

DIVINE COMEDY - PURGATORIO
DANTE ALIGHIERI

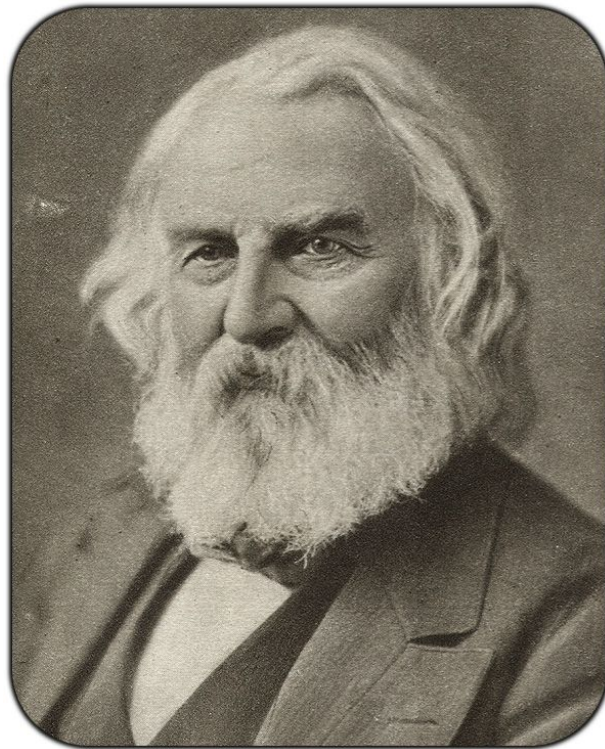


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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



ILLUSTRATIONS
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Purgatorio



Figure 1: The beautiful planet, that to love incites, was making all the orient to laugh...

Canto 1

To run o'er better waters hoists its sail ¹
The little vessel of my genius now,
That leaves behind itself a sea so cruel;
And of that second kingdom will I sing
Wherein the human spirit doth purge itself,
And to ascend to heaven becometh worthy.
Let dead Poesy here rise again,
O holy Muses, since that I am yours,
And here Calliope somewhat ascend, ²
My song accompanying with that sound,
Of which the miserable magpies felt ³
The blow so great, that they despaired of pardon.
Sweet colour of the oriental sapphire,

¹The Mountain of Purgatory is a vast conical mountain, rising steep and high from the waters of the Southern Ocean, at a point antipodal to Mount Sion in Jerusalem. In Canto III. 14, Dante speaks of it as

"The hill

That highest tow'rds the heaven uplifts itself";

and in Paradiso, XXVI. 139, as

"The mount that rises highest o'er the wave."

Around it run seven terraces, on which are punished severally the Seven Deadly Sins. Rough stairways, cut in the rock, lead up from terrace to terrace, and on the summit is the garden of the Terrestrial Paradise. The Seven Sins punished in the Seven Circles are, - 1. Pride; 2. Envy; 3. Anger; 4. Sloth; 5. Avarice and Prodigality; 6. Gluttony; 7. Lust. The threefold division of the Purgatorio, marked only by more elaborate preludes, or by a natural pause in the action of the poem, is, - 1. From Canto I. to Canto IX.; 2. From Canto IX. to Canto XXVIII.; 3. From Canto XXVIII. to the end. The first of these divisions describes the region lying outside the gate of Purgatory; the second, the Seven Circles of the mountain; and the third, the Terrestrial Paradise on its summit.

²The Muse "of the beautiful voice," who presided over eloquence and heroic verse.

³The nine daughters of Pierus, king of Macedonia, called the Pierides. They challenged the Muses to a trial of skill in singing, and being vanquished were changed by Apollo into magpies.

That was upgathered in the cloudless aspect
Of the pure air, as far as the first circle,⁴

Unto mine eyes did recommence delight
Soon as I issued forth from the dead air,
Which had with sadness filled mine eyes and breast.

The beauteous planet, that to love incites,⁵
Was making all the orient to laugh,
Veiling the Fishes that were in her escort.

To the right hand I turned, and fixed my mind
Upon the other pole, and saw four stars⁶
Ne'er seen before save by the primal people.⁷

Rejoicing in their flamelets seemed the heaven.
O thou septentrional and widowed site,
Because thou art deprived of seeing these!

When from regarding them I had withdrawn,
Turning a little to the other pole,
There where the Wain had disappeared already,

I saw beside me an old man alone,⁸
Worthy of so much reverence in his look,
That more owes not to father any son.

A long beard and with white hair intermingled
He wore, in semblance like unto the tresses,
Of which a double list fell on his breast.

The rays of the four consecrated stars
Did so adorn his countenance with light,
That him I saw as were the sun before him.

⁴The highest heaven.

⁵The planet Venus.

⁶The stars of the Southern Cross. Figuratively the four cardinal virtues, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. See Canto XXXI. 106: – "We here are Nymphs, and in the Heaven are stars." The next line may be interpreted in the same figurative sense.

⁷By the "primal people" Dante does not mean our first parents, but "the early races which inhabited Europe and Asia," says Dr. Barlow, *Study of Dante*.

⁸Cato of Utica. "Pythagoras escapes, in the fabulous hell of Dante," says Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial IV.*, "among that swarm of philosophers, wherein, whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is found in no lower place than Purgatory." In the description of the shield of Aeneas, *Aeneid*, VIII.1 Cato is represented as presiding over the good in the Tartarean realms: "And the good apart, Cato dispensing laws to them." This line of Virgil may have suggested to Dante the idea of making Cato the warden of Purgatory.

“Who are you? ye who, counter the blind river,⁹
Have fled away from the eternal prison?”
Moving those venerable plumes, he said:¹⁰

“Who guided you? or who has been your lamp
In issuing forth out of the night profound,
That ever black makes the infernal valley?

The laws of the abyss, are they thus broken?
Or is there changed in heaven some council new,
That being damned ye come unto my crags?”

Then did my Leader lay his grasp upon me,
And with his words, and with his hands and signs, so
Reverent he made in me my knees and brow;

Then answered him: “I came not of myself;
A Lady from Heaven descended, at whose prayers
I aided this one with my company.

But since it is thy will more be unfolded
Of our condition, how it truly is,
Mine cannot be that this should be denied thee.

This one has never his last evening seen,
But by his folly was so near to it
That very little time was there to turn.

As I have said, I unto him was sent
To rescue him, and other way was none
Than this to which I have myself betaken.

I’ve shown him all the people of perdition
And now those spirits I intend to show
Who purge themselves beneath thy guardianship.

How I have brought him would be long to tell thee.
Virtue descendeth from on high that aids me
To lead him to behold thee and to hear thee.

Now may it please thee to vouchsafe his coming;
He seeketh Liberty, which is so dear,
As knoweth he who life for her refuses.

Thou know’st it; since, for her, to thee not bitter

⁹The “blind river” is Lethe, which by sound and not by sight had guided them through the winding cavern from the centre of the earth to the surface. *Inferno* XXXIV.

¹⁰His beard. Dante uses the same expression, *Inferno* XX.

Was death in Utica, where thou didst leave
The vesture, that will shine so, the great day.

By us the eternal edicts are not broken;
Since this one lives, and Minos binds not me;¹¹
But of that circle I, where are the chaste¹²

Eyes of thy Marcia, who in looks still prays thee,
O holy breast, to hold her as thine own;
For her love, then, incline thyself to us.

Permit us through thy sevenfold realm to go;
I will take back this grace from thee to her,
If to be mentioned there below thou deignest.”

“Marcia so pleasing was unto mine eyes
While I was on the other side,” then said he,
“That every grace she wished of me I granted;

Now that she dwells beyond the evil river,
She can no longer move me, by that law
Which, when I issued forth from there, was made.

But if a Lady of Heaven do move and rule thee,
As thou dost say, no flattery is needful;
Let it suffice thee that for her thou ask me.

Go, then, and see thou gird this one about
With a smooth rush, and that thou wash his face,¹³
So that thou cleanse away all stain therefrom,

For ’twere not fitting that the eye o’ercast
By any mist should go before the first
Angel, who is of those of Paradise.

This little island round about its base
Below there, yonder, where the billow beats it,
Doth rushes bear upon its washy ooze;

No other plant that putteth forth the leaf,
Or that doth indurate, can there have life,
Because it yieldeth not unto the shocks.

Thereafter be not this way your return;
The sun, which now is rising, will direct you

¹¹See *Inferno* V.

¹²See *Inferno* IV.

¹³A symbol of humility.

To take the mount by easier ascent."

With this he vanished; and I raised me up
Without a word, and wholly drew myself
Unto my Guide, and turned mine eyes to him.

And he began: "Son, follow thou my steps;
Let us turn back. for on this side declines
The plain unto its lower boundaries."

The dawn was vanquishing the matin hour
'Which fled before it, so that from afar
I recognised the trembling of the sea

Along the solitary plain we went
As one who unto the lost road returns,
And till he finds it seems to go in vain.

As soon as we were come to where the dew
Fights with the sun, and, being in a part
Where shadow falls, little evaporates,¹⁴

Both of his hands upon the grass outspread
In gentle manner did my Master place;
Whence I, who of his action was aware,

Extended unto him my tearful cheeks;
There did he make in me uncovered wholly
That hue which Hell had covered up in me.

Then came we down upon the desert shore
Which never yet saw navigate its waters
Any that afterward had known return.

There he begirt me as the other pleased
O marvellous! for even as he culled
The humble plant, such it sprang up again¹⁵

Suddenly there where he uprooted it.

¹⁴Some commentators interpret *Ove adrezza*, by "where the wind blows." Put the blowing of the wind would produce an effect exactly opposite to that here described.

¹⁵*Aeneid* VI.: "When the first is torn off; a second of gold succeeds; and a twig shoots forth leaves of the same metal."

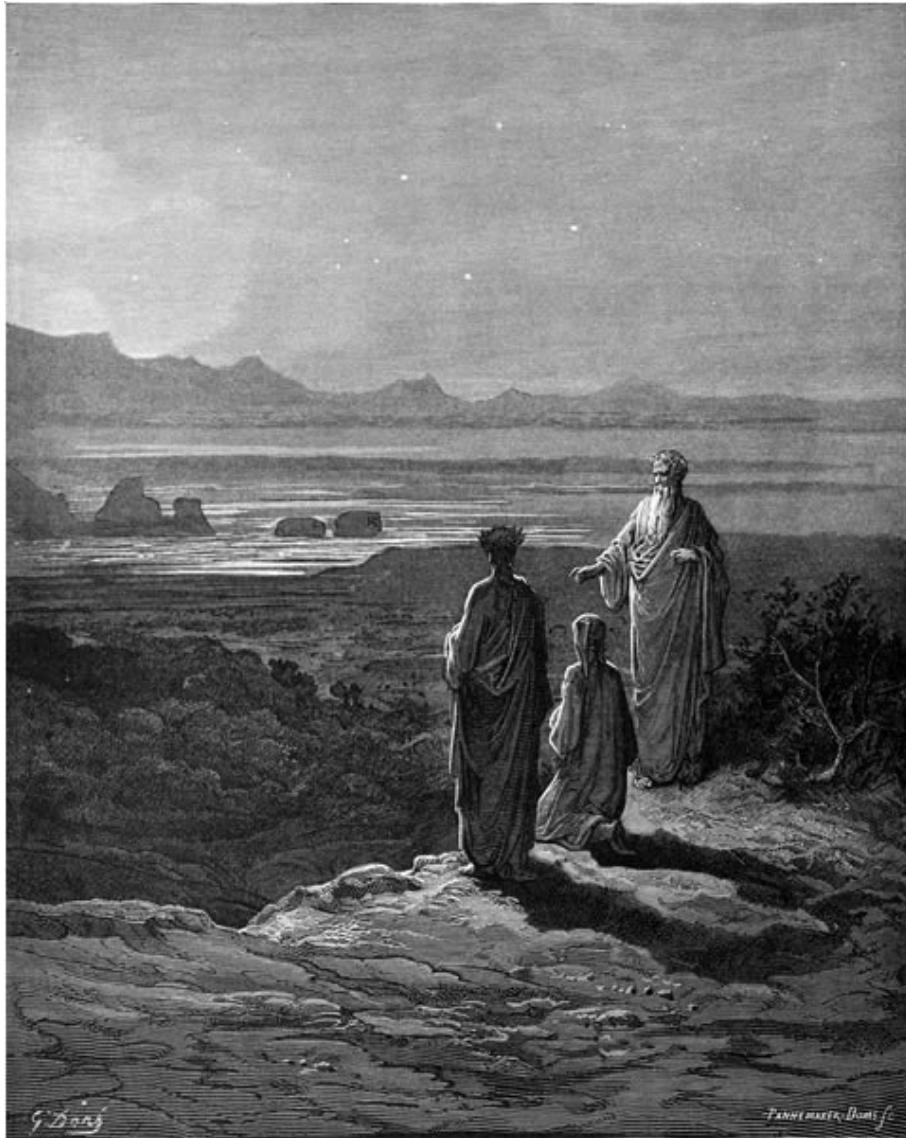


Figure 2: I saw beside me an old man alone...

Canto 2

ALREADY had the sun the horizon reached ¹⁶
Whose circle of meridian covers o'er
Jerusalem with its most lofty point,
And night that opposite to him revolves
Was issuing forth from Ganges with the Scales
That fall from out her hand when she exceedeth;
So that the white and the vermilion cheeks ¹⁷
Of beautiful Aurora, where I was,
By too great age were changing into orange.
We still were on the border of the sea,
Like people who are thinking of their road,
Who go in heart and with the body stay;
And lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapours Mars grows fiery red
Down in the West upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me – may I again behold it! –
A light along the sea so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;
From which when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it.

¹⁶It was sunset at Jerusalem, night on the Ganges, and morning at the Mountain of Purgatory. The sun being in Aries, the night would “come forth with the scales,” or the sign of Libra, which is opposite Aries. These scales fall from the hand of night, or are not above the horizon by night, when the night exceeds, or is longer than the day.

¹⁷Boccaccio, *Decamerone* Prologue to the Third Day, imitates this passage: “The Aurora, as the sun drew nigh, was already beginning to change from vermilion to orange.”

Little by little there came forth another.
My Master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognised the pilot,
He cried: "Make haste, make haste to bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,¹⁸
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof,
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"In exitu Israel de Aegypto!"
They chanted all together in one voice,
With whatso in that psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.
The throng which still remained there unfamiliar
Seemed with the place, all round about them gazing,
As one who in new matters makes essay.
On every side was darting forth the day
The sun, who had with his resplendent shafts
From the mid-heaven chased forth the Capricorn,
When the new people lifted up their faces

¹⁸Argument used in the sense of means, or appliances, as in *Inferno* XXXI.

Towards us, saying to us: "If ye know,
Show us the way to go unto the mountain."

And answer made Virgilius: "Ye believe
Perchance that we have knowledge of this place,
But we are strangers even as ourselves

Just now we came, a little while before you;
Another way, which was so rough and steep,
That mounting will henceforth seem sport to us."

The souls who had, from seeing me draw breath,
Become aware that I was still alive,
Pallid in their astonishment became;

And as to messenger who bears the olive
The people throng to listen to the news,
And no one shows himself afraid of crowding,

So at the sight of me stood motionless
Those fortunate spirits, all of them, as if
Oblivious to go and make them fair.

One from among them saw I coming forward,
As to embrace me, with such great affection,
That it incited me to do the like.

O empty shadows, save in aspect only!
Three times behind it did I clasp my hands,
As oft returned with them to my own breast!

I think with wonder I depicted me;
Whereat the shadow smiled and backward drew;
And I, pursuing it, pressed farther forward.

Gently it said that I should stay my steps;
Then knew I who it was, and I entreated
That it would stop awhile to speak with me.

It made reply to me: "Even as I loved thee
In mortal body, so I love thee free;
Therefore I stop; but wherefore goest thou?"

"My own Casella! to return once more¹⁹
There where I am, I make this journey," said I;

¹⁹Casella was a Florentine musician and friend of Dante, who here speaks to him with so much tenderness and affection as to make us regret that nothing more is known of him.

“But how from thee has so much time be taken?”

And he to me: “No outrage has been done me,
If he who takes both when and whom he pleases
Has many times denied to me this passage,

For of a righteous will his own is made.
He, sooth to say, for three months past has taken ²⁰
Whoever wished to enter with all peace;

Whence I, who now had turned unto that shore ²¹
Where salt the waters of the Tiber grow,
Benignantly by him have been received.

Unto that outlet now his wing is pointed,
Because for evermore assemble there
Those who tow’rds Acheron do not descend.”

And I: “If some new law take not from thee
Memory or practice of the song of love,
Which used to quiet in me all my longings,

Thee may it please to comfort therewithal
Somewhat this soul of mine, that with its body
Hitherward coming is so much distressed.” ²²

“Love, that within my mind discourses with me,”
Forthwith began he so melodiously,
The melody within me still is sounding.

My Master, and myself, and all that people
Which with him were, appeared as satisfied
As if naught else might touch the mind of any;

We all of us were moveless and attentive
Unto his notes; and lo! the grave old man,
Exclaiming: “What is this, ye laggard spirits

What negligence, what standing still is this?
Run to the mountain to strip off the slough,
That lets not God be manifest to you.”

Even as when, collecting grain or tares,

²⁰The first three months of the year of Jubilee, 1300.

²¹The sea-shore of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, where the souls of those who were saved assembled, and were received by the Celestial Pilot, who transported them to the island of Purgatory.

²²This is the first line of the second *canzone* of the *Convito*.

The doves, together at their pasture met,
Quiet, nor showing their accustomed pride,
If aught appear of which they are afraid,
Upon a sudden leave their food alone,
Because they are assailed by greater care;
So that fresh company did I behold
The song relinquish, and go tow'rds the hill,
As one who goes, and knows not whitherward;
Nor was our own departure less in haste.



Figure 3: Then as still nearer and more near us came the Bird Divine...



Figure 4: *"In exitu Israel de Aegypto!"* they chanted all together in one voice...

Canto 3

INASMUCH as the instantaneous flight
Had scattered them asunder o'er the plain,
Turned to the mountain whither reason spurs us,

I pressed me close unto my faithful comrade,
And how without him had I kept my course?
Who would have led me up along the mountain?

He seemed to me within himself remorseful;
O noble conscience, and without a stain,
How sharp a sting is trivial fault to thee!

After his feet had laid aside the haste
Which mars the dignity of every act,
My mind, that hitherto had been restrained,

Let loose its faculties as if delighted,
And I my sight directed to the hill
That highest tow'rds the heaven uplifts itself²³

The sun, that in our rear was flaming red,
Was broken in front of me into the figure
Which had in me the stoppage of its rays;

Unto one side I turned me with the fear
Of being left alone, when I beheld
Only in front of me the ground obscured.

"Why dost thou still mistrust?" my Comforter
Began to say to me turned wholly round;
"Dost thou not think me with thee, and that I guide thee?"

'Tis evening there already where is buried
The body within which I cast a shadow;

²³So in *Paradiso*, XXVI. 139: – "The mount that rises highest o'er the sea."

'Tis from Brundusium ta'en, and Naples has it. ²⁴

Now if in front of me no shadow fall,
Marvel not at it more than at the heavens,
Because one ray impedeth not another

To suffer torments, both of cold and heat,
Bodies like this that Power provides, which wills
That how it works be not unveiled to us.

Insane is he who hopeth that our reason
Can traverse the illimitable way,
Which the one Substance in three Persons follows!

Mortals, remain contented at the *Quia*; ²⁵
For if ye had been able to see all,
No need there were for Mary to give birth;

And ye have seen desiring without fruit,
Those whose desire would have been quieted,
Which evermore is given them for a grief.

I speak of Aristotle and of Plato,
And many others"; – and here bowed his head,
And more he said not, and remained disturbed.

We came meanwhile unto the mountain's foot;
There so precipitate we found the rock,
That nimble legs would there have been in vain.

'Twixt Lerici and Turbia, the most desert, ²⁶
The most secluded pathway is a stair
Easy and open, if compared with that.

²⁴The tomb of Virgil is on the promontory of Pausilippo, overlooking the Bay of Naples. The inscription upon it is: – "*Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces.*" – "Mantua gave birth to me, the Calabrians took me, now Naples holds me; I sang of pastures [the Eclogues], country [the Georgics] and leaders [the Aeneiad]."

"The epitaph," says Eustace, *Classical Tour*, I. 499, "which, though not genuine, is yet ancient, was inscribed by order of the Duke of Pescolangiano, then proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains."

²⁵Be satisfied with knowing that a thing is, without asking why it is. These were distinguished in scholastic language as the *Demonstratio quia* and the *Demonstratio propter quid*.

²⁶Places on the mountainous sea-side road from Genoa to Pisa, known as the *Riviera di Levante*.

“Who knoweth now upon which hand the hill
Slopes down,” my Master said, his footsteps staying,
“So that who goeth without wings may mount?”

And while he held his eyes upon the ground
Examining the nature of the path,
And I was looking up around the rock,

On the left hand appeared to me a throng
Of souls, that moved their feet in our direction,
And did not seem to move, they came so slowly.

“Lift up thine eyes,” I to the Master said;
“Behold, on this side, who will give us counsel,
If thou of thine own self can have it not.”

Then he looked at me, and with frank expression
Replied: “Let us go there, for they come slowly,
And thou be steadfast in thy hope, sweet son.”

Still was that people as far off from us,²⁷
After a thousand steps of ours I say,
As a good thrower with his hand would reach,

When they all crowded unto the hard masses
Of the high bank, and motionless stood and close,
As he stands still to look who goes in doubt.

“O happy dead! O spirits elect already!”
Virgilius made beginning, “by that peace
Which I believe is waiting for you all,

Tell us upon what side the mountain slopes,
So that the going up be possible,
For to lose time irks him most who most knows.”

As sheep come issuing forth from out the fold
By ones and twos and threes, and the others stand
Timidly, holding down their eyes and nostrils,

And what the foremost does the others do,
Huddling themselves against her, if she stop,
Simple and quiet and the wherefore know not;

So moving to approach us thereupon
I saw the leader of that fortunate flock,

²⁷After they had gone a mile, they were still a stone’s throw distant.

Modest in face and dignified in gait.

As soon as those in the advance saw broken
The light upon the ground at my right side,
So that from me the shadow reached the rock,

They stopped, and backward drew themselves somewhat;
And all the others, who came after them,
Not knowing why nor wherefore, did the same.

Without your asking, I confess to you
This is a human body which you see,
Whereby the sunshine on the ground is cleft.

Marvel ye not thereat, but be persuaded
That not without a power which comes from Heaven
Doth he endeavour to surmount this wall."

The Master thus; and said those worthy people:
"Return ye then, and enter in before us,"
Making a signal with the back o' the hand

And one of them began: "Whoe'er thou art,
Thus going turn thine eyes, consider well
If e'er thou saw me in the other world."

I turned me tow'rds him, and looked at him closely;
Blond was he, beautiful, and of noble aspect,
But one of his eyebrows had a blow divided.

When with humility I had disclaimed
E'er having seen him, "Now behold!" he said,
And showed me high upon his breast a wound.

Then said he with a smile: "I am Manfredi,²⁸
The grandson of the Empress Costanza;²⁹
Therefore, when thou returnest, I beseech thee

Go to my daughter beautiful, the mother³⁰
Of Sicily's honour and of Aragon's,
And the truth tell her, if aught else be told.

²⁸Manfredi, king of Apulia and Sicily, was a natural son of the Emperor Frederick the Second. He was slain at the battle of Benevento, in 1265; one of the great and decisive battles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Guelph or Papal forces being commanded by Charles of Anjou, and the Ghibellines or Imperialists by Manfredi.

²⁹Constance, wife of the Emperor Henry the Sixth.

³⁰His daughter Constance, who was married to Peter of Aragon, and was the mother of Frederic of Sicily and of James of Aragon.

After I had my body lacerated
 By these two mortal stabs, I gave myself
 Weeping to Him, who willingly doth pardon.

Horrible my iniquities had been;
 But Infinite Goodness hath such ample arms,
 That it receives whatever turns to it.

Had but Cosenza's pastor, who in chase ³¹
 Of me was sent by Clement at that time,
 In God read understandingly this page,

The bones of my dead body still would be
 At the bridge-head, near unto Benevento,
 Under the safeguard of the heavy cairn.

Now the rain bathes and moveth them the wind,
 Beyond the realm, almost beside the Verde, ³²
 Where he transported them with tapers quenched. ³³

By malison of theirs is not so lost
 Eternal Love, that it cannot return,
 So long as hope has anything of green.

True is it, who in contumacy dies
 Of Holy Church, though penitent at last,
 Must wait upon the outside this bank

Thirty times told the time that he has been
 In his presumption, unless such decree
 Shorter by means of righteous prayers become.

See now if thou hast power to make me happy,
 By making known unto my good Costanza
 How thou hast seen me, and this ban beside,

For those on earth can much advance us here."

³¹The Bishop of Cosenza and Pope Clement the Fourth.

³²The name of the river Verde reminds one of the old Spanish ballad, particularly when one recalls the fact that Manfredi had in his army a band of Saracens: – "Rio Verde, Rio Verde, Many a corpse is bathed in thee, Both of Moors and eke of Christians, Slain with swords most cruelly."

³³Those who died "in contumely of holy Church," or under excommunication, were buried with extinguished and inverted torches.

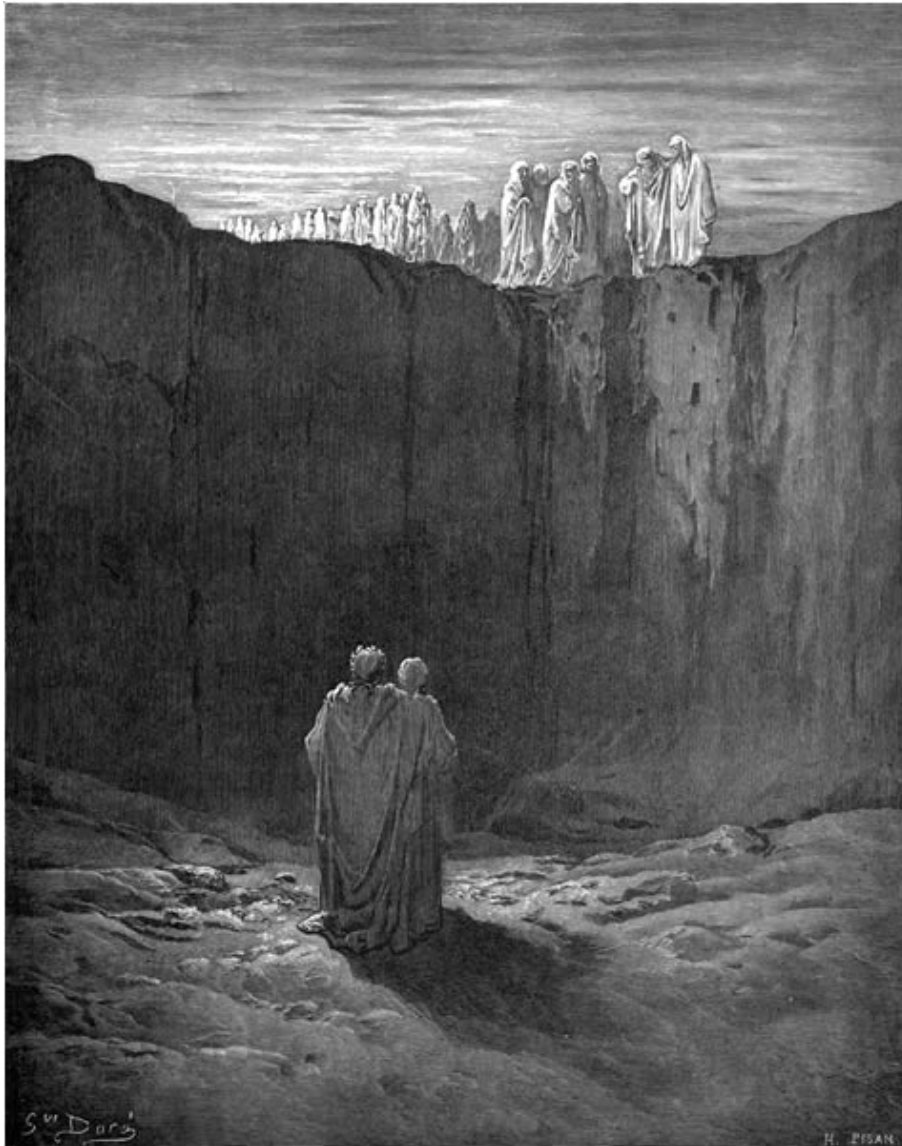


Figure 5: On the left hand appeared to me a throng of souls...

Canto 4

WHENEVER by delight or else by pain,
That seizes any faculty of ours,
Wholly to that the soul collects itself,
It seemeth that no other power it heeds;
And this against that error is which thinks
One soul above another kindles in us.³⁴

And hence, whenever aught is heard or seen
Which keeps the soul intently bent upon it,
Time passes on, and we perceive it not,
Because one faculty is that which listens,
And other that which the soul keeps entire;
This is as if in bonds, and that is free.

Of this I had experience positive
In hearing and in gazing at that spirit;
For fifty full degrees uprisen was
The sun, and I had not perceived it, when
We came to where those souls with one accord
Cried out unto us: "Here is what you ask."

A greater opening oft-times hedges up
With but a little forkful of his thorns
The villager, what time the grape imbrowns,
Than was the passage-way through which ascended
Only my Leader and myself behind him,
After that company departed from us.

One climbs Sanleo and descends in Noli,³⁵

³⁴Plato's doctrine of three souls: the Vegetative in the liver; the Sensative in the heart; and the Intellectual in the brain.

³⁵Sanleo, a fortress on a mountain in the duchy of Urbino; Noli, a town in the Genoese territory, by the sea-side; Bismantova, a mountain in the duchy of Modena.

And mounts the summit of Bismantova,
With feet alone; but here one needs must fly;

With the swift pinions and the plumes I say
Of great desire, conducted after him
Who gave me hope, and made a light for me.

We mounted upward through the rifted rock,
And on each side the border pressed upon us,
And feet and hands the ground beneath required.

When we were come upon the upper rim
Of the high bank, out on the open slope,
"My Master," said I, "what way shall we take?"³⁶

And he to me: "No step of thine descend;
Still up the mount behind me win thy way,
Till some sage escort shall appear to us."

The summit was so high it vanquished sight,
And the hillside precipitous far more
Than line from middle quadrant to the centre.³⁷

Spent with fatigue was I, when I began:
"O my sweet Father! turn thee and behold
How I remain alone, unless thou stay!"

"O son," he said, "up yonder drag thyself,"
Pointing me to a terrace somewhat higher,
Which on that side encircles all the hill.

These words of his so spurred me on, that I
Strained every nerve, behind him scrambling up,
Until the circle was beneath my feet.

Thereon ourselves we seated both of us
Turned to the East, from which we had ascended,
For all men are delighted to look back.

To the low shores mine eyes I first directed,
Then to the sun uplifted them, and wondered
That on the left hand we were smitten by it.

³⁶Like Christian going up the hill Difficulty in Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*: "I looked then after Christian to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place."

³⁷More than forty-five degrees.

The Poet well perceived that I was wholly
 Bewildered at the chariot of the light,
 Where 'twixt us and the Aquilon it entered.

Whereon he said to me: "If Castor and Pollux³⁸
 Were in the company of yonder mirror,
 That up and down conducteth with its light,
 Thou wouldst behold the zodiac's jagged wheel³⁹
 Revolving still more near unto the Bears,
 Unless it swerved aside from its old track.

How that may be wouldst thou have power to think,
 Collected in thyself, imagine Zion
 Together with this mount on earth to stand,
 So that they both one sole horizon have,
 And hemispheres diverse; whereby the road⁴⁰
 Which Phaeton, alas! knew not to drive,

Thou'lt see how of necessity must pass
 This on one side, when that upon the other,⁴¹
 If thine intelligence right clearly heed."

"Truly, my Master," said I, "never yet
 Saw I so clearly as I now discern,
 There where my wit appeared incompetent,
 That the mid-circle of supernal motion,
 Which in some art is the Equator called
 And aye remains between the Sun and Winter,

For reason which thou sayest, departeth hence
 Tow'rds the Septentrion, what time the Hebrews⁴²
 Beheld it tow'rds the region of the heat.

But, if it pleaseth thee, I fain would learn
 How far we have to go; for the hill rises

³⁸If the sun were in Gemini, or if we were in the month of May, you would see the sun still farther to the north.

³⁹*Rubecchio* – jagged wheel – is generally rendered red or ruddy. But Jacopo dalla Lana says: "*Rubecchio* in the Tuscan tongue signifies an indented mill-wheel." This interpretation certainly renders the image more distinct. The several signs of the Zodiac are so many cogs in the great wheel; and the wheel is an image which Dante more than once applies to the celestial bodies.

⁴⁰The Ecliptic.

⁴¹This, the Mountain of Purgatory; and that, Mount Zion.

⁴²The Seven Stars of Ursa Major, the North Star.

Higher than eyes of mine have power to rise.

And he to me: "This mount is such, that ever
At the beginning down below 'tis tiresome,
And aye the more one climbs, the less it hurts.

Therefore, when it shall seem so pleasant to thee,
That going up shall be to thee as easy
As going down the current in a boat,

Then at this pathway's ending thou wilt be;
There to repose thy panting breath expect;
No more I answer; and this I know for true."

And as he finished uttering these words,
A voice close by us sounded: "Peradventure
Thou wilt have need of sitting down ere that."

At sound thereof each one of us turned round,
And saw upon the left hand a great rock,
Which neither I nor he before had noticed.

Thither we drew; and there were persons there
Who in the shadow stood behind the rock,
As one through indolence is wont to stand.

And one of the, who seemed to me fatigued,
Was sitting down, and both his knees embraced,
Holding his face low down between them bowed.

"O my sweet Lord," I said, "do turn thine eye
On him who shows himself more negligent
Then even Sloth herself his sister were."

Then he turned round to us, and he gave heed,
Just lifting up his eyes above his thigh,
And said: "Now go thou up, for thou art valiant."

Then knew I who he was; and the distress,
That still a little did my breathing quicken,
My going to him hindered not; and after

I came to him he hardly raised his head,
Saying: "Hast thou seen clearly how the sun
O'er thy left shoulder drives his chariot?"

His sluggish attitude and his curt words
A little unto laughter moved my lips;

Then I began: "Belacqua, I grieve not ⁴³
For thee henceforth; but tell me, wherefore seated
In this place art thou? Waitest thou an escort?
Or has thy usual habit seized upon thee?"
And he: "O brother, what's the use of climbing?
Since to my torment would not let me go
The Angel of God, who sitteth at the gate.
First heaven must needs so long revolve me round
Outside thereof, as in my life it did,
Since the good sighs I to the end postponed,
Unless, e'er that, some prayer may bring me aid
Which rises from a heart that lives in grace;
What profit others that in heaven are heard not?"
Meanwhile the Poet was before me mounting,
And saying: "Come now; see the sun has touched
Meridian, and from the shore the night
Covers already with her foot Morocco."

⁴³"He loved also in life," says Arrivabene, *Commento Storico*, 584, "a certain Belacqua, an excellent maker of musical instruments."

Benvenuto da Imola says of him: "He was a Florentine who made guitars and other musical instruments. He carved and ornamented the necks and heads of the guitars with great care, and sometimes also played. Hence Dante, who delighted in music, knew him intimately." This seems to be all that is known of Belacqua.

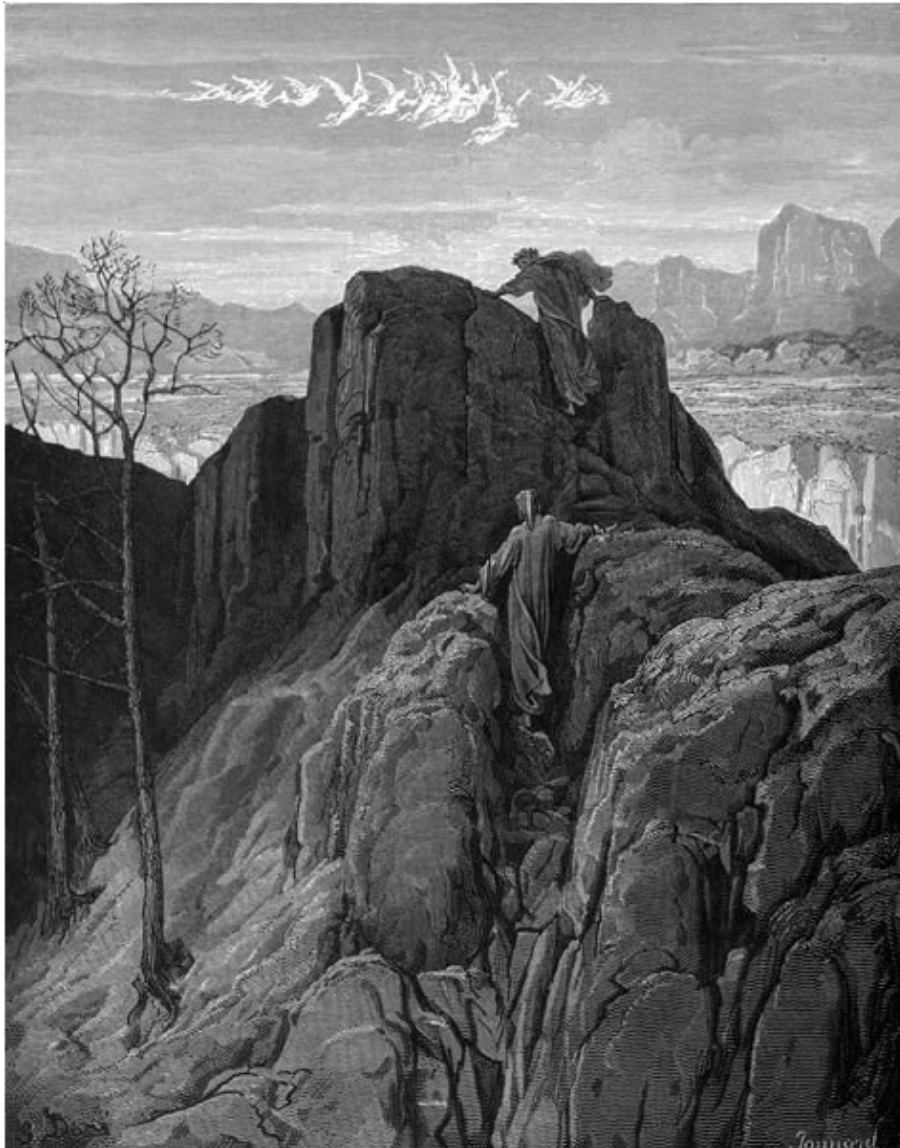


Figure 6: We mounted upward through the rifted rock...

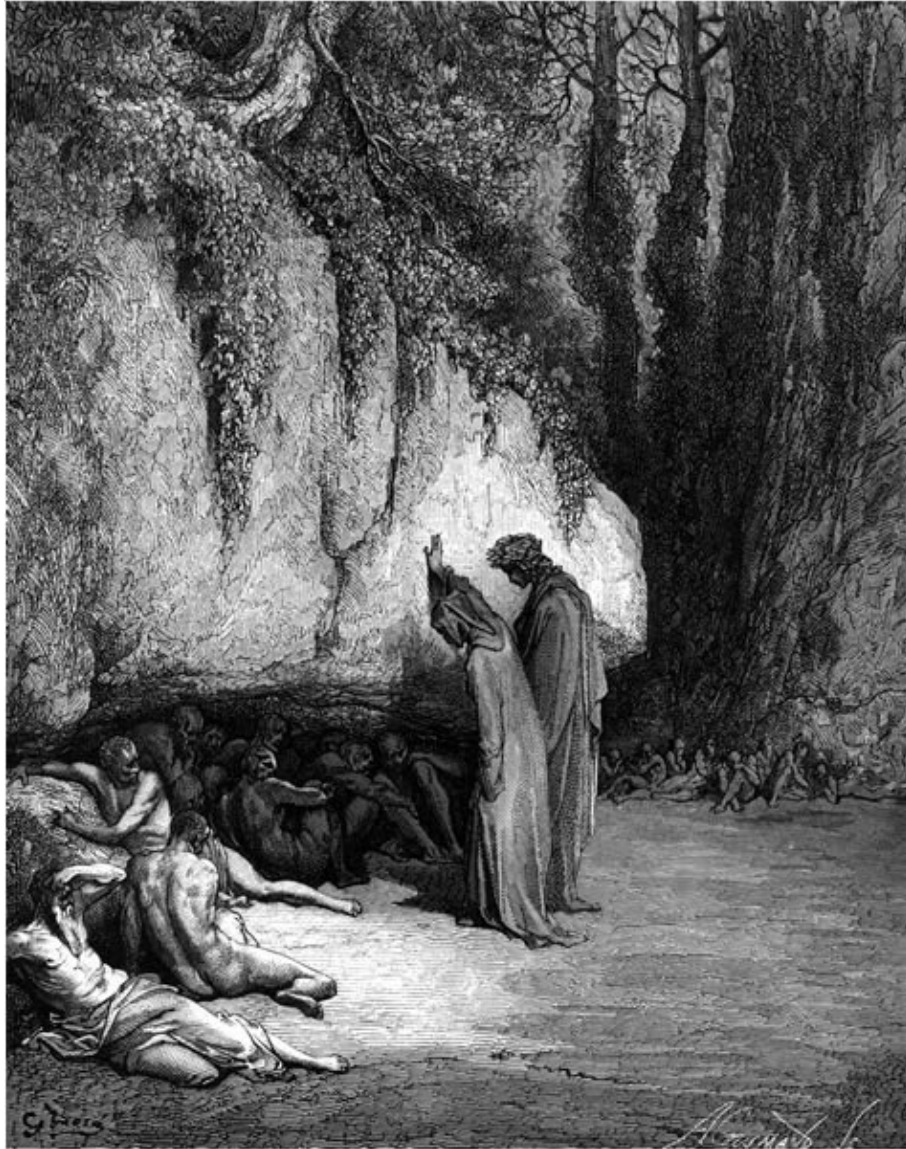


Figure 7: And saw upon the left hand a great rock...

Canto 5

I HAD already from those shades departed, ⁴⁴
And followed in the footsteps of my Guide,
When from behind, pointing his finger at me,

One shouted: "See, it seems as if shone not
The sunshine on the left of him below,
And like one living seems he to conduct him

Mine eyes I turned at utterance of these words,
And saw them watching with astonishment
But me, but me, and the light which was broken!

"Why doth thy mind so occupy itself,"
The Master said, "that thou thy pace dost slacken?
What matters it to thee what here is whispered?

Come after me, and let the people talk;
Stand like a steadfast tower, that never wags
Its top for all the blowing of the winds;

For evermore the man in whom is springing
Thought upon thought, removes from him the mark,
Because the force of one the other weakens."

What could I say in answer but "I come"?
I said it somewhat with that colour tinged
Which makes a man of pardon sometimes worthy.

Meanwhile along the mountain-side across
Came people in advance of us a little,

⁴⁴There is an air of reality about this passage, like some personal reminiscence of street gossip, which gives perhaps a little credibility to the otherwise incredible anecdotes of Dante told by Sacchetti and others; – such as those of the ass-driver whom he beat, and the black-smith whose tools he threw into the street for singing his verses amiss, and the woman who pointed him out to her companions as the man who had been in Hell and brought back tidings of it.

Singing the Miserere verse by verse.

When they became aware I gave no place
For passage of the sunshine through my body,
They changed their song into a long, hoarse "Oh!"

And two of them, in form of messengers,
Ran forth to meet us, and demanded of us,
"Of your condition make us cognisant."

And said my Master: "Ye can go your way
And carry back again to those who sent you,
That this one's body is of very flesh.

If they stood still because they saw his shadow,
As I suppose, enough is answered them;
Him let them honour, it may profit them."

Vapours enkindled saw I ne'er so swiftly
At early nightfall cleave the air serene,⁴⁵
Nor, at the set of sun, the clouds of August,

But upward they returned in briefer time,
And, on arriving, with the others wheeled
Tow'rd us, like troops that run without a rein.

"This folk that presses unto us is great,
And cometh to implore thee," said the Poet;
"So still go onward, and in going listen."

"O soul that goest to beatitude
With the same members wherewith thou wast born,"
Shouting they came, "a little stay thy steps.

Look, if thou e'er hast any of us seen,
So that o'er yonder thou bear news of him;
Ah, why dost thou go on? Ah, why not stay?

Long since we all were slain by violence,
And sinners even to the latest hour;
Then did a light from heaven admonish us,

⁴⁵Some editions read in this line *mezza notte* – midnight –, instead of *prima notte* – early nightfall.

Of meteors Brunetto Latini, *Tresor*, I Pt. 3, Ch. 107, writes: "Likewise it often comes to pass that a dry vapour, when it has mounted so high that it takes fire from the heat which is above, falls, when thus kindled, towards the earth, until it is spent and extinguished, whence some people think it is a dragon or a star which falls."

So that, both penitent and pardoning, forth
 From life we issued reconciled to God,
 Who with desire to see Him stirs our hearts."

And I: "Although I gaze into your faces,
 No one I recognize; but if may please you
 Aught I have power to do, ye well-born spirits,
 Speak ye, and I will do it, by that peace
 Which, following the feet of such a Guide,
 From world to world makes itself sought by me."

And one began: "Each one has confidence
 In thy good offices without an oath,
 Unless the I cannot cut off the I will;

Whence I, who speak alone before the others,⁴⁶
 Pray thee, if ever thou dost see the land
 That 'twixt Romagna lies and that of Charles,

Thou be so courteous to me of thy prayers
 In Fano, that they pray for me devoutly,
 That I may purge away my grave offences.

From thence was I; but the deep wounds, through which
 Issued the blood wherein I had my seat,
 Were dealt me in bosom of the Antenori,⁴⁷

There where I thought to be the most secure;
 'Twas he of Este had it done, who held me
 In hatred far beyond what justice willed.

But if towards the Mira I had fled,⁴⁸
 When I was overtaken at Oriaco,
 I still should be o'er yonder where men breathe.

I ran to the lagoon, and reeds and mire
 Did so entangle me I fell, and saw there

⁴⁶This is Jacopo del Cassero of Fano, in the region between Romagna and the kingdom of Naples, then ruled by Charles de Valois (Charles Lackland). He was waylaid and murdered at Oriago, between Venice and Padua, by Azzone the Third of Este.

⁴⁷Among the Paduans, who are called Antenori, because their city was founded by Antenor of Troy. Brunetto Latini, *Tresor*, I. Ch. 39, says: "Then Antenor and Priam departed thence, with a great company of people, and went to the Marca Trevisana, not far from Venice, and there they built another city which is called Padua, where lies the body of Antenor, and his sepulchre is still there."

⁴⁸La Mira is on the Brenta, or one of its canals, in the fen-lands between Padua and Venice.

A lake made from my veins upon the ground.”

Then said another: “Ah, be that desire
Fulfilled that draws thee to the lofty mountain,
As thou with pious pity aidest mine.

I was of Montefeltro, and am Buonconte;⁴⁹
Giovanna, nor none other cares for me;⁵⁰
Hence among these I go with downcast front.”

And I to him: “What violence or what chance
Led thee astray so far from Campaldino,⁵¹
That never has thy sepulture been known?”

“Oh,” he replied, “at Casentino’s foot
A river crosses named Archiano, born
Above the Hermitage in Apennine.⁵²

There where the name thereof becometh void⁵³
Did I arrive, pierced through and through the throat,
Fleeing on foot, and bloodying the plain;

There my sight lost I, and my utterance
Ceased in the name of Mary, and thereat
I fell, and tenantless my flesh remained.

Truth will I speak, repeat it to the living;
God’s Angel took me up, and he of hell

⁴⁹Buonconte was a son of Guido di Montefeltro, and lost his life in the battle of Campaldino in the Val d’Arno. His body was never found; Dante imagines its fate.

⁵⁰The wife of Buonconte.

⁵¹Ampère, *Voyage Dantesque*, p. 241, thus speaks of the battle of Campaldino: “In this plain of Campaldino, now so pleasant and covered with vineyards, took place, on the 11th of June, 1289, a rude combat between the Guelphs of Florence and the *fuorusciti* Ghibellines, aided by the Aretines. Dante fought in the front rank of the Florentine cavalry; for it must needs be that this man, whose life was so complete, should have been a soldier, before being a theologian, a diplomatist, and poet. He was then twenty-four years of age. He himself described this battle in a letter, of which only a few lines remain. ‘At the battle of Campaldino,’ he says, ‘the Ghibelline party was routed and almost wholly slain. I was there, a novice in arms; I had great fear, and at last great joy, on account of the divers chances of the fight.’ One must not see in this phrase the confession of cowardice, which could have no place in a soul tempered like that of Alighieri. The only fear he had was lest the battle should be lost. In fact, the Florentine’s at first seemed beaten; their infantry fell hack before the Aretine cavalry; but this first advantage of the enemy was its destruction, by dividing its forces. These were the vicissitudes of the battle to which Dante alludes and which at first excited his fears, and then caused his joy.”

⁵²The Convent of Camaldoli.

⁵³Where the Archiano loses its name by flowing into the Arno.

Shouted: 'O thou from heaven, why dost thou rob me?

'Thou bearest away the eternal part of him,
For one poor little tear, that takes him from me;
But with the rest I'll deal in other fashion!'

Well knowest thou how in the air is gathered
That humid vapour which to water turns,
Soon as it rises where the cold doth grasp it.

He joined that evil will, which aye seeks evil,
To intellect, and moved the mist and wind
By means of power, which his own nature gave;

Thereafter when the day was spent, the valley
From Pratomagno to the great yoke covered⁵⁴
With fog, and made the heaven above intent,

So that the pregnant air to water changed;
Down fell the rain, and to the gullies came
Whate'er of it earth tolerated not;

And as it mingled with the mighty torrents,
Towards the royal river with such speed
It headlong rushed, that nothing held it back.

My frozen body near unto its outlet
The robust Archian found, and into Arno
Thrust it, and loosened from my breast the cross⁵⁵

I made of me, when agony o'ercame me;
It rolled me on the banks and on the bottom,
Then with its booty covered and begirt me."

"Ah, when thou hast returned unto the world,
And rested thee from thy long journeying,"
After the second followed the third spirit,

"Do thou remember me who am the Pia;
Siena made me, unmade me Maremma;
He knoweth it, who had encircled first,
Espousing me, my finger with his gem."

⁵⁴The "great yoke" is the ridge of the Apennines.

⁵⁵His arms crossed upon his breast.

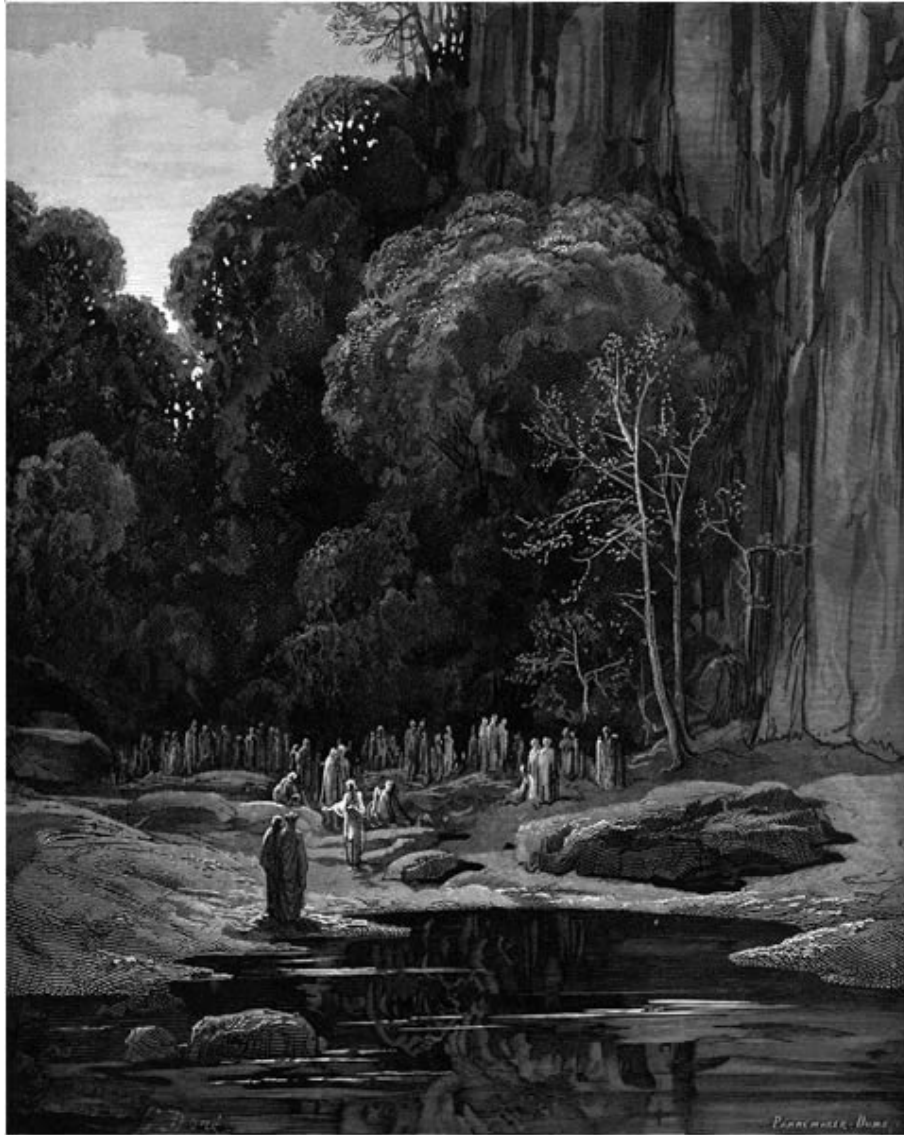


Figure 8: Meanwhile along the mountain-side across came people in advance of us a little, singing the Miserere verse by verse..



Figure 9: "...I fell, and tenantless my flesh remained."



Figure 10: "Do thou remember me who am the Pia..."

Canto 6

WHENE'ER is broken up the game of Zara,⁵⁶
 He who has lost remains behind despondent,
 The throws repeating, and in sadness learns;

 The people with the other all depart;
 One goes in front, and one behind doth pluck
 And at his side one brings himself to mind;

 He pauses not, and this and that one hears;
 They crowd no more to whom his hand he stretches,
 And from the throng he thus defends himself.

 Even such was I in that dense multitude,
 Turning to them this way and that my face,
 And, promising, I freed myself therefrom.

 There was the Aretine, who from the arms⁵⁷
 Untamed of Ghin di Tacco had his death,⁵⁸
 And he who fleeing from pursuit was drowned.⁵⁹

⁵⁶Zara was a game of chance, played with three dice.

⁵⁷Messer Benincasa of Arezzo, who, while Vicario del Podesta', or Judge, in Siena, sentenced to death a brother and a nephew of Ghino di Tacco for highway robbery. He was afterwards an Auditor of the Ruota in Rome, where, says Benvenuto, "one day as he sat in the tribunal, in the midst of a thousand people, Chino di Tacco appeared like Scuola, terrible and nothing daunted; and having seized Benincasa, he plunged his dagger into his heart, leaped from the balcony, and disappeared in the midst of the crowd stupefied with terror."

⁵⁸This terrible Ghino di Tacco was a nobleman of Asinalunga in the territory of Siena; one of those splendid fellows, who, from some real or imaginary wrong done them, take to the mountains and highways to avenge themselves on society. He is the true type of the traditionary stage bandit, the magnanimous melodramatic hero, who utters such noble sentiments and commits such atrocious deeds.

⁵⁹Cione de' Tarlati of Pietramala, who, according to the *Ottimo*, after the fight at Bibbiena, being pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to ford the Arno, and was drowned. Others interpret the line differently, making him the pursuing party. But as he was an Aretine, and the Aretines were routed in this battle, the other rendering is doubtless the

There was imploring with his hands outstretched
 Frederick Novello, and that one of Pisa ⁶⁰
 Who made the good Marzucco seem so strong.

I saw Count Orso; and the soul divided ⁶¹
 By hatred and by envy from its body,
 As it declared, and not for crime committed,

Pierre de la Brosse I say; and here provide ⁶²
 While still on earth the Lady of Brabant,
 So that for this she be of no worse flock!

As soon as I was free from all those shades
 Who only prayed that some one else may pray,
 So as to hasten their becoming holy,

Began I: "It appears that thou deniest,
 O light of mine, expressly in some text,
 That orison can bend decree of Heaven;

And ne'ertheless these people pray for this.
 Might then their expectation bootless be
 Or is to me thy saying not quite clear?"

And he to me: "My writing is explicit,
 And not fallacious is the hope of these,
 If with sane intellect 'tis well regarded;

For top of judgment doth not veil itself, ⁶³

true one.

⁶⁰Federigo Novello, son of Ser Guido Novello of Casentino, slain by one of the Bostoli. "A good youth," says Benvenuto, "and therefore Dante makes mention of him." The Pisan who gave occasion to Marzucco, to show his fortitude was Marzucco's own son, Farinata degli Scoringiani. He was slain by Beccio da Caproni, or, as Benvenuto asserts, declaring that Boccaccio told him so, by Count Ugolino. His father, Marzucco, who had become a Franciscan friar, showed no resentment at the murder, but went with the other friars to his son's funeral, and in humility kissed the hand of the murderer, extorting from him the exclamation, "Thy patience overcomes my obduracy." This was an example of Christian forgiveness which even that vindictive age applauded.

⁶¹Count Orso was a son of Napoleone d'Acerbaja, and was slain by his brother-in-law (or uncle) Alberto.

⁶²Pierre de la Brosse was the secretary of Philip le Bel of France, and suffered at his hands a fate similar to that which befell Pier de la Vigna at the court of Frederick the Second. See note in *Inferno* XIII. Being accused by Marie de Brabant, the wife of Philip, of having written love-letters to her, he was condemned to death by the king in 1276. Benvenuto thinks that during his residence in Paris Dante learned the truth of the innocence of Pierre de la Brosse.

⁶³The *apex juris*, or top of judgment; the supreme decree of God.

Because the fire of love fulfils at once
What he must satisfy who here installs him.

And there, where I affirmed that proposition,
Defect was not amended by a prayer,
Because the prayer from God was separate.

Verily, in so deep a questioning
Do not decide, unless she tell it thee,
Who light 'twixt truth and intellect shall be.

I know not if thou understand; I speak
Of Beatrice; her shalt thou see above,
Smiling and happy, on this mountain's top."

And I: "Good Leader, let us make more haste,
For I no longer tire me as before;
And see, e'en now the hill a shadow casts."

"We will go forward with this day" he answered,
"As far as now is possible for us;
But otherwise the fact is than thou thinkest.

Ere thou art up there, thou shalt see return
Him, who now hides himself behind the hill,
So that thou dost not interrupt his rays.

But yonder there behold! a soul that stationed
All, all alone is looking hitherward;
It will point out to us the quickest way."

We came up unto it; O Lombard soul,
How lofty and disdainful thou didst bear thee,
And grand and slow in moving of thine eyes!

Nothing whatever did it say to us,
But let us go our way, eying us only
After the manner of a couchant lion;

Still near to it Virgilius drew, entreating
That it would point us out the best ascent;
And it replied not unto his demand,

But of our native land and of our life
It questioned us; and the sweet Guide began:
"Mantua," – and the shade, all in itself recluse,

Rose tow'rds him from the place where first it was.

Saying: "O Mantuan, I am Sordello ⁶⁴
Of thine own land!" and one embraced the other.

Ah! servile Italy, grief's hostelry!
A ship without a pilot in great tempest!
No Lady thou of Provinces, but brothel!

That noble soul was so impatient, only
At the sweet sound of his own native land,
To make its citizen glad welcome there;

And now within thee are not without war
Thy living ones, and one doth gnaw the other
Of those whom one wall and one fosse shut in!

Search, wretched one, all round about the shores
Thy seaboard, and then look within thy bosom,
If any part of thee enjoyeth peace!

What boots it, that for thee Justinian
The bridle mend, if empty be the saddle?
Withouten this the shame would be the less.

Ah! people, thou that oughtest to be devout,
And to let Caesar sit upon the saddle,
If well thou hearest what God teacheth thee,

Behold how fell this wild beast has become,
Being no longer by the spur corrected,
Since thou hast laid thy hand upon the bridle.

O German Albert! who abandonest ⁶⁵
Her that has grown recalcitrant and savage,
And oughtest to bestride her saddle-bow,

⁶⁴This has generally been supposed to be Sordello the Troubadour. But is it he? Is it Sordello the Troubadour, or Sordello the Podestà of Verona? Or are they one and the same person? After much research, it is not easy to decide the question, and to "Single out Sordello, compassed murkily about with ravage of six long sad hundred years."

⁶⁵Albert, son of the Emperor Rudolph, was the second of the house of Hapsburg who bore the title of King of the Romans. He was elected in 1298, but never went to Italy to be crowned. He came to an untimely and violent death, by the hand of his nephew John, in 1308. This is the judgment of Heaven to which Dante alludes.

His successor was Henry of Luxembourg, Dante's "divine and triumphant Henry," who, in 1311, was crowned at Milan with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, *il Sacro Chiodo*, as it is sometimes called, from the plate of iron with which the crown is lined, being, according to tradition, made from a nail of the Cross. In 1312, he was again crowned with the Golden Crown at Rome, and died in the following year.

May a just judgment from the stars down fall
Upon thy blood, and be it new and open,
That thy successor may have fear thereof;

Because thy father and thyself have suffered,
By greed of those transalpine lands distrained,
The garden of the empire to be waste.

Come and behold Montecchi and Cappelletti,⁶⁶
Monaldi and Fillippeschi, careless man!⁶⁷
Those sad already, and these doubt-depressed!

Come, cruel one! come and behold the oppression
Of thy nobility, and cure their wounds,
And thou shalt see how safe is Santafiore!⁶⁸

Come and behold thy Rome, that is lamenting,
Widowed, alone, and day and night exclaims,
"My Caesar, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Come and behold how loving are the people;
And if for us no pity moveth thee,
Come and be made ashamed of thy renown!

And if it lawful be, O Jove Supreme!
Who upon earth for us wast crucified,
Are thy just eyes averted elsewhere?

Or preparation is 't, that, in the abyss
Of thine own counsel, for some good thou makest
From our perception utterly cut off?

For all the towns of Italy are full
Of tyrants, and becometh a Marcellus⁶⁹
Each peasant churl who plays the partisan!

My Florence! well mayst thou contented be
With this digression, which concerns thee not,
Thanks to thy people who such forethought take!

⁶⁶See *Inferno* V.4. The two noble families of Verona, the Montagues and Capulets, whose quarrels have been made familiar to the English-speaking world by *Romeo and Juliet*.

⁶⁷Families of Orvieto.

⁶⁸Santafiore is in the neighbourhood of Siena, and much infested with banditti.

⁶⁹Not the great Roman general who took Syracuse, after Archimedes had defended it so long with his engines and burning-glasses, but a descendant of his, who in the civil wars took part with Pompey and was banished by Caesar.

Many at heart have justice, but shoot slowly,
That unadvised they come not to the bow,
But on their very lips thy people have it!

Many refuse to bear the common burden;
But thy solicitous people answereth
Without being asked, and crieth: "I submit."

Now be thou joyful, for thou hast good reason;
Thou affluent, thou in peace, thou full of wisdom!
If I speak true, the event conceals it not.

Athens and Lacedaemon, they who made
The ancient laws, and were so civilized,
Made towards living well a little sign

Compared with thee, who makest such fine-spun
Provisions, that to middle of November
Reaches not what thou in October spinnest.

How oft, within the time of thy remembrance,
Laws, money, offices, and usages
Hast thou remodelled, and renewed thy members?

And if thou mind thee well, and see the light,
Thou shalt behold thyself like a sick woman,
Who cannot find repose upon her down,
But by her tossing wardeth off her pain.

Canto 7

AFTER the gracious and glad salutations
Had three and four times been reiterated,
Sordello backward drew and said, "Who are you?"

"Or ever to this mountain were directed
The souls deserving to ascend to God,
My bones were buried by Octavian.

I am Virgilius; and for no crime else
Did I lose heaven, than for not having faith;"
In this wise then my Leader made reply.

As one who suddenly before him sees
Something whereat he marvels, who believes
And yet does not, saying, "It is! it is not!"

So he appeared; and then bowed down his brow,
And with humility returned towards him,
And, where inferiors embrace, embraced him.

"O glory of the Latians, thou," he said,
"Through whom our language showed what it could do
O pride eternal of the place I came from,

What merit or what grace to me reveals thee?
If I to hear thy words be worthy, tell me
If thou dost come from Hell, and from what cloister."

"Through all the circles of the doleful realm,
Responded he, "have I come hitherward;
Heaven's power impelled me, and with that I come.

I by not doing, not by doing, lost
The sight of that high sun which thou desirest,
And which too late by me was recognized.

A place there is below not sad with torments,⁷⁰
 But darkness only, where the lamentations
 Have not the sound of wailing, but are sighs.

There dwell I with the little innocents
 Snatched by the teeth of Death, or ever they
 Were from our human sinfulness exempt.

There dwell I among those who the three saintly⁷¹
 Virtues did not put on, and without vice
 The others knew and followed all of them.⁷²

But if thou know and can, some indication
 Give us by which we may the sooner come
 Where Purgatory has its right beginning."

He answered: "No fixed place has been assigned us;
 'Tis lawful for me to go up and round;
 So far as I can go, as guide I join thee.

But see already how the day declines,
 And to go up by night we are not able;
 Therefore 'tis well to think of some fair sojourn.

Souls are there on the right hand here withdrawn;
 If thou permit me I will lead thee to them,
 And thou shalt know them not without delight."

"How is this?" was the answer; "should one wish
 To mount by night would he prevented be
 By others? or mayhap would not have power?"

And on the ground the good Sordello drew
 His finger, saying, "See, this line alone
 Thou couldst not pass after the sun is gone;

Not that aught else would hindrance give, however,
 To going up, save the nocturnal darkness;
 This with the want of power the will perplexes.

We might indeed therewith return below,
 And, wandering, walk the hill-side round about,
 While the horizon holds the day imprisoned."

Thereon my Lord, as if in wonder, said:

⁷⁰Limbo, *Inferno* IV. 25, the "foremost circle that surrounds the abyss."

⁷¹The three Theological Virtues – *Faith, Hope, and Charity*.

⁷²The four Cardinal Virtues – *Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance*.

“Do thou conduct us thither, where thou sayest
That we can take delight in tarrying.”

Little had we withdrawn us from that place,
When I perceived the mount was hollowed out
In fashion as the valleys here are hollowed.

“Thitherward,” said that shade, “will we repair,
Where of itself the hill-side makes a lap
And there for the new day will we await.”

‘Twixt hill and plain there was a winding path
Which led us to the margin of that dell,
Where dies the border more than half away

Gold and fine silver, and scarlet and pearl-white,
The Indian wood resplendent and serene,
Fresh emerald the moment it is broken,

By herbage and by flowers within that hollow
Planted, each one in colour would be vanquished,
As by its greater vanquished is the less.

Nor in that place had nature painted only,
But of the sweetness of a thousand odours
Made there a mingled fragrance and unknown.

“*Salve Regina*,” on the green and flowers
There seated, singing, spirits I beheld,
Which were not visible outside the valley.

“Before the scanty sun now seeks his nest,”
Began the Mantuan who had led us thither,
“Among them do not wish me to conduct you.

Better from off this ledge the acts and faces
Of all of them will you discriminate,
Than in the plain below received among them

He who sits highest, and the semblance bears
Of having what he should have done neglected,
And to the others’ song moves not his lips,

Rudolph the Emperor was, who had the power ⁷³

⁷³Rudolph of Hapsburg, first Emperor of the house of Austria was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1273. “It is related,” says Voltaire, *Annales de L’Empire*, I. 306, “that, as the imperial sword, which they pretended was that of Charlemagne, could not be found, several lords made this defect in the formalities a pretext for not taking the oath of alle-

To heal the wounds that Italy have slain,
So that through others slowly she revives.

The other, who in look doth comfort him,
Governed the region where the water springs,
The Moldau bears the Elbe, and Elbe the sea.

His name was Ottocar; and in swaddling-clothes ⁷⁴
Far better he than bearded Wincelous ⁷⁵
His son, who feeds in luxury and ease.

And the small-nosed, who close in council seems ⁷⁶
With him that has an aspect so benign, ⁷⁷
Died fleeing and disflowering the lily;

Look there, how he is beating at his breast!
Behold the other one, who for his cheek
Sighing has made of his own palm a bed;

giance. He seized a crucifix; *This is my sceptre*, he said, and all paid homage to him. This single act of firmness made him respected, and the rest of his conduct showed him to be worthy of the Empire."

He would not go to Rome to be crowned, and took so little interest in Italian affairs, that Italy became almost independent of the Empire, which seems greatly to disturb the mind of Dante. He died in 1291.

⁷⁴Ottocar the Second, king of Bohemia, who is said to have refused the imperial crown. He likewise refused to pay homage to Rudolph, whom he used to call his maître d'hôtel declaring he had paid his wages and owed him nothing. Whereupon Rudolph attacked and subdued him. According to Voltaire, *Annales de l'Empire*, I. 306, "he consented to pay homage to the Emperor as his liege-lord, in the island of Kamberg in the middle of the Danube, under a tent whose curtains should be closed to spare him public mortification. Ottocar presented himself covered with gold and jewels; Rudolph, by way of superior pomp, received him in his simplest dress; and in the middle of the ceremony the curtains of the tent fell, and revealed to the eyes of the people and of the armies, that lined the Danube, the proud Ottocar on his knees, with his hands clasped in the hands of his conqueror, whom he had often called his maître d'hôtel and whose Grand-Seneschal he now became. This story is accredited, and it is of little importance whether it be true or not." But the wife was not quiet under this humiliation, and excited him to revolt against Rudolph. He was again overcome, and killed in battle in 1278.

⁷⁵This Wincelous, says the *Ottimo*, was "most beautiful among all men; but was not a man of arms; he was a meek and humble ecclesiastic, and did not live long." Why Dante accuses him of living in luxury and ease does not appear.

⁷⁶Philip the Third of France, surnamed the Bold (1270-1285). Having invaded Catalonia, in a war with Peter the Third of Aragon, both by land and sea, he was driven back, and died at Perpignan during the retreat.

⁷⁷He with the benign aspect, who rests his cheek upon his hand, is Henry of Navarre, surnamed the Fat, and brother of "Good King Thibault," *Inferno* XXII. An old French chronicle quoted by Philaethes says, that, "though it is a general opinion that fat men are of a gentle and benign nature, nevertheless this one was very harsh."

Father and father-in-law of France's Pest ⁷⁸
 Are they, and know his vicious life and lewd,
 And hence proceeds the grief that so doth pierce them.

He who appears so stalwart, and chimes in, ⁷⁹
 Singing, with that one of the manly nose, ⁸⁰
 The cord of every valour wore begirt;

And if as King had after him remained
 The stripling who in rear of him is sitting; ⁸¹
 Well had the valour passed from vase to vase

Which cannot of the other heirs be said.
 Frederick and Jacomo possess the realms,
 But none the better heritage possesses.

Not oftentimes upriseth through the branches
 The probity of man; and this He wills
 Who gives it, so that we may ask of Him.

Eke to the large-nosed reach my words, no less ⁸²
 Than to the other, Pier, who with him sings;
 Whence Provence and Apulia grieve already ⁸³

The plant is as inferior to its seed,
 As more than Beatrice and Margaret ⁸⁴
 Costanza boasteth of her husband still. ⁸⁵

Behold the monarch of the simple life, ⁸⁶

⁷⁸Philip the Fourth of France, surnamed the Fair, son of Philip the Third, and son-in-law of Henry of Navarre (1285-1314).

⁷⁹Peter the Third of Aragon (1276-1285), the enemy of Charles of Anjou and competitor with him for the kingdom of Sicily. He is counted among the Troubadours, and when Philip the Bold invaded his kingdom, Peter launched a song against him, complaining that "flower de luce kept him sorrowing in his house", and calling on the Gascons for aid.

⁸⁰Charles of Anjou, king of Sicily and Naples (1265).

⁸¹Philip the Third of Aragon left four sons, Alfonso, James, Frederick, and Peter. Whether the stripling here spoken of is Alfonso or Peter does not appear.

⁸²It must be remembered that these two who are singing together in this Valley of Princes were deadly foes on earth; and one had challenged the other to determine their quarrel by single combat.

⁸³These kingdoms being badly governed by his son and successor, Charles the Second, called the Lame.

⁸⁴Daughters of Raymond Berenger the Fifth, Count of Provence ; the first married to St. Louis of France, and the second to his brother, Charles of Anjou.

⁸⁵Constance, daughter of Manfredi of Apulia, and wife of Peter the Third of Aragon.

⁸⁶Henry the Third (1216-1272).

Harry of England, sitting there alone;
He in his branches has a better issue.
He who the lowest on the ground among them
Sits looking upward, is the Marquis William,⁸⁷
For whose sake Alessandra and her war⁸⁸
Make Monferrat and Canavese weep.”

⁸⁷The Marquis of Monferrato, a Ghibelline, was taken prisoner by the people of Alessandria in Piedmont, in 1290, and, being shut up in a wooden cage, was exhibited to the public like a wild beast. This he endured for eighteen months, till death released him. A bloody war was the consequence between Alessandria and the Marquis's provinces of Monferrato and Canavese.

⁸⁸The city of Alessandria is in Piedmont, between the Tanaro and the Bormida, and not far from their junction. It was built by the Lombard League, to protect the country against the Emperor Frederick, and named in honour of Pope Alexander the Third, a protector of the Guelphs. It is said to have been built in a single year, and was called in derision, by the Ghibellines, Alessandria della Paglia (of the Straw); either from the straw used in the bricks, or more probably from the supposed insecurity of a city built in so short a space of time.

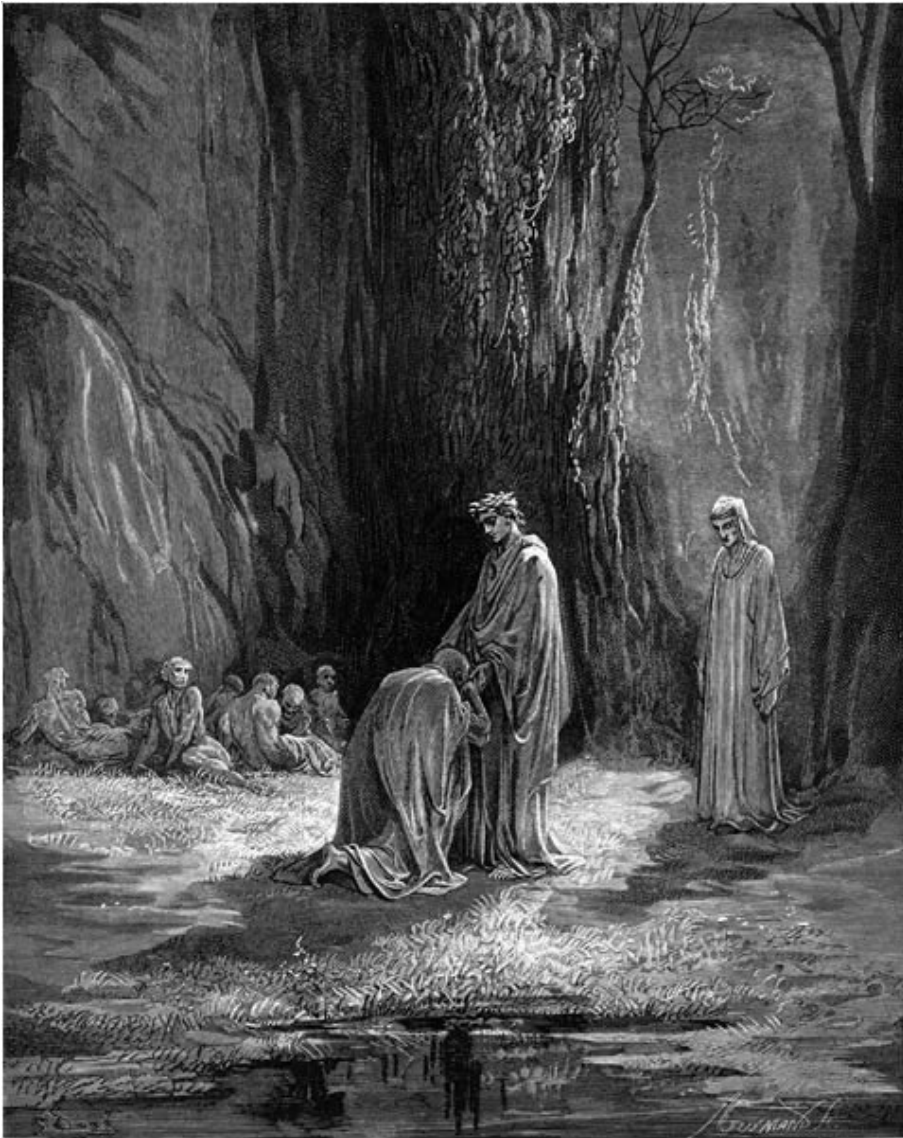


Figure 11: So he appeared; and then bowed down his brow...



Figure 12: There seated, singing, spirits I beheld...

Canto 8

'T WAS now the hour that turneth back desire
In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart,
The day they've said to their sweet friends farewell,
And the new pilgrim penetrates with love,⁸⁹
If he doth hear from far away a bell
That seemeth to deplore the dying day,
When I began to make of no avail
My hearing, and to watch one of the souls
Uprisen, that begged attention with its hand.
It joined and lifted upward both its palms,
Fixing its eyes upon the orient,
As if it said to God, "Naught else I care for."
"Te lucis ante" so devoutly issued
Forth from its mouth, and with such dulcet notes,
It made me issue forth from my own mind.
And then the others, sweetly and devoutly,
Accompanied it through all the hymn entire,
Having their eyes on the supernal wheels.
Here, Reader, fix thine eyes well on the truth,
For now indeed so subtile is the veil,
Surely to penetrate within is easy.
I saw that army of the gentle-born
Thereafterward in silence upward gaze,
As if in expectation, pale and humble;
And from on high come forth and down descend,
I saw two Angels with two flaming swords,
Truncated and deprived of their points.

⁸⁹The word "pilgrim" is here used by Dante in a general sense, meaning any traveller.

Green as the little leaflets just now born
Their garments were, which, by their verdant pinions
Beaten and blown abroad, they trailed behind.

One just above us came to take his station,
And one descended to the opposite bank,
So that the people were contained between them.

Clearly in them discerned I the blond head;
But in their faces was the eye bewildered,
As faculty confounded by excess.

"From Mary's bosom both of them have come,"
Sordello said, "as guardians of the valley
Against the serpent, that will come anon."

Whereupon I, who knew not by what road,
Turned round about, and closely drew myself,
Utterly frozen, to the faithful shoulders.

And once again Sordello: "Now descend we
'Mid the grand shades, and we will speak to them;
Right pleasant will it be for them to see you."

Only three steps I think that I descended,
And was below, and saw one who was looking
Only at me, as if he fain would know me.

Already now the air was growing dark,
But not so that between his eyes and mine
It did not show what it before locked up.

Tow'rds me he moved, and I tow'rds him did move;
Noble Judge Nino! how it me delighted,⁹⁰
When I beheld thee not among the damned!

No greeting fair was left unsaid between us;
Then asked he: "How long is it since thou camest
O'er the far waters to the mountain's foot?"

"Oh!" said I to him, "through the dismal places
I came this morn; and am in the first life,
Albeit the other, going thus, I gain."

⁹⁰Nino de' Visconti of Pisa, nephew of Count Ugolino, and Judge of Gallura in Sardinia. Dante had known him at the siege of Caprona, in 1290, where he saw the frightened garrison march out under safeguard. *Inferno* XXI. It was this "gentle Judge," who hanged Friar Gomita for peculation. *Inferno* XXII.

And on the instant my reply was heard,
He and Sordello both shrank back from me,
Like people who are suddenly bewildered.

One to Virgilius, and the other turned
To one who sat there, crying, "Up, Currado!
Come and behold what God in grace has willed!"

Then, turned to me: "By that especial grace
Thou owest unto Him, who so conceals
His own first wherefore, that it has no ford,
When thou shalt be beyond the waters wide,
Tell my Giovanna that she pray for me,⁹¹
Where answer to the innocent is made.

I do not think her mother loves me more,
Since she has laid aside her wimple white,
Which she, unhappy, needs must wish again.⁹²

Through her full easily is comprehended
How long in woman lasts the fire of love,
If eye or touch do not relight it often.

So fair a hatchment will not make for her
The Viper marshalling the Milanese⁹³
A-field, as would have made Gallura's Cock."⁹⁴

In this wise spake he, with the stamp impressed
Upon his aspect of that righteous zeal
Which measurably burneth in the heart.

My greedy eyes still wandered up to heaven,
Still to that point where slowest are the stars
Even as a wheel the nearest to its axle.

And my Conductor: "Son, what dost thou gaze at

⁹¹His daughter... still young and innocent.

⁹²His widow married Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan, "and much discomfort did this woman suffer with her husband," says the *Ottimo*, "so that many a time she wished herself a widow."

⁹³The Visconti of Milan had for their coat of arms a viper; and being on the banner, it led the Milanese to battle.

⁹⁴The arms of Gallura. "According to Fara, a writer of the sixteenth century," says Valery, *Voyage en Corse et en Sardaigne*, II. 37, "the elegant but somewhat chimerical historian of Sardinia, Gallura is a Gallic colony; its arms are a cock; and one might find some analogy between the natural vivacity of its inhabitants and that of the French." Nino thinks it would look better on a tombstone than a viper.

Up there?" And I to him: "At those three torches ⁹⁵
With which this hither pole is all on fire."

And he to me: "The four resplendent stars
Thou sawest this morning are down yonder low,
And these have mounted up to where those were."

As he was speaking, to himself Sordello
Drew him, and said, "Lo there our Adversary
And pointed with his finger to look thither.

Upon the side on which the little valley
No barrier hath, a serpent was; perchance
The same which gave to Eve the bitter food.

'Twixt grass and flowers came on the evil streak,
Turning at times its head about, and licking
Its back like to a beast that smoothes itself

I did not see, and therefore cannot say
How the celestial falcons 'gan to move,
But well I saw that they were both in motion.

Hearing the air cleft by their verdant wings,
The serpent fled, and round the Angels wheeled,
Up to their stations flying back alike.

The shade that to the Judge had near approached
When he had called, throughout that whole assault
Had not a moment loosed its gaze on me.

"So may the light that leadeth thee on high
Find in thine own free-will as much of wax
As needful is up to the highest azure," ⁹⁶

Began it, "if some true intelligence
Of Valdimagra or its neighbourhood ⁹⁷
Thou knowest, tell it me, who once was great there.

⁹⁵These three stars are the *Alphae* of Euridanus, of the Ship, and of the Golden Fish; allegorically, if any allegory be wanted, the three Theological Virtues, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*. The four morning stars, the Cardinal Virtues of active life, are already set; these announce the evening and the life contemplative.

⁹⁶In the original *al sommo smalto* – to the highest enamel; referring either to the Terrestrial Paradise, enamelled with flowers, or to the highest heaven enamelled with stars. The azure-stone, *pietre d'azur*, or *lapis lazuli*, is perhaps a fair equivalent for the *smalto*, particularly if the reference be to the sky.

⁹⁷The valley in Lunigiana, through which runs the Magra, dividing the Genoese and Tuscan territories.

Currado Malaspina was I called;⁹⁸
I'm not the elder, but from him descended;
To mine I bore the love which here refineth."
"O," said I unto him, "through your domains
I never passed, but where is there a dwelling
Throughout all Europe, where they are not known?
That fame, which doeth honour to your house,
Proclaims its Signors and proclaims its land,
So that he knows of them who ne'er was there.
And, as I hope for heaven, I swear to you
Your honoured family in naught abates
The glory of the purse and of the sword.
It is so privileged by use and nature,
That though a guilty head misguide the world,⁹⁹
Sole it goes right, and scorns the evil way."
And he: "Now go; for the sun shall not lie
Seven times upon the pillow which the Ram¹⁰⁰
With all his four feet covers and bestrides,
Before that such a courteous opinion
Shall in the middle of thy head be nailed
With greater nails than of another's speech,
Unless the course of justice standeth still."¹⁰¹

⁹⁸Currado or Conrad Malaspina, father of Marcello Malaspina, who six years later sheltered Dante in his exile. It was from the convent of the Corvo, overlooking the Gulf of Spezia, in Lunigiana, that Frate Ilario wrote the letter describing Dante's appearance in the cloister.

⁹⁹Pope Boniface the Eighth.

¹⁰⁰Before the sun shall be seven times in Aries, or before seven years are passed.

¹⁰¹With this canto ends the first day in Purgatory, as indicated by the description of evening at the beginning, and the rising of the stars in line 89. With it closes also the first subdivision of this part of the poem, indicated, as the reader will not fail to notice, by the elaborate introduction of the next canto.



Figure 13: Hearing the air cleft by their verdant wings, the serpent fled...

Canto 9

THE concubine of old Tithonus now ¹⁰²
Gleamed white upon the eastern balcony,
Forth from the arms of her sweet paramour;
With gems her forehead all relucent was,
Set in the shape of that cold animal ¹⁰³
Which with its tail doth smite amain the nations,
And of the steps, with which she mounts, the Night
Had taken two in that place where we were, ¹⁰⁴
And now the third was bending down its wings;
When I, who something had of Adam in me, ¹⁰⁵
Vanquished by sleep, upon the grass reclined,
There were all five of us already sat.
Just at the hour when her sad lay begins
The little swallow, near unto the morning,
Perchance in memory of her former woes,
And when the mind of man, a wanderer
More from the flesh, and less by thought imprisoned,
Almost prophetic in its visions is,
In dreams it seemed to me I saw suspended

¹⁰²“Dante begins this canto,” says Benvenuto da Imola, “by saying a thing that was never said or imagined by any other poet, which is, that the aurora of the moon is the concubine of Tithonus. Some maintain that he means the aurora of the sun; but this cannot be, if we closely examine the text.” This point is elaborately discussed by the commentators. I agree with those who interpret the passage as referring to a lunar aurora. It is still evening; and the hour is indicated a few lines lower down.

¹⁰³As the sun was in Aries, and it was now the fourth day after the full moon, the Scorpion would be rising in the dawn which precedes the moon.

¹⁰⁴This indicates the time to be two hours and a half after sunset, or half past eight o’clock. Two hours of the ascending night are passed, and the third is half over. This circumstantial way of measuring the flight of time is Homeric.

¹⁰⁵Namely, his body.

An eagle in the sky, with plumes of gold,
 With wings wide open, and intent to stoop,
 And this, it seemed to me, was where had been ¹⁰⁶
 By Ganymede his kith and kin abandoned,
 When to the high consistory he was rapt.

I thought within myself, perchance he strikes
 From habit only here, and from elsewhere
 Disdains to bear up any in his feet.

Then wheeling somewhat more, it seemed to me,
 Terrible as the lightning he descended,
 And snatched me upward even to the fire. ¹⁰⁷

Therein it seemed that he and I were burning,
 And the imagined fire did scorch me so,
 That of necessity my sleep was broken.

Not otherwise Achilles started up,
 Around him turning his awakened eyes,
 And knowing not the place in which he was,
 What time from Chiron stealthily his mother ¹⁰⁸
 Carried him sleeping in her arms to Scyros,
 Wherefrom the Greeks withdrew him afterwards,

Than I upstarted, when from off my face
 Sleep fled away; and pallid I became,
 As doth the man who freezes with affright.

Only my Comforter was at my side,
 And now the sun was more than two hours high,
 And turned towards the sea-shore was my face.

“Be not intimidated,” said my Lord,
 “Be reassured, for all is well with us;
 Do not restrain, but put forth all thy strength.

Thou hast at length arrived at Purgatory;

¹⁰⁶Mount Ida.

¹⁰⁷To the region of fire. Brunetto Latini, *Tresor*, Ch. CXIII., says “After the environment of the air is seated the fourth element: this is an orb of fire, which extends to the moon and surrounds this atmosphere in which we are. And know that above the fire is in the first place the moon, and the other stars, which are all of the nature of fire.”

¹⁰⁸To prevent Achilles from going to the siege of Troy, his mother Thetis took him from Chiron, the Centaur, and conceded him in female attire in the court of Lycomedes, king of Scyros.

See there the cliff that closes it around;
See there the entrance, where it seems disjoined.

Whilom at dawn, which doth precede the day,
When inwardly thy spirit was asleep
Upon the flowers that deck the land below,

There came a Lady and said: 'I am Lucía;¹⁰⁹
Let me take this one up, who is asleep;
So will I make his journey easier for him.'

Sordello and the other noble shapes¹¹⁰
Remained; she took thee, and, as day grew bright,
Upward she came, and I upon her footsteps.

She laid thee here; and first her beauteous eyes
That open entrance pointed out to me;
Then she and sleep together went away."

In guise of one whose doubts are reassured,
And who to confidence his fear doth change,
After the truth has been discovered to him,

So did I change; and when without disquiet
My Leader saw me, up along the cliff
He moved, and I behind him, tow'rd the height.

Reader, thou seest well how I exalt
My theme, and therefore if with greater art
I fortify it, marvel not thereat.

Nearer approached we, and were in such place,
That there, where first appeared to me a rift
Like to a crevice that disparts a wall,

I saw a portal, and three stairs beneath,
Diverse in colour, to go up to it,
And a gate-keeper, who yet spake no word.

And as I opened more and more mine eyes,
I saw him seated on the highest stair,
Such in the face that I endured it not.

And in his hand he had a naked sword,
Which so reflected back the sunbeams tow'rd us,
That oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes.

¹⁰⁹Lucía, the Enlightening Grace of heaven. *Inferno* II.

¹¹⁰Nino and Conrad.

"Tell it from where you are, what is't you wish?"
 Began he to exclaim; "where is the escort?
 Take heed your coming hither harm you not!"
 "A Lady of Heaven, with these things conversant,"
 My Master answered him, "but even now
 Said to us, 'Thither go; there is the portal.'"
 "And may she speed your footsteps in all good,"
 Again began the courteous janitor;
 "Come forward then unto these stairs of ours."
 Thither did we approach; and the first stair ¹¹¹
 Was marble white, so polished and so smooth,
 I mirrored myself therein as I appear.
 The second, tinct of deeper hue than perse, ¹¹²
 Was of a calcined and uneven stone,
 Cracked all asunder lengthwise and across.
 The third, that uppermost rests massively,
 Porphyry seemed to me, as flaming red
 As blood that from a vein is spirting forth.
 Both of his feet was holding upon this
 The Angel of God, upon the threshold seated,
 Which seemed to me a stone of diamond.
 Along the three stairs upward with good will
 Did my Conductor draw me, saying: "Ask
 Humbly that he the fastening may undo."
 Devoutly at the holy feet I cast me,
 For mercy's sake besought that he would open,
 But first upon my breast three times I smote.
 Seven P's upon my forehead he described
 With the sword's point, and, "Take heed that thou wash
 These wounds, when thou shalt be within," he said.
 Ashes, or earth that dry is excavated,
 Of the same colour were with his attire,
 And from beneath it he drew forth two keys.
 One was of gold, and the other was of silver; ¹¹³

¹¹¹The first stair is Confession; the second, Contrition; and the third, Penance.

¹¹²Purple and black. See note in *Inferno* V.

¹¹³The golden key is the authority of the confessor; the silver, his knowledge.

First with the white, and after with the yellow,
Plied he the door, so that I was content.

“Whenever faileth either of these keys
So that it turn not rightly in the lock,”
He said to us, “this entrance doth not open.

More precious one is, but the other needs
More art and intellect ere it unlock,
For it is that which doth the knot unloose.

From Peter I have them; and he bade me err
Rather in opening than in keeping shut,
If people but fall down before my feet.”

Then pushed the portals Of the sacred door,
Eclaiming: “Enter; but I give you warning
That forth returns whoever looks behind.”

And when upon their hinges were turned round
The swivels of that consecrated gate,
Which are of metal, massive and sonorous,
Roared not so loud, nor so discordant seemed
Tarpeia, when was ta'en from it the good
Metellus, wherefore meagre it remained.¹¹⁴

At the first thunder-peal I turned attentive,
And “*Te Deum laudamus*” seemed to hear¹¹⁵
In voices mingled with sweet melody.

Exactly such an image rendered me
That which I heard, as we are wont to catch,
When people singing with the organ stand;
For now we hear, and now hear not, the words.

¹¹⁴When Caesar robbed the Roman treasury on the Tarpejan hill, the tribune Metellus strove to defend it; but Caesar, drawing his sword, said to him, “It is easier to do this than to say it.”

¹¹⁵The hymn of St. Ambrose, universally known in the churches as the *Te Deum*.



Figure 15: And snatched me upward even to the fire.

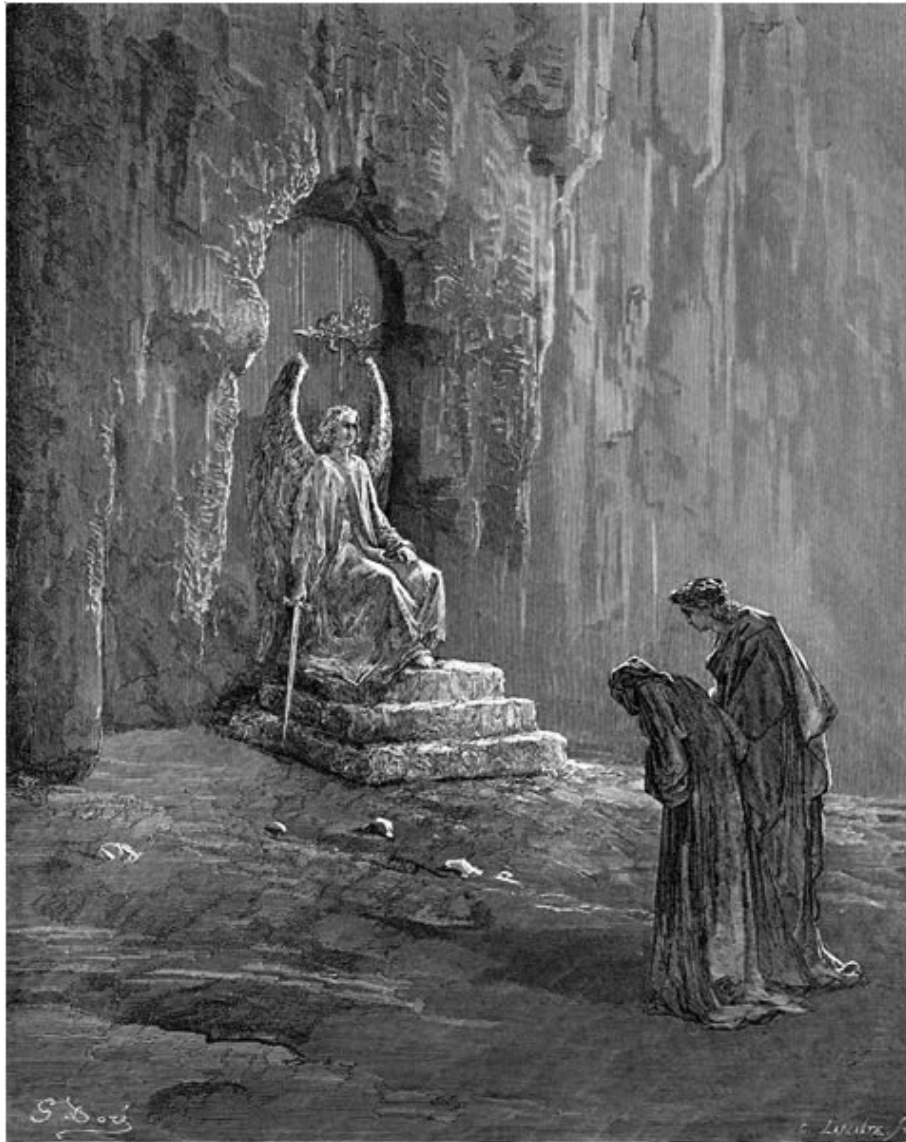


Figure 16: I saw a portal, and three stairs beneath...

Canto 10

WHEN we had crossed the threshold of the door ¹¹⁶
Which the perverted love of souls disuses,
Because it makes the crooked way seem straight,
Re-echoing I heard it closed again;
And if I had turned back mine eyes upon it,
What for my failing had been fit excuse?
We mounted upward through a rifted rock,
Which undulated to this side and that,
Even as a wave receding and advancing.
“Here it behoves us use a little art,”
Began my Leader, “to adapt ourselves
Now here, now there, to the receding side.”
And this our footsteps so infrequent made,
That sooner had the moon’s decreasing disk ¹¹⁷
Regained its bed to sink again to rest,
Than we were forth from out that needle’s eye;
But when we free and in the open were
There where the mountain backward piles itself,
I wearied out, and both of us uncertain
About our way, we stopped upon a plain
More desolate than roads across the deserts.
From where its margin borders on the void,
To foot of the high bank that ever rises,

¹¹⁶In this canto is described the First Circle of Purgatory, where the sin Pride is punished.

¹¹⁷It being now Easter Monday, and the fourth day after the full moon, the hour here indicated would be four hours after sunrise. And as the sun was more than two hours high when Dante found himself at the gate of Purgatory (Canto IX.), he was an hour and a half in this needle’s eye.

A human body three times told would measure;
 And far as eye of mine could wing its flight,
 Now on the left, and on the right flank now,
 The same this cornice did appear to me.
 Thereon our feet had not been moved as yet,
 When I perceived the embankment round about,
 Which all right of ascent had interdicted,¹¹⁸
 To be of marble white, and so adorned
 With sculptures, that not only Polycletus,¹¹⁹
 But Nature's self, had there been put to shame.
 The Angel, who came down to earth with tidings
 Of peace, that had been wept for many a year,
 And opened Heaven from its long interdict,
 In front of us appeared so truthfully
 There sculptured in a gracious attitude,
 He did not seem an image that is silent.
 One would have sworn that he was saying, "*Ave*";¹²⁰
 For she was there in effigy portrayed
 Who turned the key to ope the exalted love,
 And in her mien this language had impressed,
 "*Ecce ancilla Dei*," as distinctly¹²¹
 As any figure stamps itself in wax.
 Keep not thy mind upon one place alone,"
 The gentle Master said, who had me standing
 Upon that side where people have their hearts;
 Whereat I moved mine eyes, and I beheld
 In rear of Mary, and upon that side
 Where he was standing who conducted me,
 Another story on the rock imposed;
 Wherefore I passed Virgilius and drew near,

¹¹⁸Which was so steep as to allow of no ascent; *dritto di salita* being used in the sense of right of way.

¹¹⁹Polycletus, the celebrated Grecian sculptor, among whose works one, representing the body-guard of the king of Persia, acquired such fame for excellence as to be called "the Rule."

¹²⁰*Luke I. 28:* "And the angel came in unto her and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee."

¹²¹*Luke I. 38:* "And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

So that before mine eyes it might be set.

There sculptured in the self-same marble were
The cart and oxen, drawing the holy ark,
Wherefore one dreads an office not appointed.¹²²

People appeared in front, and all of them
In seven choirs divided, of two senses
Made one say "No," the other, "Yes, they sing."

Likewise unto the smoke of the frankincense,
Which there was imaged forth, the eyes and nose
Were in the yes and no discordant made.

Preceded there the vessel benedight,
Dancing with girded loins, the humble Psalmist,¹²³
And more and less than King was he in this.

Opposite, represented at the window
Of a great palace, Michal looked upon him,¹²⁴
Even as a woman scornful and afflicted.

I moved my feet from where I had been standing,
To examine near at hand another story
Which after Michal glimmered white upon me.

There the high glory of the Roman Prince¹²⁵
Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
Moved Gregory to his great victory;¹²⁶

'Tis of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking;
And a poor widow at his bridle stood,
In attitude of weeping and of grief.

¹²²2 *Samuel* VI. 6, 7: "And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God."

¹²³2 *Samuel* VI. 14: "And David glanced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod."

¹²⁴2 *Samuel* VI. 16: "And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window and saw King David leaping and daing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart."

¹²⁵This story of Trajan is told in nearly the same words, though in prose, in the *Fiore di Filosofi*, a work attributed to Brunetto Latini. See Nannucci, *Manuale della Letteratura del Primo Secolo*, III. 291. It may be found also in the *Legenda Aurea*, in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, Nov. 67, and in the *Life of St. Gregory*, by Paulus Diaconus.

¹²⁶Gregory's "great victory" was saving the soul of Trajan by prayer.

Around about him seemed it thronged and full
Of cavaliers, and the eagles in the gold
Above them visibly in the wind were moving.

The wretched woman in the midst of these
Seemed to be saying: "Give me vengeance, Lord,
For my dead son, for whom my heart is breaking"

And he to answer her: "Now wait until
I shall return." And she: "My Lord," like one
In whom grief is impatient, "shouldst thou not

Return?" And he: "Who shall be where I am
Will give it thee." And she: "Good deed of others
What boots it thee, if thou neglect thine own?"

Whence he: "Now comfort thee, for it behoves me
That I discharge my duty ere I move;
Justice so wills, and pity doth retain me."

He who on no new thing has ever looked
Was the creator of this visible language,
Novel to us, for here it is not found.

While I delighted me in contemplating
The images of such humility,
And dear to look on for their Maker's sake,
"Behold, upon this side, but rare they make
Their steps," the Poet murmured, "many people,
These will direct us to the lofty stairs."

Mine eyes, that in beholding were intent
To see new things, of which they curious are,
In turning round towards him were not slow.

But still I wish not, Reader, thou shouldst swerve
From thy good purposes, because thou hearest
How God ordaineth that the debt be paid;

Attend not to the fashion of the torment,
Think of what follows; think that at the worst
It cannot reach beyond the mighty sentence.

"Master," began I, "that which I behold
Moving towards us seems to me not persons,
And what I know not, so in sight I waver."

And he to me: "The grievous quality

Of this their torment bows them so to earth,
That my own eyes at first contended with it;
But look there fixedly, and disentangle
By sight what cometh underneath those stones;
Already canst thou see how each is stricken.”
O ye proud Christians! wretched, weary ones!
Who, in the vision of the mind infirm
Confidence have in your backsliding steps,
Do ye not comprehend that we are worms,
Born to bring forth the angelic butterfly
That flieth unto judgment without screen?
Why floats aloft your spirit high in air?
Like are ye unto insects undeveloped
Even as the worm in whom formation fails!
As to sustain a ceiling or a roof,
In place of corbel, oftentimes a figure
Is seen to join its knees unto its breast,
Which makes of the unreal real anguish
Arise in him who sees it, fashioned thus
Beheld I those, when I had ta'en good heed.
True is it, they were more or less bent down,
According as they more or less were laden;
And he who had most patience in his looks
Weeping did seem to say, “I can no more!”



Figure 17: To be of marble white, and so adorned with sculptures...

Canto 11

“OUR Father, thou who dwellest in the heavens,
Not circumscribed, but from the greater love
Thou bearest to the first effects on high,¹²⁷

Praised be thy name and thine omnipotence
By every creature, as befitting is
To render thanks to thy sweet effluence.

Come unto us the peace of thy dominion,
For unto it we cannot of ourselves,
If it come not, with all our intellect.

Even as thine own Angels of their will
Make sacrifice to thee, Hosanna singing,
So may all men make sacrifice of theirs.

Give unto us this day our daily manna,
Withouten which in this rough wilderness
Backward goes he who toils most to advance.

And even as we the trespass we have suffered
Pardon in one another, pardon thou
Benignly, and regard not our desert.

Our virtue, which is easily o’ercome,
Put not to proof with the old Adversary,
But thou from him who spurs it so, deliver.

This last petition verily, dear Lord,
Not for ourselves is made, who need it not,
But for their sake who have remained behind us.”

Thus for themselves and us good furtherance
Those shades imploring, went beneath a weight
Like unto that of which we sometimes dream,

¹²⁷The angels, the first creation or effects of the divine power.

Unequally in anguish round and round
 And weary all, upon that foremost cornice,
 Purging away the smoke-stains of the world

If there good words are always said for us,
 What may not here be said and done for them,
 By those who have a good root to their will?

Well may we help them wash away the marks
 That hence they carried, so that clean and light
 They may ascend unto the starry wheels!

“Ah! so may pity and justice you disburden
 Soon, that ye may have power to move the wing,
 That shall uplift you after your desire,

Show us on which hand tow’rd the stairs the way
 Is shortest, and if more than one the passes,
 Point us out that which least abruptly falls;

For he who cometh with me, through the burden
 Of Adam’s flesh wherewith he is invested,
 Against his will is chary of his climbing.”

The words of theirs which they returned to those
 That he whom I was following had spoken,
 It was not manifest from whom they came,

But it was said: “To the right hand come with us
 Along the bank, and ye shall find a pass
 Possible for living person to ascend.

And were I not impeded by the stone,
 Which this proud neck of mine doth subjugate,
 Whence I am forced to hold my visage down,

Him, who still lives and does not name himself,
 Would I regard, to see if I may know him
 And make him piteous unto this burden.

A Latian was I, and born of a great Tuscan;¹²⁸
 Guglielmo Aldobrandeschi was my father;

¹²⁸Or Italian. The speaker is Umberto Aldobrandeschi, Count of Santafigiore, in the Maremma of Siena. “The Counts of Santafigiore were, and are, and almost always will be at war with the Sienese,” says the *Ottimo*. In one of these wars Umberto was slain, at the village of Campagnatico. “The author means,” continues the same commentator, “that he who cannot carry his head high should bow it down like a bulrush.”

I know not if his name were ever with you.
The ancient blood and deeds of gallantry
Of my progenitors so arrogant made me
That, thinking not upon the common mother,
All men I held in scorn to such extent
I died therefor, as know the Sienese,
And every child in Campagnatico.
I am Omberto; and not to me alone
Has pride done harm, but all my kith and kin
Has with it dragged into adversity.
And here must I this burden bear for it
Till God be satisfied, since I did not
Among the living, here among the dead."
Listening I downward bent my countenance;
And one of them, not this one who was speaking,
Twisted himself beneath the weight that cramps him,
And looked at me, and knew me, and called out,
Keeping his eyes laboriously fixed
On me, who all bowed down was going with them.
"O," asked I him, "art thou not Oderisi,
Agobbio's honour, and honour of that art
Which is in Paris called illuminating?"¹²⁹
"Brother," said he, "more laughing are the leaves
Touched by the brush of Franco Bolognese;¹³⁰
All his the honour now, and mine in part.
In sooth I had not been so courteous
While I was living, for the great desire
Of excellence, on which my heart was bent.
Here of such pride is paid the forfeiture;
And yet I should not be here, were it not
That, having power to sin, I turned to God.
O thou vain glory of the human powers,
How little green upon thy summit lingers,

¹²⁹The art of illuminating manuscripts, which was called in Paris *alluminare*, was in Italy called *miniare*. Hence Oderigi is called by Vasari a *miniature*, or miniature-painter.

¹³⁰Franco Bolognese was a pupil of Oderigi, who perhaps alludes to this fact in claiming a part of the honour paid to the younger artist.

If 't be not followed by an age of grossness!
 In painting Cimabue thought that he
 Should hold the field, now Giotto has the cry,
 So that the other's fame is growing dim.
 So has one Guido from the other taken ¹³¹
 The glory of our tongue, and he perchance
 Is born, who from the nest shall chase them both. ¹³²
 Naught is this mundane rumour but a breath
 Of wind, that comes now this way and now that,
 And changes name, because it changes side.
 What fame shalt thou have more, if old peel off
 From thee thy flesh, than if thou hadst been dead
 Before thou left the *pappo* and the *dindi*, ¹³³
 Ere pass a thousand years? which is a shorter
 Space to the eterne, than twinkling of an eye
 Unto the circle that in heaven wheels slowest. ¹³⁴
 With him, who takes so little of the road ¹³⁵
 In front of me, all Tuscany resounded;
 And now he scarce is lisped of in Siena,
 Where he was lord, what time was overthrown ¹³⁶
 The Florentine delirium, that superb
 Was at that day as now 'tis prostitute.
 Your reputation is the colour of grass
 Which comes and goes, and that discolours it
 By which it issues green from out the earth."
 And I: "Thy true speech fills my heart with good
 Humility, and great tumour thou assuagest;
 But who is he, of whom just now thou spakest?"

¹³¹Probably Dante's friend, Guido Cavalcanti, *Inferno* X.; and Guido Guinicelli, *Purgatorio* XXVI.

¹³²Some commentators suppose that Dante here refers to himself. He more probably is speaking only in general terms, without particular reference to any one.

¹³³The babble of childhood; *pappa* for pane, bread, and *dindi* for danari, money. Halliwell, *Dic. of Arch. and Prov. Words*: "DINDERS, small coins of the Lower Empire, found at Wroxeter."

¹³⁴The revolution of the fixed stars, according to the Ptolemaic theory, which was also Dante's, was thirty-six thousand years.

¹³⁵"Who goes so slowly," interprets the *Ottimo*.

¹³⁶At the battle of Monte Aperto. See note in *Inferno* X.

“That,” he replied, “is Provenzan Salvani,¹³⁷
And he is here because he had presumed
To bring Siena all into his hands.

He has gone thus, and goeth without rest
E'er since he died; such money renders back
In payment he who is on earth too daring.”

And I: “If every spirit who awaits
The verge of life before that he repent,
Remains below there and ascends not hither,

Unless good orison shall him bestead,
Until as much time as he lived be passed,
How was the coming granted him in largess?”

“When he in greatest splendour lived,” said he,
“Freely upon the Campo of Siena,
All shame being laid aside, he placed himself;

And there to draw his friend from the duress
Which in the prison-house of Charles he suffered,
He brought himself to tremble in each vein.

I say no more, and know that I speak darkly;
Yet little time shall pass before thy neighbours
Will so demean themselves that thou canst gloss it.¹³⁸

This action has released him from those confines.”

¹³⁷A haughty and ambitious nobleman of Siena, who led the Siennese troops at the battle of Monte Aperto. Afterwards, when the Siennese were routed by the Florentines at the battle of Colle in the Val d' Eisa, (see note in *Purgatorio* XIII.) he was taken prisoner “and his head was cut off,” says Villani, VII. 31, “and carried through all the camp fixed upon a lance. And well was fulfilled the prophecy and revelation which the devil had made to him, by means of necromancy, but which he did not understand; for the devil, being constrained to tell how he would succeed in that battle, mendaciously answered, and said: ‘Thou shalt go forth and fight, thou shalt conquer not die in the battle, and thy head shall be highest in the camp.’ And he, believing from these words that he should be victorious, and believing that he should be lord over all did not put a stop after ‘not’ (*vincerai no, morrai* – thou shalt conquer not, thou shalt die). And therefore it is great folly to put faith in the devil’s advice. This Messer Provenzano was a great man in Siena after his victory at Monte Aperto, and led the whole city, and all the Ghibelline party of Tuscany made him their chief, and he was very presumptuous in his will.” The humility which saved him was his seating himself at a little table in the public square of Siena, called the Campo, and begging money of all passers to pay the ransom of a friend who had been taken prisoner by Charles of Anjou, as here narrated by Dante.

¹³⁸A prophecy of Dante’s banishment and poverty and humiliation.



Figure 18: Those shades imploring, went beneath a weight...

Canto 12

ABREAST, like oxen going in a yoke,¹³⁹
I with that heavy-laden soul went on,
As long as the sweet pedagogue permitted;¹⁴⁰
But when he said, "Leave him, and onward pass,
For here 'tis good that with the sail and oars,
As much as may be, each push on his barque;"
Upright, as walking wills it, I redressed
My person, notwithstanding that my thoughts
Remained within me downcast and abashed.
I had moved on, and followed willingly
The footsteps of my Master, and we both
Already showed how light of foot we were,
When unto me he said: "Cast down thine eyes;
'Twere well for thee, to alleviate the way,
To look upon the bed beneath thy feet."
As, that some memory may exist of them
Above the buried dead their tombs in earth¹⁴¹
Bear sculptured on them what they were before;
Whence often there we weep for them afresh,
From pricking of remembrance, which alone
To the compassionate doth set its spur;
So saw I there, but of a better semblance

¹³⁹In the first part of this canto the same subject is continued, with examples of pride humbled, sculptured on the pavement, upon which the proud are doomed to gaze as they go with their heads bent down beneath their heavy burdens, – "So that they may behold their evil ways."

¹⁴⁰In Italy a pedagogue is not only a teacher, but literally a leader of children, and goes from house to house collecting his little flock, which he brings home again after school.

¹⁴¹Tombs under the pavement in the aisles of churches, in contradistinction to those built aloft against the walls.

In point of artifice, with figures covered
Whate'er as pathway from the mount projects.

I saw that one who was created noble ¹⁴²
More than all other creatures, down from heaven
Flaming with lightnings fall upon one side. ¹⁴³

I saw Briareus smitten by the dart ¹⁴⁴
Celestial, lying on the other side,
Heavy upon the earth by mortal frost.

I saw Thymbraeus, Pallas saw, and Mars, ¹⁴⁵
Still clad in armour round about their father,
Gaze at the scattered members of the giants.

I saw, at foot of his great labour, Nimrod, ¹⁴⁶
As if bewildered, looking at the people
Who had been proud with him in Sennaar. ¹⁴⁷

O Niobe! with what afflicted eyes
Thee I beheld upon the pathway traced
Between thy seven and seven children slain! ¹⁴⁸

O Saul! how fallen upon thy proper sword ¹⁴⁹

¹⁴²The reader will not fail to mark the artistic structure of the passage from this to the sixty-third line. First there four stanzas beginning, "I saw;" then four beginning, "O;" then four beginning, "Displayed;" and then a stanza which resumes and unites them all.

¹⁴³*Luke X. 18*: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

¹⁴⁴*Iliad*, I. 403: "Him of hundred hands, whom the gods call Briareus. and all men Aegaeon." See note in *Inferno XXI*.

He was struck by the thunderbolt of Jove, or by a shaft of Apollo, at the battle of Flegra. "Ugly medley of sacred and profane, of revealed truth and fiction!" exclaims Venturi.

¹⁴⁵Thymbraeus, a surname of Apollo, from his temple in Thymbra.

¹⁴⁶Nimrod, who "began to be a mighty one in the earth," and his "tower whose top may reach unto heaven." See also note in *Inferno XXXI*.

¹⁴⁷Lombardi proposes in this line "together" instead of "proud"; which Biagioli thinks is "changing beautiful diamond for a bit of lead; a stupid is he who accepts the change."

¹⁴⁸Homer, *Iliad*, XXIV. 604 makes them but twelve. "Twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six blooming sons; these Apollo slew from his silver bow, enraged with Niobe; and those Diana, delighting in arrows, because she had deemed herself equal to the beautiful-checked Latona. She said that Latona had borne only two, but she herself had borne many; nevertheless those, though but two, exterminated all these." But Ovid, *Metamorph.*, VI., says: – "Seven are my daughters of a form divine, With seven fair sons, an indefective line."

¹⁴⁹*Samuel XXXI. 4, 5*: "Then said Saul unto his armour-bearer, Draw thy sword and thrust me through therewith, lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through and abuse me. But his armour-bearer would not, for he was sore afraid; therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it. And when his armour-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell,

Didst thou appear there lifeless in Gilboa,
 That felt thereafter neither rain nor dew! ¹⁵⁰
 O mad Arachne! so I thee beheld ¹⁵¹
 E'en then half spider, sad upon the shreds
 Of fabric wrought in evil hour for thee!
 O Rehoboam! no more seems to threaten ¹⁵²
 Thine image there; but full of consternation
 A chariot bears it off, when none pursues!
 Displayed moreo'er the adamantine pavement
 How unto his own mother made Alcmaeon ¹⁵³
 Costly appear the luckless ornament;
 Displayed how his own sons did throw themselves
 Upon Sennacherib within the temple, ¹⁵⁴
 And how, he being dead, they left him there;
 Displayed the ruin and the cruel carnage
 That Tomyris wrought, when she to Cyrus said, ¹⁵⁵
 "Blood didst thou thirst for, and with blood I glut thee!"

likewise upon his sword, and died with him."

¹⁵⁰2 *Samuel* I. 21: "Ye mountain of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you."

¹⁵¹ Arachne, daughter of Idmon the dyer of Colophon.

¹⁵²In the revolt of the Ten Tribes. *1 Kings* XII. 18: "Then King Rehoboam sent Adoram, who was over the tribute; and all Israel stoned him with stones, that he died; therefore King Rehoboam made speed to get him up to his chariot, to flee to Jerusalem."

¹⁵³Amphiaras, the soothsayer, foreseeing his own death if he went to the Theban war, concealed himself, to avoid going. His wife Eriphyle, bribed by a "golden necklace set with diamonds," betrayed to her brother Adrastus his hiding-place, and Amphiaras, departing, charged his son Alcmaeon to kill Eriphyle as soon as he heard of his death.

¹⁵⁴*Isaiah* XXXVII. 38: "And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the house of Nis-roch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword; and they escaped into the land of Armenia, and Esarhaddon, his son, reigned in his stead."

¹⁵⁵*Herodotus*, Book I. Ch. 214, Rawlinson's Tr.: "Tomyris, when she found that Cyrus paid no heed to her advice, collected all the forces of her kingdom, and gave him battle Of all the combats in which the barbarians have engaged among themselves, I reckon this to have been the fiercest..."

The greater part of the army of the Persians was destroyed, and Cyrus himself fell, after reigning nine and twenty years. Search was made among the slain, by order of the queen, for the body of Cyrus, and when it was found, she took skin, and filling it full of human blood, dipped the head of Cyrus in the gore, saying, as she thus insulted the corse, 'I live and have conquered thee in fight, and yet by thee am I ruined; for thou tookest my son with guile; but thus I make good my threat, and give thee thy fill of blood.' Of the many different accounts which are given of the death of Cyrus, this which I have followed appears to be the most worthy of credit."

Displayed how routed fled the Assyrians
 After that Holofernes had been slain,¹⁵⁶
 And likewise the remainder of that slaughter

I saw there Troy in ashes and in caverns;¹⁵⁷
 O Ilion! thee, how abject and debased,
 Displayed the image that is there discerned!

Whoe'er of pencil master was or stile,
 That could portray the shades and traits which there
 Would cause each subtle genius to admire?

Dead seemed the dead, the living seemed alive;
 Better than I saw not who saw the truth,
 All that I trod upon while bowed I went.

Now wax ye proud, and on with looks uplifted,
 Ye sons of Eve, and bow not down your faces
 So that ye may behold your evil ways!

More of the mount by us was now encompassed,
 And far more spent the circuit of the sun,
 Than had the mind preoccupied imagined,

When he, who ever watchful in advance
 Was going on, began: "Lift up thy head,
 'Tis no more time to go thus meditating

Lo there an Angel who is making haste
 To come towards us; lo, returning is
 From service of the day the sixth handmaiden,¹⁵⁸

With reverence thine acts and looks adorn,
 So that he may delight to speed us upward;
 Think that this day will never dawn again."

I was familiar with his admonition
 Ever to lose no time; so on this theme

¹⁵⁶After Judith had slain Holofernes. *Judith* XV. I: "And when they that were in the tents heard, they were astonished at the thing that was done. And fear and trembling fell upon them, so that there was no man that durst abide in the sight of his neighbour, but, rushing out altogether, they fled into every way of the plain and of the hill country... Now when the children of Israel heard it, they all fell upon them with one consent, and slew them unto Chobai."

¹⁵⁷This tercet unites the "I saw", "O" and "Displayed" of the preceding passage, and binds the whole as with a selvage.

¹⁵⁸The sixth hour of the day, or noon of the second day.

He could not unto me speak covertly.
 Towards us came the being beautiful
 Vested in white, and in his countenance
 Such as appears the tremulous morning star.
 His arms he opened, and opened then his wings;
 "Come," said he, "near at hand here are the steps,
 And easy from henceforth is the ascent."
 At this announcement few are they who come!
 O human creatures, born to soar aloft,
 Why fall ye thus before a little wind?
 He led us on to where the rock was cleft;
 There smote upon my forehead with his wings,
 Then a safe passage promised unto me.
 As on the right hand, too ascent the mount
 Where seated is the church that lordeth
 O'er the well-guided, above Rubaconte,¹⁵⁹
 The bold abruptness of the ascent is broken
 By stairways that were made there in the age
 When still were safe the ledger and the stave,
 E'en thus attempered is the bank which falls
 Sheer downward from the second circle there
 But on this, side and that the high rock graze
 As we were turning thitherward our persons.
 "*Beati pauperes spiritu,*" voices¹⁶⁰
 Sang in such wise that speech could tell it not.
 Ah me! how different are these entrances
 From the Infernal! for with anthems here
 One enters, and below with wild laments.
 We now were hunting up the sacred stairs,
 And it appeared to me by far more easy

¹⁵⁹Florence is here called ironically "the well-guided" or well governed. Rubaconte is the name of the most easterly of the bridges over the Arno, and takes its name from Messer Rubaconte, who was Podestà of Florence in 1236, when this bridge was built. Above it on the hill stands the church of San Miniato. This is the hill which Michael Angelo fortified in the siege of Florence. In early times it was climbed by stairways.

¹⁶⁰*Matthew V. 3: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."*
 It must be observed that all the Latin lines in Dante should be chanted with an equal stress on each syllable, in order to make them rhythmical.

Than on the plain it had appeared before.

Whence I: "My Master, say, what heavy thing
Has been uplifted from me, so that hardly
Aught of fatigue is felt by me in wlaking?"

He answered: "When the P's which have remained
Still on thy face almost obliterate
Shall wholly, as the first is, be erased,

Thy feet will be so vanquished by good will,
That not alone they shall not feel fatigue,
But urging up will be to them delight."

Then did I even as they do who are going
With something on the head to them unknown,
Unless the signs of others make them doubt,

Wherefore the hand to ascertain is helpful,
And seeks and finds, and doth fulfill the office
Which cannot be accomplished by the sight;

And with the fingers of the right hand spread
I found but six the letters, that had carved
Upon my temples he who bore the keys;
Upon beholding which my Leader smiled.

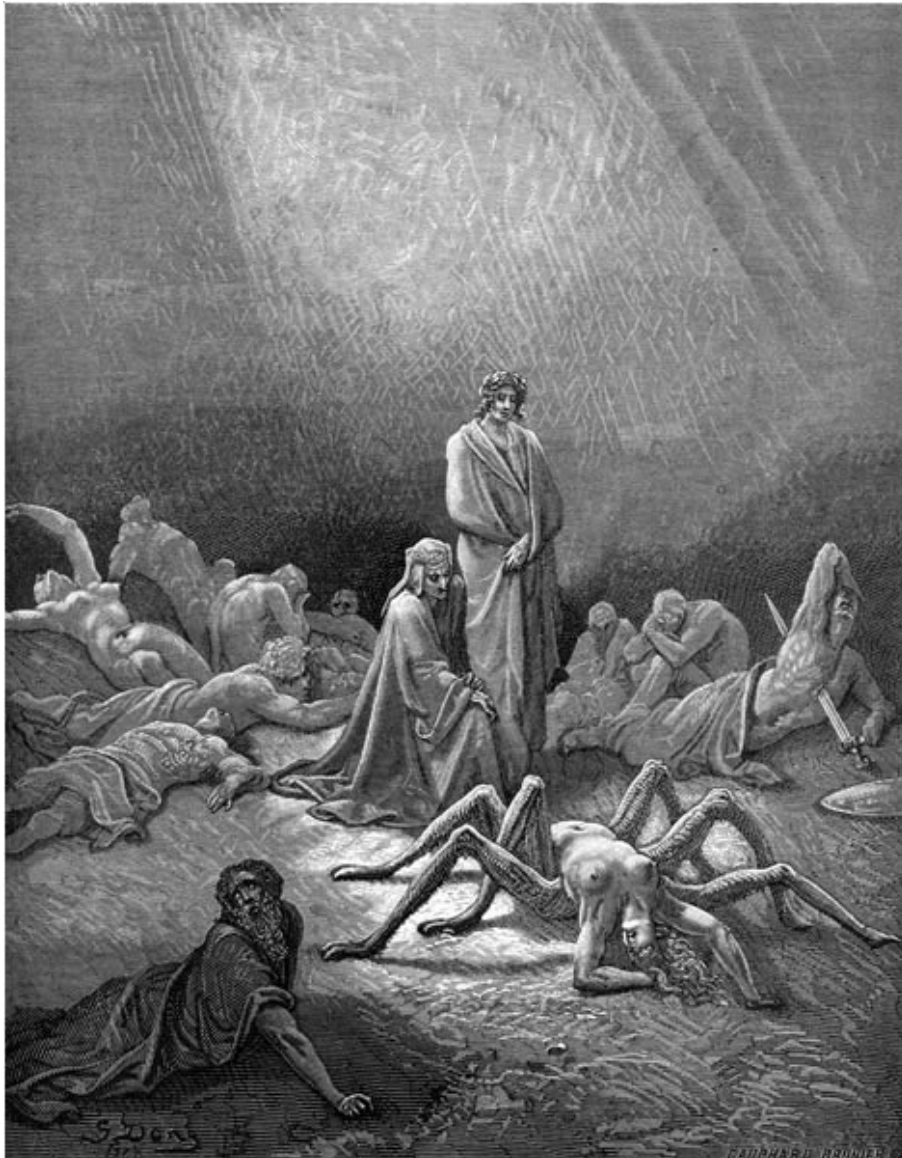


Figure 19: O mad Arachne!

Canto 13

WE were upon the summit of the stairs,¹⁶¹
Where for the second time is cut away
The mountain, which ascending shriveth all

There in like manner doth a cornice bind
The hill all round about, as does the first,
Save that its arc more suddenly is curved

Shade is there none, nor sculpture that appears;
So seems the bank, and so the road seems smooth
With but the livid colour of the stone.¹⁶²

"If to inquire we wait for people here,"
The Poet said, "I fear that peradventure
Too much delay will our election have."

Then steadfast on the sun his eyes he fixed.
Made his right side the centre of his motion,¹⁶³
And turned the left part of himself about.

"O thou sweet light! with trust in whom I enter¹⁶⁴
Upon this novel journey, do thou lead us,"
Said he, "as one within here should be led.

Thou warmest the world, thou shinest over it;

¹⁶¹The Second Circle, or Cornice, where is punished the sin of Envy; of which St. Augustine says: "Envy is the hatred of another's felicity; in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest they should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them. Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Christ."

¹⁶²The livid colour of Envy.

¹⁶³The military precision which Virgil faces to the right is Homeric. Biagioli says that Dante expresses it "after his own fashion, that is, entirely new and different from mundane custom."

¹⁶⁴Boethius, *Cons. Phil.*, V. Met. 2: "Him the Sun, then, rightly call, – God who sees and lightens all."

If other reason prompt not otherwise,
 Thy rays should evermore our leaders be!"

As much as here is counted for a mile,
 So much already there had we advanced
 In little time, by dint of ready will;
 And tow'rds us there were heard to fly, albeit
 They were not visible, spirits uttering
 Unto Love's table courteous invitations,
 The first voice that passed onward in its flight,
 "*Vinum non habent*," said in accents loud,¹⁶⁵
 And went reiterating it behind us.

And ere it wholly grew inaudible
 Because of distance, passed another, crying,
 "I am Orestes!" and it also stayed not.¹⁶⁶

"O," said I, "Father, these, what voices are they?"
 And even as I asked, behold the third,
 Saying: "Love those from whom ye have had evil!"¹⁶⁷

And the good Master said: "This circle scourges
 The sin of envy, and on that account
 Are drawn from love the lashes of the scourge."¹⁶⁸

The bridle of another sound shall be;
 I think that thou wilt hear it, as I judge,
 Before thou comest to the Pass of Pardon.¹⁶⁹

But fix thine eyes athwart the air right steadfast,
 And people thou wilt see before us sitting,
 And each one close against the cliff is seated."

Then wider than at first mine eyes I opened;

¹⁶⁵John II. 3: "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine." Examples are first given of the virtue opposite the vice here punished. These are but "airy tongues that syllable men's names;" and it must not be supposed that the persons alluded to are actually passing in the air.

¹⁶⁶The name of Orestes is here shouted on account of the proverbial friendship between him and Pylades. When Orestes was condemned to death, Pylades tried to take his place, exclaiming, "I am Orestes."

¹⁶⁷Matthew V. 44: "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

¹⁶⁸See Canto XIV. 147.

¹⁶⁹The next stairway leading from the second to the third circle.

I looked before me, and saw shades with mantles
Not from the colour of the stone diverse.

And when we were a little farther onward
I heard a cry of, "Mary, pray for us!"
A cry of, "Michael, Peter, and all Saints!"¹⁷⁰

I do not think there walketh still on earth
A man so hard, that he would not be pierced
With pity at what afterward I saw.

For when I had approached so near to them
That manifest to me their acts became,
Drained was I at the eyes by heavy grief.

Covered with sackcloth vile they seemed to me,
And one sustained the other with his shoulder,
And all of them were by the bank sustained.

Thus do the blind, in want of livelihood,
Stand at the doors of churches asking alms,
And one upon another leans his head

So that in others pity soon may rise,
Not only at the accent of their words,
But at their aspect, which no less implores.

And as unto the blind the sun comes not
So to the shades, of whom just now I spake,
Heaven's light will not be bounteous of itself;

For all their lids an iron wire transpierces,
And sews them up, as to a sparhawk wild
Is done, because it will not quiet stay.

To me it seemed, in passing, to do outrage,
Seeing the others without being seen;
Wherefore I turned me to my counsel sage.

Well knew he what the mute one wished to say,
And therefore waited not for my demand,
But said: "Speak, and be brief, and to the point."

I had Virgilius upon that side
Of the embankment from which one may fall,
Since by no border 'tis engarlanded;

¹⁷⁰The Litany of All Saints.

Upon the other side of me I had
 The shades devout, who through the horrible seam
 Pressed out the tears so that they bathed their cheeks.

To them I turned me, and, "O people, certain,"
 Began I, "of beholding the high light,
 Which your desire has solely in its care,
 So may grace speedily dissolve the scum
 Upon your consciences, that limpidly
 Through them descend the river of the mind,
 Tell me, for dear 'twill be to me and gracious,
 If any soul among you here is Latian,¹⁷¹
 And 'twill perchance be good for him I learn it."

"O brother mine, each one is citizen
 Of one true city; but thy meaning is,
 Who may have lived in Italy a pilgrim."

By way of answer this I seemed to hear
 A little farther on than where I stood,
 Whereat I made myself still nearer heard.

Among the rest I saw a shade that waited
 In aspect, and should any one ask how,
 Its chin it lifted upward like a blind man.

"Spirit," I said, "who stoopest to ascend,
 If thou art he who did reply to me,
 Make thyself known to me by place or name.

"Sienese was I," it replied, "and with
 The others here recleanse my guilty life,
 Weeping to Him to lend himself to us.

Sapient I was not, although I Sapia¹⁷²
 Was called, and I was at another's harm
 More happy far than at my own good fortune.

¹⁷¹Latian for Italian.

¹⁷²A Sienese lady living in banishment at Colle, where from a tower she witnessed the battle between her townsmen and the Florentines. "Sapia hated the Sienese," says Benvenuto, "and placed herself at a window not far from the field of battle, waiting the issue with anxiety, and desiring the rout and ruin of her own people. Her desires being verified by the entire discomfiture of the Sienese, and the death of their captain," (Provenzan Salvani, see note in Canto XI.) "exultant and almost beside herself, she lifted her bold face to heaven, and cried, 'Now, O God, do with me what thou wilt, do me all the harm thou canst; now my prayers are answered, and I die content.'"

And that thou mayst not think that I deceive thee,
 Hear if I was as foolish as I tell thee.
 The arc already of my years descending,
 My fellow-citizens near unto Colle
 Were joined in battle with their adversaries,
 And I was praying God for what he willed.
 Routed were they, and turned into the bitter
 Passes of flight; and I, the chase beholding,
 A joy received unequalled by all others;
 So that I lifted upward my bold face
 Crying to God, 'Henceforth I fear thee not,'¹⁷³
 As did the blackbird at the little sunshine.
 Peace I desired with God at the extreme
 Of my existence, and as yet would not
 My debt have been by penitence discharged,
 Had it not been that in remembrance held me
 Pier Pettignano in his holy prayers,¹⁷⁴
 Who out of charity was grieved for me.
 But who art thou, that into our conditions
 Questioning goest, and hast thine eyes unbound
 As I believe, and breathing dost discourse?"
 "Mine eyes," I said, "will yet be here ta'en from me,
 But for short space ; for small is the offence
 Committed by their being turned with envy.
 Far greater is the fear, wherein suspended
 My soul is, of the torment underneath,
 For even now the load down there weighs on me."¹⁷⁵

¹⁷³The warm days near the end of January are still called in Lombardy *i giorni della merla*, the days of the blackbird; from an old legend, that once in the sunny weather a blackbird sang, "I fear thee no more; O Lord, for the winter is over."

¹⁷⁴Peter Pettignano, or Pettinajo, was a holy hermit, who saw visions and wrought miracles at Siena. Forsyth, *Italy*, 149, describing the festival of the Assumption in that city in 1802, says: – "The Pope had reserved for this great festival the Beatification of Peter, a Sienese comb-maker, whom the Church had neglected to canonize till now. Poor Peter was honoured with all the solemnity of music, high-mass, and officiating cardinal, a florid panegyric, pictured angels bearing his tools to heaven, and combing their own hair as they soared; but he received five hundred years ago a greater honour than all, a verse of praise from Dante."

¹⁷⁵Dante's besetting sin was not envy, but pride.

And she to me: "Who led thee, then, among us
Up here, if to return below thou thinkest?"

And I: "He who is with me, and speaks not;

And living am I; therefore ask of me,
Spirit elect, if thou wouldst have me move
O'er yonder yet my mortal feet for thee." ¹⁷⁶

"O, this is such a novel thing to hear,
She answered, "that great sign it is God loves thee;
Therefore with prayer of thine sometimes assist me

And I implore, by what thou most desirest,
If e'er thou treadest the soil of Tuscany,
Well with my kindred reinstate my fame.

Them wilt thou see among that people vain
Who hope in Talamone, and will lose there ¹⁷⁷
More hope than in discovering the Diana; ¹⁷⁸

But there still more the admirals will lose." ¹⁷⁹

¹⁷⁶On the other side of the world.

¹⁷⁷Talamone is a seaport in the Maremma, "many times abandoned by its inhabitants," says the *Ottimo*, "on account of the malaria. The town is utterly in ruins; but as the harbour is deep, and would be of great utility if the place were inhabited, the Sieneese have spent much money in repairing it many times, and bringing in inhabitants; it is of little use, for the malaria prevents the increase of population." Talamone is the ancient Telamon, where Marius landed on his return from Africa.

¹⁷⁸The Diana is a subterranean river, which the Sieneese were in search of for many years to supply the city with water. "They never have been able to find it," says the *Ottimo*, "and yet they still hope." In Dante's time it was evidently looked upon as an idle dream. To the credit of the Sieneese be it said, they persevered, and finally succeeded in obtaining the water so patiently sought for. The *Pozzo Diana*, or Diana's Well, is still to be seen at the Convent of the Carmen.

¹⁷⁹The admirals who go to Talamone to superintend the works will lose there more than their hope, namely, their lives.

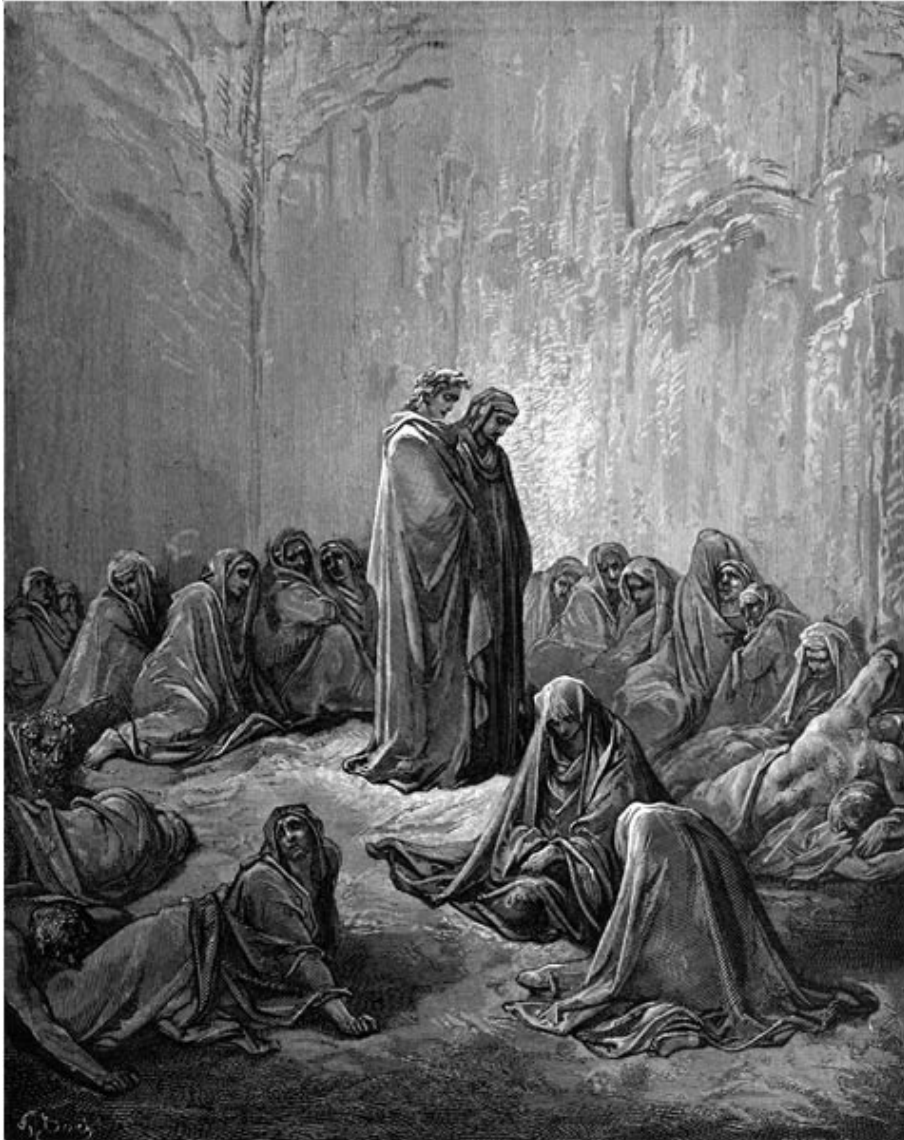


Figure 20: "This circle scourges the sin of envy..."

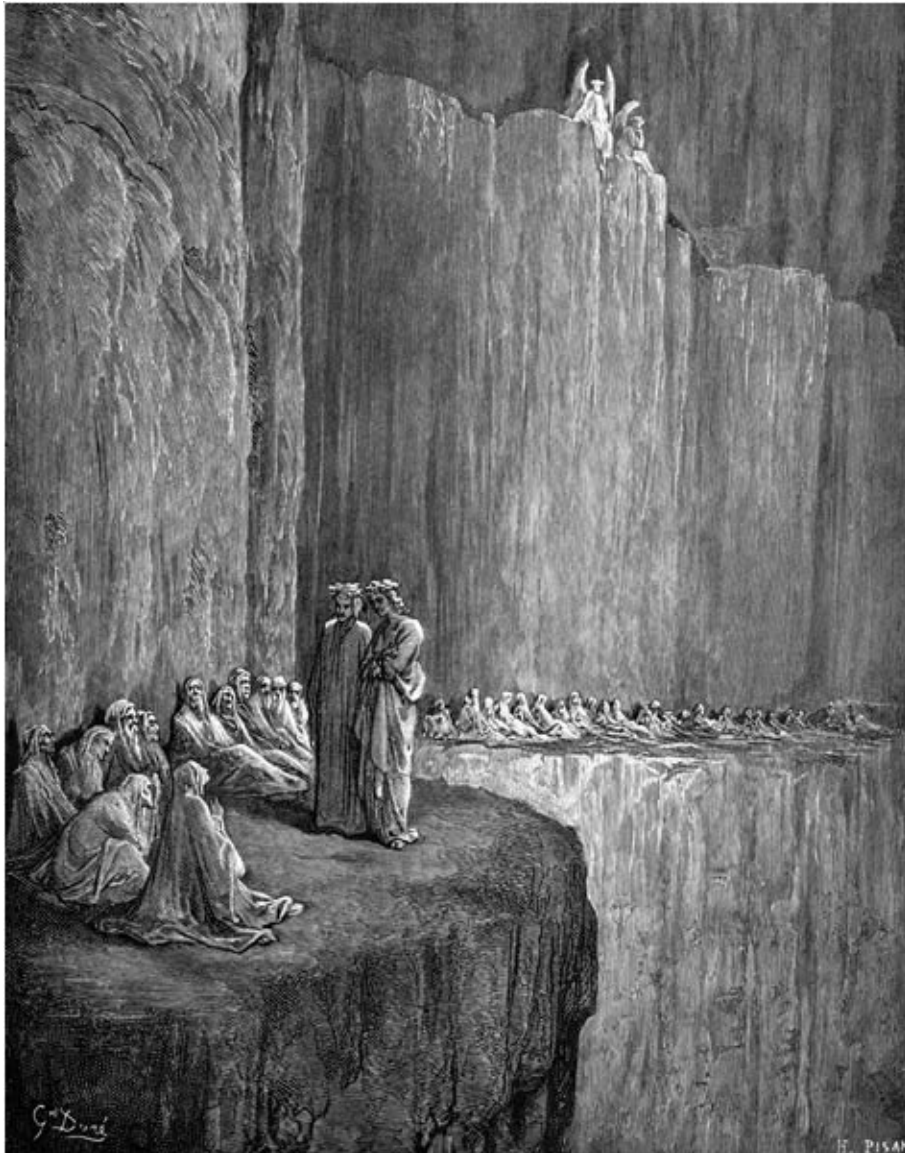


Figure 21: "Sapient I was not, although I Sapia was called..."

Canto 14

“WHO is this one that goes about our mountain,¹⁸⁰
Or ever Death has given him power of flight,
And opes his eyes and shuts them at his will?”

“I know not who, but know he’s not alone;
Ask him thyself, for thou art nearer to him,
And gently, so that he may speak, accost him.”

Thus did two spirits, leaning tow’rds each other,¹⁸¹
Discourse about me there on the right hand;
Then held supine their faces to address me.

And said the one: “O soul, that, fastened still
Within the body, tow’rds the heaven art going,
For charity console us, and declare

Whence comest and who art thou; for thou mak’st us
As much to marvel at this grace of thine
As must a thing that never yet has been.”

And I: “Through midst of Tuscany there wanders
A streamlet that is born in Falterona,¹⁸²

¹⁸⁰The subject of the preceding canto is here continued. Compare the introductory lines with those of Canto V.

¹⁸¹These two spirits prove to be Guido del Duca and Rinieri da Calboli.

¹⁸²A mountain in the Apennines, north-east of Florence, from which the Arno takes its rise. Ampère, *Voyage Dantesque*, p. 246, thus describes this region of the Val d’ Arno. “Farther on is another tower, the tower of Porciano, which is said to have been inhabited by Dante. From there I had still to climb the summits of the Falterona. I started towards midnight in order to arrive before sunrise. I said to myself, ‘How many times the poet, whose footprints I am following, has wandered in these mountains! It was by these little alpine paths that he came and went, on his way to friends in Romagna or friends in Urbino, his heart agitated with a hope that was never to be fulfilled’. I figured to myself Dante walking with a guide under the light of the stars, receiving all the impressions produced by wild and weather-beaten regions, steep roads, deep valleys, and the accidents of a long and difficult route, impressions which he would transfer to his poem. It

And not a hundred miles of course suffice it;
 From thereupon do I this body bring.
 To tell you who I am were speech in vain,
 Because my name as yet makes no great noise."

"If well thy meaning I can penetrate
 With intellect of mine," then answered me
 He who first spake, "thou speakest of the Arno."

And said the other to him: "Why concealed
 This one the appellation of that river,
 Even as a man doth of things horrible?"

And thus the shade that questioned was of this
 Himself acquitted: "I know not; but truly
 'Tis fit the name of such a valley perish:

For from its fountain-head where is so pregnant
 The Alpine mountain whence is cleft Peloro
 That in few places it that mark surpasses ¹⁸³

To where it yields itself in restoration
 Of what the heaven doth of the sea dry up.
 Whence have the rivers that which goes with them,

Virtue is like an enemy avoided
 By all, as is a serpent, through misfortune
 Of place, or through bad habit that impels them;

On which account have so transformed their nature
 The dwellers in that miserable valley,
 It seems that Circe had them in her pasture.

'Mid ugly swine, of acorns worthier

is enough to have read this poem to be certain that its author has travelled much, has wandered much. Dante really walks with Virgil. He fatigues himself with climbing, he stops to take breath, he uses his hands when feet are insufficient. He gets lost, and asks the way. He observes the height of the sun and stars. In a word, one finds the habits and souvenirs of the traveller in every verse, or rather at every step of his poetic pilgrimage. "Dante has certainly climbed the top of the Falterona. It is upon this summit, from which all the Valley of the Arno is embraced, that one should read the singular imprecation which the poet has uttered against this whole valley. He follows the course of the river, and as he advances marks every place he comes to with fierce invective. The farther he goes, the more his hate redoubles in violence and bitterness. It is a piece of topographical satire, of which I know no other example."

¹⁸³The Apennines, whose long chain ends in Calabria, opposite Cape Peloro in Sicily.

Than other food for human use created,¹⁸⁴
 It first directeth its impoverished way.
 Curs findeth it thereafter, coming downward,
 More snarling than their puissance demands,¹⁸⁵
 And turns from them disdainfully its muzzle.
 It goes on falling, and the more it grows,
 The more it finds the dogs becoming wolves,¹⁸⁶
 This maledict and misadventurous ditch.
 Descended then through many a hollow gulf,
 It finds the foxes so replete with fraud,¹⁸⁷
 They fear no cunning that may master them.
 Nor will I cease because another hears me;
 And well 'twill be for him, if still he mind him
 Of what a truthful spirit to me unravels.
 Thy grandson I behold, who doth become¹⁸⁸
 A hunter of those wolves upon the bank
 Of the wild stream, and terrifies them all.
 He sells their flesh, it being yet alive;
 Thereafter slaughters them like ancient beeves
 Many of life, himself of praise, deprives.
 Blood-stained he issues from the dismal forest;
 He leaves it such, a thousand years from now¹⁸⁹
 In its primeval state 'tis not re-wooded."
 As at the announcement of impending ills
 The face of him who listens is disturbed,
 From whate'er side the peril seize upon him;
 So I beheld that other soul, which stood
 Turned round to listen, grow disturbed and sad,

¹⁸⁴The people of Casentino.

¹⁸⁵The people of Arezzo.

¹⁸⁶The Florentines.

¹⁸⁷The Pisans.

¹⁸⁸At the close of these vituperations, perhaps to soften the sarcasm by making it more general, Benvenuto appends this note: "What Dante says of the inhabitants of the Val d' Arno might be said of the greater part of the Italians, nay, of the world. Dante, being once asked why he had put more Christians than Gentiles into Hell, replied, 'Because I have known the Christians better.'"

¹⁸⁹Florence, the habitation of these wolves, left so stripped by Fulcieri, on his retiring from office, that it will be long in recovering its former prosperity.

When it had gathered to itself the word.

The speech of one and aspect of the other
Had me desirous made to know their names,
And question mixed with prayers I made thereof,

Whereat the spirit which first spake to me
Began again: "Thou wishest I should bring me
To do for thee what thou'lt not do for me;

But since God willeth that in thee shine forth
Such grace of his, I'll not be chary with thee;
Know, then, that I Guido del Duca am.

My blood was so with envy set on fire,¹⁹⁰
That if I had beheld a man make merry,
Thou wouldst have seen me sprinkled o'er with pallor.

From my own sowing such the straw I reap!
O human race! why dost thou set thy heart
Where interdict of partnership must be?

This is Renier; this is the boast and honour¹⁹¹
Of the house of Calboli, where no one since¹⁹²
Has made himself the heir of his desert.

And not alone his blood is made devoid,
'Twixt Po and mount, and sea-shore and the Reno,¹⁹³
Of good required for truth and for diversion;¹⁹⁴

¹⁹⁰Guido del Duca of Brettinoro, near Forlì, in Romagna; nothing remains but the name. He and his companion Rinieri were "gentlemen of worth, if they had not been burned up with envy."

¹⁹¹On worldly goods, where selfishness excludes others; in contrast with the spiritual, which increase by being shared. See Canto XV. 45.

¹⁹²Rinieri da Calboli. "He was very famous," says the *Ottimo*, and history says no more. In the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, Nov. 44, Roscoe's Tr., he figures thus: – "A certain knight was one day entreating a lady whom he loved to smile upon his wishes, and among other delicate arguments which he pressed upon her was that of his own superior wealth, elegance, and accomplishments, especially when compared with the merits of her own liege-lord, 'whose extreme ugliness, madam,' he continued, 'I think I need not insist upon.' Her husband, who overheard this compliment from the place of his concealment, immediately replied, 'Pray, sir, mend your own manners, and do not vilify other people.' The name of the plain gentleman was Lizio di Valbona, and Messer Rinieri da Calvoli that of the other."

¹⁹³In Romagna, which is bounded by the Po, the Apennines, the Adriatic, and the river Reno, that passes near Bologna.

¹⁹⁴For study and pleasure.

For all within these boundaries is full
 Of venomous roots, so that too tardily
 By cultivation now would they diminish.

Where is good Lizio, and Arrigo Manardi,
 Pier Traversaro, and Guido di Carpigna,¹⁹⁵
 O Romagnuoli into bastards turned?¹⁹⁶

When in Bologna will a Fabbro rise?
 When in Faenza a Bernardin di Fosco,¹⁹⁷
 The noble scion of ignoble seed?¹⁹⁸

Be not astonished, Tuscan, if I weep
 When I remember, with Guido da Prata,
 Ugolin d' Azzo, who was living with us,¹⁹⁹

Frederick Tignoso and his company
 The house of Traversara, and th' Anastagi,²⁰⁰
 And one race and the other is extinct.²⁰¹

¹⁹⁵Of Lizio and Manardi the *Ottimo* says: "Messer Lizio di Valbona, a courteous gentleman, in order to give a dinner at Forlì, sold half his silken bedquilt for sixty florins. Arrigo Manardi was of Brettinoro; he was a gentleman full of courtesy and honour, was fond of entertaining guests, made presents of robes and horses, loved honourable men, and all his life was devoted to largess and good living."

The marriage of Riccardo Manardi with Lizio's daughter Caterina is the subject of one of the tales of the Decameron, V.4. Pietro Dante says, that, when Lizio was told of the death of his dissipated son, he replied, "It is no news to me, he never was alive."

¹⁹⁶Of Pier Traversaro the *Ottimo* says: "He was of Raverina, a man of most gentle blood;" and of Guido di Carpigna: "He was of Montefeltro... Most of the time he lived at Brettinoro, and surpassed all others in generosity, loved for the sake of loving, and lived handsomely."

¹⁹⁷"This Messer Fabbro," says the *Ottimo*, "was born of low parents, and lived so generously that the author Dante says there never was his like in Bologna."

¹⁹⁸The *Ottimo* again: "This Messer Bernardino, son of Fosco, a farmer, and of humble occupation, became so excellent by his good works, that he was an honour to Faenza; and he was named with praise, and the old grandees were not ashamed to visit him, to see his magnificence, and to hear his pleasant jests."

¹⁹⁹Guido da Prata, from the village of that name, between Faenza and Forlì, and Ugolin d' Azzo of Faenza, according to the same authority, though "of humble birth, rose to such great honour, that, leaving their native places, they associated with the noblemen before mentioned."

²⁰⁰Frederick Tignoso was a gentleman of Rimini, living in Brettinoro. "A man of great mark," says Buti, "with his band of friends." According to Benvenuto, "he had beautiful blond hair, and was called *tignoso* (the scurvy fellow) by way of antiphrase." The *Ottimo* speaks of him as follows: "He avoided the city as much as possible, as a place hostile to gentlemen, but when he was in it, he kept open house."

²⁰¹Ancient and honourable families of Ravenna. There is a story of them in the *Decameron*, Gior. V. Nov. 8, which is too long to quote. Upon this tale is founded Dryden's

The dames and cavaliers, the toils and ease
That filled our souls with love and courtesy,
There where the hearts have so malicious grown!

O Brettinoro! why dost thou not flee,
Seeing that all thy family is gone,²⁰²
And many people, not to be corrupted?

Bagnacaval does well in not begetting
And ill does Castrocaro, and Conio worse,²⁰³
In taking trouble to beget such Counts.

Will do well the Pagani, when their Devil²⁰⁴
Shall have departed; but not therefore pure
Will testimony of them e'er remain.

O Ugolin de' Fantoli, secure
Thy name is, since no longer is awaited
One who, degenerating, can obscure it!

But go now, Tuscan, for it now delights me
To weep far better than it does to speak,
So much has our discourse my mind distressed."

We were aware that those beloved souls
Heard us depart; therefore, by keeping silent,

poem of Theodore and Honoria.

²⁰²Brettinoro, now Bertinoro, is a small town in Romagna, between Forlì and Cesena, in which lived many of the families that have just been mentioned. The hills about it are still celebrated for their wines, as its inhabitants were in old times for their hospitality. The following anecdote is told of them by the *Ottimo*, and also in nearly the same words in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, Nov. 89: – "Among other laudable customs of the nobles of Brettinoro was that of hospitality, and their not permitting any man in the town to keep an inn for money. But there was a stone column in the middle of the town," (upon which were rings or knockers, as if all the front-doors were there represented), "and to this, as soon as a stranger made his appearance, he was conducted, and to one of the rings hitched his horse or hung his hat upon it; and thus, as chance decreed, he was taken to the house of the gentleman to whom the ring belonged, and honoured according to his rank. This column and its rings were invented to remove all cause of quarrel among the noblemen, who used to run to get possession of a stranger, as now-a-days they almost run away from him."

²⁰³Towns in Romagna. "Bagnacavallo, Castrocaro, and Conio," says the *Ottimo*, "were all habitations of courtesy and honour. Now in Bagnocavallo the counts are extinct; and he (Dante) says it does well to produce no more of them because they had degenerated like those of Conio and Castrocaro".

²⁰⁴The Pagani were Lords of Faenza and Imola. The head of the family, Mainardo, was surnamed "the Devil." – See note in *Inferno* XXVII. His bad repute will always be a reproach to the family.

They made us of our pathway confident.
When we became alone by going onward,
Thunder, when it doth cleave the air, appeared
A voice, that counter to us came, exclaiming:

“Shall slay me whosoever findeth me!”²⁰⁵
And fled as the reverberation dies
If suddenly the cloud asunder bursts.

As soon as hearing had a truce from this,
Behold another, with so great a crash,
That it resembled thunderings following fast:

“I am Aglaurus, who became a stone!”²⁰⁶
And then, to press myself close to the Poet,
I backward, and not forward, took a step.

Already on all sides the air was quiet;
And said he to me: “That was the hard curb
That ought to hold a man within his bounds;

But you take in the bait so that the hook
Of the old Adversary draws you to him,
And hence availeth little curb or call.

The heavens are calling you, and wheel around you,²⁰⁷
Displaying to you their eternal beauties,
And still your eye is looking on the ground;
Whence He, who all discerns, chastises you.”

²⁰⁵These voices in the air proclaim examples of envy.

²⁰⁶Aglauros through envy opposed the interview of Mercury with her sister Herse, and was changed by the god into stone. – Ovid, *Metamorph.*, I.

²⁰⁷The falconer’s call or lure, which he whirls round in the air to attract the falcon on the wing.

Canto 15

As much as 'twixt the close of the third hour²⁰⁸
And dawn of day appeareth of that sphere
Which aye in fashion of a child is playing,

So much it now appeared, towards the night,
Was of his course remaining to the sun;
There it was evening, and 'twas midnight here;

And the rays smote the middle of our faces,
Because by us the mount was so encircled,
That straight towards the west we now were going

When I perceived my forehead overpowered
Beneath the splendour far more than at first,
And stupor were to me the things unknown,

Whereat towards the summit of my brow
I raised my hands, and made myself the visor
Which the excessive glare diminishes.

As when from off the water, or a mirror,
The sunbeam leaps unto the opposite side,
Ascending upward in the selfsame measure

That it descends, and deviates as far
From falling of a stone in line direct,

²⁰⁸In this canto is described the ascent to the Third Circle of the mountain. The hour indicated by the peculiarly Dantesque introduction is three hours before sunset, or the beginning of that division of the canonical day called Vespers. Dante states this simple fact with curious circumlocution, as if he would imitate the celestial sphere in this scherzoso movement. The beginning of the day is sunrise; consequently the end of the third hour, three hours after sun-rise, is represented by an arc of the celestial sphere measuring forty-five degrees. The sun had still an equal space to pass over before his setting. This would make it afternoon in Purgatory, and midnight in Tuscany, where Dante was writing the poem.

(As demonstrate experiment and art,) ²⁰⁹

So it appeared to me that by a light
Refracted there before me I was smitten;
On which account my sight was swift to flee.

“What is that, Father sweet, from which I cannot
So fully screen my sight that it avail me,”
Said I, “and seems towards us to be moving?”

“Marvel thou not, if dazzle thee as yet
The family of heaven,” he answered me;
“An angel ’tis, who comes to invite us upward.

Soon will it be, that to behold these things
Shall not be grievous, but delightful to thee
As much as nature fashioned thee to feel.”

When we had reached the Angel benedight,
With joyful voice he said: “Here enter in
To stairway far less steep than are the others.”

We mounting were, already thence departed,
And “*Beati misericordes*” was ²¹⁰
Behind us sung, “Rejoice, thou that o’ercomest!” ²¹¹

My Master and myself, we two alone
Were going upward, and I thought, in going,
Some profit to acquire from words of his;

And I to him directed me, thus asking:
“What did the spirit of Romagna mean,
Mentioning interdict and partnership?”

Whence he to me: “Of his own greatest failing
He knows the harm; and therefore wonder not
If he reprove us, that we less may rue it

Because are thither pointed your desires
Where by companionship each share is lessened,
Envy doth ply the bellows to your sighs.

²⁰⁹From a perpendicular.

²¹⁰*Matthew* V. 7: “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;” – sung by the spirits that remained behind. See note in Canto XII.

²¹¹Perhaps an allusion to “what the Spirit saith unto the churches,” *Revelation* II. 7: “To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God” And also the “hidden manna,” and the “morning star,” and the “white raiment,” and the name not blotted “out of the book of life.”

But if the love of the supernal sphere
Should upwardly direct your aspiration,
There would not be that fear within your breast;

For there, as much the more as one says *Our*,
So much the more of good each one possesses,
And more of charity in that cloister burns."

"I am more hungering to be satisfied,"
I said, "than if I had before been silent,
And more of doubt within my mind I gather.

How can it be, that boon distributed
The more possessors can more wealthy make
Therein, than if by few it be possessed?"

And he to me: "Because thou fixest still
Thy mind entirely upon earthly things,
Thou pluckest darkness from the very light.

That goodness infinite and ineffable
Which is above there, runneth unto love,
As to a lucid body comes the sunbeam.

So much it gives itself as it finds ardour,
So that as far as charity extends,
O'er it increases the eternal valour.

And the more people thitherward aspire,
More are there to love well, and more they love there,
And, as a mirror, one reflects the other.

And if my reasoning appease thee not,
Thou shalt see Beatrice; and she will fully
Take from thee this and every other longing.

Endeavour, then, that soon may be extinct,
As are the two already, the five wounds
That close themselves again by being painful."

Even as I wished to say, "Thou dost appease me,"
I saw that I had reached another circle,
So that my eager eyes made me keep silence.

There it appeared to me that in a vision
Ecstatic on a sudden I was rapt,
And in a temple many persons saw;
And at the door a woman, with the sweet

Behaviour of a mother, saying: "Son,²¹²
 Why in this manner hast thou dealt with us?
 Lo, sorrowing, thy father and myself
 Were seeking for thee;" – and as here she cease
 That which appeared at first had disappeared.
 Then I beheld another with those waters
 Adown her cheeks which grief distils whenever
 From great disdain of others it is born,
 And saying: "If of that city thou art lord,²¹³
 For whose name was such strife among the gods
 And whence doth every science scintillate,
 Avenge thyself on those audacious arms
 That clasped our daughter, O Pisistratus,"²¹⁴
 And the lord seemed to me benign and mild
 To answer her with aspect temperate:
 "What shall we do to those who wish us ill,
 If he who loves us be by us condemned?"
 Then saw I people hot in fire of wrath,²¹⁵
 With stones a young man slaying, clamorously
 Still crying to each other, "Kill him! kill him!"
 And him I saw bow down, because of death
 That weighed already on him, to the earth,
 But of his eyes made ever gates to heaven,
 Imploring the high Lord, in so great strife,
 That he would pardon those his persecutors,

²¹²Luke II. 48: "And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thou dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

²¹³The contest between Neptune and Minerva for the right of naming Athens, in which Minerva carried the day by the vote of the women. This is one of the subjects which Minerva wrought in her trial of skill with Arachne. – Ovid, *Metamorph.*, VI.

²¹⁴Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, who used his power so nobly as to make the people forget the usurpation by which he had attained it. Among his good deeds was the collection and preservation of the Homeric poems, which but for him might have perished. He was also the first to found a public library in Athens. This anecdote is told by Valerius Maximus, *Fact. ac Dict.*, VI. I.

²¹⁵The stoning of Stephen. *Acts* VII. 54: "They gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven. ... Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him. ... And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!' And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

With such an aspect as unlocks compassion.
Soon as my soul had outwardly returned
To things external to it which are true,
Did I my not false errors recognize. ²¹⁶
My Leader, who could see me bear myself
Like to a man that rouses him from sleep,
Exclaimed: "What ails thee, that thou canst not stand?
But hast been coming more than half a league
Veiling thine eyes, and with thy legs entangled
In guise of one whom wine or sleep subdues?"
"O my sweet Father, if thou listen to me,
I'll tell thee," said I, "what appeared to me,
When thus from me my legs were ta'en away."
And he: "If thou shouldst have a hundred masks
Upon thy face, from me would not be shut
Thy cogitations, howsoever small.
What thou hast seen was that thou mayst not fail
To ope thy heart unto the waters of peace
Which from the eternal fountain are diffused.
I did not ask, 'What ails thee?' as he does
Who only looketh with the eyes that see not
When of the soul bereft the body lies,
But asked it to give vigour to thy feet;
Thus must we needs urge on the sluggards, slow
To use their wakefulness when it returns."
We passed along, athwart the twilight peering
Forward as far as ever eye could stretch
Against the sunbeams serotine and lucent;
And lo! by slow degrees a smoke approached
In our direction, sombre as the night,
Nor was there place to hide one's self therefrom.
This of our eyes and the pure air bereft us.

²¹⁶He recognizes it to be a vision, but not false, because it symbolized the truth.

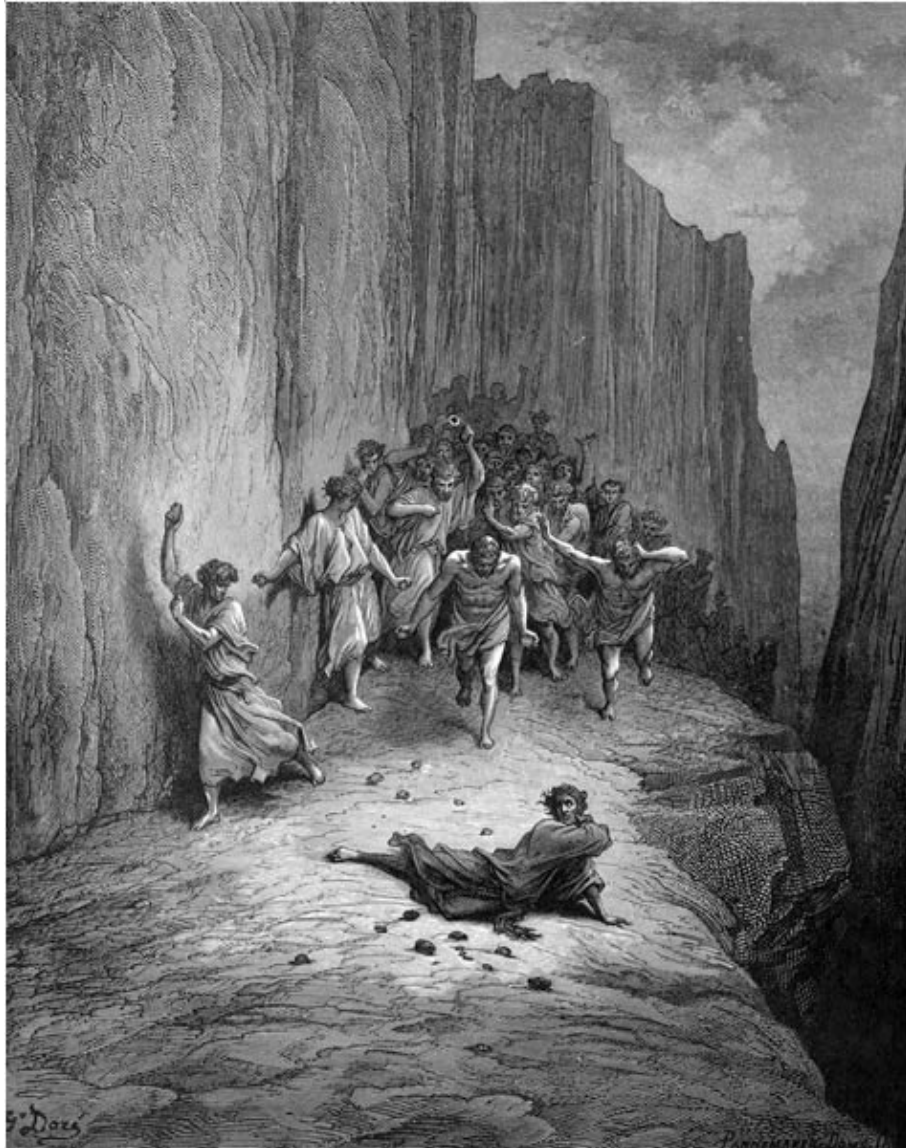


Figure 22: Then saw I people hot in fire of wrath, with stones a young man slaying...

Canto 16

DARKNESS of hell, and of a night deprived ²¹⁷
Of every planet under a poor sky, ²¹⁸
As much as may be tenebrous with cloud,
Ne'er made unto my sight so thick a veil,
As did that smoke which there enveloped us,
Nor to the feeling of so rough a texture;
For not an eye it suffered to stay open;
Whereat mine escort, faithful and sagacious,
Drew near to me and offered me his shoulder.
E'en as a blind man goes behind his guide,
Lest he should wander, or should strike against
Aught that may harm or peradventure kill him,
So went I through the bitter and foul air,
Listening unto my Leader, who said only,
"Look that from me thou be not separated."
Voices I heard, and every one appeared ²¹⁹
To supplicate for peace and misericord
The Lamb of God who takes away our sins.
Still "*Agnus Dei*" their exordium was;
One word there was in all, and metre one,
So that all harmony appeared among them.
"Master," I said, "are spirits those I hear?"

²¹⁷The Third Circle of Purgatory, and the punishment of the Sin of Pride.

²¹⁸Poor, or impoverished of its stars by clouds. The same expression is applied to the Arno, Canto XIV. 45, to indicate its want of water.

²¹⁹In the Litany of the Saints: –

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord."

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord."

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"

And he to me: "Thou apprehendest truly,
And they the knot of anger go unloosing."

"Now who art thou, that cleavest through our smoke
And art discoursing of us even as though
Thou didst by calends still divide the time?" ²²⁰

After this manner by a voice was spoken;
Whereon my Master said: "Do thou reply,
And ask if on this side the way go upward."

And I: "O creature that dost cleanse thyself
To return beautiful to Him who made thee,
Thou shalt hear marvels if thou follow me."

"Thee will I follow far as is allowed me,"
He answered; "and if smoke prevent our seeing,
Hearing shall keep us joined instead thereof."

Thereon began I: "With that swathing band
Which death unwindeth am I going upward,
And hither came I through the infernal anguish.

And if God in his grace has me infolded,
So that he wills that I behold his court
By method wholly out of modern usage,

Conceal not from me who ere death thou wast,
But tell it me, and tell me if I go
Right for the pass, and be thy words our escort."

"Lombard was I, and I was Marco called; ²²¹

²²⁰Still living the life temporal, where time is measured by the calendar.

²²¹Marco Lombardo, was a Venetian nobleman, a man of wit and learning and a friend of Dante. "Nearly all that he gained," says the *Ottimo*, "he spent in charity. ... He visited Paris, and, as long as his money lasted, he was esteemed for his valour and courtesy. Afterwards he depended upon those richer than himself, and lived and died honourably." There are some anecdotes of him in the *Cento Novelle Antiche* Nov. 41, 52, hardly worth quoting.

It is doubtful whether the name of Lombardo is a family name, or only indicates that Marco was an Italian, after the fashion then prevalent among the French of calling all Italians Lombards. See Note 124.

Benvenuto says of him that he "was a man of noble mind, but disdainful, and easily moved to anger."

Buti's portrait is as follows: "This Marco was a Venetian, called Marco Dacca; and was a very learned man, and had many political virtues, and was very courteous, giving to poor noblemen all that he gained, and he gained much; for he was a courtier, and was much beloved for his virtue, and much was given him by the nobility; and as he gave to

The world I knew, and loved that excellence,
At which has each one now unbent his bow.

For mounting upward, thou art going right."
Thus he made answer, and subjoined: "I pray thee
To pray for me when thou shalt be above."

And I to him: "My faith I pledge to thee
To do what thou dost ask me; but am bursting
Inly with doubt, unless I rid me of it.

First it was simple, and is now made double
By thy opinion, which makes certain to me,
Here and elsewhere, that which I couple with it. ²²²

The world forsooth is utterly deserted
By every virtue, as thou tellest me,
And with iniquity is big and covered;

But I beseech thee point me out the cause,
That I may see it, and to others show it;
For one in the heavens, and here below one puts it."

A sigh profound. that grief forced into Ai!
He first sent forth, and then began he: "Brother,
The world is blind, and sooth thou comest from it!

Ye who are living every cause refer
Still upward to the heavens, as if all things
They of necessity moved with themselves.

If this were so, in you would be destroyed
Free will, nor any justice would there be
In having joy for good, or grief for evil.

The heavens your movements do initiate,
I say not all; but granting that I say it,
Light has been given you for good and evil,

And free volition; which, if some fatigue
In the first battles with the heavens it suffers,

those who were in need, so he lent to all who asked. So that, coming to die, and having much still due to him, he made a will, and among other bequests this, that whoever owed him should not be held to pay the debt, saying, 'Whoever has, may keep.'"
Portarelli thinks that this Marco may be Marco Polo the traveller; but this is inadmissible, as he was still living at the time of Dante's death.

²²²What Guido del Duca has told him of the corruption of Italy, in Canto XIV.

Afterwards conquers all, if well 'tis nurtured. ²²³

To greater force and to a better nature, ²²⁴
 Though free, ye subject are, and that creates
 The mind in you the heavens have not in charge.

Hence, if the present world doth go astray,
 In you the cause is, be it sought in you;
 And I therein will now be thy true spy.

Forth from the hand of Him, who fondles it
 Before it is, like to a little girl
 Weeping and laughing in her childish sport,

Issues the simple soul, that nothing knows,
 Save that, proceeding from a joyous Maker,
 Gladly it turns to that which gives it pleasure.

Of trivial good at first it tastes the savour;
 Is cheated by it, and runs after it,
 If guide or rein turn not aside its love.

Hence it behoved laws for a rein to place,
 Behoved a king to have, who at the least
 Of the true city should discern the tower.

The laws exist, but who sets hand to them?
 No one; because the shepherd who precedes
 Can ruminant, but cleaveth not the hoof; ²²⁵

Wherefore the people that perceives its guide
 Strike only at the good for which it hankers, ²²⁶
 Feeds upon that, and farther seeketh not.

Clearly canst thou perceive that evil guidance
 The cause is that has made the world depraved,
 And not that nature is corrupt in you.

Rome, that reformed the world, accustomed was
 Two suns to have, which one road and the other, ²²⁷

²²³Ptolemy says, "The wise man shall control the stars;" and the Turkish proverb, "Wit and a strong will are superior to Fate."

²²⁴Though free, you are subject to the divine power which has immediately breathed into you the soul, and the soul is not subject to the influence of the stars, as the body is.

²²⁵*Leviticus* XI. 4: "The camel because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof: he is unclean to you." Dante applies these words to the Pope as temporal sovereign.

²²⁶Worldly goods.

²²⁷The Emperor and the Pope; the temporal and spiritual power.

Of God and of the world, made manifest.
 One has the other quenched, and to the crosier
 The sword is joined, and ill beseemeth it
 That by main force one with the other go,
 Because, being joined, one feareth not the other;
 If thou believe not, think upon the grain,
 For by its seed each herb is recognized.
 In the land laved by Po and Adige,²²⁸
 Valour and courtesy used to be found,
 Before that Frederick had his controversy;²²⁹
 Now in security can pass that way
 Whoever will abstain, through sense of shame,
 From speaking with the good, or drawing near them.
 True, three old men are left, in whom upbraids
 The ancient age the new, and late they deem it
 That God restore them to the better life:
 Currado da Palazzo, and good Gherardo,²³⁰
 And Guido da Castel, who better named is,
 In fashion of the French, the simple Lombard:
 Say thou henceforward that the Church of Rome,
 Confounding in itself two governments,
 Falls in the mire, and soils itself and burden."

²²⁸Lombardy and Romagna.

²²⁹The dissension and war between the Emperor Frederick the Second and Pope Gregory the Ninth.

²³⁰Currado (Conrad) da Palazzo of Brescia; Gherardo da Camino of Treviso; and Guido da Castello of Reggio. Of these three the *Ottimo* thus speaks: – "Messer Currado was laden with honour during his life, delighted in a fine retinue, and in political life in the government of cities, in which he acquired much praise and fame."

"Messer Guido was assiduous in honouring men of worth, who passed on their way to France, and furnished many with horses and arms, who came hither-ward from France. To all who had honourably consumed their property, and returned more poorly furnished than became them, he gave, without hope of return, horses, arms, and money."

"Messer Gherardo da Camino delighted not in one, but in all noble things, keeping constantly at home."

He farther says, that his fame was so great in France that he was there spoken of as the "simple Lombard," just as, "when one says the City, and no more, one means Rome." Benvenuto da Imola says that all Italians were called Lombards by the French. In the *Histoire et Cronique du petit Jehan de Saintré*, Fol. 219, Ch. IV., the author remarks: "The fifteenth day after Saintré's return, there came to Paris two young, noble, and brave Italians, whom we call Lombards."

“O Marco mine,” I said, “thou reasonest well;
And now discern I why the sons of Levi
Have been excluded from the heritage.

But what Gherardo is it, who, as sample
Of a lost race, thou sayest has remained
In reprobation of the barbarous age?”

“Either thy speech deceives me, or it tempts me,”
He answered me, “for speaking Tuscan to me,
It seems of good Gherardo naught thou knowest.

By other surname do I know him not,
Unless I take it from his daughter Gaia.²³¹
May God be with you, for I come no farther.

Behold the dawn, that through the smoke rays out,
Already whitening; and I must depart –
Yonder the Angel is – ere he appear.”

Thus did he speak, and would no farther hear me.

²³¹“This Gherardo,” says Buti, “had daughter, called, on account of her beauty, Gaja; and so modest and virtuous was she, that through all Italy was spread the fame of her beauty and modesty.”

The *Ottimo*, who preceded Buti in point of time, gives a somewhat different and more equivocal account. He says: “Madonna Gaia was the daughter of Messer Gherardo da Camino; she was a lady of such conduct in amorous delectations, that her name was notorious throughout all Italy; and therefore she is thus spoken of here.”



Figure 23: "Thee will I follow far as is allowed me," he answered; "and if smoke prevent our seeing, hearing shall keep us joined instead thereof."

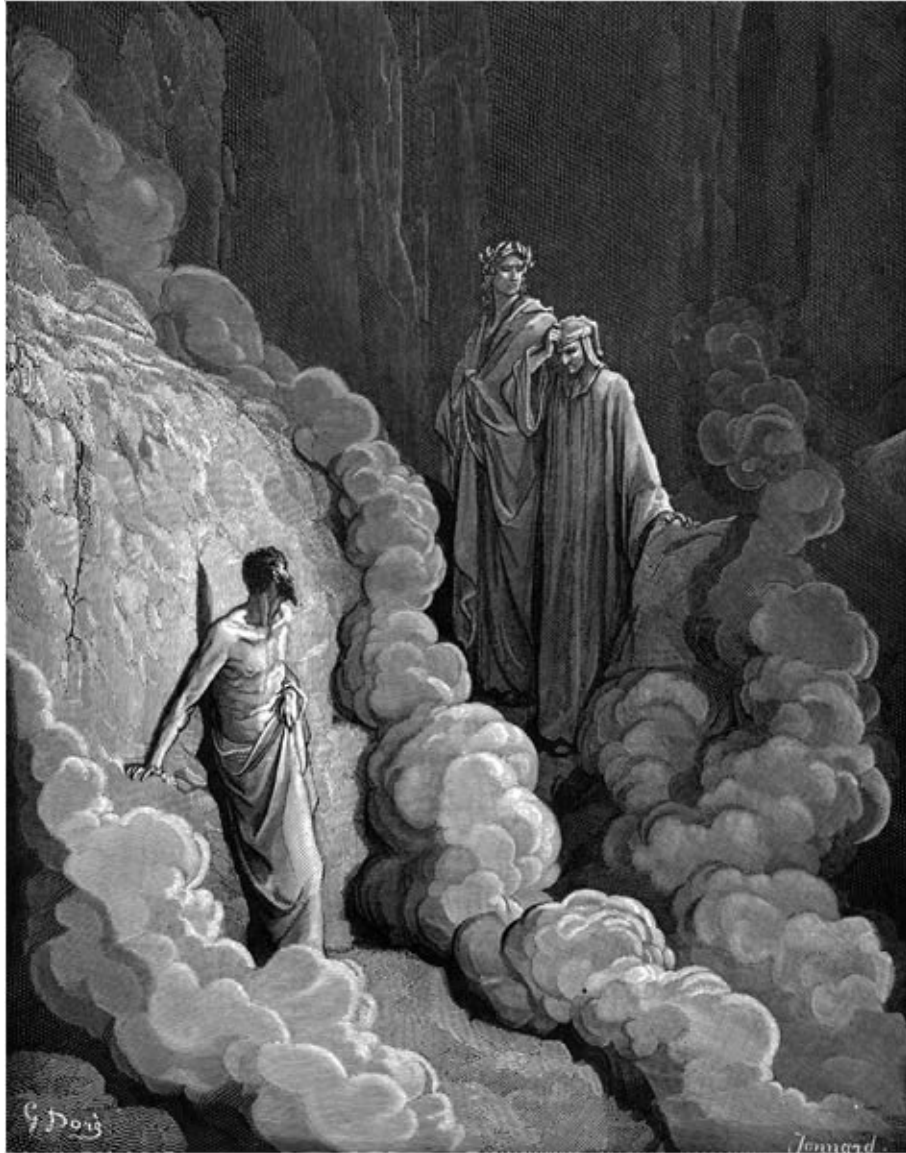


Figure 24: "Lombard was I, and I was Marco called..."

Canto 17

REMEMBER, Reader, if e'er in the Alps ²³²
A mist o'ertook thee, through which thou couldst see ²³³
Not otherwise than through its membrane mole,
How, when the vapours humid and condensed
Begin to dissipate themselves, the sphere
Of the sun feebly enters in among them,
And thy imagination will be swift
In coming to perceive how I re-saw
The sun at first, that was already setting.
Thus, to the faithful footsteps of my Master
Mating mine own, I issued from that cloud
To rays already dead on the low shores.
O thou, Imagination, that dost steal us
So from without sometimes, that man perceives not,
Although around may sound a thousand trumpets,
Who moveth thee, if sense impel thee not?
Moves thee a light, which in the heaven takes form,
By self, or by a will that downward guides it.
Of her impiety, who changed her form ²³⁴
Into the bird that most delights in singing,
In my imagining appeared the trace;
And hereupon my mind was so withdrawn
Within itself, that from without there came

²³²The trance and vision of Dante, and the ascent to the Fourth Circle, where the sin of Sloth is punished.

²³³Poor, or impoverished of its stars by clouds. The same expression is applied to the Arno, Canto XIV. 45, to indicate its want of water.

²³⁴In this vision are represented some of the direful effects of anger, beginning with the murder of Itys by his mother, Procne, and her sister, Philomela.

Nothing that then might be received by it.

Then reigned within my lofty fantasy
One crucified, disdainful and ferocious
In countenance, and even thus was dying.

Around him were the great Ahasuerus,
Esther his wife, and the just Mordecai,
Who was in word and action so entire.

And even as this image burst asunder
Of its own self, in fashion of a bubble
In which the water it was made of fails,

There rose up in my vision a young maiden ²³⁵
Bitterly weeping, and she said: "O queen,
Why hast thou wished in anger to be naught?

Thou'st slain thyself, Lavinia not to lose;
Now hast thou lost me; I am she who mourns,
Mother, at thine ere at another's ruin."

As sleep is broken, when upon a sudden
New light strikes in upon the eyelids closed,
And broken quivers ere it dieth wholly,

So this imagining of mine fell down
As soon as the effulgence smote my face,
Greater by far than what is in our wont.

I turned me round to see where I might be,
When said a voice, "Here is the passage up;"
Which from all other purposes removed me,

And made my wish so full of eagerness
To look and see who was it that was speaking,
It never rests till meeting face to face;

But as before the sun, which quells the sight,
And in its own excess its figure veils,
Even so my power was insufficient here.

"This is a spirit divine, who in the way
Of going up directs us without asking
And who with his own light himself conceals.

²³⁵Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus and Queen Amata, betrothed to Turnus. Amata, thinking Turnus dead, hanged herself in anger and despair.

He does with us as man doth with himself;
 For he who sees the need, and waits the asking,
 Malignly leans already tow'rds denial.

Accord we now our feet to such inviting,
 Let us make haste to mount ere it grow dark;
 For then we could not till the day return."

Thus my Conductor said; and I and he
 Together turned our footsteps to a stairway,
 And I, as soon as the first step I reached

Near me perceived a motion as of wings
 And fanning in the face, and saying, "*Beati
 Pacifi*, who are without ill anger."²³⁶

Already over us were so uplifted
 The latest sunbeams, which the night pursues,
 That upon many sides the stars appeared.

"O manhood mine, why dost thou vanish so?"
 I said within myself; for I perceived
 The vigour of my legs was put in truce.

We at the point were where no more ascends
 The stairway upward, and were motionless,
 Even as a ship, which at the shore arrives;

And I gave heed a little, if I might hear
 Aught whatsoever in the circle new;
 Then to my Master turned me round and said:

"Say, my sweet Father, what delinquency
 Is purged here in the circle where we are?
 Although our feet may pause, pause not thy speech."

And he to me: "The love of good, remiss²³⁷
 In what it should have done, is here restored;
 Here plied again the ill-belated oar;

But still more openly to understand,
 Turn unto me thy mind, and thou shalt gather
 Some profitable fruit from our delay.

"Neither Creator nor a creature ever,

²³⁶*Matthew* V. 9: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

²³⁷Sloth. See note 115 in *Inferno* VII.

Son," he began, "was destitute of love
Natural or spiritual; and thou knowest it.

The natural was ever without error;
But err the other may by evil object,
Or by too much, or by too little vigour.

While in the first it well directed is,²³⁸
And in the second moderates itself,
It cannot be the cause of sinful pleasure;

But when to ill it turns, and, with more care
Or lesser than it ought, runs after good,
'Gainst the Creator works his own creation.

Hence thou mayst comprehend that love must be
The seed within yourselves of every virtue,
And every act that merits punishment.

Now inasmuch as never from the welfare
Of its own subject can love turn its sight,
From their own hatred all things are secure;

And since we cannot think of any being
Standing alone, nor from the First divided,
Of hating Him is all desire cut off.

Hence if, discriminating, I judge well,
The evil that one loves is of one's neighbour,
And this is born in three modes in your clay.

There are, who, by abasement of their neighbour,
Hope to excel, and therefore only long
That from his greatness he may be cast down;

There are, who power, grace, honour, and renown
Fear they may lose because another rises,
Thence are so sad that the reverse they love;

And there are those whom injury seems to chafe,
So that it makes them greedy for revenge,
And such must needs shape out another's harm.

This threefold love is wept for down below;²³⁹
Now of the other will I have thee hear,

²³⁸The first, the object; the second, too much or too little vigour.

²³⁹The sins of Pride, Envy, and Anger. The other is Sloth, or lukewarmness in well-doing, punished in this circle.

That runneth after good with measure faulty.
Each one confusedly a good conceives
Wherein the mind may rest, and longeth for it;
Therefore to overtake it each one strives.
If languid love to look on this attract you,
Or in attaining unto it, this cornice,
After just penitence, torments you for it.
There's other good that does not make man happy;
'Tis not felicity, 'tis not the good
Essence, of every good the fruit and root.
The love that yields itself too much to this
Above us is lamented in three circles;²⁴⁰
But how tripartite it may be described,
I say not, that thou seek it for thyself."

²⁴⁰The sins of Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust.

Canto 18

AN end had put unto his reasoning²⁴¹
The lofty Teacher, and attent was looking
Into my face, if I appeared content;

And I, whom a new thirst still goaded on,
Without was mute, and said within: "Perchance
The too much questioning I make annoys him."

But that true Father, who had comprehended
The timid wish, that opened not itself,
By speaking gave me hardihood to speak.

Whence I: "My sight is, Master, vivified
So in thy light, that clearly I discern
Whate'er thy speech importeth or describes

Therefore I thee entreat, sweet Father dear,
To teach me love, to which thou dost refer
Every good action and its contrary."

"Direct," he said, "towards me the keen eyes
Of intellect, and clear will be to thee
The error, of the blind, who would be leaders

The soul, which is created apt to love,
Is mobile unto everything that pleases,
Soon as by pleasure she is waked to action.

Your apprehension from some real thing
An image draws, and in yourselves displays it
So that it makes the soul turn unto it.

And if, when turned, towards it she incline,
Love is that inclination; it is nature,

²⁴¹The punishment of the sin of Sloth.

Which is by pleasure bound in you anew ²⁴²

Then even as the fire doth upward move
By its own form, which to ascend is born,
Where longest in its matter it endures, ²⁴³

So comes the captive soul into desire,
Which is a motion spiritual, and ne'er rests
Until she doth enjoy the thing beloved.

Now may apparent be to thee how hidden
The truth is from those people, who aver
All love is in itself a laudable thing,

Because its matter may perchance appear
Aye to be good; but yet not each impression
Is good, albeit good may be the wax."

"Thy words, and my sequacious intellect,"
I answered him, "have love revealed to me;
But that has made me more impregnated with doubt;

For if love from without be offered us,
And with another foot the soul go not, ²⁴⁴
If right or wrong she go, 'tis not her merit."

And he to me: "What reason seeth here,
Myself can tell thee; beyond that await
For Beatrice since 'tis a work of faith.

Every substantial form, that segregate
From matter is, and with it is united,
Specific power has in itself collected,

Which without act is not perceptible,
Nor shows itself except by its effect,
As life does in a plant by the green leaves.

But still, whence cometh the intelligence
Of the first notions, man is ignorant,
And the affection for the first allurements,

²⁴²Bound or taken captive by the image of pleasure presented to it. See Canto XVII. 91.

²⁴³The region of Fire. Brunetto Latini, *Tresor*, Ch. CVIII.: "After the zone of the air is placed the fourth element. This is an orb of fire without any moisture, which extends as far as the moon, and surrounds this atmosphere in which we are. And know that above the fire is first the moon, and the other stars, which are all of the nature of fire."

²⁴⁴If the soul follows the *appetitus naturalis*, or goes not with another foot than that of nature.

Which are in you as instinct in the bee
 To make its honey; and this first desire
 Merit of praise or blame containeth not.

Now, that to this all others may be gathered,²⁴⁵
 Innate within you is the power that counsels,
 And it should keep the threshold of assent.

This is the principle, from which is taken
 Occasion of desert in you, according
 As good and guilty loves it takes and winnows.²⁴⁶

Those who, in reasoning, to the bottom went,
 Were of this innate liberty aware,
 Therefore bequeathed they Ethics to the world.

Supposing, then, that from necessity
 Springs every love that is within you kindled,
 Within yourselves the power is to restrain it.

The noble virtue Beatrice understands
 By the free will; and therefore see that thou
 Bear it in mind, if she should speak of it."

The moon, belated almost unto midnight,²⁴⁷
 Now made the stars appear to us more rare,
 Formed like a bucket, that is all ablaze,

And counter to the heavens ran through those paths
 Which the sun sets aflame, when he of Rome²⁴⁸
 Sees it 'twixt Sardes and Corsicans go down;

And that patrician shade, for whom is named
 Pietola more than any Mantuan town,²⁴⁹
 Had laid aside the burden of my lading;²⁵⁰

Whence I, who reason manifest and plain
 In answer to my questions had received,
 Stood like a my in drowsy reverie.

²⁴⁵"This" refers to the power that counsels, or the faculty of Reason.

²⁴⁶Accepts, or rejects like chaff.

²⁴⁷Near midnight of the Second Day of Purgatory.

²⁴⁸The moon was rising in the sign of the Scorpion, it being now five days after the full; and when the sun is in is sign, it is seen by the inhabitants of Rome to sit between the islands of Corsica and Sardinia.

²⁴⁹Virgil, born at Pietola, near Mantua.

²⁵⁰The burden of Dante's doubts and questions, laid upon Virgil.

But taken from me was this drowsiness
Suddenly by a people, that behind
Our backs already had come round to us.

And as, of old, Ismenus and Asopus ²⁵¹
Beside them saw at night the rush and throng,
If but the Thebans were in need of Bacchus,
So they along that circle curve their step, ²⁵²
From what I saw of those approaching us,
Who by good-will and righteous love are ridden.

Full soon they were upon us, because running
Moved onward all that mighty multitude,
And two in the advance cried out, lamenting,

“Mary in haste unto the mountain ran, ²⁵³
And Caesar, that he might subdue Ilerda, ²⁵⁴
Thrust at Marseilles, and then ran into Spain.”

“Quick! quick! so that the time may not be lost
By little love!” forthwith the others cried,
“For ardour in well-doing freshens grace!”

“O folk, in whom an eager fervour now
Supplies perhaps delay and negligence,
Put by you in well-doing, through lukewarmness,

This one who lives, and truly I lie not,
Would fain go up, if but the sun relight us;
So tell us where the passage nearest is.”

These were the words of him who was my Guide;
And some one of those spirits said: “Come on
Behind us, and the opening shalt thou find;

So full of longing are we to move onward,
That stay we cannot; therefore pardon us,
If thou for churlishness our justice take.

²⁵¹Rivers of Boeotia, on whose banks the Thebans crowded at night to invoke the aid of Bacchus to give them rain for their vineyards.

²⁵²The word *falcare*, in French *faucher*, here translated “curve”, is a term of equitation, describing the motion of the outer fore-leg of a horse in going round in a circle. It is the sweep of a mower’s scythe.

²⁵³Luke I. 39: “And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill-country with haste.”

²⁵⁴Caesar on his way to subdue Ilerda, now Lerida, in Spain, besieged Marseilles, leaving there part of his army under Brutus to complete the work.

I was San Zeno's Abbot at Verona,²⁵⁵
 Under the empire of good Barbarossa,²⁵⁶
 Of whom still sorrowing Milan holds discourse
 And he has one foot in the grave already,²⁵⁷
 Who shall ere long lament that monastery,
 And sorry be of having there had power,
 Because his son, in his whole body sick,
 And worse in mind, and who was evil-born,
 He put into the place of its true pastor."
 If more he said, or silent was, I know not
 He had already passed so far beyond us;
 But this I heard, and to retain it pleased me.
 And he who was in every need my succour
 Said: "Turn thee hitherward; See two of them
 Come fastening upon slothfulness their teeth."
 In rear of all they shouted: "Sooner were
 The people dead to whom the sea was opened,
 Than their inheritors the Jordan saw;²⁵⁸

²⁵⁵Nothing is known of this Abbot, not even his name. Finding him here, the commentators make bold to say that he was "slothful and deficient in good deeds." This is like some of the definitions in the *Crusca*, which, instead of the interpretation of a Dantesque word, give you back the passage in which it occurs.

²⁵⁶This is the famous Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, according to the German popular tradition, is still sitting in a cave in the Kipphaliser mountains, waiting for something to happen, while his beard has grown through the stone-table before him. In 1162 he burned and devastated Milan, Brescia, Piacenza, and Cremona. He was drowned in the Salef in Armenia, on his crusade in 1190, endeavouring to ford the river on horseback in his impatience to cross. His character is thus drawn by Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, Book VIII. Ch. 7, and sufficiently explains why Dante calls him "the good Barbarossa": –

"Frederick was a prince of intrepid valour, consummate prudence, unmeasured ambition, justice which hardened into severity, the ferocity of a barbarian somewhat tempered with a high chivalrous gallantry; above all, with a strength of character which subjugated alike the great temporal and ecclesiastical princes of Germany; and was prepared to assert the Imperial rights in Italy to the utmost. Of the constitutional rights of the Emperor, of his unlimited supremacy, his absolute independence of; his temporal superiority over, all other powers, even that of the Pope, Frederick proclaimed the loftiest notions. He was to the Empire what Hildebrand and Innocent were to the Popedom. His power was of God alone; to assert that it was bestowed by the successor of St. Peter was a lie, and directly contrary to the doctrine of St. Peter."

²⁵⁷Alberto della Scala, Lord of Verona. He made his natural son, whose qualifications for the office Dante here enumerates, and the commentators repeat, Abbot of the Monastery of San Zeno.

²⁵⁸*Numbers* XXXII. II, 12: "Surely none of the men that came out of Egypt, from twenty

And those who the fatigue did not endure
Unto the issue, with Anchises' son,²⁵⁹
Themselves to life withouten glory offered."

Then When from us so separated were
Those shades, that they no longer could be seen,
Within me a new thought did entrance find,

Whence others many and diverse were born
And so I lapsed from one into another
That in a reverie mine eyes I closed,

And meditation into dream transmuted.²⁶⁰

years old and upward, shall see the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob; because they have not wholly followed me; save Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite, and Joshua the son of Nun; for they have wholly followed the Lord."

²⁵⁹The Trojans who remained with Acestes in Sicily, instead of following Aeneas to Italy. *Aeneid*, V: "They enroll the matrons for the city, and set on shore as many of the people as were willing, – souls that had no desire of high renown."

²⁶⁰The end of the Second Day.

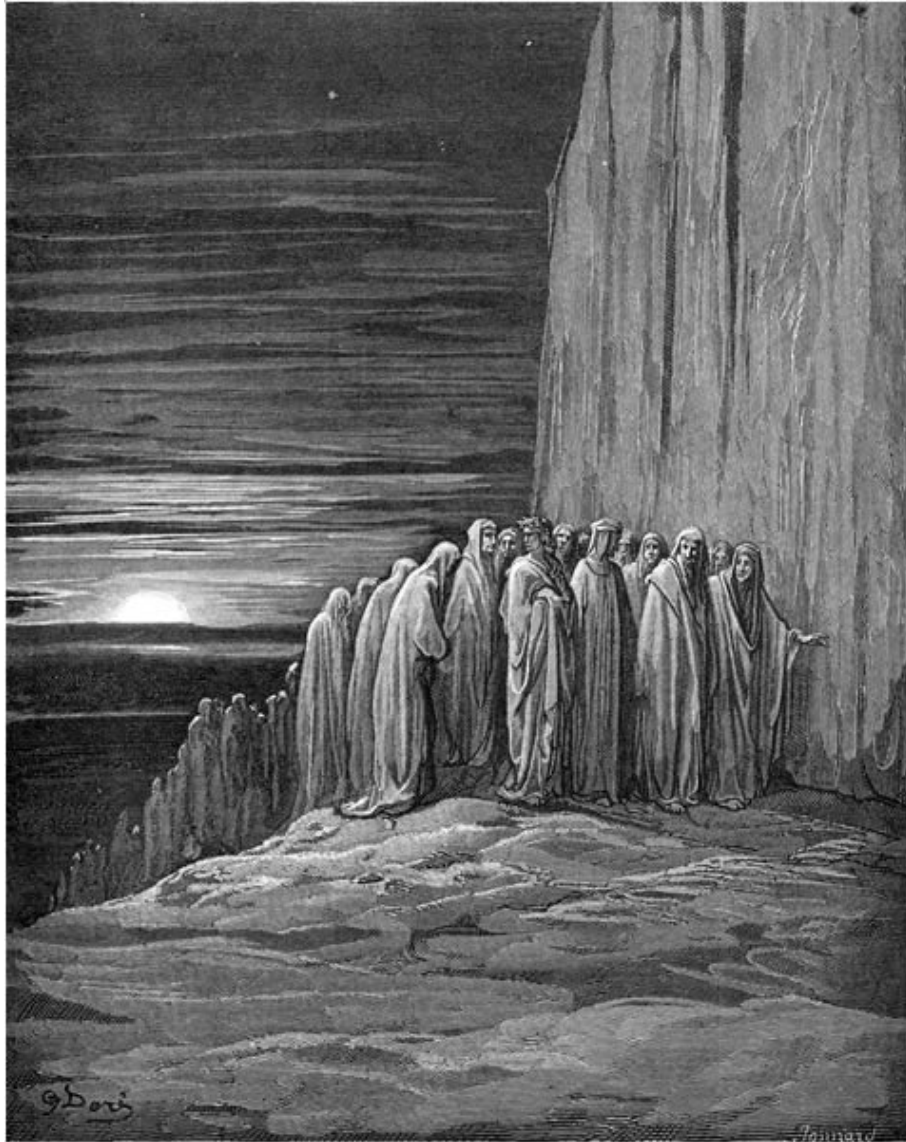


Figure 25: "O folk, in whom an eager fervour now supplies perhaps delay and negligence..."

Canto 19

IT was the hour when the diurnal heat ²⁶¹
No more can warm the coldness of the moon,
Vanquished by earth, or peradventure Saturn ²⁶²
When geomancers their Fortuna Major ²⁶³
See in the orient before the dawn
Rise by a path that long remains not dim, ²⁶⁴
There came to me in dreams a stammering woman ²⁶⁵
Squint in her eyes, and in her feet distorted,
With hands dissevered and of sallow hue.
I looked at her; and as the sun restores
The frigid members which the night benumbs,
Even thus my gaze did render voluble
Her tongue, and made her all erect thereafter
In little while, and the lost countenance
As love desires it so in her did colour
When in this wise she had her speech unloosed,
She 'gan to sing so, that with difficulty
Could I have turned my thoughts away from her

²⁶¹The ascent to the Fifth Circle, where Avarice is punished. It is the dawn of the Third Day.

²⁶²Brunetto Latini, *Tresor*, Ch. CXI: "Saturn, who is sovereign over all, is cruel and malign and of a cold nature."

²⁶³Geomancy is divination by points in the ground, or pebbles arranged in certain figures, which have peculiar names. Among these is the figure called the *Fortuna Major*, which by an effort of imagination can also be formed out of some of the last stars of Aquarius, and some of the first of Pisces.

²⁶⁴Because the sun is following close behind.

²⁶⁵This "stammering woman" of Dante's dream is Sensual Pleasure, which the imagination of the beholder adorns with a thousand charms. The "lady saintly and alert" is Reason, the same that tied Ulysses to the mast, and stopped the ears of his sailors with wax that they might not hear the song of the Sirens.

"I am," she sang, "I am the Siren sweet
 Who mariners amid the main unman
 So full am I of pleasantness to hear
 I drew Ulysses from his wandering way
 Unto my song, and he who dwells with me
 Seldom departs so wholly I content him."
 Her mouth was not yet closed again, before
 Appeared a Lady saintly and alert
 Close at my side to put her to confusion.
 "Virgilius, a Virgilius! who is this?"
 Sternly she said; and he was drawing near
 With eyes still fixed upon that modest one.
 She seized the other and in front laid open,
 Rending her garments, and her belly showed me;
 This waked me with the stench that issued from it.
 I turned mine eyes, and good Virgilius said:
 "At least thrice have I called thee; rise and come;
 Find we the opening by which thou mayst enter."
 I rose; and full already of high day
 Were all the circles of the Sacred Mountain,
 And with the new sun at our back we went.
 Following behind him, I my forehead bore
 Like unto one who has it laden with thought,
 Who makes himself the half arch of a bridge,
 When I heard say, "Come, here the passage is,"
 Spoken in a manner gentle and benign,
 Such as we hear not in this mortal region.
 With open wings, which of a swan appeared,
 Upward he turned us who thus spake to us
 Between the two walls of the solid granite.
 He moved his pinions afterwards and fanned us,
 Affirming those *qui lugent* to be blessed,
 For they shall have their souls with comfort filled ²⁶⁶
 "What aileth thee, that aye to earth thou gazest?"
 To me my Guide began to say, we both

²⁶⁶"That is," says Buti, "they shall have the gift of comforting their souls." *Matthew V. 4:*
 "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

Somewhat beyond the Angel having mounted.

And I: "With such misgiving makes me go
A vision new, which bends me to itself,
So that I cannot from the thought withdraw me."

"Didst thou behold," he said, "that old enchantress,
Who sole above us henceforth is lamented? ²⁶⁷
Didst thou behold how man is freed from her?

Suffice it thee, and smite earth with thy heels,
Thine eyes lift upward to the lure, that whirls
The Eternal King with revolutions vast."

Even as the hawk, that first his feet surveys,
Then turns him to the call and stretches forward,
Through the desire of food that draws him thither,

Such I became, and such, as far as cleaves
The rock to give a way to him who mounts,
Went on to where the circling doth begin.

On the fifth circle when I had come forth,
People I saw upon it who were weeping,
Stretched prone upon the ground, all downward turned.

"Aedhaesit pavimento anima mea," ²⁶⁸

I heard them say with sighings so profound,
That hardly could the words be understood.

"O ye elect of God, whose sufferings
Justice and Hope both render less severe,
Direct ye us towards the high ascents."

"If ye are come secure from this prostration,
And wish to find the way most speedily,
Let your right hands be evermore outside."

Thus did the Poet ask, and thus was answered
By them somewhat in front of us; whence I
In what was spoken divined the rest concealed,

And unto my Lord's eyes mine eyes I turned;
Whence he assented with a cheerful sign
To what the sight of my desire implored.

²⁶⁷The three remaining sins to be purged away are Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust.

²⁶⁸*Psalms* CXIX. 25: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me according to thy word."

When of myself I could dispose at will,
 Above that creature did I draw myself,
 Whose words before had caused me to take note,
 Saying: "O Spirit, in whom weeping ripens
 That without which to God we cannot turn,
 Suspend awhile for me thy greater care.

Who wast thou, and why are your backs turned upwards
 Tell me, and if thou wouldst that I procure thee
 Anything there whence living I departed."

And he to me: "Wherefore our backs the heaven
 Turns to itself, know shalt thou; but beforehand
*Scias quod ego fui successor Petri.*²⁶⁹

Between Siestri and Chiaveri descends
 A river beautiful, and of its name
 The title of my blood its summit makes.

A month and little more essayed I how
 Weighs the great cloak on him from mire who keeps it,
 For all the other burdens seem a feather.

Tardy, ah woe is me! was my conversion;
 But when the Roman Shepherd I was made,
 Then I discovered life to be a lie.

I saw that there the heart was not at rest,
 Nor farther in that life could one ascend;
 Whereby the love of this was kindled in me.

Until that time a wretched soul and parted
 From God was I, and wholly avaricious;
 Now, as thou seest, I here am punished for it

What avarice does is here made manifest
 In the purgation of these souls converted,
 And no more bitter pain the Mountain has.

Even as our eye did not uplift itself
 Aloft, being fastened upon earthly things,

²⁶⁹"Know that I am the successor of Peter." It is Pope Adrian the Fifth who speaks. He was of the family of the Counts of Lavagna, the family taking its title from the river Lavagna, flowing between Siestri and Chiaveri, towns on the Riviera di Genova. He was Pope only thirty-nine days, and died in 1276. When his kindred came to congratulate him on his election, he said, "Would that ye came to a Cardinal in good health, and not to a dying Pope."

So justice here has merged it in the earth.
 As avarice had extinguished our affection
 For every good, whereby was action lost,
 So justice here doth hold us in restraint,
 Bound and imprisoned by the feet and hands;
 And so long as it pleases the just Lord
 Shall we remain immovable and prostrate."
 I on my knees had fallen, and wished to speak;
 But even as I began, and he was 'ware,
 Only by listening, of my reverence,
 "What cause," he said, "has downward bent thee thus?"
 And I to him: "For your own dignity,
 Standing, my conscience stung me with remorse."
 "Straighten thy legs, and upward raise thee, brother,"
 He answered: "Err not, fellow-servant am I ²⁷⁰
 With thee and with the others to one power.
 If e'er that holy, evangelic sound,
 Which sayeth *neque nubent*, thou hast heard, ²⁷¹
 Well canst thou see why in this wise I speak.
 Now go; no longer will I have thee linger,
 Because thy stay doth incommode my weeping,
 With which I ripen that which thou hast said.
 On earth I have a grandchild named Alagia, ²⁷²
 Good in herself, unless indeed our house
 Malevolent may make her by example,
 And she alone remains to me on earth."

²⁷⁰*Revelation* XXII. 10: "And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not, I am thy fellow-servant."

²⁷¹*Matthew* XXII. 30: "For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven." He reminds Dante that here all earthly distinctions and relations are laid aside. He is no longer "the spouse of the Church."

²⁷²Madonna Alagia was the wife of Marcello Malespini, that friend of Dante with whom, during his wanderings he took refuge in the Lunigiana, in 1307.

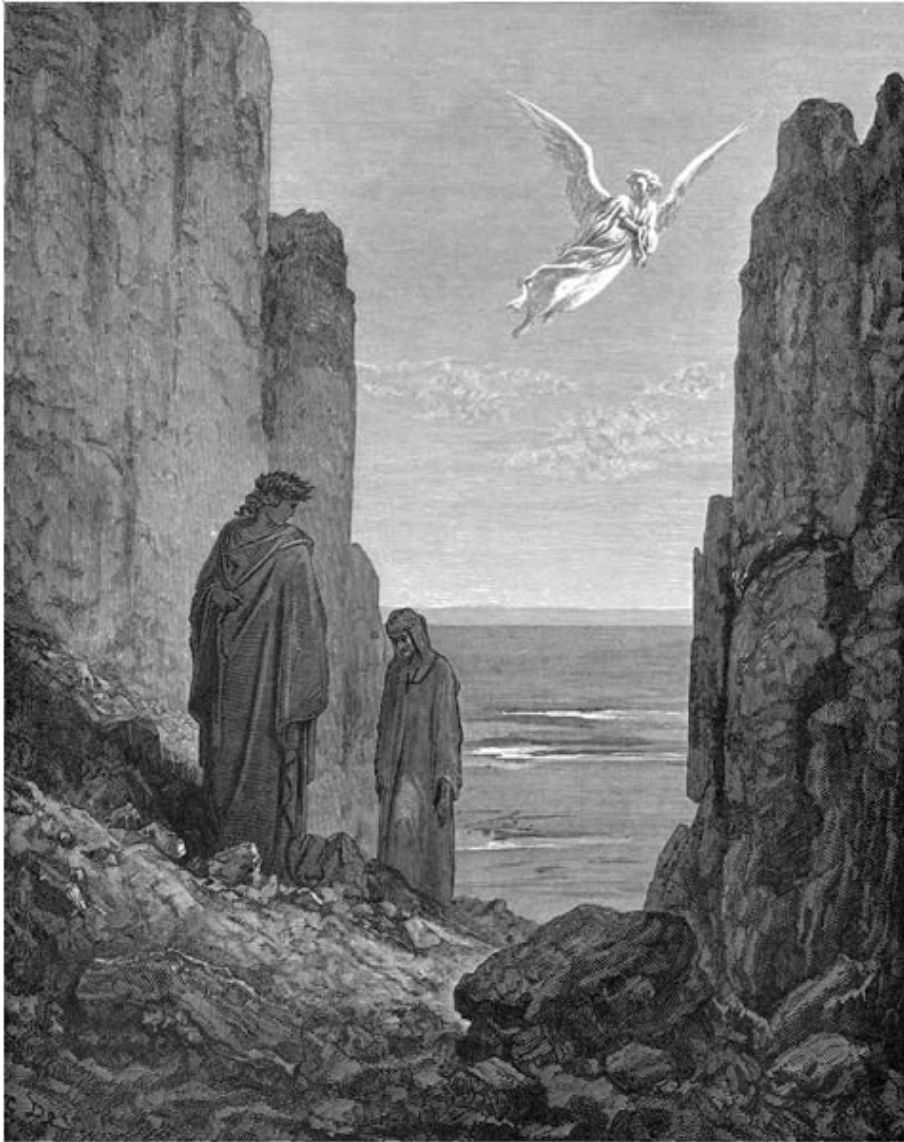


Figure 26: With open wings, which of a swan appeared, upward he turned us who thus spake to us between the two walls of the solid granite.

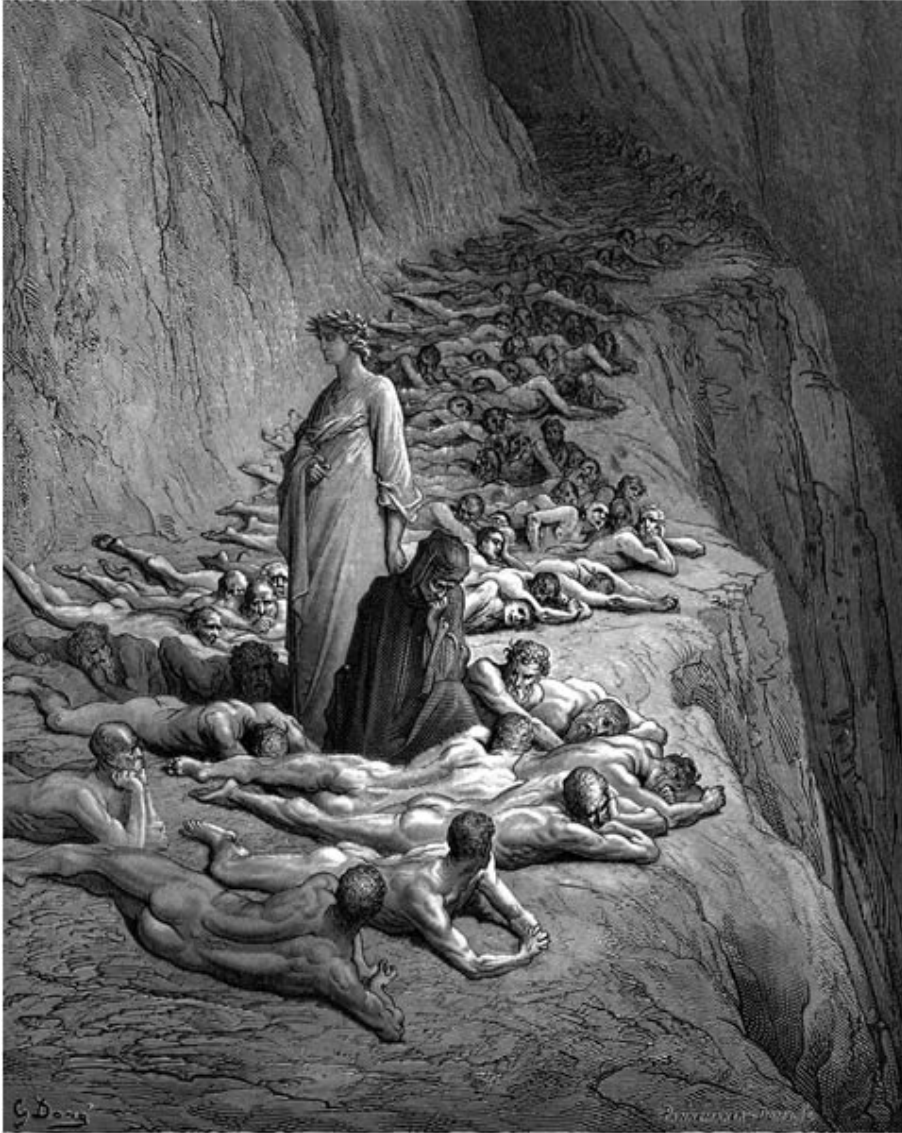


Figure 27: What avarice does is here made manifest in the purgation of these souls converted, and no more bitter pain the Mountain has.

Canto 20

ILL strives the will against a better will; ²⁷³
 Therefore, to pleasure him, against my pleasure ²⁷⁴
 I drew the sponge not saturate from the water.
 Onward I moved, and onward moved my Leader,
 Through vacant places, skirting still the rock,
 As on a wall close to the battlements;
 For they that through their eyes pour drop by drop
 The malady whichall the world pervades,
 On the other side too near the verge approach.
 Accursed mayst thou be, thou old she-wolf,
 That more than all the other beasts hast prey,
 Because of hunger infinitely hollow!
 O heaven, in whose gyrations some appear
 To think conditions here below are changed,
 When will he come through whom she shall depart? ²⁷⁵
 Onward we went with footsteps slow and scarce,
 And I attentive to the shades I heard
 Piteously weeping and bemoaning them;
 And I by peradventure heard "Sweet Mary!"
 Uttered in front of us amid the weeping
 Even as a woman does who is in child-birth;
 And in continuance: "How poor thou wast
 Is manifested by that hostelry ²⁷⁶

²⁷³In this canto the subject of the preceding is continued, namely, the punishment of Avarice and Prodigality.

²⁷⁴To please the speaker, Pope Adrian the Fifth, (who, Canto XIX. 139, says, "Now go, no longer will I have thee linger,") Dante departs without further question, though not yet satisfied.

²⁷⁵This is generally supposed to refer to Can Grande della Scala. See *Inferno* I. Note 101.

²⁷⁶The inn at Bethlehem.

Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down."

Thereafterward I heard: "O good Fabricius,²⁷⁷
Virtue with poverty didst thou prefer
To the possession of great wealth with vice."

So pleasurable were these words to me
That I drew farther onward to have knowledge
Touching that spirit whence they seemed to come.

He furthermore was speaking of the largess
Which Nicholas unto the maidens gave,²⁷⁸
In order to conduct their youth to honour.

"O soul that dost so excellently speak,
Tell me who wast thou," said I, "and why only
Thou dost renew these praises well deserved?"

Not without recompense shall be thy word,
If I return to finish the short journey
Of that life which is flying to its end."

And he: "I'll tell thee, not for any comfort
I may expect from earth, but that so much
Grace shines in thee or ever thou art dead.

I was the root of that malignant plant²⁷⁹
Which overshadows all the Christian world,
So that good fruit is seldom gathered from it;

But if Douay and Ghent, and Lille and Bruges
Had Power. soon vengeance would be taken on it;
And this I pray of Him who judges all.

²⁷⁷The Roman Consul who rejected with disdain the bribes of Pyrrhus, and died so poor that he was buried at the public expense, and the Romans were obliged to give a dowry to his daughters. Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI. 8, calls him "powerful in poverty." Dante also extols him in the *Convito*, IV. 5.

²⁷⁸This is St. Nicholas, patron saint of children, sailors, and travellers.

²⁷⁹If we knew from what old chronicle Dante derived his knowledge of French history, we might possibly make plain the rather difficult passage which begins with this line. The spirit that speaks is not that of the King Hugh Capet, but that of his father, Hugh Capet, Duke of France and Count of Paris. He was son of Robert the Strong. Pasquier, *Rech. de La France*, VI. I, describes him as both valiant and prudent, and says that, "although he was never king, yet was he a maker and unmaker of kings," and then goes on to draw an elaborate parallel between him and Charles Martel.

The "malignant plant" is Philip the Fair. He was defeated at the battle of Courtray, 1302, known in history as the battle of the Spurs of Gold, from the great number found on the field after the battle. This is the vengeance imprecated upon him by Dante.

Hugh Capet was I called upon the earth;
 From me were born the Louises and Philips,²⁸⁰
 By whom in later days has France been governed.

I was the son of a Parisian butcher,²⁸¹
 What time the ancient kings had perished all,²⁸²
 Excepting one, contrite in cloth of gray.

I found me grasping in my hands the rein
 Of the realm's government, and so great power
 Of new acquet, and so with friends abounding,

That to the widowed diadem promoted
 The head of mine own offspring was, from whom²⁸³
 The consecrated bones of these began.

So long as the great dowry of Provence²⁸⁴
 Out of my blood took not the sense of shame,
 'Twas little worth, but still it did no harm.

Then it began with falsehood and with force
 Its rapine; and thereafter, for amends,²⁸⁵
 Took Ponthieu, Normandy, and Gascony.

²⁸⁰For two centuries and a half, that is, from 1060 to 1316, there was either a Louis or a Philip on the throne of France. The succession was as follows: – Philip I. the Amorous - 1060, Louis VI. the Fat - 1108, Louis VII. the Young - 1137, Philip II. Augustus - 1180, Louis VIII. the Lion - 1223, Louis IX. the Saint - 1226, Philip III. the Bold - 1270, Philip IV. the Fair - 1285, Louis X. - 1314

²⁸¹It is doubtful whether this passage is to be taken literally or figuratively.

²⁸²When the Carolingian race were all dead but one. And who was he? The *Ottimo* says it was Rudolph, who became a monk and afterwards Archbishop of Rheims. Benvenuto gives no name, but says only "a monk in poor, coarse garments." Buti says the same. Daniello thinks it was some Friar of St. Francis, perhaps St. Louis, forgetting that these saints did not see the light till some two centuries after the time here spoken of. Others say Charles of Lorraine; and Biagioli decides that it must be either Charles the Simple, who died a prisoner in the castle of Péronne, in 922; or Louis of Outre-Mer, who carried to England by Hugh the Great, in 936. The Man in Cloth of Grey remains as great a mystery as the Man in the Iron Mask.

²⁸³Hugh Capet was crowned at Rheims, in 987. The expression which follows shows clearly that it is Hugh the Great who speaks, and not Hugh the founder of the Capetian dynasty.

²⁸⁴Until the shame of the low origin of the family was removed by the marriage of Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, to the daughter of Raimond Berenger, who brought him Provence as her dower.

²⁸⁵Making amends for one crime by committing a greater. The particular transaction here alluded to is the seizing by fraud and holding by force these provinces in the time of Philip the Fair.

Charles came to Italy, and for amends ²⁸⁶
 A victim made of Conradin, and then ²⁸⁷
 Thrust Thomas back to heaven, for amends. ²⁸⁸

A time I see, not very distant now,
 Which draweth forth another Charles from France, ²⁸⁹
 The better to make known both him and his.

Unarmed he goes, and only with the lance
 That Judas jousted with; and that he thrusts
 So that he makes the paunch of Florence burst. ²⁹⁰

He thence not land, but sin and infamy, ²⁹¹
 Shall gain, so much more grievous to himself
 As the more light such damage he accounts.

The other, now gone forth, ta'en in his ship, ²⁹²
 See I his daughter sell, and chaffer for her
 As corsairs do with other female slaves.

What more, O Avarice, canst thou do to us,
 Since thou my blood so to thyself hast drawn,
 It careth not for its own proper flesh?

That less may seem the future ill and past,
 I see the flower-de-luce Alagna enter, ²⁹³
 And Christ in his own Vicar captive made.

I see him yet another time derided;
 I see renewed the vinegar and gall,

²⁸⁶Charles of Anjou.

²⁸⁷Curradino, or Conradin, son of the Emperor Conrad IV., a beautiful youth of sixteen, who was beheaded in the square of Naples by order of Charles of Anjou, in 1268. Endeavouring to escape to Sicily after his defeat at Tagliacozzo, he was carried to Naples and imprisoned in the Castel dell' Uovo.

²⁸⁸Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor of the Schools, died at the convent of Fossa Nuova in the Campagna, being on his way to the Council of Lyons, in 1274. He is supposed to have been poisoned by his physician, at the instigation of Charles of Anjou.

²⁸⁹Charles of Valois, who came into Italy by invitation of Boniface the Eighth, in 1301.

²⁹⁰By the aid of Charles of Valois the Neri party triumphed in Florence, and the Bianchi were banished, and with them Dante.

²⁹¹There is an allusion here to the nickname of Charles of Valois, *Senzaterra*, or Lack-land.

²⁹²Charles the Second, son of Charles of Anjou. He went from France to recover Sicily after the Sicilian Vespers. In an engagement with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Rugieri d'Oria, he was taken prisoner. Dante says he sold his daughter, because he married her for a large sum of money to Azzo the Sixth of Este.

²⁹³The flower-de-luce is in the banner of France.

And between living thieves I see him slain.
 I see the modern Pilate so relentless,²⁹⁴
 This does not sate him, but without decretal
 He to the temple bears his sordid sails!
 When, O my Lord! shall I be joyful made
 By looking on the vengeance which, concealed,
 Makes sweet thine anger in thy secrecy?
 What I was saying of that only bride
 Of the Holy Ghost, and which occasioned thee
 To turn towards me for some commentary,
 So long has been ordained to all our prayers
 As the day lasts; but when the night comes on,
 Contrary sound we take instead thereof.
 At that time we repeat Pygmalion,²⁹⁵
 Of whom a traitor, thief, and parricide
 Made his insatiable desire of gold;
 And the misery of avaricious Midas,²⁹⁶
 That followed his inordinate demand,
 At which forevermore one needs but laugh.
 The foolish Achan each one then records,²⁹⁷
 And how he stole the spoils; so that the wrath
 Of Joshua still appears to sting him here.
 Then we accuse Sapphira with her husband,²⁹⁸

²⁹⁴Suppression of the Order of the Knights Templars, in 1307-1312. See Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, Book XII. Ch. 2, and Villani, VIII. 92, who says the act was committed *per cupidigia di guadagnare* – for love of gain; and says also: “The king of France and his children had afterwards much shame and adversity, both on account of this sin and on account of the seizure of Pope Boniface.”

²⁹⁵The brother of Dido and murderer of her husband.

²⁹⁶The Phrygian king, who, for his hospitality to Silenus, was endowed by Bacchus with the fatal power of turning all he touched to gold. The most laugh able thing about him was his wearing ass’s ears, as a punishment for preferring the music of Pan to that of Apollo.

²⁹⁷*Joshua* VII. 21: “When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it.”

²⁹⁸*Acts* V. I, 2: “But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles’ feet.”

We laud the hoof-beats Heliodorus had,²⁹⁹
 And the whole mount in infamy encircles
 Polymnestor who murdered Polydorus.
 Here finally is cried: 'O Crassus, tell us,³⁰⁰
 For thou dost know, what is the taste of gold?'

Sometimes we speak, one loud, another low,
 According to desire of speech, that spurs us
 To greater now and now to lesser pace.

But in the good that here by day is talked of,
 Erewhile alone I was not; yet near by³⁰¹
 No other person lifted up his voice."

From him already we departed were,
 And made endeavour to o'ercome the road
 As much as was permitted to our power,

When I perceived, like something that is falling,
 The mountain tremble, whence a chill seized on me,
 As seizes him who to his death is going.

Certes so violently shook not Delos,³⁰²
 Before Latona made her nest therein
 To give birth to the two eyes of the heaven.

Then upon all sides there began a cry,
 Such that the Master drew himself towards me,
 Saying, "Fear not, while I am guiding thee."

"*Gloria in excelsis Deo,*" all³⁰³

²⁹⁹The hoof-beats of the miraculous horse in the Temple of Jerusalem, when Heliodorus, the treasurer of King Seleucus, went there to remove the treasure. *2 Maccabees* III. 25: "For there appeared unto them an 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, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold."

³⁰⁰Lucinius Crassus, surnamed the Rich. He was Consul with Pompey, and on one occasion displayed his vast wealth by giving an entertainment to the populace, at which the guests were so numerous that they occupied ten thousand tables. He was slain in a battle with the Parthians, and his head was sent to the Parthian king, Hyrodes, who had molten gold poured down its throat.

³⁰¹This is in answer to Dante's question, line 35: – "And why only Thou dost renew these praises well deserved?"

³⁰²An island in the Aegean Sea, in the centre of the Cyclades. It was thrown up by an earthquake, in order to receive Latona, when she gave birth to Apollo and Diana, the Sun and the Moon.

³⁰³*Luke* II. 13, 14: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly

Were saying, from what near I comprehended,
Where it was possible to hear the cry.

We paused immovable and in suspense;
Even as the shepherds who first heard that song,
Until the trembling ceased, and it was finished.

Then we resumed again our holy path,
Watching the shades that lay upon the ground,
Already turned to their accustomed plaint.

No ignorance ever with so great a strife
Had rendered me importunate to know,
If erreth not in this my memory,

As meditating then I seemed to have;
Nor out of haste to question did I dare,
Nor of myself I there could aught perceive;
So I went onward timorous and thoughtful.

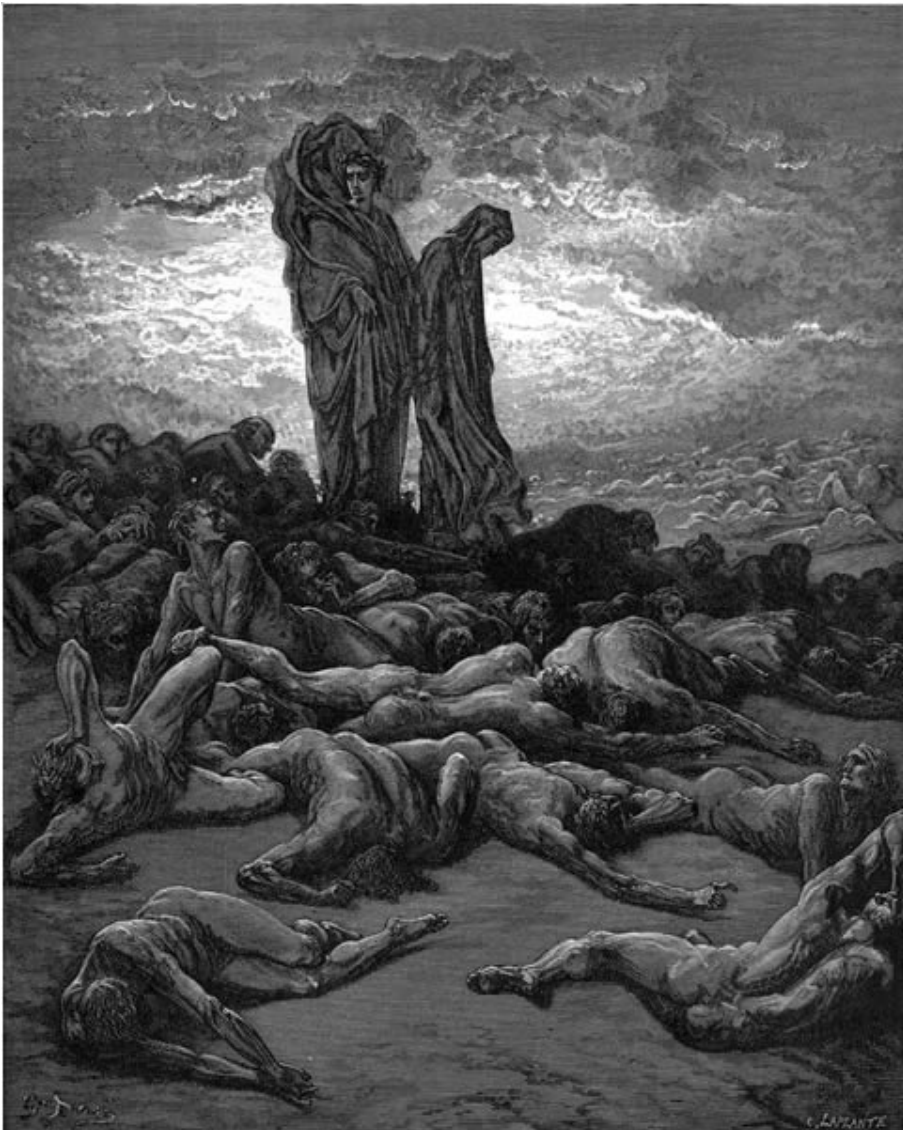


Figure 28: Watching the shades that lay upon the ground...

Canto 21

THE natural thirst, that ne'er is satisfied ³⁰⁴
 Excepting with the water for whose grace
 The woman of Samaria besought, ³⁰⁵

Put me in travail, and haste goaded me
 Along the encumbered path behind my Leader
 And I was pitying that righteous vengeance;

And lo! in the same manner as Luke writeth ³⁰⁶
 That Christ appeared to two upon the way
 From the sepulchral cave already risen,

A shade appeared to us, and came behind us,
 Down gazing on the prostrate multitude,
 Nor were we ware of it, until it spake,

Saying, "My brothers, may God give you peace!"
 We turned us suddenly, and Virgilius rendered
 To him the countersign thereto conforming ³⁰⁷

Thereon began he: "In the blessed council,
 Thee may the court veracious place in peace,
 That me doth banish in eternal exile!"

³⁰⁴This canto is devoted to the interview with the poet Statius, whose release from punishment was announced by the earthquake and the outcry at the end of the last canto.

³⁰⁵John IV. 14,U 115: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst ... The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

³⁰⁶Luke XXIV. 13-15: "And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."

³⁰⁷Among the monks of the Middle Ages there were certain salutations, which had their customary replies or countersigns. Thus one would say, "Peace be with thee!" and the answer would be, "And with thy spirit!" Or, "Praised be the Lord!" and the answer, "World without end!"

“How,” said he, and the while we went with speed,
 “If ye are shades whom God deigns not on high,
 Who up his stairs so far has guided you?”

And said my Teacher: “If thou note the marks ³⁰⁸
 Which this one bears, and which the Angel traces
 Well shalt thou see he with the good must reign.

But because she who spinneth day and night ³⁰⁹
 For him had not yet drawn the distaff off,
 Which Clotho lays for each one and compacts,

His soul, which is thy sister and my own,
 In coming upwards could not come alone,
 By reason that it sees not in our fashion.

Whence I was drawn from out the ample throat
 Of Hell to be his guide, and I shall guide him
 As far on as my school has power to lead.

But tell us, if thou knowest, why such a shudder
 Erewhile the mountain gave, and why together
 All seemed to cry, as far as its moist feet?”

In asking he so hit the very eye
 Of my desire, that merely with the hope
 My thirst became the less unsatisfied.

“Naught is there,” he began, “that without order ³¹⁰
 May the religion of the mountain feel,
 Nor aught that may be foreign to its custom.

Free is it here from every permutation;
 What from itself heaven in itself receiveth ³¹¹
 Can be of this the cause, and naught beside;

Because that neither rain, nor hail, nor snow,
 Nor dew, nor hoar-frost any higher falls

³⁰⁸The letters upon Dante’s forehead.

³⁰⁹Lachesis. Of the three Fates – Clotho prepared and held the distaff, Lachesis spun the thread, and Atropos cut it.

“These,” says Plato, *Republic*, X., “are the daughters of Necessity – Fates – Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos; who, clothed in white robes, with garlands on their heads, chant to the music of the Sirens; Lachesis the events of the Past, Clotho those of the Present, Atropos those of the Future.”

³¹⁰Nothing unusual ever disturbs the *religio loci* – the sacredness of the mountain.

³¹¹This happens only when the soul, that came from heaven, is received back into heaven; not from any natural causes affecting earth or air.

Than the short, little stairway of three steps.³¹²
 Dense clouds do not appear, nor rarefied,
 Nor coruscation, nor the daughter of Thaumas,³¹³
 That often upon earth her region shifts;
 No arid vapour any farther rises
 Than to the top of the three steps I spake of,
 Whereon the Vicar of Peter has his feet.
 Lower down perchance it trembles less or more,
 But, for the wind that in the earth is hidden
 I know not how, up here it never trembled.
 It trembles here, whenever any soul
 Feels itself pure, so that it soars, or moves
 To mount aloft, and such a cry attends it.
 Of purity the will alone gives proof,
 Which, being wholly free to change its convent,
 Takes by surprise the soul, and helps it fly.
 First it wills well; but the desire permits not,
 Which divine justice with the self-same will³¹⁴
 There was to sin, upon the torment sets.
 And I, who have been lying in this pain
 Five hundred years and more, but just now felt
 A free volition for a better seat.
 Therefore thou heardst the earthquake, and the pious
 Spirits along the mountain rendering praise
 Unto the Lord, that soon he speed them upwards."
 So said he to him; and since we enjoy
 As much in drinking as the thirst is great,
 I could not say how much it did me good.
 And the wise Leader: "Now I see the net
 That snares you here, and how ye are set free,
 Why the earth quakes, and wherefore ye rejoice.
 Now who thou wast be pleased that I may know;
 And why so many centuries thou hast here

³¹²The gate of Purgatory, which is also the gate of Heaven.

³¹³Iris, one of the Oceanides, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra; the rainbow.

³¹⁴The soul in Purgatory feels as great a desire to be punished for a sin, as it had to commit it.

Been Iying, let me gather from thy words.”

“In days when the good Titus, with the aid ³¹⁵
Of the supremest King, avenged the wounds
Whence issued forth the blood by Judas sold,

Under the name that most endures and honours,
Was I on earth,” that spirit made reply,
“Greatly renowned, but not with faith as yet.

My vocal spirit was so sweet, that Rome
Me, a Thoulousian, drew unto herself, ³¹⁶
Where I deserved to deck my brows with myrtle.

Status the people name me still on earth;
I sang of Thebes, and then of great Achilles;
But on the way fell with my second burden.

The seeds unto my ardour were the sparks
Of that celestial flame which heated me,
Whereby more than a thousand have been fired;

Of the Aeneid speak I, which to me
A mother was, and was my nurse in song;
Without this weighed I not a drachma’s weight.

And to have lived upon the earth what time ³¹⁷
Virgilius lived, I would accept one sun
More than I must ere issuing from my ban.”

These words towards me made Virgilius turn
With looks that in their silence said, “Be silent!”
But yet the power that wills cannot do all things;

For tears and laughter are such pursuivants
Unto the passion from which each springs forth,

³¹⁵The siege of Jerusalem under Titus, surnamed the “Delight of Mankind,” took place in the year 70. Statius, who is here speaking, was born at Naples in the reign of Claudius, and had already become famous “under the name that most endures and honours,” that is, as a poet. His works are the *Silvae* or miscellaneous poems; the *Thebaid*, an epic in twelve books; and the *Achilleid*, left unfinished. He wrote also a tragedy, *Agave*, which is lost.

³¹⁶Statius was not born in Toulouse, Dante supposes, but in Naples, as he himself states in his *Silvae*, which work was not discovered till after Dante’s death. The passage occurs in Book III. Eclogue V. Landino thinks that Dante’s error may be traced to Placidus Lactantius, a commentator of the *Thebaid*, who confounded Statius the poet of Naples with Statius the rhetorician of Toulouse.

³¹⁷Would be willing to remain another year in Purgatory.

In the most truthful least the will they follow.
 I only smiled, as one who gives the wink;
 Whereat the shade was silent, and it gazed
 Into mine eyes, where most expression dwells;
 And, "As thou well mayst consummate a labour
 So great," it said, "why did thy face just now
 Display to me the lightning of a smile?" ³¹⁸
 Now am I caught on this side and on that;
 One keeps me silent, one to speak conjures me,
 Wherefore I sigh, and I am understood.
 "Speak," said my Master, "and be not afraid
 Of speaking, but speak out, and say to him
 What he demands with such solicitude."
 Whence I: "Thou peradventure marvellest,
 O antique spirit, at the smile I gave;
 But I will have more wonder seize upon thee.
 This one, who guides on high these eyes of mine,
 Is that Virgilius, from whom thou didst learn
 To sing aloud of men and of the Gods.
 If other cause thou to my smile imputedst,
 Abandon it as false, and trust it was
 Those words which thou hast spoken concerning him."
 Already he was stooping to embrace
 My Teacher's feet; but he said to him: "Brother,
 Do not; for shade thou art, and shade beholdest."
 And he uprising: "Now canst thou the sum
 Of love which warms me to thee comprehend,
 When this our vanity I disremember,
 Treating a shadow as substantial thing."

³¹⁸Petrarca uses the same expression – *il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*, the lightning of the angelic smile.

Canto 22

ALREADY was the Angel left behind us,³¹⁹
The Angel who to the sixth round had turned us,
Having erased one mark from off my face;
And those who have in justice their desire
Had said to us, "*Beati*," in their voices,³²⁰
With "*sitio*," and without more ended it
And I, more light than through the other passes,
Went onward so, that without any labour
I followed upward the swift-footed spirits;
When thus Virgilius began: "The love
Kindled by virtue aye another kindles,
Provided outwardly its flame appear.
Hence from the hour that Juvenal descended³²¹
Among us into the infernal Limbo,
Who made apparent to me thy affection,
My kindliness towards thee was as great
As ever bound one to an unseen person,
So that these stairs will now seem short to me.
But tell me, and forgive me as a friend,
If too great confidence let loose the rein,
And as a friend now hold discourse with me;
How was it possible within thy breast
For avarice to find place, 'mid so much wisdom

³¹⁹The ascent to the Sixth Circle, where the sin of Gluttony is punished.

³²⁰*Matthew V. 6*: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

³²¹The satirist Juvenal, who flourished at Rome during the last half of the first century of the Christian era, and died at the beginning of the second, aged eighty. He was a contemporary of Statius, and survived him some thirty years.

As thou wast filled with by thy diligence?"

These words excited Statius at first
Somewhat to laughter; afterward he answered:
"Each word of thine is love's dear sign to me.

Verily oftentimes do things appear
Which give fallacious matter to our doubts,
Instead of the true causes which are hidden!

Thy question shows me thy belief to be
That I was niggard in the other life,
It may be from the circle where I was;

Therefore know thou, that avarice was removed
Too far from me; and this extravagance
Thousands of lunar periods have punished.

And were it not that I my thoughts uplifted,
When I the passage heard where thou exclaimest,
As if indignant, unto human nature,

'To what impellest thou not, O cursed hunger
Of gold, the appetite of mortal men?'
Revolving I should feel the dismal joustings.³²²

Then I perceived the hands could spread too wide
Their wings in spending, and repented me
As well of that as of my other sins;

How many with shorn hair shall rise again³²³
Because of ignorance, which from this sin
Cuts off repentance living and in death!

And know that the transgression which rebuts
By direct opposition any sin
Together with it here its verdure dries.

Therefore if I have been among that folk
Which mourns its avarice, to purify me,
For its opposite has this befallen me."

"Now when thou sangest the relentless weapons

³²²The punishment of the Avaricious and Prodigal. *Inferno* VII. 26: – "With great howls rolling weights forward by main force of chest."

³²³Dante says of the Avaricious and Prodigal, *Inferno* VII. 56: – "These from the sepulchre shall rise again with the fist closed, and these with tresses shorn."

Of the twofold affliction of Jocasta,"³²⁴
 The singer of the Songs Bucolic said,
 "From that which Clio there with thee preludes,³²⁵
 It does not seem that yet had made thee faithful
 That faith without which no good works suffice.
 If this be so, what candles or what sun
 Scattered thy darkness so that thou didst trim
 Thy sails behind the Fisherman thereafter?"³²⁶
 And he to him: "Thou first directedst me
 Towards Parnassus, in its grots to drink,
 And first concerning God didst me enlighten.
 Thou didst as he who walketh in the night,
 Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,
 But wary makes the persons after him,
 When thou didst say: 'The age renews itself,
 Justice returns, and man's primeval time,
 And a new progeny descends from heaven.'
 Through thee I Poet was, through thee a Christian;
 But that thou better see what I design,
 To colour it will I extend my hand.
 Already was the world in every part
 Pregnant with the true creed, disseminated
 By messengers of the eternal kingdom;
 And thy assertion, spoken of above,
 With the new preachers was in unison;
 Whence I to visit them the custom took.
 Then they became so holy in my sight,
 That, when Domitian persecuted them,
 Not without tears of mine were their laments;
 And all the while that I on earth remained,
 Them I befriended, and their upright customs
 Made me disparage all the other sects.

³²⁴Her two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, of whom Statius sings in the *Thebaid*, and to whom Dante alludes by way of illustration, *Inferno* XXVI. 54. See also the Note.

³²⁵Statius begins the *Thebaid* with an invocation to Clio, the Muse of History, whose office it was to record the heroic actions of brave men.

³²⁶Saint Peter.

And ere I led the Greeks unto the rivers
 Of Thebes, in poetry, I was baptized,
 But out of fear was covertly a Christian,
 For a long time professing paganism;
 And this lukewarmness caused me the fourth circle ³²⁷
 To circuit round more than four centuries.

Thou, therefore, who hast raised the covering
 That hid from me whatever good I speak of,
 While in ascending we have time to spare,

Tell me, in what place is our friend Terentius, ³²⁸
 Caecilius, Plautus, Varro, if thou knowest;
³²⁹ Tell me if they are damned, and in what alley."

"These, Persius and myself, and others many," ³³⁰
 Replied my Leader, "with that Grecian are ³³¹
 Whom more than all the rest the Muses suckled,

In the first circle of the prison blind;
 Ofttimes we of the mountain hold discourse
 Which has our nurses ever with itself

Euripides is with us, Antiphon, ³³²
 Simonides, Agatho, and many other ³³³
 Greeks who of old their brows with laurel decked.

There some of thine own people may be seen,

³²⁷The Fourth Circle of Purgatory, where Sloth is punished.

³²⁸Some editions read in this line, instead of *nostro amico*, *nostro antico* – *our ancient Terence*; but the epithet would be more appropriate to Plautus, who was the earlier writer.

³²⁹Plautus, Caecilius, and Terence, the three principal Latin dramatists; Varro, "the most learned of the Romans," the friend of Cicero, and author of some five hundred volumes, which made St. Augustine wonder how he who wrote so many books could find time to read so many; and how he who read so many could find time to write so many.

³³⁰Persius, the Latin satirist.

³³¹Homer.

³³²Antiphon was a tragic and epic poet of Attica, who was put to death by Dionysius because he would not praise the tyrant's writings. Some editions read Anacreon for Antiphon.

³³³Simonides, the poet of Cos, who won a poetic prize at the age of eighty, and is said to be the first poet who wrote for money.

Agatho was an Athenian dramatist, of whom nothing remains but the name and a few passages quoted in other writers.

Antigone, Deiphile and Argia,³³⁴
 And there Ismene mournful as of old.
 There she is seen who pointed out Langia;³³⁵
 There is Tiresias' daughter, and there Thetis,³³⁶
 And there Deidamia with her sisters."³³⁷
 Silent already were the poets both,
 Attent once more in looking round about,
 From the ascent and from the walls released;
 And four handmaidens of the day already³³⁸
 Were left behind, and at the pole the fifth
 Was pointing upward still its burning horn,
 What time my Guide: "I think that tow'rds thee
 Our dexter shoulders it behoves us turn,
 Circling the mount as we are wont to do."
 Thus in that region custom was our ensign;
 And we resumed our way with less suspicion
 For the assenting of that worthy soul
 They in advance went on, and I alone
 Behind them, and I listened to their speech,
 Which gave me lessons in the art of song
 But soon their sweet discourses interrupted
 A tree which midway in the road we found,³³⁹
 With apples sweet and grateful to the smell edge
 And even as a fir-tree tapers upward
 From bough to bough, so downwardly did that;

³³⁴Some of the people that Statius introduces into his poems – Antigone, daughter of Oedipus; Deiphile, wife of Tideus; Argia, her sister, wife of Polynices; Ismene, another daughter of Oedipus, who is here represented as still lamenting the death of Atys, her betrothed.

³³⁵Hypsipile, who pointed out to Adrastus the fountain of Langia, when his soldiers were perishing with thirst on their march against Thebes.

³³⁶Of the three daughters of Tiresias only Manto is mentioned by Statius in the *Thebaid*. But Dante places Manto among the Soothsayers, *Inferno* XX. 55, and not in Limbo. Had he forgotten this?

³³⁷Thetis, the mother of Achilles, and Deidamia, the daughter of Lycomedes. They are among the personages in the *Achilleid* of Statius.

³³⁸Four hours of the day were already passed.

³³⁹This tree of Temptation sprung from the tree of Knowledge, as Dante says of the next, in Canto XXIV. 117. It is meant only to increase the torment of the starving souls beneath it, by holding its fresh and dewy fruit beyond their reach.

I think in order that no one might climb it
On that side where our pathway was enclosed
Fell from the lofty rock a limpid water,
And spread itself abroad upon the leaves.
The Poets twain unto the tree drew near,
And from among the foliage a voice
Cried: "Of this food ye shall have scarcity."
Then said: "More thoughtful Mary was of making
The marriage feast complete and honourable,
Than of her mouth which now for you responds;
And for their drink the ancient Roman women
With water were content; and Daniel
Disparaged food, and understanding won.
The primal age was beautiful as gold;
Acorns It made with hunger savorous,
And nectar every rivulet with thirst.
Honey and locusts were the aliments
That fed the Baptist in the wilderness;
Whence he is glorious, and so magnified
As by the Evangel is revealed to you."

Canto 23

THE while among the verdant leaves mine eyes³⁴⁰
I riveted, as he is wont to do
Who wastes his life pursuing little birds,

My more than Father said unto me: "Son
Come now; because the time that is ordained us
More usefully should be apportioned out."

I turned my face and no less soon my steps
Unto the Sages, who were speaking so
They made the going of no cost to me;

And lo! were heard a song and a lament,
"Labia mea, Domine," in fashion³⁴¹
Such that delight and dolence it brought forth.

"O my sweet Father, what is this I hear?"
Began I; and he answered: "Shades that go
Perhaps the knot unloosing of their debt."

In the same way that thoughtful pilgrims do,
Who, unknown people on the road o'ertaking,
Turn themselves round to them, and do not stop,

Even thus, behind us with a swifter motion
Coming and passing onward, gazed upon us
A crowd of spirits silent and devout.

Each in his eyes was dark and cavernous,
Pallid in face, and so emaciate
That from the bones the skin did shape itself.

I do not think that so to merest rind

³⁴⁰The punishment of the sin of Gluttony.

³⁴¹*Psalms* LI. 15: "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

Could Erisichthon have been withered up ³⁴²
By famine, when most fear he had of it.

Thinking within myself I said: "Behold,
This is the folk who lost Jerusalem,
When Mary made a prey of her own son."

Their sockets were like rings without the gems;
Whoever in the face of men reads *omo* ³⁴³
Might well in these have recognised the *m*.

Who would believe the odour of an apple,
Begetting longing, could consume them so,
And that of water, without knowing how?

I still was wondering what so famished them,
For the occasion not yet manifest
Of their emaciation and sad squalor;

And lo! from out the hollow of his head
His eyes a shade turned on me, and looked keenly;
Then cried aloud: "What grace to me is this?"

Never should I have known him by his look;
But in his voice was evident to me
That which his aspect had suppressed within it.

This spark within me wholly re-enkindled
My recognition of his altered face,
And I recalled the features of Forese. ³⁴⁴

"Ah, do not look at this dry leprosy,"
Entreated he, "which doth my skin discolour,
Nor at default of flesh that I may have;

³⁴²Erisichthon the Thessalian, who in derision cut down an ancient oak in the sacred groves of Ceres. He was punished by perpetual hunger, till, other food failing him, at last lie gnawed his own flesh.

³⁴³In this fanciful recognition of the word *omo* (*homo*, man) in the human face, so written as to place the two *o*'s between the outer strokes of the *m*, the former represent the eyes, and the latter the nose and cheekbones.

³⁴⁴Forese Donati, the brother-in-law and intimate friend of Dante. "This Forese," says Buti, "was a Citizen of Florence, and was brother of Messer Corso Donati, and was very gluttonous; and therefore the author feigns that he found him here, where the Gluttons are punished."

Certain vituperative sonnets, addressed to Dante, have been attributed to Forese. If authentic, they prove that the friendship between the two poets was not uninterrupted. See Rossetti, *Early Italian Poets*, Appendix to Part II.

But tell me truth of thee, and who are those
Two souls, that yonder make for thee an escort;
Do not delay in speaking unto me."

"That face of thine, which dead I once bewept,
Gives me for weeping now no lesser grief,"
I answered him, "beholding it so changed!

But tell me, for God's sake, what thus denudes you?
Make me not speak while I am marvelling,
For ill speaks he who's full of other longings."

And he to me: "From the eternal council
Falls power into the water and the tree
Behind us left, whereby I grow so thin.

All of this people who lamenting sing,
For following beyond measure appetite
In hunger and thirst are here re-sanctified.

Desire to eat and drink enkindles in us
The scent that issues from the apple-tree,
And from the spray that sprinkles o'er the verdure;

And not a single time alone, this ground
Encompassing, is refreshed our pain, –
I say our pain, and ought to say our solace, –

For the same wish doth lead us to the tree
Which led the Christ rejoicing to say *Eli*,³⁴⁵
When with his veins he liberated us."³⁴⁶

And I to him: "Forese, from that day
When for a better life thou changedst worlds,
Up to this time five years have not rolled round.

If sooner were the power exhausted in thee
Of sinning more, than thee the hour surprised
Of that good sorrow which to God reweds us,

How hast thou come up hitherward already?
I thought to find thee down there underneath,³⁴⁷

³⁴⁵The same desire that sacrifice and atonement may be complete.

³⁴⁶*Matthew XXVII. 46: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"*

³⁴⁷Outside the gate of Purgatory, where those who had postponed repentance till the last hour were forced to wait as many years and days as they had lived impenitent on earth, unless aided by the devout prayers of those on earth. See Canto IV.

Where time for time doth restitution make.”

And he to me: “Thus speedily has led me
To drink of the sweet wormwood of these torments,
My Nella with her overflowing tears;³⁴⁸

She with her prayers devout and with her sighs
Has drawn me from the coast where one where one awaits,
And from the other circles set me free.

So much more dear and pleasing is to God
My little widow, whom so much I loved,
As in good works she is the more alone;

For the Barbagia of Sardinia
By far more modest in its women is
Than the Barbagia I have left her in.

O brother sweet, what wilt thou have me say?
A future time is in my sight already,
To which this hour will not be very old,

When from the pulpit shall be interdicted
To the unblushing womankind of Florence
To go about displaying breast and paps.³⁴⁹

What savages were e’er, what Saracens,
Who stood in need, to make them covered go,
Of spiritual or other discipline?

But if the shameless women were assured
Of what swift Heaven prepares for them, already
Wide open would they have their mouths to howl;

For if my foresight here deceive me not,
They shall be sad ere he has bearded cheeks
Who now is hushed to sleep with lullaby.

O brother, now no longer hide thee from me;
See that not only I, but all these people
Are gazing there, where thou dost veil the sun.”

³⁴⁸Nella, contraction of Giovanna, widow of Forese. Nothing is known of this good woman but the name, and what Forese here says in her praise.

³⁴⁹Sacchetti, the Italian novelist of the fourteenth century, severely criticises the fashions of the Florentines, and their sudden changes, which he says it would take a whole volume of his stories to enumerate. In Nov. 178, he speaks of their wearing their dresses “far below their arm-pits,” and then “up to their ears.”

Whence I to him: "If thou bring back to mind
What thou with me hast been and I with thee,
The present memory will be grievous still.

Out of that life he turned me back who goes
In front of me, two days ago when round
The sister of him yonder showed herself,"

And to the sun I pointed. "Through the deep
Night of the truly dead has this one led me,
With this true flesh, that follows after him.

Thence his encouragements have led me up,
Ascending and still circling round the mount
That you doth straighten, whom the world made crooked.

He says that he will bear me company,
Till I shall be where Beatrice will be;
There it behoves me to remain without him.

This is Virgilius, who thus says to me,"
And him I pointed at; "the other is
That shade for whom just now shook every slope ³⁵⁰
Your realm, that from itself discharges him."

³⁵⁰Statius.

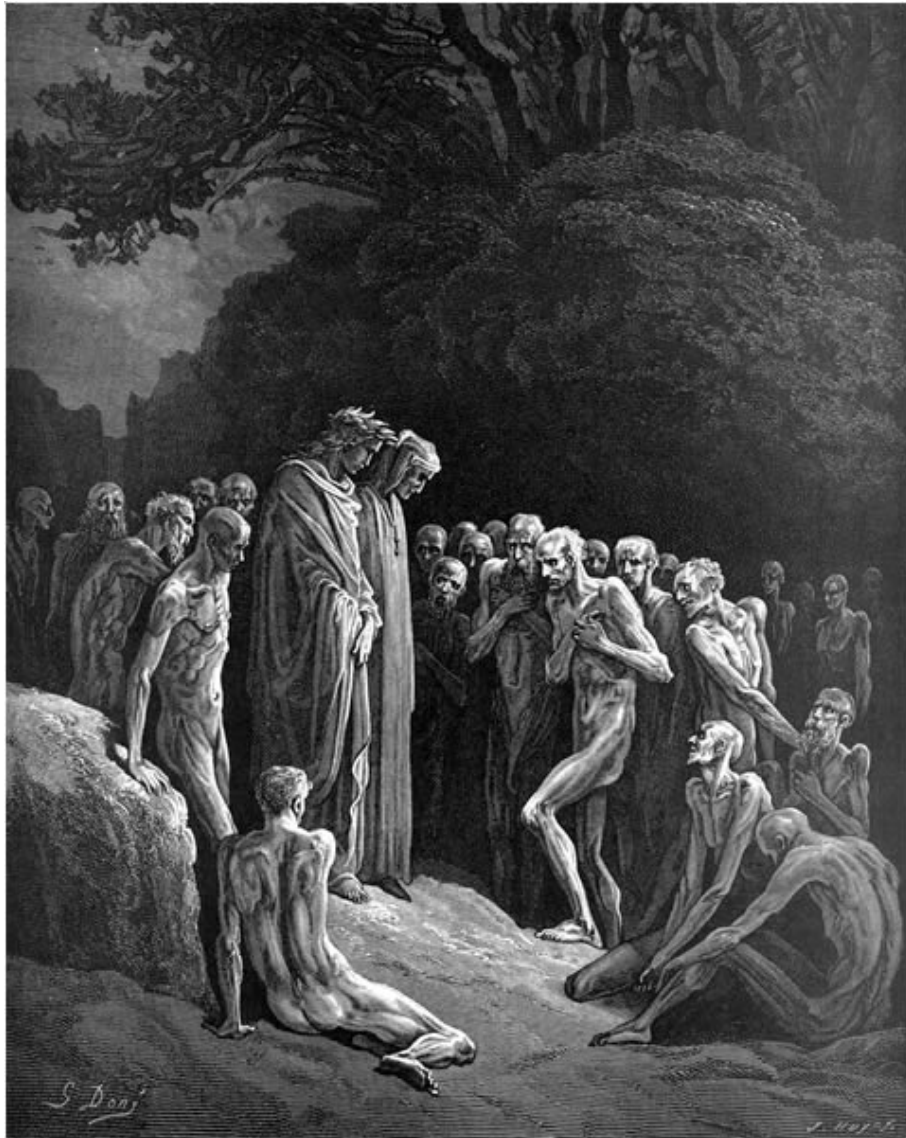


Figure 29: A crowd of spirits silent and devout.

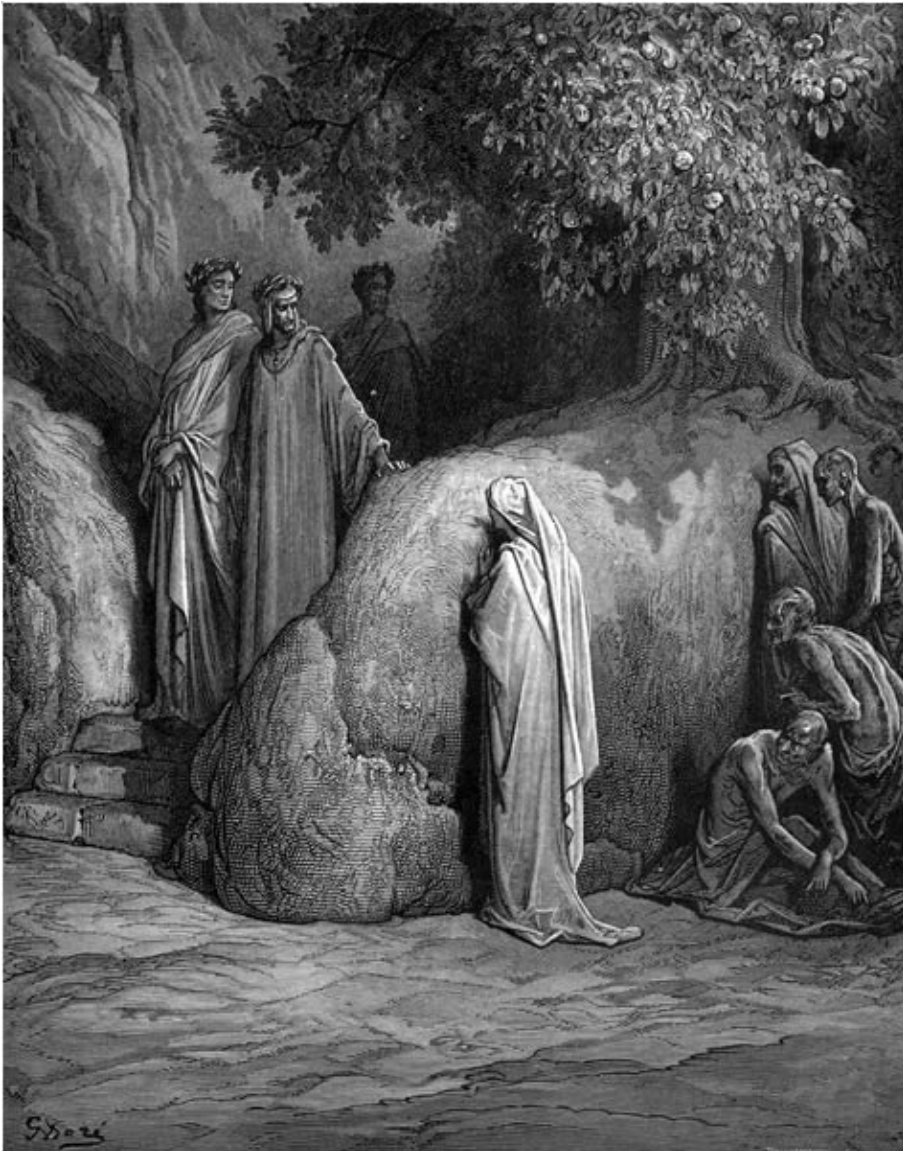


Figure 30: My recognition of his altered face, and I recalled the features of Forese.

Canto 24

NOR speech the going, nor the going that³⁵¹
 Slackened; but talking we went bravely on,
 Even as a vessel urged by a good wind.

And shadows, that appeared things doubly dead,
 From out the sepulchres of their eyes betrayed
 Wonder at me, aware that I was living.

And I, continuing my colloquy,³⁵²
 Said: "Peradventure he goes up more slowly
 Than he would do, for other people's sake.

But tell me, if thou knowest, where is Piccarda;³⁵³
 Tell me if any one of note I see
 Among this folk that gazes at me so."

"My sister, who, 'twixt beautiful and good,
 I know not which was more, triumphs rejoicing
 Already in her crown on high Olympus."

So said he first, and then: "Tis not forbidden
 To name each other here, so milked away
 Is our resemblance by our dieting.

This," pointing with his finger, "is Buonagiunta,³⁵⁴

³⁵¹Continuation of the punishment of Gluttony.

³⁵²Continuing the words with which the preceding canto closes, and referring to Statius.

³⁵³Piccarda, sister of Forese and Corso Donati. She was a nun of Santa Clara, and is placed by Dante in the first heaven of Paradise, which Forese calls "high Olympus." See *Paradiso* III. 48, where her story is told more in detail.

³⁵⁴Buonagiunta Urbisani of Lucca is one of the early minor poets of Italy, a contemporary of Dante. Rossetti, *Early Italian Poets*, 77, gives some specimens of his sonnets and canzoni. All that is known of him is contained in Benvenuto's brief notice: "Buonagiunta of Urbisani, an honourable man of the city of Lucca, a brilliant orator in his mother tongue, a facile producer of rhymes, and still more facile consumer of wines; who knew our author in his lifetime, and sometimes corresponded with him." Tiraboschi also men-

Buonagiunta, of Lucca; and that face
 Beyond him there, more peaked than the others,
 Has held the holy Church within his arms;³⁵⁵
 From Tours was he, and purges by his fasting
 Bolsena's eels and the Vernaccia wine."³⁵⁶

He named me many others one by one;
 And all contented seemed at being named,
 So that for this I saw not one dark look.

I saw for hunger bite the empty air
 Ubaldin dalla Pila, and Boniface,³⁵⁷
 Who with his crook had pastured many people.

I saw Messer Marchese, who had leisure³⁵⁸
 Once at Forlì for drinking with less dryness,
 And he was one who ne'er felt satisfied.

But as he does who scans, and then doth prize
 One more than others, did I him of Lucca,
 Who seemed to take most cognizance of me.

He murmured, and I know not what Gentucca³⁵⁹
 From that place heard I, where he felt the wound³⁶⁰
 Of justice, that doth macerate them so.

"O soul," I said, "that seemest so desirous
 To speak with me, do so that I may hear thee,

tions him, *Storia della Lett.*, IV. 397: "He was seen by Dante in Purgatory punished among the Gluttons, from which vice, it is proper to say, poetry did not render him exempt."

³⁵⁵Pope Martin the Fourth, whose fondness for the eels of Bolsena brought his life to a sudden close, and his soul to this circle of Purgatory.

³⁵⁶The Lake of Bolsena is in the Papal States, a few miles northwest of Viterbo, on the road from Rome to Siena.

³⁵⁷Ubaldin dalla Pila was a brother of the Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, mentioned *Inferno* X. 120, and father of the Archbishop Ruggieri, *Inferno* XXXIII. 14.

³⁵⁸Messer Marchese da Forlì, who answered the accusation made against him, that "he was always drinking," by saying, that "he was always thirsty."

³⁵⁹A lady of Lucca with whom Dante is supposed to have been enamoured. "Let us pass over in silence," says Balbo, *Life and Times of Dante*, II. 177, "the consolations and errors of the poor exile." But Buti says: "He formed an attachment to a gentle lady, called Madonna Gentucca, of the family of Rossimpelo, on account of her great virtue and modesty, and not with any other love." Benvenuto and the *Ottimo* interpret the passage differently, making *gentucca* a common noun – *gente bassa*, low people. But the passage which immediately follows, in which a maiden is mentioned who should make Lucca pleasant to him, seems to confirm the former interpretation.

³⁶⁰In the throat of the speaker, where he felt the hunger and thirst of his punishment.

And with thy speech appease thyself and me."

"A maid is born, and wears not yet the veil,"
Began he, "who to thee shall pleasant make
My city, howsoever men may blame it.

Thou shalt go on thy way with this prevision;
If by my murmuring thou hast been deceived,
True things hereafter will declare it to thee.

But say if him I here behold, who forth
Evoked the new-invented rhymes, beginning,
Ladies, that have intelligence of love?" ³⁶¹

And I to him: "One am I, who, whenever
Love doth inspire me, note, and in that measure
Which he within me dictates, singing go."

"O brother, now I see," he said, "the knot
Which me, the Notary, and Guittone held ³⁶²
Short of the sweet new style that now I hear.

I do perceive full clearly how your pens
Go closely following after him who dictates,
Which with our own forsooth came not to pass;

And he who sets himself to go beyond,
No difference sees from one style to another;"
And as if satisfied, he held his peace.

Even as the birds, that winter tow' rds the Nile,
Sometimes into a phalanx form themselves,
Then fly in greater haste, and go in file;

In such wise all the people who were there,
Turning their faces, hurried on their steps,
Both by their leanness and their wishes light.

³⁶¹A canzone of the *Vita Nuova*, beginning, in Rossetti's version, *Early Italian Poets*, p.255:
"Ladies that have intelligence in love,
Of mine own lady I would speak with you;
Not that I hope to count her praises through,
But, telling what I may, to ease my mind."

³⁶²See *Inferno* V. 4. Jacopo da Lentino, or "the Notary," was a Sicilian poet who flourished about 1250, in the later days of the Emperor Frederick the Second. Crescimbeni, *Hist. Volg. Poesia*, III. 43, says that Dante "esteemed him so highly, that he even mentions him in his Comedy, doing him the favour to put him into Purgatory." Tassoni, and others after him, make the careless statement that he addressed a sonnet to Petrarca. He died before Petrarca was born.

And as a man, who weary is with trotting,
Lets his companions onward go, and walks,
Until he vents the panting of his chest;

So did Forese let the holy flock
Pass by, and came with me behind it, saying,
“When will it be that I again shall see thee?”

“How long,” I answered, “I may live, I know not;
Yet my return will not so speedy be,
But I shall sooner in desire arrive;

Because the place where I was set to live
From day to day of good is more depleted,
And unto dismal ruin seems ordained.”

“Now go,” he said, “for him most guilty of it
At a beast’s tail behold I dragged along
Towards the valley where is no repentance.

Faster at every step the beast is going,
Increasing evermore until it smites him,
And leaves the body vilely mutilated.

Not long those wheels shall turn,” and he uplifted
His eyes to heaven, “ere shall be clear to thee
That which my speech no farther can declare.

Now stay behind; because the time so precious
Is in this kingdom, that I lose too much
By coming onward thus abreast with thee.”

As sometimes issues forth upon a gallop
A cavalier from out a troop that ride,
And seeks the honour of the first encounter,

So he with greater strides departed from us;
And on the road remained I with those two,
Who were such mighty marshals of the world. ³⁶³

And when before us he had gone so far
Mine eyes became to him such pursuivants
As was my understanding to his words,

Appeared to me with laden and living boughs
Another apple-tree, and not far distant,

³⁶³Virgil and Statius.

From having but just then turned thitherward. ³⁶⁴

People I saw beneath it lift their hands,
And cry I know not what towards the leaves,
Like little children eager and deluded,

Who pray, and he they pray to doth not answer,
But, to make very keen their appetite,
Holds their desire aloft, and hides it not

Then they departed as if undeceived;
And now we came unto the mighty tree
Which prayers and tears so manifold refuses.

“Pass farther onward without drawing near;
The tree of which Eve ate is higher up, ³⁶⁵
And out of that one has this tree been raised.”

Thus said I know not who among the branches;
Whereat Virgilius, Staius, and myself
Went crowding forward on the side that rises.

“Be mindful,” said he, “of the accursed ones ³⁶⁶
Formed of the cloud-rack, who inebriate
Combated Theseus with their double breasts;

And of the Jews who showed them soft in drinking,
Whence Gideon would not have them for companions ³⁶⁷
When he tow’rds Midian the hills descended.”

Thus, closely pressed to one of the two borders,
On passed we, hearing sins of gluttony,
Followed forsooth by miserable gains;

³⁶⁴Dante had only so far gone round the circle, as to come in sight of the second of these trees, which from distance to distance encircle the mountain.

³⁶⁵In the Terrestrial Paradise on the top of the mountain.

³⁶⁶The Centaurs, born of Ixion and the Cloud, and having the “double breasts” of man and horse, became drunk with wine at the marriage of Hippodamia and Pirithous, and strove to carry off the bride and the other women by violence. Theseus and the rest of the Lapithae opposed them, and drove them from the feast. This famous battle is described at great length by Ovid, *Met.* XII.

³⁶⁷*Judges* VII. 5,6: “So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.”

Then set at large upon the lonely road,
A thousand steps and more we onward went,
In contemplation, each without a word.
“What go ye thinking thus, ye three alone?”
Said suddenly a voice, whereat I started
As terrified and timid beasts are wont.
I raised my head to see who this might be,
And never in a furnace was there seen
Metals or glass so lucent and so red
As one I saw who said: “If it may please you ³⁶⁸
To mount aloft, here it behoves you turn;
This way goes he who goeth after peace.”
His aspect had bereft me of my sight,
So that I turned me back unto my Teachers,
Like one who goeth as his hearing guides him.
And as, the harbinger of early dawn,
The air of May doth move and breathe out fragrance,
Impregnate all with herbage and with flowers,
So did I feel a breeze strike in the midst
My front, and felt the moving of the plumes
That breathed around an odour of ambrosia,
And heard it said: “Blessed are they whom grace
So much illumines, that the love of taste
Excites not in their breasts too great desire,
Hungering at all times so far as is just.”

³⁶⁸The Angel of the Seventh Circle.

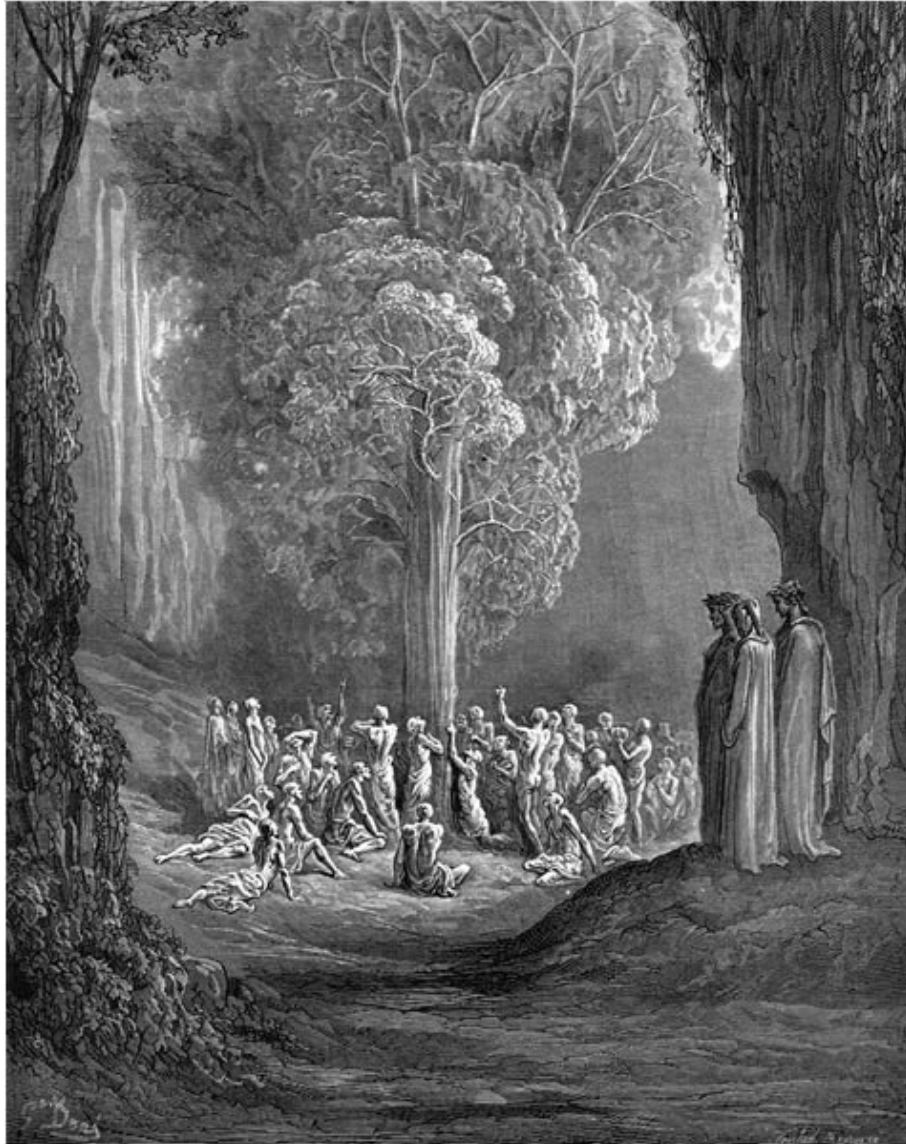


Figure 31: People I saw beneath it lift their hands...

Canto 25

Now was it the ascent no hindrance brooked,³⁶⁹
Because the sun had his meridian circle
To Taurus left, and night to Scorpio;³⁷⁰

Wherefore as doth a man who tarries not,
But goes his way, whate'er to him appear,
If of necessity the sting transfix him,

In this wise did we enter through the gap,
Taking the stairway, one before the other,
Which by its narrowness divides the climbers.

And as the little stork that lifts its wing
With a desire to fly, and does not venture
To leave the nest, and lets it downward droop,

Even such was I, with the desire of asking
Kindled and quenched, unto the motion coming
He makes who doth address himself to speak.

Not for our pace, though rapid it might be,
My father sweet forbore, but said: "Let fly
The bow of speech thou to the barb hast drawn"

With confidence I opened then my mouth,
And I began: "How can one meagre grow
There where the need of nutriment applies not?"

"If thou wouldst call to mind how Meleager³⁷¹

³⁶⁹The ascent to the Seventh Circle of Purgatory, where the sin of Lust is punished.

³⁷⁰When the sign of Taurus reached the meridian, the sun, being in Aries, would be two hours beyond it. It is now two o'clock of the afternoon. The Scorpion is the sign opposite Taurus.

³⁷¹Meleager was the son of Oeneus and Althaea, of Calydon. At his birth the Fates were present and predicted his future greatness. Clotho said that he would be brave; Lachesis, that he would be strong; and Atropos, that he would live as long as the brand upon the fire remained unconsumed.

Was wasted by the wasting of a brand,
This would not," said he, "be to thee so sour;

And wouldst thou think how at each tremulous motion
Trembles within a mirror your own image:
That which seems hard would mellow seem to thee

But that thou mayst content thee in thy wish
Lo Statius here; and him I call and pray
He now will be the healer of thy wounds."

"If I unfold to him the eternal vengeance,"
Responded Statius, "where thou present art,
Be my excuse that I can naught deny thee."

Then he began: "Son, if these words of mine
Thy mind doth contemplate and doth receive,
They'll be thy light unto the How thou sayest.

The perfect blood, which never is drunk up ³⁷²
Into the thirsty veins, and which remaineth
Like food that from the table thou removest,

Takes in the heart for all the human members
Virtue informative, as being that
Which to be changed to them goes through the veins

Again digest, descends it where 'tis better
Silent to be than say; and then drops thence
Upon another's blood in natural vase.

There one together with the other mingles,
One to be passive meant, the other active
By reason of the perfect place it springs from; ³⁷³

And being conjoined, begins to operate,
Coagulating first, then vivifying
What for its matter it had made consistent.

³⁷²The dissertation which Dante here puts into the mouth of Statius may be found also in a briefer prose form in the *Convito*, IV. 21. It so much excites the enthusiasm of Varchi, that he declares it alone sufficient to prove Dante to have been a physician, philosopher, and theologian of the highest order; and goes on to say: "I not only confess, but I swear, that as many times as I have read it, which day and night are more than a thousand, my wonder and astonishment have always increased, seeming every time to find therein new beauties and new instruction, and consequently new difficulties."

³⁷³The heart, where the blood takes the "virtue informative," as stated in line 40.

The active virtue, being made a soul ³⁷⁴
 As of a plant, (in so far different,
 This on the way is, that arrived already,
 Then works so much, that now it moves and feels ³⁷⁵
 Like a sea-fungus, and then undertakes
 To organize the powers whose seed it is.
 Now, Son, dilates and now distends itself
 The virtue from the generator's heart,
 Where nature is intent on all the members.
 But how from animal it man becomes
 Thou dost not see as yet; this is a point
 Which made a wiser man than thou once err
 So far, that in his doctrine separate
 He made the soul from possible intellect, ³⁷⁶
 For he no organ saw by this assumed.
 Open thy breast unto the truth that's coming,
 And know that, just as soon as in the foetus
 The articulation of the brain is perfect,
 The primal Motor turns to it well pleased ³⁷⁷
 At so great art of nature, and inspires
 A spirit new with virtue all replete,
 Which what it finds there active doth attract
 Into its substance, and becomes one soul,
 Which lives, and feels, and on itself revolves.
 And that thou less may wonder at my word,
 Behold the sun's heat, which becometh wine,
 Joined to the juice that from the vine distils.
 Whenever Lachesis has no more thread, ³⁷⁸

³⁷⁴The vegetative soul, which in man differs from that in plants, as being in a state of development, while that of plants is complete already.

³⁷⁵The vegetative becomes a sensitive soul.

³⁷⁶"This was the opinion of Averroes," says the *Ottimo*, "which is false, and contrary to the Catholic faith." In the language of the Schools, the Possible Intellect, *intellectus possibilis*, is the faculty which receives impressions through the senses, and forms from them pictures or phantasmata in the mind. The Active Intellect, *intellectus agens*, draws from these pictures various ideas, notions, and conclusions. They represent the Understanding and the Reason.

³⁷⁷God.

³⁷⁸When Lachesis has spun out the thread of life.

It separates from the flesh, and virtually
Bears with itself the human and divine;

The other faculties are voiceless all;
The memory, the intelligence, and the will
In action far more vigorous than before.

Without a pause it falleth of itself
In marvellous way on one shore or the other;³⁷⁹
There of its roads it first is cognizant.

Soon as the place there circumscribeth it,
The virtue informative rays round about,
As, and as much as, in the living members.

And even as the air, when full of rain,
By alien rays that are therein reflected,
With divers colours shows itself adorned,

So there the neighbouring air doth shape itself
Into that form which doth impress upon it
Virtually the soul that has stood still.

And then in manner of the little flame,
Which followeth the fire where'er it shifts,
After the spirit followeth its new form.

Since afterwards it takes from this its semblance,
It is called shade; and thence it organizes
Thereafter every sense, even to the sight.

Thence is it that we speak, and thence we laugh;
Thence is it that we form the tears and sighs,
That on the mountain thou mayhap hast heard.

According as impress us our desires
And other affections, so the shade is shaped,
And this is cause of what thou wonderest at."

And now unto the last of all the circles
Had we arrived, and to the right hand turned,
And were attentive to another care.

There the embankment shoots forth flames of fire,
And upward doth the cornice breathe a blast
That drives them back, and from itself sequesters.

³⁷⁹Either upon the shores of Acheron or of the Tiber.

Hence we must needs go on the open side,
 And one by one; and I did fear the fire
 On this side, and on that the falling down.

My Leader said: "Along this place one ought
 To keep upon the eyes a tightened rein,
 Seeing that one so easily might err."

"*Summae Deus clementiae*," in the bosom ³⁸⁰
 Of the great burning chanted then I heard,
 Which made me no less eager to turn round;

And spirits saw I walking through the flame;
 Wherefore I looked, to my own steps and theirs
 Apportioning my sight from time to time.

After the close which to that hymn is made,
 Aloud they shouted, "*Virum non cognosco*;" ³⁸¹
 Then recommenced the hymn with voices low.

This also ended, cried they: "To the wood
 Diana ran, and drove forth Helice ³⁸²
 Therefrom, who had of Venus felt the poison."

Then to their song returned they; then the wives
 They shouted, and the husbands who were chaste.
 As virtue and the marriage vow imposes.

And I believe that them this mode suffices,
 For all the time the fire is burning them;
 With such care is it needful, and such food,
 That the last wound of all should be closed up.

³⁸⁰"God of clemency supreme;" the church hymn, sung at matins on Saturday morning, and containing a prayer for purity.

³⁸¹Luke I. 34: "Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?"

³⁸²Helice, or Callisto, was a daughter of Lycaon king of Arcadia. She was one of the attendant nymphs of Diana, who discarded her on account of an amour with Jupiter, for which Juno turned her into a bear. Arcas was the offspring of this amour. Jupiter changed them to the constellations of the Great and Little Bear.



Figure 32: And now unto the last of all the circles had we arrived...



Figure 33: And spirits saw I walking through the flame...



Figure 34: For all the time the fire is burning them...

Canto 26

WHILE on the brink thus one before the other ³⁸³
We went upon our way, oft the good Master
Said: "Take thou heed! suffice it that I warn thee."

On the right shoulder smote me now the sun,
That, raying out, already the whole west ³⁸⁴
Changed from its azure aspect into white.

And with my shadow did I make the flame
Appear more red; and even to such a sign
Shades saw I many, as they went, give heed.

This was the cause that gave them a beginning
To speak of me; and to themselves began they
To say: "That seems not a factitious body!" ³⁸⁵

Then towards me, as far as they could come,
Came certain of them, always with regard
Not to step forth where they would not be burned.

"O thou who goest, not from being slower
But reverent perhaps, behind the others,
Answer me, who in thirst and fire am burning.

Nor to me only is thine answer needful;
For all of these have greater thirst for it
Than for cold water Ethiop or Indian.

Tell us how is it that thou makest thyself
A wall unto the sun, as if thou hadst not
Entered as vet into the net of death."

Thus one of them addressed me, and I straight

³⁸³The punishment of the sin Lust.

³⁸⁴It is near sunset, and the western sky is white, as the sky always is in the neighbourhood of the sun.

³⁸⁵A ghostly or spiritual body.

Should have revealed myself, were I not bent
 On other novelty that then appeared.
 For through the middle of the burning road
 There came a people face to face with these,
 Which held me in suspense with gazing at them.
 There see I hastening upon either side
 Each of the shades, and kissing one another
 Without a pause, content with brief salute.
 Thus in the middle of their brown battalions
 Muzzle to muzzle one ant meets another
 Perchance to spy their journey or their fortune.
 No sooner is the friendly greeting ended,
 Or ever the first footstep passes onward,
 Each one endeavours to outcry the other;
 The new-come people: "Sodom and Gomorrah!"
 The rest: "Into the cow Pasiphae enters,³⁸⁶
 So that the bull unto her lust may run!"
 Then as the cranes, that to Riphaen mountains³⁸⁷
 Might fly in part, and part towards the sands,
 These of the frost, those of the sun avoidant,
 One folk is going, and the other coming,
 And weeping they return to their first songs,
 And to the cry that most befitteth them;
 And close to me approached, even as before,
 The very same who had entreated me,
 Attent to listen in their countenance.
 I, who their inclination twice had seen
 Began: "O souls secure in the possession,
 Whene'er it may be, of a state of peace,
 Neither unripe nor ripened have remained
 My members upon earth, but here are with me
 With their own blood and their articulations.
 I go up here to be no longer blind;
 A Lady is above, who wins this grace,³⁸⁸

³⁸⁶Pasiphae, wife of Minos, king of Crete, and mother of the Minotaur.

³⁸⁷The Rhiphaean mountains are in the north of Russia. The sands are the sands of the deserts.

³⁸⁸Beatrice.

Whereby the mortal through your world I bring.
 But as your greatest longing satisfied
 May soon become, so that the Heaven may house you ³⁸⁹
 Which full of love is, and most amply spreads,
 Tell me, that I again in books may write it,
 Who are you, and what is that multitude
 Which goes upon its way behind your backs?"

Not otherwise with wonder is bewildered
 The mountaineer, and staring round is dumb,
 When rough and rustic to the town he goes,
 Than every shade became in its appearance;
 But when they of their stupor were disburdened,
 Which in high hearts is quickly quieted,
 "Blessed be thou, who of our border-lands,"
 He recommenced who first had questioned us,
 "Experience freightest for a better life.

The folk that comes not with us have offended
 In that for which once Caesar, triumphing,
 Heard himself called in contumely, 'Queen.' ³⁹⁰

Therefore they separate, exclaiming, 'Sodom!'
 Themselves reproving, even as thou hast heard,
 And add unto their burning by their shame.

Our own transgression was hermaphrodite;
 But because we observed not human law,
 Following like unto beasts our appetite,
 In our opprobrium by us is read,
 When we part company, the name of her
 Who bestialized herself in bestial wood. ³⁹¹

Now knowest thou our acts, and what our crime was;
 Wouldst thou perchance by name know who we are,
 There is not time to tell, nor could I do it.

Thy wish to know me shall in sooth be granted;

³⁸⁹The highest heaven. *Paradiso* XXVII.

³⁹⁰In one of Caesar's triumphs the Roman soldiery around his chariot called him "Queen;" thus reviling him for his youthful debaucheries with Nicomedes, king of Bithynia.

³⁹¹The cow made by Daedalus.

I'm Guido Guinicelli, and now purge me, ³⁹²
Having repented ere the hour extreme."

The same that in the sadness of Lycurgus ³⁹³
Two sons became, their mother re-beholding,
Such I became, but rise not to such height,

The moment I heard name himself the father
Of me and of my betters, who had ever
Practised the sweet and gracious rhymes of love;

And without speech and hearing thoughtfully
For a long time I went, beholding him,
Nor for the fire did I approach him nearer.

When I was fed with looking, utterly
Myself I offered ready for his service,
With affirmation that compels belief.

And he to me: "Thou leavest footprints such
In me, from what I hear, and so distinct,
Lethe cannot efface them, nor make dim.

But if thy words just now the truth have sworn,
Tell me what is the cause why thou displayest
In word and look that dear thou holdest me?"

And I to him: "Those dulcet lays of yours
Which, long as shall endure our modern fashion,
Shall make for ever dear their very ink!"

"O brother," said he, "he whom I point out,"
And here he pointed at a spirit in front,
"Was of the mother tongue a better smith.

Verses of love and proses of romance, ³⁹⁴

³⁹²Guido Guinicelli, the best of the Italian poets before Dante, flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. He was a native of Bologna, but of his life nothing is known. His most celebrated poem is a *Canzone on the Nature of Love*, which goes far to justify the warmth and tenderness of Dante's praise.

³⁹³Hypsipyle was discovered and rescued by her sons Eumenius and Thoas, (whose father was the "bland Jason," as Statius calls him,) just as King Lycurgus in his great grief was about to put her to death for neglecting her care of his child, who through her neglect had been stung by a serpent. Statius, *Thebaid*, V. 949, says it was Tydeus who saved Hypsipyle: – "But interposing Tydeus rushed between, and with his shield protects the Lemnian queen."

³⁹⁴In the old Romance languages the name of *prosa* was applied generally to all narrative poems, and particularly the monorhythmic romances.

He mastered all; and let the idiots talk,
Who think the Lemosin surpasses him.³⁹⁵

To clamour more than truth they turn their faces,
And in this way establish their opinion,
Ere art or reason has by them been heard.

Thus many ancients with Guittone did,³⁹⁶
From cry to cry still giving him applause,
Until the truth has conquered with most persons.

Now, if thou hast such ample privilege
'Tis granted thee to go unto the cloister
Wherein is Christ the abbot of the college,

To him repeat for me a Paternoster,
So far as needful to us of this world,
Where power of sinning is no longer ours."

Then, to give place perchance to one behind,
Whom he had near, he vanished in the fire
As fish in water going to the bottom.

I moved a little tow'rds him pointed out,
And said that to his name my own desire³⁹⁷
An honourable place was making ready.

He of his own free will began to say:
*"Tan m' abellis vostre cortes deman,
Que jeu nom' puesc ni vueill a vos cobrire;*

³⁹⁵Gerault de Berneil of Limoges, born of poor parents, but a man of talent and learning, was one of the most famous Troubadours of the thirteenth century. The old Provençal biographer, quoted by Raynouard, *Choix de Poésies*, V. 166, says: "He was a better poet than any who preceded or followed him, and was therefore called the Master of the Troubadours. ... He passed his winters in study, and his summers in wandering from court to court with two minstrels who sang his songs." According to Nostrodamus he died in 1278. Notwithstanding his great repute, Dante gives the palm of excellence to Arnaud Daniel, his rival and contemporary. But this is not the general verdict of literary history.

³⁹⁶Fra Guittone d'Arezzo. See Canto XXIV. Note 56.

³⁹⁷Venturi has the indiscretion to say: "This is a disgusting compliment after the manner of the French; in the Italian fashion we should say, 'You will do me a favour, if you will tell me your name.'" Whereupon Biagioli thunders at him in this wise: "Infamous dirty dog that you are, how can you call this a compliment after the manner of the French? How can you set off against it what any cobbler might say? Away! and a murrain on you!"

*Jeu sui Arnaut, que plor e vai chantan;*³⁹⁸
Consiros vei la passada folor,
E vei jauzen lo jorn qu' esper denan.

Ara vos prec, per aquella valor
que vos guida al som de l'escalina,
*sovenha vos a temps de ma dolor!"*³⁹⁹

Then hid him in the fire that purifies them.

³⁹⁸Arnaud Daniel, the Troubadour of the thirteenth century, whom Dante lauds so highly, and whom Petrarca calls "the Grand Master of Love," was born of a noble family at the castle of Ribeyrac in Périgord. Millot, *Hist. des Troub.*, II. 479, says of him: "In all ages there have been false reputations, founded on some individual judgment, whose authority has prevailed without examination, until at last criticism discusses, the truth penetrates, and the phantom of prejudice vanishes. Such has been the reputation of Arnaud Daniel."

³⁹⁹So pleases me your courteous demand,
 I cannot and I will not hide me from you.
 I am Arnaut, who weep and singing go;
 Contrite I see the folly of the past,
 And joyous see the hoped-for day before me.
 Therefore do I implore you, by that power
 Which guides you to the summit of the stairs,
 Be mindful to assuage my suffering!

Canto 27

As when he vibrates forth his earliest rays,⁴⁰⁰
 In regions where his Maker shed his blood,⁴⁰¹
 (The Ebro falling under lofty Libra,
 And waters in the Ganges burnt with noon,
 So stood the Sun; hence was the day departing,
 When the glad Angel of God appeared to us.

Outside the flame he stood upon the verge,
 And chanted forth, "*Beati mundo corde*,"⁴⁰²
 In voice by far more living than our own.

Then: "No one farther goes, souls sanctified,
 If first the fire bite not; within it enter,
 And be not deaf unto the song beyond."

When we were close beside him thus he said;
 Wherefore e'en such became I, when I heard him,
 As he is who is put into the grave.

Upon my clasped hands I straightened me,
 Scanning the fire, and vividly recalling⁴⁰³
 The human bodies I had once seen burned.

Towards me turned themselves my good Conductors,
 And unto me Virgilius said: "My son,
 Here may indeed be torment, but not death.

Remember thee, remember! and if I

⁴⁰⁰The description of the Seventh and last Circle continued.

⁴⁰¹When the sun is rising at Jerusalem, it is setting on the Mountain of Purgatory; it is midnight in Spain, with Libra in the meridian, and noon in India. "A great labyrinth of words and things," says Venturi, "meaning only that the sun was setting!" and this time the "*dolce pedagogo*" Biagioli lets him escape without the usual reprimand.

⁴⁰²*Matthew* V. 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

⁴⁰³With the hands clasped and turned palm downwards, and the body straightened backward in attitude of resistance.

On Geryon have safely guided thee, ⁴⁰⁴
 What shall I do now I am nearer God?
 Believe for certain, shouldst thou stand a full
 Millennium in the bosom of this flame,
 It could not make thee bald a single hair.
 And if perchance thou think that I deceive thee,
 Draw near to it, and put it to the proof
 With thine own hands upon thy garment's hem.
 Now lay aside, now lay aside all fear,
 Turn hitherward, and onward come securely;"
 And I still motionless, and 'gainst my conscience! ⁴⁰⁵
 Seeing me stand still motionless and stubborn,
 Somewhat disturbed he said: "Now look thou, Son,
 'Twixt Beatrice and thee there is this wall."
 As at the name of Thisbe oped his lids ⁴⁰⁶
 The dying Pyramus, and gazed upon her,
 What time the mulberry became vermilion,
 Even thus, my obduracy being softened,
 I turned to my wise Guide, hearing the name
 That in my memory evermore is welling.
 Whereat he wagged his head, and said: "How now?
 Shall we stay on this side?" then smiled as one
 Does at a child who's vanquished by an apple.
 Then into the fire in front of me he entered,
 Beseeching Statius to come after me,
 Who a long way before divided us. ⁴⁰⁷
 When I was in it, into molten glass
 I would have cast me to refresh myself,
 So without measure was the burning there!
 And my sweet Father, to encourage me,

⁴⁰⁴*Inferno* XVII.

⁴⁰⁵Knowing that he ought to confide in Virgil and go forward.

⁴⁰⁶The story of the Babylonian lovers, whose trysting-place was under the white mulberry-tree near the tomb of Ninus, and whose blood changed the fruit from white to purple, is too well known to need comment. Ovid, *Met.* IV., Eusden's Tr.: "At Thisbe's name awaked, he opened wide his dying eyes; with dying eyes he tried on her to dwell, but closed them slow and died."

⁴⁰⁷Statius had for a long while been between Virgil and Dante.

Discoursing still of Beatrice went on,
Saying: "Her eyes I seem to see already!"

A voice, that on the other side was singing,
Directed us, and we, attent alone
On that, came forth where the ascent began.

*"Venite, benedicti Patris mei,"*⁴⁰⁸

Sounded within a splendour, which was there
Such it o'ercame me, and I could not look.

"The sun departs," it added, "and night cometh;
Tarry ye not, but onward urge your steps,
So long as yet the west becomes not dark."

Straight forward through the rock the path ascended
In such a way that I cut off the rays
Before me of the sun, that now was low.

And of few stairs we yet had made assay,
Ere by the vanished shadow the sun's setting
Behind us we perceived, I and my Sages.

And ere in all its parts immeasurable
The horizon of one aspect had become,
And Night her boundless dispensation held,
Each of us of a stair had made his bed;
Because the nature of the mount took from us
The power of climbing, more than the delight.

Even as in ruminating passive grow
The goats, who have been swift and venturesome
Upon the mountain-tops ere they were fed,

Hushed in the shadow, while the sun is hot,
Watched by the herdsman, who upon his staff
Is leaning, and in leaning tendeth them;

And as the shepherd, lodging out of doors,
Passes the night beside his quiet flock,
Watching that no wild beast may scatter it,

Such at that hour were we, all three of us,
I like the goat, and like the herdsmen they,

⁴⁰⁸*Matthew XXV. 34: "Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."*

Begirt on this side and on that by rocks.
 Little could there be seen of things without;
 But through that little I beheld the stars
 More luminous and larger than their wont. ⁴⁰⁹
 Thus ruminating, and beholding these,
 Sleep seized upon me – sleep, that oftentimes
 Before a deed is done has tidings of it. ⁴¹⁰
 It was the hour, I think, when from the East
 First on the mountain Citherea beamed, ⁴¹¹
 Who with the fire of love seems always burning;
 Youthful and beautiful in dreams methought
 I saw a lady walking in a meadow,
 Gathering flowers; and singing she was saying:
 “Know whosoever may my name demand
 That I am Leah, and go moving round
 My beauteous hands to make myself a garland.
 To please me at the mirror, here I deck me,
 But never does my sister Rachel leave
 Her looking-glass, and sitteth all day long.
 To see her beauteous eyes as eager is she,
 As I am to adorn me with my hands;
 Her, seeing, and me, doing satisfies.”
 And now before the antelucan splendours
 That unto pilgrims the more grateful rise,
 As, home-returning, less remote they lodge,
 The darkness fled away on every side, ⁴¹²
 And slumber with it; whereupon I rose,
 Seeing already the great Masters risen.

⁴⁰⁹Evening of the Third Day of Purgatory.

⁴¹⁰The vision which Dante sees is a foreshadowing of Matilda and Beatrice in the Terrestrial Paradise. In the *Old Testament* Leah is a symbol of the Active Life, and Rachel of the Contemplative; as Martha and Mary are in the *Testament*, and Matilda and Beatrice in the *Divine Comedy*. “Happy that house,” says Saint Bernard, “and blessed is that congregation, where Mara still complaineth of Mary.” Dante says in the *Convito*, IV. 17: “Truly it should be known that we can have in this life two felicities, by following two different and excellent roads, which lead thereto; namely, the Active life and the Contemplative.”

⁴¹¹Venus, the morning star, rising with the constellation Pisces, two hours before the sun.

⁴¹²The morning of the Fourth Day of Purgatory.

“That apple sweet, which through so many branches ⁴¹³
The care of mortals goeth in pursuit of,
To-day shall put in peace thy hungerings.”

Speaking to me, Virgilius of such words
As these made use; and never were there guerdons
That could in pleasantness compare with these.

Such longing upon longing came upon me
To be above, that at each step thereafter
For flight I felt in me the pinions growing.

When underneath us was the stairway all
Run o’er, and we were on the highest step,
Virgilius fastened upon me his eyes,

And said: “The temporal fire and the eternal,
Son, thou hast seen, and to a place art come
Where of myself no farther I discern.

By intellect and art I here have brought thee;
Take thine own pleasure for thy guide henceforth;
Beyond the steep ways and the narrow art thou.

Behold the sun, that shines upon thy forehead;
Behold the grass, the flowerets, and the shrubs
Which of itself alone this land produces.

Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes
Which weeping caused me to come unto thee,
Thou canst sit down, and thou canst walk among them.

Expect no more or word or sign from me;
Free and upright and sound is thy free-will,
And error were it not to do its bidding;

Thee o’er thyself I therefore crown and mitre!”

⁴¹³Happiness.



Figure 35: Youthful and beautiful in dreams methought I saw a lady walking in a meadow...

Canto 28

EAGER already to search in and round ⁴¹⁴
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Taking the level country slowly, slowly
Over the soil that everywhere breathes fragrance.
A softly-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, upon the forehead smote me
No heavier blow than of a gentle wind,
Whereat the branches, lightly tremulous,
Did all of them bow downward toward that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should leave the practice of each art of theirs;
But with full ravishment the hours of prime,
Singing, received they in the midst of leaves,
That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
Through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi, ⁴¹⁵
When Eolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had carried me
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could not perceive where I had entered it
And lo! my further course a stream cut off, ⁴¹⁶

⁴¹⁴The Terrestrial Paradise.

⁴¹⁵Chiassi is on the sea-shore near Ravenna. "Here grows a spacious pine forest," says Covino, *Descr. Geog.*, p. 39, "which stretches along the sea between Ravenna and Cervia."

⁴¹⁶The river Lethe.

Which tow'rd the left hand with its little waves
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang
All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture
Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.
With feet I stayed, and with mine eyes I passed
Beyond the rivulet, to look upon
The great variety of the fresh may.
And there appeared to me (even as appears
Suddenly something that doth turn aside
Through very wonder every other thought)
A lady all alone, who went along ⁴¹⁷
Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
With which her pathway was all painted over.
"Ah, beauteous lady, who in rays of love
Dost warm thyself, if I may trust to looks,
Which the heart's witnesses are wont to be,
May the desire come unto thee to draw
Near to this river's bank," I said to her,
"So much that I might hear what thou art singing.
Thou makest me remember where and what
Proserpina that moment was when lost
Her mother her, and she herself the Spring."
As turns herself, with feet together pressed
And to the ground, a lady who is dancing,
And hardly puts one foot before the other,
On the vermilion and the yellow flowerets
She turned towards me, not in other wise
Than maiden who her modest eyes casts down;

⁴¹⁷This lady, who represents the Active life to Dante's waking eyes, as Leah had done in his vision, and whom Dante afterwards, Canto XXXIII. 119, calls Matilda, is generally supposed by the commentators to be the celebrated Countess Matilda, daughter of Boniface, Count of Tuscany, and wife of Guelf, of the house of Suabia. Of this marriage Villani, IV. 21, gives a very strange account, which, if true, is a singular picture of the times.

And my entreaties made to be content,
So near approaching, that the dulcet sound
Came unto me together with its meaning

As soon as she was where the grasses are
Bathed by the waters of the beauteous river,
To lift her eyes she granted me the boon.

I do not think there shone so great a light
Under the lids of Venus, when transfixed
By her own son, beyond his usual custom!

Erect upon the other bank she smiled,
Bearing full many colours in her hands.
Which that high land produces without seed.

Apart three paces did the river make us;
But Hellespont, where Xerxes passed across,
(A curb still to all human arrogance,) ⁴¹⁸

More hatred from Leander did not suffer
For rolling between Sestos and Abydos,
Than that from me, because it oped not then.

"Ye are new-comers; and because I smile,"
Began she, "peradventure, in this place
Elect to human nature for its nest,

Some apprehension keeps you marvelling;
But the psalm *Delectasti* giveth light ⁴¹⁹
Which has the power to uncloud your intellect.

And thou who foremost art, and didst entreat me,
Speak, if thou wouldst hear more; for I came ready
To all thy questionings, as far as needful."

"The water," said I, "and the forest's sound,
Are combating within me my new faith
In something which I heard opposed to this." ⁴²⁰

Whence she: "I will relate how from its cause

⁴¹⁸When Xerxes invaded Greece he crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats with an army of five million. So say the historians. On his return he crossed it in a fishing-boat almost alone, – "a warning to all human arrogance."

⁴¹⁹*Psalm XCII. 4:* "For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands."

⁴²⁰Canto XXI. 46: – "Because that neither rain, nor hail, nor snow, nor dew, nor hoar-frost any higher falls than the short, little stairway of three steps."

Proceedeth that which maketh thee to wonder,
And purge away the cloud that smites upon thee.

The Good Supreme, sole in itself delighting,
Created man good, and this goodly place
Gave him as hansel of eternal peace.

By his default short while he sojourned here;⁴²¹
By his default to weeping and to toil
He changed his innocent laughter and sweet play.

That the disturbance which below is made
By exhalations of the land and water,
(Which far as may be follow after heat,)

Might not upon mankind wage any war,
This mount ascended tow'rds the heaven so high,
And is exempt, from there where it is locked.⁴²²

Now since the universal atmosphere
Turns in a circuit with the primal motion
Unless the circle is broken on some side,

Upon this height, that all is disengaged
In living ether, doth this motion strike
And make the forest sound, for it is dense;

And so much power the stricken plant possesses
That with its virtue it impregns the air,
And this, revolving, scatters it around;

And yonder earth, according as 'tis worthy
In self or in its clime, conceives and bears
Of divers qualities the divers trees;

It should not seem a marvel then on earth,
This being heard, whenever any plant
Without seed manifest there taketh root.

And thou must know, this holy table-land
In which thou art is full of every seed,
And fruit has in it never gathered there.

The water which thou seest springs not from vein
Restored by vapour that the cold condenses,
Like to a stream that gains or loses breath

⁴²¹Only six hours, according to Adam's own account in *Paradiso* XXI. 139.

⁴²²Above the gate described in Canto IX.

But issues from a fountain safe and certain,
Which by the will of God as much regains
As it discharges, open on two sides.

Upon this side with virtue it descends,
Which takes away all memory of sin;
On that, of every good deed done restores it.

Here Lethe, as upon the other side
Eunoe, it is called; and worketh not
If first on either side it be not tasted.

This every other savour doth transcend;
And notwithstanding slaked so far may be
Thy thirst, that I reveal to thee no more,

I'll give thee a corollary still in grace,
Nor think my speech will be to thee less dear
If it spread out beyond my promise to thee.

Those who in ancient times have feigned in song
The Age of Gold and its felicity,
Dreamed of this place perhaps upon Parnassus.

Here was the human race in innocence;
Here evermore was Spring, and every fruit;
This is the nectar of which each one speaks."

Then backward did I turn me wholly round
Unto my Poets, and saw that with a smile ⁴²³
They had been listening to these closing words;
Then to the beautiful lady turned mine eyes.

⁴²³Virgil and Statius smile at this allusion to the dreams of poets.



Figure 36: Already my slow steps had carried me into the ancient wood so far, that I could not perceive where I had entered it...

Canto 29

SINGING like unto an enamoured lady ⁴²⁴
She, with the ending of her words, continued:
"Beati quorum tecta sunt peccata." ⁴²⁵
And even as Nymphs, that wandered all alone
Among the sylvan shadows, sedulous
One to avoid and one to see the sun,
She then against the stream moved onward, going
Along the bank, and I abreast of her,
Her little steps with little steps attending
Between her steps and mine were not a hundred, ⁴²⁶
When equally the margins gave a turn,
In such a way, that to the East I faced.
Nor even thus our way continued far
Before the lady wholly turned herself
Unto me, saying, "Brother, look and listen!"
And lo! a sudden lustre ran across
On every side athwart the spacious forest,
Such that it made me doubt if it were lightning.
But since the lightning ceases as it comes,
And that continuing brightened more and more,
Within my thought I said, "What thing is this?"
And a delicious melody there ran
Along the luminous air, whence holy zeal
Made me rebuke the hardihood of Eve;
For there where earth and heaven obedient were,

⁴²⁴The Terrestrial Paradise and the Apocalyptic Procession of the Church Triumphant.

⁴²⁵*Psalm XXXII. I:* "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

⁴²⁶Counted together, their steps were not a hundred in all.

The woman only, and but just created,
 Could not endure to stay 'neath any veil;
 Underneath which had she devoutly stayed,
 I sooner should have tasted those delights
 Ineffable, and for a longer time.

While 'mid such manifold first-fruits I walked
 Of the eternal pleasure all enrapt,
 And still solicitous of more delights,
 In front of us like an enkindled fire
 Became the air beneath the verdant boughs,
 And the sweet sound as singing now was heard.

O Virgins sacrosanct! if ever hunger,
 Vigils, or cold for you I have endured,
 The occasion spurs me their reward to claim!

Now Helicon must needs pour forth for me,
 And with her choir Urania must assist me,⁴²⁷
 To put in verse things difficult to think.

A little farther on, seven trees of gold
 In semblance the long space still intervening
 Between ourselves and them did counterfeit;

But when I had approached so near to them
 The common object, which the sense deceives,⁴²⁸
 Lost not by distance any of its marks,

The faculty that lends discourse to reason⁴²⁹
 Did apprehend that they were candlesticks,⁴³⁰
 And in the voices of the song "Hosanna!"

⁴²⁷The Muse of Astronomy, or things celestial, represented as crowned with stars and robed in azure.

⁴²⁸The general form which objects may have in common, and by which they resemble each other.

⁴²⁹The faculty which lends discourse to reason is apprehension, or the faculty by which things are first conceived. See Canto XVIII. 22: – "Your apprehension from some real thing animage draws, and in yourselves displays it, so that it makes the soul turn unto it."

⁴³⁰*Revelation* I. 12, 20: "And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And, being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks. ... And the seven candlesticks. ... are the seven churches."

Some commentators interpret them as the seven Sacraments of the Church; others, as the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Above them flamed the harness beautiful,
Far brighter than the moon in the serene
Of midnight, at the middle of her month.

I turned me round, with admiration filled,
To good Virgilius, and he answered me
With visage no less full of wonderment.

Then back I turned my face to those high things,
Which moved themselves towards us so sedately,
They had been distanced by new-wedded brides.

The lady chid me: "Why dost thou burn only
So with affection for the living lights,
And dost not look at what comes after them?"

Then saw I people, as behind their leaders,
Coming behind them, garmented in white,
And such a whiteness never was on earth.

The water on my left flank was resplendent,
And back to me reflected my left side,
E'en as a mirror, if I looked therein.

When I upon my margin had such post
That nothing but the stream divided us,
Better to see I gave my steps repose;

And I beheld the flamelets onward go,
Leaving behind themselves the air depicted,
And they of trailing pennons had the semblance,

So that it overhead remained distinct
With sevenfold lists, all of them of the colours
Whence the sun's bow is made, and Delia's girdle.⁴³¹

These standards to the rearward longer were
Than was my sight; and, as it seemed to
Ten paces were the outermost apart.

Under so fair a heaven as I describe
The four and twenty Elders, two by two,⁴³²

⁴³¹Delia or Diana, the moon; and her girdle, the halo, sometimes seen around it.

⁴³²*Revelation* IV. 4: "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats; and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold."

These four and twenty elders are supposed to symbolize here the four and twenty books of the *Old Testament*. The crown of lilies indicates the purity of faith and doctrine.

Came on incoronate with flower-de-luce.

They all of them were singing: "Blessed thou ⁴³³
Among the daughters of Adam art, and blessed
For evermore shall be thy loveliness."

After the flowers and other tender grasses
In front of me upon the other margin
Were disencumbered of that race elect,

Even as in heaven star followeth after star,
There came close after them four animals, ⁴³⁴
Incoronate each one with verdant leaf.

Plumed with six wings was every one of them,
The plumage full of eyes; the eyes of Argus
If they were living would be such as these.

Reader! to trace their forms no more I waste
My rhymes; for other spendings press me so,
That I in this cannot be prodigal.

But read Ezekiel, who depicteth them ⁴³⁵
As he beheld them from the region cold
Coming with cloud, with whirlwind, and with fire;

And such as thou shalt find them in his pages,
Such were they here; saving that in their plumage
John is with me, and differeth from him. ⁴³⁶

The interval between these four contained
A chariot triumphal on two wheels, ⁴³⁷

⁴³³The salutation of the angel to the Virgin Mary. *Luke* I. 28: "Blessed art thou among women." Here the words are made to refer to Beatrice.

⁴³⁴The four Evangelists, of whom the four mysterious animals in Ezekiel are regarded as symbols.

⁴³⁵*Ezekiel* I. 4: "And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof, as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot; and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass."

⁴³⁶In *Revelation* IV. 8, they are described as having "each of them six wings;" in Ezekiel, as having only four.

⁴³⁷The triumphal chariot is the Church. The two wheels are generally interpreted as meaning the *Old* and *New Testaments*; but Dante, *Paradiso* XII. 106, speaks of them as St. Dominic and St. Francis.

Which by a Griffin's neck came drawn along;⁴³⁸
 And upward he extended both his wings
 Between the middle list and three and three,⁴³⁹
 So that he injured none by cleaving it
 So high they rose that they were lost to sight;
 His limbs were gold, so far as he was bird,
 And white the others with vermilion mingled.
 Not only Rome with no such splendid car
 E'er gladdened Africanus, or Augustus,
 But poor to it that of the Sun would be, –⁴⁴⁰
 That of the Sun, which swerving was burnt up
 At the importunate orison of Earth,
 When Jove was so mysteriously just⁴⁴¹
 Three maidens at the right wheel in a circle⁴⁴²
 Came onward dancing; one so very red
 That in the fire she hardly had been noted.
 The second was as if her flesh and bones
 Had all been fashioned out of emerald;
 The third appeared as snow but newly fallen.
 And now they seemed conducted by the white,
 Now by the red, and from the song of her
 The others took their step, or slow or swift.
 Upon the left hand four made holiday⁴⁴³

⁴³⁸The Griffin, half lion and half eagle, is explained by all the commentators as a symbol of Christ, in his divine and human nature.

Didron, in his *Christian Iconography*, interprets it differently. He says, Millington's Tr., 1.458: – "The mystical bird of two colours is understood in the manuscript of Herrade to mean the Church; in Dante, the bi-formed bird is the representative of the Church, the Pope. The Pope, in fact, is both priest and king; he directs the souls and governs the persons of men he reigns over things in heaven. The Pope, then, is but one single person in two natures, and under two forms; he is both eagle and lion. In his character of Pontiff or as an eagle, he hovers in the heavens, and ascends even to the throne of God to receive his commands; as the lion or king he walks upon the earth in strength and power."

⁴³⁹The wings of the Griffin extend upward between the middle list or trail of splendour of the seven candles and the three outer ones on each side.

⁴⁴⁰The golden chariot of the sun, which Phaeton had leave to drive for a day.

⁴⁴¹In smiting Phaeton with a thunderbolt.

⁴⁴²The three Theological or Evangelical Virtues, Charity, Hope, and Faith.

⁴⁴³The four Cardinal Virtues, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. They are clothed in purple to mark their nobility. Prudence is represented with three eyes, as looking at the past, the present, and the future.

Vested in purple, following the measure
Of one of them with three eyes in her head.
In rear of all the group here treated of ⁴⁴⁴
Two old men I beheld, unlike in habit,
But like in gait, each dignified and grave.
One showed himself as one of the disciples ⁴⁴⁵
Of that supreme Hippocrates, whom nature
Made for the animals she holds most dear;
Contrary care the other manifested,
With sword so shining and so sharp, it caused ⁴⁴⁶
Terror to me on this side of the river.
Thereafter four I saw of humble aspect, ⁴⁴⁷
And behind all an aged man alone ⁴⁴⁸
Walking in sleep with countenance acute.
And like the foremost company these seven
Were habited; yet of the flower-de-luce
No garland round about the head they wore,
But of the rose, and other flowers vermilion;
At little distance would the sight have sworn
That all were in a flame above their brows.
And when the car was opposite to me
Thunder was heard; and all that folk august
Seemed to have further progress interdicted,
There with the vanward ensigns standing still.

⁴⁴⁴St. Luke and St. Paul.

⁴⁴⁵St. Luke is supposed to have been a physician; a belief founded on *Colossians* IV. 14, "Luke, the beloved physician." The animal that nature holds most dear is man.

⁴⁴⁶The sword with which St. Paul is armed is a symbol of warfare and martyrdom; "I bring not peace, but a sword." St. Luke's office was to heal; St. Paul's to destroy.

⁴⁴⁷The four Apostles James, Peter, John, and Jude, writers of the Canonical Epistles. The red flowers, with which their foreheads seem all aflame, are symbols of martyrdom.

⁴⁴⁸St. John, writer of the Apocalypse; here represented as asleep; as if he were "in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind him a great voice as of a trumpet." Or perhaps the allusion may be to the belief of the early Christians that John did not die, but was sleeping till the second coming of Christ.



Figure 37: The four and twenty Elders, two by two, came on incoronate with flower-de-luce.



Figure 38: Three maidens at the right wheel in a circle came onward dancing...

Canto 30

WHEN the Septentrion of the highest heaven ⁴⁴⁹
(Which never either setting knew or rising,
Nor veil of other cloud than that of sin,

And which made every one therein aware
Of his own duty, as the lower makes
Whoever turns the helm to come to port)

Motionless halted, the veracious people,
That came at first between it and the Griffin,
Turned themselves to the car, as to their peace.

And one of them, as if by Heaven commissioned,
Singing, "*Veni, sponsa, de Libano*" ⁴⁵⁰
Shouted three times, and all the others after.

Even as the Blessed at the final summons
Shall rise up quickened each one from his cavern,
Uplifting light the reinvested flesh.

So upon that celestial chariot
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*, ⁴⁵¹
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

⁴⁴⁹In this canto Beatrice appears.

The Seven Stars, or Septentrion of the highest heaven, are the seven lights that lead the procession, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, by which all men are guided safely in things spiritual, as the mariner is by the Septentrion, or Seven Stars of the *Ursa Minor*, two of which are called the "Wardens of the Pole," and one of which is the *Cynosure*, or Pole Star. These lights precede the triumphal chariot, as in our heaven the *Ursa Minor* precedes, or is nearer the centre of rest, than the *Ursa Major* or Charles's Wain. In the Northern Mythology the God Thor is represented as holding these constellations in his hand.

⁴⁵⁰*Song of Solomon* IV. 8: "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon."

⁴⁵¹At the voice of so venerable an old man.

They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis,*" ⁴⁵²
 And, scattering flowers above and round about,
 "*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*" ⁴⁵³

Ere now have I beheld, as day began,
 The eastern hemisphere all tinged with rose,
 And the other heaven with fair serene adorned;

And the sun's face, uprising, overshadowed
 So that by tempering influence of vapours
 For a long interval the eye sustained it;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers
 Which from those hands angelical ascended,
 And downward fell again inside and out,

Over her snow-white veil with olive cinct
 Appeared a lady under a green mantle, ⁴⁵⁴
 Vested in colour of the living flame.

And my own spirit, that already now
 So long a time had been, that in her presence ⁴⁵⁵
 Trembling with awe it had not stood abashed, ⁴⁵⁶

⁴⁵²The cry of the multitude at Christ's entry into Jerusalem. *Matthew XXI. 9:* "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

⁴⁵³*Aeneid*, VI. 833: "Give me lilies in handfuls; let me scatter purple flowers."

⁴⁵⁴It will be observed that Dante makes Beatrice appear clothed in the colours of the three Theological Virtues described in Canto XXIX. 121. The white veil is the symbol of Faith; the green mantle, of Hope; the red tunic, of Charity. The crown of olive denotes wisdom. This attire somewhat resembles that given by artists to the Virgin. "The proper dress of the Virgin," says Mrs. Jameson, *Legends of the Madonna*, Introd., LIII., "is a close, red tunic, with long sleeves, and over this a blue robe or mantle. Her head ought to be veiled."

⁴⁵⁵Beatrice had been dead ten years at the date of the poem, 1300.

⁴⁵⁶Fully to understand and feel what is expressed in this line, the reader must call to mind all that Dante says in the *Vita Nuova* of his meetings with Beatrice, and particularly the first, which is thus rendered by Mr. Norton in his *New Life of Dante*, p.20: –

"Nine times now, since my birth, the heaven of light had turned almost to the same point in its gyration, when first appeared before my eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who did not know why they thus called her. She had now been in this life so long, that in its course the starry heaven had moved toward the east one of the twelfth parts of a degree; so that about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble colour, a becoming and modest crimson, and she was girt and adorned in the style that became her extreme youth. At that instant, I say truly, the spirit of life, which dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble with such violence, that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and, trembling, said these words: *Ecce deus fortior*

Without more knowledge having by mine eyes,
Through occult virtue that from her proceeded
Of ancient love the mighty influence felt.

As soon as on my vision smote the power
Sublime, that had already pierced me through
Ere from my boyhood I had yet come forth,

To the left hand I turned with that reliance
With which the little child runs to his mother,
When he has fear, or when he is afflicted,

To say unto Virgilius: "Not a drachm
Of blood remains in me, that does not tremble;
I know the traces of the ancient flame."⁴⁵⁷

But us Virgilius of himself deprived
Had left, Virgilius, sweetest of all fathers,
Virgilius, to whom I for safety gave me:

Nor whatsoever lost the ancient mother⁴⁵⁸
Availed my cheeks now purified from dew,
That weeping they should not again be darkened.

"Dante, because Virgilius has departed
Do not weep yet, do not weep yet awhile;
For by another sword thou need'st must weep."

E'en as an admiral, who on poop and prow
Comes to behold the people that are working
In other ships. and cheers them to well-doing,

Upon the left hand border of the car,
When at the sound I turned of my own name,
Which of necessity is here recorded,

I saw the Lady, who erewhile appeared
Veiled underneath the angelic festival,
Direct her eyes to me across the river.

Although the veil, that from her head descended,
Encircled with the foliage of Minerva,

me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi! – 'Behold a god, stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule me!'"

⁴⁵⁷Dante here translates Virgil's own words, as he has done so many times before – *Aeneid*, IV. 23: *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.*

⁴⁵⁸The Terrestrial Paradise lost by Eve.

Did not permit her to appear distinctly,
 In attitude still royally majestic
 Continued she, like unto one who speaks,
 And keeps his warmest utterance in reserve:
 "Look at me well; in sooth I'm Beatrice!
 How didst thou deign to come unto the Mountain?
 Didst thou not know that man is happy here?"
 Mine eyes fell downward into the clear fountain,
 But, seeing myself therein, I sought the grass,
 So great a shame did weigh my forehead down.
 As to the son the mother seems superb,
 So she appeared to me; for somewhat bitter
 Tasteth the savour of severe compassion.
 Silent became she, and the Angels sang
 Suddenly, "*In te, Domine, speravi:*" ⁴⁵⁹
 But beyond *pedes meos* did not pass.
 Even as the snow among the living rafters
 Upon the back of Italy congeals,
 Blown on and drifted by Sclavonian winds,
 And then, dissolving, trickles through itself
 Whene'er the land that loses shadow breathes,
 So that it seems a fire that melts a taper;
 E'en thus was I without a tear or sigh,
 Before the song of those who sing for ever
 After the music of the eternal spheres.
 But when I heard in their sweet melodies
 Compassion for me, more than had they said,
 "O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus upbraid him?"
 The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
 To air and water changed, and in my anguish
 Through mouth and eyes came gushing from my breast.
 She, on the right-hand border of the car
 Still firmly standing, to those holy beings
 Thus her discourse directed afterwards:

⁴⁵⁹ *Psalm XXXI. 11, 8: "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. ... Thou hast set my feet in a large room."*

“Ye keep your watch in the eternal day,
So that nor night nor sleep can steal from you
One step the ages make upon their path;

Therefore my answer is with greater care,
That he may hear me who is weeping yonder,
So that the sin and dole be of one measure.

Not only by the work of those great wheels,
That destine every seed unto some end,
According as the stars are in conjunction,

But by the largess of celestial graces,
Which have such lofty vapours for their rain ⁴⁶⁰
That near to them our sight approaches not,

Such had this man become in his new life
Potentially, that every righteous habit
Would have made admirable proof in him;

But so much more malignant and more savage
Becomes the land untilled and with bad seed,
The more good earthly vigour it possesses.

Some time did I sustain him with my look;
Revealing unto him my youthful eyes,
I led him with me turned in the right way.

As soon as ever of my second age
I was upon the threshold and changed life, ⁴⁶¹
Himself from me he took and gave to others.

When from the flesh to spirit I ascended,
And beauty and virtue were in me increased,
I was to him less dear and less delightful;

And into ways untrue he turned his steps,
Pursuing the false images of good,
That never any promises fulfil;

Nor prayer for inspiration me availed,
By means of which in dreams and otherwise
I called him back, so little did he heed them.

⁴⁶⁰Which are formed in such lofty regions, that they are beyond human conception.

⁴⁶¹Beatrice died in 1290, at the age of twenty-five.

So low he fell, that all appliances ⁴⁶²
For his salvation were already short,
Save showing him the people of perdition.
For this I visited the gates of death,
And unto him, who so far up has led him,
My intercessions were with weeping borne.
God's lofty fiat would be violated,
If Lethe should be passed, and if such viands
Should tasted be, withouten any scot
Of penitence, that gushes forth in tears."

⁴⁶²How far these self-accusations of Dante were justified by facts, and how far they may be regarded as expressions a sensitive and excited conscience, we have no means of determining. It is doubtless but simple justice to apply to him the words which he applies to Virgil, Canto III. 8.



Figure 39: "Look at me well; in sooth I'm Beatrice!..."

Canto 31

“O THOU who art beyond the sacred river,”⁴⁶³
Turning to me the point of her discourse,⁴⁶⁴
That edgewise even had seemed to me so keen,
She recommenced, continuing without pause,
“Say, say if this be true; to such a charge,
Thy own confession needs must be conjoined.”

My faculties were in so great confusion,
That the voice moved, but sooner was extinct
Than by its organs it was set at large.

Awhile she waited; then she said: “What thinkest?
Answer me; for the mournful memories
In thee not yet are by the waters injured.”

Confusion and dismay together mingled
Forced such a Yes! from out my mouth, that sight
Was needful to the understanding of it.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 'tis discharged
Too tensely drawn the bowstring and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark,

So I gave way beneath that heavy burden,
Outpouring in a torrent tears and sighs,
And the voice flagged upon its passage forth.

Whence she to me: “In those desires of mine
Which led thee to the loving of that good,
Beyond which there is nothing to aspire to,

⁴⁶³In this canto Dante, having made confession of his sins, is drawn by Matilda through the river Lethe.

⁴⁶⁴Hitherto Beatrice has directed her discourse to her attendant hand-maidens around the chariot. Now she speaks directly to Dante.

What trenches lying traverse or what chains ⁴⁶⁵
 Didst thou discover, that of passing onward
 Thou shouldst have thus despoiled thee of the hope?

And what allurements or what vantages
 Upon the forehead of the others showed,
 That thou shouldst turn thy footsteps unto them?" ⁴⁶⁶

After the heaving of a bitter sigh,
 Hardly had I the voice to make response,
 And with fatigue my lips did fashion it

Weeping I said: "The things that present were
 With their false pleasure turned aside my steps,
 Soon as your countenance concealed itself."

And she: "Shouldst thou be silent, or deny
 What thou confessest, not less manifest
 Would be thy fault, by such a Judge 'tis known

But when from one's own cheeks comes bursting forth
 The accusal of the sin, in our tribunal
 Against the edge the wheel doth turn itself ⁴⁶⁷

But still, that thou mayst feel a greater shame
 For thy transgression, and another time
 Hearing the Sirens thou mayst be more strong,

Cast down the seed of weeping and attend; ⁴⁶⁸
 So shalt thou hear, how in an opposite way
 My buried flesh should have directed thee.

Never to thee presented art or nature
 Pleasure so great as the fair limbs wherein
 I was enclosed, which scattered are in earth.

And if the highest pleasure thus did fail thee
 By reason of my death. what mortal thing
 Should then have drawn thee into its desire?

Thou oughtest verily at the first shaft
 Of things fallacious to have risen up

⁴⁶⁵As in a castle or fortress.

⁴⁶⁶As one fascinated and enamoured with them.

⁴⁶⁷The sword of justice is dulled by the wheel being turned against its edge. This is the usual interpretation; but a friend suggests that the allusion may be to the wheel of St. Catherine, which is studded with sword-blades.

⁴⁶⁸The grief which is the cause of your weeping.

To follow me, who was no longer such.

Thou oughtest not to have stooped thy pinions downward
To wait for further blows, or little girl,⁴⁶⁹
Or other vanity of such brief use.

The callow birdlet waits for two or three,
But to the eyes of those already fledged,
In vain the net is spread or shaft is shot."⁴⁷⁰

Even as children silent in their shame
Stand listening with their eyes upon the ground,
And conscious of their fault, and penitent;

So was I standing; and she said: "If thou
In hearing sufferest pain, lift up thy beard
And thou shalt feel a greater pain in seeing."

With less resistance is a robust holm
Uprooted, either by a native wind
Or else by that from regions of Iarbas,⁴⁷¹

Than I upraised at her command my chin;
And when she by the beard the face demanded,
Well I perceived the venom of her meaning.

And as my countenance was lifted up,
Mine eye perceived those creatures beautiful⁴⁷²
Had rested from the strewing of the flowers;

And, still but little reassured, mine eyes
Saw Beatrice turned round towards the monster,
That is one person only in two natures.

Beneath her veil, beyond the margent green,

⁴⁶⁹There is a good deal of gossiping among the commentators about this little girl or *Pargoletta*. Some suppose it to be the same as the Gentucca of Canto XXIV. 37. Others think the allusion is general. The *Ottimo* says: "Neither that young woman, whom in his *Rime* he called Pargoletta, nor that Lisetta, nor that other mountain maiden, nor this one, nor that other." In all this unnecessary confusion one thing is quite evident. As Beatrice is speaking of the past, she could not possibly allude to Gentucca, who is spoken of as one who would make Lucca pleasant to Dante at some future time. Upon the whole, the interpretation of the *Ottimo* is the most satisfactory, or at all events the least open to objection.

⁴⁷⁰*Proverbs* I. 17: "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

⁴⁷¹Iarbas, king of Gaetulia, from whom Dido bought the land for building Carthage.

⁴⁷²The angels described in Canto XXX. 20, as "Scattering flowers above and round about."

She seemed to me far more her ancient self
To excel, than others here, when she was here.

So pricked me then the thorn of penitence,
That of all other things the one which turned me
Most to its love became the most my foe.

Such self-conviction stung me at the heart
O'erpowered I fell, and what I then became
She knoweth who had furnished me the cause.

Then, when the heart restored my outward sense,
The lady I had found alone, above me ⁴⁷³
I saw, and she was saying, "Hold me, hold me."

Up to my throat she in the stream had drawn me,
And, dragging me behind her, she was moving
Upon the water lightly as a shuttle.

When I was near unto the blessed shore,
"Asperges me," I heard so sweetly sung, ⁴⁷⁴
Remember it I cannot, much less write it

The beautiful lady opened wide her arms,
Embraced my head, and plunged me underneath,
Where I was forced to swallow of the water.

Then forth she drew me, and all dripping brought
Into the dance of the four beautiful, ⁴⁷⁵
And each one with her arm did cover me.

"We here are Nymphs, and in the Heaven are stars;
Ere Beatrice descended to the world,
We as her handmaids were appointed her.

We'll lead thee to her eyes; but for the pleasant
Light that within them is, shall sharpen thine
The three beyond, who more profoundly look." ⁴⁷⁶

Thus singing they began; and afterwards
Unto the Griffin's breast they led me with them,

⁴⁷³Matilda.

⁴⁷⁴*Psalms* LI. 7: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

⁴⁷⁵The four attendant Nymphs on the left of the triumphal chariot.

⁴⁷⁶These four Cardinal Virtues lead to Divine Wisdom, but the three Evangelical Virtues quicken the sight to penetrate more deeply into it.

Where Beatrice was standing, turned towards us. ⁴⁷⁷

“See that thou dost not spare thine eyes,” they said;

“Before the emeralds have we stationed thee, ⁴⁷⁸

Whence Love aforetime drew for thee his weapons.”

A thousand longings, hotter than the flame,
Fastened mine eyes upon those eyes relucant,
That still upon the Griffin steadfast stayed.

As in a glass the sun, not otherwise

Within them was the twofold monster shining, ⁴⁷⁹

Now with the one, now with the other nature. ⁴⁸⁰

Think, Reader, if within myself I marvelled,

When I beheld the thing itself stand still,

And in its image it transformed itself.

While with amazement filled and jubilant,

My soul was tasting of the food, that while

It satisfies us makes us hunger for it,

Themselves revealing of the highest rank

In bearing, did the other three advance,

Singing to their angelic saraband. ⁴⁸¹

“Turn, Beatrice, O turn thy holy eyes,”

Such was their song, “unto thy faithful one,

Who has to see thee ta'en so many steps.

⁴⁷⁷Standing upon the chariot still; she does not alight till line 36 of the next canto.

⁴⁷⁸The colour of Beatrice's eyes has not been passed over in silence by the commentators. Lani, in his *Annotazioni*, says: “They were of a greenish blue, like the colour of the sea.” Mechior Messirini, who thought he had discovered a portrait of Beatrice as old as the fourteenth century, affirms that she had “splendid brown eyes.” Dante here calls them emeralds; upon which the *Ottimo* comments thus: “Dante very happily introduces this precious stone, considering its properties, and considering that griffins watch over emeralds. The emerald is the prince of all green stones; no gem nor herb has greater greenness; it reflects an image like a mirror; increases wealth; is useful in litigation and to orators; is good for convulsions and epilepsy; preserves and strengthens the sight; restrains lust; restores memory; is powerful against phantoms and demons; calms tempests; stanches blood, and is useful to soothsayers.”

⁴⁷⁹Monster is here used in the sense of marvel or prodigy.

⁴⁸⁰Now as an eagle, now as a lion. The two natures, divine and human, of Christ are reflected in Theology, or Divine Wisdom. Didron, who thinks the Griffin a symbol of the Pope, applies this to his spiritual and temporal power: “As priest he is the eagle floating in the air; as king he is a lion walking on the earth.”

⁴⁸¹The Italian *Caribo*, like the English *Carol* or *Roundelay*, is both song and dance. Some editions read in this line “dancing,” instead of “singing.”

In grace do us the grace that thou unveil
Thy face to him, so that he may discern
The second beauty which thou dost conceal.”

O splendour of the living light eternal!
Who underneath the shadow of Parnassus
Has grown so pale, or drunk so at its cistern,
He would not seem to have his mind encumbered
Striving to paint thee as thou didst appear,
Where the harmonious heaven o’ershadowed thee,
When in the open air thou didst unveil?



Figure 40: Embraced my head, and plunged me underneath, where I was forced to swallow of the water.

Canto 32

So steadfast and attentive were mine eyes⁴⁸²
In satisfying their decennial thirst,⁴⁸³
That all my other senses were extinct,
And upon this side and on that they had
Walls of indifference, so the holy smile
Drew them unto itself with the old net
When forcibly my sight was turned away
Towards my left hand by those goddesses,
Because I heard from them a "Too intently!"
And that condition of the sight which is
In eyes but lately smitten by the sun
Bereft me of my vision some short while;
But to the less when sight re-shaped itself,
I say the less in reference to the greater
Splendour from which perforce I had withdrawn,
I saw upon its right wing wheeled about
The glorious host returning with the sun
And with the sevenfold flames upon their faces.
As underneath its shields, to save itself,
A squadron turns, and with its banner wheels,
Before the whole thereof can change its front,
That soldiery of the celestial kingdom
Which marched in the advance had wholly passed us
Before the chariot had turned its pole.
Then to the wheels the maidens turned themselves,

⁴⁸²A mystical canto, in which is described the tree of the forbidden fruit, and other wonderful and mysterious things.

⁴⁸³Beatrice had been dead ten years.

And the Griffin moved his burden benedight,
But so that not a feather of him fluttered.

The lady fair who drew me through the ford
Followed with Statius and myself the wheel
Which made its orbit with the lesser arc.

So passing through the lofty forest, vacant
By fault of her who in the serpent trusted,
Angelic music made our steps keep time.

Perchance as great a space had in three flights
An arrow loosened from the string o'erpassed,⁴⁸⁴
As we had moved when Beatrice descended.

I heard them murmur altogether, "Adam!"
Then circled they about a tree despoiled⁴⁸⁵
Of blooms and other leafage on each bough.

Its tresses, which so much the more dilate
As higher they ascend, had been by Indians⁴⁸⁶
Among their forests marvelled at for height.

"Blessed art thou, O Griffin, who dost not⁴⁸⁷
Pluck with thy beak these branches sweet to taste,
Since appetite by this was turned to evil."

After this fashion round the tree robust
The others shouted; and the twofold creature:
"Thus is preserved the seed of all the just."

And turning to the pole which he had dragged,
He drew it close beneath the widowed bough,
And what was of it unto it left bound.⁴⁸⁸

⁴⁸⁴A *disfrenata saetta*, an uncurbed arrow, like that which Pandarus shot at Menelaus, *Iliad*, IV. 124: "The sharp-pointed arrow sprang forth, eager to rush among the crowd."

⁴⁸⁵*Genesis* II. 16: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Some commentators suppose that Dante's mystic tree is not only the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but also a symbol of the Roman Empire.

⁴⁸⁶Virgil, *Georgics*, II. 123: "The groves which India, nearer the ocean, the utmost skirts of the globe, produces, where no arrows by their flight have been able to surmount the airy summit of the tree; and yet that nation is not slow at archery."

⁴⁸⁷Christ's renunciation of temporal power.

⁴⁸⁸The pole of the chariot, which was made of this tree, he left bound to the tree. Buti says: "This chariot represents the Holy Church, which is the congregation of the faithful, and the pole of this chariot is the cross of Christ, which he bore upon his shoulders, so

In the same manner as our trees (when downward
Falls the great light, with that together mingled
Which after the celestial *Lasca* shines) ⁴⁸⁹

Begin to swell, and then renew themselves,
Each one with its own colour, ere the Sun
Harness his steeds beneath another star:

Less than of rose and more than violet ⁴⁹⁰
A hue disclosing, was renewed the tree
That had erewhile its boughs so desolate.

I never heard, nor here below is sung,
The hymn which afterward that people sang,
Nor did I bear the melody throughout.

Had I the power to paint how fell asleep
Those eyes compassionless, of *Syrinx* hearing, ⁴⁹¹
Those eyes to which more watching cost so dear,

Even as a painter who from model paints
I would portray how I was lulled asleep;

that the author well represents him as dragging the pole with his neck." The statement that the cross was made of the tree of knowledge, is founded on an old legend. When Adam was dying, he sent his son Seth to the Garden of Paradise to bring him some drops of the oil of the mercy of God. The angel at the gate refused him entrance, but gave him a branch from the tree of knowledge, and told him to plant it upon Adam's grave; and that, when it should bear fruit, then should Adam receive the oil of God's mercy. The branch grew into a tree, but never bore fruit till the passion of Christ; but "of a branch of this tree and of other wood," says Buti, "the cross was made, and from that branch was suspended such sweet fruit as the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and then Adam and other saints had the oil of mercy, inasmuch as they were taken from Limbo and led by Christ into eternal life."

⁴⁸⁹In the month of February, when the sun is in the constellation of the Fishes. Dante here gives it the title of the *Lasca* – the Roach or Mullet.

⁴⁹⁰The red and white of the apple-blossoms is symbolical of the blood and water which flowed from the wound in Christ's side. At least so thinks Vellutelli.

⁴⁹¹The eyes of Argus, whom Mercury lulled asleep by telling him the story of *Syrinx*, and then put to death.

Ovid, *Met.*, I., Dryden's Tr.: –

"While Hermes piped, and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.

Then soon the god his voice and song suppress,
And with his powerful rod confirmed his rest;
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew."

He may, who well can picture drowsihood.
 Therefore I pass to what time I awoke,
 And say a splendour rent from me the veil
 Of slumber, and a calling: "Rise, what dost thou?"
 As to behold the apple-tree in blossom ⁴⁹²
 Which makes the Angels greedy for its fruit,
 And keeps perpetual bridals in the Heaven,
 Peter and John and James conducted were,
 And, overcome, recovered at the word
 By which still greater slumbers have been broken,
 And saw their school diminished by the loss
 Not only of Elias, but of Moses,
 And the apparel of their Master changed;
 So I revived, and saw that piteous one ⁴⁹³
 Above me standing, who had been conductress
 Aforetime of my steps beside the river,
 And all in doubt I said, "Where's Beatrice?"
 And she: "Behold her seated underneath
 The leafage new, upon the root of it.
 Behold the company that circles her;
 The rest behind the Griffin are ascending
 With more melodious song, and more profound."
 And if her speech were more diffuse I know not,
 Because already in my sight was she
 Who from the hearing of aught else had shut me.
 Alone she sat upon the very earth,
 Left there as guardian of the chariot
 Which I had seen the biform monster fasten.
 Encircling her, a cloister made themselves
 The seven Nymphs, with those lights in their hands ⁴⁹⁴
 Which are secure from Aquilon and Auster.

⁴⁹²The Transfiguration. The passage in the *Song of Solomon*, II. 3, "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons," is interpreted as referring to Christ; and Dante here calls the Transfiguration the blossoming of that tree.

⁴⁹³Matilda.

⁴⁹⁴The seven Virtues holding the seven golden candlesticks, or the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit.

“Short while shalt thou be here a forester,
 And thou shalt be with me for evermore
 A citizen of that Rome where Christ is Roman.
 Therefore, for that world’s good which liveth ill,
 Fix on the car thine eyes, and what thou seest.
 Having returned to earth, take heed thou write.”

Thus Beatrice; and I, who at the feet
 Of her commandments all devoted was,
 My mind and eyes directed where she willed.

Never descended with so swift a motion
 Fire from a heavy cloud, when it is raining
 From out the region which is most remote,

As I beheld the bird of Jove descend ⁴⁹⁵
 Down through the tree, rending away the bark,
 As well as blossoms and the foliage new,
 And he with all his might the chariot smote, ⁴⁹⁶
 Whereat it reeled, like vessel in a tempest
 Tossed by the waves, now starboard and now larboard.

Thereafter saw I leap into the body
 Of the triumphal vehicle a Fox, ⁴⁹⁷
 That seemed unfed with any wholesome food.

But for his hideous sins upbraiding him,
 My Lady put him to as swift a flight
 As such a fleshless skeleton could bear.

Then by the way that it before had come,
 Into the chariot’s chest I saw the Eagle
 Descend, and leave it feathered with his plumes. ⁴⁹⁸

And such as issues from a heart that mourns,
 A voice from Heaven there issued, and it said:

⁴⁹⁵The descent of the eagle upon the tree is interpreted by Buti as the persecution of the Christians by the Emperors. The rending of the bark of the tree is the “breaking down of the constancy and fortitude of holy men”; the blossoms are “virtuous examples or prayers,” and the new leaves, “the virtuous deeds that holy men had begun to do, and which were interrupted by these persecutions.”

⁴⁹⁶Buti says: “This descent of the eagle upon the chariot, and the smiting it, mean the persecution of the Holy Church and of the Christians by the Emperors, as appears in the chronicles down to the time of Constantine.”

⁴⁹⁷The Fox is Heresy.

⁴⁹⁸The gift of Constantine to the Church.

"My little bark, how badly art thou freighted!"
 Methought, then, that the earth did yawn between
 Both wheels, and I saw rise from it a Dragon,⁴⁹⁹
 Who through the chariot upward fixed his tail,
 And as a wasp that draweth back its sting,
 Drawing unto himself his tail malign,
 Drew out the floor, and went his way rejoicing
 That which remained behind, even as with grass
 A fertile region, with the feathers, offered
 Perhaps with pure intention and benign,
 Reclothed itself, and with them were reclothed
 The pole and both the wheels so speedily,
 A sigh doth longer keep the lips apart.
 Transfigured thus the holy edifice
 Thrust forward heads upon the parts of it,
 Three on the pole and one at either corner.⁵⁰⁰
 The first were horned like oxen; but the four
 Had but a single horn upon the forehead;
 A monster such had never yet been seen!
 Firm as a rock upon a mountain high,
 Seated upon it, there appeared to me
 A shameless whore, with eyes swift glancing round,⁵⁰¹
 And, as if not to have her taken from him,
 Upright beside her I beheld a giant;⁵⁰²
 And ever and anon they kissed each other.
 But because she her wanton, roving eye
 Turned upon me, her angry paramour

⁴⁹⁹Mahomet. *Revelation* XII. 3: "And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold, a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth."

⁵⁰⁰"These seven heads," say the *Ottimo* and others, "denote the seven deadly sins." But Biagioli, following Buti, says: "There is no doubt that these heads and the horns represent the same that we have said in Canto XIX. of the *Inferno* – namely, the ten horns, the Ten Commandments of God; and the seven heads, the Seven Sacraments of the Church." Never was there a wider difference of interpretation. The context certainly favours the first.

⁵⁰¹Pope Boniface the Eighth.

⁵⁰²Philip the Fourth France. For his character see Canto XX. Note 43.

Did scourge her from her head unto her feet. ⁵⁰³

Then full of jealousy, and fierce with wrath,
He loosed the monster, and across the forest
Dragged it so far, he made of that alone ⁵⁰⁴

A shield unto the whore and the strange beast.

⁵⁰³This alludes to the maltreatment of Boniface by the troops of Philip at Alagna. See Canto XX. Note 87.

⁵⁰⁴The removal of the Papal See from Rome to Avignon. The principal points of the allegory of this canto may be summed up as follows. The triumphal chariot, the Church; the seven Nymphs, the Virtues Cardinal and Evangelical; the seven candlesticks, the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; the tree of knowledge, Rome; the Eagle, the Imperial power; the Fox, heresy; the Dragon, Mahomet; the shameless whore, Pope Boniface the Eighth; and the giant, Philip the Fair of France.

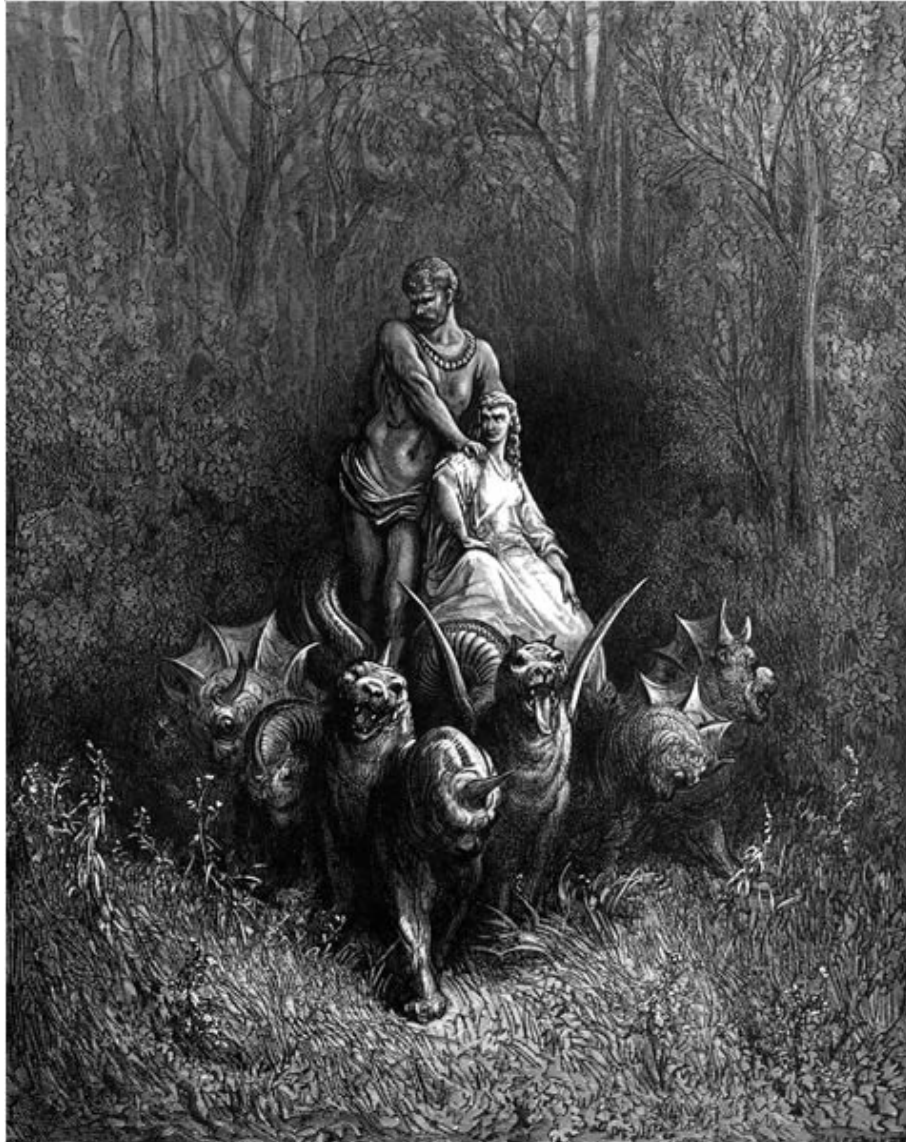


Figure 41: Seated upon it, there appeared to me a shameless whore, with eyes swift glancing round...

Canto 33

“*Deus venerunt gentes,*” alternating⁵⁰⁵
 Now three, now four, melodious psalmody
 The maidens in the midst of tears began;
 And Beatrice, compassionate and sighing,
 Listened to them with such a countenance,
 That scarce more changed was Mary at the cross.

But when the other virgins place had given⁵⁰⁶
 For her to speak, uprisen to her feet
 With colour as of fire, she made response:

*“Modicum, et non videbitis me;
 Et iterum, my sisters predilect,
 Modicum, et vos videbitis me.”*

Then all the seven in front of her she placed;
 And after her, by beckoning only, moved
 Me and the lady and the sage who stayed.⁵⁰⁷

So she moved onward; and I do not think
 That her tenth step was placed upon the ground,
 When with her eyes upon mine eyes she smote,

And with a tranquil aspect, “Come more quickly,”
 To me she said, “that, if I speak with thee,
 To listen to me thou mayst be well placed.”

As soon as I was with her as I should be,

⁵⁰⁵In this canto Dante is made to drink of the river Eunoe, the memory of things good. *Psalm LXXIX.*, beginning: “O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled.” The three Evangelical and four Cardinal Virtues chant this psalm, alternately responding to each other. The Latin words must be chanted, in order to make the lines rhythmical, with an equal emphasis on each syllable.

⁵⁰⁶When their singing was ended.

⁵⁰⁷Dante, Matilda, and Statius.

She said to me: "Why, brother, dost thou not
Venture to question now, in coming with me?"

As unto those who are too reverential,
Speaking in presence of superiors,
Who drag no living utterance to their teeth,

It me befell, that without perfect sound
Began I: "My necessity, Madonna,
You know, and that which thereunto is good."

And she to me: "Of fear and bashfulness
Henceforward I will have thee strip thyself,
So that thou speak no more as one who dreams.

Know that the vessel which the serpent broke ⁵⁰⁸
Was, and is not; but let him who is guilty
Think that God's vengeance does not fear a sop. ⁵⁰⁹

Without an heir shall not for ever be ⁵¹⁰
The Eagle that left his plumes upon the car,
Whence it became a monster, then a prey;

For verily I see, and hence narrate it,
The stars already near to bring the time,
From every hindrance safe, and every bar,

Within which a Five-hundred, Ten, and Five, ⁵¹¹
One sent from God, shall slay the thievish woman
And that same giant who is sinning with her.

And peradventure my dark utterance,

⁵⁰⁸Is no longer what it was. *Revelation* XVII. 8: "The beast that thou sawest was, and is not."

⁵⁰⁹In the olden time in Florence, if an assassin could contrive to eat a sop' of bread and wine at the grave of the murdered man, within nine days after the murder, he was free from the vengeance of the family; and to prevent this they kept watch at the tomb. There is no evading the vengeance of God in this way. Such is the interpretation this passage by all the old commentators.

⁵¹⁰The Roman Empire shall not always be without an Emperor, as it was then in the eyes of Dante, who counted the "German Albert," Alberto Tedesco, as no Emperor, because he never came into Italy. See the appeal to him, Canto VI. 96, and the malediction, because he suffered "The garden of the empire to be waste."

⁵¹¹The Roman numerals making DVX, or Leader. The allusion is Henry of Luxemburgh, in whom Dante placed his hopes of the restoration of the Imperial power. He was the successor of the German Albert of the preceding note, after an interregnum of one year. He died in 1312, shortly after his coronation in Rome. See Canto VI. Note 97.

Like Themis and the Sphinx, may less persuade thee,⁵¹²
 Since, in their mode, it clouds the intellect;

But soon the facts shall be the Naiades⁵¹³
 Who shall this difficult enigma solve,
 Without destruction of the flocks and harvests.

Note thou; and even as by me are uttered
 These words, so teach them unto those who live
 That life which is a running unto death;

And bear in mind, whene'er thou writest them,
 Not to conceal what thou hast seen the plant,
 That twice already has been pillaged here.⁵¹⁴

Whoever pillages or shatters it,
 With blasphemy of deed offendeth God,
 Who made it holy for his use alone.

For biting that, in pain and in desire⁵¹⁵
 Five thousand years and more the first-born soul
 Craved Him, who punished in himself the bite.

Thy genius slumbers, if it deem it not
 For special reason so pre-eminent
 In height, and so inverted in its summit⁵¹⁶

And if thy vain imaginings had not been
 Water of Elsa round about thy mind,⁵¹⁷

⁵¹²Themis, the daughter of Coelus and Terra, whose oracle was famous in Attica, and who puzzled Deucalion and Pyrrha by telling them that, in order to repopulate the earth after the deluge, they must throw "their mother's bones behind them."

The Sphinx, the famous monster born of Chimaera, and having the head of a woman, the wings of a bird, the body of a dog, and the paws of a lion; and whose riddle "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?" so puzzled the Thebans, that King Creon offered his crown and his daughter Jocasta to any one who should solve it, and so free the land of the uncomfortable monster; a feat accomplished by Oedipus apparently without much difficulty.

⁵¹³The Naiades having undertaken to solve the enigmas of oracles, Themis, offended, sent forth a wild beast to ravage the flocks and fields of the Thebans; though why they should have been held accountable for the doings of the Naiades is not very obvious.

⁵¹⁴First by the Eagle, who rent its bark and leaves; then by the giant, who bore away the chariot which had been bound to it.

⁵¹⁵The sin of Adam, and the death of Christ.

⁵¹⁶Widening at the top, instead of diminishing upward like other trees.

⁵¹⁷The Elsa is a river in Tuscany, rising in the mountains near Colle, and flowing northward into the Arno, between Florence and Pisa. Its waters have the power of incrusting or petrifying anything left in them. "This power of incrustation," says Covino, *Descriz.*

And Pyramus to the mulberry, their pleasure,⁵¹⁸
 Thou by so many circumstances only
 The justice of the interdict of God
 Morally in the tree wouldst recognize.
 But since I see thee in thine intellect
 Converted into stone and stained with sin,
 So that the light of my discourse doth daze thee,
 I will too, if not written, at least painted,
 Thou bear it back within thee, for the reason
 That cinct with palm the pilgrim's staff is borne."⁵¹⁹
 And I: "As by a signet is the wax
 Which does not change the figure stamped upon it,
 My brain is now imprinted by yourself
 But wherefore so beyond my power of sight
 Soars your desirable discourse, that aye
 The more I strive, so much the more I lose it?"
 "That thou mayst recognize," she said, "the school⁵²⁰
 Which thou hast followed, and mayst see how far
 Its doctrine follows after my discourse,
 And mayst behold your path from the divine
 Distant as far as separated is
 From earth the heaven that highest hastens on."
 Whence her I answered: "I do not remember

Geog. dell' Italia, "is especially manifest a little above Colle, where a great pool rushes impetuously from the ground."

⁵¹⁸If the vain thoughts thou hast been immersed in had not petrified thee, and the pleasure of them stained thee; if thou hadst not been "Converted into stone and stained with sin."

⁵¹⁹The staff wreathed with palm, the cockle-shell in the hat, and the sandal-shoon were all marks of the pilgrim, showing he had been beyond sea and in the Holy Land.

In the *Vita Nuova*, Mr. Norton's Tr., p.71, is this passage: "Moreover, it is to be known that the people who travel in the service of the Most High are called by three distinct terms. Those who go beyond the sea, whence often they bring back the palm, are called *palmer*s. Those who go to the house of Galicia are called *pilgrims*, because the burial-place of St. James was more distant from his country than that of any other of the Apostles. And those are called *romei* who go to Rome."

⁵²⁰How far Philosophy differs from Religion. *Isaiah* IV. 8: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

That ever I estranged myself from you,
Nor have I conscience of it that reproves me."

"And if thou art not able to remember,"
Smiling she answered, "recollect thee now
That thou this very day hast drunk of Lethe;

And if from smoke a fire may be inferred,
Such an oblivion clearly demonstrates
Some error in thy will elsewhere intent.

Truly from this time forward shall my words
Be naked, so far as it is befitting
To lay them open unto thy rude gaze."

And more coruscant and with slower steps
The sun was holding the meridian circle,⁵²¹
Which, with the point of view, shifts here and there

When halted (as he cometh to a halt,
Who goes before a squadron as its escort,
If something new he find upon his way)

The ladies seven at a dark shadow's edge,
Such as, beneath green leaves and branches black,
The Alp upon its frigid border wears.

In front of them the Tigris and Euphrates⁵²²
Methought I saw forth issue from one fountain,
And slowly part, like friends, from one another.

"O light, O glory of the human race!
What stream is this which here unfolds itself
From out one source, and from itself withdraws?"

For such a prayer, 'twas said unto me, "Pray
Matilda that she tell thee;" and here answered,
As one does who doth free himself from blame,

The beautiful lady: "This and other things
Were told to him by me; and sure I am
The water of Lethe has not hid them from him."

And Beatrice: "Perhaps a greater care,
Which oftentimes our memory takes away,

⁵²¹Noon of the Fourth Day of Purgatory.

⁵²²Two of the four rivers that watered Paradise. Here they are the same as Lethe and Eunoe, the oblivion of evil, and the memory of good.

Has made the vision of his mind obscure.

But Eunoe behold, that yonder rises;
Lead him to it, and, as thou art accustomed,
Revive again the half-dead virtue in him."

Like gentle soul, that maketh no excuse,
But makes its own will of another's will
As soon as by a sign it is disclosed,

Even so, when she had taken hold of me,
The beautiful lady moved, and unto Statius
Said, in her womanly manner, "Come with him."

If, Reader, I possessed a longer space
For writing it, I yet would sing in part
Of the sweet draught that ne'er would satiate me;

But inasmuch as full are all the leaves
Made ready for this second canticle,
The curb of art no farther lets me go.

From the most holy water I returned
Regenerate, in the manner of new trees
That are renewed with a new foliage,

Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.⁵²³

⁵²³The last word in this division of the poem, as in the other two, is the suggestive word "Stars."

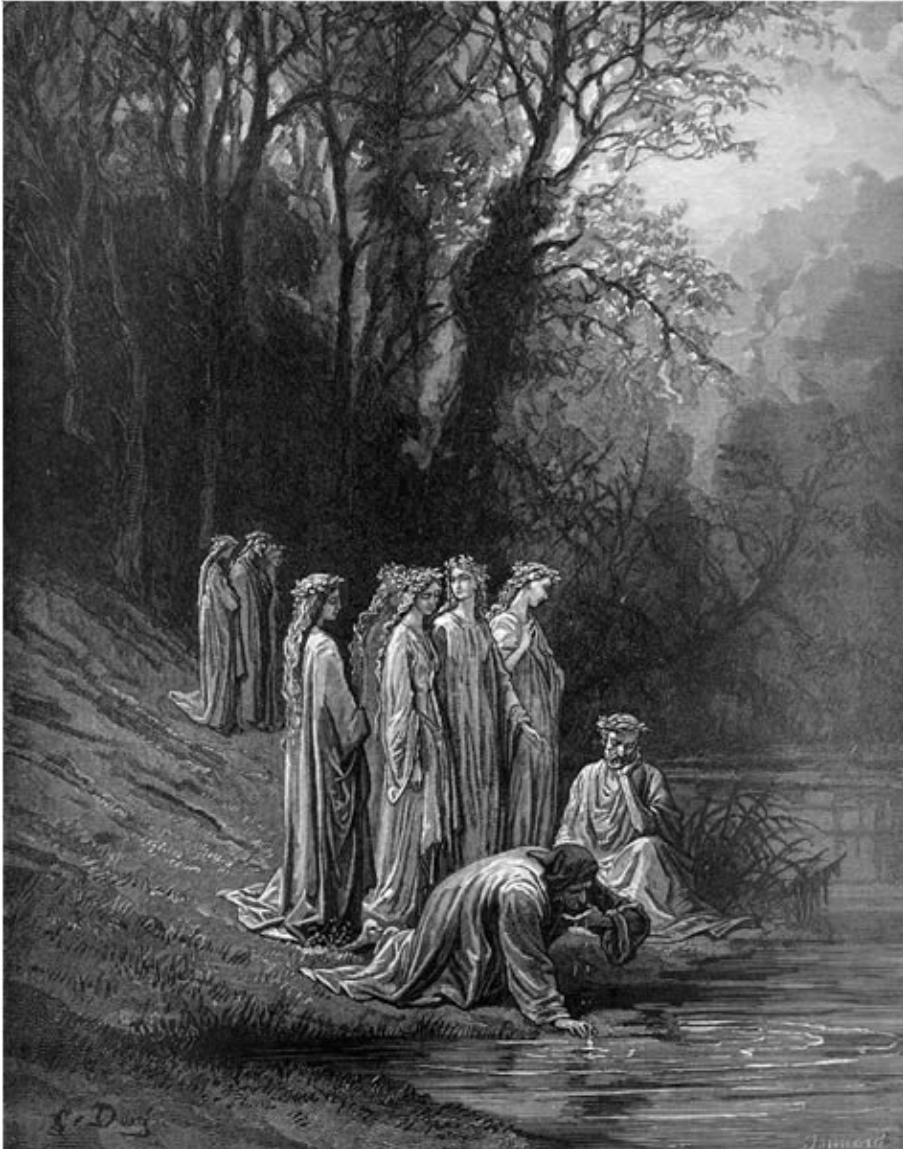


Figure 42: From the most holy water I returned... Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.

Dante Alighieri

Dante Alighieri, or simply **Dante** (May 14/June 13, 1265 – September 13/14, 1321), was an Italian poet from Florence. His central work, the *Commedia* (*Divine Comedy*), is considered the greatest literary work composed in the Italian language and a masterpiece of world literature. In Italian he is known as “the Supreme Poet” (*il Sommo Poeta*). Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio are also known as “the three fountains” or “the three crowns”. Dante is also called “the Father of the Italian language”. The first biography written on him was by his contemporary Giovanni Villani (1276 – 1348).

Life

Dante Alighieri was born in 1265, between May 14 and June 13, under the name “Durante Alighieri.”

His family was prominent in Florence, with loyalties to the Guelphs, a political alliance that supported the Papacy and which was involved in complex opposition to the Ghibellines, who were backed by the Holy Roman Emperor.

Dante pretended that his family descended from the ancient Romans (*Inferno*, XV, 76), but the earliest relative he can mention by name is Cacciaguida degli Elisei (*Paradiso*, XV, 135), of no earlier than about 1100. Dante’s father, Alighiero di Bellincione, was a White Guelph (see Politics section) who suffered no reprisals after the Ghibellines won the Battle of Montaperti in the mid 13th century. This suggests that Alighiero or his family enjoyed some protective prestige and status.

The poet’s mother was Bella degli Abati. She died when Dante was 7 years old, and Alighiero soon married again, to Lapa di Chiarissimo Cialuffi. It is uncertain whether he really married her, as widowers had social limitations in these matters. This woman definitely bore two children, Dante’s brother Francesco and sister Tana (Gaetana).

Dante fought in the front rank of the Guelph cavalry at the battle of Campaldino (June 11, 1289). This victory brought forth a reformation of the Florentine constitution. To take any part in public life, one had to be enrolled in one of "the arts". So Dante entered the guild of physicians and apothecaries. In following years, his name is frequently found recorded as speaking or voting in the various councils of the republic.

When Dante was 12, in 1277, he was promised in marriage to Gemma di Manetto Donati, daughter of Messer Manetto Donati. Contracting marriages at this early age was quite common and involved a formal ceremony, including contracts signed before a notary. Dante had already fallen in love with another girl, Beatrice Portinari (known also as Bice). Years after Dante's marriage to Gemma he met Beatrice again. He had become interested in writing verse, and although he wrote several sonnets to Beatrice, he never mentioned his wife Gemma in any of his poems.

Dante had several children with Gemma. As often happens with significant figures, many people subsequently claimed to be Dante's offspring; however, it is likely that Jacopo, Pietro, Giovanni, Gabrielle Alighieri, and Antonia were truly his children. Antonia became a nun with the name of Sister Beatrice.

Education and Poetry

Not much is known about Dante's education, and it is presumed he studied at home. It is known that he studied Tuscan poetry, at a time when the Sicilian School (*Scuola poetica siciliana*), a cultural group from Sicily, was becoming known in Tuscany. His interests brought him to discover the Occitan poetry of the troubadours and the Latin poetry of classical antiquity (with a particular devotion to Virgil).

During the "Secoli Bui" (Dark Ages), Italy had become a mosaic of small states, Sicily being the largest one, at the time under the Angevine dominations, and as far (culturally and politically) from Tuscany as Occitania was: the regions did not share a language, culture, or easy communications. Nevertheless, we can assume that Dante was a keen up-to-date intellectual with international interests.

At 18, Dante met Guido Cavalcanti, Lapo Gianni, Cino da Pistoia, and soon after Brunetto Latini; together they became the leaders of *Dolce Stil Novo* ("The Sweet New Style"). Brunetto later received a special mention in the *Divine Comedy* (*Inferno*, XV, 28), for what he had taught Dante. "*Nor speaking less on that account, I go With Ser Brunetto, and I ask who are His most known and most eminent companions*". Some fifty poetical components by

Dante are known (the so-called *Rime*, rhymes), others being included in the later *Vita Nuova* and *Convivio*. Other studies are reported, or deduced from *Vita Nuova* or the *Comedy*, regarding painting and music.

When he was nine years old he met Beatrice Portinari, daughter of Folco Portinari, with whom he fell in love “at first sight”, and apparently without even having spoken to her. He saw her frequently after age 18, often exchanging greetings in the street, but he never knew her well – he effectively set the example for the so-called “courtly love”. It is hard now to understand what this love actually comprised, but something extremely important for Italian culture was happening. It was in the name of this love that Dante gave his imprint to the *Stil Novo* and would lead poets and writers to discover the themes of Love (*Amore*), which had never been so emphasized before. Love for Beatrice (as in a different manner Petrarch would show for his Laura) would apparently be the reason for poetry and for living, together with political passions. In many of his poems, she is depicted as semi-divine, watching over him constantly.

When Beatrice died in 1290, Dante tried to find a refuge in Latin literature. The *Convivio* reveals that he had read Boethius’s *De consolatione philosophiae* and Cicero’s *De amicitia*.

He then dedicated himself to philosophical studies at religious schools like the Dominican one in Santa Maria Novella. He took part in the disputes that the two principal mendicant orders (Franciscan and Dominican) publicly or indirectly held in Florence, the former explaining the doctrine of the mystics and of Saint Bonaventure, the latter presenting Saint Thomas Aquinas’ theories.

This “excessive” passion for philosophy would later be criticized by the character Beatrice, in *Purgatorio*, the second book of the *Comedy*.

Florence and Politics

Dante, like most Florentines of his day, was embroiled in the Guelph-Ghibelline conflict. He fought in the battle of Campaldino (June 11, 1289), with the Florentine Guelphs against Arezzo Ghibellines, then in 1294 he was among the escorts of Charles Martel d’Anjou (son of Charles of Anjou) while he was in Florence.

To further his political career, he became a pharmacist. He did not intend to actually practice as one, but a law issued in 1295 required that nobles who wanted public office had to be enrolled in one of the *Corporazioni delle Arti e dei Mestieri*, so Dante obtained admission to the apothecaries’ guild. This profession was not entirely inapt, since at that time books were

sold from apothecaries' shops. As a politician, he accomplished little, but he held various offices over a number of years in a city undergoing political unrest.

After defeating the Ghibellines, the Guelphs divided into two factions: the White Guelphs (*Guelfi Bianchi*) – Dante's party, led by Vieri dei Cerchi – and the Black Guelphs (*Guelfi Neri*), led by Corso Donati. Although initially the split was along family lines, ideological differences rose based on opposing views of the papal role in Florentine affairs, with the Blacks supporting the Pope and the Whites wanting more freedom from Rome. Initially the Whites were in power and kicked out the Blacks.

In response, Pope Boniface VIII planned a military occupation of Florence. In 1301, Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the Fair king of France, was expected to visit Florence because the Pope had appointed him peacemaker for Tuscany. But the city's government had treated the Pope's ambassadors badly a few weeks before, seeking independence from papal influence. It was believed that Charles de Valois would eventually have received other unofficial instructions. So the council sent a delegation to Rome to ascertain the Pope's intentions. Dante was one of the delegates.

Exile and Death

Boniface quickly dismissed the other delegates and asked Dante alone to remain in Rome. At the same time (November 1, 1301), Charles de Valois entered Florence with Black Guelphs, who in the next six days destroyed much of the city and killed many of their enemies. A new Black Guelph government was installed and Messer Cante dei Gabrielli di Gubbio was appointed *Podestà* of Florence. Dante was condemned to exile for two years, and ordered to pay a large fine. The poet was still in Rome, where the Pope had "suggested" he stay, and was therefore considered an absconder. He did not pay the fine, in part because he believed he was not guilty, and in part because all his assets in Florence had been seized by the Black Guelphs. He was condemned to perpetual exile, and if he returned to Florence without paying the fine, he could be burned at the stake.

The poet took part in several attempts by the White Guelphs to regain power, but these failed due to treachery. Dante, bitter at the treatment he received from his enemies, also grew disgusted with the infighting and ineffectiveness of his erstwhile allies, and vowed to become a party of one. At this point, he began sketching the foundation for the *Divine Comedy*, a work in 100 cantos, divided into three books of thirty-three cantos each, with a single introductory canto.

He went to Verona as a guest of Bartolomeo I della Scala, then moved to Sarzana in Liguria. Later, he is supposed to have lived in Lucca with Madame Gentucca, who made his stay comfortable (and was later gratefully mentioned in *Purgatorio*, XXIV, 37). Some speculative sources say that he was also in Paris between 1308 and 1310. Other sources, even less trustworthy, take him to Oxford.

In 1310, the Holy Roman Emperor Henry VII of Luxembourg, marched 5,000 troops into Italy. Dante saw in him a new Charlemagne who would restore the office of the Holy Roman Emperor to its former glory and also re-take Florence from the Black Guelphs. He wrote to Henry and several Italian princes, demanding that they destroy the Black Guelphs. Mixing religion and private concerns, he invoked the worst anger of God against his city, suggesting several particular targets that coincided with his personal enemies. It was during this time that he wrote the first two books of the *Divine Comedy*.

In Florence, Baldo d'Aguglione pardoned most of the White Guelphs in exile and allowed them to return; however, Dante had gone too far in his violent letters to *Arrigo* (Henry VII), and he was not recalled.

In 1312, Henry assaulted Florence and defeated the Black Guelphs, but there is no evidence that Dante was involved. Some say he refused to participate in the assault on his city by a foreigner; others suggest that he had become unpopular with the White Guelphs too and that any trace of his passage had carefully been removed. In 1313, Henry VII died, and with him any hope for Dante to see Florence again. He returned to Verona, where Cangrande I della Scala allowed him to live in a certain security and, presumably, in a fair amount of prosperity. Cangrande was admitted to Dante's Paradise (*Paradiso*, XVII, 76).

In 1315, Florence was forced by Ugucione della Faggiuola (the military officer controlling the town) to grant an amnesty to people in exile, including Dante. But Florence required that as well as paying a sum of money, these exiles would do public penance. Dante refused, preferring to remain in exile.

When Ugucione defeated Florence, Dante's death sentence was commuted to house arrest, on condition that he go to Florence to swear that he would never enter the town again. Dante refused to go. His death sentence was confirmed and extended to his sons.

Dante still hoped late in life that he might be invited back to Florence on honourable terms. For Dante, exile was nearly a form of death, stripping him of much of his identity.

Of course it never happened. Prince Guido Novello da Polenta invited him to Ravenna in 1318, and he accepted. He finished the *Paradiso*, and

died in 1321 (at the age of 56) while returning to Ravenna from a diplomatic mission to Venice, perhaps of malaria contracted there. Dante was buried in Ravenna at the Church of San Pier Maggiore (later called San Francesco). Bernardo Bembo, praetor of Venice in 1483, took care of his remains by building a better tomb.

On the grave, some verses of Bernardo Canaccio, a friend of Dante, dedicated to Florence:

parvi Florentia mater amoris
Florence, mother of little love

Eventually, Florence came to regret Dante's exile, and made repeated requests for the return of his remains. The custodians of the body at Ravenna refused to comply, at one point going so far as to conceal the bones in a false wall of the monastery. Nevertheless, in 1829, a tomb was built for him in Florence in the basilica of Santa Croce. That tomb has been empty ever since, with Dante's body remaining in Ravenna, far from the land he loved so dearly. The front of his tomb in Florence reads *Onorate l'altissimo poeta* – which roughly translates as “Honour the most exalted poet”. The phrase is a quote from the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, depicting Virgil's welcome as he returns among the great ancient poets spending eternity in Limbo. The continuation of the line, *L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita* (“his spirit, which had left us, returns”), is poignantly absent from the empty tomb.

from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dante_Alighieri

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (February 27, 1807 – March 24, 1882) was an American poet whose works include “Paul Revere’s Ride”, “A Psalm of Life”, “The Song of Hiawatha”, “Evangeline”, and “Christmas Bells”. He also wrote the first American translation of Dante Alighieri’s “**Divine Comedy**” and was one of the five members of the group known as the Fireside Poets. Longfellow was born and raised in the region of Portland, Maine. He attended university at an early age at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine. After several journeys overseas, Longfellow settled for the last forty-five years of his life in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Life and work

Early life and education

Longfellow was born on February 27, 1807, to Stephen and Zilpah (Wadsworth) Longfellow in Portland, Maine, and grew up in what is now known as the Wadsworth-Longfellow House. His father was a lawyer, and his maternal grandfather, Peleg Wadsworth, Sr., was a general in the American Revolutionary War. He was named after his mother’s brother Henry Wadsworth, a Navy lieutenant who died only three years earlier.

Longfellow’s siblings were Stephen, Elizabeth, Anne, Alexander, Mary, Ellen, and Samuel. Henry was enrolled in a dame school at the age of only three and by age six was enrolled at the private Portland Academy. In his years there, he earned a reputation as being very studious and became fluent in Latin. He printed his first poem – a patriotic and historical four stanza poem called “*The Battle of Lovell’s Pond*” – in the *Portland Gazette* on November 17, 1820. He remained at the Portland Academy until the age of fourteen.

In the fall of 1822, the 15-year old Longfellow enrolled at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine alongside his brother Stephen. His grandfather was a founder of the college and his father was a trustee. There,

Longfellow met Nathaniel Hawthorne, who would later become his life-long friend. He boarded with a clergyman for a time before rooming on the third floor of what is now Maine Hall in 1823. He joined the Peucinian Society, a group of students with Federalist leanings. In his senior year, Longfellow wrote to his father about his aspirations:

“I will not disguise it in the least... the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature, my whole soul burns most ardently after it, and every earthly thought centres in it... I am almost confident in believing, that if I can ever rise in the world it must be by the exercise of my talents in the wide field of literature.”

He pursued his literary goals by submitting poetry and prose to various newspapers and magazines. Between January 1824 and his graduation in 1825, he had published nearly 40 minor poems. About 24 of them appeared in the short-lived Boston periodical *The United States Literary Gazette*.

European tours and professorships

After graduating in 1825, he was offered a job as professor of modern languages at his *alma mater*. The story, possibly apocryphal, is that an influential trustee, Benjamin Orr, had been so impressed Longfellow's translation of Horace that he was hired under the condition that he travel to Europe to study French, Spanish and Italian. Whatever the motivation, he began his tour of Europe in May 1826 aboard a ship named *Cadmus*. His time abroad would last three years and cost his father an estimated \$2,604.24. He traveled to France, Spain, Italy, Germany, back to France, then England before returning to the United States in mid-August 1829. Longfellow was saddened to learn his favorite sister Elizabeth had died of tuberculosis at the age of 20 that May while he was abroad.

On August 27, 1829, he wrote to the president of Bowdoin that he was turning down the professorship because he considered the \$600 salary “disproportionate to the duties required.” The trustees raised his salary to \$800 with an additional \$100 to serve as the college's librarian, a post which required one hour of work per day. During his years at the college, he wrote textbooks in French, Italian, and Spanish and a travel book, *Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea*. On September 14, 1831, he married Mary Storer Potter, a childhood friend from Portland. The couple settled in Brunswick, though the two were not happy there.

In December 1834, Longfellow received a letter from Josiah Quincy III, president of Harvard College, offering him a position as the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages with the stipulation that he spend a year or so abroad. In October 1835, during the trip, his wife Mary had a miscarriage about six months into her pregnancy. She did not recover and died after several weeks of illness at the age of 22 on November 29, 1835. Longfellow had her body embalmed immediately and placed into a lead coffin inside an oak coffin which was then shipped to Mount Auburn Cemetery near Boston. Three years later, he was inspired to write "Footsteps of Angels" about their love.

When he returned to the United States in 1836, Longfellow took up the professorship at Harvard University. He was required to live in Cambridge to be close to the campus and moved in to the Craigie House in the spring of 1837. The home, built in 1759, had once been the headquarters of George Washington during the siege of Boston in July 1775. Longfellow began publishing his poetry, including "*Voices of the Night*" in 1839 and *Ballads and Other Poems*, which included his famous poem "*The Village Blacksmith*", in 1841.

Courtship of Frances "Fanny" Appleton

Longfellow began courting Frances "Fanny" Appleton, the daughter of a wealthy Boston industrialist, Nathan Appleton. At first, she was not interested but Longfellow was determined. In July 1839, he wrote to a friend: "victory hangs doubtful. The lady says she will not! I say she shall! It is not pride, but the madness of passion." During the courtship, he frequently walked from Harvard to her home in Boston, crossing the Boston Bridge. That bridge was subsequently demolished and replaced in 1906 by a new bridge, which was eventually renamed as the Longfellow Bridge. Longfellow continued writing, however, and in the fall of 1839 published *Hyperion*, a book of travel writings discussing his trips abroad.

After seven years, Fanny finally agreed to marriage, and they were wed in 1843. Nathan Appleton bought the Craigie House, overlooking the Charles River, as a wedding present to the pair.

His love for Fanny is evident in the following lines from Longfellow's only love poem, the sonnet "*The Evening Star*", which he wrote in October, 1845: "O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus! My morning and my evening star of love!"

He and Fanny had six children: Charles Appleton (1844-1893), Ernest Wadsworth (1845-1921), Fanny (1847-1848), Alice Mary (1850-1928), Edith

(1853-1915) – who married Richard Henry Dana III, son of Richard Henry Dana, and Anne Allegra (1855-1934).

When the younger Fanny was born on April 7, 1847, Dr. Nathan Cooley Keep administered ether as the first obstetric anesthetic in the United States to Fanny Longfellow. A few months later, on November 1, 1847, the poem “Evangeline” was published for the first time.

On June 14, 1853, Longfellow held a farewell dinner party at his Cambridge home for his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne as he prepared to move overseas. Shortly after, Longfellow retired from Harvard in 1854, devoting himself entirely to writing. He was awarded an honorary doctorate of Laws from Harvard in 1859.

Death of Frances

Longfellow was a devoted husband and father with a keen feeling for the pleasures of home. But each of his marriages ended in sadness and tragedy.

On a hot July day, while Fanny was putting a lock of a child’s hair into an envelope and attempting to seal it with hot sealing wax, her dress caught fire causing severe burns. She died the next day, aged 44, on July 10, 1861. Longfellow was devastated by her death and never fully recovered. The strength of his grief is still evident in these lines from a sonnet, “*The Cross of Snow*” (1879), which he wrote eighteen years later to commemorate her death:

Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Death

In March 1882, Longfellow went to bed with severe stomach pain. He endured the pain for several days with the help of opium before he died surrounded by family on Friday, March 24, 1882. He had been suffering from peritonitis.

He is buried with both of his wives at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1884 he was the first and only American poet for whom a commemorative sculpted bust was placed in *Poet’s Corner* of Westminster Abbey in London.

Writing

Longfellow often used allegory in his work. In *"Nature"*, death is depicted as bedtime for a cranky child.

Critical response

Contemporary writer *Edgar Allan Poe* wrote to Longfellow in May 1841 of his "fervent admiration which [your] genius has inspired in me" and later called him "unquestionably the best poet in America". However, after Poe's reputation as a critic increased, he publicly accused Longfellow of plagiarism in what has been since termed by Poe biographers as "The Longfellow War". His assessment was that Longfellow was "a determined imitator and a dextrous adapter of the ideas of other people", specifically Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson.

Margaret Fuller judged him "artificial and imitative" and lacking force. Poet Walt Whitman also considered Longfellow an imitator of European forms, though he praised his ability to reach a popular audience as "the expressor of common themes – of the little songs of the masses."

Legacy

Longfellow was the most popular poet of his day. He was such an admired figure in the United States during his life that his 70th birthday in 1877 took on the air of a national holiday, with parades, speeches, and the reading of his poetry. He had become one of the first American celebrities.

His work was immensely popular during his time and is still today, although some modern critics consider him too sentimental. His poetry is based on familiar and easily understood themes with simple, clear, and flowing language. His poetry created an audience in America and contributed to creating American mythology.

from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_Wadsworth_Longfellow

Paul Gustave Doré

Paul Gustave Doré (January 6, 1832 – January 23, 1883) was a French artist, engraver, illustrator and sculptor. Doré worked primarily with wood engraving and steel engraving.

Life

Doré was born in Strasbourg and his first illustrated story was published at the age of fifteen. Doré began work as a literary illustrator in Paris. Doré commissions include works by **Rabelais, Balzac, Milton** and **Dante**. In 1853 Doré was asked to illustrate the works of Lord Byron. This commission was followed by additional work for British publishers, including a new illustrated English Bible. Doré also illustrated an oversized edition of **Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven"**, an endeavor that earned him 30,000 francs from publisher Harper and Brothers in 1883.

Doré's *English Bible* (1866) was a great success, and in 1867 Doré had a major exhibition of his work in London. This exhibition led to the foundation of the Doré Gallery in New Bond Street. In 1869, Blanchard Jerrold, the son of Douglas William Jerrold, suggested that they work together to produce a comprehensive portrait of London. Jerrold had gotten the idea from *The Microcosm of London* produced by Rudolph Ackermann, William Pyne, and Thomas Rowlandson in 1808. Doré signed a five-year project with the publishers Grant&Co. that involved his staying in London for three months a year. He was paid the vast sum of £10,000 a year for his work.

The book, *London: A Pilgrimage*, with 180 engravings, was published in 1872. It enjoyed commercial success, but the work was disliked by many contemporary critics. Some critics were concerned with the fact that Doré appeared to focus on poverty that existed in London. Doré was accused by the *Art Journal* of "inventing rather than copying." The *Westminster Review* claimed that "Doré gives us sketches in which the commonest, the vulgarst external features are set down." The book was also a financial success,

and Doré received commissions from other British publishers. Doré's later works included Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Tennyson's *The Idylls of the King*, *The Works of Thomas Hood*, and **The Divine Comedy**. His work also appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. Doré continued to illustrate books until his death in Paris in 1883. He is buried in the city's Père Lachaise Cemetery.

In "*Pickman's Model*", author H. P. Lovecraft's praises Doré: "There's something those fellows catch – beyond life – that they're able to make us catch for a second. Doré had it. [Sidney] Sime has it."

– For a partial list of Doré's works see Wikipedia.

from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gustave_Dore