

29th Oct 1813.

THE
INFERNO

OF

DANTE ALIGHIERI,

472
794

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK-VERSE,

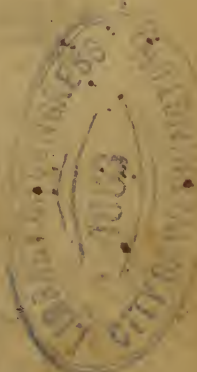
WITH NOTES,

HISTORICAL, CLASSICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

NATHANIEL HOWARD.



Quivi sospiri, pianti, e alti guai
Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle,
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.
Inf. Canto 3.

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1807.

as well as from a
more battle under
Gen. Jackson on ²
which General ^{H7} ¹⁸⁰⁷ ² ¹⁸⁰⁷ ²
of 50 British of
were killed

The Cora ^{is}
Ship 22 days from
Bordeaux

148.15

PREFACE.

THE translator offers the following work to the candid judgment of the public. He intends not to enter into a formal defence of himself for adopting blank-verse, but rather regrets that national custom obliged Dante to confine his great genius to the shackles of rhyme. Blank-verse seems more analogous to his sublime manner, and therefore it is preferred in this translation.

A servile Anglo-Italian version has been avoided, equally as much as too great a latitude from the original. A medium has been attempted; but with what success, those who are competent to judge of the genius of both languages, and of the characteristic style of Dante, will decide.

That the poet, like our immortal Shakspeare, hurried away by the effervescence of imagination, has been guilty of many extra-

vagances, and ludicrous images, is readily admitted ; but these defects in both should be rather attributed, perhaps, to the vicious taste of the age in which they lived, than to the authors themselves. But bold extravagance is the peculiar fault of genius. A vindication of the irregularities of Dante is not intended, and high panegyric on his merits is unnecessary, since five centuries have elapsed, and left him still the subject of admiration for sublimity and wild originality.

Dr. Warton, in his elegant “ Essay on the genius and writings of Pope,” after having translated the pathetic story of Ugolino,* thus speaks of the powers of Dante : “ If this inimitable description had been found in Homer, the Greek tragedies, or Virgil, how many commentaries and panegyrics would it have given rise to ? Perhaps the Inferno of Dante is the next composition to the Iliad, in point of originality and sublimity. And with re-

* Count Ugolino. Canto 33.

gard to the pathetic, let this tale stand a testimony of his abilities: For my own part, I truly believe it was never carried to a greater height.”

Milton was particularly fond of this writer. The following passage is curious, “ Ego certe istis utrisque linguis non extremis tantummodò labris madidus; sed si quis alius, quantum per annos licuit, poculis majoribus prolutus, possum tamen nonnunquam ad illum DANTEM, et Petrarcham, aliosque vestros complusculos, libenter et cupidè comessatum ire. Nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ cum illo suo pellucidò Ilisso, nec illa vetus Roma suâ Tiberis ripâ retinere valuerunt, quin sæpe Arnum vestrum et Fæsulanos illos Colles invisere amem.*”

“ Michael Angelo, from a similarity of genius, was fond of Dante. Both were great masters in the TERRIBLE. M. Angelo made a bas-relief on this subject, which I have seen.”

* Milton. Epist. VIII. B. Bommathæo Florentino.

The great poem of Dante had scarcely appeared, before it became the object of universal admiration throughout all Italy. Copies of it were multiplied, and commentaries written for its illustration.*

In the notes at the end of this volume, ancient writers are occasionally quoted in the original, as their authority seemed best suited to elucidate several passages relative to ancient history.

It is univervally allowed that the *Inferno* is the grandest production of Dante: for the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, though affording numerous passages of singular strength and beauty, are certainly too much tinctured with the philosophy and scholastic theology of the age, to be understood and relished by modern readers: a version, therefore, of the *Inferno* alone is now submitted to the public.

* Dr. Aikin. See *General Biography*.

THE LIFE OF DANTE.

WHEN we consider the comparative ignorance that existed at the birth of our author, when we reflect that elegant literature was scarcely in its infancy, and that all Italy was convulsed with internal dissension, we are struck with astonishment at the genius of Dante, which could rise superior to the disadvantages of a fluctuating language,* and to the blind superstition of the age.

A terrific imagination undisciplined by art, a wild invention, a dark and sullen depth of thought, a ferocity of invective, and a deeply tragic power of narrative, are the grand characteristics of this primal poet of Italy.

Dante, a diminutive of †Durante, was descended from an illustrious family of great antiquity in Florence. His father was called Ali-

* Egli oltre a questo prova d'aver superato qualunque altro poeta anco in ingegno; poichè laddove Omero, e Virgilio cantarono in lingue di già adulte, e che allora si parlavano nella maggior perfezione, essendo la lingua Italiana ancor bambina, Dante fu obbligato di creare la maggior parte di quella, colla quale formò il suo poema. Martinelli al Sig. Conte d'Orford.

† Salvini. *Durante* signifies *resisting*.

ghiero degli *Alighieri, and his mother's name was Bella. His ancestry may be traced, with historical accuracy, as far back as Caccia-guida, a Florentine knight, from whom sprang the noble family of the Alighieri.

Dante was born at Florence, in May, 1265,† soon after the city had recovered its native inhabitants the Guelfi, who had been banished in consequence of their defeat at Montaperto.

Florence has been remarkable in the annals of modern history for the frequent recurrence of its intestine wars. The inveterate contest between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany began in the twelfth century. The partizans of the papal faction distinguished themselves by the name of the †*Guelfi*, and those of the latter, *Ghibellini*:

* *Alighieri* is derived from the coat of arms, *a wing on a field azure*. Vellutello.

† Boccaccio. Leonardo Aretino.

‡ The branch of the Guelfes in Germany became extinct in Guelfe III. who died in 1055, without children. His father, Guelfe II. who died in 1047, had given his daughter Cunegonda in marriage to Azo II. Marquis of Este, then master of inner Lombardo, since of the Geneose states as far as the Adriatic. This Azo II. who also died in 1055, had three sons. The eldest was called Guelfe, after his grandfather; he was an Italian with a German name. At the death of his uncle, Guelfe III. he inherited, in right of his mother,

Nothing could exceed the indefatigable animosity exhibited by the citizens of Florence, during the detestable feuds : each thought it incumbent on him to signalize himself either by arms or by council ; consequently the spirit of emulation called forth the most splendid talents into action. The Florentines, indeed, fought for the defence of their independence, and after many struggles and many defeats, gained a decided ascendancy. No sooner was the city left in a state of temporary peace, than the spirit of commerce began to extend itself, and the study of science and polite literature to be cultivated by the higher orders of society.

During this short period of tranquillity, Alighiero died, and left his infant son to the care and tuition of Brunetto Latino, professor of philosophy and rhetoric. As soon as reason dawned in the young mind of Dante, he dis-

the states of Bavaria ; it is from him that the house of Brunswick springs ; the second son of Azo II. was Bertholde ; who married Sophia of Corinthia and Laringia. Their son was the famous Rinaldo, the hero of Tasso, who lived to the age of an hundred years. The third son of Azo II. was the Marquis of Este, who was the stem of the house of Este of Modena. While the quarrel lasted, the Ursini were at the head of the Guelfes, and the Colonna at the head of the Ghibelines." Dutens.

played a great predilection for letters. He prosecuted his physical studies, and the polite arts with such avidity, that his friends beheld it with happy omens of his future celebrity. His intense application to learning, however, did not preclude him from acquiring other accomplishments cultivated by the youth of his age. Nature had endowed him with genius and activity, qualities rarely united in an individual.

In the life of Dante we do not meet the inactive elegance of men of letters, but the busy energy of the citizen, the ready advice of the counsellor, and the dignified courage of the soldier.

Boccaccio, the cotemporary biographer and the enthusiastic admirer of Dante, relates that his passion for Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari, a Florentine citizen, began in his ninth year; but others contend, particularly Mario Filelfo, that Beatrice was only an imaginary being of the poet's fancy, and allegorically made to represent Virtue. Whether she were a fictitious, or a real character, Dante has immortalized the name in his extraordinary poem.

Some of his earliest biographers assert that his eager thirst of knowledge led him not only to the Universities of Florence, Bologna, and

Padua,* but also to study at Paris for his degree, and in the university of †Oxford.

Our author in his twenty-fourth year was present at Campaldino. His heroic conduct at this memorable battle reflects great honour on his military skill and intrepidity, when at the head of the cavalry he encountered the most alarming dangers.

This victory, and the previous reputation acquired by his learning and great talents, soon elevated him in the state. But every degree of exaltation only exposed him to greater calamities. Dante was also in arms for the service of his country against the Pisans in 1290. He was elected in his thirty-fifth year the chief of the priors, the most dignified ‡office in the state of Florence: his colleagues were Palmieri degli Altoviti and Neri di Jacobo degli Alberti.

In 1291 he married Gemma the daughter of Manetto de' Donati, by whom he had several children, two of which afterwards became his commentators. This union was productive of domestic misery to the susceptible mind of Dante; the temper of his wife was so violent

* Benvenuto da Imola.

† Giovanni da Serravalle, Bishop of Fermo.

‡ He was prior from June 15th to August 15th.

that he was obliged to separate from her, and the poet never afterwards permitted her to approach his presence. How different was the character of the wife of *Budæus! She possessed the same genius with her husband, the same pursuits, the same pleasures; she shared his felicity, participated and soothed his afflictions. Though literature was the animated pursuit of her mind, yet she did not neglect her domestic duties, or the education of eleven children. Had Dante been so fortunate in his choice, his mind might have been less gloomy and contemplative; but, perhaps, the world might have never seen his great poem; for some of his commentators affirm, that he composed his *Inferno* to amuse his sullen and solitary hours of disappointment and exile.

Public affairs entirely engrossed the talents of Dante; he was sent on several embassies anterior to his election to the priorate.

The Guelfi, who had at length subjugated the Ghibellini, enjoyed a temporary pause. But this mutual cessation from arms contributed only to a repetition of hostilities with greater vigour.

* Budæus was the most learned man of his age: he was born at Paris in 1467.

The occasion of this new dissension originated with the family of the Cancellieri, at Pistoia, a small city subject to Florence. The two branches of the family quarrelled on account of their sons, and all Pistoia was involved in civil discord. Dante, being now in his plenitude of power, gave his advice that the two principals should be summoned to Florence, with an intention of settling their dispute. This counsel, indeed, was not only pernicious to Dante, but to the whole city. The contagion of mutual war was soon spread among the Florentines, they separated into two factions, the *Bianchi*, and *Neri*. The powerful family of the Cherchi declared for the former, and the Donati, who had long been their inveterate foes, espoused the cause of the latter. The acrimony on either side was so violent, that the Neri, in a body, held a nightly consultation in the church of the Holy Trinity, on the most probable mode of obtaining an ascendancy over their opponents. They at length resolved to lay a request before Boniface VIII. praying that he would depute Charles de Valois, brother of the King of France, to pacify the disturbances in the city. This determination was soon known to the opposite faction, who immediately went to the priors,

requiring of them the banishment of their hostile party for a secret consultation of a treasonable nature, in the church. “Dante, says Gravina exerted all his influence to unite these parties; but his efforts were ineffectual, and he had the misfortune to be unjustly persecuted by those of his own faction. Dante, with great vehemence, opposed the disgraceful project of introducing Charles of Valois, and obtained the banishment of Donati and his partizans. The exiles applied to the pope, and by his assistance succeeded in their design. Charles of Valois entered Florence in triumph, and those who had opposed his admission were banished in their turn. Dante had been dispatched to Rome as the ambassador of his party, and was returning, when he received intelligence of the revolution in his native city. His enemies, availing themselves of his absence, had procured an iniquitous sentence against him, by which he was condemned to banishment, and his possessions were confiscated.*”

It is asserted by Tiraboschi, that on the 27th of January, 1302, Dante was fined 8000*l.* and two years exile; and if incapable of payment

* See Mr. Hayley's Notes to the third Epistle of his Essay on Poetry.

his whole property was to be seized. According to a document discovered by Count Lodovico Savioli in the archives of Florence in 1772, it appears that our author with others of his faction was sentenced to be burnt alive, if he should fall into the power of the Florentines.

In this unmerited calamity our author took refuge at Sienna, and afterwards united himself at Arezzo, to a powerful body of fellow-exiles, who, with Alessandro da Romena at their head, desperately determined to force their way into the city of Florence. Their animated efforts, however, proved fruitless; and they were ultimately compelled to resign the obstinate contest.

Dante left Arezzo, and wandered to various parts of Italy, till he at length found a sanctuary in the princely residence of Cane della Scala. Here his elevated spirit of independence disdained the degradation of servility, and the baseness of flattery. His rigid and gloomy disposition was ill-suited to the free luxury of the court of Verona: he therefore quitted this hospitable asylum.

A story related of him, perhaps, had a tendency to shorten his abode with Can Grande. His munificent patron found much diversion in

the low ribaldry and licentious jocularity of common buffoons. One of these characters was a general favourite, and he was summoned to appear before Cane at a sumptuous entertainment. Here the prince highly commended him in the presence of Dante, and ungenerously observed: "I am surprised that this jester, who is by some considered a fool, and by others a worthless character, should be so agreeable, and so beloved by us all; while you, a man of integrity, genius, and wisdom, should be neglected, or heard with indifference." "You will cease to be surprised," retorted Dante, "when you recollect that similarity of manners is the surest bond of friendship." This sarcasm possessed too much truth to be pleasing; it was a rough reply, but prompted by the indignation of virtue.

The Homer of Italy again became a wanderer; he is traced to Padua in 1306, in the following year to Lunigiana at the palace of the Marquis Malespina, and afterwards to Urbino, Bologna, and many other parts of Italy.

"The election of Henry, Count of Luxemburgh, to the empire, in November, 1308, afforded Dante a prospect of being restored to his native city, as he attached himself to the in-

terest of the new emperor, in whose service he is supposed to have written his Latin treatise *de Monarchia*, * in which he asserted the rights of the empire against the encroachments of the papacy. In the year 1311, he instigated Henry to lay siege to Florence, in which enterprise he did not appear in person, from motives of respect towards his native city. The emperor was repulsed by the Florentines, and his death, which happened in the succeeding year, deprived Dante of all hopes concerning his re-establishment in Florence."†

After this event the poet wandered for several years from place to place in indigence and distress, sighing to return to his native city. He is said to have made another journey to Paris, and there to have held public disputations on theology. This mode of maintenance was probably irksome to a poet; he resigned it, repassed the Alps, returned to Romagna in a state of poverty and want, and at last was kindly received at Ravenna by Guido Novello da Polenta, an illustrious patron of learning. Here he was treated with endearing cordiality, and his heart was grateful to his benefactor.

* He also wrote two books *de Vulgari Eloquentia*.

† See Mr. Haley's Notes to the Epistle on Poetry.

The republic of Venice at this time was preparing for hostilities against Ravenna; and Guido, apprehensive of an attack on his territories, sent Dante to negotiate a peace. The Venetians, however, were so exasperated against Guido, that the poet was denied a public audience; and was obliged to return by land, lest the fleet of the enemy should intercept his passage. He reached the palace of his patron; but the fatigue of the journey, and the anxiety of his mind for the safety of his munificent friend, threw him into a fever, which terminated fatally on the 14th of September, 1321, in the 56th year of his age.

The affectionate Guido bestowed on the deceased, the highest sepulchral honours. The body was publicly carried on a bier through the streets of Ravenna by the first citizens, and laid in a marble coffin; and his patron pronounced the funeral oration himself. Other decorations, and a fine statue of the poet, were afterwards erected over the ashes of genius, by Bernardo Bembo, præter of Ravenna.

A more magnificent monument was raised to his memory in 1780, by the legate Cardinal Gonzaga, with this inscription,

“*Dante Alighierio poetæ sui temporis primo,
Restitutori politioris humanitatis.*”

The Florentines, conscious of their injustice to their primal poet, strenuously endeavoured to obtain his bones from Ravenna, and repose them honourably in his native city, but failed in the attempt. In the age of Leo the Xth. a solemn petition was made to the pope for the same purpose; and Michel Angelo offered to execute a sumptuous monument worthy the “grete poete of Italie,”* but their efforts were again fruitless. Ravenna would not consent to resign her sacred deposit.

Indeed so great was the veneration of the Florentines for their bard, that a horrid circumstance is recorded of Ceno d’Ascoli, a learned physician; he attempted to write parodies on the *Inferno*, and the popular fury was so terrible that Ceno was publicly burnt at Florence for his irreverence to the memory of Dante.†

Boccaccio thus describes the person of Dante.‡ He was a man of middle stature, and

* So called by Chaucer, who was a great admirer of Dante.

† This incident happened three years after the death of Dante. See *Memoires de Petrarque*.

‡ Fu adunque di Mezzana statura; e poichè alla matura età fu pervenuto, andò alquanto gravetto, ed era il suo andar grave, e mansueto, di onestissimi panni sempre vestito, in quello abito, che era alla sua matura età convenevole; il suo volto fu lungo, il naso aquilino, gli occhi anzi grossi, che pic-

when arrived at the age of maturity, was grave in his deportment, his walk solemn, he was courteous in his manner, his dress plain, but always suitable to his rank and age: a long visage, aquiline nose, full eyes, his cheek-bones large, an under-lip projecting beyond the upper, his complexion dark, hair and beard thick black and curled, and a pensive and melancholy expression always in his countenance. In public and domestic life he was wonderfully composed and regular; nothing could be more easy and civil than his address, and his temperance in eating and drinking was remarkable.

Abstraction of mind was his striking propensity.

“Poggius relates of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; whenever he read he was only alive to what was passing in his mind; to all human concerns he was, as if they had not been. Dante went one day to a great public procession; he

cioli, le mascelle grandi, e dal labbro di sotto, era quel di sopra avanzato; il colore era bruno, i capelli, e la barba spessi neri e crespi, e sempre nella faccia malinconico e pensoso—Ne costumi pubblici e domestici mirabilmente fu composto e ordinato; più che niuno altro cortese e civile; nel cibo e nel poto fu modestissimo.—

entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence, and plunged into an abyss of thought. On his return he declared that he had neither seen, nor heard, the slightest occurrence of the public exhibition which passed before him.— This enthusiasm renders every thing surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene.”*

Such was the veneration of Florence for her poet, that, in 1373, an institution was established with a public stipend to a person qualified to explain the poem of Dante to the people. The chair was first occupied by Boccaccio.

Dante, in his youth, composed also a work entitled *Vita Nuova*, a singular narrative of his amours with Beatrice; and *Convito*, another production illustrative of some of his twenty *Canzoni* written during his exile; translations of the Psalms, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and many other religious pieces.

The editions of Dante have been numerous: Giovan Battista Pasquali in that which he published at Venice, 1751, mentions fifty-seven editions besides his own.

* *Curiosities of literature.* vol. 2. p. 398.

“ Concluderò adunque con dire, che Dante ha dati i primi momenti al bello, e al sublime della lingua Italiana, e ne è ancora riguardato come il principale sostegno ed ornamento. Di Dante non si può dire, come generalmente si dice di ogni altro poeta, che non sono ne i loro poemi bellezze, o invenzioni, le quali in Omero non sieno; perchè Omero resuscitò al mondo letterario in Italia in tempo che Dante era morto. Le sue descrizioni vivaci all' ultimo segno, e sommamente originali; e il suo sublime risulta dall' altezza, e insieme profonda verità di pensieri spiegati con parole le più comuni: ed è questo quel sublime, che Longino sopra ogni altro commenda.*

* Martinelli al sig. Conte d' Orford.

I N F E R N O.

C A N T O I.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet recounts how he found himself bewildered in a horrible wood, but by day-break arrived at an eminence, and desiring to ascend it, he was prevented by some beasts of prey. In endeavouring to escape, he sees Virgil, who offers to conduct him through hell and purgatory, and after he should be led up to paradise: under his guidance the poet undertakes the arduous journey.

As journeying^t midway on the road of life,
Bewilder'd in a dusky wood, aghast!
I stray'd, far-devious from the path direct.
It were a hard attempt to say how wild,
How savage, and how vast, that forest rose,
For even yet remembrance on my mind,
Bitter as death, renews the pale affright.
But to display the good, I must recount

All other wonders there disclos'd to view.
 I know not well, how thro' the horrid gloom
 I enter'd ; for dull languor fill'd my soul
 What time I wander'd from the certain way.
 Onward I roam'd, till the dim vale withdrew,
 That smote my heart with terror : when a hill
 Uprose, I mark'd on high his beetling brow
 Invested with the² sun, whose radiant beam
 Conducts aright the wanderer on his way.
 Thaw'd was the fear, that thro' the hideous night
 Congeal'd the ruddy fountain of my heart.
 Like him I stood, who from the perilous sea
 Emerg'd, looks round, again looks, panting, round,
 To view the wrecking storm, and dangers dire ;
 So turn'd my soul, yet shuddering on the coast
 That none had travers'd, and escap'd with life.
 Soon as my wearied frame recover'd strength,
 Again I rose to climb the desert height,
 Th' ascent prest heavy on my hinder foot ;
 When glar'd before me, where the hill began
 A panther, light, and swift, gaily bedropp'd
 With vivid hues ; nor fled he my approach,
 But barr'd my progress, that I turn'd for flight.
 Mild was the morning hour, the climbing sun
 Shone with the stars, as when divinest love
 First sent these forms of beauty thro' the void :

Cheer'd by the gaudy colours of the beast,
 The matin freshness, and the season sweet,
 Rais'd was my hope ; when startling at the sight,
 A lion, grim with rage, against me came,
 With hunger stung ; high shook his brindled mane,
 The air seem'd hush'd in horror as he pass'd.
 Pallid with want, a she-wolf next appear'd,
 Lean ghost of famine, who had, ravenous, fed
 On many a human corpse, and many a land
 Made desolate ; such was my chill dismay,
 That hastening from her sight, I left the steep
 Hopeless : like him, who in that luckless hour
 Which wholly robs him of his hoarded gain,
 Laments, and inly wrings his heart with grief ;
 So I despair'd, when sprang the restless beast,
 And backward drove me where the³ silent sun
 Repos'd in darkness. Down a blind descent
 I fell ; when to⁴ my gaze uprose a shape,
 Whose hoarse voice feebly broke the horrid pause.
 To him amid the desert as he stood,
 I cried " Pity a wretch, whate'er thou art,
 A beckoning⁵ phantom, or a mortal form !"

He answer'd thus : " Not mortal now, tho' born
 Lowly from Lombard parents, Mantuans both,
 What time the reign of Julius scarce began ;
 And thence to Rome, by mild Augustus call'd,

I came, among the shrines of fabled gods.
 Illumin'd by the Muse, I sang the man,
 Anchises' virtuous son, who fled from Troy,
 When Ilion's towers in blazing ruin fell.
 But thou, why dost thou turn to dangers past?
 Why not ascend yon mountain's sunny brow,
 The source of good, the summit of delight?"

“What!...art thou Maro? Say! that sacred
 fount

Whence torrents of poetic richness stream'd?"
 (I cried, while blushes mantled o'er my cheek,)

“Eternal light of poesy, thrice hail!

Now, let that burning zeal, that boundless love,
 With which, these eyes have fed upon thy page,
 Avail; O thou, my tutor and my guide!

From whom alone I drew the happy style
 That builds my fame: O snatch me from that beast,
 Who darts such terrors thro' my trembling frame."

“Pursue another road," he gently said,
 While swam my eyes in tears, “another road,
 O shun in haste the darkly savage wild:
 This famish'd beast besets the passing way
 To give thee death; by nature so inflam'd,
 'That when full gorg'd more ravenous is her rage.
 Tho' fill'd by monsters, yet to gender more,
 More demons shall impregn her, till that hound

Shall come, and in the bitter pains of death,
 Destroy her. He, above all gems and wealth,
 With wisdom, truth, with patriotic love,
 Inspir'd, shall hurry from his native land,
 That lies between each⁸ Feltro, to defend
 Low Italy; for whom⁹ Camilla met
 A virgin grave; and red with gaping wounds,
¹⁰ Euryalus with Nisus fell; where Turnus died.
 His wrath thro' every region shall pursue
 The worried fiend, till hell receive her home,
 Whence first let loose from Envy's dark abode.
 Now follow me, thy friend and guide; thy steps
 Darkling, shall sound th' eternal realms below.
 Harsh in thy ears the yellings of despair
 Shall ring, grating; meantime, from penal flames
 Spirits shall shrieking rise, and vainly ask,
 In second death, a respite from their pains.
 While others in the¹¹ fiery gulph content,
 Shall smile in tortures, shall un murmuring, hope
 To sit, at last, among the blest of God.
 But know, if hence to heaven thy mind aspires,
 A worthier¹² spirit must conduct thy steps;
 And thee to her safe guidance I resign,
 What time we part: for there th' Almighty rules,
 And me, a rebel to his law, rejects;
 Hence, to his kingdom, none thro' me arrives,

So he decreed. All boundless is his reign !
Illimitably vast ! high tow'rs his throne
Amid yon realms of radiance ; blest are all,
'Thrice blest, whom God embosoms in his love !''

He paus'd ; when thus I spake : Immortal bard,
Then by that God, unknown to thee, unprais'd,
Hence thro' the scenes of horror and despair
In safety lead me, shew where sinners groan,
And where Saint Peter's gate may bless my eyes."
I said ; the spectre mov'd and led the way.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet begins this canto at sun-set, and after an invocation, reflects on the arduous journey which he has undertaken; and betrays great timidity. Virgil, however, to inspirit him, intimates that he had been sent to his assistance by Beatrice. Encouraged by this account, he proceeds on his destined way with his guide.

Low sank the day : the dusky air enwrapt
All weary beasts in night, and from their toils
Releas'd them. I, alone sustain'd the war
Of woes, and mazy perils of the way,
Which now my mind unerring shall retrace.
O Muses! O bright Genius! raise my thoughts :
Aid me ye powers of mind, who hold preserv'd
In Mem'ry's tablet what these eyes survey'd,
Now prove your noblest virtues! "Thou my
guide,
Examine," I began, "my nature first,
First try what courage animates my breast,

Ere thou entrust my footsteps to proceed.
 What tho' the chief Eneas, cloth'd in flesh
 Corruptible, among immortal souls
 Walk'd bodily, alive to human sense :
 Yet, if th' Eternal Foe to evil, smil'd
 Complacent, musing on the high effect,
 And knowing, who should issue from his loins ;
 It seems most worthy to calm reason's eye,
 That he, the sire, uprais'd by highest heaven,
 Should sway the sceptre of imperial Rome.
 Ordain'd was he, if candid truth be told,
 To found that sacred city, where presides
 Each new successor of great Peter's throne.
 He lives immortal in thy noble song,
 And from this journey learnt mysterious things,
 Whence rose his vict'ry, whence the papal robe.
 And there, in after-days, Saint Paul arriv'd,
 ' Chosen of God, who from his mission brought
 Sweet comfort, and assurance in our faith,
 That entrance to Salvation's holy path.
 But me what pow'r befriends ? Shall I proceed
 Nor bold Eneas, nor Saint Paul am I ;
 Unworthy wretch, I fear to venture forth,
 Lest folly end my rash attempt. Yet say,
 Thou sage, who know'st my meaning ere I spea
 Shall I presume ?" Perplex'd, like him I stood,

Who undetermines what he late resolv'd,
 Changing at second thought his first intent ;
 So dubious on that gloomy coast I paus'd,
 And mus'd away in thought my enterprize,
 So dear at first. ...“ If well I read thy mind,”
 The noble shade replied,² “ chill in thy heart
 Lurks fear, that oft assails the alter'd soul
 Starting from high achievements, as a beast
 From some false shape of horror in the gloom.
 But listen, that thy terror may subside ;
 Learn, mortal, why I came, and what I heard
 With pity to thy woes. With those I dwelt,
 Who³ feel nor pain nor pleasure after death.
 When to my dazzled gaze a virgin-form
 Came gliding, fair in angel beauty, came ;
 And all-commanding, call'd me near. Her eyes
 Like stars a living lustre stream'd. She spake ;
 Words, sweet as nectar, melted on her lips.
 Seraphic flow'd her voice and thus began :
 “ Spirit of Mantua hail ! whose laurell'd fame
 Blooms yet on earth, and shall for ever bloom,
 While rolls the peopled globe ! O hence away,
 A friend of mine, but not of fortune, scar'd
 Amid the horrors of the desert waste,
 Returns thro' terror ; ah ! too late, I fear
 My succour comes ; from what I heard in heaven.

Now hasten, gently with thy gracious voice,
 Persuade, assist him :—so console my heart. ...
 Know, I am Beatrice ; I left that world
 Where now, I hasten to return : I came,
 Impell'd by love, to pour this fond request.
 So when before the hallow'd throne of God
 I bend adoring ; oft on thee my praise
 Shall dwell." She paus'd : in answer I began :
 " Virgin of virtue, by whose pow'r alone,
 Mortals can soar above the nether spheres ;
 Thy embassy delights my soul ; I fly
 Obsequious ; were it now, at once, perform'd,
 Too tardy would it seem : I know thy will ;
 Enough, fair saint, display no more thy powers.
 Yet say, why not unwilling hast thou sought
 The central darkness of this lower world ;
 Far from those ample courts, where to return
 Thy bosom burns ?" " Then hear my brief reply,
 Since thou would'st penetrate into the cause.
 First know, no terror checks my progress here,
 Those things alone, that have an evil power
 I dread, none else to me are terrible.
 Such heavenly nature has the hand of God,
 In sovereign mercy pour'd upon my form,
 That me, not hell's worst agony affects,
 Nor raging tempests of Tartarean flame.

Besides, a gentle seraph mourns in heaven ;
 So deep her sorrow, that stern Justice bends ;
 She weeps for him beset with perils dire ;
 She, calling, spake to Lucia : “ Give him help,
 O hasten !....I commend him to thy care.”
 Fair Lucia heard, whose tender thoughts abhorr’d
 Oppression, on she mov’d, and pitying, came
 Where high with Rachel rose my seat of bliss.
 “ Beatrice, thou true praise of God,” she cried,
 Why aid’st thou not yon victim, who for thee
 Nobly has scorn’d what vulgar crowds adore.
 Oh hark ! how deep the groanings of his soul !
 Struggling with death, amid the raging flood,
 Dark-swelling like an ocean without shore !”
 She ceas’d, nor worldlings speedier urge their way
 To grasp their gain, or shun the spectre want,
 Than I went gliding from my shrine of bliss ;
 Trusting that eloquence which rears thy fame,
 And still ennobles all, who love thy strains.

Beatrice paus’d and wept ; her radiant eyes
 She turn’d away in tears, which kindled more
 My eager zeal ; so, as she will’d, I came,
 And freed thee from the fiend, that howling,
 check’d

Thy progress to yon summit of delight.
 But what ! why lingerest thou ? Why in thy soul

Such doubts, such coward fears? Why feel'st thou
not

Daring ambition, and bold enterprize?

Know'st thou, who love thee in the courts of
heaven?

Three blessed saints, who still protect thy life:

Why start'st thou, when such favours I reveal?

⁊ As flow'rs, at night-fall, chill'd by frosty dews,

Lie drooping, till the Orient laughs in light,

Then rising, feel the Sun, and spread their blooms;

Expanding thus, my drooping vigour rose,

As glowing ardour rush'd about my heart.

Dauntless I spake: "Blest be that pitying saint!

Who came to succour, blest be thou! whose zeal

Obey'd her true behest: such new desire

Thy gracious voice enkindles in my soul,

That, gladly I resume my great design.

Conduct me, since we will it both;...proceed,

My master and my guide."—We onward mov'd,

Deep entering down a way engloom'd in wood.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet arrived with Virgil at the gate of hell, sees a dreadful inscription over it. Having entered with him, he hears the horrible clamours and complaints of the Indolent, who were running about, stung by insects ; thence they arrived at the river Acheron, over which is the passage of souls. Dante fell fainting to the earth.

THRO' me pass mortals to the realms of woe ;
Thro' me they pass to everlasting pain :
Thro' me to meet the race forever lost.

Stern Justice first my mighty Founder mov'd :
Me Wisdom made, and Love, and Power divine.

I stood, while yet were no created forms,
Save things eternal ; and eternal still
Shall I endure.—Oh! ye, who enter here,
Ye heirs of sin,² leave every hope behind.

These words in darkest characters I saw
Grav'd on a lofty arch ; when thus I moan'd ;
“ Hard is that sentence, ah ! it strikes my heart.”

When gravely-warning, spake the bard: " Be
 calm,

Bid all distrust, bid all vile terror die.

Here view the place where mournful victims wail,
 Their reason lost."...He, smiling, led my way
 Amid the secret horrors of the dark.

Here, sighs, complaints, and bitter-muttering woes
 Re-echo'd thro' th' undawning, starless gloom.

I enter'd weeping. Horrible harangues,
 Strange clash of tongues, hoarse-sounding words of
 grief,

Accents of anger, frenzy-smiting hands,
 And shriekings, thro' the ever midnight air
 Tumultuous circled, like the eddying sands
 Wheel'd by the desert-whirlwind. Now I cried,
 While darkly roll'd about my brow the shades
 Of error, " What distracting sounds are these?
 And who the phantoms thus o'erwhelm'd in woe?"

When he: " Mark ! these are wretched souls,
 that liv'd

Nor stain'd with infamy, nor blest with praise.
 Neutral they liv'd: now mingled with that band
 Of angels unrebelling, yet to God
 Unfaithful, constant to themselves alone ;
 These heav'n hurl'd headlong from her courts of
 light,

Page 15, line 6, for "*Here,*" read "*Hear.*"

Lest her fair spotless beauty be distain'd ;
 Nor yet the depths of hell receiv'd the crew,
³ Lest the condemn'd some glory should derive
 Were these their fellows." " Say the poignant
 grief

That bids them howling thus complain?" He
 spake ;

" Here ! briefly hear ! no soothing hope of death
 Awaits them ; blindly-irksome lags their life ;
 And envying all, they wither in despair.

The world on them no fame bestows ; and them
 Fair Mercy, and stern Justice spurn alike.

Oh ! ask no more, but look a last farewell."

I mov'd : when lo ! a banner whirl'd around
 So swiftly, that it never paus'd : while flock'd
 Legions of spirits, that my wonder grew,
 How death could massacre such countless swarms !

While some I recogniz'd, I look'd, and knew
 The grisly ghost of one, whose coward heart

⁴ Resign'd thro' fear, his high Pontific rank :
 Soon I discover'd that this evil race

Offended God and all his foes alike :

This selfish race while on the peopled earth

⁵ No living spirit felt : dark-clustering wasps,
 With clouds of hornets on their naked forms

Fastening, infix'd their multitude of stings,
 While blood from every mangled visage stream'd
 Down to their feet, with putrid tears commix'd
 To feed disgustful worms, that round them writh'd.
 Farther I stretch'd my vision, and beheld
 Numbers along a mighty river throng'd ;
 " Relate," I cried, " why eagerly they press
 To cross that dusky depth? Lo! how they drive
 Seen thro' the gleaming of this livid light!"
 When he: " Thou shalt be answer'd, when we
 reach

Sad Acheron, that melancholy tide.

With looks abash'd, and at my rude request
 Deep-blushing, on I mov'd to meet the flood
 In silence ; when approaching in his bark,
 Wither'd by age, and silvery grey his locks,
 A boatman cried " Woe to you ! guilty souls !
 Hope never more to see the light of heaven,
 I come to land you hence ; prepare to dwell
 ' In flame, in frost, in everduring night !
 But hence, thou living soul enshrin'd in flesh,
 Away from these ! nor mingle with the dead."

But, when he saw me lingering with the shades,
 He roar'd, " Another way, another coast ;
 Not here, a lighter bark must waft thee hence."

To him my guide ; “ Nay, torture not thyself,
 Heav'n's pow'r has will'd it, ask no more.”...He
 heard ;

The pilot of the⁷ livid lake obey'd.

Th' uplifted bristles on his frighten'd cheek

Fell, grimly-silent wheel'd his flamy orbs.

Meanwhile, the shuddering ghosts, naked and
 faint,

Grew ghastly wan, and gnash'd their teeth in rage,

Soon as they heard the sentence : they blasphem'd

Their God, their parents, and all human race,

Their clime, their lineage, and their breath of life.

Then burst in tears ; and, hastening to the flood,

Which all awaits, who never reverence God,

They, hope-forsaken, rush ; stern⁸ Charon rolls

His eyes of burning red, collects the crew

Beckoning, and with his oar each lingerer smites.

As mellow'd leaves in⁹ autumn fall away,

Leaf follows leaf, till widow'd stands the grove,

And all its wither'd spoils bestrew the ground,

So fall the sons of Adam, so they lie,

Thrown on the fatal shore, in victim-heaps.

Obedient as the falcon to his call.

Soon as they launch upon the gloomy wave,

New cargoes, gathering, fill again the bank.

The Mantuan spake : “ My son, this impious race

From every nation, in the wrath of God
Died : lo ! Justice divine impels their flight,
Their fear of crossing quickens to desire.
Good spirits leave unpass'd the livid lake :
Then, know, why Charon warn'd thee to be-
ware."

He ceas'd : when groaning shook the darkening
plain

So horribly, that drops of deadly fear
Still rolling, bathe my brow ; the rocking earth
Gave thunder, sanguine lightning glar'd around !
Senseless, within me swoon'd away my heart :
I fell, like one surpris'd with heavy sleep.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, awakened by a heavy peal of thunder, found himself in the valley, which surrounded the abyss ; and following Virgil, he descends to the first precinct of the infernal world, the Limbo of the ancients, who died without baptism, and who, having lived before our Saviour, had not, with due devotion, worshipped God. Hence he descends to the second region.

TERRIFIC thunder broke my deep repose !
Startled, as one shook forcibly from sleep,
I sprang upright ! Around I cast my eyes,
That late had rest ; and gaz'd intent to mark
The region where I stood. I found myself
Pois'd on the dread brink of that woeful vale,
Th' abyss, that thunder'd forth innumerable groans !
Cloudy, profound, where slept incumbent night.
Here vision dared not penetrate its depth,
Nor note the certain forms of things below.
“ Now let us down this world of shade descend,”

Cried the wan poet, shuddering in dismay,
 “ And see, thou follow close my guiding steps.”
 Struck with his pallid look, “ Shall I presume
 Aghast ! if thou canst tremble,” I exclaim’d,
 “ Thou teacher ! thou kind comfort to my
 doubts ?”

When thus to me : “ The anguish of yon tribe
 With pity pales my cheek, not chilling fear ;
 But haste, for distant lies our weary way.”
 Onward we mov’d :—we enter’d mutely slow,
 Thro’ the first precincts of the vast profound.
 Here no complaints, save languid sighs were heard,
 Low-muttering on the ever-trembling gales :
 Not torturing pangs, but melancholy woe
 The numerous crowd of matrons, sires, and babes
 Assail’d. “ What ! wilt thou not enquire their fate ?”
 My leader asked : “ Attend, ere thou proceed.”
 “ Know, these are ancients, whom thy eyes survey,
 Of sin unconscious ; and if worthy praise,
 It nought^t avails, since baptism was unknown,
 That portal to thy faith : they sprang to life
 Before the gentle Saviour came, or knew,
 Or rightly worshipp’d God ; of these am I :
 And such defect, not guilt, has lost us heaven.
 So far afflicted, that devoid of hope,
 Still in desire we live.” Grief wrung my heart,

When first I heard that noble souls were held
 In Limbo. “Teacher! say,” for now I wish’d
 Certain assurance in that vital faith
 Which clears blind error; “yet, has none advanc’d
 To plead his merit, or another’s, say,
 Nor after was receiv’d to bliss?” “That state
 My soul scarce knew,” he answer’d, for he guess’d
 The hidden purport of my speech; “when lo!
 The² Prince of Power arriv’d with vict’ry crown’d.
 He drew triumphant forth our primal sire;
 Then Abel, issue of his loins; and him,
 Noah; just Moses; and confirm’d in faith,
 Abraam, and David the anointed king.
 Israel the righteous, with his sire and sons,
 And Rachel, her for whom he greatly strove.
 Full numbers more he rais’d to endless bliss:
 But know, no human souls before were sav’d. ...
 We onward pass’d in converse thro’ the wood,
 For so I call that crowd of thickening ghosts,
 ‘The shadowy wood;’—nor distant from our way
 This side the summit, I beheld a flame
 Brightening the kingdom of perpetual night.
 So near we verg’d, that, dim-descried, we mark’d
 What favour’d spirits fill’d the place. “O thou!
 Who art and science hold’st in high esteem,
 Say, who yon race distinguish’d from the rest,

Whose looks create such reverence ?” He replied,
 “ Their names renown in characters of light
 Has far-emblazon’d ; nor to them ungain’d
 Is heavenly favour, which exalts them thus.”

Harmonious tongues then sang, “ Hail bard sub-
 lime,”

They sweetly sang, “ Welcome thy blest return,”
 Soon as the voices ceas’d, majestic rose
 Four forms, nor joy, nor sorrow in their looks.

“ Him first remark,” my guide began, “ whose
 hand

Wields a bright falchion, who precedes the rest,
 Great Homer, sovereign bard ! and Horace next,
 Politely keen ; him, who in exile sang,
 Ovid, with lofty Lucan in the rear.

These own with me the Muse’s sacred name,
 So each address’d me singly with the voice,
 Bestowing honour, and judicious praise.”

Thus I beheld the bard-semblage meet,
 With him their monarch, in the flight of song
 Soaring an eagle high above the rest.

Apart they talk’d, and after brief discourse,
 To me, in sign of salutation kind,
 They, beckoning, turn’d ; my leader gently smil’d :
 But more, such honour they, conjointly gave,
 That I became the sixth amid their band.

Onward we mov'd, slow-verging to the light ;
 Conversing then on matters suiting well,
 Now better left in silence. Thence we came
 Where darkly-eminent a castle rose,
 With sev'n high walls begirt ; and guarded round
 With water, o'er whose glassy face we walk'd
 As on firm ground : thence all the sages past
 Thro' sev'n fair portals, past thro' meadows fresh,
 That smil'd in verdure. Here a people dwelt
 Solemn in look, majestically calm,
 While sat authority upon their brows.
 Seldom they spake, but, sweetly flow'd their words.
 Aside we mov'd into an open space,
 Lofty and bright : conspicuous to my view,
 The spirits trod the green enamell'd plain,
 And to have seen them yet exalts my mind.
 I gaz'd enraptur'd. With a numerous train
³Electra march'd, and Hector bright in arms :
 Then grave Eneas ; and with falcon eye
 Cæsar :⁴ Camilla, that heroic maid ;
 And stern⁵ Penthesilea ; there I saw
 Latinus, who with mild Lavinia sat :
 And Brutus, who expell'd that lecherous foe
 Proud Tarquin ; chaste Lucretia ; and the wives
⁶ Cornelia and meek Julia : Marcia next ;
 Then⁷ Saladin, who frown'd apart ; and him

The⁸ Stagyrice among his studious throng,
 Honour'd by all ;—all gave him reverence high.
 There Socrates ; and Plato, next in rank :
 He, who maintain'd the world uprose by chance,
⁹Democritus, ¹⁰Thales, and sternly poor
¹¹Diogenes ; firm¹² Anaxagoras ;
 Then steadfast¹³ Heraclitus met my view ;
¹⁴Empedocles, and Zeno ; he deep-skill'd
 In nature's laws, and vegetable tribes,
 Learn'd¹⁵ Dioscorides ; next¹⁶ Orpheus past,
 Tully and¹⁷ Linus : then the moralist
 Pale¹⁸ Seneca, Euclid and Ptolemy,
 That sage Hippocrates, and¹⁹ Avicen :
²⁰Galen, and he of critical research
²¹Averroes. Full legions more arose,
 Of all to speak, it were an endless task.
 Language but feebly paints what I have seen.
 The six in number then divide. We wound
 Another way, that dimly led below,
 Far from the tender gale and cheerful light.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE having entered into the second region of Hell, finds Minos at the judgment of guilty souls. He hears the complaint of the votaries of lawless lust, who are hurried furiously about by the wind in the dark air. Among these, the poet speaks with Francesca of Rimini, and Paolo, whom he well knew; then greatly afflicted, falls fainting to the earth.

FROM the first precinct to the second bound
Descended, I survey'd a less extent ;
Yet more of poignant anguish fill'd the place.
Here Minos stands, and grins in ghastly frowns.
Here sits in judgment on all entering souls ;
And passing sentence, hurls them to their fate.
Shuddering before him come the hapless ghosts
Confessing all. The gloomy judge of crimes
Seeing what depth of hell their sins deserve,
Himself^t encircles with his bestial train
So often, as degrees below, he wills

Each spirit to descend. Innumerable crowds
Before his dark tribunal ever throng.

Each, borne to judgment, speaks, his sentence hears,
Thence downward whirl'd, he meets his penal woes.

“ O Thou! who dar'st explore these realms of
grief,”

Cried Minos, as he flash'd on me his eyes,
Pausing from judgment, “ Look, beware the place ;
Nor trust thy guide, nor let the broad descent
Betray thee, O beware !”.....To him, the bard :
“ Peace! whence this outcry? Nay, obstruct him
not ;

Heav'n's pow'r has will'd it ; ask no more—enough.”

That moment, groans of agony were heard ;
Louder they came, and smote my fainting heart !

²A place undawning, silent from all light,
I enter'd, roaring like the billowy main
Lash'd by the tempest, and the warring winds.

³Here ever howls the hurricane of Hell,
And in careering eddies sweeps aloft
The restless souls, in tortures, whirl'd around.

High as they drive before the ruinous blast,
⁴Rise shrieks, complaints, rise bitter-moaning pains,
And blasphemies against the power divine.
This was the torment of the carnal crew,
Who erst abandon'd reason to their lust.

As troops of starlings in the wintery clouds,
 Borne on the wing, are scatter'd by the blasts ;
 So the wreck'd, evil spirits, here and there,
 Around, above, below, are whirl'd in crowds,
 No hope, no respite comes, no pause from pain.
⁵And as the cranes, for airy voyage rang'd,
 Wing clamorous thro' the sky, so I beheld
 High on the whirlwind dark the phantoms driven,
 Screaming in anguish.....“ Say, who are the forms
 Caught in that scourging tempest ?” He replied :
 “ Attend, and know ; the first o'er foreign tongues,
 O'er realms unbounded was that impious queen,
 She, who, corrupted in luxurious joys,
 Decreed that flagrant vice be widely spread,
 To clear the blame that on her conduct fell,
⁶Semiramis ; who seiz'd the throne of him
 Ninus her spouse, and held that region vast
 Where now the Soldan reigns. ⁷She now upsprings,
 Dido, who slew herself in amorous rage :
 And to her husband's ashes broke her faith.
 Now lustful ⁸Cleopatra soars on high.”

There ⁹Helen met my gaze, for whom revol'd
 Sad years of evil ; great ¹⁰Achilles next
 Led to his ruin by voluptuous love.
 Paris, adulterous ¹¹Tristan, there I saw ;
 Thousands of phantoms more my guide remark'd,

And nam'd, by sensual love cut off from life.
 So when I heard my wise protector name
 High dames of elder time, and chieftains bright,
 Such pity seiz'd me, that amaz'd in thought,
 I cried, "Great poet, fain would I address
 That pair, who float so airy on the winds."
 When he: "Attend, and nearer as they drive,
 Go, by that love, which hurries them along,
 Adjure the sighing pair, and they will come."
 He said: when wafted by the blast, they came;
 I rais'd my voice. "Oh! wearied souls alight,
 Relate your mutual loves, if none restrain."
 As the fond dove, when sweet desire invites,
 On willing pinions hastens thro' the gales,
 To fill the faithful nest; so from the crowd
 Where Dido mingled, thro' the noxious air
 Downward they flew.—My pity thus prevail'd.—
 "Oh! gracious stranger," fair Francesca spake,
 "Benignly good to visit our dun clime,
 And us, who dying, stain'd the world with blood:
 Oh! friendly would the Omnipotence of Heaven
 Regard our pray'rs, on thee eternal peace
 Should smile, since thou hast pity on our fate;
 Of which, if thou wilt listen, and discourse,
 We will both hear thee, and converse at large;
 If mute awhile, as now, the whirlwinds rest.

That ¹²land, along whose coast the Po descends
 With all his streams to slumber in the deep,
 Beheld my birth. Sweet ¹³love, in gentle hearts
 So quickly kindled, caught my Paulo's breast,
 Deep-smitten with the beauty of my form ;
 That beauteous form was seiz'd from me by force ;
 The cruel manner yet offends my soul.
 Love, who excuses none the slight of love,
 Soon pour'd a mutual passion thro' my frame ;
 Of him, my lasting fondness was so strong,
 That, as thou see'st, it yet deserts me not.
 Love led us to the same disastrous death !

But him, that fratricide, who shed our blood,
¹⁴"Caina awaits below." Such were her words.
 At hearing these afflicted souls, I held
 Fix'd on the earth my downward looks so long,
 That the kind bard enquir'd : " Why pensive
 thus ?"

I answer'd : " Ah ! to what a hapless pass
 Has sweet, delirious thought, has fond desire
 Brought these sad lovers !" Turning then around
 In act to speak, ¹⁵ " Francesca," I began,
 " Thy great affliction bids me weep with grief
 And pity ; yet, amid thy sighing hours,
 By what, and how love yielded, how ye both
 Perceiv'd your smother'd wishes say ?"—She spake :

“ No greater agony distracts the soul,
 Than to remember happier days, when wrack’d
 In misery. This thy wise instructor knows.
 Yet since thy wish entreats me to declare
 The primal source of our disastrous love ;
 I will, like one who, weeping, tells his tale,
 Relate the whole. ... We, lost in tender joy,
 Perus’d how¹⁶ Launcelot was thrall’d in love.
 Alone, without suspicion, we remain’d.
 Glanc’d from the rich description, oft our eyes
 Together met, the colour fled our cheeks ;
 But one seductive point ensnar’d us both :
 When first we read of that dear, long’d-for smile,
 Kiss’d by the lover with such rapturous force ;
 Paulo, who ne’er shall quit my sight, arose,
 And prest my lips, all trembling with desire.

Perish the volume, and the writer both !
 Insidious panders ! ah ! that day no more
 We read—” as thus she spake, her partner wept
 So piteously, that fainting in my grief,
 I fell, and like a corpse, lay pale as death.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, recovered from his terror, finds himself in the third region of hell, where gluttons are tormented by the dog Cerberus, and tortured by a violent tempest mingled with snow and hail; and after conversing with Ciaccio, he arrives with his guide to the fourth region, where he found Pluto.

SOON as my sense return'd, that lay entranc'd
Thro' grief and pity for that well-known pair;
New torments, new tormented crowds, I mark,
Where'er I move, where'er I turn my eyes.

Tho' the third region I descend; where showers
Eternal, ponderous, keenly-bleak, accurst,
Ever unchang'd in nature and degree,
Dire hail, water distain'd, and heavy snows,
Hurtled for ever thro' the dingy air.
The putrid champain, that receiv'd the floods,
Stank horribly. Here Cerberus, monster fierce,
Barking terrific thro' his triple throat,

Treads on the crew o'erwhelm'd in prostrate heaps.
 His eyes shoot crimson light, his shaggy beard
 Hangs black and unctuous, bloated swells his shape,
 And claw'd his fangs : grinning he tears, he flays,
 The spirits. Here, like curs, howling they shrink
 Beneath the deluge : here to screen each side
 By turns, they roll. Soon as that worm of hell,
 Grim Cerberus, saw us, widely gap'd his jaws ;
 He gnash'd his tusks, and trembled in his rage.
 Down stoop'd my guide ; rais'd from the ground
 his hand

Dispatch'd a moulded clod, which met the beast
 Full in his ravenous mouth. As, hunger-stung,
 A mongrel bays his keeper, but at once,
 When comes his food, forgets his yelling ire,
 Bent only to devour : so ceas'd his wrath
 That demon Cerberus, whose harsh thunders stun
 These phantoms, who for deafness vainly ask.

Setting our footsteps on the empty shades,
 That seem'd substantial forms, and lay around
 Beneath the pouring storms, we onward past.
 Here all along the earth, they prostrate, stretch'd.
 Sudden a victim rose, and saw us pass.
 " Oh thou ! led thro' this frowning depth of hell,
 Confess, if thou remember in this face
 A friend ; for thou wert born, ere I became

This shatter'd skeleton."...When thus I spake :
 " The penal anguish, that thou feel'st, perhaps,
 Has robb'd thee of thy features ; for of thee
 Remain no traces on my mind, it seems
 I never saw thy form. Who art thou, say ?
 Amid these realms of pain, if not the worst,
 None more disgustful can exist than these."

" Florence," replied the ghost, " thy city vile,
 Who now, brimful of envy, high o'erflows
 The measure of her crimes, she gave me birth,
 In fairer days ; and Rumour gave me name
²Ciacco, gluttonous and foul ; that vice
 Condemn'd me to the pelting of this storm ;
 Nor me alone, afflicted wretch ! but more,
 These prostrate legions more, ³alike in crime,
 And Oh ! alike in punishment." He paus'd :
 Him answering, thus I spake : " Thy torturing
 pain

Ciacco, calls these sorrows from my eyes.
 Yet, tell me if thou know, what perils wait
 Our sad, ⁴divided city ? Lives there none
 Rever'd for worth and virtue ? Say the cause
 Why discord rages thro' the maddening crowd ?"
 Then he : " The sever'd people, striving fierce,
 Shall come to blood : the ⁵forest-party thence
 Shall ⁶drive the other half in base defeat.

Three circling suns shall see these tyrants reign.
 But then, their rivals shall surmount the day
 By ⁷borrow'd force, now verging on the shore.
 High shall the victor raise his scowling brow,
 Proud-trampling on his groaning, outstretch'd foe,
 Indignant at his doom. Two are the ⁸just,
 But both neglected. Envy, Av'rice, Pride,
 Three fire-brands, quicken into raging flame
 The nation's heart." Here ceas'd his doleful voice.
 " Yet stay," I cried, " inform me, I entreat
 More converse from thee, deign to name the place
 Where ⁹Farinata, ¹⁰Tegghio met their fate?
¹¹Arrigo, ¹²Mosca, and ¹³Jacobo, say?
 And where the rest, with minds intent on good?
 Where are they? let me recognise them, where?
 Does heav'n enrapture them, or hell afflict?
 I long to know."... " Ah! they are blacker souls,"
 Sunk by a base variety of crimes,
 Far down the vast abrupt: if thou descend
 So deep, thou wilt behold their tortur'd frames.
 But, when return'd into thy happy world,
 Oh! mention me!—I speak no more;—nor more
 Reply."—So saying, with a sidelong look
 He ey'd me, bow'd his head, and sighing fell,
 Darkling among his blinded crew. " Alas!"
 Exclaim'd my guide, " no more shall he awake,

Until the arch-angelic trumpet peals.
 Their adverse power in radiance then shall rise ;
 Each startling spirit to his tomb repair,
 Return enshrin'd in flesh and wonted form,
 And hear his doom reverberating round
 In dread, eternal thunder." Thence we past
 Thro' mingling ghosts and storms ; and touching
 slight

On future things, on life to come, I ask'd,
 " Shall these fierce tortures at the final doom
 Increase, or lessen, or unchang'd remain ?"
 " Use reason, use thy ¹⁴knowledge," he replied,
 " Doubtless, what most to true perfection grows,
 Feels pain, feels rapture most ; and tho' this race,
 This race accurst should never perfect rise,
 Yet may be nearer then, who knows ? than now,
 Perfection." Here he paus'd. We journeying,
 wound

Circuitous, and more than I recount,
 Discours'd. Soon to that blind descent we came,
 Where Pluto, mighty foe, in horror, reign'd.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet descends with Virgil into the fourth circuit of hell, where he sees the souls of prodigals and misers, who roll very heavy weights against each other: thence he descends into the fifth region, where he surveyed the Stygian pool, in which all the outrageous struck each other in various modes, and tore each other to pieces with their teeth. At length the poets reach the foot of a high tower.

“SATAN! thou prince of demons! Satan rise!”
Pluto exclaim’d, with hoarsely sounding voice.

I trembled: but my guide, all wise, and mild,
Spoke comfort to my soul: “Nay, shudder not,
Appease thy terror; know, he holds no power
To check our dark descent.” Then to the fiend,
Who bit his swollen lip in anger, “Peace,”
He cried, “thou wolf accurst! may all thy rage
Strike inward, and consume thy heart. Away!
He treads at heav’n’s behest the vast profound:

'Tis will'd on high, where Michael fiercely pour'd
Hot vengeance on thy proud, ³adulterous head."

As sails, full bellying with the ocean-wind,
Fall to the deck, soon as the top-mast breaks ;
So fell the cruel demon to the earth.

We, darkly journeying down the fourth abrupt,
Approach'd that baleful shore, which, closing
round,

Holds all the sorrows of the universe.

Almighty justice ! ah ! what countless pains,
What troubles, what new torments met my eyes !
Ah ! that our fault should bring us to that state !

As billows o'er Charybdis surging high,
Against encounter'd billows dash and burst ;
So in their motions dash'd this tortur'd race ;
A race more numerous here than elsewhere found.
Now this side, now on that, in horrid yells,
They roll'd on ponderous weights forc'd by their
breasts ;

Then full together clash'd : turning again,
Each roll'd them back ; the fretting misers scream'd,
" Why, jeering spendthrifts, thus relax ?" And
those,

" Why, misers, gripe so fast ?" So ever flew
Their echoing taunts, while opposite they roll'd

On either hand, athwart the circling depth ;
 When reach'd their utmost bounds, they turn'd
 them back,
 And, meeting in the centre, clash'd again.
 My heart was stung, was bleeding at the sight.
 " What crowds are these ? Oh ! say, whose heads
 are shorn,
 Were these all consecrated to the church,
 Here on our left ?" then he : This worthless tribe
 What time their primal life began, in mind
 Were so distorted, that they made of wealth
 No proper use : this clearly from them learn
 By their despiteful language, when they meet
 At either boundary of the circuit's depth,
 Where different crimes disperse them different ways.
 See ! those are popes, and cardinals, with heads
 Expos'd and bare ; o'er whom lean Av'rice holds
 High sovereignty." " Doubtless amid this crew,"
 I cried, " I may remember some, whose souls
 Grew rank with this foul vice on earth." Then he—
 " Vain, idle thought ! their curst, ignoble life
 So sordid once, now renders them all dark,
 And to all knowledge indistinct : but know
 These shocks eternally shall wrack their frames.
 These from the gaping sepulchre shall rise
 Clenching their hands in horror ; those emerge

With shaven locks. That glittering evil, gold,
 By these dispers'd in riot, but by those
 So firmly grasp'd, has lost them heav'n, that world
 Of beauty ; and condemn'd them to this fray,
 Which brilliant language need not heighten more.
 Now see, my son, the brief, the empty boast
 Of wealth, entrusted to vain Fortune's power,
 That curse, that variance between man and man.
 Not all the gather'd heaps of gold, which shine
 Or ever shone, beneath the moon, can ease
 One weary victim from this penal strife."

" Oh say, who is this Fortune ?" I enquir'd,
 " Whose grasp has seiz'd the blessings of the world ?"
 When thus he answer'd : " O ye mortals blind !
 What ignorance darkens all your souls !....Now
 learn.

He, who transcends all wisdom, He, whose hand
 Form'd the bright heav'ns, and gave them guiding
 powers,
 That sphere should lighten sphere, on all sides
 round,
 Pouring due portions of enlivening light ;
 He, o'er the radiant riches of the earth,
 Decreed this general delegate, to guide,
 And, timely changing, deal them round from race
 To race, from this unto another's blood.

Nor human wisdom can prevent her choice.
 Thus nations rise into imperial rule,
 While others languish, as her judgment wills,
 Conceal'd, as serpents in the grass, from all.
 Nor can man's prudence counteract her will.
 Know, she foresees, plans, prosecutes her sway,
 As regular as angels rule their spheres ;
 No truce, no rest her quick mutations know.
 Necessity impels her rapid course,
 And those, who come successive to her view.
 Her thousands execrate, who owe her praise :
 And wrong her with undue, malignant blame.
 Regardless in her bliss, she hears them not ;
 While with primæval beings mix'd, she rolls,
 Exulting in delight, her circling wheel.
 Haste ! we descend to heavier pains, O haste !
 For lo ! the planets fall, that brightly rose
 When first we enter'd, and forbid delay."'
 Crossing the circuit to the farther shore,
 We met a fountain boiling, pouring down
 A livid foss, hoarse-thundering from its source.
 Blacker than ebony the cataract fell.
 We both pursu'd the murky stream, at last,
 Deep-entering thro' a different way, we saw
 These dismal waters settle to a pool,
 The Stygian pool, soon as they ting'd the foot

Of the rough, dusky cliffs. Intent I stood,
 And, gazing, mark'd amid the fenny depth
 A miry crew, all naked ; ghastly ire
 Burnt in their eyes ; they, not with hands alone,
 But with their clashing heads, their breasts, their
 feet,

Battled in wrath : while piecemeal with their teeth
 They tore each other's limbs. Here spake my sage :
 " Behold these souls, whom tyrant rage o'ercame,
 And learn for certain that beneath this flood
 Lie other herds, whose sighs of torture form
 These bubbles on the surface, as thy eye
 Informs thee, where it rolls." He paus'd. I stood
 Listening ; I heard the deep-sunk spirits say,
 " Joyless we ever liv'd, tho' sweet the air,
 Lively and bright with sunshine ; yet within
 We carried night, and grief, and envy foul ;
 And in this dark abrupt are wretched still."
 Such muttering sounds they gargle in their throats,
 But, struggling, never utter words distinct.

So circled we around the loathsome pool,
 Treading the dry embankment ; while our eyes
 Survey'd the centre and who swallow'd down
 The filthy dregs. Thence journeying, soon we came
 Far onward, where a towery fabric frown'd.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE, together with his guide, enters the boat of Phlegyas; and sailing in it over the Stygian pool, meets Philippo Argenti, with whose horrid outrage he was astonished. They arrive at last at the city of Dis, and entering it, find a great number of demons, who insult Virgil, and deny him entrance into the city.

PURSUING now my subject ;—ere arriv'd
Close at the foot of that high-climbing tower ;
Our eyes were lifted to its dizzy height,
Where flam'd two burning cressets ; while afar
Its answering light another turret rear'd ;
So distant, scarce could straining vision catch
Its tremulous glimmer. Turning to the sage,
That wonderous depth of wisdom, I enquir'd,
“ What means this signal, what yon beckoning
fire ?”

He said : “ Soon on these foully-livid waves
What next awaits us, thou shalt learn, if nought

The dusky vapours of the pool conceal.”

‘Never was arrow from the twanging bow
Shot swifter in its progress through the air,
Than sped a tiny vessel through the waves,
Full in our front ; and steer’d by one alone,
Who roar’d, “ What ! art thou come, spirit ac-
cursed !”

² “ Phlegyas, thou criest in vain,” the poet said,
“ No longer are we thine, when once we pass
This loathsome flood.” As one, who first perceives
Some great deceit play’d wrongly on him, frets
And writhes at heart ; so in his fury writh’d
The demon. In the bark my leader stepp’d,
And bade me enter near him. Nor the skiff
Till I embark’d, seem’d freighted. Both on board :
Cleaving the surface sails the veteran barge ;
Its keel, more than accustom’d, deeply sunk :
O’er the dead lake we labour’d : when a wretch
Rising, approach’d ; dabbled in mire ; and cried,
“ Who art thou, hurried here before thy hour ?”
“ I come at Heav’n’s behest, not here to stay ;—
But tell me ; who art thou, vile spectre, who ?”
When briefly he : “ A wretch, who mourns his
fate.”

“ Then, moaning in thy anguish, still remain,
Cursed phantom,” I replied, “ I know thy form,

Tho' foully thus disguis'd." Then both his hands
 Seiz'd on the bark ; but him my ready guide
 Struck off : " Hence to thy yelling crew, avaunt !"
 Then clasping close my neck, he touch'd my cheek,
 And kindly spake, " O high, indignant soul,
 Blest was her bosom, who conceiv'd thee. He,
 That shape of arrogance, while in the world,
 Spurn'd goodness ; on his sullen memory
 No ray of virtue shines : his very shade
 Still grins with fury. On thy earth what crowds
 Who think themselves great kings, shall here, like
 swine,

Wallow in mire ; and leave behind a name
 Of horrible dispraise !" Here I, abrupt :
 " Fain would I see that caitiff wretch o'erwhelm'd
 Far down the nauseous depth, ere from the lake
 We disembark ?" My guide : " Scarce shall the
 shore

Swim on thy glad sight, when in this desire
 Shalt thou be satisfied. It shall be done."—

Soon I beheld a miry train emerge,
 And on him fall with violence and wrath,
 That thankful for it still I praise my God.

" Seize ! Furies ! seize ³Argenti," they exclaim'd :
 But on himself the Florentine forth turn'd
 His reeking fangs ; wild, moody in his rage.

Of him, no more. We left him far behind.
 Afflictive groans now smote my startled ear!
 Aghast! I roll'd my full enquiring eyes!

When he; "My son! now draws that city near,
 The realm of Dis; its denizens how grave:
 A crowded, stern divan."—"Lo!" I return'd,
 "Yon pyramids, within that valley, gleam
 With deep vermilion, like ascending fires!"

Then he: "Eternal flame, that burns within,
 Invests with crimson radiance all these towers;
 As thou perceiv'st amid this lower hell."
 The fosses deep, that moat the joyless place,
 We enter'd; here, the walls seem'd burning iron.
 Coasting around, at length, we touch'd the shore;
 When fiercely rav'd our pilot: "Disembark,
 Behold your entrance!" On the portals rang'd,
 Thousands I saw, hurl'd headlong erst from Heaven.
 Grinning in anger, "Who art thou?" they cried,
 "Bold mortal! visiting before thy death
 The kingdom of the dead?" The noble bard
 Gave sign to speak in private: they exclaim'd,
 Calming their ghastly scorn, "Come thou alone.
 But drive that daring stranger from our realms,
 Alone let him retrace his foolish steps;
 And let him prove, he knows the way. But thou,
 Who led'st him thro' our depth of night, remain."

O reader! think what terror sank my heart
 At hearing this accurst command. I thought
 I never should return! "O guide belov'd!
 Who hast preserv'd me from the 'seventh ill,
 Nay more, and rescu'd from Destruction's gulph,
 Forsake me not," I cried, "in this distress:
 If farther progress be denied, with haste
 Together let us measure back our way."

My kind conductor smil'd: "Banish thy fear,
 None dares oppose our passage, will'd of Heaven.
 But tarry here, here sooth thy wearied soul,
 And nurture it with vital hope; nor dread
 Lest I desert thee in this nether world."

He, ceasing, thence reluctantly departs.
 Meantime, perplex'd, I stood in horrid doubt
 Wavering: I could not hear the terms propos'd.
 Not long the rebel-foes conferr'd; for all
 Within collecting, prov'd their demon-might,
 And on the bosom of my troubled guide
 Clos'd their harsh-grating gates. With lingering-
 step

To me, excluded he return'd. His eye
 Bent to the earth, his forehead now had lost
 All confidence;—deep-sighing, thus he spake;
 "What pow'r has thrust me from these baleful
 realms?"

Then, turn'd to me ; “ Let not my kindling ire
Be terror to thy soul : know, I shall prove
Victorious, though they all oppose within.
Ere now, with haughty violence they storm'd,
Throng'd at a gate less secret, that remains
Still free, unbarr'd ; where graven on its arch,
Thou saw'st the dark^s inscription...Now, in haste,
On this side, gliding down the savage steep,
All guardless, passing through the circling climes,
An angel comes, to open all the land.”

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, after having seen the three infernal furies, recounts how that an angel came to their assistance, and opened the gate of the city of Dis, which is situated in the sixth region of hell. Having entered it, the poets saw the land full of flaming sepulchres, from which the buried heretics sent forth lamentable groans.

THE deadly paleness, that ignoble fear
Imprinted on my visage, when I saw
My guide retreat, chas'd from his alter'd cheek
His own affright. Listening in mute suspense,
He stood : nor through the darkly-brooding air,
And thickening clouds, his eye could lead him far.

“ Now, must we win the combat,” he began,
“ If not—we know our promis'd aid : but ah !
How long it tarries ;—would it were arriv'd !”

I mark'd his wavering mind ; what first he spake,
The sequel hid, confounding ; for the last
Dissented from his former words. His speech

Increases'd my terror : since I drew, perhaps,
Worse import, than his broken musing meant.

“ Within this concave's sad, alarming depth
Whoever, from the first degree, descends,
Whose only pain is sorrow without hope ?”

To me enquiring he replied : “ This way
We rarely visit : once, in truth, I tried
This hideous, nether region, when conjur'd
By stern ¹Erictho, who revok'd the shades
Back to their bodies. Nor my fleshy frame
²Long wanted spirit, when she bade my feet
Enter this precinct, and select from those,
Who in the circle of fell Judas lay,
A soul. That place is most obscure of all,
Lodg'd in the lowest depth, and from bright Heaven
Farthest remov'd : hence well I know the way :
Be calm, and rest secure. Yon stenchy flood,
Breathing rank vapour, laves, encircling, laves
The baleful city dark, that, without rage
We cannot enter.” More he said, which flies
Remembrance, since my eyes had wholly drawn
My fix'd attention on the flaming towers :
Where, sudden to my gaze, upsprung at once
Three dire, infernal furies, streaming blood ;
Female in limb and motion : round whose forms
³Green Hydras writh'd ; while hissing, rose, for hair,

Vipers, and horn'd Cerastes, twisting, clasp'd
 Their horrid temples. Well my leader knew
 These turbulent attendants on the queen
 Of everlasting woe. "Mark!" he exclaim'd,
 "Her on the left, ⁴Megæra; in remorse
 There wails ⁵Alecto; while between them frowns
⁶Tisiphone." He paus'd. Dumb horror reign'd.
 Each fury with her talons tore her breast,
 Smote with her hands, and threatening, scream'd
 so loud;

That, seiz'd with pale suspicion, to the bard
 I clung. ... "Now let ⁷Medusa come," they cried
 With downward eyes, "then shall this mortal
 freeze

To adamant!—Not illy we reveng'd
 The proud assault of mightier ⁸Theseus, here."

"Oh! turn thy looks away, hide, hide thy face!
 For if thy gaze should meet that Gorgon dire,
 Thou wouldst not upward hence return." This
 said,

My gracious teacher turn'd my face averse,
 Himself; nor trusted he my trembling hands,
 But closely with his own my visage veil'd.

Ye, sound of intellect, here sagely mark
 What doctrine lies beneath my mystic verse
 Conceal'd. Now deafening o'er the turbid surge

Came Terror, full of crashing sounds ; his voice
 Shook either shore ; as if a ⁹whirlwind roar'd
 Impetuous, warring with fierce elements ;
 Which bursts the blustering forest, smites away
 The branches, shattering, hurling them afar :
 Then, sweeping clouds of dust, it proudly rears,
 Driving before its fury herds, and flocks,
 And flying shepherds. Maro now unveil'd
 My eyes, and spake : “ Turn, turn thy visual orb
 Direct along that sea of aged foam,
 There chiefly, where the noisome fumes arise.”
 As croaking swarms amid the grassy pool
 Haste from their foe the serpent, till on land
 Panting they fall in heaps : so numerous fled
 The routed spirits, where the seraph-form
 Pursued, who, gliding, skimm'd with unwet feet
 The Stygian depth. He from his beamy face,
 His left hand raising, brush'd the grosser air,
 Alone by that annoyance, he appear'd
 Wearied. I knew that sent by heaven he came.
 I mark'd my tutor ; he a signal gave
 That I should lowly bow in silent awe.
 Ah ! what majestic anger fill'd his looks !
 Fronting the gate he stood ; then wav'd his wand,
 It felt, the sounding portal open flew
 At once. “ Outcasts of heav'n ! Oh ! abject race ! ”

He cried, bright-standing in the horrid arch,
 "What burning insolence inflames your souls?
 Dare ye revolt against the sovereign will,
 Unfailing of its end, that oft on you,
 Ye rebels, has enforc'd your torturing pains?
 What does it profit to contend with fate?
 Remember, still your ¹⁰hell-hound, dragg'd in chains
 Bears on his neck and breast the hairless scars."
 He paus'd : and rustling o'er the miry flood
 Return'd ; nor us bespake, or notic'd. Stern
 He look'd ; like one, who, full of other cares,
 Is prest and vex'd too sorely to reflect
 Who stands before his presence. On we mov'd
 Secure, since we had heard the holy words.
 Now free from struggle, thro' the open gate
 We enter'd : seiz'd with keen desire to mark
 What such a flaming fortress might enclose,
 I threw my eyes within ; on all sides round,
 I saw a champaign full of woes severe,
 And bitter torments : and, as where the Rhone
 Stagnates at ¹¹Arlès, or that city fair,
¹²Pola ; fast by the deep Quarnaron gulph,
 That closes Italy, and flowing laves
 Her limits, there along the funeral place
 Rise countless sepulchres ; so here they rose,
 Save that more horribly ; for scattering flames

With whirlwind outrage, wrapt the graves in fire,
 So fierce, that in the furnace hotter steel
 No trade requires. Each monumental lid
 Suspended, hung ; while moans, while deep lament
 Forth issued, such as well might issue forth
 From victims in such torture. “ Say, my guide,
 What race lies buried in these vaults of flame,
 Of whom we hear such groans, such baleful sighs
 When he. “ Arch-heretics here shroud below,
 With sects their proselytes, and numbers more
 Incredible, encumber all these tombs.
 The like with like lie burning : each condemn'd
 To fill some cell of less or greater heat.”

So on the right we turn'd, and pass'd between
 The flaming ramparts, and the tortur'd crew.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE, following his faithful guide through the city of Dis, sees Farinata degli Uberti, and having approached towards him, he discourses with him on many subjects, and is informed, among other predictions, of his own impending banishment from his country: after this, he returns to Virgil, and both together proceed on their way.

NOW, thro' the windings of a secret path,
Between the ramparts, and the souls of pain,
With me behind his steps, my leader past.

“ Summit of virtue ! thou who wind'st me round
These ample orbs, at will,” I cried, “ O speak
And satisfy my wishes. May the race
Who, groaning, fill these sepulchres, be seen ?
Lo ! all-uptifted hang their burning lids !
They stand unwatch'd.” When he : “ All these
shall close,
What time their souls from ¹Josaphat shall come,
Shrin'd in those bodies left behind on earth.

The mighty vault on this side flaming, holds
 Sad Epicurus, and his tribe, who thought
 The spirit with the finite body died.
 Here to thy question, and thy keen desire,
 Tho' tacitly conceal'd, shall soon be given
 Full satisfaction."...." Oh ! my guide belov'd,"
 I answer'd, " never was my faithful heart
 Kept secret from thee,....now, my caution checks
 Vain length of speech, as by thyself advis'd."

" O Tuscan ! thou, who thro' this realm of flame
 Walk'st bodily alive, discreet of speech !
 Here deign to rest. Born as thy language speaks
 From that illustrious land, by me, perhaps,
 Too long molested." Bursting from a tomb
 This sudden sound uprose : shivering with fear,
 I clung more closely to the bard, who spake :

" Turn, turn thy face ; see ²Farinata leaps
 Half from his grave to where his girdle binds !"

Full on his visage mine that instant fix'd.
 He rear'd his breast and brow, as if in scorn
 Of Hell. Nearer his form amid the vaults,
 The Mantuan thrust me with his vigorous hand,
 Thus warning, " Go ! be all thy words distinct."

Soon as I reach'd his tomb of lurid fire,
 Briefly he ey'd me ; then in moody scorn
 Broke forth : " What ancestors were thine, relate."

To him obedient, nothing I conceal'd ;
 But open'd all. Raising his scowling brow,
 He thunder'd forth : " Thou nam'st my fiercest
 foes !

Foes to my lineage, and my party-power !
 But twice I scatter'd all their vengeful force."

" Tho' routed twice," I cried, " from all sides
 round

They rallied still as often in return ;
 Such martial skill thy faction illy learnt."

Sudden to view, chin-high, a ³phantom peer'd,
 Uprais'd, he seem'd, upon his knees. Around
 He flash'd his eyes, impatient to explore
 If others with me came ; that pleasing hope
 Soon sank in disappointment. Stung to tears,
 He sigh'd ; " Thou by thy lofty genius led,
 Who, thro' this dungeon of blind darkness walk'st,
 Where stays my ⁴son? Why comes he not with
 thee?"

When I : " First know, not here alone I dar'd,
 But he, who yonder waits, conducts my steps,
 Whom thy son Guido, haply had disdain'd."
 (For, from his voice and punishment I learnt
 The spectre's name ; and fully thence replied.)

Upstarting wild, " What did'st thou say," he
 cried,

“ He *had* disdain’d ? O ! tell me, lives he not ?
Nor strikes the sacred sunshine on his eyes ?”

Then marking my delay of answer, down
He sank supine, and never more emerg’d.

The other shade, magnanimously stern,
Near whom I stood, nor chang’d his sullen look,
Nor mov’d his stubborn neck, nor bent his side.
“ And if,” he then began, “ if they have fail’d
Unskilfully ! that thought torments me more
Than here this bed of flame. But ere ⁵five times
The space that measures ten encircling months,
The queen of night shall rear her silver face,
Their warlike skill, their prowess shalt thou know.
Nay, if thou wish to see thy happy world,
Inform me, why the nation in her laws
Against my kindred breathes such deadly hate ?”

When I : “ The carnage, and the havoc vast,
That clotted ⁶Arbia’s streams with human gore,
For which, within our sainted temples still
Rise solemn orisons, have caus’d this wrath.”
With sighs he shook his head ; Nor in that broil
I singly rag’d ; nor surely without cause,
Had madden’d with the rest :...but mark,” he said,
“ Singly I stood, when all, by one consent,
Had raz’d fair Florence level to the ground.
But I, her champion in the sight of all,

Forbad the ravage !”....“ So may sweet repose
 For ever bless thy lineage,” I replied ;
 “ But, solve this knotty myst’ry, which involves
 My wavering mind in doubt. If well I hear,
 You seem, ye ghosts, to view what future scenes
 Time hence may bring to light, but blindly stand
 Lost to the present.” “ We, like one, with sight
 7Impair’d by age, can see remoter things
 Distinct, so much of vision yet imparts
 Th’ Almighty King ; but when to nearer view
 Objects approach, confus’d they sink in shade,
 And all our baffled intellect is vain,
 And nought, save what some recent victim brings,
 We ever know of mortals. Hence thou learn’st
 That all our knowledge dies, when on our view
 The gates of dread futurity shall close.”

8Stung with compunction for my fault, I cried ;
 “ Tell thy compeer, there fallen in despair,
 His son yet lives : that silent from reply,
 I stood in thought, in that mistake confus’d,
 Which thou hast clearly now resolv’d.” My guide,
 Then beckoning, call’d me ; so with more dispatch
 I pray’d the soul, at parting, to relate
 What sinners with him shar’d the flaming tomb.
 “ More than a thousand,” he replied : “ within
 Lies regal 9Frederic, second of that name,

And the prime ¹⁰cardinal ; but close my lips,
 Nor name the rest." He paus'd, and sank from
 sight.

Towards my veteran bard I turn'd my steps,
 Deep-musing on our converse so perplex'd,
 Foreboding evil on myself. He mov'd ;
 And ask'd in going, " Whence thy sad dismay ?"
 I satisfied his question. " In thy mind,"
 Enjoin'd the sage, " preserve what thou hast heard,
 So fatal to thyself. Attend," he spake
 Thus with his finger rais'd, " when thou shalt meet
 Her gracious visage, whose bright, sainted eye
 Looks down on all things ; thou, from her, shalt
 learn

The tenour of thy future life." He turn'd
 Full on the left : leaving the blazing wall,
 We trod a pathway thro' the middle space,
 Deep to a vale, whence stenchy fumes upstream'd.

CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets arrive on the bounds of the seventh circle amid the stench that issued forth ; they pause ; and in the mean time, Virgil remarks to Dante three successive circles, and informs him of the criminals who were here punished, and afterwards explains why others, seen before, were not also condemned to the city of Dis : and how usury offends God. At last the morning approached, and both pursued their journey.

HIGH on the sharp brink of a precipice,
Encircled with dark, ridgy rocks, we came,
Where sorrows yet more cruel lay enclos'd.
Here hastening from the horrible excess
Of pestilential stench, that ever rose
Thick from the vast profound ; hiding we crouch'd
Beneath the covert of a mighty tomb,
Grav'd with this sole inscription ; ' Mark ! I hold
Pope ¹Anastasius, by Photinus drawn

Far from the path of virtue.'....“ Here awhile
 Delay we our descent ; so shall our sense
 Be first accustom'd to this fetid blast,
 And then regard it not.” My leader paus'd.
 When I : “ Compensate thou the passing time,
 Nor be it vainly lost.” “ I wish it thus,”
 He answer'd : “ Mark my son ! these rocks contain
 Three circlets deep, descents like those we left,
 All plac'd in due gradation ; pregnant all
 With souls accurst. Listen, while I explain ;—
 A sight will then suffice :—so shalt thou know
 Why thus in dungeon durance they remain.

²Malice, that worst of fiends, abhorr'd in heaven,
 At last works injury, whose end inflicts
 By violence or fraud, another's woe.
 But fraud, the human soul's peculiar vice,
 Is more offensive to the eye of God ;
 Thus in severer pains, and lower hurl'd,
 All traitors meet their doom. The upper space
 Holds all the sons of violence : they yell
 Apart, within three rounds, distinctly form'd ;
 Since each by force and vengeance may assail
 Three persons ; God, his neighbour, and himself :
 Himself I say and all his property,
 As thou shalt fully hear. The wretch by force
 Inflicts upon his neighbour death and wounds

Severe, and on his own possessions hurls
 Ruin, and flames, and devastation wild.
 Slayers, and who in malice smites his friend,
 Robbers, and all the sons of Rapine hence,
 Fill the first circuit of afflictive pain,
 In separate herds. As man can on himself,
 And on his blessings lay injurious hands ;
 So in the second round he, fruitless, groans,
 Who in thy world deprives himself of life ;
 Or wastes, in wild abuse, his mental powers,
 And sorrows, where he should exult with joy.
 So may that heart bear violence to God,
 That dares deny him, or blaspheme his might,
 Or spurn at nature, and her bounteous store.
 The inmost circle with its signet marks
 Base Sodom, base ³Caorsa ; with the tribe,
 Who in their hearts contemn the laws of God.
 But Fraud, that inly gnaws the conscience, Fraud
 Employ'd by man, may sap his fellow man,
 Both him who trusts, and him whose bosom scorns
 Joint confidence. So by this mode, revers'd
 The bond of love, by plastic nature link'd,
 Seems broken. Nestling in the second depth
 Sainted Hypocrisy with Witchcraft lurks ;
 Servility, smooth Falsehood, ruffian Theft,
 Lust, Simony, and other filthy crimes.

Love, sprung from nature, by the other mode,
 Forgotten sinks, with all the kindred ties
 Whence Faith derives her-birth. So in that bourn,
 The centre of the universe, the seat
 Of DIS, all traitors in eternal pain
 Consuming, lie." "Now clearly flows thy speech,"
 I answer'd, "and distinctly paints to view
 The penal gulph, and all who shroud below.
 Yet say, why those within the sluggish pool,
 Or whom the whirlwind wracks, or tempest pelts,
 Or those whose spiteful tongues each other sting,
 As oft they chafe, and full together clash,
 Meet not within the realm of vivid flame
 Due punishment, since under wrath of God?
 —If not, why sentenc'd in a mode like this?"

When he: "Why does thy mind, bewilder'd thus,
 Err from its course? What other thoughts perplex?
 Dost thou remember not thy ⁴ethic lore,
 Wherein three dispositions are portray'd,
 Disdain'd by Heav'n, Incontinence, and worse,
 Malice, and mad Brutality? But know,
 Incontinence offends th' Almighty least,
 As least to blame. This sentence if thou mark,
 And call to mind, who wail without these bounds
 In penitential sorrow, thou shalt see
 Why those, apart from all these spirits groan,

And why on them divinest Justice pours,
 Less vengefully, down pours its torturing pains."
 "O sun of knowledge! thou, whose healing beam
 So clears my mental sight from misty doubt,
 That ignorance not less than wisdom glads
 My bosom; yet retrace thy speech," I said,
 "Where Us'ry e'er the bounteous Pow'r offends,
 Untwist this tangled knot." The poet spake.
 "Philosophy unravels to the mind,
 Nor in one part alone, how nature flows,
 Flows from her source, the intellect divine,
 And from its skill; and if thou well consult
 The living ⁵maxims of the Stagyrice,
 Soon shalt thou mark, that art on nature treads
 Obsequious, as the pupil, in his path,
 Follows his tutor; so from parent God
 Comes Art herself, the second in descent.
 These two, remember ⁶Genesis, were springs
 Of life and mental progress to mankind.
 The Usurer treads a different way, and scorns
 Both Nature and her fair attendant, Art,
 And elsewhere sets his hope. But haste thy steps,
 The Pisces, glancing o'er th' horizon, play,
 And Bootes o'er the ⁷northwest wheels his wain
 Begin the passage down the ridgy steep.

CANTO XII.



ARGUMENT.

THE poets arrive at a ruinous precipice, where they met the Minotaur, and descending the seventh region divided into three circles, they found, at the bottom, a guard of Centaurs, with one of whom they were conducted on their way through the first circle along a river of blood, in which all the violent bitterly complained against life, and the blessings of their neighbours.

ROUGH was the pathway down the dizzy height,
Alpine and waste, where rose such horror wild,
As every hurried eye would shun, aghast!
Like that huge ruin, headlong in its fall,
Which this side 'Trento struck Adice's flood,
Or rent by earthquakes, or too loosely-hung,
Fell, hoarsely rumbling from the mountain-top,
Prone to the plain; that now, the riven rock
Gaping, gives passage to the traveller's way;
Such was the dire descent adown that chasm!

Thrown on its shatter'd ridge, that monster
 stretch'd,
 Sprung from the fabled heifer, ²curse of Crete ;
 He gaz'd ; like one with maddening vengeance
 fir'd,
 Fiercely he gnaw'd himself....The Mantuan cried
 " Perhaps thou deem'st the ³Prince of Athens here,
 Who, while on earth, contriv'd to give thee death.
 Hence ! monster hence ! he comes not to destroy,
 Taught by thy sister's wiles ; but to behold
 Thy hideous torments." As a victim bull,
 Struck with the mortal blow, springs up in wrath,
 And reels, and roars, and maddens, with the pain ;
 So sprang the Minotaur.—The bard exclaim'd :
 " Run to the passage, while he rages, run,
 Descend in haste !" Down thro' the fractur'd cliffs
 We toil'd : while loosen'd crags beneath my feet,
 Unus'd to weight like mine, oft broke away,
 Loud-clattering down the steep. Pensive I past.
 " Haply thy mind upon this ruin dwells,
 Guarded by brutal rage, now quell'd by me ;
 Then know, when erst I dar'd my first descent
 Down the blind nether hell, this rocky mass
 Frown'd, yet unfallen. (Well if I discern,)
 Doubtless, soon as that MIGHTY ⁴ONE arriv'd,
 Who bore from Dis the great and hallow'd spoil,

That fill'd the highest circle, then convuls'd,
 The foul foundations of the deep abrupt !
 Shook horribly. I thought that sovereign love
 Thrill'd the vast universe, that, some believe,
 Has oft into wild chaos turn'd the world :
 That hour, yon hoary rock in fragments fell.
 But fix thy looks below, where onward rolls
 The river full of blood ; plung'd in whose depth,
 Those victims groan, who had on others wreak'd
 Brute violence. Blind lust ! O foolish wrath !
 Ye goad us thro' brief life, then, in the next,
 Whelm us eternally in penal woe !”
 I saw, bent in a bow all round the plain,
 An ample foss ; true as my guide describ'd.
 Between it and the rampart Centaurs ran,
 All arm'd with arrows, as on earth they rush'd
 Stern to the custom'd chase. Halting, they gaz'd,
 Grim-watching our descent : three from the troop
 Parted, with bows and chosen quivers bright,
 “ To what dire tortures, sinners ! are ye come,
 Down from this craggy summit,” cried a chief,
 “ Inform me, else I draw this fatal bow.”
 “ To 'Chiron we shall answer,” said the sage,
 “ When face to face we meet. But hear, thou
 fiend ;
 Vengeance and rashness ever joy'd thy heart.”

My leader caught my hand, and passing spake :
 “ That shade is ⁶Nessus, pierc'd by venom'd darts,
 Who, for the beauty Dejanira fell,
 And dying, taught her to revenge his death.
 Next him observe, who eyes his ample breast,
 Great Chiron, whom the stern Achilles nurs'd ;
 Then ⁷Pholus, with his bosom full of wrath.”
 These round the spacious foss in thousands watch,
 Whizzing their arrowy show'rs on every soul,
 Who dares emerge, more than his crime permits,
 From out the bloody stream. We now approach'd
 These striding monsters ; Chiron with dispatch,
 An arrow seizing, push'd his grisly beard
 Back from his bony cheek : his giant mouth
 Gap'd wide ; while his companions he bespake :
 “ Attend, beware, lest he, behind the bard,
 Move what he touches ; ponderous he proceeds,
 Unlike the footsteps of the dead, beware.”

My guide advancing near the demon's breast,
 Where both his natures meet, half-man, half-horse,
 Thus answer'd : “ He, a living mortal, walks,
 And, since alone, requires my leading hand ;
 So shewn by me, he views the murky vale ;
 Compell'd by fate, not pleasure, he proceeds.
 For, from the chorus round the throne of Heaven,
 A seraph came, and to my guardian care

This charge committed. He, no robber, comes,
 No gloomy spirit I, to search thy realms.
 Then, by that virtue, which impels my steps
 Safe thro' this savage path, O grant, I pray,
 A trusty leader to the perilous ford,
 To bear this mortal, on his ^sback, across :
 As yet no spirit he, to walk the air."

Then on his right, great Chiron, beckoning,
 spake :

"Nessus return, conduct them on their way,
 If other troops alight, bid them forbear."
 Led by our faithful escort, slow we mov'd
 Along the margin of the crimson flood,
 That, bubbling, boil'd ; while moans and shrieks
 uprose

From many a victim steep'd within, who stood
 Up to the brow in blood. The Centaur thus :

"Behold this tyrant race, insatiate all
 Of blood and ruthless rapine : here they wail
 Their cruel deeds. Here ⁹Alexander howls ;
 There ¹⁰Dionysius, whose inhuman wrongs
 To Sicily gave years of bitter woe.
 Yon forehead, dark with jetty-flowing hair,
 Is ¹¹Azzolino ; that with hoary locks
 The fierce ¹²Obizzo, by his step-son slain

On earth."—Me turning round the bard bespake :
 " Let him be first, and me a second guide."

A little onward thence, the Centaur paus'd ;
 Where a full phalanx rose, high as their throats
 Above the boiling blood-stream. Here a shade
 Frowning apart, he show'd us, and exclaim'd :
 " He at the ¹³altar of the living God,
 Struck at that heart, as yet on silver Thames,
 Devoutly honour'd."....Then before my eyes
 A tribe, emerging, held above the flood
 Their heads and bosoms ; numbers here I knew.
 So more and more the sanguine stream decreas'd,
 So shallow, that it scarce imbu'd the feet.
 Our passage there lay o'er the crimson foss.

" On this side as the fervid blood abates,"
 Exclaim'd the Centaur, " so be thou assur'd,
 That on the other fathoms down in depth,
 It boils, till re-united, where in pain
 The ¹⁴tyrants vainly groan : Heav'n's justice goads
 Fell ¹⁵Attila, that scourge of all the earth,
 With ¹⁶Pyrrhus and stern ¹⁷Sextus, and extracts
 Tears ever by the seething surge unlock'd
 From those ¹⁸Rinieri, one Corneto nam'd,
 His fellow, Pazzo, whose dread thirst of blood
 With war and murder fill'd the public ways."

He turn'd, recross'd the ford, and left us both.

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets enter into the second circle, which is a horrid wood ; within which, the souls of those who had laid violent hands on their own lives were imprisoned. There Dante hears, from one of the condemned, the manner in which he died, and how souls were transmitted into the trunks of trees. They beheld the suicides who ran violently, and were pursued by eager female-mastiffs.

ERE Nessus at his mountain-lodge arriv'd,
We went, slow-entering thro' a trackless wood.
Here, from the boughs no verdant foliage stream'd,
But dusky shades of horror fell ; nor here
Light-quivering branches, but rough tortuous
limbs,
Of gnarled growth : and here no melting fruit
Hung clustering round, but high-upbristling thorns
Wept liquid venom. Such entangled brakes,
Such branchy glooms, those lurking beasts would
shun,

Who, hating light, and richly cultur'd plains,
 Couch near Corneto, and that flashing stream
¹Cecina. Here brute Harpies, nestling, lurk,
 Who from the ²Strophades the Trojans chas'd,
 With dread forebodings of their future ills.

³Broad wave their clanging pennons o'er their neck,
 Female in visage; ghastly from their feet
 Shoot talons hook'd, while o'er their paunches
 huge,

Foul plumage clings: high on the mystic wood
 They sit, and shriek aloud! When thus the bard:
 "Ere onward thou advance, know," he began,
 "Thou tread'st the second circuit, 'till thou reach
 Yon horrid sands. Prepare! thy eyes shall meet
 Terrors! that would discredit now my speech!"
 Sudden, from all sides baleful groanings broke!
 Startling, I turn'd around, but none descried
 From whom they issu'd. All aghast I stood,
 Fast bound in horror! He my guide, ⁴believ'd,
 That from the thicket shades my fancy thought
 The wailing voices came from wretches hid.
 When thus he order'd: "From a single tree
 Pluck thou a branch, and thy mistaken thought
 Will vanish." Stretching forth, my venturous hand
 Off from a sturdy wilding ⁵cropt a bough,

When loud the trunk exclaim'd : " Why dost
thou tear

My bleeding fibres ?" Warm the dingy gore
Forth gush'd, " Why dost thou, stranger, wound
me thus ?

Hast thou no tender mercy in thy heart ?
We, like thyself, were mortal men, tho' now
Deep-rooted trunks ; well might thy gentler hand
Have spar'd, had we the souls of vipers been."
Like a green brand unseason'd, while it burns
At one extreme, oft at the other, sighs
Crackling and hissing with th' imprison'd wind,
That bursts its way ; so from the splinter'd rift
Gush'd words and living blood. The streaming
branch

Dropt from my grasp. Like one amaz'd, I stood.
When thus the sage : " If he had first believ'd,
O injur'd spirit, what his eyes survey,
Or thought on Polydorus in my ⁶song,
He ne'er had thrust on thee his blameless hands.
But lest the wonder might surpass belief,
I urg'd him to the deed ; so with myself
Sore vex'd, I mourn. But tell me, who thou wert ?
So some amends be offer'd for this wrong ;
That when this mortal to his world returns,

He may revive thy fame."...“Thy sweet discourse,”

Sigh'd the torn trunk, “enticing, prompts my speech,

Which should I here prolong, since thus ensnar'd,
 Attend, nor deem it irksome. Know, 'I held
 Both keys of Frederic's heart; and turning, lock'd
 Or open'd all his bounty, with such skill,
 That I detain'd all others from his soul,
 And secret counsels. To my noble charge
 Faithful-I liv'd; it cost me all the blood
 That panted in my veins. That harlot base,
 Envy, who ne'er from Cæsar's household turn'd
 Her venal eyes, that vice, that common death
 Of courts, against my brief and perilous life
 Incens'd the minds of all: their fiery rage
 So flam'd Augustus, that to sad disgrace
 My joyous honour chang'd. With high disgust
 Indignant grew my soul, and proudly thought
 To shun the public scorn in death; and thus,
 Tho' just, I rag'd unjustly on myself.

Here by the roots, that hold my body-trunk
 I swear, that never to my Royal Liege
 I broke my faith: for honour was his due.
 So should ye to the earthly world return,

Redeem my memory from blame, which lies
 Prostrate beneath Detraction's deadly blow."

Pausing awhile, till sound in silence sank,
 To me the poet: "Haste! haste! lose not time,
 But speak, enquire, if more thou wish to know."
 When I: "Demand, O leader, what thou think'st
 Will satisfy my mind; I cannot ask—
 Such deep compassion presses on my heart."
 He then forth question'd: "So may he perform,
 Imprison'd spirit! what thy speech entreats,
 Deign yet to answer, how a human soul
 Lies bound within these knotty limbs; and thence,
 Say, if thou can, if none be ever freed?"

Then loudly-breath'd the trunk, and soon the
 wind,
 Low-muttering, chang'd to vocal sound, and spake:
 "Hear! briefly hear! soon as the moody soul
 Breaks from the body, by spontaneous death
 Sever'd in fury, down the seventh gulph
 Stern Minos dooms it: yelling down it falls
 At random in this wood, where chance may hurl;
 There, sprouting as a pregnant grain of spelt,
 It shoots a verdurous sapling; thence extends
 In savage growth, a forester robust.
 Full on its leafy boughs the harpies feed:
 Each, gnawing, causes pain; and for that pain

Gives vent to blood and sorrow....We shall come,
 As others must, to take our fleshly spoils,
 But not, as others be recloath'd in flesh ;
 For what a man casts rashly from himself,
 It were unjust that he should have again.
 So here, our bodies shall we drag, by force ;
 Here, hang suspended thro' the mournful wood,
 Each on the wilding of his baneful shade."

We, listening to the speaking wonder, stood,
 And thought it would have utter'd more ; when lo !
 We heard such deafening clamours, as the swain
 Hears on his watch, the chafing boar at hand,
 And all the fury of the savage hunt :
 While beasts, and crashing trees, while uproar
 storms.

Lo ! on the left, two naked, torn with briers,
 Fled howling, bursting thro' the fan-spread wood.
 " O Death," the former cried out, " Death be
 quick !

O ! haste !" The other, fearing him too slow,
 Exclaim'd, " ⁸Lano, not winged thus thy feet
 Sped in the tilting fight on Tippo's plain."
 Then faint, his strength exhausted, down he sank,
 And crouch'd beneath a trusted bush ; behind
 Upclimb'd a forest, from whose lurking shades
 Rush'd female-mastiffs, black, burning for blood,

Rapid as grey-hounds from the leash escap'd :
 There fastening on him with their griping fangs,
 Fiercely they tore him, and his shatter'd limbs
 In fragments ript away. My escort mov'd,
 Seizing my hand, and led me to the place,
 Where vainly moaning thro' its bleeding rents,
 The thicket spake : " What does it now avail,
 'Jacopo, to have screen'd beneath my shade ?
 What blame befalls me for thy guilty life ?"

The Mantuan, who had paus'd in horror, cried,
 " Who art thou, streaming thus at every pore,
 Thus breathing forth with blood thy baleful
 speech ?"

The voice replied : " Ye spirits, timely come,
 O deign to view this shameful carnage here,
 These spoils of foliage smitten from my limbs :
 Be kind, collect them, lay my quivering leaves
 Close at the foot of me, their parent trunk.
 Within that ¹⁰city, who her patron Mars
 Displac'd for ¹¹John the Baptist, whence the God
 With cruel art shall ever cause her woe,
 Nay, if no vestige of his statue hung
 Yet o'er the flood of Arno, she had sunk,
 And vainly would her citizens have toil'd
 To raise her from the ashes scatter'd wide
 By Attila ; within that city's walls,
 Slung from my roof, I gave up hated life.

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets enter the third circuit, which is a sandy champain, where large flakes of fire fall in showers. Here all the outrageous, who blasphemed God, were punished. Having arrived at the stream of Phlegethon, Virgil discourses on the origin of that flood, and of the other infernal rivers.

WRUNG with ¹affection for my native land,
I glean'd, with pious care, his scatter'd leaves,
And all to him, now hoarse in speech, restor'd.

Descending thence, we to that limit came,
Which parts the second circuit from the third,
Where Justice plann'd new horrors! To display
These ghastly scenes of torment, I relate
That next we reach'd a savage tract of land,
Barren and burning, and its breast repell'd
All living plants. Circling, a moaning grove
Uprose, as round the dismal foss begirts

The wood. Our footsteps at the edge, in pain,
 We stay'd. A desert waste of arid sand
 Dazzling and thick, outstretch'd ; and not unlike
 The sultry soil, by ²Cato's feet imprest.
 Vengeance of Heav'n !....Chill terror all should
 feel,

Who even read, what to my wondering eyes,
 Stood manifest ! Such trains of naked ghosts
 Here wept, alas ! how piteously ! All seem'd
 To different lots condemn'd. Here some supine
 Groan'd on the ever-kindling ground, while some
 Sat cowering close, while others strangely walk'd
 Incessantly about, more numerous far
 Than those, who prone beneath their torture lay
 Howling more loudly in their bitter woes.
 Here o'er the radiant sand, slow-showering fell
 Dilated ³flakes of fire, as massy snow
 Dropt from the hoar Alps thro' the silent air.
 As in the fervours of the Indian clime,
 Great ⁴Alexander saw his banner'd troop
 Beset with sheets of solid flame, that roll'd
 In scorching vollies to the sulphurous ground ;
 Which to prevent, he bade his warrior band
 Upturn the soil, so might the vapoury pest
 Be well extinguish'd, as it rose alone ;
 So here the tempest of eternal fire

Descending, kindled all the sandy waste,
 'Like viands glowing in the blazing stove,
 Thus gave redoubled pain. No pause, no rest,
 For ever was the play of wretched hands,
 Now here, now there, to scatter off in haste,
 The clinging flakes, still bursting, falling fresh.
 "Instructor!" I began, "O thou! whose power
 Has conquer'd all, save the rebellious fiends,
 Who grimly rush'd, and at the portals rang'd,
 Denied us entrance; say, who yonder frowns?
 That giant-form, who seems to disregard
 These burning flames, and, bow'd together, lies
 Wrapt in disdain, as by the fiery storms
 Yet immatur'd?" The giant heard me speak,
 And thus exclaim'd: "Unalter'd I remain,
 Living or dead. If Jove should in his wrath
 Weary his workman, from whose sturdy grasp
 He wrench'd the pointed lightnings, that, at last,
 Transfix'd my heart, nay, should he weary all,
 Who labour at the swarthy forge by turns
 In 'Mongibello, crying, 'Help! O help!
 Good Mulciber, be quick!' as erst he roar'd,
 Vext in the fight of 'Phlegra, and his bolts
 Hurl flaming on me, with his utmost might,
 He never once should feel a glad revenge."

To him my guide, strong-thundering in a voice,

Unheard before ; “ O ⁸Capaneus ! thy pride,
 As yet unquench'd, has gain'd thee fiercer woes ;
 Tho' here, no torment, save thy bosom's rage,
 Could give thy fury its proportion'd pain.”

So said ; to me he turn'd with milder tone :
 “ This warrior madden'd with the seven kings,
 Who erst besieg'd the Theban gates ; he held,
 And still appears to hold, his God in scorn ;
 Much less to supplicate his sovereign grace.
 But his spiteful mood befits his breast.

Now follow close : beware the burning sand ;
 And skirt this circling umbrage.” Thence we past
 Mute, till we met, forth-gushing from the wood,
 A little brook, whose sanguine water yet
 Uplifts my bristling hair ! As that foul stream,
 Which sluic'd from ⁹Bulicamè, gurgling, runs
 To bathe infectious harlots ; so this tide
 Rush'd thro' the sand, its bed, and craggy banks
 Of aged flint : along its margin'd sides
 Our passage lay. “ Of all the wonders shown,
 Since first we enter'd that terrific arch,
 Which stood unlock'd to all, this little stream
 Flows worthiest of thy view, for where it winds
 The showering fires fall quench'd.” Such were
 his words.

So I besought him to bestow me food,

Since he an eager appetite had given.

“ Amid the ocean sits a sacred isle,
By men call'd ¹⁰Crete,” he said, “ beneath whose
king,

Pure flow'd the manners of th' unblemish'd world.

Near that, a mountain, once with living streams,

Smiling arose with verdure, Ida nam'd,

Now bleak, deserted, like a loathsome thing

Forbidden. Rhea, for her nursling son,

Deep in the shades, a trusty cradle chose ;

And better to conceal him, shriek'd aloud

To drown his infant cries. There, on that height

An ancient statue lifts his bulk direct,

Turning his shoulders to that sunny realm

¹¹Damiata, and, as in a mirror, views

Fair Rome. His ¹²stately head is precious gold,

Pure silver forms his arms and ample breast,

Thence to the middle, ribs of ponderous brass,

And all below, choice steel, save harden'd clay

That shapes his right foot, and on which, his
form

Far more erect than on the other stands.

Each part, free of the gold, so deeply rent,

Pours from the fissure tears, that mingled fall

Down thro' yon gaping cavern ; thence their
course

Headlong o'er rocks, forms in that nether vale,
 Dun Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon :
 Thence, sinking down this narrow channel, forms
 Cocytus ; that dread lake shalt thou behold ;...
 Of which no more account."....Here I enquir'd ;
 " If from our world the present current flows,
 Why does it merely at the edge appear ?"

When he : " Remember, that around these
 realms

Circling thou wind'st, and tho' the greater half
 Thy feet have travers'd, passing down the left,
 Yet not thro' all the circuit hast thou trod.
 So hence, if novel wonders strike thy view,
 Let not amazement shudder in thy looks."

Again I ask'd, " Instructor ! tell me where
 Glides Phlegethon, where Lethè ? for of one
 Thy lips are clos'd ; the other, thou hast said,
 Flows from this mingled shower." " Thy ques-
 tions all

Delight me," cried the poet, " yet that stream,
 That boiling blood-stream might have solv'd thy
 doubt.

Slow Lethè, distant from this hollow, creeps ;
 This flood shall meet thy eyes, when we arrive
 Where ¹³spirits go to cleanse themselves from sin,
 Soon as pale penitence removes their crimes.

But haste, the moment bids us leave the wood,
Beware thou follow closely on my steps :
Keep to the margin, where no flames descend,
And where innoxiously the vapour dies."

CANTO XV.



ARGUMENT.

THE poets, pursuing their journey through the third circle along the waters of Phlegethon, meet a band of spirits, who had been guilty of crimes against nature, and who proceeded under the falling flames; among these, Dante addresses Brunetto Latini, who predicts his exile, and afterwards informs him of others, who were there his associates in punishment.

BORNE on the solid margin, we advance
Under a canopy of mist, that mounts
High-hovering from the running brook, and saves
Its tide and either pier from falling fires.
As between Ghent and Bruges, where they dread
The deafening surge, that drives against their land,
The stormy Flemings raise their lofty mound
Repelling the rough ocean, or like those
Along the Brenta by the Paduans rear'd,
To guard their towery towns and castles hoar,
Ere yet the living sunshine melt the snows

On climbing ¹Chiarentana, such in form
 Those alpine moles, tho' less in height and bulk,
 Than these in hell rais'd by a mightier power.
 Now, from the forest not so far remote,
 That with a backward view I might not see
 Its massy shades, we met a shadowy train
 Of spirits, who along the margin stalk'd.
 Each ey'd us closely, as at twilight, men
 Sharpen their looks each other to discern,
 Beneath the glimmering of the nascent moon.
 So they to mark us keen'd their sight, like ²one
 Half-dim with age, to thread his pointed steel.
 Thus scrutiniz'd by all the prying tribe,
 One victim knew and seiz'd me by the skirt,
 "Behold this mortal wonder!" he exclaim'd.
 And I, when forth he stretch'd his circling arms,
 Deep-fix'd my eyes upon his fire-parch'd face,
 And soon his visage, tho' enseat'd by flame,
 My mind recogniz'd; thrusting out my hand
 Full in his face, I cried, "What! art thou here,
³Brunetto?" He replied: "My son! my son!
 O deign to hear, if back Brunetto turn,
 Leaving his fellows, to converse with thee."
 When I: "Oh! rest thee here, I pray thee, rest;
 Beside thee I will sit, if so my guide
 Consent." "Oh! son! if either of our throng

Rest but a moment," he replied, " he lies
 Bare to the fiercest flames a hundred years,
 Without the power of struggle : so proceed,
 Close at thy friendly side, close let me walk ;
 My sad companions soon shall I rejoin,
 Who mourn, as they proceed, their bitter doom,
 Their hot eternal torture."...From my path
 I dar'd not thence descend, and tread with him
 The burning marle, but held my head inclin'd
 Like as a pilgrim stalks in reverent awe.

" What chance, what destin'd fate," the spectre
 cried,

" Compels thee thro' this nether mass of fire
 Before thy final day? Who is that sage,
 Who guides thy perilous journey?" I replied,

" As on the earth, amid that life serene,
 With mazy error thro' a dusky vale
 I wander'd lost, ere manhood had attain'd
 Its fullness : yester-morn I left the scene ;
 So in returning thro' that dismal place,
 Shuddering in dread, this pitying spirit came,
 And hither by this path conducts me back."

" If rightly thou pursue the radiant star,
 That favouring, stream'd upon thy birth," he said,
 " The haven of bright glory shall be thine,
 If well I augur'd in my better days,

And had not been condemned to early death ;
 Beholding in the treasury of heav'n
 Such bounties for thee I had largely lent
 All aid, all comfort : but that deadly herd
 Ungratefully malignant, who, of old,
 Rush'd forth from Fesolé, and still retain
 Their savageness of hill, and mountain-flint,
 Will basely render evil for thy good.
 Nor wonder thou : for not with wildings crude
 It suits the luscious fig to spread her fruit
 Of rich luxuriance. Know, within thy world
 Hoar Fame accounts these lawless ruffians blind,
 A brood of envy, avarice, and pride.
 Beware their habits, cleanse thee of their guilt.
 Fortune for thee such honour holds in store,
 That either party in their civil rage
 Shall hunger for thee ; but the virgin herb
 Keep ever distant from the greedy goat.
 The brutes of Fesolé may on themselves
 Ravage and feed, not touch the precious plant,
 If on their bed of rankness such should rise ;
 If there the sacred seed of ⁴Roman worth
 Revives to light, since it has long remain'd
 The genial nest of dark malicious crimes."

" Were but my wish fulfill'd," I answering,
 said,

“ From the warm precincts of our mortal life,
 Thou had'st not yet been banish'd : in my heart
 Fix'd is thy dear, benign, paternal form,
 Such as on earth, where lately to my soul
 Thy wise instruction taught, how man should gain
 The radiant temple of eternity :
 And how I profit by thy counsels given
 My tongue, with rapture, shall proclaim, while life
 Shall warm my heart. Now, utter'd from thy lips
 Now let me register my future fate.
 This, with another ^s text, for her I keep,
 If ever I behold that saint in Heaven
 Beatrice, she knows all....But mark my speech,
 Lest conscience should upbraid me, *calm I stand*
*Do Fortune what she wills....*Not to my ears
 Would such an earnest of my future course
 Seem new, or wonderous. So her busy wheel
 Let Fortune whirl, the rustic ply his spade,
 As likes them best.” Then turning to his right
 The Mantuan on me glanc'd his eyes and spake,
 “ Attend, he hears the best, who most remarks.”
 Conferring with Brunetto still, I ask'd
 Who rose the most conspicuous in his crew.
 “ To know of some were proper,” he resum'd,
 “ Of others, silence would be deem'd the best,
 Nor would the time allow us long discourse.

Then briefly learn, that all were solemn priests,
 All sons of learning, sons of bright renown,
 All in the world by one unnatural crime
 Polluted. First, among this doleful herd
 Walks ⁶ Priscian, and Accorso's skilful son
⁷ Francesco ; ⁸him alike thou might'st have seen
 If wish'd, who shamefully from Arno came
 Transferr'd to Bacchiglione, where he died,
 And left his tainted members to the dust.
 More would I utter, but I must refrain.
 For lo ! new-rising from the scorching sands
 I see thick-rolling mists, and there a troop,
 With whom I dare not mingle. I commend,"
 He said, " my work ⁹ Tesoro to thy care,
 Where yet my memory lives ;...no more I ask."
 He turn'd ; and seem'd a racer, wing'd for flight,
 Who o'er Verona's champain, swiftly runs
 To gain the mantle ; in his speed he seem'd
 As he who wins, not he, who loses all !—

CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets, being arrived nearly at the boundary of the third gulph, halted to observe some who were condemned for crimes against nature. Dante, after conversing with Jacopo Rusticucci, pursues his journey, till he and his escort arrive at an eminence where the waters of Phlegethon fell into another circuit, whence a most horrible figure was seen to ascend.

NOW where the deafening river roar'd, I came,
And heard it dashing down the nether round,
Like the hoarse humming of the summer-bees.
When, parting from their wailing train, who past
Beneath the scourging storm of arrowy fire,
Three souls together swift towards us ran.
“Stay thy rude footsteps, thee, thy garb bespeaks
A native of our hated land,” they cried,
“Oh! stay!”—I look'd! alas! what painful
wounds

Bled on their limbs, both old and recent scars,
 Inflicted by the wild, undying flames !
 The bare remembrance stings me yet with grief.
 Struck with their awful moans my teacher paus'd,
 Then turn'd to me and spake, " Attend, my son !
 These noble phantoms merit our respect !
 If not, as now, the nature of the place
 Shot forth keen-biting fires, I should have deem'd,
 That flight had better far been thine, not theirs."'
 They, while we paus'd, renew'd their wonted
 plaint ;

Onward they rush'd, and when arriv'd, the three
 All roll'd together in a circling wheel !

As naked champions with impatient eyes
 Watch their advantage, and the firmest hold,
 Before they grapple in a closer fray ;
 So each, on me direct, while whirling round,
 Darted his visage. So each turn'd his neck
 In restless motion opposite the feet.

" Here, if the mis'ry of our place accurst,
 Our baleful aspect, destitute of all,"

A victim cried, " should turn to cruel scorn
 Our woes and pray'rs, Oh ! let our brilliant fame
 Incline thee to discover who thou art,
 Whose living feet thus tread Hell's burning marle
 Unhurt. Know, he, who now pursues my steps,

So naked, gash'd, and flead, of all bereft,
 Haply was greater than thy mind suspects !
¹Grandson of chaste Gualdrada, whom they nam'd
 Brave Guidoguerra, who, while warm with life
 Rose eminent in counsel and in fight.
 Pale ²Tegghio next imprints the kindling sand,
 Whose name on earth well merited applause.
 Myself, partaker of their torturing pains,
 Vile ³Rusticucci, here was chiefly doom'd
 By her, my wife ; her savage temper caus'd,
 Doubtless, this penal evil." Here he ceas'd :
 And shelter'd from the pelting of the flakes,
 That moment down among them had I leapt ;
 Nor would, perhaps, my leader have restrain'd
 The brief embrace : but heat, careering fires,
 And withering terror, check'd the fond desire
 Of rushing to their arms. So I began :
 " Not scorn, but poignant grief within my heart
 Your sad condition has infix'd, keen grief,
 Which time can scarcely cure : while spake my
 sage,
 I augur'd from the tenour of his speech,
 That such as you, a noble race, drew near :
 Behold in me a native of your land ;
 Your high exploits, your names of bright renown,
 For ever have I prais'd, and heard them prais'd,

With warm affection. So the bitter gall
 Now leaving for sweet fruits of heavenly taste,
 Blest promise of a pure unerring guide,
 I go : but first the central depth of Hell
 Must visit." "Go," he answer'd, "may thy
 limbs,

Be far supported by thy spirit, go ;
 And may thy fame shine glorious after death.
 But say, does courtesy, does valour yet
 Dwell in our city as in brighter days,
 Or, are they vanish'd from the sight of all ?
 For now ⁴ Borsierè, doom'd with us to mourn,
 Who yonder with his sad companions, walks,
 Afflicts us with the tidings he has brought."

"New swarms of men, and ill-won, sudden
 wealth,
 Pride and excess, within thy suffering heart,
 O Florence! have engender'd, so that now,
 Thou sink'st in sorrows." With my face uprais'd,
 These words I utter'd, that for answerserv'd :
 They at each other gaz'd, as men oft look
 At hearing truth. "If thou at other times,"
 All three exclaim'd, "so aptly canst reply
 To all who question thee, thrice happy thou !
 So if thou from this dingy clime escape,
 And on the earth returning, view once more

Safely the starry cope of heav'n, what time
 Thou shalt retrace with joy thy perils past,
 Oh ! speak of us among the sons of men."
 They ceas'd ; they broke the circling wheel, and
 fled ;

Like rapid pinions glanc'd their hasty feet,
 So swift, so sudden, that we might not say
 " Amen," before they vanish'd. Thence the sage
 Departing, onward mov'd ; him I pursu'd—
 Not far, when the prone cat'ract roar'd so near
 That scarcely now we heard each other speak.

As rolls that river in its native course,
 First westering from the Mount of Vesulo,
 Full on the left of Apennine, by men
 Call'd Acquacheta ere it reach the vale
 At Forli, now a name extinct, it falls
 High o'er the abbey of Saint Benedict,
 Rebelling, bursting from the Alpine height,
 Thrown headlong down a precipice abrupt,
 Whose depth a thousand torrents might have
 lodg'd ;

So down a rugged steep these waters fell
 Thundering, darkly-perturb'd, and stunn'd our
 ears.

About my girdle was rude cordage wound,

A cincture once intended to enthrall
 That ^s leopard radiant with his painted hide ;
 This I unravell'd, as my leader bade,
 Then coil'd it round, and gave it to his hand :
 Thence on the right he turn'd, and from the
 brink

Cast down its length into the black abyss.

“ How strange, how passing strange ! ” within
 myself

I said, “ some novel wonder must arise,
 Which now my leader so intently views ! ”
 But ah how full of caution should we act
 With men, who not the deed alone inspect,
 But subtly pry into the inmost thoughts !
 “ What I expect, shall soon arise, ” he cried,
 “ That miracle, on which thy fancy dreams,
 Shall quickly soar discover'd to thy view.....
 Still ever to that truth, which wears a look
 Of falshood, man should strive to close his lip,
 Since shame, though faultless, on himself descends.
 But hence with silence ; by these strains of mine
 Reader ! I swear, so may they hence procure
 Sweet fame and favour, that before my gaze,
 Emerging from the gross and dingy air,
 Floated a hideous shape, that might have shot

Severe amazement through the stoutest heart !
And thus a diver, who had plung'd to free
An anchor grappled in a craggy rock,
Or seize some treasure from the hoary deep,
Updraws his labouring feet and springs to day.

CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet describes the hideous figure of Gerion: they approach towards him; Dante, at the advice of Virgil, walks forward to observe the usurers, whose punishment was to remain under the horrible deluge of flames: and after having seen some of them, he returns to his guide; and being mounted on the back of Gerion, both descend to the eighth circle.

“ LO ! the dread monster with his venom'd sting!
Who speeds o'er mountains, bursts through city
walls,
Through camps of blazing armour, lo! the fiend
Who taints with foul contagion all the world !”
So cried my leader, and with beckoning hand
Bade the fell demon come to shore and verge
Close to the flinty path-way. So uprose,
Far as his head and chest, that grisly shape,
Vile Fraud ! yet not to land his bestial train
Dragg'd. He in visage wore a sainted guise ;

So smooth and gracious seem'd his outward look :
 But all below was serpent. Two shagg'd fangs,
 Far as his arm-pits, branch'd ; the back and breast
 And loathsome sides were gnarl'd with painted
 knots :

No tints more varied Tartar or the Turk,
 On bright-embroider'd mantles interwove,
 Nor such ² Arachnè o'er her loom employ'd.
 He, like a vessel that, while moor'd on shore,
 Rests part in water, part on land : or where
 Churlish and bleak, the ravenous German herds,
 The beaver sits to watch the finny spoil ;
 So this dark fiend of evil, on the fence,
 That edg'd the sandy waste with solid rock,
 Couch'd. In the void his forky tail upturn'd,
 And, like a scorpion in revenge, outglanc'd
 A barbed sting. Here spake my guide. " Proceed,
 Our way must wind a little, till we reach
 Yon brutal shape, who settles on the ridge."
 Then turning on the right, we downward mov'd,
 But first ten paces on the brink advanc'd
 Better to shun the flames and kindling ground.
 Fronting the monster we arriv'd : beyond
 I saw, all seated in the torrid sand,
 A race of spirits, near the gulph'd profound.
 " Now," said the poet, " what this circuit holds,

Go, fully learn, remark the baleful mien
 Those usurers wear ; but brief be thy discourse.
 Meantime, till thou return, will I bespeak
 This demon, Fraud, that he may freely grant
 A safe conveyance on his shoulders huge."

So shuddering onward by the utmost ridge,
 That fenc'd the seventh circle, all alone,
 I past, and came among the wailing throng.
 Out gush'd their anguish from their haggard eyes,
 While here, and there, th' alternate play of hands
 Was vain relief against the burning soil,
 Or the red vapour. So at summer-noon,
 Oft mastiffs snap their jaws, and, restless, stamp,
 When stung by gnats, and keen musketo-swarms.
 My eye perus'd full many a wither'd face,
 Full many a wretch beneath the dismal fires,
 Yet knew not one : this strangely struck my
 view,
 That pendent from each neck a ³ badge was
 worn,
 Various in hue with various emblems grac'd,
 On which their gloating gaze appear'd to feed.
 Commingling with the band I look'd around,
 Here saw from one a ⁴ golden pouch depend,
 Gleaming with azure ; on its surface frown'd
 A lion's countenance and noble port.

Still glancing round my sight in full career,
 I saw ⁵ another pendent sign, that blush'd
 Deeper than blood, escutcheon'd with a swan
 Of downy white. A spirit here who held
 Grav'd on his hoary ⁶ serip, a savage boar
 Huge, and of azure hue, bespake me thus :
 " What dost thou here ? Away ! and if thou live,
 Know, that ⁷ Vitaliano on my left
 Shall sit, my neighbour, and my friend. For here
 Amid these Florentines, in me behold
 A Paduan. Oft they thunder in my ears,
 ' Hasten that sovereign ⁸ knight ! who here will
 bear
 Three beaks of prey, bright-pictur'd on his
 pouch ! ' "

He paus'd ; and writh'd his mouth in hideous
 guise,
 And out he loll'd his tongue, as when an ox
 Licks his broad nostrils. Fearing my delay
 Might vex my waiting guide, who bade me haste ;
 Back from the wailing spirits I return'd.
 Now sat my leader on the monster's haunch :
 " Fearless approach," he cried, " be bold of
 heart,
 For down a headlong flight we must descend.

Mount thou before, lest here the tortuous
 Upturning, wound thee, let me sit between."
 As one whose frame the quartan ague thrills
 So strongly, that his nails turn deadly blue,
 Starts, quivering, but to meet the doubtful shade ;
 So at his summons shook my shivering heart.
 But shame my spirits rous'd, the dread of shame
 That bids the lowest vassal act with zeal
 Before his lord. I climb'd the demon's side
 That instant, and instinctive would have said,
 ' O clasp me firmly,' but my voice then fail'd.
 When he, who oft had rescu'd me from ill,
 Soon as I mounted, caught me in his arms,
 And lifting me aloft, he thus exclaim'd :
 " Gerion, proceed ! and let thy circling flight
 Be ⁹ wheel'd in ample space, so our descent
 Be gently wound : think, what a wonderous
 weight
 Thy strength sustains."....As hackening from the
 shore
 A vessel from her station, meets the waves ;
 So backward mov'd the demon, when let loose,
 And where his breast had been, his scorpion tail
 Turn'd slowly round ; then like an eel outstretch'd
 He steer'd his voyage, and with bending paws

Oft plying, gather'd up the billowy air.
 As arduous ¹⁰ Phaeton met severest dread,
 When from his grasp, he dropt the guiding reins,
 And saw the skies, as still they seem, on flames ;
 Or ¹¹ Icarus, when from his shoulders bare,
 He felt his pennons loosen, near the sun,
 When flow'd the heated wax, and cried his sire :
 " Shun, shun that fatal way !" Such was my dread,
 When nought I saw, but solitudes of air,
 On all sides round no object save the beast.
 He sails down slowly, slowly downward sails,
 Wheeling his nether course, by me unmark'd,
 Save by the wind, that, rising, fans my cheek.
 Full on our right the cat'ract fell below,
 With horrid crashing : down I bent my looks
 Aghast ! to mark the prone descent. I saw
 Dark-rolling flames ; and heard afflictive wails !
 Trembling, together close I crouch'd myself,
 And first perceiv'd, how swiftly down we wound
 By the dread tortures now that nearer drew
 On all sides round. So searching on the wing
 A falcon meets nor lure, nor hapless bird,
 While vex'd the falconer cries, " Alas ! thou
 fall'st !"
 So weary it descends, and fluttering, whirls
 In many a ¹² wheeling circuit down, at last,

Sits at a distance from its lord in rage ;
Thus Gerion on the solid ground alights,
And sets us, near the craggy rock, on foot ;
Thence, when disburden'd of my weighty form,
Upsprang, swift as an arrow from the bow.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet describes the situation and form of the eighth region of the Inferno ; the bottom of which was separated into ten gulphs. In the first, he sees the punishment of seducers ; thence the two poets pass to the second gulph, where they find a train of parasites, among whom, Dante discovers Alessio, an inhabitant of Lucca.

PLAC'D in the heart of hell, that region lies
Dread ¹ MALEBOLGE, all engulph'd in rock,
Of hue ferruginous and fiery dun,
Like the huge rampart that includes it round.

Right in the midst of that malignant waste,
Gapes an abyss, profoundly vast !.....Its form
Shall duly be describ'd.....The circuit holds
Ten trenches in its depth, distinctly sunk
Between its gulph and adamantine mound ;
So many a moat circles some castle grey,
To guard the walls, and render all within

Secure. As many a fortress from its base
 Stands flank'd with bridges to its edge without ;
 So from the grisly bottom of the steep
 Cross'd rocky footpaths o'er the piers and dykes,
 Far as the central gulph, that bounds the whole.

From Gerion's back dismounted, here we came.
 We skirted on the left ; while on the right
 New tortures, pains, new ministers of wrath
 With naked sinners, fill'd the first descent.
 Confronting us they drove ; with longer strides
 With us beyond the middle point they stretch'd,

As in the year of jubilee, to pass
 The throng with more dispatch, the ² Romans bade
 The coming nations keep one side the bridge,
 Fronting the castle and St. Peter's fane,
 And all returning tend towards the mount ;
 So this, and that way, on the shaggy rock,
 Horn'd demons ran, and clank'd their cruel thongs,
 Lashing the shoulders of th' ungodly crew :
 How high they bounded at a single stripe !
 Nor waited they for more, but onward prest.
 Here as I stalk'd, a spirit met my sight :
 Sudden I utter'd, " Stay ! not fully yet,
 Not on that form has vision fully fed !"
 So on his stature rivetting my eyes,
 I stood in silent awe. My leader paus'd,

Nor check'd my backward steps to mark him
more.

The victim thought to screen himself from view,
So downward bent his look, but bent in vain.

“ O thou !” I cried, “ with eye that loves the
ground,

³Venedico ! thy visage else deceives,
Ah ! what has brought thee to this wretched
doom ?”

When sadly he : “ Thy well-known voice
awakes

The dim remembrance of a former world,
Where by my hand, fair Ghisola was led
To glut the passions of a lustful lord,
However Fame might trumpet forth the tale.
Not singly from Bologna here I wail :
But numerous sinners kennel in this depth,
More numerous than the tongues now taught the
phrase,

⁴*Sipa*, between cool Reno, and that stream
Savena ; nay, if further proof be ask'd,
Recall to mind our avarice of gold.”...

While yet he spake, a demon terror rose,
And strip'd his shoulders with a clanking scourge,
“ Away !” he scream'd, “ seducer ! in this hell
No women are for sale, away !” He fled.

I join'd my leader ; and few paces thence
 Advanc'd, where issued from the frontier-bank
 A flinty mass, its side we nimbly climb'd.
 Thence o'er the ruins winding to the right,
 We leave th' eternal battlements behind.
 So when we scal'd the arch-way, where beneath
 Yawn'd a free passage to the victims scourg'd,
 " Mark ! mark yon heirs of evil," said my guide,
 " Faces yet unperus'd, since all one way
 With us, their progress bent." We from the
 bridge

Imbrown'd with age, survey'd the yelling race ;
 Confronting us they hasten'd, like the rest,
 Gash'd by the iron scourge. The Mantuan bard
 Unask'd, began : " See ! that gigantic form,
 Who seems too full of agony for tears :
 Proud sorrow stagnates in his stony eyes.
 Lo ! on his front what majesty remains !
 'Tis ^sJason ! he, whose heart of prowess won,
 Won the rich fleece from Colchos ; valour-led,
 He pass'd the Lemnian isle, within whose breast,
 Remorseless women slaughter'd all their males.
 'There, with the wily witchcraft of discourse,
 With winning tokens, he beguil'd that fair
 Hypsiphylè, who screen'd her sire from death,
 Thus had, with pious fraud beguil'd her sex.

Pregnant he left her, pining and forlorn.
 Such crimes condemn him to eternal pains :
 Here falls due vengeance for 'Medea's wrongs ;
 And here with him all virgin-spoilers groan.

Of the first gulph, and all its suffering tribes
 No more. Now onward, where the narrow path
 Crossing the shoulders of the second pier
 Turns to an arch, we came. Prest in a chasm
 Here thousands lowly mutter, and in pain
 Snort with their nostrils wide, and smite their
 breasts.

Here crusting o'er the banks hung bleaching
 scurfs

Condens'd from reeking filth, that steam'd below ;
 Horrid to sight and smell. Here sank the gulph
 So deeply, that the eye could nothing note,
 Save from the middle of the flinty arch.

We mounted, viewing in the foss beneath,
 The nauseous foss, full many a victim plung'd.

Meantime my searching vision met a shade,
 Who had his face so overgrim'd with soil,
 That were he priest or layman none could tell.
 To me he scream'd : " Why on this loathly form
 More than on others, dar'st thou glut thy gaze ?"
 When I : " If mem'ry err not, once I knew,
 I knew thee once with unpolluted locks,

'Alessio, born in Lucca's fragrant clime :
Thus I distinguish thee above the rest."...

He answer'd smiting on his throbbing brow,
" Lo ! Adulation here has plung'd me deep,
Vile Adulation never cloy'd my tongue."

" Right onward," spake my leader, " stretch
thy sight,

Mark Thais ! mark that courtezan of shame,
Who tears her visage with her tainted claws,
Now crouching low, now standing all erect ;
Harlot, who when her rapturous dotard ask'd,

⁸ ' Dost thank me much ?' ' Oh ! wonderously !'
return'd.

—Now, let our view pause satisfied :—enough."

CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE, guided by Virgil, came to another gulph, where the victims of simony stood on their heads, while the soles of their feet burnt with flames. After a discourse with one of the spirits, the poet was carried by Virgil to the next gulph.

OH! 'Simon Magus! Oh! his wretched race!
Who dare adulterate the rites of God,
That should to GOODNESS ever be espous'd;
Rapacious race for silver and for gold!
Now let the trumpet thunder forth her peals,
Since you, ye sinners! fill the third abrupt.

The next vault we ascended, where the cliff
Hangs o'er the centre of the deadly foss.
Wisdom sublime! how wonderful thy art
In heav'n, in earth, and in the evil world!
What just allotments has thy virtue given!...
I saw the livid rock, on all sides round,

And in its grisly bottom, full of chasms
 Alike in width, in roundness each alike :
 They seem'd nor less nor greater than the fonts
 Baptismal, rang'd around the sacred floor
 Of that fair fane, Saint ²John's, my pious charge.
 One font, nor many a year has since expir'd,
 I broke, to rescue from the drowning wave,
 An infant ; let this undeceive that foe
 Who, slandering, stains my fame. Each hollow's
 mouth

A victim's legs far as the knee expos'd ;
 His trunk inverted stood conceal'd beneath.
 The soles of either foot were burning red ;
 The joints, the limbs convulsive, glanc'd so strong
 As would have quickly snapt metallic cords.
 As lightly o'er a polish'd surface, flame
 Nourish'd with unctuous matter, floats along,
 So flow'd from heel to point the liquid fire.

“ Instructor ! name that agonizing form,
 Whose twinkling feet more than his sad compeers
 Rise gnaw'd with ruddier flames.” My sage re-
 plied :

“ Would'st thou be carried where the rugged rock
 More level lies, and from himself enquire
 His name and crime ?” Then I : “ O gracious
 guide !

I deem that best which pleases best thy mind,
 Thou know'st that from thy will I ne'er dissent,
 Thou know'st my thoughts without the aid of
 speech."

Thence the fourth pier we mounted : On the left
 Turning, we skirted down, and found at length,
 A straiten'd, perforated cleft. The bard
 Still bore me on his side, nor set me down
 Till near that sinner's aperture he reach'd,
 Who, groaning, quiver'd either foot in pain.

"Who art thou?" I began, "Say, fluttering
 shade,

Thou victim headlong plung'd, and like a stake
 Thrust in the ground, O answer, if thou can?"

Nor not unlike a listening friar I stood,
 That shrives a doom'd assassin at the rack,
 Whom oft the wretch recalls to put off death.

The spirit shriek'd, "Already art thou come?
 What subtile ³Boniface, already come?....

Then the prophetic scroll, by many a year,
 Belies thy death! Has surfeit of thy wealth
 Here sent thee, wealth, that basely bought for thee
 The ⁴spouse of God, whom thou has massacred?"

Like those, who understand not a reply,
 Feeling as if expos'd to wanton scorn,
 Nor knowing what to answer, mute I stood.

Then Virgil : “ Quickly clear this strange mistake ;

Say, I am not, not he, whom thou believ'st !”

This promptly I explain'd, as he enjoin'd.

I said. The spirit wrench'd his glancing feet,

Loud-bursting into sighs and painful throes ;

“ Then what,” he ask'd me, “ what dost thou intend,

Since here thy eagerness desires to learn

My unblest name, that down the perilous slope

Hast ventur'd ? Know that once the papal robe

Flow'd from my shoulders. Of a ^sfemale bear

Born, striving to advance my cubs I grew.

So wealth on earth here purchas'd me this hell.

Below my head wail others, hither dragg'd,

All former simonists ; outstretch'd they lie

Along the fissures of this livid rock.

So falling down among them shall I stretch,

What time my base successor shall arrive,

For whom I took thee, and enquir'd thy fate.

Longer my feet have kindled with the flames,

Far longer have I stood than he will stand

Upturn'd, planted with soles of ruddy fire.

For after him, defil'd with fouler deeds,

This cell to cover and conceal us both

A ⁶lawless pastor from the west shall come,

A ⁷ Jason ; as on him his easy king
 Lavish'd proud favour, so the ⁸ Gallic prince
 Shall grace the other."....If my zeal were rash
 I know not, but indignant thus I spake :
 " Oh ! say, what treasures first our Lord requir'd
 From Peter, ere he trusted to his charge
 The keys of Heaven ? He, doubtless, ask'd no
 more
 Than, ' ⁹ *Follow me !*' nor Peter, nor his band,
 From Saint ¹⁰ Matthias gold or silver won,
 When chosen for that place which Judas lost.
 Then stay ;....thy punishment is justly due !
 Look caitiff ! well to that ill-taken wealth,
 That against ¹¹ Charles enkindled all thy wrath.
 If veneration of the sacred keys
 Forbade not, held by thee in happier hours,
 Far harsher should my tongue reprove thy deeds.
 Thy surly av'rice saddens all the world,
 Treads on the GOOD, and lifts the BAD to fame.
 Pastors, like thee, ¹² Saint John in Patmos saw,
 When she soft-gliding on the waves, with kings
 In loathly whoredom, met his holy gaze :
 She, born with seven heads, whence, proof of guilt,
 Ten horns rose branching, whilst her lawful spouse
 Knew but the bliss of virtue. So thy god
 Was gold and silver ; if thou differ aught

From an idolater, one he adores,
 But thou a hundred idols! How much ill,
 Great ¹³ Constantine! ah! how much ill produc'd
 Not thy conversion, but that splendid dower,
 Which the first wealthy pope obtain'd from thee!"

Such was my strain: when he, or stung by rage,
 Or gnaw'd by conscience, in a fit of pain,
 Quiver'd, in violent haste, his burning feet.
 Pleas'd with my true invective stood the bard,
 Calm in his visage, listening to my speech,
 Then clasp'd me fondly in his circling arms,
 And on his bosom bare me: thence retrac'd
 The passage upward from the deep obscure.
 Unwearied still, he held me to his heart,
 Far as the arch, high-striding o'er the rock,
 That from the fourth pier crosses to the fifth;
 He gently there, most gently, plac'd me down,
 A burden, on the steep and cragg'd height,
 Where scarce the mountain-goat would dare to
 climb,
 And thence, another valley caught my view.

CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.

DANTE sees the diviners in the fourth gulph, who wept as they walked, having their faces turned behind them. Here Manto is discovered, from whom the city Mantua derived its origin and name. At length the poets pursue their journey.

NEW scenes of torture claim my awful song,
Due argument to suit the twentieth lay,
Since first I sang of phantoms whelm'd in grief.

I gaz'd into the streaming gulph of woe,
Intent : when from the depth of night emerg'd
A race in silent tears, demurely slow,
Measuring their footsteps, as the choral train,
'That chaunt their hallow'd litanies on earth.

Downward I look'd, and wondrous to relate !
Each held his head ' revers'd upon his neck ;
So hung his face averted from the reins :
Each miscreant walk'd with retrogressive steps,

That none might forward look as he advanc'd.
 Haply thus palsy may distort the limbs,
 But this I never saw, nor deem it true.
 Bethink thee! Reader! so may God bestow
 Fruit of thy reading on thee! how my heart
 Could long refrain from sorrows, when I mark'd
 Our heav'n-form'd image wrench'd, and thus
 disguis'd,

That from the fountain of the eye gush'd tears,
 That down the back, for ever streaming, roll'd.
 Leaning, despondent, on a shaggy rock,
 So bitterly I wept, that thus my guide:
 "What! like the rest, in sympathetic woe?
 Pity tho' dead, here mostly seems alive.
 What greater guilt depraves the human soul,
 Than, when in passion, she arraigns the doom
 Of heav'n's high judgment? Raise, oh! raise thy
 look,

Lo! the dread chief, before whose haggard gaze,
 The Theban champain gap'd, when all exclaim'd
 ' ² Amphiaras! whither art thou rush'd,
 Where hurried from the clanking war?' He fell,
 Gulph'd in the earthquake-ruins, to that depth
 Down fell where ³ Minos grapples every soul.
 Instead of breast, his shoulders he beholds;
 So he, who once too ⁴ forward wish'd to view,

Looks backward now, and treads his path revers'd.
 But mark ⁵Tiresias! he, who chang'd his sex,
 And from a male became a virgin fair,
 Transform'd, at once, thro' all his conscious frame.
 It chanc'd the twining serpents with his wand
 Again he struck, and manhood's downy limbs
 Branch'd forth anew. There ⁶Aruns bears behind
 His bloated paunch. Amid the mountain-winds
 Of Luni, where Carraran peasants delve,
 Who shroud in huts below, he, Tuscan sage,
 Amid the snowy marbles, held his cave ;
 A stormy dwelling! whence he watch'd the stars,
 And ey'd the dark expanse of tumbling sea.
 The next, whose tresses screen her faded breast
 From view, (for on this side alone descends
 Her streaming hair,) was ⁷Manto ; she who roam'd
 Thro' many a region, and repos'd, at last,
 Firm on the cherish'd land ; that gave me birth ;
 Of which, I would thy hearing :—list awhile :
 What time her aged sire found rest in death,
 What time her ⁸city, pledg'd to Bacchus, sank,
 Enslav'd, she fled an outcast thro' the world.
 High in Italia's lovely land of vines,
 A glassy lake expands, fast by the foot
 Of that heav'n-climbing Alp, which close enlocks
 Germania o'er the Tyrol, known by name

Benacus, where a thousand fountains gush,
 And more between cool Garda and the vale
 Camonica and cloud-topp'd Appenine,
 More waters rush to settle in that lake.
 Lodg'd in its centre lies a haunted ⁹ spot,
 Where Trento's, Brescia's, and Verona's swains
 Might, greeting, touch each other as they pass.
 In front, that ponderous fort, ¹⁰ Peschiera frowns,
 Whence more precipitous the shore descends.
 There oft redundant streams o'erflow the breast
 Of dark Benacus, roaring, flashing down,
 A torrent bursting o'er the nether plains,
 Bathing the verdurous pastures. Thence the flood
 Full onward drives till Mincius gives it name ;
 Skirting at last ¹¹ Governo, down it falls
 Lost in the Po : nor coursing far, it finds
 A flat extent, there stagnates, like a marsh,
 Upsteaming pestilence to summer suns.
 Here, in her roaming, saw the savage maid
 Land, in the centre of the fenny depth,
 Unknown, uncultur'd, and unpeopled, land.
 To fly all human converse, here secure,
 She settled with her slaves, here work'd her wiles,
 Here liv'd, and dying, left her lifeless corse.
 Then, straggling clans, at random scatter'd, came,
 Came flocking to the place ; beheld its strength,

Girt by the reeking fen on all sides round ;
 And rais'd a city on her mouldering bones.
 They, from her name, who first descried the spot,
 Forth call'd it Mantua ; other omen none
 They wanted. Gathering nations troop'd here still,
 Ere subtile Pinamontè by his arts
 Beguil'd the madding fury of that chief,
 Brute ¹² Casalodi. So be warn'd, if hence
 Thou hear a different origin, beware,
 Lest falshood should defraud thee of the truth."
 When I : " These records claim my faith ; they
 seem

So luminous, that others hence to me
 Shall sink like dying embers. But, relate
 What spirits these, who move before our eyes,
 If worthy of remark : to this alone
 My eager mind inclines."....He gently spake :
 " That augur from whose cheek the beard descends
 Full o'er the sallow shoulders, he, when Greece
 Was widow'd of her males, so cradles stood
 Needless, in ¹³ Aulis erst with Calchas gave
 The signal, when their vessels lay becalm'd,
 What time to cut the cable. In my song
 His name yet lives, ¹⁴ Eurypylus, well known
 To thee, who know'st the whole. That phantom
 next

Who seems so slender in his downward form,
 Was Michael ¹⁵ Scott, deep-practis'd in the wiles
 Of magic guilt. ¹⁶ Bonatti stalks behind,
 Behold him : next ¹⁷ Asdentè meets thy view,
 Now willing to have ever plied his awl
 And cordwain, but repentance comes too late.
 Here beldames, who resign'd the pointed steel,
 The distaff and the loom, together weep,
 Diviners all ! whose images, whose herbs,
 Work'd deeds of evil...But hence ! hence, proceed !
 For now the storied moon, where with his thorns
 Cain ¹⁸ holds the confines of each hemisphere,
 Sinks in the waves beneath grey Seville's towers.
 Her visage yesternight shone fully round,
 As haply thou remember, when she smil'd
 Benignantly amid our gloom of wood."

He spake : thence onward we pursu'd our path.

CANTO XXI.



ARGUMENT.

THE poets arrive at the fifth gulph, which is horribly dark, and filled with boiling pitch, where guilty barterers were plunged, and watched by demons, who with great violence attacked Virgil ; but he addressing himself to Malacoda, obtains permission to proceed.

FROM arch to arch, by various converse led,
Which now, my Muse intends not to record,
We mov'd. Climbing the frontier-rock, we saw
Another vast of MALEBOLGE, fill'd
With other fruitless woes. Outstretch'd around
Midnight here slumber'd in terrific gloom.

As where Venetia stores her naval force,
They boil huge masses of tenacious pitch,
To smear their shatter'd barks, when none attempts
To navigate the ocean ; in that space,
One builds his skiff anew, another caulks
His vessel's sides by many a voyage worn,

Some labour at the prow, and some the stern,
 Some the great cables twist, and others form
 The slender oars, while many a busy hand
 Repairs the tatter'd mischief in the sails ;
 So bubbling, not by fire, but art divine,
 The thickening mass bituminous upridg'd,
 Griming the nether shore on all parts round.
 I look'd, but nought discover'd, save the surge
 Belch'd by the boiling ocean, that, by turns,
 Upheaving, swell'd, and then, subsiding, sank.
 Here whilst I look'd beneath, the Mantuan cried,
 "Beware ! beware,"...and from my perilous stand,
 That instant, seiz'd me. Like a hurried man,
 Impatient to behold, what he should shun,
 When on a sudden, terror chills his soul,
 And he, all trembling, hastens from the view,
 So I recoil'd ; when from behind I saw
 A swarthy demon running up the cliff !
 Ah ! what a hell burnt in his cruel look !
 Bitter he came, sounding his dragon wings,
 On foot half-flying ! On his shoulders sharp
 Headlong a sinner hung, him by the feet
 He grappled, " Fiends of Malebolgè hear !
 Ye talon'd demons of our bridge !" he roar'd,
 " Behold an elder of Saint Zita's band !
 Whelm, whelm him fathoms down, while I return

For numbers more ; the land breeds numbers such :
 All barterers, save ²Bonturo, all proclaim
 Smooth falsehood truth, to glut their love of gain."

He flung his burden down, and o'er the flint
 Fled : never from his chain a mastiff loos'd,
 Chas'd, with such furious speed, the nightly thief.
 The victim plung'd ; then, eddying, rose again.
 While, lurking by the bridge, the demons yell'd ;
 " THE ³SAINTED VISAGE here avails thee nought ;
 Here different than in ⁴Serchio's cooling flood
 The tortur'd swim ; and if thou would escape
 Our talons, float not on the boiling pitch."

They paus'd. More than a hundred grappling hooks
 Fell on him. " Barter here," the terrors scream'd,
 " Here filch in covert evil, if thou can."

So servants round the household-caldron stand
 With prongs to thrust the fleshy mass beneath,
 Lest bubbling to the surface it may float.

My teacher : " Hide thee ! lest they spy thy form,
 Crouch down beneath yon fragment, shroud thyself ;
 Fear not, should force or insult meet my face,
 Prepar'd I stand, since once before I cop'd
 Such demon outrage."....Thence beyond the bridge
 Alone he mov'd ; now o'er the sixth descent
 Stalking, he rais'd his dauntless brow aloft,...
 When storm and vengeance, as when mastiffs rush

Abruptly on a vagrant, where he stands
 Suing, so rushing from beneath the bridge
 On him the terrors turn their barbed spears.
 "Avaunt! Be none outrageous!" he began,
 "And ere your weapons goad me, from your band
 Dispatch a chief to hear my cause, then judge
 If ye should mangle me."... "Haste!" they out-
 yell'd,

"O Malacoda! haste!"... So one approach'd,
 "What will it profit him?" he quick replied.
 "What Malacoda! canst thou think I came
 Secure from all your outrage;" spake the bard,
 "Without propitious fate, and will divine?
 Oppose not heav'ns high pleasure that I lead
 A blameless mortal thro' these savage realms."

Down fell his blustering pride, down at his feet
 The torturing weapon fell, while to his crew,
 "Be calm! we dare not wound him!" he exclaim'd.

To me the Mantuan call'd, "O thou! that sit'st
 Crouch'd by yon ruins, safely here approach."
 That moment up I rose... I came in haste....
 The demons darted forth. Fear chill'd my heart
 Lest all should break their league. So I beheld,
 Full-rushing from 'Caprona's gates, the troops
 Circled by foes, and shuddering lest the truce
 Should be dissolv'd. Close to my guide I clung,

Nor from their wild, demoniac visage dar'd
 To roll my eyes aside. They couch'd their hooks ;
 " *Say, shall I stab his heart,*" each of his mate
 Ask'd, " *Quick ! transpierce him,*" forth his fellow
 spake.

But he, the fiend, who with my sage discours'd,
 That moment turn'd him round, and sternly cried,
 " Stay Scarmiglione ! stay thy hasty hand."

To us then said : " Hence, further on this cliff
 Ye dare not venture, since it shiver'd lies
 All-ruinous to the bottom of the arch.
 Yet, if it please ye onward to proceed,
 Wind upward by this cavern, thence to view
 Another rock gives passage o'er the gulph.
 Know, 'yesterday, five hours beyond this time,
 Twelve hundred and thrice twenty-two full years
 Have wheel'd around the sun, since here this way
 Was rent in ruins. Thither now, full arm'd,
 A troop I send, to watch, lest on the pitch
 Spirits should float. Be these your certain guides,
 Nor deem them furious ! Alichino haste !
 Go Calcabrina ! and Cagnazzo thou !
 Let ten O Barbariccia form thy band.
 Here Libicocco ! Come thou terror forth,
 Stout Draghinnazzo ! Fang'd Ciriatto haste !
 And Graffiacanè, Farfarello fierce,

And madding Rubicant, be summon'd all !
 Go ! search around the pitchy bubbling mass.
 Safe to yon ledge entire, that spans the chasms,
 Conduct these strangers."...." Oh thou gracious
 bard !

What do my eyes survey ! Ah what ?" I cried, |
 " Alone and guideless let us both proceed :
 For me enough, if thou but know the way.
 Dost thou not see how grin their gnarling fangs,
 What vengeance in their darkening visage scowls ?"

When he : " Nay fear not ; let them grin their fill,
 They gnash but to afflict yon baleful crew."

Full on the left they turn'd : but first his tongue
 Each prest between his tusks, and to his chief
 Look'd for a signal, which that demon gave.

CANTO XXII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets, proceeding with a band of demons through the gulph of Bartery, saw a sinner who had stolen from the rest, and conversing with Virgil, contrived by a stratagem to escape from the talons of the fiends; who remained confounded at the daring deed. The poets afterward pursue their journey.

BRIGHT troops of horsemen, have I seen, in
arms

To clanking onset moving from the camp,
Or firm in marshall'd rank, or in retreat
Flying confounded: o'er thy plain, as wind,
'Arezzo! light-arm'd squadrons have I seen,
Swift foragers, and clattering ² tournaments,
And tilting jousts, now with the bray of trump,
ow song of merry bells, and tabors shrill,
With signals hoisted on the castled tower,
And with our own exploits, or foreign feats;

But never to such strange, terrific sound
 Bright troop of horse, or banner'd foot advanc'd,
 Or bark that tack'd by signal from the land
 Or warning star.....So onward we pursu'd
 The grating music of the ten dark fiends,
 Ah! dread companions! but with saints at church
 We pray, and at the tavern we must fare
 With gluttons. O'er the pitchy surge intent,
 We gaz'd upon the horrors of the depth:
 Thousands lay seething. Oft as dolphins wheel,
 Rearing their arching backs in sign of storm,
 Warning the mariner to save his bark;
 So rais'd, to gasp brief respite from his pains,
 Some sinner rais'd his form, then downward slunk,
 Swifter than lightning. As the croaking swarm
 Moated in water, at the brink emerge,
 Their heads out-peering, while the speckled feet
 And bloated shape lie hid; so all sides round
 Rose sinners! who, as Barbariccia came,
 Backward in terror, div'd beneath the flood.
 I saw, my heart yet staggers as I speak,
 I saw a victim linger on the edge,
 As oft, a speckled tenant of the marsh
 Lingerin', awaits his fellow's downward plunge.
 When Graffiacanè, reaching out his hand,
 Grappled his clotted locks, and drew him forth

Black-streaming like an otter. All by name
 I knew these demons from the time they went
 First chos'n, what each his fellow call'd I mark'd.
 "O Rubicantè! rend him with thy claws,"
 All shouted, "rend the reptile, quick!"...Then I:
 "Instructor! say what quiv'ring wreck now groans
 Beneath their fangs of vengeance!"...Near his side
 Advanc'd the Mantuan, and enquir'd his fate.
 "Born in the kingdom of ³ Navarre," he cried,
 "To servitude my mother sold my youth,
 To page a lord, for to a villain-wretch,
 A waster of his substance and himself
 She bore me: ⁴ Thibault next, that gracious king,
 Receiv'd me in his household; here my mind
 Was bent on bart'ry and ignoble gain.
 Now see my profit in this burning surge."
 Then Ciriatto, from whose mouth upturn'd,
 As from a boar, on either side a tusk,
 Ript up the sinner. ⁵ So the hapless prey
 Fell between evil talons. "Fiends avaunt!"
 Roar'd Barbariccia, as he grip'd the wretch,
 "Stay! stay! let me impale him on this prong."
 Then, grimly-turning, he bespake my guide:
 "If more thou wish now question, ere his frame
 Again be mangled.".....Then the bard enquir'd.
 "Name, sinner! name the sharers of thy crimes?"

Say, if thou know'st, does any Latian crouch
 Beneath the pitchy mass?"—"From one," hesigh'd,
 "I parted, nor long since,...he shelters near,
 Oh! were I with him now ingulph'd! nor hook,
 Nor ruffian-talon should afflict me more."—

"Demons! ye suffer this too long," exclaim'd
 Stout Libicocco; in the spectre's arm
 Then dug his biting prong, and wrench'd away
 The sinewy wrist. Horn'd Draghinazzo next
 Had grasp'd him by the thighs, but round the chief,
 Scowling a ghastly frown, that instant turn'd,
 And check'd their fury. Silent horror reign'd.
 The bleeding wreck stood looking on his wounds;
 To whom my guide: "What Latian didst thou leave,
 When evil chance seduc'd thee to the shore?"
 He answer'd: "Him, who rul'd Gallura's realms,
 'Gomita; vessel fraught with baneful fraud.
 He work'd in secret with his sovereign's foes
 So well, that each bestow'd him high applause.
 He took the golden bribe, and set them free,
 So he relates; and oft, in other trusts,
 Play'd the chief barterer to the height of guilt.
 With him, in anguish, ' Zanchè grovelling, herds,
 Once seneschal of Logodoro's land.
 On either's tongue Sardinia never tires,
 Their sad, continuous theme. But ah! behold

That fiery terror grins!...More would I tell,
But dread lest he approach to tear me worse."....

Their chief to Farfarello as he turn'd,
Wheeling his moony eyes, to strike the blow,
Thus threaten'd: "Off! curst harpy! cease thy
rage!"...

"If still ye wish," the trembling ghost resum'd,
"If, strangers, still ye wish to see or hear
My Tuscan, or my Lombard mates below,
All shall appear. Let these but calm their wrath,
These talon'd furies, that the rising shades
May fear no savage vengeance! To your eyes
Within this place shall seven forms emerge,
Soon as my pipe shall whistle our shrill call,
The summons from the deep."...Forth at his speech
Cagnazzo grinn'd a bitter smile, then roar'd,
Shaking his rugged locks, "Mark his device,
His mischief meditates a plunge below!"...
To whom the sinner, skill'd in crafty snares ;
* "Mischief too great, since it procures me still
Severer woe!"...Then Alichino spake,
Opposing, "Sound the signal,...if thou plunge,
Wretch! not on foot, but on the lightning's wings
My rage shall chase thee. Demons! quit the steep,
Yon bank shall rise our shield, that we may watch
If he dare singly to elude our grasp."

O mark ! my reader, mark a new device !
 They, all expectant, on the further shore
 Roll'd their red eyes of fire, chiefly the fiend
 Who stood the most dissuasive first of all.
 The wily spirit seiz'd his happy time,
 Fix'd on the brink his feet, and at one spring,
 Plung'd, baffling the resolve of Hell ! his foes
 Stood stung with keen resentment, he the most,
 Who caus'd the dire escape : he sprang, he cried,
 " Wretch ! thou art caught !"—In vain he cried,
 in vain

On wings he darted to outstrip the shade,
 Now sunk in pitchy night. The demon rose ;
 Oar'd by his pennons, up he rais'd his breast :
 So the wild water-fowl, as verging near
 Hovers the falcon, dives beneath, while spent,
 And baffled, up the gloomy bird returns.
 But Calcabrina with this mockery mad,
 Flew, breathing wrath, at Alichino flew
 With strife and vengeance. As the traitorous ghost
 Sank from his view, he on his fellow turn'd
 His reeking talons, struggling o'er the depth
 They grappled, breast to breast. The rival fiend
 Tore like a greedy griffin ; when, at length,
 Panting, both tumbled in the boiling lake.
 Sudden their umpire was the painful heat ;

Meantime, to raise themselves were vain, so close
Their clammy pinions stuck. Vex'd, as the rest,
Stern Barbariccia beckon'd four on wing
To quit the further coast, with tridents arm'd.
They, here and there, came hurrying to their post,
Thrusting their weapons on the floundering fiends,
Who gasp'd, and inly burnt from all their wounds,
—We past,...and to that conflict, left them both.

CANTO XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, pursued by the demons, was saved by Virgil, and being arrived at the sixth gulph where Hypocrites are painfully laden with heavy coats of lead, Dante converses with Catalano and Loderingo, friars of St. Maria; and also witnesses the peculiar punishment of Caiaphas.

FREED from companions, silent and alone,
We journey'd : pale behind I past along.
O'er the rough road we mov'd like minor friars.
The present conflict to my mind recall'd
Sage Æsop, where he fabled what befel
The ¹ frog and what his charge, across the pool.
Nought can be more alike, if ² now, with skill,
The origin and end be both compar'd.
As one thought from another bursts to birth,
So from that last another, threatening, sprang,
Doubling my former terror. Thus I mus'd :

As we have caus'd such mock'ry to the fiends,
 Doubtless, resentment must inflame their hearts.
 Should fury join their brute malicious will,
 More cruel will they chase us than the ³ hound
 That springs, and gripes the leveret in his jaws."

Aghast! I felt my bristling hair upstart,
 And oft I look'd behind.... "Leader!" I cried,
 "Be quick! thyself and me conceal in haste!
 I shudder at those evil-talons! Lo!

They sting us, vivid fancy feels them keen."...

"Were I a lucid mirror," spake the bard,
 "I could not better paint thy outward form,
 Than I reflect thy mind within: our thoughts
 Now meet in aspect and in act alike,...

One purpose we design. If this right coast
 Slope downward, we may reach the deeper gulph,
 And fly this dread pursuit which fancy hears."
 He scarce had finish'd, when, before my eyes,
 On open wing the panting demons rush'd,
 Burning to seize us.... In his ready arms
 The Mantuan snatch'd me, as from widow'd sleep,
 Rous'd by the crackling roof and surging flame,
 A mother catches to her breast her babe,
 And breaks away; of him more full of care,
 Than of herself, that half-array'd, she flies!
 So down the jutting verge he dash'd supine,

Down on the shelving rock, that circling, mounds
 The next abrupt...Not mountain-water runs,
 Sluic'd from a torrent, not so nimbly runs
 White-flashing o'er the wheel, that turns a mill,
 As Maro fled along the giddy brink,
 And bore me, like an infant, on his breast,
 Not like a grown associate. Scarce his feet
 Firm-lighted on the flinty bed below,
 When overhead, lin'd on the ragged cliffs,
 He saw the grisly terrors, saw unmov'd ;
 Since Providence, who in the fifth descent
 Had set these ministers, to them allow'd
 No further power...There, crowding in the depth,
 My wondering eyes perus'd a painted race,
 Winding around with slow, reluctant steps,
 Who wept, and seem'd o'erspent with fainting
 toil :

All capp'd, with hoods, that heavily down fell
 Before their visage, such, in form, as veil
 Colognian monks; without, their texture seem'd
 All stiff with dazzling gold, but lead within,
 So ponderous, that stern + Frederic's massy vest
 For traitors, if compar'd, were autumn-chaff.
 Oh ! ever-weary, ever-worn attire !....
 Leftward again we circled with the train.
 Loud were their dismal groans. This fainting race,

Prest by their scorching mail, so slowly stalk'd,
 That onward passing we met different tribes,
 Met new associates every step we mov'd.
 When I : " O find some phantom by whose deeds
 His name may be discover'd ; as thou wind'st,
 Look round, and mark him." " Stay your steps,"
 exclaim'd

A Tuscan, " stay, who with such hasty flight
 Press thro' the dingy air ;—what ye require
 Haply ye shall obtain."—To me the bard :
 " Attend....and at their leaden pace proceed."...
 I paus'd : when from the band two sinners stole,
 Whose visage burnt with eagerness of mind
 To join discourse. But there, the narrow pass,
 And their dead load, delay'd approach. At length,
 Panting they came ; both first perus'd my form
 In pensive silence : then, slow turning round,
 They to each other spake : " Alive he seems,
 Witness the motion of his throat. ...If dead,
 By what new priv'lege thus can spirits walk
 Lightly, uncumber'd by the mantling stole?"....
 " O Tuscan," they exclaim'd, " amid the race
 Of ever-wailing hypocrites arriv'd,
 Disdain not to inform us who thou art?"
 Then I : " By lovely Arno's classic stream
 My infant eyes first open'd on the day ;

The ample city nurs'd my youthful years ;
 And mark,—my fleshly vestment still I wear !
 But, sinners, who are ye, from whom distils
 Down your shrunk, wither'd cheeks such bitter
 woe ?

What torture breaks these sorrows forth?"...I
 paus'd.

“ Our yellow mitres, gleaming, scorch our brows,”
 Sigh'd one, “ they weary with their leaden weight.
 Bologna gave us birth-place, both were friars,
 Lo 'Catalano mark me, mark my mate
 Base Loderingo, whom thy native land
 Selected, as to pacify their broils
 Men choose an arbiter, impartial, just ;
 And what our deeds, that district can attest,
 Ruin'd Gardingo. “ Friars,” I cried, “ your ills,”—
 But here I finish'd, for a spirit caught,
 Stak'd on the ground, a spirit on a cross
 That instant caught my eye, he writh'd in pain,
 Convulsive at my gaze ; and sighing deep,
 Ruffled his hoary beard. “ That tortur'd ghost,”
 Said Catalano, “ whom thy wonder views,
 'Counsell'd the Pharisees, that one should bleed,
 Should suffer for the people. In that path
 Transverse he lies, and naked : all who pass,
 Burden'd and fainting, trample on his breast.

Alike lies 'Annas straiten'd in that foss
 With his base council, source of countless ills
 To all the Hebrews." Virgil on the form
 An eye of horror cast, as on the cross
 Outstretch'd he groan'd, eternally from Heaven
 Exil'd.—Then to the friar the poet spake :
 " Say, if permitted, if not irksome, say,
 Does any fissure, yawning on our right,
 Afford us passage from yon angels dark,
 Who burn to drive us from this hideous depth ?"

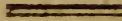
Then he : " Beyond thy hope, a rock outruns,
 Striding the other gulphs, save that its cope
 Here shatter'd hangs. This ruin may be climb'd :
 It sidelong lies ; and high o'erbrows th' abyss."....

With head declin'd, musing the Mantuan stood,
 Then brake his silence. " He gave ill advice,
 Whose hook transpierces yon ungodly crew."
 The spirit : " At Bologna have I heard,
 Ah ! many a vice of Satan, with the rest,
 ' 'A liar, and the father of all lies !' "

At length, with stately strides the bard proceeds,
 Nor not unruffled in his awful look.

So parting from the heavy laden crowd,
 I follow'd the dear footsteps of my guide.

CANTO XXIV.



ARGUMENT.

Dante, escaping from the sixth gulph of MALEBOLGE, arrives with his Mantuan guide at the seventh, where he finds a vast swarm of serpents twining about the spirits of those who had been guilty of robbery. There the poets conversed with Vanni Fucci, and witnessed the strange event that happened to him.

WHEN in the youthful year, the golden sun
Tempers his rays beneath Aquarius' reign,
When day and night in equal balance hang,
And hoar frost on the earth her mantle spreads
Pale as the virgin snow, her sister chaste,
But transient is her temperate reign, when forth
The village-hind needy, and scarcely clad,
Springs from his pallet; looking out, he sees
The plain so whiten'd, that he 'smites his thigh
In grief, and to his joyless hut returns
Like one despondent, pacing here and there,

Unconscious of his actions...out again
 He looks, and feels reviving hope, to mark
 The chang'd appearance in the verdant world,
 Nor long delaying, grasps his veteran crook,
 And forth to morning pasture drives his flock ;
 So me my leader by his ruffled brow
 Dishearten'd ; and so readily that ill
 Was remedy'd : for as we forward mov'd,
 Skirting the ruinous bridge, the poet turn'd,
 And smil'd as sweetly on me as before,
 When at the precipice....Within himself
 He meditated ; marking well th' abrupt,
 Then caught me in his open arms, and stood
 Like a skill'd artist who, amid his work,
 Computes the toil, and in his mind foresees
 The whole effect ; so up one rocky ledge
 He rais'd me, while another peak he ey'd.
 " Mount! grapple that," he order'd, " yet beware
 If firm enough to bear thee."...For one capp'd
 And mail'd in lead this were no easy way.
 Scarcely could he, tho' airy light, ascend ;
 Or I, tho' upward push'd from cliff to cliff.
 And if that precinct less abruptly short
 Had slop'd, his strength I know not, but my own
 Had sunk. As MALEBOLGE slanting winds
 Down to the central gulph, so every vale

Rises one side, and on the other falls.

From the last fragment, we, at length, arriv'd
 Verg'd on the nethermost abyss. My lungs
 Grew breathless ; so all farther progress fail'd.
 Exhausted on the frontier crags I sank.

“ Up,” cried the sage, “ now needs thy arduous
 strength,

For not on plumes, or canopied in state,
 The soul wins fame, without whose vital smile
 Whoe'er consumes away his gift of life,
 Expires, and leaves such vestige of himself,
 As ²smoke in air, or unregarded ³foam
 Quick-dying on the waters. Up! be bold,
 Vanquish fatigue by energy of mind,
 That conquers every struggle, if uncrush'd
 Beneath the burden of the body's frame.
 More perilous alps unclamber'd yet await,
 Else to have pass'd these cliffs were not enough.

Attend, and profit by my warning speech,”
 I rose :—feigning myself more full of life,
 Of breathing vigour, than I inly felt :
 “ Proceed ! new strength, new ardour fires my
 soul.”

High on the rock our giddy pathway hung.
 To seem less timid, and unspent with toil,
 Upward, in talk, I scal'd the beetling height.

When, startling from the nether foss, outscram'd
 A voice, unlike the human ; what it spake
 I knew not ; ...furious seem'd the wonderous sound.
 Downward I bent, but nought my eye explor'd ;
 For darkness brooded o'er the vast inane.

“ Hence ! hence ! ” I utter'd, “ gain that further
 chasm ;

Dismount the shattering steep, for listening here
 Nought I distinguish, nought transpicuous seems.”

“ I answer nothing, but perform thy wish :
 Thy fair request well merits,” cried the bard,
 “ A silent, quick completion.” ...Down the bridge
 Where joins the eighth high rampart, down we
 came.

Wide yawn'd the cavern, serpents here I saw
 So terrible and strange of form, that still
 Remembrance chills the life-blood in my heart.
 Let Lybia boast no more her scorching sands,
 Tho' pregnant with ⁴ Chelydri, and the brood
 Of Jaculi, Pareæ, and commix'd
 Cenchris, and Amphisbœna, pests so dire
 Ne'er Ethiopia kindled into life,
 Nor yet such swarms the Red-sea ever spawn'd.
 Amid this horror, this excess of woe,
 Sinners ran naked, wild with haggard dread,
 Hopeless of lurking place, or ⁵ heliotrope

To render them invisible to all.

Dark knots of vipers tied their hands behind,
And writhing round their middle, flesh'd their
fangs

Before, in many a clinging fold : when lo !

Swift up the shoulders, gliding to the neck

An adder pierc'd a victim in the spine.

⁶Swifter than thought, his figure kindled, burn'd,

Became all ashes, scatter'd on the ground ;

Again spontaneously his dust uprose,

And instant, roll'd into its wonted form.

So at her period of five hundred years

The ⁷Phœnix dies, as poets sing, then bursts

Renascent. Herb nor spicy blade she tastes

Thro' all her life, but tears of incense drinks,

And rich amomum only, so at last,

She meets her death in nard and odorous myrrh.

As one that headlong falls, nor knows the cause,

Prest down to earth by some demoniac force ;

Or from the iron trance that fetters man,

As one springs startled, sighing, gazing round,

Bewilder'd with the agony now past ;

So from his doom amaz'd, the miscreant rose !

⁸Justice of Heav'n ! Oh ! how severe art thou !

How full of wrath and vengeance ! To my guide

Who ask'd his lineage, briefly he return'd :

“ Time lately cast me from the Tuscan land
 Down to this hideous hell : the bestial life,
 And not the human, was my wretched choice ;
 Brute that I was, a mule who in that den,
 Pistoia stabled, ⁹Fucei is my name.”...

When I : “ O leader ! let him not depart,
 But question what dark crime condemns him
 here,

For he was bloody, choleric, and fell.”

The sinner heard me, and unfeigning, turn'd
 His mind-depictur'd visage, dimm'd with shame,
 “ It frets me more,” he cried, “ that thou art
 come,

Noting my mis'ry than the night, when fate
 Snatch'd me from life. ...An answer to thy wish
 I dare not now deny. Here deep in hell,
 Here am I plung'd, who from its hallow'd gold
 Widow'd the sacristy, and falsely charg'd
 Another ; joy not to behold my doom,
 For if thou e'er escape these midnight realms,
 Open thy ears to my prophetic speech.
 Her Neri routed first ¹⁰Pistoia pines ;
 Then Florence both her race and laws renews.
 Exhal'd by Mars a hostile vapour rolls
 From ¹¹Valdimagra wrapt in turbid glooms,

Battling tumultuous o'er ¹²Piceno's field
With tempest-fury, when, at once, the cloud
Shall burst, and each Bianco strike to earth.
This I predict, that woe may wring thy soul."

CANTO XXV;

ARGUMENT.

THE poets proceed through the region of robbery, and witness the strange transformation of Cacus into a centaur. Afterwards they behold the extraordinary punishment of four Florentines.

HIS speech scarce ended, when the ghost, in scorn,
Rais'd his clench'd hands, exclaiming, "Take
them, God!

I aim them both at thee."...Vipers that hour,
Vipers and I were friends; for, one upsprang
Twisting around his neck, as if to say,
"Thou blasphemous tongue no more."...About
his arms

Another, griping, warp'd itself so fast,
As left no power of struggle. Ah! thou land
Pistoia! turn thyself to ashes, haste!
Be solid earth no more, since thou, base land!
Outviest, in evil works, thy parent-seed!

I saw not thro' the midnight mass of hell
 A fiend so proudly wrathful to his God,
 Not 'him, who from the Theban ramparts fell.
 He fled in haughty silence: full of rage
 A centaur follow'd ; " Where! where lurks the
 wretch?"

He roar'd. ...Marshy ²Maremma never teem'd
 Such serpent swarms, as cluster'd on his haunch,
 Up to his neck. Back on his shoulders hung
 A broad-wing'd dragon, who, on all he met,
 Belch'd livid flame. My kind instructor spake :
 " Mark ³Cacus! him, whose murders at the mount
 Of classic Aventine, oft caus'd to flow
 Rivers of blood. Not with his ruffian band
 He now besets the road with wily theft,
 As when he forc'd away the neighbouring herd,
 Not ceasing from his felon acts, till stunn'd
 Beneath the blows of Hercules, he fell."

While yet he spake, the phantom slunk away ;
 And three dark spirits, on a sudden, came,
 By us unnotic'd, save when all out-scream'd :
 " What race are ye?"...We, startled from dis-
 course,
 Intently mark'd their forms : but knew them not.
 It chanc'd one nam'd another thus : " Where skulks
 Base ⁴Cianfa, where?"...To bid my guide attend,

I rais'd, in awe, my finger to my lip.

Reader ! if thou discredit what I say,
 To thee this were no wonder ; but myself
 Who saw, can scarce believe, the marvellous fact.
 I gaz'd in silence on a sinner's woe,
 Instant a serpent with six feet upglanc'd,
 Deep-fastening on his limbs. His middle feet
 Grappled the victim's paunch ; in either arm
 His fore-claw dug ; and in each bleeding cheek
 He drove his fangs : then, on the thighs infix'd
 His hinder feet, and curl'd his bestial train
 Behind, full on the reins. With spousal arms
 So close the ivy never clasp'd the oak,
 As the fell reptile interwirth'd his limbs
 Around the victim. They, as heated wax,
 Melted, oh strange ! into each other's form,
 Commingled hues, and neither seem'd as once.
 Thus o'er the smoky parchment, ere it flames,
 A brown hue runs, not tarnish'd yet to black,
 The white all vanish'd. Still th' unalter'd pair
 Stood looking on, " 'Agnello ! thou art chang'd !"
 They cried, " nor one form, nor the other
 seem'st."

Now in one mass both heads dissolv'd, one bulk
 Both bodies made, and, in one hideous face,
 The monster and the man conjoin'd. Two arms

Branch'd forth ; when from the middle, from the
breast,

And thence, below the thighs, such members swell'd,
As mortals never witness'd. Former shape
Was lost : nor of two bodies seem'd compos'd
This monstrous figure as it strode along.

As the green lizard, when the dog-star glares,
Glances from brake to brake, crossing the road
Like lightning ; so upon the gazing pair
Upglanc'd, towards their vitals, all on fire
A panting ⁶ adder, livid and as dark

As the dusk pepper-⁷grain. Full in that part
Which first with nurture feeds the unborn babe,
One spirit he transpierc'd, then, kindling, fell
Outstretch'd before him : him the victim view'd
Speechless, depriv'd of motion, and oft yawn'd
As feverous, or by leaden slumber prest.

He and the serpent, then, at mutual gaze,
Breath'd vapours ; one exhaling from his wound,
His fellow from the mouth, and either fume
Met. Lucan be thou mute, where thou hast
mourn'd

Wretched ⁸ Sabellus ! and ⁹ Nasidius !...hear
With hush'd attention, hear what I record.
Naso, no more of ¹⁰ Cadmus, and no more
Of ¹¹ Arethusa, him a snake transform'd,

And her a virgin fountain : lays like yours
 I envy not ; for never have ye sung
 Two natures, front to front, transmuted thus,
 And ready to assume each other's form.
 His train in two the serpent-fiend divides ;
 The wounded ghost his steps together drew ;
 His legs and thighs into a length collaps'd,
 And left no sign of juncture ; thence the train
 Outgrew, now by the snake resign'd, whose skin
 Thaw'd into softness, while the spirit shrunk
 Scaly and hard....Forth into sinewy arms
 Now branch'd the monster's shoulders, now his
 feet

So short before, grew lengthen'd into two.
 He, downward from the middle, all was man,
 While from the other shot the serpent train.

Alter'd in colour, steams the vapoury cloud,
 Enwraps them both, and generates on one
 An outward pile, and from the other shape
 Peels it away. One from the cloud emerg'd
 Upright, his fellow prone. Not yet were chang'd
 Their swart, malignant orbits ; else, in truth,
 All chang'd in feature. He, who trod erect,
 Assum'd a front with manly temples grac'd ;
 Th' excrescent matter of the softening cheek
 Form'd ears, the rest his nostrils and the lips

Protuberant. He, the shape, that grovelling fell,
 Sharpens his visage, drawing his shrunk ears
 Deep in his lengthening head, as doth the snail
 His horns. The tongue entire, that spake before,
 Disparts, while in the other, it unites,
 Suited for speech. The fumes, at last, disperse :
 The spirit, alter'd to the brute, retreats,
 Loud-hissing through the vale ; behind him walks
 His vile associate with new speech inspir'd ;
 Turning his recent shoulders, thus he spake :
 ' Buoso proceed ! now crawling through the path
 Erst crawl'd by me.' So in the seventh gulph
 Change ever follow'd change : here if my tongue
 Have err'd, be my excuse the novel scene.
 Dusky confusion hover'd o'er my sight,
 And horror chill'd my soul. Nor could they skulk
 So secretly, for well my eye discern'd
 Wan ¹² Puccio's form, alone he stood unchang'd
 From three companions, who first came : but him
 His fellow, O ¹³ Gavillè ! still thou mourn'st.

CANTO XXVI.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets proceed to the eighth gulph of MALEBOIGE, where sinners, who had perverted their great talents to the purposes of craft and infamy, were punished. Among these spirits, Diomedes and Ulysses were the chief; the latter of whom related the adventures of his voyage.

REJOICE proud Florence! thou on wings, like
night,
Soaring o'er land and sea, as far as hell
Spreading thy name! Lo! in this robber-band
I found thy citizens; whence shame to me,
And no great honour springs to thy renown.
But know, if morning-dreams presage the truth,
Soon shalt thou feel thy own disastrous¹ fate,
Which neighbouring Prato, not to name the rest,
On thee invoke: such evils now were well,
Would they had happen'd, since they must befall;

For as I grow in years, my griefs will grow....

Again we climb'd the late descended steep :
My leader, up th' ungrassy path, through clefts,
And rocky fissures, drew my panting frame,
For here, the foot, without the hand, were vain.

Anguish then wrung me, nay, this instant wrings,
As my sad mind remembers what I saw ;
And more than wonted, I restrain the powers
Of fancy, lest unbridled, they o'erstep
Fair Virtue's path ; for if my gracious star,
Or better Providence, such talent gave,
I value not the boon. ²As when reclin'd,
Thrown on a cliff, what season o'er the world
The sun, at full, unveils his brightest face ;
Soon as the beetle to the twilight gnat
Leaves the dusk fields, the musing village-hind
Marks how the glow-worms gem the shadowy vale,
And hang with stars the vineyard where he toils ;
So blaz'd with countless fires the eighth abyss,
Its peopled depth all open to my view.

As mock'd ³ Elisha, whom the bears aveng'd,
Saw the bright chariot of the prophet wheel'd
By fiery coursers up the steep of Heav'n ;
Th' ascending glory long his eyes pursued,
Till the wing'd, heav'nward flame, at last, he saw
Fade into mist ; so from the gulph arose

Each fiery pillar with a sinner each
Closely involv'd ;...so none betrays his crime.

Reaching too forward o'er the bridge to view,
A jutting crag I grappled, else untouch'd,
Had headlong dash'd. Thus my protector spake,
Noting my stedfast look, "Swath'd in these fires
Spirits reside!"...."Thy voice confirms the truth,
Already known;" I cried, "yet, leader, say,
Who lives enmantled in yon vivid flame
Cleft⁴ at the point, as erst that funeral blaze
Rose parted from the pyre, where burning, lay
The rival brothers?"... "In that mass enshrin'd,"
He answer'd, "False Ulysses, and the chief,
Rash Diomede, together share their doom,
Rushing to vengeance both, as once they rush'd
To madding outrage. These, unceasing, groan
The ambush of the⁵ horse, fatal to Troy,
When from its covert portal stole the race,
That peopled⁶ Rome. Within they rue the craft
That bids wan⁷ Deidamia still in death
Mourn for Achilles; here they wail the fraud
That plunder'd Troy's⁸ palladium." "Now," I
sigh'd,
"If speech be granted to these wreathing fires,
I pray thee pause, O! with a thousand prayers
Beseech thy silence, when the horned flame

Comes onward ; lo ! I reach with eager haste
 To question it ! "... "Thy pray'r," the Mantuan said,
 " Merits high praise ; but peace ! restrain thy tongue :
 Full well I augur what thy soul desires,
 Let me address these Grecians ; they might shun,
 Perhaps, thy harsher speech." ... The phantoms came.
 My guide, when time and place befitted, spake :

“ Ye spirits breathing in one mass of fire,
 O listen ! if I ever won your praise,
 If praise of you I merit by my song,
 While living on the earth, O move not hence,
 Disclose where, self-destroy'd, ye rush'd on death ?”
 The broader spire, waving its tremulous top,
 And, murmuring like a furnace fann'd by winds,
 Then darted out its point, a tongue of flame,
 That utter'd vocal sound, framing these words :
 “ What time I broke from Circè, whose strong charms
 Thro' twelve full months enthrall'd me on that shore
³Caiëta, ere Æneas gave it name,
 Nor sweet affection for an infant son,
 Nor reverence for an aged sire, nor love
 That should have blest Penelopè with joy,
 Could quench the ardour, raging in my breast,
 To coast around the various world, and learn
 The vice and virtue of the human race.
 Full on the rough abyss 'of shoreless sea

I ventur'd, in a solitary bark,
 Steer'd by a faithful few ; each shore I saw
 From Celtiberia to Marocco's land,
 Sardinia, and full many a nameless isle,
 Bath'd by the circling ocean. Ere we touch'd
 The ¹⁰ straits, beyond whose bound Alcides meant
 Mortals should never dare, slow, withering age
 Crept on us ; on the right by ¹¹ Seville's realm,
 And ¹² Ceuta on the left, we sail'd along.
 ' O band of brothers ! who have past,' I cried,
 ' Through countless perils, coasting now the west,
 ' Our senses have but little more to watch,
 ' Small share of life remains ; be resolute,
 ' Follow the sun, and new, unpeopled worlds
 ' Explore. Cherish in mind your noble birth :
 ' Ye were not, heroes ! form'd to live like brutes,
 ' But dare where Virtue and fair Science lead.'
 Forth at this brief harangue, my fellow crew
 Leapt for the voyage with electric joy,
 Scarce could I bridle them from running wild.
 Our stern we pointed to the rising morn,
 Our oars were pinion'd for the giddy flight ;
 Leftward we glided :...soon th' Antarctic pole
 Blaz'd with the fires of night, while lowly sank
 Our starry watch beneath the marble sea.
 Her disk, five times, the moon kindled with light,

Five times, the lustre from her visage fled,
Since down the deep we voyag'd, when afar
His vastness a dun mountain full upheav'd,
Immeasurably high ! such height before
Was never seen. Our bosoms throb'd with joy ;
But joy soon turn'd to sadness. For uprear'd
A whirlwind from the new-discover'd shore,
Full-smiting on our bark. The demon storm,
Thrice with the deafening billows, whirl'd us round,
Then rais'd our shatter'd poop, and whelm'd us deep.
Such was the dread decree of fate,—we sank,
And o'er our heads the foamy surges clos'd.”

CANTO XXVII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets turn their attention to another flame, out of which issued the voice of Guido da Montefeltro, who gives an account of his crimes and punishment. Thence the poets proceed to the ninth gulph.

SILENT from speech, the ghostly flame arose,
And, at the bard's permission, onward sail'd.
When from behind another came, whose top
Forth mutter'd indistinct complaint; our eyes
Glanc'd to its summit. As the brazen bull
First bellow'd with its own 'inventor's voice,
(Ah! justly doom'd!) that, with his echoing cries,
The fiery monster seem'd transpierc'd with pain;
So shriek'd each spirit in the prisoning flame,
That deaden'd and oppress'd the doleful words:
Soon as the sound had struggled out a way,
Up from the summit came these accents hoarse,
As quivering from the tongue: "O thou! attend!"

Who, late in Lombard diction, did'st exclaim,
 “ Hence, living flame ! I ask thy stay no more,
 Depart,” ...perhaps untimely I arrive,
 Yet deign, O deign to rest, and hold discourse,
 It sooths my burning ghost to hear thy voice.
 If thou from Latium, that delightful land,
 Source of my guilt, down in these midnight realms
 Have fallen, tell if peace, or demon war
 Sway in Romagna...from the mountain-range
 I came, between ²Urbino and the hills,
 Whence Tiber first devolves his roaring flood.”

Mutely-attentive, and inclin'd, I paus'd.
 To me the bard : “ Address the Tuscan shade,
 Be quick !” Prompt with my answer, thus I spake :
 “ O phantom, wrapt in flame ! Romagna's realm
 For ever groan'd with war, war ever burnt
 Within her tyrants' hearts, and still there burns
 Intestine war.—Ravenna, many a year,
 Has stood unshaken : there, with eagle-wing
 Outspreads ³Polenta, brooding o'er that shore,
⁴Cervia. Still ⁵Forli, who so long withstood,
 And heap'd, in gore, the warring sons of ⁶France,
 The lion with his talons guards. Still lives
⁷Verruchio's mastiff, still his offspring brute,
 That massacred Montagna, raging wild
 With ruthless fangs. ⁸Lamonè, and the stream

Santerno, with their cities lie o'eraw'd
 By the rough lion of the ⁹ hoary lair ;
 Who as the summer to the winter yields,
 So quits his party, fickle where he sides.
 Bath'd by the ¹⁰ Savio, as Cesena stands
 Between the mountain and the plain, between
 Stern Tyrant-sway and Freedom, so she lives.
 Thy doom I now entreat thee to declare,
 Be not more uncomplying than the rest ;
 So ever may thy fame uprear its brow
 Among mankind."...Then, hoarsely moan'd the fire,
 Swaying its tapering point on either hand ;
 At length, slow-struggling, burst these accents
 forth :

" Were I convinc'd, that to a mortal's ear
 I risk'd an answer, that might bear my shame
 Hence to the living race, I should remain
 Dumb, and this flame at rest ; but from this hell
 Since none escapes, if records here be true,
 I answer thy request without the fear
 Of worldly infamy. ...A ¹¹ champion mail'd
 I liv'd on war and blood ;...then, at the shrine,
 Weeping contrition in a saintly garb,
 Hop'd for amendment ; nor my pious hope
 Had fail'd, till he, perdition catch his soul,
 Till he, the ¹² pontiff, lur'd me into sin. ...

O listen, how that tempter work'd his wiles.
 Know, from the time my mother gave me birth
 Through all my life, more from the subtile fox,
 Than the bold lion, were my actions drawn :
 My cunning in the mazes of deceit
 So well succeeded, that the various world
 Echo'd my fame. But when that cautious age
 Arriv'd, when life compels us to contract
 The swelling sails of passion, soon were chang'd
 My guilty pleasures to repentant pains ;—
 Ah caitiff ! penitence avail'd thee much !....
 What time that ¹³ prince of Pharisæan craft
 Warr'd near the Lateran, but not on Jew
 Nor Saracen, for Christians were his prey,
 When none could vanquish ¹⁴ Acra, none was found
 To traffic where the Soldan rules his lands ;
 He, heedless of his office, and the charge
 Of all the sacred orders, breath'd revenge ;
 Nor me, spare by my fast and vigils pale
 And girdled in the saintly zone, rever'd.
 As regal Constantine devoutly sought,
 Hard by Soractè, sought ¹⁵ Sylvester's hand
 To heal his leperous ills ; so this high priest
 Sought my effective counsel to allay
 His feverous pride. His sinful plea I heard,
 Dumb with surprise ; for to my chasten'd mind

Inebriate seem'd his words : while thus he urg'd
 ' Drive doubt and chill suspicion from thy heart...
 ' From crimes I now absolve thee....then, be firm,
 ' Advise how Penestrino may be hurl'd
 ' Prostrate to earth. In me the POWER resides
 ' To shut or open Heaven. ...Behold the keys,
 ' So cheaply by my ¹⁶predecessor held !'

Fearing that silence then might dangerous prove,
 ' *Father !* I cried, ' since thou hast purg'd me clean,
 ' Clean from the crime, predictive of my fall,
 ' *Be lavish of thy promise,*' I advise,
 ' *But frugal of performance ;* so proceed,
 ' And thou shalt triumph on thy sacred throne.'

I died :...from the dark kingdom of the dead
 Saint Francis hasten'd to require my soul ;
 But one of Hell's black ¹⁷cherubim exclaim'd,
 ' Demand him not ;...nor wrong me of my prey ;
 ' He comes to mingle with my baleful train,
 ' For since he dealt forth councils of deceit,
 ' I track'd his wily progress, round his head
 ' On wing full-hovering. Know, none can absolve
 ' Impenitence ; nor can contrition dwell
 ' Together with a will so prone to guilt ;
 ' In contradiction it can ne'er consist.'

Hell ! how I trembled in his burning grasp,
 When cried the monster : ' Little did'st thou dream

‘ Perhaps, a demon’s logic so correct !’

That moment, down he dragg’d me to that depth,
Where Minos ¹⁸reigns. The judge, twice-four times
round

His callous back entwin’d his bestial train,
Which, in his wrath, he bit, and thus exclaim’d :
‘ Bear to consuming fire this guilty soul !’
Doom’d to perdition, ever since I roam
Mantled in flame, deep-gnaw’d by rankling grief.”

He ended speech. The blazing column sail’d,
Parting in anguish ; oft it writh’d its point,
Convulsive as it mov’d.—We onward past
High up among the ruins, till we met
Another arch impending o’er the foss,
Where thousands pay the penalty of sin.

CANTO XXVIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets arrive at the ninth gulph, where they witness the punishment of the sowers of scandal and schism ; among whom Mohammed, Ali, Curio, and Bertramo del Bornio, make the principal figures.

WHAT Genius might, tho' in unfetter'd strains,
Fully describe the blood and ghastly wounds
I witness'd, tho' he oft retold the tale?....
Unequal to the task weak language fails ;
The mind itself, enfeebled at the scene,
Starts back confus'd ! Were all the crowds up-pil'd
Who lay in slaughter o'er that happy land
Apulia, by the Trojan phalanx slain,
And in that long, long warfare, when in heaps,
(As History in her classic page unrolls,)
Rose the bright opulence of 'bracelet-spoils,
Equal in number to the troops that fell

Beneath the edge of ²Guiscard's ruthless steel,
 With legions more, whose dead bones still are dug
 At ³Ceperano, where her treachery vile
 Apulia show'd, or where Alardo won,
 Beneath grey ⁴Tagliacozzo's antique towers,
 Unarm'd, where old Alardo won the day ;
 When some lay mangled, some wide scatter'd round
 Lay limbless trunks :...this massacre were nought,
 Vied with the horrors of the ninth profound.
 A bleeding wreck I saw, a vessel stav'd
 By tempest not so loosely yawns, he groan'd
 Rent from the chine all downward to the waist :
 Between his thighs the quivering vitals hung ;
 Expos'd the livid midriff met the view.
 I stood, astonish'd at his hideous shape :
 Awhile he watch'd me ; then with reeking hands
 Ript up his breast ; " Lo ! how I rend myself,
 Behold Mohammed ! here I bleed !" he cried,
 " There ⁵Ali weeps ! O ! mark his parted face
 Cleft from the forelock to his grisly chin !
 These victims on the peopled earth sow'd schism,
 Sow'd scandal round, so now themselves are rent.
 A demon foams behind, whose cruel blade
 Gashes our frames ; and as those gashes close,
 Ere we repass him in our doleful round,
 Afresh he cuts us, and new pain inflicts.

But who art thou, lone-musing on the cliff,
 Who, sinner, lingering to delay, perhaps,
 The penal torture on thy crimes denounc'd?"
 "No prey of death, no sinner doom'd to pain,"
 My guide rejoin'd, " pervades th' infernal wastes,
 He comes embodied to survey your fate,
 By me, his ghostly guide, from orb to orb,
 Conducted. Trust the truth my lips impart."
 Forgetful of his torments, from the depth
 Full many a spirit listening, gazing, stood.

"Mortal! whose eye, ere long perhaps, shall drink
 Warm radiance from the sun, haste 'Dolcin here,
 If he refuse to follow, bid him arm,
 And with the food of life begird him round,
 Lest want, and winter circling him with snows,
 Resign his bravery to Novara's power,
 But else no easy prey."....Thus from the ground,
 Rising on foot, Mohammed spake, and past.

Pierc'd in his throat, down from his eye-brows
 scoop'd,
 Both nostrils wrench'd away, his right ear lopt,
 Another came, heading the shatter'd crew,
 Blood gushing from his throat, while thus he said:
 "O thou! yet uncondemn'd to thrilling pain,
 Whom late, should thy resemblance not deceive,
 Whom late I saw caress'd on Latium ground,

Remember ⁷ Piero, if thy eyes review
 The sunny plain that from ⁸ Vercelli slopes,
 Slopes to green Mercabò, there teach the chiefs,
⁹Guido and Angelo, to read their fate,
 Twin-boast of Fano: tell them, they shall sink,
 If well we scan the future, from the bark
 Plung'd through a tyrant's perfidy, shall sink
 Hard by Cattolica. Thou Cyprian isle!
 And thou Majorca! say, if darker deeds
 E'er stain'd your billows, when the Argive crew,
 Or when brute pirates, coasted round your shores?
 That one-ey'd traitor, who still rules the land,
 (Which here a bleeding spectre fain would wish
 His eye had never seen), that traitor-chief
 To private council shall invite his prey;
 So plan his evil, that their votive prayers
 Against Focara's wrecking blasts were vain."
 "Show me the shade," I cried, "in whom that
 sight

So bitterly annoys, if thou desire
 That I bear tidings of thy fate on earth."
 His hand, that moment, caught his fellow's cheek,
 Wrenching his jaws asunder and out-scream'd,
 "Lo! the dumb caitiff! lo! his tongueless throat!...
 This outcast quell'd the doubts in Cæsar's mind,
 Declaring, that to warriors ready arm'd,

Patient delay would ever prove their bane.”
 O ! how much terror ruffled ¹⁰ Curio's face,
 As gap'd his mouth, dismember'd of the tongue,
 That utter'd once so boldly !... Then, a ghost,
 Each hand lopt off, amid the dingy air,
 Rear'd high his streaming wrists to let the blood
 Gush on his visage !... “ Call to mind,” he said,
 “ Revengeful ¹¹ Mosca, who, alas ! exclaim'd,
 ‘ *The deed once done, no more remains*’... this speech
 To Florence prov'd a pregnant seed of woe :”
 “ And death to thee and thine,” I made reply.
 The wretch, as sorrow rose on sorrow, fled
 Stung with the wild insanity of grief.

I linger'd still ; when, horrid to relate,—
 In truth I should be mute, without more proof,
 But that firm Conscience boldly bids me speak,
 That best companion, whose strong breast-plate
 shields

The heart, that feels its purity within :...
 I saw, and still before my eyes it glides,
 I saw a headless spectre ;—like the rest
 Sorrowing it past : and by the clotted locks
 Bore the wan, gasping head, that sadly seem'd
 Its lamp in hand, and look'd at us, and sigh'd.
 Thus the slow spirit lit himself along,
 Though separate, yet still one,—how this can be,—

He only knows, who wills it thus.—At length,
 When at the bridge direct the phantom paus'd,
 His gory arm uprear'd the pendent head,
 That better we might catch its uttering voice :
 “ Mortal ! whose nostrils draw the breath of life,
 Whose feet pervade the kingdom of the dead,
 Does any horror equal this ?...confess—
 Know, I am ¹² Bertrand, bear my name on earth,
 Bertrand de Born, who gave such ill advice
 To John, the heir of England ; son with sire
 I kindled to rebellious arms. Not more
 Were Absalom and David spurr'd to war
 By vile ¹³ Ahitophel. I sever'd both,
 Father from child, once dearly knit in love ;
 And sever'd from my stature, thus I bear
 My bleeding brows !...A doom how justly due !”

CANTO XXIX.



ARGUMENT.

THE poets enter the region allotted to imposters and alchemists, and see their various punishments. Among the chief, they meet the spirits of Griffolino d'Arezzo and Capocchio.

GASH'D with a sad variety of wounds,
The long-drawn train of spirits onward stalk'd ;
My eyes now long'd, inebriate with the sight,
To linger there and weep : but Maro spake :
“ Why dost thou mourn ? why, wrung with anguish, view
The wailing, mutilated ghosts below ?
Ere now, thy stedfast nature nobly scorn'd
Such frailty. Know, if thou wouldst count this
race,
Full sev'n long leagues the spectred valley winds,
And lo ! beneath our feet the moon's orb hastes

Brief is the time, and much remains unseen,
 Proceed !”...“If thou hadst known the cause,” I
 said,

“That held me lingering, haply thou hadst wish’d
 My longer stay.” Right onward prest my guide,
 Hastening my steps ; so following, I resum’d :
 “Within yon shaggy cave, that held my gaze,
 Lurks a wan spirit, kindred to my blood,
 Weeping the crime, that costs him bitter pain.”

The Mantuan answer’d : “Wound thy soul no more,
 No more of him ; on others bend thy mind ;
 He, at the rock, with rancour-threatening mein,
 Snarl’d at thee, made thee oft his finger-mark,
 ‘Geri I heard him call’d : but thou, meantime,
 Thou wert intent on Bornio’s dreadful fate,
 Who sway’d o’er Hautefort’s towers, that ere he
 past

Thy looks were not directed where he scowl’d.”

“O leader !” I replied, “his cruel death
 Still ² unaveng’d by all who share his shame
 Bade him resent it with indignant scorn.

So he, in sullen silence, brush’d along,
 And I, with more compassion, mourn his doom.”

Conversing still we journey’d to the steep,
 Where both, with more of light, had seen distinct
 E’en to the bottom of the vast abrupt.

The last dim cloister in the Stygian rounds
 We skirted : O ! how widely yawn'd the depth,
 With all its brotherhood expos'd to view !...
 Tumults of woe, and ringing cries, and shrieks
 Bursting in arrowy volleys sharp with points
 Of thrilling anguish, in such chorus peal'd,
 That, stung with pain, I stopp'd my tingling ears.

Here from the place such rank contagion rose,
 As would upsteam, if to the summer-sun
 Each lazar-house in ³ Valdichiana's realm,
 With all Sardinia, and that land of plagues,
⁴Maremma, had in one unfathom'd gulph
 Heap'd all their maladies and lep'rous pests.
 Dire was the torment, dire the stenchy fumes
 Of putrid limbs. We downward on the left
 Wound by the flinty verge ; my vivid eye
 Down darted to that place, where justice stands,
 Dread minister of Heav'n's almighty will,
 And dooms th' impostor race to penal woe.

Not more afflictive was the fatal scene,
 When in ⁵ Ægina, festering with disease,
 The nations all, with all the insect tribes
 Died ! So malignant was the fetid air !
 Life was extinct, as fabling poets sing,
 Till men from pregnant seed of emmets sprang
 Restor'd. So here along the dusky vale

Languish'd the spirits, heaps on heaps, upthrown.
 Some on each other's ribs and shoulders sprawl'd,
 Some loathly o'er the path, like reptiles, crept...
 In speechless horror, step by step, we mov'd,
 Gazing and listening to the lazar-throng,
 Who groan'd, and vainly struggled where they lay
 To rear their prurient bodies off the ground.
 Leaning against each other two half-rose,
 Spotted with scaly sores from head to foot.
 No groom could ever for his hasty lord
 Curry his stately beast with nimbler speed
 Impatient to have done, than either wretch
 Dug in his raking nails t' uncrust his wounds :
 Down show'r'd the flaky scurf, as coated scales
 Ript from the bream. "O thou!" began my guide,
 "Plying thy busy fingers, O relate,
 Does any Tuscan kennel with the rest,
 Who howl within? speak—so may thy hands
 Eternally sustain thee in this toil."
 He answer'd weeping, "We, afflicted pair!
 From Latium drew our birth, but who art thou,
 Enquiring thus our fate?" To whom the bard :
 "A spirit, who, from cliff to cliff, conducts
 A living stranger thro' the wastes of hell."
 Aghast! they startled, and asunder broke
 Panting, with all the lazars listening round.

To me the Mantuan: "Speak, ask what thou wilt,"
 "Ye victims," I began, "long may your fame
 Be cherish'd in the memory of mankind,
 And on the earth outlive full many a sun,
 Deign to disclose your race and odious crimes,
 Nor let your punishment, though ghastly foul,
 Deter ye from confession." Sighing deep,
 "Arezzo gave me birth-place," one replied,
 "Doom'd by Albero to consuming fire,
 I fell; but different guilt condemns me here:
 My sportive humour thus address the youth,
 '*Albero! I have learnt to wing in air!*'
 So he, weak, credulous fool, implor'd me oft
 To shew the magic wonder of my art:
 And since beneath my necromantic power
 He could not soar a ⁷ Dædalus in flight,
 He won the prelate, his reputed sire,
 To cast me, for a wizard, to the flames.
 But Minos to this last abrupt of hell
 For subtile alchymy condemns my soul."
 "Was ever nation, was light France herself,"
 I ask'd, "so friv'lous as Sienna, say?"
 The other lazar heard, and thus return'd:
 "Stricca that cautious youth we all exempt.
 Temperance alone he knew, with him his mate
 Mild ⁹ Niccolo, who first the costly spice,

First in that garden, gay Sienna, found ;
Such seeds root deepest in that genial soil.
Let ¹⁰ Caccia, and his comates be exempt,
Who lavish'd his ripe vineyards, and his range
Of shadowy woodlands ; when expos'd to all,
Abbagliato show'd his sovereign sense.
Who seconds thee against this giddy land
Sienna, thy keen eye can soon detect ;
O mark my visage, quickly wilt thou catch
¹¹Capocchio's haggard features, once thy friend,
Whose skill alchymic caus'd the baser ore
To pass for precious gold ; O ! call to mind
How well I mimick'd nature by my art."

CANTO XXX.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet continues to describe the punishment of impostors, particularly those who had personated others, and counterfeited money, and who had been guilty of other species of deception.

WHAT time, fierce ¹ Juno saw with rancorous joy
Her rival Semelè consume in flames ;
And hurl'd red vengeance on the Theban race,
And pour'd on ² Athamas such frantic rage,
That he, viewing his consort with her twins
Cradled on either arm, that instant roar'd,
' Spread, spread the meshes, let me now enthrall
' Yon lioness, and both her young : '—in wrath
The monarch, reaching out his ruthless hand,
Forth from the mother pluckt the screaming boy
Learchus, and down dash'd him on the rocks,

While with her other charge the mother scar'd
 Fled to the billowy deep and headlong plung'd.
 What time the fates down from its height o'er-
 whirl'd

The proud ambition of presumptuous Troy,
 So with his kingdom aged Priam fell ;
 Then ³ Hecuba, a captive, wild with woe,
 Soon as she saw Polixena's pale corse,
 Soon as she found her Polydorus stretch'd
 Lone-bleaching on the pebbled shore, she ran
 Grinning with phrenzy, uttering howls canine
 She ran !—the desperate anguish wrack'd her mind !

But Thebes or Troy such furies never saw,
 Such madding furies, goading man and beast,
 As here two livid naked ghosts I met,
 Gnashing, like hungry boars, their venomous tusks.
 The first on sad ⁴ Capocchio's figure sprang,
 And, in the neck-joint rivetting his jaws,
 Prest his swoln bosom to the solid earth.
 His fellow-spectre in wild terror cried ;
 " Mark ! mark rash ⁵ Schicchi ! who his moody
 wrath

Still wrecks on others."... " Spirit ! " I began,
 " Oh ! as thou dread'st the other's rankling fangs,
 Deign, deign to name the phantom in our sight."
 " 'Tis ⁶ Myrrha's odious figure," he return'd,

“ Who burnt with guilty passion for her sire,
 And in the dead of double night, disguis'd,
 Glutt'd her bestial lust. That passing shade
 Feign'd the shrunk features of Donati's face,
 And seal'd, with wicked fraud, the spurious will,
 So gain'd a female courser in reward.”

Soon as the frantic victims glanc'd away,
 Back on the others roll'd my wondering eyes.
 A spirit strangely fashion'd like a lute,
 Had but his groin been parted, next I saw.
 The wat'ry weight of dropsy swell'd his limbs,
 Loading his bursting chest; he stretch'd his jaws,
 As if, with hectic flam'd, he gasp'd for thirst.
 He spake: “ O ye! who tread this world of woe,
 Favour'd of heav'n! without the sense of pain,
 O! witness here ⁷ Adamo's dreadful fate,
 Who liv'd in rich abundance whilst on earth,
 And now one drop of water begs in vain.
 The rills clear-gushing down Romena's slope,
 Sliding in liquid lapse to Arno's flood,
 Flow ever in my view, nor vainly flow;
 For here the imag'd water dries me up
 More than the burning pest, that from my cheek
 Shrivels away the flesh. By justice will'd,
 The scene of my transgression haunts my mind,
 Urging a sad eternity of sighs.

Still, still I see Romena's lovely land,
 Where first I dar'd to counterfeit the gold
 Seal'd with the baptist's hallow'd form ; the deed
 Sentenc'd my body to the public flames.
 Here could I Guido's gloomy shade accost,
 Or either of his brothers, face to face,
 The sight were dearer to my flaming heart,
 Than ⁸ Branda's luscious fountain to my lip.
 One, if the phrenzied spectres say aright,
 Here ever wandering round, one lurks within ;
 But what does that avail me ? lo ! my limbs
 My burden'd limbs are chain'd. O ! could I move
 One footstep in a hundred circling years,
 Already on the journey would I creep,
 To seek them from among th' unweildy race,
 Though thrice four weary miles the valley wound :
 For they have brought me to this bitter doom ;
 Counsell'd by them, I mingled with alloy
 The precious ⁹ coin of Florence." Here he paus'd.
 Then I, entreating : " Name yon pair forlorn,
 Fix'd on thy right, both fuming, as the hands
 In winter steam amid the chilly wave ?"
 " I found them there," the sentenc'd ghost replied,
 " When first I fell into this deep obscure,
 And ever since, immovable they pine.
¹⁰She, withering there, she wrongfully accus'd

Joseph, the Hebrew youth ; beside her groans
 "Sinon, the crafty, perjur'd Greek from Troy.
 The feverous fire, that in their vitals burns,
 Throws off their moisture in such fummy clouds."
 The Grecian heard him, and provok'd, perhaps,
 To hear his name thus blacken'd with reproach,
 Upstarting, clench'd his hand, and furious drove,
 Full-smiting on the other's bloated paunch,
 That sounded like the doubling drum : his fist
 Adamo instant on the smiter's cheek
 Aply return'd : " Though hell has robb'd my limbs
 Of motion," he exclaim'd, " I have an arm
 Unfetter'd for this service." Then the Greek :
 " Thy valour fail'd thee in the circling flames,
 Thou wert not there so ready with thy hand
 As in thy coining."...." Now thou speak'st the
 truth,"
 Replied the dropsied, " but the truth at Troy
 Thou wouldst not utter." " If I falsely swore,
 Thou didst most falsely spoil the genuine gold,"
 Said Sinon, " one default condemns me here,
 But thee more sins than any monster else."
 " Recall, thou perjur'd soul, recall to mind
 The horse, whose hollow swell'd with treacherous
 fate,
 And let the world attest thy heinous crime."

“ And let the parching thirst,” rejoin’d the Greek,
 “ Be witness to thy guilt, the burning thirst
 That cracks thy tongue, and that round wat’ry mass
 Upheav’d upon thy paunch before thy eyes.”
 To whom the rival thus: “ To utter ill
 As wide as ever, thou unlink’st thy jaws :
 What if my lip be thirsty, fool ! within
 I teem with moisture. Thee the fever fires,
 Sharp tortures rack thy head ; nor were it hard
 To tempt thee to exhaust that fountain clear,
 Where fond Narcissus gaz’d.”—To hear their strife
 I linger’d, all-attentive : but the bard
 With anger chid me, “ Haste thy steps,” he said,
 “ Nor loiter, else our mutual war begins.”
 Harshly he spake. Mute, and opprest with fear
 I turn’d towards him, with such heavy shame,
 That its remembrance still o’erwhelms my soul.
 Like one who dreams of his disastrous fate,
 And dreaming, fondly hopes it still a dream,
 So that his ill might seem not yet bechanc’d ;
 I stood, blank, trembling, and depriv’d of speech
 Wish’d to excuse myself, and did, in truth,
 Though I, meantime, suppos’d it not.—My guide
 Now added, “ Less contrition might have cleans’d
 A greater fault than thine ; then grieve no more,

Unload thy heart of sorrow, and beware,
If chance again conduct thee near such brawls,
Think me for ever at thy side :—proceed,...
Low minds delight to hear such vulgar jars.”

CANTO XXXI.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets depart from the last gulph of MALEBOLGE, and arrive at the ninth region of hell, whose frontiers were defended round by a guard of giants, among whom Nimrod, Ephialtes, and Antæus were the most conspicuous.

THE magic voice that thrill'd my heart with pain,
Tinging my conscious cheek with blushing shame,
Now gently minister'd the healing balm.
Thus could the mystic ¹ spear both wound and cure,
Grasp'd by Achilles and his regal sire.

Behind we left the dismal valley dark,
Crossing in mute suspense th' encircled steep.
A sombre light there faintly glimmer'd round,
Nor midnight, nor dim-breaking dawn, it seem'd.
Not far my vision led me, when I heard
An echoing horn ;—its dire, tumultuous sound

Had deaden'd the full thunder. Thro' the dusk
 My labouring eye close follow'd where the roar
 Bent its career. Not after that defeat
 When ²Charlemain with all his sainted host
 Fell, not ³Orlando such terrific peals
 Sounded. I rais'd my look; dun-climbing towers
 I thought I saw. "Protector!" I began,
 "O say, what region meets my view?" He spake:
 "The lengthening waste of darkness cheats thy
 sight;

Thy picturing fancy wanders from the truth.
 But soon shalt thou perceive, as we approach,
 How the dim distance oft deludes the sense.
 Quick! briskly urge thy progress." By the hand
 He gently caught me, "Know then," he resum'd,
 "That hence the wonder, as we further stretch,
 May less surprise thee; know, those are not towers,
 But ⁴giants, to their middle plung'd in ice;
 Chain'd to th' eternal gulph. As when, at length,
 The morning vapour melting into air,
 Opens the freshen'd landscape to our view,
 That lay before involv'd; so thro' the gloom
 Noxious and dense, as nearer, by degrees,
 We border'd on the slow-unfolding scene,
 My error vanish'd, and my dread return'd.

As ⁵Monteregion crowns his massy fort

With circling turrets, so the Stygian mound
 Rose turreted with giants' horrid busts,
 Still threaten'd with the thunder-bolts of Jove.
 Of one I saw the face and shoulders broad,
 His ample breast, and half his middle round,
 And either arm across his ribs immense.
 Nature, in truth, her kindly care display'd,
 When she no more such furious monsters fram'd,
 Who rush'd as mighty ministers of war :
 What if th' enormous elephant and whale
 Repent her not, calm reason must confess
 She shows more justice, more discretion shows,
 For when keen subtlety of mind conjoins
 Brute violence and dark malicious will,
 Resistance then, in vain, defends its right.

In vastness and in height, his dreadful front
 Equall'd the dome, that crowns Saint Peter's fane.
 His ponderous limbs in like proportion swell'd,
 Above th' embankment half his monstrous length
 Uprear'd. Three Frisians, on each other pil'd,
 Had vainly stretch'd to reach his pendulous locks.
 Downward to where the girdle clasps the waist
 He measur'd thrice ten palms. From his fierce lips
 Sudden ! barbaric sounds grating came harsh,
 For sweet, melodious anthems to that tongue
 Were nothing suited. Him my guide bespake :

“ Grasp, brutal spirit! grasp thy clamorous horn,
 And thro’ it vent thy wrath ; if demon wrath,
 Or other passion rack thee : search thy neck,
 ’Tis belted there, there on thy iron breast,
 Thou wild, confounded fiend !”...To me the bard :
 “ The brute betrays himself,—behold the chief
 Nimrod, by whose ill counsel Babel rose,
 And various tongues first clatter’d in the world.
 But onward ; spend not time and words in vain,
 For so each language to the monster sounds,
 As his to others, totally unknown.”

Thence at a sling’s throw on the left we found
 A huger bulk, more savage than the last.
 Before, his left hand, and behind his right,
 Were fetter’d by some dreadful arm of strength :
 Vast links of adamant enwreath’d his neck,
 And five times round his middle, chain’d him down.
 “ Lo! the proud chief that rais’d his vengeful power
 On Jove himself, here witness his reward ;
 Fell ⁷Ephialtes ! daring was his might,
 When warr’d the giants, and the fearing gods
 Doubted their empire. Those grim, ponderous arms,
 Once plied so fiercely, now he never moves.”
 My leader ceas’d. Then I: “ O ! could my eyes
 Survey the stern, immeasurable form
⁸Briareus.”—“ First shalt thou behold,” he said,

“⁹Antæus, who stands undepriv'd of speech,
 Unbound ; he shall conduct thee to the place
 Where guilt lies at its depth. Briareus frowns
 Far distant, clanking his eternal chains ;
 In stature like this spirit, but in look
 More fell. A massy tow'r by earthquake rock'd,
 Ne'er reel'd so dreadful, as to free his arms
 Shook Ephialtes. More than ever death
 I dreaded, and that instant had expir'd,
 Had not I seen how firmly he was bound.

We forward prest, and to Antæus came.
 Huge from his cave the shaggy monster rose.
 “ O thou ! the terror of that land, which made
 Scipio the heir of glory, when for flight
 The Punic phalanx with the chieftain turn'd,
 Great hero, hear ! whose shoulders thence for spoil
 A thousand lions bore, and if thy strength
 Had with thy brother-giants join'd the fight,
 Haply the sons of earth had victors prov'd ;
 Now deign to lead us to the realms of cold,
 Where pale Cocytus stands enlock'd in frost.
 Nor ¹⁰Tityus nor let ¹¹Typhon be our guides.
 This mortal can bestow what ¹²all desire ;
 O stoop, nor let proud scorn distort thy lip.
 He, on the earth can give thee deathless fame.
 Behold ! he lives, and hopeful, sees fair years

In long perspective, if not, ere his time,
Grace call him to herself." The Mantuan ceas'd.
Antæus then his hasty arm outstretch'd,
Stooping, and from the firm ground rais'd my guide,
His clinching gripe, ere now, Alcides felt.
Maro that instant snatch'd me in his grasp,
And both were borne along. As leaning hangs
Dark ¹³Carisenda's tow'r, and in their soar
Stops the blue clouds, so grim Antæus bent.
I, trembling, wish'd to pass another way.
But lightly to the central gulph he steer'd,
Where Lucifer with fell Iscariot cav'd,
And left us ; nor delay'd, but upward sprang,
As from the deck high-tow'rs the stately mast.

CANTO XXXII

ARGUMENT.

THE poets arrive at the frozen lake of Cocytus, where traitors were punished. In the first gulph, called *CAINA*, they meet the spirits of those who had murdered their relatives. Thence proceeding to the second gulph, called *ANTENORA*, they meet those who had been traitors to their country.

OH! had I rough, hoarse thunder in my verse,
To match this gulph of woe on all sides round
O'erbrow'd by rocks, then dreadfully should roar
The mighty torrent of my song: such powers
I boast not; but with shuddering awe attempt
The solemn theme. The world's extremest depth
Requires no infant babbling, but the choir
Of tuneful virgins to assist my strain,
By whose symphonious aid Amphion rais'd
The Theban walls,—but truth shall guide my
tongue,

Oh! hell-devoted miscreants! all engulph'd,
 Wretched beyond the wretched! how can words
 Express your tortures? better had ye been
 Moor flocks or mountain goats! As here I stood
 Exclaiming, far below the giants' feet,
 The climbing battlement amaz'd my soul!
 Sudden! a voice thus warn'd: "Look where thou
 plod'st,

"Nor with thy leaden footsteps bruise the heads
 Of thy sad brethren!" Round I threw my eyes;
 Beneath, a frozen lake, like glass, outspread;
 Not Austrian Danube ever veil'd his course
 With firmer ice, or ¹Tanais, mighty flood,
 Under the northern sky. Had ²Tabernicch,
 Or ³Pietrapana, headlong in his fall,
 Rumbled in ruins on the solid depth,
 It had not creak'd beneath the ponderous heap.

As when the village widow in her dream
 Oft gleans the harvest fields, the speckled race
 Peer croaking from the marsh; so from the ice
 The livid faces of the sinners rose,
 Their teeth quick-chattering, like the stork's shrill
 note.

Each bent his visage down: frost gash'd their lips;
 Their rigid eyes exprest their sorrowing heart.
 I gaz'd around: congealing at my feet

Two miscreants groan'd ; their limbs conjunctive
grew ;

Their hairs clung intertangled : “ Who ? ” I cried,
“ Thus breast oppos'd to breast, who are ye, say ? ”

At length, in silence slowly turn'd their necks ;

They rais'd their heavy eyes, moisten'd with drops
That trickled down their cheeks ;—but ah ! the air

That instant crystalliz'd the starting tears

Arrested on their lids, and held so fast,

That ribs of oak were ne'er so closely cramp't.

Then furious, like two maddening goats, they drove

Clashing their fronts. A third, whose ears the cold

Had gnaw'd away, with downward looks exclaim'd :

“ Why, loiterer, dost contemplate thus our fate ?

Know, Falterona's vale of sunny green,

Whence sloping flows Bisenzio, held their sire

⁴Alberto, next themselves the scene possess'd.

Born from one parent, both by mutual wounds

Fell. CAINA holds not in her icy womb

Spirits more worthy of their racking pains ;

Not ⁵him, the wretch whom Arthur at one blow

Struck dead ; nor him who pierc'd his uncle's heart,

⁶Focaccia ; nor fell ⁷Mascheron, whose head

Obstructs my sight, whom every Tuscan knew.

Now mark my features, thou wilt soon detect

Base ⁸Camiccione : lingering here I wait

°Carlino, traitor to his realm ;—his crimes
 Outdye my own.”—Here thousands I beheld,
 Livid with cold, that made their faces snarl
 A mongril grin. Damp horror chill’d my heart
 While musing on the never-thawing pool.
 Meantime we sought the centre of the depth,
 Solid and firm. I past with shivering dread
 Thro’ the wide kingdom of eternal frost.
 But whether it were will, or fate, or chance,
 My foot, in passing o’er the mingled heads,
 So crush’d a victim’s face, that he out-yell’d,
 Weeping aloud : “ Why hast thou bruise’d me thus ?
 Does new revenge for ¹⁰Montaperto wake
 This cruel fury ? Hence ! afflict me not.”—

“ Stay, leader ! stay,...let me accost this shade ;
 He, haply, may resolve my wavering doubts ;
 Then hasten as thou wilt.”—The Mantuan paus’d.
 The wounded spirit, still blaspheming rag’d.

“ What art thou, say ? with accents so profane ?”
 Then he : “ And what art thou, who, thro’ the
 realm

Of ¹¹ANTENORA tread’st with feet so fell,
 Bruising the face of others, had’st thou life
 This were too much to bear ?”—“ Life yet is mine,”
 I answer’d, “ and if fame delight thy soul,
 Thy mem’ry shall be cherish’d on the earth.”

The phantom : “ The reverse I wish....avaunt !
 No more torment me. In this vale but ill
 ‘Thou know’st to flatter, hence !’...His clotted locks
 I seiz’d ; “ Disclose thy name and crimes,” I cried,
 “ Or not a single hair shall here remain.”—
 “ Out-root them all, for never shalt thou know
 My name,” he utter’d, “ tho’ a thousand times
 My head be wrench’d.”—Already had my hand,
 Grappling his tresses, pluckt some tufts away.
 Yelping he drew up his distorted eyes ;—
 ‘ Why, Bocca,’ said a spectre, why this yell ?
 ‘ Made not thy chattering teeth sufficient sound ?
 ‘ What demon ails thee, say ?’ “ Traitor accurst !
 Be mute,” I thunder’d, “ to thy during shame,
 Thy crimes shall be reported to the world.”
 “ Go,” he replied, “ report whate’er thou wilt ;
 But be not mute of him, whose syren tongue
 So smoothly melted ;—him who mourns the gold,
 The glittering bribe of France. Be this thy speech,
 ‘ *With sinners in the starving ice I saw*
¹²*Duera.*’ If for others thou be ask’d,
 There ¹³Beccaria wails, whose forfeit head
 Beneath the purple axe of Florence fell.
 Hence ¹⁴Genellon with ¹⁵Soldanieri pines
 And ¹⁶Tribaldello, who, at dead of night,
 Unbarr’d Faenza to the Gallic foe.”

We, parting from him, in one icy cleft
Espied two spirits ; in his fellow's head
The hindmost dug his fangs. As one in haste,
When hunger-stung, devours his grateful food ;
So on the brain the sinner fed his jaws.
Not ¹⁷Tydeus with more fury quaff'd the blood
Of Menalippus' temples, than he gnaw'd
His fellow's mangled skull. " O thou !" I cried,
" Who prey'st with bestial vengeance on that slave,
Relate the cause ; and know, if he deserve
This brute resentment, when I learn thy name
And story of his sinning, in the world,
If breath supply my lungs, thy fame shall live."

CANTO XXXIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE spirit of Ugolino, who, with his sons perished in prison, gives an affecting account of their death. The poets afterward proceed to that part of the Inferno called PTOLOMEA, where traitorous ingratitude is punished.

THE 'sinner pausing from his grim repast,
Wip'd in the miscreant's hair his gory jaws.
" My desperate woe, obedient to thy will,
I now relate," he answer'd, " tho' with pain
Remembrance wring my heart. For if my tale
Should to this traitor, whom I gnaw, produce
The fruit of infamy, tho' tears gush forth,
Yet will I speak. ...I know not whence thou art,
Or what commission brings thee to this gulph,
But speech, in truth, bespeaks thee Tuscan born.
Know, ²Ugolino and that prelate base,

Ruggieri, meet thy presence ; mark our forms.

I need not mention that his evil mind

First wrong'd my confidence, then caus'd my death ;

But what lies undivulg'd, shall now be heard,

The cruel manner of my lingering doom ;

Then shalt thou learn the colour of his guilt.

Within the iron dungeon, which still bears

The name of ³“ FAMINE ” since my dreadful death,

And still where others pine, there thro' the grate

Shone many a moon ; and oft my feverish dreams

Unveil'd the future to my mental view.

This priest, I dreamt, was leader of the chase ;

Swift to the ⁴Julian mountain with his whelps

Hurried the wolf : with blood-hounds gaunt and
keen

⁵Lanfranchi and Sismondi, and the chief

Gualandi follow'd. Soon the course was spent ;

The victim and his infant race grew faint,

When on them sprang, I thought, the savage pack,

And with their tusks transpierc'd their panting
sides.

This wak'd me ere the dawn, when in their sleep

I heard my children groan and call for bread...

O cruel ! should no pity touch thy soul

To think how much a father's heart presag'd ;

If now thou shed'st no tears, what have thy eyes

Been us'd to weep at?...Now my boys awoke ;
 The hour arriv'd, when each expected food,
 As wonted, would be brought him ;...but his heart
 Mistrusted, when each thought upon his dream.
 And I, O horrible ! that instant heard
 The dungeon-doors below more firmly lock'd....
 In desperate silence on my sons I gaz'd,...
 I could not weep...My heart was turn'd to stone.
 The little victims wept, and one began,
 My dear Anselmo : ' *Father ! why that look !*
 ' *What ails my father ?*'....Ah ! I could nor weep
 Nor answer all that day, nor yet the night,
 Till on the world another morn arose.

As faintly thro' our doleful prison gleam'd
 The tremulous ray, so I could view again
 Each face, on which my features were imprest,
 Both hands I gnaw'd in agony and rage.
 Sweet innocents ! they thought me hunger-stung,
 And, rising on a sudden all exclaim'd,
 ' Father ! our anguish would be less severe,
 ' If thou would'st feed on us. This fleshly vest
 ' Thou did'st bestow, now take it back again.'....
 I check'd my inward nature, lest my groans
 Should aggravate their anguish. *All were mute*
 That bitter day, and all the morrow. Earth !
 Why did'st thou not, obdurate earth ! dispart ?

The fourth sad morning came, when at my feet
 My Gaddo fell extended: ‘*Help!*’ he cried,
 ‘*Can’st thou not help me, father?*’....and expir’d.
 So wither’d as thou see’st me, one by one,
 I saw my children ere the sixth noon die:
 And seiz’d with sudden blindness on my knees
 I grop’d among them, calling each by name
 For three days after they were dead. ...At last,
 Famine and death clos’d up the scene of woe.”

So having said, with dark, distorted eyes,
 He on the wretched skull infix’d his teeth,
 And like a mastiff gnaw’d the solid bone.

Thou Pisa! O thou shame of mortal men,
 Since thy slow, passive neighbours are so lothe
 To punish! may ⁶Capraia, and that isle
⁷Gorgona, start, and full on Arno’s flood,
 Upheave their mounds, that all thy guilty sons
 May in the waste of waters sink at once!
 What if Count Ugolino, haply false,
 Betray’d thy castled tow’rs, how could’st thou dare
 To rack his guiltless sons?...Their tender age
 Bespoke their innocence. O modern Thebes!
 Brigata, Hugo, and that other pair
 Nam’d in my song, were blameless of offence...

Then further we advanc’d, and saw a race
 Revers’d, all swath’d in jagged, thick-ribb’d ice,

Their grief denied the luxury of tears ;
 For soon as sorrow from their eye distill'd,
 It met a frozen mask, and inward turn'd
 Keen on the brain, and heighten'd their sharp woes.
 Their former tears stood stiffly cluster'd round,
 Like crystal visors o'er the visual orb.
 Here, tho' each feeling from my visage fled,
 Grown callous with the cold, yet here was felt,
 I thought, some blustering wind. " Say whence
 this gale ?"

I ask'd, " Is not all vapour spent beneath ?"
 " Thy view shall soon inform thee of the cause,
 Why bursts this showering air."... " O cruel souls !"
 Exclaim'd a ghost encrusted o'er with ice,
 " Spirits so ruthless ! that in deepest hell
 Your torture lies, O from my face remove
 This rigid mask, that from my pregnant heart
 Sorrows may flow, and melting on my lids,
 Afford brief respite, till they freeze again."
 " Inform me first," I answer'd, " who thou art,
 Then claim my aid ; if I relieve thee not,
 May Minos hurl me to the lowest depth !"
 He answer'd : " Alberigo asks thy help,
 Who from the evil garden snatch'd its fruit,
 But here the date for his delicious fig

Requites him."—"What! art thou among the
dead?"

Then he ;—"Who wears my body on the earth
I know not—but to ⁹PTOLOMEA's realm
Full oft the soul descends, ere life forsakes
The fleshly frame; that, with more willing haste
Thou may'st uncrust the glaz'd tears from my eyes,
Know, when a traitor first commits his crime,
His soul falls freezing to this gulphy ice;
A demon from that hour assumes his form,
And walks his stated period on the earth.
And haply, still among mankind appears
The body of a spirit, here behind
In wintry durance! Thou if late arriv'd
Should'st know his visage, tho' full many a year
Has wheel'd its course since ¹⁰Doria met his doom."
"No more, no longer mock me," I replied,
"For Doria lives, and still enjoys the sun,
He eats, and drinks, and sleeps, as other men."
Then he: "Ere Zanchè reach'd yon upper foss
Of boiling pitch, watch'd by the talon'd fiends,
This spirit left the world, and in his stead,
A demon of his kindred, who in league
Was fellow-traitor, seiz'd his mortal form,
And still associates with the busy world.
Now break with gracious hand, th' encrusted mask,

Unclose my eyes."...I left him to his fate,
Nor would dislodge the ice. To such a wretch
Ill manners were just courtesy...I past.
O Genoa ! how perverse are all thy sons,
Blacken'd with ev'ry fraud, with ev'ry guilt !
Why are they not yet cancell'd from the earth ?
One, like thy race, with Alberigo's ghost,
That shame of all Romagna ! here I found ;
Deep in Cocytus ; for his deeds of night
His soul lies plung'd, tho' yet alive he seems
In body and in action, on the earth."

CANTO XXXIV.

ARGUMENT.

THE poets enter that part of the Inferno, called **JUDECCA**, and witness the punishment of Judas, and others who had been guilty of ingratitude and perfidy to their benefactors. Here they see the station allotted to Satan. Night approaches, and the poets having passed beyond the centre of the earth, emerge, at length, through a cavern in the other hemisphere, and behold again the face of Heaven.

“**MARK** yon approaching banners! stretch thy
sight,

Speak, if thou see the grisly king of hell!”...
So cried the Mantuan. As when heavy clouds
Breathe darkness, or dense shades converging round
Benight our hemisphere, what far descried
Appears a towering windmill whirl’d by blasts,
Such seem’d the wonderous fabric to my gaze.
Full in my face the crashing whirlwind drove,

I screen'd behind the bard, my sole defence ;
 I came, (damp horror chills me while I speak)—
 I came, where all the phantoms, stiffening, groan'd
 Beneath a sea of ice, clearer than glass.
 Some prostrate stretch'd, some on their feet erect,
 Others stood headlong ; numbers heel to front
 Lay bent. We onward to the place arriv'd
 Where frown'd the grim antagonist of Heaven,
 Once cloath'd in archangelic beauty. "Lo!"
 Exclaim'd the poet, as he stay'd my steps,
 "Lo! Dis, the doleful place—now arm thy breast,
 Proceed undaunted."—Faintness seiz'd my limbs ;
 I shook, became all ice, and what I felt,
 O reader ! language can but ill describe.
 Nor was my state or life or death. O think !
 If thou have feeling, fancy what I felt !
 Half from the solid ice the king of hell
 Upheav'd his breast. The dire, gigantic ' brood
 Were less in vastness to his arms alone,
 Than I, in stature, to the giant race :
 Then think how huge must be his dreadful bulk !
 If he were fair in Heav'n, as now in hell
 Hideous and dark, what time he rais'd his brow
 Against his MAKER, well from him all woes
 May issue ! Him I mark'd, O wond'rous sight !
 He wore three demon-faces, one in front,

Reddening with rage ; midway each shoulder broad
 And at the crest, the others sternly frown'd :
 This, sallow with foul envy ; that, obscur'd
 With sullen rancour, blacker than the tribes
 Who herd where fruitful Nile abates his flood,
 Leaving the lowly plains. Beneath each face
 Outbranch'd two massy wings, which well became
 A ² cormorant so vast ! I never saw
 Such mighty sails stretch'd on the shoreless sea.
 No plumage cloath'd them, but their texture seem'd
 The leather pennons of the twilight bat.
 Loud in the air he beat his ³ sail-spread vans,
 Waking three winds, that blust'ring, froze the gulph
 Of cold Cocytus. From six eyes he wept
 Tears, darkly-mix'd with foamy blood. At once
 His triple row of tusks three sinners champ'd,
 All crush'd as by a ponderous engine. Oft
 The savage rending from the foremost stript
 Bare from his back the skin. "That upper shade
 Iscariot, with the worst of tortures rack'd,
 Has now his head within, while either leg
 Quivers without. Now mark his prey below,
 There Brutus from the dusky jaw depends,
 See ! how he writhes in sullenness of woe !
 The third tormented form, so massy-limb'd,
 Is Cassius...Hence ! we leave the realms of hell.

No more remains unseen : the night rides high
 Seated on darkness." So I clasp'd his neck
 Obedient ; he, when time and place allow'd,
 Approach'd the demon while his wings were spread,
 Then, springing, seiz'd his shaggy side, and down
 Between the monster and the clefted ice
 Plung'd venturous : when we reach'd his bristled
 thighs,

My leader, struggling with laborious pain,
 Turn'd round his head, where lately stood his feet,
 And quickly caught again the shaggy fiend,
 Upclimbing : backward to the gulphs of hell,
 I thought, we turn'd : " Be bold," exclaim'd the
 bard ;

Breathless and fainting, " thus must we depart
 From worst of evils !" Panting yet he toil'd,
 Till to a rocky archway he arriv'd,
 And forth emerging, set me on its brink,
 And, pausing, near me stay'd his cautious steps.
 I rais'd my looks, and thought to have beheld
 Grim Lucifer as I had left him fix'd,
 But mark'd him now inverted, with his feet
 Held upward. Mortals ! ye, who cannot see
 What point I past, bethink ye on my toil.

" Arise," my leader cried, " and onward haste,
 Our way lies lengthening, rough and wild the path,

So shall we meet the sun ere noon, proceed."

No radiant palace here our footsteps pac'd,
 But through a natural dungeon, wanting light,
 Stumbling we grop'd along. When thus I spake :
 " Leader ! ere we escape this blind abyss,
 Inform me, from dim error free my mind,
 How have we left the ice ? Explain the cause,
 Why stands the Stygian monarch thus revers'd ?
 And how the sun from eve to gleaming morn
 Has made so rapidly his transit, say ?"
 He answer'd : " Fancy thou art station'd still
 The other side the centre where I turn'd,
 Grappling the shagg'd, malignant worm of hell,
 That perforates the world ; know, there thou wert
 So long as I struck downward, when I turn'd,
 The centre, where all heavy substance meets,
 Was past : now thou art opposite that point
 Under the hemisphere, that overhangs
 The continent, where the blest SON OF MAN,
 Born sinless, died without the taint of sin.
 So now beneath our feet JUDECCA lies,
 The lowest sphere in hell. Here morning springs,
 While evening there begins, and still in ice
 The hairy monster whom we climb'd, stands fix'd,
 As when we saw him first. He, on this part,
 Hurl'd headlong from the battlements of heav'n,

Down fell : this land, protuberant at first,
 Sank inward, and through terror, veil'd itself
 With sea, and to our hemisphere remov'd.
 Haply to shun him was this hollow left,
 As here the ⁴ mountain on this side bespeaks.

“ Beneath us lies a place, as far remote
 From Belzebub, as hell herself extends,
 A place, conceal'd from sight, but known by sound
 Of streamlet brawling through a cavern'd rock,
 Gnaw'd deeply by its ever-winding waves,
 We enter'd; darksome was the way to scale
 The world of light; and careless of repose,
 Climbing the rugged heights, we saw, at length,
 The lovely fires of Heav'n, that brightly stream'd,
 Warm through a fissure in the vaporous cave :
 Thence, bursting forth, we hail'd the light of day.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

¹ Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.] According to the opinion of the best commentators, these words fix the æra of the poem to the thirty-fifth year of the author's age: *the middle of life*.

² Pianeta.] The sun. So Rucellai:—
————— il bel *Pianeta*
— Che sparge l'alma luce in ogni parte.

Le Api.

³ Mi ripingeva là dove 'l sol *tace*.] Literally, "she drove me where the sun *is silent*." Dantè expresses the absence of the sun in the same manner as Milton describes the moon.

See also the *Inferno*, c. 5.

I' venni in luogo d'ogni luce *muto*.

"The sun to me is dark,
And *silent* as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Sam. Agon. See Todd's Milton.

⁴ Dinanzi agli occhi mi si fu offerto.]
Ante oculos se offert. *Virg. Æn. 7. v. 420.*

⁵ Ombra.] "Dans le système de la Philosophie païenne, ce qu'on appelait Ombre, n'était ni le corps ni l'ame; mais quelque chose d'aussi inconcevable qu'inexplicable, qui tenait le milieu entre le corps et l'ame, quel-

que chose qui avait la figure et les qualités du corps de l'homme, et qui servait comme d'enveloppe à l'ame.— C'est ce que les Grecs appelaient *Idolon* ou *Fantôme*, *Phantasma*, et les Latins *Ombres Simulacres* (*umbra Simulacrum*). Ce n'était donc ni le corps ni l'ame qui descendait dans les enfers, mais uniquement cette Ombre. Ulysse voit l'ombre d'Hercule dans les Champs-Élysées, pendant que ce Héros est dans les Cieux. Il n'était pas plus permis aux Ombres de traverser le Styx, avant que leurs corps eussent été mis dans un tombeau, mais elles étaient errantes sur le rivage pendant cent ans, au bout desquels, elles passaient enfin à cet autre bord si désiré.”

Mirabeau.

6 E dopo 'l pasto ha più fame che pria.] Berni, as Venturi observes, has borrowed this line.

7 Veltro.] This passage alludes to the generous patron of Dante, *Cane della Scala*, who protected him in his exile. “Sicome,” says Boccaccio, “chiarissima fama quasi per tutto il mondo suona, Messer Cane della Scala, al quale in assai cose fù favorevole la fortuna, fù uno de' più notabili, e de' più magnifici signori, che dallo Imperadore Federigo secondo in qua, si sapesse in Italia.”—Gior. prim. Nov. sett. “The illustrious fame of M. Cane della Scala was celebrated all over the world, as well for the wealth, with which fortune had favoured him, as for being one of the most famous and most magnificent lords known in Italy, since the time of the Emperor Frederic II.”

8 E sua nazione sarà tra *Feltro* e *Feltro*.] The expression tra *Feltro* e *Feltro* *between either Feltro*, is intended for *Verona*, an ancient town of Italy situated between *Feltro* a city in the *Marca Trivigiana*, and *Monte Feltro*, a city in the territory of *Urbino*.

9 ————— La vergine *Camilla*.] See notes to Canto 4.

¹⁰ Eurialo....e Niso di ferute.] Euryalus, an heroic Trojan, was united in the closest friendship with Nisus, and came to Italy to signalize himself by his valour against the Rutulians. These friends in the dead of night entered the enemy's camp. As they were returning victorious, after much bloodshed, they were perceived by the Rutulians, who instantly attacked Euryalus. Nisus, in endeavouring to rescue his young friend, from the enemy's darts, perished with him; their heads were cut off, fixed on a spear, and carried in triumph to the camp. See *Æn.* 9. v. 176.

¹¹ E poi vedrai color che son contenti Nel fuoco.]—The Papists imagined that the souls in purgatory were purged by fire from carnal impurities before they could be received into a state of happiness.

¹² Anima fia, a ciò di me più degna.] The spirit of Beatrice, his lover, who should conduct him through Paradise.

CANTO II.

¹ *Lo vas d'elezione.*] St. Paul: Πορεύε, ὅτι σκευος ἐκλογῆς μοι ἐστὶν ἔτος. Acts. c. 9. v. 15. "Go, for he is a chosen vessel to me." The word σκευος often "signifies *The human body.*" Thus Theophylact, Σκευος το σωμα φησι, "He calls the body σκευος;" and long before him Theodoret, Εγω δε νομιζω το ἐκασε σωμα—ἔτως αυτον κεκλημεναι, I think the Apostle called each one's *body* by this name." Suicer observes that σκευος hath this signification in imitation of the Heb. כֵּל a vessel. Polybius applies the word in like manner to a *person*. And Barnabas Epist. 21, calls the human body το καλον σκευος

the beautiful *vessel*." We may remark also, that the Latin writers call the *body* the *vas* or *vessel*. Thus Lucretius lib. iii. lin. 441.

— Corpus, *quod vas, quasi constitit ejus* (animæ scilicet)

And Cicero, Tuscul. Disput. lib. i. cap. 22. "Corpus *quidem quasi vas est aut aliquod animi receptaculum.*" See Parkhurst's Lex.

² L'anima tua e da viltate offesa.] It has been observed that Berni has a similar expression,

Se l'alma avete offesa da viltate.

Orl. Inn. l. 3. c. 1. st. 35.

³ Io era tra color, che son sospesi.]

————— aliæ panduntur inanes

Suspensæ ad ventos.

Virg. Æn. l. 6. v. 740.

The spirits in Limbo are supposed to feel neither pain nor pleasure; they are not admitted into a state of happiness nor condemned to punishment.

⁴ Quale i fiori.] This beautiful simile is frequently found in the best poets. See Ariosto. c. 23. 67. & c. 32. 108. Tasso, c. 18. 16. Statius Theb. 7. 223. Berni *Orl. Inn. l. 1. c. 12. st. 86.* Spenser, F. Q. b. 4. c. 12. st. 34. and also in b. 6. c. 2. st. 35.

CANTO III.

¹ Per me si va nella città dolente;

Per me si va nell' eterno dolore:

Per me siva tra la perduta gente, &c.

This description over the gate of hell is strikingly

grand; it has a solemn effect at the opening of the canto.

² Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che 'ntrate.] So Berni.

Lascia pur della vita ogni speranza.

Orl. In. l. 1. c. 8. st. 33.

—————Hope never comes

That comes to all. ———Milton.

Dr. Hurd adduces from Euripides a similar idea.

—————'εδ' ὁ πασι λείπεται βροτῶις.

Ξύνεςιν ἐλπίς. *Troad. 676.*

³ Ch' alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli.] Lest the damned should derive some glory from them; that is, from their company. ———Baretti.

⁴ Che fece, per viltate, il grand rifiuto.] The author alludes to Piano Muroni da Sulmona, a hermit, whose austerity of life procured him the papacy on the death of Nicholas the fourth, by the name of Celestine the fifth. The Cardinal de Anagnia, in order to succeed him, prevailed on him to abdicate the papal power, in 1294.

The Cardinal de Anagnia (Benedict. Caietan) ascended the papal chair by the name of Boniface the eight.

⁵ Che mai non fur vivi.] "Who never were alive;" that is, who never had any life, any spirit, any activity.

Baretti.

⁶ In caldo, e'n gielo.]

At certain revolutions all the damn'd

Are brought and feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,

From beds of raging *fire* to starve in *ice*.

Milton. P. Lost. b. 2. v. 600.

This circumstance of the damned's suffering the extremes of heat and cold by turns, is finely invented, to aggravate the horror of the description, and seems to be founded upon Job xxiv. 19: but not as it is in the En-

glish translation, but in the vulgar Latin version, *ad nimum calorem transeat ab aquis nivium*; let him pass to excessive heat from waters of snow. And so Jerom, and other commentators understand it. There is a fine passage in Shakespeare where the punishment after death is supposed to consist in extreme heat or extreme cold; but these extremes are not made alternate, and to be suffered both in their turns, as Milton has described them, and thereby has greatly refined and improved the thought.

The delighted spirit
To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside
In thrilling regions of *thick-ribb'd ice*.
Measure for Measure, A. 3. S. 1.
Newton.

So in songes and sonnetts by Lord Surrey, and others, 1587, fol. 83.

“ The soules, that lacked grace,
Which lie in bitter paine,
Are not in such a place
As foolish folke doe fayne;
Tormented all with *fire*,
And boyle in lead againe,
Then cast in *frosen pits*
To *frese* there certain hours.”

And, in Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels, 1635, p. 345.

“ And suffer, as they sinn'd in wrath, in paines,
Of *frosts*, of *fires*, of *furies*, whips and chains.”

“ Bede has also drawn a hell which spouts cataracts of fire, and in which the damned feel the varying extremes of *heat and cold*.”

Hist. Ecc. See Todd's Milton.

7 *Livida palude.*] Umbrifero Styx *livida fundo.*

Statius Theb. 1—57.

Illæ remis vada livida verrunt.

Virg. Æn. l. 6. v. 320.

NOTES.

—————Totius ut lacûs putidæque paludis
Lividissima, maximeque est profunda vorago.

Catul. 18, 10.

—————stagnante e *livida palude*.

Le Api del Rucellai.

Milton very happily applies the epithet *livid* to flame ;

as,

—————the glimmering of these *livid* flames.

Par. Lost. b. 1. v. 183.

Tasso has————“ i *lividi* occhi.”

Gier. Lib. c. 4. st. 1.

⁸ Charon dimonio, con occhi di bragia.]

————— ὅσσε δέ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετοῦντι.

Hom. Il. 1. v. 104.

Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni.

Virg. Æn. b. 2. v. 210.

—————oculis micat acribus ignis.

Virg. Æn. 12. v. 146.

See also *Hom. Il.* b. 19. v. 17. Spenser *F. Q.* b. 6. c.

7. st. 42. also b. 1. c. 11. st. 14.

—————eyes

That sparkling blaz'd.

Milton's P. Lost, b. 1. v. 193.

9 Come d'Autunno si levan le foglie.] This very beautiful simile is found in Homer. *Lib. δ.* v. 146.

Οἴη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε κ' ἀνδρῶν.

Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει. ἄλλα δὲ θ' ὕλη

Τηλεθωσα φύει, ἕαρ' δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὄρη·

ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἢ μὲν φύει, ἢ δ' ἀπολήγει.

Simonides, in his fine fragments, has

“ Ἐν δε τὸ καλλιστον, Χῖ' ἔειπεν ἀνήρ

“ Οἴη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε κ' ἀνδρῶν.”

ὣς δ' αὐτῶς κ' φύλλα φύει ρεῖδωρ' ἄρρα.

Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μελίησιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δε φύει·

ὣς δὲ κ' ἀνθρωπῶς γενεή κ' φύλλον ἐλίσσει·

Musæus apud Clementem.
Alexandrinum, Strom. VI.

See also Apoll. Rhod. l. 4. v. 214. Pindar. Pyth. Ode 8. Sophocles, in Ajace, v. 125.

Ἐσαν δ' ἐν λειμῶνι σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι
Μυρίοι, ὅσσα τε φύλλα, καὶ ἄνθεα γίνεταί ὤρη.

Homer, lib. 2. v. 468.

In the same book,

Λίην γὰρ φύλλοῖσιν ἑοικότες.

Quam multa in silvis autumnni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia.

Virg. Æn. l. 6. v. 309.

Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos
Prima cadunt.

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 60.

Nè tante vede mai l' Autunno al suolo
Cader co' primi freddi aride foglie.

Tasso Gier. Lib. Canto 9. st. 66.

So Ariosto :

Poi son le gente senza nome tante,
Che del lor sangue oggi faranno un lago,
Che meglio conterei ciascuna foglia
Quando l' Autunno gli arbori ne spoglia.

And thus Milton,

Thick as autumnal leaves, that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa.

P. Lost. b. 1. v. 303.

As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow ; so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.

Ecclesiasticus, Chap. 14. v. 18.

Compare Isaiah, chap. 34. ver. 4. Isaiah, chap. 64. ver. 6.

CANTO IV.

¹ Ch'ei peccaro : e s'egli hanno mercedi,
Non basta, perch' e' non ebber battesimo,
Ch'è porta della fede, che tu credi, &c.

Such was the blind and rigid superstition at the time of Dantè, that he could not, without the most certain danger of his life, contradict the prevailing opinion, that all the ancient pagans, however good and meritorious their actions, were condemned to the infernal world; since they were deprived of baptism, and had existed before the birth of our Saviour. The poet, however, has ventured to separate the most remarkable for virtue and heroism, as Socrates, Plato, Homer, Æneas, &c. and has assigned to them a better condition; they live in meadows of perpetual verdure, converse freely with each other, and feel a kind of sorrow entirely without pain.

2 ——————Un possente
 Con segno di vittoria incoronato
 Trasseci l' ombra del primo parente.]

Virgil, in these lines, intimates that our blessed saviour descended into hell, and redeemed the souls of the patriarchs and other just men.

Alcadinus has a similar passage,
 Est locus effregit quo portas Christus Averni,
 Et sanctos traxit lucidus inde patres.

So Eustatius;
 Est locus Australis quo portam Christus Averni
 Fregit, et eduxit mortuos inde suos.

³ Electra.] One of the Oceanides, wife of Atlas, and mother of Dardanus by Jupiter.

⁴ Vidi Cammilla.] Camilla was the daughter of Metabus and Casmilla. She was inured to the hardships of hunting in the woods. When declared Queen of the Volsci, she marched to assist Turnus against Æneas. She was so remarkable for swiftness, that, according to Virgil,

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
 Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas;

Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tument
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

Æ. 7. v. 803.

See also *Æ.* 11. v. 430.

⁵ Penthesilea.] Penthesilia, Queen of the Amazons: she fought against Achilles, by whom she was slain.

See Virg. Æ. 1. v. 491. *Æn.* 11. v. 662.

⁶ Julia and Cornelia were the two wives of Pompey. Cornelia was the daughter of Metellus Scipio, and celebrated for her many great virtues. Julia was remarkable for her beauty and amiable disposition; she is said to have been divorced from her former husband, Cornelius Cæpio, and obliged to marry Pompey the Great. She died in child-bed. B. C. 53.

⁷ E solo in parte vidi l'Saladino.] "Saladin, a prince of great generosity, bravery, and conduct, having fixed himself on the throne of Egypt, began to extend his conquests over the east; and finding the settlement of the Christians, in Palestine, an invincible obstacle to the progress of his arms, he bent the whole force of his policy and valour to subdue that small and barren, but important territory. Taking advantage of dissensions which prevailed among the champions of the cross, and having secretly gained the Count of Tripoli, who commanded their armies, he invaded the frontiers with a mighty power; and, aided by the treachery of that count, gained over them, at Tiberiade, a complete victory, which utterly annihilated the force of the already languishing kingdom of Jerusalem. The holy city itself fell into his hands, after a feeble resistance, the kingdom of Antioch was almost entirely subdued; and, except some maritime towns, nothing considerable remained of those boasted conquests, which, near a century before, it had cost the efforts of all Europe to acquire.

Saladin died at Damascus; it is memorable, that, before he expired, he ordered his winding sheet to be car-

ried as a standard through every street of the city, while a crier went before, and proclaimed, with a loud voice, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the Conqueror of the East." By his last will he ordered charities to be distributed to the poor, without distinction of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan." *Hume's History of England, Vol. 2. Page 22.*

8 Vidi 'l maestro.] Aristotle, the great philosopher of nature and truth: he died in the 63rd year of his age, B. C. 322. Nearly all his writings are preserved. The author is said to have bequeathed them to his friend Theophrastus; they were purchased by one of the Ptolemies, and presented to the celebrated library of Alexandria.

9 Democrito.] Democritus the great philosopher of Abdera. He lived to the age of 109 years. All his works are lost. He may be considered as the parent of experimental philosophy.

10 Tale.] Thales, son of Examius, born at Miletus, in Ionia, and one of the seven wise men of Greece. He was the first, who calculated with accuracy a solar eclipse. He died in the 96th year of his age, 548 B. C.

11 Diogenes.] The Cynic philosopher of Sinope. His life exhibits the greatest poverty, magnanimity, and arrogance. He was magnanimous, because he shewed independency of mind before monarchs; and he was arrogant, because he boasted too much of his poverty. He died in great misery in the 96th year of his age, B. C. 324.

12 Anassagora.] Anaxagoras the son of Hegesibulus; he was preceptor to Socrates and Euripides.

13 Eraclito.] Heraclitus, a celebrated philosopher of Ephesus. He was considered a misanthrope; he retired from society, and, like the wild beasts, dwelt among

bleak mountains, and fed on grass: this diet produced a dropsical complaint, and he was, consequently, obliged to return to the town: he died of this disease in the 60th year of his age.

14 Empedocles.] A philosopher, poet, and historian of Agrigentum in Sicily. He is supposed to have perished by the volcano of Ætna. He flourished 444 years before the Christian æra.

15 Dioscoride.] Dioscorides, a natural philosopher, who was chiefly celebrated for his skill in medicinal herbs.

16 Orfeo.] Orpheus, the pupil of Linus. He rendered poetry and music subservient to the more noble study of religion. The fragments which are attributed to him, display many elevated sentiments of a deity. His life is said to have been purely correct.

17 Lino.] Linus, the supposed inventor of rhythm and melody. All his compositions are entirely lost.

Γράμματα μὲν τὸν παῖδα γέρον λίνος ἐξεδίδαξεν
Ἵγιὸς Ἀπόλλωνος. *Theocr. in Heraclisco.*

Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribusa tque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit. *Virgil Ecl. 6. v. 67.*

18 Seneca morale.] Seneca, who studied the Epicurean philosophy at Rome. His works display a boldness of thought, but too much brilliancy of diction with frequent conceit. Quintilian says that Seneca, "abundat dulcibus vitiis," "abounds in agreeable faults:" his style therefore is more apt to pervert the taste of young minds. Lucretius has been indebted to the writings of Seneca for many of his nervous sentiments.

19 Avicen.] This great man was born at Assena, a village in the neighbourhood of Bokhara. The avidity with which this prince of Arabian philosophers and phy-

sicians prosecuted his studies, is astonishing. Before he was ten years of age he was master of the most difficult passages in the Koran; and was celebrated in his seventeenth year for being the light of the age. He had by this time an extensive knowledge of medicine, and went about visiting the sick. At the age of twenty-one, he conceived the vast design of including the whole body of arts and sciences into one work; he carried it into execution in an Encyclopedie of 20 volumes, which he entitled "Utility of Utilities." Avicen, by his great talents, so gained the favour and confidence of Nedjmeddevle, Sultan of the race of the Bouides, that he raised him to the dignity of grand vizir. But too great an attachment to pleasures, especially those of love and of the table, lost him the Sultan's favour. He after wandered about as a forlorn fugitive, in all the rigour of adversity. He died at Hamadan, aged 58 years. 1036.

His works are wonderfully numerous. Physic is indebted to him for the discovery of rhubarb, cassia, mirabolans, tamarinds, and the art of making sugar.

²⁰ Galieno.] Galen, was born at Pergamus. He attributed his great medical knowledge chiefly to the writings of Hippocrates, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. He died at the place of his nativity in his 90th year. A. D. 193.

²¹ Averrois, che 'l gran comento feo.] Averroes was the son of the high priest and chief judge of Corduba, in Spain. He was educated at the University of Morocco; was very affluent and benevolent to men of literature, and well known for his philosophical impiety. He died at Morocco, in the year 1206. He was excessively fat, though he ate but once a day. All his nights were devoted to the study of philosophy; and as a relaxation from severer pursuits, he amused himself in history and poetry. Averroes was the first translator of Aristotle into Arabic, to which work he added a vast commentary.

CANTO V.

¹ Cignesi con la coda tante volte,
Quantunque gradi vuol, che giù sia messa.]

La coda is too ludicrous an appendage to a judge, and particularly on this occasion.

² I' venni in luogo d' ogni luce muto,
Che muggia, come fa mar, per tempesta,
Se da contrarj venti è combattuto.]

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves. *P. Lost, b. 8. v. 212.*

³ La bufera infernal, che mai non resta.]

————— *Infernal bufera.*

Berni, lib. 1. c. 16. st. 12.

Shakespeare alludes to a similar punishment, in the
"Measure for Measure."

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world :

Act. 3. Sc. 1.

So our immortal Milton,

————— the sport and prey

Of wracking whirlwinds.

P. Lost. b. 2. v. 181.

⁴ Quivi le strida, il compianto, e 'l lamento.]

E l' aria ne senti percossa, e rotta
Da pianti, e d' urli, e da lamento eterno,
Segno evidente; quivi esser l' inferno.

Ariosto. Orl. Furi. Canto 34. St. 4.

Noise, other than the sound of dance and song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Milton's P. Lost, b. 8. v. 244.

5 E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Facendo in aer di se lunga riga.]

Φράζεσθαι δ' εὖτ' ἂν γεράνε φωνὴν ἐπακέσης
ΥΨόθεν ἐκ νεφέων. *Hesiodus ἐν ἔργοις.*

Ἡ ὕτε κλαγγὴ γεράνων πᾶλει ἐρανόθι πρὸ,
Αἴτ' ἔπειδ' ἔν χειμῶνα φύγον, καὶ ἀθεσφατον ὄμβρον.
Homer. Il. l. 3. v. 3.

————— Quales sub nubibus atris
Strymoniaë dant signa grues, atque æthera tranant
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.
Virg. Æn. 10. v. 264.

————— rang'd in figure ———
————— So steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds.
Milton P. Lost, b. 7, v. 430.

6 Ell' è Semiramis.] A celebrated Queen of Assyria, whose uncommon beauty so captivated Ninus, that the monarch requested her husband Menones to surrender her; and offered him instead, his daughter Sosana; but Menones, who tenderly loved Semiramis, refused; and to avoid the violent threats of Ninus, hung himself. Semiramis, instantly on the death of her husband, married Ninus, by whom she had a son named Ninyas. Such was the weak uxoriousness of Ninus, that, at the request of Semiramis, he resigned the crown to her, and commanded her to be proclaimed the sole empress of Assyria. She, in order to establish herself on the throne, put her husband to death. This woman has been accused of the greatest ambition, and of the grossest licentiousness.

7 L' altra è colei, che s'ancise amorosa,
Eruppe fede al cener di Sicheo.]

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo.
Virg. Æn. 1. v. 552.

Dido, the daughter of Belus, King of Tyre; she married Sichæus or Sîcharbus, her uncle, who was priest of Hercules. Dido was celebrated for her beauty, and her subjects wished to compel her to marry Iarbas, King of Mauritania, by whom they were threatened with war if she refused. Dido begged three months to give her decisive answer; and during that time, erected a funeral pile, as if wishing, by a solemn sacrifice, to appease the manes of Sichæus, to whom she had vowed eternal fidelity. When all was prepared she stabbed herself on the pile in the presence of her people, and by this uncommon action, obtained the name of "Dido," "the valiant woman," instead of Elissa.

This happened in Africa, where she had built the citadel of Carthage, which was called Byrsa. According to the learned Bochart, *Bosra* signifies, in the Hebrew and Phœnician languages, a *fortification*: the Greeks afterwards softened Botsra or Bosra, its established name, into *Bυρσα*.

⁸ Poi e Cleopatra lussuriosa.] A queen of Egypt, daughter of Ptolemy Dionysius, remarkable for her exquisite beauty, artifice, and extravagance. She was the mistress of Julius Cæsar and Anthony: the latter is said to have killed himself upon the false information of her death.

⁹ Elena.] Helen of Troy; she is said to have been fastened to a tree, and strangled.

¹⁰ 'L grand Achille—————
Che con amore al fine combatteo.]

Achilles is said to have been enamoured of Polyxena, the daughter of Priam; and while soliciting her hand in the Temple of Minerva, Paris aimed an arrow at his vulnerable heel, and killed him; in the 10th year of the war.

¹¹ Tristano.] This alludes to his criminal connection with La Belle Isonde, his uncle's wife.

¹² La terra.] Ravenna, an ancient town of Italy, celebrated for the mausoleum of Theodoric, King of the Goths.

¹³ Amor ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende.]

So Spenser, as Mr. Upton remarks ;

“ But as it falleth in the gentlest harts
Imperious love hath highest set his throne.”
Faerie Queene, book 3. stan 23.

See Adone by Marino. c. 141. st. 251.

¹⁴ Caina attende.] From *Cain*, the name of the first fratricide. By *Caina* we are to understand that part of the Inferno to which murderers are condemned.

¹⁵ Francesca.] “ Francesca figliuola di Guido da Polenta Signor di Ravenna maritata a Lancillotto uomo deforme di corpo, figliuolo di Malatesta Signor di Rimini, insieme con Paolo avvenentissimo cavaliere, fratello di Lancillotto, e da esso uccisi ambidue in adulterio.” *Sig. Dottore Vincenzo Martineili al Sig. Conte d'Oxford.*

“ Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, married to Lancillotto, a man deformed in person, the son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. His brother Paolo, a very handsome young knight, was caught with her in adultery, when they were both slain by the enraged Lancillotto.”

¹⁶ Di Lancilotto.] Lancilotto, the lover of Ginevra. He was one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table.

CANTO VI.

¹ Quando ci scorse Cerbero, il gran vermo,
Le bocche aperse, &c.]

So Gray in "The Descent of Odiu,"

"Him the dog of darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin."

The original of this fine ode is to be found in Bartholinus de causis contemnendæ mortis; Hafniæ, 1689. quarto. *Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.*

See Mason's Gray.

"Cerbère monstre au corps de chien, à trois gueules, à trois têtes, était toujours aux portes des enfers, pour empêcher les hommes d'y entrer, et les ames qu'il effrayait par ses aboiemens eternels, d'en sortir. Ses trois gueules sont le présent, le passé et l'avenir."

Mirabeau.

² Ciacco.] A word signifying a hog: this name was given to a noble Florentine, remarkable for his gluttony. His real name has not been transmitted to us. Boccaccio, in his Decameron, gior. 9. nov. 8, introduces him in a very entertaining manner. He was so excessively fond of the pleasures of eating, that his whole fortune was insufficient to supply the expenses of his table. He is represented as a man very remarkable for attractive manners, an elegant address, and agreeable conversation.

³ A simil pena stanno
Per simil colpa.]

————— Like in punishment,
As in their crime.

Milton. P. L. b. 10. v. 545.

Both of thy crime and punishment.

P. Lost, b. 5 v. 881.

⁴ Città partita.] The city of Florence divided into

opposite parties, the Bianchi and Neri, (the whites and blacks). “Era allora quella Città divisa, (says Macchiavelli), in Bianchi e Neri: e qualunque di loro desiderava cacciare l'altro; tanto che l'uno, e l'altro dopo molti sospetti vennero all' armi.” *Vita di Castruccio.*

“The city was then divided into the Bianchi and Neri, and each desired to expel the other, so that both, after many suspicions, came to arms.”—*Life of Castruccio.*

5 Parte selvaggia.] The forest-party were those of the White-Faction headed by Veri de' Cherchi, whose opulent family had lately come from Ancona and the woody parts of the Val di Nievole, into the city. To this faction Dante belonged. Corso Donati was the leader of the Black-Faction.

6 Questa caggia.] The Bianchi, headed by Cherchi.

7 Con la forza di tal.] Charles of Valois, who was sent by Boniface the Eighth to Florence to mitigate the faction. He was received honourably by both parties; but as soon as he considered that affairs were ready for his project, he suddenly recalled the exiles of the Black-Faction and banished their antagonists.

8 Giusti son duo.] The names of these two just men are not known.

9 Farinata.] The leader of the Ghibelline-faction.

10 Tegghiaio.] A Florentine of great military talents.

11 Arrigo.] Of the family of the Fisanti.

12 Mosca.] A Florentine who, having advised the assassination of Buondelmonte, was the cause of the detestable factions between the Guelfs and Ghibellines.

13 Jacopo.] A Florentine of an opulent family, but having married a woman of an unhappy and violent temper, was driven into vice and dissipation.

¹⁴ Ritorna a tua scienza.] It was the opinion of the early fathers of the church, that there is an intermediate state of happiness or misery between death and the resurrection; but that after that event, both the bliss of the righteous, and the torments of the wicked shall be augmented.

CANTO VII.

¹ Pape.] This word is derived from the Greek *πόποι*. — “The word *πόποι* is generally used in the vocative case, as an interjection to express some extraordinary affection of the mind, such as sorrow, anger, or admiration:” but Plutarch says, vol. ii. p. 22, that the Dryopes called their Gods by that name. *Δρύοπες δε ΠΟΠΟΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΑΣ καλεῖσι*. What supports this idea is, that the word is used in the nominative, by Lycophron, v. 943.

Τοιγὰρ Πόποι Φύξηλιν ἠνδρωσαν σπώρον.

See Williams's Hom. II.

² Aleppe.] The commentators deduce this word from *Aleph*, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet, and interpret it an exclamation of grief. I should venture to derive *Aleppe* rather from *הלל* *alep*; a word of nearly the same signification as the Greek *πόποι*. Pluto, when he perceives that Virgil and Dante had penetrated his territories with impunity, invokes, in his anger, the assistance of Satan his *הלל* the guide, the præfect, Lord and Prince of the Infernal regions.

³ Strupo.] This word is used in the same sense as the Hebrew *הג* “*adultery*,” intended in scripture to express idolatrous worship, and a revolt of the affections from the Almighty. See *Jer. 3. ver. 8, 9. Jer. 5. verse 7. Ezek. 16. v. 32. 38. Hos. 3. &c.*

⁴ Pulcro.] We frequently meet in Italian poets, such

rhymes as would not be considered allowable in English: for instance, *partake* is not a correspondent sound for *take*, nor does *forgive* answer to *give*, or *descend* to *ascend*: yet *appulcro* in Dante, rhymes to *pulcro*, *riddi* to *cariddi*, *rabuffa* to *buffa*, *diriva* to *riva*, &c.

CANTO VIII.

- ¹ Corda non pinse mai da se saetta,
 Che sî corresse via, per l'aer, snella,
 Com' i' vidi una nave piccioletta
 Venir per l'acqua verso noi in quella.

Thus Virgil describing a full-sailing ship:

—————fugit illa per undas
 Ocyor et jaculo et ventos æquante sagittâ.

Æ. l. 10. v. 248.

Compare Apollon. 2. v. 598.

² Flegias.] (Phlegyas) Ixionis pater, habuit Coronidem filiam quam Apollo vitiavit: quod pater dolens, incendit Apollinis templum et ejus sagittis est ad Inferos detrusus.

Serv.

“Phlegyas, the father of Ixion, had a daughter named Coronis, who was violated by Apollo: whose temple the afflicted father set on fire; but Apollo, by his avenging darts, sent him to hell.”

See Pind. Pyth, 2. and Virg. *Æn.* l. 6. v. 618.

³ Filippo Argenti.] A Florentine remarkable for his irascibility and revengeful passions. See a story of his brutal rage on the unfortunate beau Biondello, admirably told by Boccaccio, in his Decamerone.

Gior. 9. Nov. 8.

⁴ Che più di sette

Volte m'hai sicurtà renduta.] Dante in these lines appears to allude to the dangers he had escaped under

the guidance of Virgil. The first is, the panther, wolf, and lion; the other six are, Charon, Minos, Cerberus, Pluto, Phlegyas, and Filippo Argenti, the Florentine.

⁵ *La scritta morta.* The deadly inscription over the first gate of hell,

“ Per me si va nella città dolente, &c.

Canto 3.

CANTO IX.

¹ *Quella Eriton cruda.*] *Erichtho* was a sorceress of Thessaly, a country celebrated for witchcraft. *Lucan* has portrayed her incantations in rich and glowing colours, in the sixth book of his *Pharsalia*.

² *Di poco era di me la carne nuda.*] *Dante* has been guilty of an anachronism in this place; but one, not so violent as his “*maestro Virgilio*,” committed, who placed *Dido* in Africa at the time of *Æneas*; though in reality she did not arrive there till 300 years after *Troy* was taken. *Virgil* died the 22d of September, in the 51st year of his age, B. C. 19; but the battle of *Pharsalia* was fought on the 12th of May, B. C. 48 years.

³ *Con idre verdissime eran cinte:*
Serpentelli, e ceraste avean per crine.

Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

Virg. Æn. l. 6. v. 281.

Cerastes.] “ So called from *κερας* a horn. He is thus styled in *Sylvester’s Du Bartas*, *the horn’d Cerastes*,” p. 119. *Mr. Bruce* supposes this horned viper to be the aspick, which *Cleopatra* employed to procure her death. I refer the reader to his curious description of this fatal reptile. *Travels, &c. vol. 5. page 198, 210.* *Todd’s Milton*, p. 280.

Pliny says,
Ceraste, aut quas Sepas vocant.

—————spinâque vagi torquente *cerastæ*.
Lucan. Phars. l. 9. v. 717.

Cerastes horn'd, *hydrus*, and elops drear.
Milton. P. Lost. b. 10. v. 525.

⁴ *Megera*.] *Megæra* was the daughter of *Nox* and *Acheron*.

Dicuntur geminæ pestes, cognomine *Diræ*,
 Quas, et tartaream *Nox* intempesta *Megæram*.
 Uno eodemque tulit partu: paribusque revinxit
 Serpentem spiris, ventosasque addidit alas.
Virg. Æn. l. 12. v. 848.

See also *Æschyl. Eumen. 419.*

—————thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd *Megæra*.
Milton. P. Lost. b. 10. v. 560.

⁵ *Aletto*.] *Alecto*, whose head was always represented as bound with serpents, and her visage full of vengeance, war, and pestilence.

Luctificam *Alecto* dirarum ab sede sororum
 Infernisque ciet tenebris: cui tristia bella
 Iræque, insidiæque et crimina, noxia cordi.
Virg. Æ. 7. v. 327.

See also *Æ. l. 10. v. 41.* and *Æ. 7. v. 341.*

⁶ *Tesifone*.] *Tesiphone*, daughter of *Nox* and *Acheron*, was feigned to be the minister of Divine Vengeance; and appointed to punish the wicked in *Tartarus*.

———*Tisiphone* madefactam sanguine sumit
 Importuna facem; fluidoque cruore rubentem
 Induitur pallam, tortoque incingitur ange.
Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 483.

See also *Stat. Theb. 1. v. 59.* *Virg. Georg. 3. v. 552.*
Æ. 6. v. 555.

7 Venga Medusa: si 'l farem di smalto.]

—————passimque per agros

Perque vias vidisse hominum simulacra ferarumque
In silicem ex ipsis visa conversa Medusa.

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 781.

Medusa is feigned to have sprung from Phorcys and Ceto.

8 Tesco.] This alludes to the temerity of Theseus King of Athens, who is feigned to have descended into hell with his friend Pirithous, with a hope of carrying away Proserpina. Pluto, apprized of their intention, seized them and put them to torture. Apollodorus, and others, fancy that they were not long detained in hell: for when Hercules came to steal the dog Cerberus, he tore away Theseus from the huge stone to which he was fastened, but with such violence, that his skin was left behind. The same assistance he gave to Pirithous, in seizing him from the wheel of Ixion his father.

9 Che d' un vento, &c.] This description of a land storm is truly beautiful. Thus Virgil,

Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus

It mare per medium :—————

—————dabit ille ruinas

Arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia latè.

Antevolant, sonitúmque ferunt ad littora venti.

Æ. l. 12. v. 455.

10 Cerbero vostro.] Hercules is feigned to have descended into hell, and to have dragged away Cerberus in a triple chain, of which, says the angel, he still bears the marks, as the skin and hair are peeled off from his neck and throat.

11 Ad Arli ove il Rodano stagna,

— — — — —

Fanno i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo.

So Ariosto,

—Ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,
Piena di sepolture è la campagna.

Orl. Fur. c. 39. st. 72.

Arli.] The city of Arles in Provence; it is large and handsomely built. The country about it is beautifully wooded, and productive of excellent fruit and wines. It is seated on the Rhone, and celebrated for its venerable antiquities.

¹² A Pola.] Pola, an ancient, small, but well-fortified city, in the south of Istria. The ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, and a triumphal arch still exist. It is situated near the gulph of Quarnaro in the Adriatic sea.

CANTO X.

¹ Josaffa.] This alludes to a common opinion of the Jews, that the final judgment will be held *אל עמק יהושפט* "in the valley of Jehosaphet." Joel 3 v. 2. The compound word *יהושפט* has only an appellative application, and signifies Dei judicium, or summum judicium. So the Hebrew passage may be thus rendered, "I will congregate all nations, and cause them to descend into the valley of the judgment of God." Our present translation stands: "I will gather together all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehosaphet."

² Vedi là Farinata.] Farinata Uberti, the most deadly enemy to the family of the Buondelmontes, was, in his principles, a materialist. He, in order to resist the papal encroachment, endeavoured to establish the Ghibelline or imperial power in Italy.

At this time Manfred, or Manfroi, a natural son to Frederic the Second, under whose tuition and care Conradin the infant heir of Naples had been consigned, usurped the empire of Sicily, and raised a violent commo-

tion against the pope; and consequently rekindled the eager hopes of the Ghibellines. The faction under Farinata Uberti took arms against the enraged populace, who had attached themselves to the Guelfs, and were raging for liberty. The Ghibellines were instantly worsted, and compelled to take refuge at Siena. Soon after the Si- nese revolted against the Ghibellines, and, while they considered themselves in safety, they were furiously at- tacked by Farinata, at the head of a detachment of Manfred's forces: and, after an obstinate conflict, were thrown into violent disorder, and routed with a prodi- gious slaughter of their nobility. This victory incensed the animosity of the Ghibellines to extirpate entirely the papal faction, and to raze their city to the ground. But Farinata generously rose to its defence, and successfully opposed their designs. He entered Florence in triumph, and nobly declared that his motive of taking arms was only to secure for himself a safe asylum in his native city. And thus, the Guelf party were expelled a se- cond time, and fled to Bologna, and afterwards united themselves to the papal faction at Parma.

³ Un ombra.] This shade is understood to be Caval- canti, an adherent to the White-faction. He was of an illustrious family of Florence, but a strenuous Epicurean.

⁴ Mio Figlio.] The son of Cavalcanti was Guido, the bosom friend of Dante. Guido preferred the researches of philosophy to the captivating graces of poetry; hence is explained this passage, "Guido vostro ebbe a disdeg- no." "Virgil, whom thy son Guido held in contempt."

⁵ Ma non cinquanta volte.] Cavalcanti thus predicts to Dantè his exile in less than fifty months.

⁶ Arbia.] The Guelf-party were conquered with great slaughter "sopra il fiume dell' Arbia." "At the river Arbia," which rises in the territory of Florence, passes through that of Sienna, and discharges itself into the Om- bronza.

7 Ch' ha mala luce.] Perhaps the poet here alludes to the well-known defect of vision, arising from the diminished convexity of the eye in old age; and which is counteracted by the use of lenses.

8 Come di mia colpa compunto.] Dantè was stung with compunction for his error in not replying immediately to Cavalcante, who enquired whether his son Guido was yet alive. Dantè having delayed to answer, he concluded that his son was really dead, and therefore sank down in his tomb in despair.

9 Secondo Frederico.] Frederick the Second, emperor of Germany, the grandson of Barbarossa, and son of Henry the Sixth, was born in 1194; his mother was Constantia, a professed nun, who was compelled to marriage. Frederick went into the Holy Land, and obtained a truce with the sultan of Babylon for two years. This conduct so excited the animosity of Pope Gregory the Ninth, that he anathematised and deposed the emperor. Burning with a desire of punishing the insolence of the pope, Frederick returned into Italy, and immediately took possession of Apulia and Sicily; and, to insult the pope, settled a colony of Saracens at Nocera, in Apulia. He is supposed, by some, to have retired to Puglia, after the people had elected Henry of Thuringia to be emperor, and there to have died of chagrin in 1250, aged 57. Others suppose that he was stifled with a wet cloth by his natural son Manfred.

10 Cardinale.] Ottaviano Ubaldini, whose influence was so very great, that he was universally called "E' l Cardinale."

11 Di quella.] Beatrice, who was to conduct Dantè through Paradise.

CANTO XI.

¹ Anastagio Papa.] The identity of this pontiff, who, according to Dantè, was a follower of Photinus, a Greek heretic, is doubted. Baronius, in his learned "Annal. Eccl. anno 497," and Bellarmine, in his "Rom. Pon. cap 10," strenuously contend that Anastasius the Fourth was not his pupil, while others suppose Anastasius the Second to be the person here intended.

² D' ogni malizia, ch' odio in cielo acquista
Ingiuria, &c.]

So Cicero de Officiis, lib. prim. "Cum autem duobus modis, aut vi, aut fraude fiat injuria; fraus quasi vulpeculæ, vis, leonis videtur: utrumque homine alienissimum: sed fraus odio digna majore."

"Injury may be offered by two modes, the one by violence, the other fraud: fraud seems to belong to a fox, and violence to a lion; both are very unbecoming a rational being, but fraud deserves the greater detestation."

³ Caorsa.] A city of Provence, remarkable for its number of usurers, who, in the time of Dantè, were addicted to the grossest extortions, and demanded unqualified interest for their money.

⁴ Con le quai la tua Etica pertratta.]

Aristotle's Ethics. Μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα λεκτέον ἄλλην ποιησαμένους ἀρχὴν, ὅτι τῶν περὶ τὰ ἦθη φευκτῶν τρία εἰς ἑῖδη κακία ἀκροῦσθαι θηριότης." L. vii. c. 1.

After these things, we proceed, making another division, to observe that, with respect to morals, there are three kind of things to be avoided, malice, incontinence, and brutishness.

⁵ E se tu ben la tua Fisica note.] Arist. ΦΥΣ. ΑΚΡ. I. ii. c. ii. ἡ τέχνη μιμεῖται τὴν φύσιν. Art imitates nature.

6 Lo Genesi.] Genesis, chap. ii. ver. 14. Man was intended by the Almighty for labour and the prosecution of art: he was therefore placed in the garden of Eden to cultivate it; as

ויקח יהוה אלהים את-הארם
וינחהו בגן-ערן לעברהו לשמרה

So the Lord God took Adam and placed him in the garden of Eden, to cultivate and keep it safe.

Labour was more strongly imposed on man after his transgression, as Gen. chap. iii v. 19.

בועת אפך תאכל לחם

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.

So the usurer acts in opposition to the Divine Will; he is, as the miser, a selfish character, but a greater pest to society.

7 Coro.] The north-west wind.

CANTO XII.

¹ Di qua da Trento l' Adice percosse.] Dantè alludes to the eminence of Monte Barco, which formerly stood between Trevigi and Trento.

² L' infamia di Creti.] The Minotaur, a fabulous monster of Crete, half a man and half a bull,
Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.

Ovid.

³ Tu credi, che qui sia 'l Duca d' Atene.] This Athenian was Theseus, son to Ægeus, king of Athens. He went to Crete among the seven youths, who were annually exacted by the Cretan monarch, to be devoured by the Minotaur. When arrived, Ariadne, the sister of the monster, was suddenly enamoured of Theseus, and gave him a clue, which conducted him in safety through the labyrinth where the Minotaur lodged. Theseus, after having destroyed him, sailed from Crete with the other

six youths and seven virgins, whom his victory had rescued from death.

⁴ Che venisse colui.] Our Saviour. See Canto 4, and notes.

⁵ Chiron.] A fabulous monster. One of the centaurs, half a man and half a horse.

⁶ Nesso.] Nessus, one of the centaurs, whom Hercules is feigned to have employed, to carry his wife Dejanira across the river Evenus. He offered violence to her on the opposite shore; but was immediately shot with a poisoned arrow by Hercules. The centaur, in his last moments, gave his tunic, tingured with his envenomed blood, to Dejanira, assuring her that it had the power of restraining her husband from unlawful pleasures. She, actuated by jealousy, sent it to her husband, who, as soon as he had put it on, was seized with a fit of madness, and expired in tortures.

⁷ Folo.] Pholus, one of the centaurs.

⁸ E che porti costui in su la groppa.] As Æneas bore his aged father Anchises on his shoulders through the flames of Troy, so Virgil, in the shades below, still employs this method of conveyance. Dantè, therefore, mounted on the back of a centaur, was safely carried across the river of blood. Fray Luis de Granada, a Spanish author, employs a similar expression: he describes the four elements as speaking to man on the services which each respectively renders him. "El Cielo dice: yo te alumbro de dia y de noche, porque no andes á obscuras." "The heaven says: I give thee light by day and by night, because thou shouldst not walk in darkness." "El ayre dice: yo te doy aliento de vida, yo te refresco." "The air says: I give thee the food of life, I refresh thee." "El agua dice: yo te servo con las lluvias." "The water says: I serve thee with rivers," &c. But the earth ludicrously says, "Yo como madre, te traygo á cuestras; y te sustento con los frutos de mis en-

transas." "I, as a mother, carry thee on my shoulders, and I sustain thee with the fruits of my entrails."

9 Alessandro.] Alexander of Pheræ, in Thessaly, a most inhuman tyrant. He made war against the Macedonians. He was murdered by means of Thebe, his wife, whose room he usually searched every night, apprehensive of some daggers concealed there to take away his life. Plutarch says, that Thebe was threatened with instant death by her two brothers, whom the tyrant was about to put to death, if she refused to assist them in assassinating her cruel husband. She therefore, one night, removed the sword from the bed of the tyrant; the assassins rushed into the room and murdered him. Alexander, though his heart was indurated, and familiarized to bloodshed, is said to have wept at the representation of a tragedy of Euripides.

10 Dionisio fero.] Dionysius the atrocious tyrant of Syracuse.

11 Azzolino] Azzolino di Romano, a most merciless tyrant in the Marca Trivigiana. He desolated all the country from Bologna to Padua with fire and sword. He shut up twelve thousand prisoners in a vast forest, and commanded them to be set on fire.

Villani. Hist. Flor.

12 Obizzo da Esti.] Marquis of Ferrara, of the illustrious family of the Esti, who had, by his atrocities and oppression, accumulated an immense fortune. He was at last murdered by his own son, (whom Dante calls his step-son, in horror of the unnatural act,) in order to obtain his vast riches.

13 Colui fesse in grembo a Dio lo cor.] Henry d'Almaine, who, during divine service at the altar of the great church of Viterbo in Italy, was assassinated by Guy of Montfort, in revenge of the death of his father, who, heading the Barons of England against Henry the third, was slain at the battle of Evesham. A. D. 1272.

14 Ove la tirannia convien che gema.]

This line reminds me of the first stanza in Gray's "Hymn to Adversity."

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best.
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly grin,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

The third line of this stanza is borrowed from Milton,

"The scourge
Inexorable and the torturing hour
Call us to penance."

P. Lost.

Gray has here happily employed the term "*adamantine chain*," so common to our first poets.

Pope has also used it judiciously,

"In *adamantine chains* shall death be bound."

The seventh line was perhaps suggested from Horace, "*purpurei metuunt tyranni*," or from Dante, "*Ove la tirannia convien, che gema*."

The last line is taken from Milton,

"*With pangs unfelt before*."

P. Lost.

15 Attila.] Attila, King of the Huns, surnamed "*The scourge of God*." A man remarkable for his atrocities and extensive conquests throughout Europe. See an animated account of his character and savage devastations, in Gibbon's *Rome*. Chap. 34 and 35. vol. 6. 1797.

16 E. Pirri.] Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

17 Sesto.] Vellutelli conjectures this tyrant to be Sex-

tus Claudius Nero; others think Sextus the son of Tarquin the Proud.

¹⁸ A Rinier Pazzo

A Rinier da Corneto.]

Two noblemen who were conspicuous in the horrible factions in Florence. Their depredations filled all the public ways with bloodshed and violence.

CANTO XIII.

¹ Cecina.] A small river not very distant to the south of Leghorn. *Corneto* is a little town on the same coast.

² Strofade.] Strophades, ante Zacynthum xxxv. m. pass. in Eurum Strophades duæ, ab aliis Πλωταὶ dictæ.

Plin. N. H. 4. 12. s. 19.

—————Strophades Graio stant nomine dictæ
Insulæ Ionio in magno.

Virg. Æ. 3. v. 210.

See also Hom. *Odyss.* lib. 4.

³ Ale hanno late.] This fine description of the Harpies is imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* 3. v. 216. and Virgil has taken the passage from Apollon. in lib. 2. 178. *Argonauticorum*.

⁴ I credo, ch' ei credette, ch' io credesse.] An unpleasant play on the words.

⁵ Colsi un ramuscel, &c.] “I believe that the reader need not be put in mind; that this is taken from Virgil; where Æneas plucking a bough of myrtle, sees from the rift drops of blood trickling down, &c.”

“’Tis no wonder that Ariosto (who is an allegorical and a moral writer, as well as a romance writer,) should copy this tale from Virgil.—Ruggiero having tied his winged horse to a myrtle tree; the ghost, which was therein lodged by enchantment, speaks to him, and tells him he

was formerly a knight, but by the witchcraft of Alcina he was transformed into a tree; and that others were changed into various beasts and other forms: the true image of the man being lost through sensuality." *Orl. Fur.* c. vi. Other poets might be mentioned who tell the same kind of stories. See *Ovid. Met.* viii. 761. *Tasso.* c. xiii. 41. The same kind of allusion we meet with in *Shakspeare*, where *Prospero* tells *Ariel* that he found him confined by the witch *Sycorax*

"Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years."

So *Spenser*,

"He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the
same," &c. *Upton.*

⁶ *Pur con la mia rime.*] An allusion to the story of *Polydorus*. *Virg. Æn.* lib. 3. v. 26.

⁷ *I' son colui, che tenni ambo le chiavi, &c.*] This courtier was *Piero delle Vigne*, a *Capuan* by birth. He emerged, by his talents, from the lowest obscurity, to the highest offices under *Frederic the second*. His knowledge of the law, and his power of eloquence, soon gained him the entire confidence of the emperor. His sudden rise excited the envy of all the elder courtiers, who, by means of fictitious letters, supplanted him from his exalted situation. They intimated, by these letters, that *Piero delle Vigne* held a secret and traitorous correspondence with *Innocent the Fourth*; and that he was promised by that pope a splendid reward, if he could contrive to poison his sovereign. *Frederic*, too credulous and cruel, commanded that this unjustly accused courtier should lose his sight. The minister, driven to despair, put an end to his existence by violently dashing out his brains against the walls of a church in *Pisa*, 1245.

Piero dell'e Vigne is supposed to have written verses in

the Sicilian dialect, and to have composed, as the opposite Guelf writers affirm, the infamous book of the "*Three Impostors*," (Moses, Mahomet, and our blessed Saviour.)

Ambo le chiavi del cuor.] "Saint Peter's *two keys* in the gospel," says Mr. Warton, "seem to have supplied modern poetry with the allegoric machinery of *two keys*, which are variously used. In Dante's *Inferno*, the ghost of a courtier of the Emperor Frederic tells Virgil, that he had possessed *two keys*, with which he locked or unlocked his master's heart.

And hence perhaps the *two keys*, although with a different application, which Nature, in Gray's Ode on the Power of Poetry, presents to the infant Shakspear. See also Dante's *Inferno*. c. 27. In *Comus* an admired poetical image was perhaps suggested by Saint Peter's golden key. v. 13.

—————that *golden key*
That opes the palace of eternity."

Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis.

Quint. Nov. v. 101.

The figure of Truth in Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*, holds in her left hand

—————"a curious bunch of *golden keys*,
With which Heaven's gate she locketh and displays."

P. Fletcher in his description of the pope, *Locusts*, 1627. p. 64. says,

"And in his hand two *golden keyes* he beares,
To open heav'n and hell, and shut againe."

He also gives *Sedition two keys*, with which she is to open and shut the gates of heaven and hell. C. 7. st. 61.

Sylvester also, in his translation of *Du Bartas*, presents a *goldon key* to Nature. P. 393.

⁸ Lano.] Lano was sent on a military expedition from Sienna, his native place, to assist the Florentines, who

were in opposition to the Aretini. He had exhausted his patrimony by excessive prodigality, and voluntarily exposed himself to the thickest of the battle, and was slain. This engagement happened at Toppo, not far from Arezzo.

9 O Jacopo.] Jacopo da Sant' Andrea, was by birth a Paduan, who had dissipated his property in the wildest acts of profusion. He put a period to his life of wanton and criminal dissipation in a fit of despair.

10 I' fui della città.] He was a native of Florence; but the name of this suicide is unknown.

11 Che nel Batista
Cangiò 'l primo padrone.]

The church of the Baptist was formerly the temple of Mars.

CANTO XIV.

1 La carità del natio loco.] *Carità* is used in its ancient signification as in Cicero. "Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium *caritates* patria una complexa est."

Cicero de Officiis, 1. 17.

2 Da' piè di Caton.] Dante alludes to the famous march of Cato through the burning sands of Lybia, after his conquest over Pompey's army. Lucan has given a brilliant description of this journey, in the ninth book of his *Pharsalia*.

3 Pioven di fuoco *dilatate falde*.]

So Tasso,

Fiamma dal cielo in *dilatate falde*.

Ger. Lib. c. 10. st. 61.

4 Alessandro.] This fabulous incident is mentioned in

Albertus Magnus, (*de mirabilibus mundi.*) He says that in India, Alexander the Great, to prevent the sulphurous vapours that rose from the earth, which being enkindled by the sun, descended again in showers of fire on his soldiers, ordered that the soil should be turned up.

⁵ Com 'esca sotto focile.] A simile should not only illustrate, but add strength to an image; this, on the contrary, weakens and diminishes the grand conception of Dante.

⁶ In Mongibello alla fucina negra.] Mon-Gibel, is a name given by the inhabitants to Mount Etna in Sicily.

⁷ Flegra.] Phlegra, a city of Macedonia, where the giants were feigned to have fought with the gods.

⁸ O Capaneo.] Capaneus, one of the seven kings who invaded Thebes; he was famous for his valour and blasphemy. When he went to the Theban war he declared that he would take Thebes in spite of Jupiter; who, to punish his impiety, struck him dead with his thunder-bolts.

————— Nam jam discordia Thebæ

Bella movent, dixit: Capaneusque nisi ab Jove vinci
Haud poterit. *Ovid. Met. lib. 9. v. 404.*

See Eurip. in Phœniss.—Æschyl. Sept. Ante Theb.—
and Statius Theb. l. 10. v. 821.

⁹ Bulicame.] Landino affirms that Bulicame is a medicinal spring, whose water runs through Viterbo, and passes by a place of ill-fame, and also through the public stews.

¹⁰ Creta

Sotto 'l cuirege.]

Saturn, who, according to mythological history, reigned in Crete.

“La soif de regner lui fit accepter la couronne de Titan, son frère aîné, a condition qu’il n’élèverait point d’enfans mâles, et qu’il les dévorerait aussitôt après leur naissance. Cependant Rhée, son épouse, trouva moyen de soustraire à sa cruauté Jupiter, Neptune et Pluton, en emmaillottant à leur place des pierres, que Saturne avala. Titan ayant vu que son frère avait des enfans mâles contre la foi jurée, arma contre lui, et le fit prisonnier. Jupiter le délivra et le rétablit sur son trône, mais son père lui ayant tendu des pièges, Jupiter le chassa. Saturne se trouva en Italie, où il enseigna l’agriculture aux hommes, et son règne fut si heureux qu’on l’appella l’âge d’or. Ilaïma Phylire, et se métamorphosa en cheval pour tromper la jalousie de sa femme, qui cependant le surprit; il eut de sa maîtresse le Centaure Chiron.

Sous la fable de Saturne, dit Cicéron, se cache un sens physique assez beau. On a entendu par Saturne, celui qui préside au temps, et qui en règle les dimentions: son nom vient de ce qu’il dévore les années, et c’est pour cela qu’on a feint qu’il mangeait ses enfans, car le temps consume toutes les années qui s’écoulent; mais, de peur qu’il n’allât trop vite, Jupiter l’a enchaîné, c’est-à-dire, l’a soumis au cours des astres qui sont comme ses liens.”

Mirabeau.

¹¹ Damiata.] “Damiata a city of Egypt on one of the more eastern mouths of the Nile.” *Hume.*

¹² La sua testa &.] This passage is taken from Daniel, chap. 2. v. 32 & 33.

הוא עלמא ראשה די־דהבטב: חרוהי ודרעוהי די כסף
מעוהי וירכתה די נחש: שקוהי די פרול רגלוהי מנהיין די
פרול ומנהיין די חסף:

The head of this image was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass. His legs of iron, his feet partly of iron and partly of clay.

In this figurative image, according to the opinions of

the best commentators, we have typified a succession of the most remarkable events of history. The head of gold is supposed to allude to Assyria, the first of the great empires. Isaiah calls Babylon מִדְּהַבָּה the *golden city*. The silver arms represent the united powers of the Medes and Persians under Cyrus. The belly and thighs of brass represent the Grecian empire of Alexander the Great. The Greeks were famous for being “*χαλκοχιτώνες Ἀχαιοί*,” “*the brazen-coated Greeks.*” The legs of iron and clay are figurative of the Roman empire, the two legs the two consuls; iron its stability, and clay its base mixture of the people with barbarous nations. The ten toes are its subsequent division into ten lesser kingdoms.

So commentators advance that the statue on Mount Ida is intended by Dante to represent Time; the different metals of which it is composed, typify the degeneracy of different ages: and the tears, which distill from the fissures in the statue, and form the four infernal rivers, are figurative of the spreading vices of mankind.

¹³ La ove vannol’anime a lavarsi.] This is understood to mean purgatory.

CANTO XV.

¹ Chiarentano.] From this part of the Alps, the river Brenta derives its source.

² Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna.] A simile too ludicrous for the occasion.

³ Siete voi qui ser Brunetto.] Brunetto Latini, the tutor of Dante, and professor of philosophy and rhetoric, at Florence.

⁴ Di quei Roman.] The lineal ancestry of Dante

was derived from the first Roman colony that settled in Florence.

⁵ Con altro testo.] The prediction of Farinata that Dante would find his return from exile very difficult.

⁶ Priscian.] Priscian, the celebrated grammarian of Cæsarea. He preceded Donatus and Servius, the "triumviri in re grammaticá."

⁷ Francesco d' Accorso.] Or Accursius, "an eminent lawyer, born at Bagnolo, near Florence, in 1182, studied at Bologna under Azzon, and was professor of law in that university. Though he began the study of law at a late period of life, he made such proficiency as to become an eminent preceptor. Having observed, that the numerous comments which had been made upon the code, the institutes, and the digests, only served to involve the subjects in obscurity and contradiction, he undertook the great work of uniting the whole into one body, retrenching superfluities, and giving consistency and harmony to the whole. It is said, that being informed of a similar work begun by Odofred, another lawyer of Bologna, he pretended to be ill, and interrupting his public lectures, shut himself up, till he had, with the utmost expedition, completed his design. His work, entitled "A Perpetual Commentary," was much valued: it is printed with the "Body of Law," published in six volumes, folio, at Lyons, in 1627. Accorso died in the year 1260, and left great riches. His son, the younger Francis Accorso, (who is mentioned by Dantè), succeeded him in the chair of law; and in 1273 accompanied Edward I. on his return from the crusade to England. Bayle. Moreri, Hist. de la Lit. de l'Italie par Landi. lib. 6, n. 45." *Dr. Enfield, Biog. Dict.*

⁸ Colui.] Andrea de' Mozzi, an infamous bishop of Florence.

⁹ Tesoro.] The "Tesoro," is the laborious work of

Brunetto. It is divided into four parts: "Cosmogony and Theology; a translation of Aristotle's Ethics; Virtues and Vices; and Rhetoric."

CANTO XVI.

¹ Nepote fu della buona Gualdrada.] Gualdrada was married to Guido, Count of Casentino. She bore him two sons Guglielmo and Ruggieri, the latter of whom was the father of Guidoguerra.

"At the recommendation of Pope Clement IV. the Florentines made Guidoguerra their general, and marched in a body to join Charles of Anjou's army in the plains of Mantua. They were received with peculiar honours by Charles and his generals; and their historians have given us a detail of the complimentary speeches that passed between Charles and Guido upon this occasion. The king immediately directed his march towards Monte Casino, where he entered his new kingdom, and where the Florentines gave the first specimens of their courage in his service, by taking one of Manfred's forts, which the historians distinguish by no other name than that of "the German town." A great number of other places surrendered to Charles, whose progress was so rapid, that Manfred resolved to put the whole to a short issue. Charles being equally forward, both armies drew up in order of battle in the plains of Benevento, the country of the ancient Samnites. Manfred then ordered the signal for battle. Guido was at the head of the Florentines: their courage in the battle was answerable to their warlike appearance. Manfred's army was defeated, and he himself killed. Amongst the prisoners made by the Florentines were several of their capital enemies, particularly Jordano, who, four years before, had defeated them near Sienna, and who finished his life in pri-

son. By this victory Charles became possessed of all the kingdom of Naples, in 1266."

History of Florence, 33 vol. of Universal History.

² E Tegghiajo Aldobrandi.] A noble Florentine of the family of the Adimari. He signalized himself by his military talents in that detestable faction of the Guelfs and Ghibellines.

³ Jacopo Rusticucci fui; e certo
La fiera moglie, più ch'altro, mi nuoce.]

An opulent Florentine, who was esteemed for his generosity, and elevated spirit; but to avoid the savage temper of his wife, was carried away into the whirlpool of dissipation.

⁴ Che Guiglielmo Borsiere, il qual si duole.] Guiglielmo Borsiere, a Florentine of great urbanity of manners: his conversation was remarkable for its sweetness and elegance. See a story related of him in the Decameron of Boccaccio, giorn. 1, nov. 3.

⁵ Prender la lonza alla pelle dipinta.] The painted leopard mentioned in the first canto, which the commentators conceive to mean, allegorically, "pleasure or luxury."

CANTO XVII.

¹ Ecco la fiera con la coda aguzza, &c.]

"It is very plain to me that Spenser had Dante in view," (in his description of Error. Faerie Queene, book 1, stanza 14, 15.)

"A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :

.

“ Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide.

“ But th’ other halfe did woman’s shape retaine.

“ And as she lay upon the durtie ground

“ Her huge long taile her den all overspred,

“ Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,

“ Pointed with mortal sting.”

Many *boughtes*, i. e. many circular folds, as Milton paraphrases it, “ In many a scaly fold.” What follows, “ pointed with mortal sting,” is imitated also by Milton—

————— a serpent arm’d
With mortal sting.

“ The tail of Error was pointed with mortal sting;” this our poet very finely takes from Revel. 9. v. 7. where the locusts are described with human faces, the hair of women with tails like scorpions, and there were *stings in their tails*. Let me add what Dio writes of the monster on the Lybic ocean, (Λιβυκὸς Μύθος, Orat. v.) τὸ μὲν πρῶσωπον γυναικεῖον—καὶ τὸ κάτω πᾶν ὄφιν.

Vida thus paints the infernal spirits.

“ Pube tenus hominum facies; verum hispida in anguem
“ Desinet ingenti sinuata volumina caudâ.”

Upton.

Romance delights in the exhibition of these heterogeneous personages. Thus Melusine is painted: “ Quand Raymondin eut veu Melusine qui estoit en la cuue iusques au nombril en figure de femme et peignoit ses cheueux, et du nombril en basen figure de la queue d’ vn serpent grosse comme une quaque à haranc et forte longue, &c. Hist. de Melusine. nouv. impr. Troyes 1625.” *Todd.*

² Nè fur tai tele per Aragne imposte.] Alluding to the fabulous account of Arachne, a woman of Colophon, who, on account of her skill in needle work and embroidery, is feigned to have challenged Minerva. She was,

however, defeated by the goddess, and hung herself in despair. Pliny tells us that she was the first, who found out the art of spinning and weaving.

See Ovid, Met. 6. v. 8.

³ Che dal collo a ciascun pendea una tasca.] Landino conjectures that the armorial bearings inscribed on the purses which hung from the neck of each were intended by Dante to imply, that the usurer can pretend to no other respect, than that, which is derived from his family and his purse.

⁴ In una borsa gialla vidi azzurro
Che di lionea avea faccia e contegno.]

“A yellow purse inwrought with azure having on it the countenance and port of a lion:” the arms of the Gianfigliuzzi, a Florentine family.

⁵ Un’ altra, più che sangue rossa,
Mostrare un’ oca bianca, più che burro.]

“Another purse redder than blood, displaying a goose whiter than curd:” the arms of the Ubbriachi of Florence.

⁶ Eun, che d’una scrofa azzurra e grossa
Segnato avea lo suo sacchetto bianco.]

“And one who bore a fat and azure swine inscribed upon his white scrip;” the armorial bearings of the Scrovigni, a Paduan family of high distinction.

⁷ Sappi, che ’l mio vicin Vitaliano.] Vitaliano del Dente, a Paduan, very notorious for his extortion and usury.

⁸ Venga il cavalier sovrano
Che recherà la tasca co’ tre becci.]

“Let that sovereign knight come, who will bring the pouch marked with three birds of prey:” the arms of

Giovanni Bujamonti, a Florentine, and the prince of usurers.

9 ————— muoviti omai ;
Le ruote larghe, e lo scender sia poco.]

This reminds me of the flight of the Hippogriff, upon which the magician Atlante rode.

Accelerando il volator le penne
 Con *larghe ruote* in terra a por si venne.
Ariosto. Orl. Fur. c. 4. st. 24.

¹⁰ Quando Fetonte abbandonò gli freni.]

The poet alludes to the fabulous fate of Phæton, who, to prove his parentage and actuated by ambition, obtained from Apollo, his father, the guidance of the chariot of the sun, for one day, and by his want of management set the world on fire.

¹¹ Nè quando Icaro.] This alludes to the fate of Icarus, who is feigned to have been furnished, by his father Dædalus, with wings. Icarus, in his flight soared too near the sun, melted the wax that connected his pinions, and fell headlong into the sea.

See Ovid. Met. lib. 8. v. 195.

¹² Discende lasso, onde si muove snello,
Per cento ruote, e da lungi si pone.]

So the descent of Mercury is described in the comedy of *Lingua*:

First I beheld him houering in the aire
 And then down stouping in an *hundred gires*.

CANTO XVIII.

¹ Detto Malebolgè.] We are to consider that part

of the Infernal world called Malebolgè as a vast amphitheatre, having within it a series of other amphitheatres separated into gulphs by circular ramparts of rock.— Over these ramparts or partitions, reaching from the external circumference across to the central depth, bridges are thrown, on which the poets pass, and successively survey the different gulphs below, which are filled with tortured spirits.

² Come i Roman per l'esercito molto.] The Cardinal Cajetan, nephew of Pope Boniface VIII. in a treatise concerning the Jubilee, relates that the Romans, in the beginning of the year, voluntarily assembled in crowds at the Vatican church, to obtain a remission of their sins by penitence and devotion. Boniface, by strict enquiry, discovered an old man of a hundred and seven years of age, who had heard from his father that he went to Rome to be present at the jubilee in 1200. The pope, therefore, renewed this ancient institution, and issued a bull in the beginning of a new century, A. D. 1300, promising a full remission of sins to all penitent sinners, who should visit the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul for fifteen days. The author of the chronicle of Parma, lib. 9, p. 842, affirms that the people flocked from all Europe, and that they had every day, on the Claudian, road, the appearance of a vast army. To prevent, therefore, the confusion, which must be occasioned by the throng in passing over the bridge of St. Angelo, Boniface ordered that a separate partition should divide the road during the time of the jubilee, and that all those, who were returning, should keep on one side, and those going to St. Peter's, on the other.

³ Venedico se' tu Caccianimico.] A Bolognese, who being promised a splendid reward, persuaded his sister Ghisola, celebrated for her beauty, to prostitute herself to Obizzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara. Venedico pretended to have in his possession a written contract of marriage, from the Marquis; and consequently suc-

ceeded in the infamous design of seducing his own sister.

⁴ A dicer *sipa* tra Savena e'l Reno.] *Sipa* is a Bolognese expression for *si* and *sia*. Tassoni in his "Secchia rapita," "*The Rape of the Bucket*," the first heroi-comic poem, composed in a few months in the year 1611, and published at Paris 1622, calls the Bolognese "*Il popolo del sipa*." Bologna, that elegant land of literature, is situated between the rivers Savena on the east, and Reno on the west.

⁵ Quelli è Jason.] Jason is placed as the chief among the seducers. He betrayed the virgin Hypsiphyle, who, when the women of Lemnos had conspired to murder all their males, deceived the other women by concealing her father Thoas. See *Apoll. Rhod. lib. 1. stat. 5. Theb.*—*Ovid Heroid 6*.

⁶ E anche di Medea si fa vendetta.] When Jason came to Corinth in quest of the golden fleece, Medea became enamoured of him; the lovers, in the temple of Hecate, bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to preserve mutual fidelity. They lived some years together in conjugal felicity; but the love of Jason for Glauce, daughter of King Creon, soon put a period to their mutual harmony. Medea, however, revenged the infidelity of Jason, by the death of Glauce. See *Apollod. lib. 1. c. 9. Eurip. in Med. Plut. in Thes. Lucan 4. v. 556*.

⁷ Alessio Interminei da Lucca.] Alessio, an infamous parasite of Lucca.

⁸ Ho io grazie
Grandi appo te, anzi maravigliose.]

Here Dante alludes to a passage in the Eunuchus of Terence, where Thraso, the vainly glorious soldier, to ingratiate himself with the courtesan Thais, sends her a beautiful virgin, as a present. The young woman was

conducted to Thais, by Gnatho the parasite. Thraso and he are introduced in the beginning of the third act, as first meeting after the delivery of the present : Thraso enquires of the parasite how it had been received ; he replied that Thais had expressed her thanks in the most flattering manner. Thus Gnatho gratifies the conceit and vain boasting of the soldier, and hears the magnificent account of himself and his exploits, with counterfeited admiration. The passage is in act 3, s. 1.

Thraso.] Magnas vero agere gratias Thais mihi ?

Gnatho.] Ingentes. Thraso. Ain'tu, læta est ?

Gnatho.] Non tam ipso quidem dono, quam àbs te datum esse : id vero seriò triumphat.

CANTO XIX.

¹ O Simon Mago.] “ From the imaginary resemblance between the purchase of a benefice and *Simon Magus's* attempt to purchase the gift of the Holy Ghost, Acts 8. v. 19. the obtaining of a presentation by pecuniary consideration has been called *Simony*.”

Paley's Moral Philosophy.

² San Giovanni.] The author compares the cells in the livid rock, in which the Simonists were punished, to the baptismal fonts in the church of St. John the baptist, at Florence. Dante, while he was prior, had broken one of these fonts to extricate a child, who had fallen in by accident, and was in great danger of drowning. This kind action was designedly misrepresented by the opposite faction ; the poet, therefore, has stated the real fact, and the motive in these lines,

Rupp' io per un, che dentro v' annegava ;
E questo sia suggel, ch' ogni uomo sganni.

The baptismal church of St. John is an octagon: and all children, born in the city and in the neighbourhood, must be christened in this church: its doors of bronze are so beautiful, that Michael Angelo frequently said, that they deserved to be the doors of Paradise.

³ Se 'tu già costì ritto, Bonifazio?] This spirit was Nicholas III. he mistook Dante for the shade of Boniface VIII. come to supply his place of torture. He was surprised at his sudden arrival, as a prophesy had predicted his death, at a much later period. Boniface was at this time in his plenitude of power. He filled the chair for eight years, and died in 1303.

⁴ La bella donna, e di poi farne strazio?] Dante, in these lines, alludes to the intrigues and fraud employed by Nicholas to procure the pontificate, and to his infamous abuse of the sacred function after he had obtained it.

⁵ Dell' orsa.] As this great Simonist was descended from the *Orsini* family, the poet calls him "figliuol dell orsa," "son of the *she-bear*;" Nicholas obtained the tiara in 1277, and died of an apoplexy in 1281.

⁶ Un pastor, senza legge.] This was Clement the Fifth, who, at the instigation of Philip the Fair, King of France, succeeded to the pontificate in 1305. His former name was Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bourdeaux. He transferred the papal see to Avignon in 1308, more conveniently to carry on an intrigue with the Countess of Foix. His death happened in 1314.—His incontinence and avarice equalled his simony.

⁷ Nuovo Jason sarà, di cui si legge
Ne' Maccabei.] *2nd Maccabees*, c. 4.

"Jason, high-priest of the Jews, and brother to Onias III. whom he divested of that dignity, by purchasing it of Antiochus Epiphanes with a sum of money. At

length Aretas, King of the Arabians, endeavouring to get him into his hands, he fled into Egypt; and not believing himself to be secure there, he went for refuge to Lacedemon, a city in alliance with the Jews, to whom the Lacedemonians said they were related. But he died there, and his body remained without burial, there being none in the place who had any compassion for him, or were inclined to pay the last offices to him, which are not refused even to strangers. Jason enjoyed the high-priesthood no longer than from the year of the world 3830 to 3832, when Menelaus was appointed in his room." *Dict. of the Holy Bible.*

⁸ Chi Francia regge.] "Philip IV. on account of the beauty of his countenance, and the elegance of his whole person, has been surnamed the Fair. He was crafty in his treaties and unfaithful to his word. This want of sincerity involved him in wars. The disgusting vulgarity which Philip and Boniface VIII. employed in their quarrels, has been much censured. The pope, in one of his letters to this monarch, said: "None but a madman can doubt of the right which I have to call you to an account for your conduct, and to give you correction."

The king replied: "Your foolishness must know that I despise your advice as much as I do your commands." The cause of the dispute was, that the pontiff had forbidden the clergy to suffer any money to be levied on them without his permission. This dispute was the origin of the first check given in France to the authority of the popes, that is, an appeal to the next council.—Philip was revenged on Boniface by causing him to be surprised in Anagni, where the proud pontiff was treated with so much indignity that he died of grief." *M. Anquetil. Universal History. vol. 7.*

⁹ Viemmi dietro.] Δεῦτε ὀπίσω μου. "Follow me." *Matt. c. 4. v. 18.*

¹⁰ Mattia.] Acts c. 1. v. 25—26.

¹¹ Ch'esser ti fece contra Carlo ardito.] Charles the First, King of Sicily, by rejecting a proposition of Nicholas the Third, for an alliance between their families by marrying his nephew to the princess, violently from revenge, laid the horrid plot of the Sicilian vespers, where numbers entered into a conspiracy to assassinate all whom they conceived were their oppressors. The tolling of the bells for evening prayers at Messina, was the signal for the dreadful massacre.

¹² Di voi pastor s'accorse 'l Vangelista.] "Come I will shew thee the condemnation of the great harlot, sitting upon many waters. With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication. And I saw the woman having seven heads and ten horns."

Revel. c. xvii. v. 1. 2. 3.

¹³ Ah Constantine !] Dante in these lines alludes to the pretended donation of Constantine to the church.—*See Gibbon's Rome, vol. 9. p. 162.*

CANTO XX.

¹ Travolto.] "This punishment in Dante is proper for these hypocrites who professed seeing *forward*, and they now see only *backward*." (So Spenser.)

For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinckled face.

"This picture seems plainly taken from the description of the punishment which is allotted in hell to soothsayers and augurs, &c. by Dante." *Upton.*

² Anfiarao.] Amphiaraus, one of the seven kings who laid siege to Thebes. He is said to have been swallowed up in his chariot by an earthquake, as he was retreating from the battle.

³ Minos.] The Judge of Hell. See c. v.

⁴ Perchè volle veder troppo davante.] Alluding to his art of prophecy. Amphiaraus was desirous of looking too forward into futurity, now he is condemned to look backward.

⁵ Tiresia.] Tiresias, the celebrated Augur of Thebes,
 γείτονα δ' ἔκκαλεσεν, Διὸς ὑψί
 ἔσπεροφαταν ἔξοχον,
 ὁρῶ μαντιν Τειρεσίαν. *Pind. NEM. 1.*

Tiresias is feigned to have found a couple of serpents on mount Cyllene, and in striking them with a stick, he was suddenly metamorphosed to a virgin. Seven years after, seeing two serpents entwined in the same manner, he struck them again with his wand, and recovered his original sex. See *Ovid. Met. l. 3.*

⁶ Aronta.] Aruns a Tuscan seer mentioned by Lucan in his *Pharsalia*, lib. 1. v. 579, as inhabiting the mountains of Luni.

⁷ Manto.] This story is taken from Virgil, *Æneid. lib. 10. v. 199.*

Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus aboris,
 Fatidicæ Mantus et Tusci filius amnis,
 Qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, *Mantua* nomen,
 Mantua dives avis; sed non genus omnibus unum:
 Gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni,
 Ipsa caput populis: Tusco de sanguine vires,
 Hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
 Quos patre Benaco, velatus arundine glauca,
 Mincius infesta ducebat in æquora pinu.

Ariosto also has introduced the story of Manto in his *Orlando Furioso*.

Io son la Fata Manto, che'l primiero
 Sasso misi a fondar questo villaggio;

Edal mio nome (come ben forse hai
Contare udito) *Mantou* la nomai.

Canto 43. stan. 97.

8 La città di Baco.] Thebes a city dedicated to Bacchus, the birth place of Manto, daughter of Tiresias the seer.

9 Luogo e nel mezzo, la dove 'l Trentino

Pastore, e quel di Brescia, e'l Veronese.]

This singular spot, in the middle of the lake, is called "Prato di Fame, where the Bishops of Trento, of Verona, and of Brescia, might, each of them, standing in his own diocese, touch hands."

See Scotti Intin. d. Ital. Lago di Garda.

10 Peschiera.] An excellent fort and castle in the Veronese, situated on the river Mincio or Menzo, which rises out of the lake of Garda.

11 Governo.] Or Governolo, a town in the dutchy of Mantua, situated on the Mincio near the Po.

12 Alberto da Casalodi.] The first who obtained the sovereignty of Mantua. He was distinguished for his passions and tyranny. Pinamonte Buonacossi, by his artful counsels, persuaded Alberto to banish all his nobles, as they were obnoxious to the populace. Soon as this was effected, Pinamonte attached himself to the head of the people, kindled a civil war, extirpated Alberto and his adherents, and ascended the throne himself.

13 Aulis.] A haven on the Eubœan sea opposite to Chalcis, where the passage to Eubœa is narrowest. Strabo. lib. ix.

14 Eurypylus.] See Virg. *Æneid.* b. 2. v. 114. and Eurip. Iph. in Aulide.

15 Michele Scotto.] "Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie, flourished during the thirteenth century; and was one of

the ambassadors sent to bring the maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary on Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises on natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the obtruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician."

Scott's Lay of the last Minstrel. Notes, p. 251.

16 Guido Bonatti.] A celebrated astrologer of Forli in Italy, who was usually consulted by the nobility, before they engaged in any grand undertaking either in the war or the state. Such was the credulity of the age!

17 Asdente.] A man of low origin, a shoemaker, who having a little more sense, and much more cunning than the nobles at that period, deserted his business to practise the arts of divination.

18 Caino e le spine.] Vulgarly called, "*The Man in the Moon.*"

CANTO XXI.

1 Anzian di Santa Zita.] This corrupt barterer is supposed to be Martino Botaio. The Anziani were the chief magistrates of Lucca.

2 Ogni uom v' è barattier, fuor che Bonturo.] Here the author speaks ironically of Bonturo, as he was the most iniquitous magistrate in Italy. These barterers were addicted to the grossest peculations, and traded on the interests of the public for private emolument.

3 Qui non ha luogo il santo volto.] This is said to allude to the representation of the head of our Saviour; which

was held in great veneration at Lucca. The demon ironically mentions this sacred relic, by the expression, "*il santo volto.*"

4 Serchio.] A river, which has its source in the Apennines, in Modena. It crosses the valley of Carfagnana, in the territory of Lucca, and falls into the Tuscan sea.

5 Caprona.] This castle was ceded to the forces of Florence and Lucca, in 1490, at the conquest of Pisa by Count Guido Novello.

6 Jer, più oltre cinqu' ore, che quest' otta
Mille dugento con sessanta sei
Anni compier, che quì la via fu rotta.]

This passage alludes to the earthquake which happened at the death of our saviour, which convulsion, according to Dante, was felt in the heart of hell.

CANTO XXII.

1 Arezzo.] Arezzo, a very ancient, episcopal town in the territory of Florence, delightfully situated on a declivity of a hill, overlooking a spacious plain. It is celebrated for being the birth place of Mæcenas and of Petrarch.

2 Ferir torneamenti, e correr giostra.]
—————gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament.

Milton. P. L. b. 9. v. 36.

"The *tournament* is of French origin. The old romances are full of the descriptions of *joust* and *tournament*, performed at princely marriages, and other high solemnities. The *joust* usually meant the combat of lances between two persons only; the *tournament* included all martial games. The combatants were called

tilters, from their running at each other with their lances on horseback."

Todd.—See Gibbon's Rome, vol. ii. p. 40.

³ I fui del regno di Navarra nato.] This peculator was called Ciam-Polo. He is said to have sprung from a good family, but that the excesses and dissipation of the father compelled his mother to place him as a page to a nobleman of Navarre.

⁴ Poi fu' famiglia del buon re Tebaldo.] "The preceding monarchs of Navarre had bounded their views by erecting fortresses, churches, or convents; but Don Thibaut introduced elegance and magnificence, as well as utility. His genius, admirable in itself, had been cultivated by an excellent education, and by travel, which furnished him with notions much superior to those of princes unassisted by those advantages."

"He built some palaces, which remain no contemptible monuments of his taste, and, led by his example, many of the nobility did the like, so that in a short time the court of Navarre became one of the most brilliant in Spain."

"His decease happened on the 8th of July, 1253, when he was very little turned of fifty. He had a graceful person, was excellently skilled in music and poetry, a great lover of learning and learned men. His reputation for courage was so well established, that none of his neighbours were willing to provoke him; and his ambition so regulated by his respect to justice, that he made no attempts to their prejudice."

"On his death-bed he recommended the queen and her children to the protection of the King of Arragon, with whom he had always lived in peace and friendship. His corpse was interred in the cathedral church of Pampeluna." *Universal History, vol. 19, page 93.*

⁵ Tra male gatte era venuto 'l sorco.] "So the mouse fell between the cat's paws." This metaphor is as ludicrous as the simile of his Tuscan brother, Ariosto,

“ Qual topo in piede al gatto si vedea.”

Orl. Fur. canto 29. stan. 10.

6 Fu frate Gomita.] A native of Sardinia, who when that island was divided into four jurisdictions, was made Governor of Gallura. His character was detected by his having taken a splendid bribe from some state-prisoners, and by his infamous connivance in their escape from justice.

7 Donno Michel Zanche.] This peculator was entrusted with the government of Logodoro, another of the Sardinian jurisdictions. The fortune which he had basely amassed during his judicial capacity was prodigious. He is said to have been slain by his son-in-law, Ser Branca d'Oria. See Canto 33.

8 Quando procuro a mia maggior tristizia.]

If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

Milton. P. Lost. b. 2. v. 225.

CANTO XXIII.

1 Della rana, e del topo.] Dante alludes to the fate of the frog and mouse. The frog was desirous of ferrying his companion over a marsh, with an intention of drowning him, when unexpectedly a kite descended and both were carried away.

2 *Mo èd issa.*] *Mo* is abbreviated from the Latin *modo*, and *ed issa* is used by Dante for *adesso*. The Italians also soften the adverb *modo* into *mò mò*. *Mo èd issa* are words signifying *now*.

3 Che cane a quella levre, ch' egli acceffa.]

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo

Vidit,....et extento stringit vestigia rostro.

Ovid. Met. lib. 1. fab. 10.

4 Federigo.] The horrid punishment which Frederic the second invented for traitors, by mantling them in

sheets of lead, and throwing them into a fiery furnace, appears to have given the hint to Dante of wrapping the hypocrites with hoods, whose insides were lined with lead, but on their outsides, overlaid with gold.

The ancient Syrians also punished criminals by rolling them in sheets of lead, and drowning them in the sea.

⁵ Io Catalano, e costui Loderingo.] M. Catalano de Malavolti, and M. Loderingo di Liandolo, were "*Frati Godenti*," joyous friars, or knights of St. Maria. They were intended to reconcile the factions that enflamed the state of Florence, one was chosen by the Guelf, and the other by the Ghibelline party. Their apparent sanctity of character concealed "a multitude of sins." Instead of pacifying opposition, discharging their duty as defenders of widows and orphans, and regulating dissensions in other religious societies, they were secretly intent on promoting their own interest and sordid gains.

⁶ Intorno dal Gardingo.] Gardingo, a name given to a certain part of the city.

⁷ Quel confitto

Consigliò i Farisei.]

Caiaphas the high priest, who declared that *συμφέρει ἓνα ἀνθρώπων ἀπολέσθαι ὑπὲρ τοῦ λαοῦ*. It was expedient that one man should perish for the people.

St. John. Chap. 18. v. 14.

⁸ Il suocero.] "*Ἄνναν ἦν γὰρ πενθερὸς τοῦ Καϊάφα, ὃς ἦν ἀρχιερεὺς τοῦ ἑνιαυτοῦ ἐκείνου*. Annas was the father-in-law of Caiaphas, who was high-priest that year.

St. John. chap. 18. v. 13.

⁹ Ch' egli e bugiardo, e padre di menzogna.] *ὅτι ψεύστης ἐστὶ, καὶ ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ*. For he is a liar and the father of it.

St. John. chap. 8. v. 44.

CANTO XXIV.

¹ Ond' ei si batte l'anca.] "In deep mourning, it appears to have been one method by which the Jews ex-

pressed their sorrow, to smite upon the thigh. This is mentioned as an accompanying circumstance of the repentance of Ephraim. In this manner also was Ezekiel commanded to act, to express that sorrow which should be produced by the divine threatenings against Israel. (Ezek. xxi. 12.) The practice was adopted and retained by the Greeks. Homer describes his heroes as using this circumstance of grief among others.

——— καὶ ὡς πεπλήγετο μηρῶ. *Il. μ. v. 162.*

So in Xenophon (Cyrus. 7.) The brave Cyrus smites his thigh upon receiving the news of the death of his generous friend Abradatas." *Burder's Oriental Customs.*

² Qual fumo in aere.] *Ceu fumus in auras.*

Virg. Georg. l. 4. v. 499.

——— *ceu fumus in altis aëris auras.*

Lucretius, lib. 3.

Hosea compares the life of idolaters to smoke, מִאֲרָבָה כְּעָשָׁן chap. 13. v. 3. See also Isaiah, chap. 9, v. 18.

³ Od in acqua la schiuma.] So Hosea, chap. 10. v. 7. כִּקְצָף עַל-פְּנֵי-פִי as foam upon the face of the waters.

⁴ Che se Chelidri, Jaculi, e Faree

Produce, e Cencri con Anfesibena.]

Squamea Cinypheii tenuis membrana Chelydri.

Ovid. Met. 7. 272.

——— Jaculique volucres,

Et contentus iter caudâ sulcare paræas.

Lucan. Phars. 9. 724.

Cencri.] Cenchris is a poisonous serpent, beautifully speckled on the belly. See *Plin. 20. 22.*

Anfesibena] "In San Bartolomeo's Voyage to the East Indies, published in 1799, mention is made of a snake with two heads, called in Portuguese *Cobra de duas cabecas*, and in Latin the *Amphisbæna*," (from the Greek

αμφι and βαινω). “ But Dr. Forster, the annotator on this work, observes that the Amphisbæna of the system has not two heads, but is of equal thickness at the head and tail, so that it appears as if he advanced both ways.”

Todd's Milton, p. 280.

The Amphisbæna is thus described by Pliny in his Natural History, lib. 8. cap. 23. “ Geminum caput amphisbænæ, hoc est ad caput, et ad caudam, tanquam parum esset uno ore fundi venenum.”

5 Elitropia.] Heliotrope, a precious stone of a green colour, streaked with red veins. Pliny says it is thus called, because, when cast into a vessel of water, the sun's rays falling on it seem to be of a blood colour; and that, when out of the water, it gives a faint reflection of the figure of the sun, and is proper to observe eclipses of the sun as a helioscope. The heliotrope is also called oriental jasper, on account of its ruddy spots. It is found in the East Indies, as also in Ethiopia, Germany, &c.

Gregory's Dict.

Boccaccio, in his Decam. Gior. 8. Nov. 3. says that this stone possesses such extraordinary virtue, that the person who bears it is entirely concealed from all present. To this property Dante appears to allude.

6 Nè O si tosto mai, nè I si scrisse.] I have thus rendered this singular expression of Dante,
Swifter than thought—

7 La Fenice] So Milton,

“ A phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple,” &c. *P. Lost. b. 5. v. 274.*

Dantè has taken his description of the phoenix from Ovid. Met. lib. 15. v. 393. Claudian has finely described the death of this bird; I shall, however, extract a translation of the passage, by Motiu, whose work, I believe, is considered scarce.

Alors fâché de vivre, et rempli de tristesse,
 Coulpable du défaut qu'apporte la vieillesse,
 Il va pour se refaire, et pour s'entretenir,
 Sa renaissante vie au sepulcre finir ;
 Cherchant le rameau sec, et la feuille tombée
 Des arbres odorants que porte la Sabée,
 Et des plus doux parfums ayant fait un recueil,
 Il en prépare un lict, ou plutôt un cercueil,
 Qui puis après se change en un berceau fidelle,
 A fin de recevoir son enfance nouvelle.
 Ainsi le vieil Phenix, sur un amas d'odeurs,
 Appellant à secours les célestes ardeurs
 D'une debile voix de prière animée,
 Demande au grand flambeau sa grace accoutumée,
 Avec un chant flateur l'adjurant humblement
 De le renouveler par son embrasement.
 Le soleil, qui le void, doucement le console ;
 Et pour le rassurer lui dist cette parole :
 Otoy qui despoillant ta vieillesse et tes maux,
 Les dois bientôt laisser dans un sepulcre faux,
 Timmolant à ma flamme, où ton amour te livre ;
 Va quitter ce vieux corps et commence à revivre.
 Va t'en par le trespas à la vie accourir,
 Ce lict te verra naistre aussi tost que mourir."

⁸ O giustizia di Dio quanto è severa !]
 How finely has Gray expressed this thought,
 "Justice to herself severe." *Hymn to Adversity.*

⁹ Son Vanni Fucci.] A Pistoian, who having committed sacrilege in the cathedral of St. Giacopo in Pistoia, falsely charged Vanni della Nona with the guilt: the latter in consequence was put to death.

¹⁰ Pistoja in pria di Negri si dinagra.] In the year 1300, there flourished at Pistoia a noble family, commonly called Cancellari; the branches of which, being at variance with one another, were distinguished by the ri-

diculous names of the *Neri* and *Bianchi*, the *Blacks* and the *Whites*, and daily skirmishes and murders happened between the two parties; so that Pistoia was in danger of being destroyed, when the Florentines, its ancient allies, offered their assistance towards restoring its tranquillity. This being accepted by the Pistoians, the only expedient the Florentines could devise for that purpose was to oblige the two parties to remove to Florence; but Florence was rather infected than Pistoia cured by this measure.* The families thus removed, communicated their resentments to many Florentine families with whom they had intermarried; and Florence, in a short time, became as much divided between the *Neri* and the *Bianchi*, as Pistoia had been before, and was equally filled with tumults, family being divided against family, brother against brother, and father against son; and thus the Guelfs were split into parties."

Universal History. Vol. 33. p. 93.

In 1301, Dante was president of the White party, and advised his colleagues to convoke a general assembly of the citizens to arms. The *Bianchi* were the most powerful, the tumultuous *Neri* were banished as far as Perugia, and the goods of their leader Donati confiscated.

¹¹ Val di Magra.] Valdimagra is about twenty-seven miles in length, and fifteen in breadth. It is now called Lunigiana. It lies to the east of the river Magra, which rises in the Apennine mountains.

¹² Campo Piceno.] The Campo Piceno, situated near Pistoia.

CANTO XXV.

¹ Non quel.] The unsubmitting spirit, Capaneus, who was struck dead by lightning in the act of scaling the Theban walls. See *canto 14 and notes*

* Leon. Aret. Hist. Flor. P. 73.

² Maremma.] Situated on the Tuscan ea-coast.

³ Caco.]

Cacus Aventinæ timor atque infamia sylvæ.

Ovid. Fast. 1. 551.

This story, and the gloomy cavern of Cacus, the robber, is beautifully described by Virgil. *Æneid.* l. viii. 193. and by Livy in the first book of his history.

⁴ Cianfa.] This serpent was Cianfa, one of the Neri-faction, and of the family of Donati.

⁵ Agnél.] Another adherent to the Black-faction, and said to be of the noble family of Brunelleschi.

⁶ Serpentello acceso.] This adder of fire is supposed to be Francesco Guercio Cavalcante, a Florentine, who was also attached to the Neri. The other spirit was Buoso Abbate, of the Donati family at Florence.

⁷ Come gran di pepe.] Another of Dante's inequalities.

⁸ Sabello.] Sabellus, a soldier in Cato's army, who, when stung by a *seps*, a poisonous adder, immediately dissolved away. See *Lucan*, book 9. v. 766.

⁹ Nassidio.]

Nasidium Marsi cultorem torridus agri

Percussit prester, illi rubor igneus ora

Succendit, tenditque cutem, pereunte figurâ,

Miscens cuncta tumor toto jam corpore major :

Humanúmque egressa modum super omnia membra

Efflatur sanies, late tollente veneno.

Lucan. lib. 9. v. 798.

¹⁰ Cadmo.] Cadmus was metamorphosed into a serpent. *Ovid. Met. lib. 4. fab. 15.*

¹¹ Arethusa.] A virgin changed into a fountain. This story of Ovid is most admirably told. *Met. l. 5. v. 573.*

¹² Puccio Sciancato.] An infamous robber.

¹³ L'altro.] Guercio, who was slain at Gaville near Florence. See note 6 of this canto.

CANTO XXVI.

¹ Tu sentirai di qua, &c.] One of the calamities to which Dante alludes, is said by the commentators to have taken place at a temporary theatre built over the Arno, in May 1304, when a great concourse of people were present to witness a scenic representation of the torments of hell. The wooden bridges, which were erected for the spectators, gave way, and vast numbers lost their lives. Another of the calamities was the dreadful famine in Florence, and the domestic distraction that immediately succeeded. Also the horrid conflagration that happened in June, 1304, when, according to Villani, seventeen hundred houses were burnt to the ground. The pestilence which nearly depopulated the whole city, is also adduced as another calamity, pointed at by Dante.

² Quante il villan, &c.] This description of the approach of evening-twilight is beautifully natural.

³ E qual colui, che si vengì con gli orsi.] Elisha. See *Kings. b. 2. chap. 2.*

⁴ Quel fuoco, che vien sì diviso.] Eteocles and Poly- nices, after the death of their father Œdipus, agreed that each should reign for a year alternately. Eteocles, the elder, at the expiration of the first year, refused to yield the royalty to his brother. A dreadful war arose; and it was at last decided that the two brothers should meet in single combat; they met and fell by mutual wounds. When their bodies were placed on the funeral pile, the flames appeared divided, as they arose; according to Statius, *Theb. l. 12.* Lucan. *l. 1. 145.* Pausanias *l. c. 9.* Æschylus. *Sept. an. Theb. and others.*

⁵ Del caval.] Instar montis equum.
Uterumque armato milite complent.

Virg. Æn. b. 2. v. 20.

⁶ Ond' usci de' Romani 'l gentil seme.] Æneas being obliged to fly from Troy, found a new settlement in Italy,

—————genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque altæ mænia Romæ.

Virg. Æn. l. 1. v. 7.

⁷ Deidamía.] The daughter of Lycomedes, King of Scyros, and mother of Neoptolemus, by Achilles. As the assistance of Achilles was necessary to the taking of Troy, Ulysses assumed the habit of a merchant, exposed jewels and arms at the court of Lycomedes, where Achilles was disguised in the dress of a female. This hero, in the act of chusing the arms, disclosed his sex; he was therefore compelled to leave Deidamia, and go to the war: to this discovery Dante alludes.

⁸ Del Palladio.] As on the preservation of the Palladium, according to mythological history, depended the safety of Troy, Ulysses and Diomedes are said to have entered the city of Priam, and to have borne off the sacred spoil.

Palladium, cæsis summæ custodibus arcis,
Corripuere sacram effigiem.

Virg. Æn. l. 11. v. 167.

This statue of Pallas, as Apollodorus relates, was a piece of clock-work, and had motion in itself. See also Herodian 1. c. 14. Smyrnæus. l. 12.

⁹ La presso a Gaeta.] See Virgil. *Æn. l. 7. v. 2.* The city of Gaeta seems to rise out of its beautiful bay, and orange groves hang over the water. Near this land of vineyards, there is an eminence called the tomb of Cicero, not far from the place where that great orator was assassinated, and where he had one of his princely villas.

¹⁰ Quella foce stretta,

Ov' Ercole segno li suoi riguardi.] The Straits of Gibraltar, anciently called *Herculeum fretum*.

According to fabulous tradition, Abyla, a mountain in Africa, opposite to Calpe or Gibraltar, was united with it, till the labour of Hercules severed them; and opened a communication between the Mediterranean and Atlantic seas.

¹¹ Sibilìa.] Seville, an ancient and handsome city of Spain. The inhabitants say, "Quen no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla." "He who has not seen Seville, has not seen any thing wonderful." Seville was one of the cities that contended for the birth of that extraordinary genius, Cervantes, but however it is now ascertained that Alcala de Hénarès, in New Castilia, was his native town; he was born the 9th of October, 1547, and died on the very same day that our great Shakspeare expired, April 23, 1616.

¹² Setta.] Or Ceuta, a small town seated on the Straits of Gibraltar. John of Portugal seized it from the Moors in 1415, but it is now subject to Spain.

CANTO XXVII.

¹ Col pianto de colui.] Perillus, the inventor of the brazen bull, a horrible instrument of torture, in which criminals were enclosed after it was made red hot, when their cries resembled the bellowing of a bull. The Athenian artizan, to flatter Phalaris of Agrigentum, presented him the machine, and was the first on whom that tyrant made the cruel experiment.

² Ch' i' fui de monti la intra Urbino.] Guido da Montefeltro, by his military talents rose to the highest emi-

nence. He was the Governor of Forli and ensured his heroic reputation by his skilful manœuvres and gallant defence of that city against the French in 1282. Craft and open contempt of solemn treaties, which he broke on all occasions, for a casual advantage over his enemies, rendered him obnoxious even to his intimate friends. Sickness, however, brought him to a sense of his infamous conduct, and immediately to his penitence succeeded the pious resolve of sequestering himself from the world, and assuming the Franciscan habit. This temporary fit of piety was soon forgotten, when Boniface VIII. burning with enmity against the family of the Colonna, offered to Guido a full absolution for his past and future offences, if he would advise him how he might destroy Penestrino, the remaining seat of the Colonna, where that family had fled for refuge. Guido da Montefeltro, adverting to the impregnability of the place, advised the Pope to use stratagem, and to promise a reconciliation with the Colonnas, but to break the engagement as soon as they were in his power. The revengeful pontiff followed the counsel of Guido, succeeded in his purpose, confiscated all the estates, destroyed Penestrino, and banished the whole family.

³ L'aquila da Polenta la si cova.] Guido Novello da Polenta, who had the sovereignty of Ravenna in 1265, was the son of Ostasio da Polenta. He was strongly attached to the Ghibelline faction, and was the generous friend of Dante. He bore an eagle for his coat of arms, and was the father of the unfortunate Francesca. See Canto V.

⁴ Cervia.] Cervia is a little city situated near the Adriatic sea, in the province of Romagna: it is the see of a bishop and suffragan of Ravenna.

⁵ La Terra.] The territory of Forli (see Note 2 of this Canto), which, as the poet acquaints Montefeltro, its former governor, was ruled by Sinibaldo Ordoiaffi, who bore for his coat of arms a lion vert.

6 *Edi Franceschi sanguinoso mucchio.*] Guido, and the inhabitants of Forli defeated, with great slaughter, an army of Papal French, who had besieged the city in the year 1282.

7 *E'l Mastin vecchio, e'l nuovo da Verrucchio*

Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo.] Dante alludes to Malatesta, and his son Malatestino, tyrants of Rimini.

From their numerous acts of cruelty, they were called "The *mustiffs of Verrucchio.*" Malatestino was the murderer of Montagna de' Parcitati, the chief of the Ghibelline faction at Rimini.

8 *La citta di Lamone, e di Santerno.*] Faenza, a very ancient town in the territory of Romagna: it is seated on the river Lamone, about twelve miles from Ravenna. Santerno is a river upon which the handsome town of Imola is seated, nine miles N. W. of Faenza.

9 *Conduce il leoncel dal nido bianco.*] By the coat of arms, a lion azure on a field argent, the poet intends Machinardo Pagano.

10 *Equella, a cui il Savio bagna il fianco.*] Cesena, a town of Italy, situated at the foot of a mountain between Rimini and Ravenna, and watered by the river Savio. At Cesena there is a very curious library, containing many valuable manuscripts, collected by the last of the Malatesta family, before the invention of printing. This library belongs to the minor conventuals.

11 *I fui uom d' arme.*] Montefeltro. See Note 2.

12 *Gran Prete.*] Boniface VIII.

13 *Lo principe de' nuovi Farisei.*] Boniface VIII. actuated by his implacable hatred to the family of the Colonna, demolished all their sumptuous edifices near the Lateran.

14 Acri.] “St. John of Acre, which is sometimes described by the more classic title of Ptolemais, from Jerusalem distant about seventy miles. Some adventurers, who disgraced the ensign of the cross, compensated their want of pay by the plunder of the Mahometan villages: nineteen Syrian merchants, who traded under the public faith, were despoiled and hanged by the Christians, and the denial of satisfaction justified the arms of the sultan Khalil. He marched against Acre at the head of 60,000 horse and 140,000 foot. After a siege of thirty-three days, the city was stormed, and death or slavery was the lot of 60,000 Christians. The king of Jerusalem, the patriarch, and the great master of the hospital, effected their retreat to the shore; but the sea was rough, the vessels were insufficient, and great numbers of the fugitives were drowned before they could reach the isle of Cyprus, which might comfort Lusignan for the loss of Palestine.”
Gibbon's Rome, vol. ii. p. 167.

15 Silvestro.] St. Sylvester, a Roman bishop, who, according to an ancient legend, cured Constantine the Great of the leprosy.

16 Mio antecessor.] Celestine V. who basely abdicated the papacy to Boniface VIII. See Canto 3 and notes.

17 Black cherubim.] Neri cherubini, line 113.

18 A Minos.] Minos, the judge of hell. See Canto 5 and notes.

CANTO XXVIII.

1 Dell' anella.] Mago, in relating the victories obtained over the Romans by Hannibal, ordered “effundi in vestibulo curiæ *annulos aureos*,” that the golden rings and other precious spoils should be poured out in the vestibule of the senate, more effectually to convince them of their successful conquests. See *Livy, Hist. l. 23, 12.*

² Guiscard.] Robert Guiscard, the youngest son of Tancred. For an animated account of his indefatigable spirit of enterprize, and the wonderful extent of his conquests, see *Gibbon's Rome*, vol. 10. ch. 56. He died in his tent in the seventieth year of his age, supposed to be poisoned by his wife.

³ Ceperano.] Near the pass of Ceperano the army of Manfredi, through the perfidy of the Apulian troops, suffered such a continued slaughter for miles, that the bones of the slain are still collected at the place.

⁴ Tagliacozzo.] Conradin, the legitimate heir to the crown of Naples, was conquered at Tagliacozzo, by Charles of Anjou. He was taken prisoner, and publicly beheaded at Naples, in the eighteenth year of his age. This victory over the unfortunate youth by Charles, is attributed to the counsel of Alardo, in 1268.

⁵ Alì.] The cousin to Mohammed, who at the early age of fourteen became his ardent attendant and disciple. Mohammed, when he enquired among his friends who would intrepidly undertake to be his associate in his prophetic character, was thus answered by Alì: "O prophet! I will be thy attendant. The man who dares to rise up against thee, I will break his legs, pluck out his eyes, dash out his teeth, and even rip up his belly." Dante, therefore, has distributed a punishment to Alì, according to his cruelty and schismatic character.

⁶ Dolcino.] An infamous friar, who, on pretence of being a true apostle of our Saviour, seduced more than three thousand of the rabble to his heretical doctrines. These persons, in the north of Italy, committed, for two years, the most atrocious acts of cruelty, violence, and rapine. Living like beasts in the Appenine mountains, they were, at length, besieged with famine and the severities of winter, when Dolcino and Margarita his concubine were both taken prisoners by the people of Novara in Lombardy, and publicly burnt.

7 Piero.] Pier da Medicina, the great incendiary of discords between the most illustrious families in the territory of Bologna. His fate is similar to that of Deiphobus in the *Æneid*, lib. 6. v. 495.

8 Da Vercello a Mercabò dichina.] The poet alludes to Lombardy, situated between Vercelli and Mercabò.

9 Guido and Angelo.] Two very worthy citizens of Fano, (a fine city seated near the gulph of Venice) whom Malatestino, the tyrant of Rimini, on pretence of requesting their advice in some important affair, invited to a brilliant entertainment, when by his perfidy they were both commanded to be thrown into the sea near Cattolica, between Fano and Rimini, where they perished.

10 Curio.] Curio, the Roman tribune, who persuaded Julius Cæsar to cross, without delay, the Rubicon, a little river that separates Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, and to prosecute the civil war against Pompey. This advice was given at Ariminum (the modern Rimini).

11 Mosca.] Mosca degli Uberti was the cause of the assassination of Buondelmonte, who had broken his engagement of marriage with a lady of the Amidei family, a relative of Mosca. The latter, intent on the murder of Buondelmonte, exclaimed to his colleagues, "*cosa fatta capo ha.*"—"The deed once done, there is an end." This assassination was the occasion of the detestable Guelf and Ghibelline factions in Florence.

12 Bertram.] Bertrand de Born, who instigated John to rebel against his father, Henry II. of England.

13 Abitophel.] "A native of Gillo, a great statesman, and for some time the counsellor of King David, whom he at length deserted, by joining in the rebellion of Absalom."
Dict. of the Holy Bible.

CANTO XXIX.

¹ Geri del Bello.] This noble Florentine, a relative to Dante, was assassinated by one of the Sacchetti family, said to be in consequence of a religious difference.

² Non gli è vendicata.] The death of Geri del Bello was not avenged till thirty years after the event.

³ Valdichiana.] *The valley of the river Chiana*, near Arezzo: the stagnation of its water in summer is very unwholesome.

⁴ Maremma.] A tract of fenny country near the sea-coast of Tuscany.

⁵ Ægina.] Alluding to the fabulous history of this island, that it was depopulated by a dreadful pestilence, and re-peopled afterwards from the seed of ants, changed into men by Jupiter.

⁶ D' Arezzo.] The native of Arezzo, to whom Dante alludes, is Grifolino, a famous alchemist. He, having extorted money from Albero, natural son to the bishop of Sienna, promised the credulous young man to teach him the art of flying. The latter, at length, seeing himself duped in this aerostatic project, prevailed on his father to burn the transgressor for the practise of unlawful arts.

“Every philosophical mind must be convinced that alchymy is not an art, which some have fancifully traced to the remotest times; it may be rather regarded, when opposed to such a distance of time, as a modern imposture. Cæsar commanded the treatises of alchymy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions: Cæsar, who is not less to be admired as a philosopher than as a monarch.”

Mr. Gibbon has this succinct passage relative to alchymy: the ancient books of alchymy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagorus, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inat-

tentive either to the use or abuse of chemistry. In that immense register, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutations of metals; and the persecution of Dioclesian is the first authentic event in the history of alchymy. The conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchymy: and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.

Henry VI. was so reduced by his extravagancies, that Evelyn observes, in his *Numismata*, he endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by alchymy. The record of this singular proposition contains "the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the philosopher's stone, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary." This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by Mr. Selden to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the *Alchymist*."

Curiosities of Literature, vol. 1.

7 Dedalo.] Dædalus, who, according to the fabulous account, made himself wings with feathers and wax, and affixed them to his own shoulders, and to those of his son Icarus, and took a flight in the air.

8 Stricca.] A noble Florentine, who lavished his immense fortune among a company of prodigals in Sienna.

9 Niccolò Salimbeni.] Another member of the club, who discovered a new mode of using spice in cookery.

10 Caccia d' Ascian El' Abbagliato.] Two other companions of the band of luxurious young men in Sienna,

¹¹ Capocchio.] A native of Sienna, and once the fellow-student of Dante in physical science.

CANTO XXX.

¹ Giunone.] Alluding to the implacable hatred of Juno against Semele, her rival. The queen of heaven, (according to mythological history) in the shape of an old woman having visited Semele, persuaded her to request Jupiter, when he came again to her couch, to assume all his terrors, blasts, and lightnings. The thunderer very reluctantly granted the suit of his fair favourite, and Semele was consequently consumed with flames.

² Atamante.] Athamas, king of Thebes, to whom Tisiphone, one of the furies, was sent by the revengeful Juno to inspire him with madness. The unfortunate monarch, in his delirium, having mistaken Ino his wife for a lioness, and his two sons for her whelps, snatched away the infant Learchus, and dashed him against a wall. The terrified mother fled with her other child, Melicerta, to a promontory overhanging the sea, and plunged headlong into the billows.

See Apollod. 1. c. 7, and 9. Ovid. lib. 4. v. 467.

³ Ecuba.] Hecuba, the second wife of Priam, who, at the taking of Troy, was assigned to Ulysses, whom she detested for his craft and avarice. She had the misery of seeing Polyxena, her beautiful daughter, sacrificed to the manes of Achilles, and the dead body of her son Polydorus washed in on the sea shore. She became mad, occasioned by the misfortunes of her family: to this calamity, and her subsequent transformation, Dante alludes. *See Ovid, Met. 11, v. 761, and 13, v. 515, also Eurip. Hecuba.*

⁴ Capocchio.] See notes to the last canto.

⁵ Ganni Schicchi.] This spectre, as related by Landi-

no, was one of the family of Cavalcanti. His complexion was of a deadly hue, and he possessed the faculty of altering his features to the resemblance of others. It happened that Buoso Donati, an opulent relation of Simon Donati, died suddenly at his house. Simon secretly removed the body, and employed Schicchi to supply the place of the deceased, and sign a fictitious will in favour of young Donati. The imposter was rewarded for his infamous service with a beautiful mare of great value, distinguished by the title of "*La donna della torma*," "The lady of the herd," which led to the discovery of the fact.

⁶ Mirra.] Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus. See *Ovid. Met.* 10. v. 450.

⁷ Adamo.] Adamo of Brescia, an eminent metallurgist, who being employed by Guido, Alessandro, and Aginulfo, three brothers, and lords of Romena, to debase the coin of Florence, was detected, and publicly condemned to the flames at Romena.

⁸ Branda.] A cool spring in Sienna.

⁹ Fiorini.] Florins were first coined from the best gold at Florence, in 1252. The coin ought to consist of twenty-four carats of pure gold; it has frequently only seventeen, and sometimes only thirteen carats. Adamo mixed three carats of alloy with the gold, at the instigation of Guido and his two brothers. This coin was first made in England, in 1344; it was, at that time, worth six shillings, but now its value is full nineteen. Before the revolution, indeed, our coin was defrauded of nearly half its pure gold by the pilfering hands of foreigners as well as the natives. William, however, retrieved this national grievance.

¹⁰ La falsa.] Potiphar's wife.

¹¹ Sinon.] Sinon, the perjur'd Greek, who went to Troy with his hands bound behind his back, and solemnly de-

clared to Priam, that the Greeks had left Asia, and had designed him as the victim of sacrifice, but that he had escaped from his fate: he persuaded the Trojans to open their gates to receive the wooden horse, which was secretly filled with armed men. Hudibras calls this fatal machine fabricated by Epeus, "the Trojan mare in foat with Greeks."

Τοῖσι δὲ τρηχεῖα καὶ ἄκριτος ἔμπεσε βουλῇ,
 Οἱ μὲν γὰρ πολέμῳ βαρυπενθεῖ κεκμηῶτες.
 Ἰππον ἀπεχθήραντες ἐπεὶ πέλεν ἔργον ἀχαιῶν
 Ἡθελον ἢ δολιχοῖσιν ἐπὶ κρημνοῖσιν ἀράξει,
 Ἡ ἔ καὶ ἀμφιτόμοισι διαρῆῆξι πελέκεσσιν.

Trypiodorus.

See also Hom. Od. 8. v. 492. Virg. Æn. 2. v. 79.

CANTO XXXI.

¹ La lancia d'Achille.]

"Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 Is able with the change to kill and cure."

Shakspeare. Hen. VI. p. ii. a. 5. s. 1.

² Carlo Magno.] "King of France, and Emperor of the West, the only prince, (says Gibbon), in whose favour the title of *Great* has been indissolubly blended with the name, was the eldest son of Pepin the Short by his queen Bertha.....He assembled an army in Aquitaine, crossed the Pyrennées, penetrated as far as Saragossa, which he took, and received the submission of all the neighbouring governors. But on his return, whilst his army, loaded with booty, was engaged in the passes of the mountains, the rear-guard was attacked by the Gascons at Roncevaux, and suffered great loss. This is the action, so famous in the annals of romance, which proved fatal to many of Charlemagne's knights, and among the

rest, to the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, said to have been his nephew.”

Aikin's Gen. Biog.

³ Orlando.] “Turpin mentions a wonderful horn which belonged to Roland. Olaus Magnus relates, that this horn was called Olivant, was won together with the sword Durenda from the giant Jutmundus, by Roland; that its miraculous effects were frequently sung by the old Islandic bards in their spirited odes, and that it might be heard at the distance of twenty miles. A horn was a common expedient for dissolving enchantments. Cervantes alludes to this incident of romance where the devil's horn is sounded as a prelude to the disenchanting of Dulcinea.

“Virgil's Alecto's horn is as high and extravagant as any others of the kind in romance.

See Æneid. l. 7. v. 513.

It is said, (in an old romance), that Alexander gave the signal to his whole army by a wonderful horn, of immense magnitude, which might be heard at the distance of sixty miles, and that it was blown or sounded by sixty men at once. This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jutmundus, and which was endued with magical power. Cervantes says that it was larger than a weaver's beam. Boyardo, Berni, and Ariosto, have all such a horn, and the fiction is here traced to its original source.”

See Warton's History of Poetry. vol. 1. p. 132.

⁴ Non son torri, ma giganti.] Dante here mistakes giants for towers, and, in the thirty-fourth canto, a windmill for a giant; hence, perhaps, (as the author of the Caliph Vathek observes), we may trace Don Quixote's mistake of the windmills for giants. “Mire vuestra Merced, respondiò Sancho, que aquellos que alli se parecen no son Gigantes, sino molinos de viento, y lo que en ellos parecen braços, son las aspas, que bolteadas del viento, hazen andar la piedra del molino.” “Look! your worship,” answered Sancho, “those which appear yonder

are not giants, but windmills; and what appear arms are sails, which, being whirled by the wind, make the millstone work.”

Don Quixote. parte 1. cap. viii.

5 Montereggion.] A castle near Sienna.

6 Barbaric sounds.] The spirit of Nimrod utters these harsh sounds, “*Rafel mai amech zabì almè.*”

7 Ephialtes.] One of the giants, who warred against Jupiter. See *Æneidos. lib. 6. v. 582.* Hom. *Il. lib. 5. v. 385.*

8 Briareus.] Or *Ægæon*, a giant having a hundred hands.

*Ægæon qualis, centum cui brachia dicunt
Centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem
Pectoribusque arsisse: Jovis cùm fulmina contra.
Tot paribus streperet clypeis, tot stringeret enses.*

Æneid. lib. 10. v. 565.

See Hesiod. *Theog. v. 148.* Apollod. 1. c. 1.

9 Antæus.] The giant who wrestled with Hercules.— He is described with great spirit by Lucan, in his *Pharsalia. lib. 6. v. 590. ad v. 656.*

10 Tityus.] A giant, the son of Terra.

— *τιτυὸν μεγαλὸν ὄν ρ' ἔτεκέν γε
Δῖ' ἐλάρη θρέψε δὲ καὶ ἄψ' ἐλοχεύσατο γαῖα.*

Apoll. Argon. lib. 1.

*Qui non sola novem dispersis jugera membris
Obtineat, sed qui terrai totius orbem.*

Lucret. lib. 3.

11 Typhon.] A giant who had a hundred heads like those of serpents. See *Æneid. lib. 9. v. 716.* or Herod. 2. c. 156.

12 Nel mondo render fama.] Dante conceived the reigning passion for fame so great, that he has, through-

out the Inferno, represented every spirit as still desirous of having his memory cherished among mankind. He, therefore, in his address to a spirit usually began with a promise of rescuing his name from oblivion, if he would relate his crimes and punishment.

¹³ Carisenda.] Or Garisenda, a leaning tower in Bologna. De la Lande conjectures its height to be 153 feet. It was built in 1110. These towers were the domestic citadels of opulent citizens in the times of anarchy.

CANTO XXXII.

¹ Tanais.] A large river that rises in the province of Rezan, in Muscovy, and falls into the Palus Meotis, a sea in the Turkish dominions, now called Nabach.

² Tabernicch.] A very high mountain in Sclavonia.

³ Pietrapana.] A lofty hill not far from Lucca.

⁴ Alberto.] Alessandro and Napoleone were the sons of Alberto, the proprietor of the valley of Falterona.—A dispute arose between them, respecting the patrimony, when they resolved to decide the quarrel by single combat, in which both were slain. *Landino*.

⁵ Quella.] Mordites, the son of Arthur, who, revolting against his father, lay in ambush to assassinate him, when Arthur, in his own defence, seized his immense spear, and slew this unnatural son.

⁶ Focaccia.] Focaccia, of the illustrious family of Cancellieri at Pistoia, who murdered his uncle.

⁷ Mascheroni.] Sassol Mascheroni, another Florentine, who, in the detestible contest between the Bianchi and Neri, assassinated his uncle.

⁸ Camiccione.] Camiccione of the noble and opulent family of the Pazzi, at Florence, who treacherously killed his kinsman Ubertino.

⁹ Carlin.] Carlino, a Guelf, who basely betrayed the Castel di Piano, in Valdarno, to the opposite faction, in 1302.

¹⁰ Montaperto.] At Montaperto, in 1260, the Guelfi suffered a great defeat, occasioned by the treachery of Bocca degli Abbati, a Guelf, who, during the bloody and obstinate action, cut off the hand of Giacompo del Vacca, the Florentine standard bearer, which threw the Guelfi into confusion. The rival faction instantly seized the base opportunity, and made themselves masters of the field.

¹¹ Antenora.] A part of the Inferno; it takes its name from Antenor, who is said to have betrayed Troy to the Greeks.

¹² Duera.] An officer under Manfredi, named Buoso, of the family of Duera. He was bribed to open a pass between Piedmont and Parma, to the army of Charles of Anjou, in 1265.

¹³ Beccaria.] The pope's legate at Florence; he was detected in a conspiracy against the Guelfi, and beheaded.

¹⁴ Ganellone.] The notorious traitor, who betrayed the councils of Charlemain to the Saracens, which was the occasion of the dreadful defeat of the Christian army at Roncevaux.

¹⁵ Soldanier.] Gianni Soldanieri, a Ghibelline, who headed the riotous populace in Florence, and was slain.

¹⁶ Tribaldello.] A Ghibelline, who was bribed to betray the city of Faenza to the French under Martin IV. in 1282.

17 Tydeus.] One of the seven champions in the army of Adrastus; his career was victorious for a long time, till he was mortally wounded by Menalippus, at Thebes. Tydeus, however, had strength enough left to rise on his enemy, and to slay him. He ordered the dead body to be decapitated, and the head to be brought to him, and died in the savage act of gnawing the brains of his rival. See *Statius Theb.* l. 8th.

CANTO XXXIII.

1 The sinner.] Ugolino.

2 Conte Ugolino.] Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi was a competitor for the sovereignty of Pisa, in 1288, and united himself with the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini and his party, against Nino di Gallura, Lord of Pisa. The archbishop and Ugolino treacherously effected their purpose; the latter usurped the entire government, and Nino, the nephew of the archbishop, was accused of injustice in the transactions of the state, and banished. A violent dispute afterwards arose between Ruggieri and Ugolino; and the former, perceiving the power of the Guelfi to be diminished, and envious of the authorative elevation of the count, contrived to betray his colleague to the populace by assuring them that their governor had basely delivered up Pisa and the neighbouring castles to the Florentines. The enraged people, headed by the archbishop, surrounded the palace of Ugolino, and dragged him forth with his two sons and two of his grandchildren, and imprisoned them in the tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, where they all perished by hunger.

3 Fame.] After the death of Ugolino, the tower on the Piazza degli Anziani was called "*La torre della fame.*" "The tower of famine."

4 Monte.] The Julian^s mountain, between Pisa and Lucca.

5 Lanfranchi.] Lanfranchi, Sismondi, and Gualandi, were opulent families at Pisa.

6 Capraja.] Capraja, an island in the Mediterranean, between the coast of Italy and the northern part of the island of Corsica.

7 Gorgona.] A small island in the sea of Tuscany, and near that of Capraja.

8 Alberigo.] Alberigo de' Manfredi, one of the *Frati Godenti*, or *Friars of St. Mary*: a society instituted by Martin IV. Alberigo, on pretence of reconciling several quarrels which he had with many of the fraternity, invited them to a sumptuous entertainment, where a band of ruffians were secreted, who, when the desert was served, the signal for destruction, rushed forward, and assassinated them all.

9 Ptolomea.] This part of the Inferno is called Ptolomea from Ptolomeus, the son of Abubus, who slew his father-in-law Simon Maccabeus and his two sons, at a great banquet in the castle of Docus.

“So when Simon and his sons had drank largely Ptolemee and his men rose up, and took their weapons, and came upon Simon into the banqueting-place, and slew him, and his two sons, and certain of his servants.”

1. *Maccabees*, ch. 16, v. 16.

10 Branca d' Oria.] Doria murdered his father-in-law, Michel Zanchè, in order to obtain the immense wealth, which he had amassed by the sale of justice.

CANTO XXXIV.

1 Giganti.] Milton, describing the size of Satan, says,

————— in bulk as huge

As whom the fables name of monstrous size
Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon. *P. L. b. 1. v. 199.*

² A tant' uccello.] Lucifer here is represented as a
vast bird, so Milton says that Satan on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant. *P. L. b. 4. v. 196.*

³ Vele di mar.] Marino thus describes the wings of
Satan—

————— l'ali
Che'n guisa hà pur di due gran *vele* aperte.
Strage Inn. l. 1. st. 18.

Compare Ariosto. c. 33. st. 84. Virg. l. 3. v. 520.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display
Were like two *sayles*.

Spenser's F. Q. b. 1. c. 9. s. 10.

Grim-look'd Despair
Hover'd with *sail-stretch'd* wings over their heads.
Massinger's Unnat. Combat. act 1. sc. 1.

See also his Bondman, act 1. sc. 3.

Ruin with her *sail-stretch'd* wings.
Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

See also Fletcher's Prophetess, act 2. sc. 3.

————— his *sail-broad* vans
He spreads for flight.
Milton's P. L. l. 2. v. 927.

⁴ Mountain.] The mountain of purgatory.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 50, line 13, for *illy* read *tamely*.

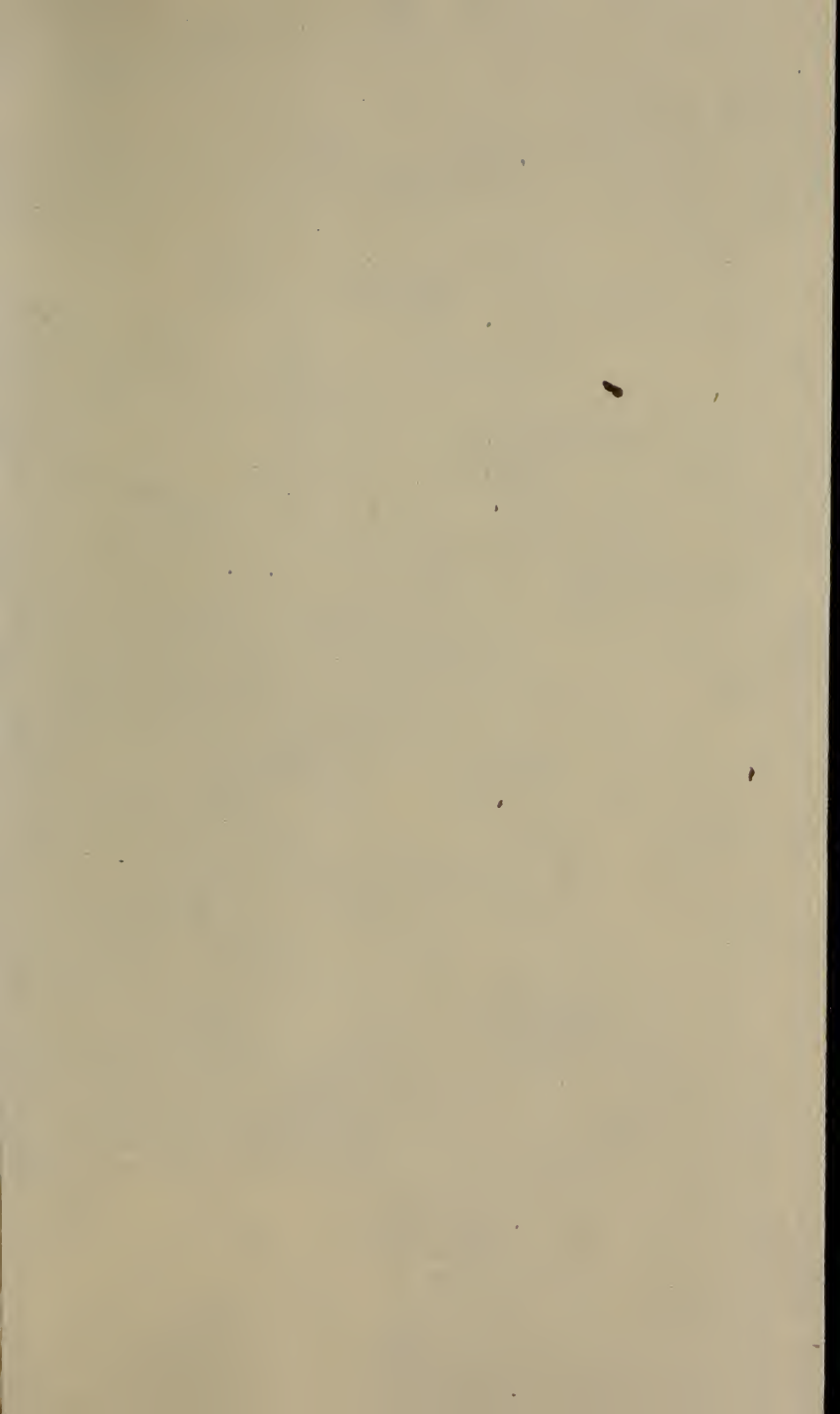
56, — 8, for *illy* read *vilely*.

165, — 19, for *councils* read *counsels*.

In page 239, substitute ך for ך

In page 248, line 29, substitute ץ for ץ

Ditto line 30, 31, substitute מנהון for מנהון





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