

# THE INFERNO

Dante Alighieri



BARNES  
& NOBLE  
CLASSICS

Introduction and Notes by Peter Bondanella  
Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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Hell, by Dante Alighieri

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Produced by Dennis McCarthy

# THE DIVINE COMEDY

OF DANTE ALIGHIERI  
(1265-1321)

TRANSLATED BY  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW  
(1807-1882)

# CANTICLE I: INFERNO

## CREDITS

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materials.

Dennis McCarthy, July 1997

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Incipit Comoedia Dantis Alagherii,  
Florentini natione, non moribus.

The Divine Comedy  
translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
(e-text courtesy ILT's Digital Dante Project)

INFERNO

Inferno: Canto I

Midway upon the journey of our life  
I found myself within a forest dark,  
For the straightforward pathway had been lost.

Ah me! how hard a thing it is to say  
What was this forest savage, rough, and stern,  
Which in the very thought renews the fear.

So bitter is it, death is little more;  
But of the good to treat, which there I found,  
Speak will I of the other things I saw there.

I cannot well repeat how there I entered,  
So full was I of slumber at the moment  
In which I had abandoned the true way.

But after I had reached a mountain's foot,  
At that point where the valley terminated,  
Which had with consternation pierced my heart,

Upward I looked, and I beheld its shoulders,  
Vested already with that planet's rays  
Which leadeth others right by every road.

Then was the fear a little quieted

That in my heart's lake had endured throughout  
The night, which I had passed so piteously.

And even as he, who, with distressful breath,  
Forth issued from the sea upon the shore,  
Turns to the water perilous and gazes;

So did my soul, that still was fleeing onward,  
Turn itself back to re-behold the pass  
Which never yet a living person left.

After my weary body I had rested,  
The way resumed I on the desert slope,  
So that the firm foot ever was the lower.

And lo! almost where the ascent began,  
A panther light and swift exceedingly,  
Which with a spotted skin was covered o'er!

And never moved she from before my face,  
Nay, rather did impede so much my way,  
That many times I to return had turned.

The time was the beginning of the morning,  
And up the sun was mounting with those stars  
That with him were, what time the Love Divine

At first in motion set those beauteous things;  
So were to me occasion of good hope,  
The variegated skin of that wild beast,

The hour of time, and the delicious season;  
But not so much, that did not give me fear  
A lion's aspect which appeared to me.

He seemed as if against me he were coming  
With head uplifted, and with ravenous hunger,  
So that it seemed the air was afraid of him;

And a she-wolf, that with all hungerings  
Seemed to be laden in her meagreness,  
And many folk has caused to live forlorn!

She brought upon me so much heaviness,  
With the affright that from her aspect came,  
That I the hope relinquished of the height.

And as he is who willingly acquires,  
And the time comes that causes him to lose,  
Who weeps in all his thoughts and is despondent,

E'en such made me that beast withouten peace,  
Which, coming on against me by degrees  
Thrust me back thither where the sun is silent.

While I was rushing downward to the lowland,  
Before mine eyes did one present himself,  
Who seemed from long-continued silence hoarse.

When I beheld him in the desert vast,  
"Have pity on me," unto him I cried,  
"Whiche'er thou art, or shade or real man!"

He answered me: "Not man; man once I was,  
And both my parents were of Lombardy,  
And Mantuans by country both of them.

'Sub Julio' was I born, though it was late,  
And lived at Rome under the good Augustus,  
During the time of false and lying gods.

A poet was I, and I sang that just  
Son of Anchises, who came forth from Troy,  
After that Ilion the superb was burned.

But thou, why goest thou back to such annoyance?  
Why climb'st thou not the Mount Delectable,  
Which is the source and cause of every joy?"

"Now, art thou that Virgilius and that fountain  
Which spreads abroad so wide a river of speech?"  
I made response to him with bashful forehead.

"O, of the other poets honour and light,

Avail me the long study and great love  
That have impelled me to explore thy volume!

Thou art my master, and my author thou,  
Thou art alone the one from whom I took  
The beautiful style that has done honour to me.

Behold the beast, for which I have turned back;  
Do thou protect me from her, famous Sage,  
For she doth make my veins and pulses tremble."

"Thee it behoves to take another road,"  
Responded he, when he beheld me weeping,  
"If from this savage place thou wouldst escape;

Because this beast, at which thou criest out,  
Suffers not any one to pass her way,  
But so doth harass him, that she destroys him;

And has a nature so malign and ruthless,  
That never doth she glut her greedy will,  
And after food is hungrier than before.

Many the animals with whom she weds,  
And more they shall be still, until the Greyhound  
Comes, who shall make her perish in her pain.

He shall not feed on either earth or pelf,  
But upon wisdom, and on love and virtue;  
'Twixt Feltro and Feltro shall his nation be;

Of that low Italy shall he be the saviour,  
On whose account the maid Camilla died,  
Euryalus, Turnus, Nisus, of their wounds;

Through every city shall he hunt her down,  
Until he shall have driven her back to Hell,  
There from whence envy first did let her loose.

Therefore I think and judge it for thy best  
Thou follow me, and I will be thy guide,  
And lead thee hence through the eternal place,

Where thou shalt hear the desperate lamentations,  
Shalt see the ancient spirits disconsolate,  
Who cry out each one for the second death;

And thou shalt see those who contented are  
Within the fire, because they hope to come,  
Whene'er it may be, to the blessed people;

To whom, then, if thou wishest to ascend,  
A soul shall be for that than I more worthy;  
With her at my departure I will leave thee;

Because that Emperor, who reigns above,  
In that I was rebellious to his law,  
Wills that through me none come into his city.

He governs everywhere, and there he reigns;  
There is his city and his lofty throne;  
O happy he whom thereto he elects!"

And I to him: "Poet, I thee entreat,  
By that same God whom thou didst never know,  
So that I may escape this woe and worse,

Thou wouldst conduct me there where thou hast said,  
That I may see the portal of Saint Peter,  
And those thou makest so disconsolate."

Then he moved on, and I behind him followed.

Inferno: Canto II

Day was departing, and the embrowned air  
Released the animals that are on earth  
From their fatigues; and I the only one

Made myself ready to sustain the war,  
Both of the way and likewise of the woe,



Which memory that errs not shall retrace.

O Muses, O high genius, now assist me!  
O memory, that didst write down what I saw,  
Here thy nobility shall be manifest!

And I began: "Poet, who guidest me,  
Regard my manhood, if it be sufficient,  
Ere to the arduous pass thou dost confide me.

Thou sayest, that of Silvius the parent,  
While yet corruptible, unto the world  
Immortal went, and was there bodily.

But if the adversary of all evil  
Was courteous, thinking of the high effect  
That issue would from him, and who, and what,

To men of intellect unmeet it seems not;  
For he was of great Rome, and of her empire  
In the empyreal heaven as father chosen;

The which and what, wishing to speak the truth,  
Were stablished as the holy place, wherein  
Sits the successor of the greatest Peter.

Upon this journey, whence thou givest him vaunt,  
Things did he hear, which the occasion were  
Both of his victory and the papal mantle.

Thither went afterwards the Chosen Vessel,  
To bring back comfort thence unto that Faith,  
Which of salvation's way is the beginning.

But I, why thither come, or who concedes it?  
I not Aeneas am, I am not Paul,  
Nor I, nor others, think me worthy of it.

Therefore, if I resign myself to come,  
I fear the coming may be ill-advised;  
Thou'rt wise, and knowest better than I speak."

And as he is, who unwill's what he willed,  
And by new thoughts doth his intention change,  
So that from his design he quite withdraws,

Such I became, upon that dark hillside,  
Because, in thinking, I consumed the emprise,  
Which was so very prompt in the beginning.

"If I have well thy language understood,"  
Replied that shade of the Magnanimous,  
"Thy soul attainted is with cowardice,

Which many times a man encumbers so,  
It turns him back from honoured enterprise,  
As false sight doth a beast, when he is shy.

That thou mayst free thee from this apprehension,  
I'll tell thee why I came, and what I heard  
At the first moment when I grieved for thee.

Among those was I who are in suspense,  
And a fair, saintly Lady called to me  
In such wise, I besought her to command me.

Her eyes where shining brighter than the Star;  
And she began to say, gentle and low,  
With voice angelical, in her own language:

'O spirit courteous of Mantua,  
Of whom the fame still in the world endures,  
And shall endure, long-lasting as the world;

A friend of mine, and not the friend of fortune,  
Upon the desert slope is so impeded  
Upon his way, that he has turned through terror,

And may, I fear, already be so lost,  
That I too late have risen to his succour,  
From that which I have heard of him in Heaven.

Bestir thee now, and with thy speech ornate,  
And with what needful is for his release,

Assist him so, that I may be consoled.

Beatrice am I, who do bid thee go;  
I come from there, where I would fain return;  
Love moved me, which compelleth me to speak.

When I shall be in presence of my Lord,  
Full often will I praise thee unto him.'  
Then paused she, and thereafter I began:

'O Lady of virtue, thou alone through whom  
The human race exceedeth all contained  
Within the heaven that has the lesser circles,

So grateful unto me is thy commandment,  
To obey, if 'twere already done, were late;  
No farther need'st thou ope to me thy wish.

But the cause tell me why thou dost not shun  
The here descending down into this centre,  
From the vast place thou burnest to return to.'

'Since thou wouldst fain so inwardly discern,  
Briefly will I relate,' she answered me,  
'Why I am not afraid to enter here.

Of those things only should one be afraid  
Which have the power of doing others harm;  
Of the rest, no; because they are not fearful.

God in his mercy such created me  
That misery of yours attains me not,  
Nor any flame assails me of this burning.

A gentle Lady is in Heaven, who grieves  
At this impediment, to which I send thee,  
So that stern judgment there above is broken.

In her entreaty she besought Lucia,  
And said, "Thy faithful one now stands in need  
Of thee, and unto thee I recommend him."

Lucia, foe of all that cruel is,  
Hastened away, and came unto the place  
Where I was sitting with the ancient Rachel.

"Beatrice" said she, "the true praise of God,  
Why succourest thou not him, who loved thee so,  
For thee he issued from the vulgar herd?

Dost thou not hear the pity of his plaint?  
Dost thou not see the death that combats him  
Beside that flood, where ocean has no vaunt?"

Never were persons in the world so swift  
To work their weal and to escape their woe,  
As I, after such words as these were uttered,

Came hither downward from my blessed seat,  
Confiding in thy dignified discourse,  
Which honours thee, and those who've listened to it.'

After she thus had spoken unto me,  
Weeping, her shining eyes she turned away;  
Whereby she made me swifter in my coming;

And unto thee I came, as she desired;  
I have delivered thee from that wild beast,  
Which barred the beautiful mountain's short ascent.

What is it, then? Why, why dost thou delay?  
Why is such baseness bedded in thy heart?  
Daring and hardihood why hast thou not,

Seeing that three such Ladies benedight  
Are caring for thee in the court of Heaven,  
And so much good my speech doth promise thee?"

Even as the flowerets, by nocturnal chill,  
Bowed down and closed, when the sun whitens them,  
Uplift themselves all open on their stems;

Such I became with my exhausted strength,  
And such good courage to my heart there coursed,

That I began, like an intrepid person:

"O she compassionate, who succoured me,  
And courteous thou, who hast obeyed so soon  
The words of truth which she addressed to thee!

Thou hast my heart so with desire disposed  
To the adventure, with these words of thine,  
That to my first intent I have returned.

Now go, for one sole will is in us both,  
Thou Leader, and thou Lord, and Master thou."  
Thus said I to him; and when he had moved,

I entered on the deep and savage way.

Inferno: Canto III

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;  
Through me the way is to eternal dole;  
Through me the way among the people lost.

Justice incited my sublime Creator;  
Created me divine Omnipotence,  
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.

Before me there were no created things,  
Only eterne, and I eternal last.  
All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"

These words in sombre colour I beheld  
Written upon the summit of a gate;  
Whence I: "Their sense is, Master, hard to me!"

And he to me, as one experienced:  
"Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,  
All cowardice must needs be here extinct.

We to the place have come, where I have told thee

Thou shalt behold the people dolorous  
Who have foregone the good of intellect."

And after he had laid his hand on mine  
With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,  
He led me in among the secret things.

There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud  
Resounded through the air without a star,  
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.

Languages diverse, horrible dialects,  
Accents of anger, words of agony,  
And voices high and hoarse, with sound of hands,

Made up a tumult that goes whirling on  
For ever in that air for ever black,  
Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind breathes.

And I, who had my head with horror bound,  
Said: "Master, what is this which now I hear?  
What folk is this, which seems by pain so vanquished?"

And he to me: "This miserable mode  
Maintain the melancholy souls of those  
Who lived withouten infamy or praise.

Commingled are they with that caitiff choir  
Of Angels, who have not rebellious been,  
Nor faithful were to God, but were for self.

The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair;  
Nor them the nethermore abyss receives,  
For glory none the damned would have from them."

And I: "O Master, what so grievous is  
To these, that maketh them lament so sore?"  
He answered: "I will tell thee very briefly.

These have no longer any hope of death;  
And this blind life of theirs is so debased,  
They envious are of every other fate.

No fame of them the world permits to be;  
Misericord and Justice both disdain them.  
Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."

And I, who looked again, beheld a banner,  
Which, whirling round, ran on so rapidly,  
That of all pause it seemed to me indignant;

And after it there came so long a train  
Of people, that I ne'er would have believed  
That ever Death so many had undone.

When some among them I had recognised,  
I looked, and I beheld the shade of him  
Who made through cowardice the great refusal.

Forthwith I comprehended, and was certain,  
That this the sect was of the caitiff wretches  
Hateful to God and to his enemies.

These miscreants, who never were alive,  
Were naked, and were stung exceedingly  
By gadflies and by hornets that were there.

These did their faces irrigate with blood,  
Which, with their tears commingled, at their feet  
By the disgusting worms was gathered up.

And when to gazing farther I betook me.  
People I saw on a great river's bank;  
Whence said I: "Master, now vouchsafe to me,

That I may know who these are, and what law  
Makes them appear so ready to pass over,  
As I discern athwart the dusky light."

And he to me: "These things shall all be known  
To thee, as soon as we our footsteps stay  
Upon the dismal shore of Acheron."

Then with mine eyes ashamed and downward cast,

Fearing my words might irksome be to him,  
From speech refrained I till we reached the river.

And lo! towards us coming in a boat  
An old man, hoary with the hair of eld,  
Crying: "Woe unto you, ye souls depraved!

Hope nevermore to look upon the heavens;  
I come to lead you to the other shore,  
To the eternal shades in heat and frost.

And thou, that yonder standest, living soul,  
Withdraw thee from these people, who are dead!"  
But when he saw that I did not withdraw,

He said: "By other ways, by other ports  
Thou to the shore shalt come, not here, for passage;  
A lighter vessel needs must carry thee."

And unto him the Guide: "Vex thee not, Charon;  
It is so willed there where is power to do  
That which is willed; and farther question not."

Thereat were quieted the fleecy cheeks  
Of him the ferryman of the livid fen,  
Who round about his eyes had wheels of flame.

But all those souls who weary were and naked  
Their colour changed and gnashed their teeth together,  
As soon as they had heard those cruel words.

God they blasphemed and their progenitors,  
The human race, the place, the time, the seed  
Of their engendering and of their birth!

Thereafter all together they drew back,  
Bitterly weeping, to the accursed shore,  
Which waiteth every man who fears not God.

Charon the demon, with the eyes of glede,  
Beckoning to them, collects them all together,  
Beats with his oar whoever lags behind.



As in the autumn-time the leaves fall off,  
First one and then another, till the branch  
Unto the earth surrenders all its spoils;

In similar wise the evil seed of Adam  
Throw themselves from that margin one by one,  
At signals, as a bird unto its lure.

So they depart across the dusky wave,  
And ere upon the other side they land,  
Again on this side a new troop assembles.

"My son," the courteous Master said to me,  
"All those who perish in the wrath of God  
Here meet together out of every land;

And ready are they to pass o'er the river,  
Because celestial Justice spurs them on,  
So that their fear is turned into desire.

This way there never passes a good soul;  
And hence if Charon doth complain of thee,  
Well mayst thou know now what his speech imports."

This being finished, all the dusk champaign  
Trembled so violently, that of that terror  
The recollection bathes me still with sweat.

The land of tears gave forth a blast of wind,  
And fulminated a vermillion light,  
Which overmastered in me every sense,

And as a man whom sleep hath seized I fell.

Inferno: Canto IV

Broke the deep lethargy within my head  
A heavy thunder, so that I upstarted,

Like to a person who by force is wakened;

And round about I moved my rested eyes,  
Uprisen erect, and steadfastly I gazed,  
To recognise the place wherein I was.

True is it, that upon the verge I found me  
Of the abysmal valley dolorous,  
That gathers thunder of infinite ululations.

Obscure, profound it was, and nebulous,  
So that by fixing on its depths my sight  
Nothing whatever I discerned therein.

"Let us descend now into the blind world,"  
Began the Poet, pallid utterly;  
"I will be first, and thou shalt second be."

And I, who of his colour was aware,  
Said: "How shall I come, if thou art afraid,  
Who'rt wont to be a comfort to my fears?"

And he to me: "The anguish of the people  
Who are below here in my face depicts  
That pity which for terror thou hast taken.

Let us go on, for the long way impels us."  
Thus he went in, and thus he made me enter  
The foremost circle that surrounds the abyss.

There, as it seemed to me from listening,  
Were lamentations none, but only sighs,  
That tremble made the everlasting air.

And this arose from sorrow without torment,  
Which the crowds had, that many were and great,  
Of infants and of women and of men.

To me the Master good: "Thou dost not ask  
What spirits these, which thou beholdest, are?  
Now will I have thee know, ere thou go farther,

That they sinned not; and if they merit had,  
'Tis not enough, because they had not baptism  
Which is the portal of the Faith thou holdest;

And if they were before Christianity,  
In the right manner they adored not God;  
And among such as these am I myself.

For such defects, and not for other guilt,  
Lost are we and are only so far punished,  
That without hope we live on in desire."

Great grief seized on my heart when this I heard,  
Because some people of much worthiness  
I knew, who in that Limbo were suspended.

"Tell me, my Master, tell me, thou my Lord,"  
Began I, with desire of being certain  
Of that Faith which o'ercometh every error,

"Came any one by his own merit hence,  
Or by another's, who was blessed thereafter?"  
And he, who understood my covert speech,

Replied: "I was a novice in this state,  
When I saw hither come a Mighty One,  
With sign of victory incoronate.

Hence he drew forth the shade of the First Parent,  
And that of his son Abel, and of Noah,  
Of Moses the lawgiver, and the obedient

Abraham, patriarch, and David, king,  
Israel with his father and his children,  
And Rachel, for whose sake he did so much,

And others many, and he made them blessed;  
And thou must know, that earlier than these  
Never were any human spirits saved."

We ceased not to advance because he spake,  
But still were passing onward through the forest,

The forest, say I, of thick-crowded ghosts.

Not very far as yet our way had gone  
This side the summit, when I saw a fire  
That overcame a hemisphere of darkness.

We were a little distant from it still,  
But not so far that I in part discerned not  
That honourable people held that place.

"O thou who honourest every art and science,  
Who may these be, which such great honour have,  
That from the fashion of the rest it parts them?"

And he to me: "The honourable name,  
That sounds of them above there in thy life,  
Wins grace in Heaven, that so advances them."

In the mean time a voice was heard by me:  
"All honour be to the pre-eminent Poet;  
His shade returns again, that was departed."

After the voice had ceased and quiet was,  
Four mighty shades I saw approaching us;  
Semblance had they nor sorrowful nor glad.

To say to me began my gracious Master:  
"Him with that falchion in his hand behold,  
Who comes before the three, even as their lord.

That one is Homer, Poet sovereign;  
He who comes next is Horace, the satirist;  
The third is Ovid, and the last is Lucan.

Because to each of these with me applies  
The name that solitary voice proclaimed,  
They do me honour, and in that do well."

Thus I beheld assemble the fair school  
Of that lord of the song pre-eminent,  
Who o'er the others like an eagle soars.

When they together had discoursed somewhat,  
They turned to me with signs of salutation,  
And on beholding this, my Master smiled;

And more of honour still, much more, they did me,  
In that they made me one of their own band;  
So that the sixth was I, 'mid so much wit.

Thus we went on as far as to the light,  
Things saying 'tis becoming to keep silent,  
As was the saying of them where I was.

We came unto a noble castle's foot,  
Seven times encompassed with lofty walls,  
Defended round by a fair rivulet;

This we passed over even as firm ground;  
Through portals seven I entered with these Sages;  
We came into a meadow of fresh verdure.

People were there with solemn eyes and slow,  
Of great authority in their countenance;  
They spake but seldom, and with gentle voices.

Thus we withdrew ourselves upon one side  
Into an opening luminous and lofty,  
So that they all of them were visible.

There opposite, upon the green enamel,  
Were pointed out to me the mighty spirits,  
Whom to have seen I feel myself exalted.

I saw Electra with companions many,  
'Mongst whom I knew both Hector and Aeneas,  
Caesar in armour with gerfalcon eyes;

I saw Camilla and Penthesilea  
On the other side, and saw the King Latinus,  
Who with Lavinia his daughter sat;

I saw that Brutus who drove Tarquin forth,  
Lucretia, Julia, Marcia, and Cornelia,

And saw alone, apart, the Saladin.

When I had lifted up my brows a little,  
The Master I beheld of those who know,  
Sit with his philosophic family.

All gaze upon him, and all do him honour.  
There I beheld both Socrates and Plato,  
Who nearer him before the others stand;

Democritus, who puts the world on chance,  
Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales,  
Zeno, Empedocles, and Heraclitus;

Of qualities I saw the good collector,  
Hight Dioscorides; and Orpheus saw I,  
Tully and Livy, and moral Seneca,

Euclid, geometrician, and Ptolemy,  
Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna,  
Averroes, who the great Comment made.

I cannot all of them pourtray in full,  
Because so drives me onward the long theme,  
That many times the word comes short of fact.

The sixfold company in two divides;  
Another way my sapient Guide conducts me  
Forth from the quiet to the air that trembles;

And to a place I come where nothing shines.

Inferno: Canto V

Thus I descended out of the first circle  
Down to the second, that less space begirds,  
And so much greater dole, that goads to wailing.

There standeth Minos horribly, and snarls;

Examines the transgressions at the entrance;  
Judges, and sends according as he girds him.

I say, that when the spirit evil-born  
Cometh before him, wholly it confesses;  
And this discriminator of transgressions

Seeth what place in Hell is meet for it;  
Girds himself with his tail as many times  
As grades he wishes it should be thrust down.

Always before him many of them stand;  
They go by turns each one unto the judgment;  
They speak, and hear, and then are downward hurled.

"O thou, that to this dolorous hostelry  
Comest," said Minos to me, when he saw me,  
Leaving the practice of so great an office,

"Look how thou enterest, and in whom thou trustest;  
Let not the portal's amplitude deceive thee."  
And unto him my Guide: "Why criest thou too?

Do not impede his journey fate-ordained;  
It is so willed there where is power to do  
That which is willed; and ask no further question."

And now begin the dolesome notes to grow  
Audible unto me; now am I come  
There where much lamentation strikes upon me.

I came into a place mute of all light,  
Which bellows as the sea does in a tempest,  
If by opposing winds 't is combated.

The infernal hurricane that never rests  
Hurtles the spirits onward in its rapine;  
Whirling them round, and smiting, it molests them.

When they arrive before the precipice,  
There are the shrieks, the complaints, and the laments,  
There they blaspheme the puissance divine.

I understood that unto such a torment  
The carnal malefactors were condemned,  
Who reason subjugate to appetite.

And as the wings of starlings bear them on  
In the cold season in large band and full,  
So doth that blast the spirits maledict;

It hither, thither, downward, upward, drives them;  
No hope doth comfort them for evermore,  
Not of repose, but even of lesser pain.

And as the cranes go chanting forth their lays,  
Making in air a long line of themselves,  
So saw I coming, uttering lamentations,

Shadows borne onward by the aforesaid stress.  
Whereupon said I: "Master, who are those  
People, whom the black air so castigates?"

"The first of those, of whom intelligence  
Thou fain wouldst have," then said he unto me,  
"The empress was of many languages.

To sensual vices she was so abandoned,  
That lustful she made licit in her law,  
To remove the blame to which she had been led.

She is Semiramis, of whom we read  
That she succeeded Ninus, and was his spouse;  
She held the land which now the Sultan rules.

The next is she who killed herself for love,  
And broke faith with the ashes of Sichaeus;  
Then Cleopatra the voluptuous."

Helen I saw, for whom so many ruthless  
Seasons revolved; and saw the great Achilles,  
Who at the last hour combated with Love.

Paris I saw, Tristan; and more than a thousand



Shades did he name and point out with his finger,  
Whom Love had separated from our life.

After that I had listened to my Teacher,  
Naming the dames of eld and cavaliers,  
Pity prevailed, and I was nigh bewildered.

And I began: "O Poet, willingly  
Speak would I to those two, who go together,  
And seem upon the wind to be so light."

And, he to me: "Thou'lt mark, when they shall be  
Nearer to us; and then do thou implore them  
By love which leadeth them, and they will come."

Soon as the wind in our direction sways them,  
My voice uplift I: "O ye weary souls!  
Come speak to us, if no one interdicts it."

As turtle-doves, called onward by desire,  
With open and steady wings to the sweet nest  
Fly through the air by their volition borne,

So came they from the band where Dido is,  
Approaching us athwart the air malign,  
So strong was the affectionate appeal.

"O living creature gracious and benignant,  
Who visiting goest through the purple air  
Us, who have stained the world incarnadine,

If were the King of the Universe our friend,  
We would pray unto him to give thee peace,  
Since thou hast pity on our woe perverse.

Of what it pleases thee to hear and speak,  
That will we hear, and we will speak to you,  
While silent is the wind, as it is now.

Sitteth the city, wherein I was born,  
Upon the sea-shore where the Po descends  
To rest in peace with all his retinue.

Love, that on gentle heart doth swiftly seize,  
Seized this man for the person beautiful  
That was ta'en from me, and still the mode offends me.

Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving,  
Seized me with pleasure of this man so strongly,  
That, as thou seest, it doth not yet desert me;

Love has conducted us unto one death;  
Caina waiteth him who quenched our life!"  
These words were borne along from them to us.

As soon as I had heard those souls tormented,  
I bowed my face, and so long held it down  
Until the Poet said to me: "What thinkest?"

When I made answer, I began: "Alas!  
How many pleasant thoughts, how much desire,  
Conducted these unto the dolorous pass!"

Then unto them I turned me, and I spake,  
And I began: "Thine agonies, Francesca,  
Sad and compassionate to weeping make me.

But tell me, at the time of those sweet sighs,  
By what and in what manner Love conceded,  
That you should know your dubious desires?"

And she to me: "There is no greater sorrow  
Than to be mindful of the happy time  
In misery, and that thy Teacher knows.

But, if to recognise the earliest root  
Of love in us thou hast so great desire,  
I will do even as he who weeps and speaks.

One day we reading were for our delight  
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.  
Alone we were and without any fear.

Full many a time our eyes together drew

That reading, and drove the colour from our faces;  
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.

When as we read of the much-longed-for smile  
Being by such a noble lover kissed,  
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,

Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.  
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.  
That day no farther did we read therein."

And all the while one spirit uttered this,  
The other one did weep so, that, for pity,  
I swooned away as if I had been dying,

And fell, even as a dead body falls.

#### Inferno: Canto VI

At the return of consciousness, that closed  
Before the pity of those two relations,  
Which utterly with sadness had confused me,

New torments I behold, and new tormented  
Around me, whichsoever way I move,  
And whichsoever way I turn, and gaze.

In the third circle am I of the rain  
Eternal, maledict, and cold, and heavy;  
Its law and quality are never new.

Huge hail, and water sombre-hued, and snow,  
Athwart the tenebrous air pour down amain;  
Noisome the earth is, that receiveth this.

Cerberus, monster cruel and uncouth,  
With his three gullets like a dog is barking  
Over the people that are there submerged.

Red eyes he has, and unctuous beard and black,  
And belly large, and armed with claws his hands;  
He rends the spirits, flays, and quarters them.

Howl the rain maketh them like unto dogs;  
One side they make a shelter for the other;  
Oft turn themselves the wretched reprobates.

When Cerberus perceived us, the great worm!  
His mouths he opened, and displayed his tusks;  
Not a limb had he that was motionless.

And my Conductor, with his spans extended,  
Took of the earth, and with his fists well filled,  
He threw it into those rapacious gullets.

Such as that dog is, who by barking craves,  
And quiet grows soon as his food he gnaws,  
For to devour it he but thinks and struggles,

The like became those muzzles filth-begrimed  
Of Cerberus the demon, who so thunders  
Over the souls that they would fain be deaf.

We passed across the shadows, which subdues  
The heavy rain-storm, and we placed our feet  
Upon their vanity that person seems.

They all were lying prone upon the earth,  
Excepting one, who sat upright as soon  
As he beheld us passing on before him.

"O thou that art conducted through this Hell,"  
He said to me, "recall me, if thou canst;  
Thyself wast made before I was unmade."

And I to him: "The anguish which thou hast  
Perhaps doth draw thee out of my remembrance,  
So that it seems not I have ever seen thee.

But tell me who thou art, that in so doleful  
A place art put, and in such punishment,

If some are greater, none is so displeasing."

And he to me: "Thy city, which is full  
Of envy so that now the sack runs over,  
Held me within it in the life serene.

You citizens were wont to call me Ciacco;  
For the pernicious sin of gluttony  
I, as thou seest, am battered by this rain.

And I, sad soul, am not the only one,  
For all these suffer the like penalty  
For the like sin;" and word no more spake he.

I answered him: "Ciacco, thy wretchedness  
Weighs on me so that it to weep invites me;  
But tell me, if thou knowest, to what shall come

The citizens of the divided city;  
If any there be just; and the occasion  
Tell me why so much discord has assailed it."

And he to me: "They, after long contention,  
Will come to bloodshed; and the rustic party  
Will drive the other out with much offence.

Then afterwards behoves it this one fall  
Within three suns, and rise again the other  
By force of him who now is on the coast.

High will it hold its forehead a long while,  
Keeping the other under heavy burdens,  
Howe'er it weeps thereat and is indignant.

The just are two, and are not understood there;  
Envy and Arrogance and Avarice  
Are the three sparks that have all hearts enkindled."

Here ended he his tearful utterance;  
And I to him: "I wish thee still to teach me,  
And make a gift to me of further speech.

Farinata and Tegghiaio, once so worthy,  
Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo, and Mosca,  
And others who on good deeds set their thoughts,

Say where they are, and cause that I may know them;  
For great desire constraineth me to learn  
If Heaven doth sweeten them, or Hell envenom."

And he: "They are among the blacker souls;  
A different sin downweighs them to the bottom;  
If thou so far descendest, thou canst see them.

But when thou art again in the sweet world,  
I pray thee to the mind of others bring me;  
No more I tell thee and no more I answer."

Then his straightforward eyes he turned askance,  
Eyed me a little, and then bowed his head;  
He fell therewith prone like the other blind.

And the Guide said to me: "He wakes no more  
This side the sound of the angelic trumpet;  
When shall approach the hostile Potentate,

Each one shall find again his dismal tomb,  
Shall reassume his flesh and his own figure,  
Shall hear what through eternity re-echoes."

So we passed onward o'er the filthy mixture  
Of shadows and of rain with footsteps slow,  
Touching a little on the future life.

Wherefore I said: "Master, these torments here,  
Will they increase after the mighty sentence,  
Or lesser be, or will they be as burning?"

And he to me: "Return unto thy science,  
Which wills, that as the thing more perfect is,  
The more it feels of pleasure and of pain.

Albeit that this people maledict  
To true perfection never can attain,

Hereafter more than now they look to be."

Round in a circle by that road we went,  
Speaking much more, which I do not repeat;  
We came unto the point where the descent is;

There we found Plutus the great enemy.

Inferno: Canto VII

"Pape Satan, Pape Satan, Aleppe!"  
Thus Plutus with his clucking voice began;  
And that benignant Sage, who all things knew,

Said, to encourage me: "Let not thy fear  
Harm thee; for any power that he may have  
Shall not prevent thy going down this crag."

Then he turned round unto that bloated lip,  
And said: "Be silent, thou accursed wolf;  
Consume within thyself with thine own rage.

Not causeless is this journey to the abyss;  
Thus is it willed on high, where Michael wrought  
Vengeance upon the proud adultery."

Even as the sails inflated by the wind  
Involved together fall when snaps the mast,  
So fell the cruel monster to the earth.

Thus we descended into the fourth chasm,  
Gaining still farther on the dolesome shore  
Which all the woe of the universe insacks.

Justice of God, ah! who heaps up so many  
New toils and sufferings as I beheld?  
And why doth our transgression waste us so?

As doth the billow there upon Charybdis,

That breaks itself on that which it encounters,  
So here the folk must dance their roundelay.

Here saw I people, more than elsewhere, many,  
On one side and the other, with great howls,  
Rolling weights forward by main force of chest.

They clashed together, and then at that point  
Each one turned backward, rolling retrograde,  
Crying, "Why keepest?" and, "Why squanderest thou?"

Thus they returned along the lurid circle  
On either hand unto the opposite point,  
Shouting their shameful metre evermore.

Then each, when he arrived there, wheeled about  
Through his half-circle to another joust;  
And I, who had my heart pierced as it were,

Exclaimed: "My Master, now declare to me  
What people these are, and if all were clerks,  
These shaven crowns upon the left of us."

And he to me: "All of them were asquint  
In intellect in the first life, so much  
That there with measure they no spending made.

Clearly enough their voices bark it forth,  
Whene'er they reach the two points of the circle,  
Where sunders them the opposite defect.

Clerks those were who no hairy covering  
Have on the head, and Popes and Cardinals,  
In whom doth Avarice practise its excess."

And I: "My Master, among such as these  
I ought forsooth to recognise some few,  
Who were infected with these maladies."

And he to me: "Vain thought thou entertainest;  
The undiscerning life which made them sordid  
Now makes them unto all discernment dim.



Forever shall they come to these two buttings;  
These from the sepulchre shall rise again  
With the fist closed, and these with tresses shorn.

Ill giving and ill keeping the fair world  
Have ta'en from them, and placed them in this scuffle;  
Whate'er it be, no words adorn I for it.

Now canst thou, Son, behold the transient farce  
Of goods that are committed unto Fortune,  
For which the human race each other buffet;

For all the gold that is beneath the moon,  
Or ever has been, of these weary souls  
Could never make a single one repose."

"Master," I said to him, "now tell me also  
What is this Fortune which thou speakest of,  
That has the world's goods so within its clutches?"

And he to me: "O creatures imbecile,  
What ignorance is this which doth beset you?  
Now will I have thee learn my judgment of her.

He whose omniscience everything transcends  
The heavens created, and gave who should guide them,  
That every part to every part may shine,

Distributing the light in equal measure;  
He in like manner to the mundane splendours  
Ordained a general mistress and guide,

That she might change at times the empty treasures  
From race to race, from one blood to another,  
Beyond resistance of all human wisdom.

Therefore one people triumphs, and another  
Languishes, in pursuance of her judgment,  
Which hidden is, as in the grass a serpent.

Your knowledge has no counterstand against her;

She makes provision, judges, and pursues  
Her governance, as theirs the other gods.

Her permutations have not any truce;  
Necessity makes her precipitate,  
So often cometh who his turn obtains.

And this is she who is so crucified  
Even by those who ought to give her praise,  
Giving her blame amiss, and bad repute.

But she is blissful, and she hears it not;  
Among the other primal creatures gladsome  
She turns her sphere, and blissful she rejoices.

Let us descend now unto greater woe;  
Already sinks each star that was ascending  
When I set out, and loitering is forbidden."

We crossed the circle to the other bank,  
Near to a fount that boils, and pours itself  
Along a gully that runs out of it.

The water was more sombre far than perse;  
And we, in company with the dusky waves,  
Made entrance downward by a path uncouth.

A marsh it makes, which has the name of Styx,  
This tristful brooklet, when it has descended  
Down to the foot of the malign gray shores.

And I, who stood intent upon beholding,  
Saw people mud-besprent in that lagoon,  
All of them naked and with angry look.

They smote each other not alone with hands,  
But with the head and with the breast and feet,  
Tearing each other piecemeal with their teeth.

Said the good Master: "Son, thou now beholdest  
The souls of those whom anger overcame;  
And likewise I would have thee know for certain

Beneath the water people are who sigh  
And make this water bubble at the surface,  
As the eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turns.

Fixed in the mire they say, 'We sullen were  
In the sweet air, which by the sun is gladdened,  
Bearing within ourselves the sluggish reek;

Now we are sullen in this sable mire.'  
This hymn do they keep gurgling in their throats,  
For with unbroken words they cannot say it."

Thus we went circling round the filthy fen  
A great arc 'twixt the dry bank and the swamp,  
With eyes turned unto those who gorge the mire;

Unto the foot of a tower we came at last.

#### Inferno: Canto VIII

I say, continuing, that long before  
We to the foot of that high tower had come,  
Our eyes went upward to the summit of it,

By reason of two flamelets we saw placed there,  
And from afar another answer them,  
So far, that hardly could the eye attain it.

And, to the sea of all discernment turned,  
I said: "What sayeth this, and what respondeth  
That other fire? and who are they that made it?"

And he to me: "Across the turbid waves  
What is expected thou canst now discern,  
If reek of the morass conceal it not."

Cord never shot an arrow from itself  
That sped away athwart the air so swift,

As I beheld a very little boat

Come o'er the water tow'rds us at that moment,  
Under the guidance of a single pilot,  
Who shouted, "Now art thou arrived, fell soul?"

"Phlegyas, Phlegyas, thou criest out in vain  
For this once," said my Lord; "thou shalt not have us  
Longer than in the passing of the slough."

As he who listens to some great deceit  
That has been done to him, and then resents it,  
Such became Phlegyas, in his gathered wrath.

My Guide descended down into the boat,  
And then he made me enter after him,  
And only when I entered seemed it laden.

Soon as the Guide and I were in the boat,  
The antique prow goes on its way, dividing  
More of the water than 'tis wont with others.

While we were running through the dead canal,  
Uprose in front of me one full of mire,  
And said, "Who 'rt thou that comest ere the hour?"

And I to him: "Although I come, I stay not;  
But who art thou that hast become so squalid?"  
"Thou seest that I am one who weeps," he answered.

And I to him: "With weeping and with wailing,  
Thou spirit maledict, do thou remain;  
For thee I know, though thou art all defiled."

Then stretched he both his hands unto the boat;  
Whereat my wary Master thrust him back,  
Saying, "Away there with the other dogs!"

Thereafter with his arms he clasped my neck;  
He kissed my face, and said: "Disdainful soul,  
Blessed be she who bore thee in her bosom.

That was an arrogant person in the world;  
Goodness is none, that decks his memory;  
So likewise here his shade is furious.

How many are esteemed great kings up there,  
Who here shall be like unto swine in mire,  
Leaving behind them horrible dispraises!"

And I: "My Master, much should I be pleased,  
If I could see him soused into this broth,  
Before we issue forth out of the lake."

And he to me: "Ere unto thee the shore  
Reveal itself, thou shalt be satisfied;  
Such a desire 'tis meet thou shouldst enjoy."

A little after that, I saw such havoc  
Made of him by the people of the mire,  
That still I praise and thank my God for it.

They all were shouting, "At Philipppo Argenti!"  
And that exasperate spirit Florentine  
Turned round upon himself with his own teeth.

We left him there, and more of him I tell not;  
But on mine ears there smote a lamentation,  
Whence forward I intent unbar mine eyes.

And the good Master said: "Even now, my Son,  
The city draweth near whose name is Dis,  
With the grave citizens, with the great throng."

And I: "Its mosques already, Master, clearly  
Within there in the valley I discern  
Vermilion, as if issuing from the fire

They were." And he to me: "The fire eternal  
That kindles them within makes them look red,  
As thou beholdest in this nether Hell."

Then we arrived within the moats profound,  
That circumvallate that disconsolate city;

The walls appeared to me to be of iron.

Not without making first a circuit wide,  
We came unto a place where loud the pilot  
Cried out to us, "Debark, here is the entrance."

More than a thousand at the gates I saw  
Out of the Heavens rained down, who angrily  
Were saying, "Who is this that without death

Goes through the kingdom of the people dead?"  
And my sagacious Master made a sign  
Of wishing secretly to speak with them.

A little then they quelled their great disdain,  
And said: "Come thou alone, and he begone  
Who has so boldly entered these dominions.

Let him return alone by his mad road;  
Try, if he can; for thou shalt here remain,  
Who hast escorted him through such dark regions."

Think, Reader, if I was discomfited  
At utterance of the accursed words;  
For never to return here I believed.

"O my dear Guide, who more than seven times  
Hast rendered me security, and drawn me  
From imminent peril that before me stood,

Do not desert me," said I, "thus undone;  
And if the going farther be denied us,  
Let us retrace our steps together swiftly."

And that Lord, who had led me thitherward,  
Said unto me: "Fear not; because our passage  
None can take from us, it by Such is given.

But here await me, and thy weary spirit  
Comfort and nourish with a better hope;  
For in this nether world I will not leave thee."

So onward goes and there abandons me  
My Father sweet, and I remain in doubt,  
For No and Yes within my head contend.

I could not hear what he proposed to them;  
But with them there he did not linger long,  
Ere each within in rivalry ran back.

They closed the portals, those our adversaries,  
On my Lord's breast, who had remained without  
And turned to me with footsteps far between.

His eyes cast down, his forehead shorn had he  
Of all its boldness, and he said, with sighs,  
"Who has denied to me the dolesome houses?"

And unto me: "Thou, because I am angry,  
Fear not, for I will conquer in the trial,  
Whatever for defence within be planned.

This arrogance of theirs is nothing new;  
For once they used it at less secret gate,  
Which finds itself without a fastening still.

O'er it didst thou behold the dead inscription;  
And now this side of it descends the steep,  
Passing across the circles without escort,

One by whose means the city shall be opened."

Inferno: Canto IX

That hue which cowardice brought out on me,  
Beholding my Conductor backward turn,  
Sooner repressed within him his new colour.

He stopped attentive, like a man who listens,  
Because the eye could not conduct him far  
Through the black air, and through the heavy fog.

"Still it behoveth us to win the fight,"  
Began he; "Else. . .Such offered us herself. . .  
O how I long that some one here arrive!"

Well I perceived, as soon as the beginning  
He covered up with what came afterward,  
That they were words quite different from the first;

But none the less his saying gave me fear,  
Because I carried out the broken phrase,  
Perhaps to a worse meaning than he had.

"Into this bottom of the doleful conch  
Doth any e'er descend from the first grade,  
Which for its pain has only hope cut off?"

This question put I; and he answered me:  
"Seldom it comes to pass that one of us  
Maketh the journey upon which I go.

True is it, once before I here below  
Was conjured by that pitiless Erictho,  
Who summoned back the shades unto their bodies.

Naked of me short while the flesh had been,  
Before within that wall she made me enter,  
To bring a spirit from the circle of Judas;

That is the lowest region and the darkest,  
And farthest from the heaven which circles all.  
Well know I the way; therefore be reassured.

This fen, which a prodigious stench exhales,  
Encompasses about the city dolent,  
Where now we cannot enter without anger."

And more he said, but not in mind I have it;  
Because mine eye had altogether drawn me  
Tow'rd's the high tower with the red-flaming summit,

Where in a moment saw I swift uprisen



The three infernal Furies stained with blood,  
Who had the limbs of women and their mien,

And with the greenest hydras were begirt;  
Small serpents and cerastes were their tresses,  
Wherewith their horrid temples were entwined.

And he who well the handmaids of the Queen  
Of everlasting lamentation knew,  
Said unto me: "Behold the fierce Erinnyes.

This is Megaera, on the left-hand side;  
She who is weeping on the right, Alecto;  
Tisiphone is between;" and then was silent.

Each one her breast was rending with her nails;  
They beat them with their palms, and cried so loud,  
That I for dread pressed close unto the Poet.

"Medusa come, so we to stone will change him!"  
All shouted looking down; "in evil hour  
Avenged we not on Theseus his assault!"

"Turn thyself round, and keep thine eyes close shut,  
For if the Gorgon appear, and thou shouldst see it,  
No more returning upward would there be."

Thus said the Master; and he turned me round  
Himself, and trusted not unto my hands  
So far as not to blind me with his own.

O ye who have undistempered intellects,  
Observe the doctrine that conceals itself  
Beneath the veil of the mysterious verses!

And now there came across the turbid waves  
The clangour of a sound with terror fraught,  
Because of which both of the margins trembled;

Not otherwise it was than of a wind  
Impetuous on account of adverse heats,  
That smites the forest, and, without restraint,

The branches rends, beats down, and bears away;  
Right onward, laden with dust, it goes superb,  
And puts to flight the wild beasts and the shepherds.

Mine eyes he loosed, and said: "Direct the nerve  
Of vision now along that ancient foam,  
There yonder where that smoke is most intense."

Even as the frogs before the hostile serpent  
Across the water scatter all abroad,  
Until each one is huddled in the earth.

More than a thousand ruined souls I saw,  
Thus fleeing from before one who on foot  
Was passing o'er the Styx with soles unwet.

From off his face he fanned that unctuous air,  
Waving his left hand oft in front of him,  
And only with that anguish seemed he weary.

Well I perceived one sent from Heaven was he,  
And to the Master turned; and he made sign  
That I should quiet stand, and bow before him.

Ah! how disdainful he appeared to me!  
He reached the gate, and with a little rod  
He opened it, for there was no resistance.

"O banished out of Heaven, people despised!"  
Thus he began upon the horrid threshold;  
"Whence is this arrogance within you couched?

Wherefore recalcitrate against that will,  
From which the end can never be cut off,  
And which has many times increased your pain?

What helpeth it to butt against the fates?  
Your Cerberus, if you remember well,  
For that still bears his chin and gullet peeled."

Then he returned along the miry road,

And spake no word to us, but had the look  
Of one whom other care constrains and goads

Than that of him who in his presence is;  
And we our feet directed tow'rds the city,  
After those holy words all confident.

Within we entered without any contest;  
And I, who inclination had to see  
What the condition such a fortress holds,

Soon as I was within, cast round mine eye,  
And see on every hand an ample plain,  
Full of distress and torment terrible.

Even as at Arles, where stagnant grows the Rhone,  
Even as at Pola near to the Quarnaro,  
That shuts in Italy and bathes its borders,

The sepulchres make all the place uneven;  
So likewise did they there on every side,  
Saving that there the manner was more bitter;

For flames between the sepulchres were scattered,  
By which they so intensely heated were,  
That iron more so asks not any art.

All of their coverings uplifted were,  
And from them issued forth such dire laments,  
Sooth seemed they of the wretched and tormented.

And I: "My Master, what are all those people  
Who, having sepulture within those tombs,  
Make themselves audible by doleful sighs?"

And he to me: "Here are the Heresiarchs,  
With their disciples of all sects, and much  
More than thou thinkest laden are the tombs.

Here like together with its like is buried;  
And more and less the monuments are heated."  
And when he to the right had turned, we passed

Between the torments and high parapets.

## Inferno: Canto X

Now onward goes, along a narrow path  
Between the torments and the city wall,  
My Master, and I follow at his back.

"O power supreme, that through these impious circles  
Turnest me," I began, "as pleases thee,  
Speak to me, and my longings satisfy;

The people who are lying in these tombs,  
Might they be seen? already are uplifted  
The covers all, and no one keepeth guard."

And he to me: "They all will be closed up  
When from Jehoshaphat they shall return  
Here with the bodies they have left above.

Their cemetery have upon this side  
With Epicurus all his followers,  
Who with the body mortal make the soul;

But in the question thou dost put to me,  
Within here shalt thou soon be satisfied,  
And likewise in the wish thou keepest silent."

And I: "Good Leader, I but keep concealed  
From thee my heart, that I may speak the less,  
Nor only now hast thou thereto disposed me."

"O Tuscan, thou who through the city of fire  
Goest alive, thus speaking modestly,  
Be pleased to stay thy footsteps in this place.

Thy mode of speaking makes thee manifest  
A native of that noble fatherland,

To which perhaps I too molestful was."

Upon a sudden issued forth this sound  
From out one of the tombs; wherefore I pressed,  
Fearing, a little nearer to my Leader.

And unto me he said: "Turn thee; what dost thou?  
Behold there Farinata who has risen;  
From the waist upwards wholly shalt thou see him."

I had already fixed mine eyes on his,  
And he uprose erect with breast and front  
E'en as if Hell he had in great despite.

And with courageous hands and prompt my Leader  
Thrust me between the sepulchres towards him,  
Exclaiming, "Let thy words explicit be."

As soon as I was at the foot of his tomb  
Somewhat he eyed me, and, as if disdainful,  
Then asked of me, "Who were thine ancestors?"

I, who desirous of obeying was,  
Concealed it not, but all revealed to him;  
Whereat he raised his brows a little upward.

Then said he: "Fiercely adverse have they been  
To me, and to my fathers, and my party;  
So that two several times I scattered them."

"If they were banished, they returned on all sides,"  
I answered him, "the first time and the second;  
But yours have not acquired that art aright."

Then there uprose upon the sight, uncovered  
Down to the chin, a shadow at his side;  
I think that he had risen on his knees.

Round me he gazed, as if solicitude  
He had to see if some one else were with me,  
But after his suspicion was all spent,

Weeping, he said to me: "If through this blind  
Prison thou goest by loftiness of genius,  
Where is my son? and why is he not with thee?"

And I to him: "I come not of myself;  
He who is waiting yonder leads me here,  
Whom in disdain perhaps your Guido had."

His language and the mode of punishment  
Already unto me had read his name;  
On that account my answer was so full.

Up starting suddenly, he cried out: "How  
Saidst thou,--he had? Is he not still alive?  
Does not the sweet light strike upon his eyes?"

When he became aware of some delay,  
Which I before my answer made, supine  
He fell again, and forth appeared no more.

But the other, magnanimous, at whose desire  
I had remained, did not his aspect change,  
Neither his neck he moved, nor bent his side.

"And if," continuing his first discourse,  
"They have that art," he said, "not learned aright,  
That more tormenteth me, than doth this bed.

But fifty times shall not rekindled be  
The countenance of the Lady who reigns here,  
Ere thou shalt know how heavy is that art;

And as thou wouldst to the sweet world return,  
Say why that people is so pitiless  
Against my race in each one of its laws?"

Whence I to him: "The slaughter and great carnage  
Which have with crimson stained the Arbia, cause  
Such orisons in our temple to be made."

After his head he with a sigh had shaken,  
"There I was not alone," he said, "nor surely

Without a cause had with the others moved.

But there I was alone, where every one  
Consented to the laying waste of Florence,  
He who defended her with open face."

"Ah! so hereafter may your seed repose,"  
I him entreated, "solve for me that knot,  
Which has entangled my conceptions here.

It seems that you can see, if I hear rightly,  
Beforehand whatsoe'er time brings with it,  
And in the present have another mode."

"We see, like those who have imperfect sight,  
The things," he said, "that distant are from us;  
So much still shines on us the Sovereign Ruler.

When they draw near, or are, is wholly vain  
Our intellect, and if none brings it to us,  
Not anything know we of your human state.

Hence thou canst understand, that wholly dead  
Will be our knowledge from the moment when  
The portal of the future shall be closed."

Then I, as if compunctious for my fault,  
Said: "Now, then, you will tell that fallen one,  
That still his son is with the living joined.

And if just now, in answering, I was dumb,  
Tell him I did it because I was thinking  
Already of the error you have solved me."

And now my Master was recalling me,  
Wherefore more eagerly I prayed the spirit  
That he would tell me who was with him there.

He said: "With more than a thousand here I lie;  
Within here is the second Frederick,  
And the Cardinal, and of the rest I speak not."

Thereon he hid himself; and I towards  
The ancient poet turned my steps, reflecting  
Upon that saying, which seemed hostile to me.

He moved along; and afterward thus going,  
He said to me, "Why art thou so bewildered?"  
And I in his inquiry satisfied him.

"Let memory preserve what thou hast heard  
Against thyself," that Sage commanded me,  
"And now attend here;" and he raised his finger.

"When thou shalt be before the radiance sweet  
Of her whose beauteous eyes all things behold,  
From her thou'lt know the journey of thy life."

Unto the left hand then he turned his feet;  
We left the wall, and went towards the middle,  
Along a path that strikes into a valley,  
  
Which even up there unpleasant made its stench.

## Inferno: Canto XI

Upon the margin of a lofty bank  
Which great rocks broken in a circle made,  
We came upon a still more cruel throng;

And there, by reason of the horrible  
Excess of stench the deep abyss throws out,  
We drew ourselves aside behind the cover

Of a great tomb, whereon I saw a writing,  
Which said: "Pope Anastasius I hold,  
Whom out of the right way Photinus drew."

"Slow it behoveth our descent to be,  
So that the sense be first a little used  
To the sad blast, and then we shall not heed it."



The Master thus; and unto him I said,  
"Some compensation find, that the time pass not  
Idly;" and he: "Thou seest I think of that.

My son, upon the inside of these rocks,"  
Began he then to say, "are three small circles,  
From grade to grade, like those which thou art leaving.

They all are full of spirits maledict;  
But that hereafter sight alone suffice thee,  
Hear how and wherefore they are in constraint.

Of every malice that wins hate in Heaven,  
Injury is the end; and all such end  
Either by force or fraud afflicteth others.

But because fraud is man's peculiar vice,  
More it displeases God; and so stand lowest  
The fraudulent, and greater dole assails them.

All the first circle of the Violent is;  
But since force may be used against three persons,  
In three rounds 'tis divided and constructed.

To God, to ourselves, and to our neighbour can we  
Use force; I say on them and on their things,  
As thou shalt hear with reason manifest.

A death by violence, and painful wounds,  
Are to our neighbour given; and in his substance  
Ruin, and arson, and injurious levies;

Whence homicides, and he who smites unjustly,  
Marauders, and freebooters, the first round  
Tormenteth all in companies diverse.

Man may lay violent hands upon himself  
And his own goods; and therefore in the second  
Round must perforce without avail repent

Whoever of your world deprives himself,

Who games, and dissipates his property,  
And weepeth there, where he should jocund be.

Violence can be done the Deity,  
In heart denying and blaspheming Him,  
And by disdaining Nature and her bounty.

And for this reason doth the smallest round  
Seal with its signet Sodom and Cahors,  
And who, disdaining God, speaks from the heart.

Fraud, wherewithal is every conscience stung,  
A man may practise upon him who trusts,  
And him who doth no confidence imburse.

This latter mode, it would appear, dissevers  
Only the bond of love which Nature makes;  
Wherefore within the second circle nestle

Hypocrisy, flattery, and who deals in magic,  
Falsification, theft, and simony,  
Panders, and barrators, and the like filth.

By the other mode, forgotten is that love  
Which Nature makes, and what is after added,  
From which there is a special faith engendered.

Hence in the smallest circle, where the point is  
Of the Universe, upon which Dis is seated,  
Whoe'er betrays for ever is consumed."

And I: "My Master, clear enough proceeds  
Thy reasoning, and full well distinguishes  
This cavern and the people who possess it.

But tell me, those within the fat lagoon,  
Whom the wind drives, and whom the rain doth beat,  
And who encounter with such bitter tongues,

Wherefore are they inside of the red city  
Not punished, if God has them in his wrath,  
And if he has not, wherefore in such fashion?"

And unto me he said: "Why wanders so  
Thine intellect from that which it is wont?  
Or, sooth, thy mind where is it elsewhere looking?

Hast thou no recollection of those words  
With which thine Ethics thoroughly discusses  
The dispositions three, that Heaven abides not,--

Incontinence, and Malice, and insane  
Bestiality? and how Incontinence  
Less God offendeth, and less blame attracts?

If thou regardest this conclusion well,  
And to thy mind recallest who they are  
That up outside are undergoing penance,

Clearly wilt thou perceive why from these felons  
They separated are, and why less wroth  
Justice divine doth smite them with its hammer."

"O Sun, that healest all distempered vision,  
Thou dost content me so, when thou resolvest,  
That doubting pleases me no less than knowing!

Once more a little backward turn thee," said I,  
"There where thou sayest that usury offends  
Goodness divine, and disengage the knot."

"Philosophy," he said, "to him who heeds it,  
Noteth, not only in one place alone,  
After what manner Nature takes her course

From Intellect Divine, and from its art;  
And if thy Physics carefully thou notest,  
After not many pages shalt thou find,

That this your art as far as possible  
Follows, as the disciple doth the master;  
So that your art is, as it were, God's grandchild.

From these two, if thou bringest to thy mind

Genesis at the beginning, it behoves  
Mankind to gain their life and to advance;

And since the usurer takes another way,  
Nature herself and in her follower  
Disdains he, for elsewhere he puts his hope.

But follow, now, as I would fain go on,  
For quivering are the Fishes on the horizon,  
And the Wain wholly over Caurus lies,

And far beyond there we descend the crag."

## Inferno: Canto XII

The place where to descend the bank we came  
Was alpine, and from what was there, moreover,  
Of such a kind that every eye would shun it.

Such as that ruin is which in the flank  
Smote, on this side of Trent, the Adige,  
Either by earthquake or by failing stay,

For from the mountain's top, from which it moved,  
Unto the plain the cliff is shattered so,  
Some path 'twould give to him who was above;

Even such was the descent of that ravine,  
And on the border of the broken chasm  
The infamy of Crete was stretched along,

Who was conceived in the fictitious cow;  
And when he us beheld, he bit himself,  
Even as one whom anger racks within.

My Sage towards him shouted: "Peradventure  
Thou think'st that here may be the Duke of Athens,  
Who in the world above brought death to thee?

Get thee gone, beast, for this one cometh not  
Instructed by thy sister, but he comes  
In order to behold your punishments."

As is that bull who breaks loose at the moment  
In which he has received the mortal blow,  
Who cannot walk, but staggers here and there,

The Minotaur beheld I do the like;  
And he, the wary, cried: "Run to the passage;  
While he wroth, 'tis well thou shouldst descend."

Thus down we took our way o'er that discharge  
Of stones, which oftentimes did move themselves  
Beneath my feet, from the unwonted burden.

Thoughtful I went; and he said: "Thou art thinking  
Perhaps upon this ruin, which is guarded  
By that brute anger which just now I quenched.

Now will I have thee know, the other time  
I here descended to the nether Hell,  
This precipice had not yet fallen down.

But truly, if I well discern, a little  
Before His coming who the mighty spoil  
Bore off from Dis, in the supernal circle,

Upon all sides the deep and loathsome valley  
Trembled so, that I thought the Universe  
Was thrilled with love, by which there are who think

The world oftentimes converted into chaos;  
And at that moment this primeval crag  
Both here and elsewhere made such overthrow.

But fix thine eyes below; for draweth near  
The river of blood, within which boiling is  
Whoe'er by violence doth injure others."

O blind cupidity, O wrath insane,  
That spurs us onward so in our short life,

And in the eternal then so badly steepes us!

I saw an ample moat bent like a bow,  
As one which all the plain encompasses,  
Conformable to what my Guide had said.

And between this and the embankment's foot  
Centaur's in file were running, armed with arrows,  
As in the world they used the chase to follow.

Beholding us descend, each one stood still,  
And from the squadron three detached themselves,  
With bows and arrows in advance selected;

And from afar one cried: "Unto what torment  
Come ye, who down the hillside are descending?  
Tell us from there; if not, I draw the bow."

My Master said: "Our answer will we make  
To Chiron, near you there; in evil hour,  
That will of thine was evermore so hasty."

Then touched he me, and said: "This one is Nessus,  
Who perished for the lovely Dejanira,  
And for himself, himself did vengeance take.

And he in the midst, who at his breast is gazing,  
Is the great Chiron, who brought up Achilles;  
That other Pholus is, who was so wrathful.

Thousands and thousands go about the moat  
Shooting with shafts whatever soul emerges  
Out of the blood, more than his crime allots."

Near we approached unto those monsters fleet;  
Chiron an arrow took, and with the notch  
Backward upon his jaws he put his beard.

After he had uncovered his great mouth,  
He said to his companions: "Are you ware  
That he behind moveth whate'er he touches?

Thus are not wont to do the feet of dead men."  
And my good Guide, who now was at his breast,  
Where the two natures are together joined,

Replied: "Indeed he lives, and thus alone  
Me it behoves to show him the dark valley;  
Necessity, and not delight, impels us.

Some one withdrew from singing Halleluja,  
Who unto me committed this new office;  
No thief is he, nor I a thievish spirit.

But by that virtue through which I am moving  
My steps along this savage thoroughfare,  
Give us some one of thine, to be with us,

And who may show us where to pass the ford,  
And who may carry this one on his back;  
For 'tis no spirit that can walk the air."

Upon his right breast Chiron wheeled about,  
And said to Nessus: "Turn and do thou guide them,  
And warn aside, if other band may meet you."

We with our faithful escort onward moved  
Along the brink of the vermilion boiling,  
Wherein the boiled were uttering loud laments.

People I saw within up to the eyebrows,  
And the great Centaur said: "Tyrants are these,  
Who dealt in bloodshed and in pillaging.

Here they lament their pitiless mischiefs; here  
Is Alexander, and fierce Dionysius  
Who upon Sicily brought dolorous years.

That forehead there which has the hair so black  
Is Azzolin; and the other who is blond,  
Obizzo is of Esti, who, in truth,

Up in the world was by his stepson slain."  
Then turned I to the Poet; and he said,

Now he be first to thee, and second I."

A little farther on the Centaur stopped  
Above a folk, who far down as the throat  
Seemed from that boiling stream to issue forth.

A shade he showed us on one side alone,  
Saying: "He cleft asunder in God's bosom  
The heart that still upon the Thames is honoured."

Then people saw I, who from out the river  
Lifted their heads and also all the chest;  
And many among these I recognised.

Thus ever more and more grew shallower  
That blood, so that the feet alone it covered;  
And there across the moat our passage was.

"Even as thou here upon this side beholdest  
The boiling stream, that aye diminishes,"  
The Centaur said, "I wish thee to believe

That on this other more and more declines  
Its bed, until it reunites itself  
Where it behoveth tyranny to groan.

Justice divine, upon this side, is goading  
That Attila, who was a scourge on earth,  
And Pyrrhus, and Sextus; and for ever milks

The tears which with the boiling it unseals  
In Rinier da Corneto and Rinier Pazzo,  
Who made upon the highways so much war."

Then back he turned, and passed again the ford.

Inferno: Canto XIII

Not yet had Nessus reached the other side,



When we had put ourselves within a wood,  
That was not marked by any path whatever.

Not foliage green, but of a dusky colour,  
Not branches smooth, but gnarled and intertangled,  
Not apple-trees were there, but thorns with poison.

Such tangled thickets have not, nor so dense,  
Those savage wild beasts, that in hatred hold  
'Twixt Cecina and Corneto the tilled places.

There do the hideous Harpies make their nests,  
Who chased the Trojans from the Strophades,  
With sad announcement of impending doom;

Broad wings have they, and necks and faces human,  
And feet with claws, and their great bellies fledged;  
They make laments upon the wondrous trees.

And the good Master: "Ere thou enter farther,  
Know that thou art within the second round,"  
Thus he began to say, "and shalt be, till

Thou comest out upon the horrible sand;  
Therefore look well around, and thou shalt see  
Things that will credence give unto my speech."

I heard on all sides lamentations uttered,  
And person none beheld I who might make them,  
Whence, utterly bewildered, I stood still.

I think he thought that I perhaps might think  
So many voices issued through those trunks  
From people who concealed themselves from us;

Therefore the Master said: "If thou break off  
Some little spray from any of these trees,  
The thoughts thou hast will wholly be made vain."

Then stretched I forth my hand a little forward,  
And plucked a branchlet off from a great thorn;  
And the trunk cried, "Why dost thou mangle me?"

After it had become embrowned with blood,  
It recommenced its cry: "Why dost thou rend me?  
Hast thou no spirit of pity whatsoever?

Men once we were, and now are changed to trees;  
Indeed, thy hand should be more pitiful,  
Even if the souls of serpents we had been."

As out of a green brand, that is on fire  
At one of the ends, and from the other drips  
And hisses with the wind that is escaping;

So from that splinter issued forth together  
Both words and blood; whereat I let the tip  
Fall, and stood like a man who is afraid.

"Had he been able sooner to believe,"  
My Sage made answer, "O thou wounded soul,  
What only in my verses he has seen,

Not upon thee had he stretched forth his hand;  
Whereas the thing incredible has caused me  
To put him to an act which grieveth me.

But tell him who thou wast, so that by way  
Of some amends thy fame he may refresh  
Up in the world, to which he can return."

And the trunk said: "So thy sweet words allure me,  
I cannot silent be; and you be vexed not,  
That I a little to discourse am tempted.

I am the one who both keys had in keeping  
Of Frederick's heart, and turned them to and fro  
So softly in unlocking and in locking,

That from his secrets most men I withheld;  
Fidelity I bore the glorious office  
So great, I lost thereby my sleep and pulses.

The courtesan who never from the dwelling

Of Caesar turned aside her strumpet eyes,  
Death universal and the vice of courts,

Inflamed against me all the other minds,  
And they, inflamed, did so inflame Augustus,  
That my glad honours turned to dismal mournings.

My spirit, in disdainful exultation,  
Thinking by dying to escape disdain,  
Made me unjust against myself, the just.

I, by the roots unwonted of this wood,  
Do swear to you that never broke I faith  
Unto my lord, who was so worthy of honour;

And to the world if one of you return,  
Let him my memory comfort, which is lying  
Still prostrate from the blow that envy dealt it."

Waited awhile, and then: "Since he is silent,"  
The Poet said to me, "lose not the time,  
But speak, and question him, if more may please thee."

Whence I to him: "Do thou again inquire  
Concerning what thou thinks't will satisfy me;  
For I cannot, such pity is in my heart."

Therefore he recommenced: "So may the man  
Do for thee freely what thy speech implores,  
Spirit incarcerate, again be pleased

To tell us in what way the soul is bound  
Within these knots; and tell us, if thou canst,  
If any from such members e'er is freed."

Then blew the trunk amain, and afterward  
The wind was into such a voice converted:  
"With brevity shall be replied to you.

When the exasperated soul abandons  
The body whence it rent itself away,  
Minos consigns it to the seventh abyss.

It falls into the forest, and no part  
Is chosen for it; but where Fortune hurls it,  
There like a grain of spelt it germinates.

It springs a sapling, and a forest tree;  
The Harpies, feeding then upon its leaves,  
Do pain create, and for the pain an outlet.

Like others for our spoils shall we return;  
But not that any one may them revest,  
For 'tis not just to have what one casts off.

Here we shall drag them, and along the dismal  
Forest our bodies shall suspended be,  
Each to the thorn of his molested shade."

We were attentive still unto the trunk,  
Thinking that more it yet might wish to tell us,  
When by a tumult we were overtaken,

In the same way as he is who perceives  
The boar and chase approaching to his stand,  
Who hears the crashing of the beasts and branches;

And two behold! upon our left-hand side,  
Naked and scratched, fleeing so furiously,  
That of the forest, every fan they broke.

He who was in advance: "Now help, Death, help!"  
And the other one, who seemed to lag too much,  
Was shouting: "Lano, were not so alert

Those legs of thine at joustings of the Toppo!"  
And then, perchance because his breath was failing,  
He grouped himself together with a bush.

Behind them was the forest full of black  
She-mastiffs, ravenous, and swift of foot  
As greyhounds, who are issuing from the chain.

On him who had crouched down they set their teeth,

And him they lacerated piece by piece,  
Thereafter bore away those aching members.

Thereat my Escort took me by the hand,  
And led me to the bush, that all in vain  
Was weeping from its bloody lacerations.

"O Jacopo," it said, "of Sant' Andrea,  
What helped it thee of me to make a screen?  
What blame have I in thy nefarious life?"

When near him had the Master stayed his steps,  
He said: "Who wast thou, that through wounds so many  
Art blowing out with blood thy dolorous speech?"

And he to us: "O souls, that hither come  
To look upon the shameful massacre  
That has so rent away from me my leaves,

Gather them up beneath the dismal bush;  
I of that city was which to the Baptist  
Changed its first patron, wherefore he for this

Forever with his art will make it sad.  
And were it not that on the pass of Arno  
Some glimpses of him are remaining still,

Those citizens, who afterwards rebuilt it  
Upon the ashes left by Attila,  
In vain had caused their labour to be done.

Of my own house I made myself a gibbet."

Inferno: Canto XIV

Because the charity of my native place  
Constrained me, gathered I the scattered leaves,  
And gave them back to him, who now was hoarse.

Then came we to the confine, where departed  
The second round is from the third, and where  
A horrible form of Justice is beheld.

Clearly to manifest these novel things,  
I say that we arrived upon a plain,  
Which from its bed rejecteth every plant;

The dolorous forest is a garland to it  
All round about, as the sad moat to that;  
There close upon the edge we stayed our feet.

The soil was of an arid and thick sand,  
Not of another fashion made than that  
Which by the feet of Cato once was pressed.

Vengeance of God, O how much oughtest thou  
By each one to be dreaded, who doth read  
That which was manifest unto mine eyes!

Of naked souls beheld I many herds,  
Who all were weeping very miserably,  
And over them seemed set a law diverse.

Supine upon the ground some folk were lying;  
And some were sitting all drawn up together,  
And others went about continually.

Those who were going round were far the more,  
And those were less who lay down to their torment,  
But had their tongues more loosed to lamentation.

O'er all the sand-waste, with a gradual fall,  
Were raining down dilated flakes of fire,  
As of the snow on Alp without a wind.

As Alexander, in those torrid parts  
Of India, beheld upon his host  
Flames fall unbroken till they reached the ground.

Whence he provided with his phalanxes  
To trample down the soil, because the vapour

Better extinguished was while it was single;

Thus was descending the eternal heat,  
Whereby the sand was set on fire, like tinder  
Beneath the steel, for doubling of the dole.

Without repose forever was the dance  
Of miserable hands, now there, now here,  
Shaking away from off them the fresh gleeds.

"Master," began I, "thou who overcomest  
All things except the demons dire, that issued  
Against us at the entrance of the gate,

Who is that mighty one who seems to heed not  
The fire, and lieth lowering and disdainful,  
So that the rain seems not to ripen him?"

And he himself, who had become aware  
That I was questioning my Guide about him,  
Cried: "Such as I was living, am I, dead.

If Jove should weary out his smith, from whom  
He seized in anger the sharp thunderbolt,  
Wherewith upon the last day I was smitten,

And if he wearied out by turns the others  
In Mongibello at the swarthy forge,  
Vociferating, 'Help, good Vulcan, help!'

Even as he did there at the fight of Phlegra,  
And shot his bolts at me with all his might,  
He would not have thereby a joyous vengeance."

Then did my Leader speak with such great force,  
That I had never heard him speak so loud:  
"O Capaneus, in that is not extinguished

Thine arrogance, thou punished art the more;  
Not any torment, saving thine own rage,  
Would be unto thy fury pain complete."

Then he turned round to me with better lip,  
Saying: "One of the Seven Kings was he  
Who Thebes besieged, and held, and seems to hold

God in disdain, and little seems to prize him;  
But, as I said to him, his own despites  
Are for his breast the fittest ornaments.

Now follow me, and mind thou do not place  
As yet thy feet upon the burning sand,  
But always keep them close unto the wood."

Speaking no word, we came to where there gushes  
Forth from the wood a little rivulet,  
Whose redness makes my hair still stand on end.

As from the Bulicame springs the brooklet,  
The sinful women later share among them,  
So downward through the sand it went its way.

The bottom of it, and both sloping banks,  
Were made of stone, and the margins at the side;  
Whence I perceived that there the passage was.

"In all the rest which I have shown to thee  
Since we have entered in within the gate  
Whose threshold unto no one is denied,

Nothing has been discovered by thine eyes  
So notable as is the present river,  
Which all the little flames above it quenches."

These words were of my Leader; whence I prayed him  
That he would give me largess of the food,  
For which he had given me largess of desire.

"In the mid-sea there sits a wasted land,"  
Said he thereafterward, "whose name is Crete,  
Under whose king the world of old was chaste.

There is a mountain there, that once was glad  
With waters and with leaves, which was called Ida;



Now 'tis deserted, as a thing worn out.

Rhea once chose it for the faithful cradle  
Of her own son; and to conceal him better,  
Whene'er he cried, she there had clamours made.

A grand old man stands in the mount erect,  
Who holds his shoulders turned tow'rds Damietta,  
And looks at Rome as if it were his mirror.

His head is fashioned of refined gold,  
And of pure silver are the arms and breast;  
Then he is brass as far down as the fork.

From that point downward all is chosen iron,  
Save that the right foot is of kiln-baked clay,  
And more he stands on that than on the other.

Each part, except the gold, is by a fissure  
Asunder cleft, that dripping is with tears,  
Which gathered together perforate that cavern.

From rock to rock they fall into this valley;  
Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon they form;  
Then downward go along this narrow sluice

Unto that point where is no more descending.  
They form Cocytus; what that pool may be  
Thou shalt behold, so here 'tis not narrated."

And I to him: "If so the present runnel  
Doth take its rise in this way from our world,  
Why only on this verge appears it to us?"

And he to me: "Thou knowest the place is round,  
And notwithstanding thou hast journeyed far,  
Still to the left descending to the bottom,

Thou hast not yet through all the circle turned.  
Therefore if something new appear to us,  
It should not bring amazement to thy face."

And I again: "Master, where shall be found  
Lethe and Phlegethon, for of one thou'rt silent,  
And sayest the other of this rain is made?"

"In all thy questions truly thou dost please me,"  
Replied he; "but the boiling of the red  
Water might well solve one of them thou makest.

Thou shalt see Lethe, but outside this moat,  
There where the souls repair to lave themselves,  
When sin repented of has been removed."

Then said he: "It is time now to abandon  
The wood; take heed that thou come after me;  
A way the margins make that are not burning,

And over them all vapours are extinguished."

#### Inferno: Canto XV

Now bears us onward one of the hard margins,  
And so the brooklet's mist o'ershadows it,  
From fire it saves the water and the dikes.

Even as the Flemings, 'twixt Cadsand and Bruges,  
Fearing the flood that tow'rds them hurls itself,  
Their bulwarks build to put the sea to flight;

And as the Paduans along the Brenta,  
To guard their villas and their villages,  
Or ever Chiarentana feel the heat;

In such similitude had those been made,  
Albeit not so lofty nor so thick,  
Whoever he might be, the master made them.

Now were we from the forest so remote,  
I could not have discovered where it was,  
Even if backward I had turned myself,

When we a company of souls encountered,  
Who came beside the dike, and every one  
Gazed at us, as at evening we are wont

To eye each other under a new moon,  
And so towards us sharpened they their brows  
As an old tailor at the needle's eye.

Thus scrutinised by such a family,  
By some one I was recognised, who seized  
My garment's hem, and cried out, "What a marvel!"

And I, when he stretched forth his arm to me,  
On his baked aspect fastened so mine eyes,  
That the scorched countenance prevented not

His recognition by my intellect;  
And bowing down my face unto his own,  
I made reply, "Are you here, Ser Brunetto?"

And he: "May't not displease thee, O my son,  
If a brief space with thee Brunetto Latini  
Backward return and let the trail go on."

I said to him: "With all my power I ask it;  
And if you wish me to sit down with you,  
I will, if he please, for I go with him."

"O son," he said, "whoever of this herd  
A moment stops, lies then a hundred years,  
Nor fans himself when smiteth him the fire.

Therefore go on; I at thy skirts will come,  
And afterward will I rejoin my band,  
Which goes lamenting its eternal doom."

I did not dare to go down from the road  
Level to walk with him; but my head bowed  
I held as one who goeth reverently.

And he began: "What fortune or what fate

Before the last day leadeth thee down here?  
And who is this that showeth thee the way?"

"Up there above us in the life serene,"  
I answered him, "I lost me in a valley,  
Or ever yet my age had been completed.

But yestermorn I turned my back upon it;  
This one appeared to me, returning thither,  
And homeward leadeth me along this road."

And he to me: "If thou thy star do follow,  
Thou canst not fail thee of a glorious port,  
If well I judged in the life beautiful.

And if I had not died so prematurely,  
Seeing Heaven thus benignant unto thee,  
I would have given thee comfort in the work.

But that ungrateful and malignant people,  
Which of old time from Fesole descended,  
And smacks still of the mountain and the granite,

Will make itself, for thy good deeds, thy foe;  
And it is right; for among crabbed sorbs  
It ill befits the sweet fig to bear fruit.

Old rumour in the world proclaims them blind;  
A people avaricious, envious, proud;  
Take heed that of their customs thou do cleanse thee.

Thy fortune so much honour doth reserve thee,  
One party and the other shall be hungry  
For thee; but far from goat shall be the grass.

Their litter let the beasts of Fesole  
Make of themselves, nor let them touch the plant,  
If any still upon their dunghill rise,

In which may yet revive the consecrated  
Seed of those Romans, who remained there when  
The nest of such great malice it became."

"If my entreaty wholly were fulfilled,"  
Replied I to him, "not yet would you be  
In banishment from human nature placed;

For in my mind is fixed, and touches now  
My heart the dear and good paternal image  
Of you, when in the world from hour to hour

You taught me how a man becomes eternal;  
And how much I am grateful, while I live  
Behoves that in my language be discerned.

What you narrate of my career I write,  
And keep it to be glossed with other text  
By a Lady who can do it, if I reach her.

This much will I have manifest to you;  
Provided that my conscience do not chide me,  
For whatsoever Fortune I am ready.

Such handsel is not new unto mine ears;  
Therefore let Fortune turn her wheel around  
As it may please her, and the churl his mattock."

My Master thereupon on his right cheek  
Did backward turn himself, and looked at me;  
Then said: "He listeneth well who noteth it."

Nor speaking less on that account, I go  
With Ser Brunetto, and I ask who are  
His most known and most eminent companions.

And he to me: "To know of some is well;  
Of others it were laudable to be silent,  
For short would be the time for so much speech.

Know them in sum, that all of them were clerks,  
And men of letters great and of great fame,  
In the world tainted with the selfsame sin.

Priscian goes yonder with that wretched crowd,

And Francis of Accorso; and thou hadst seen there  
If thou hadst had a hankering for such scurf,

That one, who by the Servant of the Servants  
From Arno was transferred to Bacchiglione,  
Where he has left his sin-excited nerves.

More would I say, but coming and discoursing  
Can be no longer; for that I behold  
New smoke uprising yonder from the sand.

A people comes with whom I may not be;  
Commended unto thee be my Tesoro,  
In which I still live, and no more I ask."

Then he turned round, and seemed to be of those  
Who at Verona run for the Green Mantle  
Across the plain; and seemed to be among them

The one who wins, and not the one who loses.

Inferno: Canto XVI

Now was I where was heard the reverberation  
Of water falling into the next round,  
Like to that humming which the beehives make,

When shadows three together started forth,  
Running, from out a company that passed  
Beneath the rain of the sharp martyrdom.

Towards us came they, and each one cried out:  
"Stop, thou; for by thy garb to us thou seemest  
To be some one of our depraved city."

Ah me! what wounds I saw upon their limbs,  
Recent and ancient by the flames burnt in!  
It pains me still but to remember it.

Unto their cries my Teacher paused attentive;  
He turned his face towards me, and "Now wait,"  
He said; "to these we should be courteous.

And if it were not for the fire that darts  
The nature of this region, I should say  
That haste were more becoming thee than them."

As soon as we stood still, they recommenced  
The old refrain, and when they overtook us,  
Formed of themselves a wheel, all three of them.

As champions stripped and oiled are wont to do,  
Watching for their advantage and their hold,  
Before they come to blows and thrusts between them,

Thus, wheeling round, did every one his visage  
Direct to me, so that in opposite wise  
His neck and feet continual journey made.

And, "If the misery of this soft place  
Bring in disdain ourselves and our entreaties,"  
Began one, "and our aspect black and blistered,

Let the renown of us thy mind incline  
To tell us who thou art, who thus securely  
Thy living feet dost move along through Hell.

He in whose footprints thou dost see me treading,  
Naked and skinless though he now may go,  
Was of a greater rank than thou dost think;

He was the grandson of the good Gualdrada;  
His name was Guidoguerra, and in life  
Much did he with his wisdom and his sword.

The other, who close by me treads the sand,  
Tegghiaio Aldobrandi is, whose fame  
Above there in the world should welcome be.

And I, who with them on the cross am placed,  
Jacopo Rusticucci was; and truly

My savage wife, more than aught else, doth harm me."

Could I have been protected from the fire,  
Below I should have thrown myself among them,  
And think the Teacher would have suffered it;

But as I should have burned and baked myself,  
My terror overmastered my good will,  
Which made me greedy of embracing them.

Then I began: "Sorrow and not disdain  
Did your condition fix within me so,  
That tardily it wholly is stripped off,

As soon as this my Lord said unto me  
Words, on account of which I thought within me  
That people such as you are were approaching.

I of your city am; and evermore  
Your labours and your honourable names  
I with affection have retraced and heard.

I leave the gall, and go for the sweet fruits  
Promised to me by the veracious Leader;  
But to the centre first I needs must plunge."

"So may the soul for a long while conduct  
Those limbs of thine," did he make answer then,  
"And so may thy renown shine after thee,

Valour and courtesy, say if they dwell  
Within our city, as they used to do,  
Or if they wholly have gone out of it;

For Guglielmo Borsier, who is in torment  
With us of late, and goes there with his comrades,  
Doth greatly mortify us with his words."

"The new inhabitants and the sudden gains,  
Pride and extravagance have in thee engendered,  
Florence, so that thou weep'st thereat already!"



In this wise I exclaimed with face uplifted;  
And the three, taking that for my reply,  
Looked at each other, as one looks at truth.

"If other times so little it doth cost thee,"  
Replied they all, "to satisfy another,  
Happy art thou, thus speaking at thy will!

Therefore, if thou escape from these dark places,  
And come to rebehold the beauteous stars,  
When it shall pleasure thee to say, 'I was,'

See that thou speak of us unto the people."  
Then they broke up the wheel, and in their flight  
It seemed as if their agile legs were wings.

Not an Amen could possibly be said  
So rapidly as they had disappeared;  
Wherefore the Master deemed best to depart.

I followed him, and little had we gone,  
Before the sound of water was so near us,  
That speaking we should hardly have been heard.

Even as that stream which holdeth its own course  
The first from Monte Veso tow'ards the East,  
Upon the left-hand slope of Apennine,

Which is above called Acquacheta, ere  
It down descendeth into its low bed,  
And at Forli is vacant of that name,

Reverberates there above San Benedetto  
From Alps, by falling at a single leap,  
Where for a thousand there were room enough;

Thus downward from a bank precipitate,  
We found resounding that dark-tinted water,  
So that it soon the ear would have offended.

I had a cord around about me girt,  
And therewithal I whilom had designed

To take the panther with the painted skin.

After I this had all from me unloosed,  
As my Conductor had commanded me,  
I reached it to him, gathered up and coiled,

Whereat he turned himself to the right side,  
And at a little distance from the verge,  
He cast it down into that deep abyss.

"It must needs be some novelty respond,"  
I said within myself, "to the new signal  
The Master with his eye is following so."

Ah me! how very cautious men should be  
With those who not alone behold the act,  
But with their wisdom look into the thoughts!

He said to me: "Soon there will upward come  
What I await; and what thy thought is dreaming  
Must soon reveal itself unto thy sight."

Aye to that truth which has the face of falsehood,  
A man should close his lips as far as may be,  
Because without his fault it causes shame;

But here I cannot; and, Reader, by the notes  
Of this my Comedy to thee I swear,  
So may they not be void of lasting favour,

Athwart that dense and darksome atmosphere  
I saw a figure swimming upward come,  
Marvellous unto every steadfast heart,

Even as he returns who goeth down  
Sometimes to clear an anchor, which has grappled  
Reef, or aught else that in the sea is hidden,

Who upward stretches, and draws in his feet.

"Behold the monster with the pointed tail,  
Who cleaves the hills, and breaketh walls and weapons,  
Behold him who infecteth all the world."

Thus unto me my Guide began to say,  
And beckoned him that he should come to shore,  
Near to the confine of the trodden marble;

And that uncleanly image of deceit  
Came up and thrust ashore its head and bust,  
But on the border did not drag its tail.

The face was as the face of a just man,  
Its semblance outwardly was so benign,  
And of a serpent all the trunk beside.

Two paws it had, hairy unto the armpits;  
The back, and breast, and both the sides it had  
Depicted o'er with nooses and with shields.

With colours more, groundwork or broidery  
Never in cloth did Tartars make nor Turks,  
Nor were such tissues by Arachne laid.

As sometimes wherries lie upon the shore,  
That part are in the water, part on land;  
And as among the guzzling Germans there,

The beaver plants himself to wage his war;  
So that vile monster lay upon the border,  
Which is of stone, and shutteth in the sand.

His tail was wholly quivering in the void,  
Contorting upwards the envenomed fork,  
That in the guise of scorpion armed its point.

The Guide said: "Now perforce must turn aside  
Our way a little, even to that beast  
Malevolent, that yonder coucheth him."

We therefore on the right side descended,  
And made ten steps upon the outer verge,  
Completely to avoid the sand and flame;

And after we are come to him, I see  
A little farther off upon the sand  
A people sitting near the hollow place.

Then said to me the Master: "So that full  
Experience of this round thou bear away,  
Now go and see what their condition is.

There let thy conversation be concise;  
Till thou returnest I will speak with him,  
That he concede to us his stalwart shoulders."

Thus farther still upon the outermost  
Head of that seventh circle all alone  
I went, where sat the melancholy folk.

Out of their eyes was gushing forth their woe;  
This way, that way, they helped them with their hands  
Now from the flames and now from the hot soil.

Not otherwise in summer do the dogs,  
Now with the foot, now with the muzzle, when  
By fleas, or flies, or gadflies, they are bitten.

When I had turned mine eyes upon the faces  
Of some, on whom the dolorous fire is falling,  
Not one of them I knew; but I perceived

That from the neck of each there hung a pouch,  
Which certain colour had, and certain blazon;  
And thereupon it seems their eyes are feeding.

And as I gazing round me come among them,  
Upon a yellow pouch I azure saw  
That had the face and posture of a lion.

Proceeding then the current of my sight,

Another of them saw I, red as blood,  
Display a goose more white than butter is.

And one, who with an azure sow and gravid  
Emblazoned had his little pouch of white,  
Said unto me: "What dost thou in this moat?

Now get thee gone; and since thou'rt still alive,  
Know that a neighbour of mine, Vitaliano,  
Will have his seat here on my left-hand side.

A Paduan am I with these Florentines;  
Full many a time they thunder in mine ears,  
Exclaiming, 'Come the sovereign cavalier,

He who shall bring the satchel with three goats;"  
Then twisted he his mouth, and forth he thrust  
His tongue, like to an ox that licks its nose.

And fearing lest my longer stay might vex  
Him who had warned me not to tarry long,  
Backward I turned me from those weary souls.

I found my Guide, who had already mounted  
Upon the back of that wild animal,  
And said to me: "Now be both strong and bold.

Now we descend by stairways such as these;  
Mount thou in front, for I will be midway,  
So that the tail may have no power to harm thee."

Such as he is who has so near the ague  
Of quartan that his nails are blue already,  
And trembles all, but looking at the shade;

Even such became I at those proffered words;  
But shame in me his menaces produced,  
Which maketh servant strong before good master.

I seated me upon those monstrous shoulders;  
I wished to say, and yet the voice came not  
As I believed, "Take heed that thou embrace me."

But he, who other times had rescued me  
In other peril, soon as I had mounted,  
Within his arms encircled and sustained me,

And said: "Now, Geryon, bestir thyself;  
The circles large, and the descent be little;  
Think of the novel burden which thou hast."

Even as the little vessel shoves from shore,  
Backward, still backward, so he thence withdrew;  
And when he wholly felt himself afloat,

There where his breast had been he turned his tail,  
And that extended like an eel he moved,  
And with his paws drew to himself the air.

A greater fear I do not think there was  
What time abandoned Phaeton the reins,  
Whereby the heavens, as still appears, were scorched;

Nor when the wretched Icarus his flanks  
Felt stripped of feathers by the melting wax,  
His father crying, "An ill way thou takest!"

Than was my own, when I perceived myself  
On all sides in the air, and saw extinguished  
The sight of everything but of the monster.

Onward he goeth, swimming slowly, slowly;  
Wheels and descends, but I perceive it only  
By wind upon my face and from below.

I heard already on the right the whirlpool  
Making a horrible crashing under us;  
Whence I thrust out my head with eyes cast downward.

Then was I still more fearful of the abyss;  
Because I fires beheld, and heard laments,  
Whereat I, trembling, all the closer cling.

I saw then, for before I had not seen it,

The turning and descending, by great horrors  
That were approaching upon divers sides.

As falcon who has long been on the wing,  
Who, without seeing either lure or bird,  
Maketh the falconer say, "Ah me, thou stoopest,"

Descendeth weary, whence he started swiftly,  
Thorough a hundred circles, and alights  
Far from his master, sullen and disdainful;

Even thus did Geryon place us on the bottom,  
Close to the bases of the rough-hewn rock,  
And being disencumbered of our persons,

He sped away as arrow from the string.

#### Inferno: Canto XVIII

There is a place in Hell called Malebolge,  
Wholly of stone and of an iron colour,  
As is the circle that around it turns.

Right in the middle of the field malign  
There yawns a well exceeding wide and deep,  
Of which its place the structure will recount.

Round, then, is that enclosure which remains  
Between the well and foot of the high, hard bank,  
And has distinct in valleys ten its bottom.

As where for the protection of the walls  
Many and many moats surround the castles,  
The part in which they are a figure forms,

Just such an image those presented there;  
And as about such strongholds from their gates  
Unto the outer bank are little bridges,

So from the precipice's base did crags  
Project, which intersected dikes and moats,  
Unto the well that truncates and collects them.

Within this place, down shaken from the back  
Of Geryon, we found us; and the Poet  
Held to the left, and I moved on behind.

Upon my right hand I beheld new anguish,  
New torments, and new wielders of the lash,  
Wherewith the foremost Bolgia was replete.

Down at the bottom were the sinners naked;  
This side the middle came they facing us,  
Beyond it, with us, but with greater steps;

Even as the Romans, for the mighty host,  
The year of Jubilee, upon the bridge,  
Have chosen a mode to pass the people over;

For all upon one side towards the Castle  
Their faces have, and go unto St. Peter's;  
On the other side they go towards the Mountain.

This side and that, along the livid stone  
Beheld I horned demons with great scourges,  
Who cruelly were beating them behind.

Ah me! how they did make them lift their legs  
At the first blows! and sooth not any one  
The second waited for, nor for the third.

While I was going on, mine eyes by one  
Encountered were; and straight I said: "Already  
With sight of this one I am not unfed."

Therefore I stayed my feet to make him out,  
And with me the sweet Guide came to a stand,  
And to my going somewhat back assented;

And he, the scourged one, thought to hide himself,  
Lowering his face, but little it availed him;



For said I: "Thou that castest down thine eyes,

If false are not the features which thou bearest,  
Thou art Venedico Caccianimico;  
But what doth bring thee to such pungent sauces?"

And he to me: "Unwillingly I tell it;  
But forces me thine utterance distinct,  
Which makes me recollect the ancient world.

I was the one who the fair Ghisola  
Induced to grant the wishes of the Marquis,  
Howe'er the shameless story may be told.

Not the sole Bolognese am I who weeps here;  
Nay, rather is this place so full of them,

That not so many tongues to-day are  
taught

'Twixt Reno and Savena to say 'sipa;'  
And if thereof thou wishest pledge or  
proof,  
Bring to thy mind our avaricious heart."

While speaking in this manner, with his  
scourge  
A demon smote him, and said: "Get  
thee gone  
Pander, there are no women here for  
coin."

I joined myself again unto mine Escort;  
Thereafterward with footsteps few we  
came

To where a crag projected from the bank.

This very easily did we ascend,  
And turning to the right along its ridge,  
From those eternal circles we  
departed.

When we were there, where it is  
hollowed out  
Beneath, to give a passage to the  
scourged,  
The Guide said: "Wait, and see that on  
thee strike

The vision of those others evil-born,  
Of whom thou hast not yet beheld the  
faces,  
Because together with us they have

gone."

From the old bridge we looked upon  
the train

Which tow'rds us came upon the other  
border,  
And which the scourges in like manner  
smite.

And the good Master, without my  
inquiring,  
Said to me: "See that tall one who is  
coming,  
And for his pain seems not to shed a  
tear;

Still what a royal aspect he retains!  
That Jason is, who by his heart and  
cunning

The Colchians of the Ram made  
destitute.

He by the isle of Lemnos passed along  
After the daring women pitiless  
Had unto death devoted all their males.

There with his tokens and with ornate  
words  
Did he deceive Hypsipyle, the maiden  
Who first, herself, had all the rest  
deceived.

There did he leave her pregnant and  
forlorn;  
Such sin unto such punishment  
condemns him,  
And also for Medea is vengeance  
done.

With him go those who in such wise  
deceive;  
And this sufficient be of the first valley  
To know, and those that in its jaws it  
holds."

We were already where the narrow  
path  
Crosses athwart the second dike, and  
forms  
Of that a buttress for another arch.

Thence we heard people, who are  
making moan  
In the next Bolgia, snorting with their  
muzzles,  
And with their palms beating upon  
themselves

The margins were incrustated with a  
mould

By exhalation from below, that sticks  
there,

And with the eyes and nostrils wages  
war.

The bottom is so deep, no place  
suffices

To give us sight of it, without  
ascending

The arch's back, where most the crag  
impends.

Thither we came, and thence down in  
the moat

I saw a people smothered in a filth  
That out of human privies seemed to

flow;

And whilst below there with mine eye I  
search,  
I saw one with his head so foul with  
ordure,  
It was not clear if he were clerk or  
layman.

He screamed to me: "Wherefore art  
thou so eager  
To look at me more than the other foul  
ones?"  
And I to him: "Because, if I remember,  
  
I have already seen thee with dry hair,  
And thou'rt Alessio Interminei of Lucca;  
Therefore I eye thee more than all the  
others."



And he thereon, belabouring his  
pumpkin:

"The flatteries have submerged me  
here below,  
Wherewith my tongue was never  
surfeited."

Then said to me the Guide: "See that  
thou thrust

Thy visage somewhat farther in  
advance,

That with thine eyes thou well the face  
attain

Of that uncleanly and dishevelled drab,  
Who there doth scratch herself with  
filthy nails,

And crouches now, and now on foot is

standing.

Thais the harlot is it, who replied  
Unto her paramour, when he said,  
'Have I  
Great gratitude from thee?'--'Nay,  
marvellous;'

And herewith let our sight be satisfied."

Inferno: Canto XIX

O Simon Magus, O forlorn disciples,  
Ye who the things of God, which ought  
to be  
The brides of holiness, rapaciously

For silver and for gold do prostitute,  
Now it behoves for you the trumpet  
sound,  
Because in this third Bolgia ye abide.

We had already on the following tomb  
Ascended to that portion of the crag  
Which o'er the middle of the moat  
hangs plumb.

Wisdom supreme, O how great art  
thou showest  
In heaven, in earth, and in the evil  
world,  
And with what justice doth thy power  
distribute!

I saw upon the sides and on the

bottom

The livid stone with perforations filled,  
All of one size, and every one was  
round.

To me less ample seemed they not,  
nor greater  
Than those that in my beautiful Saint  
John  
Are fashioned for the place of the  
baptisers,

And one of which, not many years ago,  
I broke for some one, who was  
drowning in it;  
Be this a seal all men to undeceive.

Out of the mouth of each one there  
protruded

The feet of a transgressor, and the legs  
Up to the calf, the rest within remained.

In all of them the soles were both on  
fire;  
Wherefore the joints so violently  
quivered,  
They would have snapped asunder  
withes and bands.

Even as the flame of unctuous things is  
wont  
To move upon the outer surface only,  
So likewise was it there from heel to  
point.

"Master, who is that one who writhes  
himself,

More than his other comrades  
quivering,"  
I said, "and whom a redder flame is  
sucking?"

And he to me: "If thou wilt have me  
bear thee  
Down there along that bank which  
lowest lies,  
From him thou'lt know his errors and  
himself."

And I: "What pleases thee, to me is  
pleasing;  
Thou art my Lord, and knowest that I  
depart not  
From thy desire, and knowest what is  
not spoken."

Straightway upon the fourth dike we  
arrived;  
We turned, and on the left-hand side  
descended  
Down to the bottom full of holes and  
narrow.

And the good Master yet from off his  
haunch  
Deposed me not, till to the hole he  
brought me  
Of him who so lamented with his  
shanks.

"Whoe'er thou art, that standest upside  
down,  
O doleful soul, implanted like a stake,"  
To say began I, "if thou canst, speak  
out."

I stood even as the friar who is  
confessing  
The false assassin, who, when he is  
fixed,  
Recalls him, so that death may be  
delayed.

And he cried out: "Dost thou stand  
there already,  
Dost thou stand there already,  
Boniface?  
By many years the record lied to me.

Art thou so early satiate with that  
wealth,  
For which thou didst not fear to take by  
fraud  
The beautiful Lady, and then work her



woe?"

Such I became, as people are who  
stand,  
Not comprehending what is answered  
them,  
As if bemocked, and know not how to  
answer.

Then said Virgilius: "Say to him  
straightway,  
'I am not he, I am not he thou  
thinkest.'"  
And I replied as was imposed on me.

Whereat the spirit writhed with both his  
feet,  
Then, sighing, with a voice of  
lamentation

Said to me: "Then what wantest thou of me?

If who I am thou carest so much to know,  
That thou on that account hast crossed the bank,  
Know that I vested was with the great mantle;

And truly was I son of the She-bear,  
So eager to advance the cubs, that wealth  
Above, and here myself, I pocketed.

Beneath my head the others are dragged down  
Who have preceded me in simony,  
Flattened along the fissure of the rock.

Below there I shall likewise fall,  
whenever  
That one shall come who I believed  
thou wast,  
What time the sudden question I  
proposed.

But longer I my feet already toast,  
And here have been in this way upside  
down,  
Than he will planted stay with  
reddened feet;

For after him shall come of fouler deed  
From tow'rds the west a Pastor without  
law,  
Such as befits to cover him and me.

New Jason will he be, of whom we read  
In Maccabees; and as his king was  
pliant,  
So he who governs France shall be to  
this one."

I do not know if I were here too bold,  
That him I answered only in this metre:  
"I pray thee tell me now how great a  
treasure

Our Lord demanded of Saint Peter first,  
Before he put the keys into his  
keeping?  
Truly he nothing asked but 'Follow me.'

Nor Peter nor the rest asked of  
Matthias  
Silver or gold, when he by lot was

chosen

Unto the place the guilty soul had lost.

Therefore stay here, for thou art justly  
punished,

And keep safe guard o'er the ill-gotten  
money,

Which caused thee to be valiant  
against Charles.

And were it not that still forbids it me  
The reverence for the keys superlative  
Thou hadst in keeping in the gladsome  
life,

I would make use of words more  
grievous still;

Because your avarice afflicts the world,  
Trampling the good and lifting the

depraved.

The Evangelist you Pastors had in  
mind,  
When she who sitteth upon many  
waters  
To fornicate with kings by him was  
seen;

The same who with the seven heads  
was born,  
And power and strength from the ten  
horns received,  
So long as virtue to her spouse was  
pleasing.

Ye have made yourselves a god of  
gold and silver;  
And from the idolater how differ ye,

Save that he one, and ye a hundred  
worship?

Ah, Constantine! of how much ill was  
mother,  
Not thy conversion, but that marriage  
dower  
Which the first wealthy Father took  
from thee!"

And while I sang to him such notes as  
these,  
Either that anger or that conscience  
stung him,  
He struggled violently with both his  
feet.

I think in sooth that it my Leader  
pleased,

With such contented lip he listened  
ever  
Unto the sound of the true words  
expressed.

Therefore with both his arms he took  
me up,  
And when he had me all upon his  
breast,  
Remounted by the way where he  
descended.

Nor did he tire to have me clasped to  
him;  
But bore me to the summit of the arch  
Which from the fourth dike to the fifth  
is passage.

There tenderly he laid his burden



down,  
Tenderly on the crag uneven and  
steep,  
That would have been hard passage  
for the goats:

Thence was unveiled to me another  
valley.

Inferno: Canto XX

Of a new pain behoves me to make  
verses  
And give material to the twentieth  
canto  
Of the first song, which is of the

submerged.

I was already thoroughly disposed  
To peer down into the uncovered  
depth,  
Which bathed itself with tears of  
agony;

And people saw I through the circular  
valley,  
Silent and weeping, coming at the  
pace  
Which in this world the Litanies  
assume.

As lower down my sight descended on  
them,  
Wondrously each one seemed to be  
distorted

From chin to the beginning of the  
chest;

For tow'rds the reins the countenance  
was turned,  
And backward it behoved them to  
advance,  
As to look forward had been taken from  
them.

Perchance indeed by violence of palsy  
Some one has been thus wholly turned  
awry;  
But I ne'er saw it, nor believe it can be.

As God may let thee, Reader, gather  
fruit  
From this thy reading, think now for  
thyself

How I could ever keep my face  
unmoistened,

When our own image near me I beheld  
Distorted so, the weeping of the eyes  
Along the fissure bathed the hinder  
parts.

Truly I wept, leaning upon a peak  
Of the hard crag, so that my Escort  
said  
To me: "Art thou, too, of the other  
fools?"

Here pity lives when it is wholly dead;  
Who is a greater reprobate than he  
Who feels compassion at the doom  
divine?

Lift up, lift up thy head, and see for  
whom  
Opened the earth before the Thebans'  
eyes;  
Wherefore they all cried: 'Whither  
rurhest thou,

Amphiaraus? Why dost leave the war?'  
And downward ceased he not to fall  
amain  
As far as Minos, who lays hold on all.

See, he has made a bosom of his  
shoulders!  
Because he wished to see too far  
before him  
Behind he looks, and backward goes  
his way:

Behold Tiresias, who his semblance  
changed,  
When from a male a female he  
became,  
His members being all of them  
transformed;

And afterwards was forced to strike  
once more  
The two entangled serpents with his  
rod,  
Ere he could have again his manly  
plumes.

That Aruns is, who backs the other's  
belly,  
Who in the hills of Luni, there where  
grubs  
The Carrarese who houses

underneath,

Among the marbles white a cavern had  
For his abode; whence to behold the  
stars

And sea, the view was not cut off from  
him.

And she there, who is covering up her  
breasts,

Which thou beholdest not, with  
loosened tresses,

And on that side has all the hairy skin,

Was Manto, who made quest through  
many lands,

Afterwards tarried there where I was  
born;

Whereof I would thou list to me a little.

After her father had from life departed,  
And the city of Bacchus had become  
enslaved,  
She a long season wandered through  
the world.

Above in beauteous Italy lies a lake  
At the Alp's foot that shuts in Germany  
Over Tyrol, and has the name Benaco.

By a thousand springs, I think, and  
more, is bathed,  
'Twixt Garda and Val Camonica,  
Pennino,  
With water that grows stagnant in that  
lake.

Midway a place is where the Trentine



Pastor,  
And he of Brescia, and the Veronese  
Might give his blessing, if he passed  
that way.

Sitteth Peschiera, fortress fair and  
strong,  
To front the Brescians and the  
Bergamasks,  
Where round about the bank  
descendeth lowest.

There of necessity must fall whatever  
In bosom of Benaco cannot stay,  
And grows a river down through  
verdant pastures.

Soon as the water doth begin to run,  
No more Benaco is it called, but

Mincio,  
Far as Governo, where it falls in Po.

Not far it runs before it finds a plain  
In which it spreads itself, and makes it  
marshy,  
And oft 'tis wont in summer to be  
sickly.

Passing that way the virgin pitiless  
Land in the middle of the fen descried,  
Untilled and naked of inhabitants;

There to escape all human intercourse,  
She with her servants stayed, her arts  
to practise  
And lived, and left her empty body  
there.

The men, thereafter, who were  
scattered round,  
Collected in that place, which was  
made strong  
By the lagoon it had on every side;

They built their city over those dead  
bones,  
And, after her who first the place  
selected,  
Mantua named it, without other omen.

Its people once within more crowded  
were,  
Ere the stupidity of Casalodi  
From Pinamonte had received deceit.

Therefore I caution thee, if e'er thou  
hearest

Originate my city otherwise,  
No falsehood may the verity defraud."

And I: "My Master, thy discourses are  
To me so certain, and so take my faith,  
That unto me the rest would be spent  
coals.

But tell me of the people who are  
passing,  
If any one note-worthy thou beholdest,  
For only unto that my mind reverts."

Then said he to me: "He who from the  
cheek  
Thrusts out his beard upon his swarthy  
shoulders  
Was, at the time when Greece was  
void of males,

So that there scarce remained one in  
the cradle,  
An augur, and with Calchas gave the  
moment,  
In Aulis, when to sever the first cable.

Eryphylus his name was, and so sings  
My lofty Tragedy in some part or other;  
That knowest thou well, who knowest  
the whole of it.

The next, who is so slender in the  
flanks,  
Was Michael Scott, who of a verity  
Of magical illusions knew the game.

Behold Guido Bonatti, behold Asdente,  
Who now unto his leather and his

thread

Would fain have stuck, but he too late  
repents.

Behold the wretched ones, who left the  
needle,

The spool and rock, and made them  
fortune-tellers;

They wrought their magic spells with  
herb and image.

But come now, for already holds the  
confines

Of both the hemispheres, and under  
Seville

Touches the ocean-wave, Cain and the  
thorns,

And yesternight the moon was round

already;  
Thou shouldst remember well it did not  
harm thee  
From time to time within the forest  
deep."

Thus spake he to me, and we walked  
the while.

## Inferno: Canto XXI

From bridge to bridge thus, speaking  
other things  
Of which my Comedy cares not to  
sing,  
We came along, and held the summit,

when

We halted to behold another fissure  
Of Malebolge and other vain laments;  
And I beheld it marvellously dark.

As in the Arsenal of the Venetians  
Boils in the winter the tenacious pitch  
To smear their unsound vessels o'er  
again,

For sail they cannot; and instead  
thereof

One makes his vessel new, and one  
recaulks

The ribs of that which many a voyage  
has made;

One hammers at the prow, one at the



stern,

This one makes oars, and that one  
cordage twists,  
Another mends the mainsail and the  
mizzen;

Thus, not by fire, but by the art divine,  
Was boiling down below there a dense  
pitch  
Which upon every side the bank  
belimed.

I saw it, but I did not see within it  
Aught but the bubbles that the boiling  
raised,  
And all swell up and resubside  
compressed.

The while below there fixedly I gazed,

My Leader, crying out: "Beware,  
beware!"

Drew me unto himself from where I  
stood.

Then I turned round, as one who is  
impatient

To see what it behoves him to escape,  
And whom a sudden terror doth  
unman,

Who, while he looks, delays not his  
departure;

And I beheld behind us a black devil,  
Running along upon the crag,  
approach.

Ah, how ferocious was he in his  
aspect!

And how he seemed to me in action  
ruthless,  
With open wings and light upon his  
feet!

His shoulders, which sharp-pointed  
were and high,  
A sinner did encumber with both  
haunches,  
And he held clutched the sinews of the  
feet.

From off our bridge, he said: "O  
Malebranche,  
Behold one of the elders of Saint Zita;  
Plunge him beneath, for I return for  
others

Unto that town, which is well furnished

with them.

All there are barrators, except Bonturo;  
No into Yes for money there is  
changed."

He hurled him down, and over the hard  
crag

Turned round, and never was a mastiff  
loosened

In so much hurry to pursue a thief.

The other sank, and rose again face  
downward;

But the demons, under cover of the  
bridge,

Cried: "Here the Santo Volto has no  
place!

Here swims one otherwise than in the

Serchio;

Therefore, if for our gaffs thou wishest  
not,

Do not uplift thyself above the pitch."

They seized him then with more than a  
hundred rakes;

They said: "It here behoves thee to  
dance covered,

That, if thou canst, thou secretly  
mayest pilfer."

Not otherwise the cooks their scullions  
make

Immerse into the middle of the caldron  
The meat with hooks, so that it may  
not float.

Said the good Master to me: "That it

be not

Apparent thou art here, crouch thyself  
down

Behind a jag, that thou mayest have  
some screen;

And for no outrage that is done to me  
Be thou afraid, because these things I  
know,

For once before was I in such a  
scuffle."

Then he passed on beyond the  
bridge's head,

And as upon the sixth bank he arrived,  
Need was for him to have a steadfast  
front.

With the same fury, and the same

uproar,  
As dogs leap out upon a mendicant,  
Who on a sudden begs, where'er he  
stops,

They issued from beneath the little  
bridge,  
And turned against him all their  
grappling-irons;  
But he cried out: "Be none of you  
malignant!

Before those hooks of yours lay hold of  
me,  
Let one of you step forward, who may  
hear me,  
And then take counsel as to grappling  
me."

They all cried out: "Let Malacoda go;"  
Whereat one started, and the rest  
stood still,  
And he came to him, saying: "What  
avails it?"

"Thinkest thou, Malacoda, to behold  
me  
Advanced into this place," my Master  
said,  
"Safe hitherto from all your skill of  
fence,

Without the will divine, and fate  
auspicious?  
Let me go on, for it in Heaven is willed  
That I another show this savage road."

Then was his arrogance so humbled in



him,  
That he let fall his grapnel at his feet,  
And to the others said: "Now strike him  
not."

And unto me my Guide: "O thou, who  
sittest  
Among the splinters of the bridge  
crouched down,  
Securely now return to me again."

Wherefore I started and came swiftly  
to him;  
And all the devils forward thrust  
themselves,  
So that I feared they would not keep  
their compact.

And thus beheld I once afraid the

soldiers

Who issued under safeguard from  
Caprona,  
Seeing themselves among so many  
foes.

Close did I press myself with all my  
person  
Beside my Leader, and turned not  
mine eyes  
From off their countenance, which was  
not good.

They lowered their rakes, and "Wilt  
thou have me hit him,"  
They said to one another, "on the  
rump?"  
And answered: "Yes; see that thou  
nick him with it."

But the same demon who was holding  
parley  
With my Conductor turned him very  
quickly,  
And said: "Be quiet, be quiet,  
Scarmiglione;"

Then said to us: "You can no farther go  
Forward upon this crag, because is  
lying  
All shattered, at the bottom, the sixth  
arch.

And if it still doth please you to go  
onward,  
Pursue your way along upon this rock;  
Near is another crag that yields a path.

Yesterday, five hours later than this  
hour,  
One thousand and two hundred sixty-  
six  
Years were complete, that here the  
way was broken.

I send in that direction some of mine  
To see if any one doth air himself;  
Go ye with them; for they will not be  
vicious.

Step forward, Alichino and Calcabrina,"  
Began he to cry out, "and thou,  
Cagnazzo;  
And Barbariccia, do thou guide the ten.

Come forward, Libicocco and  
Draghignazzo,

And tusked Ciriatto and Graffiacane,  
And Farfarello and mad Rubicante;

Search ye all round about the boiling  
pitch;  
Let these be safe as far as the next  
crag,  
That all unbroken passes o'er the  
dens."

"O me! what is it, Master, that I see?  
Pray let us go," I said, "without an  
escort,  
If thou knowest how, since for myself I  
ask none.

If thou art as observant as thy wont is,  
Dost thou not see that they do gnash  
their teeth,

And with their brows are threatening  
woe to us?"

And he to me: "I will not have thee  
fear;  
Let them gnash on, according to their  
fancy,  
Because they do it for those boiling  
wretches."

Along the left-hand dike they wheeled  
about;  
But first had each one thrust his  
tongue between  
His teeth towards their leader for a  
signal;

And he had made a trumpet of his  
rump.

## Inferno: Canto XXII

I have erewhile seen horsemen moving  
camp,  
Begin the storming, and their muster  
make,  
And sometimes starting off for their  
escape;

Vaunt-couriers have I seen upon your  
land,  
O Aretines, and foragers go forth,  
Tournaments stricken, and the  
joustings run,

Sometimes with trumpets and  
sometimes with bells,  
With kettle-drums, and signals of the  
castles,  
And with our own, and with outlandish  
things,

But never yet with bagpipe so uncouth  
Did I see horsemen move, nor infantry,  
Nor ship by any sign of land or star.

We went upon our way with the ten  
demons;  
Ah, savage company! but in the church  
With saints, and in the tavern with the  
gluttons!

Ever upon the pitch was my intent,  
To see the whole condition of that



Bolgia,  
And of the people who therein were  
burned.

Even as the dolphins, when they make  
a sign  
To mariners by arching of the back,  
That they should counsel take to save  
their vessel,

Thus sometimes, to alleviate his pain,  
One of the sinners would display his  
back,  
And in less time conceal it than it  
lightens.

As on the brink of water in a ditch  
The frogs stand only with their muzzles  
out,

So that they hide their feet and other  
bulk,

So upon every side the sinners stood;  
But ever as Barbariccia near them  
came,  
Thus underneath the boiling they  
withdrew.

I saw, and still my heart doth shudder  
at it,  
One waiting thus, even as it comes to  
pass  
One frog remains, and down another  
dives;

And Graffiacan, who most confronted  
him,  
Grappled him by his tresses smeared

with pitch,  
And drew him up, so that he seemed  
an otter.

I knew, before, the names of all of  
them,  
So had I noted them when they were  
chosen,  
And when they called each other,  
listened how.

"O Rubicante, see that thou do lay  
Thy claws upon him, so that thou  
mayst flay him,"  
Cried all together the accursed ones.

And I: "My Master, see to it, if thou  
canst,  
That thou mayst know who is the

luckless wight,  
Thus come into his adversaries'  
hands."

Near to the side of him my Leader  
drew,  
Asked of him whence he was; and he  
replied:  
"I in the kingdom of Navarre was born;

My mother placed me servant to a lord,  
For she had borne me to a ribald  
knave,  
Destroyer of himself and of his things.

Then I domestic was of good King  
Thibault;  
I set me there to practise barratry,  
For which I pay the reckoning in this

heat."

And Ciriatto, from whose mouth  
projected,  
On either side, a tusk, as in a boar,  
Caused him to feel how one of them  
could rip.

Among malicious cats the mouse had  
come;  
But Barbariccia clasped him in his  
arms,  
And said: "Stand ye aside, while I  
enfork him."

And to my Master he turned round his  
head;  
"Ask him again," he said, "if more thou  
wish

To know from him, before some one  
destroy him."

The Guide: "Now tell then of the other  
culprits;

Knowest thou any one who is a Latian,  
Under the pitch?" And he: "I separated

Lately from one who was a neighbour  
to it;

Would that I still were covered up with  
him,

For I should fear not either claw nor  
hook!"

And Libicocco: "We have borne too  
much;"

And with his grapnel seized him by the  
arm,

So that, by rending, he tore off a tendon.

Eke Draghignazzo wished to pounce upon him  
Down at the legs; whence their  
Decurion  
Turned round and round about with evil  
look.

When they again somewhat were  
pacified,  
Of him, who still was looking at his  
wound,  
Demanded my Conductor without stay:

"Who was that one, from whom a  
luckless parting  
Thou sayest thou hast made, to come

ashore?"

And he replied: "It was the Friar  
Gomita,

He of Gallura, vessel of all fraud,  
Who had the enemies of his Lord in  
hand,  
And dealt so with them each exults  
thereat;

Money he took, and let them smoothly  
off,  
As he says; and in other offices  
A barrator was he, not mean but  
sovereign.

Foregathers with him one Don Michael  
Zanche  
Of Logodoro; and of Sardinia



To gossip never do their tongues feel  
tired.

O me! see that one, how he grinds his  
teeth;  
Still farther would I speak, but am  
afraid  
Lest he to scratch my itch be making  
ready."

And the grand Provost, turned to  
Farfarello,  
Who rolled his eyes about as if to  
strike,  
Said: "Stand aside there, thou  
malicious bird."

"If you desire either to see or hear,"  
The terror-stricken recommenced

thereon,  
"Tuscan or Lombards, I will make  
them come.

But let the Malebranche cease a little,  
So that these may not their revenges  
fear,  
And I, down sitting in this very place,  
For one that I am will make seven  
come,  
When I shall whistle, as our custom is  
To do whenever one of us comes out."

Cagnazzo at these words his muzzle  
lifted,  
Shaking his head, and said: "Just hear  
the trick  
Which he has thought of, down to

throw himself!"

Whence he, who snares in great  
abundance had,  
Responded: "I by far too cunning am,  
When I procure for mine a greater  
sadness."

Alichin held not in, but running counter  
Unto the rest, said to him: "If thou dive,  
I will not follow thee upon the gallop,

But I will beat my wings above the  
pitch;  
The height be left, and be the bank a  
shield  
To see if thou alone dost countervail  
us."

O thou who readest, thou shalt hear  
new sport!

Each to the other side his eyes  
averted;

He first, who most reluctant was to do  
it.

The Navarrese selected well his time;  
Planted his feet on land, and in a  
moment

Leaped, and released himself from  
their design.

Whereat each one was suddenly stung  
with shame,

But he most who was cause of the  
defeat;

Therefore he moved, and cried: "Thou  
art o'ertakern."

But little it availed, for wings could not  
Outstrip the fear; the other one went  
under,  
And, flying, upward he his breast  
directed;

Not otherwise the duck upon a sudden  
Dives under, when the falcon is  
approaching,  
And upward he returneth cross and  
weary.

Infuriate at the mockery, Calcabrina  
Flying behind him followed close,  
desirous  
The other should escape, to have a  
quarrel.

And when the barrator had  
disappeared,  
He turned his talons upon his  
companion,  
And grappled with him right above the  
moat.

But sooth the other was a doughty  
sparhawk  
To clapperclaw him well; and both of  
them  
Fell in the middle of the boiling pond.

A sudden intercessor was the heat;  
But ne'ertheless of rising there was  
naught,  
To such degree they had their wings  
belimed.

Lamenting with the others, Barbariccia  
Made four of them fly to the other side  
With all their gaffs, and very speedily

This side and that they to their posts  
descended;

They stretched their hooks towards the  
pitch-ensnared,  
Who were already baked within the  
crust,

And in this manner busied did we leave  
them.

Inferno: Canto XXIII

Silent, alone, and without company  
We went, the one in front, the other  
after,  
As go the Minor Friars along their way.

Upon the fable of Aesop was directed  
My thought, by reason of the present  
quarrel,  
Where he has spoken of the frog and  
mouse;

For 'mo' and 'issa' are not more alike  
Than this one is to that, if well we  
couple  
End and beginning with a steadfast  
mind.

And even as one thought from another  
springs,



So afterward from that was born  
another,  
Which the first fear within me double  
made.

Thus did I ponder: "These on our  
account  
Are laughed to scorn, with injury and  
scoff  
So great, that much I think it must  
annoy them.

If anger be engrafted on ill-will,  
They will come after us more merciless  
Than dog upon the leveret which he  
seizes,"

I felt my hair stand all on end already  
With terror, and stood backwardly

intent,  
When said I: "Master, if thou hidest not  
Thyself and me forthwith, of  
Malebranche  
I am in dread; we have them now  
behind us;  
I so imagine them, I already feel them."

And he: "If I were made of leaded  
glass,  
Thine outward image I should not  
attract  
Sooner to me than I imprint the inner.

Just now thy thoughts came in among  
my own,  
With similar attitude and similar face,  
So that of both one counsel sole I

made.

If peradventure the right bank so slope  
That we to the next Bolgia can  
descend,  
We shall escape from the imagined  
chase."

Not yet he finished rendering such  
opinion,  
When I beheld them come with  
outstretched wings,  
Not far remote, with will to seize upon  
us.

My Leader on a sudden seized me up,  
Even as a mother who by noise is  
wakened,  
And close beside her sees the

enkindled flames,

Who takes her son, and flies, and  
does not stop,  
Having more care of him than of  
herself,  
So that she clothes her only with a  
shift;

And downward from the top of the hard  
bank  
Supine he gave him to the pendent  
rock,  
That one side of the other Bolgia walls.

Ne'er ran so swiftly water through a  
sluice  
To turn the wheel of any land-built mill,  
When nearest to the paddles it

approaches,

As did my Master down along that  
border,

Bearing me with him on his breast  
away,

As his own son, and not as a  
companion.

Hardly the bed of the ravine below

His feet had reached, ere they had  
reached the hill

Right over us; but he was not afraid;

For the high Providence, which had  
ordained

To place them ministers of the fifth  
moat,

The power of thence departing took

from all.

A painted people there below we  
found,  
Who went about with footsteps very  
slow,  
Weeping and in their semblance tired  
and vanquished.

They had on mantles with the hoods  
low down  
Before their eyes, and fashioned of the  
cut  
That in Cologne they for the monks are  
made.

Without, they gilded are so that it  
dazzles;  
But inwardly all leaden and so heavy

That Frederick used to put them on of  
straw.

O everlastingly fatiguing mantle!  
Again we turned us, still to the left  
hand  
Along with them, intent on their sad  
plaint;

But owing to the weight, that weary folk  
Came on so tardily, that we were new  
In company at each motion of the  
haunch.

Whence I unto my Leader: "See thou  
find  
Some one who may by deed or name  
be known,  
And thus in going move thine eye

about."

And one, who understood the Tuscan  
speech,  
Cried to us from behind: "Stay ye your  
feet,  
Ye, who so run athwart the dusky air!

Perhaps thou'lt have from me what  
thou demandest."

Whereat the Leader turned him, and  
said: "Wait,  
And then according to his pace  
proceed."

I stopped, and two beheld I show great  
haste  
Of spirit, in their faces, to be with me;  
But the burden and the narrow way



delayed them.

When they came up, long with an eye  
askance

They scanned me without uttering a  
word.

Then to each other turned, and said  
together:

"He by the action of his throat seems  
living;

And if they dead are, by what privilege  
Go they uncovered by the heavy  
stole?"

Then said to me: "Tuscan, who to the  
college

Of miserable hypocrites art come,  
Do not disdain to tell us who thou art."

And I to them: "Born was I, and grew  
up  
In the great town on the fair river of  
Arno,  
And with the body am I've always had.

But who are ye, in whom there trickles  
down  
Along your cheeks such grief as I  
behold?  
And what pain is upon you, that so  
sparkles?"

And one replied to me: "These orange  
cloaks  
Are made of lead so heavy, that the  
weights  
Cause in this way their balances to

creak.

Frati Gaudenti were we, and  
Bolognese;  
I Catalano, and he Loderingo  
Named, and together taken by thy city,

As the wont is to take one man alone,  
For maintenance of its peace; and we  
were such  
That still it is apparent round  
Gardingo."

"O Friars," began I, "your iniquitous. .  
."

But said no more; for to mine eyes  
there rushed  
One crucified with three stakes on the  
ground.

When me he saw, he writhed himself  
all over,  
Blowing into his beard with  
suspensions;  
And the Friar Catalan, who noticed  
this,

Said to me: "This transfixed one, whom  
thou seest,  
Counselled the Pharisees that it was  
meet  
To put one man to torture for the  
people.

Crosswise and naked is he on the  
path,  
As thou perceivest; and he needs must  
feel,

Whoever passes, first how much he weighs;

And in like mode his father-in-law is punished

Within this moat, and the others of the council,

Which for the Jews was a malignant seed."

And thereupon I saw Virgilius marvel

O'er him who was extended on the cross

So vilely in eternal banishment.

Then he directed to the Friar this voice:

"Be not displeased, if granted thee, to tell us

If to the right hand any pass slope

down

By which we two may issue forth from  
here,  
Without constraining some of the black  
angels  
To come and extricate us from this  
deep."

Then he made answer: "Nearer than  
thou hopest  
There is a rock, that forth from the  
great circle  
Proceeds, and crosses all the cruel  
valleys,

Save that at this 'tis broken, and does  
not bridge it;  
You will be able to mount up the ruin,

That sidelong slopes and at the bottom  
rises."

The Leader stood awhile with head  
bowed down;

Then said: "The business badly he  
recounted

Who grapples with his hook the  
sinners yonder."

And the Friar: "Many of the Devil's  
vices

Once heard I at Bologna, and among  
them,

That he's a liar and the father of lies."

Thereat my Leader with great strides  
went on,

Somewhat disturbed with anger in his

looks;  
Whence from the heavy-laden I  
departed

After the prints of his beloved feet.

Inferno: Canto XXIV

In that part of the youthful year wherein  
The Sun his locks beneath Aquarius  
tempers,  
And now the nights draw near to half  
the day,

What time the hoar-frost copies on the  
ground



The outward semblance of her sister  
white,  
But little lasts the temper of her pen,

The husbandman, whose forage faileth  
him,  
Rises, and looks, and seeth the  
champaign  
All gleaming white, whereat he beats  
his flank,

Returns in doors, and up and down  
laments,  
Like a poor wretch, who knows not  
what to do;  
Then he returns and hope revives  
again,

Seeing the world has changed its

countenance

In little time, and takes his shepherd's  
crook,  
And forth the little lambs to pasture  
drives.

Thus did the Master fill me with alarm,  
When I beheld his forehead so  
disturbed,  
And to the ailment came as soon the  
plaster.

For as we came unto the ruined bridge,  
The Leader turned to me with that  
sweet look  
Which at the mountain's foot I first  
beheld.

His arms he opened, after some

advisement

Within himself elected, looking first  
Well at the ruin, and laid hold of me.

And even as he who acts and  
meditates,  
For aye it seems that he provides  
beforehand,  
So upward lifting me towards the  
summit

Of a huge rock, he scanned another  
crag,  
Saying: "To that one grapple  
afterwards,  
But try first if 'tis such that it will hold  
thee."

This was no way for one clothed with a

cloak;

For hardly we, he light, and I pushed  
upward,  
Were able to ascend from jag to jag.

And had it not been, that upon that  
precinct  
Shorter was the ascent than on the  
other,  
He I know not, but I had been dead  
beat.

But because Malebolge tow'rds the  
mouth  
Of the profoundest well is all inclining,  
The structure of each valley doth  
import

That one bank rises and the other

sinks.

Still we arrived at length upon the point  
Wherefrom the last stone breaks itself  
asunder.

The breath was from my lungs so  
milked away,  
When I was up, that I could go no  
farther,  
Nay, I sat down upon my first arrival.

"Now it behoves thee thus to put off  
sloth,"

My Master said; "for sitting upon down,  
Or under quilt, one cometh not to fame,

Withouten which whoso his life  
consumes

Such vestige leaveth of himself on

earth,  
As smoke in air or in the water foam.

And therefore raise thee up, o'ercome  
the anguish  
With spirit that o'ercometh every battle,  
If with its heavy body it sink not.

A longer stairway it behoves thee  
mount;  
'Tis not enough from these to have  
departed;  
Let it avail thee, if thou understand  
me."

Then I uprose, showing myself  
provided  
Better with breath than I did feel  
myself,

And said: "Go on, for I am strong and bold."

Upward we took our way along the  
crag,  
Which jagged was, and narrow, and  
difficult,  
And more precipitous far than that  
before.

Speaking I went, not to appear  
exhausted;  
Whereat a voice from the next moat  
came forth,  
Not well adapted to articulate words.

I know not what it said, though o'er the  
back  
I now was of the arch that passes

there;

But he seemed moved to anger who  
was speaking.

I was bent downward, but my living  
eyes

Could not attain the bottom, for the  
dark;

Wherefore I: "Master, see that thou  
arrive

At the next round, and let us descend  
the wall;

For as from hence I hear and  
understand not,

So I look down and nothing I  
distinguish."

"Other response," he said, "I make



thee not,  
Except the doing; for the modest  
asking  
Ought to be followed by the deed in  
silence."

We from the bridge descended at its  
head,  
Where it connects itself with the eighth  
bank,  
And then was manifest to me the  
Bolgia;

And I beheld therein a terrible throng  
Of serpents, and of such a monstrous  
kind,  
That the remembrance still congeals  
my blood

Let Libya boast no longer with her  
sand;  
For if Chelydri, Jaculi, and Phareae  
She breeds, with Cenchri and with  
Amphisbaena,

Neither so many plagues nor so  
malignant  
E'er showed she with all Ethiopia,  
Nor with whatever on the Red Sea is!

Among this cruel and most dismal  
throng  
People were running naked and  
affrighted.  
Without the hope of hole or heliotrope.

They had their hands with serpents  
bound behind them;

These riveted upon their reins the tail  
And head, and were in front of them  
entwined.

And lo! at one who was upon our side  
There darted forth a serpent, which  
transfixed him  
There where the neck is knotted to the  
shoulders.

Nor 'O' so quickly e'er, nor 'I' was  
written,  
As he took fire, and burned; and ashes  
wholly  
Behoved it that in falling he became.

And when he on the ground was thus  
destroyed,  
The ashes drew together, and of

themselves

Into himself they instantly returned.

Even thus by the great sages 'tis  
confessed

The phoenix dies, and then is born  
again,

When it approaches its five-hundredth  
year;

On herb or grain it feeds not in its life,  
But only on tears of incense and  
amomum,

And nard and myrrh are its last  
winding-sheet.

And as he is who falls, and knows not  
how,

By force of demons who to earth down

drag him,  
Or other oppilation that binds man,

When he arises and around him looks,  
Wholly bewildered by the mighty  
anguish  
Which he has suffered, and in looking  
sighs;

Such was that sinner after he had  
risen.

Justice of God! O how severe it is,  
That blows like these in vengeance  
poureth down!

The Guide thereafter asked him who  
he was;  
Whence he replied: "I rained from  
Tuscany

A short time since into this cruel gorge.

A bestial life, and not a human,  
pleased me,  
Even as the mule I was; I'm Vanni  
Fucci,  
Beast, and Pistoia was my worthy  
den."

And I unto the Guide: "Tell him to stir  
not,  
And ask what crime has thrust him  
here below,  
For once a man of blood and wrath I  
saw him."

And the sinner, who had heard,  
dissembled not,  
But unto me directed mind and face,

And with a melancholy shame was  
painted.

Then said: "It pains me more that thou  
hast caught me  
Amid this misery where thou seest me,  
Than when I from the other life was  
taken.

What thou demandest I cannot deny;  
So low am I put down because I  
robbed  
The sacristy of the fair ornaments,

And falsely once 'twas laid upon  
another;  
But that thou mayst not such a sight  
enjoy,  
If thou shalt e'er be out of the dark

places,

Thine ears to my announcement open  
and hear:

Pistoia first of Neri groweth meagre;  
Then Florence doth renew her men  
and manners;

Mars draws a vapour up from Val di  
Magra,  
Which is with turbid clouds enveloped  
round,  
And with impetuous and bitter tempest

Over Campo Piceno shall be the battle;  
When it shall suddenly rend the mist  
asunder,  
So that each Bianco shall thereby be  
smitten.



And this I've said that it may give thee pain."

## Inferno: Canto XXV

At the conclusion of his words, the thief  
Lifted his hands aloft with both the figs,  
Crying: "Take that, God, for at thee I  
aim them."

From that time forth the serpents were  
my friends;  
For one entwined itself about his neck  
As if it said: "I will not thou speak  
more;"

And round his arms another, and  
rebound him,  
Clinching itself together so in front,  
That with them he could not a motion  
make.

Pistoia, ah, Pistoia! why resolve not  
To burn thyself to ashes and so perish,  
Since in ill-doing thou thy seed  
excellest?

Through all the sombre circles of this  
Hell,  
Spirit I saw not against God so proud,  
Not he who fell at Thebes down from  
the walls!

He fled away, and spake no further

word;

And I beheld a Centaur full of rage  
Come crying out: "Where is, where is  
the scoffer?"

I do not think Maremma has so many  
Serpents as he had all along his back,  
As far as where our countenance  
begins.

Upon the shoulders, just behind the  
nape,  
With wings wide open was a dragon  
lying,  
And he sets fire to all that he  
encounters.

My Master said: "That one is Cacus,  
who

Beneath the rock upon Mount Aventine  
Created oftentimes a lake of blood.

He goes not on the same road with his  
brothers,  
By reason of the fraudulent theft he  
made  
Of the great herd, which he had near to  
him;

Whereat his tortuous actions ceased  
beneath  
The mace of Hercules, who  
peradventure  
Gave him a hundred, and he felt not  
ten."

While he was speaking thus, he had  
passed by,

And spirits three had underneath us  
come,  
Of which nor I aware was, nor my  
Leader,

Until what time they shouted: "Who are  
you?"  
On which account our story made a  
halt,  
And then we were intent on them  
alone.

I did not know them; but it came to  
pass,  
As it is wont to happen by some  
chance,  
That one to name the other was  
compelled,

Exclaiming: "Where can Cianfa have remained?"

Whence I, so that the Leader might attend,  
Upward from chin to nose my finger laid.

If thou art, Reader, slow now to believe  
What I shall say, it will no marvel be,  
For I who saw it hardly can admit it.

As I was holding raised on them my brows,  
Behold! a serpent with six feet darts forth  
In front of one, and fastens wholly on him.

With middle feet it bound him round

the paunch,  
And with the forward ones his arms it  
seized;  
Then thrust its teeth through one  
cheek and the other;

The hindmost it stretched upon his  
thighs,  
And put its tail through in between the  
two,  
And up behind along the reins  
outspread it.

Ivy was never fastened by its barbs  
Unto a tree so, as this horrible reptile  
Upon the other's limbs entwined its  
own.

Then they stuck close, as if of heated

wax

They had been made, and intermixed  
their colour;

Nor one nor other seemed now what  
he was;

E'en as proceedeth on before the flame  
Upward along the paper a brown  
colour,  
Which is not black as yet, and the  
white dies.

The other two looked on, and each of  
them

Cried out: "O me, Agnello, how thou  
changest!

Behold, thou now art neither two nor  
one."



Already the two heads had one  
become,  
When there appeared to us two figures  
mingled  
Into one face, wherein the two were  
lost.

Of the four lists were fashioned the two  
arms,  
The thighs and legs, the belly and the  
chest  
Members became that never yet were  
seen.

Every original aspect there was  
cancelled;  
Two and yet none did the perverted  
image  
Appear, and such departed with slow

pace.

Even as a lizard, under the great  
scourge

Of days canicular, exchanging hedge,  
Lightning appeareth if the road it cross;

Thus did appear, coming towards the  
bellies

Of the two others, a small fiery  
serpent,

Livid and black as is a peppercorn.

And in that part whereat is first  
received

Our aliment, it one of them transfixed;  
Then downward fell in front of him  
extended.

The one transfixed looked at it, but  
said naught;  
Nay, rather with feet motionless he  
yawned,  
Just as if sleep or fever had assailed  
him.

He at the serpent gazed, and it at him;  
One through the wound, the other  
through the mouth  
Smoked violently, and the smoke  
commingled.

Henceforth be silent Lucan, where he  
mentions  
Wretched Sabellus and Nassidius,  
And wait to hear what now shall be  
shot forth.

Be silent Ovid, of Cadmus and  
Arethusa;  
For if him to a snake, her to fountain,  
Converts he fabling, that I grudge him  
not;

Because two natures never front to  
front  
Has he transmuted, so that both the  
forms  
To interchange their matter ready  
were.

Together they responded in such wise,  
That to a fork the serpent cleft his tail,  
And eke the wounded drew his feet  
together.

The legs together with the thighs

themselves

Adhered so, that in little time the  
junction

No sign whatever made that was  
apparent.

He with the cloven tail assumed the  
figure

The other one was losing, and his skin  
Became elastic, and the other's hard.

I saw the arms draw inward at the  
armpits,

And both feet of the reptile, that were  
short,

Lengthen as much as those contracted  
were.

Thereafter the hind feet, together

twisted,  
Became the member that a man  
conceals,  
And of his own the wretch had two  
created.

While both of them the exhalation veils  
With a new colour, and engenders hair  
On one of them and depilates the  
other,

The one uprose and down the other  
fell,  
Though turning not away their impious  
lamps,  
Underneath which each one his muzzle  
changed.

He who was standing drew it tow'rds

the temples,  
And from excess of matter, which came  
thither,  
Issued the ears from out the hollow  
cheeks;

What did not backward run and was  
retained  
Of that excess made to the face a  
nose,  
And the lips thickened far as was  
befitting.

He who lay prostrate thrusts his  
muzzle forward,  
And backward draws the ears into his  
head,  
In the same manner as the snail its  
horns;

And so the tongue, which was entire  
and apt  
For speech before, is cleft, and the bi-  
forked  
In the other closes up, and the smoke  
ceases.

The soul, which to a reptile had been  
changed,  
Along the valley hissing takes to flight,  
And after him the other speaking  
sputters.

Then did he turn upon him his new  
shoulders,  
And said to the other: "I'll have Buoso  
run,  
Crawling as I have done, along this



road."

In this way I beheld the seventh ballast  
Shift and reshift, and here be my  
excuse

The novelty, if aught my pen  
transgress.

And notwithstanding that mine eyes  
might be

Somewhat bewildered, and my mind  
dismayed,

They could not flee away so secretly

But that I plainly saw Puccio  
Sciancato;

And he it was who sole of three  
companions,

Which came in the beginning, was not

changed;

The other was he whom thou, Gaville,  
weepest.

Inferno: Canto XXVI

Rejoice, O Florence, since thou art so  
great,  
That over sea and land thou beatest  
thy wings,  
And throughout Hell thy name is  
spread abroad!

Among the thieves five citizens of thine  
Like these I found, whence shame

comes unto me,  
And thou thereby to no great honour  
risest.

But if when morn is near our dreams  
are true,  
Feel shalt thou in a little time from now  
What Prato, if none other, craves for  
thee.

And if it now were, it were not too  
soon;  
Would that it were, seeing it needs  
must be,  
For 'twill aggrieve me more the more I  
age.

We went our way, and up along the  
stairs

The bourns had made us to descend  
before,  
Remounted my Conductor and drew  
me.

And following the solitary path  
Among the rocks and ridges of the  
crag,  
The foot without the hand sped not at  
all.

Then sorrowed I, and sorrow now  
again,  
When I direct my mind to what I saw,  
And more my genius curb than I am  
wont,

That it may run not unless virtue guide  
it;

So that if some good star, or better  
thing,  
Have given me good, I may myself not  
grudge it.

As many as the hind (who on the hill  
Rests at the time when he who lights  
the world  
His countenance keeps least  
concealed from us,

While as the fly gives place unto the  
gnat)  
Seeth the glow-worms down along the  
valley,  
Perchance there where he ploughs and  
makes his vintage;

With flames as manifold resplendent all

Was the eighth Bolgia, as I grew  
aware  
As soon as I was where the depth  
appeared.

And such as he who with the bears  
avenged him  
Beheld Elijah's chariot at departing,  
What time the steeds to heaven erect  
uprose,

For with his eye he could not follow it  
So as to see aught else than flame  
alone,  
Even as a little cloud ascending  
upward,

Thus each along the gorge of the  
intrenchment

Was moving; for not one reveals the  
theft,  
And every flame a sinner steals away.

I stood upon the bridge uprisen to see,  
So that, if I had seized not on a rock,  
Down had I fallen without being  
pushed.

And the Leader, who beheld me so  
attent,  
Exclaimed: "Within the fires the spirits  
are;  
Each swathes himself with that  
wherewith he burns."

"My Master," I replied, "by hearing  
thee  
I am more sure; but I surmised already

It might be so, and already wished to  
ask thee

Who is within that fire, which comes so  
cleft

At top, it seems uprising from the pyre  
Where was Eteocles with his brother  
placed."

He answered me: "Within there are  
tormented

Ulysses and Diomed, and thus  
together

They unto vengeance run as unto  
wrath.

And there within their flame do they  
lament

The ambush of the horse, which made



the door

Whence issued forth the Romans'  
gentle seed;

Therein is wept the craft, for which  
being dead

Deidamia still deplores Achilles,  
And pain for the Palladium there is  
borne."

"If they within those sparks possess  
the power

To speak," I said, "thee, Master, much  
I pray,

And re-pray, that the prayer be worth a  
thousand,

That thou make no denial of awaiting  
Until the horned flame shall hither

come;  
Thou seest that with desire I lean  
towards it."

And he to me: "Worthy is thy entreaty  
Of much applause, and therefore I  
accept it;  
But take heed that thy tongue restrain  
itself.

Leave me to speak, because I have  
conceived  
That which thou wishest; for they might  
d disdain  
Perchance, since they were Greeks,  
discourse of thine."

When now the flame had come unto  
that point,

Where to my Leader it seemed time  
and place,  
After this fashion did I hear him speak:

"O ye, who are twofold within one fire,  
If I deserved of you, while I was living,  
If I deserved of you or much or little

When in the world I wrote the lofty  
verses,  
Do not move on, but one of you  
declare  
Whither, being lost, he went away to  
die."

Then of the antique flame the greater  
horn,  
Murmuring, began to wave itself about  
Even as a flame doth which the wind

fatigues.

Thereafterward, the summit to and fro  
Moving as if it were the tongue that  
spake,  
It uttered forth a voice, and said:  
"When I

From Circe had departed, who  
concealed me  
More than a year there near unto  
Gaeta,  
Or ever yet Aeneas named it so,

Nor fondness for my son, nor  
reverence  
For my old father, nor the due affection  
Which joyous should have made  
Penelope,

Could overcome within me the desire  
I had to be experienced of the world,  
And of the vice and virtue of mankind;

But I put forth on the high open sea  
With one sole ship, and that small  
company  
By which I never had deserted been.

Both of the shores I saw as far as  
Spain,  
Far as Morocco, and the isle of  
Sardes,  
And the others which that sea bathes  
round about.

I and my company were old and slow  
When at that narrow passage we

arrived

Where Hercules his landmarks set as  
signals,

That man no farther onward should  
adventure.

On the right hand behind me left I  
Seville,

And on the other already had left  
Ceuta.

'O brothers, who amid a hundred  
thousand

Perils,' I said, 'have come unto the  
West,

To this so inconsiderable vigil

Which is remaining of your senses still  
Be ye unwilling to deny the knowledge,

Following the sun, of the unpeopled  
world.

Consider ye the seed from which ye  
sprang;  
Ye were not made to live like unto  
brutes,  
But for pursuit of virtue and of  
knowledge.'

So eager did I render my companions,  
With this brief exhortation, for the  
voyage,  
That then I hardly could have held  
them back.

And having turned our stern unto the  
morning,  
We of the oars made wings for our

mad flight,  
Evermore gaining on the larboard side.

Already all the stars of the other pole  
The night beheld, and ours so very low  
It did not rise above the ocean floor.

Five times rekindled and as many  
quenched  
Had been the splendour underneath  
the moon,  
Since we had entered into the deep  
pass,

When there appeared to us a  
mountain, dim  
From distance, and it seemed to me so  
high  
As I had never any one beheld.



Joyful were we, and soon it turned to weeping;  
For out of the new land a whirlwind rose,  
And smote upon the fore part of the ship.

Three times it made her whirl with all the waters,  
At the fourth time it made the stern uplift,  
And the prow downward go, as pleased Another,

Until the sea above us closed again."

## Inferno: Canto XXVII

Already was the flame erect and quiet,  
To speak no more, and now departed  
from us

With the permission of the gentle Poet;

When yet another, which behind it  
came,

Caused us to turn our eyes upon its  
top

By a confused sound that issued from  
it.

As the Sicilian bull (that bellowed first  
With the lament of him, and that was  
right,

Who with his file had modulated it)

Bellowed so with the voice of the  
afflicted,  
That, notwithstanding it was made of  
brass,  
Still it appeared with agony transfixed;  
  
Thus, by not having any way or issue  
At first from out the fire, to its own  
language  
Converted were the melancholy words.

But afterwards, when they had  
gathered way  
Up through the point, giving it that  
vibration  
The tongue had given them in their  
passage out,

We heard it said: "O thou, at whom I  
aim  
My voice, and who but now wast  
speaking Lombard,  
Saying, 'Now go thy way, no more I  
urge thee,'

Because I come perchance a little late,  
To stay and speak with me let it not irk  
thee;  
Thou seest it irks not me, and I am  
burning.

If thou but lately into this blind world  
Hast fallen down from that sweet  
Latian land,  
Wherefrom I bring the whole of my  
transgression,

Say, if the Romagnuols have peace or  
war,  
For I was from the mountains there  
between  
Urbino and the yoke whence Tiber  
bursts."

I still was downward bent and listening,  
When my Conductor touched me on  
the side,  
Saying: "Speak thou: this one a Latian  
is."

And I, who had beforehand my reply  
In readiness, forthwith began to speak:  
"O soul, that down below there art  
concealed,

Romagna thine is not and never has

been

Without war in the bosom of its tyrants;  
But open war I none have left there  
now.

Ravenna stands as it long years has  
stood;

The Eagle of Polenta there is brooding,  
So that she covers Cervia with her  
fans.

The city which once made the long  
resistance,

And of the French a sanguinary heap,  
Beneath the Green Paws finds itself  
again;

Verrucchio's ancient Mastiff and the  
new,

Who made such bad disposal of  
Montagna,  
Where they are wont make wimbles of  
their teeth.

The cities of Lamone and Santerno  
Governs the Lioncel of the white lair,  
Who changes sides 'twixt summer-time  
and winter;

And that of which the Savio bathes the  
flank,  
Even as it lies between the plain and  
mountain,  
Lives between tyranny and a free  
state.

Now I entreat thee tell us who thou art;  
Be not more stubborn than the rest

have been,  
So may thy name hold front there in  
the world."

After the fire a little more had roared  
In its own fashion, the sharp point it  
moved  
This way and that, and then gave forth  
such breath:

"If I believed that my reply were made  
To one who to the world would e'er  
return,  
This flame without more flickering  
would stand still;

But inasmuch as never from this depth  
Did any one return, if I hear true,  
Without the fear of infamy I answer,



I was a man of arms, then Cordelier,  
Believing thus begirt to make amends;  
And truly my belief had been fulfilled

But for the High Priest, whom may ill  
betide,  
Who put me back into my former sins;  
And how and wherefore I will have thee  
hear.

While I was still the form of bone and  
pulp  
My mother gave to me, the deeds I did  
Were not those of a lion, but a fox.

The machinations and the covert ways  
I knew them all, and practised so their  
craft,

That to the ends of earth the sound  
went forth.

When now unto that portion of mine  
age  
I saw myself arrived, when each one  
ought  
To lower the sails, and coil away the  
ropes,

That which before had pleased me  
then displeased me;  
And penitent and confessing I  
surrendered,  
Ah woe is me! and it would have  
bestead me;

The Leader of the modern Pharisees  
Having a war near unto Lateran,

And not with Saracens nor with the  
Jews,

For each one of his enemies was  
Christian,  
And none of them had been to conquer  
Acre,  
Nor merchandising in the Sultan's land,  
Nor the high office, nor the sacred  
orders,  
In him regarded, nor in me that cord  
Which used to make those girt with it  
more meagre;

But even as Constantine sought out  
Sylvester  
To cure his leprosy, within Soracte,  
So this one sought me out as an adept

To cure him of the fever of his pride.  
Counsel he asked of me, and I was  
silent,  
Because his words appeared inebriate.

And then he said: 'Be not thy heart  
afraid;  
Henceforth I thee absolve; and thou  
instruct me  
How to raze Palestrina to the ground.

Heaven have I power to lock and to  
unlock,  
As thou dost know; therefore the keys  
are two,  
The which my predecessor held not  
dear.'

Then urged me on his weighty  
arguments  
There, where my silence was the worst  
advice;  
And said I: 'Father, since thou wast  
me

Of that sin into which I now must fall,  
The promise long with the fulfilment  
short  
Will make thee triumph in thy lofty  
seat.'

Francis came afterward, when I was  
dead,  
For me; but one of the black Cherubim  
Said to him: 'Take him not; do me no  
wrong;

He must come down among my  
servitors,  
Because he gave the fraudulent advice  
From which time forth I have been at  
his hair;

For who repents not cannot be  
absolved,  
Nor can one both repent and will at  
once,  
Because of the contradiction which  
consents not.'

O miserable me! how I did shudder  
When he seized on me, saying:  
'Peradventure  
Thou didst not think that I was a  
logician!'

He bore me unto Minos, who entwined  
Eight times his tail about his stubborn  
back,  
And after he had bitten it in great rage,  
Said: 'Of the thievish fire a culprit this;'  
Wherefore, here where thou seest, am  
I lost,  
And vested thus in going I bemoan  
me."

When it had thus completed its recital,  
The flame departed uttering  
lamentations,  
Writhing and flapping its sharp-pointed  
horn.

Onward we passed, both I and my  
Conductor,

Up o'er the crag above another arch,  
Which the moat covers, where is paid  
the fee

By those who, sowing discord, win  
their burden.

## Inferno: Canto XXVIII

Who ever could, e'en with  
untrammelled words,  
Tell of the blood and of the wounds in  
full  
Which now I saw, by many times  
narrating?



Each tongue would for a certainty fall  
short

By reason of our speech and memory,  
That have small room to comprehend  
so much.

If were again assembled all the people  
Which formerly upon the fateful land  
Of Puglia were lamenting for their blood

Shed by the Romans and the lingering  
war

That of the rings made such illustrious  
spoils,

As Livy has recorded, who errs not,

With those who felt the agony of blows  
By making counterstand to Robert  
Guiscard,

And all the rest, whose bones are  
gathered still

At Ceperano, where a renegade  
Was each Apulian, and at Tagliacozzo,  
Where without arms the old Alardo  
conquered,

And one his limb transpierced, and one  
lopped off,  
Should show, it would be nothing to  
compare  
With the disgusting mode of the ninth  
Bolgia.

A cask by losing centre-piece or cant  
Was never shattered so, as I saw one  
Rent from the chin to where one  
breaketh wind.

Between his legs were hanging down  
his entrails;  
His heart was visible, and the dismal  
sack  
That maketh excrement of what is  
eaten.

While I was all absorbed in seeing him,  
He looked at me, and opened with his  
hands  
His bosom, saying: "See now how I  
rend me;

How mutilated, see, is Mahomet;  
In front of me doth Ali weeping go,  
Cleft in the face from forelock unto  
chin;

And all the others whom thou here  
beholdest,  
Disseminators of scandal and of  
schism  
While living were, and therefore are  
cleft thus.

A devil is behind here, who doth cleave  
us  
Thus cruelly, unto the falchion's edge  
Putting again each one of all this ream,  
When we have gone around the doleful  
road;  
By reason that our wounds are closed  
again  
Ere any one in front of him repass.

But who art thou, that musest on the

crag,  
Perchance to postpone going to the  
pain  
That is adjudged upon thine  
accusations?"

"Nor death hath reached him yet, nor  
guilt doth bring him,"  
My Master made reply, "to be  
tormented;  
But to procure him full experience,

Me, who am dead, behoves it to  
conduct him  
Down here through Hell, from circle  
unto circle;  
And this is true as that I speak to  
thee."

More than a hundred were there when  
they heard him,  
Who in the moat stood still to look at  
me,  
Through wonderment oblivious of their  
torture.

"Now say to Fra Dolcino, then, to arm  
him,  
Thou, who perhaps wilt shortly see the  
sun,  
If soon he wish not here to follow me,  
So with provisions, that no stress of  
snow  
May give the victory to the Novarese,  
Which otherwise to gain would not be  
easy."

After one foot to go away he lifted,  
This word did Mahomet say unto me,  
Then to depart upon the ground he  
stretched it.

Another one, who had his throat  
pierced through,  
And nose cut off close underneath the  
brows,  
And had no longer but a single ear,

Staying to look in wonder with the  
others,  
Before the others did his gullet open,  
Which outwardly was red in every part,

And said: "O thou, whom guilt doth not  
condemn,  
And whom I once saw up in Latian

land,  
Unless too great similitude deceive me,  
  
Call to remembrance Pier da Medicina,  
If e'er thou see again the lovely plain  
That from Vercelli slopes to Marcabo,  
  
And make it known to the best two of  
Fano,  
To Messer Guido and Angiolello  
likewise,  
That if foreseeing here be not in vain,  
  
Cast over from their vessel shall they  
be,  
And drowned near unto the Cattolica,  
By the betrayal of a tyrant fell.  
  
Between the isles of Cyprus and



Majorca

Neptune ne'er yet beheld so great a  
crime,

Neither of pirates nor Argolic people.

That traitor, who sees only with one  
eye,

And holds the land, which some one  
here with me

Would fain be fasting from the vision  
of,

Will make them come unto a parley  
with him;

Then will do so, that to Focara's wind

They will not stand in need of vow or  
prayer."

And I to him: "Show to me and declare,

If thou wouldst have me bear up news  
of thee,  
Who is this person of the bitter vision."

Then did he lay his hand upon the jaw  
Of one of his companions, and his  
mouth  
Oped, crying: "This is he, and he  
speaks not.

This one, being banished, every doubt  
submerged  
In Caesar by affirming the forearmed  
Always with detriment allowed delay."

O how bewildered unto me appeared,  
With tongue asunder in his windpipe  
slit,  
Curio, who in speaking was so bold!

And one, who both his hands  
dissevered had,  
The stumps uplifting through the murky  
air,  
So that the blood made horrible his  
face,

Cried out: "Thou shalt remember  
Mosca also,  
Who said, alas! 'A thing done has an  
end!'  
Which was an ill seed for the Tuscan  
people."

"And death unto thy race," thereto I  
added;  
Whence he, accumulating woe on  
woe,

Departed, like a person sad and  
crazed.

But I remained to look upon the crowd;  
And saw a thing which I should be  
afraid,  
Without some further proof, even to  
recount,

If it were not that conscience  
reassures me,  
That good companion which  
emboldens man  
Beneath the hauberk of its feeling  
pure.

I truly saw, and still I seem to see it,  
A trunk without a head walk in like  
manner

As walked the others of the mournful  
herd.

And by the hair it held the head  
dissevered,  
Hung from the hand in fashion of a  
lantern,  
And that upon us gazed and said: "O  
me!"

It of itself made to itself a lamp,  
And they were two in one, and one in  
two;  
How that can be, He knows who so  
ordains it.

When it was come close to the  
bridge's foot,  
It lifted high its arm with all the head,

To bring more closely unto us its words,

Which were: "Behold now the sore penalty,

Thou, who dost breathing go the dead beholding;

Behold if any be as great as this.

And so that thou may carry news of me,

Know that Bertram de Born am I, the same

Who gave to the Young King the evil comfort.

I made the father and the son rebellious;

Achitophel not more with Absalom

And David did with his accursed  
goadings.

Because I parted persons so united,  
Parted do I now bear my brain, alas!  
From its beginning, which is in this  
trunk.

Thus is observed in me the  
counterpoise."

Inferno: Canto XXIV

The many people and the divers  
wounds

These eyes of mine had so inebriated,

That they were wishful to stand still  
and weep;

But said Virgilius: "What dost thou still  
gaze at?

Why is thy sight still riveted down there  
Among the mournful, mutilated  
shades?

Thou hast not done so at the other  
Bolge;

Consider, if to count them thou  
believest,

That two-and-twenty miles the valley  
winds,

And now the moon is underneath our  
feet;

Henceforth the time allotted us is brief,



And more is to be seen than what thou  
seest."

"If thou hadst," I made answer  
thereupon,  
"Attended to the cause for which I  
looked,  
Perhaps a longer stay thou wouldst  
have pardoned."

Meanwhile my Guide departed, and  
behind him  
I went, already making my reply,  
And superadding: "In that cavern  
where

I held mine eyes with such attention  
fixed,  
I think a spirit of my blood laments

The sin which down below there costs  
so much."

Then said the Master: "Be no longer  
broken

Thy thought from this time forward  
upon him;

Attend elsewhere, and there let him  
remain;

For him I saw below the little bridge,  
Pointing at thee, and threatening with  
his finger

Fiercely, and heard him called Geri del  
Bello.

So wholly at that time wast thou  
impeded

By him who formerly held Altaforte,

Thou didst not look that way; so he departed."

"O my Conductor, his own violent death,  
Which is not yet avenged for him," I said,  
"By any who is sharer in the shame,  
Made him disdainful; whence he went away,  
As I imagine, without speaking to me,  
And thereby made me pity him the more."

Thus did we speak as far as the first place  
Upon the crag, which the next valley shows

Down to the bottom, if there were more  
light.

When we were now right over the last  
cloister  
Of Malebolge, so that its lay-brothers  
Could manifest themselves unto our  
sight,

Divers lamentings pierced me through  
and through,  
Which with compassion had their  
arrows barbed,  
Whereat mine ears I covered with my  
hands.

What pain would be, if from the  
hospitals  
Of Valdichiana, 'twixt July and

September,  
And of Maremma and Sardinia

All the diseases in one moat were  
gathered,  
Such was it here, and such a stench  
came from it  
As from putrescent limbs is wont to  
issue.

We had descended on the furthest  
bank  
From the long crag, upon the left hand  
still,  
And then more vivid was my power of  
sight

Down tow'rds the bottom, where the  
ministress

Of the high Lord, Justice infallible,  
Punishes forgers, which she here  
records.

I do not think a sadder sight to see  
Was in Aegina the whole people sick,  
(When was the air so full of pestilence,  
  
The animals, down to the little worm,  
All fell, and afterwards the ancient  
people,  
According as the poets have affirmed,  
  
Were from the seed of ants restored  
again,)  
Than was it to behold through that dark  
valley  
The spirits languishing in divers heaps.

This on the belly, that upon the back  
One of the other lay, and others  
crawling  
Shifted themselves along the dismal  
road.

We step by step went onward without  
speech,  
Gazing upon and listening to the sick  
Who had not strength enough to lift  
their bodies.

I saw two sitting leaned against each  
other,  
As leans in heating platter against  
platter,  
From head to foot bespotted o'er with  
scabs;

And never saw I plied a currycomb  
By stable-boy for whom his master  
waits,

Or him who keeps awake unwillingly,

As every one was plying fast the bite  
Of nails upon himself, for the great  
rage  
Of itching which no other succour had.

And the nails downward with them  
dragged the scab,  
In fashion as a knife the scales of  
bream,  
Or any other fish that has them largest.

"O thou, that with thy fingers dost  
dismail thee,"

Began my Leader unto one of them,



"And makest of them pincers now and then,

Tell me if any Latian is with those  
Who are herein; so may thy nails  
suffice thee  
To all eternity unto this work."

"Latians are we, whom thou so wasted  
seest,  
Both of us here," one weeping made  
reply;  
"But who art thou, that questionest  
about us?"

And said the Guide: "One am I who  
descends  
Down with this living man from cliff to  
cliff,

And I intend to show Hell unto him."

Then broken was their mutual support,  
And trembling each one turned himself  
to me,  
With others who had heard him by  
rebound.

Wholly to me did the good Master  
gather,  
Saying: "Say unto them whate'er thou  
wishest."  
And I began, since he would have it  
so:

"So may your memory not steal away  
In the first world from out the minds of  
men,  
But so may it survive 'neath many

suns,

Say to me who ye are, and of what  
people;

Let not your foul and loathsome  
punishment

Make you afraid to show yourselves to  
me."

"I of Arezzo was," one made reply,

"And Albert of Siena had me burned;

But what I died for does not bring me  
here.

'Tis true I said to him, speaking in jest,

That I could rise by flight into the air,

And he who had conceit, but little wit,

Would have me show to him the art;

and only

Because no Daedalus I made him,  
made me

Be burned by one who held him as his  
son.

But unto the last Bolgia of the ten,  
For alchemy, which in the world I  
practised,  
Minos, who cannot err, has me  
condemned."

And to the Poet said I: "Now was ever  
So vain a people as the Sienese?  
Not for a certainty the French by far."

Whereat the other leper, who had  
heard me,  
Replied unto my speech: "Taking out

Stricca,  
Who knew the art of moderate  
expenses,

And Niccolo, who the luxurious use  
Of cloves discovered earliest of all  
Within that garden where such seed  
takes root;

And taking out the band, among whom  
squandered  
Caccia d'Ascian his vineyards and vast  
woods,  
And where his wit the Abbagliato  
proffered!

But, that thou know who thus doth  
second thee  
Against the Sienese, make sharp thine

eye  
Tow'rds me, so that my face well  
answer thee,

And thou shalt see I am Capocchio's  
shade,  
Who metals falsified by alchemy;  
Thou must remember, if I well descry  
thee,

How I a skilful ape of nature was."

Inferno: Canto XXX

'Twas at the time when Juno was  
enraged,

For Semele, against the Theban blood,  
As she already more than once had  
shown,

So reft of reason Athamas became,  
That, seeing his own wife with children  
twain  
Walking encumbered upon either  
hand,

He cried: "Spread out the nets, that I  
may take  
The lioness and her whelps upon the  
passage;"  
And then extended his unpitying claws,

Seizing the first, who had the name  
Learchus,  
And whirled him round, and dashed

him on a rock;  
And she, with the other burthen,  
drowned herself;--

And at the time when fortune  
downward hurled  
The Trojan's arrogance, that all things  
dared,  
So that the king was with his kingdom  
crushed,

Hecuba sad, disconsolate, and  
captive,  
When lifeless she beheld Polyxena,  
And of her Polydorus on the shore

Of ocean was the dolorous one aware,  
Out of her senses like a dog she  
barked,



So much the anguish had her mind  
distorted;

But not of Thebes the furies nor the  
Trojan

Were ever seen in any one so cruel  
In goading beasts, and much more  
human members,

As I beheld two shadows pale and  
naked,

Who, biting, in the manner ran along  
That a boar does, when from the sty  
turned loose.

One to Capocchio came, and by the  
nape

Seized with its teeth his neck, so that  
in dragging

It made his belly grate the solid  
bottom.

And the Aretine, who trembling had  
remained,  
Said to me: "That mad sprite is Gianni  
Schicchi,  
And raving goes thus harrying other  
people."

"O," said I to him, "so may not the  
other  
Set teeth on thee, let it not weary thee  
To tell us who it is, ere it dart hence."

And he to me: "That is the ancient  
ghost  
Of the nefarious Myrrha, who became  
Beyond all rightful love her father's

lover.

She came to sin with him after this manner,

By counterfeiting of another's form;  
As he who goeth yonder undertook,

That he might gain the lady of the herd,  
To counterfeit in himself Buoso Donati,  
Making a will and giving it due form."

And after the two maniacs had passed  
On whom I held mine eye, I turned it  
back  
To look upon the other evil-born.

I saw one made in fashion of a lute,  
If he had only had the groin cut off  
Just at the point at which a man is

forked.

The heavy dropsy, that so  
disproportions

The limbs with humours, which it ill  
concocts,

That the face corresponds not to the  
belly,

Compelled him so to hold his lips apart

As does the hectic, who because of  
thirst

One tow'rds the chin, the other upward  
turns.

"O ye, who without any torment are,  
And why I know not, in the world of  
woe,"

He said to us, "behold, and be

attentive

Unto the misery of Master Adam;  
I had while living much of what I  
wished,  
And now, alas! a drop of water crave.

The rivulets, that from the verdant hills  
Of Cassentin descend down into Arno,  
Making their channels to be cold and  
moist,

Ever before me stand, and not in vain;  
For far more doth their image dry me  
up  
Than the disease which strips my face  
of flesh.

The rigid justice that chastises me

Draweth occasion from the place in  
which  
I sinned, to put the more my sighs in  
flight.

There is Romena, where I  
counterfeited  
The currency imprinted with the  
Baptist,  
For which I left my body burned above.

But if I here could see the tristful soul  
Of Guido, or Alessandro, or their  
brother,  
For Branda's fount I would not give the  
sight.

One is within already, if the raving  
Shades that are going round about

Speak truth;  
But what avails it me, whose limbs are  
tied?

If I were only still so light, that in  
A hundred years I could advance one  
inch,  
I had already started on the way,

Seeking him out among this squalid  
folk,  
Although the circuit be eleven miles,  
And be not less than half a mile  
across.

For them am I in such a family;  
They did induce me into coining florins,  
Which had three carats of impurity."

And I to him: "Who are the two poor  
wretches  
That smoke like unto a wet hand in  
winter,  
Lying there close upon thy right-hand  
confines?"

"I found them here," replied he, "when I  
rained  
Into this chasm, and since they have  
not turned,  
Nor do I think they will for evermore.

One the false woman is who accused  
Joseph,  
The other the false Sinon, Greek of  
Troy;  
From acute fever they send forth such  
reek."



And one of them, who felt himself  
annoyed  
At being, peradventure, named so  
darkly,  
Smote with the fist upon his hardened  
paunch.

It gave a sound, as if it were a drum;  
And Master Adam smote him in the  
face,  
With arm that did not seem to be less  
hard,

Saying to him: "Although be taken from  
me  
All motion, for my limbs that heavy are,  
I have an arm unfettered for such  
need."

Whereat he answer made: "When thou  
didst go  
Unto the fire, thou hadst it not so  
ready:  
But hadst it so and more when thou  
wast coining."

The dropsical: "Thou sayest true in  
that;  
But thou wast not so true a witness  
there,  
Where thou wast questioned of the  
truth at Troy."

"If I spake false, thou falsifiedst the  
coin,"  
Said Sinon; "and for one fault I am  
here,

And thou for more than any other  
demon."

"Remember, perjurer, about the  
horse,"

He made reply who had the swollen  
belly,

"And rueful be it thee the whole world  
knows it."

"Rueful to thee the thirst be wherewith  
cracks

Thy tongue," the Greek said, "and the  
putrid water

That hedges so thy paunch before  
thine eyes."

Then the false-coiner: "So is gaping  
wide

Thy mouth for speaking evil, as 'tis  
wont;  
Because if I have thirst, and humour  
stuff me

Thou hast the burning and the head  
that aches,  
And to lick up the mirror of Narcissus  
Thou wouldst not want words many to  
invite thee."

In listening to them was I wholly fixed,  
When said the Master to me: "Now just  
look,  
For little wants it that I quarrel with  
thee."

When him I heard in anger speak to  
me,

I turned me round towards him with  
such shame  
That still it eddies through my memory.

And as he is who dreams of his own  
harm,  
Who dreaming wishes it may be a  
dream,  
So that he craves what is, as if it were  
not;

Such I became, not having power to  
speak,  
For to excuse myself I wished, and still  
Excused myself, and did not think I did  
it.

"Less shame doth wash away a  
greater fault,"

The Master said, "than this of thine has  
been;

Therefore thyself disburden of all  
sadness,

And make account that I am aye  
beside thee,

If e'er it come to pass that fortune bring  
thee

Where there are people in a like  
dispute;

For a base wish it is to wish to hear it."

Inferno: Canto XXXI

One and the selfsame tongue first  
wounded me,  
So that it tinged the one cheek and the  
other,  
And then held out to me the medicine;

Thus do I hear that once Achilles'  
spear,  
His and his father's, used to be the  
cause  
First of a sad and then a gracious  
boon.

We turned our backs upon the  
wretched valley,  
Upon the bank that girds it round  
about,  
Going across it without any speech.

There it was less than night, and less  
than day,  
So that my sight went little in advance;  
But I could hear the blare of a loud  
horn,

So loud it would have made each  
thunder faint,  
Which, counter to it following its way,  
Mine eyes directed wholly to one  
place.

After the dolorous discomfiture  
When Charlemagne the holy emprise  
lost,  
So terribly Orlando sounded not.

Short while my head turned thitherward  
I held



When many lofty towers I seemed to  
see,  
Whereat I: "Master, say, what town is  
this?"

And he to me: "Because thou peerest  
forth  
Athwart the darkness at too great a  
distance,  
It happens that thou errest in thy  
fancy.

Well shalt thou see, if thou arrivest  
there,  
How much the sense deceives itself by  
distance;  
Therefore a little faster spur thee on."

Then tenderly he took me by the hand,

And said: "Before we farther have  
advanced,  
That the reality may seem to thee

Less strange, know that these are not  
towers, but giants,  
And they are in the well, around the  
bank,  
From navel downward, one and all of  
them."

As, when the fog is vanishing away,  
Little by little doth the sight refigure  
Whate'er the mist that crowds the air  
conceals,

So, piercing through the dense and  
darksome air,  
More and more near approaching

tow'rd the verge,  
My error fled, and fear came over me;

Because as on its circular parapets  
Montereggione crowns itself with  
towers,  
E'en thus the margin which surrounds  
the well

With one half of their bodies turreted  
The horrible giants, whom Jove  
menaces  
E'en now from out the heavens when  
he thunders.

And I of one already saw the face,  
Shoulders, and breast, and great part  
of the belly,  
And down along his sides both of the

arms.

Certainly Nature, when she left the  
making

Of animals like these, did well indeed,  
By taking such executors from Mars;

And if of elephants and whales she  
doth not

Repent her, whosoever looketh subtly  
More just and more discreet will hold  
her for it;

For where the argument of intellect  
Is added unto evil will and power,  
No rampart can the people make  
against it.

His face appeared to me as long and

large

As is at Rome the pine-cone of Saint  
Peter's,  
And in proportion were the other  
bones;

So that the margin, which an apron  
was  
Down from the middle, showed so  
much of him  
Above it, that to reach up to his hair

Three Frieslanders in vain had vaunted  
them;  
For I beheld thirty great palms of him  
Down from the place where man his  
mantle buckles.

"Raphael mai amech izabi almi,"

Began to clamour the ferocious mouth,  
To which were not befitting sweeter  
psalms.

And unto him my Guide: "Soul idiotic,  
Keep to thy horn, and vent thyself with  
that,  
When wrath or other passion touches  
thee.

Search round thy neck, and thou wilt  
find the belt  
Which keeps it fastened, O bewildered  
soul,  
And see it, where it bars thy mighty  
breast."

Then said to me: "He doth himself  
accuse;

This one is Nimrod, by whose evil  
thought  
One language in the world is not still  
used.

Here let us leave him and not speak in  
vain;  
For even such to him is every  
language  
As his to others, which to none is  
known."

Therefore a longer journey did we  
make,  
Turned to the left, and a crossbow-shot  
oft  
We found another far more fierce and  
large.

In binding him, who might the master  
be  
I cannot say; but he had pinioned  
close  
Behind the right arm, and in front the  
other,

With chains, that held him so begirt  
about  
From the neck down, that on the part  
uncovered  
It wound itself as far as the fifth gyre.

"This proud one wished to make  
experiment  
Of his own power against the Supreme  
Jove,"  
My Leader said, "whence he has such  
a guerdon.



Ephialtes is his name; he showed great prowess.

What time the giants terrified the gods;  
The arms he wielded never more he moves."

And I to him: "If possible, I should wish  
That of the measureless Briareus  
These eyes of mine might have  
experience."

Whence he replied: "Thou shalt behold  
Antaeus  
Close by here, who can speak and is  
unbound,  
Who at the bottom of all crime shall  
place us.

Much farther yon is he whom thou  
wouldst see,  
And he is bound, and fashioned like to  
this one,  
Save that he seems in aspect more  
ferocious."

There never was an earthquake of  
such might  
That it could shake a tower so  
violently,  
As Ephialtes suddenly shook himself.

Then was I more afraid of death than  
ever,  
For nothing more was needful than the  
fear,  
If I had not beheld the manacles.

Then we proceeded farther in advance,  
And to Antaeus came, who, full five ells  
Without the head, forth issued from the  
cavern.

"O thou, who in the valley fortunate,  
Which Scipio the heir of glory made,  
When Hannibal turned back with all his  
hosts,

Once brought'st a thousand lions for  
thy prey,  
And who, hadst thou been at the  
mighty war  
Among thy brothers, some it seems  
still think

The sons of Earth the victory would  
have gained:

Place us below, nor be disdainful of it,  
There where the cold doth lock  
Cocytus up.

Make us not go to Tityus nor  
Typhoeus;  
This one can give of that which here is  
longed for;  
Therefore stoop down, and do not curl  
thy lip.

Still in the world can he restore thy  
fame;  
Because he lives, and still expects long  
life,  
If to itself Grace call him not untimely."

So said the Master; and in haste the  
other

His hands extended and took up my  
Guide,--  
Hands whose great pressure Hercules  
once felt.

Virgilius, when he felt himself  
embraced,  
Said unto me: "Draw nigh, that I may  
take thee;"  
Then of himself and me one bundle  
made.

As seems the Carisenda, to behold  
Beneath the leaning side, when goes a  
cloud  
Above it so that opposite it hangs;

Such did Antaeus seem to me, who  
stood

Watching to see him stoop, and then it  
was  
I could have wished to go some other  
way.

But lightly in the abyss, which swallows  
up  
Judas with Lucifer, he put us down;  
Nor thus bowed downward made he  
there delay,

But, as a mast does in a ship, uprose.

Inferno: Canto XXXII

If I had rhymes both rough and

stridulous,  
As were appropriate to the dismal hole  
Down upon which thrust all the other  
rocks,

I would press out the juice of my  
conception  
More fully; but because I have them  
not,  
Not without fear I bring myself to  
speak;

For 'tis no enterprise to take in jest,  
To sketch the bottom of all the  
universe,  
Nor for a tongue that cries Mamma and  
Babbo.

But may those Ladies help this verse

of mine,  
Who helped Amphion in enclosing  
Thebes,  
That from the fact the word be not  
diverse.

O rabble ill-begotten above all,  
Who're in the place to speak of which  
is hard,  
'Twere better ye had here been sheep  
or goats!

When we were down within the  
darksome well,  
Beneath the giant's feet, but lower far,  
And I was scanning still the lofty wall,

I heard it said to me: "Look how thou  
steppest!



Take heed thou do not trample with thy  
feet  
The heads of the tired, miserable  
brothers!"

Whereat I turned me round, and saw  
before me  
And underfoot a lake, that from the  
frost  
The semblance had of glass, and not  
of water.

So thick a veil ne'er made upon its  
current  
In winter-time Danube in Austria,  
Nor there beneath the frigid sky the  
Don,

As there was here; so that if

Tambornich

Had fallen upon it, or Pietrapana,  
E'en at the edge 'twould not have given  
a creak.

And as to croak the frog doth place  
himself

With muzzle out of water,--when is  
dreaming

Of gleaning oftentimes the peasant-  
girl,--

Livid, as far down as where shame  
appears,

Were the disconsolate shades within  
the ice,

Setting their teeth unto the note of  
storks.

Each one his countenance held  
downward bent;  
From mouth the cold, from eyes the  
doleful heart  
Among them witness of itself procures.

When round about me somewhat I had  
looked,  
I downward turned me, and saw two so  
close,  
The hair upon their heads together  
mingled.

"Ye who so strain your breasts  
together, tell me,"  
I said, "who are you;" and they bent  
their necks,  
And when to me their faces they had  
lifted,

Their eyes, which first were only moist  
within,  
Gushed o'er the eyelids, and the frost  
congealed  
The tears between, and locked them  
up again.

Clamp never bound together wood with  
wood  
So strongly; whereat they, like two he-  
goats,  
Butted together, so much wrath  
o'ercame them.

And one, who had by reason of the  
cold  
Lost both his ears, still with his visage  
downward,

Said: "Why dost thou so mirror thyself  
in us?

If thou desire to know who these two  
are,  
The valley whence Bisenzio descends  
Belonged to them and to their father  
Albert.

They from one body came, and all  
Caina  
Thou shalt search through, and shalt  
not find a shade  
More worthy to be fixed in gelatine;

Not he in whom were broken breast  
and shadow  
At one and the same blow by Arthur's  
hand;

Focaccia not; not he who me  
encumbers

So with his head I see no farther  
forward,  
And bore the name of Sassol  
Mascheroni;  
Well knowest thou who he was, if thou  
art Tuscan.

And that thou put me not to further  
speech,  
Know that I Camicion de' Pazzi was,  
And wait Carlino to exonerate me."

Then I beheld a thousand faces, made  
Purple with cold; whence o'er me  
comes a shudder,  
And evermore will come, at frozen

ponds.

And while we were advancing tow'rds  
the middle,  
Where everything of weight unites  
together,  
And I was shivering in the eternal  
shade,

Whether 'twere will, or destiny, or  
chance,  
I know not; but in walking 'mong the  
heads  
I struck my foot hard in the face of one.

Weeping he growled: "Why dost thou  
trample me?  
Unless thou comest to increase the  
vengeance

of Montaperti, why dost thou molest me?"

And I: "My Master, now wait here for me,  
That I through him may issue from a doubt;  
Then thou mayst hurry me, as thou shalt wish."

The Leader stopped; and to that one I said  
Who was blaspheming vehemently still:  
"Who art thou, that thus reprehendest others?"

"Now who art thou, that goest through Antenora



Smiting," replied he, "other people's  
cheeks,  
So that, if thou wert living, 'twere too  
much?"

"Living I am, and dear to thee it may  
be,"  
Was my response, "if thou demandest  
fame,  
That 'mid the other notes thy name I  
place."

And he to me: "For the reverse I long;  
Take thyself hence, and give me no  
more trouble;  
For ill thou knowest to flatter in this  
hollow."

Then by the scalp behind I seized upon

him,  
And said: "It must needs be thou name  
thyself,  
Or not a hair remain upon thee here."

Whence he to me: "Though thou strip  
off my hair,  
I will not tell thee who I am, nor show  
thee,  
If on my head a thousand times thou  
fall."

I had his hair in hand already twisted,  
And more than one shock of it had  
pulled out,  
He barking, with his eyes held firmly  
down,

When cried another: "What doth ail

thee, Bocca?

Is't not enough to clatter with thy jaws,  
But thou must bark? what devil  
touches thee?"

"Now," said I, "I care not to have thee  
speak,  
Accursed traitor; for unto thy shame  
I will report of thee veracious news."

"Begone," replied he, "and tell what  
thou wilt,  
But be not silent, if thou issue hence,  
Of him who had just now his tongue so  
prompt;

He weepeth here the silver of the  
French;  
'I saw,' thus canst thou phrase it, 'him

of Duera

There where the sinners stand out in  
the cold.'

If thou shouldst questioned be who  
else was there,  
Thou hast beside thee him of Beccaria,  
Of whom the gorget Florence slit  
asunder;

Gianni del Soldanier, I think, may be  
Yonder with Ganellon, and Tebaldello  
Who oped Faenza when the people  
slep."

Already we had gone away from him,  
When I beheld two frozen in one hole,  
So that one head a hood was to the  
other;

And even as bread through hunger is  
devoured,  
The uppermost on the other set his  
teeth,  
There where the brain is to the nape  
united.

Not in another fashion Tydeus gnawed  
The temples of Menalippus in disdain,  
Than that one did the skull and the  
other things.

"O thou, who showest by such bestial  
sign  
Thy hatred against him whom thou art  
eating,  
Tell me the wherefore," said I, "with  
this compact,

That if thou rightfully of him complain,  
In knowing who ye are, and his  
transgression,  
I in the world above repay thee for it,

If that wherewith I speak be not dried  
up."

## Inferno: Canto XXXIII

His mouth uplifted from his grim repast,  
That sinner, wiping it upon the hair  
Of the same head that he behind had  
wasted.

Then he began: "Thou wilt that I renew  
The desperate grief, which wrings my  
heart already  
To think of only, ere I speak of it;

But if my words be seed that may bear  
fruit  
Of infamy to the traitor whom I gnaw,  
Speaking and weeping shalt thou see  
together.

I know not who thou art, nor by what  
mode  
Thou hast come down here; but a  
Florentine  
Thou seemest to me truly, when I hear  
thee.

Thou hast to know I was Count

Ugolino,  
And this one was Ruggieri the  
Archbishop;  
Now I will tell thee why I am such a  
neighbour.

That, by effect of his malicious  
thoughts,  
Trusting in him I was made prisoner,  
And after put to death, I need not say;

But ne'ertheless what thou canst not  
have heard,  
That is to say, how cruel was my  
death,  
Hear shalt thou, and shalt know if he  
has wronged me.

A narrow perforation in the mew,



Which bears because of me the title of  
Famine,  
And in which others still must be  
locked up,

Had shown me through its opening  
many moons  
Already, when I dreamed the evil  
dream  
Which of the future rent for me the veil.

This one appeared to me as lord and  
master,  
Hunting the wolf and whelps upon the  
mountain  
For which the Pisans cannot Lucca  
see.

With sleuth-hounds gaunt, and eager,

and well trained,  
Gualandi with Sismondi and Lanfianchi  
He had sent out before him to the front.

After brief course seemed unto me  
forespent  
The father and the sons, and with  
sharp tushes  
It seemed to me I saw their flanks  
ripped open.

When I before the morrow was awake,  
Moaning amid their sleep I heard my  
sons  
Who with me were, and asking after  
bread.

Cruel indeed art thou, if yet thou grieve  
not,

Thinking of what my heart foreboded  
me,  
And weep'st thou not, what art thou  
wont to weep at?

They were awake now, and the hour  
drew nigh  
At which our food used to be brought  
to us,  
And through his dream was each one  
apprehensive;

And I heard locking up the under door  
Of the horrible tower; whereat without a  
word  
I gazed into the faces of my sons.

I wept not, I within so turned to stone;  
They wept; and darling little Anselm

mine

Said: 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what  
doth ail thee?'

Still not a tear I shed, nor answer  
made

All of that day, nor yet the night  
thereafter,

Until another sun rose on the world.

As now a little glimmer made its way  
Into the dolorous prison, and I saw  
Upon four faces my own very aspect,

Both of my hands in agony I bit;  
And, thinking that I did it from desire  
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,

And said they: 'Father, much less pain

'twill give us

If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe  
us

With this poor flesh, and do thou strip  
it off.'

I calmed me then, not to make them  
more sad.

That day we all were silent, and the  
next.

Ah! obdurate earth, wherefore didst  
thou not open?

When we had come unto the fourth  
day, Gaddo

Threw himself down outstretched  
before my feet,

Saying, 'My father, why dost thou not  
help me?'

And there he died; and, as thou seest  
me,  
I saw the three fall, one by one,  
between  
The fifth day and the sixth; whence I  
betook me,

Already blind, to groping over each,  
And three days called them after they  
were dead;  
Then hunger did what sorrow could not  
do."

When he had said this, with his eyes  
distorted,  
The wretched skull resumed he with  
his teeth,  
Which, as a dog's, upon the bone were

strong.

Ah! Pisa, thou opprobrium of the  
people  
Of the fair land there where the 'Si'  
doth sound,  
Since slow to punish thee thy  
neighbours are,

Let the Capraia and Gorgona move,  
And make a hedge across the mouth  
of Arno  
That every person in thee it may  
drown!

For if Count Ugolino had the fame  
Of having in thy castles thee betrayed,  
Thou shouldst not on such cross have  
put his sons.

Guiltless of any crime, thou modern  
Thebes!

Their youth made Ugucione and  
Brigata,  
And the other two my song doth name  
above!

We passed still farther onward, where  
the ice  
Another people ruggedly enswathes,  
Not downward turned, but all of them  
reversed.

Weeping itself there does not let them  
weep,  
And grief that finds a barrier in the  
eyes  
Turns itself inward to increase the



anguish;

Because the earliest tears a cluster  
form,

And, in the manner of a crystal visor,  
Fill all the cup beneath the eyebrow  
full.

And notwithstanding that, as in a  
callus,

Because of cold all sensibility  
Its station had abandoned in my face,

Still it appeared to me I felt some wind;  
Whence I: "My Master, who sets this  
in motion?

Is not below here every vapour  
quenched?"

Whence he to me: "Full soon shalt  
thou be where  
Thine eye shall answer make to thee of  
this,  
Seeing the cause which raineth down  
the blast."

And one of the wretches of the frozen  
crust  
Cried out to us: "O souls so merciless  
That the last post is given unto you,  
Lift from mine eyes the rigid veils, that I  
May vent the sorrow which impregns  
my heart  
A little, e'er the weeping recongeal."

Whence I to him: "If thou wouldst have  
me help thee

Say who thou wast; and if I free thee  
not,  
May I go to the bottom of the ice."

Then he replied: "I am Friar Alberigo;  
He am I of the fruit of the bad garden,  
Who here a date am getting for my  
fig."

"O," said I to him, "now art thou, too,  
dead?"

And he to me: "How may my body fare  
Up in the world, no knowledge I  
possess.

Such an advantage has this  
Ptolomaea,  
That oftentimes the soul descendeth  
here

Sooner than Atropos in motion sets it.

And, that thou mayest more willingly  
remove

From off my countenance these glassy  
tears,

Know that as soon as any soul betrays

As I have done, his body by a demon  
Is taken from him, who thereafter rules  
it,

Until his time has wholly been  
revolved.

Itself down rushes into such a cistern;  
And still perchance above appears the  
body

Of yonder shade, that winters here  
behind me.

This thou shouldst know, if thou hast  
just come down;  
It is Ser Branca d' Oria, and many  
years  
Have passed away since he was thus  
locked up."

"I think," said I to him, "thou dost  
deceive me;  
For Branca d' Oria is not dead as yet,  
And eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and  
puts on clothes."

"In moat above," said he, "of  
Malebranche,  
There where is boiling the tenacious  
pitch,  
As yet had Michel Zanche not arrived,

When this one left a devil in his stead  
In his own body and one near of kin,  
Who made together with him the  
betrayal.

But hitherward stretch out thy hand  
forthwith,  
Open mine eyes;"--and open them I did  
not,  
And to be rude to him was courtesy.

Ah, Genoese! ye men at variance  
With every virtue, full of every vice  
Wherefore are ye not scattered from  
the world?

For with the vilest spirit of Romagna  
I found of you one such, who for his

deeds

In soul already in Cocytus bathes,

And still above in body seems alive!

Inferno: Canto XXXIV

"Vexilla Regis prodeunt Inferni'

Towards us; therefore look in front of  
thee,"

My Master said, "if thou discernest  
him."

As, when there breathes a heavy fog,  
or when

Our hemisphere is darkening into

night,  
Appears far off a mill the wind is  
turning,

Methought that such a building then I  
saw;  
And, for the wind, I drew myself behind  
My Guide, because there was no other  
shelter.

Now was I, and with fear in verse I put  
it,  
There where the shades were wholly  
covered up,  
And glimmered through like unto  
straws in glass.

Some prone are lying, others stand  
erect,



This with the head, and that one with  
the soles;  
Another, bow-like, face to feet inverts.

When in advance so far we had  
proceeded,  
That it my Master pleased to show to  
me  
The creature who once had the  
beauteous semblance,

He from before me moved and made  
me stop,  
Saying: "Behold Dis, and behold the  
place  
Where thou with fortitude must arm  
thyself."

How frozen I became and powerless

then,  
Ask it not, Reader, for I write it not,  
Because all language would be  
insufficient.

I did not die, and I alive remained not;  
Think for thyself now, hast thou aught  
of wit,  
What I became, being of both  
deprived.

The Emperor of the kingdom dolorous  
From his mid-breast forth issued from  
the ice;  
And better with a giant I compare

Than do the giants with those arms of  
his;  
Consider now how great must be that

whole,  
Which unto such a part conforms itself.

Were he as fair once, as he now is  
foul,  
And lifted up his brow against his  
Maker,  
Well may proceed from him all  
tribulation.

O, what a marvel it appeared to me,  
When I beheld three faces on his  
head!  
The one in front, and that vermilion  
was;

Two were the others, that were joined  
with this  
Above the middle part of either

shoulder,  
And they were joined together at the  
crest;

And the right-hand one seemed 'twixt  
white and yellow;  
The left was such to look upon as  
those  
Who come from where the Nile falls  
valley-ward.

Underneath each came forth two  
mighty wings,  
Such as befitting were so great a bird;  
Sails of the sea I never saw so large.

No feathers had they, but as of a bat  
Their fashion was; and he was waving  
them,

So that three winds proceeded forth  
therefrom.

Thereby Cocytus wholly was  
congealed.

With six eyes did he weep, and down  
three chins

Trickled the tear-drops and the bloody  
drivel.

At every mouth he with his teeth was  
crunching

A sinner, in the manner of a brake,  
So that he three of them tormented  
thus.

To him in front the biting was as  
naught

Unto the clawing, for sometimes the

spine

Utterly stripped of all the skin  
remained.

"That soul up there which has the  
greatest pain,"

The Master said, "is Judas Iscariot;  
With head inside, he plies his legs  
without.

Of the two others, who head downward  
are,

The one who hangs from the black jowl  
is Brutus;

See how he writhes himself, and  
speaks no word.

And the other, who so stalwart seems,  
is Cassius.

But night is reascending, and 'tis time  
That we depart, for we have seen the  
whole."

As seemed him good, I clasped him  
round the neck,  
And he the vantage seized of time and  
place,  
And when the wings were opened wide  
apart,

He laid fast hold upon the shaggy  
sides;  
From fell to fell descended downward  
then  
Between the thick hair and the frozen  
crust.

When we were come to where the

thigh revolves

Exactly on the thickness of the haunch,  
The Guide, with labour and with hard-  
drawn breath,

Turned round his head where he had  
had his legs,  
And grappled to the hair, as one who  
mounts,  
So that to Hell I thought we were  
returning.

"Keep fast thy hold, for by such stairs  
as these,"

The Master said, panting as one  
fatigued,

"Must we perforce depart from so  
much evil."



Then through the opening of a rock he  
issued,  
And down upon the margin seated me;  
Then tow'rds me he outstretched his  
wary step.

I lifted up mine eyes and thought to  
see  
Lucifer in the same way I had left him;  
And I beheld him upward hold his legs.

And if I then became disquieted,  
Let stolid people think who do not see  
What the point is beyond which I had  
passed.

"Rise up," the Master said, "upon thy  
feet;  
The way is long, and difficult the road,

And now the sun to middle-tierce  
returns."

It was not any palace corridor  
There where we were, but dungeon  
natural,  
With floor uneven and unease of light.

"Ere from the abyss I tear myself away,  
My Master," said I when I had arisen,  
"To draw me from an error speak a  
little;

Where is the ice? and how is this one  
fixed  
Thus upside down? and how in such  
short time  
From eve to morn has the sun made  
his transit?"

And he to me: "Thou still imaginest  
Thou art beyond the centre, where I  
grasped  
The hair of the fell worm, who mines  
the world.

That side thou wast, so long as I  
descended;  
When round I turned me, thou didst  
pass the point  
To which things heavy draw from every  
side,

And now beneath the hemisphere art  
come  
Opposite that which overhangs the  
vast  
Dry-land, and 'neath whose cope was

put to death

The Man who without sin was born and  
lived.

Thou hast thy feet upon the little  
sphere

Which makes the other face of the  
Judecca.

Here it is morn when it is evening  
there;

And he who with his hair a stairway  
made us

Still fixed remaineth as he was before.

Upon this side he fell down out of  
heaven;

And all the land, that whilom here  
emerged,

For fear of him made of the sea a veil,  
And came to our hemisphere; and  
peradventure  
To flee from him, what on this side  
appears  
Left the place vacant here, and back  
recoiled."

A place there is below, from Beelzebub  
As far receding as the tomb extends,  
Which not by sight is known, but by  
the sound

Of a small rivulet, that there  
descendeth  
Through chasm within the stone, which  
it has gnawed  
With course that winds about and

slightly falls.

The Guide and I into that hidden road  
Now entered, to return to the bright  
world;

And without care of having any rest

We mounted up, he first and I the  
second,

Till I beheld through a round aperture  
Some of the beauteous things that  
Heaven doth bear;

Thence we came forth to rebehold the  
stars.

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