amid a vicious generation, so corrupted by

evil example, and hardened in iniquity, that he might justly describe himself as wandering in a rank and savage wilderness ;

“ Like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out.”

*Third part Henry VI. act iii. sc. 2.*

Through this vale of misery, all traces of the straight path were wholly obliterated ; and even the upright and virtuous Dante found great difficulty in extricating himself from the mazes of error. How he first became entangled, he was unable, he says, to discover ;—so immersed was he in sleep at the time he abandoned the true path ; or, as he intimates in the fifteenth canto,—so young as to be incapable of exercising a sound discretion. The recollection of the past came over his soul like the bitterness of death ; when, awakened to a conviction of the truth, he contemplated the dangers he had escaped. But with these personal feelings were blended others of a far more comprehensive character ; and, in the miseries of his native land, Dante felt all the sympathy which the most devoted patriotism could inspire. The wickedness of his countrymen—their moral and political degradation—the licentiousness and turbulence of their governments, and above all, the

flagrant corruption of the Romish Church, overwhelmed him in sorrow and dismay.

On arriving however at the termination of the valley in which he had been wandering, he looks upward, and beholds a mountain, illumined with the beams of the sun. His eyes are directed with joy to this beautiful abode of virtue, upon which Revelation sheds its unerring ray. To impart to others that light which had been graciously vouchsafed to himself, is the object of his earnest desire. Animated by the prospect, he proceeds on his journey with sanguine hopes of emancipating Italy from the yoke of a venal Church, and of effecting a great reformation in the religious and political state of his distracted country. Scarcely has he begun to ascend the mountain, when he is opposed by three wild beasts,—a Panther, a Lion, and a she-Wolf. The restlessness of the Panther, its varied colours, and cruel disposition, afford a lively representation of Florence, divided into the implacable factions of the Neri and Bianchi, and continually fluctuating at the caprice of a changeable and headstrong populace. The continued vexation experienced from this animal impedes the progress of Dante, and frequently inclines him to retreat. Various circumstances, however, combine to encourage him;—the beautiful season of spring—the religious consolation of Easter—the commencement of a new century (1300,) ushered in by a solemn

Jubilee, and a change in the state of parties at Florence, described by the gay skin of the Panther, present to him the brightest omens of success. But these hopes are soon dissipated by the appearance of the Lion,—emblematical of France, and her ambitious interference in the government of Florence. The poet is at the same time attacked by the she-Wolf, intended to represent the Court of Rome. These two powers uniting to oppose the virtuous endeavours of Dante, he despairs of reaching the summit of the beautiful mountain. He sees his miserable country, for which he possessed the most ardent love, become a prey to the ambition of foreign potentates, and exposed to all the calamities of tyranny and misgovernment. From the union of temporal with spiritual power in the person of the Pope, these manifold evils derived their source. Hence, to confine the authority of the See of Rome to religious affairs, and to re-establish a constitutional monarchy in Italy, were the two great objects Dante had in view. But to compose the jealousies of the numerous republics, and to unite them under one government, could only be effected by restoring the privileges of the Emperors of Germany, which the Court of Rome, in her lust of sway, had in a great measure annihilated. As heirs of the Cæsars, the Emperors were the lawful monarchs of Italy; and to the revival of their dominion Dante therefore looked forward with anxious expectation.

Disappointed in the hope of executing his benevolent projects, Dante is driven back into the dark valley, where the voice of reason is mute; when the shade of Virgil appears before his eyes, and recommends him to climb the mountain by some other road—declaring it fruitless to attempt a passage in opposition to the Wolf, “whose greediness will permit none to tread the same path with herself, but will assuredly effect their destruction.” For the present, he says, Italy is doomed to submit to her controul, and to suffer from the intrigues of the Court of Rome with the kings of the earth, till the arrival of a prophetic conqueror, described under the image of the Greyhound, who, the poet vainly hoped, would restore peace to his country, and chase the Wolf back into her native hell. In the meantime Dante is to awaken the Italians to a sense of their condition, and to prepare them for a return to the primitive simplicity of the Christian Church. Nor are the means his genius suggests unworthy of so noble an undertaking. A poem is to be constructed of a peculiar kind, which shall contain the most convincing evidence, blended with beauties so inimitable as to ensure its never failing reception in the hearts of men throughout all ages. To enable him to execute his arduous design, Virgil offers to become his guide, and to lead him through Hell and Purgatory;—that thus visiting, as it were, in turn, every description of sinner, he might be enabled to make a lasting record

of what he had seen, and reveal to mankind the iniquity of those hypocritical Pastors who had led their flock away from the right path, and covered the land with the darkness of the shadow of death. Should he wish, says Virgil, after reviewing the punishments assigned to the wicked, to behold the blessed abode of the saints in Paradise, and stimulate his country to virtue by a description of heavenly bliss—"a soul more worthy shall conduct his flight."

In the opening of the second canto, after an invocation to the Muse, Dante expresses his reverence for that holy place, where, by divine authority the Papal See was established. This respect towards Rome he maintains throughout the poem, and dwells with delight upon its original purity; but, with the warmest indignation and zeal for religion, views the conduct of those evil Shepherds who by adding the sword to the crozier, and aiming at a temporal as well as a spiritual dominion, had brought scandal upon the Catholic Faith. It is only against the usurpers of St. Peter's chair, i. e. against those Popes who belied the holy character they had bound themselves to support, that he declares his uncompromising hostility.

To avenge the wrongs of the true Christian Church, was the secret hope he cherished in his bosom:—to bring peace and happiness to mankind, by the restoration of pure religion, was the high reward he proposed to

himself in the execution of "that sacred poem," upon which heaven and earth had laid their hands, and to which, for many years, he devoted himself with painful assiduity.

In contemplating at first this mighty work, the poet feels a distrust of his ability to perform it, and with singular modesty expresses doubt as to his fitness for so arduous an undertaking. Virgil, however, comes to his assistance, and gives an account of his mission. Divine Mercy, commiserating Dante's unhappy state, had been the first, he says, to prevail upon Justice to temper his strict decrees. Lucia or Grace descends accordingly, and intreats Beatrice, or heavenly Wisdom, to exert herself in behalf of one of her most devoted friends, engaged in mortal combat with sin and death on the tempestuous sea of wickedness. Beatrice swiftly leaves her blest abode, and coming to Virgil, with earnest entreaty implores his aid to rescue her friend from the perils by which he is surrounded.

Encouraged by the assurance of heavenly support, the ardour of Dante is revived: he expresses his eagerness to pursue the new path recommended by Virgil, and acknowledges him as his guide and master. He desists from any open contention with the Court of Rome; and summons all the energies of his mind in the execution of his Sacred Poem. Calling up from their graves those Pontiffs who had chiefly been instrumental



in corrupting the Church by their lust of power and wealth, he gives to the world a retrospective view of their lives, and fearlessly exposes the depravity which had brought such manifold evils on the world. Against Pope Boniface in particular he pours forth his utmost indignation, and repudiates his right to exercise any kind of temporal dominion either at home or abroad.

But not only is Dante's poem directed to the severance of ecclesiastical and political power, for the purpose of restoring the Church to apostolical purity; but it aims at effecting a great moral improvement in the individual man. By contemplating the effects of sin—by reflecting on the various and terrible punishments it incurs, the mind is to be impressed in the first place with an awful sense of Divine Justice. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom;" and the first fruits of righteousness are to be produced by the terrors of hell. Convinced of the dreadful consequences of vice, and of the vanity of earthly pursuits, the soul rises to a contemplation of those joys reserved for the righteous in the blessed regions of Paradise. "Love then casteth out fear," and thus man proceeds "from strength to strength," till the creature of earth is fitted to become an inhabitant of heaven. Upon considerations of this nature is founded the grand scheme of Dante's poem, and with this object he is conducted by his guide to the gates of Hell.

To form an idea of the construction of Dante's Hell, the reader must imagine a vast concavity or pit, reaching from the surface of the earth down to the centre, and divided into nine circles gradually diminishing in circumference. An inverted sugar loaf would represent the exterior figure; an amphitheatre would afford some idea of the interior.

The nine circles are severally appropriated to the punishment of crimes of a particular genus, and some of these are subdivided according to the different species of offences which that genus comprizes. In proportion to the magnitude of the crime, the lower is the circle allotted. Thus is contrived a graduated scale of punishment, the circles becoming more and more contracted in their circumferences, as also sinking to a greater perpendicular depth. At the very lowest point, or centre of the earth, the arch-traitor Lucifer is fixed. Dante having passed this central point, proceeds on to the antipodes, where he places his mountain of Purgatory.

# IN F E R N O.

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## CANTO I.

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### ARGUMENT.

DANTE, attempting to escape from the valley of sin, and to ascend the hill of virtue, is driven back by three wild beasts. The poet Virgil comes to his assistance.

IN the midway of this our life below, 1  
I found myself within a gloomy wood,—  
No traces left, the path direct to show.  
Ah! what a painful task to tell how drear,  
How savage, and how rank that forest stood,  
Which e'en to think upon renews my fear!  
More bitter scarcely death itself can be. 7  
But to disclose the good which there I found,  
I will relate what else 'twas mine to see.  
How first I enter'd, it is hard to say ;  
In such deep slumber were my senses bound,  
When from the path of truth I went astray.

But soon as I had reach'd a mountain's base, 13  
    (Where the low vale that struck me with dismay  
    Obtains a limit to its dreadful space)  
I look'd on high, and saw its shoulders bright  
    Already with that glorious planet's ray  
    Which guideth man through every path aright.  
Then was awhile allay'd the chilling fear 19  
    That still within my heart's lake trembling stood,  
    The night I pass'd in anguish so severe :  
And like to one all breathless—who at last  
    Escaped ashore from out the perilous flood,  
    Turns to the wave, and gazing, stands aghast ;  
E'en so my mind, though yet intent on flight, 25  
    Turn'd backward, to review that vale of gloom  
    Which never spared the life of mortal wight.  
Soon as my weary frame had rest obtain'd,  
    Up the lone steep my journey I resume ;  
    But firmer still the lowest foot remain'd.  
To climb the ascent I scarcely had essay'd, 31  
    When lo ! an agile Panther barr'd my way,  
    Exceeding swift, in spotted coat array'd.  
Confronting me, she plied her nimble feet,  
    And in my progress caused me such delay,  
    That oft I turn'd with purpose to retreat.

It was the hour when morning dawns on high ; 37

And now the sun was rising in the east,

With those fair stars that bore him company,

When Love Divine first launch'd them in the sky :

Thus happy omens now my hope increased—

The Panther's coat that shone with brilliant dye—

The season sweet, and early morning bright : 43

Not that without dismay I saw appear

A Lion's form that burst upon my sight :

With ravening hunger, and uplifted head,

He came against me in his fell career ;—

Methought the very air partook of dread :

A She-Wolf too ; who in her meagreness 49

Seem'd by innumerable wants possess'd,

And many a one had brought to sore distress.

With terror were her glaring eyeballs fired ;

And thence my soul was by such weight oppress'd,

I lost all hope to win that mount desired :

And e'en as one intent to swell his stores, 55

When comes the hour that sweepeth them away,

Gives up his thoughts to grief, and still deplores ;

Such I became, as that impatient brute

Approaching nearer fill'd me with dismay,

And drove me back to where the sun is mute.

While sadly I retraced my former course 61  
     Down to the vale,—before me I descried  
     One, who by long disuse of speech was hoarse.  
 Him when I saw on that wide desert coast,—  
     “Have pity, whatsoe'er thou be,” I cried—  
     “Or living man, or melancholy ghost.”  
 “Not man,” he answered, “though I once was man ; 67  
     My parents were of Lombardy ; and they  
     In Mantua both their mortal journey ran.  
 Ere Julius won his power, I had my birth,  
     And lived at Rome beneath Augustus' sway,  
     When false and lying gods prevail'd on earth.  
 A bard I was ; and sang that just one's fame— 73  
     Anchises' son,—who left the Trojan shore,  
     When fell proud Ilion, wrapt in hostile flame.  
 But why returnest thou to such annoy ?  
     Why dost thou climb yon pleasant mount no more—  
     The origin and cause of every joy ? ”  
 With looks abash'd I answer'd, bending low : 79  
     “Art thou that Virgil then—that fountain clear,  
     Whence streams of eloquence so richly flow ?  
 O thou, of bards the honour and the light,  
     Let my long study of thy volume dear,  
     And mighty love gain favour in thy sight.

My master thou—my author most admired ; 85  
 To thee alone that beauteous style I owe,  
 Which for my name such honour hath acquired.  
 Behold the beast which caused me to retreat !  
 Protection from her wrath, great sage, bestow ;  
 Through fear my every vein and pulse doth beat.”  
 “Thee it behoves another path to take,” 91  
 He answer'd, (seeing how my sorrow flow'd,)  
 “If thou this savage desert would'st forsake ;  
 For know—the beast, which fills thee with dismay,  
 Permitteth none to journey o'er her road,  
 But hinders sore, till she destroys her prey.  
 So vile her nature—so disposed to ill, 97  
 Her ravenous wants she ne'er can satisfy ;  
 And food but serves to whet her hunger still.  
 She links herself to many an animal ;  
 And till the Greyhound come, to make her die  
 A painful death, yet more will she enthrall.  
 (Him neither land nor lucre shall sustain, 103  
 By love, by wisdom, and by virtue fed :  
 From Feltro e'en to Feltro shall he reign.  
 His might Italia's lowly plains shall save,  
 For which Euryalus and Nisus bled,  
 Turnus the king, Camilla, virgin brave.)

Back to the limits of her native hell, 109

Whence Envy drew her first—with potent sway

From town to town shall he the beast repel.

Now, pondering on thy welfare, I decide

Through an eternal realm to lead the way ;

If thou wilt follow, I will be thy guide.

There shalt thou hear the cries of hopeless woe ; 115

And see the mournful spirits of old time,

Imploring death to strike the second blow :

Others, in fire contented to remain ;

For hope is theirs, in heaven's untroubled clime,

Some future day an honour'd seat to gain.

But wouldst thou mount to where the blessed dwell, 121

A soul more worthy shall conduct thy flight ;

Her care shall guide thee when I bid farewell :

For that all-powerful King, who rules above,

Grants not that I, a rebel in his sight,

Lead to his City those He may approve.

Lord of the universe—his seat is there ; 127

There his divine abode, and lofty throne :

O happy he who doth his favour share !”

“ Poet, I do conjure thee,” I replied,

“ By that dread God whom thou hast never known,

(So may I shun this ill and worse beside)



Lead me, O lead me thither, where the gate      133  
 Of holy Peter may by me be view'd,  
 And those thou speak'st of in such mournful state."  
 He then led on ; and I his steps pursued.

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 NOTES.

Page 1. (Line 1.) Dante was born in 1265, banished in 1302, and died at Ravenna in 1321. His poem he supposes to commence in 1300, though written some years after. He was then 35. "When his poem was actually begun is altogether uncertain. It is probable that in early youth he conceived the idea of his work—that he was constantly retouching it, and never considered it finished till the day of his death."—*Ugo Foscolo, Discorso*. Hence he was enabled to allude in a prophetic manner to many events which had actually taken place. (2.) In the fourth canto, line 66, Dante, speaking of the wood, says, "The wood of souls I mean, so thick they stood." Thus the wood, or wilderness represents a vicious generation. And we learn from various passages in Dante's poem, that the people had been led astray by means of a venal church, which, through lust of gold and dominion, had idolized wealth, and neglected the Bible, or distorted its meaning. See *Inferno* vii. 46; xix. 90, 105, 112; xxvii. 71, &c.; *Purgatorio* xvi. 58, 97 to 133; xix. 121; *Paradiso* ix. 133 to end; xvii. 51; xxii. 76 to 93; xxix. 85 to 127. "The end Dante had in view was that of enlightening the people, and of exposing the cunning and

impostures of those who lived upon their credulity, and made an infamous traffic of absurdities."—*Panizzi, Romantic Poetry of the Italians*. See *Paradiso* xviii. 130; xxvii. 53. (3.) "O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep thy statutes."—*Psalms* cxix. 5. "Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in the right way."—*Psalms* xxvii. 13. "They went astray in the wilderness out of the way."—*Psalms* cvii. 4. "They are all gone out of the way; they are together become unprofitable."—*Romans* iii. 12. "I am the way, the truth, and the life."—*St. John* xiv. 6. "Dante lost his way, not through his own fault, but because the path of rectitude was obliterated."—*Rosetti*. In his *Convito*, Dante says, "The youth that enters into the erroneous wood of this life, has not sufficient wisdom to follow the right road." And speaking of himself, he says, "he went astray in a valley in his early youth."—*Inf.* xv. 49. (11.) Sleep in the scriptural sense—"For the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep."—*Isaiah* xxix. 10. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light."—*Eph.* v. 14.

Page 2. (Line 13.) The hill of Virtue, or mountain of Purgatory, on the top of which the terrestrial Paradise is situated. (Of Purgatory, as here applied to this world, see Introduction to the *Purgatorio*.) (14.) The vale of sin, or "the valley of the shadow of death." (17.) The Sun of Righteousness—described in the next line as "the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The language which has been applied to Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, by a distinguished writer of the present day, is well suited to his predecessor Dante.—"He emerges from the valley of the shadow of death, from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sun-

shine is on his path. He ascends the delectable mountains, ("il diletto monte") and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage."—*Thomas Babington Macaulay. Essays. Ranke's Hist. of the Popes.* 1840. (25.) "Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit, Incipiam."—*Virgil Æn.* ii. 12. "Methinks a believer is as one standing upon a high tower, who sees the way wherein the world runs, in a valley, as an unavoidable precipice—a steep edge, hanging over the bottomless pit, where all that are not reclaimed fall over before they are aware. And you, so many as God hath taken into friendship with himself, look backwards to the gulf you have escaped, and forward to the happiness you are appointed to; and let the joint consideration awaken your hearts and tongues to praises."—*Abp. Leighton.* (27.) In scriptural language sin is said to bring death upon the soul of man, even during his existence upon earth. Hence in the third canto, line 64, Dante speaks of those "who never were alive." The language of Spenser is almost identical with that of Dante in this passage: "There creature never passed, That back returned without heavenly grace."—*Fairy Queen.* B. i. c. 5, st. 31. And we shall find in the next canto, line 94, that Grace intercedes for the rescue of Dante. (30.) The meaning of this verse is very obscure; but it seems to imply the power of habit in drawing man back into sin. (32.) The Panther represents the gay and changeable city of Florence, true to the character of the beast in its cruelty towards Dante—that "cruelty" he hoped to overcome by means of his poem.—*Paradiso* xxv. 4.

Page 3. (Line 40.) The ancients believed that the world was created in the spring. *Virg. Georg.* ii. 336. (41.) See Introduction. (45.) The Lion is the symbol of the ambitious power of France,

personified in Philip le Bel, with whom Pope Boniface VIII. intrigued, to plunder and enslave Florence. (49.) The She-wolf is the symbol of the avaricious court of Rome, personified in Boniface VIII., through whose persecution Dante was banished. "The symbol of the She-wolf, understood to mean the meretricious venal Church, is carried on with consistency throughout the poem. . . . This interpretation, true and novel in our days, was rather concealed than unknown by the first commentators."—*Ugo Foscolo, Discorso*. See *Inferno* vii. 7; xix. 106.; *Purgatorio* xx. 10; xxxii. 148 to end; *Paradiso* ix. 132; xxvii. 55. It is the practice of Scripture to represent kingdoms by wild beasts. See *Jeremiah* v. 6. (52.) Thus Homer: "πῦρ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δεδορκῶς." *Iliad* x. 95. Also *Æschylus*, λέόντων ὡς Ἀρην δεδορκῶτων." *Ἑπτα ἐπὶ Θηβας*. And Tasso, "Quant' é negli occhi lor terrore e morte?" (60.) To the valley of sin,—"dove 'l sol tace,"—"The sun to me is dark and silent as the moon."—*Milton Samp. Agon*. "Loca nocte tacentia late."—*Æn.* vi. 265. "Non des requiem tibi, neque taceat pupilla oculi tui."—*Lament. Jeremiah*, i. 18, *Vulgate*. A similar figure is used in *canto* v. 28,—"Io venni in loco d'ogni luce muto."

Page 4. (Line 63.) Virgil—whose poem had been neglected during the dark ages. Dante has here been copied by Milton, who speaks of himself as "unchanged to hoarse or mute, Though fallen on evil days."—*Paradise Lost*, vii. 35.—Virgil is the type of human wisdom, unaided by Revelation. His poetry embodied the philosophy of Plato, and all the wisdom of antiquity. His politics too, as Rosetti observes, were highly congenial to those of Dante, who looked up to the Emperors as the successors of the Cæsars, and advocated their cause as the only means of uniting the numerous states of Italy under one go-

vernment. By means of a poem, which should exhibit to mankind the sufferings of the Popes in the next world for their conduct in the present, which had demoralized Italy, Virgil recommends Dante (line 91) to liberate himself and his country from the opposition of the Wolf. And having made an imaginary journey to hell before, he was, he says, acquainted with the way. Dante, having chosen poetry as the means of revealing, as it were, the secrets of the next world, there is no difficulty in understanding why the greatest moral poet should be selected, though a heathen, as his guide and master. He is the link between the old world and the new—between Pagan and Christian Rome. Yet though he is supposed to have prophesied the coming of our Saviour, (“Magnus ab integro, &c.”—*Eclog. iv. 7.*) by many of the Fathers, he is not deemed worthy of conducting Dante further than Purgatory. Virgil, or human Wisdom, then disappears; and Beatrice, or heavenly Wisdom, takes her place, to guide the Christian Poet into Paradise. (70.) The “*ancor che fosse tardi*” of the original is very obscure. (78.) “Thou shalt show me the path of life: in thy presence is the fulness of joy; and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.”—*Psalm xvi. 12.*

Page 5. (Line 91.) i.e. Any direct opposition to the Wolf will be fruitless. A poem must be written which shall shew the true character and conduct of the Roman Pontiffs, and the necessity of bringing them back to their original condition of spiritual Pastors, by stripping them of their wealth and usurped temporal power. (100.) i.e. To the kings of the earth—alluding to the mercenary alliances of the Popes with them. (See Revelations xvii. 2.) (101.) Can Grande della Scala, Lord of Verona, who did not however live to fulfil the prophecy here made, that he would rescue Italy from the tyranny

of Rome, and extend his dominion from the city of Feltro in the Marca Trivigiana to Montefeltro in Romagna. (106.) "Humilemque videmus Italiam."—*Æn.* iii. 522.

Page 6. (110.) "Through envy of the devil came death into the world."—*Wisdom* ii. 24. (113.) i.e. Through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, as severally described in the following lines. (122.) Beatrice, or Heavenly Wisdom.—In his youth Dante became enamoured with a lady of this name, whose premature death so strengthened and exalted his affection, that he never ceased to regard her with the deepest devotion, and to look upon her in the light of a guardian angel. (126.) The new Jerusalem,—whither Virgil is not thought worthy to guide Dante. (127.) "The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven, and his kingdom ruleth over all."—*Psalms* ciii. 19. There is a strong antithesis in both these passages: God's dominion is in all parts; but his seat is in heaven. (133.) The gate of Purgatory,—leading also to Paradise. See Lombardi; *Purgatorio* xxi. 54.

"And now St. Peter at heaven's wicket seems  
To wait them with his keys."—*Par. Lost*, B. iii.

CANTO II.

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ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL relieves the fears of Dante, relating how he had been sent to his assistance by Beatrice. He accompanies him to the gate of Hell.

THE day was closing, and the dusky air 1

On all the creatures of the earth bestow'd

Rest from their labours :—I alone prepare

To struggle against pity, and to dare

A conflict with the horrors of the road,

Which an unerring memory shall declare.

O Muse, O lofty Genius, grant your aid :— 7

O Memory—faithful record of the past—

Be here thy true nobility display'd.

“Poet,” I then began, “my honour'd guide,

O trust me not in an attempt so vast,

Until my strength and virtue have been tried.

- Thy verse relates how Sylvius' parent gain'd 13  
 Immortal realms, while yet corruptible,  
 And still in bonds of human flesh detain'd.
- If then the great Antagonist of ill  
 Regarded him with favour—whoso well  
 The mighty destinies he should fulfil  
 Considers, will that special favour rate, 19  
 As not undue to one ordain'd to be  
 Father of Rome, and her imperial state ;—  
 There, where the holy place, if truth be told,  
 Was instituted by divine decree  
 As the high seat Saint Peter's heir should hold.
- In that descent, made famous in thy rhyme, 25  
 He heard the announcement of his victory,  
 And of the Papal See in coming time.
- Next went 'the chosen vessel,' to convey  
 Comfort to those, who on that faith rely  
 Which to salvation opens first the way.
- But I—why go I there? who sanction gives? 31  
 Æneas am not I, nor righteous Paul:  
 That I am worthy, surely none believes.
- If then I venture on this enterprise,  
 Great is my dread in the attempt to fall:  
 More need I not to say, for thou art wise."



- And like to one who swerves from his intent, 37  
 Changing his purpose as fresh thoughts succeed,  
 Till his original design is spent ;  
 Such I became on that benighted coast ;  
 So that my enterprise, commenced with speed,  
 Amid a crowd of idle thoughts was lost.
- “ If rightly I thy meaning understand,” 43  
 The poet of exalted soul replied,  
 “ By coward fear thy spirit is unmann’d ;  
 Fear that oftentimes doth so weigh down the heart,  
 It makes man turn from nobler deeds aside,  
 Like beasts that at some fancied object start.
- From this alarm that thou may’st be relieved, 49  
 The reason why I came will I declare,  
 And what I heard when first for thee I grieved.—  
 ‘ Mid those in Limbo was I dwelling still,  
 When I was call’d by one so blest and fair,  
 That I entreated her to speak her will.
- Her eyes shone brighter than the stars on high ; 55  
 And on mine ear in her own accents fell  
 Tones soft and sweet of angel harmony :  
 ‘ O Mantuan poet ! kind and courteous soul !  
 Whose honour’d memory yet on earth doth dwell,  
 And shall endure till ages cease to roll ;—

A friend I have (by cruel fortune spurn'd) 61

So hinder'd, journeying up the lone ascent,

That in despair his footsteps he hath turn'd :

And so bewilder'd is he, that I fear

My tardy succour will in vain be lent,—

To judge from what of him in heaven I hear.

Now rise--and with thy polished words unfold 67

The surest means his rescue to obtain,

And aid him so, that I may be consoled.

Know—I am Beatrice who bid thee go ;

The place I left I long to reach again :

Love brought me here, Love bids these words to flow.

When I shall stand in presence of my Lord, 73

My voice shall often celebrate thy praise.'

Then I resumed, as ceased the angelic word :

' O virtuous Lady, whose excelling worth

Alone hath influence mortal man to raise

O'er all the creatures that inhabit earth,—

Such my delight thy mandate to fulfil, 79

That prompt obedience still would seem delay ;

Seek then no further to disclose thy will :

But tell the cause—why, fearless and unmoved,

To this low centre thou hast won thy way,

From those high realms by thee so well beloved.'

‘ Since of my nature thou so much wouldst know, 85

To thee I briefly will reveal,’ she said,

‘ Why undismay’d I venture here below.—

Those things alone should we regard with fear,

Which bring misfortune on another’s head ;

All else are harmless, nor deserve our care.

Such—thanks to God, by Him have I been made, 91

That your calamities affect me not,

Nor do these flaming realms my peace invade.

In heaven there dwells a generous Maid, who sees

With such concern this wanderer’s hapless lot,

That Justice yields to her its stern decrees.

She call’d on Lucia in her prayer : ‘ Thy friend— 97

Thy faithful friend, of thee now stands in need ;

Him to thy grateful care do I commend.’

Lucia, to deeds of mercy ever given,

Rose at her gentle words, and came with speed

Where I with ancient Rachael sate in heaven.

‘ O Beatrice ! true praise of God !’ she said, 103

‘ Wherefore not succour him who loved thee so,

That for thy sake the vulgar crowd he fled ?

Dost thou not hear his piteous cry—nor see

The death he combats on the flood below,

Which not by ocean’s rage surpass’d can be ?’

Not with such haste on earth do men arise 109  
     To shun misfortune, or to compass gains,  
     As I, acquainted with his miseries,  
 Descended from the blest angelic choir,  
     Confiding in thy sweet persuasive strains,  
     Which honour thee, and all who thee admire.'

This said—her eyes, all glistening in her tears, 115  
     Beauteous—she turn'd ; whereat my zeal increased  
     To speed me hither, and relieve thy fears.

Thus, at her wish I hasten'd to thine aid,  
     And snatch'd thee from the fury of the beast,  
     Which up the mount thy shorter road forbade.

Then wherefore linger ? wherefore this delay ? 121  
     Why harbour cowardice within thy breast ?  
     Why o'er thy soul hath courage lost its sway ?

Since, as thou know'st, in heaven's empyreal court  
     Are watching o'er thee three such Damsels blest ;  
     And pledge of good so great my words import."

As flow'rets, bent and closed by chilling night, 127  
     Soon as the sun his radiance hath bestow'd,  
     Rise on their stems, and opening hail the light ;

Thus to my wearied breast fresh vigour ran ;  
     And o'er my heart such goodly courage flow'd,  
     Like one restored to freedom, I began.

" O how compassionate the heavenly Maid                    133  
     Who lent me succour ! and thyself how kind,  
     Who hast so soon her words of truth obeyed !  
 Such strong desire my journey to pursue  
     Thy cheering speech hath kindled in my mind,  
     That I with joy my first design renew.  
 Lead on ;—oné impulse doth our bosoms sway ;            139  
     Thou art my guide—my master—and my lord."  
     I spake ;—and soon as he resumed the way,  
 That deep and savage pathway I explored.

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 NOTES.

Page 13. (Line 1.)

" It was the hour when rest—soft sliding down  
     From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes,  
     In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown  
     The careful thought of mortal miseries."

*Spenser. Visions of Bellay.*

"Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat."—*Virgil. Æn.*  
 iii. 147. "Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem  
 Corpora per terras."—*Æn.* iv. 522. "Cætera per terras omnes  
 animalia somno laxabant curas, et corda oblita laborum."—  
*Æn.* ix. 224. (3) In preparing to go down into hell, Dante  
 had a struggle to maintain against his own nature, which

would have inclined him to pity those whom Divine Justice had condemned. "The soul of the poet was fraught even to redundancy with gentle feelings."—*Ugo Foscolo. Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxx.

Page 14. (Line 13.) Anchises, the Father of Æneas—whose journey to the shades below is described by Virgil. (18.) The establishment of the Roman Empire—of which Æneas is called the Father. Dante here expresses his reverence for the "holy place," where, by divine authority, St. Peter had established the Papal See. Æneas and St. Peter are here prominently brought forward, as originators of the two great principles advocated by Dante in his poem, viz. an united Empire, and an universal Religion. Æneas was the founder of the line of the Cæsars,—St. Peter of the Papal See,—to which the establishment of the Roman Empire is considered as subservient. Thus one object of Dante was, to continue the political spirit of the Roman Empire in the person of the German Emperors, whom he wished to bring back to Rome, not as being Germans, but as heirs of the Cæsars:—the other, to restore to the See of Rome its original and apostolic purity, by stripping it of all that temporal power and wealth which had corrupted and venalized the whole Church. See *Inferno* xix. 105; *Purgatorio* vi. 112; xvi. 106 to 114, and 127 to 133; *Par.* xxvii. 22, 40, 55. (27.) This line was originally rendered "And laid the basis of the Papal throne." As the reason for its alteration may not appear evident, it may be well to observe, with the view of showing the necessity of the strictest fidelity in translating Dante, that he never recognises the Papal Throne, and speaks only of the "Papal Mantle." (28.) St. Paul. Dante maintained the two grand ideas of Unity in the Church, and Unity in the State, keeping them both distinct. See *Par.* xxiv. 151; xxv. 2—55.

Page 15. (Lines 37—47.) A similar passage is found in the *Purgatorio*, v. 16, "He in whose breast springs thought to thought succeeding, of his intent is ever frustrated—the force of one, the other's force impeding:" and in Shakspeare:

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn aside,  
 And lose the name of action."—*Hamlet*.

(60.) "It is probable," says Ugo Foscolo, "that the two readings here "moto" and "mondo" both came from the pen of Dante."

Page 17. (Line 94.) Divine Mercy. (97.) Heavenly Grace, supposed to have been St. Lucia the Martyr. (107.) "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid."—*Psalms* xviii. 4. From this passage Milton has taken his description of the abyss—"Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild."—*Paradise Lost*, vii. 212.

Page 18. (Line 115.) "Lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes."—*Æn.* i. 228. (121.) These words are used by Ananias in addressing St. Paul. "And now why tarriest thou?"—*Acts*, xxii. (125.) Mercy, Grace, and Wisdom.

CANTO III.

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ARGUMENT.

INSCRIPTION upon the gate of Hell. Dante enters—beholds spirits, who, having lived in a state of indifference both to good and evil, are assigned the same portion as the neutral angels. The river Acheron—A blast of lightning—Dante falls into a swoon.

“THROUGH me ye enter the abode of woe : 1

Through me to endless sorrow are ye brought :

Through me amid the souls accurst ye go.

Justice did first my lofty Maker move ;

By Power Almighty was my fabric wrought,

By highest Wisdom, and by Primal Love.

Ere I was form'd, no things created were, 7

Save those eternal—I eternal last :

All hope abandon—ye who enter here.”

These words, inscribed in colour dark, I saw

High on the summit of a portal vast ;

Whereat I cried : “ O master ! with deep awe



Their sense I mark." Like one prepared, he said, 13

"Here from thy soul must doubt be cast away ;  
Here must each thought of cowardice be dead.—

Now, at that place I told thee of, arrived,

The melancholy shades shalt thou survey,  
Of God—the mind's supremest good—deprived."

Then, as he clasp'd my hand with joyful mien, 19

That comfort gave, and bade me cease to fear,  
He led me down into the world unseen.

There sobs, and wailings, and heart-rending cries

Resounded through the starless atmosphere,  
Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes.

Harsh tongues discordant—horrible discourse— 25

Words of despair—fierce accents of despite—  
Striking of hands—with curses deep and hoarse

Raised a loud tumult, which unceasing whirl'd

Throughout that gloom of everlasting night,  
Like to the sand in circling eddies hurl'd.

Then (horror compassing my head around) 31

I cried : "O master, what is this I hear ?

And who are these so plunged in grief profound ?"

He answered me : "The groans which thou hast heard,

Proceed from those, who, when on earth they were,  
Nor praise deserved, nor infamy incurr'd.

Here with those caitiff angels they abide, 37  
     Who stood aloof in heaven—to God untrue,  
     Yet wanting courage with his foes to side.  
 Heaven drove them forth, its beauty not to stain ;  
     And Hell refuses to receive them too :—  
     From them no glory could the damn'd obtain.”  
 “ O master, what infliction do they bear,” 43  
     I said, “ which makes them raise such shrieks of woe ?”  
     He answered ; “ That I will in brief declare.  
 No hope of death have this unhappy crew ;  
     And their degraded life is sunk so low,  
     With envy every other state they view.  
 No record hath the world of this vile class, 49  
     Alike by Justice and by Pity spurn'd :  
     Speak we no more of them—but look—and pass.”  
 And as I look'd, a banner I beheld,  
     That seem'd incapable of rest, and turn'd,  
     In one unvaried round for aye impell'd ;  
 While shades were following in so long a train, 55  
     I ne'er forsooth could have believed it true,  
     That Death such myriads of mankind had slain.  
 And when I had examined many a shade,  
     Behold ! that abject one appear'd in view,  
     Who, mean of soul, the grand refusal made.

Straight I perceived, and instant recognized 61  
     In that vast concourse the assembly vile  
     Of those by God and by his foes despised.  
 These wretched ones, who never were alive,  
     All naked stood, full sorely stung the while  
     By wasps and hornets that around them drive.  
 The cruel swarm bedew'd their cheeks with blood, 67  
     Which trickled to their feet with many a tear,  
     While worms disgusting drank the mingled flood.  
 Then, onward as I stretch'd mine eye, I saw  
     A mighty stream, with numbers standing near ;  
     Whereat I said : " O master ! by what law  
 Do these sad souls, whose state I fain would learn, 73  
     So eagerly to cross the river haste,  
     As by the doubtful twilight I discern ?"  
 " These things," he answer'd me, " shall all be told,  
     Soon as our feet upon the bank are placed  
     Of Acheron, that mournful river old."  
 Mine eyes cast down, my looks o'erwhelm'd with shame,  
     For questions had oppress'd the sage, 80  
     I went till beside the stream we came.  
 Lo ! in a vessel o'er the gloomy tide  
     An old man comes—his locks all white with age :—  
     " Woe, woe to you, ye guilty souls !" he cried ;

“Hope not that heaven shall ever bless your sight : 85

I come to bear you to the other shore,—

To ice, and fire, in realms of endless night :

And thou—who breathest still the vital air—

Begone—nor stay with these who live no more.”

But when he saw that yet I linger’d there—

“By other port,” he said, “by other way, 91

And not by this, a passage must thou find ;

Thee a far lighter vessel shall convey.”

“Charon,” my guide return’d, “thy wrath restrain :

Thus it is will’d where will and power are join’d ;

Therefore submit, nor question us again.”

The dark lake’s pilot heard ;—and at the sound 97

Fell instant his rough cheeks, while flashing ranged

His angry eyes in flaming circles round.

But they—soon as these threatenings met their ear—

Poor, naked, weary souls—their colour changed ;

And their teeth chatter’d through excess of fear.

God they blasphemed, their parents, man’s whole race, 103

The hour, the spot,—and e’en the very seed

To which their miserable life they trace :

Then while full bitterly their sorrows flow’d,

They gather’d to that evil strand, decreed

To all who live not in the fear of God.

Charon, the fiend, with eyes of living coal, 109  
 Beckoning the mournful troop, collects them there,  
 And with his oar strikes each reluctant soul.  
 As leaves in autumn, borne before the wind,  
 Drop one by one, until the branch, laid bare,  
 Sees all its honours to the earth consign'd :  
 So cast them downward at his summons all 115  
 The guilty race of Adam from that strand,—  
 Each, as a falcon, answering to the call.  
 Thus pass they slowly o'er the water brown ;  
 And ere on the opposing bank they land,  
 Fresh numbers to this shore come crowding down.  
 “ All those, my son,” exclaim'd the courteous guide,  
 “ Who in the wrath of the Almighty die, 122  
 Are gather'd here from every region wide :  
 Goaded by heavenly Justice in its ire,  
 To pass the stream they rush thus hastily ;  
 So that their fear is turn'd into desire.  
 By virtuous soul this wave is never cross'd ; 127  
 Wherefore, if Charon warn thee to depart,  
 The meaning of his words will not be lost.”  
 This converse closed—the dusky region dread  
 Trembled so awfully, that o'er my heart  
 Doth terror still a chilly moisture shed.

Sent forth a blast that melancholy realm, 133  
 Which flashing a vermillion light around,  
 At once did all my senses overwhelm ;  
 And down I sank like one in slumber bound.

## NOTES.

Page 23. (Lines 4—6.) The three Persons of the Trinity are said to be here represented.

Page 24. (Line 22.) "*Res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.*"—*Virg. Æn.* vi. 267. (22.) In this passage Dante has united all the power of language to describe the misery of the damned. (31.) The reading of "orror" instead of "error" is found in various MSS., (see Niccolini, &c., Florence, 1837,) and also in several editions. That of the *Editio princeps*, in the British Museum, has been altered in writing into "error." It is adopted by Boccaccio in his comment, and by Panizzi in his valuable edition of Bojardo. The first translator of Dante, Charles Rogers, (whose scarce work is to be found in the British Museum,) has "horror;" and Mr. Cary appears by the following note to have intended to receive it into his text. "Instead of error Vellutello's edition of 1544 has orror, a reading remarked also by Landino in his notes. So much mistaken is the collator of the Monte Casino MS. in calling it "a reading which no one has observed." The translator has dwelt the more upon this passage, because an influential critic some years ago misled the public as to the true reading, by declaring

that the translator (whose authorities were unnoticed,) had "blundered error into horror."

Page 25. (Line 37.) "Dante, in a manner peculiarly his own, puts these wretches in the outskirts of hell, as unworthy alike of punishment and of mercy, and so despicable that they cannot be received into Paradise or Hell."—*Panizzi. Romantic Poetry of the Italians.* (42.) Of "niuna" in the sense of "alcuna" see Monti. *Proposta.* Vol. i. p. 2. (46.) "The damned perishing souls shall wish for death with a desire as impatient as their calamity. But this shall be denied them, because death were a deliverance, a mercy, and a pleasure, of which these miserable persons must despair for ever."—*Jeremy Taylor. Serm.* 19. (51.) "Therefore eternal silence be their doom."—*Paradise Lost*, vi. 385.. (52.) This banner is the emblem of mankind, busy and restless in one unvaried round of pleasure, or of toil in the pursuit of trifles—neutrals with respect to God—i.e. not taking any part for or against him. The immense multitude Dante describes of this class is an awful consideration. (60.) Celestine V., who from a hermit was suddenly made Pope. Cardinal Gaëtano, afterwards Boniface VIII., persuaded him to abdicate; and having obtained the Popedom himself, seized the innocent old man, and immured him in a tower, where he died in 1302. He was canonized by Clement V. in 1313. Of Boniface, see canto vi.60; xix. 56; and xxvii. 105.

Page 26. (Line 63.) "Can greater degradation be conceived? The meanest person alive does not think himself fit to be despised."—*Jeremy Taylor, Sermon xxi.* (83.) Charon, the ferryman of Acheron. See Virgil. *Æn.* vi. 298. But Shakspeare more resembles Dante here—

"I passed, methought, the melancholy flood

With that grim ferryman which poets write of  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

*Rich.* III. act i. sc. 4.

(73.) "Quid vult concursus ad amnem; Quidve petunt animæ?"—*Æn.* vi. 318.

Page 27. (Line 87.) Hence Milton,—

"Extremes by change more fierce—

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice

Their soft ethereal warmth."—*Par. Lost.* ii. 597."

(93.) i.e. That by which good spirits pass on to Purgatory—a bark swift and light, under the guidance of an Angel. See *Purg.* ii. 40. "Corpora viva nefas Stygiâ vectare carinâ."—*Æn.* vi. 391. (95.) Hence, Milton, "What I will is fate."—*Par. Lost.* vii. 173. (98.) "Ὅσσε δε οἱ πυρι λαμπεροῦντι εικτην."—*Homer Il. A.* 104. "Stant lumina flamma."—"Oculis micat acribus ignis."—*Virgil. Æn.* vi. 300; xii. 102. (114.) The reading of "vede," in preference to that of "rende" is adopted by Tasso, as more energetic and picturesque. And it seems supported by a passage in Virgil, "Nec longum tempus, et ingens Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbor, Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma."—*Georg.* ii. 80. (121.) This is an answer to Dante's question, line 72. (126.) "Or let me die, to look on death no more."—*Shakspeare. Richard III., scene 4.*



CANTO IV.

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ARGUMENT.

Dante, roused from his swoon by the sound of lamentations, follows his guide into Limbo, the first circle of Hell. Here he finds the souls of those who, not having been baptized, dwell in a place of neither happiness, nor torment.

BROKE the deep slumber in my brain, a hoarse 1  
And heavy thunder :—starting at the sound,  
I shook me, like to one aroused by force ;  
And straightway rising, turn'd my rested eye,  
With stedfast gaze, if haply, looking round,  
The nature of the place I could descry.  
Truly, beneath me lay the Vale of Woe, 7  
In whose abyss eternal groans unite,  
And blend their thunders in the depth below.  
Obscure it was,—so cloudy—deep—and dense,  
That though to pierce the gloom I strain'd my sight,  
Nought could I see within the gulf immense.

- “ Now go we down to dusky regions blind,” 13  
 The poet said, with visage deadly pale ;  
 “ I lead the way—do thou pursue behind.”  
 Then I exclaim’d, of his pale looks aware,  
 “ How shall I speed, if even thou dost quail,  
 Thou—who art wont to cheer me in despair ?”  
 He answer’d me : “ The loud laments I hear 19  
 From those who are beneath us, on my face  
 Pourtray that pity thou mistak’st for fear :  
 But let us on—for we have far to go.”  
 He led me then within that circle’s space  
 Which first encompasseth the Vale of Woe.  
 No wailings there were audible ;—the sound 25  
 Of sighs alone were heard—convulsive sighs,  
 That made the eternal air to tremble round.  
 Yet flow’d this sorrow from no actual pain ;  
 Beneath the weight of mental agonies,  
 Men—women—children sigh’d, a countless train.  
 “ Dost thou not wish,” the master said, “ to know 31  
 What spirits here their sad estate bewail ?  
 This understand, ere thou proceed below ;—  
 They were not sinners ; and if good they wrought,  
 For want of baptism, ’tis of no avail ;—  
 A doctrine of the faith thou hast been taught :

Or if they lived ere Christ brought saving grace, 37

Due worship unto God they fail'd to give :

And I am one of this benighted race.

Heav'n have we lost for these defects alone ;

And our's is this sole punishment—to live,

Tormented by desire, when hope is flown."

Great sorrow at his words my soul o'ercame ; 43

For in this Limbo knew I many a wight

Once high distinguish'd in the ranks of fame.

And I, who wish'd to be instructed well

In the true faith which error puts to flight,

Exclaim'd : " O tell, my lord and master, tell,

Went ever spirit hence, who by his own 49

Or other's worth in aftertime was blest ?"

Then he, to whom my covert speech was known,

Gave answer : " I had lately reach'd this round,

When lo ! arrived a great and glorious Guest,

Whose head with a victorious wreath was crown'd.

The soul of man's first Parent hence he drew, 55

Abel his son, and also Noah's shade,

Moses the lawgiver, and, just and true,

The Patriarch Abraham : David,—Israel,

His father, and his sons that call obey'd,

And Rachel fair, whose love he earn'd so well.

For these and many others, grace he gain'd : 61

Know—that till these with happiness were blest,  
No human souls salvation e'er obtain'd."

While thus he spoke, our journey we pursued ;

And onward through the shadowy wood we press'd,  
The wood of souls I mean—so thick they stood.

Not far had we descended from the height, 67

When I observed a flame so brightly burn,  
That it o'ercame the hemisphere of night.

Though we were distant still no little space,

A noble band I could afar discern  
Inhabiting this ample dwelling place.

"O glory thou of science and of art, 73

Say who are these before me, so renown'd

That from the vulgar throng they dwell apart ?"

Then answer'd he : "Their honourable fame,

Which in your world continues to resound,  
Gains grace in heaven, and here exalts their name."

Meanwhile a voice exclaim'd in lofty strain : 79

"Let honour to the mighty bard be paid ;—

His shade that left us, now returns again."

Ceased had the voice—when in composed array

Four mighty shades approaching I survey'd ;—

Nor joy, nor sorrow did their looks betray.

“Him,” said the gracious master, “now admire, 85

Who in his hand a falchion doth uphold,

Before the rest advancing as their sire ;

Homer—the sovran bard who all surpast :

The next is Horace—Satirist famed of old,

Ovid the third, and Lucan is the last.

And since to each appropriate is the name 91

Which their united voice assign'd to me,—

In honouring me, to them redounds the fame.”

Assembled thus, was offered to my sight

The school of him, the Prince of poetry,

Who, eagle like, o'er others takes his flight.

When they together had conversed awhile, 97

They turn'd to me with salutation bland,

Which from my master drew a friendly smile :

And greater glory still they bade me share,

Making me join their honourable band—

The sixth united to such genius rare.

Thus we proceeded till we reached the flame, 103

Speaking of things I may not now recall,

However well they then the place became.

Ere long we reach'd a noble castle's base,

Seven times surrounded by a lofty wall :

A beauteous streamlet flow'd around the place ;

O'er this, as o'er dry land, we made our way ;      109  
 With these great sages through seven gates I pass'd :  
 Before us then a verdant meadow lay.  
 Souls with sedate and placid eyes were there ;  
 And looks of dignity around they cast ;  
 Seldom they spake, but sweet their voices were.  
 Our steps aside we gently thence withdrew,      115  
 And reach'd a spot, large, luminous, and high,  
 Where all became apparent to our view.  
 There on the verdant and enamelled green  
 Were mighty spirits shown to me—whom I  
 Felt exaltation to have even seen.  
 I saw Electra, and could recognize      121  
 Hector, Æneas, 'mid a numerous band,  
 And mighty Cæsar, arm'd with griffon's eyes.  
 Penthesilea, and Camilla there  
 I saw conspicuous on the other hand,  
 And king Latinus, with Lavinia fair.  
 Brutus, who chased proud Tarquin from the throne, 127  
 Lucretia, Julia, Marcia I beheld,—  
 Cornelia, Saladin, apart, alone :  
 Him too I saw, when I had raised mine eye,  
 Seated aloft, in wisdom who excell'd,  
 Amidst his philosophic family.

All look on him—to him, all homage pay : 133  
 And Socrates and Plato near him stand,  
 Advanced in front of that august array.  
 'Mid these, Democritus, Diogenes,  
 Thales, and Anaxagoras I scann'd,—  
 Sage Heraclitus, and Empedocles,  
 With Orpheus, Zeno and Hippocrates, 139  
 Tullius, and Linus, Seneca—and wise  
 In nature's secrets, Dioscorides.  
 Galieno, Avicen, and more of note,  
 Euclid, and Ptolemy too met mine eyes,  
 Averroës, who the learned comment wrote.  
 I cannot now the names of more detail ;— 145  
 Spurr'd on to haste by all I fain would say  
 Full oft my pen must in description fail.  
 Our band of six in twain divided there :  
 My guide conducts me by another way  
 Forth from the tranquil to the trembling air ;  
 And now I came where all in darkness lay. 151

## NOTES.

Page 31. (Line 2.) This refers not to the blast at the end of the last canto, but to the accumulated groans in the vale of woe. See line 7. "The Spirit must first come and wake him

out of sleep with the thunder of the Law, and shew him his miserable state and wretchedness, and make him abhor and hate himself, and desire help; and then comfort him with the pleasant rain of the Gospel, i.e., with the sweet promises of God in Christ, and stir up faith in him to believe the promises."—*Tindal the Martyr. Prologue to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* (10.) "Ibant obscuro, solâ sub nocte, per umbram."—*Æn.* 268. This is the "cieco mondo," or "the blind cave of eternal night."—*Shakespeare, Rich. III. act. 5, scene 3, Page 32. (Line 30.)*

"Matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ  
Magnanimùm heroum, pueri innuptæque puellæ."

*Virg. Georg. iv. 475.*

Again, *Æn. vi. 426.*

"Continuæ auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."

Page 33. (51.) "Lombardi well observes, that Dante seems to have been restrained by reverence from uttering the name of Christ in this place of torment, and that for the same cause, probably, it does not occur once throughout the whole of this first part of the poem."—*Cary.* (53.) Our Saviour.—"It is certain Christ's soul in the three days of his separation did exercise acts of life, of joy, of triumph, and did not sleep; but visited the souls of the Fathers, trampled upon the pride of devils, and satisfied those longing souls which were prisoners of hope."—*Jeremy Taylor. Serm. 28.* "Now I do affirm the consentient and constant doctrine of the primitive church to be this, that the souls of all the faithful, immediately after death, enter into a place and state of bliss, far exceeding all the felicities of this world, though short of the most consummate perfect beatitude of the kingdom of heaven."—*Bp. Bull. Serm. 3.* See 1 Peter iii. 19; iv. 6. (54.) "And a crown was



given unto Him; and he went forth, conquering, and to conquer."—*Rev. vi. 2.*

Page 34. (Line 68.) The flame whose lustre overcomes the hemisphere of darkness is a poetical conception, beautifully exemplifying the light which poetry casts in an age of barbarism and ignorance. (80.) Virgil.—He had left his companions—having quitted Limbo at the request of Beatrice, canto ii. 53. (84.) Being in a place of neither happiness nor torment.

Page 35. (Line 86.) The sword may be considered symbolical of the wars celebrated by Homer, or intended to represent him as the prince of poetry, in the same manner as St. Paul is painted with a sword, as chief of the Apostles. (108.) This stream is generally considered to represent eloquence; and the seven walls the seven cardinal virtues.

Page 36. (Line 118.) "Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis Incolimus."—*Virgil. Æn. vi. 673.* (120.) "Equidem efferor studio patres vestros, quos colui, et dilexi, videndi: neque vero eos solum convenire amo, quos ipse cognovi; sed illos etiam de quibus audivi, et legi, et ipse conscripsi. . . . O præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium cætumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam! Proficiscar enim non ad eos solum viros de quibus ante dixi, sed etiam ad Catonem meum, quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior."—*Cicero. De Senectute.* (123.) "And like a griffon looked he about."—*Chaucer. Palamon and Arcite.* Suetonius relates that Cæsar was remarkable for his black eyes. Thus Virgil—"Geminas circum cui tempora flammæ læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus." (130.) Aristotle. (148.) Virgil and Dante quit the other poets, and proceed together.

CANTO V.

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ARGUMENT.

**ENTERING** the second circle, Dante sees Minos, the infernal judge. He witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who, wrapt in darkness, are swept along by a violent hurricane. Semiramis, Dido, Helen, Paris,—Francesca of Rimini, who at Dante's request relates her misfortunes.

FROM the first circle made we our descent 1  
Down to the second,—which, though less in size,  
Holds greater grief, that bursts in loud lament.  
Grinding his teeth—there Minos dreadful stands :  
The culprits, as they enter in, he tries,—  
Awards their sentence—issues his commands.  
The guilty soul confesses all its crimes, 7  
When brought before him : then the judge decrees  
Its proper place in hell : as many times  
As he himself encircles with his tail,  
Such is the destined number of degrees  
The souls are plunged within the infernal scale.

Crowds ever stand before him, doom'd to woe ; 13

All in succession to the Judge repair :

They speak—they hear—and then are hurl'd below.

“ O thou, who comest to this sad abode,”

Minos exclaim'd, when he beheld me there,

His dread employ suspending—“ mark thy road ;

And heed thee well on whom thou dost rely ; 19

Nor let the spacious entrance tempt thee on.”

To him my guide : “ Why makest thou this cry ?

Check not his passage, which the fates ordain :

Thus it is will'd where will and power are one ;

Therefore submit—nor question us again.”

Proceeding onward, I begin to hear 25

The melancholy sound of those who weep :—

Now, sharpest lamentations strike mine ear.

Throughout the place speaks not the light of heaven ;

And the vast region bellows loud and deep,

As when o'er ocean warring winds are driven.

The infernal blast, unceasing in it's course, 31

Hurries along the miserable crowd,

Whirling and tossing with resistless force.

When they arrive before the brink extreme,

There, shrieks are heard, complaint, and wailing loud ;

There, the almighty Spirit they blaspheme.

Torments like these, I learnt, were here assign'd      37  
     To carnal sinners, who to appetite  
     Subject the nobler faculty of mind.  
 As starlings, ere the winter, in a vast  
     Innumerable squadron wheel their flight ;  
     So, ever and anon, this sweeping blast,  
 Now up—now down,—this way, and that again      43  
     Impels the wicked souls :—no comfort springs  
     From hope of rest, nor e'en of lessened pain.  
 As chaunting forth their melancholy lay  
     The clamorous cranes are borne upon their wings,  
     High marshalling in air their long array ;—  
 Repeating thus their lamentable song,      49  
     Souls I beheld, who tow'rds us quickly sped,  
     Swept by the dreadful hurricane along.  
 " O master, tell me who are these," I cried,  
     Lash'd by the cutting wind !" " The first," he said,  
     " Reign'd empress over nations far and wide ;  
 While so abandon'd to voluptuousness,      55  
     That lest opprobrium should on her be laid,  
     She caused the laws to sanction all excess ;  
 Semiramis her name—who, we are told,  
     At Ninus' death, her husband's sceptre sway'd ;  
     That land was her's which now the Sultans hold."

Then she, who slew herself for love, is seen, 61

And to Sichæus' ashes proved untrue.

Lo Cleopatra next, luxurious queen !

Helen I saw, for whom such years were past

Of toil and woe ; the great Achilles too,

With mighty Love contending at the last.

Sir Tristram, Paris, and the thousands more 67

Whom Love had slain, he bade me then behold,

Pointing them to me, and recounting o'er.

When I had heard my sage instructor name

Those beauteous dames, and valiant knights of old,

Compassion seized on my bewilder'd frame.

"Fain would I speak, O gracious bard," I cried,

"With those two shades together fitting there,

Who seem before the wind so light to glide."

He answer'd me : "When they approach this way,

Invoke them by that love which brings them here,

And they will readily thy call obey."

Soon as the hurricane had brought them nigh, 79

I raise my voice : "Come, O ye souls distrest,

And speak with us, unless High power deny."

As doves, by strong affection urged, repair

With firm expanded wings to their sweet nest,

Borne by the impulse of their will through air ;

E'en thus from Dido's band these two were seen 85

Approaching lightly through that region drear ;  
So urgent the impassion'd cry had been.

"O thou benign, compassionate, and good,

That wendest through the lurid atmosphere,  
To visit us, who stain'd the earth with blood,—

Were He who rules the universe our friend, 91

We should implore him to give peace to thee,  
Since thou hast pity for our hapless end.

Whether to hear or speak, make known thy will—

And we will either speak, or listeners be,  
While, e'en as now, the cutting wind is still.

My native place is seated on the coast, 97

Where Po rolls downs his waters to the sea,  
To blend in peace his tributary host.

Love, that in noble heart is quickly caught,

Enamour'd *him* of that fair form—from me  
So rudely torn,—there's anguish in the thought.

Love, that permits no loved one not to love, 103

So ravish'd *me* in being dear to him,  
That, as thou see'st, e'en now its force I prove.

Love caused us both to share one common tomb :

Hell's lowest depth—Caina, dark and dim—  
Awaits our murderer : " thus she told their doom.

Soon as I heard their tale, my head I bent ; 109  
 Nor from the ground my drooping eyes retire,  
 Till cried the bard : " On what art thou intent ?"  
 When I could answer him, " Alas !" I said,  
 " How sweet the thoughts—how ardent the desire  
 That to the mournful step these lovers led !"  
 Then turning round to them, these words I spake : 115  
 " Francesca, thy misfortunes fill mine eyes  
 With sorrowing tears—such pity they awake.  
 But tell me how, and by what sign confest  
 Did Love reveal, in that sweet time of sighs,  
 The doubtful passion struggling in each breast ?"  
 Then she to me : " There is no greater woe, 121  
 Than to remember days of happiness  
 Amid affliction ;—this thy guide doth know.  
 But if how love did first our hearts beguile  
 Thou fain wouldst hear, I will the truth confess,  
 As one who tells her tale, and weeps the while.—  
 One day, it chanced, for pastime we were reading 127  
 How Lancelot to love became a prey ;  
 Alone we were—of danger all unheeding.  
 Our eyes oft met, as we that tale pursued ;  
 And from our cheeks the colour died away ;  
 But in a moment were our hearts subdued :

For when we read of him so deep in love, 133  
 Kissing at last the smile long time desired,  
 Then he, who from my side will ne'er remove,  
 My lips, all trembling, kiss'd :—well may I say  
 That book was Galeot—Galeot he who fired  
 Its baneful page :—we read no more that day.”  
 While thus one spake, such tears the other shed, 139  
 That Pity all my faculties did quell ;  
 And reft of sense, like one already dead,  
 As falls a lifeless body, down I fell.

## NOTES.

Page 40. (Line 4.) “*Quæsitur Minos urnam movet; ille silentum Conciliumque vocat, vitasque et crimina discit.*” — *Virgil. Æn.* vi. 432. Minos was a king of Crete, so famed for his inflexible justice, that the old poets supposed him to have become one of the judges in hell.

Page 41. (Line 23.) These same words were used canto iii. 95. (28.) Thus in canto i. 60, the sun was said to be mute. (30.) “*Adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine venti Confligunt.*” — *Virgil Æn.* ii. 416: also *Æschylus. Prom. Vinc.* 1121.

“ σκίρτα δ' ἀνέμων

πνευματα παντων, εις αλληλα

εασιν αντιπνευ αποδεικνυμενα.”



Page 42. (Line 46.) Thus *Virgil.* *Æn.* x. 264,

“Quales sub nubibus atris

Strymonis dant signa grues, atque æthera tranant  
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.”

The cranes afford another simile to Dante in *Purg.* xxiv. 64.

Page 43. (Line 61.) “Non servata fides cineri promissa Sitchæo.”—*Æn.* iv. 552. (74.) Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, and Paolo, second son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini,—both surprised and killed by Lanciotto her husband, Paolo’s elder brother. Greatly as the tale of Francesca is admired, still, from the custom of considering it as a mere episode, unconnected with the context, many persons are labouring under a false impression as to the moral of the tale. And this prejudice against Dante is aggravated by the warm colouring which succeeding Translators have laid upon the picture. Moreover, being the passage which critics invariably fly to, as the test of Translators, it has been so repeatedly brought before the public, that the erroneous impression has been the more extended.

Now, if the context be considered, the story is given as an instance of the sufferings undergone by those who give way to their passions, and is introduced by a description the most sorrowful that can be conceived.

Dante, at a distance, hears “the melancholy sound of those who weep;” and this increases on his approach, till “sharpest lamentations strike his ear.” Throughout the place speaks not the light of heaven; and the blast of hell is irresistibly hurrying along the miserable spirits. After seeing Semiramis, Cleopatra, and others, Dante is struck by the manner in which two spirits, who accompany each other, are swept along together before the impetuous blast, which is at once the emblem and punishment of their crime. During a short respite, while

the wind is still, Dante addresses these "wearied spirits." Invoked in the name of that love, which had brought them into hell, and still maintains its power over them, amid their everlasting torments, they obey his call. Francesca having told a portion of her tale, Dante weeps at the recital. She then mourns over the remembrance of lost happiness, as the deepest of afflictions, and continues her sad history,—extenuating her guilt so far only as to tell us that it was not premeditated; while Paolo, who stands by, moans so bitterly, that Dante is entirely overcome by compassion.

Pity indeed may well be excited by the relation of human frailty, and human suffering;—nor does a word escape the poet that is calculated to excite any other feelings than those of sympathy with these wretched spirits, whose undying love is but an aggravation of their sufferings, in the reflection that they have ruined one another, and, as Francesca mournfully intimates, alienated themselves from the favour of God for ever.

The facts of the case certainly in some degree extenuate Francesca's guilt. "Guido engaged to give his daughter in marriage to Lanciotto, the eldest son of his enemy, the master of Rimini. Lanciotto, hideously deformed in countenance and figure, foresaw that if he presented himself in person, he should be rejected by the lady. He therefore resolved to marry her by proxy, and sent as his representative his youngest brother, Paolo, the handsomest and most accomplished man in all Italy. Francesca saw Paolo arrive, and imagined she beheld her future husband. That mistake was the commencement of her passion."—*Boccaccio*. But Dante pleads not this excuse. Nor is Divine justice weighed down in the scales by human frailty. Tender hearted as the poet was, he allows not his sympathy

for the afflicted to overcome his zeal for truth, or in the least to countenance immorality, which he so constantly and earnestly denounces. So chaste are Dante's touches in this exquisitely finished picture, that few persons are perhaps capable of appreciating its extreme delicacy. (77.) Thus Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, iv. 10 :—

“ All these, and all that ever had been tied  
In bonds of friendship, there did live for ever,—  
Whose lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.”

(82.) The motion through the air is merely caused by the will of the bird, without any mechanical exertion. This is the main beauty of the picture. Virgil has the same idea, in part, but imperfectly brought out, when, speaking of the dove, he says, “ Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.”—*Æn.* v. 217. Doves were considered by the ancients as a symbol of the most constant fidelity.

Page 44. (Line 88.) Francesca speaks. See note, line 74. She first adopts the plural “ we,” to shew the perfect unanimity of her lover's feelings with her own; she then proceeds, line 97, to give an account of herself. (90.) i.e., with their own blood, at the time they were murdered. (100.) “ In the heart of a man of gentle or noble birth.”—*Walter Scott. Notes to Dryden's Trans.* “ The words ‘gentile’ and ‘gentilezza’, as used by the best writers from Dante to the present day, denote rather nobleness of soul than amiableness of manners. Gentilezza is a propensity towards all that is beautiful and generous; and is the alliance of delicacy of sentiment with high courage. Ariosto says of the lion; “ ha il cor gentile.”—*Ugo Foscolo. Edin. Review*, No. LX. Hence Shakspeare's “ noble loving nature.” (103.) This is imitated at large by

Pulci in his *Morg. Mag.*, and has been thus elegantly translated by Lady Dacre:—

“And because love not willingly excuses  
 One who is loved and loveth not again,  
 (For tyrannous were deemed the rule he uses,  
 Should they who sue for pity sue in vain).”

Page 45. (Line 121.) “Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction and of her miseries all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old.”—*Lament. of Jeremiah*, i. 7. Thus Menelaus, in answer to a question as to the cause of his tears, says, “he weeps to think of his present state compared,—*πρὸς τὰς πρόφθην συμφορὰς εὐδαίμονας.*” — *Euripides. Helena*, line 463. The sentiment is wisely reversed by Amralkeisi, the celebrated Arabian poet: “Let the memory of your past happiness soothe your present griefs.”—*Sismondi. Lit. Trouveres, Roscoe's Trans.* Cap. i. (123.) “Dottore” is explained “guida” by Volpi; and is applied to Virgil in this very canto, line 70. (124.) “Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros.”—*Æn.* ii. 10. Lancilot was one of the Knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Genevra, celebrated in romance. An extract from the scarce old romance of Sir Lancilot may be found in the *Landscape Annual* for 1831.—Art. Rimini.

Page 46. (Line 137.) i.e., the book was to Francesca and Paolo what Galeotto, or Galehaut, in the romance they had been reading, was to Lancilot and Genevra; and Galeotto is thus synonymous with the Pandarus of Shakspeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*. The Writer was also Galeotto, in the sense of a convict or galley-slave: so that the term having a double meaning in the Italian cannot be adequately expressed in English. (138.) The following remarks upon the story are by Ugo Foscolo:—“Francesca imputes the passion her bro-

ther-in-law conceived for her not to depravity, but nobleness of heart in him, and to her own loveliness... She confesses that she loved him, because she was beloved. That charm had deluded her... She goes on to relieve her brother-in-law from all imputation of having seduced her. Alone, and unconscious of their danger they read a love story together. They gazed upon each other, pale with emotion, but the secret of their mutual passion never escaped their lips. "For when we read," &c. line 133. After this avowal, she hastens to complete the picture with one touch: "We read no more that day." She utters not another word: and yet we fancy her before us, with her downcast and glowing looks, while her lover stands by her side listening in silence and in tears. Dante too, who had hitherto questioned her, no longer ventures to inquire in what manner her husband had put her to death, but is so overcome by pity that he sinks into a swoon... Francesca, to justify herself, must have criminated her father, and thus diminished the affecting magnanimity with which her character is studiously endowed by the poet... She was the daughter of Guido da Polenta, Dante's protector and most faithful friend. The poet had probably known her when a girl, blooming in innocence and beauty under the paternal roof. He must at least have often heard the father mention his ill-fated child. He must therefore have recollected her early happiness, when he beheld the spectacle of her eternal torment; and this, we think, is the true account of the overwhelming sympathy with which her form overpowers him. The episode, too, was written by him in the very house in which she was born, and in which he had himself, during the last ten years of his exile, found a constant asylum." The tale has been translated by Lord Byron.

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CANTO VI.

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ARGUMENT.

ON recovering his senses, Dante finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttons are punished. Ciaccio foretels to Dante the future change of parties in Florence, where he says only two just men are to be found.

Soon as my mind its wonted powers renew'd, 1  
Which, at the sufferings of that kindred pair,  
By overwhelming sorrows were subdu'd,—  
New torments all around me I descry ;  
Tormented spirits I behold, where'er  
I move or turn, where'er I cast mine eye.  
Now the third circle have I reach'd, where rain 7  
Accurs'd—heavy—cold—eternal flows ;  
No change—no respite in this dread domain.  
Dark water tumbled through the gloom profound,  
With snow and hail terrific ; whence arose  
A noisome stench from all the putrid ground.

Cerberus, that cruel beast, devoid of form, 13

Stands barking like a dog, with triple jaw,  
O'er the sad souls forced downward by the storm.

Red are his eyes, large belly he displays,

A black and greasy beard : with savage claw  
He seizes on the spirits, tears, and flays.

Like whelps they howl beneath the inclement rain ; 19

And with one side the other side defending,  
Oft turn themselves these wretched souls profane.

— When Cerberus view'd us, as we nearer came,

The enormous worm, his triple mouth extending,  
Show'd his huge tusks ;—I shook through all my frame.

Extended then his hands my faithful guide ; 25

And when with earth he both of them had fill'd,  
Cast it within those craving gullets wide.

E'en as a dog that barks with ravening jaw,

The moment that he tastes the food, is still'd,—  
Intent alone to glut his greedy maw ;

His filthy jaws so Cerberus ceased to use, 31

Who at the spirits with such fury storms,  
That they full gladly would their hearing lose.

Now o'er the shades, close pent to shun the sleet,

We took our road, and on their empty forms,  
Which seem'd substantial, did we place our feet.

- Stretch'd on the ground, they all recumbent lay, 37  
 Save one, who from his seat uprose in haste,  
 As soon as he beheld us pass that way.
- “O thou who visitest these realms,” he said,  
 “Recal me to thy memory, if thou may'st,  
 For thou wert born before my spirit fled.”
- “The pain thou sufferest doth perhaps erase 43  
 Thy form,” I said, “so wholly from my mind,  
 It seems to me I ne'er beheld thy face :
- But tell me who thou art, thus sadly thrust  
 Within this place of woe ;—though one may find  
 Pangs more intense, yet none can more disgust.”
- “Thy city,” answer'd he, “where envy base 49  
 O'erflows all bounds that would its force restrain,  
 In life's sweet season was my dwelling place.
- Ye, O my citizens, to mark my taste,  
 Erst named me Ciacco : here amid the rain  
 For gluttony thou see'st my body waste :
- Nor I alone this weight of misery bear ;— 55  
 All these unhappy souls, condemn'd to smart  
 For like offences, like affliction share.”
- “O Ciacco,” I replied, “thy misery  
 So weighs me down, it makes the tears to start :  
 But tell me, if thou knowest, what will be



Attempted in the factious city next ? 61

Doth one just man within its boundary dwell ?

And why by such fierce discord is it vext ?

“ After long struggle, blood,” he said, “ shall flow ;

The woodland party shall at last prevail,

And with dire slaughter chase away their foe.

Yet, ere three years are past, shall fall their pride ; 67

The other shall prove victor, by his aid

Who now cajoling, flatters either side.

Long time shall these their foreheads lift on high,

While heavy weights are on the other laid,

Though fierce their rage, and pitiful their cry.

Two just ones are there, but unheard their call ;— 73

Envy, and Pride, and Avarice combine—

Three fatal sparks—to fire the hearts of all.”

Here ended he his lamentable strain.

Then I : “ More knowledge to impart be thine ;

And farther converse I entreat thee deign.

Tegghiaio, Farinata, names of worth, 79

And Rusticucci, Mosca, with the rest

Who bent their minds to working good on earth—

Say where they are, in answer to my prayers ;

And tell, to satisfy my longing breast,

If bliss in heaven, or woe in hell be theirs.”

"Mid blacker souls," he said, "they're doom'd to dwell ;

If thou descend, for crime of different dye 86

Thou wilt behold them buried deep in hell.

But when to the sweet world thou shalt return,

I pray thee to revive my memory :

No more I say ;—no more seek thou to learn."

His stedfast eyes askance he then inclined, — 91

A moment gazed on me,—then downward bent,

And falling, join'd his other comrades blind.

"Ne'er shall he rise again," the master said,

"Till, when the Power of vengeance shall be sent,

Th' angelic trumpet wake him from the dead.

Each soul shall then regain its mournful tomb ; 97

Each shall its flesh and pristine form resume,

And hear pronounced the everlasting doom."

O'er rain and shadows thus we took our road—

A mixture foul ;—and on the life to come

Some converse, journeying forward, we bestow'd :

When I : "O master, will these pangs be made 103

More sharp, when sentence hath been past by heaven,

Or lessen'd, or remain thus fierce?" He said :

"Remember, that the nearer each attains

A perfect state, a finer sense is given

To thrill with pleasures, or to throb with pains.

Though true perfection never can be their's,           109  
 Yet for this race accurst, in misery bound,  
 Heav'n, after judgment, worthier doom prepares."  
 Then speaking more than to repeat I care,  
 We made a circuit that sad coast around ;  
 And at the point, whence downward leads the stair,  
 Plutus, the mighty enemy we found.           115

## NOTES.

Page 53. (Line 13.) Cerberus was a dog with three heads, feigned by the poets to keep watch at the gate of hell. His business here is, to punish the Gluttons. The Demons who are placed at the head of the several circles are for the most part symbols of the vices punished therein.

Page 54. (Line 49.) Envy was the peculiar vice of Florence, and the cause of the continual changes there taking place. See Canto xv. 68. (53.) Ciaccio is a nick-name, signifying a hog, and here applied to a Florentine gentleman, who according to Boccaccio, possessed many good qualities, but was addicted to gluttony.

Page 55. (Line 61.) Florence. The supposed date of the poem being 1300, the future history is introduced in a prophetic manner. The factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellins had long desolated Italy;—the former, partisans of the Pope—the latter, of the Emperor. Into these two parties almost every city was divided. At Florence the Guelfs had prevailed, and ba-

nished the Ghibellins; who, however defeated, still maintained themselves as a party, opposed to the Pope and his temporal power. At this time (1300) the Guelfs quarrelled among themselves, and divided into the factions of the Bianchi and Neri, in consequence of a family dispute at Pistoia, which spread to Florence. See Canto xxiv. 143. The two parties soon came to blows, and the city was threatened with destruction. By the advice of Dante, who was consulted in this emergency, the Priors or chief magistrates banished the heads of both parties. A new set, however, coming into office, most of the Bianchi were recalled, and established themselves in power for three years, line 67, while the Neri continued under sentence of exile. They had recourse to Pope Boniface VIII, of whom, see notes, Cantos iii. 60; xix. 77; xxvii. 70. 101. By his intrigues, Charles of Valois, brother of the King of France, was induced to undertake an expedition against Florence, which was represented to him as a fountain of gold. Making the most solemn promises to the government not to change the laws and customs, and to act solely as mediator, he was admitted into the city. By flattery and deceit, he cajoled either party, line 69, till he had acquired power; and then threw the leaders of the Bianchi into prison, and permitted the Neri, who returned with him, to commit the most atrocious outrages on their property. Their houses were pillaged and burnt, to gratify the avarice of Charles; and sentence of exile and confiscation was passed on 600. Among these was the poet Dante—at that time ambassador from Florence at Rome, whose only crime seems to have been his opposition to the French prince. Gradually the Neri became identified with the Guelfs—the Bianchi with the Ghibellins; and thus it happened that Dante, on his siding with the Bianchi to oppose the inter-

ference of Boniface, and the introduction of foreigners into Florence, became necessarily attached to the Ghibellins. (65.) That is, the Bianchi (called the Woodland party, from their leaders the Cerchi, a new family who came from the country), shall prevail against the Neri; but within three years will recover their power by the aid of Charles of Valois. (73.) This is an answer to the second question, line 62. Who the two are (the only two just men in Florence) is not known. Dante and his friend Guido Cavalcante are by some supposed to be intended. (79.) See Canto xvi. 41—44; x. 32—86; and notes. These men he praises for their behaviour as patriotic citizens, but places them in hell for their irreligion.

Page 56. (Line 106.) "They which die in the Lord rest from their labours, and are blessed, waiting for a still more perfect happiness at the resurrection of the last day." Abp. Secker. And of the wicked he says: "Though the worst of their sufferings shall not begin till the day of judgment, yet they are represented by our Saviour as being instantly after death in a place where they are tormented:—and certainly remorse for their past follies and crimes, and the fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour them cannot but make their intermediate state intensely miserable."

Page 57. (Line 115.) Plutus—the god of riches, and therefore the great enemy of mankind; —for "the love of money is the root of all evil."

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CANTO VII.

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ARGUMENT.

AT the entrance of the fourth circle, Plutus endeavours to terrify Dante, but is silenced by Virgil. The punishment of the Avaricious and Prodigal,—whence Virgil takes occasion to speak of Fortune, and the fickleness of earthly possessions. They enter the fifth circle, where the wrathful and gloomy are punished in the lake of Styx.

“PAPE Satan, Satan Aleppe,” cried 1

The voice of Plutus, thundering loud and hoarse ;

Whereat, apprized of all, my sapient guide

Exclaim'd to comfort me : “ Let not dismay

Confound thy senses ; for his utmost force

Shall nought avail to check thy downward way.”

Then turning round : “ Be silent, Wolf accurst,” 7

He sternly said to that swoll'n lip abhorr'd ;

“ And let thy furious rage within thee burst.

Not without sanction we descend below ;—

For thus 'tis will'd on high, where Michael's sword

On the proud rebels struck the vengeful blow.”

As sweeping round, when sudden splits the mast, 13  
     Sails bellying with the wind are headlong thrown,  
     So quickly fell to earth the monster vast.  
 To the fourth circle thus we made descent,  
     Still gaining on that mournful bank of stone,  
     In which the ills of all the world are pent.  
 Justice divine ! of the dire toils I saw, 19  
     And novel punishments, oh ! who can speak ?—  
     Why bring we on ourselves such fearful law ?  
 As rising o'er Charybdis' rocky height  
     Waves meeting waves in dreadful conflict break,  
     Thus whirling round, these souls are doom'd to fight.  
 Elsewhere I saw not such a numerous crowd :— 25  
     Enormous weights they with their breasts impell'd  
     From side to side, nor ceased to howl aloud.  
 Clashing they met :—then turn'd ; and harsh abuse  
     Each on the other pouring, fiercely yell'd ;  
     “Thou, why so niggard ?” “Thou, why so profuse ?”  
 Round the dark circle till they met again, 31  
     Thus they pursued their course on either hand,  
     Vociferating still their taunting strain.  
 Midway arriving—to renew the fight,  
     Back o'er the semicircle turns each band :  
     And I, whose heart was stricken at the sight,

Exclaim'd : " O thou, my master, tell, I pray, 37  
     What race is this ? and these upon the left  
     With closely shaven heads—all Priests were they ?"  
 To me he said : " All these before thy view  
     Whilst upon earth, of reason were so reft,  
     No medium in the use of wealth they knew.  
 This by their words is clearly proved, each time 43  
     They meet, as round the circle they repair,  
     Parting anon—so opposite their crime.  
 Priests once, both Popes and Cardinals were they,  
     Whose heads uncover'd are devoid of hair ;  
     O'er them foul Avarice held unbounded sway."  
 " Amid so many, master," I replied, 49  
     " I surely ought to recognize some few,  
     Who, when alive, were with these vices dyed."  
 Then he : " Thou hast devised a project vain ;—  
     Since that inglorious life, which now they rue,  
     Permitteth none to know them here again.  
 For ever will they clash with double shocks ;— 55  
     And at the resurrection quit the tomb,  
     These with clench'd hands, and those with shaven locks.  
 Spendthrift and miser thus renew the fight,  
     Driven from the beauteous world to realms of gloom :—  
     Words need I not to paint their evil plight.



Now see the gifts to Fortune's care consign'd ;— 61

How swift, my son, how variable their gale,—

Sought with such anxious labour by mankind :

For all the gold that is beneath the moon,

Or all that ever was, could not avail

These weary souls, or purchase rest for one."

"Tell me," I said, "O master, if thou may'st,— 67

This Fortune, that thou speak'st of, what is she,

In whose control all worldly goods are placed ?"

Then answer'd he : "O creatures weak and blind,

How led astray by ignorance are ye !

Now let my maxims sink into thy mind.

He, whose transcendent wisdom hath no bound, 73

Fashion'd the heavens, and gave to them a guide ;

Distributing an equal light around,

So that each part to other part might shine :

And thus o'er earthly splendours to preside

A ministering power did he assign,

To deal life's fleeting goods with varying hand ; 79

And, spite th' impediments of human skill,

To change from race to race, from land to land.

Hence doth one nation rise, another fall,

Obedient to her ever changing will,

Who lies, like snake in grass, conceal'd from all.

In vain 'gainst her your earthly wisdom vies ; 85

With foresight and with judgment she maintains

Her destined sway, like other Deities.

Her changes have no rest—for ever new :

To speed her on, Necessity constrains ;

And hence vicissitudes so oft ensue.

And she it is, on whose devoted head 91

Are heap'd such vile reproach and calumny

By those whose praise she rather merited.

But she is blest, and hears not what they say ;

With other primal beings, joyously

She rolls her sphere, exulting on her way.—

Now go we down to realms of greater pain : 97

Each star, which at my outset was ascending,

Is sinking and forbids us to remain.”

We cross'd the circle to the other side,—

Above a boiling fount our footsteps bending,

From whence a sluice convey'd the gushing tide.

More dark than purple was that water's flow ; 103

And we beside the mournful river dun

Proceeded by a rugged path below :

A lake is form'd, the Stygian named of old,

By this sad stream, when downward it hath run

'Neath the grey rocks that hem the baleful hold.

Wondering I stood ; and saw within the lake      109  
     A crew all naked, and with mud o'erspread,  
     Whose threatening looks their inward rage bespake :  
 And each to other, not with hands alone  
     Dealt blows, but with the breast, the feet, the head ;—  
     Their teeth too rending morsels from the bone.  
 “ My son,” the gracious master said, “ behold      115  
     The spirits who were erst by wrath subdued ;  
     And give belief to what I now unfold.  
 Beneath the stream are souls that utter sighs,  
     Whence bubbles to the surface may be view'd  
     Ascending, wheresoe'er you turn your eyes.  
 Deep fix'd in mud, ‘ Sad were we,’ they exclaim,      124  
     ‘ There, where the sun sends forth his gladsome ray,  
     Bearing within a foul and smother'd flame ;  
 Sad are we now within this filthy lake.’  
     They gurgle in their throat this dismal lay,  
     Since utterance more distinct they cannot make.”  
 Thus circling round the noisome pool we went,      127  
     Between the centre and the solid beach ;—  
     On those who drank the mud our sight intent ;  
 Until at last a lofty tower we reach.

## NOTES.

Page 60. (Line 1.) The meaning of Plutus' exclamation (evidently intended to terrify Dante) seems to be, "Avaunt! for the Pope who presides over Riches, is Satanic Prince here." The line is thus stopped and explained by Signor Rosetti: "Pap'è Satan, Pap'è Satan, Aleppo." "The Pope is Satan, the Pope is Satan, Prince." That Plutus is the symbol of Avarice is evident from line seven, where he is identified with the Wolf of the first canto. (12.) "Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon, &c." Rev. xii. 7. Milton here follows Dante: "So much the fear of thunder, and the sword of Michael wrought still within them."—*Par. Lost.* ii. 294; see also line 320.

Page 62. (Line 46.) "Such rapacity might seem incredible in men cut off from the pursuits of life, and the hope of posterity, did we not behold every day the unreasonableness of avarice."—*Hallam. Middle Ages*, cap. vii. (57.) Cowper seems to have had this passage in view. "There Priests with bulls and briefs, and shaven crowns, and griping fists."—*Expostulation*.

Page 63. (Line 64.) "Neither their silver nor gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath."—*Zephaniah* i. 18. Dante has here been closely followed by Boyardo.—*Orlando Inamorato*. xxi. st. 49.

"E tanto argento ed oro ha in le sue mane  
Che altrettanto non è sotto la Luna;  
Ne ricchezza maggior al Sol si vede."

(78.) Hence Chaucer. *Knight's Tale*. 1664.

"The destinee, ministre general,  
That executeth in the world over al  
The purveiance that God hath sen beforene."

Dante says that the operations of Fortune are not the result of chance, but conducted with the greatest deliberation. He calls the angels, or intelligent beings, who direct the heavenly bodies, "Deities." They are divided by him, in his *Convito*, into nine classes, viz. Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Principalities, Powers, Cherubims, Seraphims. The heavens also are divided, after Ptolemy, into nine spheres, each governed by an angel of one of the classes mentioned. As each of them directs his peculiar sphere, so Fortune is here said to superintend the distribution of temporal blessings. See *Convito*, *Trat. ii. c. 5.* (79) Thus *Horace. Carm. iii. 29.*

"Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et  
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,  
Transmutat incertos honores,  
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna."

Page 64. (Line 89.) "Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas."  
"Æquâ lege Necessitas sortitur insignes et imos."—*Horace. Carm. i. 35, and iii. 1.* (91.) Thus Spencer. *Fairy Queen* :—

"In vain, said then old Melibee, do men  
The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,  
Sith they know best what is the best for them,  
For they to each such fortune do diffuse  
As they do know each can most aptly use."

(98.) See Canto ii. 1. (105.) "Diverso," here translated rugged," is frequently used by Dante in the sense of cruel, strange. See Panizzi: Notes to Boiardo, vol. ii. p. 217.

Page 65. (Line 127.) "The Stygian lake is here intended."  
—*Monti. Proposta, in voce "pozza."*

CANTO VIII.

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ARGUMENT.

IN answer to a signal from a tower in the city of Dis, Flegias, the ferryman of the Stygian lake, conveys the poets across it. Filippo Argenti.—The gates of the city are closed by a band of Demons, and Virgil returns in despair.

Now tell I, as my story I pursue, 1  
That ere we reach'd the lofty castle's base,  
Two little flames upon its summit drew  
Our eyes in wonder; while another made  
Answer, so distant, we could scarcely trace  
The flickering glimmer from afar display'd.  
Then to the sea of knowledge turn'd,—I said : 7  
“ Wherefore this signal? why that answering light?  
And who are they by whom these flames are fed?”  
“ What now advances o'er the gloomy tide,  
Is surely,” he exclaim'd, “ within thy sight,  
Unless indeed the marshy vapours hide.”

With greater speed did never arrow fly 13

Forth from the string, and cut the yielding air,

Than, o'er the lake approaching, met mine eye:

A little vessel, under the controul

Of but a single boatman; who, aware

Exclaim'd: "Art thou arriv'd, O felon soul?"

"Flegias, Flegias, the outcry thou dost make 19

For once avails thee not," exclaim'd the sinner;

"We stay not with thee but to cross the lake."

As one, who of some monstrous fraud hath heard

Practis'd upon him, gives his soul to ire;

So Flegias stood, to sudden anger stir'd.

Into the boat descended then my guide, 25

And bade me follow close upon his track:

Till I embark'd no burden press'd the tide.

When both were seated, on it went; and now

To depth unwonted was that river black

Cut by the impress of the ancient prow.

Whilst we were hurrying o'er the stagnant slime, 31

One rose before me, smear'd with mud, and cried:

"Say who art thou who com'st before thy time?"

"I come not to remain:—but who," quoth I,

"Art thou who hast thyself so brutified?"

"Lo! one am I who weeps," was his reply.

And I to him : " With weeping and with woe, 37

Thy fitting company, curst soul, remain ;—  
All muddy though thou art, thy face I know."

Then to the boat his hands were thrown anon :

Whereat the master thrust him back again,  
Exclaiming : " To the other dogs begone."

With this, around my neck his arms he flung, 43

And kiss'd my cheek : " Indignant soul," said he,  
" Blessed the mother from whose womb you sprung.

He, when alive, was arrogant, and proud ;

No deed of goodness decks his memory ;  
And therefore here his spirit storms aloud.

On earth how many deem themselves great kings, 49

Who here like swine shall wallow in a sty,  
And leave a name that vile remembrance brings !"

" O what delight would it afford my heart

To see him plunged within the pool," said I,  
" Ere from the filthy waters we depart !"

Then he to me : " Thou shalt be satisfied, 55

Before the infernal shore appear in sight ;  
'Tis meet that such a wish be not denied."

Soon after, I beheld the muddy crew

Set on him with such violence and might,  
That God I thank for granting me the view.



“Down with Argenti!” shouted one and all; 61

And with his teeth, his furious wrath to vent,  
Himself this savage Florentine did maul :

We journey'd on,—so him no more I name.

Then smote mine ear a loud and shrill lament,  
Whereat I stretch'd mine eye to whence it came.

“Behold, my son,” to me the master cried, 67

“We now draw near the far famed city Dis,  
Where crowds of guilty citizens reside.”

“Master,” I said, “already I discern

Its bright vermilion mosques in the abyss,  
Which, as in furnace heated, seem to burn.”

And he to me: “The fire that ever glows 73

Within the walls, that ruddy hue supplies,  
Which these infernal battlements disclose.”

Then we arrived within the trench profound

That compasseth this wretched land of sighs;  
And framed of iron seem'd the walls around.

A tedious circuit made, at last we came 79

Where, “Disembark—the entrance is in sight,”—  
We heard the pilot's thundering voice exclaim.

More than a thousand on the gates I spied,

Rain'd down from heaven ;—and shouting in despite ;  
“Say who is this, that (death's dread power untried)

Stalks through the dusky regions of the dead ?" 85

To them a signal made my sapient guide,  
That secret parley he solicited.

Their mighty wrath they somewhat then restrain'd ;

"Come thou alone, and let him go," they cried,

Who so audaciously hath entrance gained :

Let him retrace alone his foolish way :— 91

Thou, by whose guidance hither he was brought  
Through this benighted land, with us shalt stay."

Think, reader, how disconsolate was I,

At sound of words with such deep malice fraught ;—

It seem'd I never should return on high.

"O thou dear guide, who safety hast bestow'd 97

Sev'n times at least, and borne me scathless through,

When direst peril hath beset my road—

O leave me not," I said, "in this dismay ;

And if such dreaded obstacles ensue,

Together let us speed our backward way."

Then answer'd me my kind and faithful guide : 103

"Fear not, for none a passage can deny ;

By one so potent is our strength supplied :

Wait my return, and feed thy heavy sprite

With goodly hope ;—for be assured that I

Will ne'er desert thee in these realms of night."

He thus departs.—Abandon'd by my friend, 109  
     Alone I stand in sorrowful suspense,  
     While no and yes within my heart contend :  
 Nor could I aught distinguish what he said ;  
     But scarce had he begun a conference,  
     When back within the walls they quickly sped.  
 Against my master's breast our spiteful foe 115  
     The portals closed :— shut out—he came away,  
     And turn'd him back to me with footsteps slow.  
 His eyes cast down, and from his brow all trace  
     Of boldness gone—in sighs he seem'd to say,  
     Who bars my entrance to this mournful place ?  
 Then unto me he said : “ Be not afraid 121  
     At this my wrath ;—their pride we shall abate ;  
     Whate'er resistance may within be made ;  
 This their impertinence is nothing new :  
     For erst 'twas shown at a less secret gate  
     Which, void of fastening, still remains in view.  
 Its deadly motto thou thyself hast read : 127  
     And lo, already one descendeth down,  
     Passing the circles by no escort led,  
 Who yet with victory our attempt shall crown.”

## NOTES.

Page 68. (Line 5.) The distant flame which answered the signal, is shown, by the context of this and the next canto, to have proceeded from one of the towers of the city of Dis, whence the poets were separated by the Stygian lake. The signal was made by one set of Demons to advise another that strangers were approaching. (7.) i.e., to Virgil.

Page 69. (Line 19.) Flegias was a son of Mars, sentenced to hell for burning the temple of Apollo at Delphi. His name signifies fire, and he is the conductor to the city of fire. Virgil informs him, exulting over his supposed victims, that for once he would be disappointed. (27.) "Gemuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem."—*Virg. Æn.* vi. 413. (32.) Filippo Argenti—a very wealthy man, most proud and irascible. It is remarkable that he is the only soul in whose punishment Dante delights.

Page 70. (Line 49.) Thus Spencer. *Ruins of Rome* :—

"How many great ones may remember'd be  
Who in their days most famously did flourish,  
Of whom no word we have, nor sign now see,  
But as things wiped out with a sponge do perish."

Page 71. (Line 72.) "Cyclopum educta caminis

Mcenia conspicio."—*Æn.* vi. 630. (83.) From these words the Demons appear to be fallen Angels.

Page 73. (Line 111.) "Spemque metumque inter dubii."  
—*Virg. Æn.* i. 218. (125.) The gate at the entrance into hell—supposed by Dante to have been broken open by our Saviour, when, coming to liberate the souls of the Fathers, he was resisted by these Demons. (129.) An Angel is sent from heaven to their assistance, who in the next canto enables them to enter the city of Dis.

## CANTO IX.

## ARGUMENT.

DANTE, alarmed at some doubts expressed by Virgil as to their success in forcing an entrance into the city of Dis, is comforted by the assurance of his guide, that he has been the road before, and knows it well. Appearance of the Furies. An angel sent from heaven opens the gate of the city. The poets enter, and find it full of tombs intensely heated by fire, in which are punished the Arch-heretics.

THAT hue, which fear had o'er my features spread,     1  
 When I beheld my leader backward turn,  
 Caused him to check his own unwonted dread.  
 Attent he stood, as one with listening ear ;  
 For with his eye he could not far discern  
 Through the black cloud and heavy atmosphere.  
 He then began : " Yet shall we win the day :     7  
 If not . . . so great a One hath proffer'd aid ;—  
 But oh !—how long he lingers on his way !"  
 I saw full well how he design'd to cloak  
 The doubts he at the outset had betray'd,  
 His last words differing from the first he spoke.

Nathless, his speech with terror fill'd my breast, 13

For haply from his broken words I drew

A more alarming sense than they possess.

“Down from that circle of the dread abyss

Where loss of hope alone the spirits rue,

Doth any e'er descend so low as this ?”

I ask'd this question ; and he answer'd thus : 19

“It rarely happens that the road I go

Hath e'er been ventured on by one of us.

'Tis true, aforetime I have gone this track,

By fell Erichtho conjured down below,

Who to their bodies call'd the spirits back.

Short space had I put off my mortal clay, 25

When she enjoin'd me pass within this wall,

From Judas' round, to bear a soul away :

That is the lowest place and most obscure,

And farthest from the heaven which circles all :

I know the road—feel therefore thou secure.

This marsh, whence vapours rise so foul and rife, 31

Surrounds that mournful city, which denies

All entrance, save with bitterness and strife.”

And more he said than memory can recite ;

With such deep fix'd attention were mine eyes

Drawn to the castle of the flaming light :—

There on a sudden rising up, I view'd 37

Three hellish Furies :—stain'd with blood they were ;

And female seem'd their limbs and attitude :

Green hydras twined their hideous waists around ;

And serpents and cerastes form'd the hair,

Whose mantling coils their savage temples bound.

Then he, who knew the horrid beldames well, 43

Attendant on the queen of endless woe,

Exclaim'd to me : “ Behold the Erynnis fell :

This is Megara on the left ;—the dread

Alecto weeps upon the right ;—and lo !

Tisiphone between.”—No more he said.

Then fiercely with her nails each rent her breast ; 49

Struck with her hands ; and shriek'd in such despite,

That to the bard I clung, with fear oppress.

“ Haste, bring Medusa—change him into stone,”

All cried, as they look'd downward from the height ;

“ This comes of favour unto Theseus shewn.”

“ Turn back, and from the Gorgon hide thine eyes ; 55

For shouldst thou look on her, whom none withstands,

Vain were the hope again to view the skies.”

Thus as the master spake, he sudden wheel'd

My body round, nor trusted to my hands,

But with his own my countenance conceal'd.

O ye, with lofty intellects endow'd, 61  
 Behold the secret lore intended here,  
 Which my mysterious minstrelsy would shroud.  
 Now o'er the restless waves there came a sound  
 As of a mighty crashing—fraught with fear,  
 Which shook both shores throughout the vast profound;  
 Like to the raging of a mighty wind, 67  
 Which, rushing swift to cool some fervid zone,  
 Shatters the wood; and sweeping unconfined  
 Tears off the boughs, beats down, and hurls away:—  
 In clouds of dust advances proudly on,  
 And fills the beasts and shepherds with dismay.  
 He loosed my eyes, and, “Let their energies 73  
 Be turn'd,” he said, “high o'er that ancient scum,  
 There, where the most offensive vapours rise.”  
 Like frogs that flee, when scatter'd in the flood  
 By some dire serpent, till to land they come,  
 Plunging head foremost, nuzzling in the mud:—  
 So saw I full a thousand spirits lost 79  
 Fleeing before the face of One, who o'er  
 The Stygian wave with feet unmoisten'd cross'd.  
 The heavy air he from his visage clear'd,  
 Waving the left hand oft his face before,  
 And weary with that single toil appear'd.



Heaven's messenger he was, I plainly saw, 85  
 And to the master turn'd ; whereat he straight  
 Made sign that I should bend in silent awe.  
 Ah ! what disdain, methought, his looks disclosed !  
 Touch'd by his potent wand, the hostile gate  
 Flew instant open, nor his will opposed.  
 " Outcasts of heaven !—O abject race !" he cried, 91  
 Upon the horrid threshold as he stood ;  
 " Whence in you dwells this insolence and pride ?  
 Why do ye kick against the heavenly will,  
 Which cannot fail to make its purpose good,  
 And oft hath caused you an increase of ill ?  
 What profits it 'gainst fate to butt the horn ?— 97  
 Think how your Cerberus such attempt repented,  
 As testify his chin and gullet torn."  
 Then back he turn'd along the filthy shore,  
 Nor spoke a word ; but seem'd like one tormented  
 By other care and other trouble more  
 Than by the thought of him within his view. 103  
 Fired by the hallow'd words, with footstep bold,  
 And firm assurance, we our way pursue.  
 The city then we enter'd unopposed :  
 And I, who was desirous to behold  
 The state of those by such strong walls enclosed,

Soon as I enter'd, cast around mine eyes. 109  
 On every side a spacious district lay,  
 Replete with torment, and with miseries.  
 And as at Arles, where Rhone scarce seems to glide ;—  
 And as at Pola, near Quarnero's bay,  
 (Which bounding fair Italia laves her side,)  
 Tombs thickly spread diversify the ground ; 115  
 E'en so vast tombs, resembling those I see,  
 Save that in horror these much more abound ;  
 For scatter'd 'mid the graves were flames of fire,  
 Which heated them to such intense degree,  
 That hotter iron no craft could e'er require.  
 The lids of all of them were hanging o'er : 121  
 And they within, by many a wretched moan  
 Betray'd the grievous anguish that they bore.  
 Then I : " O master, say what souls are here,  
 Who buried in these vaults their pangs make known  
 By sighs that fall so doleful on the ear ?"  
 " Here, with their followers of each sect," he said, 127  
 " Dwell the Arch-heretics, a concourse vast ;  
 More than thou deemest in the tombs are laid.  
 These monuments have less or greater heat ;  
 Together buried, like with like are class'd."  
 And then, as to the right I turn'd my feet,  
 Between the tombs and ramparts high we pass'd.

## NOTES.

Page 75. (Line 4.) Unable to see far, he endeavours, by listening, to ascertain the approach of the expected messenger from heaven, alluded to at the end of the last canto. (7.) Disappointed in his expectation of hearing the motion of the angel's wings, of whom he had caught a glimpse at the end of the last canto, Virgil betrays his doubts in broken language, which may be thus filled up: "we are sure to conquer, unless I am deceived: but so mighty is the expected aid, it cannot fail."

Page 76. (Line 16.) Dante fearing Virgil might not know the way, and wishing to avoid a direct question, asks him, whether any one of those who dwell with him in Limbo ever descended so low. Dante supposed he was in the lowest pit of hell, but is undeceived by Virgil, line 28, who informs him that a place situated much lower was in reality the bottom. (23.) Erichtho, a Thessalian sorceress, according to Lucan, *Phars.* lib. vi., was employed by Sextus, son of Pompey the Great, to conjure up a spirit, who should inform him of the issue of the civil war between his father and Cæsar. (27.) The circle named after Judas Iscariot, in which Traitors are punished.—See xxxiv. 62. (36.) The light before-mentioned, canto viii. 5, then seen at a distance.

Page 77. (Line 41.) See Milton. *Paradise Lost*, x. 525. (44.) Proserpine, Queen of Hell—the same as the moon. By the Erynnis are intended the Furies. (52. The head of Medusa, the Gorgon, cut off by Perseus, was supposed to have the power of turning into stone any one who beheld it. (54.)

This is translated according to the interpretation of Lombardi, and implies the repentance of the Furies at not having destroyed Theseus, as well as Pirithous, when they came for Proserpine—his escape having thus afforded others a precedent to attempt the journey.

Page 78. (Line 62.) Commentators differ greatly as to the objects intended in these lines—whether an allegorical and mystic sense is hence to be given to the whole poem—to the present canto—or to a part of it; and in the latter case, whether to the lines immediately before or after the warning here pronounced. The existence of allegory in various passages throughout the poem is evident, without such warning; which may, therefore, be supposed to apply to this canto, and more naturally to what immediately precedes, viz. the introduction of Medusa. Signor Rossetti is of opinion, that the sight of the Gorgon, producing fear and a prostration of the faculties—this passage, in reference to that in the second canto, where fear is said “to turn a man aside from nobler deeds,” line 46, implies, that every exertion should be made, by shutting the eyes or using other means, to prevent the effect of intimidation. (67.) “This comparison is certainly one of the most beautiful that ever poet imagined, whether we consider the grandeur of the idea, or its sublimity, or the justness of its application, or the harmony and majesty of the verse.”—*Panizzi*. “It should be observed how Dante’s explanation of the origin of wind is conformable to the most approved modern theories.”—*Poggiali*. (70.) “‘Porta i fiori,’ ‘carries away the blossoms,’ is the common reading. ‘Porta fuori,’ which is the right reading, adopted by Lombardi in his edition from the Nidobeatina, for which he claims it exclusively, I had also seen in Landino’s edition of 1484, and adopted from thence, long before it was

my chance to meet with Lombardi."—*Cary*. It may be added, that the reading of "fuore" is used by Tasso in quoting the line (t. iv. p. 109, edit. di Firenze.) Compare also *Ger. Lib.* cxiii. st. 46. Rossetti prefers "fiori," flowers, as more suited to his theory; but it were indeed an "impotent conclusion" to say that the wind, after tearing down the branches of the forest, hurls away the flowers. Compare *Virg. Georg.* i. 328; *Lucretius*, i. 272 to 295, where the most magnificent description of a storm is given at length. *Principio venti vis*, &c. Jeremy Taylor has a similar description.—"For so have I known the boisterous north wind. . . when it has been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty, and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop, and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories."—*Holy Dying*. (74.) This scum or smoke is the exhalation from the Stygian lake. (80.) The heavenly messenger or angel.—

Page 79. (Line 98.) Hercules made forcible entry into the infernal regions, and enchained Cerberus. (102.) Hence Milton describes his Angel:

"On some great charge employ'd  
He seem'd, or fixed in cogitation deep."

*Par. Lost.* ii. 628.

CANTO X.

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ARGUMENT.

AMID the tombs of the Heretics Dante converses with Farinata and Cavalcanti. The former predicts his exile from Florence.

Now pass'd we onward by a path confined, 1  
That ran between the tombs and circling wall,  
My master first—I following close behind.  
“Virtue supreme! who through these circles dire  
Dost lead me,” I began, “thy willing thrall—  
O speak and satisfy my soul's desire.  
The spirits in these sepulchres who lie— 7  
May they be seen?—their lids, as I discern,  
E'en now are raised, and none to guard are nigh.”  
“All will be fasten'd down,” the bard replied,  
“When from Jehosaphat they shall return,  
Clothed in the bodies they have laid aside.

Here Epicurus hath his fiery tomb, 13

And with him all his followers, who maintain  
That soul and body share one common doom.

Wherefore within this place, to the request

Thou hast preferr'd, an answer shalt thou gain ;  
And likewise to the wish thou hast suppress'd."

Then I : " From thee I ne'er conceal a thought, 19

Unless, dear guide, to shorten what I say ;—  
A lesson thou thyself hast lately taught."

" Tuscan, who through this city fraught with fire,

Speaking so modestly, dost wend thy way,—  
Here, may it please thee, stay at my desire.

Thy words full clearly make it manifest 25

Thou art a native of that noble land,  
Which I perhaps too sorely did molest."

Sudden from out a vault, upon mine ear

These accents burst ; whereat I took my stand  
Still closer to my master's side, through fear.

And he exclaim'd : " Turn round ; what would'st thou do ?

Lo Farinata !—upward from the waist 32

His form behold, apparent to thy view."

Already on his face my eyesight fell ;

And he uprear'd his forehead and his breast,  
As if he felt supreme contempt for Hell.

Tow'rd's him, with prompt and animated hand,            37  
     My guide among the tombs 'impell'd me on ;  
     And said—"Speak clear, that he may understand."  
 When nearer to the sepulchre I came,  
     He gazed on me ;—anon in haughty tone  
     Exclaim'd: "Who were thine ancestors?" Their name,  
 Full anxious to obey did I avow ;                        43  
     And gladly told him who my fathers were :  
     Whereat incensed he somewhat raised his brow ;  
 "To me, and mine, and to my party, erst  
     So fierce," he said, "the hatred which they bare,  
     That more than once their forces I dispersed."  
 "Though vanquish'd, still they fear'd not to return    49  
     Each time, from every quarter," I replied,—  
     "An art thy friends as yet have fail'd to learn."  
 Then, upward from the chin distinctly seen,  
     Another shade rose slowly at his side,  
     Resting himself upon his knees, I ween.  
 He look'd around me, e'en as if he sought                55  
     Another in my company to find ;  
     But, when he saw how futile was the thought,  
 Weeping, he said : "If lofty genius be  
     Of power to lead thee through this prison blind—  
     Where is my son ? why comes he not with thee ?"



I answer'd him : " I come not here alone : 61

Lo ! yonder is my faithful escort, whom  
Haply thy Guido had disdain'd to own."

Of him already I divined the name,

Both by his words, and his appropriate doom ;  
Whence from my lips so full an answer came.

Then on a sudden starting up—he cries, 67

" Had ! didst thou tell me ?—has he ceased to live ?—  
Doth heaven's sweet light no longer strike his eyes ?"

When he observed a short delay ensue,

Ere I an answer to his speech could give,  
Supine he fell, nor more appear'd in view.

But that exalted spirit who had been 73

Cause of my lingering there, had neither turn'd  
His head, nor bow'd his neck, nor changed his mien ;

" And if," continuing his speech, he said,

" The art thou speak'st of, they so ill have learn'd,  
That more torments me than this fiery bed.

But the fair Lady, who here beareth sway, 79

Not fifty times her silver face shall light,  
Ere thou wilt know how much that art doth weigh.

And mayst thou see the beauteous world again,

As thou acquaint me why, my friends to spite,  
Such cruel laws your people still retain."

Then I to him : " The rout and carnage made, 85

When Arbia's stream was stain'd with crimson dye,

Tell why such vows are in our temples paid."

Then said he, sighing as his head he shook ;

" In that encounter not alone was I,

Nor without cause such part with others took :

But when assembled numbers had decreed 91

To sweep fair Florence from the earth away,

My voice alone was raised against the deed."

" So by thy kindred may repose be found,

As thou unravell'st," (thus to him I pray)

" The knot in which my intellect is bound.

Future events ere time may yet unfold, 97

It seems ye can foretel, if right I learn ;—

Unable what is present to behold."

" Like one who hath a weak and failing sight,

Objects remote," he answer'd, " we discern ;—

The mighty God imparteth still such light :

When they are present, or approach—all vain 103

Our reason proves ; nor of your mortal state,

Except from others, can we knowledge gain.

Now therefore mayst thou fully comprehend,

When once is closed futurity's dark gate,

All our intelligence will have an end."

Then with compunction smitten, as it were, 109

I said : " Inform that fallen one, I pray,  
That still his Guido breathes the vital air.

And if from answer I at first refrain'd,

Tell him, my erring thoughts were led astray,  
Pondering on that which thou hast now explain'd."

Then with more haste I press'd him to relate 115

(For Virgil's summons fell upon mine ear)  
What shades partook of his unhappy fate.

" Here with above a thousand souls I lie :

Here is the second Frederick, and here  
The Cardinal : the others I pass by."

This said, he vanish'd. Not without alarm 121

I turn'd me to the ancient bard again,  
Musing on what to me portended harm.

Onward he moved, and, as he went, inquired :

" What is it thus bewildereth thy brain ?"

And I reveal'd the cause, as he desired.

" What thou hast heard of evils that impend, 127

Store in thy memory," the poet said ;

" And now" (his finger he upraised) " attend :—

When thou shalt stand before her heavenly ray,

Whose beauteous eyes through all extent pervade,  
She shall inform thee of thy future way."

Then turning to the left my guide proceeds. 133

Leaving the rampart tow'rds the gulf we went

Along a path that to a valley leads,

Which e'en to us its noisome vapour sent.

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#### NOTES.

Page 84. (Line 4.) This invocation is addressed to Virgil, who had been ordained to lead Dante through Hell. See canto xxi. 84. (11.) It is here supposed, according to a common opinion, that the general judgment will be held in the valley of Jehosaphat. "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down to the valley of Jehosaphat."—*Joel* iii. 2.

Page 85. (Line 18.) Expectations of seeing Farinata had been raised by Ciaccio. See canto vi. 86. (21.) See canto iii. 76, and ix. 87. (32.) Farinata degli Uberti was the head of the Ghibelline party at Florence: "Controuling with the hand of a master the course of events, as well as the minds of men, destiny itself seems to submit to his will; and the very torments of hell are insufficient to disturb the haughty tranquillity of his spirit. He is admirably portrayed in the conversation which Dante has assigned him. Every passion is concentrated in his attachment to his country and his party; and the exile of the Ghibellins inflicts upon him far greater torments than the burning couch on which he is reclining."—*Sismondi, Ital. Hist.* cap. ix. *Roscoe's Transl.*

Page 86. (Line 42.) Farinata was very proud of his birth,—Dante, whom he took for some plebeian, equally so: hence his eagerness to return an answer. (48.) Having learnt that Dante's ancestors were Guelfs, Farinata shows his indignation by his manner, and exults in having twice defeated them—the first time in 1248, towards the end of the reign of Frederick II.—the second in 1260, at the battle of Arbia, or Mont' Aperti, in which the Florentines were routed by the Siennese. See note, line 86. (49.) Dante supports the character of the party, and retorts upon Farinata that the Guelfs had returned after both these defeats, which was more than the Ghibellins had done: in the first instance, when they were recalled by the people of Florence on the death of Frederick II.; in the second, after the death of Manfred, King of Sicily, in 1251. (52.) Near to Farinata, and interrupting his discourse, rises the shade of Cavalcante Cavalcanti; who, overhearing the conversation, and aware of Dante's presence, was desirous to make inquiry concerning his son Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's most intimate friend.

Page 87. (Line 63.) Guido was a great poet—see *Purgatorio* xi. 97—but seems to have had no taste for Virgil. The partiality of the father ascribes to him a genius equal to that of Dante. (68.) “This young gentleman had a father:—O that ‘had’—how sad a passage ‘tis.”—*Shakspeare. All's well, &c.* Act. i. sc. i. (70.) At the time Dante actually wrote, it is probable Guido had been dead several years. Though he was still alive according to the supposed date of the poem, 1300, his death was about to take place. “Dante's ignorance of the inability of the spirits to foresee events immediately about to take place, see lines 96, 103, is the poetical reason of his silence, though excited to break it, out of compassion for Gui-

do's father; wherefore at first he stands in doubt."—*Ugo Foscolo, Discorso*, p. 286. Meanwhile "changing not his countenance, and bending not to sympathize with the distressed parent, Farinata exhibits," Ugo Foscolo observes, "the most exact description of human nature, as it exists in the brave; and hence arises one of the most striking beauties of poetry. The soul is pictured to us of one who, feeling afflictions as a man, conceals them as a citizen; and does not permit domestic grievances to distract his thoughts from the calamities of his country. Wherefore he is silent as to his son-in-law (Guido), and, continuing his discourse, says that the banishment of the Ghibellins gave him more torment than the fiery bed whereon he lay with the followers of Epicurus."—*Discorso*, page 288. He was punished for being a heretic, but his heresy is justly palliated by Sismondi on the grounds "that he was disgusted with the vices and hypocrisy of the Popes," to whose intrigues Italy owed, and still owes, her misery and degradation. (76.) "His noble rejoinder, on Dante's reference to the carnage at Mont' Aperti, as to the cause of his people's implacability, is above all praise. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out, in ancient or modern tragedy, a passage of more sublimity or pathos:—in which so few words express so much, yet leave so much more to be imagined by any one who has a heart, than the whole of this scene exhibits."—*James Montgomery. Life of Dante. Lardner's Cab. Cyc.* No. 63.—(79.) The Moon in heathen mythology is called Proserpine, or Queen of Hell. Hence Chaucer styles her, "Queen of the reign of Pluto."—*Knight's Tale*. L. 2300. (81.) Farinata here foretels to Dante his exile, and the battles which took place in 1304, on occasion of the premature and unsuccessful attempts of the Bianchi to enter

Florence. See note vi. 60. (84.) The "cruel laws" mean the vindictive sentence still in force against the Ghibellins.

Page 88. (Line 86.) The battle of Arbia, or Mont' Aperti, was fought in 1260, between the Florentine Guelfs and the exiled Ghibellins, who had taken refuge with their friends at Sienna. The Guelfs, having collected their allies, advanced to Mont' Aperti, near that city, with an army of thirty thousand men. The Ghibelline forces, including the emigrants, the Siennese, and a body of Germans, sent to their assistance by Manfred, king of Sicily, amounted only to eighteen thousand, headed by Farinata. On the arrival of the Guelfs, who hoped to enter the city by treachery, out rushed their enemies with the greatest impetuosity, and spread universal consternation. The victory was complete, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. (91.) Farinata being accused of fighting against Florence, defends himself thus: "It is unfair to make laws against me individually for that in which thousands participated, (viz. the battle of Arbia;—while it is forgotten that when it was proposed by great numbers of people to destroy Florence, I alone stood up in her defence." The epigrammatic force of the contrast in this famous passage should not be overlooked. "I was not single in the one case, but I was single in the other." After the battle of Mont' Aperti, such alarm prevailed in Florence, that the Guelfs determined in a body to quit the city. No resistance was therefore made on the arrival of the victorious army. A general assembly of the Ghibelline states was held at Empoli, to adopt measures for upholding their influence. As the only means of giving security to their party, the ambassadors of Pisa and Sienna proposed to destroy Florence, which had long been the chief support of the Guelfs in Tuscany. The demolition of the walls, and the dispersion of

the people, could alone, they said, prevent the re-union and future vengeance of their enemies. This demand was universally approved by the smaller states, which, having been long depressed by the superior power of Florence, would have viewed its destruction with delight. Nor was the proposal displeasing to many of the Florentine nobles themselves, who would gladly have shaken off all connection with the city, and regained that independence which their castles in the country formerly afforded. Such was the general feeling, when Farinata degli Uberti addressed the assembly, and rescued Florence from destruction. A most eloquent version of this speech is put into the mouth of Farinata by Machiavelli, in his history of Florence. (96.) See note line 70. Dante's perplexity was founded upon the circumstance of Farinata being able to predict future events, although Cavalcanti could not foresee the impending death of his own son.

Page 89. (119.) Frederick II, born in 1196, was son of the Emperor Henry VI. and Costanza, sister of William King of Sicily, and was only nine months old when his father died. Pope Innocent III. was his Tutor. Honorius III. crowned him in 1220. Gregory IX. excommunicated him for not making an expedition to the Holy Land. The Lombard cities made a league against the Emperor, and were defeated in 1237 at Cortenuova. (120.) By the Cardinal is intended Ottaviano Ubaldini, who obtained this title by the influence he possessed; and was more of a Politician than a Priest.

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CANTO XI.

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ARGUMENT.

ON the verge of the seventh circle are punished the heretics,  
the violent, the fraudulent, and the usurious.

HIGH on a bank's extremest verge we stood, 1  
Where stones enormous form'd a precipice,  
Whence greater agony beneath we view'd.  
And here to such excess was prevalent  
The horrid fume which rose from the abyss,  
That we withdrew behind a monument  
Whose lid gave shelter, and whereon I read 7  
Inscribed:—"Pope Anastasius I contain,  
Whom from the path direct Photinus led."  
"Now it behoves us slowly to descend,  
That by degrees our sense we may constrain  
To bear the stench, that will no more offend."

Thus spake my guide. "Lest time be idly spent, 13

Do thou," I said, "some compensation find."

"On that," he answer'd, "are my thoughts intent.

"My Son," he added, "this for truth receive ;

Within such rocks as these, three circles wind,

Of gradual rise, like those which now we leave :

Fill'd with accursed spirits are they all ; 19

But that the sight of them may hence suffice,

Hear how and why they languish in such thrall.

Of every malice that gives God offence,

The aim is injury ; and all such vice

Works others woe by fraud or violence.

But as deceit is man's peculiar stain, 25

God hates it most ; hence those who practise it

Are placed below, and rack'd by greater pain.

With those to violence prone this space abounds ;

But since its kinds are threefold, it is fit

The circle be disposed in triple rounds.

Against our God—ourselves—our neighbours—force 31

Is exercised ; 'gainst them, and what belongs

To them I mean, as shall be proved in course.

By force and painful wounds may death be brought

Upon our neighbour, and may grievous wrongs

By fire and rapine on his goods be wrought.

Hence homicides, and all with violent hands, 37

Spoilers and robbers, each in the first round

Their torment find, arranged in various bands.

Against himself man may be violent,

And his possessions ; wherefore each is found

Within the second circle, penitent

In vain, whoever doth his life destroy, 43

And wastes the substance for his use supplied ;—

Grieving, where all was given him to enjoy.

Force may be offer'd to the Deity,

When he is cursed and in the heart denied,

And Nature's goodness held in contumely :

Wherefore the lesser circle sets its seal 49

On Sodom and on Cahors, and on each

Who for his Maker doth no reverence feel.

Fraud—whence to every breast remorse ensues—

Man uses, when he tries to over-reach

Or him who trusteth, or doth trust refuse.

This latter mode appears to cut in twain 55

The bond of social love which nature ties ;

Whence to the second circle appertain

Witchcraft, hypocrisy, and flattery,

Falsehood, with secret theft, and simonies ;

With panders, barterers, and such infamy.

The other mode breaks nature's bond of love, 61  
 As well as that, which, added unto this,  
 The source of special confidence doth prove.  
 Hence in the minor circle (where is placed  
 The centre of the world and seat of Dis)  
 Each traitor is for ever doom'd to waste."

Then I replied: "Thy argument is clear, 67  
 And is full well adapted to explain  
 This gulf profound, and all in torment here.  
 But tell me,—those within the muddy marsh—  
 Those driven by wind—those beaten down by rain—  
 And those who meeting use such language harsh—  
 Tell me,—within the city fraught with fire, 73  
 If God is wrath, why not consumed are they?  
 Or else, why are they in such penance dire?"  
 "Wherefore from its accustom'd seat," he said,  
 "Wanders thy intellect so far astray?  
 Or to what other object hath it fled?  
 Dost thou forget thine Ethics, where is given 79  
 A treatise on the crimes that cause offence  
 More than all others to the King of Heaven,—  
 Incontinence—and bestiality—  
 With malice foul?—and how incontinence  
 Is less offensive to the Deity?

If thou considerest this sentence well, 85  
     And duly callest to thy memory  
     Those who without, in deep repentance, dwell,  
 Soon wilt thou see why from these shades malign  
     They are remov'd ; and why a less degree  
     Of penance heavenly Justice doth assign."  
 O sun, that healest all distemper'd sight, 91  
     Such joy I feel when clouds thou hast dispers'd,  
     That doubt, no less than knowledge, gives delight !  
 "Turn thee,"—quoth I,—“ a little back again  
     To where, thou said'st, the usurer dwells accurst,  
     And why he God offendeth, now explain."  
 "To him," he said, "who rightly marks the sense, 97  
     Philosophy not once alone hath told .  
     How clearly, from Divine Intelligence,  
 Nature the knowledge of her course doth learn ;  
     And thou wilt find, ere seeking many a fold,  
     (If to thy physical discourse thou turn,)

That as the youth obeys his master's nod, 103  
     E'en so is Nature's path pursued by Art :  
     Thus Art is second in descent from God.  
 These two, if Genesis thou call to mind,  
     Should wisdom in the ways of life impart,  
     And man instruct to benefit his kind.

But since the usurer takes another part, 109  
 Nature both in herself doth he despise,  
 And in her follower,—elsewhere fixt his heart.  
 But now behoves us to proceed again,  
 For o'er the horizon bright the Pisces rise ;  
 High over Caurus resteth all the Wain ;  
 And distant still our downward journey lies. 115

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## NOTES.

Page 95. (Line 8.) There were several Popes of the name, with one of whom Dante seems to have confounded the Emperor Anastasius. (9.) Fotin was a priest of Thessaly, at the end of the fifth century, who held heretical opinions as to the Trinity.

Page 97. (Line 45.) "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."—1 *Tim.* vi. 17.

Page 98. (Line 70.) "Those within the muddy marsh" are the wrathful, canto viii. "Those driven by wind," the lascivious, canto v. "Those beaten by the rain," the gluttons, canto vi. "Those who mesting," &c. the avaricious and prodigals, canto vii. The neutrals, canto iii. are never mentioned again. "Speak we no more of them," he said: and thus they are consigned to eternal oblivion. (73.) The City of Dis. (79.) Aristotle, *Ethics*, vii. 1.



Page 99. (Line 88.) Dante puts together the Prodigals and Usurers—" Quid enim differt, barathroni Dones quicquid habes, an nunquam utare paratis?" *Horace*, Sat. ii. 3, 166— From these, who are guilty through wilfulness, are removed to a lesser punishment, those who have been led astray by their passions. (91.) This invocation is made to Virgil. (98.) Aristotle, *Physics*, ii. 2. (105.) "Because Art being the daughter of Nature, and Nature of God, Art becomes in a certain manner the grand-daughter of the same God." *Aless. Guarini. Il Farnatico Savio. Opere di Tasso*, 4to. vol. xii. (106.) i. e. If you consider that God, in the Book of Genesis, enjoins man to work for his daily bread."

Page 100. (Line 110.) This is the solution of the question, line 96. (114.) Caurus is the north-west wind: Charles's Wain—the constellation Bootes, or the Great Bear. Judging from the hours which were past, Virgil concludes it must be near morning in this world, and therefore time to proceed.

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## CANTO XII.

## ARGUMENT.

DESCENT into the seventh circle, guarded by the Minotaur. The Violent are punished in a river of blood. Three Centaurs oppose the progress of the poets across it, but are appeased by Virgil, who prevails upon Nessus to carry Dante over.

ROUGH was the stair we came to ; and there lay            1  
     Upon the brink such object terrible  
     As every eye would shudder to survey.  
 Like to the cliff, which, or by earthquake riven,  
     Or wanting prop, on this side Trento fell  
     Into the Adice, with such ruin driven,  
 That from the summit of the mountain, down            7  
     E'en to the plain, might scarce be found a way  
     For travellers standing on that rocky crown ;  
 So rough and rugged was this broken stair :  
     And on the precipice's margin lay  
     The infamy of Crete, extended there,



Who in the fictious heifer was conceived : 13

And seeing us, he bit himself in spleen,

Like one whose breast with inward rage is heaved.

Him in these words my sapient guide address'd :

“The Duke of Athens here thou think'st, I ween,

Who erst on earth thy violence laid to rest :

Begone, foul beast—for he before thy sight 19

Doth to thy sister no instruction owe,

But hither wends to view thy wretched plight.”

E'en as a bull springs up in wild despair

The instant he receives the mortal blow,—

Nor yet moves on, but staggers here and there ;

So did the Minotaur impetuous leap. 25

My guide aware, cried : “To the pass retreat ;

And while he storms, do thou descend the steep.”

Thus we proceeded down the rocks that lay

In broken fragments, and beneath my feet

At such unwonted burden oft gave way.

Musing I went ; then said he : “Haply thou 31

Art pondering on the steep and broken road,

Guarded by that brute fury vanquished now.

Know, that when heretofore I made descent

Hence downward to hell's more profound abode,

This rock was not from its foundation rent.

It fell, if right I judge, but just before 37  
     His coming dread, who from the round above,  
     Despoiling Dis, the mighty booty bore :  
 When through each part the infernal valley heaved  
     With such commotion, I suppose with love  
     The universe was seized ; which, 'tis believed,  
 Hath oftentimes to chaos turn'd the world : 43  
     Then was this aged rock with that turmoil,  
     Both here and elsewhere, into ruins hurl'd.  
 But look where through the vale beneath doth run  
     Yon stream of blood, in which those spirits boil  
     Who harm to others have by violence done."  
 O blind desire ! O foolish wrath, that so 49  
     Dost spur us onward in our short-lived race,  
     And then for ever plungest us in woe !  
 An ample trench before me I descried,  
     Curved, as though all the plain it would embrace,—  
     Thus answering the description of my guide.  
 Betwixt the bank and it (a narrow space) 55  
     Ran Centaurs, one by one, with shafts in hand,  
     As erst on earth they issued to the chase.  
 Perceiving us, they all their course restrain'd,  
     While three advanced, dividing from the band,  
     With bows and winged arrows first obtain'd.

And one cried out from far : " Ye who descend— 61

What penance come ye hither to receive ?

Tell me,—but stir not, or the bow I bend."

My master said : " The answer you desire,

From whence we are, to Chiron will we give :

Your mind was ever ready to take fire."

Then touching me :—" See Nessus there below, 67

Who for the fair Deianira died,

And in his death took vengeance on his foe.

He in the centre, looking on his breast,

Is Chiron, of Achilles' youth the guide :

The other Pholus, by such wrath possess'd.

Thousands by thousands round the foss they flit, 73

And dart their arrows at each soul they watch

Emerging higher than his crimes admit."

When to those rapid beasts we nearer drew,

Chiron an arrow took, and with the notch

His shaggy beard behind the cheekbone threw :

And opening his enormous mouth, anon 79

" Are ye aware," his comrades he address'd,

" That he behind, moves what he treads upon ?

Not this the case, I ween, with spirit's feet."

Then said my faithful guide (who at his breast

Was standing now, where both the natures meet) :

"He lives indeed, but in such lonely plight,                   85  
 I needs must lead him through the valley blind ;  
 Necessity compels him—not delight.

She ceased awhile her hallow'd songs on high,  
 Who to my care this new employ consign'd :  
 No robber he—no felon soul am I.

But by that virtue, at whose high command                   91  
 I make my journey o'er so rough a track—  
 Assign, I pray thee, one from out thy band  
 To show the ford across this bloody tide,  
 And carry o'er my comrade on his back :—  
 He is no spirit through the air to ride."

Then Chiron wheel'd around upon the right,                   97  
 And said to Nessus : "Turn and lead them o'er,  
 And any who molest them, put to flight."

Led by the trusty guide, we took our way  
 That scarlet stream beside ; whence rent the shore  
 Their cries who in the boiling current lay.

Here shades immersed up to the eyebrow stood ;           103  
 "These," said the mighty Centaur, "tyrants were,  
 Who gave themselves to plunder and to blood.

Here they bewail the cruelty they wrought ;  
 Here Alexander,—Dionysius there,  
 Who on Sicilia years of sorrow brought.

That forehead cover'd with so black a hair 109

Is Ezzelino ; and that other shade

Obizzo d'Este, with flaxen locks and fair,

Whom (truth to say) his cruel step-son slew."

Then to the bard I turn'd, and thus he said :

" Let him go first to guide us—I pursue."

A little way beyond, the Centaur stood, 115

Viewing a tribe, who, downward from the throat

Were wholly sunk within the boiling flood.

A lonely spirit he show'd us on one side,

Exclaiming : " He in God's own bosom smote

The heart still worshipp'd over Thames's tide."

Then saw I people who the head display'd 121

And chest above the stream ; and, as I pass'd,

I call'd to recollection many a shade.

Then by degrees more shallow was the blood,

So that it merely reach'd the feet at last ;

And here we went across the gory flood.

" As you may see, on this side of the strand 127

The boiling torrent shallower ever grows,"

The Centaur said,—“ so on the other hand

Deeper and deeper sinks (my words believe)

The bubbling stream, until again it flows

Where Tyrants their appointed doom receive.

Justice Divine pours forth its vengeance here      133  
 On Attila—earth's scourge: on Pyrrhus too;  
 On Sestus; and extracteth many a tear  
 By that hot boiling rivulet distill'd  
 From Rinier Pazzo and Corneto, who  
 The public roads with devastation fill'd."  
 Then back he turn'd, and cross'd the ford anew.      139

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 NOTES.

Page 102. (2.) Upon the margin which surrounds the circle lay the Minotaur, or "shame of Crete," described line 12. (6.) It is not known exactly in what part of the valley of Trent this took place, but somewhere between Roveredo and Ala, in the tract called Slavini di Marco, covered with fragments of rocks torn from the neighbouring mountains. See *Eustace, Class. Tour*, c. ii.

Page 103. (Line 13.) The word "fictions" is used by Prior. (20.) By the instructions of Ariadne, the sister of the Minotaur, Theseus was enabled to destroy him.

Page 104. (Line 38.) Our Saviour went and preached to the spirits in prison, (1 *Peter*, iii. 19,) and according to Dante, when he ascended from hell, carried with him the souls of the Patriarchs. See note, canto iv. 53. (41.) It was believed by Empedocles that the elements of the world were animate, and at certain periods were affected with love towards each other, while at other times they produced a chaos. (45.) "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to

the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent."—*St. Matthew*, xxvii. 51.

Page 105. (Line 69.) "Neque enim moriemur inulti Secum ait." *Ovid. Met.* ix. 153. "Moriens animam abstulit hosti." *Virg. Æn.* ix. 443. This vengeance inflicted upon Hercules is mentioned by Milton, *Par. Lost.* ii. 542.

"As when Alcides from Æchalia crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines.

(71.) Chiron, here called, "il gran Chirone," is described by Euripides as a most pious man, *Iph. in Aul.* 926; but is placed here by Dante as being the Tutor of Achilles, whose anger he is supposed to have encouraged. (72.) Pholus was a Centaur, who in his rage made war against the Lapithæ, a people of Thessaly.

Page 106. (Line 88.) Beatrice, see canto ii. 70. (90.) i.e. He is not come, like Theseus and Hercules to carry any one away from hell by violence. (94.) Virgil alludes to Nessus, who is presently appointed to the office he had been accustomed to. "Nessus adit, membrisque valens, scitusque vadorum." *Ovid, Met.* ix. 108. (97.) We were informed, line 70, that Chiron stood in the midst, between Nessus and Pholus, the former on his right hand.

Page 107. (Line 110.) Ezzelino da Romano.—"By extraordinary vigour and decision of character, Eccelin da Romano became the absolute master of three cities, Padua, Verona, and Vicenza; and the Guelph party, beyond the Adige, was in consequence entirely subverted during the continuance of his tyranny. It was the usual trick of beggars, all over Italy, to pretend that they had been deprived of their eyes or limbs by the Veronese tyrant. There is hardly an instance in European

history of so sanguinary a government subsisting for more than twenty years. The crimes of Eccelin are remarkably well authenticated."—*Hallam. Middle Ages*, chap. iii. pt. 1. He is described by Ariosto as a most cruel tyrant, a son of the devil, and a monster so detestable, that Marius, Sylla and Nero would appear merciful in comparison. (See *Orl. Fur.* iii. st. 33.) "After a rebellion of the Paduans, he burnt 12,000 men in an enclosure. Distrusting his minister, Aldobrandino, he asked him if he knew who were there enclosed. The minister answered, that he had a list of them all. The tyrant said, it was his intention to make a present of these souls to the devil, in return for his numerous benefits, and that he wished him to accompany them with his list, and present them severally. The minister was accordingly burnt with them."—*Landino.* (111.) Having assigned to punishment a violent Ghibelline tyrant, Dante now adds a Guelph of the same character. Obizzo was Marquis of Ferrara, and by vigilance had amassed a great treasure, and obtained possession of the city of Ferrara. He is said to have been suffocated by his son, who was a Ghibelline. For this unnatural crime Dante calls him a step-son. (119.) In the year 1270 Guy de Montfort, son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in the city of Viterbo, during mass and the elevation of the host, stabbed Henry, the nephew of Henry III. King of England, in revenge for the opprobrious death of his father. Villani adds, "that the heart of Henry was put into a golden cup and placed on a pillar at London bridge over the Thames, for a memorial to the English of the said outrage."—*Cron.* vii. 40.

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## CANTO XIII.

## ARGUMENT.

DANTE enters the second compartment of the seventh circle; which contains those who have done violence to themselves, and their possessions. The first are changed into rough knotted trees, in which the harpies build their nests; the second are torn by dogs. He converses with Pietro della Vigne.

THE further bank had Nessus scarcely gain'd,           1  
 When we betook ourselves into a wood,  
 Which not a trace of any path contain'd.  
 No verdant leaves, but of a dusky hue ;  
 No polish'd boughs, but knotted, coarse, and rude ;  
 No fruits were there, but thorns with poison grew :  
 Not, by the beasts that spurn the richer ground,           7  
 Are stocks so rugged, or such tangled trees  
 Betwixt Cecina and Corneto found.  
 Here the foul harpies build their nests, by whom  
 The Trojans were expell'd the Strophades,  
 With mournful augury of ills to come.

Broad wings, a human neck and face they bear : 13

Claw'd are their feet, and plumed their paunch  
 profound ;

Perch'd in the trees, with shrieks they fill the air.

“ Ere further thou proceed,” exclaim'd my guide,

“ Know, we have enter'd on the second round,

And in it still are destined to abide,

Till we arrive within the sandy plain. 19

Wherefore observe ;—for things will meet thine eye,

Whence confirmation will my words obtain.”

Now lamentation from each side resounded,

But none who utter'd them could I descry ;

Whereat I stay'd my footsteps, all confounded.

I do believe he fancied that I thought 25

These numerous cries were from the thicket sent

By some who from our view concealment sought :

Wherefore the master said : “ Let but a shoot

From any of these trees by thee be rent,

It will at once thy present thoughts confute.”

A little space I then my hand extend, 31

And pluck a twig from off a knotted thorn, [rend ?”

Whose trunk exclaim'd : “ Why thus my branches

When o'er its leaves the blood began to roll,

Again it cried : “ Say wherefore am I torn ?

Dwells not a spark of pity in thy soul ?

Now turn'd to stocks are we, who once were men : 37

Thy hand to pity well might have inclined,  
E'en had our souls the souls of serpents been."

Like to a sapling, lighted at one end,

Which at the other hisses with the wind,  
And drops of sap doth from the outlet send ;

So from the broken twig, both words and blood 43

Flow'd forth ;—whereat I dropp'd it on the ground ;  
And like a man by fear oppress I stood.

"Had he been able to believe before,

O injured soul !" exclaim'd the sage profound,

"What in my verses he hath seen of yore,

He would not thus thy suffering branch have torn ; 49

But so incredible it seem'd, that I

Advised him to the deed which now I mourn.

But tell me who thou art, and what thy name,

That he, returning to the world on high,

As some amends, may renovate thy fame."

The trunk replied : "So sweet thy winning tongue,

I needs must speak ;—nor let it anger thee, 56

If I should haply my discourse prolong.

Know—I am he, who held the double keys

Of Frederick's heart, at pleasure turn'd by me,

Or locking or unlocking with such ease,

That no one else his confidence enjoy'd : 61

With faith so true I fill'd that office high,  
E'en sleep was banish'd, life itself destroy'd.

The wicked meretricious dame, who never  
From Cæsar's dwelling turn'd her wanton eye,—  
That death, that vice, on courts attendant ever,  
Fired all against me ;—they again the mind 67

Of Cæsar so inflamed, that in short space  
My blushing honours were for woes resign'd.

Indignant, and high swelling with disgust,  
In death I thought I should escape disgrace ;—  
Though just to others, to myself unjust.

Now by these fresh and tender roots I swear, 73  
I never broke the faith I owed my lord,  
Who merited so well the fame he bare.

And if you e'er regain the light of heaven,  
Let honour to my memory be restored,  
Still suffering from the blow by envy given."

The poet waited till his speech was o'er, 79  
And then address'd me : " Let not time be lost,  
But speak—and if it please thee, ask him more."

Whereat I said, " Entreat him to impart  
What thou believ'st will satisfy me most ;  
I cannot speak ;—such pity fills my heart."

He then resumed : " E'en to the utmost may      85  
     This man fulfil the object of thy prayer,  
     O injured soul ! as thou be pleased to say  
 How in these knots the soul can be detain'd ;  
     And whether from such limbs as now ye wear  
     Hath any one perchance deliverance gain'd ?"  
 The trunk, thus question'd, violently blew,      91  
     And then to speech like this the breathing changed :  
     " The words I give in answer shall be few.  
 When the fierce soul doth from the body bound,  
     By self-inflicted violence estranged,  
     Minos assigns it to this seventh round.  
 Within the wood it falls, and taketh root      97  
     Wherever chance the hapless soul impel,  
     And there, like to a grain of spelt, doth shoot.  
 A sapling grown, still higher its boughs are sent,  
     Till, feeding on its leaves, the harpies fell  
     Give to the anguish that they cause, a vent.  
 Like others, we shall seek our mortal clay ;      103  
     But none again their bodies may resume ;  
     (Man merits not the boon he throws away)  
 For we shall drag them to this mournful glade ;  
     And to be hung around it is their doom—  
     Each on the thorn of his tormented shade."

Still near the trunk we stood—attention bound,      109  
     Believing it might wish to speak again,  
     When we were startled by a sudden sound,—  
 E'en like to one, who, at his station arm'd,  
     Knows the wild boar is near, and hunter train,  
     By crash of boughs, and sound of beasts alarm'd.  
 Lo ! straightway on the left appear'd in view      115  
     Two, torn and naked, who so swiftly fled,  
     Each branch that cross'd their way was broken through.  
 “ Now haste thee, haste thee, death ! ” the foremost cried ;  
     The other, who was somewhat lagging, said :  
     “ O Lano, not so hasty was thy stride,  
 When erst at Toppo's joust thou wert undone.”      121  
     Into a bush then rush'd he, as forespent,  
     So that the bush and he appear'd but one.  
 Behind them in the wood was seen a train  
     Of black and nimble dogs, on blood intent,  
     Like greyhounds starting from their loosen'd chain.  
 On him, who crouching in the brushwood lay,      127  
     They fix'd their teeth ; and having piecemeal rent,  
     Carried the miserable limbs away.  
 Me by the hand the faithful leader bore,  
     And guided to the tree, which vainly sent  
     Unceasing tears from many a bleeding pore.

“ O James of St. Andrea !” did it cry, 133

“ Of what avail to make a screen of me ?”

“ In thy unhallow'd life what part had I ?”

My guide exclaim'd, when nearer him we stood,

“ Say who wast thou, who breathest, as I see,

From out so many pores, words mix'd with blood ?”

“ O spirits, who are come,” he answer made, 139

“ The shameful desolation to behold

Which strips the leaves that late my form array'd;

Collect them to the foot of this sad tree.

Mine was that city which exchanged of old

For John the Baptist her first Patron ;—he

Will always use his means to work her ill : 145

And did not Arno's antient bridge afford

An image of him to the passer still,

Those citizens, who rear'd her walls again

On ashes left by Attila abhorr'd,

Their mighty labours had bestow'd in vain.—

From mine own roof I swung the fatal cord.” 151

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NOTES.

Page 111. (Line 2.) The description of this wood identifies it with that of the savage wood in the first canto, “ The trees

in the wood are wicked souls; the branches are their thoughts, crooked and perplexed: the leaves are their words, gloomy and mournful; the fruits are their actions, injurious and destructive."—*Rossetti*. (9.) A wild marshy tract between these two rivers in the neighbourhood of Leghorn.

Page 112. (13.) "Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper Ora fame."—*Virg. Æn.* iii. 216. (25.) "Io credo, ch' ei credette, ch' io credesse." This conceit, unworthy of Dante, is imitated by Ariosto, *Fur.* xi. st. 23, "Io credea, e credo, e creder credo il vero." (33.) "Quid miserum, Ænea, laceras?"—*Æn.* iii. 41.

Page 113. (Line 37.)

"Nor damned ghost, quoth he,

Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake,

But, once a man, Tradubio, now a tree."—*Fairy Queen*, i. 2. (48.) Viz. a similar effect on plucking branches from the tree into which Polydorus was turned.

"Nam, quæ prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos  
Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttæ  
Et terram tabo maculant."—*Æn.* iii. 27.

(58.) Pietro della Vigne, Chancellor to the Emperor Frederick II. Born at Capua of humble parentage and educated at Bologna, where he distinguished himself by his talents and application, Peter de Vignes chanced to attract the notice of the emperor, who became so attached to him that he made him his secretary, and promoted him to the highest offices in the state. By his advice laws were improved, universities founded; and to his taste for poetry was the literature of the age greatly indebted. The circumstances attending the fate of this extraordinary man are wrapt in much mystery. Matthew Paris, the only historian who gives any details, states



that being convicted of an attempt to poison the king he was condemned to lose his eyes; a sentence, the execution of which he anticipated by striking his head with such violence against the wall as to cause immediate death. According, however, to the general belief of the succeeding age, Peter de Vignes fell a victim to calumny; and this was evidently the conviction of Dante, by whom he is placed, not among the traitors, but among those who have committed suicide. The poet felt much interested in his fate, and considered it a duty to do all in his power to rescue his memory from the disgraceful calumnies which, emanating from the Court of Rome, and spread by the jealousy of courtiers, poisoned the mind of the emperor, and proved his destruction, A.D. 1246.

Page 114. (Line 64.) Envy—as is evident from line 78. (65.) The emperor, Frederick II. is here called Cæsar, as the emperors inherited their rights from the Cæsars. (73.) See Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 206: *Iliad*, i. 234. Whence Shakspeare, “Now by my sceptre’s awe I make a vow.”—*Richard III.* act i. sc. 1. (75.) Frederick II. For defending his inheritance against the unwarrantable attacks of successive Popes, this prince has been represented by Catholic writers as devoid of virtue and religion. “I am not aware,” says Mr. Hallam, “of any period in the reign of Frederick when he was not obliged to act in his defence against others. If he had been a model of virtues, such men as Honorius III. Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., (the Popes with whom he had successively to contend,) would not have given him respite while he remained in possession of Naples, as well as of the empire.”—*Hallam. Middle Ages*, c. iii. part 1.

Page 115. (Line 104.) i.e. Though they return to earth, it will not be allowed to suicides to reinvest themselves with their bodies.

Page 116. (Line 112.) Imitated by Chaucer. *Knights' Tale*.

“Right as the hunter, in the reign of Thrace,  
That standeth at a gappe with a spear,  
When hunted is the lion or the bear;  
And heareth him come rushing in the greves,  
And breaking both the boughes and the leaves.”

(118.) Lano, a Siennese gentleman, who having squandered away all his fortune, rushed desperately into the midst of the enemy, in the battle fought at Toppo, near Arezzo. The foremost knew he should be overtaken by the dogs, and cried out for death to come to his rescue. (119.) The other is Jacopo St. Andrea, see line 133, a Paduan, who ruined himself by extravagance. He is enraged at the greater speed of Lano, and taunts him with supposed cowardice in the battle where he was killed, not aware, it seems, that he had devoted himself to destruction.

Page 117. (Line 137.) The name of the Florentine here addressed is not mentioned; supposed to have been Rocco di Mozzi, or Lotto degli Agli. (146.) Villani relates that the Florentines, while yet Pagans, having appointed Mars their protector, built a temple to him, in which they placed his statue, represented by a warrior on horseback; that after they became Christians they took down this idol, and placed it upon a high tower near the river Arno; that it was thrown down at the time Florence was destroyed by Totila, and remained in the river till the rebuilding of the city, 801, in the time of Charlemagne, when it was recovered, and placed upon a pillar now at the head of the Ponte Vecchio. A prophecy had been current that Mars would continue to revenge himself for the dishonour done him in substituting John the Baptist for their first protector, and again reduce Florence to

the state in which she was left by the Goths, unless his statue were restored. And Villani adds, as a curious fact, "that the year before the unhappy division of the Guelf party into the Neri and Bianchi took place, the new house for the Priors was built at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio, in doing which they removed the statue of Mars, so as to change the front of it. Hence, alluding to the ancient legend relative to this statue, it was said, 'Please God that our city may not undergo great changes.'"—Book viii. c. 37. (149.) Dante, contrary to the opinion of historians, says that Attila destroyed Florence. He certainly destroyed many Italian cities, and is punished for his violence, canto xii. 134, where he is called the scourge of earth. Villani, however, says it was Totila who destroyed Florence. The Florentines are here satirized for having offended both their protectors, by their evil practices, and rendered themselves unworthy the guardianship of St. John the Baptist.

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CANTO XIV.

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ARGUMENT.

DANTE enters upon the third division of the seventh circle—a plain of burning sand, in which are punished those who have committed violence against God. Capaneus. An enumeration of the infernal rivers.

LOVE for my native country gaining force— 1  
I gather'd up the leaves before us strown,  
And render'd back to him, who now was hoarse.

Then came we to a boundary, which parts  
The third and second circles, where are shown  
The racks of Justice, and her dreadful arts.

These novel things to make more manifest, 7  
Know that we reach'd a wide and desert ground,  
That spurns each plant from its ungenial breast :

This plain is compass'd by the mournful wood ;  
And that is circled by the foss profound :  
Here on the very edge of both we stood.

Before us lay a thick and arid sand, 13

Resembling in appearance that of old  
Trodden by Cato and his martial band.

O heavenly Vengeance ! how should'st thou be fear'd

By every one who reads what I unfold,—  
As to mine eyes distinctly it appear'd.

Of naked spirits many a flock I saw, 19

Who all most wretchedly bewail'd their fate ;  
And each seem'd govern'd by a different law.

Some lay supine upon the heated plain ;

And some, their limbs all drawn together, sate ;  
While others never ceased to pace amain.

More numerous far were these who moved around, 25

And fewer those who prostrate met their woe ;  
But their lament burst forth with louder sound.

O'er all the sandy desert, falling slow,

Were shower'd dilated flakes of fire, like snow  
On Alpine summits, when the wind is low.

As Alexander in the glowing lands 31

Of Eastern Ind, saw solid balls of fire

Descend in showers upon his warrior bands ;

And order'd straight, with provident command,

That each should trample on the vapours dire,

Lest they unite and spread o'er all the sand ;—

Fell thus eternally the fiery rain :

37

Whence, like to tinder under flint and steel,

The soil was kindled to augment their pain.

In ceaseless motion and perpetual play

Their wretched hands on either side they wheel,

The still descending flames to drive away.

Then I : " O Master, thou who vanquishest

43

All foes, except the demons I descried

Fierce at the gate our entrance to contest—

What giant that—on whom the fire flakes fall

As if he reck'd not ;—scoffing in his pride,

As though no tempest could his soul appal ?"

Lo, at my words he raised his voice on high,

49

(For that of him I spake he knew full well,)

" Such as in life I was, in death am I.

Though angry Jove his hardy workman tire,

From whom, that fatal day whereon I fell,

He took the bolt that pierced me in his ire ;

Or though the rest he at the forge upbraid

55

In Mongibello, wearied all in turn,—

Exclaiming : ' Haste thee ;—aid ! good Vulcan, aid !

As once he cried in the Phlegræan fight—

And though his fiercest shafts my bosom burn,

From sweet revenge he ne'er shall reap delight."

With greater vehemence then spake my guide 61

Than hitherto had e'er been heard by me :

“O Capaneus, in that thy impious pride

Thou dost not quench, more pangs doth Heaven assign ;

For, save thy rage, no punishment could be

Fit retribution for a wrath like thine.”

Turning to me, a milder look he gave ;— 67

“Lo one,” he cried, “of those seven kings, who erst

Beleaguer'd Thebes ; and had, and seems to have,

Little respect for his Almighty Lord ;

But, as I told him—his own rage accurst

Is to his bosom a deserved reward.

Now come behind me, and beware,” he said, 73

“Thy feet thou set not on the burning sand,

But close along the forest ever tread.”

Silent we came to where a little rill,

Gushing from out the wood, runs through the land,

So red—its waters make me shudder still :

E'en as the stream from Bulicame, divided 79

Among the sinners, doth its course pursue,—

So through the arid sand this river glided.

Its bed and sloping sides along the way

Were petrified, and both the margins too,

Whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.

“Mid all the wonders which have been descried, 85

Since at that gate we made an entrance first,

Whose gloomy threshold is to none denied—

Nothing within these regions hast thou found

So worth thy notice, as this stream accurst,

Whose vapours quench the flames that fall around.”

These words concluded—I besought my guide 91

That as he had awaked desire to eat,

My hunger might with food be satisfied.

“An isle there is encircled by the sea—

Ruin'd and waste,” he said ; “its name is Crete ;

Under whose king once flourish'd Chastity :

A mountain rises in that ancient land, 97

Named Ida, joyful erst with woods and streams ;—

Deserted now—like some forbidden strand.

This for the secret cradle of her child

Chose Rhea, who, to drown the infant's screams,

Caused all the air to sound with clamours wild.

A huge old man stands in the mount upright, 103

Who holds his back to Damietta turn'd ;

Rome, as a mirror is before his sight.

His head is wrought of finely-temper'd gold ;

The arms and breast of silver are discern'd ;

Down to the hips, of brass is form'd the mould :



Of steel thence downward is he made throughout, 109

Save the right foot, on which his weight he bears ;

And that is wrought of clay ;—all parts about

His form except the gold are sorely rent,

While from the fissure gush forth copious tears,

Which in the cave collected, find a vent.

These flowing hither, broken rocks among, 115

Form Acheron, and Styx, and Flegethon ;

Whence in this strait canal they pass along,

Till, at the bottom of the infernal pit,

They form Cocytus' lake : but that anon

Thou shalt behold ;—I need not speak of it."

Then I to him , " The present stream accurst— 121

If from our world above it floweth, say

Why at this nether ridge appears it first."

He answer'd me : " Thou know'st the place is round ;

And though full long hath hither been thy way,

(Still on the left descending the profound)—

Not yet throughout the circle hast thou been ; 127

Wherefore if novelties are here disclosed,

No need that wonder on thy looks be seen."

" O master tell me where," again I said,

" Are Flegethon and Lethe ;—this composed

Of rain,—of that no mention thou hast made ?"

He answer'd me : " Thy questions please me well ; 133  
 But as to one—the red and boiling wave  
 Might surely of itself thy doubts dispel :  
 Lethe thou shalt behold, far distant hence,  
 There, where the shades resort, their forms to lave,  
 When crime hath been removed by penitence.  
 Now is it time," he said, " that hence we went ; 139  
 In the same path with me direct thy feet :  
 The margins unconsumed a road present,  
 For over them no flame retains its heat."

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 NOTES.

Page 122. (Line 1.) Dante, thinking of his country, complies with the request of the Florentine in the last canto, line 142, who is now half choked with blood.

Page 123. (Line 15.) Thus Lucan. *Phars.* ix. 362.

" Vadimus in campos steriles, exustaque mundi,  
 Quà nimius Titan, et raræ in fontibus undæ ;  
 Siccaque letiferis squalent serpentibus arva."

Page 124. (Line 39.) Thus Milton. *Par. Lost.* i. 296.

" The burning marle, not like those steps  
 Of heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire."

(46.) Capaneus was one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes, described by Statius as "superùm contemptor et æqui." He

uttered such blasphemies against Jove that he was struck by lightning. "Behold a fine picture of this inflexible and haughty blasphemer."—*Biagioli*. The Capaneus of Dante seems indeed to have been the model of Milton's Satan—

"What though the field be lost,  
All is not lost—th' unconquerable will,—  
And study of revenge—immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
(And what is else not to be overcome)  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me—to bow, and sue for grace,  
Who from the terror of this arm so late  
Doubted his empire!"—*Par. Lost*, i, 105.

Page 125. (Line 79.) A warm medicinal spring near Viterbo, said to have been carried into the houses of some licentious women there.

Page 126. (Line 94.) This is from Virgil. *Æn.* iii. 104. "Creta, Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto." And Virgil copied Homer.—*Odyss.* τ. 172.

"Κρήτη τις γαῖ' ἐστὶ, μέσσω ἐπὶ διωσιπόντῳ,

Καλὴ, καὶ πλείρα, περίρβυτος."

(100.) Rhea (called also Berecynthia, Cybele, Terra, Ops, Magna Mater) was the wife of Saturn king of Crete. It being his habit to devour his children as soon as they were born, she brought up her son Jupiter secretly in mount Ida, and by the noise of cymbals concealed his cries from his father. Hence Crete became "Jovis incunabula." (103.) This ideal statue of Time, Kronos, or Saturn, is placed within mount Ida, in Crete, because the first or golden age is feigned by the poets to have had its commencement there under the reign of Saturn. The back of the image is turned towards Damietta, in Egypt,

which country was the seat of the ancient superstitions ; the face is directed to Rome, as the seat of the modern. The different metals and rivers are intended to represent the different ages of the world, each gradually increasing in wickedness. —See *Daniel's Image*, cap. ii. 32.

Page 127. (113.) By the tears are represented the vices and impurities of many ages collected together in one stream, whence the infernal rivers, Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon derive their source, and are disgorged into the lake of Cocytus, situated at the bottom of hell.

Page 128. (Line 137.) In Purgatory, canto xxxi, where, after due penance, the spirits are allowed to procure oblivion of their past crimes by washing in the river Lethe. In this river "Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant."—*Virgil. Æn.* vi. 713.

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So far behind us had we left the wood, 13  
     That, had I turn'd me round, in vain had been  
     The endeavour to behold it whence we stood,—  
 When on the margin by the river's side  
     A band of souls we met, whose prying eyen  
     Scann'd us, as men are wont at eventide  
 'Neath the young moon to scan each passer by ; 19  
     And tow'rds us straight their brows they sharpen'd up,  
     Like an old tailor at his needle's eye.  
 My features, thus so stedfastly survey'd,  
     Were recognized by one of this strange troop,  
     Who seized my skirt, and, "Oh ! how wondrous!" said.  
 When forth he stretch'd his arm, my looks were bent  
     So earnestly upon his scorched brow, 26  
     That e'en his shrivell'd face could not prevent  
 My recollection of him full and clear :  
     Then downward to his face my own I bow,  
     Exclaiming : " Ser Brunetto, art thou here ?"  
 He answer'd me : " My son, if thou approve, 31  
     Brunetto will some little space with thee  
     Turn back, while onward his companions move."  
 " Turn, I implore,—and with thee," I replied,  
     " I'll sit me down, if so thy wish it be,  
     And it offendeth not my faithful guide."

“ Who of this flock, my son a moment rests,” 37

He answer'd, “ here a hundred years shall lie—

No fan to cool him when the fire molests.

Wherefore proceed—I at thy skirt will go,

And afterwards rejoin my company,

Who journeying on bewail their endless woe.”

I dared not venture down, that I might tread 43

On the same level ; but inclined mine ear,

Like one who reverently bows his head.

“ What fortune, or what destiny,” he cried,

“ Before the final day hath brought thee here,

And who is this that deigns thy path to guide ?”

I answer'd him : “ In yon high world serene 49

Bewilder'd in a vale I went astray,

Ere yet my age maturity had seen :

Nor left till yestermorn its fatal gloom ;

But thither was I tracing back my way,

When he appear'd who reconducts me home.”

“ A glorious haven surely shall be thine, 55

So thou pursue thy star,” he answer'd me,

“ If right I judged when that sweet life was mine.

And had not death full early closed mine eyes,

Seeing that heaven was so benign to thee,

I would have aided thy sublime emprise.

But that ungrateful and malignant race, 61  
     Who erst came down from lofty Fiesole,  
     And of their mountain flint still bear the trace,—  
 Shall for thy very virtues prove thy foe :  
     And meet it is that ye should disagree ;  
     Since not with crabs the pleasant fig may grow.  
 In olden time they were reported blind ; 67.  
     Covetous, proud, and envious as they are ;  
     From their depravity cleanse thou thy mind.  
 Thy fate hath such renown in store for thee,  
     Each side shall hunger after thee ;—but far  
     From the goat's browsing let the sweet herb be.  
 Then let them tread each other under foot— 73  
     The beasts of Fiesole,—nor dare to touch  
     The plant, if any 'mid their filth still shoot,  
 Whence may the hallow'd seed of Rome revive,  
     In Florence left, when she was render'd such  
     A nest for base malignity to thrive,"  
 " Had full accordance to my prayers been given," 79  
     I answer'd, " you had not been dwelling here,  
     From intercourse with human nature driven :  
 For still, deep fix'd within my memory,  
     Lives your paternal image, good and dear,  
     As when from day to day you counsell'd me



How man may best immortalize his name: 85

My gratitude, while yet I breathe the air,  
'Tis meet I show, and with my voice proclaim.

What you have told me of my days to come  
I treasure up, to be explain'd by Her,  
If e'er I reach Her, who will know my doom.

But upon these my words of truth rely;— 91

If in my breast no secret stings I feel,  
Let Fortune do her worst—prepared am I :

Not new to me this prophecy of woe :  
Then at her will let Fortune turn her wheel,  
As turns the peasant his accustom'd hoe."

Now to the right my master bent with speed, 97

And on mine ear his warning accents fell :  
" He listens to good purpose who takes heed."

Not that I ceased discoursing as I went  
With Ser Brunetto, asking him to tell  
Who of his comrades were most eminent.

"The histories of some I may relate ; 103

Others," he said, "'twere better not to name ;  
Time would be wanting for a theme so great.

Know briefly—all were priests, and in their time  
Great Literati, not unknown to fame,  
On earth polluted with the self-same crime.

Priscian proceeds with that accursed crew, 109  
 Accorso too :—him also mayst thou see,  
 (If anxious such impurity to view,)
   
Who by the Servant's Servant was translated,  
 From Arno unto Bacchiglion, where he  
 His sinews left, with their employment sated.  
 More would I say, but here must close our speech ; 115  
 And now we two must part, for hither wend,  
 As the dust shows that rises from the beach,  
 A crowd of shades with whom I may not be ;  
 My Tesoretto I to thee commend,  
 Wherein I live ;—no more I ask of thee."
   
Then back he turn'd, and one of those he seem'd, 121  
 Who at Verona in the race essay  
 To gain the mantle green ; and might be deem'd  
 Not he who loses, but who wins the day.

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 NOTES.

Page 131. (Line 7.) "The country through which the Brenta flows is a dead flat, but highly cultivated, well wooded and extremely populous. The banks are lined with villages, or rather little towns, and decorated with several handsome

palaces and gardens."—*Eustace. Class. Tour*, cap. iv. (9.) Chiarentana is a part of the Alps, whence the Brenta derives its source.

Page 132. (Line 29.) Dante was walking on one of the margins raised above the stream. He informs us, line 43, that he dared not descend, for fear of being scorched. (30.) Brunetto Latini was Dante's preceptor, and wrote a work called *Il Tresor*, a compendium of the knowledge of the age. Though learned, he was given to the vice of that period; nor did Dante, notwithstanding the gratitude he felt, think it right to pass over his wickedness, in a poem, where he admits of no partiality, and consigns all to the situations they deserve.

Page 133. (Line 46.) "Sed qui te vivum casus age fare vicissim Attulerint?"—*Virgil, Æn.* vi. 531. (50.) This is the valley of sin, or dark wood of the first canto. Of Dante's errors and his rescue by Beatrice a full account is given in *Purg*: xxx. line 115, to the end. (54.) "The soul uneasy, and confined—from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come."—*Pope, Essay on Man.* (55.) i.e., "If you avail yourself strenuously of the talent you have received from heaven."—*Ugo Foscolo, Discorso.*

Page 134. (Line 62.) Florence received an accession of inhabitants from Fiesole, one of the twelve Etrurian cities, when several families for commercial purposes settled in the valley. "The walls of Fæsulæ, its theatre, and the ruins that have come to light there, exhibit a greatness inferior to that of no other city."—*Niebuhr, Hist. of Rome. Hare and Thirlwal's Trans.* vol. i, p. 98. "Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence, it looks down on the vale of the Arno, and commands Florence with all its domes, towers, and palaces."—*Eustace, Class. Tour*, vol. ii. c. 8. (75.) Dante here calls him-

self "the plant" (*Ecclesiasticus*, x. 19.) A few lines before, he described himself as "the pleasant fig"—"the sweet herb"—for which either party is said to pant—meaning the parties of the Bianchi and Neri. See note, canto vi. 60. (82.) This beautiful passage breathes of Virgil, "Atque animum patriæ strinxit pietatis imago."—*Æn.* ix. 294. And Milton seems to have imitated it,

"Gentle to me and affable hath been

Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever

With grateful memory."—*Par. Lost.* viii. 648.

Page 135. (Line 90.) Beatrice. See canto x. 130. (93.)

"Superanda omnis Fortuna ferendo est."—*Æn.* v. 710.

Page 136. (Line 109.) A celebrated grammarian. (110.) A famous lawyer. (112.) The "Servant of Servants" is a title of humility assumed by the Popes. The person spoken of is supposed to be the Bishop Andrea Mozzi, translated by the Pope from the see of Florence to that of Vicenza, (through which runs the river Bacchiglione,) in order that his scandalous life might be less exposed to observation. (119.) See note, line 30.

## CANTO XVI.

## A R G U M E N T.

DANTE converses with several distinguished Florentines—Guidoguerra—Tegghiaio Aldobrandi—Jacopo Rusticucci. They inquire after the state of Florence. He takes off his girdle, and gives it to Virgil, who throws it down into the abyss of the eighth circle. A horrible monster presently appears.

Now came I where I heard the loud rebound 1

Of waters tumbling to the pit below ;  
And like the hum of bees appear'd the sound.

When lo, forth issuing from a numerous crew,  
That pass'd beneath the red shower's pungent flow,  
Three spirits running rapidly I view.

Tow'rds us they came, and all at once cried : " Stand—  
Thou, whom I judge to be, from thine attire, 8  
A native of our own degraded land."

Ah me ! what wounds upon their limbs I view'd,  
Recent, and old, and cauterised by fire !  
My grief is at the very thought renew'd.

Hearing their cry, the teacher turn'd to me 13  
    Exclaiming : " Let thy foot awhile be stay'd ;  
    For to these souls is due some courtesy ;  
And did the nature of the place permit,  
    Which hurls such fiery darts,—I should have said  
    That haste would rather thee than them befit."  
As we drew up, they all their old lament 19  
    Began again ; and when to us they came,  
    All three a circle form'd, and round they went.  
As champions stript, anointed for the fight,  
    Their hold and vantage scan with careful aim,  
    Ere they with blows together try their might ;  
Thus wheeling round, did each to me his look 25  
    Direct, so that the neck and foot the while  
    A contrary direction ever took.  
" And if," said one, " this wretched place forlorn,  
    And our scorch'd faces, sorrowful and vile,  
    Bring on ourselves and on our prayers thy scorn,—  
Still let our fame incline thy soul to tell 31  
    Who thou mayst be, that dost so boldly win  
    Thy way, still living, through the paths of hell.  
He in whose track I tread, though now he be  
    All naked and denuded of his skin,  
    Had higher rank than would be deem'd by thee :

- Hight Guidoguerra,—grandson of the good 37  
 Gualdrada, and who earn'd a glorious fame  
 By deeds of wisdom and of hardihood.  
 The other near to me who beats the sand,  
 Is Tegghiaio Aldobrand, whose name  
 Should in the world above some praise command.
- And I, who with them am in torment placed, 43  
 Was Rusticucci ; and in truth my woe  
 May to my haughty wife be chiefly traced.”  
 Could I have been protected from the fire,  
 I should have thrown myself 'midst them below,  
 Nor would my guide have thwarted my desire ;
- But since I dared not tempt the blasting flame, 49  
 My wishes to embrace them were repress'd,  
 And fear my friendly eagerness o'ercame.
- I then began : “'Tis not disdain, but grief  
 For your condition which hath pierced my breast :  
 And from the moment of my first belief
- That persons of your rank were on their way, 55  
 (Such import did my master's words imply,)  
 I felt a pang, that time can scarce allay.
- Your country gave me birth—your names renown'd  
 Are ever living in my memory ;  
 And still I love to hear your deeds resound.

- I leave the gall, and now my journey wend 61  
 To seek the promised fruit with this my guide ;  
 But to the centre must I first descend."
- "So may thy spirit animate thy frame  
 Through many a year to come," he then replied,  
 "And after death shine forth thy glorious name,  
 As thou inform me whether to this day 67  
 Valour and courtesy our city grace,  
 As they were wont ;—or are they cast away ?  
 For Borsieri, whom thou viewest there,  
 Condemn'd but lately to this dismal place,  
 Gives us much pain by what he doth declare."
- "Thee, Florence, have an upstart people new, 73  
 And sudden gains, so fill'd with waste and pride,  
 That thine excess thou dost already rue !"  
 Thus cried I—looking up ; and they forsooth,  
 Who took this sentence for an answer, eyed  
 Each other, like to men who hear the truth.
- "If at all times an answer to bestow, 79  
 With no more cost," they said. "to thee is given,  
 O happy thou from whom such accents flow !  
 Wherefore if thou escape these realms of night,  
 And e'er return to see the stars of heaven,—  
 Then, when to say—'I was'—shall give delight,



Forget not to make mention of us there." 85

This said—they broke the circle ; and again

Their feet appear'd like wings to cut the air.

So quick they vanish'd, that with greater speed

None could have even utter'd an Amen :

The master then thought fitting to proceed :—

I follow'd him ; and short was our career, 91

Before the sound of water so increased,

That one could scarcely make the other hear.

E'en as that stream, which drawing first its source

From Monte Veso, as it seeks the east,

On Apennines' left side holds separate course—

Call'd Acquacheta higher up, before 97

Its waves adown the humble valley flow,

(At Forli bearing the same name no more,)

Re-bellows o'er St. Benedict on high,

As from the Alps it headlong falls below ;

Where thousands might have shelter and supply ;

Thus from the summit of a broken rock 103

Rush'd the dark stream with such tremendous din,

Our ears had soon been deafen'd by the shock.

Around my waist I had a girdle tied,

With which indeed I once had thought to win

The nimble Panther of the spotted hide :

Forth from my loins this girdle I unbind, 109

Obedient to my courteous guide's command,

And gave it to him in a knot entwined.

Then to the right he turn'd himself around,

And cast it over from the lofty strand

Down to the bottom of the gulf profound.

I said within me : " At this signal new, 115

Which thus my master watches with his eye,

Some novelty most surely will ensue."

Alas how cautious mortals ought to be

Tow'rds those, who not the deed alone espy,

But by their skill the inmost thoughts can see !

" Full soon shall upward come what hath delay'd 121

My steps," he said ; " and that on which now dwell

Thy dreaming thoughts, ere long shall be display'd."

That truth which bears the semblance of a lie

Should never pass the lips, if possible :—

Though crime be absent—still disgrace is nigh.

But here I needs must speak ; and by the rhymes, 127

Reader of this my Comedy, I swear,

(So may they live with fame to future times,)

That swimming up to me, a form I saw

Ascending through that gross and murky air,

Such as would fill the stoutest heart with awe—

Like one returning, that hath downward been      133  
 To loose an anchor, which fast grappling clings  
 To rocks, or aught beneath the waves unseen,  
 Who gathers in his feet and upward springs.

## NOTES.

Page 139. (Line 1.) The roar of Phlegethon falling into the eighth circle.

Page 140. (Line 18.) They were distinguished men—the same concerning whom Dante had inquired of Ciacco, canto vi. 79. (34.) The shade who speaks is between the other two, and his discourse refers to the one before him—Guidoguerra—grandson of Gualdrada, a noble Florentine lady, distinguished for her virtue and beauty.

Page 141. (Line 39.) Hence Tasso. *Jer. i. st. 1.* "Molto egli oprò col senno e con la mano." (41.) Tegghiaio Aldobrandi degli Adimari was a noble Florentine of great military talent. In the parliament held by the Florentines in 1260, to deliberate whether they should attack Siena or not, he spoke against the measure, and was upbraided for cowardice. The result proved the correctness of his judgment. See account of the defeat of the Guelfs at Mont' Aperti, in notes to canto x. (44.) Jacopo Rusticucci was a rich Florentine of distinction,

who having an imperious wife, abandoned her, and followed wicked courses. (46.) The poet here speaks. He shews his respect towards these men for their patriotism, however sullied were their lives by great vices.

Page 142. (Line 61.) Bitter gall and sweet fruit, are Scriptural expressions to represent vice and virtue. The sweet fruit Dante beheld in the terrestrial Paradise. See *Purg.* xxvii. 115. (70.) Boccaccio terms Borsieri, another Florentine, a man of elegant manners and ready wit. (73.) Instead of giving a direct answer to the question of Rusticucci concerning Florence, he breaks out into an apostrophe to that city, as if she could hear his rebuke. "This is one of the many instances in which our poet mingles with stern justice of observation, a sentiment of plaintive tenderness for his own country."—*Ugo Foscolo, No. 60, Edinb. Rev., Art. Dante.* "Florence, and other small republics, after extirpating their nobles, were governed by merchants, who, having neither ancestors to imitate, nor generosity of sentiment, nor a military education, carried on their intestine feuds by calumny and confiscation."—*Ibid. Parallel between Dante and Petrarch.* (84.) Hence *Tasso. Jer. canto xv.*

"Quando mi giovera narrare altrui

Le novita vedute, e dire, io fui."

The anxiety of the spirits for the continuance of intercourse with the living, and the maintenance of their fame on earth pervades the poem. See vi. 89; xv. 119; xxix. 103.

Page 143. (Line 92.) The waters of Phlegethon. (94.) He compares the fall of Phlegethon to that of the Montone, a river in Romagna below the Apennines above the abbey of St. Benedict. "All the other streams that rise between the sources of the Po and the Montone, and fall from the left side

of the Apennine, join the Po, and accompany it to the sea."—*Lombardi*. (102.) This appears to be an allusion to some friars in a convent there, who were few in number and very rich. (106.) The girdle in the Scriptures is the symbol of fortitude. Some have supposed that Dante in early life entered the order of St. Francis, and assumed the girdle; and this, they say, Dante was directed to throw down into the gulf, as a bait, to allure Geryon or Fraud to them, by leading him to suppose that a hypocrite was waiting to be conveyed to punishment.

Page 144. (Line 118.) Dante was at a loss to understand Virgil's object, and by his manner betrayed his anxiety. This want of confidence in his master, he is aware, is perceived by him; and, expecting a rebuke, he exclaims, "Alas!" &c. (124.) "Abstain from all appearance of evil."—1 *Thess.* v. 22. (130.) The idea of swimming through the air is taken from Virgil: "Insuetum per iter gelidas enavit ad Arctos."—*Æn.* vi. 16.

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CANTO XVII.

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ARGUMENT.

THE monster Geryon, representing Fraud, is described. While Virgil is speaking to him, Dante proceeds to examine the fraudulent sinners and usurers in this third compartment. On his return they both descend into the eighth circle on the back of Geryon.

“BEHOLD the beast with sharpen’d tail acute, 1  
Who pierces mountain, wall, and armed host ;  
Behold the beast who doth the world pollute :”  
Me in these words my faithful guide bespake ;  
Then beckon’d him to land upon the coast,  
And where the causeway ends, his station take.  
Nor did Fraud’s base and filthy image fail 7  
To raise upon the bank his head and breast,  
But on the shore he drew not forth his tail.  
The features of an honest man he wore,  
So outwardly benignant :—all the rest  
The semblance of a wily serpent bore :

Two branching arms he had all rough with hair ; 13

And either flank, his back, and ample chest,  
Emboss'd with knots and traced with circles were.

Not richer hues, embroider'd or inlaid

By Turks or Tartars, e'er adorn'd a vest ;  
Nor such the gorgeous web Arachne made.

As oft light vessels stand upon the shore— 19

Part in the water, part upon the land ;—  
And as, where dwells the greedy German boor,

The beaver sits, intent to watch his prey ;—

So on the edge of stone that fenced the sand,  
Crouching—this execrable monster lay :

High o'er the void his tail through every joint 25

He vibrated ; quick curling to and fro  
The scorpion fork which arm'd th' envenom'd point.

Exclaim'd my sage conductor : “ Now 'tis meet

To turn awhile, and on the margin go,  
Until we reach that image of deceit.”

We then descended, bearing to the right, 31

And walk'd ten paces onward o'er the strand,  
To shun the flames and burning marle in sight.

Reaching the beast—a little distance thence

I view a party seated on the sand,  
Near to the margin of the gulf immense.

"That by experience thou may'st fully learn;                    37  
     All that this round containeth," Virgil said,  
     "Go—and thyself their sad estate discern;  
 But have a care lest thou thy speech prolong;—  
     I will entreat the beast to lend his aid,  
     And bear us down upon his shoulders strong."  
 Alone I thus proceeded to the place,                                43  
     Still coasting the seventh circle's boundary,  
     Where seated I beheld this woeful race.  
 Grief gushing through their eyes a passage found;  
     And each applied his hands alternately  
     Against the vapour and the torrid ground,—  
 Like dogs—who basking in the summer's heat,                    49  
     When gadflies fierce and busy gnats torment,  
     Now frequent ply the mouth, and now the feet.  
 I gazed on many of these spirits grieved,  
     On whom the swift-descending flames were sent;  
     But none of them I knew,—yet I perceived  
 That from the neck of each a purse was swung,                    55  
     With certain sign and certain colour deck'd:  
     On that, it seem'd, their sight with fondness hung.  
 And when I came among them—looking round,  
     I saw a lion's semblance and aspect,  
     Painted in azure on a yellow ground.



Extending then mine eyes amid the herd, 61

Another purse I saw as red as blood,

On which was wrought a goose more white than curd.

And one upon whose satchel white a swine

Of ample size in azure colours stood,

Exclaim'd : " In this abyss what part is thine ?

Begone—and since of life thou art not left, 67

Know—Vitaliano, my late rich compeer,

Shall take his seat with me upon my left.

A Paduan I, 'mid Florentines am here,

And oftentimes they thunder in my ear :

' Let him arrive—the mighty cavalier—

Who shall a satchel with three beaks disclose.' " 73

Thereat he writhed his mouth, and show'd his tongue,

E'en like unto an ox that licks his nose.

I, who now fear'd that by my lengthen'd stay

He who urged haste, with anger might be stung,

Back from the weary spirits took my way.

On the fierce monster's haunches, I behold, 79

Already seated high, my faithful guide,

Who thus enjoin'd me : " Now be firm and bold :

Such are the stairs by which we must descend ;

Mount thou in front, and I behind will ride,

Lest any mischief from the tail impend."

Like one who 's threaten'd with an ague fit— 85

His nails quite blue, and he all shivering cold,—

Yet without power that shady spot to quit ;

Such I became ;—but by his threats restored,

I felt that shame which makes the servant bold,

When in the presence of a gracious lord.

High on his shoulders then I took my seat, 91

And would have said : “ Take care and hold me fast ; ”

But words came not, my wishes to complete.

Then he, who oft before had lent me aid

In arduous enterprize, flung round my waist

His friendly arms—upholding me : and said :

“ Now, Geryon, may you take your downward way ; 97

Large be your circles—slow be your descent ;—

Think what unusual burden you convey.”

Then, as a little vessel out of port

Backs by degrees—e'en so the monster went ;

And when he was at liberty to sport,

His tail he turn'd to where his breast had been, 103

And moved it, thus extended, like an eel,

While with his arms the air he gather'd in.

Not erst, I ween, existed greater fears

When Phaeton's wandering car began to reel,

Whereby the heaven took fire, as still appears :

Nor, when the wretched Icarus in dismay 109

Felt the wax melting and the feathers fall,  
His father crying, " Dangerous is thy way "—

Than I experienced, high upborne in air—

Air all around :—how did the void appal!—

For nought except the dreaded beast was there.

Onward by slow degrees he swam ; and slow— 115

Wheeling—descended ; unperceived by me,

Save that a vapour fann'd me from below.

Now on the right I heard the vortex dread

Roaring beneath ; whereat full eagerly

I downward cast mine eye with out-stretch'd head.

Still more was I dismay'd to view it near ; 121

For flames were seen, and lamentations heard ;

Wherefore I gather'd up my limbs for fear :

And by the woes which burst upon my sight

From every side, now plainly first appear'd

The circling motion, and our downward flight.

E'en as a falcon, long upheld in air, 127

Not seeing lure or bird upon the wing,

So that the falconer utters in despair,

" Alas, thou stoop'st ! " fatigued descends from high ;

And whirling quickly round in many a ring,

Far from his master sits—disdainfully ;

With like disdain did Geryon place his freight  
 At foot of the disparted rock below ;  
 Then feeling disencumber'd of our weight,  
 Swift darted off, like arrow from a bow.

## NOTES.

Page 148. (Line 1.) Geryon—the symbol of Fraud. He was an ancient king of Spain, feigned by the poet to have three bodies, from having dominion over three islands, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica. He is said to have been a most crafty person, and was slain by Hercules. (2.) “Aurum per medios ire satellites, Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius Ictu fulmineo.”—*Horace*, book iii. ode 16. (10.) “O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!”—*Merchant of Venice*, Act. 1, Scene 3. “The picture of Fraud is exactly delineated: Fraud first makes attack by assuming the mien of an honest man, disarming his victim, and winning his confidence. He then either uses his arms and employs force, or involves him in endless devices and knotty intrigues. At last comes the tail, hitherto concealed, from which he puts forth his poisonous sting.”—*Rossetti*. The likeness of a beast to a man is taken from Daniel, where speaking of the Little Horn (generally acknowledged to mean the Papal power) he says, “In this Horn were eyes like the eyes of a man,” cap. vii. 8, “to denote,” says Bp. Newton, “his cunning and foresight.”

Page 150. (Line 56.) The purses of each were emblazoned with their armorial bearings; and to this their eyes were

fondly directed. (59.) The 'arms' of the Gianfigliuzzi, a distinguished family of Florence.

Page 151. (Line 63.) The arms of the Ubbriachi. (65.) The arms of the Scrovigni.—The speaker is Rinaldo Scrovigni who lived at Padua, and says that his neighbour Vitaliano, a greater usurer than himself, should shortly sit next him. He adds, that the Florentines around him were expecting the arrival of Giovanni Bujamonte, an usurer of Florence, the most infamous of his time, and whose coming they anticipated with ironical exclamations. (81.) "Nunc animis opus, Ænea, nunc pectore firmo." *Virgil. Æn. vi. 261.*

Page 152. (Line 108.) From the accident of Phæton, the charioteer of the Sun, when, "Mentis inops gelidâ formidine lora remisit, (*Ovid. Met. ii. 200*) a fabulous story arose that the heavens had taken fire, and that what we call the milky way was the effect of the conflagration. Thus *Shakspeare Henry VI. 3d pt., Act. ii. sc. 6—*

" O Phæbus, hadst thou never given consent  
That Phæton should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth."

Page 153. (Line 127.) "Dante must have loved hawking. He paints his birds to the life."—*Ugo Foscolo, Edinb. Rev. No. 58, Art. Dante.* He frequently introduces the same idea. (See *Purg. xix. 64; Par. xix. 34.*) Milton seems to have had Dante in his mind when he describes Satan

" Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with weary wings, and willing feet,  
On the bare outside of this world."—*Par. Lost, iii. 69.*

CANTO XV II.

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ARGUMENT.

**DESCRIPTION** of the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs. This canto treats only of the two first, in which are punished those who have been guilty of seduction and flattery. The first are scourged by demons; the second immersed in filth.

**THERE** is in hell a place, stone-built throughout,           1  
Call'd Malebolgè—of an iron hue,  
Like to the wall that circles it about.  
**Full** in the middle of this land of pain  
Yawns a deep gulf, of ample size to view,  
Whose form in proper place will I explain.  
**The** circling boundary that remains beside,           7  
'Twixt the rock's basis and the gulf profound,  
Ten bastions to its lowest depth divide.  
**As** is the form presented to the eye  
By fortresses, whose massive walls around  
Run numerous trenches for security ;

Such was the semblance which these dykes display'd :  
 And from the threshold of such castles strong,      14  
 As bridges to the outer bank are laid ;  
 So from the rock's low base did piers extend  
 That cross'd the moles and vallies all along,  
 Far as the ample gulf in which they end.  
 Here was it, that, released from Geryon's back,      19  
 We found ourselves ; and then the poet drew  
 On tow'rds the left, and I pursued his track.  
 Upon the right new punishments I meet,  
 New pains, and ministers of vengeance new,  
 With which the first compartment was replete.  
 Down in the gulf were naked souls descried ;      25  
 Some from the middle were advancing—some  
 Were journeying with us, but with greater stride.  
 So o'er the bridge, the concourse to convey,  
 Which flocks, the year of Jubilee, to Rome,  
 Means are devised to form a double way,—  
 That on the one side, all may keep in front      31  
 The castle, to St, Peter's as they throng,—  
 All on the other journey to the Mount.  
 Now here, now there, upon the ramparts high  
 I saw horn'd demons, who with many a thong  
 Lash'd these poor souls behind most cruelly.

Ah! how they bounded up, excoriate, 37  
     At the first stripe; and this inspired such dread,  
     A second or a third none dare await!  
 As we pursued our way, mine eyesight fell  
     On one, whom seeing, instantly I said:  
     “Surely I know that countenance full well.”  
 Wherefore I paused, to call him to my mind: 43  
     My gracious guide too, lingering on the spot,  
     Gave me permission to remain behind.  
 The suffering wretch, who thought his face to hide,  
     Bent down his head; but it avail'd him not;  
     “Thou—who art looking on the ground,” I cried,  
 “Unless thy features do thy name belie, 49  
     Caccianimico surely must thou be:  
     But to such torture say who bids thee hie?”  
 He answer'd me anon, “Thou shalt be told  
     What thy clear speech draws forth reluctantly,  
     Recalling to my mind the days of old.  
 Know I am he, who urged fair Ghisola 55  
     To yield obedience to the Marquis' will;  
     This is the truth—whatever fame may say.  
 We Bolognese so greatly here abound,  
     That not 'twixt Reno and Savena's rill  
     So many tongues, I deem, could now be found,



- Who utter Sipa in their country's phrase. 61  
 If proof of my assertion thou wouldst have,  
 Recall to mind our avaricious ways."
- Him as he spake, a demon in his ire  
 Smote with his lash, and said : " Begone, vile slave,  
 Here are no women to be let for hire."
- I hasten'd to rejoin my faithful guide : 67  
 Then quickly came we, where appear'd in sight  
 A bridge, projecting from the rocky side :  
 O'er this full easily our steps we drew,  
 And, mounting its high ridges on the right,  
 To those eternal circles bade adieu.
- Arriving where the opening arch supplies 73  
 A passage to the tortured souls, my guide  
 Exclaim'd : " Now pause awhile, and fix thine eyes  
 Upon the rest of this ill-fated race ;  
 For as they've journey'd hither by our side,  
 Thou can'st not clearly have discern'd their face."
- From the old bridge we then survey'd the band 79  
 That tow'rds us from the other coast drew near,  
 Forced onward in like manner by the brand.
- To me unask'd my gracious master said :  
 " Behold that mighty one approaching here,  
 Who in his sorrow deigns no tear to shed.

How well he yet retains the royal air ! 85  
 Jason is this, whose skill and hardihood  
 The golden fleece from ancient Colchis bare :  
 Through Lemnos' isle he pass'd upon his way  
 What time th' inexorable females rude  
 Consign'd their males to cruel death a prey.  
 There, with smooth words and winning flattery, 91  
 Beguiled he her who first had practised guile  
 On her companions—young Hypsipyle.  
 He left the damsel pregnant and forlorn,  
 And here is punish'd for his treachery vile.  
 Here too Medea's wrongs he's doomed to mourn :  
 Deceivers like to him like sufferings share. 97  
 • This much suffice it to have heard of those  
 Who, pent in this first dungeon, penance bear."  
 Now came we where the narrow causeway ran  
 Across the second mole, and thence arose  
 From its strong shoulders to another span.  
 There in th' ensuing vault a tribe were seen, 103  
 Snorting, and muttering loud amid their woe,  
 Who smote themselves the while with hands unclean.  
 The banks were crusted o'er with scum, that rose  
 In clouds of steam from the abyss below,  
 Much to the annoyance of the eyes and nose.

So deep the bottom, that to gain a sight, 109

'Twas needful up the bridge to clamber first,  
And take a survey from its utmost height.

Here we arrived ; and hence a tribe I saw,

Within the pit in ordure foul immersed,  
Which seem'd from man its origin to draw.

And while I gazed beneath with zeal increased, 115

One I beheld with so bedaub'd a head,  
I could not tell the layman from the priest.

“ Wherefore art thou so greedily inclined

To look on me above the rest ?” he said :

“ Because,” I cried, “ if well I call to mind,

Thee have I seen, when erst thy hair was dry, 121

In Lucca bred, Interminei thy name ;

Wherefore I scan thee with more searching eye.”

Striking his head, to me he then replied :

“ 'Twas flattery plunged me in this place of shame,

With which my tongue was never satisfied.”

Forthwith the master said : “ Now prithee stretch 127

A little further in advance thy brow ;

So that thine eyesight may distinctly reach

The head of that vile courtesan unclean,

Who tears herself with filthy nails ; and now

Appears recumbent—upright now is seen—

Thais, the harlot, who, when Thraso said, 133  
 ' Will many thanks from thee be now my due ?'  
 Answer'd, ' Oh ! wondrous many,'—Having fed  
 Our eyes so far, rest sated with the view."

## NOTES.

Page 156. (Line 1.) The eighth circle was called *Malebolgè*, i.e., evil cells, and is divided into a number of compartments. (10.) This passage is translated on the authority of Lombardi, supported by Monti, who declares "figura" to be the right reading, instead of "secura." The "for security" in the translation is superfluous. See *Monti, Proposta, in Rendere*.

Page 157. (Line 29.) This year (1300) was famous for what we now call the universal jubilee, invented and celebrated for the first time by Pope Boniface VIII. A report was current in Rome, which spread to the country, that great indulgences would be obtained by those who visited the churches of Rome during the last year of every century. In January and February a prodigious concourse of strangers were seen flying to Rome; and this induced Boniface to issue a bull, granting a full and complete pardon of all their sins to every one who should visit the churches of Rome once every day during the space of fifteen days for strangers, and thirty for

the Romans: and this to satisfy the devotion of the people—a devotion most advantageous to the Pope, by reason of the great alms which the strangers spontaneously made to the churches.... A crowd of people from all parts of Christendom met this present year. It seemed a continual procession, or an army on march through the principal roads of Italy.—*Muratori, Ann.* 1300, quoted principally from Villani, vol. iv. c. 36. Guglielmo Ventura, author of the Chronicle of Asti, who went to Rome to obtain indulgences this year (1300), relates, that full two million persons attended for the same purpose, and that the crowd was so great, that he frequently saw men and women trodden under foot by each other, and he himself incurred great danger. He adds: "The Pope received from them an immense sum of money, since two priests stood day and night holding rakes in their hands, and raking together money without end. The indulgence was established for every hundredth year by Pope Boniface; but his successors, to satisfy the devotion of the people, and for the gain of the Romans, made alterations, establishing it every twenty-five years, as at this day."—Quoted in *Muratori, Annali*, A.D. 1300. (30.) During the time of the jubilee, in order to enable the crowds to pass and repass the bridge of St. Angelo with greater ease, Boniface divided it by a partition; so that on one side, all had before them the Castle of Adrian, on the other, Mount Aventine.

Page 158. (Line 50.) Venedico Caccianimico was a Bolognese, said to have been bribed to prevail on his sister Ghisola to yield to the desires of Obizzo d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara, making her believe he intended to marry her. Obizzo is mentioned among the tyrants in canto xii. (59.) The city of Bologna, situated between these rivers, is distin-

guished by a peculiarity of dialect, in using the affirmative "Sipa" instead of "Sia" or "Si."

Page 160. (Line 86.) On his way to Colchos, Jason landed upon the isle of Lemnos, where the women, jealous of their husbands, had, at the instigation of Venus, agreed secretly to put them all to death. Hypsipyle, daughter of Thoas, King of Lemnos, alone broke her promise, and deceived her companions. While they slaughtered their relatives, she contrived to save her father by a pretence of offering sacrifice to Bacchus. She received Jason with the Argonauts, and was seduced by him. He then proceeded to Colchos, where Medea, the king's daughter, enabled him by her incantations to obtain the golden fleece. He carried her from her country, and then abandoned her likewise, on his becoming enamoured of Creusa. (109.) Here we come to the Flatterers, who are placed next to the Seducers—in the estimation of Dante, therefore, more despicable, and condemned to a more ignominious punishment.

Page 162. (Line 133.) This passage alluded to is in the *Eunuchus* of Terence, where Thraso, having sent a slave to Thais by the hands of Gnatho, asks the servant on his return, whether Thais had sent him many thanks. "Magnas vero agere [gratias] Thais mihi?" "Ingentes."—Act. iii. Sc. 1. Cicero, quoting this passage, observes,—"*Satis erat respondere 'Magnas.' 'Ingentes' inquit. Semper auget assentator id, quod is, cujus ad voluntatem dicitur, vult esse magnum.*"—*De Amicitia*. Dante represents the dialogue as taking place between Thais and her paramour, without the intervention of the servant Gnatho.

## CANTO XIX.

## A R G U M E N T.

THIRD division of the eighth circle. The Popes, who have been guilty of simony, are fixed in circular holes, with their heads down;—their legs only appearing:—the soles of their feet burnt with flames. Pope Nicholas the Third; Boniface the Eighth; and Clement the Fifth.

O SIMON Magus ! O ye crew abhorr'd, 1  
 His greedy followers ! who for love of gold  
 Debase the things devoted to the Lord,—  
 Those things which should to goodness wedded be ;  
 For you must sound the trumpet, since ye hold  
 A place in this third pit of infamy !  
 Now to the bridge adjoining had we come, 7  
 And stood high o'er the arching precipice  
 Which spans the very centre of the tomb.  
 Wisdom supreme ! how great thy skill, declare  
 The Heavens—the Earth—and Hell's profound abyss !  
 How just to each thy dispensations are !

- The sides and bottom of the livid ground 13  
 I saw were full of holes ; and every one  
 Of like circumference ;—and all were round.  
 Not greater, or less ample seem'd their size  
 Than those within my beautiful St. John,  
 So fashion'd there for water, to baptize ;  
 (One of the same I broke a few years since, 19  
 To save a drowning child : be this a seal  
 That of my motive may the world convince.)  
 Without each hole a sinner's feet protruded ;  
 His legs too did the aperture reveal  
 Far as the calves ;—the rest from sight excluded.  
 The soles of every one in flames were wrapt, 25  
 Which made the joints so forcibly to play,  
 That every kind of cord they would have snapt.  
 E'en as a flame with rapid course doth steal  
 O'er the smooth surface of its oily prey,—  
 So glided here the fire from toe to heel.  
 Then I : “ O master ! say what is his name 31  
 Whose quivering legs bespeak intenser pangs,  
 And seem the victims of a fiercer flame ?”  
 “ If thou wilt let me bear thee down below,”  
 He answer'd, “ o'er yon bank which sloping hangs,  
 His evil deeds thou from himself shalt know.”



“That pleaseth me, which pleaseth thee the best ; 37  
Thou art my lord,” I said—“thy will is mine ;  
To thee are known the secrets of my breast.”

O'er the fourth pier we then pursued our way,  
And to the left descending still incline,  
Where full of holes the narrow bottom lay.

Nor did my master set me down again 43  
Till we had reach'd that most afflicted shade,  
Whose quivering ancles so betray'd his pain.

“O thou whose upper parts are thrust below,—  
Fixt like a stake, most wretched soul,” I said,  
“Oh! if thou canst, a word on me bestow !”

Like to a friar I stood, that doth confess 49  
A murderer, who, to gain a moment's space,  
Calls back the priest in his extreme distress.

“What! art thou come—and upright too?” he cried,  
“Art thou arrived—and upright, Boniface?  
A longer life the prophecy implied.

Art sated with the wealth which made thee dare 55  
To carry off with fraud and perfidy,  
And then make havoc of, the Lady Fair?”

Like those who stand in wonder and dismay,  
Not fully comprehending a reply,  
Duped as they think—not knowing what to say ;

So lost was I :—anon the poet cried : 61

“ Inform him thou art not the man he named : ”—

I, as directed, instantly replied.

Whereat the spirit writhing with his feet,

And sighing, with a mournful voice exclaim'd :

“ Then tell me what thou wishest, I entreat.

If to enquire what name on earth I had, 67

Thou took'st the pains to scramble down the steep,

Know—with the mighty mantle was I clad ;

And truly was descended from the bear :—

T'enrich my whelps I laid my schemes so deep,

My wealth I've stow'd above—my person here.

Beneath my head now lie, enduring woe, 73

Those who before me practised simony,

Within the stony fissure dragg'd below.

And I in turn still lower shall be press'd,

When he arrives, whom I took thee to be,

What time so suddenly I thee address'd.

But my scorch'd feet have longer suffer'd pain, 79

And longer has my head been thus depress'd,

Than he in like endurance shall remain ;

For after him—more impious and unjust—

Shall come a lawless shepherd from the west,

By whom still deeper shall we both be thrust.

He (like another Jason, who we read 85  
     In Maccabees, the royal favour won)  
     Shall France induce his wishes to concede."  
 Presumption, it might haply be, inspired  
     The answer which I made him in this tone :  
     "Say if our blessed Saviour ought required  
 Of money from St. Peter's hand, when he 91  
     The keys entrusted to him?—surely not :  
     He ask'd no more than—simply—'Follow me.'  
 Nor gold nor silver the Disciples took,  
     When on Matthias fell the destined lot  
     To fill that place the guilty soul forsook :  
 Wherefore remain, for justly doom'd thou art ; 97  
     And treasure up the ill-earn'd wealth accurst,  
     Which against Charles so fiercely fired thy heart.  
 And were it not, that I am still controu'd  
     By reverence for those mighty keys, which erst  
     In life's sweet season it was thine to hold,  
 Words more severe than these should I bestow ; 103  
     Trampling the good, and raising up the bad—  
     Your avarice o'erwhelms the world in woe.  
 To you St. John referr'd, O shepherds vile,  
     When She, who sits on many waters, had  
     Been seen with kings her person to defile ;

(The same, who with seven heads arose on earth, 109

And bore ten horns, to prove that power was her's

Long as her husband had delight in worth.)

Your Gods ye make of silver and of gold ;

And wherein differ from Idolaters,

Save that their God is one, but your's a hundred fold?

Ah Constantine ! what evils caused to flow, 115

Not thy conversion, but those fair domains

Thou on the first rich Father didst bestow !"

While I upbraided thus in language keen,

And rage, or conscience added to his pains,

Quivering in air his either feet were seen.

My guide was pleased, I do believe, forsooth, 121

So satisfied a smile his lips express'd,

As he stood listening to my words of truth.

Wherefore he threw both arms around my waist ;

And when he had upraised me to his breast,

The way he came he speedily retraced.

Nor was he tired in holding me thus fast, 127

Till on the bridge's top he took his stand,

Which from the fourth to the fifth pier is cast.

Here laid he gently down his cherish'd load,

Gently upon that steep and rocky strand,

Which e'en to goats would seem a rugged road :

Another valley then appear'd at hand. 133

## NOTES.

Page 165. (Line 1.) Simon Magus wished to purchase of St. Peter the power of conferring the Holy Spirit. See *Acts*, viii. 18, 19, 20. He is mentioned in the *Paradiso*, canto xxx. 148, as thrusting down to a lower depth Pope Boniface. That the Popes are here spoken of, as forming the train of Simon Magus, is evident by the context. "Simony, or the corrupt purchase of spiritual benefices, was the characteristic reproach of the clergy in the eleventh century."—*Hallam. Middle Ages*, cap. vii. (5.) Your crimes must be made known with the voice of a trumpet.

Page 166. (Line 17.) The church of St. John the Baptist at Florence.—The accident mentioned by Dante had caused him to be charged with sacrilege.

Page 167. (Line 49.) The punishment assigned to murderers was to be buried alive topsy turvy. Some of the most hardy would refuse to listen to the friar who came to confess them; but after they were fixed in the hole, and the earth thrown in, would recal the friar, in order to gain a short respite from death. (53.) The punishment assigned to each Pope is to be fixed in a hole upside down, there to remain till the arrival of his successor, who takes his place—he himself being thrust still deeper. Pope Nicholas in this situation mistakes Dante for Pope Boniface the Eighth coming to succeed him, and expresses his surprise at seeing him some years sooner than he had expected, and standing in an upright position, instead of being ready to be thrust head-first into the hole he himself then occupied. (56.) The Lady Fair represents the Church, which has been impiously called the spouse of the Pope.

Page 168. (Line 69.) Nicholas III. was created Pope in 1277. —He was of the Orsini family, and hence calls himself the son of the bear. He was a man of learning, but excessively eager to promote his family. (72.) “We take pains to heap up things that are useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; the person is snatched away, and the goods remain.” —*Jeremy Taylor*. (77.) Pope Boniface VIII. For the manner in which he obtained the popedom from St. Celestine, see notes, canto iii. 60. “After he was raised to the pontificate,” says Sismondi, “Boniface manifested the two prevailing traits of his character, pride without bounds, and passion, which bordered upon fury, whenever he met with opposition.” —*Hist. des Repub. Ital.* cap. 24. For his conduct to the family of the Colonna, see notes, canto xxvii. 70. Dante here calls him “the prince of modern Pharisees;” and Villani, who is inclined to favour him, says “he had no scruples of conscience in the acquisition of wealth, to aggrandize the church and enrich his own relations; that he made bishops and archbishops of many of his friends and confidants, and cardinals of two of his nephews who were extremely young.” (79.) Twenty years elapsed between the death of Nicholas and that of Boniface; but only eleven between the death of the latter and that of Clement V. (82.) Clement V.,—who by the favour of Philip the Fair, King of France, was promoted from the archbishoprick of Bordeaux in 1305. By his desire, in order that the future Popes might be more under the influence of France, he transferred the seat of government to Avignon. See *Purg.* xxxii. 158. Guicciardini, speaking of Pope Clement, whom he calls a good Pope, adds, “I mean not apostolical goodness; for in those days he was esteemed a good Pope that did not exceed the wickedness of the worst of men.”

Page 169. (Line 85.) See *Maccabees*, 2nd book, iv. 7, 8, 10. As Antiochus granted the desire of Jason at the price he offered, so Clement V. obtained the popedom by conceding to the terms of Philip the Fair. (93.) "And he said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."—*St. Matthew*, iv. 19. (94.) "Then Peter said: Silver and gold have I none: but such as I have give I thee."—*Acts*, i. 25. Compare *Paradiso*, xxii. 88. (106.) i.e. The Pope, who styles himself the husband of the Church, has intrigued and made alliances for impure and sordid purposes with the kings of the earth. See *Revelations*, xviii. 2, 3, &c., also notes to canto i. 49, 100.

Page 170. (Line 112.) St. Paul tells us, "that covetousness is idolatry."—*Coloss.* iii. 5. See also *Eph.* v. 5, and *Hosea*, viii. 4. (115.) This passage has been thus translated by Milton: "Ah, Constantine, of how much ill was cause Not thy conversion, but those rich domains That the first wealthy Pope received of thee." A similar passage in the *Orlando Furioso* was also thus translated by him: "Then passed we to a flowery mountain green, Which once smelt sweet, now stinks so odiously; This was the gift, if you the truth will have, That Constantine to good Sylvester gave." "It was among the first effects of the conversion of Constantine to give not only a security, but also a legal sanction to the territorial acquisitions of the Church."—*Hallam. Middle Ages*, chap. vii. Dante, however, though he frequently alludes to this supposed donation, (see *Inf.* xxvii. 94; *Par.* xx. 60,) shows his disbelief of it in the *De Monarchiâ*, b. iii.; and Gibbon says of it, "This memorable gift was first introduced to the world by an epistle of Adrian I. who exhorts Charlemagne to imitate the liberality, and revive the name of the great Constantine. According to the legend, the first of the Christian emperors was healed of the leprosy,

and purified in the waters of baptism by St. Sylvester, the Roman bishop; and never was physician more gloriously recompensed. His royal proselyte withdrew from the seat and patrimony of St. Peter; declared his intention of founding a new capital in the east; and resigned to the Popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the west. . . . The Emperors were incapable of discovering the forgery that subverted their rights. In the revival of letters and liberty the fictitious deed was transpierced by the pen of Laurentius Valla, an eloquent critic and Roman patriot."—*Decline and Fall*, chap. 49.

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CANTO XX.

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ARGUMENT.

IN the fourth division are punished those, who, while living, pretended to foretel future events. Their faces are twisted behind, so that they are constrained to walk backwards. Amphiaraus. Tiresias. Aruns. Manto. Michael Scot, &c.

NEW sufferings must my verse proceed to tell, 1

Forming the twentieth canto of this book,  
Which treats of those who are immersed in hell.

Now, all intent, my sight was cast below,

As of the yawning gulf a view I took,  
Bedew'd with sorrows of severest woe :

And round about that valley did mine eyes 7

See people coming, silent and in tears—  
With step like their's who chaunt the litanies.

When deeper fell my sight that pit within,

In wondrous mode distorted each appears,  
From where the chest commences, to the chin ;

So that the face was twisted from the reins ;                    13  
     And want of faculty to see before  
     Backward to walk, these wretched souls constrains.  
 Paralysis perhaps may much derange,  
     And dislocate the human body sore,  
     But never wrought, I deem, such wondrous change.  
 Think, reader—if God bids thy heart relent,                    19  
     And reap instruction from this tale of woe—  
     How I the tear of pity could prevent,  
 When near to me the human form I view'd  
     So turn'd and twisted, that the drops which flow  
     Down from the eyes, the hinder parts bedew'd.  
 I wept indeed, as I reclining prest                                25  
     A fragment of the rock, until my guide  
     Exclaim'd : “ What, art thou foolish like the rest ?  
 Here pity lives when dead ;—and what can be  
     More wicked, or a sign of greater pride,  
     Than pitying those condemn'd by Heaven's decree ?  
 Look up, look up,—see him before thee now,                    31  
     For whom was seen to gape the Theban land,  
     Thousands exclaiming : ‘ Whither rushest thou ?  
 Why, Amphiaraus, quittest thou the fight ?’  
     But he desisted not at such command,  
     And headlong plunged to realms of endless night.

Behold a breast where once his shoulders lay : 37

Since to foreknowledge erst he laid a claim,

Now looks he back, and backward makes his way.

Behold Tiresias, alter'd in his mien,

When from a male a female he became,

Changing his manly limbs to feminine,—

And with his rod the twisted serpents twain, 48

Compell'd to punish with a second blow,

Ere he could take his former plumes again.

Arons is this, to like reverse consign'd,

Who in the hills of Luni (where below,

Deep in the valley, prunes Carrara's hind)

Had for his dwelling place a marble cave, 49

Whence to his sight a prospect was reveal'd

Of heaven's bright stars, and ocean's azure wave.

And she, who with her long dishevell'd hair

Covers her bosom, from our view conceal'd,

(For all her locks fall down in ringlets there)

Was Manto, who through many a country stray'd, 55

And settled afterwards where I was born :

Now let attention to my words be paid.

After her father left his mortal clay,

And Bacchus' city wept in chains forlorn,

Long time o'er earth she sped her weary way.

High up in beauteous Italy there lies 61  
A lake, above Tyrol, Benacus hight ;  
Whence Alps, enclosing Germany, arise :  
'Twixt Garda and Camonica, by more  
Than thousand springs is wash'd the Pennine height,  
Which to this lake their subject waters pour.  
Here, in the middle, if they pass'd that way, 67  
The Pastor of Verona and of Trent,  
And He of Brescia might their blessings say.  
Where sinks the bank with easier slope below,  
A warlike front Peschiera doth present,  
Against the Bergamese and Brescian foe.  
There fall the waters with their swelling tide, 73  
That from Benacus' bosom running o'er,  
In limpid streams through verdant meadows glide.  
When from the lake it first begins to flow,  
'Tis Mincio call'd—Benacus now no more—  
E'en to Governo, where it joins the Po.  
Nor wandereth far, before it finds a plain, 79  
O'er which its waves in stagnant pools are spread,  
And where, in summer, noxious vapours reign.  
Passing this way, the virgin rude saw land,  
Full in the middle of the marshy bed,  
Without inhabitants—a barren strand.

Here, to avoid all converse with mankind, 85  
     She with her followers resolved to dwell ;  
     Here lived, and here her body left behind.  
 To this lone isle from all the country round  
     Did men collect, as to a citadel ;  
     So strong it was—enclosed by marshy ground.  
 On her dead bones a famous city rose ; 91  
     And Mantua was the name that it received,  
     From her whose judgment first the station chose.  
 More numerous were its citizens of old,  
     Ere Casalodi foolishly believed  
     The artful tale that Pinamont had told.  
 And now I warn thee—if thou ever hear 97  
     My country's source to other causes traced,  
     Allow not falsehood to abuse thine ear."  
 "Master, thy speech convinceth me,"—I said ;  
     " So firmly on thy words my faith is placed,  
     All else would seem to me as embers dead.  
 But those who walk before,—I pray thee tell, 103  
     If any thou deem worthy of remark,  
     For upon them my thoughts entirely dwell."  
 My master then : " He with so long a beard,  
     Which from his cheek spreads o'er his shoulders dark—  
     When Greece was of her males so nearly clear'd,

That scarce the cradles could replenish'd be,— 109

Was the Augur who with Calchas chose the time

In Aulis' port to set the anchors free ;

Eurypylus his name :—and thus rehearsed

Is found the story in my lofty rhyme,

As well thou know'st, who in the whole art versed.

The other, round his loins so thin and slight, 115

Was Michael Scot, renown'd for magic art,

And deem'd in ancient times a wondrous wight.

Lo Guido,—and Asdente, who laments

That e'er he was prevail'd upon to part

With thread and leather ; but too late repents.

See those who erst the loom and spindle left 121

To practise witchcraft—a vile female race ;

In use of herbs and incantations deft.

But let us on—for either hemisphere

Cain and the thorns with paly light embrace,

And dip beneath fair Seville's waters clear.

Last night the moon her fullest orb display'd : 127

And, wandering in that darksome valley rude,

Well may'st thou call to mind her timely aid."

He spake : and we our onward road pursued.

## NOTES.

Page 176. (Line 15.) Thus Spenser. *Fairy Queen*, b. viii. 31,

“ But very uncouth sight was to behold  
 How he did fashion his untoward pace ;  
 For as he forward moved his footing old,  
 So backward still was turned his wrinkled face ;  
 Unlike to men, who, ever as they pace,  
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.”

(28.) “ Though human pity should melt at the afflictions of the good, every tear shed at the misery of the wicked would accuse the Divine Judgment of cruelty.”—*Ugo Foscolo. Discorso*. (32.) Amphiaraus was one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes, and a celebrated soothsayer. He foreknew that it would be fatal to him to engage in the war, and accordingly concealed himself; but his wife was bribed to discover the place of his retreat, and he was forced by Adrastus to accompany the army. He is said to have been swallowed up by the earth, which opened under his feet, when the exclamation was made. “ Quì præceps per immane ruis?”—*Statius. Thebais*.

Page 177. (Line 40.) Tiresias was a celebrated soothsayer, who, on striking two serpents, was changed into a woman, and before he regained his sex, was obliged to beat the serpents again for the space of seven years. See *Ovid, Met.* lib. iii. 325. (46.) Aruns was a distinguished Tuscan soothsayer, who dwelt in the mountains of Luni above Carrara. “ Aruns inclouit deserti mœnia Lunæ.”—*Lucan. Phars.* i. 586. (55.) Manto was a Theban sorceress, daughter of Tiresias, who lived at Thebes, a city dedicated to Bacchus, and afterwards enslaved by Creon; to escape whose tyranny she left her native country, wandered into Italy, and settled where Mantua now stands.

Page 178. (Line 67.) The spot is called Prato di Fame, where three Dioceses meet. (72.) "At Peschiera the lake terminates in the Mincio, which flows through the town, broad, deep, and clear as crystal, though almost as rapid as a mountain torrent."—*Eustace. Class. Tour.* (74.) The more modern name is Lago di Garda. "Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."—*Virg. Georg.* ii. 160.

Page 179. (Line 95.) Alberto Casalodi, who possessed Mantua, was persuaded by Pinamonte Buonacossi that he might ingratiate himself with the people by banishing to their own castles the obnoxious nobles. This done, Pinamont drove out Casalodi, and obtained the sovereignty for himself.—See *Muratori*, anno 1269.

Page 180. (Line 112.) "Suspensi Eurpylum scitatum oracula Phœbi Mittimus."—*Æn.* ii. 114. (116.) Michael Scot was a Scotchman, of great learning and skill in astrology, alchemy, and natural philosophy. He was looked upon as a magician both in his own country and abroad. Boccaccio calls him a great necromancer, and mentions his having been at Florence. "Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the fiends who were thereby invoked. Accordingly the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of Auld Michael, of Sir Wm. Wallace, or of the Devil."—*Walter Scott. Notes. Lay of the Last Minstrel.* (118.) Guido Bonati was an astrologer of Forli:—Asdente, a shoemaker of Parma, who deserted his business to practise divination. (125.) The moon is vulgarly called Cain, or the man in the moon.—See *Par.* ii. 51.



CANTO XXI.

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ARGUMENT.

In the fifth partition are punished barterers and public peculators. They are plunged into a lake of boiling pitch, and guarded by Demons, who thrust them back whenever they appear above. These Demons prepare to attack Virgil, who calms them by his undaunted manner. They are ordered by their leader to conduct the poets forward.

CONVERSING, as from bridge to bridge we went, 1  
Of things my Comedy cares not to tell,  
We reach'd at last the summit of the ascent ;  
There paused, to view the souls that idly wail'd  
In Malebolgë's next unhappy cell ;—  
And marvellous the darkness that prevail'd.  
As in the arsenal of Venice boils 7  
The adhesive pitch in winter, to repair  
The bark disabled by long watery toils ;  
For since they cannot put to sea—instead  
One here his vessel builds, another there  
Calks that which many voyages hath made ;—

One strikes the prow—one hammers at the poop, 13

One mends a main—and one a mizen sail,

One shapes an oar—another twists a rope ;—

So, not by fire beneath, but art divine,

Boil'd up thick pitch throughout the gloomy vale,

Whose viscous spatterings all the margin line.

Nought on the surface of the boiling tide 19

I saw, save bubbles rise, and now and then

The whole swell up—then settle and subside.

While down I gazed in one continued stare,

Back on a sudden was I drawn again,

My guide exclaiming : “ Oh beware, beware !”

I turn'd around, like one in haste to see 25

That, which when seen compels him to withdraw,—

By panic fear unnerved so suddenly,

That though he looks, he may not check his flight ;

And in our rear a Demon black I saw

Swiftly advancing o'er the rocky height.

Alas, how fierce and savage was his face! 31

How frightful too the gestures he display'd !

Stretch'd were his wings, and rapid was his pace.

Each shoulder, proudly rising and acute,

Was laden with a miserable shade ;

And hard he grasp'd the sinew of his foot.

"O Malebranchë of our bridge," quoth he, 37  
 "Lo one of Santa Zita's Elders! haul  
 The wretch beneath; while I full speedily  
 Regain that land which plenty more doth hold:  
 There save Bonturo barterers are they all;  
 And 'No' is quickly turn'd to 'Yes' for gold."  
 His load cast down—so swift he turn'd him back 43  
 O'er the hard rock, that never mastiff fleet  
 Sprang with such haste a flying thief to track.  
 The sinner sank, then rose with upward face,  
 Whilst from beneath the bridge the fiends repeat,  
 "Here hath the Holy Countenance no place;  
 Here swim you not as erst in Serchio's tide; 49  
 And if you relish not our hooks—take care  
 That in the boiling pitch your back you hide."  
 Then with a hundred hooks the wretch they maul,  
 And cry: "To dance in secret now prepare,  
 And pilfer, if you can, unseen by all."  
 So to the centre of the pot do cooks 55  
 Their scullions teach to thrust the floating stew,  
 And keep it under with their iron hooks.  
 To me the master: "Lest it should be seen  
 That thou art here, conceal thyself from view;  
 Some rock will haply serve thee for a screen;

And let no insult fill thee with dismay 61

That may be offer'd me—prepared I go—  
Aforetime have I been in like affray.”

Beyond the bridge's head he then proceeded ;  
And when he reach'd the sixth embankment—lo !

A calm and dauntless countenance he needed :  
For with such anger and tempestuous roar, 67

As dogs rush forth on one of squalid looks,  
Who begs a pittance at some rich man's door ;

So from beneath the bridge—enraged and hot—  
Rush'd on my guide the demons with their hooks ;

But he exclaim'd : “ I charge you, touch me not :  
Before ye cast your hooks my flesh to tear, 73

Let one come forth to hear what I shall say,  
And then consider if to strike ye dare.”

“ Let Malacoda go ”—exclaim'd they all ;  
Whereat one moved, (meanwhile the rest did stay,)  
And coming to him said ; “ What means your call ?”

“ Believ'st thou, Malacoda, I had made 79

My way so far,” to him my master said,  
“ Safe from the hellish wrath ye have display'd,

Unless the Will Divine had sanction given ?

Let me proceed ;—for through this region dread  
To guide another is ordain'd in heaven.”

Then in a moment fell his crest of pride,— 85

Down dropt the grappling iron at his feet ;

And to the others : “ Strike him not,” he cried.

To me my lord : “ Thou who art squatting there,

Beneath the broken bridge,—quit thy retreat,

For safely now to me may'st thou repair.”

Him then with speed I strove to overtake ; 91

When came the fiends with such precipitation,

I trembled lest their compact they should break.

So once I saw the infantry alarm'd,

Who left Caprona on capitulation,

Seeing so many foes around them arm'd.

Close to my guide attaching me, I stood 97

Much terrified—nor from their faces black

Turn'd I my eyes, —they boded nothing good.

Lowering their hooks, one to the other said,

“ What think you if I touch him on the back ?”

“ Be sure you hit him,” was the answer made.

The demon, who the while address'd my guide, 103

All in an instant turn'd himself around :—

“ Peace, Scarmiglion, I say—be still,” he cried :

Then spake to us : “ Ye travellers—be it known

No further road may o'er this bridge be found ;

The sixth arch hence is wholly overthrown.

But if it please you onward to proceed, 109

Along this rock securely may ye hie ;

Another bridge that's near will serve your need.

Just five hours later yesterday than this,

Twelve hundred three score years and six gone by,

The road was broken which leads down th' abyss ;

And thither will I send some scouts of mine 115

To watch if any show themselves above :

Depart with them—they will not prove malign.

Come, Alichino—come !" exclaim'd he then,

" Cagnazzo, Calcabrina, quickly move ;

And Barbarriccia, thou conduct the ten.

Come Libicocco, Draghinazzo fell, 121

Ciriatto with thy tusks, and Graffiacan,

Thou furious Rubicant, and Farfarell,

Make good your search around the boiling pitch,

And lead these safely to that bridge, whose span

Unbroken runs o'er all the adjoining ditch."

" Master," I said, " O what is this I see ? 127

Our way without an escort let us find ;

Thou know'st it well—I ask no guide but thee :

If, as is wont, thou art quick sighted now,

Canst thou not see how fierce their teeth they grind,

And scowl upon us with a threatening brow ?"

And he to me : " I charge thee not to fear ;      133  
 E'en let them grind their savage teeth accurst,—  
 They do it at the suffering spirits here."  
 O'er the left bank their steps they then incline,  
 But every demon put his tongue out first,  
 Eyeing their Captain as they made the sign,—  
 When from behind, the sound of trumpet burst.      139

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 NOTES.

Page 185. (Line 37.) The Malebranchë were demons, who had the care of that bridge, or of the compartments under it. (38.) Santa Zita was held in reverence at Lucca, where this sinner was an elder or magistrate. His name is supposed to have been Martino Butaio. (41.) "This is ironically spoken of Bonturo de' Dati, the greatest peculator in Lucca."—*Venturi*. (48.) In the Duomo at Lucca is an image of our Saviour, called the Santo Volto. The shrine which encloses this celebrated relic is the work of Matteo Civitali. (49.) The Serchio runs close to Lucca.

Page 186. (Line 67.) See Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* v. 82. (76.) "Malacoda was the name of one of the demons, corresponding

to the name of the place, Malebolgë; and signifies the fiend of the evil tail, or most deceitful."—*Rosetti*.

Page 187. (Line 95.) The castle of Caprona surrendered to the combined forces of Florence and Lucca, on condition that the garrison should march out in safety. This event, to which Dante was a witness, took place in 1290. See *Villani*, vii. 136.

Page 188. (Line 111.) This is an instance of Malacoda's treachery. See canto xxiii. 133. (113.) To 1266 add 34 (the age of our Saviour at the time of his death) and it will give 1300, the date of Dante's descent into hell. "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent."—*St. Matthew*, xxvii. 51. This convulsion Dante supposes was felt even in the depths of hell.

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CANTO XXII.

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ARGUMENT.

THE Poets proceed, accompanied by the Demons, who with their hooks haul up Ciampolo, one of the barterers. His clever device to escape. Battle in consequence between two of the Demons.

OFT squadrons have I seen their station change,           1  
Rush to the charge, or suddenly retreat,  
And swift advancing o'er the country range :  
Thy plains, Arezzo, oft have I survey'd  
Hastily swept by light-arm'd horsemen fleet ;  
Oft been, where tilts and tournaments were play'd;—  
(Now bells, now trumpets sounding forth alarms,           7  
Now drums and signals with tremendous din,  
Native or foreign, summoning to arms ;)  
But ne'er to such strange instrument of war  
Or horse or foot advancing have I seen ;  
Or vessel tack by sign from land or star.

'With the ten demons now our way we sped ;            13

Ah ! fell companions ! but, " With saints at church,

With gluttons at the tavern," it is said.

Still on the pitch I gazed, that I might know

The secrets of the gulf by closer search,

And mark the souls amid the fire below.

As dolphins heave their backs above the wave,            19

Prognosticating angry tempests black—

Signal to mariners their ship to save ;

So, to alleviate the excessive pain,

From time to time each sinner raised his back,

But swift as lightning 'twas conceal'd again.

As, in a trench, frogs at the water's side            25

Sit squatting—with their noses raised on high,

The while their feet and all their bulk they hide ;

Thus upon either hand the sinners stood :

But Barbariccia now approaching nigh,

Quick they withdrew beneath the boiling flood.

I saw—and still my heart is thrill'd with fear—            31

One spirit linger,—as beside a ditch

One frog remains, the others disappear ;—

And Graffiacan, who nearest chanced to be,

With grapple seized his hair all stiff with pitch :

Thus pendant, like an otter eke was he.

(I knew the names of all the demons now, 37

For I had mark'd them when they chosen were,  
And at their muster call had listen'd how.)

“O Rubicant, look well, and see you place  
Your hooks aright, that they his back may tear,”  
Cried all at once the inexorable race.

“Master,” I said, “persuade them to disclose, 43  
If so thou canst, who is that ill-starr'd shade  
Thus fall'n within the clutches of his foes.”

Thereat my leader, drawing to his side,  
Enquiry of his birth and country made.  
“Born in Navarre was I,” he straight replied :

“My mother placed me servant to a lord ; 49  
(For she had borne me to a wicked man,  
Who spent his goods, then closed his life abhorr'd.)

Thibault the good I served in aftertime ;  
And in his court to barter I began,  
Which now I pay for in this scalding slime.”

Ciriatto, whose fell mouth, e'en like a boar, 55  
A savage tusk on either side display'd,  
Soon let him feel how cleverly they tore.

To wicked cats the mouse had fall'n a prey ;—  
But Barbariccia caught him up, and said,  
“ While I transfix him, stand ye all away.”

- Then to my master turning, he exclaim'd : 61  
 "More would'st thou know? Then ask what pleaseth  
 Ere by another fiend his form be maim'd." [thee,  
 "Amid the other sinners," quoth my guide,  
 "Say, know'st thou any one from Italy  
 Beneath the pitch?" "But lately," he replied,  
 "I quitted one who lived that country near : 67  
 Could I rejoin him in yon sheltering flood,  
 Nor piercing hook nor talon should I fear."  
 Quoth Libicocco : "not so much delay :"  
 An arm then seizing in his pincers rude,  
 He mau'd it, till he rent a part away.  
 And Draghignazzo would have lent a hook, 73  
 And torn his leg ; but lo ! their chief turn'd round,  
 And check'd his malice with a threatening look.  
 When somewhat was their vehemence allay'd ;—  
 Of him who still was looking at his wound,  
 My guide without delay enquiry made :  
 "Who was that other spirit, from whose side 79  
 Hither thou lately cam'st in evil hour?"  
 "The Friar Gomita was it," he replied,—  
 "He of Gallura, vessel of all fraud,  
 Who, when his master's foes were in his power,  
 So treated them, that all his name applaud :

Gold he received, and let his prisoners free ; 85

In each employ where he could use deceit

The very prince of barterers was he.

With him too Michael Zanchè doth reside ;

For them Sardinia is a subject sweet,

With which their tongues are never satisfied.

Ah me!—lo, how that other fiend doth grin! 91

More would I say ; but fear my tongue hath bound,

Lest he to claw me with his hooks begin.

To Farfarello turn'd their savage lord,

Who roll'd, in act to strike, his eyes around,

And said : “ Go, get thee gone, ill bird abhorr'd.”

“ Tuscans or Lombards would'st thou wish to see,” 97

Again resumed the spirit thrill'd with fear,

“ Tell me, and I will bid them come to thee :

But let the demons for awhile retreat,

That so the timorous souls may reappear,—

And I, remaining in this very seat,

One as I am, will draw forth seven, whene'er 103

I give a whistle, as our custom is,

To show our comrades that the coast is clear.”

Turn'd up his snout Cagnazzo, and exclaim'd,

Shaking his head : “ A cunning scheme is this,

Which, to escape below, the knave hath framed.”

Whence he, who had at hand a precious store 109

Of wiles : " Well versed in malice sure am I,  
To make my own companions smart the more !"

Then burst forth Alichin, inflamed with heat,

Thwarting the rest : " Plunge, if thou dare to try ;—  
I shall not follow thee with speed of feet,

But wings shall bear me o'er the boiling pitch : 115

Let's hie behind the bank, and we shall see  
If thou alone canst all of us o'erreach."

Now for fresh sport, O ye who read, prepare.

Each from the bank his eyes withdrew ;—first he  
Who offer'd chief resistance to the snare.

Well chose his time the sinner of Navarre ; 121

Fixt firm his feet—leapt down—and in a trice  
From the projected plot escaped afar.

Each demon instantly with rage was fraught,

He most, who had encouraged this device ;  
Wherefore he flew, exclaiming : " Thou art caught."

But futile his attempt,—the speed of fear 127

E'en wings could not o'ertake :—one dived below,  
Up came the other from his vain career.

Thus, when the falcon swoops his wings in air,

The duck dives instant, and eludes the blow ;  
Back turns the baffled falcon in despair.

Him Calcabrina follow'd, in despite 188

Thus to be duped ; yet still so fair a cause

Of quarrelling affords him vast delight ;

And since no more the barterer there he view'd,

On his companions straight he turn'd his claws ;

A mighty struggle o'er the trench ensued.

But Alichino was a hawk well tried, 139

Nor inexpert in clawing :—fell the twain

Down to the middle of the boiling tide.

The heat soon parted them within the ditch,

But all attempt to raise themselves was vain ;

Like birdlime glued their wings the adhesive pitch.

Now Barbariccia, grieving with his band, 145

Sent four of them the grappling irons to bear

To the other side ; and they at his command

Full rapidly unto their station hied.

They stretch'd their hooks to aid the entangled pair,

Who now were burning in the glowing tide ;

And we advancing, left them floundering there. 151

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NOTES.

Page 191. (Line 1.) "The signal of departure made by Barbariccia to his companions has given occasion to the poet

of making a grand and sublime opening to the present canto. . . . Many beauties are scattered throughout this canto, of a description pleasing, not to the many, but the few, who seek them in nature, whence the poet has drawn them, and invested them with their own simple and characteristic colours."—*Biagioli*. Dante sarcastically continues his description of the devils' march; and says, that having heard all kinds of military music, he never witnessed such a strange signal as that by which the demons were directed.

Page 193. (Line 48.) The name of this barterer was Ciampolo, in the service of Thibault, King of Navarre. For an account of this king, see *Mariana, Storia di Spagna*, lxiii. c. 9.

Page 194. (Line 81.) The friar Gomita being entrusted with the government of Gallura, one of the four jurisdictions into which Sardinia was divided, received a bribe from his master's enemies, and let them escape.

Page 195. (Line 88.) Michael Zanche was governor of Logodoro, another of the four Sardinian jurisdictions. (96.) Barbariccia, seeing Farfarello preparing to strike Dante, makes this exclamation, adapted to the wings he wore, and the form of his eyes.

Page 196. (Line 119.) "According to the proposal of Alichin, the fiends retired, and for a moment withdrew their eyes from the bank to give the sinner a chance."—*Venturi*.



CANTO XXIII.

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ARGUMENT.

DANTE is saved by Virgil from the demons who pursue them. In the sixth chasm are punished the Hypocrites, who are condemned to pace continually round the gulph under the pressure of cloaks which are gilt without, but lined inside with lead. Catalano. Loderingo. Caiaphas. Annas.

SILENT, apart, companionless we went, 1  
The one before, the other close behind,  
Like minor friars upon their journey bent.  
On Æsop's fable were my thoughts employ'd,  
How (this encounter brought it to my mind,)  
The frog and mouse were by the kite destroy'd.  
For greater likeness bear not Yes and Yea, 7  
Than, if attentively compared they be,  
From first to last these scenes of strife display.  
As from one thought another oft will start,  
So rose from this another presently,  
Which with redoubled terror fill'd my heart.

- For I consider'd :—Mock'd and injured thus— 13  
 And we the cause ;—full surely they have ground  
 To feel annoy, and will be wroth with us.  
 If rage be engrafted on the spite they bear,  
 They will pursue, more vengeful than the hound  
 Who gripes within his teeth some timid hare.  
 E'en now my locks stood bristling with affright, 19  
 As I intently listen'd in the rear ;  
 "O master," I exclaim'd : " the demons' spite  
 Fills me with dread, unless thou canst conceal  
 Thyself and me ; behold ! they now are near,  
 And I already seem their hooks to feel."  
 " Were I a mirror, not thine outward face 25  
 Should I," he said, " more speedily receive,  
 Than doth my soul thy inward wish embrace.  
 Thy thought e'en now assimilates to mine,  
 And so alike the expression which they give,  
 That I from both have form'd the same design.  
 If on the right the bank is so inclined 31  
 That to the pit adjoining we may hie,  
 This fancied chase we soon shall leave behind."  
 Scarce had he time his counsel to suggest,  
 Ere I beheld the fiends approaching nigh,  
 With wings outspread, our progress to arrest.

In haste my leader caught me in his arm, 37  
Like to a mother whom a cry awakes,  
That seeing flames around her—in alarm  
Seizes her son, and flies, nor checks her flight,  
Since care for him more than herself she takes,  
Clad only in her garment of the night.  
Down from the summit of the rocky bank 43  
Supine he cast him to that sloping hill  
Which to the next partition form'd a flank.  
So quickly never water urged its course  
Through narrow conduit to wheel round a mill,  
When nearest to the spokes it rolls with force,—  
As o'er that ridge my master hasten'd on, 49  
Clasping me closely to his sheltering breast,  
Not as a comrade, but a darling son.  
Scarce had his feet attain'd the rocky bed,  
When on the height above, to sight confest,  
The fiends appear'd ; but nought had we to dread ;  
For that supreme omniscient Providence, 55  
Which gave the fifth partition to their sway,  
Forbade them ever to depart from thence.  
Pacing around with weary steps and slow,  
A painted tribe of souls I now survey,  
Whose haggard looks express fatigue and woe.

Cloaks had they on, with hoods which downward fell  
Before their eyes, and like to those in kind, 62  
Worn by the monks who at Cologne dwell.  
Outside—with dazzling gold they glitter'd bright ;  
Inside—with ponderous lead were they so lined,  
That Frederick's cloaks compared to them were light ;  
O cumbersome to all eternity ! 67  
Still on the left with them we took our road,  
Intent upon their hopeless misery ;  
But they so slowly did their way pursue,  
Opprest beneath the insufferable load,  
That at each step our company was new.  
Wherefore I said ; “ O master, look around, 73  
And point out some one in this realm of pain,  
Whom I may know, by deeds or name renown'd.”  
Then, of my Tuscan language one aware,  
Behind us cried : “ Your steps awhile restrain,  
O ye who hurry through the dusky air :—  
From me perhaps may ye obtain your need.” 79  
On which my master turn'd to me and cried ;  
“ Pause, and henceforward at his pace proceed.”  
I paused ; and two I saw, whose visage show'd  
Excessive eagerness to reach my side ;  
But the weight check'd them, and the narrow road.

When they arrived, they eyed their stranger guest 85

Askance, with look of wonder, silently ;

Then turning, one the other thus address'd.

“ He by the action of his throat appears

Alive ; if dead—what privilege has he,

That as he walks no weighty robe he bears ?”

“ O Tuscan, thou who comest,” they exclaim, 91

“ To this sad college of hypocrisy,

Deign to inform us what may be thy name.”

I answer'd : “ At that city was I born

Laved by fair Arno as she floweth by ;

And this the body I have always worn.

But who are ye, whose grief adown your cheeks 97

Flows, as I see, with so profuse a tide ?

And what affliction thus a passage seeks ?”

“ So overwhelming is the ponderous lead,

Which lines our orange mantles,” one replied,

“ That sighs burst hissing from the o'erbalanced head.

We both were of Bologna, jolly friars, 103

I Catalano, Loderingo he,—

Elected by your country for umpires,

As some unbiass'd man is by the state

Oft chosen to keep peace :—and such were we,

As still is witness'd in Gardingo's fate.”

- "Friars," I began, "your vile hypocrisies". . . 109  
 But check'd myself; for lo! one crucified,  
 And staked to earth, appear'd before my eyes.  
 On seeing me, throughout his frame he writhed. —  
 Friar Catalan, who straight his plight descried,  
 As through his beard with many a sigh he breath'd,  
 Exclaim'd: "Before thee lies transfix'd, the shade 115  
 Who counsel gave, that for the people's weal  
 A victim for expediency be made.  
 Prostrate he lies and naked on the road,  
 As thou behold'st; and 'tis his fate to feel  
 Each traveller's weight, and groan beneath the load.  
 In the same ditch his Father Annas lies, 121  
 And all the rest who of that counsel were,  
 Which to the Jews caused such calamities."  
 Then saw I Virgil marvelling awhile  
 To see him stretch'd so despicably there,  
 And doom'd for ever to such base exile.  
 Next of the friar he sought intelligence: 127  
 "Unless ye are forbidden—tell," he said,  
 "If on the right lies any opening hence,  
 By which we both in safety may retire,  
 And leave the baleful pit, nor ought of aid  
 From the black angels on our road require?"

He answer'd him : " More near than you suppose, 133

From the main circle juts a rocky bridge,

Whose arch o'er all the deep entrenchment goes :

Here it is broken, and no passage lends :

But ye may clamber o'er its ruin'd ridge,

Which in a heap above the foss extends."

Awhile my leader stood with downcast look, 139

Then said : " Most false intelligence was his

Who yonder rends the sinners with his hook."

To him the friar : " Much of the devil's vice

Erewhile I at Bologna heard ;—and this—

' He is a liar, and father of all lies.' "

With mighty strides my guide indignant sped, ' 145

Anger depicted slightly on his face :

Wherefore I left these souls oppress'd by lead,

The much loved footsteps of my guide to trace.

#### NOTES.

Page 199. (Line 4.) A frog offered to carry a mouse across a ditch, with the intention of drowning him, when both were borne off by a kite. (7.) The original words *mo* and *issa* signify " now."

Page 201. (Line 37.) The picture is here given, after Dante's peculiar manner, in a few strokes. Rapidity both of thought and expression are most remarkable in the succeeding verses of the original. (59.) The Hypocrites.

Page 202. (Line 66.) Frederick the Second punished those guilty of treason by covering them with leaden caps, and then casting them into a furnace. This example had been set by the Popes. See *Ducange*, *Glos. v. Cappa Plumbea*.

Page 203. (Line 105.) In the year 1266, Florence being torn by the contending parties of the Guelfs and Ghibellins, it was agreed to appoint two governors from another country, who would be free from prejudice, and administer justice impartially. This good intention was defeated by the unfortunate choice made of two Bolognese knights of the order of *Frati Godenti*, N. Catalano and M. Loderingo. Great dependence was placed on the character of the order; and by their pretended virtues were the Florentines deceived. These two hypocrites, chosen to act as mediators, and preserve peace in the city, abused their power to promote their own interests. Bribed to support the Guelfs, they drove out the Ghibellins, and destroyed the houses of the family of the Uberti, which were in the street called Gardingo. See *Villani*, b. vii. c. 13.

Page 205. (Line 139.) "Virgil, ashamed of having given credence to Malacoda, whom he had consulted about the road (canto xxi. 111.) stands awhile in thought, and then exclaims against his duplicity."—*Rosetti*. (142.) Some irony seems intended relative to the University of Bologna. (145.) Virgil goes off in haste, indignant at having been deceived.



## CANTO XXIV.

## ARGUMENT.

DANTE is alarmed at the appearance of Virgil, whose countenance betrays his fears. He receives comfort and assistance from his guide; and with great difficulty is enabled to reach the seventh division, where the thieves are persecuted by a swarm of serpents. Among these he meets with Vanni Fucci of Pistoia, who predicts the calamities of that city and of Florence.

IN the new year, when Sol his tresses gay 1  
 Dips in Aquarius, and the tardy night  
 Divides her empire with the lengthening day,—  
 When o'er the earth the hoar frost pure and bright  
 Assumes the image of her sister white,  
 Then quickly melts before the genial light—  
 The rustic, now exhausted his supply, 7  
 Rises betimes—looks out—and sees the land  
 All white around, whereat he strikes his thigh—  
 Turns back—and grieving—wanders here and there,  
 Like one disconsolate and at a stand;  
 Then issues forth, forgetting his despair,

For lo ! the face of nature he beholds 13  
     Changed on a sudden,—takes his crook again,  
     And drives his flocks to pasture from the folds.  
 With such alarm the master fill'd my breast,  
     Soon as his troubled visage met my ken ;  
     And with such speed the mischief was redrest :  
 For when we reach'd the broken bridge, my guide 19  
     Turn'd himself to me with as sweet a look  
     As when I saw him by the mountain side.  
 The rugged steep minutely he survey'd,  
     And counsel with himself awhile he took,  
     Then in his arms upbore me undismay'd :  
 And like a man who on some work employ'd 25  
     Looks in advance beyond him ;—even so  
     My guide, whilst o'er one crag my weight he buoy'd,  
 Still tow'rd's another cast his eager eye,  
     Exclaiming : “ Grasp that firmly ; but first know  
     That on its strength thou fully may'st rely.”  
 No road for lead-capp'd travellers this indeed : 31  
     For he though light, and I from stone to stone  
     Assisted on, could scarce with toil proceed :  
 And if that rugged precinct's steep ascent  
     Had not been shorter than the adjoining one,  
     His fate I know not—I had been o'erspent.

But Malebolgë, since throughout it lies 37

All sloping down tow'rds hell's profoundest deep,

One side of every valley thus must rise—

The other fall. At last we forced our way

Up to the summit of the shatter'd steep,

Where the last stone, a massy fragment, lay.

So fail'd the breath within my lungs, what time 43

I reach'd the height, that on a crag I sate,

No strength remaining, other rocks to climb.

“Now must thou shake off sloth,” my guide began ;

“For not beneath rich canopies of state,

On beds of down, can Fame be won by man :—

And he who sinks unhonour'd to the grave, 49

Leaves of himself on earth such vestige slight,

As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave.

Arise then, and o'er sloth a conquest gain

By strength of mind, which wins in every fight,

Unless the body's cumbrous weight restrain.

A longer flight of steps thou yet must scale ; 55

Think not—these perils pass'd—to take thy rest :

If well thou mark me, let my words avail.”

Then I arose, and with my voice display'd

Far better lungs than I in truth possess'd ;

“Let's on—for I am bold and nought dismay'd.”

Among the rocks our upward course we bent, 61  
Through craggy ways that scarce a track supplied ;  
And steeper than before was the ascent.  
Still by the way, for fear of seeming weak,  
I held discourse ; when from the foss beside  
Came presently a voice unapt to speak :  
I know not what it said, although I stood 67  
High on the arch which spans that fearful ground ;  
But he who spake appear'd in angry mood.  
I stoop'd me down ; but, though with life endued,  
Mine eyes pierced not the gloomy pit profound ;  
Wherefore I said : “ O master, it were good,  
Descending by the wall, this round to leave ; 73  
For hence I hear, but do not understand,  
So down I look, but nought do I perceive.”  
“ My answer is—to do thy will”—said he ;  
“ For every modest and sincere demand  
Met by fulfilment, not by words, should be.”  
The bridge we then descended from the height, 79  
Where to the eighth embankment it is join'd ;  
And thence appear'd the baleful pit in sight.  
Within—a crowd of serpents I behold,  
So hideous and diversified in kind,  
That at the very thought my blood runs cold.

Not even Lybia, with her fruitful sand, 85  
     More Cenchris, and more Jaculi can boast,  
     Or Amphisbæna, in her scorching land ;  
 Though Ethiopia also should have brought  
     Her many poisons ; and the Red sea's coast  
     Add all the pests with which her soil is fraught.  
 Among this swarm, most loathsome to survey, 91  
     Ran spirits naked, and with terror pale :  
     No hiding place, no heliotrope had they.  
 Their hands with serpents were behind them bound ;  
     These through their loins thrust forth the head and tail,  
     Which meeting in the front were coil'd around.  
 Lo, near the bank, on which our feet we stay'd, 97  
     A serpent rose, and pierced the form of one,  
     Where to the neck is join'd the shoulder blade.  
 So quickly ne'er was written O, or I,  
     As he took fire and burnt, and, falling prone,  
     Was turn'd to ashes instantaneously.  
 While thus upon the ground his dust was strew'd, 103  
     Spontaneous it collected on the plain,  
     And suddenly its former shape renew'd.  
 So—as by mighty sages we are told,  
     The Phœnix dies, and springs to life again,  
     When o'er her head five hundred years have roll'd :

Nor grain, nor herb she tastes, with life endow'd, 109

But cinnamon and tears of frankincense ;

And myrrh and spikenard form her latest shroud.

And e'en as one that falleth to the ground,

And knows not whether demon violence,

Or epileptic fit his sense hath bound—

When he arises, turns his eyes around, 115

All stupified with anguish, and at gaze

Stands, as distracted, uttering sighs profound ;

So that vile sinner speedily arose.

Oh how severe the justice God displays,

Inflicting in his wrath such deadly blows !

“What was his name ?” enquired my faithful guide: 121

“Not long ago, from Tuscany I came,

Rain'd down to this dire gullet,” he replied :

“I led the life of beasts and not of men—

Mule that I was ; Van Fucci is my name,

And foul Pistoia was my worthy den.”

I to my guide : “Entreat him to remain, 127

And ask the crime for which he here is pent ;

I knew ~~him erst~~, defiled with bloody stain.”

Dissembled not the thief when this was said ;

But straight to me his soul and look he bent,

With melancholy hue of shame o'erspread :

And in these words began : " More am I grieved 133  
     That thou hast found me in this wretched hole,  
     Than all I suffer'd, when of life bereaved :  
 Thy wishes I no longer can deny.—  
     Here am I thrust so low because I stole  
     The hallow'd treasures of the sacristy :  
 One who was innocent incurr'd the blame. 139  
     If e'er released from this dark pit thou be,  
     Lest aught of joy thou reap for this my shame—  
 Open thine ears, and hear what I declare :  
     First shall the Neri from Pistoia flee :  
     Her race and laws shall Florence then forswear.  
 From Valdimagra Mars collects around 145  
     A vapour, wrapt with clouds o'ercharged and fell ;  
     Which thence, with tempest fierce, and angry sound,  
 Shall clash in combat on Piceno's plain ;  
     Whence suddenly the cloud he shall dispel,  
     Whereby shall each Bianco there be slain ;  
 This, to o'erwhelm thee with despair, I tell." 151

## NOTES.

Page 207. (Line 1.) At the end of January the sun enters into Aquarius. "The opening of this canto, and this new simile, taken from Nature itself, possesses great beauty."—

*Biagioli.* "In no writer, not even in Homer, have the similes more life and variety than in Dante."—*Ugo Foscolo. Edinb. Review.* Vol. xxix. "Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh."—*Jeremiah, xxxi. 19.* "Δή 'ρα τοτ' ἔμωξεν τε, καὶ ἠ πεπληγγοτο μηρῷ."—*Homer. Iliad, xii. 162.*

Page 209. (Line 37.) i.e., Since the whole region of Malebolgë slopes towards the centre, every part must possess the same inclination. (47.)

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

*Milton. Lycidas, 70.*

"But Fame, with golden wings aloft doth fly,  
Above the reach of ruinous decay;  
And with brave plumes doth beat the azure skie,  
Admired of base born men from far away."

*Spenser. Ruines of Time.*

"Renown is not the child of indolent repose."

*Thomson. Castle of Indolence.*

"Εἰ δὲ τίς ὄλβος ἐν ἀν—

θρώποισιν, ἀνευ καμάτων

ε φαίνεται."—*Pindar. Pythii Ult.*

(55.) The mountain of Purgatory.

Page 211. (Line 93.) Heliotrope was supposed to possess the power of counteracting poison, and rendering persons invisible. The fraudulent are tortured by serpents, the emblem of their crime. (107.)

"Una est, quæ reparaet, seque ipsa reseminet, ales;  
Assyrii Phœnica vocant:—non fruge, neque herbis,  
Sed thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi."

*Ovid. Met. xv. 392.*



“That holy bird

Who sings at the last his own death's lay,  
And in music and perfume dies away.”

*Moore. Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

“And though her body dies, her fame revives.”

*Milton. Samp. Agon.*

(112.) This passage would almost seem to have been translated by Walter Scott. “Like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force, which crushes him to the earth without power of resistance.”—*Ivanhoe*, vol. i. cap. vii. p. 86, 1837. (125.) Vanni Fucci was a natural child of the family of Lazari, in Pistoia, and of the Neri party—a man of infamous character.

Page 213. (Line 133.) “Vanni Fucci is ashamed of being found by a Bianco in such a humiliating situation among the robbers.”—*Rossetti*. (139.) Having robbed the church of St. James, in Pistoia, Vanni Fucci charged Vanni della Monna with the sacrilege, who was put to death in consequence (142.) Vanni Fucci, in revenge, foretels the circumstances that led to Dante's banishment, viz. the division of the Guelf party into the Neri and Bianchi, which originated at Pistoia. See note, canto vi. 60. (145.) “The commentators explain this prophetic threat to allude to the victory obtained by the Marquis Morello Malaspina, of Valdimagra, a tract of country now called the Lunigiana, who put himself at the head of the Neri, and defeated their opponents the Bianchi in the Campo Piceno, near Pistoia.”—*Cary*.

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## CANTO XXV.

## ARGUMENT.

THE blasphemy of Fucci: he is seized by serpents; and, endeavouring to escape, is pursued by Cacus in the form of a Centaur, who is described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders, breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of whom undergo a most marvellous transformation in his presence.

His speech thus closed,—the thief insultingly 1  
 Pointed his hands in scornful gesture vile,  
 Exclaiming: “Take them, God, they are for thee.”  
 I from that instant was the serpent’s friend;  
 For one about his throat enwreath’d its coil,  
 As though it said: “No more shalt thou offend.”  
 Another clasp’d his arms; and like a chain 7  
 Was riveted in front of him so fast,  
 That all attempt to move had been in vain.  
 Pistoia! ah Pistoia! it is time  
 That fire consumed thee, since thou hast surpast  
 Thy very forefathers in height of crime!

No soul throughout the murky rounds of hell           13  
     Tow'rds God beheld I manifest such pride ;—  
     Not he, from Thebes' high battlements who fell.  
 He fled—nor spoke again :—then did I see  
     A Centaur coming, full of rage, who cried :  
     “ This impious, foul blasphemer—where is he ?”  
 More snakes were hissing on his turgid hip           19  
     Than in Maremma's marsh their coils are wreathing,  
     E'en reaching upward to his very lip.  
 Behind the neck, upon his shoulder, lay  
     A dragon fierce, with ample pinions, breathing  
     Fierce flames of fire on all who cross'd his way.  
 “ Cacus is this,” my faithful master said,           25  
     “ Who in the cave of Aventine erewhile  
     A lake of blood full many a time hath made.  
 Not with his brethren doth he onward hie  
     In the same path ;—since he with fraud and guile  
     Captur'd the mighty herd which pastured nigh.  
 But ceased his deeds of evil, when were dealt           31  
     A hundred blows by the Herculean mace ;  
     Though scarcely ten perhaps the robber felt.”  
 My guide thus speaking, Cacus straight was gone,  
     When lo, three spirits we beneath us trace,  
     Of whose arrival warning had we none ;

Till on a sudden, "Who are ye?" they cry; 37

Wherefore we ceased discoursing as we went,  
And fix'd on them alone our eager eye.

I knew them not; but so it did befall,

(As often comes to pass by accident)

That one had need another's name to call,

Exclaiming: "Where can Cianfa now be gone?" 43

Whereat my guide's attention to engage,

I raised my finger to my lip anon.

No wonder, reader, should'st thou disbelieve

What now will be unfolded in my page,

For I who saw it scarce can credit give.

Whilst upon them mine eyes attentive hung, 49

A serpent with six feet like lightning sped

Full in the front of one, and to him clung.

His middle feet he round his paunch did wreathe,

And o'er his arms his foremost feet outspread;

Then fix'd in either cheek his savage teeth.

Stretch'd o'er the thighs the hinder feet remain'd; 55

And 'twixt them both he made his tail protrude,

Which up the loins behind he had chain'd.

So closely ne'er did circling ivy bind

An aged tree, as round his limbs were glued

Those of the horrid beast about them twined.

Then were they mingled, e'en as they had been      61  
Of melted wax, in selfsame hues array'd ;  
And which was which no longer could be seen,—  
Like burning paper, when there glides before  
The advancing flame a brown and dingy shade,  
Which is not black, and yet is white no more.  
In wonder lost the other two stood near,      67  
' And cried : " Agnello, oh how altered thou !  
Behold nor two nor one dost thou appear."  
Already the two heads were grown to one ;  
When the two aspects disappearing, now  
One face, partaking of the twain, was shown.  
Two arms were visible where four had been ;      73  
The thighs, the legs, the belly, and the chest  
Became such limbs as never yet were seen.  
All vestige of the former shape was gone ;  
Nor one, nor two the unsightly frame express'd ;  
And in such guise it moved full slowly on.  
As underneath the dog-star's scorching ray,      79  
The lizard, darting swift from fence to fence,  
Appears like lightning if he cross the way ;—  
So, to the stomach of the other twain,  
A viper came, inflamed with violence,  
As black and livid as a pepper grain :

And in that part whence first our embryo strength 85

Is drawn, he pierced one shade, then fell below,  
In front of him extended all his length.

Him view'd the transfixt spirit, but was dumb ;

And standing motionless, he yawn'd, as though  
By sleep or fever he were overcome.

He eyed the snake, the snake that look gave back ; 91

One from his wound, the other hard and strong

Fumed through his mouth, while mix'd the vapours

Now let Nasidius' and Sabellus' fate [black.

No more be made a boast in Lucan's song,

And let him list the tale I here relate.

Silent be Ovid ;—though his poetry 97

Changed Arethusa to a fount of old,

And Cadmus to a snake, no jealousy have I.

For ne'er two natures changed he face to face,

So that they both assumed the other's mould,

And each the other's substance did embrace.

Their limbs in such exact accordance meet, 103

That to a fork his tail the serpent cleft ;

The wounded shade united both his feet.

Connected each with each, the legs and thighs

So closely clung, that soon, combined, they left

No trace of junction to our wondering eyes.

The cloven tail that shape did now assume 109

Lost by the other ; soft one's skin was made,

Meanwhile the other's harden'd in its room.

Arms into armpits enter'd—strange to view ;

And as the beast's short feet new length display'd,

The long feet of the other shorter grew.

His hinder feet, now twisted into one, 115

Were straightway seen another form to wear :

And with the other was like marvel done.

Both with new colours doth the smoke o'erlay ;

And in the skin of one is gendered hair,

While from the other's skin it falls away.

The man arose ;—the serpent fell below ; 121

Though still the while those impious eyeballs gazed

Upon the change each face did undergo.

His face the erect one tow'rds his temples drew,

And thence from the superfluous matter raised

On either side, the ears spontaneous grew.

That superfluity which yet remain'd 127

A nostril to the impious face appears ;

And the two lips their proper size attain'd.

He who lay prone prolongeth now his chin,

Within his head contracting both his ears,

E'en as a snail, when he his horns draws in.

- The tongue, which, undivided, freely spoke, 133  
 Now splits in twain, while the other's forks unite :  
 Whereat their breathing ceased, and ceased the smoke.
- The soul, transformed into a brute, now hies  
 Hissing along the vale ; the one upright  
 Spits after him contemptuous, as he flies ;
- Then scornful turn'd on him his shoulders new, 139  
 And to the other spoke : " Let Buoso now,  
 E'en like to me, all-fours his way pursue."
- Such changes did the seventh round present ;  
 And I the plea of novelty avow,  
 If here my verse decline embellishment.
- And though confusion overwhelm'd mine eye, 145  
 And into amazement too my mind was thrown,  
 These shades could not escape so secretly,  
 But that I recognized Sciancato, who  
 Of the three comrades that came first, alone  
 Had not been alter'd to some figure new :
- The other's death thou, Gaville, dost atone. 151

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 NOTES.

Page 216. (Line 12.) It was a prevailing opinion that the people of Pistoia were descended from the followers of Cataline, who, according to Sallust, took refuge there.



Page 217. (Line 15.) Capaneus, of whom see canto xiv. 46, and notes. (20.) Maremma is a low marshy tract near Siena, on the coast of Tuscany. "Further south is the Maremma, a region, which, though now worse than a desert, is supposed to have been anciently both fertile and healthy. The very air is only a pool of vapours, which sometimes undulate, but never flow off. It draws corruption from a rank unshorn vegetation, from innumerable insects, from living and dead reptiles and fish."—*Forsyth's Italy*, p. 126. (25.) For a description of the monster Cacus, see Virgil. *Æn.* viii. 194, &c.

Page 218. (Line 43.) Cianfa was one of the family of the Donati at Florence. "To understand the exclamation, it must be remembered that the three spirits who lately arrived had been in company with Cianfa; and he, it seems, remained behind. This gave rise to the question asked by Agnello Brunelleschi, where he was. In the mean time Cianfa is changed into a serpent, and returns to seize on Agnello."—*Rossetti*.

Page 219. (Line 67.) Buoso degli Abati—a Florentine, also of Donati's family, mentioned line 141, and Puccio Sciancati—a noted robber, alluded to, line 148. (83.) The viper is Francesco Guercio Cavalcante. See line 151, and note.

Page 220. (Line 94.) These were two Roman soldiers in Cato's army, who were stung by serpents. Lucan relates that the latter fell instantly into ashes.—*Phars.* ix. 766. (97.) See *Metam.* book v, 573.

Page 222. (Line 133.) According to the vulgar error the serpent's tongue is forked. (148.) Of Sciancato, see note, line 67. (151.) Guercio Cavalcante, a robber, was killed at Gaville, in the Valdarno; and his death was cruelly avenged by his faction, who slew the inhabitants, and wasted the country with fire and sword.

## CANTO XXVI.

## A R G U M E N T.

DANTE reproaches Florence in an ironical strain, on meeting with five of his countrymen among the thieves. Remounting the steps which the poets had descended to the seventh gulf, they proceed to the arch that stretches over the eighth; and from thence behold numerous flames, in which are punished evil counsellors. Diomed and Ulysses:—the latter relates his adventures and the manner of his death.

EXULT, O Florence, in so great a fame, 1  
 Your wings are waving over land and sea;  
 And e'en through hell resounds your mighty name!  
 Among the robbers I discover'd five,—  
 Your citizens,—five such—it shameth me;  
 Nor great the reputation you derive.  
 But if, as morning rises, dreams are true, 7  
 Erelong you shall experience all the ill  
 Prato and other towns would have you rue.  
 Had it arrived, too soon it would not be;  
 I wish it had, since come at last it will;  
 And, growing old, the greater grief to me.

Departing, we ascend a staircase rude, 18

Carved in the rock down which we lately went :

My guide preceded—I his steps pursued.

Wending our way, thus desolate and lone,

'Mid rugged crags and dire impediment,

We grasp'd with feet and hands the jutting stone.

Then did I grieve, and now I grieve again, 19

When I consider what there met mine eyes ;

And, more than I am wont, my mind restrain,

Lest, uncontroll'd by virtue, it be driven,

And I abuse those better faculties,

Or favouring star, or higher Power hath given.

What time the sun least hides his glorious face, 25

And with his lustre gilds the glowing sky,

When to the gnat the buzzing fly gives place ;—

As many fire-flies as the rustie sees

Down in the vale, where field and vineyard lie,

Whilst on the hill his limbs recline at ease ;

With flames so numerous shone, all gleaming bright, 31

The eighth abyss, as I with steady eyes

Discern'd, when of the depth we gain'd a sight.

As he, whose wrongs did savage bears resent,

Beheld Elijah's ear from earth arise,

By fiery steeds borne up heaven's steep ascent,—

And as its course he follow'd with his eye, 37  
     Nought could perceive except the flame alone,  
     Ascending like a little cloud on high ;—  
 So moved each flame at the entrance of the cave ;  
     And none its prey disclosed ;—yet every one  
     A furtive shelter to some sinner gave.  
 When looking down, I bent me o'er the bridge,— 43  
     Though none impell'd, I should have fall'n below,  
     Had I not firmly grasp'd a rocky ridge.  
 My guide, who saw me thus attentive, cried :  
     “ Within the fires are spirits, rack'd by woe,  
     Who in this scorching garb their persons hide.”  
 “ Master,” I said, “ thy words have from my mind 49  
     All doubt removed ;—that so it was, erewhile  
     I fancied, and to tell thee felt inclined.  
 Whose flame is that before us, cleft in twain,  
     Which seems as if uprising from the pile,  
     Where lay Eteocles and his brother slain ?”  
 “ Ulysses,” answer'd he, “ and Diomed 55  
     Within are tortured ; and with equal course  
     Hasten to pain, as erst to wrath they sped :  
 Pent in one flame, the treacherous horse they rue,  
     That fatal ambushade, the destin'd source  
     From which their noble seed the Romans drew :

There mourn the fraud, whence her Achilles' fate 61

Doth e'en in death Déidamia wail ;

And the Palladium draws down vengeance great."

"If they within these fires may speak," I cried,

"I pray thee now,—and let this prayer avail—

This single prayer for thousand prayers beside—

Here for awhile thy progress to delay, 67

Until the horned flame approacheth nigh :—

Behold how anxiously I bend that way."

To me he answer gave : "Full well thy prayer

Deserves my praise, and therefore I comply ;

But from addressing them thyself, forbear :

Be mine to speak—for I already know 73

What thou would'st say ; these Grecians, in their pride

Might not on thee perhaps their words bestow."

When now the flame was seen that place to reach

Which seem'd appropriate to my faithful guide,

In words like these I heard him frame his speech.

"Ye spirits twain, within one fire contain'd,— 79

Your gratitude, however slight the share,

If e'er, while living upon earth, I gain'd,

What time I sung my lofty minstrelsy,—

Here tarry ; and let one of you declare,

Where self-devoted he lay down to die."

The larger horn of that old flame began 85  
     To curl itself, and then in murmurs broke,  
     E'en like a fire that labouring breezes fan :  
 Then, moving here and there in many a wave,  
     The crest, as though it were a tongue that spake,  
     Burst forth articulate, and utterance gave.  
 " On leaving Circe, who detain'd me more 91  
     Than twelve full months, Gaieta's headland near,  
     Ere yet Æneas thus had named the shore ;—  
 Nor fondness for my son, nor care for thee,  
     My aged Sire, nor love's requital dear,  
     To fill with joy thy heart, Penelope,  
 Could in my mind the strong desire arrest 97  
     To learn experience in the affairs of man ;—  
     What virtues, and what vices rule his breast.  
 O'er the deep waters of the boundless main,  
     In one lone bark, my course I dauntless ran,  
     With the few faithful friends that form'd my train .  
 As far as Spain I either coast descried, 103  
     Far as Morocco and Sardinia's shore,  
     And other isles wash'd by that circling tide.  
 My friends and I were worn, and full of days,  
     When we that strait arrived at, where of yore  
     Did Hercules his warning pillars raise,

- Lest man to pass the barrier dread presume. 109  
 Seville was left behind us on our right ;  
 On the other hand was Ceuta lost in gloom.
- ‘ Comrades,’ I said, ‘ who now have reach’d the west,  
 And won your way through perils infinite,—  
 Short is the space ere all will be at rest ;
- Let each then rouse his drooping energies 115  
 That land without inhabitants to find—  
 Still unexplored, which to the westward lies.
- Bear your illustrious origin in view ;  
 For not to live like brutes were ye design’d,  
 But knowledge high and virtue to pursue !
- This brief oration, to my comrades made, 121  
 Avail’d so much their ardour to excite,  
 It could not afterwards have been allay’d.
- The poop now turning tow’rds the morning sun,  
 We plied our oars to wing our foolish flight ;  
 And on the left hand still our sea-way won.
- The stars that o’er the other pole are spread 127  
 That night I saw, while our’s was so deprest,  
 It rose not higher than the ocean’s bed.
- Five times the moon had shed her brightest ray,  
 As oft was robb’d of her transparent vest,  
 Since first we enter’d on our mighty way—

When, dim in distance, rear'd its brow on high      138  
 A mountain—which, now bursting on our view,  
 Appear'd the loftiest that e'er met mine eye.  
 Great was our joy—a joy soon turn'd to woe—  
 For rushing from the land unknown and new,  
 A whirlwind sprang, and with one fearful blow  
 Thrice drove the vessel and the waters round ;      139  
 The poop ascended as the fourth wave rose ;  
 The prow lay buried in the depth profound,  
 And o'er our heads did ocean's waters close."

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 NOTES.

Page 224. (Line 1.) This exclamation is a bitter irony, as shown by the second stanza, which refers to the five citizens mentioned in the last canto. (7.) See *Purg.* ix. 18. (9.) The calamities were a dreadful conflagration that destroyed above 1700 of the principal houses in Florence, the falling in of a bridge over the Arno, on which a vast multitude were assembled, and, generally, the discord and sanguinary battles between the Neri and Bianchi, in 1304. The apparent prediction was written after the events took place. Prato is a town in the neighbourhood of Florence. In the following lines Dante alludes to his own approaching banishment.

Page 225. (Line 21.) Dante is just come in sight of the evil Counsellors, and is led to indulge in some reflections on his own conduct. "When I reflect on the punishment allotted



to those who do not give sincere and upright advice to others, I am more anxious than ever not to abuse to so bad a purpose those talents, whatever they may be, which Nature, or rather Providence, has conferred on me." "It is probable that this declaration was the result of real feeling in the mind of Dante, whose political character would have given great weight to any opinion or party he had espoused, and to whom indigence and exile might have offered strong temptations to deviate from that line of conduct which a strict sense of duty prescribed."—*Cary*.

Page 226. (Line 54.) The enmity of the two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, is represented to have been so inveterate that the fire, which consumed their bodies on the same funeral pile, refused to unite, and divided itself into two distinct flames.—*Statius, Theb.* xii. 430; *Lucan*, i. 145. (57.) As Ulysses and Diomed were in their life time associated in deeds of treachery and violence, so are they now united in suffering and torment. (60.) To the invention of the wooden horse was owing the fate of Troy; and that fate was the cause of Æneas' voyage and settlement in Italy. See *Æn.* vi. 515.

Page 227. (Line 61.) Ulysses is punished for the deceit he used towards Achilles, to induce him to join the Grecians in the siege of Troy; telling him the prediction of the oracle, that without his aid Troy could not be taken, but suppressing that part which foretold his death as a consequence. Achilles abandoned Deidamia to go to the wars; and her grief is represented here to have been so great as to have continued even after death. (63.) The misery of Ulysses and Diomed is increased by the remembrance of their deceitful expedition by night, when they slew the guards of the temple, and carried off the Palladium. (65.) The similarity of Dante and Shak-

spears here is remarkable, "Assai ten priego, e repriego, che'l priego vaglia mille." "My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make than thanks,

And thanks, and ever thanks."—*Twelfth Night*. iii. 3.

(75.) Either because Dante was a Roman, descended from their enemies the Trojans, or because he was as yet a person unknown to fame. (83.) Meaning Ulysses.

Page 228. (Line 93.) So named from Æneas's nurse.

"Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix,

Æternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti."—*Æn.* vii. 1.

Page 229. (Line 112.)

"O socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,

O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem."—*Æn.* i. 198.

"O fortes, pejoraque passi

Mecum sæpe viri."—*Horace. Carm.* vii. 30.

(116.) Gibraltar, called the pillar of Hercules, line 108, was supposed to be the limit of the habitable world. That Ulysses perished in an attempt to pass the Straits is an opinion taken from Pliny, and adopted by Tasso. (119.) "Be ye not like to horse and mule," &c.—*Psalms* xxxii. 9. And *Hamlet*. act iv.,

"What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep, and feed?—a beast;—no more."

(125.) The idea is from Virgil's "remigium alarum," *Æn.* vi. and Lucan's "Remigio oblitæ remorum vela remittunt."—*B.* vi. Thus Æschylus. "πτερυγων ἐρετμοῖσιν ἐρεσσόμενοι."—*Agamemnon*. First Chorus. And Homer. "Οὐδ' ἐνὴρ' ἐρετμὰ, τὰ τε πτερὰ νηυσὶ πέλονται."—*Od.* λ. 124.

Page 230. (Line 139.) From Virgil. *Æn.* i. 116.

"Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem

Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex."

CANTO XXVII.

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ARGUMENT.

COUNT Guido di Montefeltro, another evil counsellor, holds a conversation with Dante from within the fire. The Count attributes his wretched fate to the artful persuasions of Pope Boniface, who had promised him absolution for the crime he required him to commit.

Now rose the flame with calm and upright spire,           1

Its speech concluded—and prepared to go,

Since the sweet poet granted its desire,

When from behind another came in sight,

Which, sending forth a moan, confused and low,

Our eyes attracted to its curling height.

As the Sicilian bull (which roar'd of old                       7

First with his shrieks, as justly came to pass,

Whose cruel hand had wrought the monstrous mould)

Rebellow'd loudly with the sufferer's cry,

So that, all fashion'd as it was of brass,

It seem'd to be transpierced by agony ;

In mode like this—no way or outlet found— 13  
 The miserable words that first did flow  
 Changed to the flame's own voice their proper sound.  
 But when, a passage won, the flames display'd  
 Their summits—quivering, as the tongue below  
 Imparted the direction they obey'd—  
 These words broke forth : “ O thou, to whom I speak,  
 In Lombard phrase but lately heard to say, 20  
 ‘Thou may'st depart—from thee no more I seek'—  
 Though somewhat tardily to thee I came,  
 Grieve not to pause and hold discourse, I pray ;  
 Thou seest it grieves not me, though wrapt in flame.  
 If to this glooming world thou hast of late 25  
 Been hurried downward from fair Italy,  
 That land belov'd, whence all my crimes I date—  
 Say, if Romagna is at peace or war ?  
 For 'mid the hills that 'twixt Urbino lie  
 And those whence Tiber springs, my birth I draw.”  
 Still was I bending down to hear the flame, 31  
 When suddenly mine escort touch'd my side,  
 Saying : “ Speak thou, for he from Latium came.”  
 And I, whose answer was already framed,  
 Without delay obey'd my faithful guide :  
 “ O thou secreted spirit !” I exclaim'd,—

- “Devoid of war within her tyrant’s breast 37  
     Romagna is not now, nor e’er hath been ;  
     But when I left her, war was then suppress’d.  
 Unchanged for years remains Ravenna’s land ;  
     There broods Polenta’s eagle, so that e’en  
     O’er Cervia too its ample wings expand.  
 In Forli, which such long resistance made, 43  
     And with the Frenchman’s blood the soil embrued,  
     The green arms of the Lion are obey’d.  
 The mastiffs of Verucchio, young and old,  
     Whose hands, with slaughter stain’d, Montagna rued,  
     Pierce with their teeth, and suck the prey they hold.  
 There, where Santerno and Lamone glide, 49  
     The Lion of the snowy field commands,  
     Who, each returning autumn, changes side.  
 That town, whose bank by Savio’s stream is laved,  
     E’en as between the plain and mount she stands,  
     So liveth, partly free, and part enslaved.  
 But who thou art, I prithee, tell me now ; 55  
     Be not more niggard then the rest ;—so may  
     Thy name on earth uphold a lofty brow.”  
 Then, when in its peculiar way had roar’d  
     The fire awhile, its top was seen to play  
     This way and that ;—anon a blast it pour’d :

" Could I believe my answer would be made 61  
     To one who ever might the world regain,  
     This flame should rest in peace, nor more be sway'd ;  
 But since no living soul, if true it be  
     What I have heard, e'er left this gulph of pain,—  
     Fearless of infamy, I answer thee.

A soldier once—I next around me tied 67  
     St. Francis' cord, in hopes to expiate crime ;  
     And truly had those hopes been verified,  
 But that the mighty Priest, whom evil take,  
     Allured me to my sins a second time ;  
     And how, and why, I will disclosure make.

While yet a form of flesh and bone was mine, 73  
     (My mother's gift,) my deeds resembled less  
     Those of the lion than the fox :—so fine  
 The artifice with which I play'd my game,  
     So exquisite my cunning and address,  
     The world's far limits sounded with my fame.

But when I saw that time of life begin, 76  
     When every man, the port approaching, ought  
     To coil the ropes, and take the canvass in ;—  
 What first had pleased me, irksome seem'd to grow ;  
     And to repentance and confession brought,  
     I had been blest ;—alas, now plunged in woe !

The haughty prince of Modern Pharisees, 85  
     Who near the Lateran had his army brought ;  
     And not 'gainst Moors or Jewish enemies,  
 (For all were Christians whom his vengeful hand  
     Opposed ; and none at Acre's siege had fought,  
     Or e'er had traffick'd in the Sultan's land,)  
 Regarded not his own exalted state, 91  
     And holy office, nor my sacred cord,  
     Which should the form it girds attenuate ;  
 But, as of old, to cure his leprosy,  
     Silvester was by Constantine implored ;—  
     So in commanding tone he call'd on me  
 To mitigate the fever of his pride : 97  
     He ask'd my counsel, but I answer'd not,  
     Deeming his words to drunkenness allied,  
 Again he said to me : ' Be not afraid—  
     I do absolve thee ;—tell me by what plot  
     May Pellestrino in the dust be laid.  
 Heaven, as thou know'st, I have the power at will 103  
     To lock or unlock ; hence the keys are twain,  
     Which erst my predecessor prized so ill.'  
 Then had his cogent arguments full sway,  
     For silence could procure me little gain ;  
     And I : ' O Father, since you wash away

The sin I am about to perpetrate,— 109

Large be your promise—your performance slack,—  
Thus will you triumph in your high estate.'

When I was dead,—to bear my soul away

Saint Francis came ; but lo ! a Cherub black

Exclaim'd : ' Forbear—nor take my lawful prey ;

Down to my herd of slaves must he repair, 115

Because he has of fraud the adviser been,

Since which, my hand hath held him by the hair.

Nought but repentance ever can absolve ;—

But to repent, and yet incline to sin,

A contradiction would in terms involve.'

Oh ! with what anguish from him did I bound, 121

When seizing me, he said : ' Perhaps you thought

I was not a logician so profound.'

He carried me to Minos, who eight times

Around him coil'd his tail, and bit it, fraught

With mighty rage :—then said : ' His are the crimes

That meet their doom within th' encircling fire,' 127

I therefore, as you see, am lost for aye,

And thus enveloped, rove in torment dire."

When he had finish'd his discourse forlorn,

The flame departed, moaning on its way,

And writhing to and fro its sharpen'd horn.



My guide and I now urged our onward way      133  
 Along the rock, till we that arch bestrode  
 That spans the foss in which their penance pay  
 Those who deserve it for the strife they sow'd.

## NOTES.

Page 233. (Line 7.) Perillus, an Athenian, to please Phalaris, the cruel tyrant of Sicily, made the figure of a bull of hollow brass, capable of containing a man within, whose screams, when the image was placed over a fire, were to represent the bellowing of the beast. Phalaris made the first experiment on the contriver.

Page 234. (Line 19.) The person who speaks is Count Guido da Montefeltro,—a man of great renown in war, who late in life assumed the Franciscan habit. See his own account of himself, line 67. (20.) This refers to the third line of the canto, where it is said, that Virgil permitted the flame, containing Ulysses and Diomed, to depart,—not mentioning the words he actually used. (26.) From this it appears Guido mistook Virgil for a condemned sinner coming to be punished. (29.) i.e. From Montefeltro, a city upon the Apennines, whence the Tiber takes its course.

Page 235. (Line 41.) Guido Novello da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna and Cervia, bore an eagle for his coat of arms; and under the likeness of a hen brooding over her eggs, Dante

describes his friend and patron as the protector of Ravenna, which had continued in a state of tranquillity for many years under that family. See *Tiraboschi Stor. dell Litt. Ital.* v. 3. Guido is enumerated among the poets of his time. See notes, canto v. He was the father of Francesca da Rimini. (43.) The city of Forli, in 1282, sustained a siege against the French, who were defeated in a sally by Guido da Montefeltro, (the spirit whom Dante addresses,) with very great slaughter. Guido, its former ruler, is informed that it is now governed by Simbaldo Ordelaffi, who had for his arms a lion vert. (46.) Malatesta, and Malatestino his son, lords of Rimini, called, from their ferocity, the mastiffs of Verucchio, which was the name of their castle. See notes to canto v. 127. (47.) Montagna was a noble knight, leader of the Ghibelline party at Rimini, murdered by the Malatestas. (49.) Upon the river Santerno is situated the town of Imola:—upon the Lamone, the town of Faenza; both subject to Machinado Pagani, whose arms were a lion azure on a field argent. He changed his politics according to circumstances; at one time a Guelf, at another a Ghibelline. (52.) The town of Cesena is upon the river Savio, at the foot of the mountain, and enjoyed a mixed government.

Page 236. (Line 70.) Pope Boniface VIII—from his duplicity called, line 85, the Prince of Modern Pharisees. See canto xix. 77.

Page 237. (Line 86.) Boniface was carrying on war against the family of Colonna, who lived near the Lateran. He did not, continues Guido, direct his arms against Turks and Infidels, nor against those renegade Christians, by whom the Saracens, in 1291, were assisted to recover St. John D'Acree, the last possession of the Christians in the Holy Land, nor

against the Jews who trafficked in the Holy Land, and sold provisions to the Turks during the siege. These were not the objects of his warfare, which was directed against Christians only, and chiefly against the Colonna family, whose houses were near the Lateran. (102.) Two cardinals of the noble house of Colonna, who possessed the town of Pellestrino, and lived like sovereign princes, opposed the election of Pope Boniface. This crime he never forgave. He published a bull against them, deposed them from the dignity of cardinals, deprived them of their revenues, and threatened with excommunication those who assisted them. They answered the bull by a manifesto, declaring that they did not recognize Boniface as Pope—that Celestine had not the power to abdicate, and that the election of a successor in his lifetime was invalid. This enraged Boniface the more. He renewed his bull, and published a crusade against them, with plenary indulgence to all who took part in it. He destroyed the palaces and goods of the Colonna near the Lateran, and laid siege to their castles in the country. But the castle of Pellestrino he was unable to take. Having heard of the fame of Count Guido Montefeltro in every kind of military stratagem, he sent for him, and brought him from Assisi, where, having renounced the world, he had become a Franciscan. By desire of Boniface, Guido examined the fortifications, and found no means of taking the place by force; but having received absolution of all his sins, both past and to come, he informed Boniface that he would succeed by making large promises with slack performance. Boniface acted on this advice—offered most advantageous conditions on a surrender, and promised to restore the Colonna to his favour. The town was given up; but the secret of Boniface's intended vengeance transpired prematurely; and

the Colonna, apprized of his intentions to put them to death, made their escape.—See *Sismondi. Hist. des Répub. Ital.* cap. xxiv.

Page 238. (Line 112.) “Yet Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee.”—*Jude*. St. Francis is represented as asking for his soul because Montefeltro late in life became a Franciscan friar. See *Purgatorio*. v. 104, where a similar contest takes place, (118.) This passage proves Dante’s opinion as to Absolution where no penitence takes place, as must necessarily be the case where Absolution is given prior to sin. Though Absolution was in this case given by the Pope himself, yet the Devil prevails, and carries off his prey, on the grounds that he was logician enough to know that repentance, (which absolution implies and requires,) is altogether inconsistent with the intent to commit sin, and is a contradiction in terms. See *Paradiso*. xxvii. 53, where Indulgences are called “privilegi venduti e mendaci,” and xxix. 120, where it is said, that if the people could but see the Devil in the cowl of the Priest who sells them, they would judge what sort of a pardon they depended upon,—thus identifying the Devil with the simoniacal Priest.

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CANTO XXVIII.

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ARGUMENT.

THEY arrive at the ninth gulf, where the sowers of scandal, schismatics, and heretics are seen with their limbs miserably mangled. Mahomet. Piero da Medicina. Curio. Mosca. Bertrand de Bornio.

WHO, e'en in language unconstrain'd by rhyme, 1  
Of all the blood and wounds I saw could speak,  
Though he described their horrors many a time ?  
No tongue forsooth but in the attempt must fail—  
Our mind too finite, and our speech too weak  
To comprehend the woes I would detail.

If in Apulia's memorable land 7  
Were all the grieving nations gather'd round,  
Who met destruction by the Romans' hand,—  
Or in that lengthen'd war incurr'd their fate,  
When erst with golden rings the spoils were crown'd,  
As Livy's faithful history doth relate ;—

Those other nations too, who were subdued 13  
 Beneath the blows of Robert Guiscard bold ;—  
 And those whose whiten'd bones may still be view'd  
 At Ceperan, that saw the Apulians fly—  
 False to their lord ; and where Alardo old  
 Near Tagliacozzo won the victory ;—  
 And all could show their suffering limbs, pierced through,  
 Or lopt away ;—nought were they to compare 20  
 With what this ninth compartment gave to view.  
 A cask, split down the middle or the end,  
 Gapes not so wide as one I witness'd there,  
 Ripp'd from the chin to where the haunches bend.  
 Between his legs the entrails hung ; meanwhile 25  
 The midriff, and the paunch were seen confest—  
 Receptacle of what is foul and vile.  
 While, all intent, on him my sight I bend,  
 He eyed me, opening with his hands his breast,  
 And said, “ Behold how I my bosom rend !  
 Behold how Mahomet is rent in twain ! 31  
 Before me, lo, rent upward from the chin  
 E'en to the brow, walks Ali, rack'd with pain :  
 And all the others, whom thou seest forlorn,  
 On earth sow'd seeds of scandal, and the sin  
 Of schism incurr'd, and therefore thus are torn.

A devil is behind us, who bestows 87

These cruel wounds with sword of sharpest steel,

And as we pass, inflicts on each fresh blows,

Oft as we traverse this accursed strand ;

Since ever and anon our gashes heal,

Ere we again in his dread presence stand.

But who art thou, whom on the rock I find 43

Thus musing ?—haply wishing to delay

The pangs by heaven to thy misdeeds assign'd ?”

“ Death hath not struck him yet ; nor is he led

By crime to punishment ; but—that he may

Obtain experience full,—I, who am dead,”

Replied the bard, “ must his conductor be 49

Through the deep gulf of Hell from round to round :

This is as true as that I speak to thee.”

More than a hundred, when these words arose,

Paused to behold me from the trench profound ;—

In wonderment forgetting all their woes.

“ Thou who perhaps the sun wilt shortly see, 55

Exhort Friar Dolcin, that with store of grain

He arm himself (unless to follow me

Full soon he wish) lest strait'ned by the snow,

A victory the Novarese obtain

O'er him whom else they could not overthrow.’

These words spake Mahomet to me—one foot 61  
     Raised, as in act to make advance—which now  
     Departing from us, to the ground he put.  
 Another shade (whose throat was cleft in twain,  
     And nose lopp'd off, from underneath the brow ;  
     And unto whom did but one ear remain,  
 And who had stood in wonder with the rest) 67  
     Now bared his windpipe all distain'd with gore,  
     And in advance of the others, me address.  
 “O living man, by guilty stain not dyed,  
     And whom in Latium I have seen before,  
     (Unless too much the likeness hath belied)  
 On Pier da Medicin a thought bestow, 73  
     If thou once more that lovely plain behold,  
     Which from Vercelli slopes to Mercabo.  
 And be these words to Fano's worthy twain,  
     To Guido, and to Angioello told ;—  
     That, if all foresight here be not in vain,  
 They near Cattolica shall overboard 79  
     Be cast, and sunk in ocean, by the guile  
     And wicked treachery of a tyrant lord.  
 So great a crime did never Neptune view,  
     Betwixt Majorca and the Cyprian isle,  
     By pirates wrought, or by an Argive crew.



That traitor vile with but a single eye, 85  
 (Who owns the fatal land a spirit there  
 Would wish, I deem, he never had been nigh)  
 Them to a parley with him shall invite ;  
 And so contrive, that neither vow nor prayer  
 Shall they require against Focara's might."

Then I : " Point out, and let the soul be seen, 91  
 (Would'st thou be spoken of on earth by me)  
 Who to that land would fain he ne'er had been."  
 Raising his hand, he seized his comrade's cheek,  
 And opening wide his jaws, said : " Look and see  
 Him thou hast mention'd ;—lo ! he cannot speak.

This is the outcast wretch who took away 93  
 The doubt from Cæsar's mind, when he exclaim'd :  
 ' To men prepared 'tis fatal to delay !'"

Oh ! what bewilderment he now betray'd !  
 His tongue cut out, how Curio now was tamed,  
 Who erst so boldly this assertion made !

And one, deprived of both his hands, who stood 103  
 Lifting the bleeding stumps amid the dun  
 Dense air, so that his face was stain'd with blood,—  
 Cried : " In thy mind let Mosca bear a place,  
 Who said, (alas !) ' Deed done is well begun,'  
 That germ of evil to the Tuscan race :"—

“ And of thy house the ruin, let me add,” 109

Quoth I ; whereat, redoubling moan on moan,

He sped, like one by sorrow struck, and mad.

I stood, still gazing on the band aloof,

And saw a thing I should have fear, alone

Thus to record, with want of other proof,

Unless my conscience made me feel secure— 115

That good companion, which makes bold the man

Whose breastplate is—to know his thoughts are pure.

I saw indeed, and still I seem to see

A trunk without its head, which onward ran,

Like others of this mournful company.

Fast by the hair he held the sever'd head, 121

Like to a lantern dangling in his hand ;

While viewing us intent, “ Ah me !” he said :

And thus unto himself a light was he ;

And two in one, and one in two I scann'd ;

God only knows how such a thing could be.

When to the bridge's foot he had drawn near, 127

He raised his arm, and with it rear'd the head,

Its words thus bringing closer to our ear.

“ Behold the agony in which I pine,

Thou, who still breathing visitest the dead :

Behold if any pangs can equal mine :

**And that of me some tidings thou mayst tell—** 133  
 Bertram de Bornio, be it known, am I,  
 Who urged the youthful monarch to rebel.  
**Father and son at enmity I set ;**  
 Nor did Achitophel with arts more sly  
 David and Absalom's resentment whet.  
**Because the bonds by nature form'd I burst,** 139  
 My brain, alas ! is sever'd from its source,  
 Which lies within this wretched trunk accurst :  
**Thus retribution doth pursue its course."**

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 NOTES.

Page 243. (Line 11.) The second Punic war.—After the battle of Cannæ three bushels and a half of gold rings were collected from the fingers of the knights who were slain. (See *Livy*, xxiii. 12.)

Page 244. (Line 14.) Robert Guiscard was son of Tancred of Hauteville—one of those Romans who came by desire of the Greek emperor to defend his few remaining possessions in Apulia from the Saracens. Their numbers increasing by their countrymen flocking over in the garb of pilgrims, they took possession of the country they came to defend. The investiture of Apulia and Calabria, together with the title of Duke, was confirmed to Robert Guiscard by the Pope. He died in

1110, and is placed by Dante in the *Paradiso*. xviii. 48. "Even in Dante's time, the memory of the slaughter committed by the Normans in their battles was famous. The conquest of Bari is probably the action referred to by the poet in this place. The historical blunders committed by commentators, both ancient and modern, in their notes on this passage, are numberless as well as amusing, on account of their absurdity."—*Panizzi, Life of Bojardo*, note to vol. ii. p. 99. (15.) In 1265, Charles of Anjou, invited into Italy by the Pope, defeated Manfred, king of Apulia and Sicily, at Ceperan, with such immense loss, owing to the treachery of the Apulians, that the bones of the slain long continued to be found. See an account of Manfred in the *Purga*. iii. 118. (18.) Near Tagliacozzo, Charles of Anjou defeated Conradin, the successor of Manfred; when, following the advice of Alardo di Valeri, an old French baron, he obtained a complete victory with a handful of troops. (33.) Ali was the disciple of Mahomet, but, differing from him in some respects, formed a sect himself.

Page 245. (Line 54.)—

"They all beholding worldly wights in place,  
 Leave off their work, unmindful of their smart,  
 To gaze on them."—*Fairy Queen*, i. 5.

A similar picture is given in the *Purgatorio*. ii. 73, both imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 586.

"Circumstant animæ dextrâ lævâque frequentes,  
 Nec vidisse semel satis est, juvat usque morari  
 Et conferre pedem, et veniendi poscere causas."

(56.) Friar Dolcin, calling himself an apostle of Christ, declared the community of wives and property, and obtained many followers, who, to the number of 3000, lived by plunder for two years in the mountains of Novara. Through want of food,

and the severity of the snows, he was captured in the year 1307, and above 500 of his followers perished from starvation and the sword. He himself was burnt, and cut in pieces as a heretic; he endured his torments with the greatest fortitude, preserving his countenance unchanged amid his sufferings. His beautiful and youthful wife, Margarita, might have avoided a similar fate, but she chose rather to follow the example of her husband than renounce her erroneous doctrines.—*Villani*, viii. 84. See Murray's Hand Book for Northern Italy, "Frate Dolcino," page 41.

Page 246. (Line 73.) "Piero dwelt at Medicina in the territory of Bologna. He fomented dissensions among its citizens, and between Guido da Polenta and Malatesta di Rimini."—*Volpi*. (75.) Vercelli, a city of Piedmont. Mercabo a castle on the Po. The plain of Lombardy is here described. (76.) These two most distinguished citizens of Fano, Guido del Cassero, and Angiolello da Cagnano, had incurred the displeasure of Malatesta the younger, lord of Rimini. See canto xxvii. 46. To secure their destruction, he pretended to be reconciled to them, and invited them to an entertainment. They were drowned near Cattolica, between Fano and Rimini. Malatesta "is the traitor with but a single eye." "Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes."—*Virgil. Æn.* 1. 392.

Page 247. (Line 86.) See note, line 97. (90.) Focara is a mountain on the sea coast, whence came such boisterous winds that mariners were in the habit of offering up prayers against them. Dante says, that as Malatesta will cause them to be drowned on their passage, they will have no occasion to make any more such prayers. (97.) Curio, an outcast from Rome, went to join Julius Cæsar at Rimini, and, according to Lucan, determined him to pass the Rubicon, by exclaiming—"Tolle

moras ; nocuit semper differre paratis."—*Phars.* i. 281. (107.) Buondelmonte was engaged to marry a lady of the Amidei family, but broke his promise, and united himself to one of the Donati. This was so much resented by the former, that a meeting of themselves and their kinsmen was held, to consider of the best means of revenging the insult. Mosca degli Uberti, or de' Lamberti, persuaded them to resolve on the assassination of Buondelmonte, exclaiming to them, "Cosa fatto ha capo." This counsel was in its effects the source of the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, and of many terrible calamities to Florence.

Page 248. (Line 117.) "What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?"—*Henry VI.* Act iii. (132.) "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."—*Lamentations of Jeremiah*, cap. i. v. 12.

Page 249. (Line 134.) Bertrand de Bornio, Viscount of Hautefort, is described by Sismondi, *Lit. Hist.*, as having by intrigues and arms agitated the provinces of Guienne during the latter half of the 12th century. He is said to have been the intimate friend of King John, and to have encouraged him in rebellion against his father, Henry II. Other accounts represent him as a Poet and Patriot, and the adviser of the eldest son of Henry II., also named Henry, who, having been crowned by his father in his life time, was called by the historians of that time the young king : and from the similarity between "giovani" young, and "Giovanni," John, may the mistake have arisen. Guingenè conceiving Dante to be in error, proposes to read, "al Re Giovani."

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CANTO XXIX.

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ARGUMENT.

HAVING passed by Geri del Bello, a relation of Dante, they proceed into the tenth gulf, from which arise shrieks of woe, as from a hospital. Here the Alchymists are punished with divers diseases.

THE numerous tribes and various gashes deep                    1  
    With tears had so inebriated mine eyes,  
    I gladly would have stood awhile to weep ;  
But Virgil said to me ; “ Why gazing so ?  
    Why fix thy looks in melancholy guise  
    On the disfigured shades that lie below ?—  
Not so thy wont in any former cell :                                7  
    But, if to count them all, thy wish may be,  
    Think—two and twenty miles extends the dall.  
The moon already lies beneath our feet ;  
    To journey on, but little time have we ;  
    And things as yet unseen thine eye will meet.”

"Did'st thou," I answer'd him, "the reason weigh, 13  
 Why such a close attention I bestow'd,  
 Thou might'st perhaps have pardon'd my delay."  
 My guide mov'd on, as I this answer gave,  
 Behind him still continuing my road,  
 And adding this ; " I deem within that cave,  
 Whereon my eyes were so intently bent, 19  
 A spirit dwells, to me by blood allied,  
 Who rues his dear-bought crimes with deep lament."  
 "Let not compassion for his woes detain  
 Thy pensive soul ; but turn," exclaim'd my guide,  
 "To other objects.—Let him there remain,  
 Whom at the bridge's foot I chanced to see, 25  
 Pointing, and threat'ning thee with look enraged ;  
 Geri del Bello, as I heard, was he :  
 With him, who erst in Altafort bore sway,  
 Thy thoughts so wholly were the while engaged,  
 That Geri pass'd unnoticed on thy way."  
 "His violent death, dear leader," I exclaim, 31  
 "Yet unavenged on earth by those who shared,  
 And still remain partakers of the shame,  
 Inspired his scorn ;—so that in contumely  
 He silent pass'd, nor to accost me cared ;  
 Hence for his fate I feel more sympathy."



Thus spake we till the next pit came in sight,                    37  
     Which from the bridge's summit would be view'd  
     E'en to the bottom, were there stronger light.  
 O'er Malebolgë's last sad vault of woe  
     Arriving, on the highest arch we stood,  
     Whence its contents could all be seen below.  
 Discordant lamentations burst around,                            43  
     Their shafts with pity barb'd—whence I my hand  
     Upheld, to guard mine ears against the sound.  
 As were the wailings, if—when autumn reigns,  
     Each lazar house in sad Sardinia's land,  
     In Valdichiana, and Maremma's plains  
 Forth in one trench could all their sufferers pour,            49  
     Such here was heard ; and thence came stench as rank,  
     As issues from foul wounds, and festerings sore.  
 The bridge now cross'd, we made our downward way,  
     Still bearing to the left along the bank :  
     Then more distinctly could mine eye survey  
 The deep abyss, where God's high minister,                        55  
     Unerring Justice, punishes the crime,  
     And of the forgers keeps a register.  
 More grievous not, I deem, the sight to bear  
     Of all Ægina's feeble race, what time  
     Malignity so deadly fill'd the air,

That every animal exhausted fell, 61  
     E'en to the little worm ; when (such strange tale  
     As though 'twere very truth, the poets tall)  
 By seed of ants the nation was renew'd ;—  
     Than was my sorrow, when in that dark vale  
     The shades I saw, in numerous parcels strew'd.  
 One on another's breast—one on the back 67  
     Recumbent,—one all fours endured his pain,  
     Slow crawling forward o'er the mournful track.  
 Step after step we went, nor held debate,  
     But gazed upon the sick, who all in vain  
     Strove their enfeebled forms to elevate.  
 I saw two sit, who back to back were put, 73  
     As pan props pan while heating on the fire,  
     With leprous blotch distain'd from head to foot.  
 No groom, who longs to hie him to his home,  
     Or hastens to fulfil his lord's desire,  
     E'er plied so rapidly the carrycomb,  
 As each around him plied his nails amain ; 79  
     So furious did the irritation seem ;  
     And this the only aid they could obtain.  
 Thus the parch'd skin they drew off with the nail,  
     E'en as a knife scrapes off the coat from bream,  
     Or other fish that bears a larger scale.

Then did my guide, addressing one, begin : 85

“ O thou, who to relieve thee from annoy,  
Fixest thy nails like pincers in thy skin,

Tell me if any Latian soul there be

Among the numbers here ?—to thy employ  
So may thy nails suffice eternally.”

“ We, whom thou seest thus mangled, from the land 91  
Of Latium came,” cried one in tones of grief ;

“ But who art thou who makest the demand ?”

My escort said : “ One am I, who descend

To guide this living soul from reef to reef ;  
And e'en through hell to lead him I intend.”

Then started they asunder at the word, 97

And, in alarm, each trembling turn'd to me,  
With others who the echoing voice had heard.

Now drew the gracious master to my side,

And whisper'd : “ Say to them what pleaseth thee ;”  
I, thus beginning, with his wish complied ;

“ May your remembrance yet on earth survive, 103

Fresh in the thoughts of men, to your content,  
Through many a year remaining still alive,

As ye may now your birth and race declare ;

Nor let this foul disgusting punishment  
Deter you from announcing who ye were.”

"I from Arezzo came," one straight replied, 109  
 "And was by Albero of Siena burnt ;—  
 Though sent not here for that for which I died.  
 'Tis true I did to him in joke profess  
 That I to wing my flight through air had learnt :  
 Vast were his wishes, but his wisdom less ;  
 To learn my art was therefore his desire ; 115  
 And since I made him not a Dædalus,  
 He had me burnt by his reputed sire.  
 But to the last dread chasm of all the ten  
 Unerring Minos doom'd me, for the use  
 I made of alchemy while living among men."  
 Then to the bard I said : "Now half so vain 121  
 Was ever nation as these Sienese ?  
 Not e'en the French themselves I do maintain."  
 Whereat the other leper made reply :  
 "Stricca indeed excepted—if you please,  
 Who used the goods of life so temperately ;  
 And Nicholas—whose art first mix'd the fruit 127  
 Of cloves, prepared as a rich condiment,  
 Pluck'd from the garden where the plant takes root :  
 Excepting also that illustrious crew,  
 'Mongst whom his woods and vineyards Caccia spent ;  
 And—famed for wisdom—Abbagliato too.

But look on me, if thou wouldst wish to know, 133  
 Who 'gainst the Sieneſe ſupporteth thee ;  
 And a reply my features will beſtow.  
 So ſhalt thou ſee I am Capocchio's ſhade,  
 Who metals falſified by alchemy ;  
 And thou, if well I have thy face ſurvey'd,  
 Nature's tried ape wilt recogniſe in me." 139

## NOTES.

Page 253. (Line 9.) From the extraordinary coincidence in the measurements here given, with thoſe laid down by Nibbi, of the walls of Rome, Rossetti concludes that an alluſion to that city is intended. (See *Comment*, vol. ii. 284, and *Sullo Spirito Antip.* p. 52.)

Page 254. (Line 22.) "It will appear ſtrange that Virgil, a moſt kind hearted ſpirit, ſhould reprove Dante for ſhewing compaſſion to his relation ; but it muſt be remembered that Virgil is here ſpeaking in the character of a Theologian, as in canto xx. line 28."—*Monti*. Propoſta, in "frangere." (27.) Geri was the ſon of Bello, brother to Bellincione, Dante's grand-father. He delighted in making miſchief, and was murdered by one of the Sacchetti family. His death, it ſeems, was at that time unavenged, contrary to the cuſtom of thoſe days.

See *Simoni, Hist. des. Ital. Repub.* vol. iv. p. 100. (28.) He who bore sway in Altafort is Bertrand de Born, mentioned in the last canto, line 134.

Page 255. (Line 48.) In a valley of the Chiana, a river of that name formerly used to stagnate, before it was drained by the Emperor, Leopold II. See *Paradiso.* c. xiii. 23. Of Maremma, see canto xxv. 20. Compare Milton's description of a lazar house, *Par. Lost.* xi. 477, and Ovid. *Met.* b. vii.

Page 258. (Line 109.) Griffolino, an alchemist of Arezzo told Albero, a foolish youth of Siena, by way of a jest, that he could teach him to fly. Because he did not fulfil his promise, Albero accused him of being a necromancer; and induced his father, the Bishop of Siena, to have him burnt. (125.) Stricca, Caccia of Asciano, and Abbagliato, here ironically spoken of, belonged to a company of prodigal youths in Siena, who, it is said, sold their estates, built a palace, which they inhabited in common, and soon ruined themselves by their extravagance.

Page 259. (Line 136.) Capocchio is believed to have been a Sienese, who studied natural philosophy with Dante, but afterwards gave himself up to alchemy.

CANTO XXX.

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ARGUMENT.

IN the same gulf are punished Impostors of various kinds, coiners and counterfeiters, who are afflicted with horrible diseases, fevers and dropsies. Gianni Scicchi, Sinon, and Adamo ; between whom takes place a most comical dialogue.

WHAT time, incensed against the Theban maid, 1  
Juno pour'd out her wrath upon the land ;—  
That wrath the Goddess more than once display'd—  
So lost to reason Athamas became,  
That when he saw his wife, in either hand  
Bearing a child, he furious did exclaim,  
“Extend the nets, that at the pass I may 7  
Enclose the lioness and both her young.”  
Then, stretching forth his talons to the prey,  
He seized Learchus ; and against a stone,  
Insensate—dash'd him ; while the mother sprung  
Deep into ocean with her other son.—

Or when, bereft of her imperial sway, 13  
     Troy, once all daring, was in ruin laid,  
     And king and kingdom wholly swept away—  
 The wretched Hecuba, sad, captive queen,  
     When she Polixena a corpse survey'd,  
     And on the margin of the deep had seen  
 Her Polydorus—mournful interview!— 19  
     In frenzy bark'd, like to a dog;—so great  
     The power of grief her reason to subdue.  
 But never furies, whencesoe'er they came,  
     Trojan, or Theban, with such rancorous hate  
     Tormented beasts—much less the human frame,—  
 As two pale naked spirits that I saw, 25  
     Who, like a hog let loose from out the sty,  
     Came running furiously with open jaw.  
 One seized Capocchio's neck, and rent him sore  
     With fang infix'd; then, as he drew him by,  
     Grated his body o'er the rocky floor.  
 The Aretine, all trembling with alarm, 31  
     Said: "Gianni Scicchi is the fiend you see,  
     Who roves infuriate, working other's harm."  
 "Oh," I exclaim'd, "may ne'er the other sprite  
     Tear with its fangs thy back, as thou tell me  
     What is her name, ere hurried from our sight."



Then answer'd he ; “ Know, Myrrha is her name— 37

That wicked one, who cherish'd in her breast

For her own father an unhallow'd flame.

Her wicked purpose that she might obtain,

In borrow'd robes fictitiously she dress'd ;

Like him that goeth yonder ; who, to gain

The Lady of the herd, dared represent 43

Buossi Donati, and upon him took

To sign and seal a forged testament.”

Then, when this furious pair had onward pass'd,

Whom I had scann'd with such an eager look,

Tow'rds other tortured souls mine eyes I cast.

One I beheld who like a lute was made, 49

Had but the groin been amputated there

Where in the human form the fork 's display'd.

The dropsy, which with noxious humours charged,

An ill proportion makes the body bear

Unto the face, not equally enlarged,

Made him distend both lips ;—as, parch'd within, 55

One lip the hectic raises to his nose,

While the other he drops downward to the chin.

“ O ye,” he said, “ who free from punishment—

(And why I know not)—to this realm of woes

Are come, behold, and let your ear be lent

To master Adam's miserable strain.— 61  
 What I desired on earth, I compass'd—all ;  
 One drop of water now I crave in vain.  
 The rivulets, which from the verdant hills  
 Of Casentino into Arno fall,  
 Cooling the channels with their limpid rills,  
 Seem always in my sight ; nor idly so,— 67  
 For their fond image more dries up my skin  
 Than all the torture which my features show.  
 Stern Justice, racking me with inward throes—  
 E'en from the very region of my sin  
 Occasion takes to aggravate my woes :  
 There is Romena, where that coin I learnt 73  
 To forge, which John the Baptist's image bore ;  
 For which offence my earthly frame was burnt :  
 But could the sight of Guido greet me here,  
 Or Alexander's hapless soul once more,  
 I'd change it not for Branda's fountain clear.  
 One here below I might already view, 79  
 If the mad souls that pace around speak truth ;—  
 But fetter'd thus, alas ! what can I do ?  
 Were I so light that in a century  
 I could advance a single inch forsooth,  
 Already on my journey should I be

In search of him among this people vile, 85  
 Although eleven miles the vale is spread,  
 Nor less in width extends than half a mile.  
 To them I owe this cursed society ;  
 By them to stamp the florins was I led,  
 Mix'd with three carats of alloy." Thus he.—  
 And I rejoin'd : " Who are that wretched pair 91  
 That on the right lie smoking, like a hand  
 In water steep'd, and then exposed in air ?"  
 " Since first I found them here," was his reply,  
 " When down I fell to this ill-fated strand,  
 They ne'er have turn'd, nor will, I think, for aye.  
 One—the false dame who Joseph dared accuse ; 97  
 Sinon the other—that false Greek from Troy :  
 Their burning fever doth this steam diffuse."  
 And one of them, who, at this title rude  
 Experienced haply somewhat of annoy,  
 Struck with his fist the other's stomach crude,  
 That sounded like a drum :—with arm uprear'd, 103  
 Adam return'd the blow upon his face,  
 Which no less hard than his own paunch appear'd ;—  
 Exclaiming : " Ha ! although I am debarr'd  
 By these unwieldy limbs from change of place,  
 Still I've an arm for my defence prepared."

- "Not quite so ready was it," he rejoin'd, 109  
 "When to the flames they bore you tightly bound,  
 Though still more ready was it when you coin'd."  
 He with the dropsy : "Now your speech is true ;—  
 But not so true a witness were you found,  
 When of the truth at Troy they question'd you."  
 "If I spake false, you falsely coin'd," replied 115  
 Sinon,—“and here for but one fault am I,  
 While you for more than any fiend beside.”  
 "Remember, perjured one, the horse at Troy ;”  
 Answer'd the spirit of the stomach high ;  
 "That thou art guilty knows each puny boy."  
 "Proof of thy guilt thy gaping mouth supplies," 121  
 The Greek retorted, "and that ample fount  
 Rear'd by thy tumid paunch before thine eyes."  
 The coiner then : "So runs your tongue—the same  
 To utter evil as 'twas ever wont ;  
 And if I thirst, and moisture swells my frame,  
 Your head is rack'd by fever, and doth ache ; 127  
 Nor pressing invitation would you need,  
 Of fond Narcissus' mirror to partake."  
 Listening I stood intent, with all my mind,  
 When unto me the master said : "Take heed :  
 To quarrel with thee am I much inclined,"

When I perceived him speak in angry strain, 133  
 I turn'd to him with such remorse, I deem  
 My mind for aye the impression will retain.  
 And like to one who dreams of miseries,  
 Which, as he dreams, he hopes may prove a dream,  
 And longs for that which all the time is his ;—  
 So I, to whom my tongue its aid refused, 139  
 E'en by the wish to palliate what I'd done,  
 Had unawares my own offence excused.  
 My master said : " Less shame would wash away  
 A far more heinous fault than thine, my son ;  
 Then let no sorrow on thy spirits prey.  
 Consider I am always at thy side, 145  
 If e'er again thou happen to be placed  
 Where, in like strife, each other, men deride :—  
 The wish to hear them shows a vulgar taste."

## NOTES.

Page 261. (Line 4.) Of Athamas, see Ovid, *Met.* iv. 511.

Page 262. (Line 28.) Capocchio is the alchemist of Siena, mentioned in the last canto, line 136. (31.) The Aretine is Griffolino, the alchemist. See last canto, line 109. (32.) Gianni Schicchi was a Florentine gentleman of the family of Cavalcanti, so great a master in the art of counterfeiting, that when Buoso Donati died, Gianni was requested by the son, Simon Donati, his intimate friend, to personate the deceased,

and write a will in his favour; for which important service he received a most beautiful mare. See line 43. (34.) The "other" is presently stated to be Myrrha.—*Ovid. Met. x. 318.*

Page 264. (Line 61.) Adamo was a Brescian, burnt for counterfeiting the coin of Florence, at the instigation of Guido Alessandro, and Aghinolfo, counts of Romena. (70.) "Justice in hell rules alone, without the allay and sweet abatements of mercy. They shall have pure and unvarying misery—no pleasant thoughts to refresh them—no comfort in another accident, to alleviate their pressures—no water to cool their flames."—*Jeremy Taylor. Sermon xix. 2nd part. (78.)* "We were obliged to put up at a solitary inn called Uomo Morto, an object as woful in aspect as in name. This it derives from the execution of a coiner whom Dante has packed among the damned as an accomplice to the three counts of Romena. The castle of Romena mentioned there, line 73, is a fine Gothic ruin, standing on a precipice about a mile from our inn; near it is a spring called Fonte Branda. Now might I presume to differ from his commentators, Dante, in my opinion, does not mean the great fountain of Siena, but rather this obscure spring."—*Forsyth. Italy, p. 92.*

Page 266. (Line 114.) From Virgil. *Æn. ii. 149.*

"Mihique hæc edissere vera roganti :

Quo molem hanc inmanis equi statuere ? quis auctor ?

Quidve petunt ? quæ religio, aut quæ machina belli ? "

(129.) Narcissus fell in love with his reflection in water.

Page 267. (Line 148.) "Nihil viro bono et quieto magis convenit quam abesse a controversiis."—*Cicero.*

CANTO XXXI.

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ARGUMENT.

APPROACHING the ninth circle, divided into four rounds, Dante fancies he sees it surrounded by lofty towers. Virgil undeceives him, and informs him they are giants. Nimrod, Ephialtes, Briareus. Antæus takes both the poets in his arms, and places them at the bottom of the circle.

THE very tongue whose sharp rebuke had dyed 1

My either cheek with shame of crimson hue,  
Itself, unask'd, a remedy supplied.

Thus have I heard Achilles' lance possess

A charmed power, as erst his father's too,  
Inflicting wounds it presently redrest.

Turning our backs upon the vale of woe, 7

Mounted we then the circumambient height,  
In silence leaving the abyss below.

Here less than day, and less than night we found ;

So that not far could I extend my sight ;

But through the gloom I heard a horn resound,—

Such as would make the loudest thunder hoarse : 13

Wherefore I turn'd mine eyes to whence it came,  
Pursuing eagerly its awful course.

Not—that destructive day of carnage past,

When Charlemagne had lost his sacred aim—  
Sounded Orlando such a fearful blast.

Then towards the place I somewhat raised my head ; 19

And many a lofty tower I seem'd to view :

“ O master, what new land is this ?” I said.

“ Athwart the dusky air so long the way,

Thy sight,” he answer'd, “ well may be untrue ;  
And hence imagination leads astray.

But thou wilt see, if there thou should arrive, 25

How much deceived by distance is the sense ;

Wherefore to gain a nearer prospect strive.”

Then tenderly he took me by the hand,

And said : “ Ere we pursue our journey hence—

That this delusion thou mayst understand,

Know—giants these, not towers that meet thine eye : 31

All from the navel downward are immersed

Within the pit around the bank on high.”

As when a mist dispersing—melts away,

The eye by slow degrees takes in what erst

Conceal'd within the lurid vapour lay ;



Thus as I pierced the murky atmosphere, 37  
Advancing nearer tow'rds that circling bound,  
My error fled, but soon was changed to fear :—  
For, as above its wide-extended space,  
With lofty towers is Montereccion crown'd,  
So was the bank, which doth this gulf embrace,  
By dreadful giants turreted on high ; 43  
Whose persons, half exposed, Jove's fiery dart  
Still threatens, when he thunders through the sky.  
Of one already I the face descried,  
The shoulders, breast, and of the paunch a part ;  
And both the arms attached on either side.  
Nature forsooth her wariness display'd 49  
In discontinuing monsters such as these,  
To rob fierce Mars of a superfluous aid ;  
And if she still allows her realms to teem  
With elephants and whales—who clearly sees  
Her counsels, will her wisdom more esteem.  
For when the noble faculty of mind 55  
To power is added, and to ill design,  
No remedy can man against them find.  
His face as long, and e'en as wide methought,  
As at St. Peter's is the brazen pine ;  
And in proportion all his limbs were wrought.

And thus the bank, which, from the waist below,           61  
    Girdled him round, so much above left seen,  
    That vainly would three Friezlanders bestow  
Their pains to reach his hair : such was his size,  
    That thirty measured palms at least, I ween,  
    Appear'd below where man his mantle ties.  
Forth issued from his savage lips a cry :           67  
    “ Raphegi mai amech izabi almi ;”  
    For him became not sweeter harmony.  
To him my guide ; “ Insensate spirit—rest ;  
    Keep to thy horn ; and let its sounds supply  
    A vent to angry passions in thy breast :  
Look on thy neck ; and thou the band wilt find           73  
    Which holds it, O thou frantic one !—behold !  
    Around thy mighty breast it is entwined.”  
To me he said : “ Himself he hath accused ;—  
    Nimrod is this, through whose ill scheme of old  
    One language is on earth no longer used.  
There let him rest, nor speak to him in vain ;           79  
    For e'en as he can no one understand,  
    So from his tongue can no one sense obtain.”  
Then bearing to the left we onward pass'd,  
    And found another still more fierce and grand,  
    About the distance that a sling could cast.

Who had the strength this giant huge to bind, 85

I know not ;—but the left arm was in sight

Close pinion'd in the front ;—the right behind,

Girt with a chain, that from the neck around

His upper parts suspended, held them tight,

And five times o'er his monstrous body wound.

“ In conflict with dread Jove, the sovereign lord, 91

Wish'd this presumptuous one to try his might,”

Exclaim'd my guide, “ and this is his reward :—

His name Ephialtes :—when the giants made

The gods to tremble, great was he in fight :

Now moves he not the arms which then he sway'd.”

“ Much could I wish, O master,” I exclaim, 97

“ If it be possible, that I might see

Briareus' huge immeasurable frame.”

He answer'd : “ Thou shalt see, not far from this,

Antæus, who both speaketh, and is free ;

He shall transport us to guilt's last abyss.

Far distant is the one thou would'st survey, 103

With fetters bound ;—like him thou seest withal,

Though more ferocity his looks betray.

Never might earthquake so appalling be,

What time it shakes some castle to its fall,

As Ephialtes struggling to be free.”

So awful ne'er till then did death appear ; 109

And had the chains I saw, not check'd my dread,  
Life would have fail'd me through excess of fear.

We then proceeded on ; and presently

We reach'd Antæus, who, besides his head,  
Five ells at least tower'd o'er the cavity.

“ O thou, who in that memorable field 115

Where valiant Scipio won a deathless name,  
And Hannibal's proud host was forced to yield,

A thousand lions bore—thy prize—away ;

And by whose aid, if we may trust to fame,  
Hadst thou thy brethren join'd in the affray,

The sons of Earth had gain'd the victory ;— 121

Bear us below, where icy fetters bind  
Cocytus' stream ; nor our request deny,

Lest we to Tityon or to Tiseus go :

See one to obey thy wishes well inclin'd ;

Wherefore disdain us not, but bend thee low :

On earth he still may renovate thy fame ; 127

For yet he lives, and life hath yet in store,  
Unless his spirit Grace should sooner claim.”

Thus spake the guide :—him seized without delay

The giant in his mighty hands, of yore  
By Hercules experienced with dismay.

When Virgil felt his grasp, to me he said : 133  
 "Come, that my arms around thee I may twine ;"  
 Then of himself and me one group he made.  
 As Carisenda, view'd by one below,  
 Seems, when a cloud flies o'er it, to incline  
 In opposite direction ;—even so  
 To me appear'd Antæus, as I stood 139  
 In wonder ;—and so fearful was his guise,  
 I gladly would have gone some other road.  
 But in the abyss he lightly placed us, where  
 With Lucifer the traitor Judas lies :  
 Nor long inclining thus remain'd he there ;  
 But rose, as from the deck a mast doth rise. 145

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 NOTES.

Page 269. (Line 1.) Virgil had rebuked Dante for listening to the quarrel of Adamo and Sinon at the end of the last canto. (4.) Thus Ovid. *Trist.* L. 5, Eleg. 11. 15.

"Telephus æternâ consumptus tæbe perisset,  
 Si non, quæ nocuit, dextra, tulisset opem."

(10.) "And it shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark—not day nor night."—*Zech.* xiv. 6. 7.

Page 270. (Line 17.) At Roncesvalles, "where Charlemagne with all his peerage fell by Fontarabia."—*Par. Lost.* i. 586. "According to the fictitious Chronicle of Turpin, of which Ariosto has made so much use, the terrible horn of Orlando, with which he blew a blast at Roncesvalles to obtain assistance, was heard as far as St. Jean Pied-de-Pont, (four miles off,) where Charlemagne was lying with his army; but the traitor Ganellon prevented the king coming to his aid."—*Simondi, Lit. Hist.* See *Morgante Mag.* xxvii. 69: also notes to Panizzi's Edit. of *Bojardo.* vol. viii. p. 345.

Page 271. (Line 41.) Monterreggion is a castle near Siena. (55.) This appears to be taken from Aristotle:—"Ὡσπερ γὰρ τελεωθὲν, βέλτιστον τῶν ζώων ἀνθρώπος ἐστίν, ἔτω καὶ χωρισθὲν νόμῳ καὶ δίκῃς, χείριστον πάντων: χαλεπωτάτη γὰρ ἀδικία ἔχουσα οὐλα.—ὁ δ' ἀνθρώπος ὅπλα ἔχων φέρεται φρονήσει καὶ ἀρετῇ, οἷς ἐπὶ πάναντία ἐστὶ χρῆσθαι μάλιστα. Διὸ ἀνοσιώτατον καὶ ἀγριώτατον ἀνευ ἀρετῆς."—*Aristotle. Politics.* The giant here spoken of is Nimrod, by whom the tower of Babel is said to have been built. (59.) "The large pine of bronze, which once ornamented the mole of Adrian, was afterwards employed to decorate the top of the belfry of St. Peter's; and having (according to Buti) been thrown down by lightning, after lying some time on the steps of the palace, it was transported to the place where it now is, in the Pope's garden, by the side of the great corridor of the Belvidere. In the time of our poet, the pine was either on the belfry or on the steps of St. Peter's."—*Lombardi.*

Page 272. (Line 68.) These unmeaning sounds are uttered by Nimrod, as still confounded by the confusion of languages at the building of Babel. They are interpreted by Lanzi, Professor of Arabic at Rome, "My splendour shines forth in hell as it shone in the world."

Page 273. (Line 94.) Ephialtes is one of the giants who warred against Jove, and is represented by Homer as having endeavoured to place Mount Pelion on Ossa.—*Odys.* xi. 307. See also *Virg. Georg.* i. 281; *Æn.* vi. 580. (98.) See *Homer. II.* a. 403.

Page 274. (Line 119.) “Cœloque pepercit, Quod non Phleg-ræis Antæum sustulit arvis.”—*Lucan, Phars.* iv. See also *Milton. Par. Reg.* b. iv., “As when earth’s son Antæus,” &c. (124.) “Necnon et Tityon,” &c.—*Virgil. Æn.* vi. 595.

Page 275. (Line 136.) Carisenda is a leaning tower at Bologna, having an inclination of seven feet; “cadentique Imminet assimilis.”—*Æn.* vi. 602. The meaning is that if one goes under that part which bends towards the earth, and looks at a cloud that may happen to be driven in a directly opposite direction, the cloud seems standing and the tower falling. “Dante’s Carisenda (for whatever the Divine Poet once names becomes Dante’s) is a coarse brick tower, which if really built with its present inclination, was but deformed for the sake of difficulty.”—*Forsyth’s Italy.* p. 355.

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Ill-fated dwellers in this sink forlorn ! 13  
     Surpassing all in misery and woe,—  
     Far better had ye sheep or goats been born !  
 Down in the gulf of darkness, black as night,  
     We stood, far sunk the giants' feet below ;—  
     Upon the lofty wall still fix'd my sight :  
 When came a voice : “ Look where your steps are led,  
     And cautiously proceed, lest, as you pass, 20  
     On our unhappy brethren's heads you tread.”  
 Wherefore I turn'd around, and saw before  
     And underneath my feet a lake like glass ;  
     For not of ice the semblance that it bore.  
 Not Austrian Danube, in the winter driven 25  
     By bitter winds, so thick a crust might wear ;  
     Nor Tanais chill'd beneath the inclement heaven :  
 For Tambernichi falling down below,  
     Or Pietrepana hurl'd in ruin there,  
     Had not e'en crack'd its margin with the blow.  
 As stands a frog—his mouth above the stream— 31  
     Croaking—in summer, when the village maid  
     (Her labour o'er) doth oft of gleaning dream :  
 So, wedged in ice, the wretched souls complain ;—  
     A livid hue their haggard looks betray'd :  
     Like storks, their teeth sent forth a chattering strain.

Downcast their looks ;—how pinching was the cold 37

Their mouths bore ample proof ; and from each eye  
Might the dire anguish of their hearts be told.

When I had somewhat turn'd my sight around,

Two shades beneath so closely link'd I spy,  
Their very locks together fast were bound.

“ O ye united breast to breast,” I said, 43

“ Tell who ye are : ”—whereat the neck they bent ;  
And when on me their looks were riveted,—

Their eyes, erst moisten'd with the liquid tear,

O'erflow'd the lids : then did the frost cement  
The falling drops, and so detain them there.

Ne'er plank to plank could iron cramp unite 49

So closely ;—like two mountain goats they plied,  
And smote each other from excess of spite.

And one, who from intensity of cold

Had lost both ears, his face still stooping, cried :

“ Say, wherefore us so earnestly behold ?

Who are these two, would'st thou discover,—know, 55

Their father Albert own'd that valley sweet,  
Through which Bisenzio's murmuring waters flow.

One mother bore them both ;—thou may'st explore

Caina through, nor with a spirit meet,

Who fix'd in icy bonds, deserves them more.

Not he, whose breast and shadow at one blow      61  
     Were pierced by Arthur's hand ; nor yet the knight  
     Foccaccia ; nor e'en he, whose head doth so  
 Obstruct my vision that I cannot see,—  
     And Sassol Mascheroni was he hight :  
     If thou art Tuscan, he is known to thee.  
 And that thou may'st not urge me more to say,      67  
     Know that Camicion Pazzi is my name,  
     Who Carlin waits to wipe his guilt away."  
 I saw a thousand faces blue with cold,  
     Whence comes a deadly shiver o'er my frame,  
     Whene'er such icy shallows I behold.  
 And tow'rd the centre while we journey'd still,      73  
     To which all bodies naturally tend,  
     And I was trembling in the eternal chill ;  
 Whether impell'd by fate, desire, or luck,  
     I know not,—but, as 'mid their heads I wend,  
     The face of one my foot severely struck.  
 Weeping he cried : " Wherefore thus crush my head ?  
     Unless you mean the vengeance to improve      80  
     Of Montaperti—why so fiercely tread ?"  
 Then I : " O master, let me here remain,  
     That by his means my doubts I may remove ;  
     No longer then will I thy steps detain."

- The poet stopp'd : whereat to him I cried 85  
 Who still was cursing loudly :—" What, I pray,  
 Art thou, that others dost so freely chide ?"  
 " Who then art thou," retorted he again,  
 " Through Antenora causing such dismay ?—  
 Wert thou alive I could not more sustain."  
 " Alive I am ;—and if thou wish for fame," 91  
 I answer'd, " it perhaps may give thee joy  
 Mid other worthies to insert thy name."  
 " Quite the reverse what I desire," said he ;  
 " So prithee hence, nor cause me more annoy ;  
 Ill knowest thou the art of flattery."  
 Then did I seize him by the scalp, and said : 97  
 " Now will I force thee to declare thy name,  
 Or not a hair I'll leave upon thy head."  
 And he to me : " Then strip me of my hair :—  
 I ne'er will tell, or show thee who I am,  
 Although a thousand times my scalp thou tear."  
 Already in my hand his locks were bound, 103  
 And more than one of them were gather'd ;—he  
 Barking the while—his eyes upon the ground ;  
 When cried another : " Bocca, art thou sane ?  
 Sound not thy chattering teeth sufficiently,  
 But thou must bark ? what devil gives thee pain ?"

- “ Traitor accurst, be silent !” — I exclaim : 109  
 “ For know—that back to earth of thee I’ll bear  
 A true account, to thy eternal shame.”
- “ Begone !” he cried, “ and tell what tales you please ;  
 But hence if you escape, his name declare,  
 Whose tongue but lately ran with so much ease.  
 Here he bewails the bribe of Frenchmen’s gold : 115  
 ‘ Him of Duera,’ may’st thou say, ‘ I view’d,  
 Where sinners stand enshrined in icy cold.’  
 What others sojourn there, if ask’d to tell—  
 Him of Beccaria, at thy side, include,  
 On whom the avenging steel of Florence fell :  
 Gianni Soldanier, he beyond, is hight,— 121  
 There Ganellon and Tebaldello, who  
 Betray’d Faenza’s walls at dead of night.”  
 Him having left, two spirits did I see  
 So frozen in one pit, that, to my view,  
 One’s head the other’s cowl appear’d to be :  
 And like a famish’d man devouring bread,— 127  
 Thus, where the brain doth with the spine unite,  
 The upper one upon the under fed.  
 Not otherwise fierce Tydeus in disdain  
 Gnaw’d Menalippus’ scalp, than, through despite,  
 He drove his teeth into the skull and brain.

"O thou," I said, "who show'st thy brutal hate      133  
     By such unheard of sign of cruelty,—  
     The reason why, on this condition state ;  
 That if with justice thou such malice bear,—  
     Learning thy name, and his delinquency,  
     To earth return'd, I may thy wrongs declare ;  
 Unless the tongue with which I speak be dry."      139

## NOTES.

Page 278. (Line 1.) "Here the poet evidently hints that to give colour and strength to ideas by the sound of words is one of the necessary requisites of the art. The first six lines are made rough by a succession of consonants."—*Ugo Foscolo Parallel between Dante and Petrarch*. Thus Virgil. *Æn.* vi. 625

"Non mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,  
     Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas,  
     Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina, possim."

(11.) "Movit Amphion lapides canendo." Again: "Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis Saxa movere sono testudinis."—*Horace*.

Page 279. (Line 28.) Tambornich is a mountain of Slavonia. (29.) Pietrepana, a high mountain near Lucca.

Page 280. (Line 52.) Camicion de' Pazzi.—See line 68. He treacherously slew one of his own family. (55.) "Alessandro and Napoleone,—sons of Alberto Alberti, quarreling about their patrimony, agreed to decide the affair by a single combat, in which they destroyed each other. They possessed the valley of Falterona, whence the Bisenzio deriving its source, flows into the Arno six miles from Florence,"—*Landino*. (59.) The first part of this circle takes its name from Cain, and contains those guilty of treachery and murder in slaying their own relations.

Page 281. (Line 61.) Mordrec, son of King Arthur.—"In the romance of Launcilot of the Lake, Arthur, having discovered the traitorous intentions of his son, pierces him through with the stroke of his lance, so that the sunbeam passes through the body of Mordrec; and this description of the shadow is no doubt what our poet alludes to in the text."—*Cary*. (63.) "Foccaccia dei Cancellieri, a noble Pistoian, cut off the hand of his cousin, and slew his uncle; whence the factions of the Neri and Bianchi took their rise in Pistoia."—*Venturi*. (65.) Sassol Mascheroni was a Florentine who murdered his uncle. (68.) Alberto Camicion treacherously slew his kinsman Ubertino. (69.) "Carlin de' Pazzi, one of the same family, belonging himself to the Bianchi party, betrayed to the Florentines of the Neri party a castle in Valdarno, for a large sum of money."—*Vellutello*. "His guilt," says Camicion, "is so atrocious, that when he comes I shall appear innocent."—*Lombardi*. (80.) "Unless you come to add to the sufferings I am enduring for my treachery." Bocca degli Abbati is the speaker, who, having been previously corrupted by the Ghibellines, cut off the head of the standard bearer at the commencement of the battle, and by the confusion which ensued,

obtained an easy victory over the Guelfs at Mont' Aperti. See canto x. 85, and note.

Page 282. (Line 89.) This division is called Antenora from Antenor, who, according to Dictys Cretensis, betrayed Troy to the Greeks. (106.) See line 80, and note.

Page 283. (Line 116.) "Buosso of Cremona, of the family of Duera, was bribed by Guy de Montfort to leave a pass between Piedmont and Parma, with the defence of which he had been entrusted by the Ghibellines, open to the army of Charles of Anjou, A.D., 1265; at which the people of Cremona were so enraged that they extirpated the whole family."—*Villani*, vii. 4, quoted by Cary. (119.) "Beccaria was Abbot of Val-lombrosa, and the Pope's legate at Florence, where his intrigues in favour of the Ghibellines being discovered, he was beheaded."—*Daniello*. (121.) Soldanier was a Ghibelline who treacherously went over to the side of the Guelfs. (122.) "According to the romantic history of Charlemagne, Gano or Ganellon, betrayed the Christian army at the battle of Roncesvalles, where Orlando and the peers of France were slain."—*Walter Scott, Note to Dryden's Trans. of Chaucer*, vol xi. p. 343. Tebaldello de' Manfredi betrayed the city of Faenza during the night, to the French. (130.) Tydeus, being mortally wounded at the siege of Thebes, is said to have exercised his revenge upon the head of Menalippus his enemy, whom he caused to be slain. See *Statius, Thebais*. B. viii.



## CANTO XXXIII.

## ARGUMENT.

COUNT Ugolino relates the cruel manner in which he and his sons were starved to death in the tower at Pisa, by the command of the Archbishop Ruggieri. In the third round of this ninth circle, called Ptolemaea, are punished those who have betrayed their friends. Friar Alberigo, &c.

His mouth uplifting from the fell repast, 1  
 That vengeful sinner wiped it on the hair  
 Torn from that head all gnaw'd behind :—at last  
 He thus began ; “ Thou bidst me to renew  
 A grief that overwhelms me with despair,  
 E'en at the thought, ere I the tale pursue.  
 But if my words may, haply, prove the seed, 7  
 Whence infamy shall spring to him I rend,  
 Then will I speak, though tears my voice impede.  
 I know not who thou art, nor can divine  
 How to this nether world thou didst descend ;  
 But from thy speech I judge thee Florentine.

Know then—Count Ugolino was my name ;                    13  
     Archbishop Ruggier this : now will I say  
     Why, such close fellowship with him I claim.—  
 How by his treacherous designs it fell,  
     That, trusting in him, I was borne away,  
     And put to death—there is no need to tell :  
 But that which ne'er could have been heard by thee—  
     How cruel was my death—will I relate ;                    20  
     Then shalt thou know if he hath injured me.  
 Through a small loophole in that dismal cell,  
     The ' cell of hunger ' call'd from my sad fate,  
     (And where another yet is doom'd to dwell)  
 Full many moons had shed their broken light,                    25  
     When o'er me came that evil omen'd sleep,  
     Which all unveil'd the future to my sight.  
 This traitor seem'd, as huntsman, to pursue  
     The He-wolf and his young ones to that steep  
     Which shuts out Lucca from the Pisan's view.  
 Lean hounds, well train'd, and eager for the chase— 31  
     The Gualands, with the Sismonds and Lanfrancs,  
     Before him he let slip :—in little space  
 The father and his sons, as though forespent,  
     Lagg'd in the course ; and then their heaving flanks  
     Methought by those infuriatę tusks were rent.

When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed, 37

I heard my sons, who with me were confined,  
Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.

Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,

Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind !

And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve ?

They were awake ; and now the hour drew near, 43

Which had been wont to bring their scant repast,  
And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear,—

When from within the dreadful tower I heard

The entrance underneath with nails made fast ;—

I gazed upon my boys—nor spake a word.

I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to stone ;— 49

My children wept ;—and little Anselm cried :

' What ails thee Father ? strange thy looks are grown.'

Yet still I wept not—still made no reply

Throughout that day, and all the night beside ;

Until another sun lit up the sky.

But, when a faint and broken ray was thrown 55

Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd

In their four looks the image of my own,—

Then both my hands through anguish did I bite ;

And they, supposing that from want of food

I did so—sudden raised themselves upright,

And said : ' O Father, less will be our pain, 61  
If thou wilt feed on us : thou gav'st us birth ;—  
Be thine to take this wretched flesh again.'  
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.  
Two days we all were silent.—Cruel earth !  
O wherefore didst thou not beneath us cleave ?  
To the fourth day had been prolong'd our woe, 67  
When at my feet sank Gaddo on the floor,  
And said : ' O Father ; why no aid bestow ?'  
He died ;—and, as distinct as here I stand,  
I saw the three fall one by one, before  
The sixth day closed ;—then, groping with my hand,  
I sought each wretched corse, for sight had fail'd ; 73  
Two days I call'd on those who were no more ;  
Then hunger—stronger e'en than grief—prevail'd."  
This said—aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,  
And with his teeth the skull again he tore,  
Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone.  
Ah Pisa ! the disgrace of that fair land 79  
Where " Si " is spoken ;—since thy neighbours round  
Take vengeance on thee with such tardy hand—  
To dam the mouth of Arno's rolling tide,  
Capraia and Gorgona, raise a mound,  
That all may perish in the waters wide !

Thou modern Thebes ! what, though, as fame hath said,  
Count Ugolino did thy forts betray,— 86  
His sons deserved not punishment so dread.  
Brigata, Uguccion, and that sad pair  
My song hath told of—innocent were they ;  
Their tender years should have inclined to spare.  
We then arrived, as we pursued our track, 91  
Where bonds of ice confine another class,  
Not looking down, but stretch'd upon the back.  
Their very tears forbid their tears to flow ;  
And grief, unable through their eyes to pass,  
Turns itself inward to increase their woe.  
Forming a cluster, the first tears unite, 97  
Which thus, like crystal vizors to behold,  
Fill all the cup that holds the ball of sight.  
And though, like one to all impressions dead,  
And callous grown, I was benumb'd with cold,  
So that sensation from my face had fled,—  
Still as it seem'd, some little wind prevail'd ; 103  
Whereat I said : “ O master, whence this wind ?  
Methought, at such a depth all vapour fail'd.”  
“ Soon shall we be,” he answer'd, “ where thine eye  
The reason of this cutting blast shall find,  
And of itself afford thee a reply.”

Then one, his grief in frozen crust confined, 109  
 Exclaim'd : " O souls, so cruel though ye be,  
 Since to the lowest place ye are assign'd,  
 Raise from my face the rigid veil I feel,  
 That I may vent in tears my agony  
 A moment's space, ere they again congeal."  
 Then I : " If thou would'st bid my heart relent, 115  
 Say who thou art—and if denied thy suit,  
 Down to the lowest ice may I be sent."  
 " Friar Alberigo is my name," he said,  
 " Who from the evil garden pluck'd the fruit ;  
 And here my fig is with a date repaid."  
 " What ! art thou number'd with the dead ?" I cried.  
 " How on the earth above my body fares— 122  
 That knowledge I possess not," he replied ;  
 " For souls oft hither come, by vengeance driven,  
 (Such privilege this Ptolomea shares)  
 Ere Atropos the fatal stroke hath given :  
 And that more gladly thou mayst wipe away 127  
 The crystal tears congeal'd upon my face,  
 Know—soon as doth the soul, like mine, betray—  
 Its body by a demon is possess'd,  
 By whom 'tis govern'd, till it fill the space  
 On earth allotted to its course unblest :

The soul descends to such a cistern here ; 183  
 And still perhaps on earth the body's seen  
 Of the sad shade which winters in my rear.  
 If lately thou cam'st hither, thou must know,  
 He is Ser Branca D'Oria whom I mean ;—  
 For many years hath he been here below.”

Then I : “Thou fain would'st dupe me, as I guess, 139  
 For Branca D'Oria surely is not dead,  
 But eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and dons his dress.”

“Ere to the trench above of Malebranche,  
 Where always boils the adhesive pitch,” he said,  
 “Had yet arrived the hapless Michael Zanche,  
 This D'Oria's form the devil did assume ; 145  
 His kinsman too—leagued in the treacherous plot—  
 Shared also in his miserable doom.

But come—extend thy hand this way to me ;  
 Open my eyes ;”—his eyes I open'd not ;  
 Rudeness to him were fairest courtesy.

Ah Genoese, of every grace devoid ! 151  
 So full of all malevolence and guile,  
 Why are ye not at one fell swoop destroy'd ?  
 For with Romagna's spirit most accurst  
 A countryman of your's I found—so vile,  
 That in Cocytus is his soul immersed,  
 Although his body seems on earth the while.

## NOTES.

Page 287. (Line 1.) "In this last circle of hell Dante beholds those who have betrayed their native land entombed in everlasting ice. One of them is Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, who by a series of treasons had made himself master of Pisa. The other head is that of Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, Archbishop of that state, who by means no less criminal had effected the ruin of the Count; and having seized him with four of his children or grandchildren, had left them to perish by famine in prison. Dante does not at first recognize them; and shudders when he sees Ugolino gnawing the skull of his murderer. He inquires into the motives of this savage enmity, and with the Count's reply this canto commences."—*Sismondi Ital. Lit. c. ix.*

But to appreciate fully the beauties of this celebrated canto, a fuller knowledge of the circumstances alluded to is required. In the year 1284, the Guelfs of Tuscany conspired to take advantage of the great loss sustained by the Pisans, after their defeat by the Genoese, and destroy Pisa, the chief hold of the Ghibelline party. To dissolve this confederacy, the Pisans appointed as their Captain General for ten years, Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, a man of no principle, but possessing great talent and address, as well as great influence with both parties. The temptation offered by the situation he held was irresistible, and the intrigues he entered into, to dissolve the league, were directed—not to preserve the independence of his country, but to secure to his own family the dominion of Pisa, by making friends with the neighbouring states. For this purpose several castles, it is said, were betrayed to Lucca and



to Florence; and several Ghibelline families banished, who appeared most ready to oppose his ambitious views. With the persecuted Ghibellines, his former friends, sided any Guelfs who viewed his proceedings with disgust; and at the head of the opposition was Nino, Judge of Gallura, a grandson of Ugolino himself. To overcome this opposition, Ugolino entered into alliance with Ruggieri, the Archbishop of the city. The combination succeeded, and the Judge of Gallura fled before their united forces. But Ugolino could not brook an associate; and the claim made by the Archbishop to a share in the government of the city, was haughtily refused. Ruggieri, however, was equally ambitious and crafty with the Count. He dissembled his resentment, and waited for an opportunity of revenge. This dissimulation he maintained on a subsequent occasion, when Ugolino, having established himself in power, stabbed one of Ruggieri's nephews, who came with others to represent to the Count the scarcity of provisions, and reproached him as the cause. The Archbishop waited till he had conciliated Nino, and fully secured the assistance of the Ghibellines. Then having assembled the families of the Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, with their adherents, he suddenly called the people to arms against the tyrant, accused him of betraying his country in surrendering its castles, attacked his palace, and after a long combat, took prisoners the Count Ugolino himself, two of his sons, and two grandsons, threw them into a dungeon, nailed the door, and starved them to death.

In the same year that the melancholy catastrophe of Francesca di Rimini took place, observes Ugo Foscolo, Dante heard of Count Ugolino and his children being starved to death in the tower of Pisa. "From that time," says he, "it is certain

he meditated upon the stories, probably made sketches, and retouched them afterwards a thousand times; and after many years brought to perfection these two scenes so dissimilar; where neither the eye of the critic can discern the consummate art, nor the fancy of the poet reach it, nor any soul, how cold soever, not feel it; and where all appears simple nature, all ideal grandeur."—*Discorso*. p. 317. (4.) Thus Virgil. *Æn.* ii. 3. "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

Page 288. (Line 29.) "Count Ugolino is called a wolf, as being at the time a Guelf. The Ghibellines, his pursuers, are described as hounds." (30.) The hill between Lucca and Pisa is Mount Giuliano. (32.) These families were the adherents of the Archbishop. See note. line 1.

Page 289. (Line 47.) An erroneous opinion prevails, that the gate of the tower was locked, and the keys thrown into the Arno; but the sound of locking the door was heard every day, and was no novelty. The word "chiavare" means to nail, and in the *Paradiso*, canto xix. 105, is used to express the nailing our Saviour to the cross. (49.) "Even at this sight my heart is turned to stone." 2nd pt. *Henry VI.* Act. v. sc. 2. Thus also Spenser, *Fairy Queen.* b. 1, c. 6, st. 37, "And stony horror all her senses fill'd."

Page 290. (Line 66.) "τότε μοί χάνει εὐρεῖα χθών."—*Il.* 3. 182. "Quæ satis ima dehiscat, Terra mihi!"—*Æn.* x. 675. (70.) "If I stand here, I saw him."—*Macbeth.* Act. iii. sc. 4. (80.) The land where "Si" is spoken is Italy, where the affirmative "Si," yes, is used. (83.) Capraia and Gorgona are two small islands, not far from the mouth of the Arno, on which Pisa is situated.

Page 291. (Line 85.) Pisa is likened to Thebes from the cruelties of which it was the scene. (88.) Brigata and

Uguccon are the two children who, besides Anselm and Gaddo, were starved to death with Ugolino. (98.) Thus Shakspeare. *Rich. II.* Act 2, sc. 2.

“For sorrow’s eye, glazed with blinding tears

Divides one thing entire to many objects.”

(105.) As winds are caused by the sun, Dante is surprised that in this sunless abyss, any winds should prevail.

Page 292. (Line 110.) Virgil and Dante are taken for spirits proceeding to punishment in the nethermost abyss. (118.) One of the family of the Manfredi of Faenza, feigning a wish to be reconciled to some of his brotherhood, the Frati Gaudenti, invited them to a banquet. At the conclusion, he called for the fruit, which was the signal for assassins to rush in and murder his guests. Hence one who had been stabbed was said to have tasted Friar Alberigo’s fruit. His fig being repaid with date, line 120; is a proverbial expression—Thus we speak of repaying a man in his own coin. “Dante supposes the souls of these traitors to be precipitated into hell the moment their treachery is committed, and that their bodies are simultaneously possessed by a devil, who inhabits them during the remainder of their natural life.”—*Poggiali*. The idea is in *Psalm* cix. 6, “Let Satan stand at his right hand.”

Page 293. (Line 137.) Branca d’ Oria was of the celebrated family of the Doria in Genoa. He murdered his father-in-law, Michael Zanche, mentioned canto xxii. 88, in order to obtain for himself his appointment in Sardinia. (141.) “But ’tis a spirit.” “No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses as we have, such.”—*Tempest*. Act. i. sc. 2.

CANTO XXXIV.

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ARGUMENT.

DESCRIPTION of Lucifer, surrounded with ice in the very centre of the earth, or lowest depth of hell.—Judas Iscariot, Brutus, Cassius, and others who have been guilty of ingratitude, and betrayed their benefactors.—Passing the centre, the poets ascend to the other hemisphere, and again obtain a sight of the stars.

“Lo, come the banners of the king of hell !” 1

My master said : “ then forward stretch thine eye,  
And, if thou canst—behold the monarch fell.”

Like to a windmill, in the distance seen

Whirling about, when night enwraps the sky,  
Or dense and murky vapours intervene ;—

Such was the structure I now seem'd to view : 7

Whereat to shun the blast, behind my guide  
For want of other shelter I withdrew.

Now came we—and I pen the verse with fear—

Where all the shades beneath the frozen tide  
Transparent shone, like straws in crystal clear.

Some prostrate—others upright I observed, 13

One on his head, and one upon his feet ;  
Another's figure like a bow was curved.

When we had made such progress on our way,  
That to my kind instructor it seem'd meet,  
The Creature, once so beauteous, to display ;—

Standing aside, he made me halt,—and cried : 19

“ Now Dis behold !—be thine, in this dread spot  
A heart of firmest courage to provide.”

How hoarse and icy cold I then became—

Demand not, reader, since I write it not ;  
For all description would be weak and tame.

I died not ;—nor was life within me left ; 25

Imagine then, if fancy thou possess,  
What I became, of either state bereft.

Above the ice uprear'd his bust on high

The Monarch of that region of distress ;  
And nearer to a giant's height am I,

Than to his arms are giants :—now compute, 31

How vast in magnitude the whole must be,  
Which to a portion so immense could suit.

If he were beauteous once, as now debased,—

Yet in his pride transgress'd his Sire's decree,  
Well may all evil unto him be traced.

O what a prodigy he seem'd, to view ! 37  
For on his head three faces were uprear'd ;  
The one in front of a vermilion hue :  
The other two, above each shoulder blade,  
United closely to the first appear'd ;  
And at the crest all three a junction made.  
Somewhat 'twixt white and yellow was the right ; 43  
The left, to look at, was like those who dwell  
Where Nile descends from Ethiopia's height.  
Two mighty wings extended under each,  
Which to a bird so monstrous suited well ;  
Nor e'er beheld I sails such distance reach.  
Plumes had they none ; but in their texture they 49  
Were like a bat's ; which, flexible and thin,  
Produced three winds by their incessant play,  
And froze Cocytus' lowest depth profound.  
The six eyes wept ; and o'er his triple chin  
The tears and bloody foam pour'd fast around.  
At every mouth his teeth a sinner tore, 55  
E'en like a mill ; so that within his jaws,  
Were three of them at once tormented sore.  
To him in front, this crushing was but play,  
Compared with what he suffer'd from the claws,  
Which from his back oft tore the skin away.

"That one above," to me the master said, 61  
 "Is Judas 'Scariot, doom'd to greater pangs :—  
 His feet are quivering, while sinks down his head.  
 Of the other two, whose heads are plunged below,  
 Brutus the one, who from the black throat hangs ;  
 See how he writhes, yet speaks not in his woe !—  
 Cassius the other, with such strength endued. 67  
 But night returns ; and from the abyss of hell  
 'Tis time we went, since all hath now been view'd."  
 My master bidding, I his neck ascended ;  
 Then, judging both his time and distance well,  
 He, when the pinions were enough extended,  
 Attach'd him closely to the shaggy side, 73  
 And made from lock to lock his downward way,  
 Between the wall of ice, and rugged hide.  
 When we had reach'd a station, where the thigh  
 Doth on the swelling of the haunches play,  
 My guide with much fatigue and urgency  
 To where his feet had been, moved round his head, 79  
 And, like to one who mounts, clung to the hair ;—  
 So that to hell again, methought, we sped.  
 Then panting, as a man forespent with toil—  
 My master said : "Take heed ; for by such stair  
 Must we escape from this accursed soil."

Forth issued through a hollow rock my guide, 85  
And on the brink providing me a seat,  
Sate himself down, with caution by my side.  
I raised my eyes ;—nor change did I expect  
To find in Lucifer ;—when lo, his feet,  
That late hung down, were seen in air erect !  
And how I then with trouble was o'ercast, 91  
Let grosser minds imagine—not with sense  
Endow'd to mark the point that I had past.  
Now spoke the master : “ Rise—no more delay—  
Long is the road and rough that leadeth hence,  
And Phœbus soon will wake the early day.”  
No royal path was that on which we were, 97  
But wrought by nature, savage, rough, and rude ;  
Nor was there aught but troublous twilight there.  
“ Ere from the dark abyss we take our way,  
Master,” I said, when on my feet I stood,  
“ Some words bestow, lest I in error stray.  
Where is the ice ?—and wherefore is his head 103  
Fix'd upside down ? and tell the reason why  
From night to morn the sun so soon hath sped.”  
Then he : “ Thou dost imagine we are still  
On the other side the central point, where I  
Clasp'd the earth-piercing worm, fell cause of ill.



So far as I continued to descend, 109

That side we kept ; but when I turn'd, then we  
Had pass'd the point to which all bodies tend.

Now art thou come the hemisphere beneath

Opposed to that which forms earth's canopy ;  
Under whose highest cope pour'd forth his breath

The Man who sinless lived and sinless died. 115

Thy feet upon a little sphere are placed ;  
Its other front is on Giudecca's side.

Morn rises here, when it is evening there ;

And he, whose locks to aid us we embraced,  
Remains still fix'd, as when he form'd our stair.

Hither he fell from heaven, what time forsook 121

Its place, through dread of him, the dry land here,  
And 'neath the veil of ocean, refuge took,

And reach'd our hemisphere :—so, through like dread,

The earth there rising, hence did disappear,  
And sinking down, exalted there its head.

As far from Beelzebub as the profound 127

Abyss is deep, a place there is below,  
Not known by sight, but only by the sound

Caused by a rivulet that downward borne

In gentle windings, by its constant flow  
A channel in the stony rock hath worn."

My guide and I this secret pathway chose, 133  
 To reconduct us to the world of light ;  
 And up we journeyed, heedless of repose,  
 He mounting first, while I his steps pursued ;—  
 Till, through an orifice, heaven's splendours bright  
 Burst on mine eyes :—emerging thence, we view'd  
 The stars once more unfolded to our sight. 139

## NOTES.

Page 298. (Line 1.) This is a parody on the first verse of a Latin hymn, sung by the Church in praise of the Cross. "Vexilla regis prodeunt." The king of hell is about to appear. (8.) The wind is produced by the flapping of Lucifer's wings. See line 51.

Page 299. (Line 18.) Lucifer or Satan,—once an angel of light ; here called Dis. See *Paradiso*. xix. 47. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the pit."—*Isaiah* xiv. 12, 15. Alluding to this passage, Rossetti shows that Dis or Satan is here intended to represent the Pope.—*Sullo Spir. Antip.* page 47, 51. (32.) A similar argument is applied to the Deity, by Spenser. *Hymn to Heavenly Beauty*,—

"Cease then my tongue, and lend unto my mind  
 Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is,  
 Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find."

(34.) Hence Milton. *Par. Lost.* i. 84.—

“ If thou be’st he, but O ! how fallen, how changed  
From him, who in the happy realms of light,  
Cloath’d with transcendent brightness, did’st outshine  
Myriads though bright.”

Page 300. (Line 38.) According to Vellutello, the three faces, red, yellow, and black, denote anger, envy, and melancholy ; and hence Mr. Cary observes, Milton derived his description of Satan. *Par. Lost.* iv. 114.

“ Each passion dimmed his fate,  
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair.”

Page 302. (Line 95.) See Virgil. *Æn.* vi. 128. Hence Milton. *Par. Lost.* ii, 432,

“ Long is the way,  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.”

(108.) The worm is the great dragon or old serpent, “ called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world.” See *Rev.* xii. 9.

Page 303, (Line 117.) Giudecca is the circle of Judas, through which Dante had just past. Treachery, as instanced in Lucifer and Judas, who are coupled together, is punished in the lowest depth of hell, as the most abominable of crimes. Thus Æschylus. *Prom. Vinc.* 1104.

τὲς γὰρ προδότας μισεῖν ἔμαθον,  
κ’ ἐκ ἔσι νόσος  
τησδ’ ὄντιν’ ἀπέπτυσσά μᾶλλον.

(121.) “ Dante tells us, that when Lucifer was hurled from the celestial regions, the arch-devil transfixed the globe ; half his body remained on our side the centre of the earth, and half on the other side. The shock given to the earth by his fall drove a great portion of the waters of the ocean to the southern he-

isphere, and only one high mountain remained uncovered, upon which Dante places his Purgatory."—*Ugo Foscolo. Quart. Review.* vol. xxi. (122.) This is according to the opinion that the land and sea have changed places; by Dante attributed to the effects of Lucifer's fall. See *Rev. ix. l.* (127.) "Hitherto Virgil has been speaking to Dante; Dante now addresses us."—*Lombardi.* Beyond Beelzebub or Lucifer, i.e. on the other side of the centre, extends, he says, a rocky path, equal to the depth of hell, or the semi-diameter of the earth, so dark as to be only discoverable by the sound of a rivulet which runs through it. Up this rude path, or water course, the poets proceed to the surface of the opposite hemisphere, and again obtain a sight of the stars.

Page 304. (Line 133.) "In these last verses, after the sorrow that pervades this part of the poem, begins to breathe a sweetness which prepares the soul for that calm delight with which it will be soothed from the first to the last verse of the succeeding canticle."—*Ugo Foscolo, Discorso.*

END OF INFERNO.





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