

**THE VISION OR, HELL,
PURGATORY, AND
PARADISE**

DANTE ALIGHIERI

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CANTO I

O'er better waves to speed her rapid course The light bark of my genius lifts the sail, Well pleas'd to leave so cruel sea behind; And of that second region will I sing, In which the human spirit from sinful blot Is purg'd, and for ascent to Heaven prepares. Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train I follow, here the deadened strain revive; Nor let Calliope refuse to sound A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone, Which when the wretched birds of chattering note Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope. Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread O'er the serene aspect of the pure air, High up as the first circle, to mine eyes Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scap'd Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom, That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief. The radiant planet, that to love invites, Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath The Pisces' light, that in his escort came. To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind On the' other pole attentive, where I saw Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site, bereft Indeed, and widow'd, since of these depriv'd! As from this view I had desisted, straight Turning a little tow'rds the other pole, There from whence now the wain had disappear'd, I saw an old man standing by my side Alone, so worthy of rev'rence in his look, That ne'er from son to father more was ow'd. Low down his beard and mix'd with hoary white Descended, like his locks, which parting fell Upon his breast in double fold. The beams Of those four luminaries on his face So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun. "Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream, Forth from th' eternal prison-house have fled?" He spoke and moved those venerable plumes. "Who hath conducted, or with lantern sure Lights you emerging from the depth of night, That makes the infernal valley ever black? Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss Broken, or in high heaven new laws ordain'd, That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach?" My guide, then laying hold on me, by words And intimations given with hand and head, Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay Due reverence; then thus to him replied. "Not of myself I come; a Dame from heaven

Descending, had besought me in my charge To bring. But since thy will implies, that more Our true condition I unfold at large, Mine is not to deny thee thy request. This mortal ne'er hath seen the farthest gloom. But erring by his folly had approach'd So near, that little space was left to turn. Then, as before I told, I was dispatch'd To work his rescue, and no way remain'd Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd Before him all the regions of the bad; And purpose now those spirits to display, That under thy command are purg'd from sin. How I have brought him would be long to say. From high descends the virtue, by whose aid I to thy sight and hearing him have led. Now may our coming please thee. In the search Of liberty he journeys: that how dear They know, who for her sake have life refus'd. Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds, That in the last great day will shine so bright. For us the' eternal edicts are unmov'd: He breathes, and I am free of Minos' power, Abiding in that circle where the eyes Of thy chaste Marcia beam, who still in look Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit! to own her shine. Then by her love we' implore thee, let us pass Through thy sev'n regions; for which best thanks I for thy favour will to her return, If mention there below thou not disdain." "Marcia so pleasing in my sight was found," He then to him rejoin'd, "while I was there, That all she ask'd me I was fain to grant. Now that beyond the' accursed stream she dwells, She may no longer move me, by that law, Which was ordain'd me, when I issued thence. Not so, if Dame from heaven, as thou sayst, Moves and directs thee; then no flattery needs. Enough for me that in her name thou ask. Go therefore now: and with a slender reed See that thou duly gird him, and his face Lave, till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence. For not with eye, by any cloud obscur'd, Would it be seemly before him to come, Who stands the foremost minister in heaven. This islet all around, there far beneath, Where the wave beats it, on the oozy bed Produces store of reeds. No other plant, Cover'd with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk, There lives, not bending to the water's sway. After, this way return not; but the sun Will show you, that now rises, where to take The mountain in its easiest ascent." He disappear'd; and I myself uprais'd Speechless, and to my guide retiring close, Toward him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began; "My

son! observant thou my steps pursue. We must retreat to rearward, for that way The champain to its low extreme declines." The dawn had chas'd the matin hour of prime, Which deaf before it, so that from afar I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream. We travers'd the deserted plain, as one Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step Trodden in vain till he regain the path. When we had come, where yet the tender dew Strove with the sun, and in a place, where fresh The wind breath'd o'er it, while it slowly dried; Both hands extended on the watery grass My master plac'd, in graceful act and kind. Whence I of his intent before appriz'd, Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffus'd with tears. There to my visage he anew restor'd That hue, which the dun shades of hell conceal'd. Then on the solitary shore arriv'd, That never sailing on its waters saw Man, that could after measure back his course, He girt me in such manner as had pleas'd Him who instructed, and O, strange to tell! As he selected every humble plant, Wherever one was pluck'd, another there Resembling, straightway in its place arose.

CANTO II

Now had the sun to that horizon reach'd, That covers, with the most exalted point Of its meridian circle, Salem's walls, And night, that opposite to him her orb Sounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth, Holding the scales, that from her hands are dropp'd When she reigns highest: so that where I was, Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctur'd cheek To orange turn'd as she in age increas'd. Meanwhile we linger'd by the water's brink, Like men, who, musing on their road, in thought Journey, while motionless the body rests. When lo! as near upon the hour of dawn, Through the thick vapours Mars with fiery beam Glares down in west, over the ocean floor; So seem'd, what once again I hope to view, A light so swiftly coming through the sea, No winged course might equal its career. From which when for a space I had withdrawn Thine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide, Again I look'd and saw it grown in size And brightness: thou on either side appear'd Something, but what I knew not of bright hue, And by degrees from underneath it came Another. My preceptor silent yet Stood, while the brightness, that we first discern'd, Open'd the form of wings: then when he knew The pilot, cried aloud, "Down, down; bend low Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands: Now shalt thou see true Ministers indeed. Lo how all human means he sets at naught! So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail Except his wings, between such distant shores. Lo how straight up to heaven he holds them rear'd, Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes, That not like mortal hairs fall off or change!" As more and more toward us came, more bright Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye Endure his splendor near: I mine bent down. He drove ashore in a small bark so swift And light, that in its course no wave it drank. The heav'nly steersman at the prow was seen, Visibly written blessed in his looks. Within a hundred spirits and more there sat. "In Exitu Israel de Aegypto;" All with one voice together sang, with what In the remainder of that hymn is writ. Then soon as with the sign of holy cross He bless'd them, they at once leap'd out on land, The swiftly as he came return'd. The crew, There left, appear'd astounded with the place, Gazing around as one who sees new sights.

From every side the sun darted his beams, And with his arrowy radiance
from mid heav'n Had chas'd the Capricorn, when that strange tribe Lifting
their eyes towards us: If ye know, Declare what path will Lead us to the
mount." Them Virgil answer'd. "Ye suppose perchance Us well
acquainted with this place: but here, We, as yourselves, are strangers.
Not long erst We came, before you but a little space, By other road so
rough and hard, that now The' ascent will seem to us as play." The spirits,
Who from my breathing had perceiv'd I liv'd, Grew pale with wonder. As
the multitude Flock round a herald, sent with olive branch, To hear what
news he brings, and in their haste Tread one another down, e'en so at sight
Of me those happy spirits were fix'd, each one Forgetful of its errand, to
depart, Where cleans'd from sin, it might be made all fair. Then one I
saw darting before the rest With such fond ardour to embrace me, I To do
the like was mov'd. O shadows vain Except in outward semblance!
thrice my hands I clasp'd behind it, they as oft return'd Empty into my
breast again. Surprise I needs must think was painted in my looks, For
that the shadow smil'd and backward drew. To follow it I hasten'd, but
with voice Of sweetness it enjoin'd me to desist. Then who it was I knew,
and pray'd of it, To talk with me, it would a little pause. It answered: "Thee
as in my mortal frame I lov'd, so loos'd forth it I love thee still, And
therefore pause; but why walkest thou here?" "Not without purpose
once more to return, Thou find'st me, my Casella, where I am Journeying
this way;" I said, "but how of thee Hath so much time been lost?" He
answer'd straight: "No outrage hath been done to me, if he Who when and
whom he chooses takes, me oft This passage hath denied, since of just will
His will he makes. These three months past indeed, He, whose chose to
enter, with free leave Hath taken; whence I wand'ring by the shore Where
Tyber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind Admittance, at that river's
mouth, tow'rd which His wings are pointed, for there always throng All
such as not to Archeron descend." Then I: "If new laws have not quite
destroy'd Memory and use of that sweet song of love, That while all my
cares had power to 'swage; Please thee with it a little to console My spirit,
that incumber'd with its frame, Travelling so far, of pain is overcome."
"Love that discourses in my thoughts." He then Began in such soft

accents, that within The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide And
all who came with him, so well were pleas'd, That seem'd naught else
might in their thoughts have room. Fast fix'd in mute attention to his
notes We stood, when lo! that old man venerable Exclaiming, "How is
this, ye tardy spirits? What negligence detains you loit'ring here? Run to
the mountain to cast off those scales, That from your eyes the sight of God
conceal." As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food Collected, blade or
tares, without their pride Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort, If aught
alarm them, suddenly desert Their meal, assail'd by more important care;
So I that new-come troop beheld, the song Deserting, hasten to the
mountain's side, As one who goes yet where he tends knows not. Nor
with less hurried step did we depart.

CANTO III

Them sudden flight had scatter'd over the plain, Turn'd tow'rds the mountain, whither reason's voice Drives us; I to my faithful company Adhering, left it not. For how of him Depriv'd, might I have sped, or who beside Would o'er the mountainous tract have led my steps He with the bitter pang of self-remorse Seem'd smitten. O clear conscience and upright How doth a little fling wound thee sore! Soon as his feet desisted (slack'ning pace), From haste, that mars all decency of act, My mind, that in itself before was wrapt, Its thoughts expanded, as with joy restor'd: And full against the steep ascent I set My face, where highest to heav'n its top o'erflows. The sun, that flar'd behind, with ruddy beam Before my form was broken; for in me His rays resistance met. I turn'd aside With fear of being left, when I beheld Only before myself the ground obscur'd. When thus my solace, turning him around, Bespake me kindly: "Why distrustest thou? Believ'st not I am with thee, thy sure guide? It now is evening there, where buried lies The body, in which I cast a shade, remov'd To Naples from Brundusium's wall. Nor thou Marvel, if before me no shadow fall, More than that in the sky element One ray obstructs not other. To endure Torments of heat and cold extreme, like frames That virtue hath dispos'd, which how it works Wills not to us should be reveal'd. Insane Who hopes, our reason may that space explore, Which holds three persons in one substance knit. Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind; Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been For Mary to bring forth. Moreover ye Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly; To whose desires repose would have been giv'n, That now but serve them for eternal grief. I speak of Plato, and the Stagyrice, And others many more." And then he bent Downwards his forehead, and in troubled mood Broke off his speech. Meanwhile we had arriv'd Far as the mountain's foot, and there the rock Found of so steep ascent, that nimblest steps To climb it had been vain. The most remote Most wild untrodden path, in all the tract 'Twixt Lerice and Turbia were to this A ladder easy' and open of access. "Who knows on which hand now the steep declines?" My master said and paus'd, "so that he may Ascend, who journeys without aid of wine,?" And while with

looks directed to the ground The meaning of the pathway he explor'd, And I gaz'd upward round the stony height, Of spirits, that toward us mov'd their steps, Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd. I thus my guide address'd: "Upraise thine eyes, Lo that way some, of whom thou may'st obtain Counsel, if of thyself thou find'st it not!" Straightway he look'd, and with free speech replied: "Let us tend thither: they but softly come. And thou be firm in hope, my son belov'd." Now was that people distant far in space A thousand paces behind ours, as much As at a throw the nervous arm could fling, When all drew backward on the messy crags Of the steep bank, and firmly stood unmov'd As one who walks in doubt might stand to look. "O spirits perfect! O already chosen!" Virgil to them began, "by that blest peace, Which, as I deem, is for you all prepar'd, Instruct us where the mountain low declines, So that attempt to mount it be not vain. For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves." As sheep, that step from forth their fold, by one, Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose To ground, and what the foremost does, that do The others, gath'ring round her, if she stops, Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern; So saw I moving to advance the first, Who of that fortunate crew were at the head, Of modest mien and graceful in their gait. When they before me had beheld the light From my right side fall broken on the ground, So that the shadow reach'd the cave, they stopp'd And somewhat back retir'd: the same did all, Who follow'd, though unweeting of the cause "Unask'd of you, yet freely I confess, This is a human body which ye see. That the sun's light is broken on the ground, Marvel not: but believe, that not without Virtue deriv'd from Heaven, we to climb Over this wall aspire." So them bespake My master; and that virtuous tribe rejoin'd; " Turn, and before you there the entrance lies," Making a signal to us with bent hands. Then of them one began. "Whoe'er thou art, Who journey'st thus this way, thy visage turn, Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen." I tow'rds him turn'd, and with fix'd eye beheld. Comely, and fair, and gentle of aspect, He seem'd, but on one brow a gash was mark'd. When humbly I disclaim'd to have beheld Him ever: "Now behold!" he said, and show'd High on his breast a wound: then smiling spake. "I am Manfredi, grandson to the

Queen Costanza: whence I pray thee, when return'd, To my fair daughter go, the parent glad Of Aragonia and Sicilia's pride; And of the truth inform her, if of me Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself Weeping to him, who of free will forgives. My sins were horrible; but so wide arms Hath goodness infinite, that it receives All who turn to it. Had this text divine Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd, Who then by Clement on my hunt was set, Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain, Near Benevento, by the heavy mole Protected; but the rain now drenches them, And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds, Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights Extinguish'd, he remov'd them from their bed. Yet by their curse we are not so destroy'd, But that the eternal love may turn, while hope Retains her verdant blossoms. True it is, That such one as in contumacy dies Against the holy church, though he repent, Must wander thirty-fold for all the time In his presumption past; if such decree Be not by prayers of good men shorter made Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss; Revealing to my good Costanza, how Thou hast beheld me, and beside the terms Laid on me of that interdict; for here By means of those below much profit comes."

CANTO IV

When by sensations of delight or pain, That any of our faculties hath seiz'd, Entire the soul collects herself, it seems She is intent upon that power alone, And thus the error is disprov'd which holds The soul not singly lighted in the breast. And therefore when as aught is heard or seen, That firmly keeps the soul toward it turn'd, Time passes, and a man perceives it not. For that, whereby he hearken, is one power, Another that, which the whole spirit hash; This is as it were bound, while that is free. This found I true by proof, hearing that spirit And wond'ring; for full fifty steps aloft The sun had measur'd unobserv'd of me, When we arriv'd where all with one accord The spirits shouted, "Here is what ye ask." A larger aperture ofttimes is stopp'd With forked stake of thorn by villager, When the ripe grape imbrovns, than was the path, By which my guide, and I behind him close, Ascended solitary, when that troop Departing left us. On Sanleo's road Who journeys, or to Noli low descends, Or mounts Bismantua's height, must use his feet; But here a man had need to fly, I mean With the swift wing and plumes of high desire, Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope, And with light furnish'd to direct my way. We through the broken rock ascended, close Pent on each side, while underneath the ground Ask'd help of hands and feet. When we arriv'd Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank, Where the plain level open'd I exclaim'd, "O master! say which way can we proceed?" He answer'd, "Let no step of thine recede. Behind me gain the mountain, till to us Some practis'd guide appear." That eminence Was lofty that no eye might reach its point, And the side proudly rising, more than line From the mid quadrant to the centre drawn. I wearied thus began: "Parent belov'd! Turn, and behold how I remain alone, If thou stay not." --" My son!" He straight reply'd, "Thus far put forth thy strength; "and to a track Pointed, that, on this side projecting, round Circles the hill. His words so spurr'd me on, That I behind him clamb'ring, forc'd myself, Till my feet press'd the circuit plain beneath. There both together seated, turn'd we round To eastward, whence was our ascent: and oft Many beside have with delight look'd back. First on the nether shores I turn'd my eyes, Then rais'd

them to the sun, and wond'ring mark'd That from the left it smote us.
Soon perceiv'd That Poet sage how at the car of light Amaz'd I stood,
where 'twixt us and the north Its course it enter'd. Whence he thus to me:
"Were Leda's offspring now in company Of that broad mirror, that high up
and low Imparts his light beneath, thou might'st behold The ruddy zodiac
nearer to the bears Wheel, if its ancient course it not forsook. How that
may be if thou would'st think; within Pond'ring, imagine Sion with this
mount Plac'd on the earth, so that to both be one Horizon, and two
hemispheres apart, Where lies the path that Phaeton ill knew To guide his
erring chariot: thou wilt see How of necessity by this on one He passes,
while by that on the' other side, If with clear view shine intellect attend."
"Of truth, kind teacher!" I exclaim'd, "so clear Aught saw I never, as I
now discern Where seem'd my ken to fail, that the mid orb Of the supernal
motion (which in terms Of art is called the Equator, and remains Ever
between the sun and winter) for the cause Thou hast assign'd, from hence
toward the north Departs, when those who in the Hebrew land Inhabit, see
it tow'rds the warmer part. But if it please thee, I would gladly know, How
far we have to journey: for the hill Mounts higher, than this sight of mine
can mount." He thus to me: "Such is this steep ascent, That it is ever
difficult at first, But, more a man proceeds, less evil grows. When pleasant
it shall seem to thee, so much That upward going shall be easy to thee. As
in a vessel to go down the tide, Then of this path thou wilt have reach'd the
end. There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No more I answer, and thus
far for certain know." As he his words had spoken, near to us A voice there
sounded: "Yet ye first perchance May to repose you by constraint be
led." At sound thereof each turn'd, and on the left A huge stone we beheld,
of which nor I Nor he before was ware. Thither we drew, find there were
some, who in the shady place Behind the rock were standing, as a man
Thru' idleness might stand. Among them one, Who seem'd to me much
wearied, sat him down, And with his arms did fold his knees about,
Holding his face between them downward bent. "Sweet Sir!" I cry'd,
"behold that man, who shows Himself more idle, than if laziness Were
sister to him." Straight he turn'd to us, And, o'er the thigh lifting his face,
observ'd, Then in these accents spake: "Up then, proceed Thou valiant

one." Straight who it was I knew; Nor could the pain I felt (for want of breath Still somewhat urg'd me) hinder my approach. And when I came to him, he scarce his head Uplifted, saying "Well hast thou discern'd, How from the left the sun his chariot leads." His lazy acts and broken words my lips To laughter somewhat mov'd; when I began: "Belacqua, now for thee I grieve no more. But tell, why thou art seated upright there? Waitest thou escort to conduct thee hence? Or blame I only shine accustom'd ways?" Then he: "My brother, of what use to mount, When to my suffering would not let me pass The bird of God, who at the portal sits? Behooves so long that heav'n first bear me round Without its limits, as in life it bore, Because I to the end repentant Sighs Delay'd, if prayer do not aid me first, That riseth up from heart which lives in grace. What other kind avails, not heard in heaven?" Before me now the Poet up the mount Ascending, cried: "Haste thee, for see the sun Has touch'd the point meridian, and the night Now covers with her foot Marocco's shore."

CANTO V

Now had I left those spirits, and pursued The steps of my Conductor, when beheld Pointing the finger at me one exclaim'd: "See how it seems as if the light not shone From the left hand of him beneath, and he, As living, seems to be led on." Mine eyes I at that sound reverting, saw them gaze Through wonder first at me, and then at me And the light broken underneath, by turns. "Why are thy thoughts thus riveted?" my guide Exclaim'd, "that thou hast slack'd thy pace? or how Imports it thee, what thing is whisper'd here? Come after me, and to their babblings leave The crowd. Be as a tower, that, firmly set, Shakes not its top for any blast that blows! He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out, Still of his aim is wide, in that the one Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strength." What other could I answer save "I come?" I said it, somewhat with that colour ting'd Which ofttimes pardon meriteth for man. Meanwhile traverse along the hill there came, A little way before us, some who sang The "Miserere" in responsive Strains. When they perceiv'd that through my body I Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song Straight to a long and hoarse exclaim they chang'd; And two of them, in guise of messengers, Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd: Of your condition we would gladly learn." To them my guide. "Ye may return, and bear Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame Is real flesh. If, as I deem, to view His shade they paus'd, enough is answer'd them. Him let them honour, they may prize him well." Ne'er saw I fiery vapours with such speed Cut through the serene air at fall of night, Nor August's clouds athwart the setting sun, That upward these did not in shorter space Return; and, there arriving, with the rest Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop. "Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, who throng Around us: to petition thee they come. Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st." "O spirit! who go'st on to blessedness With the same limbs, that clad thee at thy birth." Shouting they came, "a little rest thy step. Look if thou any one amongst our tribe Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there Thou mayst report. Ah, wherefore go'st thou on? Ah wherefore tarriest thou not? We all By violence died, and to our latest hour Were sinners, but then

warn'd by light from heav'n, So that, repenting and forgiving, we Did issue out of life at peace with God, Who with desire to see him fills our heart." Then I: "The visages of all I scan Yet none of ye remember. But if aught, That I can do, may please you, gentle spirits! Speak; and I will perform it, by that peace, Which on the steps of guide so excellent Following from world to world intent I seek." In answer he began: "None here distrusts Thy kindness, though not promis'd with an oath; So as the will fail not for want of power. Whence I, who sole before the others speak, Entreat thee, if thou ever see that land, Which lies between Romagna and the realm Of Charles, that of thy courtesy thou pray Those who inhabit Fano, that for me Their adorations duly be put up, By which I may purge off my grievous sins. From thence I came. But the deep passages, Whence issued out the blood wherein I dwelt, Upon my bosom in Antenor's land Were made, where to be more secure I thought. The author of the deed was Este's prince, Who, more than right could warrant, with his wrath Pursued me. Had I towards Mira fled, When overta'en at Oriaco, still Might I have breath'd. But to the marsh I sped, And in the mire and rushes tangled there Fell, and beheld my life-blood float the plain." Then said another: "Ah! so may the wish, That takes thee o'er the mountain, be fulfill'd, As thou shalt graciously give aid to mine. Of Montefeltro I; Buonconte I; Giovanna nor none else have care for me, Sorrowing with these I therefore go." I thus: "From Campaldino's field what force or chance Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?" "Oh!" answer'd he, "at Casentino's foot A stream there courseth, nam'd Archiano, sprung In Apennine above the Hermit's seat. E'en where its name is cancel'd, there came I, Pierc'd in the heart, fleeing away on foot, And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech Fail'd me, and finishing with Mary's name I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain'd. I will report the truth; which thou again Tell to the living. Me God's angel took, Whilst he of hell exclaim'd: "O thou from heav'n! Say wherefore hast thou robb'd me? Thou of him Th' eternal portion bear'st with thee away For one poor tear that he deprives me of. But of the other, other rule I make." "Thou knowest how in the atmosphere collects That vapour dank, returning into water, Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it. That evil

will, which in his intellect Still follows evil, came, and rais'd the wind And smoky mist, by virtue of the power Given by his nature. Thence the valley, soon As day was spent, he cover'd o'er with cloud From Pratomagno to the mountain range, And stretch'd the sky above, so that the air Impregnate chang'd to water. Fell the rain, And to the fosses came all that the land Contain'd not; and, as mightiest streams are wont, To the great river with such headlong sweep Rush'd, that nought stay'd its course. My stiffen'd frame Laid at his mouth the fell Archiano found, And dash'd it into Arno, from my breast Loos'ning the cross, that of myself I made When overcome with pain. He hurl'd me on, Along the banks and bottom of his course; Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt." "Ah! when thou to the world shalt be return'd, And rested after thy long road," so spake Next the third spirit; "then remember me. I once was Pia. Sienna gave me life, Maremma took it from me. That he knows, Who me with jewell'd ring had first espous'd."

CANTO VI

When from their game of dice men separate, He, who hath lost, remains in sadness fix'd, Revolving in his mind, what luckless throws He cast: but meanwhile all the company Go with the other; one before him runs, And one behind his mantle twitches, one Fast by his side bids him remember him. He stops not; and each one, to whom his hand Is stretch'd, well knows he bids him stand aside; And thus he from the press defends himself. E'en such was I in that close-crowding throng; And turning so my face around to all, And promising, I 'scap'd from it with pains. Here of Arezzo him I saw, who fell By Ghino's cruel arm; and him beside, Who in his chase was swallow'd by the stream. Here Frederic Novello, with his hand Stretch'd forth, entreated; and of Pisa he, Who put the good Marzucio to such proof Of constancy. Count Orso I beheld; And from its frame a soul dismiss'd for spite And envy, as it said, but for no crime: I speak of Peter de la Brosse; and here, While she yet lives, that Lady of Brabant Let her beware; lest for so false a deed She herd with worse than these. When I was freed From all those spirits, who pray'd for others' prayers To hasten on their state of blessedness; Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary! It seems expressly in thy text denied, That heaven's supreme decree can never bend To supplication; yet with this design Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain, Or is thy saying not to me reveal'd?" He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain, And these deceiv'd not in their hope, if well Thy mind consider, that the sacred height Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame In a short moment all fulfils, which he Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy. Besides, when I this point concluded thus, By praying no defect could be supplied; Because the pray'r had none access to God. Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not Contented unless she assure thee so, Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light. I know not if thou take me right; I mean Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above, Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy." Then I: "Sir! let us mend our speed; for now I tire not as before; and lo! the hill Stretches its shadow far." He answer'd thus: "Our progress with this day shall be as much As we may now dispatch; but otherwise Than thou supposest is the truth.

For there Thou canst not be, ere thou once more behold Him back
returning, who behind the steep Is now so hidden, that as erst his beam
Thou dost not break. But lo! a spirit there Stands solitary, and toward
us looks: It will instruct us in the speediest way." We soon approach'd it.
O thou Lombard spirit! How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,
Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes! It spoke not aught, but let us
onward pass, Eyeing us as a lion on his watch. But Virgil with entreaty
mild advanc'd, Requesting it to show the best ascent. It answer to his
question none return'd, But of our country and our kind of life Demanded.
When my courteous guide began, "Mantua," the solitary shadow quick
Rose towards us from the place in which it stood, And cry'd, "Mantuan!
I am thy countryman Sordello." Each the other then embrac'd. Ah
slavish Italy! thou inn of grief, Vessel without a pilot in loud storm, Lady
no longer of fair provinces, But brothel-house impure! this gentle spirit,
Ev'n from the Pleasant sound of his dear land Was prompt to greet a fellow
citizen With such glad cheer; while now thy living ones In thee abide not
without war; and one Malicious gnaws another, ay of those Whom the
same wall and the same moat contains, Seek, wretched one! around thy
sea-coasts wide; Then homeward to thy bosom turn, and mark If any part
of the sweet peace enjoy. What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand
Befitted, if thy saddle be unpress'd? Nought doth he now but aggravate thy
shame. Ah people! thou obedient still shouldst live, And in the saddle let
thy Caesar sit, If well thou marked'st that which God commands Look
how that beast to felness hath relaps'd From having lost correction of the
spur, Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand, O German Albert! who
abandon'st her, That is grown savage and unmanageable, When thou
should'st clasp her flanks with forked heels. Just judgment from the stars
fall on thy blood! And be it strange and manifest to all! Such as may strike
thy successor with dread! For that thy sire and thou have suffer'd thus,
Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd, The garden of the empire to
run waste. Come see the Capulets and Montagues, The Philippeschi and
Monaldi! man Who car'st for nought! those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd. Come, cruel one! Come and behold the
oppression of the nobles, And mark their injuries: and thou mayst see.

What safety Santafiore can supply. Come and behold thy Rome, who calls on thee, Desolate widow! day and night with moans: "My Caesar, why dost thou desert my side?" Come and behold what love among thy people: And if no pity touches thee for us, Come and blush for thine own report. For me, If it be lawful, O Almighty Power, Who wast in earth for our sakes crucified! Are thy just eyes turn'd elsewhere? or is this A preparation in the wond'rous depth Of thy sage counsel made, for some good end, Entirely from our reach of thought cut off? So are the' Italian cities all o'erthrong'd With tyrants, and a great Marcellus made Of every petty factious villager. My Florence! thou mayst well remain unmov'd At this digression, which affects not thee: Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed. Many have justice in their heart, that long Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow, Or ere it dart unto its aim: but shine Have it on their lip's edge. Many refuse To bear the common burdens: readier thine Answer uncall'd, and cry, "Behold I stoop!" Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now, Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught! Facts best witness if I speak the truth. Athens and Lacedaemon, who of old Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd, Made little progress in improving life Tow'rds thee, who usest such nice subtlety, That to the middle of November scarce Reaches the thread thou in October weav'st. How many times, within thy memory, Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices Have been by thee renew'd, and people chang'd! If thou remember'st well and can'st see clear, Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch, Who finds no rest upon her down, hut oft Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.

CANTO VII

After their courteous greetings joyfully Sev'n times exchang'd,
Sordello backward drew Exclaiming, "Who are ye?" "Before this mount
By spirits worthy of ascent to God Was sought, my bones had by Octavius'
care Been buried. I am Virgil, for no sin Depriv'd of heav'n, except for
lack of faith." So answer'd him in few my gentle guide. As one, who
aught before him suddenly Beholding, whence his wonder riseth, cries "It
is yet is not," wav'ring in belief; Such he appear'd; then downward bent his
eyes, And drawing near with reverential step, Caught him, where of mean
estate might clasp His lord. "Glory of Latium!" he exclaim'd, "In whom
our tongue its utmost power display'd! Boast of my honor'd birth-place!
what desert Of mine, what favour rather undeserv'd, Shows thee to me?
If I to hear that voice Am worthy, say if from below thou com'st And from
what cloister's pale?"--"Through every orb Of that sad region," he reply'd,
"thus far Am I arriv'd, by heav'nly influence led And with such aid I come.
There is a place There underneath, not made by torments sad, But by dun
shades alone; where mourning's voice Sounds not of anguish sharp, but
breathes in sighs. There I with little innocents abide, Who by death's fangs
were bitten, ere exempt From human taint. There I with those abide,
Who the three holy virtues put not on, But understood the rest, and
without blame Follow'd them all. But if thou know'st and canst, Direct
us, how we soonest may arrive, Where Purgatory its true beginning takes."
He answer'd thus: "We have no certain place Assign'd us: upwards I may
go or round, Far as I can, I join thee for thy guide. But thou beholdest now
how day declines: And upwards to proceed by night, our power Excels:
therefore it may be well to choose A place of pleasant sojourn. To the
right Some spirits sit apart retir'd. If thou Consentest, I to these will lead
thy steps: And thou wilt know them, not without delight." "How
chances this?" was answer'd; "who so wish'd To ascend by night,
would he be thence debarr'd By other, or through his own weakness fail?"
The good Sordello then, along the ground Trailing his finger, spoke: "Only
this line Thou shalt not overpass, soon as the sun Hath disappear'd; not
that aught else impedes Thy going upwards, save the shades of night.

These with the wont of power perplex the will. With them thou haply mightst return beneath, Or to and fro around the mountain's side Wander, while day is in the horizon shut." My master straight, as wond'ring at his speech, Exclaim'd: "Then lead us quickly, where thou sayst, That, while we stay, we may enjoy delight." A little space we were remov'd from thence, When I perceiv'd the mountain hollow'd out. Ev'n as large valleys hollow'd out on earth, "That way," the' escorting spirit cried, "we go, Where in a bosom the high bank recedes: And thou await renewal of the day." Betwixt the steep and plain a crooked path Led us traverse into the ridge's side, Where more than half the sloping edge expires. Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refin'd, And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers Plac'd in that fair recess, in color all Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less. Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues, But of the sweetness of a thousand smells A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made. "Salve Regina," on the grass and flowers Here chanting I beheld those spirits sit Who not beyond the valley could be seen. "Before the west'ring sun sink to his bed," Began the Mantuan, who our steps had turn'd, "Mid those desires not that I lead ye on. For from this eminence ye shall discern Better the acts and visages of all, Than in the nether vale among them mix'd. He, who sits high above the rest, and seems To have neglected that he should have done, And to the others' song moves not his lip, The Emperor Rodolph call, who might have heal'd The wounds whereof fair Italy hath died, So that by others she revives but slowly, He, who with kindly visage comforts him, Sway'd in that country, where the water springs, That Moldaw's river to the Elbe, and Elbe Rolls to the ocean: Ottocar his name: Who in his swaddling clothes was of more worth Than Wincelous his son, a bearded man, Pamper'd with rank luxuriousness and ease. And that one with the nose depress, who close In counsel seems with him of gentle look, Flying expir'd, with'ring the lily's flower. Look there how he doth knock against his breast! The other ye behold, who for his cheek Makes of one hand a couch, with frequent sighs. They are the father and the father-in-law Of Gallia's bane: his vicious life they know And foul; thence comes the grief that rends them thus. "He,

so robust of limb, who measure keeps In song, with him of feature prominent, With ev'ry virtue bore his girdle brac'd. And if that stripling who behinds him sits, King after him had liv'd, his virtue then From vessel to like vessel had been pour'd; Which may not of the other heirs be said. By James and Frederick his realms are held; Neither the better heritage obtains. Rarely into the branches of the tree Doth human worth mount up; and so ordains He who bestows it, that as his free gift It may be call'd. To Charles my words apply No less than to his brother in the song; Which Pouille and Provence now with grief confess. So much that plant degenerates from its seed, As more than Beatrice and Margaret Costanza still boasts of her valorous spouse. "Behold the king of simple life and plain, Harry of England, sitting there alone: He through his branches better issue spreads. "That one, who on the ground beneath the rest Sits lowest, yet his gaze directs aloft, Us William, that brave Marquis, for whose cause The deed of Alexandria and his war Makes Conferrat and Canavese weep."

CANTO VIII

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart, Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell, And pilgrim newly on his road with love Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far, That seems to mourn for the expiring day: When I, no longer taking heed to hear Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark One risen from its seat, which with its hand Audience implor'd. Both palms it join'd and rais'd, Fixing its steadfast gaze towards the east, As telling God, "I care for naught beside." "Te Lucis Ante," so devoutly then Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain, That all my sense in ravishment was lost. And the rest after, softly and devout, Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze Directed to the bright supernal wheels. Here, reader! for the truth makes thine eyes keen: For of so subtle texture is this veil, That thou with ease mayst pass it through unmark'd. I saw that gentle band silently next Look up, as if in expectation held, Pale and in lowly guise; and from on high I saw forth issuing descend beneath Two angels with two flame-illumin'd swords, Broken and mutilated at their points. Green as the tender leaves but newly born, Their vesture was, the which by wings as green Beaten, they drew behind them, fann'd in air. A little over us one took his stand, The other lighted on the' Opposing hill, So that the troop were in the midst contain'd. Well I descried the whiteness on their heads; But in their visages the dazzled eye Was lost, as faculty that by too much Is overpower'd. "From Mary's bosom both Are come," exclaim'd Sordello, "as a guard Over the vale, ganst him, who hither tends, The serpent." Whence, not knowing by which path He came, I turn'd me round, and closely press'd, All frozen, to my leader's trusted side. Sordello paus'd not: "To the valley now (For it is time) let us descend; and hold Converse with those great shadows: haply much Their sight may please ye." Only three steps down Methinks I measur'd, ere I was beneath, And noted one who look'd as with desire To know me. Time was now that air arrow dim; Yet not so dim, that 'twixt his eyes and mine It clear'd not up what was conceal'd before. Mutually tow'rds each other we advanc'd. Nino, thou courteous judge! what joy I felt, When I

perceiv'd thou wert not with the bad! No salutation kind on either part
Was left unsaid. He then inquir'd: "How long Since thou arriv'd'st at
the mountain's foot, Over the distant waves?" --"O!" answer'd I, "Through
the sad seats of woe this morn I came, And still in my first life, thus
journeying on, The other strive to gain." Soon as they heard My words,
he and Sordello backward drew, As suddenly amaz'd. To Virgil one, The
other to a spirit turn'd, who near Was seated, crying: "Conrad! up with
speed: Come, see what of his grace high God hath will'd." Then turning
round to me: "By that rare mark Of honour which thou ow'st to him,
who hides So deeply his first cause, it hath no ford, When thou shalt he
beyond the vast of waves. Tell my Giovanna, that for me she call There,
where reply to innocence is made. Her mother, I believe, loves me no
more; Since she has chang'd the white and wimpled folds, Which she is
doom'd once more with grief to wish. By her it easily may be perceiv'd,
How long in women lasts the flame of love, If sight and touch do not
relume it oft. For her so fair a burial will not make The viper which calls
Milan to the field, As had been made by shrill Gallura's bird." He spoke,
and in his visage took the stamp Of that right seal, which with due
temperature Glows in the bosom. My insatiate eyes Meanwhile to heav'n
had travel'd, even there Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel
Nearest the axle; when my guide inquir'd: "What there aloft, my son, has
caught thy gaze?" I answer'd: "The three torches, with which here
The pole is all on fire. "He then to me: "The four resplendent stars, thou
saw'st this morn Are there beneath, and these ris'n in their stead." While
yet he spoke. Sordello to himself Drew him, and cry'd: "Lo there our
enemy!" And with his hand pointed that way to look. Along the side,
where barrier none arose Around the little vale, a serpent lay, Such haply
as gave Eve the bitter food. Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake
Came on, reverting oft his lifted head; And, as a beast that smoothes its
polish'd coat, Licking his hack. I saw not, nor can tell, How those
celestial falcons from their seat Mov'd, but in motion each one well
descried, Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes. The serpent fled; and
to their stations back The angels up return'd with equal flight. The
Spirit (who to Nino, when he call'd, Had come), from viewing me with

fixed ken, Through all that conflict, loosen'd not his sight. "So may the lamp, which leads thee up on high, Find, in thy destin'd lot, of wax so much, As may suffice thee to the enamel's height." It thus began: "If any certain news Of Valdimagra and the neighbour part Thou know'st, tell me, who once was mighty there They call'd me Conrad Malaspina, not That old one, but from him I sprang. The love I bore my people is now here refin'd." "In your dominions," I answer'd, "ne'er was I. But through all Europe where do those men dwell, To whom their glory is not manifest? The fame, that honours your illustrious house, Proclaims the nobles and proclaims the land; So that he knows it who was never there. I swear to you, so may my upward route Prosper! your honour'd nation not impairs The value of her coffer and her sword. Nature and use give her such privilege, That while the world is twisted from his course By a bad head, she only walks aright, And has the evil way in scorn." He then: "Now pass thee on: sev'n times the tired sun Revisits not the couch, which with four feet The forked Aries covers, ere that kind Opinion shall be nail'd into thy brain With stronger nails than other's speech can drive, If the sure course of judgment be not stay'd."

CANTO IX

Now the fair consort of Tithonus old, Arisen from her mate's beloved arms, Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff: her brow, Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign Of that chill animal, who with his train Smites fearful nations: and where then we were, Two steps of her ascent the night had past, And now the third was closing up its wing, When I, who had so much of Adam with me, Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with sleep, There where all five were seated. In that hour, When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay, Rememb'ring haply ancient grief, renews, And with our minds more wand'ers from the flesh, And less by thought restrain'd are, as 't were, full Of holy divination in their dreams, Then in a vision did I seem to view A golden-feather'd eagle in the sky, With open wings, and hov'ring for descent, And I was in that place, methought, from whence Young Ganymede, from his associates 'reft, Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory. "Perhaps," thought I within me, "here alone He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd, A little wheeling in his airy tour Terrible as the lightning rush'd he down, And snatch'd me upward even to the fire. There both, I thought, the eagle and myself Did burn; and so intense th' imagin'd flames, That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst Achilles shook himself, and round him roll'd His waken'd eyeballs wond'ring where he was, Whenas his mother had from Chiron fled To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms; E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face The slumber parted, turning deadly pale, Like one ice-struck with dread. Solo at my side My comfort stood: and the bright sun was now More than two hours aloft: and to the sea My looks were turn'd. "Fear not," my master cried, "Assur'd we are at happy point. Thy strength Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art come To Purgatory now. Lo! there the cliff That circling bounds it! Lo! the entrance there, Where it doth seem disparted! Ere the dawn Usher'd the daylight, when thy wearied soul Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath A lady came, and thus bespake me: "I Am Lucia. Suffer me to take this man, Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall speed." Sordello and the other gentle shapes Tarrying, she bare thee up: and, as day shone,

This summit reach'd: and I pursued her steps. Here did she place thee. First her lovely eyes That open entrance show'd me; then at once She vanish'd with thy sleep." Like one, whose doubts Are chas'd by certainty, and terror turn'd To comfort on discovery of the truth, Such was the change in me: and as my guide Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff He mov'd, and I behind him, towards the height. Reader! thou markest how my theme doth rise, Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully I prop the structure! Nearer now we drew, Arriv'd' whence in that part, where first a breach As of a wall appear'd, I could descry A portal, and three steps beneath, that led For inlet there, of different colour each, And one who watch'd, but spake not yet a word. As more and more mine eye did stretch its view, I mark'd him seated on the highest step, In visage such, as past my power to bear. Grasp'd in his hand a naked sword, glanc'd back The rays so toward me, that I oft in vain My sight directed. "Speak from whence ye stand:" He cried: "What would ye? Where is your escort? Take heed your coming upward harm ye not." "A heavenly dame, not skillless of these things," Replied the' instructor, "told us, even now, 'Pass that way: here the gate is." --"And may she Befriending prosper your ascent," resum'd The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come then Before our steps." We straightway thither came. The lowest stair was marble white so smooth And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd form Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block, Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that flam'd Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein. On this God's angel either foot sustain'd, Upon the threshold seated, which appear'd A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps My leader cheerily drew me. "Ask," said he, "With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt." Piously at his holy feet devolv'd I cast me, praying him for pity's sake That he would open to me: but first fell Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times⁰ The letter, that denotes the inward stain, He on my forehead with the blunted point Of his drawn sword inscrib'd. And "Look," he cried, "When enter'd, that thou wash these scars away." Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground, Were of one colour with the robe he wore. From underneath that vestment forth he drew Two keys of metal twain: the one

was gold, Its fellow silver. With the pallid first, And next the burnish'd,
he so ply'd the gate, As to content me well. "Whenever one Faileth of
these, that in the keyhole straight It turn not, to this alley then expect
Access in vain." Such were the words he spake. "One is more precious:
but the other needs Skill and sagacity, large share of each, Ere its good
task to disengage the knot Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these I
hold, of him instructed, that I err Rather in opening than in keeping fast;
So but the suppliant at my feet implore." Then of that hallow'd gate he
thrust the door, Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear: He forth again
departs who looks behind." As in the hinges of that sacred ward The
swivels turn'd, sonorous metal strong, Harsh was the grating; nor so surlily
Roar'd the Tarpeian, when by force bereft Of good Metellus, thenceforth
from his loss To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd, List'ning the
thunder, that first issued forth; And "We praise thee, O God," methought I
heard In accents blended with sweet melody. The strains came o'er mine
ear, e'en as the sound Of choral voices, that in solemn chant With organ
mingle, and, now high and clear, Come swelling, now float indistinct
away.

CANTO X

When we had passed the threshold of the gate (Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse, Making the crooked seem the straighter path), I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd, For that offence what plea might have avail'd? We mounted up the riven rock, that wound On either side alternate, as the wave Flies and advances. "Here some little art Behooves us," said my leader, "that our steps Observe the varying flexure of the path." Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb The moon once more o'erhangs her wat'ry couch, Ere we that strait have threaded. But when free We came and open, where the mount above One solid mass retires, I spent, with toil, And both, uncertain of the way, we stood, Upon a plain more lonesome, than the roads That traverse desert wilds. From whence the brink Borders upon vacuity, to foot Of the steep bank, that rises still, the space Had measur'd thrice the stature of a man: And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight, To leftward now and now to right dispatch'd, That cornice equal in extent appear'd. Not yet our feet had on that summit mov'd, When I discover'd that the bank around, Whose proud uprising all ascent denied, Was marble white, and so exactly wrought With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self Been sham'd. The angel who came down to earth With tidings of the peace so many years Wept for in vain, that op'd the heavenly gates From their long interdict) before us seem'd, In a sweet act, so sculptur'd to the life, He look'd no silent image. One had sworn He had said, "Hail!" for she was imag'd there, By whom the key did open to God's love, And in her act as sensibly impress That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind On one place only," said the guide belov'd, Who had me near him on that part where lies The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'd And mark'd, behind the virgin mother's form, Upon that side, where he, that mov'd me, stood, Another story graven on the rock. I passed athwart the bard, and drew me near, That it might stand more aptly for my view. There in the self-same marble were engrav'd The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark, That from unbidden office awes mankind. Before it came much people;

and the whole Parted in seven quires. One sense cried, "Nay," Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume Of incense breathing up the well-wrought toil. Preceding the blest vessel, onward came With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise, Sweet Israel's harper: in that hap he seem'd Less and yet more than kingly. Opposite, At a great palace, from the lattice forth Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn And sorrow. To behold the tablet next, Which at the hack of Michol whitely shone, I mov'd me. There was storied on the rock The' exalted glory of the Roman prince, Whose mighty worth mov'd Gregory to earn His mighty conquest, Trajan th' Emperor. A widow at his bridle stood, attir'd In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd Full throng of knights, and overhead in gold The eagles floated, struggling with the wind. The wretch appear'd amid all these to say: "Grant vengeance, sire! for, woe beshrew this heart My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd; "Wait now till I return." And she, as one Made hasty by her grief; "O sire, if thou Dost not return?"--"Where I am, who then is, May right thee."--"What to thee is other's good, If thou neglect thy own?"--"Now comfort thee," At length he answers. "It beseemeth well My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence: So justice wills; and pity bids me stay." He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produc'd That visible speaking, new to us and strange The like not found on earth. Fondly I gaz'd Upon those patterns of meek humbleness, Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake, When "Lo," the poet whisper'd, "where this way (But slack their pace), a multitude advance. These to the lofty steps shall guide us on." Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights Their lov'd allurements, were not slow to turn. Reader! I would not that amaz'd thou miss Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God Decrees our debts be cancel'd. Ponder not The form of suff'ring. Think on what succeeds, Think that at worst beyond the mighty doom It cannot pass. "Instructor," I began, "What I see hither tending, bears no trace Of human semblance, nor of aught beside That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering thus: "So croub'd to earth, beneath their heavy teams Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first Struggled as thine. But look intently thither, An disentangle with thy lab'ring view, What underneath those stones

approacheth: now, E'en now, mayst thou discern the pangs of each." Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones! That feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust Upon unstaid perverseness! Know ye not That we are worms, yet made at last to form The winged insect, imp'd with angel plumes That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars? Why buoy ye up aloft your unfleg'd souls? Abortive then and shapeless ye remain, Like the untimely embryo of a worm! As, to support incumbent floor or roof, For corbel is a figure sometimes seen, That crumples up its knees unto its breast, With the feign'd posture stirring ruth unfeign'd In the beholder's fancy; so I saw These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise. Each, as his back was laden, came indeed Or more or less contract; but it appear'd As he, who show'd most patience in his look, Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

CANTO XI

O thou Almighty Father, who dost make The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confin'd, But that with love intenser there thou view'st Thy primal effluence, hallow'd be thy name: Join each created being to extol Thy might, for worthy humblest thanks and praise Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace Come unto us; for we, unless it come, With all our striving thither tend in vain. As of their will the angels unto thee Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne With loud hosannas, so of theirs be done By saintly men on earth. Grant us this day Our daily manna, without which he roams Through this rough desert retrograde, who most Toils to advance his steps. As we to each Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou Benign, and of our merit take no count. 'Gainst the old adversary prove thou not Our virtue easily subdu'd; but free From his incitements and defeat his wiles. This last petition, dearest Lord! is made Not for ourselves, since that were needless now, But for their sakes who after us remain." Thus for themselves and us good speed imploring, Those spirits went beneath a weight like that We sometimes feel in dreams, all, sore beset, But with unequal anguish, wearied all, Round the first circuit, purging as they go, The world's gross darkness off: In our behalf If there vows still be offer'd, what can here For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills Have root of goodness in them? Well beseems That we should help them wash away the stains They carried hence, that so made pure and light, They may spring upward to the starry spheres. "Ah! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid Your burdens speedily, that ye have power To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire Shall lift you, as ye show us on which hand Toward the ladder leads the shortest way. And if there be more passages than one, Instruct us of that easiest to ascend; For this man who comes with me, and bears yet The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him, Despite his better will but slowly mounts." From whom the answer came unto these words, Which my guide spake, appear'd not; but 'twas said "Along the bank to rightward come with us, And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil Of living man to climb: and were it not That I am hinder'd by the rock, wherewith This arrogant neck is tam'd, whence

needs I stoop My visage to the ground, him, who yet lives, Whose name thou speak'st not him I fain would view. To mark if e'er I knew him? and to crave His pity for the fardel that I bear. I was of Latiun, of a Tuscan horn A mighty one: Aldobranlesco's name My sire's, I know not if ye e'er have heard. My old blood and forefathers' gallant deeds Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot The common mother, and to such excess, Wax'd in my scorn of all men, that I fell, Fell therefore; by what fate Sienna's sons, Each child in Campagnatico, can tell. I am Omberto; not me only pride Hath injur'd, but my kindred all involv'd In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains Under this weight to groan, till I appease God's angry justice, since I did it not Amongst the living, here amongst the dead." List'ning I bent my visage down: and one (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight That urg'd him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd, Holding his eyes With difficulty fix'd Intent upon me, stooping as I went Companion of their way. "O!" I exclaim'd, "Art thou not Oderigi, art not thou Agobbio's glory, glory of that art Which they of Paris call the limmer's skill?" "Brother!" said he, "with tints that gayer smile, Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves. His all the honour now; mine borrow'd light. In truth I had not been thus courteous to him, The whilst I liv'd, through eagerness of zeal For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on. Here of such pride the forfeiture is paid. Nor were I even here; if, able still To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God. O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipp'd E'en in its height of verdure, if an age Less bright succeed not! Cimabue thought To lord it over painting's field; and now The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclips'd. Thus hath one Guido from the other snatch'd The letter'd prize: and he perhaps is born, Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind, That blows from divers points, and shifts its name Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou hadst died, Before the coral and the pap were left, Or ere some thousand years have passed? and that Is, to eternity compar'd, a space, Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye To the heaven's slowest orb. He there who treads So leisurely before me, far and wide Through Tuscany resounded once; and now Is in Sienna scarce

with whispers nam'd: There was he sov'reign, when destruction caught
The madd'ning rage of Florence, in that day Proud as she now is
loathsome. Your renown Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go,
And his might withers it, by whom it sprang Crude from the lap of earth."
I thus to him: "True are thy sayings: to my heart they breathe The kindly
spirit of meekness, and allay What tumours rankle there. But who is he
Of whom thou spak'st but now?" --"This," he replied, "Is Provenzano.
He is here, because He reach'd, with grasp presumptuous, at the sway
Of all Sienna. Thus he still hath gone, Thus goeth never-resting, since he
died. Such is th' acquittance render'd back of him, Who, beyond measure,
dar'd on earth." I then: "If soul that to the verge of life delays
Repentance, linger in that lower space, Nor hither mount, unless good
prayers befriend, How chanc'd admittance was vouchsaf'd to him?"
"When at his glory's topmost height," said he, "Respect of dignity all cast
aside, Freely He fix'd him on Sienna's plain, A suitor to redeem his
suff'ring friend, Who languish'd in the prison-house of Charles, Nor for his
sake refus'd through every vein To tremble. More I will not say; and
dark, I know, my words are, but thy neighbours soon Shall help thee to a
comment on the text. This is the work, that from these limits freed him."

CANTO XII

With equal pace as oxen in the yoke, I with that laden spirit journey'd on Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me; But when he bade me quit him, and proceed (For "here," said he, "behooves with sail and oars Each man, as best he may, push on his bark"), Upright, as one dispos'd for speed, I rais'd My body, still in thought submissive bow'd. I now my leader's track not loth pursued; And each had shown how light we far'd along When thus he warn'd me: "Bend thine eyesight down: For thou to ease the way shall find it good To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet." As in memorial of the buried, drawn Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptur'd form Of what was once, appears (at sight whereof Tears often stream forth by remembrance wak'd, Whose sacred stings the piteous only feel), So saw I there, but with more curious skill Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space From forth the mountain stretches. On one part Him I beheld, above all creatures erst Created noblest, light'ning fall from heaven: On th' other side with bolt celestial pierc'd Briareus: cumb'ring earth he lay through dint Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbraean god With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire, Arm'd still, and gazing on the giant's limbs Strewn o'er th' ethereal field. Nimrod I saw: At foot of the stupendous work he stood, As if bewilder'd, looking on the crowd Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain. O Niobe! in what a trance of woe Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn, Sev'n sons on either side thee slain! O Saul! How ghastly didst thou look! on thine own sword Expiring in Gilboa, from that hour Ne'er visited with rain from heav'n or dew! O fond Arachne! thee I also saw Half spider now in anguish crawling up Th' unfinish'd web thou weaved'st to thy bane! O Rehoboam! here thy shape doth seem Lourcing no more defiance! but fear-smote With none to chase him in his chariot whirl'd. Was shown beside upon the solid floor How dear Alcmaeon forc'd his mother rate That ornament in evil hour receiv'd: How in the temple on Sennacherib fell His sons, and how a corpse they left him there. Was shown the scath and cruel mangling made By Tomyris on Cyrus, when she cried: "Blood thou didst thirst for, take thy fill of blood!" Was shown how routed in the battle fled

Th' Assyrians, Holofernes slain, and e'en The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd In ashes and in caverns. Oh! how fall'n, How abject, Ilium, was thy semblance there! What master of the pencil or the style Had trac'd the shades and lines, that might have made The subtlest workman wonder? Dead the dead, The living seem'd alive; with clearer view His eye beheld not who beheld the truth, Than mine what I did tread on, while I went Low bending. Now swell out; and with stiff necks Pass on, ye sons of Eve! veil not your looks, Lest they descry the evil of your path! I noted not (so busied was my thought) How much we now had circled of the mount, And of his course yet more the sun had spent, When he, who with still wakeful caution went, Admonish'd: "Raise thou up thy head: for know Time is not now for slow suspense. Behold That way an angel hasting towards us! Lo Where duly the sixth handmaid doth return From service on the day. Wear thou in look And gesture seemly grace of reverent awe, That gladly he may forward us aloft. Consider that this day ne'er dawns again." Time's loss he had so often warn'd me 'gainst, I could not miss the scope at which he aim'd. The goodly shape approach'd us, snowy white In vesture, and with visage casting streams Of tremulous lustre like the matin star. His arms he open'd, then his wings; and spake: "Onward: the steps, behold! are near; and now Th' ascent is without difficulty gain'd." A scanty few are they, who when they hear Such tidings, hasten. O ye race of men Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind So slight to baffle ye? He led us on Where the rock parted; here against my front Did beat his wings, then promis'd I should fare In safety on my way. As to ascend That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands (O'er Rubaconte, looking lordly down On the well-guided city,) up the right Th' impetuous rise is broken by the steps Carv'd in that old and simple age, when still The registry and label rested safe; Thus is th' acclivity reliev'd, which here Precipitous from the other circuit falls: But on each hand the tall cliff presses close. As ent'ring there we turn'd, voices, in strain Ineffable, sang: "Blessed are the poor In spirit." Ah how far unlike to these The straits of hell; here songs to usher us, There shrieks of woe! We climb the holy stairs: And lighter to myself by far I seem'd Than on the plain before, whence thus I spake: "Say, master, of

what heavy thing have I Been lighten'd, that scarce aught the sense of toil
Affects me journeying?" He in few replied: "When sin's broad characters,
that yet remain Upon thy temples, though well nigh effac'd, Shall be, as
one is, all clean razed out, Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will Be so
o'ercome, they not alone shall feel No sense of labour, but delight much
more Shall wait them urg'd along their upward way." Then like to one,
upon whose head is plac'd Somewhat he deems not of but from the becks
Of others as they pass him by; his hand Lends therefore help to' assure
him, searches, finds, And well performs such office as the eye Wants
power to execute: so stretching forth The fingers of my right hand, did I
find Six only of the letters, which his sword Who bare the keys had trac'd
upon my brow. The leader, as he mark'd mine action, smil'd.

CANTO XIII

We reach'd the summit of the scale, and stood Upon the second
buttress of that mount Which healeth him who climbs. A cornice there,
Like to the former, girdles round the hill; Save that its arch with sweep
less ample bends. Shadow nor image there is seen; all smooth The
rampart and the path, reflecting nought But the rock's sullen hue. "If here
we wait For some to question," said the bard, "I fear Our choice may haply
meet too long delay." Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes He fastn'd,
made his right the central point From whence to move, and turn'd the left
aside. "O pleasant light, my confidence and hope, Conduct us thou," he
cried, "on this new way, Where now I venture, leading to the bourn We
seek. The universal world to thee Owes warmth and lustre. If no other
cause Forbid, thy beams should ever be our guide." Far, as is measur'd
for a mile on earth, In brief space had we journey'd; such prompt will
Impell'd; and towards us flying, now were heard Spirits invisible, who
courteously Unto love's table bade the welcome guest. The voice, that first?
flew by, call'd forth aloud, "They have no wine; " so on behind us past,
Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost In the faint distance, when another
came Crying, "I am Orestes," and alike Wing'd its fleet way. "Oh
father!" I exclaim'd, "What tongues are these?" and as I question'd, lo!
A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd you." "This circuit,"
said my teacher, "knots the scourge For envy, and the cords are therefore
drawn By charity's correcting hand. The curb Is of a harsher sound, as
thou shalt hear (If I deem rightly), ere thou reach the pass, Where pardon
sets them free. But fix thine eyes Intently through the air, and thou shalt
see A multitude before thee seated, each Along the shelving grot." Then
more than erst I op'd my eyes, before me view'd, and saw Shadows with
garments dark as was the rock; And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard A
crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us, Michael and Peter! all ye saintly
host!" I do not think there walks on earth this day Man so remorseless,
that he hath not yearn'd With pity at the sight that next I saw. Mine eyes a
load of sorrow teemed, when now I stood so near them, that their
semblances Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile Their cov'ring

seem'd; and on his shoulder one Did stay another, leaning, and all lean'd
 Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor, Near the confessionals, to
 crave an alms, Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk, So most to stir
 compassion, not by sound Of words alone, but that, which moves not less,
 The sight of mis'ry. And as never beam Of noonday visiteth the eyeless
 man, E'en so was heav'n a niggard unto these Of his fair light; for, through
 the orbs of all, A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up, As for the
 taming of a haggard hawk. It were a wrong, methought, to pass and
 look On others, yet myself the while unseen. To my sage counsel therefore
 did I turn. He knew the meaning of the mute appeal, Nor waited for my
 questioning, but said: "Speak; and be brief, be subtle in thy words." On
 that part of the cornice, whence no rim Engarlands its steep fall, did Virgil
 come; On the' other side me were the spirits, their cheeks Bathing devout
 with penitential tears, That through the dread impalement forc'd a way.
 I turn'd me to them, and "O shades!" said I, "Assur'd that to your eyes
 unveil'd shall shine The lofty light, sole object of your wish, So may
 heaven's grace clear whatsoe'er of foam Floats turbid on the conscience,
 that thenceforth The stream of mind roll limpid from its source, As ye
 declare (for so shall ye impart A boon I dearly prize) if any soul Of Latium
 dwell among ye; and perchance That soul may profit, if I learn so much."
 "My brother, we are each one citizens Of one true city. Any thou wouldst
 say, Who lived a stranger in Italia's land." So heard I answering, as
 appeal'd, a voice That onward came some space from whence I stood.
 A spirit I noted, in whose look was mark'd Expectance. Ask ye how?
 The chin was rais'd As in one reft of sight. "Spirit," said I, "Who for thy
 rise are tutoring (if thou be That which didst answer to me,) or by place Or
 name, disclose thyself, that I may know thee." "I was," it answer'd, "of
 Sienna: here I cleanse away with these the evil life, Soliciting with tears
 that He, who is, Vouchsafe him to us. Though Sapia nam'd In sapience I
 excell'd not, gladder far Of others' hurt, than of the good befell me. That
 thou mayst own I now deceive thee not, Hear, if my folly were not as I
 speak it. When now my years slop'd waning down the arch, It so bechanc'd,
 my fellow citizens Near Colle met their enemies in the field, And I pray'd
 God to grant what He had will'd. There were they vanquish'd, and betook

themselves Unto the bitter passages of flight. I mark'd the hunt, and waxing out of bounds In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow, And like the merlin cheated by a gleam, Cried, "It is over. Heav'n! I fear thee not." Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace With God; nor repentance had supplied What I did lack of duty, were it not The hermit Piero, touch'd with charity, In his devout orisons thought on me. But who art thou that question'st of our state, Who go'st to my belief, with lids unclos'd, And breathest in thy talk?" --"Mine eyes," said I, "May yet be here ta'en from me; but not long; For they have not offended grievously With envious glances. But the woe beneath Urges my soul with more exceeding dread. That nether load already weighs me down." She thus: "Who then amongst us here aloft Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return?" "He," answer'd I, "who standeth mute beside me. I live: of me ask therefore, chosen spirit, If thou desire I yonder yet should move For thee my mortal feet." --"Oh!" she replied, "This is so strange a thing, it is great sign That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer Sometime assist me: and by that I crave, Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold With that vain multitude, who set their hope On Telamone's haven, there to fail Confounded, more shall when the fancied stream They sought of Dian call'd: but they who lead Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

CANTO XIV

"Say who is he around our mountain winds, Or ever death has prun'd his wing for flight, That opes his eyes and covers them at will?" "I know not who he is, but know thus much He comes not singly. Do thou ask of him, For thou art nearer to him, and take heed Accost him gently, so that he may speak." Thus on the right two Spirits bending each Toward the other, talk'd of me, then both Addressing me, their faces backward lean'd, And thus the one began: "O soul, who yet Pent in the body, tendest towards the sky! For charity, we pray thee' comfort us, Recounting whence thou com'st, and who thou art: For thou dost make us at the favour shown thee Marvel, as at a thing that ne'er hath been." "There stretches through the midst of Tuscany, I straight began: "a brooklet, whose well-head Springs up in Falterona, with his race Not satisfied, when he some hundred miles Hath measur'd. From his banks bring, I this frame. To tell you who I am were words misspent: For yet my name scarce sounds on rumour's lip." "If well I do incorp'rate with my thought The meaning of thy speech," said he, who first Address me, "thou dost speak of Arno's wave." To whom the other: "Why hath he conceal'd The title of that river, as a man Doth of some horrible thing?" The spirit, who Thereof was question'd, did acquit him thus: "I know not: but 'tis fitting well the name Should perish of that vale; for from the source Where teems so plenteously the Alpine steep Maim'd of Pelorus, (that doth scarcely pass Beyond that limit,) even to the point Whereunto ocean is restor'd, what heaven Drains from th' exhaustless store for all earth's streams, Throughout the space is virtue worried down, As 'twere a snake, by all, for mortal foe, Or through disastrous influence on the place, Or else distortion of misguided wills, That custom goads to evil: whence in those, The dwellers in that miserable vale, Nature is so transform'd, it seems as they Had shar'd of Circe's feeding. 'Midst brute swine, Worthier of acorns than of other food Created for man's use, he shapeth first His obscure way; then, sloping onward, finds Curs, snarlers more in spite than power, from whom He turns with scorn aside: still journeying down, By how much more the curst and luckless foss Swells out to largeness, e'en so much it

finds Dogs turning into wolves. Descending still Through yet more hollow eddies, next he meets A race of foxes, so replete with craft, They do not fear that skill can master it. Nor will I cease because my words are heard By other ears than thine. It shall be well For this man, if he keep in memory What from no erring Spirit I reveal. Lo! I behold thy grandson, that becomes A hunter of those wolves, upon the shore Of the fierce stream, and cows them all with dread: Their flesh yet living sets he up to sale, Then like an aged beast to slaughter dooms. Many of life he reaves, himself of worth And goodly estimation. Smear'd with gore Mark how he issues from the rueful wood, Leaving such havoc, that in thousand years It spreads not to prime lustihood again." As one, who tidings hears of woe to come, Changes his looks perturb'd, from whate'er part The peril grasp him, so beheld I change That spirit, who had turn'd to listen, struck With sadness, soon as he had caught the word. His visage and the other's speech did raise Desire in me to know the names of both, whereof with meek entreaty I inquir'd. The shade, who late addrest me, thus resum'd: "Thy wish imports that I vouchsafe to do For thy sake what thou wilt not do for mine. But since God's will is that so largely shine His grace in thee, I will be liberal too. Guido of Duca know then that I am. Envy so parch'd my blood, that had I seen A fellow man made joyous, thou hadst mark'd A livid paleness overspread my cheek. Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd. O man, why place thy heart where there doth need Exclusion of participants in good? This is Rinieri's spirit, this the boast And honour of the house of Calboli, Where of his worth no heritage remains. Nor his the only blood, that hath been stript ('twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore,) Of all that truth or fancy asks for bliss; But in those limits such a growth has sprung Of rank and venom'd roots, as long would mock Slow culture's toil. Where is good Lizio? where Manardi, Traversalo, and Carpigna? O bastard slips of old Romagna's line! When in Bologna the low artisan, And in Faenza yon Bernardin sprouts, A gentle cyon from ignoble stem. Wonder not, Tuscan, if thou see me weep, When I recall to mind those once lov'd names, Guido of Prata, and of Azzo him That dwelt with you; Tignoso and his troop, With Traversaro's house and Anastagio s, (Each race disherited) and beside these, The ladies and the

knights, the toils and ease, That witch'd us into love and courtesy; Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts. O Brettinoro! wherefore tarriest still, Since forth of thee thy family hath gone, And many, hating evil, join'd their steps? Well doeth he, that bids his lineage cease, Bagnacavallo; Castracaro ill, And Conio worse, who care to propagate A race of Counties from such blood as theirs. Well shall ye also do, Pagani, then When from amongst you tries your demon child. Not so, howe'er, that henceforth there remain True proof of what ye were. O Hugolin! Thou sprung of Fantolini's line! thy name Is safe, since none is look'd for after thee To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock. But, Tuscan, go thy ways; for now I take Far more delight in weeping than in words. Such pity for your sakes hath wrung my heart." We knew those gentle spirits at parting heard Our steps. Their silence therefore of our way Assur'd us. Soon as we had quitted them, Advancing onward, lo! a voice that seem'd Like vollied light'ning, when it rives the air, Met us, and shouted, "Whosoever finds Will slay me," then fled from us, as the bolt Lanc'd sudden from a downward-rushing cloud. When it had giv'n short truce unto our hearing, Behold the other with a crash as loud As the quick-following thunder: "Mark in me Aglauros turn'd to rock." I at the sound Retreating drew more closely to my guide. Now in mute stillness rested all the air: And thus he spake: "There was the galling bit. But your old enemy so baits his hook, He drags you eager to him. Hence nor curb Avails you, nor reclaiming call. Heav'n calls And round about you wheeling courts your gaze With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye Turns with fond dotting still upon the earth. Therefore He smites you who discerneth all."

CANTO XV

As much as 'twixt the third hour's close and dawn, Appeareth of heav'n's sphere, that ever whirls As restless as an infant in his play, So much appear'd remaining to the sun Of his slope journey towards the western goal. Evening was there, and here the noon of night; and full upon our forehead smote the beams. For round the mountain, circling, so our path Had led us, that toward the sun-set now Direct we journey'd: when I felt a weight Of more exceeding splendour, than before, Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze Possess'd me, and both hands against my brow Lifting, I interpos'd them, as a screen, That of its gorgeous superflux of light Clipp'd the diminish'd orb. As when the ray, Striking On water or the surface clear Of mirror, leaps unto the opposite part, Ascending at a glance, e'en as it fell, (And so much differs from the stone, that falls Through equal space, as practice skill hath shown; Thus with refracted light before me seemed The ground there smitten; whence in sudden haste My sight recoil'd. "What is this, sire belov'd! 'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain?" Cried I, "and which towards us moving seems?" "Marvel not, if the family of heav'n," He answer'd, "yet with dazzling radiance dim Thy sense it is a messenger who comes, Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long, Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight, As thy perception is by nature wrought Up to their pitch." The blessed angel, soon As we had reach'd him, hail'd us with glad voice: "Here enter on a ladder far less steep Than ye have yet encounter'd." We forthwith Ascending, heard behind us chanted sweet, "Blessed the merciful," and "happy thou! That conquer'st." Lonely each, my guide and I Pursued our upward way; and as we went, Some profit from his words I hop'd to win, And thus of him inquiring, fram'd my speech: "What meant Romagna's spirit, when he spake Of bliss exclusive with no partner shar'd?" He straight replied: "No wonder, since he knows, What sorrow waits on his own worst defect, If he chide others, that they less may mourn. Because ye point your wishes at a mark, Where, by communion of possessors, part Is lessen'd, envy bloweth up the sighs of men. No fear of that might touch ye, if the love Of higher sphere exalted

your desire. For there, by how much more they call it ours, So much propriety of each in good Increases more, and heighten'd charity Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame." "Now lack I satisfaction more," said I, "Than if thou hadst been silent at the first, And doubt more gathers on my lab'ring thought. How can it chance, that good distributed, The many, that possess it, makes more rich, Than if 't were shar'd by few?" He answering thus: "Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth, Strikes darkness from true light. The highest good Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed To love, as beam to lucid body darts, Giving as much of ardour as it finds. The sempiternal effluence streams abroad Spreading, wherever charity extends. So that the more aspirants to that bliss Are multiplied, more good is there to love, And more is lov'd; as mirrors, that reflect, Each unto other, propagated light. If these my words avail not to allay Thy thirsting, Beatrice thou shalt see, Who of this want, and of all else thou hast, Shall rid thee to the full. Provide but thou That from thy temples may be soon eras'd, E'en as the two already, those five scars, That when they pain thee worst, then kindest heal," "Thou," I had said, "content'st me," when I saw The other round was gain'd, and wond'ring eyes Did keep me mute. There suddenly I seem'd By an ecstatic vision wrapt away; And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd Of many persons; and at th' entrance stood A dame, whose sweet demeanour did express A mother's love, who said, "Child! why hast thou Dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I Sorrowing have sought thee;" and so held her peace, And straight the vision fled. A female next Appear'd before me, down whose visage cours'd Those waters, that grief forces out from one By deep resentment stung, who seem'd to say: "If thou, Pisisstratus, be lord indeed Over this city, nam'd with such debate Of adverse gods, and whence each science sparkles, Avenge thee of those arms, whose bold embrace Hath clasp'd our daughter; "and to fuel, meseem'd, Benign and meek, with visage undisturb'd, Her sovran spake: "How shall we those requite, Who wish us evil, if we thus condemn The man that loves us?" After that I saw A multitude, in fury burning, slay With stones a stripling youth, and shout amain "Destroy, destroy: "and him I saw, who bow'd Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to

heav'n, Praying forgiveness of th' Almighty Sire, Amidst that cruel conflict,
on his foes, With looks, that With compassion to their aim. Soon as my
spirit, from her airy flight Returning, sought again the things, whose truth
Depends not on her shaping, I observ'd How she had rov'd to no unreal
scenes Meanwhile the leader, who might see I mov'd, As one, who
struggles to shake off his sleep, Exclaim'd: "What ails thee, that thou
canst not hold Thy footing firm, but more than half a league Hast travel'd
with clos'd eyes and tott'ring gait, Like to a man by wine or sleep
o'ercharg'd?" "Beloved father! so thou deign," said I, "To listen, I will
tell thee what appear'd Before me, when so fail'd my sinking steps." He
thus: "Not if thy Countenance were mask'd With hundred vizards, could a
thought of thine How small soe'er, elude me. What thou saw'st Was
shown, that freely thou mightst ope thy heart To the waters of peace, that
flow diffus'd From their eternal fountain. I not ask'd, What ails thee?
for such cause as he doth, who Looks only with that eye which sees no
more, When spiritless the body lies; but ask'd, To give fresh vigour to thy
foot. Such goads The slow and loit'ring need; that they be found Not
wanting, when their hour of watch returns." So on we journey'd
through the evening sky Gazing intent, far onward, as our eyes With level
view could stretch against the bright Vespertine ray: and lo! by slow
degrees Gath'ring, a fog made tow'rds us, dark as night. There was no
room for 'scaping; and that mist Bereft us, both of sight and the pure air.

CANTO XVI

Hell's dunnest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark, Of every planes 'reft,
and pall'd in clouds, Did never spread before the sight a veil In thickness
like that fog, nor to the sense So palpable and gross. Ent'ring its shade,
Mine eye endured not with unclosed lids; Which marking, near me drew
the faithful guide, Offering me his shoulder for a stay. As the blind man
behind his leader walks, Lest he should err, or stumble unawares On what
might harm him, or perhaps destroy, I journey'd through that bitter air and
foul, Still list'ning to my escort's warning voice, "Look that from me thou
part not." Straight I heard Voices, and each one seem'd to pray for peace,
And for compassion, to the Lamb of God That taketh sins away. Their
prelude still Was "Agnus Dei," and through all the choir, One voice, one
measure ran, that perfect seem'd The concord of their song. "Are these I
hear Spirits, O master?" I exclaim'd; and he: "Thou aim'st aright: these
loose the bonds of wrath." "Now who art thou, that through our smoke
dost cleave? And speak'st of us, as thou thyself e'en yet Dividest time by
calends?" So one voice Bespake me; whence my master said: "Reply;
And ask, if upward hence the passage lead." "O being! who dost
make thee pure, to stand Beautiful once more in thy Maker's sight! Along
with me: and thou shalt hear and wonder." Thus I, whereto the spirit
answering spake: "Long as 't is lawful for me, shall my steps Follow on
thine; and since the cloudy smoke Forbids the seeing, hearing in its stead
Shall keep us join'd." I then forthwith began "Yet in my mortal swathing,
I ascend To higher regions, and am hither come Through the fearful agony
of hell. And, if so largely God hath doled his grace, That, clean beside all
modern precedent, He wills me to behold his kingly state, From me
conceal not who thou wast, ere death Had loos'd thee; but instruct me: and
instruct If rightly to the pass I tend; thy words The way directing as a safe
escort." "I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd: Not in experienc'd of the
world, that worth I still affected, from which all have turn'd The nerveless
bow aside. Thy course tends right Unto the summit:" and, replying thus,
He added, "I beseech thee pray for me, When thou shalt come aloft."
And I to him: "Accept my faith for pledge I will perform What thou

requirest. Yet one doubt remains, That wrings me sorely, if I solve it not,
Singly before it urg'd me, doubled now By thine opinion, when I couple
that With one elsewhere declar'd, each strength'ning other. The world
indeed is even so forlorn Of all good as thou speak'st it and so swarms
With every evil. Yet, beseech thee, point The cause out to me, that
myself may see, And unto others show it: for in heaven One places it, and
one on earth below." Then heaving forth a deep and audible sigh,
"Brother!" he thus began, "the world is blind; And thou in truth com'st
from it. Ye, who live, Do so each cause refer to heav'n above, E'en as its
motion of necessity Drew with it all that moves. If this were so, Free
choice in you were none; nor justice would There should be joy for virtue,
woe for ill. Your movements have their primal bent from heaven; Not all;
yet said I all; what then ensues? Light have ye still to follow evil or good,
And of the will free power, which, if it stand Firm and unwearied in
Heav'n's first assay, Conquers at last, so it be cherish'd well, Triumphant
over all. To mightier force, To better nature subject, ye abide Free, not
constrain'd by that, which forms in you The reasoning mind uninfluenc'd
of the stars. If then the present race of mankind err, Seek in yourselves the
cause, and find it there. Herein thou shalt confess me no false spy.
"Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd beholds Her image ere she yet
exist, the soul Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively Weeping and
laughing in its wayward moods, As artless and as ignorant of aught, Save
that her Maker being one who dwells With gladness ever, willingly she
turns To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good The flavour soon
she tastes; and, snar'd by that, With fondness she pursues it, if no guide
Recall, no rein direct her wand'ring course. Hence it behov'd, the law
should be a curb; A sovereign hence behov'd, whose piercing view Might
mark at least the fortress and main tower Of the true city. Laws indeed
there are: But who is he observes them? None; not he, Who goes before,
the shepherd of the flock, Who chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.
Therefore the multitude, who see their guide Strike at the very good they
covet most, Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause Is not
corrupted nature in yourselves, But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the
world To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good, Was wont to boast two

suns, whose several beams Cast light on either way, the world's and God's. One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword Is grafted on the crook; and so conjoin'd Each must perforce decline to worse, unaw'd By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark The blade: each herb is judg'd of by its seed. That land, through which Adice and the Po Their waters roll, was once the residence Of courtesy and velour, ere the day, That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame, To talk with good men, or come near their haunts. Three aged ones are still found there, in whom The old time chides the new: these deem it long Ere God restore them to a better world: The good Gherardo, of Palazzo he Conrad, and Guido of Castello, nam'd In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard. On this at last conclude. The church of Rome, Mixing two governments that ill assort, Hath miss'd her footing, fall'n into the mire, And there herself and burden much defil'd." "O Marco!" I replied, shine arguments Convince me: and the cause I now discern Why of the heritage no portion came To Levi's offspring. But resolve me this Who that Gherardo is, that as thou sayst Is left a sample of the perish'd race, And for rebuke to this untoward age?" "Either thy words," said he, "deceive; or else Are meant to try me; that thou, speaking Tuscan, Appear'st not to have heard of good Gherado; The sole addition that, by which I know him; Unless I borrow'd from his daughter Gaia Another name to grace him. God be with you. I bear you company no more. Behold The dawn with white ray glimm'ring through the mist. I must away--the angel comes--ere he Appear." He said, and would not hear me more.

CANTO XVII

Call to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er Hast, on a mountain top, been
ta'en by cloud, Through which thou saw'st no better, than the mole Doth
through opacous membrane; then, whene'er The wat'ry vapours dense
began to melt Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere Seem'd wading
through them; so thy nimble thought May image, how at first I re-beheld
The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung. Thus with my leader's
feet still equaling pace From forth that cloud I came, when now expir'd
The parting beams from off the nether shores. O quick and forgetive
power! that sometimes dost So rob us of ourselves, we take no mark
Though round about us thousand trumpets clang! What moves thee, if the
senses stir not? Light Kindled in heav'n, spontaneous, self-inform'd, Or
likelier gliding down with swift illapse By will divine. Portray'd before
me came The traces of her dire impiety, Whose form was chang'd into the
bird, that most Delights itself in song: and here my mind Was inwardly so
wrapt, it gave no place To aught that ask'd admittance from without.
Next shower'd into my fantasy a shape As of one crucified, whose visage
spake Fell rancour, malice deep, wherein he died; And round him
Ahasuerus the great king, Esther his bride, and Mordecai the just,
Blameless in word and deed. As of itself That unsubstantial coinage of
the brain Burst, like a bubble, Which the water fails That fed it; in my
vision straight uprose A damsel weeping loud, and cried, "O queen! O
mother! wherefore has intemperate ire Driv'n thee to loath thy being?
Not to lose Lavinia, desp'rate thou hast slain thyself. Now hast thou lost
me. I am she, whose tears Mourn, ere I fall, a mother's timeless end."
E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly New radiance strike upon the closed
lids, The broken slumber quivering ere it dies; Thus from before me sunk
that imagery Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck The light,
outshining far our earthly beam. As round I turn'd me to survey what place
I had arriv'd at, "Here ye mount," exclaim'd A voice, that other purpose
left me none, Save will so eager to behold who spake, I could not choose
but gaze. As 'fore the sun, That weighs our vision down, and veils his
form In light transcendent, thus my virtue fail'd Unequal. "This is Spirit

from above, Who marshals us our upward way, unsought; And in his own light shrouds him;. As a man Doth for himself, so now is done for us. For whoso waits imploring, yet sees need Of his prompt aidance, sets himself prepar'd For blunt denial, ere the suit be made. Refuse we not to lend a ready foot At such inviting: haste we to ascend, Before it darken: for we may not then, Till morn again return." So spake my guide; And to one ladder both address'd our steps; And the first stair approaching, I perceiv'd Near me as 'twere the waving of a wing, That fann'd my face and whisper'd: "Blessed they The peacemakers: they know not evil wrath." Now to such height above our heads were rais'd The last beams, follow'd close by hooded night, That many a star on all sides through the gloom Shone out. "Why partest from me, O my strength?" So with myself I commun'd; for I felt My o'er toil'd sinews slacken. We had reach'd The summit, and were fix'd like to a bark Arriv'd at land. And waiting a short space, If aught should meet mine ear in that new round, Then to my guide I turn'd, and said: "Lov'd sire! Declare what guilt is on this circle purg'd. If our feet rest, no need thy speech should pause." He thus to me: "The love of good, whate'er Wanted of just proportion, here fulfils. Here plies afresh the oar, that loiter'd ill. But that thou mayst yet clearer understand, Give ear unto my words, and thou shalt cull Some fruit may please thee well, from this delay. "Creator, nor created being, ne'er, My son," he thus began, "was without love, Or natural, or the free spirit's growth. Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still Is without error; but the other swerves, If on ill object bent, or through excess Of vigour, or defect. While e'er it seeks The primal blessings, or with measure due Th' inferior, no delight, that flows from it, Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil, Or with more ardour than behooves, or less. Pursue the good, the thing created then Works 'gainst its Maker. Hence thou must infer That love is germin of each virtue in ye, And of each act no less, that merits pain. Now since it may not be, but love intend The welfare mainly of the thing it loves, All from self-hatred are secure; and since No being can be thought t' exist apart And independent of the first, a bar Of equal force restrains from hating that. "Grant the distinction just; and it remains The' evil must be another's, which is lov'd. Three ways such love is gender'd in your clay.

There is who hopes (his neighbour's worth deprest,) Preeminence himself,
and covertly hence For his own greatness that another fall. There is who so
much fears the loss of power, Fame, favour, glory (should his fellow
mount Above him), and so sickens at the thought, He loves their opposite:
and there is he, Whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame That he
doth thirst for vengeance, and such needs Must doat on other's evil. Here
beneath This threefold love is mourn'd. Of th' other sort Be now
instructed, that which follows good But with disorder'd and irregular
course. "All indistinctly apprehend a bliss On which the soul may rest,
the hearts of all Yearn after it, and to that wished bourn All therefore strive
to tend. If ye behold Or seek it with a love remiss and lax, This cornice
after just repenting lays Its penal torment on ye. Other good There is,
where man finds not his happiness: It is not true fruition, not that blest
Essence, of every good the branch and root. The love too lavishly bestow'd
on this, Along three circles over us, is mourn'd. Account of that division
tripartite Expect not, fitter for thine own research.

CANTO XVIII

The teacher ended, and his high discourse Concluding, earnest in my looks inquir'd If I appear'd content; and I, whom still Unsated thirst to hear him urg'd, was mute, Mute outwardly, yet inwardly I said: "Perchance my too much questioning offends But he, true father, mark'd the secret wish By diffidence restrain'd, and speaking, gave Me boldness thus to speak: "Master, my Sight Gathers so lively virtue from thy beams, That all, thy words convey, distinct is seen. Wherefore I pray thee, father, whom this heart Holds dearest! thou wouldst deign by proof t' unfold That love, from which as from their source thou bring'st All good deeds and their opposite." He then: "To what I now disclose be thy clear ken Directed, and thou plainly shalt behold How much those blind have err'd, who make themselves The guides of men. The soul, created apt To love, moves versatile which way soe'er Aught pleasing prompts her, soon as she is wak'd By pleasure into act. Of substance true Your apprehension forms its counterfeit, And in you the ideal shape presenting Attracts the soul's regard. If she, thus drawn, incline toward it, love is that inclining, And a new nature knit by pleasure in ye. Then as the fire points up, and mounting seeks His birth-place and his lasting seat, e'en thus Enters the captive soul into desire, Which is a spiritual motion, that ne'er rests Before enjoyment of the thing it loves. Enough to show thee, how the truth from those Is hidden, who aver all love a thing Praise-worthy in itself: although perhaps Its substance seem still good. Yet if the wax Be good, it follows not th' impression must." "What love is," I return'd, "thy words, O guide! And my own docile mind, reveal. Yet thence New doubts have sprung. For from without if love Be offer'd to us, and the spirit knows No other footing, tend she right or wrong, Is no desert of hers." He answering thus: "What reason here discovers I have power To show thee: that which lies beyond, expect From Beatrice, faith not reason's task. Spirit, substantial form, with matter join'd Not in confusion mix'd, hath in itself Specific virtue of that union born, Which is not felt except it work, nor prov'd But through effect, as vegetable life By the green leaf. From whence his intellect Deduced its primal notices of things, Man therefore knows not, or his appetites

Their first affections; such in you, as zeal In bees to gather honey; at the first, Volition, meriting nor blame nor praise. But o'er each lower faculty supreme, That as she list are summon'd to her bar, Ye have that virtue in you, whose just voice Uttereth counsel, and whose word should keep The threshold of assent. Here is the source, Whence cause of merit in you is deriv'd, E'en as the affections good or ill she takes, Or severs, winnow'd as the chaff. Those men Who reas'ning went to depth profoundest, mark'd That innate freedom, and were thence induc'd To leave their moral teaching to the world. Grant then, that from necessity arise All love that glows within you; to dismiss Or harbour it, the pow'r is in yourselves. Remember, Beatrice, in her style, Denominates free choice by eminence The noble virtue, if in talk with thee She touch upon that theme." The moon, well nigh To midnight hour belated, made the stars Appear to wink and fade; and her broad disk Seem'd like a crag on fire, as up the vault That course she journey'd, which the sun then warms, When they of Rome behold him at his set. Betwixt Sardinia and the Corsic isle. And now the weight, that hung upon my thought, Was lighten'd by the aid of that clear spirit, Who raiseth Andes above Mantua's name. I therefore, when my questions had obtain'd Solution plain and ample, stood as one Musing in dreary slumber; but not long Slumber'd; for suddenly a multitude, The steep already turning, from behind, Rush'd on. With fury and like random rout, As echoing on their shores at midnight heard Ismenus and Asopus, for his Thebes If Bacchus' help were needed; so came these Tumultuous, curving each his rapid step, By eagerness impell'd of holy love. Soon they o'ertook us; with such swiftness mov'd The mighty crowd. Two spirits at their head Cried weeping; "Blessed Mary sought with haste The hilly region. Caesar to subdue Ilerda, darted in Marseilles his sting, And flew to Spain."--"Oh tarry not: away;" The others shouted; "let not time be lost Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal To serve reanimates celestial grace." "O ye, in whom intenser fervency Haply supplies, where lukewarm erst ye fail'd, Slow or neglectful, to absolve your part Of good and virtuous, this man, who yet lives, (Credit my tale, though strange) desires t' ascend, So morning rise to light us. Therefore say Which hand leads nearest to the rifted rock?" So spake my guide, to

whom a shade return'd: "Come after us, and thou shalt find the cleft. We may not linger: such resistless will Speeds our unwearied course. Vouchsafe us then Thy pardon, if our duty seem to thee Discourteous rudeness. In Verona I Was abbot of San Zeno, when the hand Of Barbarossa grasp'd Imperial sway, That name, ne'er utter'd without tears in Milan. And there is he, hath one foot in his grave, Who for that monastery ere long shall weep, Ruing his power misus'd: for that his son, Of body ill compact, and worse in mind, And born in evil, he hath set in place Of its true pastor." Whether more he spake, Or here was mute, I know not: he had sped E'en now so far beyond us. Yet thus much I heard, and in rememb'rance treasur'd it. He then, who never fail'd me at my need, Cried, "Hither turn. Lo! two with sharp remorse Chiding their sin!" In rear of all the troop These shouted: "First they died, to whom the sea Open'd, or ever Jordan saw his heirs: And they, who with Aeneas to the end Endur'd not suffering, for their portion chose Life without glory." Soon as they had fled Past reach of sight, new thought within me rose By others follow'd fast, and each unlike Its fellow: till led on from thought to thought, And pleasur'd with the fleeting train, mine eye Was clos'd, and meditation chang'd to dream.

CANTO XIX

It was the hour, when of diurnal heat No reliques chafe the cold beams of the moon, O'erpower'd by earth, or planetary sway Of Saturn; and the geomancer sees His Greater Fortune up the east ascend, Where gray dawn checkers first the shadowy cone; When 'fore me in my dream a woman's shape There came, with lips that stammer'd, eyes aslant, Distorted feet, hands maim'd, and colour pale. I look'd upon her; and as sunshine cheers Limbs numb'd by nightly cold, e'en thus my look Unloos'd her tongue, next in brief space her form Decrepit rais'd erect, and faded face With love's own hue illum'd. Recov'ring speech She forthwith warbling such a strain began, That I, how loth soe'er, could scarce have held Attention from the song. "I," thus she sang, "I am the Siren, she, whom mariners On the wide sea are wilder'd when they hear: Such fulness of delight the list'ner feels. I from his course Ulysses by my lay Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once Parts seldom; so I charm him, and his heart Contented knows no void." Or ere her mouth Was clos'd, to shame her at her side appear'd A dame of semblance holy. With stern voice She utter'd; "Say, O Virgil, who is this?" Which hearing, he approach'd, with eyes still bent Toward that goodly presence: th' other seiz'd her, And, her robes tearing, open'd her before, And show'd the belly to me, whence a smell, Exhaling loathsome, wak'd me. Round I turn'd Mine eyes, and thus the teacher: "At the least Three times my voice hath call'd thee. Rise, begone. Let us the opening find where thou mayst pass." I straightway rose. Now day, pour'd down from high, Fill'd all the circuits of the sacred mount; And, as we journey'd, on our shoulder smote The early ray. I follow'd, stooping low My forehead, as a man, o'ercharg'd with thought, Who bends him to the likeness of an arch, That midway spans the flood; when thus I heard, "Come, enter here," in tone so soft and mild, As never met the ear on mortal strand. With swan-like wings dispread and pointing up, Who thus had spoken marshal'd us along, Where each side of the solid masonry The sloping, walls retir'd; then mov'd his plumes, And fanning us, affirm'd that those, who mourn, Are blessed, for that comfort shall be theirs. "What aileth thee, that still thou look'st to

earth?" Began my leader; while th' angelic shape A little over us his station took. "New vision," I replied, "hath rais'd in me surmisings strange and anxious doubts, whereon My soul intent allows no other thought Or room or entrance.--"Hast thou seen," said he, "That old enchantress, her, whose wiles alone The spirits o'er us weep for? Hast thou seen How man may free him of her bonds? Enough. Let thy heels spurn the earth, and thy rais'd ken Fix on the lure, which heav'n's eternal King Whirls in the rolling spheres." As on his feet The falcon first looks down, then to the sky Turns, and forth stretches eager for the food, That woos him thither; so the call I heard, So onward, far as the dividing rock Gave way, I journey'd, till the plain was reach'd. On the fifth circle when I stood at large, A race appear'd before me, on the ground All downward lying prone and weeping sore. "My soul hath cleaved to the dust," I heard With sighs so deep, they well nigh choak'd the words. "O ye elect of God, whose penal woes Both hope and justice mitigate, direct Tow'rds the steep rising our uncertain way." "If ye approach secure from this our doom, Prostration--and would urge your course with speed, See that ye still to rightward keep the brink." So them the bard besought; and such the words, Beyond us some short space, in answer came. I noted what remain'd yet hidden from them: Thence to my liege's eyes mine eyes I bent, And he, forthwith interpreting their suit, Beckon'd his glad assent. Free then to act, As pleas'd me, I drew near, and took my stand O'er that shade, whose words I late had mark'd. And, "Spirit!" I said, "in whom repentant tears Mature that blessed hour, when thou with God Shalt find acceptance, for a while suspend For me that mightier care. Say who thou wast, Why thus ye grovel on your bellies prone, And if in aught ye wish my service there, Whence living I am come." He answering spake "The cause why Heav'n our back toward his cope Reverses, shalt thou know: but me know first The successor of Peter, and the name And title of my lineage from that stream, That' twixt Chiaveri and Siestri draws His limpid waters through the lowly glen. A month and little more by proof I learnt, With what a weight that robe of sov'reignty Upon his shoulder rests, who from the mire Would guard it: that each other fardel seems But feathers in the balance. Late, alas! Was my conversion: but when I became Rome's pastor, I

discern'd at once the dream And cozenage of life, saw that the heart Rested not there, and yet no prouder height Lur'd on the climber: wherefore, of that life No more enamour'd, in my bosom love Of purer being kindled. For till then I was a soul in misery, alienate From God, and covetous of all earthly things; Now, as thou seest, here punish'd for my dotting. Such cleansing from the taint of avarice Do spirits converted need. This mount inflicts No direr penalty. E'en as our eyes Fasten'd below, nor e'er to loftier clime Were lifted, thus hath justice level'd us Here on the earth. As avarice quench'd our love Of good, without which is no working, thus Here justice holds us prison'd, hand and foot Chain'd down and bound, while heaven's just Lord shall please. So long to tarry motionless outstretch'd." My knees I stoop'd, and would have spoke; but he, Ere my beginning, by his ear perceiv'd I did him reverence; and "What cause," said he, "Hath bow'd thee thus!"--"Compunction," I rejoin'd. "And inward awe of your high dignity." "Up," he exclaim'd, "brother! upon thy feet Arise: err not: thy fellow servant I, (Thine and all others') of one Sovran Power. If thou hast ever mark'd those holy sounds Of gospel truth, 'nor shall be given ill marriage,' Thou mayst discern the reasons of my speech. Go thy ways now; and linger here no more. Thy tarrying is a let unto the tears, With which I hasten that whereof thou spak'st. I have on earth a kinswoman; her name Alagia, worthy in herself, so ill Example of our house corrupt her not: And she is all remaineth of me there."

CANTO XX

Ill strives the will, 'gainst will more wise that strives His pleasure
therefore to mine own preferr'd, I drew the sponge yet thirsty from the
wave. Onward I mov'd: he also onward mov'd, Who led me, coasting
still, wherever place Along the rock was vacant, as a man Walks near the
battlements on narrow wall. For those on th' other part, who drop by drop
Wring out their all-infecting malady, Too closely press the verge.
Accurst be thou! Inveterate wolf! whose gorge ingluts more prey, Than
every beast beside, yet is not fill'd! So bottomless thy maw! --Ye spheres
of heaven! To whom there are, as seems, who attribute All change in
mortal state, when is the day Of his appearing, for whom fate reserves To
chase her hence? --With wary steps and slow We pass'd; and I attentive
to the shades, Whom piteously I heard lament and wail; And, 'midst the
wailing, one before us heard Cry out "O blessed Virgin!" as a dame In
the sharp pangs of childbed; and "How poor Thou wast," it added,
"witness that low roof Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down. O
good Fabricius! thou didst virtue choose With poverty, before great
wealth with vice." The words so pleas'd me, that desire to know The
spirit, from whose lip they seem'd to come, Did draw me onward. Yet it
spake the gift Of Nicholas, which on the maidens he Bounteous bestow'd,
to save their youthful prime Unblemish'd. "Spirit! who dost speak of
deeds So worthy, tell me who thou was," I said, "And why thou dost with
single voice renew Memorial of such praise. That boon vouchsaf'd Haply
shall meet reward; if I return To finish the Short pilgrimage of life, Still
speeding to its close on restless wing." "I," answer'd he, "will tell thee,
not for hell, Which thence I look for; but that in thyself Grace so
exceeding shines, before thy time Of mortal dissolution. I was root Of
that ill plant, whose shade such poison sheds O'er all the Christian land,
that seldom thence Good fruit is gather'd. Vengeance soon should come,
Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power; And vengeance I of
heav'n's great Judge implore. Hugh Capet was I high: from me descend
The Philips and the Louis, of whom France Newly is govern'd; born of
one, who ply'd The slaughterer's trade at Paris. When the race Of ancient

kings had vanish'd (all save one Wrapt up in sable weeds) within my gripe
 I found the reins of empire, and such powers Of new acquirement, with
 full store of friends, That soon the widow'd circlet of the crown Was girt
 upon the temples of my son, He, from whose bones th' anointed race
 begins. Till the great dower of Provence had remov'd The stains, that yet
 obscur'd our lowly blood, Its sway indeed was narrow, but howe'er It
 wrought no evil: there, with force and lies, Began its rapine; after, for
 amends, Poitou it seiz'd, Navarre and Gascony. To Italy came Charles, and
 for amends Young Conradine an innocent victim slew, And sent th' angelic
 teacher back to heav'n, Still for amends. I see the time at hand, That
 forth from France invites another Charles To make himself and kindred
 better known. Unarm'd he issues, saving with that lance, Which the arch-
 traitor tilted with; and that He carries with so home a thrust, as rives The
 bowels of poor Florence. No increase Of territory hence, but sin and
 shame Shall be his guerdon, and so much the more As he more lightly
 deems of such foul wrong. I see the other, who a prisoner late Had steps
 on shore, exposing to the mart His daughter, whom he bargains for, as do
 The Corsairs for their slaves. O avarice! What canst thou more, who hast
 subdued our blood So wholly to thyself, they feel no care Of their own
 flesh? To hide with direr guilt Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
 Enters Alagna! in his Vicar Christ Himself a captive, and his mockery
 Acted again! Lo! to his holy lip The vinegar and gall once more applied!
 And he 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed! Lo! the new Pilate, of
 whose cruelty Such violence cannot fill the measure up, With no degree to
 sanction, pushes on Into the temple his yet eager sails! "O sovran
 Master! when shall I rejoice To see the vengeance, which thy wrath
 well-pleas'd In secret silence broods?--While daylight lasts, So long what
 thou didst hear of her, sole spouse Of the Great Spirit, and on which thou
 turn'dst To me for comment, is the general theme Of all our prayers: but
 when it darkens, then A different strain we utter, then record Pygmalion,
 whom his gluttonous thirst of gold Made traitor, robber, parricide: the
 woes Of Midas, which his greedy wish ensued, Mark'd for derision to all
 future times: And the fond Achan, how he stole the prey, That yet he
 seems by Joshua's ire pursued. Sapphira with her husband next, we blame;

And praise the forefeet, that with furious ramp Spurn'd Heliodorus. All the mountain round Rings with the infamy of Thracia's king, Who slew his Phrygian charge: and last a shout Ascends: "Declare, O Crassus! for thou know'st, The flavour of thy gold." The voice of each Now high now low, as each his impulse prompts, Is led through many a pitch, acute or grave. Therefore, not singly, I erewhile rehears'd That blessedness we tell of in the day: But near me none beside his accent rais'd." From him we now had parted, and essay'd With utmost efforts to surmount the way, When I did feel, as nodding to its fall, The mountain tremble; whence an icy chill Seiz'd on me, as on one to death convey'd. So shook not Delos, when Latona there Couch'd to bring forth the twin-born eyes of heaven. Forthwith from every side a shout arose So vehement, that suddenly my guide Drew near, and cried: "Doubt not, while I conduct thee." "Glory!" all shouted (such the sounds mine ear Gather'd from those, who near me swell'd the sounds) "Glory in the highest be to God." We stood Immovably suspended, like to those, The shepherds, who first heard in Bethlehem's field That song: till ceas'd the trembling, and the song Was ended: then our hallow'd path resum'd, Eying the prostrate shadows, who renew'd Their custom'd mourning. Never in my breast Did ignorance so struggle with desire Of knowledge, if my memory do not err, As in that moment; nor through haste dar'd I To question, nor myself could aught discern, So on I far'd in thoughtfulness and dread.

CANTO XXI

The natural thirst, ne'er quench'd but from the well, Whereof the woman of Samaria crav'd, Excited: haste along the cumber'd path, After my guide, impell'd; and pity mov'd My bosom for the 'vengeful deed, though just. When lo! even as Luke relates, that Christ Appear'd unto the two upon their way, New-risen from his vaulted grave; to us A shade appear'd, and after us approach'd, Contemplating the crowd beneath its feet. We were not ware of it; so first it spake, Saying, "God give you peace, my brethren!" then Sudden we turn'd: and Virgil such salute, As fitted that kind greeting, gave, and cried: "Peace in the blessed council be thy lot Awarded by that righteous court, which me To everlasting banishment exiles!" "How!" he exclaim'd, nor from his speed meanwhile Desisting, "If that ye be spirits, whom God Vouchsafes not room above, who up the height Has been thus far your guide?" To whom the bard: "If thou observe the tokens, which this man Trac'd by the finger of the angel bears, 'Tis plain that in the kingdom of the just He needs must share. But sithence she, whose wheel Spins day and night, for him not yet had drawn That yarn, which, on the fatal distaff pil'd, Clotho apportions to each wight that breathes, His soul, that sister is to mine and thine, Not of herself could mount, for not like ours Her ken: whence I, from forth the ample gulf Of hell was ta'en, to lead him, and will lead Far as my lore avails. But, if thou know, Instruct us for what cause, the mount erewhile Thus shook and trembled: wherefore all at once Seem'd shouting, even from his wave-wash'd foot." That questioning so tallied with my wish, The thirst did feel abatement of its edge E'en from expectance. He forthwith replied, "In its devotion nought irregular This mount can witness, or by punctual rule Unsanction'd; here from every change exempt. Other than that, which heaven in itself Doth of itself receive, no influence Can reach us. Tempest none, shower, hail or snow, Hoar frost or dewy moistness, higher falls Than that brief scale of threefold steps: thick clouds Nor scudding rack are ever seen: swift glance Ne'er lightens, nor Thaumantian Iris gleams, That yonder often shift on each side heav'n. Vapour adust doth never mount above The highest of the trinal stairs, whereon Peter's

vicegerent stands. Lower perchance, With various motion rock'd, trembles the soil: But here, through wind in earth's deep hollow pent, I know not how, yet never trembled: then Trembles, when any spirit feels itself So purified, that it may rise, or move For rising, and such loud acclaim ensues. Purification by the will alone Is prov'd, that free to change society Seizes the soul rejoicing in her will. Desire of bliss is present from the first; But strong propension hinders, to that wish By the just ordinance of heav'n oppos'd; Propension now as eager to fulfil Th' allotted torment, as erewhile to sin. And I who in this punishment had lain Five hundred years and more, but now have felt Free wish for happier clime. Therefore thou felt'st The mountain tremble, and the spirits devout Heard'st, over all his limits, utter praise To that liege Lord, whom I entreat their joy To hasten." Thus he spake: and since the draught Is grateful ever as the thirst is keen, No words may speak my fullness of content. "Now," said the instructor sage, "I see the net That takes ye here, and how the toils are loos'd, Why rocks the mountain and why ye rejoice. Vouchsafe, that from thy lips I next may learn, Who on the earth thou wast, and wherefore here So many an age wert prostrate." --"In that time, When the good Titus, with Heav'n's King to help, Aveng'd those piteous gashes, whence the blood By Judas sold did issue, with the name Most lasting and most honour'd there was I Abundantly renown'd," the shade reply'd, "Not yet with faith endued. So passing sweet My vocal Spirit, from Tolosa, Rome To herself drew me, where I merited A myrtle garland to inwreath my brow. Statius they name me still. Of Thebes I sang, And next of great Achilles: but i' th' way Fell with the second burthen. Of my flame Those sparkles were the seeds, which I deriv'd From the bright fountain of celestial fire That feeds unnumber'd lamps, the song I mean Which sounds Aeneas' wand'rings: that the breast I hung at, that the nurse, from whom my veins Drank inspiration: whose authority Was ever sacred with me. To have liv'd Coeval with the Mantuan, I would bide The revolution of another sun Beyond my stated years in banishment." The Mantuan, when he heard him, turn'd to me, And holding silence: by his countenance Enjoin'd me silence but the power which wills, Bears not supreme control: laughter and tears Follow so closely on the passion prompts them, They

wait not for the motions of the will In natures most sincere. I did but smile, As one who winks; and thereupon the shade Broke off, and peer'd into mine eyes, where best Our looks interpret. "So to good event Mayst thou conduct such great emprise," he cried, "Say, why across thy visage beam'd, but now, The lightning of a smile!" On either part Now am I straiten'd; one conjures me speak, Th' other to silence binds me: whence a sigh I utter, and the sigh is heard. "Speak on; " The teacher cried; "and do not fear to speak, But tell him what so earnestly he asks." Whereon I thus: "Perchance, O ancient spirit! Thou marvel'st at my smiling. There is room For yet more wonder. He who guides my ken On high, he is that Mantuan, led by whom Thou didst presume of men arid gods to sing. If other cause thou deem'dst for which I smil'd, Leave it as not the true one; and believe Those words, thou spak'st of him, indeed the cause." Now down he bent t' embrace my teacher's feet; But he forbade him: "Brother! do it not: Thou art a shadow, and behold'st a shade." He rising answer'd thus: "Now hast thou prov'd The force and ardour of the love I bear thee, When I forget we are but things of air, And as a substance treat an empty shade."

CANTO XXII

Now we had left the angel, who had turn'd To the sixth circle our ascending step, One gash from off my forehead raz'd: while they, Whose wishes tend to justice, shouted forth: "Blessed!" and ended with, "I thirst:" and I, More nimble than along the other straits, So journey'd, that, without the sense of toil, I follow'd upward the swift-footed shades; When Virgil thus began: "Let its pure flame From virtue flow, and love can never fail To warm another's bosom' so the light Shine manifestly forth. Hence from that hour, When 'mongst us in the purlieu of the deep, Came down the spirit of Aquinum's hard, Who told of thine affection, my good will Hath been for thee of quality as strong As ever link'd itself to one not seen. Therefore these stairs will now seem short to me. But tell me: and if too secure I loose The rein with a friend's license, as a friend Forgive me, and speak now as with a friend: How chanc'd it covetous desire could find Place in that bosom, 'midst such ample store Of wisdom, as thy zeal had treasur'd there?" First somewhat mov'd to laughter by his words, Statius replied: "Each syllable of thine Is a dear pledge of love. Things oft appear That minister false matters to our doubts, When their true causes are remov'd from sight. Thy question doth assure me, thou believ'st I was on earth a covetous man, perhaps Because thou found'st me in that circle plac'd. Know then I was too wide of avarice: And e'en for that excess, thousands of moons Have wax'd and wan'd upon my sufferings. And were it not that I with heedful care Noted where thou exclaim'st as if in ire With human nature, 'Why, thou cursed thirst Of gold! dost not with juster measure guide The appetite of mortals?' I had met The fierce encounter of the voluble rock. Then was I ware that with too ample wing The hands may haste to lavishment, and turn'd, As from my other evil, so from this In penitence. How many from their grave Shall with shorn locks arise, who living, aye And at life's last extreme, of this offence, Through ignorance, did not repent. And know, The fault which lies direct from any sin In level opposition, here With that Wastes its green rankness on one common heap. Therefore if I have been with those, who wail Their avarice, to cleanse me, through reverse Of their transgression, such hath been my

lot." To whom the sovran of the pastoral song: "While thou didst sing that cruel warfare wag'd By the twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb, From thy discourse with Clio there, it seems As faith had not been shine: without the which Good deeds suffice not. And if so, what sun Rose on thee, or what candle pierc'd the dark That thou didst after see to hoist the sail, And follow, where the fisherman had led?" He answering thus: "By thee conducted first, I enter'd the Parnassian grots, and quaff'd Of the clear spring; illumin'd first by thee Open'd mine eyes to God. Thou didst, as one, Who, journeying through the darkness, hears a light Behind, that profits not himself, but makes His followers wise, when thou exclaimedst, 'Lo! A renovated world! Justice return'd! Times of primeval innocence restor'd! And a new race descended from above!' Poet and Christian both to thee I owed. That thou mayst mark more clearly what I trace, My hand shall stretch forth to inform the lines With livelier colouring. Soon o'er all the world, By messengers from heav'n, the true belief Teem'd now prolific, and that word of thine Accordant, to the new instructors chim'd. Induc'd by which agreement, I was wont Resort to them; and soon their sanctity So won upon me, that, Domitian's rage Pursuing them, I mix'd my tears with theirs, And, while on earth I stay'd, still succour'd them; And their most righteous customs made me scorn All sects besides. Before I led the Greeks In tuneful fiction, to the streams of Thebes, I was baptiz'd; but secretly, through fear, Remain'd a Christian, and conform'd long time To Pagan rites. Five centuries and more, T for that lukewarmness was fain to pace Round the fourth circle. Thou then, who hast rais'd The covering, which did hide such blessing from me, Whilst much of this ascent is yet to climb, Say, if thou know, where our old Terence bides, Caecilius, Plautus, Varro: if condemn'd They dwell, and in what province of the deep." "These," said my guide, "with Persius and myself, And others many more, are with that Greek, Of mortals, the most cherish'd by the Nine, In the first ward of darkness. There ofttimes We of that mount hold converse, on whose top For aye our nurses live. We have the bard Of Pella, and the Teian, Agatho, Simonides, and many a Grecian else Ingarlanded with laurel. Of thy train Antigone is there, Deiphile, Argia, and as sorrowful as erst Ismene, and who show'd Langia's wave: Deidamia

with her sisters there, And blind Tiresias' daughter, and the bride Sea-born of Peleus." Either poet now Was silent, and no longer by th' ascent Or the steep walls obstructed, round them cast Inquiring eyes. Four handmaids of the day Had finish'd now their office, and the fifth Was at the chariot-beam, directing still Its balmy point aloof, when thus my guide: "Methinks, it well behooves us to the brink Bend the right shoulder' circuiting the mount, As we have ever us'd." So custom there Was usher to the road, the which we chose Less doubtful, as that worthy shade complied. They on before me went; I sole pursued, List'ning their speech, that to my thoughts convey'd Mysterious lessons of sweet poesy. But soon they ceas'd; for midway of the road A tree we found, with goodly fruitage hung, And pleasant to the smell: and as a fir Upward from bough to bough less ample spreads, So downward this less ample spread, that none. Methinks, aloft may climb. Upon the side, That clos'd our path, a liquid crystal fell From the steep rock, and through the sprays above Stream'd showering. With associate step the bards Drew near the plant; and from amidst the leaves A voice was heard: "Ye shall be chary of me;" And after added: "Mary took more thought For joy and honour of the nuptial feast, Than for herself who answers now for you. The women of old Rome were satisfied With water for their beverage. Daniel fed On pulse, and wisdom gain'd. The primal age Was beautiful as gold; and hunger then Made acorns tasteful, thirst each rivulet Run nectar. Honey and locusts were the food, Whereon the Baptist in the wilderness Fed, and that eminence of glory reach'd And greatness, which the' Evangelist records."

CANTO XXIII

On the green leaf mine eyes were fix'd, like his Who throws away his days in idle chase Of the diminutive, when thus I heard The more than father warn me: "Son! our time Asks thriftier using. Linger not: away." Thereat my face and steps at once I turn'd Toward the sages, by whose converse cheer'd I journey'd on, and felt no toil: and lo! A sound of weeping and a song: "My lips, O Lord!" and these so mingled, it gave birth To pleasure and to pain. "O Sire, belov'd! Say what is this I hear?" Thus I inquir'd. "Spirits," said he, "who as they go, perchance, Their debt of duty pay." As on their road The thoughtful pilgrims, overtaking some Not known unto them, turn to them, and look, But stay not; thus, approaching from behind With speedier motion, eyed us, as they pass'd, A crowd of spirits, silent and devout. The eyes of each were dark and hollow: pale Their visage, and so lean withal, the bones Stood staring thro' the skin. I do not think Thus dry and meagre Erisichon show'd, When pinc'ed by sharp-set famine to the quick. "Lo!" to myself I mus'd, "the race, who lost Jerusalem, when Mary with dire beak Prey'd on her child." The sockets seem'd as rings, From which the gems were drops. Who reads the name Of man upon his forehead, there the M Had trac'd most plainly. Who would deem, that scent Of water and an apple, could have prov'd Powerful to generate such pining want, Not knowing how it wrought? While now I stood Wond'ring what thus could waste them (for the cause Of their gaunt hollowness and scaly rind Appear'd not) lo! a spirit turn'd his eyes In their deep-sunken cell, and fasten'd then On me, then cried with vehemence aloud: "What grace is this vouchsaf'd me?" By his looks I ne'er had recogniz'd him: but the voice Brought to my knowledge what his cheer conceal'd. Remembrance of his alter'd lineaments Was kindled from that spark; and I agniz'd The visage of Forese. "Ah! respect This wan and leprous wither'd skin," thus he Suppliant implor'd, "this macerated flesh. Speak to me truly of thyself. And who Are those twain spirits, that escort thee there? Be it not said thou Scorn'st to talk with me." "That face of thine," I answer'd him, "which dead I once bewail'd, disposes me not less For weeping, when I see It thus transform'd. Say then, by

Heav'n, what blasts ye thus? The whilst I wonder, ask not Speech from me: unapt Is he to speak, whom other will employs. He thus: "The water and tee plant we pass'd, Virtue possesses, by th' eternal will Infus'd, the which so pines me. Every spirit, Whose song bewails his gluttony indulg'd Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst Is purified. The odour, which the fruit, And spray, that showers upon the verdure, breathe, Inflames us with desire to feed and drink. Nor once alone encompassing our route We come to add fresh fuel to the pain: Pain, said I? solace rather: for that will To the tree leads us, by which Christ was led To call Elias, joyful when he paid Our ransom from his vein." I answering thus: "Forese! from that day, in which the world For better life thou changedst, not five years Have circled. If the power of sinning more Were first concluded in thee, ere thou knew'st That kindly grief, which re-espouses us To God, how hither art thou come so soon? I thought to find thee lower, there, where time Is recompense for time." He straight replied: "To drink up the sweet wormwood of affliction I have been brought thus early by the tears Stream'd down my Nella's cheeks. Her prayers devout, Her sighs have drawn me from the coast, where oft Expectance lingers, and have set me free From th' other circles. In the sight of God So much the dearer is my widow priz'd, She whom I lov'd so fondly, as she ranks More singly eminent for virtuous deeds. The tract most barb'rous of Sardinia's isle, Hath dames more chaste and modester by far Than that wherein I left her. O sweet brother! What wouldst thou have me say? A time to come Stands full within my view, to which this hour Shall not be counted of an ancient date, When from the pulpit shall be loudly warn'd Th' unblushing dames of Florence, lest they bare Unkerchief'd bosoms to the common gaze. What savage women hath the world e'er seen, What Saracens, for whom there needed scourge Of spiritual or other discipline, To force them walk with cov'ring on their limbs! But did they see, the shameless ones, that Heav'n Wafts on swift wing toward them, while I speak, Their mouths were op'd for howling: they shall taste Of Borrow (unless foresight cheat me here) Or ere the cheek of him be cloth'd with down Who is now rock'd with lullaby asleep. Ah! now, my brother, hide thyself no more, Thou seest how not I alone but all Gaze, where thou veil'st the intercepted sun."

Whence I replied: "If thou recall to mind What we were once together,
even yet Remembrance of those days may grieve thee sore. That I forsook
that life, was due to him Who there precedes me, some few evenings past,
When she was round, who shines with sister lamp To his, that glisters
yonder," and I show'd The sun. "Tis he, who through profoundest night
Of he true dead has brought me, with this flesh As true, that follows.
From that gloom the aid Of his sure comfort drew me on to climb, And
climbing wind along this mountain-steep, Which rectifies in you whate'er
the world Made crooked and deprav'd I have his word, That he will bear
me company as far As till I come where Beatrice dwells: But there must
leave me. Virgil is that spirit, Who thus hath promis'd," and I pointed
to him; "The other is that shade, for whom so late Your realm, as he arose,
exulting shook Through every pendent cliff and rocky bound."

CANTO XXIV

Our journey was not slacken'd by our talk, Nor yet our talk by journeying. Still we spake, And urg'd our travel stoutly, like a ship When the wind sits astern. The shadowy forms, That seem'd things dead and dead again, drew in At their deep-delved orbs rare wonder of me, Perceiving I had life; and I my words Continued, and thus spake; "He journeys up Perhaps more tardily then else he would, For others' sake. But tell me, if thou know'st, Where is Piccarda? Tell me, if I see Any of mark, among this multitude, Who eye me thus."--"My sister (she for whom, 'Twixt beautiful and good I cannot say Which name was fitter) wears e'en now her crown, And triumphs in Olympus." Saying this, He added: "Since spare diet hath so worn Our semblance out, 't is lawful here to name Each one . This," and his finger then he rais'd, "Is Buonaggiuna,--Buonaggiuna, he Of Lucca: and that face beyond him, pierc'd Unto a leaner fineness than the rest, Had keeping of the church: he was of Tours, And purges by wan abstinence away Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel." He show'd me many others, one by one, And all, as they were nam'd, seem'd well content; For no dark gesture I discern'd in any. I saw through hunger Ubaldino grind His teeth on emptiness; and Boniface, That wav'd the crozier o'er a num'rous flock. I saw the Marquis, who tad time erewhile To swill at Forli with less drought, yet so Was one ne'er sated. I howe'er, like him, That gazing 'midst a crowd, singles out one, So singled him of Lucca; for methought Was none amongst them took such note of me. Somewhat I heard him whisper of Gentucca: The sound was indistinct, and murmur'd there, Where justice, that so strips them, fix'd her sting. "Spirit!" said I, "it seems as thou wouldst fain Speak with me. Let me hear thee. Mutual wish To converse prompts, which let us both indulge." He, answ'ring, straight began: "Woman is born, Whose brow no wimple shades yet, that shall make My city please thee, blame it as they may. Go then with this forewarning. If aught false My whisper too implied, th' event shall tell But say, if of a truth I see the man Of that new lay th' inventor, which begins With 'Ladies, ye that con the lore of love'." To whom I thus: "Count of me but as one Who am the scribe

of love; that, when he breathes, Take up my pen, and, as he dictates, write." "Brother!" said he, "the hind'rance which once held The notary with Guittone and myself, Short of that new and sweeter style I hear, Is now disclos'd. I see how ye your plumes Stretch, as th' inditer guides them; which, no question, Ours did not. He that seeks a grace beyond, Sees not the distance parts one style from other." And, as contented, here he held his peace. Like as the bird, that winter near the Nile, In squared regiment direct their course, Then stretch themselves in file for speedier flight; Thus all the tribe of spirits, as they turn'd Their visage, faster deaf, nimble alike Through leanness and desire. And as a man, Tir'd With the motion of a trotting steed, Slacks pace, and stays behind his company, Till his o'erbreathed lungs keep temperate time; E'en so Forese let that holy crew Proceed, behind them lingering at my side, And saying: "When shall I again behold thee?" "How long my life may last," said I, "I know not; This know, how soon soever I return, My wishes will before me have arriv'd. Sithence the place, where I am set to live, Is, day by day, more scoop'd of all its good, And dismal ruin seems to threaten it." "Go now," he cried: "lo! he, whose guilt is most, Passes before my vision, dragg'd at heels Of an infuriate beast. Toward the vale, Where guilt hath no redemption, on it speeds, Each step increasing swiftness on the last; Until a blow it strikes, that leaveth him A corse most vilely shatter'd. No long space Those wheels have yet to roll" (therewith his eyes Look'd up to heav'n) "ere thou shalt plainly see That which my words may not more plainly tell. I quit thee: time is precious here: I lose Too much, thus measuring my pace with shine." As from a troop of well-rank'd chivalry One knight, more enterprising than the rest, Pricks forth at gallop, eager to display His prowess in the first encounter prov'd So parted he from us with lengthen'd strides, And left me on the way with those twain spirits, Who were such mighty marshals of the world. When he beyond us had so fled mine eyes No nearer reach'd him, than my thought his words, The branches of another fruit, thick hung, And blooming fresh, appear'd. E'en as our steps Turn'd thither, not far off it rose to view. Beneath it were a multitude, that rais'd Their hands, and shouted forth I know not What Unto the boughs; like greedy and fond brats, That beg, and answer none obtain

from him, Of whom they beg; but more to draw them on, He at arm's length the object of their wish Above them holds aloft, and hides it not. At length, as undeceiv'd they went their way: And we approach the tree, who vows and tears Sue to in vain, the mighty tree. "Pass on, And come not near. Stands higher up the wood, Whereof Eve tasted, and from it was ta'en 'this plant." Such sounds from midst the thickets came. Whence I, with either bard, close to the side That rose, pass'd forth beyond. "Remember," next We heard, "those noblest creatures of the clouds, How they their twofold bosoms overgorg'd Oppos'd in fight to Theseus: call to mind The Hebrews, how effeminate they stoop'd To ease their thirst; whence Gideon's ranks were thinn'd, As he to Midian march'd adown the hills." Thus near one border coasting, still we heard The sins of gluttony, with woe erewhile Reguerdon'd. Then along the lonely path, Once more at large, full thousand paces on We travel'd, each contemplative and mute. "Why pensive journey thus ye three alone?" Thus suddenly a voice exclaim'd: whereat I shook, as doth a scar'd and paltry beast; Then rais'd my head to look from whence it came. Was ne'er, in furnace, glass, or metal seen So bright and glowing red, as was the shape I now beheld. "If ye desire to mount," He cried, "here must ye turn. This way he goes, Who goes in quest of peace." His countenance Had dazzled me; and to my guides I fac'd Backward, like one who walks, as sound directs. As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up On freshen'd wing the air of May, and breathes Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb and flowers, E'en such a wind I felt upon my front Blow gently, and the moving of a wing Perceiv'd, that moving shed ambrosial smell; And then a voice: "Blessed are they, whom grace Doth so illumine, that appetite in them Exhaleth no inordinate desire, Still hung'ring as the rule of temperance wills."

CANTO XXV

It was an hour, when he who climbs, had need To walk uncrippled: for the sun had now To Taurus the meridian circle left, And to the Scorpion left the night. As one That makes no pause, but presses on his road, Whate'er betide him, if some urgent need Impel: so enter'd we upon our way, One before other; for, but singly, none That steep and narrow scale admits to climb. E'en as the young stork lifteth up his wing Through wish to fly, yet ventures not to quit The nest, and drops it; so in me desire Of questioning my guide arose, and fell, Arriving even to the act, that marks A man prepar'd for speech. Him all our haste Restrain'd not, but thus spake the sire belov'd: Fear not to speed the shaft, that on thy lip Stands trembling for its flight." Encourag'd thus I straight began: "How there can leanness come, Where is no want of nourishment to feed?" "If thou," he answer'd, "hadst remember'd thee, How Meleager with the wasting brand Wasted alike, by equal fires consm'd, This would not trouble thee: and hadst thou thought, How in the mirror your reflected form With mimic motion vibrates, what now seems Hard, had appear'd no harder than the pulp Of summer fruit mature. But that thy will In certainty may find its full repose, Lo Staius here! on him I call, and pray That he would now be healer of thy wound." "If in thy presence I unfold to him The secrets of heaven's vengeance, let me plead Thine own injunction, to exculpate me." So Staius answer'd, and forthwith began: "Attend my words, O son, and in thy mind Receive them: so shall they be light to clear The doubt thou offer'st. Blood, concocted well, Which by the thirsty veins is ne'er imbib'd, And rests as food superfluous, to be ta'en From the replenish'd table, in the heart Derives effectual virtue, that informs The several human limbs, as being that, Which passes through the veins itself to make them. Yet more concocted it descends, where shame Forbids to mention: and from thence distils In natural vessel on another's blood. Then each unite together, one dispos'd T' endure, to act the other, through meet frame Of its recipient mould: that being reach'd, It 'gins to work, coagulating first; Then vivifies what its own substance caus'd To bear. With animation now indued, The active virtue (differing from a

plant No further, than that this is on the way And at its limit that) continues yet To operate, that now it moves, and feels, As sea sponge clinging to the rock: and there Assumes th' organic powers its seed convey'd. 'This is the period, son! at which the virtue, That from the generating heart proceeds, Is pliant and expansive; for each limb Is in the heart by forgeful nature plann'd. How babe of animal becomes, remains For thy consid'ring. At this point, more wise, Than thou hast err'd, making the soul disjoin'd From passive intellect, because he saw No organ for the latter's use assign'd. "Open thy bosom to the truth that comes. Know soon as in the embryo, to the brain, Articulation is complete, then turns The primal Mover with a smile of joy On such great work of nature, and imbreathes New spirit replete with virtue, that what here Active it finds, to its own substance draws, And forms an individual soul, that lives, And feels, and bends reflective on itself. And that thou less mayst marvel at the word, Mark the sun's heat, how that to wine doth change, Mix'd with the moisture filter'd through the vine. "When Lachesis hath spun the thread, the soul Takes with her both the human and divine, Memory, intelligence, and will, in act Far keener than before, the other powers Inactive all and mute. No pause allow'd, In wond'rous sort self-moving, to one strand Of those, where the departed roam, she falls, Here learns her destin'd path. Soon as the place Receives her, round the plastic virtue beams, Distinct as in the living limbs before: And as the air, when saturate with showers, The casual beam refracting, decks itself With many a hue; so here the ambient air Weareth that form, which influence of the soul Imprints on it; and like the flame, that where The fire moves, thither follows, so henceforth The new form on the spirit follows still: Hence hath it semblance, and is shadow call'd, With each sense even to the sight endued: Hence speech is ours, hence laughter, tears, and sighs Which thou mayst oft have witness'd on the mount Th' obedient shadow fails not to present Whatever varying passion moves within us. And this the cause of what thou marvel'st at." Now the last flexure of our way we reach'd, And to the right hand turning, other care Awaits us. Here the rocky precipice Hurls forth redundant flames, and from the rim A blast upblown, with forcible rebuff Driveth them back, sequester'd from its bound.

Behoov'd us, one by one, along the side, That border'd on the void, to pass;
and I Fear'd on one hand the fire, on th' other fear'd Headlong to fall: when
thus th' instructor warn'd: "Strict rein must in this place direct the eyes. A
little swerving and the way is lost." Then from the bosom of the
burning mass, "O God of mercy!" heard I sung; and felt No less desire to
turn. And when I saw Spirits along the flame proceeding, I Between
their footsteps and mine own was fain To share by turns my view. At the
hymn's close They shouted loud, "I do not know a man;" Then in low
voice again took up the strain, Which once more ended, "To the wood,"
they cried, "Ran Dian, and drave forth Callisto, stung With Cytherea's
poison:" then return'd Unto their song; then marry a pair extoll'd, Who
liv'd in virtue chastely, and the bands Of wedded love. Nor from that
task, I ween, Surcease they; whilesoe'er the scorching fire Enclasps them.
Of such skill appliance needs To medicine the wound, that healeth last.

CANTO XXVI

While singly thus along the rim we walk'd, Oft the good master warn'd me: "Look thou well. Avail it that I caution thee." The sun Now all the western clime irradiate chang'd From azure tinct to white; and, as I pass'd, My passing shadow made the umber'd flame Burn ruddier. At so strange a sight I mark'd That many a spirit marvel'd on his way. This bred occasion first to speak of me, "He seems," said they, "no insubstantial frame:" Then to obtain what certainty they might, Stretch'd towards me, careful not to overpass The burning pale. "O thou, who followest The others, haply not more slow than they, But mov'd by rev'rence, answer me, who burn In thirst and fire: nor I alone, but these All for thine answer do more thirst, than doth Indian or Aethiop for the cooling stream. Tell us, how is it that thou mak'st thyself A wall against the sun, as thou not yet Into th' inextricable toils of death Hadst enter'd?" Thus spake one, and I had straight Declar'd me, if attention had not turn'd To new appearance. Meeting these, there came, Midway the burning path, a crowd, on whom Earnestly gazing, from each part I view The shadows all press forward, sev'rally Each snatch a hasty kiss, and then away. E'en so the emmets, 'mid their dusky troops, Peer closely one at other, to spy out Their mutual road perchance, and how they thrive. That friendly greeting parted, ere dispatch Of the first onward step, from either tribe Loud clamour rises: those, who newly come, Shout Sodom and Gomorrah!" these, "The cow Pasiphae enter'd, that the beast she woo'd Might rush unto her luxury." Then as cranes, That part towards the Rhiphaean mountains fly, Part towards the Lybic sands, these to avoid The ice, and those the sun; so hasteth off One crowd, advances th' other; and resume Their first song weeping, and their several shout. Again drew near my side the very same, Who had erewhile besought me, and their looks Mark'd eagerness to listen. I, who twice Their will had noted, spake: "O spirits secure, Whene'er the time may be, of peaceful end! My limbs, nor crude, nor in mature old age, Have I left yonder: here they bear me, fed With blood, and sinew-strung. That I no more May live in blindness, hence I tend aloft. There is a dame on high, who wind for us This grace, by which my mortal

through your realm I bear. But may your utmost wish soon meet Such full fruition, that the orb of heaven, Fullest of love, and of most ample space, Receive you, as ye tell (upon my page Henceforth to stand recorded) who ye are, And what this multitude, that at your backs Have past behind us." As one, mountain-bred, Rugged and clownish, if some city's walls He chance to enter, round him stares agape, Confounded and struck dumb; e'en such appear'd Each spirit. But when rid of that amaze, (Not long the inmate of a noble heart) He, who before had question'd, thus resum'd: "O blessed, who, for death preparing, tak'st Experience of our limits, in thy bark! Their crime, who not with us proceed, was that, For which, as he did triumph, Caesar heard The snout of 'queen,' to taunt him. Hence their cry Of 'Sodom,' as they parted, to rebuke Themselves, and aid the burning by their shame. Our sinning was Hermaphrodite: but we, Because the law of human kind we broke, Following like beasts our vile concupiscence, Hence parting from them, to our own disgrace Record the name of her, by whom the beast In bestial tire was acted. Now our deeds Thou know'st, and how we sinn'd. If thou by name Wouldst haply know us, time permits not now To tell so much, nor can I. Of myself Learn what thou wishest. Guinicelli I, Who having truly sorrow'd ere my last, Already cleanse me." With such pious joy, As the two sons upon their mother gaz'd From sad Lycurgus rescu'd, such my joy (Save that I more repress it) when I heard From his own lips the name of him pronounc'd, Who was a father to me, and to those My betters, who have ever us'd the sweet And pleasant rhymes of love. So nought I heard Nor spake, but long time thoughtfully I went, Gazing on him; and, only for the fire, Approach'd not nearer. When my eyes were fed By looking on him, with such solemn pledge, As forces credence, I devoted me Unto his service wholly. In reply He thus bespake me: "What from thee I hear Is grav'd so deeply on my mind, the waves Of Lethe shall not wash it off, nor make A whit less lively. But as now thy oath Has seal'd the truth, declare what cause impels That love, which both thy looks and speech bewray." "Those dulcet lays," I answer'd, "which, as long As of our tongue the beauty does not fade, Shall make us love the very ink that trac'd them." "Brother!" he cried, and pointed at a shade Before him, "there is one, whose mother

speech Doth owe to him a fairer ornament. He in love ditties and the tales
of prose Without a rival stands, and lets the fools Talk on, who think the
songster of Limoges O'ertops him. Rumour and the popular voice They
look to more than truth, and so confirm Opinion, ere by art or reason
taught. Thus many of the elder time cried up Guittone, giving him the
prize, till truth By strength of numbers vanquish'd. If thou own So ample
privilege, as to have gain'd Free entrance to the cloister, whereof Christ Is
Abbot of the college, say to him One paternoster for me, far as needs For
dwellers in this world, where power to sin No longer tempts us." Haply
to make way For one, that follow'd next, when that was said, He vanish'd
through the fire, as through the wave A fish, that glances diving to the
deep. I, to the spirit he had shown me, drew A little onward, and
besought his name, For which my heart, I said, kept gracious room. He
frankly thus began: "Thy courtesy So wins on me, I have nor power nor
will To hide me. I am Arnault; and with songs, Sorely lamenting for my
folly past, Thorough this ford of fire I wade, and see The day, I hope for,
smiling in my view. I pray ye by the worth that guides ye up Unto the
summit of the scale, in time Remember ye my suff'rings." With such
words He disappear'd in the refining flame.

CANTO XXVII

Now was the sun so station'd, as when first His early radiance quivers on the heights, Where stream'd his Maker's blood, while Libra hangs Above Hesperian Ebro, and new fires Meridian flash on Ganges' yellow tide. So day was sinking, when the' angel of God Appear'd before us. Joy was in his mien. Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink, And with a voice, whose lively clearness far Surpass'd our human, "Blessed are the pure In heart," he Sang: then near him as we came, "Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried, "Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list Attentive to the song ye hear from thence." I, when I heard his saying, was as one Laid in the grave. My hands together clasp'd, And upward stretching, on the fire I look'd, And busy fancy conjur'd up the forms Erewhile beheld alive consum'd in flames. Th' escorting spirits turn'd with gentle looks Toward me, and the Mantuan spake: "My son, Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death. Remember thee, remember thee, if I Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee: now I come More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now? Of this be sure: though in its womb that flame A thousand years contain'd thee, from thy head No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth, Approach, and with thy hands thy vesture's hem Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief. Lay now all fear, O lay all fear aside. Turn hither, and come onward undismay'd." I still, though conscience urg'd' no step advanc'd. When still he saw me fix'd and obstinate, Somewhat disturb'd he cried: "Mark now, my son, From Beatrice thou art by this wall Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye Of Pyramus was open'd (when life ebb'd Fast from his veins), and took one parting glance, While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I turn'd To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard The name, that springs forever in my breast. He shook his forehead; and, "How long," he said, "Linger we now?" then smil'd, as one would smile Upon a child, that eyes the fruit and yields. Into the fire before me then he walk'd; And Statius, who erewhile no little space Had parted us, he pray'd to come behind. I would have cast me into molten glass To cool me, when I enter'd; so intense Rag'd the conflagrant mass. The sire belov'd, To comfort me, as he proceeded, still

Of Beatrice talk'd. "Her eyes," saith he, "E'en now I seem to view."
From the other side A voice, that sang, did guide us, and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth, There where the path led
upward. "Come," we heard, "Come, blessed of my Father." Such the
sounds, That hail'd us from within a light, which shone So radiant, I could
not endure the view. "The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung With blackness, strive ye for the
pass." Our way Upright within the rock arose, and fac'd Such part of
heav'n, that from before my steps The beams were shrouded of the sinking
sun. Nor many stairs were overpass, when now By fading of the
shadow we perceiv'd The sun behind us couch'd: and ere one face
Of darkness o'er its measureless expanse Involv'd th' horizon, and the night
her lot Held individual, each of us had made A stair his pallet: not that will,
but power, Had fail'd us, by the nature of that mount Forbidden further
travel. As the goats, That late have skipp'd and wanton'd rapidly Upon
the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en Their supper on the herb, now silent lie
And ruminat beneath the umbrage brown, While noonday rages; and the
goatherd leans Upon his staff, and leaning watches them: And as the swain,
that lodges out all night In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey Disperse
them; even so all three abode, I as a goat and as the shepherds they, Close
pent on either side by shelving rock. A little glimpse of sky was seen
above; Yet by that little I beheld the stars In magnitude and rustle shining
forth With more than wonted glory. As I lay, Gazing on them, and in that
fit of musing, Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft Tidings of future
hap. About the hour, As I believe, when Venus from the east First
lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb Seems always glowing with the
fire of love, A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd, Was passing o'er a lea;
and, as she came, Methought I saw her ever and anon Bending to cull the
flowers; and thus she sang: "Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah: for my brow to weave A garland, these fair hands
unwearied ply. To please me at the crystal mirror, here I deck me. But
my sister Rachel, she Before her glass abides the livelong day, Her radiant
eyes beholding, charm'd no less, Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation, as in labour mine." And now as glimm'ring dawn

appear'd, that breaks More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he Sojourns
less distant on his homeward way, Darkness from all sides fled, and with it
fled My slumber; whence I rose and saw my guide Already risen. "That
delicious fruit, Which through so many a branch the zealous care Of
mortals roams in quest of, shall this day Appease thy hunger." Such the
words I heard From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard So pleasant as
the sounds. Within me straight Desire so grew upon desire to mount,
Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings Increasing for my flight.
When we had run O'er all the ladder to its topmost round, As there we
stood, on me the Mantuan fix'd His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires,
my son, The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen, And art arriv'd, where of
itself my ken No further reaches. I with skill and art Thus far have drawn
thee. Now thy pleasure take For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper
way, O'ercome the straighter. Lo! the sun, that darts His beam upon thy
forehead! lo! the herb, The arboreta and flowers, which of itself This
land pours forth profuse! Till those bright eyes With gladness come,
which, weeping, made me haste To succour thee, thou mayst or seat thee
down, Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more Sanction of warning
voice or sign from me, Free of thy own arbitrement to choose, Discreet,
judicious. To distrust thy sense Were henceforth error. I invest thee
then With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

CANTO XXVIII

Through that celestial forest, whose thick shade With lively greenness
the new-springing day Attemper'd, eager now to roam, and search Its
limits round, forthwith I left the bank, Along the champain leisurely my
way Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides Delicious odour breath'd.
A pleasant air, That intermitted never, never veer'd, Smote on my temples,
gently, as a wind Of softest influence: at which the sprays, Obedient all,
lean'd trembling to that part Where first the holy mountain casts his shade,
Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still Upon their top the feather'd
quiristers Applied their wonted art, and with full joy Welcom'd those hours
of prime, and warbled shrill Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
inept tenor; even as from branch to branch, Along the piney forests on the
shore Of Chiassi, rolls the gath'ring melody, When Eolus hath from his
cavern loos'd The dripping south. Already had my steps, Though slow,
so far into that ancient wood Transported me, I could not ken the place
Where I had enter'd, when behold! my path Was bounded by a rill,
which to the left With little rippling waters bent the grass, That issued
from its brink. On earth no wave How clean soe'er, that would not seem
to have Some mixture in itself, compar'd with this, Transpicious, clear;
yet darkly on it roll'd, Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er
Admits or sun or moon light there to shine. My feet avanc'd not; but
my wond'ring eyes Pass'd onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey The tender
May-bloom, flush'd through many a hue, In prodigal variety: and there, As
object, rising suddenly to view, That from our bosom every thought beside
With the rare marvel chases, I beheld A lady all alone, who, singing, went,
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way Was all o'er painted.
"Lady beautiful! Thou, who (if looks, that use to speak the heart, Are
worthy of our trust), with love's own beam Dost warm thee," thus to her
my speech I fram'd: "Ah! please thee hither towards the streamlet bend
Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song. Beholding thee and this fair
place, methinks, I call to mind where wander'd and how look'd Proserpine,
in that season, when her child The mother lost, and she the bloomy
spring." As when a lady, turning in the dance, Doth foot it featly, and

advances scarce One step before the other to the ground; Over the yellow and vermilion flowers Thus turn'd she at my suit, most maiden-like, Valing her sober eyes, and came so near, That I distinctly caught the dulcet sound. Arriving where the limped waters now Lav'd the green sward, her eyes she deign'd to raise, That shot such splendour on me, as I ween Ne'er glanced from Cytherea's, when her son Had sped his keenest weapon to her heart. Upon the opposite bank she stood and smil'd through her graceful fingers shifted still The intermingling dyes, which without seed That lofty land unbosoms. By the stream Three paces only were we sunder'd: yet The Hellespont, where Xerxes pass'd it o'er, (A curb for ever to the pride of man) Was by Leander not more hateful held For floating, with inhospitable wave 'Twixt Sestus and Abydos, than by me That flood, because it gave no passage thence. "Strangers ye come, and haply in this place, That cradled human nature in its birth, Wond'ring, ye not without suspicion view My smiles: but that sweet strain of psalmody, 'Thou, Lord! hast made me glad,' will give ye light, Which may uncloud your minds. And thou, who stand'st The foremost, and didst make thy suit to me, Say if aught else thou wish to hear: for I Came prompt to answer every doubt of thine." She spake; and I replied: "I know not how To reconcile this wave and rustling sound Of forest leaves, with what I late have heard Of opposite report." She answering thus: "I will unfold the cause, whence that proceeds, Which makes thee wonder; and so purge the cloud That hath enwraps thee. The First Good, whose joy Is only in himself, created man For happiness, and gave this goodly place, His pledge and earnest of eternal peace. Favour'd thus highly, through his own defect He fell, and here made short sojourn; he fell, And, for the bitterness of sorrow, chang'd Laughter unblam'd and ever-new delight. That vapours none, exhal'd from earth beneath, Or from the waters (which, wherever heat Attracts them, follow), might ascend thus far To vex man's peaceful state, this mountain rose So high toward the heav'n, nor fears the rage Of elements contending, from that part Exempted, where the gate his limit bars. Because the circumambient air throughout With its first impulse circles still, unless Aught interpose to cheek or thwart its course; Upon the summit, which on every side To visitation of th' impassive air Is open,

doth that motion strike, and makes Beneath its sway th' umbrageous wood
resound: And in the shaken plant such power resides, That it impregnates
with its efficacy The voyaging breeze, upon whose subtle plume That
wafted flies abroad; and th' other land Receiving (as 't is worthy in itself,
Or in the clime, that warms it), doth conceive, And from its womb
produces many a tree Of various virtue. This when thou hast heard, The
marvel ceases, if in yonder earth Some plant without apparent seed be
found To fix its fibrous stem. And further learn, That with prolific foison
of all seeds, This holy plain is fill'd, and in itself Bears fruit that ne'er was
pluck'd on other soil. "The water, thou behold'st, springs not from vein,
As stream, that intermittently repairs And spends his pulse of life, but
issues forth From fountain, solid, undecaying, sure; And by the will
omnific, full supply Feeds whatsoe'er On either side it pours; On this
devolv'd with power to take away Remembrance of offence, on that to
bring Remembrance back of every good deed done. From whence its name
of Lethe on this part; On th' other Eunoe: both of which must first Be
tasted ere it work; the last exceeding All flavours else. Albeit thy thirst
may now Be well contented, if I here break off, No more revealing: yet a
corollary I freely give beside: nor deem my words Less grateful to thee, if
they somewhat pass The stretch of promise. They, whose verse of yore
The golden age recorded and its bliss, On the Parnassian mountain, of this
place Perhaps had dream'd. Here was man guiltless, here Perpetual
spring and every fruit, and this The far-fam'd nectar." Turning to the
bards, When she had ceas'd, I noted in their looks A smile at her
conclusion; then my face Again directed to the lovely dame.

CANTO XXIX

Singing, as if enamour'd, she resum'd And clos'd the song, with
"Blessed they whose sins Are cover'd." Like the wood-nymphs then, that
tripp'd Singly across the sylvan shadows, one Eager to view and one to
'scape the sun, So mov'd she on, against the current, up The verdant rivage.
I, her mincing step Observing, with as tardy step pursued. Between us
not an hundred paces trod, The bank, on each side bending equally, Gave
me to face the orient. Nor our way Far onward brought us, when to me at
once She turn'd, and cried: "My brother! look and hearken." And lo!
a sudden lustre ran across Through the great forest on all parts, so bright I
doubted whether lightning were abroad; But that expiring ever in the
spleen, That doth unfold it, and this during still And waxing still in
splendor, made me question What it might be: and a sweet melody Ran
through the luminous air. Then did I chide With warrantable zeal the
hardihood Of our first parent, for that there were earth Stood in obedience
to the heav'ns, she only, Woman, the creature of an hour, endur'd not
Restraint of any veil: which had she borne Devoutly, joys, ineffable as
these, Had from the first, and long time since, been mine. While
through that wilderness of primy sweets That never fade, suspense I
walk'd, and yet Expectant of beatitude more high, Before us, like a blazing
fire, the air Under the green boughs glow'd; and, for a song, Distinct the
sound of melody was heard. O ye thrice holy virgins! for your sakes
If e'er I suffer'd hunger, cold and watching, Occasion calls on me to crave
your bounty. Now through my breast let Helicon his stream Pour copious;
and Urania with her choir Arise to aid me: while the verse unfolds Things
that do almost mock the grasp of thought. Onward a space, what seem'd
seven trees of gold, The intervening distance to mine eye Falsely
presented; but when I was come So near them, that no lineament was lost
Of those, with which a doubtful object, seen Remotely, plays on the
misdeeming sense, Then did the faculty, that ministers Discourse to reason,
these for tapers of gold Distinguish, and it th' singing trace the sound
"Hosanna." Above, their beauteous garniture Flam'd with more ample
lustre, than the moon Through cloudless sky at midnight in her full. I

turn'd me full of wonder to my guide; And he did answer with a countenance Charg'd with no less amazement: whence my view Reverted to those lofty things, which came So slowly moving towards us, that the bride Would have outstript them on her bridal day. The lady called aloud: "Why thus yet burns Affection in thee for these living, lights, And dost not look on that which follows them?" I straightway mark'd a tribe behind them walk, As if attendant on their leaders, cloth'd With raiment of such whiteness, as on earth Was never. On my left, the wat'ry gleam Borrow'd, and gave me back, when there I look'd. As in a mirror, my left side portray'd. When I had chosen on the river's edge Such station, that the distance of the stream Alone did separate me; there I stay'd My steps for clearer prospect, and beheld The flames go onward, leaving, as they went, The air behind them painted as with trail Of liveliest pencils! so distinct were mark'd All those sev'n listed colours, whence the sun Maketh his bow, and Cynthia her zone. These streaming gonfalons did flow beyond My vision; and ten paces, as I guess, Parted the outermost. Beneath a sky So beautiful, came foul and-twenty elders, By two and two, with flower-de-luces crown'd. All sang one song: "Blessed be thou among The daughters of Adam! and thy loveliness Blessed for ever!" After that the flowers, And the fresh herblets, on the opposite brink, Were free from that elected race; as light In heav'n doth second light, came after them Four animals, each crown'd with verdurous leaf. With six wings each was plum'd, the plumage full Of eyes, and th' eyes of Argus would be such, Were they endued with life. Reader, more rhymes Will not waste in shadowing forth their form: For other need no straitens, that in this I may not give my bounty room. But read Ezekiel; for he paints them, from the north How he beheld them come by Chebar's flood, In whirlwind, cloud and fire; and even such As thou shalt find them character'd by him, Here were they; save as to the pennons; there, From him departing, John accords with me. The space, surrounded by the four, enclos'd A car triumphal: on two wheels it came Drawn at a Gryphon's neck; and he above Stretch'd either wing uplifted, 'tween the midst And the three listed hues, on each side three; So that the wings did cleave or injure none; And out of sight they rose. The members, far As he was bird, were golden;

white the rest With vermeil intervein'd. So beautiful A car in Rome ne'er
grac'd Augustus pomp, Or Africanus': e'en the sun's itself Were poor to this,
that chariot of the sun Erroneous, which in blazing ruin fell At Tellus'
pray'r devout, by the just doom Mysterious of all-seeing Jove. Three
nymphs ,k the right wheel, came circling in smooth dance; The one so
ruddy, that her form had scarce Been known within a furnace of clear
flame: The next did look, as if the flesh and bones Were emerald: snow
new-fallen seem'd the third. Now seem'd the white to lead, the ruddy now;
And from her song who led, the others took Their treasure, swift or slow.
At th' other wheel, A band quaternion, each in purple clad, Advanc'd with
festal step, as of them one The rest conducted, one, upon whose front
Three eyes were seen. In rear of all this group, Two old men I beheld,
dissimilar In raiment, but in port and gesture like, Solid and mainly grave;
of whom the one Did show himself some favour'd counsellor Of the great
Coan, him, whom nature made To serve the costliest creature of her tribe.
His fellow mark'd an opposite intent, Bearing a sword, whose glitterance
and keen edge, E'en as I view'd it with the flood between, Appall'd me.
Next four others I beheld, Of humble seeming: and, behind them all, One
single old man, sleeping, as he came, With a shrewd visage. And these
seven, each Like the first troop were habited, hut wore No braid of lilies
on their temples wreath'd. Rather with roses and each vermeil flower, A
sight, but little distant, might have sworn, That they were all on fire above
their brow. Whenas the car was o'er against me, straight. Was heard a
thund'ring, at whose voice it seem'd The chosen multitude were stay'd; for
there, With the first ensigns, made they solemn halt.

CANTO XXX

Soon as the polar light, which never knows Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil Of other cloud than sin, fair ornament Of the first heav'n, to duty each one there Safely convoying, as that lower doth The steersman to his port, stood firmly fix'd; Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van Between the Gryphon and its radiance came, Did turn them to the car, as to their rest: And one, as if commission'd from above, In holy chant thrice shorted forth aloud: "Come, spouse, from Libanus!" and all the rest Took up the song--At the last audit so The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh, As, on the sacred litter, at the voice Authoritative of that elder, sprang A hundred ministers and messengers Of life eternal. "Blessed thou! who com'st!" And, "O," they cried, "from full hands scatter ye Unwith'ring lilies;" and, so saying, cast Flowers over head and round them on all sides. I have beheld, ere now, at break of day, The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky Oppos'd, one deep and beautiful serene, And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists Attemper'd at lids rising, that the eye Long while endur'd the sight: thus in a cloud Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose, And down, within and outside of the car, Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreath'd, A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath Green mantle, rob'd in hue of living flame: And o'er my Spirit, that in former days Within her presence had abode so long, No shudd'ring terror crept. Mine eyes no more Had knowledge of her; yet there mov'd from her A hidden virtue, at whose touch awak'd, The power of ancient love was strong within me. No sooner on my vision streaming, smote The heav'nly influence, which years past, and e'en In childhood, thrill'd me, than towards Virgil I Turn'd me to leftward, panting, like a babe, That flees for refuge to his mother's breast, If aught have terrified or work'd him woe: And would have cried: "There is no dram of blood, That doth not quiver in me. The old flame Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire:" But Virgil had bereav'd us of himself, Virgil, my best-lov'd father; Virgil, he To whom I gave me up for safety: nor, All, our prime mother lost, avail'd to save My undew'd cheeks from blur of soiling tears. "Dante, weep not, that Virgil leaves thee: nay,

Weep thou not yet: behooves thee feel the edge Of other sword, and thou shalt weep for that." As to the prow or stern, some admiral Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew, When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply aloof; Thus on the left side of the car I saw, (Turning me at the sound of mine own name, Which here I am compell'd to register) The virgin station'd, who before appeared Veil'd in that festive shower angelical. Towards me, across the stream, she bent her eyes; Though from her brow the veil descending, bound With foliage of Minerva, suffer'd not That I beheld her clearly; then with act Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall, Added, as one, who speaking keepeth back The bitterest saying, to conclude the speech: "Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am Beatrice. What! and hast thou deign'd at last Approach the mountain? knewest not, O man! Thy happiness is whole?" Down fell mine eyes On the clear fount, but there, myself espying, Recoil'd, and sought the greensward: such a weight Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien Of that stern majesty, which doth surround mother's presence to her awe-struck child, She look'd; a flavour of such bitterness Was mingled in her pity. There her words Brake off, and suddenly the angels sang: "In thee, O gracious Lord, my hope hath been:" But went no farther than, "Thou Lord, hast set My feet in ample room." As snow, that lies Amidst the living rafters on the back Of Italy congeal'd when drifted high And closely pil'd by rough Sclavonian blasts, Breathe but the land whereon no shadow falls, And straightway melting it distils away, Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I, Without a sigh or tear, or ever these Did sing, that with the chiming of heav'n's sphere, Still in their warbling chime: but when the strain Of dulcet symphony, express'd for me Their soft compassion, more than could the words "Virgin, why so consum'st him?" then the ice, Congeal'd about my bosom, turn'd itself To spirit and water, and with anguish forth Gush'd through the lips and eyelids from the heart. Upon the chariot's right edge still she stood, Immovable, and thus address'd her words To those bright semblances with pity touch'd: "Ye in th' eternal day your vigils keep, So that nor night nor slumber, with close stealth, Conveys from you a single step in all The goings on of life: thence with more heed I shape mine answer, for his ear intended, Who there stands weeping, that the

sorrow now May equal the transgression. Not alone Through operation of the mighty orbs, That mark each seed to some predestin'd aim, As with aspect or fortunate or ill The constellations meet, but through benign Largess of heav'nly graces, which rain down From such a height, as mocks our vision, this man Was in the freshness of his being, such, So gifted virtually, that in him All better habits wond'rously had thriv'd. The more of kindly strength is in the soil, So much doth evil seed and lack of culture Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness. These looks sometime upheld him; for I show'd My youthful eyes, and led him by their light In upright walking. Soon as I had reach'd The threshold of my second age, and chang'd My mortal for immortal, then he left me, And gave himself to others. When from flesh To spirit I had risen, and increase Of beauty and of virtue circled me, I was less dear to him, and valued less. His steps were turn'd into deceitful ways, Following false images of good, that make No promise perfect. Nor avail'd me aught To sue for inspirations, with the which, I, both in dreams of night, and otherwise, Did call him back; of them so little reck'd him, Such depth he fell, that all device was short Of his preserving, save that he should view The children of perdition. To this end I visited the purlieus of the dead: And one, who hath conducted him thus high, Receiv'd my supplications urg'd with weeping. It were a breaking of God's high decree, If Lethe should be past, and such food tasted Without the cost of some repentant tear."

CANTO XXXI

"O Thou!" her words she thus without delay Resuming, turn'd their point on me, to whom They but with lateral edge seem'd harsh before, 'Say thou, who stand'st beyond the holy stream, If this be true. A charge so grievous needs Thine own avowal." On my faculty Such strange amazement hung, the voice expir'd Imperfect, ere its organs gave it birth. A little space refraining, then she spake: "What dost thou muse on? Answer me. The wave On thy remembrances of evil yet Hath done no injury." A mingled sense Of fear and of confusion, from my lips Did such a "Yea " produce, as needed help Of vision to interpret. As when breaks In act to be discharg'd, a cross-bow bent Beyond its pitch, both nerve and bow o'erstretch'd, The flagging weapon feebly hits the mark; Thus, tears and sighs forth gushing, did I burst Beneath the heavy load, and thus my voice Was slacken'd on its way. She straight began: "When my desire invited thee to love The good, which sets a bound to our aspirings, What bar of thwarting foss or linked chain Did meet thee, that thou so should'st quit the hope Of further progress, or what bait of ease Or promise of allurement led thee on Elsewhere, that thou elsewhere should'st rather wait?" A bitter sigh I drew, then scarce found voice To answer, hardly to these sounds my lips Gave utterance, wailing: "Thy fair looks withdrawn, Things present, with deceitful pleasures, turn'd My steps aside." She answering spake: "Hadst thou Been silent, or denied what thou avow'st, Thou hadst not hid thy sin the more: such eye Observes it. But whene'er the sinner's cheek Breaks forth into the precious-streaming tears Of self-accusing, in our court the wheel Of justice doth run counter to the edge. Howe'er that thou may'st profit by thy shame For errors past, and that henceforth more strength May arm thee, when thou hear'st the Siren-voice, Lay thou aside the motive to this grief, And lend attentive ear, while I unfold How opposite a way my buried flesh Should have impell'd thee. Never didst thou spy In art or nature aught so passing sweet, As were the limbs, that in their beauteous frame Enclos'd me, and are scatter'd now in dust. If sweetest thing thus fail'd thee with my death, What, afterward, of mortal should thy wish Have tempted? When thou first

hadst felt the dart Of perishable things, in my departing For better realms,
thy wing thou should'st have prun'd To follow me, and never stoop'd again
To 'bide a second blow for a slight girl, Or other gaud as transient and as
vain. The new and inexperienc'd bird awaits, Twice it may be, or thrice,
the fowler's aim; But in the sight of one, whose plumes are full, In vain the
net is spread, the arrow wing'd." I stood, as children silent and asham'd
Stand, list'ning, with their eyes upon the earth, Acknowledging their fault
and self-condemn'd. And she resum'd: "If, but to hear thus pains thee,
Raise thou thy beard, and lo! what sight shall do!" With less
reluctance yields a sturdy holm, Rent from its fibers by a blast, that blows
From off the pole, or from Iarbas' land, Than I at her behest my visage
rais'd: And thus the face denoting by the beard, I mark'd the secret sting
her words convey'd. No sooner lifted I mine aspect up, Than downward
sunk that vision I beheld Of goodly creatures vanish; and mine eyes Yet
unassur'd and wavering, bent their light On Beatrice. Towards the animal,
Who joins two natures in one form, she turn'd, And, even under shadow of
her veil, And parted by the verdant rill, that flow'd Between, in loveliness
appear'd as much Her former self surpassing, as on earth All others she
surpass'd. Remorseful goads Shot sudden through me. Each thing else,
the more Its love had late beguil'd me, now the more I Was loathsome.
On my heart so keenly smote The bitter consciousness, that on the ground
O'erpower'd I fell: and what my state was then, She knows who was the
cause. When now my strength Flow'd back, returning outward from the
heart, The lady, whom alone I first had seen, I found above me. "Loose
me not," she cried: "Loose not thy hold;" and lo! had dragg'd me high
As to my neck into the stream, while she, Still as she drew me after, swept
along, Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave. The blessed shore
approaching then was heard So sweetly, "Tu asperges me," that I May not
remember, much less tell the sound. The beauteous dame, her arms
expanding, clasp'd My temples, and immerg'd me, where 't was fit The
wave should drench me: and thence raising up, Within the fourfold dance
of lovely nymphs Presented me so lav'd, and with their arm They each did
cover me. "Here are we nymphs, And in the heav'n are stars. Or ever
earth Was visited of Beatrice, we Appointed for her handmaids, tended on

her. We to her eyes will lead thee; but the light Of gladness that is in them, well to scan, Those yonder three, of deeper ken than ours, Thy sight shall quicken." Thus began their song; And then they led me to the Gryphon's breast, While, turn'd toward us, Beatrice stood. "Spare not thy vision. We have stationed thee Before the emeralds, whence love erewhile Hath drawn his weapons on thee. "As they spake, A thousand fervent wishes riveted Mine eyes upon her beaming eyes, that stood Still fix'd toward the Gryphon motionless. As the sun strikes a mirror, even thus Within those orbs the twofold being, shone, For ever varying, in one figure now Reflected, now in other. Reader! muse How wond'rous in my sight it seem'd to mark A thing, albeit steadfast in itself, Yet in its imag'd semblance mutable. Full of amaze, and joyous, while my soul Fed on the viand, whereof still desire Grows with satiety, the other three With gesture, that declar'd a loftier line, Advanc'd: to their own carol on they came Dancing in festive ring angelical. "Turn, Beatrice!" was their song: "O turn Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one, Who to behold thee many a wearisome pace Hath measur'd. Gracious at our pray'r vouchsafe Unveil to him thy cheeks: that he may mark Thy second beauty, now conceal'd." O splendour! O sacred light eternal! who is he So pale with musing in Pierian shades, Or with that fount so lavishly imbued, Whose spirit should not fail him in th' essay To represent thee such as thou didst seem, When under cope of the still-chiming heaven Thou gav'st to open air thy charms reveal'd.

CANTO XXXII

Mine eyes with such an eager coveting, Were bent to rid them of their ten years' thirst, No other sense was waking: and e'en they Were fenc'd on either side from heed of aught; So tangled in its custom'd toils that smile Of saintly brightness drew me to itself, When forcibly toward the left my sight The sacred virgins turn'd; for from their lips I heard the warning sounds: "Too fix'd a gaze!" Awhile my vision labor'd; as when late Upon the' o'erstrained eyes the sun hath smote: But soon to lesser object, as the view Was now recover'd (lesser in respect To that excess of sensible, whence late I had perforce been sunder'd) on their right I mark'd that glorious army wheel, and turn, Against the sun and sev'nfold lights, their front. As when, their bucklers for protection rais'd, A well-rang'd troop, with portly banners curl'd, Wheel circling, ere the whole can change their ground: E'en thus the goodly regiment of heav'n Proceeding, all did pass us, ere the car Had slop'd his beam. Attendant at the wheels The damsels turn'd; and on the Gryphon mov'd The sacred burden, with a pace so smooth, No feather on him trembled. The fair dame Who through the wave had drawn me, accompanied By Statius and myself, pursued the wheel, Whose orbit, rolling, mark'd a lesser arch. Through the high wood, now void (the more her blame, Who by the serpent was beguil'd) I past With step in cadence to the harmony Angelic. Onward had we mov'd, as far Perchance as arrow at three several flights Full wing'd had sped, when from her station down Descended Beatrice. With one voice All murmur'd "Adam," circling next a plant Despoil'd of flowers and leaf on every bough. Its tresses, spreading more as more they rose, Were such, as 'midst their forest wilds for height The Indians might have gaz'd at. "Blessed thou! Gryphon, whose beak hath never pluck'd that tree Pleasant to taste: for hence the appetite Was warp'd to evil." Round the stately trunk Thus shouted forth the rest, to whom return'd The animal twice-gender'd: "Yea: for so The generation of the just are sav'd." And turning to the chariot-pole, to foot He drew it of the widow'd branch, and bound There left unto the stock whereon it grew. As when large floods of radiance from above Stream, with that radiance mingled, which ascends

Next after setting of the scaly sign, Our plants then burgeon, and each wears anew His wonted colours, ere the sun have yok'd Beneath another star his flamy steeds; Thus putting forth a hue, more faint than rose, And deeper than the violet, was renew'd The plant, erewhile in all its branches bare. Unearthly was the hymn, which then arose. I understood it not, nor to the end Endur'd the harmony. Had I the skill To pencil forth, how clos'd th' un pitying eyes Slumb'ring, when Syrinx warbled, (eyes that paid So dearly for their watching,) then like painter, That with a model paints, I might design The manner of my falling into sleep. But feign who will the slumber cunningly; I pass it by to when I wak'd, and tell How suddenly a flash of splendour rent The curtain of my sleep, and one cries out: "Arise, what dost thou?" As the chosen three, On Tabor's mount, admitted to behold The blossoming of that fair tree, whose fruit Is coveted of angels, and doth make Perpetual feast in heaven, to themselves Returning at the word, whence deeper sleeps Were broken, that they their tribe diminish'd saw, Both Moses and Elias gone, and chang'd The stole their master wore: thus to myself Returning, over me beheld I stand The piteous one, who cross the stream had brought My steps. "And where," all doubting, I exclaim'd, "Is Beatrice?"--"See her," she replied, "Beneath the fresh leaf seated on its root. Behold th' associate choir that circles her. The others, with a melody more sweet And more profound, journeying to higher realms, Upon the Gryphon tend." If there her words Were clos'd, I know not; but mine eyes had now Ta'en view of her, by whom all other thoughts Were barr'd admittance. On the very ground Alone she sat, as she had there been left A guard upon the wain, which I beheld Bound to the twyform beast. The seven nymphs Did make themselves a cloister round about her, And in their hands upheld those lights secure From blast septentrion and the gusty south. "A little while thou shalt be forester here: And citizen shalt be forever with me, Of that true Rome, wherein Christ dwells a Roman To profit the misguided world, keep now Thine eyes upon the car; and what thou seest, Take heed thou write, returning to that place." Thus Beatrice: at whose feet inclin'd Devout, at her behest, my thought and eyes, I, as she bade, directed. Never fire, With so swift motion, forth a stormy cloud Leap'd downward from the welkin's farthest

bound, As I beheld the bird of Jove descending Pounce on the tree, and, as he rush'd, the rind, Disparting crush beneath him, buds much more And leaflets. On the car with all his might He struck, whence, staggering like a ship, it reel'd, At random driv'n, to starboard now, o'ercome, And now to larboard, by the vaulting waves. Next springing up into the chariot's womb A fox I saw, with hunger seeming pin'd Of all good food. But, for his ugly sins The saintly maid rebuking him, away Scamp'ring he turn'd, fast as his hide-bound corpse Would bear him. Next, from whence before he came, I saw the eagle dart into the hull O' th' car, and leave it with his feathers lin'd; And then a voice, like that which issues forth From heart with sorrow riv'd, did issue forth From heav'n, and, "O poor bark of mine!" it cried, "How badly art thou freighted!" Then, it seem'd, That the earth open'd between either wheel, And I beheld a dragon issue thence, That through the chariot fix'd his forked train; And like a wasp that draggeth back the sting, So drawing forth his baleful train, he dragg'd Part of the bottom forth, and went his way Exulting. What remain'd, as lively turf With green herb, so did clothe itself with plumes, Which haply had with purpose chaste and kind Been offer'd; and therewith were cloth'd the wheels, Both one and other, and the beam, so quickly A sigh were not breath'd sooner. Thus transform'd, The holy structure, through its several parts, Did put forth heads, three on the beam, and one On every side; the first like oxen horn'd, But with a single horn upon their front The four. Like monster sight hath never seen. O'er it methought there sat, secure as rock On mountain's lofty top, a shameless whore, Whose ken rov'd loosely round her. At her side, As 't were that none might bear her off, I saw A giant stand; and ever, and anon They mingled kisses. But, her lustful eyes Chancing on me to wander, that fell minion Scourg'd her from head to foot all o'er; then full Of jealousy, and fierce with rage, unloos'd The monster, and dragg'd on, so far across The forest, that from me its shades alone Shielded the harlot and the new-form'd brute.

CANTO XXXIII

"The heathen, Lord! are come!" responsive thus, The trinal now, and now the virgin band Quaternion, their sweet psalmody began, Weeping; and Beatrice listen'd, sad And sighing, to the song', in such a mood, That Mary, as she stood beside the cross, Was scarce more chang'd. But when they gave her place To speak, then, risen upright on her feet, She, with a colour glowing bright as fire, Did answer: "Yet a little while, and ye Shall see me not; and, my beloved sisters, Again a little while, and ye shall see me." Before her then she marshall'd all the seven, And, beck'ning only motion'd me, the dame, And that remaining sage, to follow her. So on she pass'd; and had not set, I ween, Her tenth step to the ground, when with mine eyes Her eyes encounter'd; and, with visage mild, "So mend thy pace," she cried, "that if my words Address thee, thou mayst still be aptly plac'd To hear them." Soon as duly to her side I now had hasten'd: "Brother!" she began, "Why mak'st thou no attempt at questioning, As thus we walk together?" Like to those Who, speaking with too reverent an awe Before their betters, draw not forth the voice Alive unto their lips, befell me shell That I in sounds imperfect thus began: "Lady! what I have need of, that thou know'st, And what will suit my need." She answering thus: "Of fearfulness and shame, I will, that thou Henceforth do rid thee: that thou speak no more, As one who dreams. Thus far be taught of me: The vessel, which thou saw'st the serpent break, Was and is not: let him, who hath the blame, Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop. Without an heir for ever shall not be That eagle, he, who left the chariot plum'd, Which monster made it first and next a prey. Plainly I view, and therefore speak, the stars E'en now approaching, whose conjunction, free From all impediment and bar, brings on A season, in the which, one sent from God, (Five hundred, five, and ten, do mark him out) That foul one, and th' accomplice of her guilt, The giant, both shall slay. And if perchance My saying, dark as Themis or as Sphinx, Fail to persuade thee, (since like them it foils The intellect with blindness) yet ere long Events shall be the Naiads, that will solve This knotty riddle, and no damage light On flock or field. Take heed; and as these words By me are utter'd, teach

them even so To those who live that life, which is a race To death: and when thou writ'st them, keep in mind Not to conceal how thou hast seen the plant, That twice hath now been spoil'd. This whoso robs, This whoso plucks, with blasphemy of deed Sins against God, who for his use alone Creating hallow'd it. For taste of this, In pain and in desire, five thousand years And upward, the first soul did yearn for him, Who punish'd in himself the fatal gust. "Thy reason slumbers, if it deem this height And summit thus inverted of the plant, Without due cause: and were not vainer thoughts, As Elsa's numbing waters, to thy soul, And their fond pleasures had not dyed it dark As Pyramus the mulberry, thou hadst seen, In such momentous circumstance alone, God's equal justice morally implied In the forbidden tree. But since I mark thee In understanding harden'd into stone, And, to that hardness, spotted too and stain'd, So that thine eye is dazzled at my word, I will, that, if not written, yet at least Painted thou take it in thee, for the cause, That one brings home his staff inwreath'd with palm. "I thus: "As wax by seal, that changeth not Its impress, now is stamp'd my brain by thee. But wherefore soars thy wish'd-for speech so high Beyond my sight, that loses it the more, The more it strains to reach it?" --"To the end That thou mayst know," she answer'd straight, "the school, That thou hast follow'd; and how far behind, When following my discourse, its learning halts: And mayst behold your art, from the divine As distant, as the disagreement is 'Twixt earth and heaven's most high and rapturous orb." "I not remember," I replied, "that e'er I was estrang'd from thee, nor for such fault Doth conscience chide me." Smiling she return'd: "If thou canst, not remember, call to mind How lately thou hast drunk of Lethe's wave; And, sure as smoke doth indicate a flame, In that forgetfulness itself conclude Blame from thy alienated will incurr'd. From henceforth verily my words shall be As naked as will suit them to appear In thy unpractis'd view." More sparkling now, And with retarded course the sun possess'd The circle of mid-day, that varies still As th' aspect varies of each several clime, When, as one, sent in vaward of a troop For escort, pauses, if perchance he spy Vestige of somewhat strange and rare: so paus'd The sev'nfold band, arriving at the verge Of a dun umbrage hoar, such as is seen, Beneath

green leaves and gloomy branches, oft To overbrow a bleak and alpine cliff. And, where they stood, before them, as it seem'd, Tigris and Euphrates both beheld, Forth from one fountain issue; and, like friends, Linger at parting. "O enlight'ning beam! O glory of our kind! beseech thee say What water this, which from one source deriv'd Itself removes to distance from itself?" To such entreaty answer thus was made: "Entreat Matilda, that she teach thee this." And here, as one, who clears himself of blame Imputed, the fair dame return'd: "Of me He this and more hath learnt; and I am safe That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him." And Beatrice: "Some more pressing care That oft the memory 'reeves, perchance hath made His mind's eye dark. But lo! where Eunoe crows! Lead thither; and, as thou art wont, revive His fainting virtue." As a courteous spirit, That proffers no excuses, but as soon As he hath token of another's will, Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus The lovely maiden mov'd her on, and call'd To Statius with an air most lady-like: "Come thou with him." Were further space allow'd, Then, Reader, might I sing, though but in part, That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er Been sated. But, since all the leaves are full, Appointed for this second strain, mine art With warning bridle checks me. I return'd From the most holy wave, regenerate, If 'en as new plants renew'd with foliage new, Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

NOTES TO PURGATORY

Canto I

Verse 1. O'er better waves.] Berni, *Orl. Inn.* L 2. c. i. Per correr maggior acqua alza le vele, O debil navicella del mio ingegno.

v. 11. Birds of chattering note.] For the fable of the daughters of Pierus, who challenged the muses to sing, and were by them changed into magpies, see Ovid, *Met.* 1. v. fab. 5.

v. 19. Planet.] Venus.

v. 20. Made all the orient laugh.] Hence Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:
And all the orisont laugheth of the sight.

It is sometimes read "orient."

v. 24. Four stars.] Symbolical of the four cardinal virtues, Prudence Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. See Canto XXXI v. 105.

v. 30. The wain.] Charles's wain, or Bootes.

v. 31. An old man.] Cato.

v. 92. Venerable plumes.] The same metaphor has occurred in Hell Canto XX. v. 41:

--the plumes, That mark'd the better sex.

It is used by Ford in the *Lady's Trial*, a. 4. s. 2.

Now the down Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age.

v. 58. The farthest gloom.] *L'ultima sera.* Ariosto, *Oroando Furioso* c. xxxiv st. 59: Che non hen visto ancor l'ultima sera.

And *Filicaja*, c. ix. *Al Sonno.* *L'ultima sera.*

v. 79. Marcia.] *Da fredera prisci Illibata tori: da tantum nomen inane Connubil: liceat tumulo scripsisse, Catonis Martia* Lucan, *Phars.* 1. ii. 344.

v. 110. I spy'd the trembling of the ocean stream.] *Connubil il tremolar della marina.*

Trissino, in the *Sofonisba.*] *E resta in tremolar l'onda marina*

And *Fortiguerra*, *Rleelardetto*, c. ix. st. 17. --visto il tremolar della marine.

v. 135. another.] From Virg, *Aen.* 1. vi. 143. *Primo avulso non deficit alter*

Canto II

v. 1. Now had the sun.] Dante was now antipodal to Jerusalem, so that while the sun was setting with respect to that place which he supposes to be the middle of the inhabited earth, to him it was rising.

v. 6. The scales.] The constellation Libra.

v. 35. Winnowing the air.] *Trattando l'acre con l'eterne penne.*

80 *Filicaja, canz. viii. st. 11. Ma trattar l'acre coll' eterne plume*

v. 45. In exitu.] "When Israel came out of Egypt." *Ps. cxiv.*

v. 75. Thrice my hands.] *Ter conatus ibi eollo dare brachia eircum, Ter frustra eomprensa manus effugit imago, Par levibus ventis voluerique simillima sommo. Virg. Aen. ii. 794.*

Compare Homer, *Od. xl. 205.*

v. 88. My Casella.] A Florentine, celebrated for his skill in music, "in whose company," says Landine, "Dante often recreated his spirits wearied by severe studies." See Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, vol. ii. c. iv. p. 322. Milton has a fine allusion to this meeting in his sonnet to Henry Lawes.

v. 90. Hath so much time been lost.] Casella had been dead some years but was only just arrived.

v. 91. He.] The conducting angel.

v. 94. These three months past.] Since the time of the Jubilee, during which all spirits not condemned to eternal punishment, were supposed to pass over to Purgatory as soon as they pleased.

v. 96. The shore.] Ostia.

v. 170. "Love that discourses in my thoughts."] "*Amor che nella mente mi ragiona.*" The first verse of a canzone or song in the *Convito* of Dante, which he again cites in his *Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. 1. ii. c. vi.*

Canto III

v. 9. How doth a little failing wound thee sore.] (*Ch'era al cor picciol fallo amaro morso. Tasso, G. L. c. x. st. 59.*

v. 11. Haste, that mars all decency of act. Aristotle in his *Physiog. iii.* reckons it among the "the signs of an impudent man," that he is "quick in his motions." Compare Sophocles, *Electra*, 878.

v. 26. To Naples.] Virgil died at Brundisium, from whence his body is said to have been removed to Naples.

v. 38. Desiring fruitlessly.] See H. Canto IV, 39.

v. 49. 'Twixt Lerice and Turbia.] At that time the two extremities of the Genoese republic, the former on the east, the latter on the west. A very ingenious writer has had occasion, for a different purpose, to mention one of these places as remarkably secluded by its mountainous situation "On an eminence among the mountains, between the two little cities, Nice and Manoca, is the village of Torbia, a name formed from the Greek [GREEK HERE] Mitford on the Harmony of Language, sect. x. p. 351. 2d edit.

v. 78. As sheep.] The imitative nature of these animals supplies our Poet with another comparison in his *Convito Opere*, t. i. p 34. Ediz. Ven. 1793.

v. 110. Manfredi. King of Naples and Sicily, and the natural son of Frederick II. He was lively end agreeable in his manners, and delighted in poetry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious and ambitious. Void of religion, and in his philosophy an Epicurean. See G. Villani l. vi. c. xlvi. and Mr. Matthias's *Tiraboschi*, v. I. p. 38. He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou in 1265, alluded to in Canto XXVIII, of Hell, v. 13, "Dying, excommunicated, King Charles did allow of his being buried in sacred ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento, and on his grave there was cast a stone by every one of the army whence there was formed a great mound of stones. But some ave said, that afterwards, by command of the Pope. the Bishop of Cosenza took up his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the church, and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the kingdom and of Carapagna. this, however, we do not affirm." G. Villani, *Hist.* l. vii. c. 9.

v. 111. Costanza.] See Paradise Canto III. v. 121.

v. 112. My fair daughter.] Costanza, the daughter of Manfredi, and wife of Peter III. King of Arragon, by whom she was mother to Frederick, King of Sicily and James, King of Arragon With the latter of these she was at Rome 1296. See G. Villani, l. viii. c. 18. and notes to Canto VII.

v. 122. Clement.] Pope Clement IV.

v. 127. The stream of Verde.] A river near Ascoli, that falls into he

Toronto. The "extinguished lights " formed part of the ceremony t the interment of one excommunicated.

v. 130. Hope.] Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde. Tasso, G. L. c. xix. st. 53. --infin che verde e fior di speme.

Canto IV

v. 1. When.] It must be owned the beginning of this Canto is somewhat obscure. Bellutello refers, for an elucidation of it, to the reasoning of Statius in the twenty-fifth Canto. Perhaps some illustration may be derived from the following, passage in South's Sermons, in which I have ventured to supply the words between crotchets that seemed to be wanting to complete the sense. Now whether these three, judgement memory, and invention, are three distinct things, both in being distinguished from one another, and likewise from the substance of the soul itself, considered without any such faculties, (or whether the soul be one individual substance) but only receiving these several denominations from the several respects arising from the several actions exerted immediately by itself upon several objects, or several qualities of the same object, I say whether of these it is, is not easy to decide, and it is well that it is not necessary Aquinas, and most with him, affirm the former, and Scotus with his followers the latter." Vol. iv. Serm. 1.

v. 23. Sanleo.] A fortress on the summit of Montefeltro.

v. 24. Noli.] In the Genoese territory, between Finale and Savona.

v. 25. Bismantua.] A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

v. 55. From the left.] Vellutello observes an imitation of Lucan in this passage:

Ignotum vobis, Arabes, venistis in orbem, Umbras mirati nemorm non ire sinistras. Phars. s. 1. iii. 248

v. 69 Thou wilt see.] "If you consider that this mountain of Purgatory and that of Sion are antipodal to each other, you will perceive that the sun must rise on opposite sides of the respective eminences."

v. 119. Belacqua.] Concerning this man, the commentators afford no information.

Canto V

v. 14. Be as a tower.] Sta ome torre ferma

Berni, Orl. Inn. 1. 1. c. xvi. st. 48: In quei due piedi sta fermo il gigante Com' una torre in mezzo d'un castello.

And Milton, P. L. b. i. 591. Stood like a tower.

v. 36. Ne'er saw I fiery vapours.] Imitated by Tasso, G. L, c. xix t. 62: Tal suol fendendo liquido sereno Stella cader della gran madre in seno.

And by Milton, P. L. b. iv. 558: Swift as a shooting star In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd Impress the air.

v. 67. That land.] The Marca d'Ancona, between Romagna and Apulia, the kingdom of Charles of Anjou.

v. 76. From thence I came.] Giacompo del Cassero, a citizen of Fano who having spoken ill of Azzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, was by his orders put to death. Giacompo, was overtaken by the assassins at Oriaco a place near the Brenta, from whence, if he had fled towards Mira, higher up on that river, instead of making for the marsh on the sea shore, he might have escaped.

v. 75. Antenor's land.] The city of Padua, said to be founded by Antenor.

v. 87. Of Montefeltro I.] Buonconte (son of Guido da Montefeltro, whom we have had in the twenty-seventh Canto of Hell) fell in the battle of Campaldino (1289), fighting on the side of the Aretini.

v. 88. Giovanna.] Either the wife, or kinswoman, of Buonconte.

v. 91. The hermit's seat.] The hermitage of Camaldoli.

v. 95. Where its name is cancel'd.] That is, between Bibbiena and Poppi, where the Archiano falls into the Arno.

v. 115. From Pratomagno to the mountain range.] From Pratomagno now called Prato Vecchio (which divides the Valdarno from Casentino) as far as to the Apennine.

v. 131. Pia.] She is said to have been a Siennese lady, of the family of Tolommei, secretly made away with by her husband, Nello della Pietra, of the same city, in Maremma, where he had some possessions.

Canto VI

v. 14. Of Arezzo him.] Benincasa of Arezzo, eminent for his skill in jurisprudence, who, having condemned to death Turrino da Turrina brother of Ghino di Tacco, for his robberies in Maremma, was murdered

by Ghino, in an apartment of his own house, in the presence of many witnesses. Ghino was not only suffered to escape in safety, but (as the commentators inform us) obtained so high a reputation by the liberality with which he was accustomed to dispense the fruits of his plunder, and treated those who fell into his hands with so much courtesy, that he was afterwards invited to Rome, and knighted by Boniface VIII. A story is told of him by Boccaccio, G. x. N. 2.

v. 15. Him beside.] Ciacco de' Tariatti of Arezzo. He is said to have been carried by his horse into the Arno, and there drowned, while he was in pursuit of certain of his enemies.

v. 17. Frederic Novello.] Son of the Conte Guido da Battifolle, and slain by one of the family of Bostoli.

v. 18. Of Pisa he.] Farinata de' Scornigiani of Pisa. His father Marzucco, who had entered the order of the Frati Minori, so entirely overcame the feelings of resentment, that he even kissed the hands of the slayer of his son, and, as he was following the funeral, exhorted his kinsmen to reconciliation.

v. 20. Count Orso.] Son of Napoleone da Cerbaia, slain by Alberto da Mangona, his uncle.

v. 23. Peter de la Brosse.] Secretary of Philip III of France. The courtiers, envying the high place which he held in the king's favour, prevailed on Mary of Brabant to charge him falsely with an attempt upon her person for which supposed crime he suffered death. So say the Italian commentators. Henault represents the matter very differently: "Pierre de la Brosse, formerly barber to St. Louis, afterwards the favorite of Philip, fearing the too great attachment of the king for his wife Mary, accuses this princess of having poisoned Louis, eldest son of Philip, by his first marriage. This calumny is discovered by a nun of Nivelles in Flanders. La Brosse is hung." *Abrege Chron.* t. 275, &c.

v. 30. In thy text.] He refers to Virgil, *Aen.* 1, vi. 376. *Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando*, 37. The sacred height Of judgment. Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, a. ii. s. 2. If he, which is the top of judgment

v. 66. Eyeing us as a lion on his watch.] *A guisa di Leon quando si*

posa. A line taken by Tasso, G. L. c. x. st. 56.

v. 76. Sordello.] The history of Sordello's life is wrapt in the obscurity of romance. That he distinguished himself by his skill in Provençal poetry is certain. It is probable that he was born towards the end of the twelfth, and died about the middle of the succeeding century. Tiraboschi has taken much pains to sift all the notices he could collect relating to him. Honourable mention of his name is made by our Poet in the Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. 1. i. c. 15.

v. 76. Thou inn of grief.] Thou most beauteous inn Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee? Shakespeare, Richard II a. 5. s. 1.

v. 89. Justinian's hand.] "What avails it that Justinian delivered thee from the Goths, and reformed thy laws, if thou art no longer under the control of his successors in the empire?"

v. 94. That which God commands.] He alludes to the precept—"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."

v. 98. O German Albert!] The Emperor Albert I. succeeded Adolphus in 1298, and was murdered in 1308. See Par Canto XIX 114 v. 103. Thy successor.] The successor of Albert was Henry of Luxembourg, by whose interposition in the affairs of Italy our Poet hoped to have been reinstated in his native city.

v. 101. Thy sire.] The Emperor Rodolph, too intent on increasing his power in Germany to give much of his thoughts to Italy, "the garden of the empire."

v. 107. Capulets and Montagues.] Our ears are so familiarized to the names of these rival families in the language of Shakespeare, that I have used them instead of the "Montecchi" and "Cappelletti."

v. 108. Philippeschi and Monaldi.] Two other rival families in Orvieto.

v. 113. What safety, Santafigiore can supply.] A place between Pisa and Sienna. What he alludes to is so doubtful, that it is not certain whether we should not read "come si cura"--"How Santafigiore is governed." Perhaps the event related in the note to v. 58, Canto XI. may be pointed at.

v. 127. Marcellus.] Un Marcel diventa Ogni villan che parteggiando

viene. Repeated by Alamanni in his *Coltivazione*, 1. i.

v. 51. I sick wretch.] Imitated by the Cardinal de Polignac in his *Anti-Lucretius*, 1. i. 1052.

Ceu lectum peragrat membris languentibus aeger In latus alterne
faevum dextrumque recumbens Nec javat: inde oculos tollit resupinus in
altum: Nusquam inventa quies; semper quaesita: quod illi Primum in
deliciis fuerat, mox torquet et angit: Nec morbum sanat, nec fallit taedia
morbi.

Canto VII

v. 14. Where one of mean estate might clasp his lord.] Ariosto *Orl.*
F. c. xxiv. st. 19

E l'abbracciaro, ove il maggior s'abbraccia Col capo nudo e col
ginocchio chino.

v. 31. The three holy virtues.] Faith, Hope and Charity.

v. 32. The red.] Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

v. 72. Fresh emeralds.] Under foot the violet, Crocus, and hyacinth
with rich inlay Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone Of
costliest emblem. Milton, *P. L. b. iv. 793*

Compare Ariosto, *Orl. F. c. xxxiv. st. 49.*

v. 79. *Salve Regina.*] The beginning of a prayer to the Virgin. It is
sufficient here to observe, that in similar instances I shall either preserve
the original Latin words or translate them, as it may seem best to suit the
purpose of the verse.

v. 91. The Emperor Rodolph.] See the last Canto, v. 104. He died
in 1291.

v. 95. That country.] Bohemia.

v. 97. Ottocar.] King of Bohemia, was killed in the battle of
Marchfield, fought with Rodolph, August 26, 1278. Wincelous II. His
son, who succeeded him in the kingdom of Bohemia. died in 1305. He is
again taxed with luxury in the *Paradise Canto XIX. 123.*

v. 101. That one with the nose deprest.] Philip III of France, who
died in 1285, at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon.

v. 102. Him of gentle look.] Henry of Naverre, father of Jane
married to Philip IV of France, whom Dante calls "*mal di Francia*" -"

Gallia's bane."

v. 110. He so robust of limb.] Peter III called the Great, King of Arragon, who died in 1285, leaving four sons, Alonzo, James, Frederick and Peter. The two former succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, and Frederick in that of Sicily. See G. Villani, 1. vii. c. 102. and Mariana, I. xiv. c. 9. He is enumerated among the Provençal poets by Millot, *Hist. Litt. Des Troubadours*, t. iii. p. 150.

v. 111. Him of feature prominent.] "Dal maschio naso"-with the masculine nose." Charles I. King of Naples, Count of Anjou, and brother of St. Louis. He died in 1284. The annalist of Florence remarks, that "there had been no sovereign of the house of France, since the time of Charlemagne, by whom Charles was surpassed either in military renown, and prowess, or in the loftiness of his understanding." G. Villani, 1. vii. c. 94. We shall, however, find many of his actions severely reprobated in the twentieth Canto.

v. 113. That stripling.] Either (as the old commentators suppose) Alonzo III King of Arragon, the eldest son of Peter III who died in 1291, at the age of 27, or, according to Venturi, Peter the youngest son. The former was a young prince of virtue sufficient to have justified the eulogium and the hopes of Dante. See Mariana, 1. xiv. c. 14. v. 119. Rarely.] Full well can the wise poet of Florence That high Dante, spoken in this sentence Lo! in such manner rime is Dantes tale. Full selde upriseth by his branches smale Prowesse of man for God of his goodnesse Woll that we claim of him our gentleness: For of our elders may we nothing claime But temporal thing, that men may hurt and maim. Chaucer, *Wife of Bath's Tale*.

Compare Homer, *Od.* b. ii. v. 276; Pindar, *Nem.* xi. 48 and Euripides, *Electra*, 369.

v. 122. To Charles.] "Al Nasuto." -"Charles II King of Naples, is no less inferior to his father Charles I. than James and Frederick to theirs, Peter III."

v. 127. Costanza.] Widow of Peter III She has been already mentioned in the third Canto, v. 112. By Beatrice and Margaret are probably meant two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of

Provence; the former married to St. Louis of France, the latter to his brother Charles of Anjou. See Paradise, Canto VI. 135. Dante therefore considers Peter as the most illustrious of the three monarchs.

v. 129. Harry of England.] Henry III.

v. 130. Better issue.] Edward I. of whose glory our Poet was perhaps a witness, in his visit to England.

v. 133. William, that brave Marquis.] William, Marquis of Monferrat, was treacherously seized by his own subjects, at Alessandria, in Lombardy, A.D. 1290, and ended his life in prison. See G. Villani, 1. vii. c. 135. A war ensued between the people of Alessandria and those of Monferrat and the Canavese.

Canto VIII

v. 6. That seems to mourn for the expiring day.] The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. Gray's Elegy.

v. 13. Te Lucis Ante.] The beginning of one of the evening hymns.

v. 36. As faculty.]

My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd * * * * As with an object, that excels the sense, Dazzled and spent. Milton, P. L. b. viii. 457.

v. 53. Nino, thou courteous judge.] Nino di Gallura de' Visconti nephew to Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, and betrayed by him. See Notes to Hell Canto XXXIII.

v. 65. Conrad.] Currado Malaspina.

v. 71 My Giovanna.] The daughter of Nino, and wife of Riccardo da Cammino of Trevigi.

v. 73. Her mother.] Beatrice, marchioness of Este wife of Nino, and after his death married to Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan.

v. 74. The white and wimpled folds.] The weeds of widowhood.

v. 80. The viper.] The arms of Galeazzo and the ensign of the Milanese.

v. 81. Shrill Gallura's bird.] The cock was the ensign of Gallura, Nino's province in Sardinia. Hell, Canto XXII. 80. and Notes.

v. 115. Valdimagra.] See Hell, Canto XXIV. 144. and Notes.

v. 133. Sev'n times the tired sun.] "The sun shall not enter into the constellation of Aries seven times more, before thou shalt have still better

cause for the good opinion thou expresses" of Valdimagra, in the kind reception thou shalt there meet with." Dante was hospitably received by the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, during his banishment. A.D. 1307.

Canto IX

v. 1. Now the fair consort of Tithonus old.] La concubina di Titone antico. So Tassoni, *Secchia Rapita*, c. viii. st. 15. La puttarella del canuto amante.

v. 5. Of that chill animal.] The scorpion.

v. 14. Our minds.] Compare Hell, Canto XXVI. 7.

v. 18. A golden-feathered eagle.] Chaucer, in the house of Fame at the conclusion of the first book and beginning of the second, represents himself carried up by the "grim pawes" of a golden eagle. Much of his description is closely imitated from Dante.

v. 50. Lucia.] The enlightening, grace of heaven Hell, Canto II. 97.

v. 85. The lowest stair.] By the white step is meant the distinctness with which the conscience of the penitent reflects his offences, by the burnt and cracked one, his contrition on, their account; and by that of porphyry, the fervour with which he resolves on the future pursuit of piety and virtue. Hence, no doubt, Milton describing "the gate of heaven," P. L. b. iii. 516.

Each stair mysteriously was meant.

v. 100. Seven times.] Seven P's, to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through purgatory.

v. 115. One is more precious.] The golden key denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves the sinners the silver expresses the learning and judgment requisite for the due discharge of that office.

v. 127. Harsh was the grating.] On a sudden open fly With impetuous recoil and jarring, sound Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate Harsh thunder Milton, P. L. b. ii 882

v. 128. The Turpeian.] Protinus, abducto patuerunt temple Metello. Tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat: magnoque reclusas Testatur stridore fores: tunc conditus imo Erui tur tempo multis intactus ab annis Romani census populi, &c. Lucan. Ph. 1. iii. 157.

Canto X

v. 6. That Wound.] Venturi justly observes, that the Padre d'Aquino has misrepresented the sense of this passage in his translation.

--dabat ascensum tendentibus ultra Scissa tremensque silex, tenuique erratica motu.

The verb "muover" is used in the same signification in the Inferno, Canto XVIII. 21.

Cosi da imo della roccia scogli Moven.

--from the rock's low base Thus flinty paths advanc'd.

In neither place is actual motion intended to be expressed.

v. 52. That from unbidden. office awes mankind.] Seo 2 Sam. G.

v. 58. Preceding.] Ibid. 14, &c.

v. 68. Gregory.] St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered Trajan from hell. See Paradise, Canto XX. 40.

v. 69. Trajan the Emperor. For this story, Landino refers to two writers, whom he calls "Heunando," of France, by whom he means Elinand, a monk and chronicler, in the reign of Philip Augustus, and "Polycrato," of England, by whom is meant John of Salisbury, author of the Polycraticus de Curialium Nugis, in the twelfth century. The passage in the text I find to be nearly a translation from that work, 1. v. c. 8. The original appears to be in Dio Cassius, where it is told of the Emperor Hadrian, lib. I xix. [GREEK HERE] When a woman appeared to him with a suit, as he was on a journey, at first he answered her, 'I have no leisure,' but she crying out to him, 'then reign no longer' he turned about, and heard her cause."

v. 119. As to support.] Chillingworth, ch.vi. 54. speaks of "those crouching anticks, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear." And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his Essay on Wit and Humour, p. 4. s. 3.

Canto XI

v. 1. O thou Mighty Father.] The first four lines are borrowed by Pulci, Morg. Magg. c. vi. Dante, in his 'Credo,' has again versified the Lord's prayer.

v. 58. I was of Latinum.] Umberto, the son of Guglielino Aldobrandeseo, Count of Santafiore, in the territory of Sienna His

arrogance provoked his countrymen to such a pitch of fury against him, that he was murdered by them at Campagnatico.

v. 79. Oderigi.] The illuminator, or miniature painter, a friend of Giotto and Dante

v. 83. Bolognian Franco.] Franco of Bologna, who is said to have been a pupil of Oderigi's.

v. 93. Cimabue.] Giovanni Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was born at Florence, of a noble family, in 1240, and died in 1300. The passage in the text is an allusion to his epitaph:

Credidit ut Cimabos picturae castra tenere, Sic tenuit vivens: nunc tenet astra poli.

v. 95. The cry is Giotto's.] In Giotto we have a proof at how early a period the fine arts were encouraged in Italy. His talents were discovered by Cimabue, while he was tending sheep for his father in the neighbourhood of Florence, and he was afterwards patronized by Pope Benedict XI and Robert King of Naples, and enjoyed the society and friendship of Dante, whose likeness he has transmitted to posterity. He died in 1336, at the age of 60.

v. 96. One Guido from the other.] Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of our Poet, (see *Hell*, Canto X. 59.) had eclipsed the literary fame of Guido Guinicelli, of a noble family in Bologna, whom we shall meet with in the twenty-sixth Canto and of whom frequent mention is made by our Poet in his *Treatise de Vulg. Eloq.* Guinicelli died in 1276. Many of Cavalcanti's writings, hitherto in MS. are now publishing at Florence" *Esprit des Journaux*, Jan. 1813.

v. 97. He perhaps is born.] Some imagine, with much probability, that Dante here augurs the greatness of his own poetical reputation. Others have fancied that he prophesies the glory of Petrarch. But Petrarch was not yet born.

v. 136. suitor.] Provenzano salvani humbled himself so far for the sake of one of his friends, who was detained in captivity by Charles I of Sicily, as personally to supplicate the people of Sienna to contribute the sum required by the king for his ransom: and this act of self-abasement atoned for his general ambition and pride.

v. 140. Thy neighbours soon.] "Thou wilt know in the time of thy banishment, which is near at hand, what it is to solicit favours of others and 'tremble through every vein,' lest they should be refused thee."

Canto XII

v. 26. The Thymbraen god.] Apollo

Si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbraeus Apollo. Virg. Georg. iv. 323.

v. 37. Mars.]

With such a grace, The giants that attempted to scale heaven When they lay dead on the Phlegren plain Mars did appear to Jove. Beaumont and Fletcher, The Prophetess, a. 2. s. 3.

v. 42. O Rehoboam.] 1 Kings, c. xii. 18.

v. 46. Alcmaeon.] Virg. Aen. l. vi. 445, and Homer, Od. xi. 325.

v. 48. Sennacherib.] 2 Kings, c. xix. 37.

v. 58. What master of the pencil or the style.] --inimitable on earth By model, or by shading pencil drawn. Milton, P. L. b. iii. 509.

v. 94. The chapel stands.] The church of San Miniato in Florence situated on a height that overlooks the Arno, where it is crossed by the bridge Rubaconte, so called from Messer Rubaconte da Mandelia, of Milan chief magistrate of Florence, by whom the bridge was founded in 1237. See G. Villani, l. vi. c. 27.

v. 96. The well-guided city] This is said ironically of Florence.

v. 99. The registry.] In allusion to certain instances of fraud committed with respect to the public accounts and measures See Paradise Canto XVI. 103.

Canto XIII

v. 26. They have no wine.] John, ii. 3. These words of the Virgin are referred to as an instance of charity.

v. 29. Orestes] Alluding to his friendship with Pylades

v. 32. Love ye those have wrong'd you.] Matt. c. v. 44.

v. 33. The scourge.] "The chastisement of envy consists in hearing examples of the opposite virtue, charity. As a curb and restraint on this vice, you will presently hear very different sounds, those of threatening and punishment."

v. 87. Citizens Of one true city.] "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek to come." Heb. C. xiii. 14.

v. 101. Sapia.] A lady of Sienna, who, living in exile at Colle, was so overjoyed at a defeat which her countrymen sustained near that place that she declared nothing more was wanting to make her die contented.

v. 114. The merlin.] The story of the merlin is that having been induced by a gleam of fine weather in the winter to escape from his master, he was soon oppressed by the rigour of the season.

v. 119. The hermit Piero.] Piero Pettinagno, a holy hermit of Florence.

v. 141. That vain multitude.] The Siennese. See Hell, Canto XXIX. 117. "Their acquisition of Telamone, a seaport on the confines of the Maremma, has led them to conceive hopes of becoming a naval power: but this scheme will prove as chimerical as their former plan for the discovery of a subterraneous stream under their city." Why they gave the appellation of Diana to the imagined stream, Venturi says he leaves it to the antiquaries of Sienna to conjecture.

Canto XIV

v. 34. Maim'd of Pelorus.] Virg. Aen. 1. iii. 414.

--a hill Torn from Pelorus Milton P. L. b. i. 232

v. 45. 'Midst brute swine.] The people of Casentino.

v. 49. Curs.] The Arno leaves Arezzo about four miles to the left.

v. 53. Wolves.] The Florentines.

v. 55. Foxes.] The Pisans

v. 61. Thy grandson.] Fulcieri de' Calboli, grandson of Rinieri de' Calboli, who is here spoken to. The atrocities predicted came to pass in 1302. See G. Villani, 1. viii c. 59

v. 95. 'Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore.] The boundaries of Romagna.

v. 99. Lizio.] Lizio da Valbona, introduced into Boccaccio's Decameron, G. v. N, 4.

v. 100. Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna.] Arrigo Manardi of Faenza, or as some say, of Brettinoro, Pier Traversaro, lord of Ravenna, and Guido di Carpigna of Montefeltro.

v. 102. In Bologna the low artisan.] One who had been a mechanic named Lambertaccio, arrived at almost supreme power in Bologna.

v. 103. Yon Bernardin.] Bernardin di Fosco, a man of low origin but great talents, who governed at Faenza.

v. 107. Prata.] A place between Faenza and Ravenna

v. 107. Of Azzo him.] Ugolino of the Ubaldini family in Tuscany He is recounted among the poets by Crescimbeni and Tiraboschi.

v. 108. Tignoso.] Federigo Tignoso of Rimini.

v. 109. Traversaro's house and Anastagio's.] Two noble families of Ravenna. She to whom Dryden has given the name of Honoria, in the fable so admirably paraphrased from Boccaccio, was of the former: her lover and the specter were of the Anastagi family.

v. 111. The ladies, &c.] These two lines express the true spirit of chivalry. "Agi" is understood by the commentators whom I have consulted, to mean "the ease procured for others by the exertions of knight-errantry." But surely it signifies the alternation of ease with labour.

v. 114. O Brettinoro.] A beautifully situated castle in Romagna, the hospitable residence of Guido del Duca, who is here speaking.

v. 118. Baynacavallo.] A castle between Imola and Ravenna

v. 118. Castracaro ill And Conio worse.] Both in Romagna.

v. 121. Pagani.] The Pagani were lords of Faenza and Imola. One of them Machinardo, was named the Demon, from his treachery. See Hell, Canto XXVII. 47, and Note.

v. 124. Hugolin.] Ugolino Ubaldini, a noble and virtuous person in Faenza, who, on account of his age probably, was not likely to leave any offspring behind him. He is enumerated among the poets by Crescimbeni, and Tiraboschi. Mr. Matthias's edit. vol. i. 143

v. 136. Whosoever finds Will slay me.] The words of Cain, Gen. e. iv. 14.

v. 142. Aglauros.] Ovid, Met. I, ii. fate. 12.

v. 145. There was the galling bit.] Referring to what had been before said, Canto XIII. 35.

Canto XV

v. 1. As much.] It wanted three hours of sunset.

v. 16. As when the ray.] Compare Virg. Aen. 1.viii. 22, and Apol. Rhod. 1. iii. 755.

v. 19. Ascending at a glance.] Lucretius, 1. iv. 215.

v. 20. Differs from the stone.] The motion of light being quicker than that of a stone through an equal space.

v. 38. Blessed the merciful. Matt. c. v. 7.

v. 43. Romagna's spirit.] Guido del Duea, of Brettinoro whom we have seen in the preceding Canto.

v. 87. A dame.] Luke, c. ii. 18

v. 101. How shall we those requite.] The answer of Pisistratus the tyrant to his wife, when she urged him to inflict the punishment of death on a young man, who, inflamed with love for his daughter, had snatched from her a kiss in public. The story is told by Valerius Maximus, 1.v. 1.

v. 105. A stripling youth.] The protomartyr Stephen.

Canto XVI

v. 94. As thou.] "If thou wert still living."

v. 46. I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd.] A Venetian gentleman. "Lombardo" both was his surname and denoted the country to which he belonged. G. Villani, 1. vii. c. 120, terms him "a wise and worthy courtier."

v. 58. Elsewhere.] He refers to what Guido del Duca had said in the thirteenth Canto, concerning the degeneracy of his countrymen.

v. 70. If this were so.] Mr. Crowe in his Lewesdon Hill has expressed similar sentiments with much energy.

Of this be sure, Where freedom is not, there no virtue is, &c.

Compare Origen in Genesim, Patrum Graecorum, vol. xi. p. 14. Wirerburgi, 1783. 8vo.

v. 79. To mightier force.] "Though ye are subject to a higher power than that of the heavenly constellations, e`en to the power of the great Creator himself, yet ye are still left in the possession of liberty."

v. 88. Like a babe that wantons sportively.] This reminds one of the Emperor Hadrian's verses to his departing soul:

Animula vagula blandula, &c

v. 99. The fortress.] Justice, the most necessary virtue in the chief magistrate, as the commentators explain it.

v. 103. Who.] He compares the Pope, on account of the union of the temporal with the spiritual power in his person, to an unclean beast in the levitical law. "The camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof, he is unclean unto you." Levit. c. xi. 4.

v. 110. Two sons.] The Emperor and the Bishop of Rome.

v. 117. That land.] Lombardy.

v. 119. Ere the day.] Before the Emperor Frederick II was defeated before Parma, in 1248. G. Villani, 1. vi. c. 35.

v. 126. The good Gherardo.] Gherardo di Camino of Trevigi. He is honourably mentioned in our Poet's "Convito." Opere di Dante, t. i. p. 173 Venez. 8vo. 1793. And Tiraboschi supposes him to have been the same Gherardo with whom the Provençal poets were used to meet with hospitable reception. See Mr. Matthias's edition, t. i. p. 137, v. 127. Conrad.] Currado da Palazzo, a gentleman of Brescia.

v. 127. Guido of Castello.] Of Reggio. All the Italians were called Lombards by the French.

v. 144. His daughter Gaia.] A lady equally admired for her modesty, the beauty of her person, and the excellency of her talents. Gaia, says Tiraboschi, may perhaps lay claim to the praise of having been the first among the Italian ladies, by whom the vernacular poetry was cultivated. Ibid. p. 137.

Canto XVII

v. 21. The bird, that most Delights itself in song.] I cannot think with Vellutello, that the swallow is here meant. Dante probably alludes to the story of Philomela, as it is found in Homer's *Odyssey*, b. xix. 518 rather than as later poets have told it. "She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it, by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale." Cowper's note on the passage. In speaking of the nightingale, let me observe, that while some have considered its song as a melancholy, and others as a cheerful one, Chiabrera appears to have come nearest the truth, when he says, in the *Alcippo*, a. l. s. 1, Non mal si stanca d' iterar le note O gioconde o dogliose, Al sentir dilettose.

Unwearied still reiterates her lays, Jocund or sad, delightful to the ear.

v. 26. One crucified.] Haman. See the book of Esther, c. vii. v. 34. A damsel.] Lavinia, mourning for her mother Amata, who, impelled by grief and indignation for the supposed death of Turnus, destroyed herself. Aen. 1. xii. 595.

v. 43. The broken slumber quivering ere it dies.] Venturi suggests that this bold and unusual metaphor may have been formed on that in Virgil.

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris Incipit, et dono divun gratissima serpit. Aen. 1. ii. 268.

v. 68. The peace-makers.] Matt. c. v. 9.

v. 81. The love.] "A defect in our love towards God, or lukewarmness in piety, is here removed."

v. 94. The primal blessings.] Spiritual good.

v. 95. Th' inferior.] Temporal good.

v. 102. Now.] "It is impossible for any being, either to hate itself, or to hate the First Cause of all, by which it exists. We can therefore only rejoice in the evil which befalls others."

v. 111. There is.] The proud.

v. 114. There is.] The envious.

v. 117. There is he.] The resentful.

v. 135. Along Three circles.] According to the allegorical commentators, as Venturi has observed, Reason is represented under the person of Virgil, and Sense under that of Dante. The former leaves to the latter to discover for itself the three carnal sins, avarice, gluttony and libidinousness; having already declared the nature of the spiritual sins, pride, envy, anger, and indifference, or lukewarmness in piety, which the Italians call *accidia*, from the Greek word. [GREEK HERE]

Canto XVIII

v. 1. The teacher ended.] Compare Plato, Protagoras, v. iii. p. 123. Bip. edit. [GREEK HERE] Apoll. Rhod. 1. i. 513, and Milton, P. L. b. viii. 1. The angel ended, &c.

v. 23. Your apprehension.] It is literally, "Your apprehensive faculty derives intention from a thing really existing, and displays the

intention within you, so that it makes the soul turn to it." The commentators labour in explaining this; and whatever sense they have elicited may, I think, be resolved into the words of the translation in the text.

v. 47. Spirit.] The human soul, which differs from that of brutes, inasmuch as, though united with the body, it has a separate existence of its own. v. 65. Three men.] The great moral philosophers among the heathens.

v. 78. A crag.] I have preferred the reading of Landino, scheggion, "crag," conceiving it to be more poetical than secchion, "bucket," which is the common reading. The same cause, the vapours, which the commentators say might give the appearance of increased magnitude to the moon, might also make her seem broken at her rise.

v. 78. Up the vault.] The moon passed with a motion opposite to that of the heavens, through the constellation of the scorpion, in which the sun is, when to those who are in Rome he appears to set between the isles of Corsica and Sardinia.

v. 84. Andes.] Andes, now Pietola, made more famous than Mantua near which it is situated, by having been the birthplace of Virgil.

v. 92. Ismenus and Asopus.] Rivers near Thebes

v. 98. Mary.] Luke, c i. 39, 40

v. 99. Caesar.] See Lucan, Phars. I. iii. and iv, and Caesar de Bello Civiii, I. i. Caesar left Brutus to complete the siege of Marseilles, and hastened on to the attack of Afranius and Petreius, the generals of Pompey, at Ilerda (Lerida) in Spain.

v. 118. abbot.] Alberto, abbot of San Zeno in Verona, when Frederick I was emperor, by whom Milan was besieged and reduced to ashes.

v. 121. There is he.] Alberto della Scala, lord of Verona, who had made his natural son abbot of San Zeno.

v. 133. First they died.] The Israelites, who, on account of their disobedience, died before reaching the promised land.

v. 135. And they.] Virg Aen. 1. v.

Canto XIX

v. 1. The hour.] Near the dawn.

v. 4. The geomancer.] The geomancers, says Landino, when they divined, drew a figure consisting of sixteen marks, named from so many stars which constitute the end of Aquarius and the beginning of Pisces. One of these they called "the greater fortune."

v. 7. A woman's shape.] Worldly happiness. This allegory reminds us of the "Choice of Hercules."

v. 14. Love's own hue.] A smile that glow'd Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. Milton, P. L. b. viii. 619

--facies pulcherrima tunc est Quum porphyriaco variatur candida rubro
Quid color hic roseus sibi vult? designat amorem: Quippe amor est igni
similis; flammisque rubentes Ignis habere solet. Palingenii Zodiacus
Vitae, l. xii.

v. 26. A dame.] Philosophy.

v. 49. Who mourn.] Matt. c. v. 4.

v. 72. My soul.] Psalm cxix. 5

v. 97. The successor of Peter Ottobuono, of the family of Fieschi Counts of Lavagna, died thirty-nine days after he became Pope, with the title of Adrian V, in 1276.

v. 98. That stream.] The river Lavagna, in the Genoese territory.

v. 135. nor shall be giv'n in marriage.] Matt. c. xxii. 30. "Since in this state we neither marry nor are given in marriage, I am no longer the spouse of the church, and therefore no longer retain my former dignity.

v. 140. A kinswoman.] Alagia is said to have been the wife of the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, one of the poet's protectors during his exile. See Canto VIII. 133.

Canto XX

v. 3. I drew the sponge.] "I did not persevere in my inquiries from the spirit though still anxious to learn more." v. 11. Wolf.] Avarice.

v. 16. Of his appearing.] He is thought to allude to Can Grande della Scala. See Hell, Canto I. 98.

v. 25. Fabricius.] Compare Petrarch, Tr. della Fama, c. 1.

Un Curio ed un Fabricio, &c.

v. 30. Nicholas.] The story of Nicholas is, that an angel having

revealed to him that the father of a family was so impoverished as to resolve on exposing the chastity of his three daughters to sale, he threw in at the window of their house three bags of money, containing a sufficient portion for each of them. v. 42. Root.] Hugh Capet, ancestor of Philip IV. v. 46. Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power.] These cities had lately been seized by Philip IV. The spirit is made to imitate the approaching defeat of the French army by the Flemings, in the battle of Courtrai, which happened in 1302. v. 51. The slaughter's trade.] This reflection on the birth of his ancestor induced Francis I to forbid the reading of Dante in his dominions Hugh Capet, who came to the throne of France in 987, was however the grandson of Robert, who was the brother of Eudes, King of France in 888.

v. 52. All save one.] The posterity of Charlemagne, the second race of French monarchs, had failed, with the exception of Charles of Lorraine who is said, on account of the melancholy temper of his mind, to have always clothed himself in black. Venturi suggest that Dante may have confounded him with Childeric III the last of the Merosvingian, or first, race, who was deposed and made a monk in 751.

v. 57. My son.] Hugh Capet caused his son Robert to be crowned at Orleans.

v. 59. The Great dower of Provence.] Louis IX, and his brother Charles of Anjou, married two of the four daughters of Raymond Berenger Count of Provence. See Par. Canto VI. 135.

v. 63. For amends.] This is ironical

v. 64. Poitou it seiz'd, Navarre and Gascony.] I venture to read-
Potti e Navarra prese e Guascogna,
instead of

Ponti e Normandia prese e Guascogna Seiz'd Ponthieu, Normandy and Gascogny.

Landino has "Potti," and he is probably right for Poitou was annexed to the French crown by Philip IV. See Henault, Abrege Chron. A.D. 1283, &c. Normandy had been united to it long before by Philip Augustus, a circumstance of which it is difficult to imagine that Dante should have been ignorant, but Philip IV, says Henault, *ibid.*, took the title of King of

Navarre: and the subjugation of Navarre is also alluded to in the Paradise, Canto XIX. 140. In 1293, Philip IV summoned Edward I. to do him homage for the duchy of Gascony, which he had conceived the design of seizing. See G. Villani, l. viii. c. 4.

v. 66. Young Conradine.] Charles of Anjou put Conradine to death in 1268; and became King of Naples. See Hell, Canto XXVIII, 16, and Note.

v. 67. Th' angelic teacher.] Thomas Aquinas. He was reported to have been poisoned by a physician, who wished to ingratiate himself with Charles of Anjou. G. Villani, I. ix. c. 218. We shall find him in the Paradise, Canto X.

v. 69. Another Charles.] Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV, was sent by Pope Boniface VIII to settle the disturbed state of Florence. In consequence of the measures he adopted for that purpose, our poet and his friend, were condemned to exile and death.

v. 71. -with that lance Which the arch-traitor tilted with.]
con la lancia Con la qual giostro Guida.

If I remember right, in one of the old romances, Judas is represented tilting with our Saviour.

v. 78. The other.] Charles, King of Naples, the eldest son of Charles of Anjou, having, contrary to the directions of his father, engaged with Ruggier de Lauria, the admiral of Peter of Arragon, was made prisoner and carried into Sicily, June, 1284. He afterwards, in consideration of a large sum of money, married his daughter to Azzo VII, Marquis of Ferrara.

v. 85. The flower-de-luce.] Boniface VIII was seized at Alagna in Campagna, by order of Philip IV., in the year 1303, and soon after died of grief. G. Villani, l. viii. c. 63.

v. 94. Into the temple.] It is uncertain whether our Poet alludes still to the event mentioned in the preceding Note, or to the destruction of the order of the Templars in 1310, but the latter appears more probable.

v. 103. Pygmalion.] Virg. Aen. 1. i. 348.

v. 107. Achan.] Joshua, c. vii.

v. 111. Heliodorus.] 2 Maccabees, c. iii. 25. "For there appeared unto them a horse, with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned

with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his forefeet."

v. 112. Thracia's king.] Polymnestor, the murderer of Polydorus. Hell, Canto XXX, 19.

v. 114. Crassus.] Marcus Crassus, who fell miserably in the Parthian war. See Appian, Parthica.

Canto XXI

v. 26. She.] Lachesis, one of the three fates.

v. 43. --that, which heaven in itself Doth of itself receive.] Venturi, I think rightly interprets this to be light.

v. 49. Thaumantian.] Figlia di Taumante [GREEK HERE]

Compare Plato, Theaet. v. ii. p. 76. Bip. edit., Virg; Aen. ix. 5, and Spenser, Faery Queen, b. v. c. 3. st. 25.

v. 85. The name.] The name of Poet.

v. 89. From Tolosa.] Dante, as many others have done, confounds Statius the poet, who was a Neapolitan, with a rhetorician of the same name, who was of Tolosa, or Thoulouse. Thus Chaucer, Temple of Fame, b. iii. The Tholason, that height Stace.

v. 94. Fell.] Statius lived to write only a small part of the Achilleid.

Canto XXII

v. 5. Blessed.] Matt. v. 6.

v. 14. Aquinum's bard.] Juvenal had celebrated his contemporary Statius, Sat. vii. 82; though some critics imagine that there is a secret derision couched under his praise.

v. 28. Why.] Quid non mortalia pecaora cogis Anri sacra fames? Virg. Aen. 1. iii. 57

Venturi supposes that Dante might have mistaken the meaning of the word sacra, and construed it "holy," instead of "cursed." But I see no necessity for having recourse to so improbable a conjecture.

v. 41. The fierce encounter.] See Hell, Canto VII. 26.

v. 46. With shorn locks.] Ibid. 58.

v. 57. The twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb.] Eteocles and Polynices

v. 71. A renovated world.] Virg. Ecl. iv. 5

v. 100. That Greek.] Homer

v. 107. Of thy train.] Of those celebrated in thy Poem."

v. 112. Tiresias' daughter.] Dante appears to have forgotten that he had placed Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, among the sorcerers. See Hell Canto XX. Vellutello endeavours, rather awkwardly, to reconcile the inconsistency, by observing, that although she was placed there as a sinner, yet, as one of famous memory, she had also a place among the worthies in Limbo.

Lombardi excuses our author better, by observing that Tiresias had a daughter named Daphne. See Diodorus Siculus, 1. iv. 66.

v. 139. Mary took more thought.] "The blessed virgin, who answers for yon now in heaven, when she said to Jesus, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, 'they have no wine,' regarded not the gratification of her own taste, but the honour of the nuptial banquet."

v. 142 The women of old Rome.] See Valerius Maximus, 1. ii. c. i.

Canto XXIII

v. 9. My lips.] Psalm ii. 15.

v. 20. The eyes.] Compare Ovid, Metam. 1. viii. 801

v. 26. When Mary.] Josephus, De Bello Jud. 1. vii. c. xxi. p. 954 Ed Genev. fol. 1611. The shocking story is well told

v. 27. Rings.] In this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings
Their precious stones new lost. Shakespeare, Lear, a. 5. s. 3

v. 28. Who reads the name.] "He, who pretends to distinguish the letters which form OMO in the features of the human face, "might easily have traced out the M on their emaciated countenances." The temples, nose, and forehead are supposed to represent this letter; and the eyes the two O's placed within each side of it.

v. 44. Forese.] One of the brothers of Piccarda, she who is again spoken of in the next Canto, and introduced in the Paradise, Canto III.

V. 72. If the power.] "If thou didst delay thy repentance to the last, when thou hadst lost the power of sinning, how happens it thou art arrived here so early?"

v. 76. Lower.] In the Ante-Purgatory. See Canto II.

v. 80. My Nella.] The wife of Forese.

v. 87. The tract most barb'rous of Sardinia's isle.] The Barbagia is

part of Sardinia, to which that name was given, on account of the uncivilized state of its inhabitants, who are said to have gone nearly naked.

v. 91. The' unblushing domes of Florence.] Landino's note exhibits a curious instance of the changeableness of his countrywomen. He even goes beyond the acrimony of the original. "In those days," says the commentator, "no less than in ours, the Florentine ladies exposed the neck and bosom, a dress, no doubt, more suitable to a harlot than a matron. But, as they changed soon after, insomuch that they wore collars up to the chin, covering the whole of the neck and throat, so have I hopes they will change again; not indeed so much from motives of decency, as through that fickleness, which pervades every action of their lives."

v. 97. Saracens.] "This word, during the middle ages, was indiscriminately applied to Pagans and Mahometans; in short, to all nations (except the Jew's) who did not profess Christianity." Mr. Ellis's specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. i. page 196, a note. Lond. 8vo. 1805.

Canto XXIV

v. 20. Buonaggiunta.] Buonaggiunta Urbiciani, of Lucca. "There is a canzone by this poet, printed in the collection made by the Giunti, (p. 209,) and a sonnet to Guido Guinicelli in that made by Corbinelli, (p 169,) from which we collect that he lived not about 1230, as Quadrio supposes, (t. ii. p. 159,) but towards the end of the thirteenth century. Concerning other poems by Buonaggiunta, that are preserved in MS. in some libraries, Crescimbeni may be consulted." Tiraboschi, Mr. Matthias's ed. v. i. p. 115.

v. 23. He was of Tours.] Simon of Tours became Pope, with the title of Martin IV in 1281 and died in 1285.

v. 29. Ubaldino.] Ubaldino degli Ubaldini, of Pila, in the Florentine territory.

v. 30. Boniface.] Archbishop of Ravenna. By Venturi he is called Bonifazio de Fieschi, a Genoese, by Vellutello, the son of the above, mentioned Ubaldini and by Laudino Francioso, a Frenchman.

v. 32. The Marquis.] The Marchese de' Rigogliosi, of Forli.

v. 38. gentucca.] Of this lady it is thought that our Poet became enamoured during his exile. v. 45. Whose brow no wimple shades yet.]

"Who has not yet assumed the dress of a woman."

v. 46. Blame it as they may.] See Hell, Canto XXI. 39.

v. 51. Ladies, ye that con the lore of love.] Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore. The first verse of a canzone in our author's Vita Nuova.

v. 56. The Notary.] Jucopo da Lentino, called the Notary, a poet of these times. He was probably an Apulian: for Dante, (De Vulg. Eloq. I. i. c. 12.) quoting a verse which belongs to a canzone of his published by the Giunti, without mentioning the writer's name, terms him one of "the illustrious Apulians," *praefulgentes Apuli*. See Tiraboschi, Mr. Matthias's edit. vol. i. p. 137. Crescimbeni (1. i. Della Volg. Poes p. 72. 4to. ed. 1698) gives an extract from one of his poems, printed in Allacci's Collection, to show that the whimsical compositions called "Ariette" are not of modern invention.

v. 56. Guittone.] Fra Guittone, of Arezzo, holds a distinguished place in Italian literature, as besides his poems printed in the collection of the Giunti, he has left a collection of letters, forty in number, which afford the earliest specimen of that kind of writing in the language. They were published at Rome in 1743, with learned illustrations by Giovanni Bottari. He was also the first who gave to the sonnet its regular and legitimate form, a species of composition in which not only his own countrymen, but many of the best poets in all the cultivated languages of modern Europe, have since so much delighted.

Guittone, a native of Arezzo, was the son of Viva di Michele. He was of the order of the "Fрати Godenti," of which an account may be seen in the Notes to Hell, Canto XXIII. In the year 1293, he founded a monastery of the order of Camaldoli, in Florence, and died in the following year. Tiraboschi, *Ibid.* p. 119. Dante, in the Treatise de Vulg. Eloq. 1. i. c. 13, and 1. ii. c. 6., blames him for preferring the plebeian to the more courtly style; and Petrarch twice places him in the company of our Poet. Triumph of Love, cap. iv. and Son. Par. See "Sennuccio mio"

v. 63. The birds.] Hell, Canto V. 46, Euripides, Helena, 1495, and Statius; Theb. 1. V. 12. v. 81. He.] Corso Donati was suspected of aiming at the sovereignty of Florence. To escape the fury of his fellow citizens, he fled away on horseback, but failing, was overtaken and slain,

A.D. 1308. The contemporary annalist, after relating at length the circumstances of his fate, adds, "that he was one of the wisest and most valorous knights the best speaker, the most expert statesman, the most renowned and enterprising, man of his age in Italy, a comely knight and of graceful carriage, but very worldly, and in his time had formed many conspiracies in Florence and entered into many scandalous practices, for the sake of attaining state and lordship." G. Villani, 1. viii. c. 96. The character of Corso is forcibly drawn by another of his contemporaries Dino Compagni. 1. iii., Muratori, *Rer. Ital. Script.* t. ix. p. 523.

v. 129. Creatures of the clouds.] The Centaurs. Ovid. *Met.* 1. fab. 4 v. 123. The Hebrews.] Judges, c. vii.

Canto XXV

v. 58. As sea-sponge.] The fetus in this stage is zoophyte.

v. 66. -More wise Than thou, has erred.] Averroes is said to be here meant. Venturi refers to his commentary on Aristotle, *De Anim* 1. iii. c. 5. for the opinion that there is only one universal intellect or mind pervading every individual of the human race. Much of the knowledge displayed by our Poet in the present Canto appears to have been derived from the medical work of Averroes, called the *Colliget*. Lib. ii. f. 10. Ven. 1400. fol.

v. 79. Mark the sun's heat.] Redi and Tiraboschi (Mr. Matthias's ed. v. ii. p. 36.) have considered this an anticipation of a profound discovery of Galileo's in natural philosophy, but it is in reality taken from a passage in Cicero "de Senectute," where, speaking of the grape, he says, " quae, et succo terrae et calore solis augescens, primo est peracerba gustatu, deinde maturata dulcescit."

v. 123. I do, not know a man.] Luke, c. i. 34.

v. 126. Callisto.] See Ovid, *Met.* 1. ii. fab. 5.

Canto XXVI

v. 70. Caesar.] For the opprobrium cast on Caesar's effeminacy, see Suetonius, *Julius Caesar*, c. 49.

v. 83. Guinicelli.] See Note to Canto XI. 96.

v. 87. Lycurgus.] Statius, *Theb.* 1. iv. and v. Hypsipile had left her infant charge, the son of Lycurgus, on a bank, where it was destroyed

by a serpent, when she went to show the Argive army the river of Langia: and, on her escaping the effects of Lycurgus's resentment, the joy her own children felt at the sight of her was such as our Poet felt on beholding his predecessor Guinicelli.

The incidents are beautifully described in Statius, and seem to have made an impression on Dante, for he again (Canto XXII. 110.) characterizes Hypsipile, as her- Who show'd Langia's wave.

v. 111. He.] The united testimony of Dante, and of Petrarch, in his Triumph of Love, e. iv. places Arnault Daniel at the head of the Provençal poets. That he was born of poor but noble parents, at the castle of Ribeyrae in Perigord, and that he was at the English court, is the amount of Millot's information concerning him (t. ii. p. 479).

The account there given of his writings is not much more satisfactory, and the criticism on them must go for little better than nothing.

It is to be regretted that we have not an opportunity of judging for ourselves of his "love ditties and his tales of prose "

Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi.

Our Poet frequently cites him in the work De Vulgari Eloquentia. According to Crescimbeni, (Della Volg. Poes. 1. 1. p. 7. ed. 1698.) He died in 1189.

v. 113. The songster of Limoges.] Giraud de Borneil, of Sideuil, a castle in Limoges. He was a troubadour, much admired and caressed in his day, and appears to have been in favour with the monarchs of Castile, Leon, Navarre, and Arragon He is quoted by Dante, De Vulg. Eloq., and many of his poems are still remaining in MS. According to Nostradamus he died in 1278. Millot, Hist. Litt. des Troub. t. ii. p. 1 and 23. But I suspect that there is some error in this date, and that he did not live to see so late a period.

v. 118. Guittone.] See Cano XXIV. 56.

v. 123. Far as needs.] See Canto XI. 23.

v. 132. Thy courtesy.] Arnault is here made to speak in his own tongue, the Provençal. According to Dante, (De Vulg. Eloq. 1. 1. c. 8.) the Provençal was one language with the Spanish. What he says on this subject is so curious, that the reader will perhaps not be displeased if I give

an abstract of it.

He first makes three great divisions of the European languages. "One of these extends from the mouths of the Danube, or the lake of Maeotis, to the western limits of England, and is bounded by the limits of the French and Italians, and by the ocean. One idiom obtained over the whole of this space: but was afterwards subdivided into, the Sclavonian, Hungarian, Teutonic, Saxon, English, and the vernacular tongues of several other people, one sign remaining to all, that they use the affirmative *io*, (our English *ay*.) The whole of Europe, beginning from the Hungarian limits and stretching towards the east, has a second idiom which reaches still further than the end of Europe into Asia. This is the Greek. In all that remains of Europe, there is a third idiom subdivided into three dialects, which may be severally distinguished by the use of the affirmatives, *oc*, *oil*, and *si*; the first spoken by the Spaniards, the next by the French, and the third by the Latins (or Italians). The first occupy the western part of southern Europe, beginning from the limits of the Genoese. The third occupy the eastern part from the said limits, as far, that is, as the promontory of Italy, where the Adriatic sea begins, and to Sicily. The second are in a manner northern with respect to these for they have the Germans to the east and north, on the west they are bounded by the English sea, and the mountains of Arragon, and on the south by the people of Provence and the declivity of the Apennine." Ibid. c. x. "Each of these three," he observes, "has its own claims to distinction The excellency of the French language consists in its being best adapted, on account of its facility and agreeableness, to prose narration, (*quicquid redactum, sive inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum suum est*); and he instances the books compiled on the gests of the Trojans and Romans and the delightful adventures of King Arthur, with many other histories and works of instruction. The Spanish (or Provencal) may boast of its having produced such as first cultivated in this as in a more perfect and sweet language, the vernacular poetry: among whom are Pierre d'Auvergne, and others more ancient. The privileges of the Latin, or Italian are two: first that it may reckon for its own those writers who have adopted a more sweet and subtle style of poetry, in the number of whom are Cino, da Pistoia and his

friend, and the next, that its writers seem to adhere to, certain general rules of grammar, and in so doing give it, in the opinion of the intelligent, a very weighty pretension to preference."

Canto XXVII

v. 1. The sun.] At Jerusalem it was dawn, in Spain midnight, and in India noonday, while it was sunset in Purgatory

v. 10. Blessed.] Matt. c. v. 8.

v. 57. Come.] Matt. c. xxv. 34.

v. 102. I am Leah.] By Leah is understood the active life, as Rachel figures the contemplative. The divinity is the mirror in which the latter looks. Michel Angelo has made these allegorical personages the subject of two statues on the monument of Julius II. in the church of S. Pietro in Vincolo. See Mr. Duppa's Life of Michel Angelo, Sculpture viii. And x. and p 247.

v. 135. Those bright eyes.] The eyes of Beatrice.

Canto XXVIII

v. 11. To that part.] The west.

v. 14. The feather'd quiristers] Imitated by Boccaccio, Fiammetta, 1. iv. "Odi i queruli uccelli," &c. --"Hear the querulous birds plaining with sweet songs, and the boughs trembling, and, moved by a gentle wind, as it were keeping tenor to their notes."

v. 7. A pleasant air.] Compare Ariosto, O. F. c. xxxiv. st. 50.

v. Chiassi.] This is the wood where the scene of Boccaccio's sublimest story is laid. See Dec. g. 5. n. 8. and Dryden's Theodore and Honoria Our Poet perhaps wandered in it during his abode with Guido Novello da Polenta.

v. 41. A lady.] Most of the commentators suppose, that by this lady, who in the last Canto is called Matilda, is to be understood the Countess Matilda, who endowed the holy see with the estates called the Patrimony of St. Peter, and died in 1115. See G. Villani, 1. iv. e. 20 But it seems more probable that she should be intended for an allegorical personage.

v. 80. Thou, Lord hast made me glad.] Psalm xcii. 4

v. 146. On the Parnassian mountain.] In bicipiti somniasse Parnasso. Persius Prol.

Canto XXIX

v. 76. Listed colours.] Di sette liste tutte in quel colori, &c. --a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay. Milton, P. L. b. xi. 865.

v. 79. Ten paces.] For an explanation of the allegorical meaning of this mysterious procession, Venturi refers those "who would see in the dark" to the commentaries of Landino, Vellutello, and others: and adds that it is evident the Poet has accommodated to his own fancy many sacred images in the Apocalypse. In Vasari's Life of Giotto, we learn that Dante recommended that book to his friend, as affording fit subjects for his pencil.

v. 89. Four.] The four evangelists.

v. 96. Ezekiel.] Chap. 1. 4.

v. 101. John.] Rev. c. iv. 8.

v. 104. Gryphon.] Under the Gryphon, an imaginary creature, the forepart of which is an eagle, and the hinder a lion, is shadowed forth the union of the divine and human nature in Jesus Christ. The car is the church.

v. 115. Tellus' prayer.] Ovid, Met. 1. ii. v. 279.

v. 116. 'Three nymphs.] The three evangelical virtues: the first Charity, the next Hope, and the third Faith. Faith may be produced by charity, or charity by faith, but the inducements to hope must arise either from one or other of these.

v. 125. A band quaternion.] The four moral or cardinal virtues, of whom Prudence directs the others.

v. 129. Two old men.] Saint Luke, characterized as the writer of the Arts of the Apostles and Saint Paul.

v. 133. Of the great Coan.] Hippocrates, "whom nature made for the benefit of her favourite creature, man."

v. 138. Four others.] "The commentators," says Venturi; "suppose these four to be the four evangelists, but I should rather take them to be four principal doctors of the church." Yet both Landino and Vellutello expressly call them the authors of the epistles, James, Peter, John and Jude.

v. 140. One single old man.] As some say, St. John, under his

character of the author of the Apocalypse. But in the poem attributed to Giacompo, the son of our Poet, which in some MSS, accompanies the original of this work, and is descriptive of its plan, this old man is said to be Moses.

E'l vecchio, ch' era dietro a tutti loro Fu Moyse.

And the old man, who was behind them all, Was Moses. See No. 3459 of the Harl. MSS. in the British Museum.

Canto XXX

v. 1. The polar light.] The seven candlesticks.

v. 12. Come.] Song of Solomon, c. iv. 8.

v. 19. Blessed.] Matt. c. xxi. 9.

v. 20. From full hands.] Virg. Aen 1. vi. 884.

v. 97. The old flame.] Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae Virg. Aen. I. I. 23.

Conosco i segni dell' antico fuoco. Giusto de' Conti, La Bella Mano.

v. 61. Nor.] "Not all the beauties of the terrestrial Paradise; in which I was, were sufficient to allay my grief."

v. 85. But.] They sang the thirty-first Psalm, to the end of the eighth verse.

v. 87. The living rafters.] The leafless woods on the Apennine.

v. 90. The land whereon no shadow falls.] "When the wind blows, from off Africa, where, at the time of the equinox, bodies being under the equator cast little or no shadow; or, in other words, when the wind is south."

v. 98. The ice.] Milton has transferred this conceit, though scarcely worth the pains of removing, into one of his Italian poems, son.

Canto XXXI

v. 3. With lateral edge.] The words of Beatrice, when not addressed directly to himself, but speaking to the angel of hell, Dante had thought sufficiently harsh.

v. 39. Counter to the edge.] "The weapons of divine justice are blunted by the confession and sorrow of the offender."

v. 58. Bird.] Prov. c. i. 17

v. 69. From Iarbas' land.] The south.

v. 71. The beard.] "I perceived, that when she desired me to raise my beard, instead of telling me to lift up my head, a severe reflection was implied on my want of that wisdom which should accompany the age of manhood."

v. 98. Tu asperges me.] A prayer repeated by the priest at sprinkling the holy water.

v. 106. And in the heaven are stars.] See Canto I. 24.

v. 116. The emeralds.] The eyes of Beatrice.

Canto XXXII

v. 2. Their ten years' thirst.] Beatrice had been dead ten years.

v. 9. Two fix'd a gaze.] The allegorical interpretation of Vellutello whether it be considered as justly terrible from the text or not, conveys so useful a lesson, that it deserves our notice. "The understanding is sometimes so intently engaged in contemplating the light of divine truth in the scriptures, that it becomes dazzled, and is made less capable of attaining such knowledge, than if it had sought after it with greater moderation"

v. 39. Its tresses.] Daniel, c. iv. 10, &c.

v. 41. The Indians.] Quos oceano proprior gerit India lucos. Virg. Georg. 1. ii. 122, Such as at this day to Indians known. Milton, P. L. b. ix. 1102.

v. 51. When large floods of radiance.] When the sun enters into Aries, the constellation next to that of the Fish.

v. 63. Th' unpitying eyes.] See Ovid, Met. 1. i. 689.

v. 74. The blossoming of that fair tree.] Our Saviour's transfiguration.

v. 97. Those lights.] The tapers of gold.

v. 101. That true Rome.] Heaven.

v. 110. The bird of Jove.] This, which is imitated from Ezekiel, c. xvii. 3, 4. appears to be typical of the persecutions which the church sustained from the Roman Emperors.

v. 118. A fox.] By the fox perhaps is represented the treachery of the heretics.

v. 124. With his feathers lin'd.] An allusion to the donations made

by the Roman Emperors to the church.

v. 130. A dragon.] Probably Mahomet.

v. 136. With plumes.] The donations before mentioned.

v. 142. Heads.] By the seven heads, it is supposed with sufficient probability, are meant the seven capital sins, by the three with two horns, pride, anger, and avarice, injurious both to man himself and to his neighbor: by the four with one horn, gluttony, lukewarmness, concupiscence, and envy, hurtful, at least in their primary effects, chiefly to him who is guilty of them.

v. 146. O'er it.] The harlot is thought to represent the state of the church under Boniface VIII and the giant to figure Philip IV of France.

v. 155. Dragg'd on.] The removal of the Pope's residence from Rome to Avignon is pointed at.

Canto XXXIII

v. 1. The Heathen.] Psalm lxxix. 1.

v. 36. Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.] "Let not him who hath occasioned the destruction of the church, that vessel which the serpent brake, hope to appease the anger of the Deity by any outward acts of religious, or rather superstitious, ceremony, such as was that, in our poet's time, performed by a murderer at Florence, who imagined himself secure from vengeance, if he ate a sop of bread in wine, upon the grave of the person murdered, within the space of nine days."

v. 38. That eagle.] He prognosticates that the Emperor of Germany will not always continue to submit to the usurpations of the Pope, and foretells the coming of Henry VII Duke of Luxembourgh signified by the numerical figures DVX; or, as Lombardi supposes, of Can Grande della Scala, appointed the leader of the Ghibelline forces. It is unnecessary to point out the imitation of the Apocalypse in the manner of this prophecy.

v. 50. The Naiads.] Dante, it is observed, has been led into a mistake by a corruption in the text of Ovid's *Metam.* I. vii. 75, where he found- *Carmina Naiades non intellecta priorum*;

instead of *Carmina Laiades*, &c. as it has been since corrected. Lombardi refers to Pansanias, where "the Nymphs" are spoken of as expounders of oracles for a vindication of the poet's accuracy. Should the

reader blame me for not departing from the error of the original (if error it be), he may substitute

Events shall be the Oedipus will solve, &c.

v. 67. Elsa's numbing waters.] The Elsa, a little stream, which flows into the Arno about twenty miles below Florence, is said to possess a petrifying quality.

v. 78. That one brings home his staff inwreath'd with palm.] "For the same cause that the pilgrim, returning from Palestine, brings home his staff, or bourdon, bound with palm," that is, to show where he has been.

Che si reca 'I bordon di palma cinto.

"In regard to the word bourdon, why it has been applied to a pilgrim's staff, it is not easy to guess. I believe, however that this name has been given to such sort of staves, because pilgrims usually travel and perform their pilgrimages on foot, their staves serving them instead of horses or mules, then called bourdons and burdones, by writers in the middle ages." Mr. Johnes's Translation of Joinville's Memoirs. Dissertation xv, by M. du Cange p. 152. 4to. edit. The word is thrice used by Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Rose.