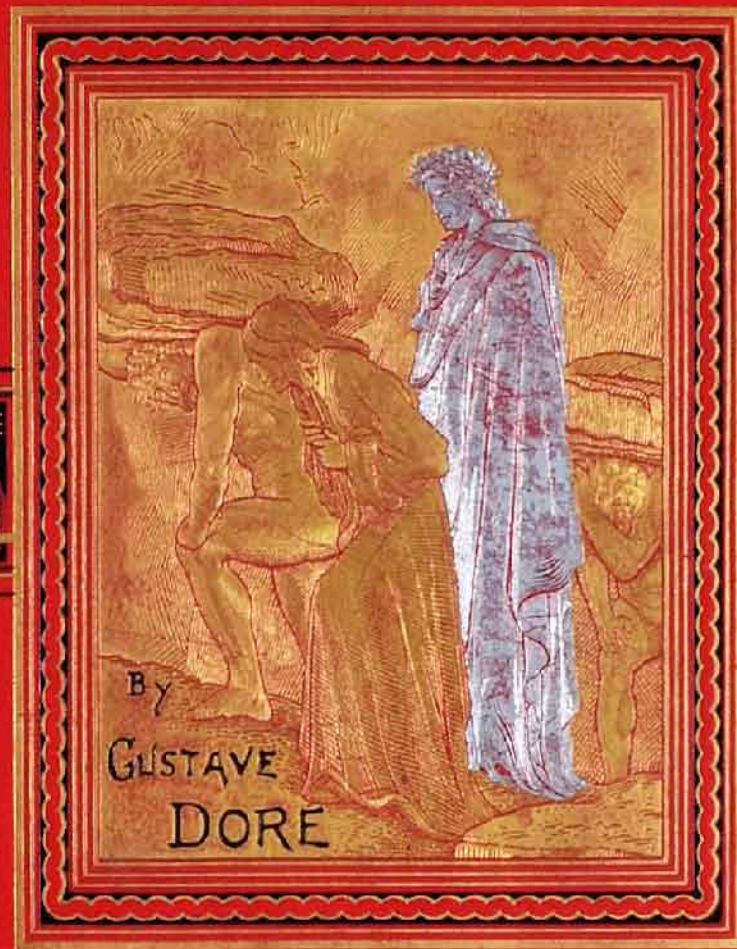


DANTE'S  
PURGATORIO & PARADISO



CARY'S  
ENGLISH TEXT.

PURGATORY AND PARADISE





*THE VISION*

OF

PURGATORY AND PARADISE

BY

DANTE ALIGHIERI

TRANSLATED BY

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AND ILLUSTRATED WITH THE DESIGNS OF

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*New Edition*

*WITH CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES*

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## Purgatory.

### CANTO I.

The Poet describes the delight he experienced at issuing a little before dawn from the infernal regions, into the pure air that surrounds the Isle of Purgatory; and then relates how, turning to the right, he beheld four stars never seen before but by our first parents, and met on his left the shade of Cato of Utica, who, having warned him and Virgil what is needful to be done before they proceed on their way through Purgatory, disappears; and the two Poets go towards the shore, where Virgil cleanses Dante's face with the dew, and girds him with a reed as Cato had commanded . . . . . 1

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# THE VISION OF DANTE.

## Purgatory.

### CANTO I.

#### ARGUMENT.

The Poet describes the delight he experienced at issuing a little before dawn from the infernal regions, into the pure air that surrounds the isle of Purgatory; and then relates how, turning to the right, he beheld four stars never seen before but by our first parents, and met on his left the shade of Cato of Utica, who, having warned him and Virgil what is needful to be done before they proceed on their way through Purgatory, disappears; and the two poets go towards the shore, where Virgil cleanses Dante's face with the dew, and girds him with a reed, as Cato had commanded.

O'ER better waves<sup>1</sup> to speed her rapid course  
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,  
Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind;  
And of that second region will I sing,  
In which the human spirit from sinful blot  
Is purged, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.  
Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train  
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;  
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound  
A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone  
Which when the wretched birds of chattering note<sup>2</sup>  
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.  
Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread  
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,  
High up as the first circle,<sup>3</sup> to mine eyes  
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scaped  
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,

*O'er better waves.*—So Berni, "Orlando Innamorato," lib. ii., c. i.:

"Per correr maggior acqua alza le vele,

O debil navicella del mio ingegno."

<sup>2</sup> *Birds of chattering note.*—For the fable of the daughters of Pierus, who challenged the muses to sing,

and were by them changed into magpies, see Ovid "Metamorphoses," lib. v., fab. 5.

<sup>3</sup> *The first circle.*—Either, as some suppose, the moon; or as Lombardi (who likes to be as far off the rest of the commentators as possible) will have it, the highest circle of the stars.

That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.  
The radiant planet,<sup>1</sup> that to love invites,  
Made all the orient laugh,<sup>2</sup> and veil'd beneath  
The Pisces' light,<sup>3</sup> that in his escort came.

To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind  
On the other pole attentive, where I saw  
Four stars<sup>4</sup> ne'er seen before save by the ken  
Of our first parents.<sup>5</sup> Heaven of their rays  
Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site! bereft  
Indeed, and widow'd, since of these deprived.

As from this view I had desisted, straight  
Turning a little towards the other pole,  
There from whence now the wain<sup>6</sup> had disappear'd,  
I saw an old man<sup>7</sup> standing by my side  
Alone, so worthy of reverence in his look,  
That ne'er from son to father more was owed.  
Low down his beard, and mix'd with hoary white,  
Descended, like his locks, which, parting, fell  
Upon his breast in double fold. The beams  
Of those four luminaries on his face  
So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear  
Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun.

"Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream,  
Forth from the eternal prison-house have fled?"  
He spoke and moved those venerable plumes.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Planet*.—Venus.

<sup>2</sup> *Made all the orient laugh*.—Hence Chaucer, "Knight's Tale."

"And all the orizont laugheth of the sight."

It is sometimes read "orient."

<sup>3</sup> *The Pisces' light*.—The constellation of the Fish veiled by the more luminous body of Venus, then a morning star.

<sup>4</sup> *Four stars*.—Venturi observes that "Dante here speaks as a poet, and almost in the spirit of prophecy; or, what is more likely, describes the heaven about that pole according to his own invention. In our days," he adds, "the cross, composed of four stars, three of the second and one of the third magnitude, serves as a guide to those who sail from Europe to the south; but in the age of Dante these discoveries had not been made;" yet it appears probable, that either from long tradition, or from the relation of later voyagers, the real truth might not have been unknown to our poet. Seneca's prediction of the discovery of America may be accounted for in a similar manner. But whatever may be thought of this, it is certain that the four stars are here symbolical of the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. See canto xxxi., v. 105. M. Artaud mentions a globe constructed by an Arabian in Egypt, with the date of the year 622 of the Hegira, corresponding

to 1225 of our era, in which the southern cross is positively marked. See his "Historie de Dante," chap. xxxi. and xl., 8<sup>o</sup>, Par., 1841.

<sup>5</sup> *Our first parents*.—In the terrestrial paradise, placed, as we shall see, by our poet, on the summit of Purgatory.

<sup>6</sup> *The wain*.—Charles's Wain, or Boötes.

<sup>7</sup> *An old man*.—Cato.

<sup>8</sup> *Secretosque pios; his dantem jura Catonem.*

*Virgil, Æneid, viii. 670.*

The commentators, and Lombardi amongst the rest, might have saved themselves and their readers much needless trouble if they would have consulted the prose writings of Dante with more diligence. In the "Convito," p. 211, he has himself declared his opinion of the illustrious Roman:—"Quale uomo," &c., "What earthly man was more worthy to follow God than Cato? Certainly none." And again, p. 212:—"Nel nome di cui," &c., "In whose name, whatever needs be said concerning the signs of nobility may be concluded; for in him that nobility displays them all throughout all ages."

<sup>9</sup> *Venerable plumes*.—

"Insuperata tuæ quum veniet pluma superbiae."

*Horace, Carm., lib. iv., ode 10.*

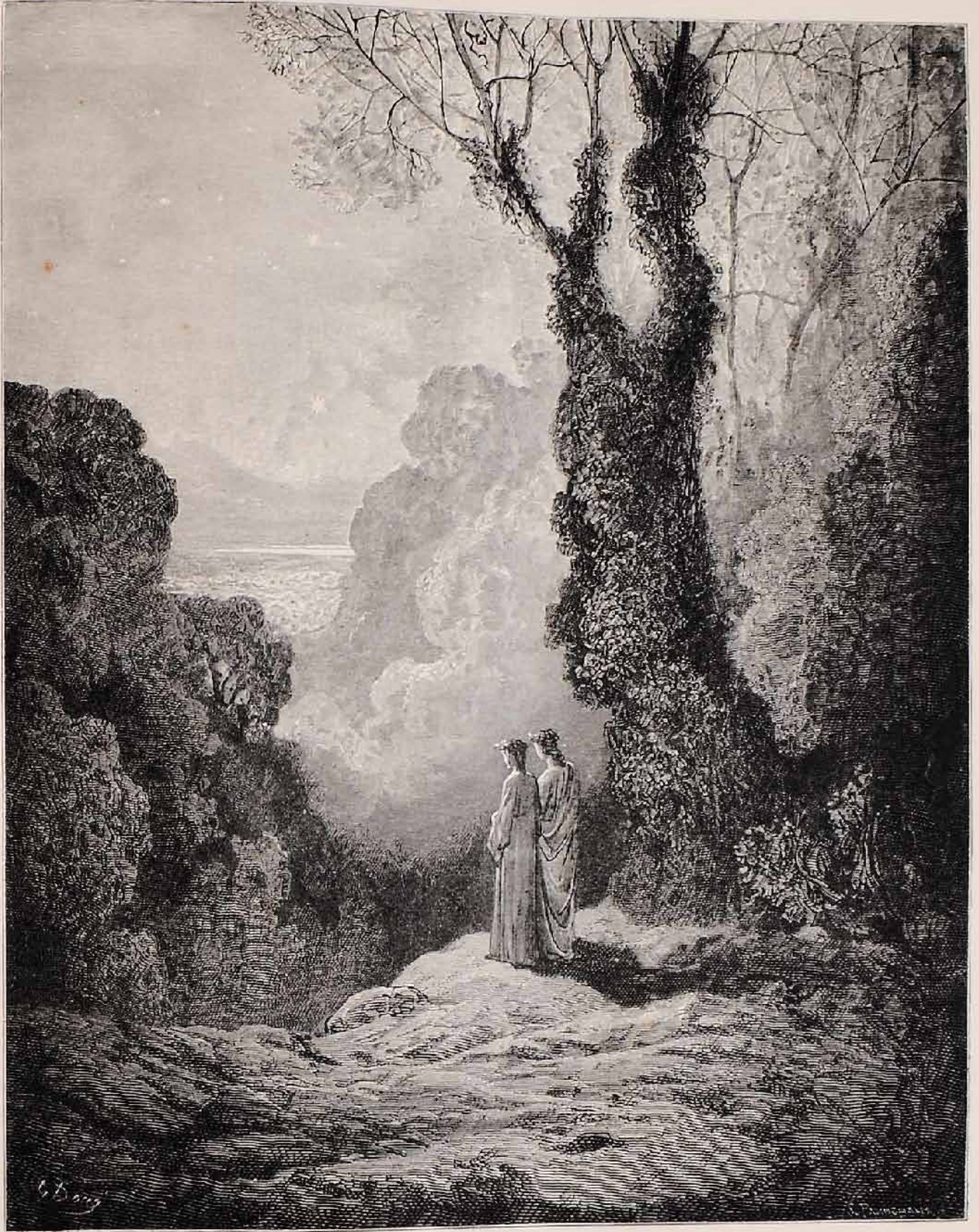
The same metaphor has occurred in "Hell," canto x., v. 41:



1

The radiant planet, that to love invites,  
Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath  
The Pisces' light, that in his escort came.

*Canto I., lines 19-21.*





"Who hath conducted, or with lantern sure  
Lights you emerging from the depth of night,  
That makes the infernal valley ever black?  
Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss  
Broken, or in high heaven new laws ordain'd,  
That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach?"

My guide, then laying hold on me, by words  
And intimations given with hand and head,  
Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay  
Due reverence; then thus to him replied:

"Not of myself I come; a Dame from heaven<sup>1</sup>  
Descending, him besought me in my charge  
To bring. But since thy will implies, that more  
Our true condition I unfold at large,  
Mine is not to deny thee thy request.  
This mortal ne'er hath seen the furthest gloom;<sup>2</sup>  
But erring by his folly had approach'd  
So near, that little space was left to turn.  
Then, as before I told, I was dispatch'd  
To work his rescue; and no way remain'd  
Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd  
Before him all the regions of the bad;  
And purpose now those spirits to display,  
That under thy command are purged from sin.  
How I have brought him would be long to say.  
From high descends the virtue, by whose aid  
I to thy sight and hearing him have led.  
Now may our coming please thee. In the search  
Of liberty he journeys; that how dear,  
They know who for her sake have life refused.  
Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet  
In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds,  
That in the last great day will shine so bright.  
For us the eternal edicts are unmoved:  
He breathes, and I of Minos am not bound,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The plumes,  
That mark'd the better sex."

It is used by Ford in the "Lady's Trial," act iv., sc. 2:

"Now the down  
Of softness is exchanged for plumes of age."

<sup>2</sup> *A Dame from heaven*.—Beatrice. See "Hell," ii. 54.

<sup>3</sup> *The furthest gloom*.—"L'ultima sera." So Ariosto,  
"Orlando Furioso," canto xxxiv., st. 59:

"Che non han visto ancor l'ultima sera."

And "Filicaja," canto ix.:

"Al Sonno. L'ultima sera."

And Mr. Mathias, "Canzone a Guglielmo Roscoe pre-  
messa alla Storia della Poesia Italiana," p. 13:

"Di morte non vedrà l'ultima sera."

<sup>4</sup> *Of Minos am not bound*.—See "Hell," v. 4.

Abiding in that circle, where the eyes  
 Of thy chaste Marcia<sup>1</sup> beam, who still in look  
 Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit! to own her thine.  
 Then by her love we implore thee, let us pass  
 Through thy seven regions;<sup>2</sup> for which, best thanks  
 I for thy favour will to her return,  
 If mention there below thou not disdain."

"Marcia so pleasing in my sight was found,"  
 He then to him rejoin'd, "while I was there,  
 That all she ask'd me I was fain to grant.  
 Now that beyond the accursed stream she dwells,  
 She may no longer move me, by that law,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which was ordain'd me, when I issued thence.  
 Not so, if Dame from heaven, as thou sayst,  
 Moves and directs thee; then no flattery needs.  
 Enough for me that in her name thou ask.  
 Go therefore now; and with a slender reed<sup>4</sup>  
 See that thou duly gird him, and his face  
 Lave, till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence.  
 For not with eye, by any cloud obscured,  
 Would it be seemly before him to come,  
 Who stands the foremost minister in heaven.  
 This islet all around, there far beneath,  
 Where the wave beats it, on the oozy bed  
 Produces store of reeds. No other plant,  
 Cover'd with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk,  
 There lives, not bending to the water's sway.  
 After, this way return not; but the sun  
 Will show you, that now rises, where to take?  
 The mountain in its easiest ascent."

He disappear'd; and I myself upraised

<sup>1</sup> *Marcia*.—

"Da fœdera prisce  
 Illibata tori: da tantum nomen inane  
 Connubii: licet tumulto scripsisse, Catonis  
 Martia."  
*Lucan, Pharsalia, lib. ii. 314.*

Our author's habit of putting an allegorical interpretation on everything—a habit which appears to have descended to that age from certain fathers of the church—is nowhere more apparent than in his explanation of this passage. See "Convito," p. 211: "Marcia fu vergine," &c., "Marcia was a virgin, and in that state she signifies childhood; then she came to Cato, and in that state she represents youth; she then bare children, by whom are represented the virtues that we have said belong to that age." Dante would surely have done well to remember

his own rule laid down in the "De Monarchiâ," lib. iii.: "Advertendum," &c., "Concerning the mystical sense, it must be observed that we may err in two ways, either by seeing it where it is not, or by taking it otherwise than it ought to be taken."

<sup>2</sup> *Through thy seven regions*.—The seven rounds of Purgatory, in which the seven capital sins are punished.

<sup>3</sup> *By that law*.—When he was delivered by Christ from limbo, a change of affections accompanied his change of place.

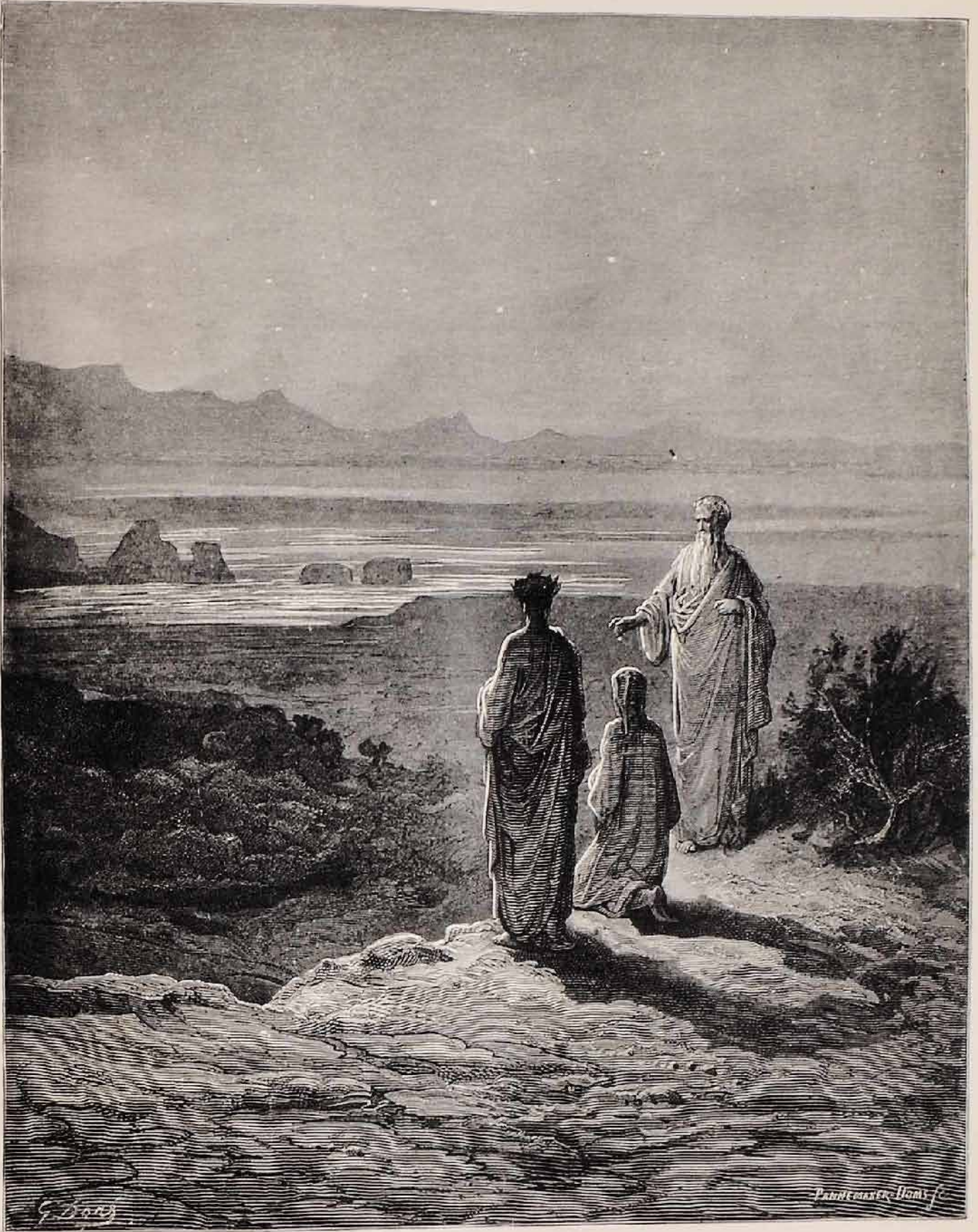
<sup>4</sup> *A slender reed*.—The reed is here supposed, with sufficient probability, to be meant for a type of simplicity and patience.

<sup>5</sup> *Where to take*.—"Prendere il monte," a reading which Lombardi claims for his favourite Nidobeatina edition, is also found in Landino's of 1484.



My guide, then laying hold on me, by words  
And intimations given with hand and head,  
Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay  
Due reverence.

*Canto I, lines 49-52.*



F. D. 1873

PAUL COMTE & DANIEL FE



Speechless, and to my guide retiring close,  
Toward him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began:  
"My son! observant thou my steps pursue.  
We must retreat to rereward; for that way  
The champain to its low extreme declines."

The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime,  
Which fled before it, so that from afar  
I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.<sup>1</sup>

We traversed the deserted plain, as one  
Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step  
Trodden in vain till he regain the path.

When we had come, where yet the tender dew  
Strove with the sun, and in a place where fresh  
The wind breathed o'er it, while it slowly dried;  
Both hands extended on the watery grass  
My master placed, in graceful act and kind.  
Whence I of his intent before apprised,  
Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffused with tears,  
There to my visage he anew restored  
That hue which the dun shades of hell conceal'd.

Then on the solitary shore arrived,  
That never sailing on its waters saw  
Man that could after measure back his course,  
He girt me in such manner as had pleased  
Him who instructed; and, O strange to tell!  
As he selected every humble plant,  
Wherever one was pluck'd another<sup>2</sup> there  
Resembling, straightway in its place arose.

<sup>1</sup> *I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.*—

"Conobbi il tremolar della marina."

So Tressino, in the "Sofonisba:"

"E resta in tremolar l'onda marina."

And Fortiguerra, "Ricciardetto," canto ix., st. 17:

"Visto il tremolar della marina."

<sup>2</sup> *Another.*—From Virgil, "Æneid," lib. vi. 143:

"Primo avulso non deficit alter."

## CANTO II.

### ARGUMENT.

They behold a vessel under conduct of an angel, coming over the waves with spirits to Purgatory, among whom, when the passengers have landed, Dante recognises his friend Casella; but, while they are entertained by him with a song, they hear Cato exclaiming against their negligent loitering, and at that rebuke hasten forwards to the mountain.

NOW had the sun<sup>1</sup> to that horizon reach'd,  
That covers, with the most exalted point  
Of its meridian circle, Salem's walls;  
And night, that opposite to him her orb  
Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth,  
Holding the scales,<sup>2</sup> that from her hands are dropt  
When she reigns highest:<sup>3</sup> so that where I was,  
Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctured cheek  
To orange turn'd<sup>4</sup> as she in age increased.

Meanwhile we linger'd by the water's brink,  
Like men,<sup>5</sup> who, musing on their road, in thought  
Journey, while motionless the body rests.  
When lo! as, near upon the hour of dawn,  
Through the thick vapours<sup>6</sup> Mars with fiery beam  
Glares down in west, over the ocean floor;  
So seem'd, what once again I hope to view,  
A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,  
No winged course might equal its career.  
From which when for a space I had withdrawn

<sup>1</sup> *Now had the sun.*—Dante was now antipodal to Jerusalem; so that while the sun was setting with respect to that place, which he supposes to be the middle of the inhabited earth, to him it was rising. See Routh's "Reliquie Sacre," tom. iii., p. 256. So Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," lib. vi., cap. vi.:

"Questo monte è quello  
Ch' in mezzo il mondo apunto si divisa."

<sup>2</sup> *The scales.*—The constellation Libra.

<sup>3</sup> *When she reigns highest.*—"Quando soverchia" is (according to Venturi, whom I have followed), "when the autumnal equinox is passed." Lombardi supposes it to mean "when the nights begin to increase; that is, after the summer solstice."

<sup>4</sup> *To orange turn'd.*—"L'aurora già di vermiglia cominciava appressandosi il sole a divenir rancia." Boccaccio, "Decameron," Giorn. lii., at the beginning. See notes to "Hell," xxiii. 101.

<sup>5</sup> *Like men.*—

"Che va col cuore e col corpo dimora."

So Frezzi:

"E mentre il corpo posa, col cor varca."

*Il Quadrivoglio*, lib. iv., cap. 8.

<sup>6</sup> *Through the thick vapours.*—So in the "Convito," p. 72: "Esso pare," &c., "He (Mars) appears more or less inflamed with heat, according to the thickness or rarity of the vapours that follow him."



Then when he knew  
The pilot, cried aloud, "Down, down; bend low  
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:  
Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed."

*Canto II., lines 27—30.*





Mine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide,  
 Again I look'd, and saw it grown in size  
 And brightness: then on either side appear'd  
 Something, but what I knew not, of bright hue,  
 And by degrees from underneath it came  
 Another. My preceptor silent yet  
 Stood, while the brightness, that we first discern'd,  
 Open'd the form of wings: then when he knew  
 The pilot, cried aloud, "Down, down; bend low  
 Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:  
 Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed.  
 Lo! how all human means he sets at nought;  
 So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail  
 Except his wings,<sup>1</sup> between such distant shores.  
 Lo! how straight up to heaven he holds them rear'd,  
 Winnowing the air<sup>2</sup> with those eternal plumes,  
 That not like mortal hairs fall off or change."

As more and more toward us came, more bright  
 Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye  
 Endure his splendour near: I mine bent down.  
 He drove ashore in a small bark so swift  
 And light, that in its course no wave it drank  
 The heavenly steersman at the prow was seen,  
 Visibly written Blessed in his looks.  
 Within, a hundred spirits and more there sat.

"In Exitu<sup>3</sup> Israel de Egypto,"  
 All with one voice together sang, with what  
 In the remainder of that hymn is writ.  
 Then soon as with the sign of holy cross  
 He bless'd them, they at once leap'd out on land:  
 He, swiftly as he came, return'd. The crew,  
 There left, appear'd astounded with the place,  
 Gazing around, as one who sees new sights.

From every side the sun darted his beams,  
 And with his arrowy radiance<sup>4</sup> from mid heaven

<sup>1</sup> *Except his wings.*—Hence Milton:

"Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd  
 Wafted by angels."

*Paradise Lost*, b. iii., ver. 521.

<sup>2</sup> *Winnowing the air.*—

"Trattando l'aere con l'eternae penna."

So "Filicaja," canz. viii., st. 14:

"Ma trattar l'aere coll' eterne piume."

<sup>3</sup> *In Exitu.*—"When Israel came out of Egypt." Ps. cxiv.

<sup>4</sup> *With his arrowy radiance.*—So Milton:

"And now when forth the morn:  
 . . . from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot through with orient beams."

*Paradise Lost*, b. vi., ver. 15.

This has been regarded by some critics as a conceit, into

Had chased the Capricorn, when that strange tribe,  
Lifting their eyes toward us: "If ye know,  
Declare what path will lead us to the mount."

Then Virgil answer'd: "Ye suppose, perchance,  
Us well acquainted with this place: but here,  
We, as yourselves, are strangers. Not long erst  
We came, before you but a little space,  
By other road so rough and hard, that now  
The ascent will seem to us as play." The spirits,  
Who from my breathing had perceived I lived,  
Grew pale with wonder. As the multitude  
Flock round a herald sent with olive branch,  
To hear what news he brings, and in their haste  
Tread one another down; e'en so at sight  
Of me those happy spirits were fix'd, each one  
Forgetful of its errand to depart  
Where, cleansed from sin, it might be made all fair.

Then one I saw darting before the rest  
With such fond ardour to embrace me, I  
To do the like was moved. O shadows vain!  
Except in outward semblance: thrice my hands<sup>1</sup>  
I clasp'd behind it, they as oft return'd  
Empty into my breast again. Surprise  
I need must think was painted in my looks,  
For that the shadow smiled and backward drew.  
To follow it I hasten'd, but with voice  
Of sweetness it enjoin'd me to desist.  
Then who it was I knew, and pray'd of it,  
To talk with me it would a little pause.  
It answer'd: "Thee as in my mortal frame  
I loved, so loosed from it I love thee still,  
And therefore pause: but why walkest thou here?"

"Not without purpose once more to return,

which Milton was betrayed by the Italian poets; but it is, in truth, authorised by one of the correctest of the Grecians:

Ὅν αἶψα πρὸ ἐναρξομένης  
τίσσει, κατενέπει τε, φλογίζομενον  
ἄλλου. *Sophocles, Trachin., vs.*

"Ecco dinanzi a te fugge repente  
Saettata la notte"

*Marini, Son. al Sig. Cinthio Aldobrandino.*

<sup>1</sup> *Thrice my hands.—*

"Ter conatus ibi collo bare trachia circum.

Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,  
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno."

*Virgil, Æneid, ii. 794.*

Compare Homer, "Odyssey," xi. 205. The incident in the text is pleasantly alluded to in that delightful book the "Capricci del Botaiolo" of Gelli (Opere, Milan, 1805, v. ii, p. 26), of which there is an English translation entitled "The Fearful Fancies of the Florentine Cooper. Written in Toscane, by John Baptist Gelli, one of the Free Studie of Florence; and for recreation translated into English by W. Barker." 8vo, London, 1590.



The heavenly steersman at the prow was seen  
Visibly written Blessed in his looks.

*Canto 11, lines 42, 43.*



PANNEMAKER-DONES sc.



Thou find'st me, my Casella,<sup>1</sup> where I am,<sup>2</sup>  
 Journeying this way," I said. "But how of thee  
 Hath so much time been lost?"<sup>3</sup> He answer'd straight:  
 "No outrage hath been done to me, if he,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who when and whom he chooses takes, hath oft  
 Denied me passage here; since of just will  
 His will he makes. These three months past<sup>5</sup> indeed,  
 He, whoso chose to enter, with free leave  
 Hath taken; whence I wandering by the shore<sup>6</sup>  
 Where Tiber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind  
 Admittance, at that river's mouth, toward which  
 His wings are pointed; for there always throng  
 All such as not to Acheron descend."

Then I: "If new law taketh not from thee  
 Memory or custom of love-tuned song,  
 That whilom all my cares had power to 'swage;  
 Please thee therewith a little to console  
 My spirit, that encumber'd with its frame,  
 Travelling so far, of pain is overcome."

"Love, that discourses in my thoughts,"<sup>7</sup> he then  
 Began in such soft accents, that within  
 The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide,  
 And all who came with him, so well were pleased,  
 That seem'd nought else might in their thoughts have room.

Fast fix'd in mute attention to his notes  
 We stood, when lo! that old man venerable  
 Exclaiming, "How is this, ye tardy spirits?  
 What negligence detains you loitering here?"

<sup>1</sup> *My Casella*.—A Florentine, celebrated for his skill in music, "in whose company," says Landino, "Dante often recreated his spirits, wearied by severer studies." See Dr. Burney's "History of Music," vol. ii., cap. iv., p. 322. Milton has a fine allusion to this meeting in his sonnet to Henry Lawes:

"Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

<sup>2</sup> *Where I am*.—"La dove io son." Lombardi understands this differently: "Not without purpose to return again to the earth, where I am; that is, where I usually dwell."

<sup>3</sup> *Hath so much time been lost*.—There is some uncertainty in this passage. If we read—

"Ma a te com'era tanta terra tolta?"

with the Nidobatina and Aldine editions, and many MSS., it signifies, "why art thou deprived of so desirable a region as that of Purgatory? why dost thou not hasten to be cleansed of thy sins?" If, with the Academicians della Crusca, we read—

"Diss'io, ma a te come tant'ora è tolta?"

which is not destitute of authority to support it, and which has the advantage over the other, as it marks Dante's speech from Casella's, then it must mean, as I have translated it, "why hast thou lost so much time in arriving here?" Lombardi, who is for the former reading, supposes Casella to be just dead; those who prefer the latter, suppose him to have been dead some years, but now only just arrived.

<sup>4</sup> *He*.—The conducting angel.

<sup>5</sup> *These three months past*.—Since the time of the Jubilee, during which all spirits not condemned to eternal punishment were supposed to pass over to Purgatory as soon as they pleased.

<sup>6</sup> *The shore*.—Ostin.

<sup>7</sup> *Love, that discourses in my thoughts*.—

"Amor che nella mente m'ragiona,"

the first verse of a canzone in the "Convito" of Dante, which he again cites in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. ii., cap. 6.

Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,  
 That from your eyes the sight of God conceal."  
 As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food  
 Collected, blade or tares, without their pride  
 Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort,  
 If aught alarm them, suddenly desert  
 Their meal, assail'd by more important care;  
 So I that new-come troop beheld, the song  
 Deserting, hasten to the mountain's side,  
 As one who goes, yet, where he tends, knows not.<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor with less hurried step did we depart.

<sup>1</sup> *As one who goes, yet, where he tends, knows not.*  
 "Com' uom, che va, nè sa dove riesca."

So Frezzi:

"Come chi va, nè sa dove camina."  
*Il Quadragesimo*, lib. i., cap. 3.



## CANTO III.

### ARGUMENT.

Our Poet, perceiving no shadow except that cast by his own body, is fearful that Virgil has deserted him; but he is freed from that error, and both arrive together at the foot of the mountain. On finding it too steep to climb, they inquire the way from a troop of spirits that are coming towards them, and are by them shown which is the easiest ascent. Manfredi, King of Naples, who is one of these spirits, bids Dante inform his daughter Costanza, Queen of Arragon, of the manner in which he had died.

THEM sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,  
 Turn'd towards the mountain, whither reason's voice  
 Drives us: I, to my faithful company  
 Adhering, left it not. For how, of him  
 Deprived, might I have sped? or who, beside,  
 Would o'er the mountainous tract have led my steps?  
 He, with the bitter pang of self-remorse,  
 Seem'd smitten. O clear conscience, and upright!  
 How doth a little failing wound thee sore.<sup>1</sup>

Soon as his feet desisted (slackening pace)  
 From haste, that mars all decency of act,<sup>2</sup>  
 My mind, that in itself before was wrapt,  
 Its thought expanded, as with joy restored;  
 And full against the steep ascent I set  
 My face, where highest<sup>3</sup> to heaven its top o'erflows.

The sun, that flared behind, with ruddy beam  
 Before my form was broken; for in me  
 His rays resistance met. I turn'd aside  
 With fear of being left, when I beheld  
 Only before myself the ground obscured.

*O clear conscience, and upright!  
 How doth a little failing wound thee sore.—*

"Ch'era al cor picciol fallo amaro morso."

*Tasso, Gerusalemme Liberata, c. x., st. 59.*

<sup>1</sup> *Haste, that mars all decency of act.*—Aristotle, in his "Physiolog," c. iii., reckons it among the *ἀναίδους σημεῖα* ("the signs of an impudent man"), that he is ἐν τοῦ κινήσεων ἄξει ("quick in his motions"). Compare Sophocles, "Electra," 878:

Τὸ κόσμον μετέισα.

"Joy, my dear sister, wings my quick return,  
 And with more speed than decency allows." *Potter.*

<sup>2</sup> *Where highest.*—Lombardi proposes, with some hesitation, a different meaning from that which has hitherto been affixed to the words—

"Che 'nverso 'l ciel più alto si dislaga;"

and would construe them, "that raises itself higher than every other mountain above the sea" ("sopra l'allagamento delle acque del mare"). The conjecture is at least ingenious, and has obtained new force by the arguments of Monti in his "Proposta."

When thus my solace, turning him around,  
 Bespake me kindly: "Why distrustest thou?  
 Believest not I am with thee, thy sure guide?  
 It now is evening there, where buried lies  
 The body in which I cast a shade, removed  
 To Naples<sup>1</sup> from Brundusium's wall. Nor thou  
 Marvel, if before me no shadow fall,  
 More than that in the skyeey element  
 One ray obstructs not other. To endure  
 Torments of heat and cold extreme, like frames  
 That virtue hath disposed, which, how it works,  
 Wills not to us should be reveal'd. Insane,  
 Who hopes our reason may that space explore,  
 Which holds three persons in one substance knit.  
 Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind;  
 Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been  
 For Mary to bring forth. Moreover, ye  
 Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly;<sup>2</sup>  
 To whose desires, repose would have been given,  
 That now but serve them for eternal grief.  
 I speak of Plato, and the Stagirite,  
 And others many more." And then he bent  
 Downwards his forehead, and in troubled mood<sup>3</sup>  
 Broke off his speech. Meanwhile we had arrived  
 Far as the mountain's foot, and there the rock  
 Found of so steep ascent, that nimblest steps  
 To climb it had been vain. The most remote,  
 Most wild, untrodden path, in all the tract  
 'Twixt Lerice and Turbia,<sup>4</sup> were to this  
 A ladder easy and open of access.

"Who knows on which hand now the steep declines?"  
 My master said, and paused; "so that he may  
 Ascend, who journeys without aid of wing?"  
 And while, with looks directed to the ground,  
 The meaning of the pathway he explored,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To Naples.*—Virgil died at Brundisium, from whence his body is said to have been removed to Naples.

<sup>2</sup> *Desiring fruitlessly.*—See "Hell," canto iv. 39.

<sup>3</sup> *In troubled mood.*—Because he himself (Virgil) was amongst the number of spirits who thus desired without hope.

<sup>4</sup> *'Twixt Lerice and Turbia.*—At that time the two extremities of the Genoese republic; the former on the east, the latter on the west. A very ingenious writer has

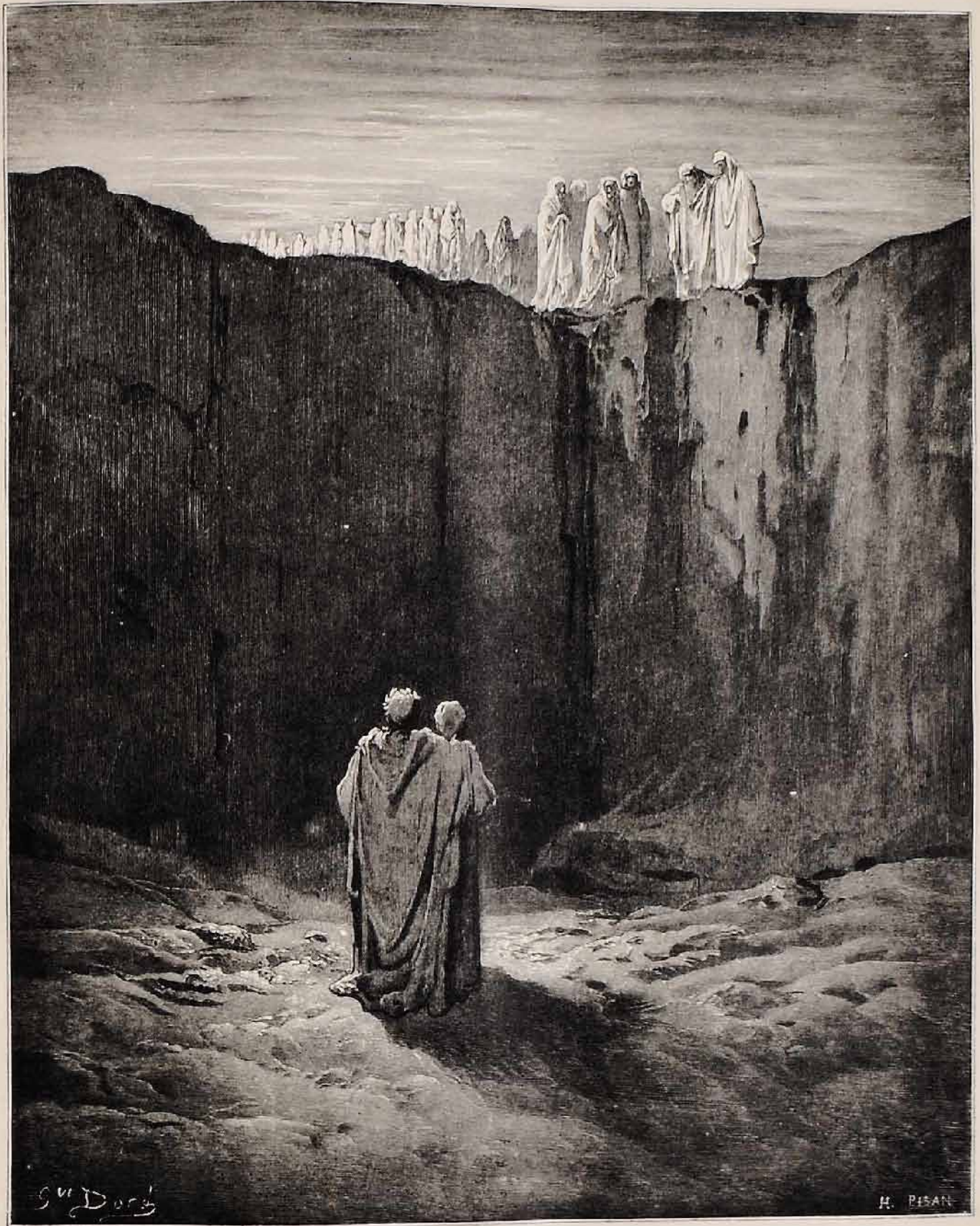
had occasion, for a different purpose, to mention one of these places as remarkably secluded by its mountainous situation. "On an eminence among the mountains, between the two little cities, Nice and Monaco, is the village of Torbia, a name formed from the Greek *τροβία*."—*Milford on the Harmony of Language*, sect. xv., p. 351, 2nd edit.

<sup>5</sup> *The meaning of the pathway he explored.*—Lombardi reads—



And while, with looks directed to the ground,  
The meaning of the pathway he explored,  
And I gazed upward round the stony height;  
On the left hand appear'd to us a troop  
Of spirits, that toward us moved their steps;  
Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd.

*Canto III., lines 54—59.*



St. Doris

H. PISAN



And I gazed upward round the stony height;  
 On the left hand appear'd to us a troop  
 Of spirits, that toward us moved their steps;  
 Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd.

I thus my guide address'd: "Upraise thine eyes:  
 Lo! that way some, of whom thou mayst obtain  
 Counsel, if of thyself thou find'st it not."

Straightway he look'd, and with free speech replied:  
 "Let us tend thither: they but softly come.  
 And thou be firm in hope, my son beloved."

Now was that crowd from us distant as far,  
 (When we some thousand steps,<sup>1</sup> I say, had past,)  
 As at a throw the nervous arm could fling;  
 When all drew backward on the massy crags  
 Of the steep bank, and firmly stood unmoved,  
 As one, who walks in doubt, might stand to look.

"O spirits perfect! O already chosen!"  
 Virgil to them began: "by that blest peace,  
 Which, as I deem, is for you all prepared,  
 Instruct us where the mountain low declines,  
 So that attempt to mount it be not vain.  
 For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

As sheep,<sup>2</sup> that step from forth their fold, by one,  
 Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest  
 Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose  
 To ground, and what the foremost does, that do  
 The others, gathering round her if she stops,  
 Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern;  
 So saw I moving to advance the first,  
 Who of that fortunate crew were at the head,  
 Of modest mien, and graceful in their gait.  
 When they before me had beheld the light  
 From my right side fall broken on the ground,  
 So that the shadow reach'd the cave; they stopp'd,  
 And somewhat back retired: the same did all

"Tenea l viso basso,  
 Esaminando del cammin la mente,"

and explains it, "he bent down his face, his mind being occupied with considering their way to ascend the mountain." I doubt much whether the words can bear that construction.

<sup>1</sup> *When we some thousand steps.*—Mr. Carlyle puts a query to my former translation of this passage. It was certainly erroneous.

<sup>2</sup> *As sheep.*—The imitative nature of these animals supplies our poet with another comparison in his "Convito," p. 34: "Questi sono da chiamare pecore," &c., "These may be called flocks of sheep and not men; for if one sheep should throw himself down a precipice of a thousand feet, all the rest would follow; and if one for any cause in passing a road should leap, all the rest would do the same, though they saw nothing to leap over."

Who follow'd, though unweeting of the cause.

"Unask'd of you, yet freely I confess,  
This is a human body which ye see.  
That the sun's light is broken on the ground,  
Marvel not: but believe, that not without  
Virtue derived from Heaven, we to climb  
Over this wall aspire." So them bespake  
My master; and that virtuous tribe rejoind:  
"Turn, and before you there the entrance lies;"  
Making a signal to us with bent hands.

Then of them one began. "Whoe'er thou art,  
Who journey'st thus this way, thy visage turn;  
Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen."

I towards him turn'd, and with fix'd eye beheld.  
Comely and fair, and gentle of aspect  
He seem'd, but on one brow a gash was mark'd.

When humbly I disclaim'd to have beheld  
Him ever: "Now behold!" he said, and show'd  
High on his breast a wound: then smiling spake.

"I am Manfredi,<sup>1</sup> grandson to the Queen  
Costanza;<sup>2</sup> whence I pray thee, when return'd,  
To my fair daughter<sup>3</sup> go, the parent glad  
Of Aragonia and Sicilia's pride;  
And of the truth inform her, if of me  
Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows  
My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself

<sup>1</sup> *Manfredi*.—King of Naples and Sicily, and the natural son of Frederick II. He was lively and agreeable in his manners, and delighted in poetry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious and ambitious, void of religion, and in his philosophy an Epicurean. See G. Villani, lib. vi., cap. xlvii., and Mr. Mathias's "Tiraboschi," vol. i., p. 99. He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou in 1265, alluded to in canto xxviii. of "Hell," v. 13, or rather in that which ensued in the course of a few days at Benevento. But the successes of Charles were so rapidly followed up, that our author, exact as he generally is, might not have thought it necessary to distinguish them in point of time; for this seems the best method of reconciling some little apparent inconsistency between him and the annalist. "Dying excommunicated. King Charles did not allow of his being buried in sacred ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento; and on his grave there was cast a stone by every one of the army, whence there was formed a great mound of stones. But some have said that afterwards, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cosenza took up his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the church; and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the kingdom and of Campagna. This, however, we do not affirm."—G. Villani, "Hist."

lib. vii., cap. ix. Manfredi and his father are spoken of by our poet in his "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. ii., cap. 12, with singular commendation: "Siquidem illustres," &c., "Those illustrious worthies, Frederick the Emperor, and his well-born son Manfredi, manifested their nobility and uprightness of form, as long as fortune remained, by following pursuits worthy of men, and disdained those which are suited only to brutes. Such, therefore, as were of a lofty spirit, and graced with natural endowments, endeavoured to walk in the track which the majesty of such great princes had marked out for them: so that whatever was in their time attempted by eminent Italians, first made its appearance in the court of crowned sovereigns; and because Sicily was a royal throne, it came to pass that whatever was produced in the vernacular tongue by our predecessors was called Sicilian; which neither we nor our posterity shall be able to change."

<sup>2</sup> *Costanza*.—See "Paradise," canto iii. 121.

<sup>3</sup> *My fair daughter*.—Costanza, the daughter of Manfredi, and wife of Peter III., King of Arragon, by whom she was mother to Frederick, King of Sicily, and James, King of Arragon. With the latter of these she was at Rome 1296. See G. Villani, lib. viii., cap. xviii., and notes to canto vii.



Weeping to him, who of free will forgives.  
 My sins were horrible; but so wide arms  
 Hath goodness infinite, that it receives  
 All who turn to it. Had this text divine  
 Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,  
 Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,  
 Near Benevento, by the heavy mole  
 Protected; but the rain now drenches them,  
 And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,  
 Far as the stream of Verde,<sup>2</sup> where, with lights  
 Extinguish'd, he removed them from their bed.  
 Yet by their curse we are not so destroy'd,  
 But that the eternal love may turn, while hope<sup>3</sup>  
 Retains her verdant blossom. True it is,  
 That such one as in contumacy dies  
 Against the holy church, though he repent,  
 Must wander thirty-fold for all the time  
 In his presumption past; if such decree  
 Be not by prayers of good men shorter made.  
 Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss;  
 Revealing to my good Costanza how  
 Thou hast beheld me, and beside, the terms  
 Laid on me of that interdict; for here  
 By means of those below much profit comes."

<sup>1</sup> *Who then by Clement on my hunt was set*.—Pope Clement IV.

<sup>2</sup> *The stream of Verde*.—A river near Ascoli, that falls into the Tronto. The "extinguished lights" formed part of the ceremony at the interment of one excommunicated:

"Passa la mora di Manfrè, cui lava  
 Il Verde."

*Uberti, Dittamondo*, lib. iii., cap. i., as corrected by Perticari.

<sup>3</sup> *Hope*.—"Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde."  
 So Tasso, "Gierusalemme Liberata," canto xix., st. 53.

"Infìn che verde è fior di speme."

## CANTO IV.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante and Virgil ascend the mountain of Purgatory, by a steep and narrow path pent in on each side by rock, till they reach a part of it that opens into a ledge or cornice. There seating themselves, and turning to the east, Dante wonders at seeing the sun on their left, the cause of which is explained to him by Virgil; and while they continue their discourse, a voice addresses them, at which they turn, and find several spirits behind the rock, and amongst the rest one named Belacqua, who had been known to our Poet on earth, and who tells that he is doomed to linger there on account of his having delayed his repentance to the last.

WHEN<sup>1</sup> by sensations of delight or pain,  
 That any of our faculties hath seized,  
 Entire the soul collects herself, it seems  
 She is intent upon that power alone;  
 And thus the error is disproved, which holds  
 The soul not singly lighted in the breast.  
 And therefore whenas aught is heard or seen,  
 That firmly keeps the soul toward it turn'd,  
 Time passes, and a man perceives it not.  
 For that, whereby we hearken, is one power;  
 Another that, which the whole spirit hath:  
 This is as it were bound, while that is free.

This found I true by proof, hearing that spirit,  
 And wondering; for full fifty steps<sup>2</sup> aloft  
 The sun had measured, unobserved of me,

<sup>1</sup> *When*.—It must be owned the beginning of this canto is somewhat obscure. Vellutello refers, for an elucidation of it, to the reasoning of Statius in the twenty-fifth canto. Perhaps some illustration may be derived from the following passage in the "Summa Theologicæ" of Thomas Aquinas: "Some say that in addition to the vegetable soul, which was present from the first, there supervenes another soul, which is the sensitive; and again, in addition to that, another, which is the intellectual. And so there are in man three souls, one of which exists potentially with regard to another: but this has been already disproved. And accordingly others say that that same soul, which at first was merely vegetative, is, through action of the seminal virtue, carried forward till it reaches to that point in which, being still the same, it nevertheless becomes sensitive; and at length the same, by an ulterior progression, is led on till it becomes intellectual; not, indeed, through the seminal virtue acting in it, but by virtue of a superior agent, that is, God, enlightening it

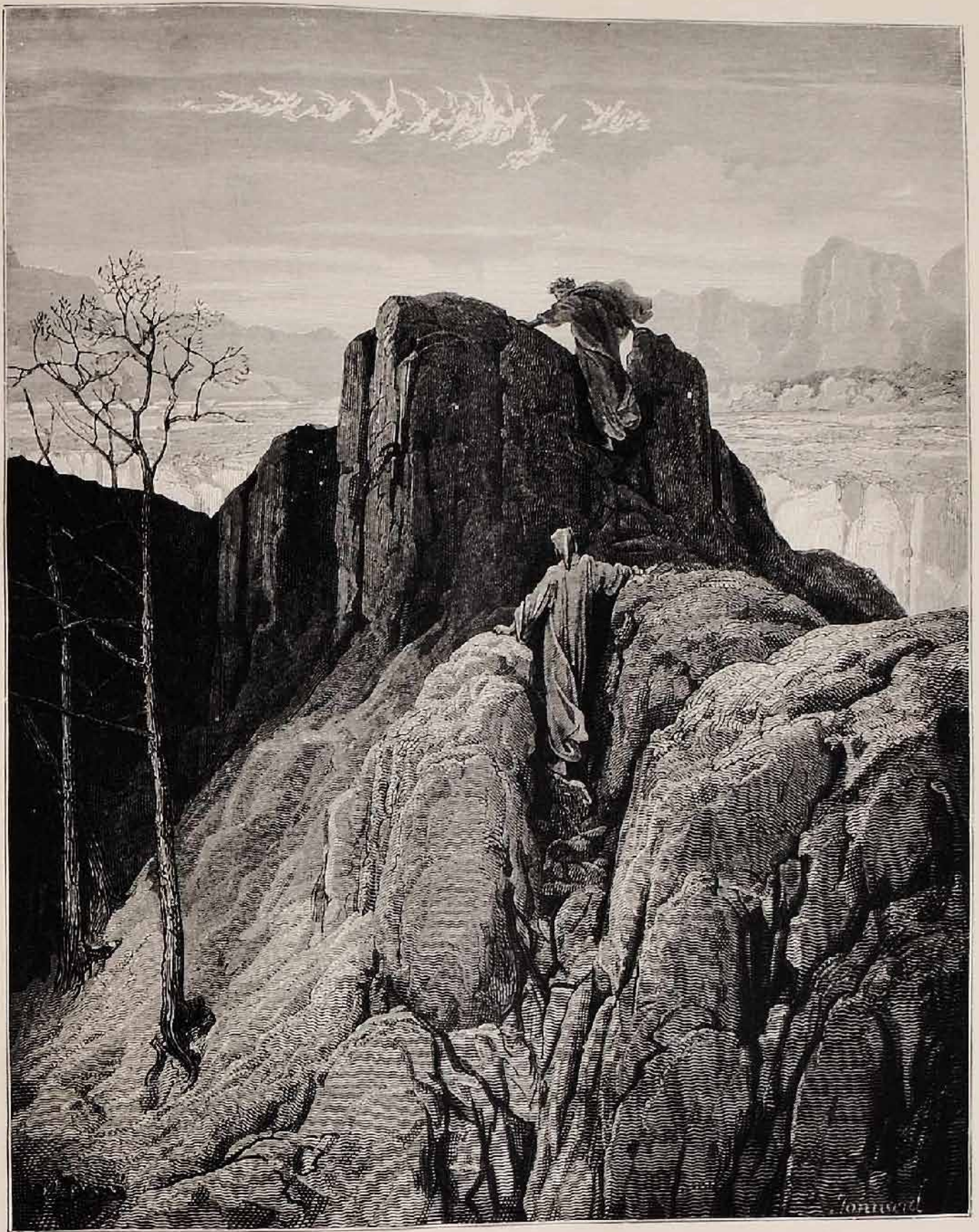
from without." This opinion he next proceeds to confute. "Dicunt ergo quidam quòd supra animam vegetabilem, quæ primo inerat, supervenit alia anima, quæ est sensitiva, supra illam iterum alia quæ est intellectiva. Et sic sunt in homine tres anime, quarum una est in potentia ad aliam, quod supra improbatum est. Et ideo alii dicunt, quòd illa eadem anima, quæ primo fuit vegetativa tantum, postmodum per actionem virtutis, quæ est in semine, perducitur ad hoc, ut ipsa eadem fiat sensitiva; et tandem ipsa eadem perducitur ad hoc, ut ipsa eadem fiat intellectiva, non quidem per virtutem activam seminis, sed per virtutem superioris agentis, scilicet Dei deforis illustrantis."—*Thom. Aquin. Opera*, Edit. Venet., 1595, tom. x., *Summa Theolog.*, 1ma Pars., Quæstio cxviii., Art. ii. See also "Lettere di Fra Guittone," 4to, Roma, 1745, p. 15; and Routh's note on the "Gorgias" of Plato, p. 451.

<sup>2</sup> *Full fifty steps*.—Three hours and twenty minutes, fifteen degrees being reckoned to an hour.



While underneath, the ground  
Ask'd help of hands and feet.

*Canto IV., lines 31, 32.*





When we arrived where all with one accord  
The spirits shouted, "Here is what ye ask."

A larger aperture oft-times is stopt,  
With forked stake of thorn by villager,  
When the ripe grape imbrowns, than was the path  
By which my guide, and I behind him close,  
Ascended solitary, when that troop  
Departing left us. On Sanleo's<sup>1</sup> road  
Who journeys, or to Noli<sup>2</sup> low descends,  
Or mounts Bismantua's<sup>3</sup> height, must use his feet;  
But here a man had need to fly, I mean  
With the swift wing<sup>4</sup> and plumes of high desire,  
Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope,  
And with light furnish'd to direct my way.

We through the broken rock ascended, close  
Pent on each side, while underneath, the ground  
Ask'd help of hands and feet. When we arrived  
Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank.  
Where the plain level open'd, I exclaim'd,  
"O Master! say, which way can we proceed."

He answer'd, "Let no step of thine recede  
Behind me gain the mountain, till to us  
Some practised guide appear." That eminence  
Was lofty, that no eye might reach its point:  
And the side proudly rising, more than line<sup>5</sup>  
From the mid quadrant to the centre drawn.  
I, wearied, thus began: "Parent beloved!  
Turn and behold how I remain alone,  
If thou stay not." "My son!" he straight replied,  
"Thus far put forth thy strength;" and to a track  
Pointed, that, on this side projecting, round  
Circles the hill. His words so spurr'd me on,  
That I, behind him, clambering, forced myself,  
Till my feet press'd the circuit plain beneath.  
There both together seated, turn'd we round  
To eastward, whence was our ascent: and oft  
Many beside have with delight look'd back.

<sup>1</sup> *Sanleo*.—A fortress on the summit of Montefeltro. The situation is described by Troya, "Veltro Allegorico," p. 11. It is a conspicuous object to travellers along the cornice on the riviera di Genoa.

<sup>2</sup> *Noli*.—In the Genuese territory, between Finale and Savona.

<sup>3</sup> *Bismantua*.—A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

<sup>4</sup> *With the swift wing*.—Compare "Paradise," canto xxxiii. 17.

<sup>5</sup> *More than line*.—It was much nearer to being perpendicular than horizontal.

First on the nether shores I turn'd mine eyes,  
 Then raised them to the sun, and wondering mark'd  
 That from the left<sup>1</sup> it smote us. Soon perceived  
 That poet sage, how at the car of light  
 Amazed<sup>2</sup> I stood, where 'twixt us and the north  
 Its course it enter'd. Whence he thus to me:  
 "Were Leda's offspring<sup>3</sup> now in company  
 Of that broad mirror, that high up and low  
 Imparts his light beneath, thou mightst behold  
 The ruddy Zodiac nearer to the Bears  
 Wheel, if its ancient course it not forsook.  
 How that may be, if thou wouldst think; within  
 Pondering, imagine Sion with this mount  
 Placed on the earth, so that to both be one  
 Horizon, and two hemispheres apart,  
 Where lies the path<sup>4</sup> that Phaëton ill knew  
 To guide his erring chariot: thou wilt see<sup>5</sup>  
 How of necessity by this, on one,  
 He passes, while by that on the other side;  
 If with that clear view thine intellect attend."

"Of truth, kind teacher!" I exclaim'd, "so clear  
 Aught saw I never, as I now discern,  
 Where seem'd my ken to fail, that the mid orb<sup>6</sup>  
 Of the supernal motion (which in terms  
 Of art is call'd the Equator, and remains  
 Still 'twixt the sun and winter) for the cause  
 Thou hast assign'd, from hence toward the north  
 Departs, when those, who in the Hebrew land  
 Were dwellers, saw it towards the warmer part.  
 But if it please thee, I would gladly know,

<sup>1</sup> *From the left.*—Vellutello observes an imitation of Lucan in this passage:

"Ignotum vobis, Arabes, venistis in orbem,  
 Umbras mirati nemorum non ire sinistras."

*Pharsalia*, lib. iii. 248.

<sup>2</sup> *Amazed.*—He wonders that being turned to the east he should see the sun on his left, since in all the regions on this side of the tropic of Cancer it is seen on the right of one who turns his face towards the east; not recollecting that he was now antipodal to Europe, from whence he had seen the sun taking an opposite course.

<sup>3</sup> *Were Leda's offspring.*—"As the constellation of the Gemini is nearer the Bears than Aries is, it is certain that if the sun, instead of being in Aries, had been in Gemini, both the sun and that portion of the Zodiac made 'ruddy'

by the sun, would have been seen to 'wheel nearer to the Bears.' By the 'ruddy Zodiac' must necessarily be understood that portion of the Zodiac affected or made red by the sun; for the whole of the Zodiac never changes, nor appears to change, with respect to the remainder of the heavens."—*Lombardi*.

<sup>4</sup> *The path.*—The ecliptic.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou wilt see.*—"If you consider that this mountain of Purgatory, and that of Sion, are antipodal to each other, you will perceive that the sun must rise on opposite sides of the respective eminences."

<sup>6</sup> *That the mid orb.*—"That the equator (which is always situated between that part where, when the sun is, he causes summer, and the other where his absence produces winter) recedes from this mountain towards the north, at the time when the Jews inhabiting Mount Sion saw it depart towards the south."—*Lombardi*.



How far we have to journey: for the hill  
Mounts higher, than this sight of mine can mount."

He thus to me: "Such is this steep ascent,  
That it is ever difficult at first,  
But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.<sup>1</sup>  
When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much  
That upward going shall be easy to thee  
As in a vessel to go down the tide,  
Then of this path thou wilt have reach'd the end.  
There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No more  
I answer, and thus far for certain know."

As he his words had spoken, near to us  
A voice there sounded: "Yet ye first perchance  
May to repose you by constraint be led."  
At sound thereof each turn'd; and on the left  
A huge stone we beheld, of which nor I  
Nor he before was ware. Thither we drew;  
And there were some, who in the shady place  
Behind the rock were standing, as a man  
Through idleness might stand. Among them one,  
Who seem'd to be much wearied, sat him down,  
And with his arms did fold his knees about,  
Holding his face between them downward bent.

"Sweet Sir!" I cried, "behold that man who shows  
Himself more idle than if laziness  
Were sister to him." Straight he turn'd to us,  
And, o'er the thigh lifting his face, observed,  
Then in these accents spake: "Up then, proceed,  
Thou valiant one." Straight who it was I knew;  
Nor could the pain I felt (for want of breath  
Still somewhat urged me) hinder my approach.  
And when I came to him, he scarce his head  
Uplifted, saying, "Well hast thou discern'd,  
How from the left the sun his chariot leads."

His lazy acts and broken words my lips  
To laughter somewhat moved; when I began:  
"Belacqua," now for thee I grieve no more.

<sup>1</sup> *But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.*—Because in ascending he gets rid of the weight of his sins.

<sup>2</sup> *Belacqua.*—Concerning this man, the commentators afford no information, except that in the margin of the Monte Casino MS. there is found this brief notice of him: "Iste Belacqua fuit optimus magister cithararum,

et leutorum, et pigrissimus homo in operibus mundi sicut in operibus animæ" ("This Belacqua was an excellent master of the harp and lute, but very negligent in his affairs, both spiritual and temporal").—*Lettera di Eustazio Diaconico ad Angelio Sidicino*, 410, Roma, 1801.

But tell, why thou art seated upright there.  
 Waitest thou escort to conduct thee hence?  
 Or blame I only thine accustom'd ways?"  
 Then he: "My brother! of what use to mount,  
 When, to my suffering, would not let me pass  
 The bird of God,<sup>1</sup> who at the portal sits?  
 Behoves so long that heaven first bear me round  
 Without its limits, as in life it bore;  
 Because I, to the end, repentant sighs  
 Delay'd; if prayer do not aid me first,  
 That riseth up from heart which lives in grace.  
 What other kind avails, not heard in heaven?"

Before me now the poet, up the mount  
 Ascending, cried: "Haste thee: for see the sun  
 Has touch'd the point meridian; and the night  
 Now covers with her foot Marocco's shore."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The bird of God.*—Here are two other readings, "Uscier" and "Angel" ("Usher" and "Angel") of God.

<sup>2</sup> *Marocco's shore.*—"Cuopre la notte già col piè Marocco." Hence, perhaps, Milton:

"Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond."  
*Paradise Lost*, b. i. 384.

Instead of Morocco, as he elsewhere calls it:

"Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen."

*Paradise Lost*, b. xi. 404.

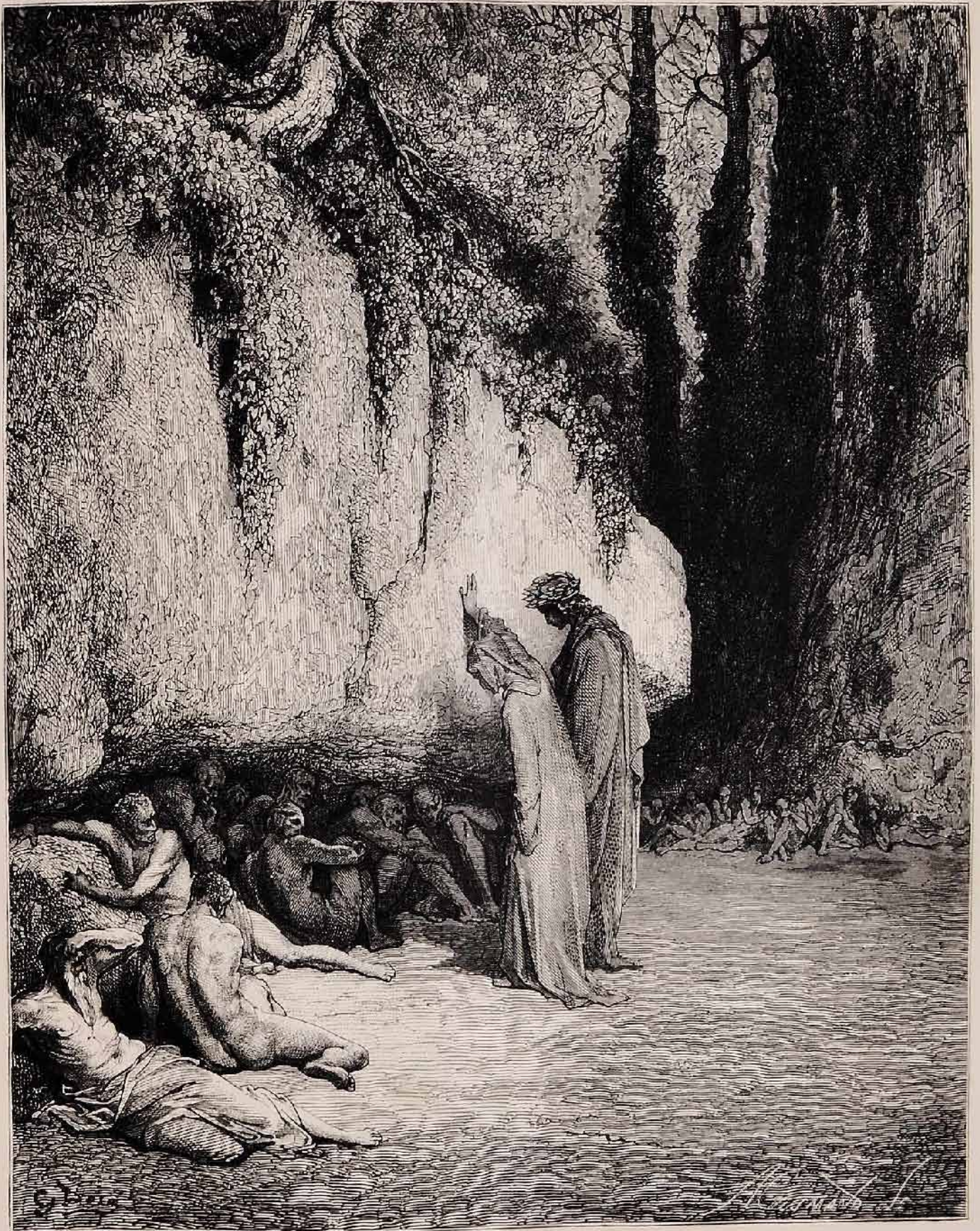
If the vowels were to change places, the verse would in both instances be spoiled.



And there were some, who in the shady place  
Behind the rock were standing, as a man  
Through idleness might stand.

*Canto IV, lines 100—102*







## CANTO V.

### ARGUMENT.

They meet with others, who had deferred their repentance till they were overtaken by a violent death, when sufficient space being allowed them, they were then saved; and amongst these *Giacopo del Cassero*, *Buonconte da Montefeltro*, and *Pia*, a lady of *Sienna*.

NOW had I left those spirits, and pursued  
The steps of my conductor; when behind,  
Pointing the finger at me, one exclaim'd:  
"See, how it seems as if the light not shone  
From the left hand<sup>1</sup> of him beneath,<sup>2</sup> and he,  
As living, seems to be led on." Mine eyes  
I at that sound reverting, saw them gaze,  
Through wonder, first at me; and then at me  
And the light broken underneath, by turns.  
"Why are thy thoughts thus riveted," my guide  
Exclaim'd, "that thou hast slack'd thy pace? or how  
Imports it thee, what thing is whisper'd here?  
Come after me, and to their babblings leave  
The crowd. Be as a tower,<sup>3</sup> that, firmly set,  
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows.  
He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,  
Still of his aim is wide, in that the one  
Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strength."  
What other could I answer, save "I come?"  
I said it, somewhat with that colour tinged,  
Which oft-times pardon meriteth for man.  
Meanwhile traverse along the hill there came,

<sup>1</sup> See, how it seems as if the light not shone from the left hand.—The sun was, therefore, on the right of our travellers. For, as before, when seated and looking to the east from whence they had ascended, the sun was on their left, so now that they have risen and are again going forward, it must be on the opposite side of them.

<sup>2</sup> Of him beneath.—Of Dante, who was following Virgil

up the mountain, and, therefore, was the lower of the two.

<sup>3</sup> Be as a tower.—"Sta come torre ferma." So Berni, "*Orlando Innamorato*," lib. i., canto xvi., st. 48:

"In quei due piedi sta fermo il gigante

Com' una torre in mezzo d'un castello."

And Milton, "*Paradise Lost*," b. i. 591: "Stood like a tower."

A little way before us, some who sang  
 The "Miserere" in responsive strains.  
 When they perceived that through my body I  
 Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song  
 Straight to a long and hoarse exclaim they changed;  
 And two of them, in guise of messengers,  
 Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd:  
 "Of your condition we would gladly learn."

To them my guide. "Ye may return, and bear  
 Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame  
 Is real flesh. If, as I deem, to view  
 His shade they paused, enough is answer'd them:  
 Him let them honour: they may prize him well."

Ne'er saw I fiery vapours<sup>1</sup> with such speed  
 Cut through the serene air at fall of night,  
 Nor August's clouds athwart the setting sun,  
 That upward these did not in shorter space  
 Return; and, there arriving, with the rest  
 Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop.

"Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, who throng  
 Around us: to petition thee they come.  
 Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st."

"O spirit! who go'st on to blessedness,  
 With the same limbs that clad thee at thy birth,  
 Shouting they came: "a little rest thy step.  
 Look if thou any one amongst our tribe  
 Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou mayst report. Ah, wherefore go'st thou on?  
 Ah, wherefore tarriest thou not? We all  
 By violence died, and to our latest hour  
 Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from heaven;  
 So that, repenting and forgiving, we  
 Did issue out of life at peace with God,  
 Who, with desire to see him, fills our heart."

Then I: "The visages of all I scan,  
 Yet none of ye remember. But if aught

<sup>1</sup> *Ne'er saw I fiery vapours.* — Imitated by Tasso,  
 "Gierusalemme Liberata," canto xix., st. 62:

"Tal suol fendendo liquido sereno  
 Stella cader della gran madre in seno."

And by Milton, "Paradise Lost," b. iv. 558;

"Swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
 Impress the air,"

Compare Statius, "Thebais," i. 92: "Illicet igne Jovis  
 lapsisque citatior astris."

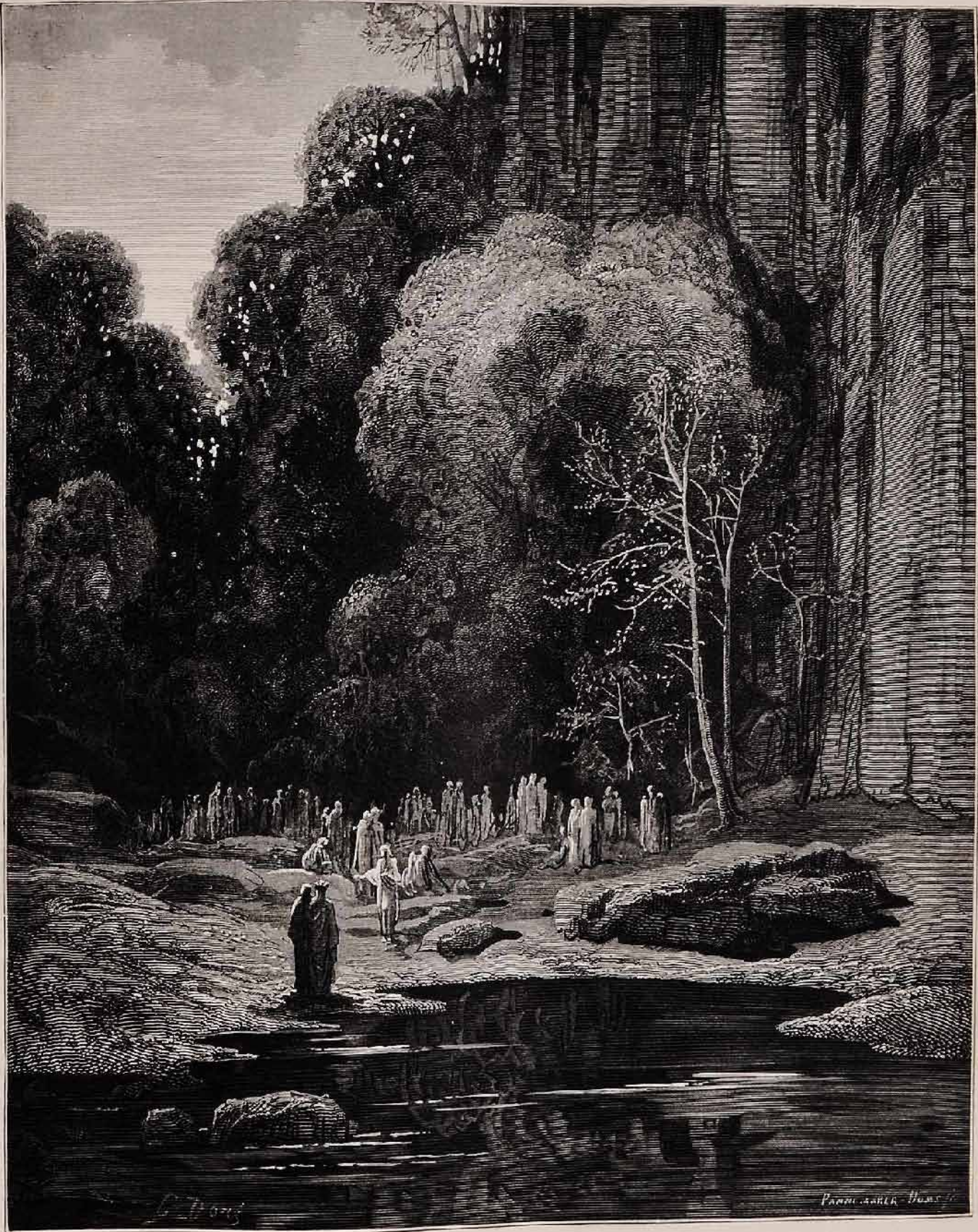
<sup>2</sup> *There.* — Upon the earth.



"Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, who throng  
Around us: to petition thee, they come.  
Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st."

*Canto V, lines 42-44.*





A. H. 1875

Pennsylvania House



That I can do may please you, gentle spirits!  
 Speak, and I will perform it; by that peace,  
 Which, on the steps of guide so excellent  
 Following, from world to world, intent I seek."

In answer he began: "None here distrusts  
 Thy kindness, though not promised with an oath;  
 So as the will fail not for want of power.  
 Whence I, who sole before the others speak,  
 Entreat thee, if thou ever see that land<sup>1</sup>  
 Which lies between Romagna and the realm  
 Of Charles, that of thy courtesy thou pray  
 Those who inhabit Fano, that for me  
 Their adorations duly be put up,  
 By which I may purge off my grievous sins.  
 From thence I came.<sup>2</sup> But the deep passages,  
 Whence issued out the blood<sup>3</sup> wherein I dwelt,  
 Upon my bosom in Antenor's land<sup>4</sup>  
 Were made, where to be more secure I thought.  
 The author of the deed was Este's prince,  
 Who, more than right could warrant, with his wrath  
 Pursued me. Had I towards Mira fled,  
 When overta'en at Oriaco, still  
 Might I have breathed. But to the marsh I sped;  
 And in the mire and rushes tangled there  
 Fell, and beheld my life-blood float the plain."

Then said another: "Ah! so may the wish,  
 That takes thee o'er the mountain, be fulfill'd,  
 As thou shalt graciously give aid to mine.  
 Of Montefeltro I;<sup>5</sup> Buonconte I:  
 Giovanna<sup>6</sup> nor none else have care for me;  
 Sorrowing with these I therefore go." I thus:  
 "From Campaldino's field what force or chance  
 Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?"

<sup>1</sup> *If thou ever see that land.*—The Marca d'Ancona, between Romagna and Apulia, the kingdom of Charles of Anjou.

<sup>2</sup> *From thence I came.*—Giacopo del Cassero, a citizen of Fano, who having spoken ill of Azzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, was by his orders put to death. Giacopo was overtaken by the assassins at Oriaco, a place near the Brenta, from whence, if he had fled towards Mira, higher up on that river, instead of making for the marsh on the sea-shore, he might have escaped.

<sup>3</sup> *The blood.*—Supposed to be the seat of life.

<sup>4</sup> *Antenor's land.*—The city of Padua, said to be founded by Antenor. This implies a reflection on the

Paduans. See "Hell," xxxii. 89. Thus G. Villani calls the Venetians "the perfidious descendants from the blood of Antenor, the betrayer of his country, Troy."—Lib. xi., cap. lxxxix.

<sup>5</sup> *Of Montefeltro I.*—Buonconte (son of Guido da Montefeltro, whom we have had in the twenty-seventh canto of "Hell") fell in the battle of Campaldino (1289), fighting on the side of the Aretini. In this engagement our poet took a distinguished part, as we have seen related in his Life. See Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," lib. ii., cap. xxix.

<sup>6</sup> *Giovanna.*—Either the wife or a kinswoman of Buonconte.

“Oh!” answer’d he, “at Casentino’s foot  
 A stream there courseth, named Archiano, sprung  
 In Apennine above the hermit’s seat.<sup>1</sup>  
 E’en where its name is cancel’d,<sup>2</sup> there came I,  
 Pierced in the throat,<sup>3</sup> fleeing away on foot,  
 And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech  
 Fail’d me; and, finishing with Mary’s name,  
 I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain’d.  
 I will report the truth; which thou again  
 Tell to the living. Me God’s angel took,<sup>4</sup>  
 Whilst he of hell exclaim’d: ‘O thou from heaven:  
 Say wherefore hast thou robb’d me? Thou of him  
 The eternal portion bear’st with thee away,  
 For one poor tear<sup>5</sup> that he deprives me of.  
 But of the other, other rule I make.’

“Thou know’st how in the atmosphere collects  
 That vapour dank, returning into water  
 Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it.  
 That evil will,<sup>6</sup> which in his intellect  
 Still follows evil, came; and raised the wind  
 And smoky mist, by virtue of the power  
 Given by his nature. Thence the valley, soon  
 As day was spent, he cover’d o’er with cloud,  
 From Pratomagno to the mountain range;<sup>7</sup>  
 And stretch’d the sky above; so that the air  
 Impregnate changed to water. Fell the rain;  
 And to the fosses came all that the land  
 Contain’d not; and, as mightiest streams are wont,  
 To the great river, with such headlong sweep,  
 Rush’d, that nought stay’d its course. My stiffen’d frame,  
 Laid at his mouth, the fell Archiano found,  
 And dash’d it into Arno; from my breast  
 Loosening the cross, that of myself I made  
 When overcome with pain. He hurl’d me on,

<sup>1</sup> *The hermit's seat.*—The hermitage of Camaldoli.

<sup>2</sup> *Where its name is cancel'd.*—That is, between Bibbiena and Poppi, where the Archiano falls into the Arno.

<sup>3</sup> *Throat.*—In the former editions it was printed “heart.” Mr. Carlyle has observed the error.

<sup>4</sup> *Me God's angel took.*—“Cum autem finem vite expleset servus Dei aspiciens vidit diabolum simul et Angelum ad animam stantem ac unum quemque illum sibi tollere festinantem.”—*Alberici Visio*, § 18.

<sup>5</sup> *For one poor tear.*—“Visum est quod angelus Domini

lachrimas quas dives ille . . . fuderat in ampulla teneret.”—*Alberici Visio*, § 18.

<sup>6</sup> *That evil will.*—The devil. Lombardi refers us to Albertus Magnus “De Potentiâ Dæmonum.” This notion of the Evil Spirit having power over the elements, appears to have arisen from his being termed the “prince of the air” in the New Testament.

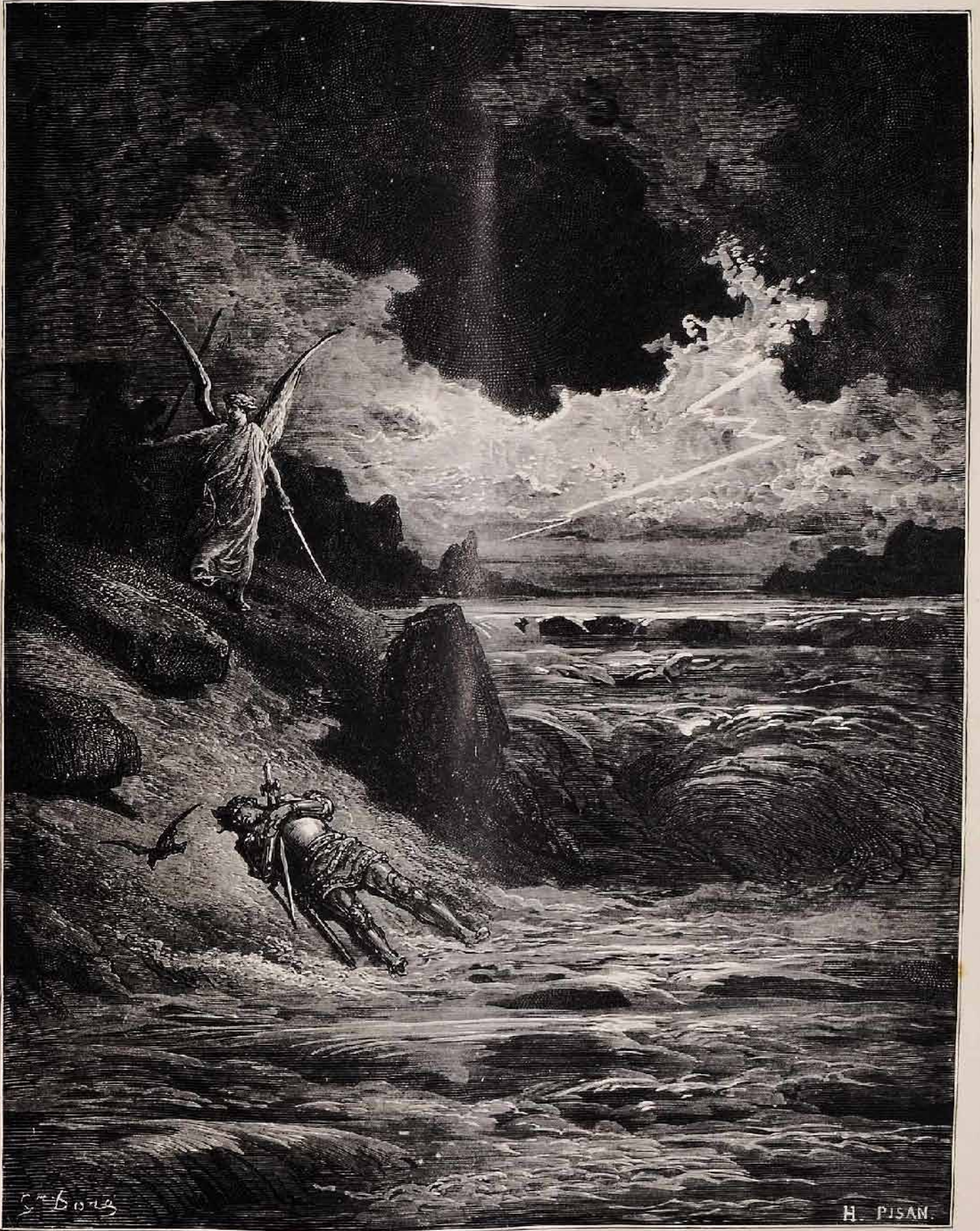
<sup>7</sup> *From Pratomagno to the mountain range.*—From Pratomagno, now called Prato Vecchio (which divides the Valdarno from Casentino), as far as to the Apennine.



From my breast  
Loosening the cross, that of myself I made  
When overcome with pain.

*Canto V., lines 123-125.*





S. Bong

H. PISAN.



Along the banks and bottom of his course;  
Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt."

"Ah! when thou to the world shalt be return'd,  
And rested after thy long road," so spake  
Next the third spirit; "then remember me.  
I once was Pia.<sup>1</sup> Sienna gave me life;  
Maremma took it from me. That he knows,  
Who me with jewel'd ring had first espoused."

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<sup>1</sup> *Pia*.—She is said to have been a Siennese lady, of the family of Tolommei, secretly made away with by her

husband, Nello della Pietra, of the same city, in Maremma, where he had some possessions.

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## CANTO VI.

### ARGUMENT.

Many besides, who are in like case with those spoken of in the last Canto, beseech our Poet to obtain for them the prayers of their friends, when he shall be returned to this world. This moves him to express a doubt to his guide, how the dead can be profited by the prayers of the living; for the solution of which doubt he is referred to Beatrice. Afterwards he meets with Sordello, the Mantuan, whose affection, shown to Virgil, his countryman, leads Dante to break forth into an invective against the unnatural divisions with which Italy, and more especially Florence, was distracted.

WHEN from their game of dice men separate,  
He who hath lost remains in sadness fix'd,  
Revolving in his mind<sup>1</sup> what luckless throws  
He cast: but, meanwhile, all the company  
Go with the other; one before him runs,  
And one behind his mantle twitches, one  
Fast by his side bids him remember him.  
He stops not; and each one, to whom his hand  
Is stretch'd, well knows he bids him stand aside;  
And thus<sup>2</sup> he from the press defends himself.  
E'en such was I in that close-crowding throng;  
And turning so my face around to all,  
And promising, I 'scaped from it with pains.  
Here of Arezzo him<sup>3</sup> I saw, who fell  
By Ghino's cruel arm; and him beside,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Revolving in his mind.*—

“Riman dolente

Ripetendo le volte, e triste imparà.”

Lombardi explains this: “That the loser remains by himself, and taking up the dice, casts them over again, as if to learn how he may throw the numbers he could wish to come up.” There is something very natural in this; but whether the sense can be fairly deduced from the words is another question.

<sup>2</sup> *And thus.*—The late Archdeacon Fisher pointed out to me a passage in the “*Novela de la Gitanilla*” of Cervantes, ed. Valentin, 1797, p. 12, from which it appears that it was usual for money to be given to bystanders at play by winners; and as he well remarked: “Dante is therefore describing, with his usual power of observation, what he had often seen, the shuffling, boon-denying exit of the successful gamester.”

<sup>3</sup> *Of Arezzo him.*—Benincasa of Arezzo, eminent for his skill in jurisprudence, who, having condemned to death Turino da Turrita, brother of Ghino di Tacco, for his robberies in Maremma, was murdered by Ghino, in an apartment of his own house, in the presence of many witnesses. Ghino was not only suffered to escape in safety, but (as the commentators inform us) obtained so high a reputation by the liberality with which he was accustomed to dispense the fruits of his plunder, and treated those who fell into his hands with so much courtesy, that he was afterwards invited to Rome, and knighted by Boniface VIII. A story is told of him by Boccaccio, Giorn. x., Nov. 2.

<sup>4</sup> *Him beside.*—Cione, or Ciaccio de' Tarlatti of Arezzo. He is said to have been carried by his horse into the Arno, and there drowned, while he was in pursuit of certain of his enemies.



"Then remember me.  
I once was Pia."

*Canto V., lines 130, 131.*





Who in his chase was swallow'd by the stream.  
 Here Frederic Novello,<sup>1</sup> with his hand  
 Stretch'd forth, entreated; and of Pisa he,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who put the good Marzucco to such proof  
 Of constancy. Count Orso<sup>3</sup> I beheld;  
 And from its frame a soul dismiss'd for spite  
 And envy, as it said, but for no crime;  
 I speak of Peter de la Brosse;<sup>4</sup> and here,  
 While she yet lives, that Lady of Brabant,  
 Let her beware; lest for so false a deed  
 She herd with worse than these. When I was freed  
 From all those spirits, who pray'd for others' prayers  
 To hasten on their state of blessedness;  
 Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!  
 It seems expressly in thy text<sup>5</sup> denied,  
 That heaven's supreme decree can ever bend  
 To supplication: yet with this design  
 Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?  
 Or is thy saying not to me reveal'd?"

He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain,  
 And these deceived not in their hope; if well  
 Thy mind consider, that the sacred height  
 Of judgment<sup>6</sup> doth not stoop, because love's flame  
 In a short moment all fulfils, which he,  
 Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.  
 Besides, when I this point concluded thus,  
 By praying no defect could be supplied;  
 Because the prayer had none access to God.  
 Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Novello*.—Son of the Conti Guido da Battifolle, and slain by one of the family of Bostoli.

<sup>2</sup> *Of Pisa he*.—Farinata de' Scornigiani of Pisa. His father Marzucco, who had entered the order of the Frati Minori, so entirely overcame the feelings of resentment, that he even kissed the hands of the slayer of his son, and, as he was following the funeral, exhorted his kinsmen to reconciliation. The eighteenth and thirtieth in the collection of Guittone d' Arezzo's Letters are addressed to Marzucco. The latter is in verse.

<sup>3</sup> *Count Orso*.—Son of Napoleone da Cerbaia, slain by Alberto da Mangona, his uncle.

<sup>4</sup> *Peter de la Brosse*.—Secretary of Phillip III. of France. The courtiers, envying the high place which he held in the king's favour, prevailed on Mary of Brabant to charge him falsely with an attempt upon her person; for which supposed crime he suffered death. So say the Italian commentators. Henault represents the matter very differently: "Pierre de la Brosse, formerly barber to

St. Louis, afterwards the favourite of Philip, fearing the too great attachment of the king for his wife Mary, accuses this princess of having poisoned Louis, eldest son of Philip, by his first marriage. This calumny is discovered by a nun of Nivelles in Flanders. La Brosse is hung."—*Abregé Chron.*, 1275, &c. The Deputati, or those deputed to write annotations on the "Decameron," suppose that Boccaccio, in the Giornata ii., Novella 9, took the story from this passage in Dante, only concealing the real names and changing the incidents in some parts, in order not to wound the feelings of those whom, as it was believed, these incidents had so lately befallen. Ediz. Giunti, 1573, p. 40.

<sup>5</sup> *In thy text*.—He refers to Virgil, "Æneid," lib. vi. 376:

"Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando."

<sup>6</sup> *The sacred height of judgment*.—So Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure," act ii., sc. 2:

"If he, which is the top of judgment."

Contented, unless she assure thee so,  
 Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:  
 I know not if thou take me right; I mean  
 Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

Then I: "Sir! let us mend our speed; for now  
 I tire not as before: and lo! the hill<sup>2</sup>  
 Stretches its shadow far." He answer'd thus:  
 "Our progress with this day shall be as much  
 As we may now dispatch; but otherwise  
 Than thou supposest is the truth. For there  
 Thou canst not be, ere thou once more behold  
 Him back returning, who behind the steep  
 Is now so hidden, that, as erst, his beam  
 Thou dost not break. But lo! a spirit there  
 Stands solitary, and toward us looks:  
 It will instruct us in the speediest way."

We soon approach'd it. O thou Lombard spirit!  
 How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,  
 Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes.  
 It spoke not aught, but let us onward pass,  
 Eyeing us as a lion on his watch.<sup>3</sup>  
 But Virgil, with entreaty mild, advanced,  
 Requesting it to show the best ascent.  
 It answer to his question none return'd;  
 But of our country and our kind of life  
 Demanded. When my courteous guide began,  
 "Mantua,"<sup>4</sup> the shadow, in itself absorb'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Rose towards us from the place in which it stood,  
 And cried, "Mantuan! I am thy countryman,  
 Sordello."<sup>5</sup> Each the other then embraced.

<sup>1</sup> *Above*.—See "Purgatory," c. xxx., v. 32.

<sup>2</sup> *The hill*.—It was now past the noon.

<sup>3</sup> *Eyeing us as a lion on his watch*.—"A guisa di leon quando si posa." A line taken by Tasso, "Gierusalemme Liberata," canto x., st. 56.

<sup>4</sup> *The shadow, in itself absorb'd*, I had before translated "the solitary shadow," and have made the alteration in consequence of Monti's just remark on the original, that "tutta in se romita" does not mean "solitary," but "collected, concentrated in itself." See his "Proposta" under "Romito." Vellutello had shown him the way to this interpretation, when he explained the words by "tutta in se raccolta e sola." Petrarch applies the expression to the spirit of Laura, when departing from the body. See his "Triumph of Death," cap. i., v. 152.

<sup>5</sup> *Sordello*.—The history of Sordello's life is wrapped in the obscurity of romance. That he distinguished himself by his skill in Provençal poetry is certain; and many feats of military prowess have been attributed to him. It is probable that he was born towards the end of the twelfth, and died about the middle of the succeeding century. Tiraboschi, who terms him the most illustrious of all the Provençal poets of his age, has taken much pains to sift all the notices he could collect relating to him, and has particularly exposed the fabulous narrative which Platina has introduced on this subject in his history of Mantua. Honourable mention of his name is made by our poet in the treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., cap. 15, where it is said that, remarkable as he was for eloquence, he deserted the vernacular language of his own country, not only in his poems, but in every other



Ah, slavish Italy; thou inn of grief!<sup>1</sup>  
 Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!  
 Lady no longer of fair provinces,  
 But brothel-house impure! this gentle spirit,  
 Even from the pleasant sound of his dear land  
 Was prompt to greet a fellow-citizen  
 With such glad cheer: while now thy living ones<sup>2</sup>  
 In thee abide not without war; and one  
 Malicious gnaws another; ay, of those  
 Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.  
 Seek, wretched one! around thy sea-coasts wide;  
 Then homeward to thy bosom turn; and mark,  
 If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy.  
 What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand<sup>3</sup>  
 Refitted, if thy saddle be unprest?  
 Nought doth he now but aggravate thy shame.  
 Ah, people! thou obedient still shouldst live,  
 And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,  
 If well thou marked'st that which God commands.<sup>4</sup>

Look how that beast to felness hath relapsed,  
 From having lost correction of the spur,  
 Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand,  
 O German Albert!<sup>5</sup> who abandon'st her  
 That is grown savage and unmanageable,  
 When thou shouldst clasp her flanks with forked heels.  
 Just judgment from the stars fall on thy blood;  
 And be it strange and manifest to all;  
 Such as may strike thy successor<sup>6</sup> with dread;  
 For that thy sire<sup>7</sup> and thou have suffer'd thus,

kind of writing. Tiraboschi had at first concluded him to be the same writer whom Dante elsewhere ("De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. ii., c. 13) calls *Gottus Mantuanus*, but afterwards gave up that opinion to the authority of the Conte d'Arco and the Abate Bettinelli. By Bastero, in his "*Crusca Provenzale*," ediz. Roma, 1724, p. 94, amongst Sordello's MS. poems in the Vatican are mentioned "*Canzoni, Tenzoni, Cobbole*," and various "*Serventesi*," particularly one in the form of a funeral song on the death of Blancas, in which the poet reprehends all the reigning princes in Christendom. This last was well suited to attract the notice of our author. Mention of Sordello will recur in the notes to the "*Paradise*," c. ix., ver. 32. Since this note was written, many of Sordello's poems have been brought to light by the industry of M. Reynouard, in his "*Choix des Poesies des Troubadours*" and his "*Lexique Roman*."

<sup>1</sup> *Thou inn of grief*.—"S'io son d'ogni dolore ostello e chiave."—*Vita Nuova di Dante*, p. 225.

"Thou most beautiful inn,  
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee?"  
*Shakespeare, Richard II.*, act v., sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy living ones*.—Compare Milton, "*Paradise Lost*," b. ii. 496, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Justinian's hand*.—"What avails it that Justinian delivered thee from the Goths and reformed thy laws, if thou art no longer under the control of his successors in the empire?"

<sup>4</sup> *That which God commands*.—He alludes to the precept, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

<sup>5</sup> *O German Albert!*—The Emperor Albert I. succeeded Adolphus in 1298, and was murdered in 1308. See "*Paradise*," canto xix. 114.

<sup>6</sup> *Thy successor*.—The successor of Albert was Henry of Luxemburgh, by whose interposition in the affairs of Italy our poet hoped to have been reinstated in his native city.

<sup>7</sup> *Thy sire*.—The Emperor Rodolph, too intent on

Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,  
 The garden of the empire to run waste  
 Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,<sup>1</sup>  
 The Filippeschi and Monaldi,<sup>2</sup> man  
 Who carest for nought! those sunk in grief, and these  
 With dire suspicion rack'd. Come, cruel one!  
 Come, and behold the oppression of the nobles,  
 And mark their injuries; and thou mayst see  
 What safety Santafiore can supply.<sup>3</sup>  
 Come and behold thy Rome,<sup>4</sup> who calls on thee  
 Desolate widow, day and night with moans,  
 "My Cæsar, why dost thou desert my side?"  
 Come, and behold what love among thy people:  
 And if no pity touches thee for us,  
 Come, and blush for thine own report. For me,  
 If it be lawful, O Almighty Power!  
 Who wast in earth for our sakes crucified,  
 Are thy just eyes turn'd elsewhere? or is this  
 A preparation, in the wondrous depth  
 Of thy sage counsel made, for some good end,  
 Entirely from our reach of thought cut off?  
 So are the Italian cities all o'erthrong'd  
 With tyrants, and a great Marcellus<sup>5</sup> made  
 Of every petty factious villager.

My Florence! thou mayst well remain unmoved  
 At this digression, which affects not thee;  
 Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.  
 Many have justice in their heart, that long  
 Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,  
 Or ere it dart unto its aim: but thine

increasing his power in Germany to give much of his thoughts to Italy, "the garden of the empire."

<sup>1</sup> *Capulets and Montagues.*—Our ears are so familiarised to the names of these rival houses in the language of Shakespeare, that I have used them instead of the "Montecchi" and "Cappelletti." They were two powerful Ghibelline families of Verona. In some parts of that play of which they form the leading characters, our great dramatic poet seems to have been not a little indebted to the "Hadriana" of Luigi Grotto, commonly called "Il cieco d'Adria." See Walker's "Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy," 4to, 1759, § 4, p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> *Filippeschi and Monaldi.*—Two other rival families in Orvieto.

<sup>3</sup> *What safety Santafiore can supply.*—A place between Fisa and Sienna. What he alludes to is so doubtful, that it is not certain whether we should not read "come si

cura" ("how Santafiore is governed"). Perhaps the event related in the note to v. 58, canto xi., may be pointed at.

<sup>4</sup> *Come and behold thy Rome.*—Thus in the Latin Epistle to the Cardinals, which has been lately discovered in the Laurentian library, and has every appearance of being Dante's: "Romam urbem, nunc utroque lumine destitutam, nunc Hannibali nedum aliis miserandam, solam sedentem et viduam, prout superius proclamatur, qualis est, pro modulo nostræ imaginis, ante mortales oculos affigatis omnes."—*Opere minori di Dante*, tom. iii., parte ii., p. 270, 12mo, Fir., 1840.

<sup>5</sup> *Marcellus.*—"Un Marcel diventa  
 Ogni villan che parteggiando viene."

Repeated by Alamanni in his "Celtivazione," lib. i. He probably means the Marcellus who opposed Julius Cæsar.



Have it on their lip's edge. Many refuse<sup>1</sup>  
To bear the common burdens: readier thine  
Answer uncall'd, and cry, "Behold I stoop!"

Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,  
Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught!  
Facts best will witness if I speak the truth.  
Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old  
Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,  
Made little progress in improving life  
Towards thee, who usest such nice subtlety,  
That to the middle of November scarce  
Reaches the thread thou in October weavest.  
How many times within thy memory,  
Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices  
Have been by thee renew'd, and people changed.

If thou remember'st well and canst see clear,  
Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,<sup>2</sup>  
Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft  
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.

<sup>1</sup> *Many refuse.*—He appears to have been of Plato's mind, that in a commonwealth of worthy men, place and power would be as much declined as they are now sought after and coveted: *εὐκλειέστες πάλι ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐγένετο, περιμαχιτέον ἂν εἶναι τὸ μὴ ἄρχειν, ἅπασιν οὖν τὸ ἄρχειν.* Πολιτ. Lib. A.

<sup>2</sup> *A sick wretch.*—Imitated by the Cardinal de Polignac:

"*Ceu lectum peragrat membris languentibus æger,  
In latus alterne lævum dextrumque recumbens:  
Nec juvat: inde oculos tollit resupinus in altum:  
Nusquam inventa quies; semper quaesita: quod illi  
Primum indelicis fuerat, mox torquet et angit:  
Nec morbum sanat, nec fallit tædia morbi.*"

*Anti-Lucretius, lib. i. 1052.*

## CANTO VII.

### ARGUMENT.

The approach of night hindering further ascent, Sordello conducts our Poet apart to an eminence, from whence they behold a pleasant recess, in form of a flowery valley, scooped out of the mountain; where are many famous spirits, and among them the Emperor Rodolph, Ottocar, King of Bohemia, Philip III. of France, Henry of Navarre, Peter III. of Arragon, Charles I. of Naples, Henry III. of England, and William, Marquis of Montferrat.

AFTER their courteous greetings joyfully  
Seven times exchanged, Sordello backward drew  
Exclaiming, "Who are ye?"—"Before this mount  
By spirits worthy of ascent to God  
Was sought, my bones had by Octavius' care  
Been buried. I am Virgil; for no sin  
Deprived of heaven, except for lack of faith."  
So answer'd him in few my gentle guide.

As one, who aught before him suddenly  
Beholding, whence his wonder riseth, cries,  
"It is, yet is not," wavering in belief;  
Such he appear'd; then downward bent his eyes,  
And, drawing near with reverential step,  
Caught him, where one of mean estate might clasp  
His lord.<sup>1</sup> "Glory of Latium!" he exclaim'd,  
"In whom our tongue its utmost power display'd;  
Boast of my honour'd birth-place! what desert<sup>2</sup>  
Of mine, what favour, rather, undeserved,  
Shows thee to me? If I to hear that voice  
Am worthy, say if from below thou comest,  
And from what cloister's pale."—"Through every orb  
Of that sad region," he replied, "thus far

<sup>1</sup> Where one of mean estate might clasp his lord.—So Ariosto, "Orlando Furioso," c. xxiv., st. 19:

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

<sup>2</sup> What desert.—So Frenzi:

Qual grazia, o qual destin m' ha fatto degno  
Che io ti veggia."

*Il Quadriregio*, lib. iv., cap. 9.

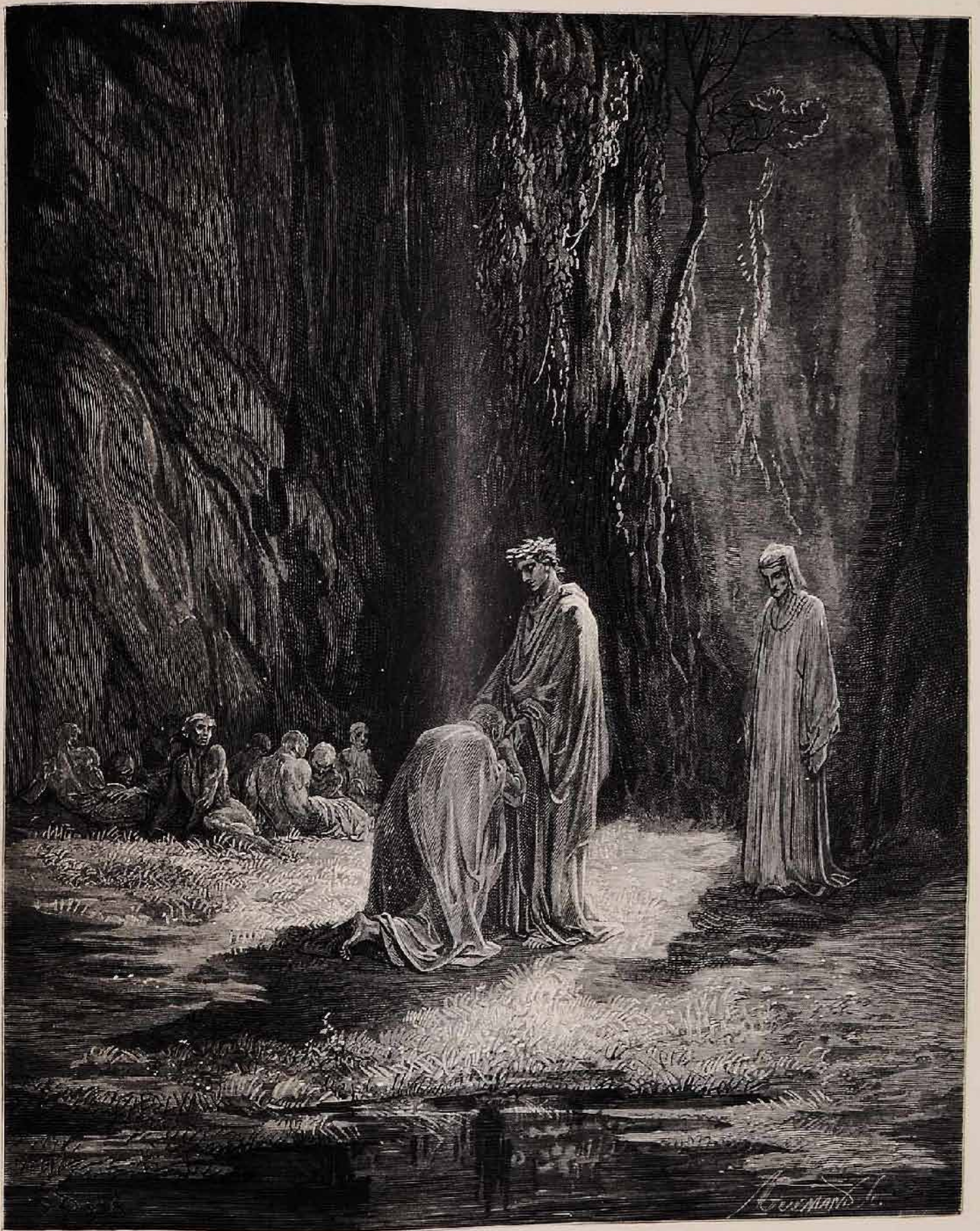


CANTO VII.

AFTER his change of place  
"Through every orb  
Of that sad region," he replied, "thus far  
Am I arrived."

*Canto VII., lines 21—23.*







Am I arrived, by heavenly influence led :  
 And with such aid I come. Not for my doing,<sup>1</sup>  
 But for not doing, have I lost the sight  
 Of that high Sun, whom thou desirest, and who  
 By me too late was known. There is a place<sup>2</sup>  
 There underneath, not made by torments sad,  
 But by dun shades alone ; where mourning's voice  
 Sounds not of anguish sharp, but breathes in sighs.  
 There I with little innocents abide,  
 Who by death's fangs were bitten, ere exempt  
 From human taint. There I with those abide,  
 Who the three holy virtues<sup>3</sup> put not on,  
 But understood the rest,<sup>4</sup> and without blame  
 Follow'd them all. But, if thou know'st, and canst,  
 Direct us how we soonest may arrive,  
 Where Purgatory its true beginning takes."

He answer'd thus : "We have no certain place  
 Assign'd us : upwards I may go, or round.  
 Far as I can, I join thee for thy guide.  
 But thou beholdest now how day declines ;  
 And upwards to proceed by night, our power  
 Excels : therefore it may be well to choose  
 A place of pleasant sojourn. To the right  
 Some spirits sit apart retired. If thou  
 Consentest, I to these will lead thy steps :  
 And thou wilt know them, not without delight."

"How chances this?" was answer'd : "whoso wish'd  
 To ascend by night, would he be thence debarr'd  
 By other, or through his own weakness fail?"

The good Sordello then along the ground  
 Trailing his finger, spoke : "Only this line<sup>5</sup>  
 Thou shalt not overpass, soon as the sun  
 Hath disappear'd ; not that aught else impedes  
 Thy going upwards, save the shades of night.  
 These, with the want of power, perplex the will.  
 With them thou haply mightst return beneath,

<sup>1</sup> *Not for my doing.*—I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Lyell for pointing out to me that three lines of the original were here omitted in the former editions of this translation.

<sup>2</sup> *There is a place.*—Limbo. See "Hell," canto iv. 24.

<sup>3</sup> *The three holy virtues.*—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

<sup>4</sup> *The rest.*—Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

<sup>5</sup> *Only this line.*—"Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth."—*John* xii. 35.

Or to and fro around the mountain's side  
Wander, while day is in the horizon shut."

My master straight, as wondering at his speech,  
Exclaim'd: "Then lead us quickly, where thou sayst  
That, while we stay, we may enjoy delight."

A little space we were removed from thence,  
When I perceived the mountain hollow'd out,  
Even as large valleys<sup>1</sup> hollow'd out on earth.

"That way," the escorting spirit cried, "we go,  
Where in a bosom the high bank recedes:  
And thou await renewal of the day."

Betwixt the steep and plain, a crooked path  
Led us traverse into the ridge's side,  
Where more than half the sloping edge expires.  
Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refined,  
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood<sup>2</sup>  
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds<sup>3</sup>  
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers  
Placed in that fair recess, in colour all  
Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less.  
Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues,  
But of the sweetness<sup>4</sup> of a thousand smells  
A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made.

"Salve Regina,"<sup>5</sup> on the grass and flowers,  
Here chanting, I beheld those spirits sit,  
Who not beyond the valley could be seen.

"Before the westering sun sink to his bed,"  
Began the Mantuan, who our steps had turn'd,  
"Mid those, desire not that I lead ye on.  
For from this eminencè ye shall discern

<sup>1</sup> *As large valleys.*—"Viatores enim per viam rectam dum ambulant, campum juxta viam cernentes spatiosum et pulchrum, oblique itineris, dicunt intra se, iter per campum istum faciamus," &c.—*Alberici Visio*, § 28.

<sup>2</sup> *Indian wood.*—

"Indico legno lucido e sereno."

It is a little uncertain what is meant by this. Indigo, although it is extracted from a herb, seems the most likely. Monti, in his "Proposta," maintains it to be ebony.

<sup>3</sup> *Fresh emeralds.*—

"Under foot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
Of costliest embien."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. iv. 703.

"Zaffir, rubini, oro, topazj, e perle,  
E diamanti, e crisoliti e giacinti  
Potriano i fiori assimigliar, che per le  
Liete piagge vavea Laura dipinti;  
Si verdi herbe, che potendo averle  
Qua giù ne foran gli smeraldi vinti."

*Ariosto, Orlando Furioso*, canto xxxiv., st. 49

<sup>4</sup> *The sweetness.*—

"E quella ai fiori, ai pomi, e alla verzura  
Gli odor diversi deprestando giva,  
E di tutti faceva una mistura,  
Che di soavità l'alma nutriva."—*Ibid.*, st. 51.

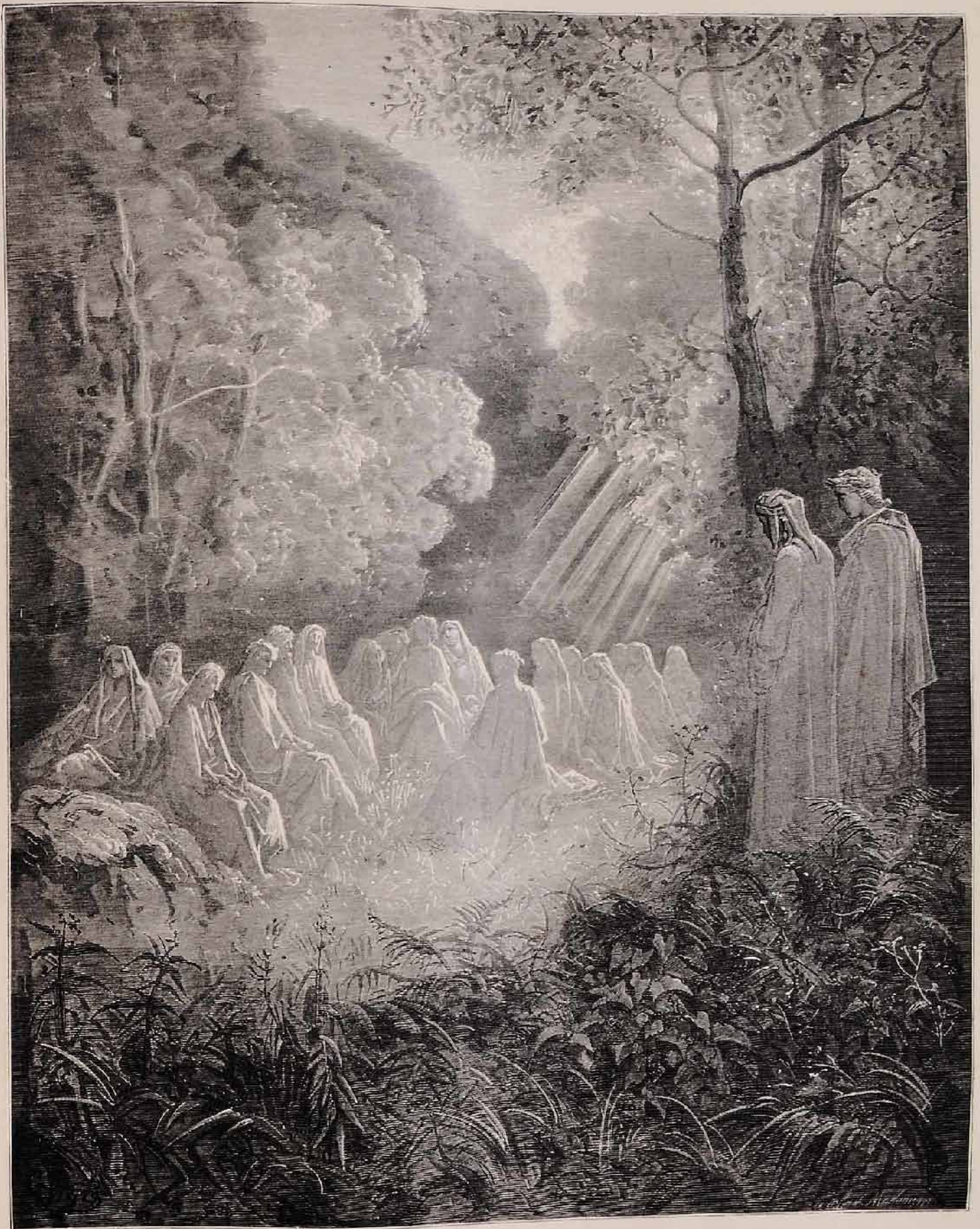
<sup>5</sup> *Salve Regina.*—The beginning of a prayer to the Virgin. It is sufficient here to observe, that in similar instances I shall either preserve the original Latin words or translate them, as it may seem best to suit the purpose of the verse.



“Salve Regina,” on the grass and flowers,  
 Here chanting, I beheld those spirits sit,  
 Who not beyond the valley could be seen.

*Canto VII., lines 82—84.*







Better the acts and visages of all,  
 Than, in the nether vale, among them mix'd.  
 He, who sits high above the rest, and seems  
 To have neglected that he should have done,  
 And to the others' song moves not his lip,  
 The Emperor Rodolph<sup>1</sup> call, who might have heal'd  
 The wounds whereof fair Italy hath died,  
 So that by others she revives but slowly.  
 He, who with kindly visage comforts him,  
 Sway'd in that country,<sup>2</sup> where the water springs,  
 That Moldaw's river to the Elbe, and Elbe  
 Rolls to the ocean: Ottocar<sup>3</sup> his name:  
 Who in his swaddling clothes was of more worth  
 Than Wincelous his son, a bearded man,  
 Pamper'd with rank luxuriousness and ease.  
 And that one with the nose deprest,<sup>4</sup> who close  
 In counsel seems with him of gentle look,<sup>5</sup>  
 Flying expired, withering the lily's flower.  
 Look there, how he doth knock against his breast.  
 The other ye behold, who for his cheek  
 Makes of one hand a couch, with frequent sighs.  
 They are the father and the father-in-law  
 Of Gallia's bane:<sup>6</sup> his vicious life they know  
 And foul; thence comes the grief that rends them thus.  
 "He, so robust of limb,<sup>7</sup> who measure keeps  
 In song with him of feature prominent,<sup>8</sup>  
 With every virtue bore his girdle braced.

<sup>1</sup> *The Emperor Rodolph.*—See the last canto, v. 104. He died in 1291.

<sup>2</sup> *That country.*—Bohemia.

<sup>3</sup> *Ottocar.*—King of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle of Marchfeld, fought with Rodolph, August 26, 1278. Wincelous II., his son, who succeeded him in the kingdom of Bohemia, died in 1305. The latter is again taxed with luxury in the "Paradise," xix. 123.

<sup>4</sup> *That one with the nose deprest.*—Philip III. of France, father of Philip IV. He died in 1285, at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon.

<sup>5</sup> *Him of gentle look.*—Henry of Navarre, father of Jane, married to Philip IV. of France, whom Dante calls "mal di Francia"—"Gallia's bane."

<sup>6</sup> *Gallia's bane.*—G. Villani, lib. vii., cap. cxlvi., speaks with equal resentment of Philip IV.: "In 1291, on the night of the calends of May, Philip le Bel, King of France, by advice of Biccio and Musciatto Franzesi, ordered all the Italians, who were in his country and realm, to be seized, under pretence of seizing the money-lenders, but thus he caused the good merchants also to be seized and ransomed, for which he was much blamed and held in great abhorrence; and from thenceforth the

realm of France fell evermore into degradation and decline. And it is observable, that between the taking of Acre and this seizure in France, the merchants of Florence received great damage and ruin of their property."

<sup>7</sup> *He, so robust of limb.*—Peter III., called the Great, King of Arragon, who died in 1285, leaving four sons, Alonzo, James, Frederick, and Peter. The two former succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, and Frederick in that of Sicily. See G. Villani, lib. vii., cap. ciii.; and Mariana, lib. xiv., cap. 9. He is enumerated among the Provençal poets by Millot, "Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours," tom. iii., p. 150.

<sup>8</sup> *Him of feature prominent.*—"Dal maschio naso" ("with the masculine nose"). Charles I., King of Naples, Count of Anjou, and brother of St. Louis. He died in 1284. The annalist of Florence remarks that "there had been no sovereign of the house of France since the time of Charlemagne, by whom Charles was surpassed either in military renown and prowess, or in the loftiness of his understanding" (G. Villani, lib. vii., cap. xlv.). We shall, however, find many of his actions severely reprobated in the twentieth canto.



And if that stripling,<sup>1</sup> who behind him sits,  
 King after him had lived, his virtue then  
 From vessel to like vessel had been pour'd;  
 Which may not of the other heirs be said.  
 By James and Frederick<sup>2</sup> his realms are held;  
 Neither the better heritage obtains.  
 Rarely<sup>3</sup> into the branches of the tree  
 Doth human worth mount up: and so ordains  
 He who bestows it, that as his free gift  
 It may be call'd. To Charles<sup>4</sup> my words apply  
 No less than to his brother in the song;  
 Which Pouille and Provence now with grief confess.  
 So much that plant degenerates from its seed,  
 As, more than Beatrix and Margaret,  
 Costanza<sup>5</sup> still boasts of her valorous spouse.

“Behold the king of simple life and plain,  
 Harry of England<sup>6</sup> sitting there alone:  
 He through his branches better issue<sup>7</sup> spreads.

“That one, who, on the ground, beneath the rest,  
 Sits lowest, yet his gaze directs aloft,  
 Is William, that brave Marquis,<sup>8</sup> for whose cause,  
 The deed of Alexandria and his war  
 Makes Montferrat and Canavese weep.”

<sup>1</sup> *That stripling*.—Either (as the old commentators suppose) Alonzo III., King of Arragon, the eldest son of Peter III., who died in 1291, at the age of twenty-seven; or, according to Venturi, Peter, the youngest son. The former was a young prince of virtue, sufficient to have justified the eulogium and the hopes of Dante. See Mariana, lib. xiv., cap. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *By James and Frederick*.—See note to canto iii. 112.

<sup>3</sup> *Rarely*.—

“Full well can the wise poet of Florence,  
 That hight Dantes, speake in this sentence;  
 Lo! in such manner rime is Dantes tale.  
 Full selde upriseth by his branches smale  
 Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse  
 Well that we claim of him our gentlenessse:  
 For of our elders may we nothing claime  
 But temporal thing, that men may hurt and maine.”

*Chaucer, Wife of Bath's Tale.*

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

<sup>4</sup> *To Charles*.—“Al Nasuto”—“Charles II., King of Naples, is no less inferior to his father Charles I. than James and Frederick to theirs, Peter III.” See canto xx. 78, and “*Paradise*,” canto xix. 125.

<sup>5</sup> *Costanza*.—Widow of Peter III. She has been already mentioned in the third canto, v. 112. By

Beatrix and Margaret are probably meant two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; the latter married to St. Louis of France, the former to his brother Charles of Anjou, King of Naples. See “*Paradise*,” canto vi. 135. Dante therefore considers Peter as the most illustrious of the three monarchs.

<sup>6</sup> *Harry of England*.—Henry III. The contemporary annalist speaks of this king in similar terms. G. Villani, lib. v., cap. iv.: “From Richard was born Henry, who reigned after him, who was a plain man and of good faith, but of little courage.” Fazio degli Uberti, “*Dittamondo*,” l. iv., cap. xxv., where he gives the characters of our Norman kings, speaks less respectfully of Henry. Capitoli xxiii.—xxv., lib. iv. of this neglected poem appear to deserve the notice of our antiquarians.

<sup>7</sup> *Better issue*.—Edward I., of whose glory our poet was perhaps a witness, in his visit to England: “From the said Henry was born the good king Edward, who reigns in our times, who has done great things, whereof we shall make mention in due place.”—G. Villani, *ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> *William, that brave Marquis*.—William, Marquis of Montferrat, was treacherously seized by his own subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy, A.D. 1200, and ended his life in prison. See G. Villani, lib. vii., cap. cxxxv. A war ensued between the people of Alessandria and those of Montferrat and the Canavese, now a part of Piedmont.



## CANTO VIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Two angels, with flaming swords broken at the points, descend to keep watch over the valley, into which Virgil and Dante entering by desire of Sordello, our Poet meets with joy the spirit of Nino, the judge of Gallura, one who was well known to him. Meantime three exceedingly bright stars appear near the pole, and a serpent creeps subtly into the valley, but flees at hearing the approach of those angelic guards. Lastly, Conrad Malaspina predicts to our Poet his future banishment.

NOW was the hour that wakens fond desire  
 In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart  
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love  
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far:<sup>1</sup>  
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day:<sup>2</sup>  
 When I, no longer taking heed to hear,  
 Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark  
 One risen from its seat, which with its hand  
 Audience implored. Both palms it join'd and raised,  
 Fixing its stedfast gaze toward the east,  
 As telling God, "I care for nought beside."  
 "Te Lucis Ante,"<sup>3</sup> so devoutly then  
 Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,  
 That all my sense<sup>4</sup> in ravishment was lost.  
 And the rest after, softly and devout,  
 Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze  
 Directed to the bright supernal wheels.

Here, reader!<sup>5</sup> for the truth make thine eyes keen:

<sup>1</sup> *Hear the vesper bell from far.*—

"I hear the far-off curfeu sound."

*Milton's Penseroso.*

<sup>2</sup> *That seems to mourn for the expiring day.*—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

*Gray's Elegy.*

"Giorno—che si muore"

is from Statius: "Jam moriente die."

*Sylva*, l. iv. 6. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Te Lucis Ante.*—"Te lucis ante terminum," says Lombardi, is the first verse of the hymn sung by the

church in the last part of the sacred office termed *completa*, a service which our Chaucer calls "*complin*."

<sup>4</sup> *All my sense.*—

"Fece me a me uscir di mente.

Me surpuerat mihi."

*Horat.*, *Carm.*, lib. iv., od. 13.

<sup>5</sup> *Here, reader!*—Lombardi's explanation of this passage, by which the commentators have been much perplexed, though it may be thought rather too subtle and fine spun, like the veil itself spoken of in the text, cannot be denied the praise of extraordinary ingenuity. "This admonition of the poet to his reader," he observes,

For of so subtle texture is this veil,  
That thou with ease mayst pass it through unmark'd.

I saw that gentle band silently next  
Look up, as if in expectation held,  
Pale and in lowly guise; and, from on high,  
I saw, forth issuing descend beneath,  
Two angels, with two flame-illumined swords,  
Broken and mutilated of their points.  
Green as the tender leaves but newly born,  
Their vesture was, the which, by wings as green  
Beaten, they drew behind them, fann'd in air.  
A little over us one took his stand;  
The other lighted on the opposing hill;  
So that the troop were in the midst contain'd.

Well I descried the whiteness on their heads;  
But in their visages the dazzled eye  
Was lost, as faculty<sup>1</sup> that by too much  
Is overpower'd. "From Mary's bosom both  
Are come," exclaim'd Sordello, "as a guard  
Over the vale, 'gainst him, who hither tends,  
The serpent." Whence, not knowing by which path  
He came, I turn'd me round; and closely press'd,  
All frozen, to my leader's trusted side.

Sordello paused not: "To the valley now  
(For it is time) let us descend; and hold  
Converse with those great shadows: haply much  
Their sight may please ye." Only three steps down  
Methinks I measured, ere I was beneath,  
And noted one who look'd as with desire  
To know me. Time was now that air grew dim;  
Yet not so dim, that, 'twixt his eyes and mine,  
It clear'd not up what was conceal'd before.

<sup>1</sup> seems to relate to what has been before said, that these spirits sung the whole of the hymn 'Te lucis ante terminum' throughout, even that second strophe of it:—

'Procul recedant somnia,  
'Et noctium phantasmata,  
Hostemque nostrum comprime,  
Ne polluantur corpora;'

and he must imply that these souls, being incorporeal, did not offer up this petition on their own account, but on ours, who are yet in this world, as he afterwards makes those other spirits, who repeat the 'Pater Noster,' expressly declare, when after that prayer they add—

'This last petition, dearest Lord! is made  
Not for ourselves,' &c.

Canto xi.

As, therefore, if we look through a very fine veil, the sight easily passes on, without perceiving it, to objects that lie on the other side, so here the poet fears that our mind's eye may insensibly pass on to contemplate these spirits, as if they were praying for the relief of their own wants; without discovering the veil of our wants, with which they invest themselves in the act of offering up this prayer.

<sup>1</sup> *As faculty.*—

"My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd

As with an object, that exceeds the sense,  
Dazzled and spent."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, l. viii. 457.*



Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes,  
The serpent fled ; and, to their stations, back  
The angels up return'd with equal flight.

*Canto VIII., lines 105—107.*

floating the air out by their ventral plumes,  
the serpent had; and to their stations, back  
The angels up returned with equal flight



Mutually towards each other we advanced.  
 Nino, thou courteous judge!<sup>1</sup> what joy I felt,  
 When I perceived thou wert not with the bad.  
 No salutation kind on either part  
 Was left unsaid. He then inquired: "How long,  
 Since thou arriv'd'st at the mountain's foot,  
 Over the distant waves?"—"Oh!" answer'd I,  
 "Through the sad seats of woe this morn I came;  
 And still in my first life, thus journeying on,  
 The other strive to gain." Soon as they heard  
 My words, he and Sordello backward drew,  
 As suddenly amazed. To Virgil one,  
 The other to a spirit turn'd, who near  
 Was seated, crying: "Conrad!<sup>2</sup> up with speed:  
 Come, see what of his grace high God hath will'd.  
 Then turning round to me: "By that rare mark  
 Of honour, which thou owest to him, who hides  
 So deeply his first cause it hath no ford;  
 When thou shalt be beyond the vast of waves,  
 Tell my Giovanna,<sup>3</sup> that for me she call  
 There, where reply to innocence is made.  
 Her mother,<sup>4</sup> I believe, loves me no more;  
 Since she has changed the white and wimpled folds,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which she is doom'd once more with grief to wish.  
 By her it easily may be perceived,  
 How long in woman lasts the flame of love,  
 If sight and touch do not relume it oft.  
 For her so fair a burial will not make  
 The viper,<sup>6</sup> which calls Milan to the field,  
 As had been made by shrill Gallura's bird."<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nino, thou courteous judge.*—Nino di Gallura de' Visconti, nephew to Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, and betrayed by him. See notes to "Hell," canto xxxiii.

<sup>2</sup> *Conrad.*—Conrado, father to Marcello Malaspina.

<sup>3</sup> *My Giovanna.*—The daughter of Nino, and wife of Riccardo da Camino of Treviso, concerning whom see "Paradise," c. ix. 48.

<sup>4</sup> *Her mother.*—Beatrice, Marchioness of Este, wife of Nino, and after his death married to Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan. It is remarked by Lombardi that the time which Dante assigns to this journey, and consequently to this colloquy with Nino Visconti—the beginning, that is, of April—is prior to the time which Bernardino Corio, in his history of Milan, part the second, fixes for the nuptials of Beatrice with Galeazzo; for he records her having been betrothed to that prince after the May of this year (1300), and her having been solemnly espoused at Modena on the 29th of June. Be-

sides, however, the greater credit due to Dante, on account of his having lived at the time when these events happened, another circumstance in his favour is the discrepancy remarked by Giovambatista Giraldi ("Commentar. delle cose di Ferrara") in those writers by whom the history of Beatrice's life has been recorded. Nothing can set the general accuracy of our poet as to historical facts in a stronger point of view, than the difficulty there is in convicting him of even so slight a deviation from it as is here suspected.

<sup>5</sup> *The white and wimpled folds.*—The weeds of widowhood.

<sup>6</sup> *The viper.*—The arms of Galeazzo and the ensign of the Milanese.

<sup>7</sup> *Shrill Gallura's bird.*—The cock was the ensign of Gallura, Nino's province in Sardinia. "Hell," xxii. 80, and notes. It is not known whether Beatrice had any further cause to regret her nuptials with Galeazzo than a

He spoke, and in his visage took the stamp  
Of that right zeal, which with due temperature  
Glow's in the bosom. My insatiate eyes  
Meanwhile to heaven had travel'd, even there  
Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel  
Nearest the axle; when my guide inquired:  
"What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze?"

I answered: "The three torches,<sup>1</sup> with which here  
The pole is all on fire." He then to me:  
"The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this morn,  
Are there beneath; and these, risen in their stead."

While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself  
Drew him, and cried: "Lo there our enemy!"  
And with his hand pointed that way to look.

Along the side, where barrier none arose  
Around the little vale, a serpent lay,  
Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.<sup>2</sup>  
Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake  
Came on, reverting oft his lifted head;  
And, as a beast that smooths its polish'd coat,  
Licking his back. I saw not, nor can tell,  
How those celestial falcons from their seat  
Moved, but in motion each one well descried.  
Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes,  
The serpent fled; and, to their stations, back  
The angels up return'd with equal flight.

The spirit, (who to Nino, when he call'd,  
Had come,) from viewing me with fixed ken,  
Through all that conflict, loosen'd not his sight.

"So may the lamp, which leads thee up on high,<sup>3</sup>  
Find, in thy free resolve, of wax so much,  
As may suffice thee to the enamel'd height,"  
It thus began: "If any certain news  
Of Valdimagra<sup>4</sup> and the neighbour part

certain shame which appears, however unreasonably, to have attached to a second marriage.

<sup>1</sup> *The three torches.*—The three evangelical virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity. These are supposed to rise in the evening, in order to denote their belonging to the contemplative, as the four others, which are made to rise in the morning, were probably intended to signify that the cardinal virtues belong to the active life; or perhaps it may mark the succession, in order of time, of the Gospel to the heathen system of morality.

<sup>2</sup> *Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.*—Compare Milton's description of that serpent in the ninth book of the "Paradise Lost."

<sup>3</sup> *May the lamp, which leads thee up on high.*—"May the divine grace find so hearty a co-operation on the part of thy own will, as shall enable thee to ascend to the terrestrial paradise, which is on the top of this mountain."

<sup>4</sup> *Valdimagra.*—See "Hell," canto xxiv. 144, and notes.



Thou know'st, tell me, who once was mighty there.  
 They call'd me Conrad Malaspina; not  
 That old one;<sup>1</sup> but from him I sprang. The love  
 I bore my people is now here refined."

"In your domains," I answer'd, "ne'er was I.  
 But, through all Europe, where do those men dwell,  
 To whom their glory is not manifest?  
 The fame, that honours your illustrious house,  
 Proclaims the nobles, and proclaims the land;  
 So that he knows it, who was never there.  
 I swear to you, so may my upward route  
 Prosper, your honour'd nation not impairs  
 The value of her coffer and her sword.  
 Nature and use give her such privilege,  
 That while the world is twisted from his course  
 By a bad head, she only walks aright,  
 And has the evil way in scorn." He then:  
 "Now pass thee on: seven times the tired sun  
 Revisits not the couch,<sup>2</sup> which with four feet  
 The forked Aries covers, ere that kind  
 Opinion shall be nail'd into thy brain  
 With stronger nails than others' speech can drive;  
 If the sure course of judgment be not stay'd."

<sup>1</sup> *That old one.*—An ancestor of Conrad Malaspina, who was also of that name.

<sup>2</sup> *Seven times the tired sun revisits not the couch.*—  
 "The sun shall not enter into the constellation of Aries  
 seven times more, before thou shalt have still better

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

## CANTO IX.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante is carried up the mountain, asleep and dreaming, by Lucia; and, on wakening, finds himself, two hours after sunrise, with Virgil, near the gate of Purgatory, through which they are admitted by the angel deputed by St. Peter to keep it.

NOW the fair consort of Tithonus old,<sup>1</sup>  
Arisen from her mate's beloved arms,  
Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff; her brow,  
Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign  
Of that chill animal,<sup>2</sup> who with his train  
Smites fearful nations: and where then we were,  
Two steps of her ascent the night had past;  
And now the third was closing up its wing,<sup>3</sup>  
When I, who had so much of Adam with me,  
Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with sleep,  
There where all five<sup>4</sup> were seated. In that hour,  
When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay,  
Remembering haply ancient grief,<sup>5</sup> renews;  
And when our minds, more wanderers from the flesh,  
And less by thought restrain'd, are, as 't were, full  
Of holy divination in their dreams;  
Then, in a vision, did I seem to view

<sup>1</sup> *Now the fair consort of Tithonus old.*—"La concubina di Titone antico." So Tassoni, "Secchia Rapita," c. viii., st. 15: "La putanella del canuto amante." Venturi, after some of the old commentators, interprets this to mean an Aurora, or dawn of the moon; but this seems highly improbable. From what follows it may be conjectured that our poet intends us to understand that it was now near the break of day.

<sup>2</sup> *Of that chill animal.*—The scorpion.

<sup>3</sup> *The third was closing up its wing.*—The night being divided into four watches, I think he may mean that the third was past, and the fourth and last was begun, so that there might be some faint glimmering of morning twilight; and not merely, as Lombardi supposes, that the third watch was drawing towards its close, which would still leave an insurmountable difficulty in the first verse. At the beginning of canto xv. our poet makes the evening commence three hours before sunset, and he may now consider the dawn as beginning at the same distance

from sunrise. Those who would have the dawn, spoken of in the first verse of the present canto, to signify the rising of the moon, construe the "two steps of her ascent which the night had past" into as many hours, and not watches, so as to make it now about the third hour of the night. The old Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. alone, as far as I know, supposing the division made by St. Isidore ("Orig.," lib. 5) of the night into seven parts to be adopted by our poet, concludes that it was the third of these; and he too, therefore, is for the lunar dawn. Rosa Morando ingeniously confesses that to him the whole passage is "non esplicabile o almeno difficilissimo," inexplicable, or, at best, extremely difficult.

<sup>4</sup> *All five.*—Virgil, Dante, Sordello, Nino, and Currado Malaspina.

<sup>5</sup> *Remembering haply ancient grief.*—Progne having been changed into a swallow after the outrage done her by Tereus. See Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. vi.



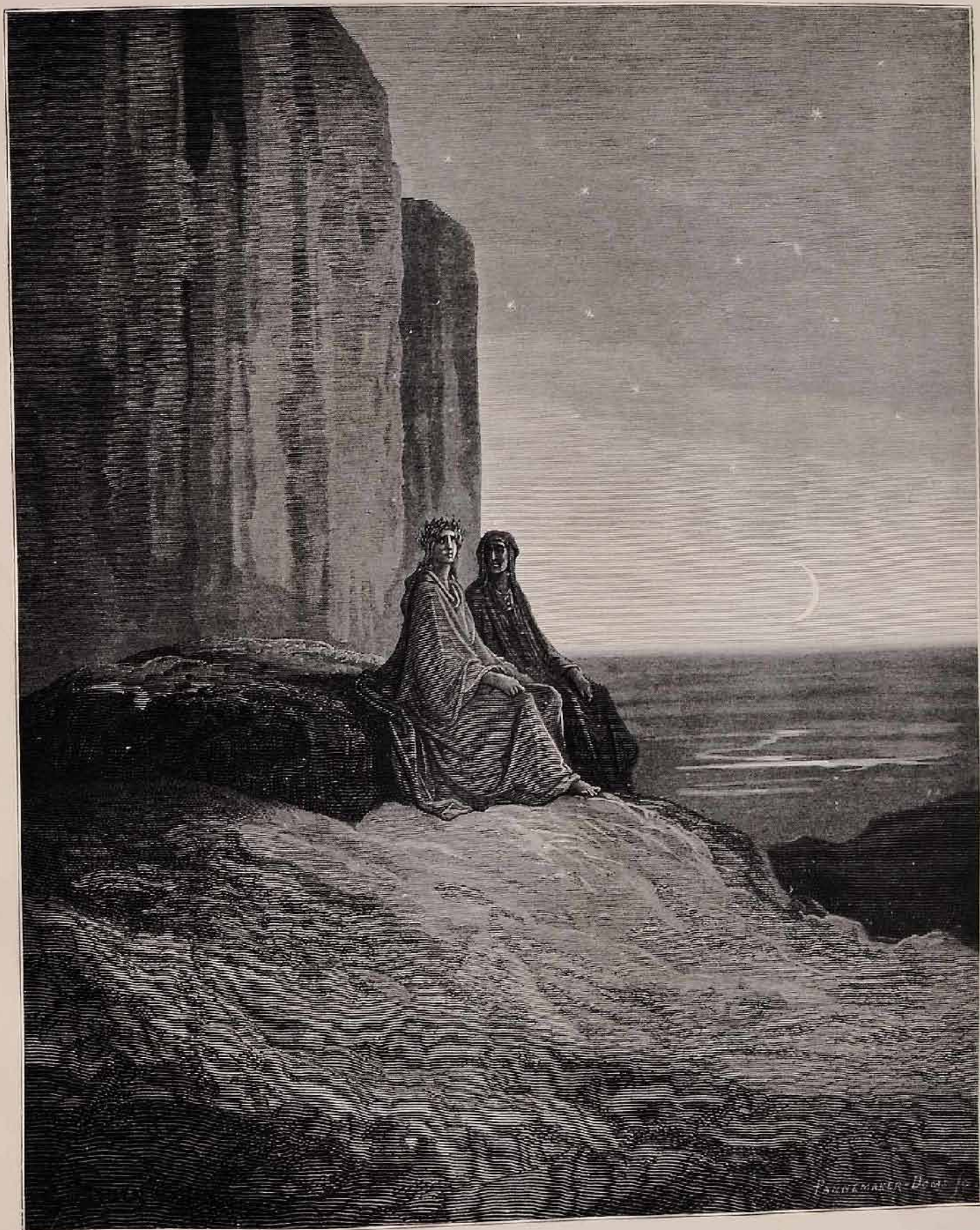
CANTO IX

THE DEPARTURE

14

Now the fair consort of Tithonus old,  
Arise from her mate's beloved arms,  
Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff.

*Canto IX, lines 1-3.*





A golden-feather'd eagle<sup>1</sup> in the sky,  
 With open wings, and hovering for descent;  
 And I was in that place, methought, from whence  
 Young Ganymede, from his associates 'reft,  
 Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory.  
 "Perhaps," thought I within me, "here alone  
 He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains  
 To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd,  
 A little wheeling in his airy tour,  
 Terrible as the lightning, rush'd he down,  
 And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.  
 There both, I thought, the eagle and myself  
 Did burn; and so intense the imagined flames,  
 That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst  
 Achilles shook himself, and round he roll'd  
 His waken'd eyeballs, wondering where he was,  
 Whenas his mother had from Chiron fled  
 To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms;  
 (There<sup>2</sup> whence the Greeks did after sunder him;)  
 E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face  
 The slumber parted, turning deadly pale,  
 Like one ice-struck with dread. Sole at my side  
 My comfort stood: and the bright sun was now  
 More than two hours aloft; and to the sea  
 My looks were turn'd. "Fear not," my master cried,  
 "Assured we are at happy point. Thy strength  
 Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art come  
 To Purgatory now. Lo! there the cliff  
 That circling bounds it. Lo! the entrance there,  
 Where it doth seem departed. Ere the dawn  
 Usher'd the day-light, when thy wearied soul

<sup>1</sup> *A golden-feather'd eagle.*—So Chaucer, in the "House of Fame," at the conclusion of the first book and beginning of the second, represents himself carried up by the "grim pawes" of a golden eagle. Much of his description is closely imitated from Dante:—

"Methought I saw an eagle sore.

It was of golde and shone so bright,  
 That never sawe men soche a sight."

*The House of Fame*, b. i.

"This eagle, of which I have you tolde,  
 That with fethirs shone al of golde,  
 Whiche that so hie gan to sore,  
 I gan beholdin more and more  
 To seen her beautee and the wonder,  
 But never was that dente of thonder,

Ne that thinge that men callin foudre,  
 That smite sometime a toure to poudre,  
 And in his swifte comminge brend,  
 That so swithe gan downwarde discende  
 As this foule whan that it behelde,  
 That I a roume was in the felde,  
 And with his grim pawes stronge,  
 Within his sharpe nailis longe,  
 Me fleyng at a swappe he hent," &c.

*Ibid.*, b. ii.

"Avis candida columbæ similis adveniens . . . per comam capitis suo rae ore apprehendens ferre sublimem cepit."—*Allerici Visio*, § 1.

<sup>2</sup> *There.*—Mr. Darley has noted the omission of this line in the preceding editions.

Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath  
 A lady came, and thus bespake me: 'I  
 Am Lucia.' Suffer me to take this man,  
 Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall speed.'  
 Sordello and the other gentle shapes  
 Tarrying, she bare thee up: and, as day shone,  
 This summit reach'd: and I pursued her steps.  
 Here did she place thee. First, her lovely eyes  
 That open entrance show'd me; then at once  
 She vanish'd with thy sleep." Like one, whose doubts  
 Are chased by certainty, and terror turn'd  
 To comfort on discovery of the truth,  
 Such was the change in me: and as my guide  
 Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff  
 He moved, and I behind him, towards the height.

Reader! thou markest how my theme doth rise;  
 Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully  
 I prop the structure. Nearer now we drew,  
 Arrived whence, in that part, where first a breach  
 As of a wall appear'd, I could descry  
 A portal, and three steps beneath, that led  
 For inlet there, of different colour each;  
 And one who watch'd, but spake not yet a word.  
 As more and more mine eye did stretch its view,  
 I mark'd him seated on the highest step,  
 In visage such, as past my power to bear.  
 Grasp'd in his hand, a naked sword glanced back  
 The rays so towards me, that I oft in vain  
 My sight directed. "Speak, from whence ye stand;"  
 He cried: "What would ye? Where is your escort?  
 Take heed your coming upward harm ye not."

"A heavenly dame, not skillless of these things,"  
 Replied the instructor, "told us, even now,  
 'Pass that way: here the gate is.'"—"And may she,  
 Befriending, prosper your ascent," resumed  
 The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come then  
 Before our steps." We straightway thither came.

The lowest stair<sup>2</sup> was marble white, so smooth  
 And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd form

<sup>1</sup> Lucia.—See "Hell," c. ii. 97; and "Paradise," c. xxxii. 123.

<sup>2</sup> The lowest stair.—By the white step is meant the distinctness with which the conscience of the penitent



There both, I thought, the eagle and myself  
Did burn; and so intense the imagined flames,  
That needs my sleep was broken off.

*Canto IX., lines 29—31.*



G. D. Gray

GAUCHARD BRUNIER



Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark  
 Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,  
 Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay  
 Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that flamed  
 Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein.  
 On this God's angel either foot sustain'd,  
 Upon the threshold seated, which appear'd  
 A rock of diamond. Up the trinal steps  
 My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said he,  
 "With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt."

Piously at his holy feet devolved  
 I cast me, praying him for pity's sake  
 That he would open to me; but first fell  
 Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times<sup>1</sup>  
 The letter, that denotes the inward stain,  
 He, on my forehead, with the blunted point  
 Of his drawn sword, inscribed. And "Look," he cried,  
 "When enter'd, that thou wash these scars away."

Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground,  
 Were of one colour with the robe he wore.  
 From underneath that vestment forth he drew  
 Two keys,<sup>2</sup> of metal twain: the one was gold,  
 Its fellow silver. With the pallid first,  
 And next the burnish'd, he so ply'd the gate,  
 As to content me well. "Whenever one  
 Faileth of these, that in the key-hole straight  
 It turn not, to this alley then expect  
 Access in vain." Such were the words he spake.  
 "One is more precious:<sup>3</sup> but the other needs  
 Skill and sagacity, large share of each,  
 Ere its good task to disengage the knot  
 Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these  
 I hold, of him instructed that I err

reflects his offences; by the burnt and cracked one, his contrition on their account; and by that of porphyry, the fervour with which he resolves on the future pursuit of piety and virtue. Hence, no doubt, Milton describing "the gate of heaven:"

"Each stair mysteriously was meant."

*Paradise Lost*, b. iii. 516.

<sup>1</sup> *Seven times*.—Seven P's, to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through Purgatory.

<sup>2</sup> *Two keys*.—Lombardi remarks that painters have usually drawn St. Peter with two keys, the one of gold and the other of silver; but that Niccolò Alemanni, in his "Dissertation de Parietibus Lateranensibus," produces instances of his being represented with one key, and with three. We have here, however, not St. Peter, but an angel deputed by him.

<sup>3</sup> *One is more precious*.—The golden key denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves the sinners; the silver expresses the learning and judgment requisite for the due discharge of that office.

Rather in opening, than in keeping fast ;  
So but the suppliant at my feet implore."

Then of that hallow'd gate he thrust the door,  
Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear :  
He forth again departs who looks behind."

As in the hinges of that sacred ward  
The swivels turn'd, sonorous metal strong,  
Harsh was the grating;<sup>1</sup> nor so surlily  
Roar'd the Tarpeian,<sup>2</sup> when by force bereft  
Of good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss  
To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd,  
Listening the thunder that first issued forth ;  
And "We praise thee, O God," methought I heard,  
In accents blended with sweet melody.  
The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound  
Of choral voices, that in solemn chant  
With organ<sup>3</sup> mingle, and, now high and clear  
Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

<sup>1</sup> *Harsh was the grating.*—

"On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. ii. 882.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Tarpeian.*—

"Protinus abducto patuerunt templa Metello.  
Tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat : magnoque reclusas  
Testatur stridere fores : tunc conditus imo  
Eratur templo multis intactus ab annis  
Romani census populi," &c.

*Lucan, Pharsalia, lib. iii. 157.*

"The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,  
While impious hands the rude assault renew ;

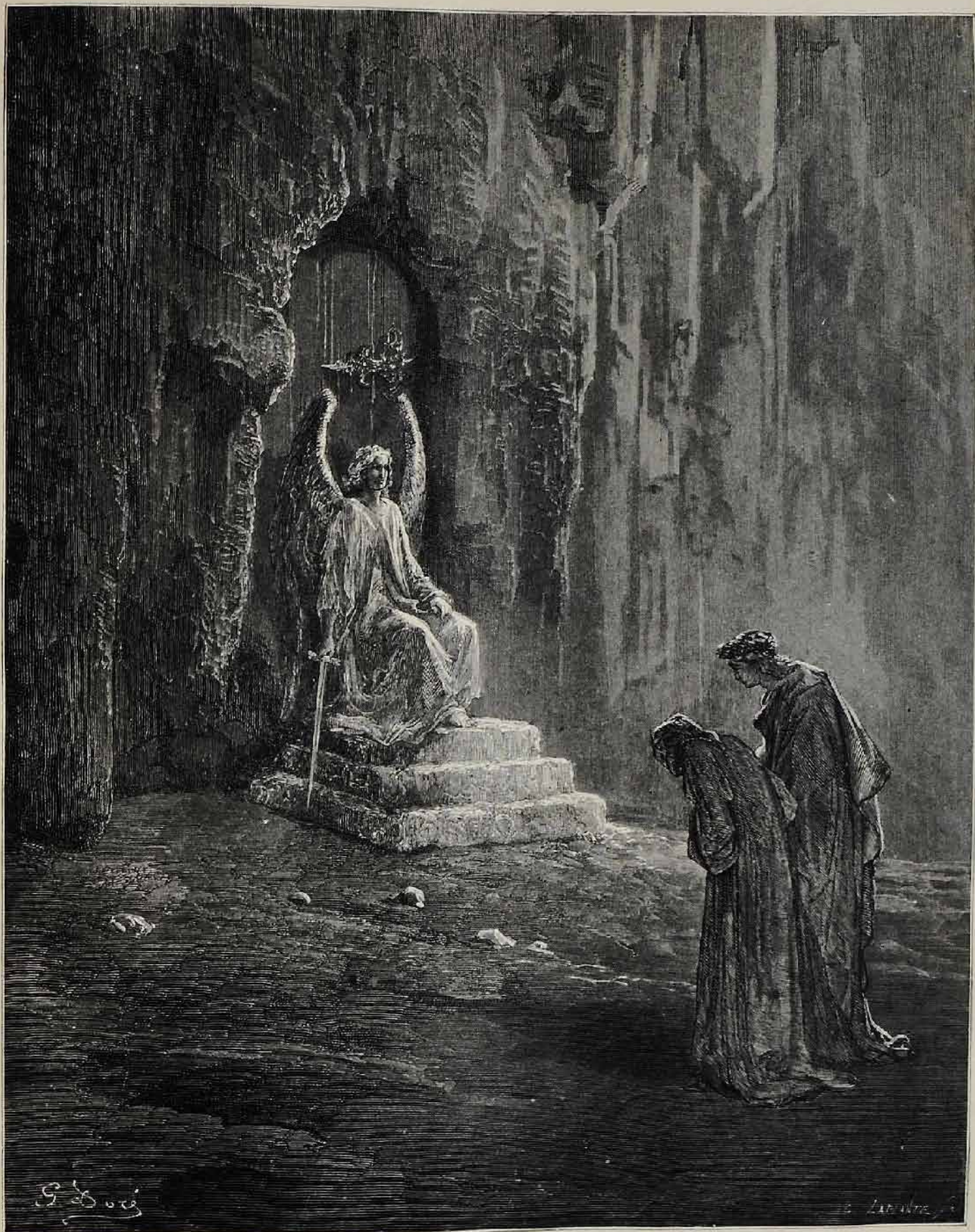
The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,  
And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.  
At length the sacred storehouse, open laid,  
The hoarded wealth of ages past displayed." *Rowe.*

<sup>3</sup> *Organ.*—Organs were used in Italy as early as in the sixth century. See Tiraboschi, "Storia della Lett. Ital.," 4to, vol. iii., lib. iii., cap. i., § 11, where the following description of that instrument is quoted from Cassiodorus, in Ps. 150 :—"Organum itaque est quasi turris diversis fistulis fabricata, quibus flatu folium vox copiosissima destinatur, et ut eam modulatio decora componat, linguis quibusdam ligneis ab interiore parte constructur, quas disciplinabiliter Magistrorum digiti reprimentes grandisonam efficiunt et suavisonam cantilenam." If I remember right, there is a passage in the Emperor Julian's writings which shows that the organ was not unknown in his time.



In visage such, as past my power to bear.

*Canto IX., line 74.*





## CANTO X.

### ARGUMENT.

Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our Poets ascend a winding path up the rock till they reach an open and level space that extends each way round the mountain. On the side that rises, and which is of white marble, are seen artfully engraven many stories of humility, which whilst they are contemplating, there approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones.

WHEN we had past the threshold of the gate,  
 (Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,  
 Making the crooked seem the straighter path,)  
 I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd,  
 For that offence what plea might have avail'd?

We mounted up the riven rock, that wound<sup>1</sup>  
 On either side alternate, as the wave  
 Flies and advances. "Here some little art  
 Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps  
 Observe the varying flexure of the path."

Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb  
 The moon once more o'erhangs her watery couch,  
 Ere we that strait have threaded. But when free,  
 We came, and open, where the mount above  
 One solid mass retires; I spent with toil,<sup>2</sup>  
 And both uncertain of the way, we stood,  
 Upon a plain more lonesome than the roads  
 That traverse desert wilds. From whence the brink  
 Borders upon vacuity, to foot  
 Of the steep bank that rises still, the space  
 Had measured thrice the stature of a man:  
 And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight,

<sup>1</sup> *That wound.*—Venturi justly observes that the Padre d'Aquino has misrepresented the sense of this passage in his translation:

"Dabat ascensum tendentibus ultra  
 Scissa tremensque silex, tenuique erratica motu."

The verb "muover" is used in the same signification in the "Inferno," canto xviii. 21 :

"Così da imo della roccia scogli  
 Moven."

"From the rock's low base  
 Thus flinty paths advanced."

In neither place is actual motion intended to be expressed.

<sup>2</sup> *I spent with toil.*—Dante only was wearied, because he only had the weight of a bodily frame to encumber him.

To leftward now and now to right dispatch'd,  
That cornice equal in extent appear'd.

Not yet our feet had on that summit moved,  
When I discover'd that the bank, around,  
Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,  
Was marble white; and so exactly wrought  
With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone  
Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self  
Been shamed. The angel (who came down to earth  
With tidings of the peace so many years  
Wept for in vain, that oped the heavenly gates  
From their long interdict) before us seem'd,  
In a sweet act, so sculptured to the life,  
He look'd no silent image. One had sworn  
He had said "Hail!"<sup>1</sup> for she was imaged there,  
By whom the key did open to God's love;  
And in her act as sensibly imprest  
That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"  
As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind  
On one place only," said the guide beloved,  
Who had me near him on that part where lies  
The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'd,  
And mark'd, behind the virgin mother's form,  
Upon that side where he that moved me stood,  
Another story graven on the rock.

I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,  
That it might stand more aptly for my view.  
There, in the self-same marble, were engraved  
The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,  
That from unbidden office awes mankind.<sup>2</sup>  
Before it came much people; and the whole  
Parted in seven quires. One sense cried "Nay,"  
Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose  
Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume  
Of incense breathing up the well-wrought toil.

<sup>1</sup> *Hail*.—

"On whom the angel *Hail*  
Bestow'd, the holy salutation used  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, v. 387.

"The basso relievo on the border of the second rock in Purgatory furnished the idea of the "Annunziata," painted by Marcello Venusti from his (Michael Angelo's) design

in the sacristy of St. Giovanni Lateran."—*Fuseli, Lecture* iii., note.

<sup>2</sup> *That from unbidden office awes mankind*.—"And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God."—2 Sam. vi. 6, 7.



The wretch appear'd amid all these to say:  
"Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this heart,  
My son is murder'd."

*Canto X, lines 74-76.*



JANMANN & CO. DRES.



Preceding<sup>1</sup> the blest vessel, onward came,  
 With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,  
 Israel's sweet harper: in that hap he seem'd  
 Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite,  
 At a great palace, from the lattice forth  
 Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn  
 And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,  
 Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,  
 I moved me. There, was storied on the rock  
 The exalted glory of the Roman prince,  
 Whose mighty worth moved Gregory<sup>2</sup> to earn  
 His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.<sup>3</sup>  
 A widow at his bridle stood, attired  
 In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd  
 Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold  
 The eagles floated,<sup>4</sup> struggling with the wind.  
 The wretch appear'd amid all these to say:  
 "Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this heart,  
 My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd:  
 "Wait now till I return." And she, as one  
 Made hasty by her grief: "O Sire! if thou  
 Dost not return?"—"Where I am, who then is,  
 May right thee."—"What to thee is other's good,  
 If thou neglect thy own?"—"Now comfort thee;"  
 At length he answers. "It beseemeth well  
 My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence:  
 So justice wills; and pity bids me stay."

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produced  
 That visible speaking, new to us and strange,  
 The like not found on earth. Fondly I gazed  
 Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,  
 Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake;

<sup>1</sup> *Preceding*.—"And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod."—2 Sam. vi. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *Whose mighty worth moved Gregory*.—St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered Trajan from hell. See "Paradise," canto xx. 40.

<sup>3</sup> *Trajan the Emperor*.—For this story, Landino refers to two writers, whom he calls "Helinando," of France—by whom he means Elinand, a monk and chronicler in the reign of Philip Augustus—and "Pölycrato," of England, by whom is meant John of Salisbury, author of the "Polycraticus de Curialium Nugis," in the twelfth century. The passage in the text I find nearly a translation from that work, lib. v., c. 8. The original appears to

be in Dio Cassius, where it is told of the Emperor Hadrian, lib. lxix., ἀπέδει γυναικός; κ. τ. λ. "when a woman appeared to him with a suit, as he was on a journey, at first he answered her, 'I have no leisure;'—but she crying out to him, 'then reign no longer,' he turned about, and heard her cause." Lombardi refers also to Johannes Diaconus, "Vita S. Gregor.," lib. ii., cap. 44; the Euchology of the Greeks, cap. 96; and St. Thomas Aquinas, "Supplem. Quæst." 73, art. 5 ad 5. Compare Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," lib. ii., cap. 6.

<sup>4</sup> *The eagles floated*.—See Perticari's Letter on this passage. Opere, vol. iii., p. 552, ed. Bol., 1823. The eagles were of metal; not worked on a standard, as Villani supposed.



When "Lo!" the poet whisper'd, "where this way  
(But slack their pace) a multitude advance.  
These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."

Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights,  
Their loved allurements, were not slow to turn.

Reader! I would not that amazed thou miss  
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God  
Decreases our debts be cancel'd. Ponder<sup>1</sup> not  
The form of suffering. Think on what succeeds:  
Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty doom  
It cannot pass. "Instructor!" I began,  
"What I see hither tending, bears no trace  
Of human semblance, nor of aught beside  
That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering thus:  
"So courb'd to earth, beneath their heavy terms  
Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first  
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither;  
And disentangle with thy labouring view,  
What, underneath those stones, approacheth: now,  
E'en now, mayst thou discern the pangs of each."

Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones!  
That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust  
Upon unstaïd perverseness: know ye not  
That we are worms, yet made at last to form  
The winged insect,<sup>2</sup> imp'd with angel plumes,  
That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars?  
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledged souls?  
Abortive<sup>3</sup> then and shapeless ye remain,  
Like the untimely embryo of a worm.

<sup>1</sup> *Ponder*.—This is, in truth, an unanswerable objection to the doctrine of Purgatory. It is difficult to conceive how the best can meet death without horror, if they believe it must be followed by immediate and intense suffering.

<sup>2</sup> *The winged insect*.—"L'angelica farfalla." The butterfly was an ancient and well-known symbol of the human soul. Venturi cites some lines from the "Canzoni Anacreontiche" of Magalotti, in which this passage is imitated.

<sup>3</sup> *Abortive*.—The word in the original is "entomata." Some critics, and Salvini amongst the rest, have supposed that Dante, finding in a vocabulary the Greek word *ἐντομα* with the article *τὰ* placed after it to denote its gender, mistook them for one word. From this error he is well excused by Rosa Mirando in a passage quoted by Lombardi from the "Osserv. Parad., III.," where it is shown that the Italian word is formed, for the sake of the verse, in analogy with some others used by our poet; and that Redi himself, an excellent Greek scholar, and a very

accurate writer, has even in prose, where such licences are less allowable, thus lengthened it. It may be considered as some proof of our author's acquaintance with the Greek language, that in the "Convito," p. 26, he finds fault with the version of Aristotle's Ethics made by Taddeo d' Alderotto, the Florentine physician; and that in the treatise "De Monarchiâ," lib. i., p. 110, he quotes a Greek word from Aristotle himself. On the other hand, he speaks of a passage in the same writer being doubtful, on account of its being differently interpreted in two different translations, a new and an old one. "Convito," p. 75. And for the word "autentin," he refers to a vocabulary compiled by Ugucione Bentivegna of Pisa, a MS. that is perhaps still remaining, as Cinelli, in his MS. history of Tuscan writers referred to by Biscioni in the notes on the "Convito," p. 142, speaks of it as being preserved in the library of St. Francesco at Cesena. After all, Dante's knowledge of Greek must remain as questionable as Shakespeare's of that language and of Latin.



As, to support incumbent floor or roof,  
 For corbel, is a figure<sup>1</sup> sometimes seen,  
 That crumples up its knees unto its breast;  
 With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd  
 In the beholder's fancy; so I saw  
 These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.  
 Each, as his back was laden, came indeed  
 Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd  
 As he, who show'd most patience in his look,  
 Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

<sup>1</sup> *As, to support incumbent floor or roof, for corbel, is a figure.*—Chillingworth, cap. vi., § 54, speaks of "those crouching anticks, which seem in great build-

ings to labour under the weight they bear." And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his "Essay on Wit and Humour," p. 4, § 3.

## CANTO XI.

### ARGUMENT.

After a prayer uttered by the spirits who were spoken of in the last Canto, Virgil inquires the way upwards, and is answered by one, who declares himself to have been Umberto, son of the Count of Santafiore. Next our Poet distinguishes Oderigi, the illuminator, who discourses on the vanity of worldly fame, and points out to him the soul of Provenzano Salvani.

“O THOU Almighty Father!<sup>1</sup> who dost make  
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,  
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st  
Thy primal effluence; hallow'd be thy name:  
Join, each created being, to extol  
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and praise  
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace  
Come unto us; for we, unless it come,  
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.  
As, of their will, the angels unto thee  
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne  
With loud hosannas; so of their's be done  
By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,  
Our daily manna, without which he roams  
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most  
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each  
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou  
Benign, and of our merit take no count.  
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not  
Our virtue, easily subdued; but free  
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.  
This last petition, dearest Lord! is made  
Not for ourselves; since that were needless now;  
But for their sakes who after us remain.”

<sup>1</sup> *O thou Almighty Father!*—The first four lines are borrowed by Pulci, “Morgante Maggiore,” c. vi. Dante, in his “Credo,” has again versified the Lord's Prayer,

if, indeed, the “Credo” be Dante's, which some have doubted; and in the preface to Allacci's Collection it is ascribed to Antonio di Ferrara.



Thus for themselves and us good speed imploring,  
 Those spirits went beneath a weight like that  
 We sometimes feel in dreams; all, sore beset,  
 But with unequal anguish; wearied all;  
 Round the first circuit; purging as they go  
 The world's gross darkness off. In our behoof  
 If their vows still be offer'd, what can here  
 For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills  
 Have root of goodness in them?<sup>1</sup> Well beseems  
 That we should help them wash away the stains  
 They carried hence; that so, made pure and light,  
 They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

“ Ah! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid  
 Your burdens speedily; that ye have power  
 To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire  
 Shall lift you; as ye show us on which hand  
 Toward the ladder leads the shortest way.  
 And if there be more passages than one,  
 Instruct us of that easiest to ascend:  
 For this man, who comes with me, and bears yet  
 The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him,  
 Despite his better will, but slowly mounts.”  
 From whom the answer came unto these words,  
 Which my guide spake, appear'd not; but 'twas said  
 “ Along the bank to rightward come with us;  
 And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil  
 Of living man to climb: and were it not  
 That I am hinder'd by the rock, wherewith  
 This arrogant neck is tamed, whence needs I stoop  
 My visage to the ground; him, who yet lives,  
 Whose name thou speak'st not, him I fain would view;  
 To mark if e'er I knew him, and to crave  
 His pity for the fardel that I bear.  
 I was of Latium;<sup>2</sup> of a Tuscan born,  
 A mighty one: Aldobrandesco's name,  
 My sire's, I know not if ye e'er have heard.  
 My old blood and forefathers' gallant deeds  
 Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot

<sup>1</sup> *Root of goodness in them.*—The poet has before told us that there are no others on earth whose prayers avail to shorten the pains of those who are in Purgatory.

<sup>2</sup> *I was of Latium.*—Omberto, the son of Guglielmo

Aldobrandesco, Count of Santafiore, in the territory of Sienna. His arrogance provoked his countrymen to such a pitch of fury against him that he was murdered by them at Campagnatico.

The common mother; and to such excess  
 Wax'd in my scorn of all men, that I fell,  
 Fell therefore; by what fate, Sienna's sons,  
 Each child in Campagnatico, can tell.  
 I am Umberto: not me, only, pride  
 Hath injured, but my kindred all involved  
 In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains  
 Under this weight to groan, till I appease  
 God's angry justice, since I did it not  
 Amongst the living, here amongst the dead."

Listening I bent my visage down: and one  
 (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight  
 That urged him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd;  
 Holding his eyes with difficultly fix'd  
 Intent upon me, stooping as I went  
 Companion of their way. "O!" I exclaim'd,  
 "Art thou not Oderigi? art not thou  
 Agobbio's glory, glory of that art  
 Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?"

"Brother!" said he, "with tints, that gayer smile,  
 Bolognian Franco's<sup>2</sup> pencil lines the leaves.  
 His all the honour now; my light obscured.  
 In truth, I had not been thus courteous to him  
 The whilst I lived, through eagerness of zeal  
 For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.  
 Here, of such pride, the forfeiture is paid.<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor were I even here, if, able still  
 To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God.  
 O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipt  
 E'en in its height of verdure, if an age  
 Less bright succeed not.<sup>4</sup> Cimabue<sup>5</sup> thought  
 To lord it over painting's field; and now

<sup>1</sup> *Oderigi*.—The illuminator, or miniature painter, a friend of Giotto and Dante.

<sup>2</sup> *Bolognian Franco*.—Franco of Bologna, who is said to have been a pupil of Oderigi's.

<sup>3</sup> *The forfeiture is paid*.—

"Di tal superbia qui si paga il fio."

So in the "Inferno," c. xxvii. 135:

"In che si paga il fio."

And Ariosto, "Orlando Furioso," c. xxii. 59:

"Prestate oia, che qui si paga il fio."

<sup>4</sup> *If an age less bright succeed not*.—If a generation of men do not follow, among whom none exceeds or equals

those who have immediately preceded them. "Etat grosse," to which Volpi remarks a similar expression in Boileau:

"Villon sût le premier, dans ces siècles grossiers,  
 Debrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers."

*Art Poétique*, ch. i.

<sup>5</sup> *Cimabue*.—Giovanni Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was born at Florence, of a noble family, in 1240, and died in 1300. The passage in the text is an allusion to his epitaph:

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



The cry is Giotto's,<sup>1</sup> and his name eclipsed.  
Thus hath one Guido from the other<sup>2</sup> snatch'd

<sup>1</sup> *The cry is Giotto's.*—In Giotto we have a proof of how early a period the fine arts were encouraged in Italy. His talents were discovered by Cimabue, while he was tending sheep for his father in the neighbourhood of Florence, and he was afterwards patronised by Pope Benedict XI. and Robert King of Naples; and enjoyed the society and friendship of Dante, whose likeness he has transmitted to posterity. He died in 1336, at the age of 60.

<sup>2</sup> *One Guido from the other.*—Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of our poet (see "Hell," canto x. 59), had eclipsed the literary fame of Guido Guinicelli, of a noble family in Bologna, whom we shall meet with in the twenty-sixth canto, and of whom frequent and honourable mention is made by our poet in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia." Guinicelli died in 1276, as is proved by Fantuzzi, on the Bolognian writers, tom. iv., p. 345. See Mr. Mathias's "Tiraboschi," tom. i., p. 110. There are more of Guinicelli's poems to be found in Allacci's Collection, than Tiraboschi, who tells us he had not seen it, supposed. From these I have selected two which appear to me singularly pathetic. It must, however, be observed that the former of them is attributed in the Vatican MS. 3213, to Cino da Pistoia, as Bottari informs us in the notes to "Lettere di Fra Guittone d'Arezzo," p. 171. Many of Cavalcanti's writings, hitherto in MS., are said to be publishing at Florence. See "Esprit des Journaux," Jan., 1813. [They were edited there in that year, but not for sale, by Antonio Ciccipapere], as I learn from Gamba's "Testi di Lingua Ital." 272.]

"Noi provamo ch' in questo cieco mondo  
Ciascun si vive in angosciosa doglia,  
Ch' in ogni avversità ventura 'l tira.  
Beata l' alma che lascia tal pondo.  
E va nel ciel, dove è compita zogia,  
Zogioso cor far de corrotto e dira.  
Or dunque di chel vostro cor sospira  
Che rallegrar si dè del suo migliore,  
Che Dio, nostro signore,  
Volse di lei, come avea l'angel detto,  
Fare il ciel perfetto.  
Per nuova cosa ogni santo la mira:  
Ed ella sta d'avante alla salute;  
Ed in ver lei parla ogni vertute."

*Allacci, Ediz. Napoli, 1661, p. 378.*

"By proof, in this blind mortal world, we know,  
That each one lives in grief and sore annoy;  
Such ceaseless strife of fortune we sustain.  
Blessed the soul, that leaves this weight below,  
And goes its way to heaven, where it hath joy  
Entire, without a touch of wrath or pain.  
Now then what reason hath thy heart to sigh,  
That should be glad, as for desire fulfill'd,  
That God, our Sovereign, will'd  
She, as He told His angel, should be given  
To bless and perfect heaven?  
Each saint looks on her with admiring eye;  
And she stands ever in salvation's sight;  
And every virtue bends on her its light."

"Conforto già conforto l'amor chiama,  
E pietà prega per Dio, fatti resto;  
Or v' inchinate a sì dolce preghiera;  
Spogliatevi di questa vesta grama,  
Da che voi sete per ragion richiesto.  
Chè l'uomo per dolor more e dispera.  
Con voi vedeste poi la bella ciera.  
Se v' accogliesse morte in disperanza,

De sì grave pesanza  
Traete il vostro cor ormai per Dio,  
Che non sia così rio  
Ver l'alma vostra che ancora spiera  
Vederla in ciel e star nelle sue braccia,  
Dunque spene dè confortar vi piaccia."

*Allacci, Ediz. Napoli, 1661, p. 380.*

"Comfort thee, comfort thee," exclaimeth Love;  
And Pity by thy God adjures thee 'rest!  
Oh then incline ye to such gentle prayer;  
Nor Reason's plea should ineffectual prove,  
Who bids ye lay aside this dismal vest:  
For man meets death through sadness and despair.  
Amongst you ye have seen a face so fair:  
Be this in mortal mourning some relief.  
And, for more balm of grief,  
Rescue thy spirit from its heavy load,  
Remembering thy God;  
And that in heaven thou hopest again to share  
In sight of her, and with thine arms to fold:  
Hope then; nor of this comfort quit thy hold."

To these I will add a sonnet by the same writer, from the poems printed with the "Bella Mano" of Giusto de' Conti. Ediz. 1715, p. 167:

"Io vo dal ver la mia donna laudare,  
E rassembrarla alla rosa, ed al giglio.  
Più che stella Diana splende, e pare,  
Ciò che lassù è bello a lei somiglio.  
Verdi rivere a lei rassembro, l'are,  
Tutto color di porpora, e vermiglio,  
Oro, ed argento, e ricche gioie preclare;  
Medesimo amor per lei raffina miglio.  
Passa per via adorna, e sì gentile,  
Cui bassa orgoglio, a cui dona salute,  
E fal di nostra fe, se non la crede.  
E non le può appressare, uom che sia vile,  
Ancor ve ne dirò maggior vertute,  
Nullo uom può mal pensar finchè la vede."

"I would from truth my lady's praise supply,  
Resembling her to lily and to rose;  
Brighter than morning's lucid star she shows,  
And fair as that which fairest is on high.  
To the blue wave, I liken her, and sky,  
All colour that with pink and crimson glows.  
Gold, silver, and rich stones: nay lowlier grows  
E'en love himself, when she is standing by.  
She passeth on so gracious and so mild,  
One's pride is quench'd, and one of sick is well:  
And they believe, who from the faith did err;  
And none may near her come by harm defiled.  
A mightier virtue have I yet to tell;  
No man may think of evil, seeing her."

The two following sonnets of Guido Cavalcanti may enable the reader to form some judgment whether Dante had sufficient reason for preferring him to his predecessor Guinicelli:

"Io temo che la mia disavventura  
Non faccia sì ch' io dico io mi dispero,  
Però ch' io sento nel cor un pensiero,  
Che fa tremar la mente di paura.  
E par ch' ei dica: Amor non t'assicura  
In guisa che tu possa di leggiere  
Alla tua donna sì contare il vero,  
Chè morte non ti ponga in sua figura.  
Della gran doglia, che l'anima sente,



The letter'd prize: and he, perhaps, is born,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise  
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,  
 That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,  
 Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more  
 Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh  
 Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou hadst died  
 Before the coral and the pap were left;  
 Or e'er some thousand years have past? and that  
 Is, to eternity compared, a space  
 Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye  
 To the heaven's slowest orb. He there, who treads  
 So leisurely before me, far and wide  
 Through Tuscany resounded once; and now  
 Is in Sienna scarce with whispers named:  
 There was he sovereign, when destruction caught  
 The maddening rage of Florence, in that day  
 Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown  
 Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go;  
 And his might withers it, by whom it sprang  
 Crude from the lap of earth." I thus to him:  
 "True are thy sayings: to my heart they breathe  
 The kindly spirit of meekness, and allay

Si parte dallo core un tal sospiro  
 Che va dicendo: Spiriti fuggite;  
 Allor null' uom, che sia pietoso, miro;  
 Che consolasse mia vita dolente,  
 Dicendo: Spiriti non vi partite."

*Anecdota Literaria ex MSS. Codicibus eruta.*  
 Ediz. Roma (no year), v. iii, p. 452.

"I fear lest my mischance may so prevail,  
 That it may make me of myself despair.  
 For, my heart searching, I discover there  
 A thought that makes the mind with terror quail.  
 It says, mescemeth, 'Love shall not avail  
 To strengthen thee so much, that thou shalt dare  
 Tell her thou lovest, thy passion or thy prayer,  
 To save from power of death thy visage pale.'  
 Through the dread sorrow that o'erwhelms my soul,  
 There issues from my bosom such a sigh,  
 As passeth, crying, 'Spirits, flee away.'  
 And then, when I am fainting in my dole,  
 No man so merciful there standeth by,  
 To comfort me, and answer, 'Spirits, stay.'"

"Beltà di donna, e di saccente core,  
 E cavalieri armati, che sian genti,  
 Cantar d'augelli, e ragionar d'amore,  
 Adorni legni in mar, forti e correnti:  
 Aria serena, quando appar l'albore,  
 E bianca neve scender senza venti,  
 Riviera d'acqua, e prato d'ogni fiore,

Oro, e argento, azurro in ornamenti:  
 Ciò che può la beltate, e la valenza  
 Della mia donna in suo gentil coraggio,  
 Par che rassembra vile a chi ciò guarda,  
 E tanto ha più d'ogni altra conoscenza,  
 Quanto lo Ciel di questa terra è maggio,  
 A simil di natura ben non tarda."

*La Bella Mano e Rime Antiche.*

Ediz. Fir., 1715, p. 128.

"Whatso is fair in lady's face or mind,  
 And gentle knights caparison'd and gay,  
 Singing of sweet birds unto love inclined,  
 And gallant barks that cut the watery way;  
 The white snow falling without any wind,  
 The cloudless sky at break of early day,  
 The crystal stream, with flowers the meadow lined,  
 Silver, and gold, and azure for array:  
 To him that sees the beauty and the worth  
 Whose power doth meet and in my lady dwell,  
 All seem as vile, their price and lustre gone.  
 And, as the heaven is higher than the earth,  
 So she in knowledge doth each one excel,  
 Not slow to good in nature like her own."

<sup>1</sup> *He, perhaps, is born.*—Some imagine, with much probability, that Dante here augurs the greatness of his own poetical reputation. Others have absurdly fancied that he prophesies the glory of Petrarch; but Petrarch was not yet born. Lombardi doubts whether it is not spoken generally of human vicissitudes.



What tumours<sup>1</sup> rankle there. But who is he,  
 Of whom thou spakest but now?" "This," he replied,  
 "Is Provenzano. He is here, because  
 He reach'd with grasp presumptuous at the sway  
 Of all Sienna. Thus he still hath gone,  
 Thus goeth never-resting, since he died.  
 Such is the acquittance render'd back of him,  
 Who, in the mortal life, too much hath dared."  
 I then: "If soul, that to life's verge delays  
 Repentance, linger in that lower space,  
 Nor hither mount (unless good prayers befriend),  
 Or ever time, long as it lived, be past;<sup>2</sup>  
 How chanced admittance was vouchsafed to him?"

"When at his glory's topmost height," said he,  
 "Respect of dignity all cast aside,  
 Freely he fix'd him on Sienna's plain,  
 A suitor<sup>3</sup> to redeem his suffering friend,  
 Who languish'd in the prison-house of Charles;  
 Nor, for his sake, refused through every vein  
 To tremble. More I will not say; and dark,  
 I know, my words are; but thy neighbours soon<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall help thee to a comment on the text.  
 This is the work, that from these limits freed him."

<sup>1</sup> *What tumours.*—

"Apt words have power to swage  
 The tumours of a troubled mind."

*Milton, Samson Agonistes.*

<sup>2</sup> *Or ever time, long as it lived, be past.*—This line was omitted in the former editions, as Mr. Lyell has pointed out to me.

<sup>3</sup> *A suitor.*—Provenzano Salvani humbled himself so far for the sake of one of his friends, who was detained in captivity by Charles I. of Sicily, as personally to supplicate the people of Sienna to contribute the sum required by the king for his ransom; and this act of self-abasement atoned for his general ambition and pride. He fell in the battle of Vald'Elsa, wherein the Florentines discomfited the Siennese in June, 1269. G. Villani relates some curious particulars of his fate: "Messer Provenzano

Salvani, the lord and conductor of the army, was taken, and his head cut off and carried through all the camp, fixed upon a lance. And well was accomplished the prophecy and revelation made to him by the devil by way of witchcraft, but he understood it not; for having compelled him to answer how he should succeed in the said engagement, he told him, lyingly—"Thou shalt go, fight, conquer not, die in the battle, and thy head shall be the highest in the camp." And he thought to have the victory, and from these words hoped to remain master of all, and noted not the fallacy, where he said, 'Conquer not, die.' And therefore it is great folly to trust such counsel as that of the devil."—Lib. vii., cap. xxxi.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy neighbours soon.*—"Thou wilt know in the time of thy banishment, which is near at hand, what it is to solicit favours of others, and 'tremble through every vein, lest they should be refused thee."

## CANTO XII.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante being desired by Virgil to look down on the ground which they are treading, observes that it is wrought over with imagery exhibiting various instances of pride recorded in history and fable. They leave the first cornice, and are ushered to the next by an angel who points out the way.

WITH equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,  
I, with that laden spirit, journey'd on,  
Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me ;  
But, when he bade me quit him, and proceed  
(For "Here," said he, "behoves with sail and oars  
Each man, as best he may, push on his bark"),  
Upright, as one disposed for speed, I raised  
My body, still in thought submissive bow'd.

I now my leader's track not loth pursued ;  
And each had shown how light we fared along,  
When thus he warn'd me : "Bend thine eyesight down :  
For thou, to ease the way, shalt find it good  
To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet."

As, in memorial of the buried, drawn  
Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptured form  
Of what was once, appears (at sight whereof  
Tears often stream forth, by remembrance waked,  
Whose sacred stings the piteous often feel),  
So saw I there, but with more curious skill  
Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space  
From forth the mountain stretches. On one part  
Him I beheld, above all creatures erst  
Created noblest, lightening fall from heaven :  
On the other side, with bolt celestial pierced,  
Briareus ; cumbering earth he lay, through dint  
Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbrean god,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Thymbrean god.*—Apollo. "Si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbreus Apollo." *Virgil, Georgics, iv. 323.*

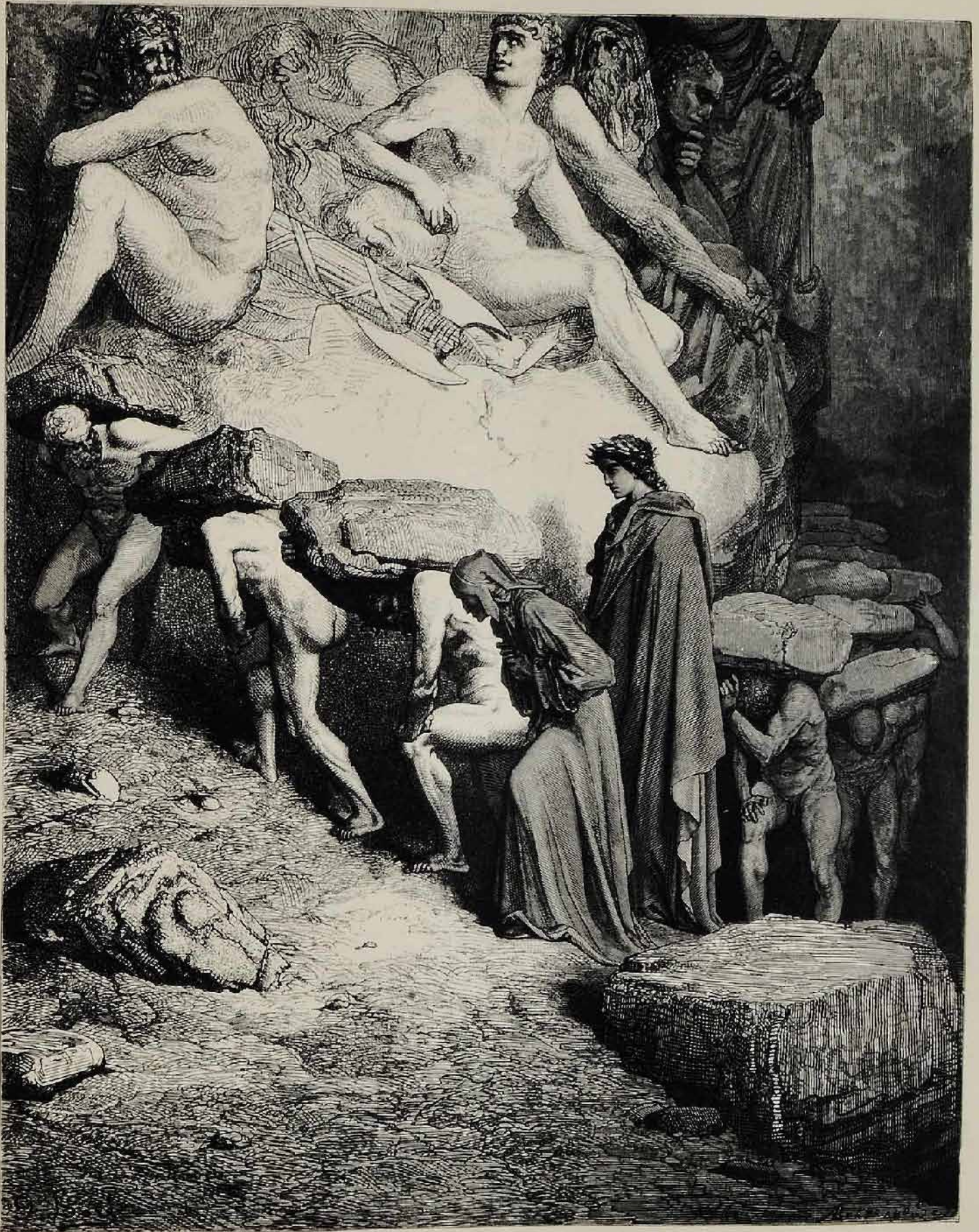


CANTO XII

With equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,  
I, with that laden spirit, journey'd on,  
Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me.

*Canto XII., lines 1-3.*







With Mars,<sup>1</sup> I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,  
 Arm'd still, and gazing on the giants' limbs  
 Strewn o'er the ethereal field. Nimrod I saw:  
 At foot of the stupendous work he stood,  
 As if bewilder'd, looking on the crowd  
 Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.<sup>2</sup>

O Niobe! in what a trance of woe  
 Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn,  
 Seven sons on either side thee slain. O Saul!  
 How ghastly didst thou look, on thine own sword  
 Expiring, in Gilboa, from that hour  
 Ne'er visited with rain from heaven, or dew.

O fond Arachne! thee I also saw,  
 Half spider now, in anguish, crawling up  
 The unfinish'd web thou weaved'st to thy bane.

O Rehoboam!<sup>3</sup> here thy shape doth seem  
 Louring no more defiance; but fear-smote,  
 With none to chase him, in his chariot whirl'd.

Was shown beside upon the solid floor  
 How dear Alcæon<sup>4</sup> forced his mother rate  
 That ornament, in evil hour received:  
 How, in the Temple, on Sennacherib<sup>5</sup> fell  
 His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.  
 Was shown the scath, and cruel mangling made  
 By Tomyris<sup>6</sup> on Cyrus, when she cried,  
 "Blood thou didst thirst for: take thy fill of blood."  
 Was shown how routed in the battle fled  
 The Assyrians, Holofernes<sup>7</sup> slain, and e'en  
 The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd  
 In ashes and in caverns. Oh! how fallen,  
 How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there.

What master of the pencil or the style<sup>8</sup>  
 Had traced the shades and lines, that might have made

<sup>1</sup> *Mars.*— "With such a grace,  
 The giants that attempted to scale heaven,  
 When they lay dead on the Phlegrean plain,  
 Mars did appear to Jove."

*Beaumont and Fletcher, The Prophetess,*  
 act ii., sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Sennaar's plain.*—  
 "The builders such of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii. 467.*

<sup>3</sup> *O Rehoboam.*—1 Kings xii. 18.

<sup>4</sup> *Alcæon.*—Virgil, "Æneid," lib. vi. 445; and Homer,  
 "Odyssey," xi. 325.

<sup>5</sup> *Sennacherib.*—2 Kings xix. 37.

<sup>6</sup> *Tomyris.*—"Caput Cyri amputatum in urem humano  
 sanguine repletum conjici Regina jubet cum hac expro-  
 batione crudelitatis, Satis te, inquit, sanguine quem sitisti,  
 cujusque insatiabilis semper fuisti."—*Justin.* lib. I., cap. 8.

<sup>7</sup> *Holofernes.*—Judith xiii.

<sup>8</sup> *What master of the pencil or the style.*—

"Inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii. 509.*

The subtlest workman wonder? Dead, the dead;  
 The living seem'd alive: with clearer view,  
 His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth,  
 Than mine what I did tread on, while I went  
 Low bending. Now swell out, and with stiff necks  
 Pass on, ye sons of Eve! vale not your looks,  
 Lest they descry the evil of your path.

I noted not (so busied was my thought)  
 How much we now had circled of the mount;  
 And of his course yet more the sun had spent;  
 When he, who with still wakeful caution went,  
 Admonish'd: "Raise thou up thy head: for know  
 Time is not now for slow suspense. Behold,  
 That way, an angel hasting towards us. Lo,  
 Where duly the sixth handmaid<sup>1</sup> doth return  
 From service on the day. Wear thou, in look  
 And gesture, seemly grace of reverent awe;  
 That gladly he may forward us aloft.  
 Consider that this day ne'er dawns again."

Time's loss he had so often warn'd me 'gainst,  
 I could not miss the scope at which he aim'd.

The goodly shape approach'd us, snowy white  
 In vesture, and with visage casting streams  
 Of tremulous lustre like the matin star.  
 His arms he open'd, then his wings; and spake:  
 "Onward! the steps, behold, are near; and now  
 The ascent is without difficulty gain'd."

A scanty few are they, who, when they hear  
 Such tidings, hasten. O ye race of men!  
 Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind  
 So slight to baffle ye? He led us on  
 Where the rock parted; here, against my front,  
 Did beat his wings; then promised I should fare  
 In safety on my way. As to ascend  
 That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands<sup>2</sup>  
 (O'er Rubaconte, looking lordly down  
 On the well-guided city<sup>3</sup>), up the right

<sup>1</sup> *Where duly the sixth handmaid*.—Compare canto xxxii. 116.

<sup>2</sup> *The chapel stands*.—The church of San Miniato in Florence, situated on a height that overlooks the Arno, where it is crossed by the bridge Rubaconte, so called

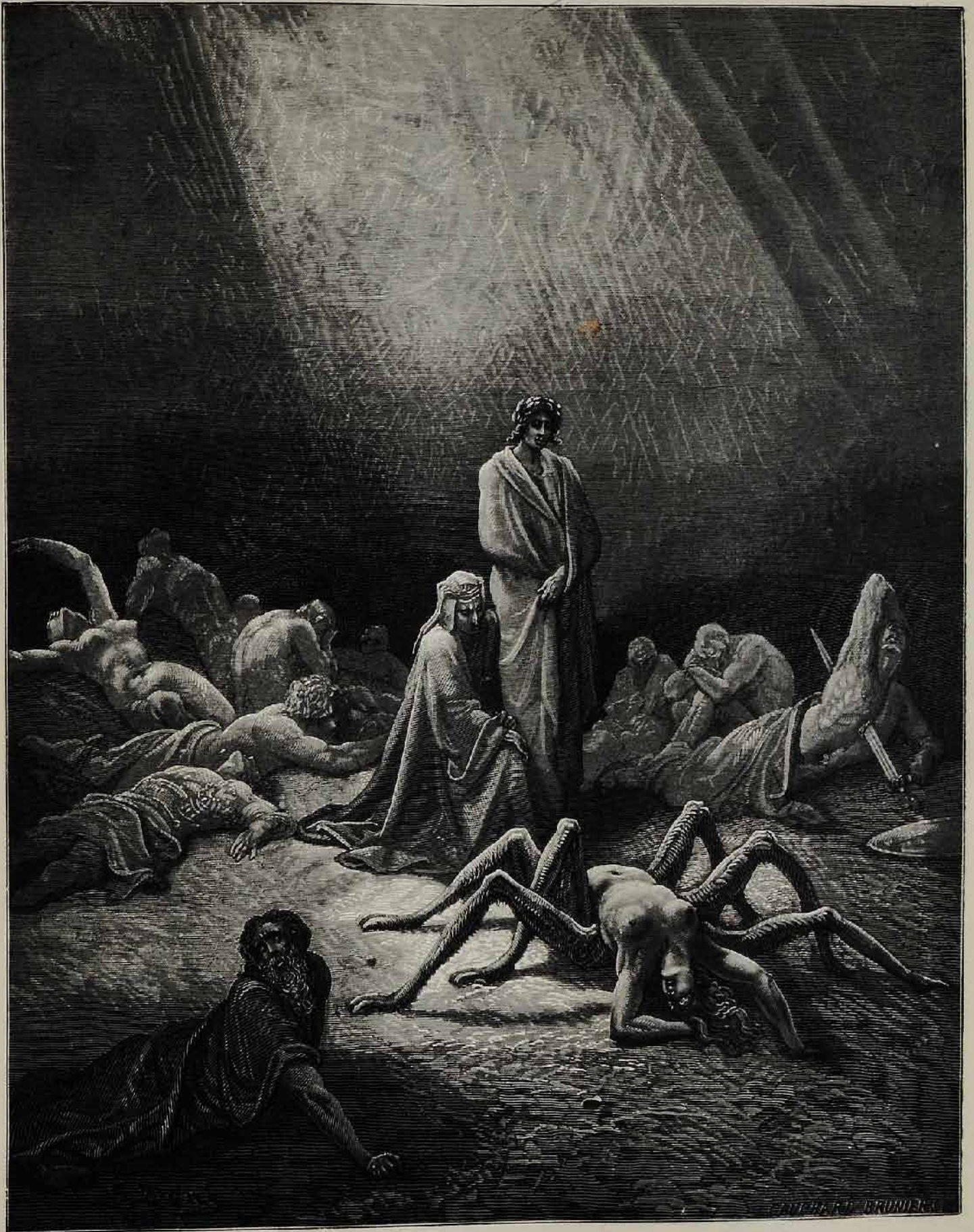
from Messer Rubaconte da Mandella of Milan, chief magistrate of Florence, by whom the bridge was founded in 1237. See G. Villani, lib. vi., cap. xxvii.

<sup>3</sup> *The well-guided city*.—This is said ironically of Florence.



O fond Arachne! thee I also saw,  
Half spider now, in anguish, crawling up  
The unfinish'd web thou weaved'st to thy bane.

*Canto XII, lines 39-41.*





The impetuous rise is broken by the steps  
 Carved in that old and simple age, when still  
 The registry<sup>1</sup> and label rested safe;  
 Thus is the acclivity relieved, which here,  
 Precipitous, from the other circuit falls:  
 But, on each hand, the tall cliff presses close.

As, entering, there we turn'd, voices, in strain  
 Ineffable, sang: "Blessed<sup>2</sup> are the poor  
 In spirit." Ah! how far unlike to these  
 The straits of hell: here songs to usher us,  
 There shrieks of woe. We climb the holy stairs:  
 And lighter to myself by far I seem'd  
 Than on the plain before; whence thus I spake:  
 "Say, master, of what heavy thing have I  
 Been lighten'd; that scarce aught the sense of toil  
 Affects me journeying?" He in few replied:  
 "When sin's broad characters,<sup>3</sup> that yet remain  
 Upon thy temples, though well nigh effaced,  
 Shall be, as one is, all clean razed out;  
 Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will  
 Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel  
 No sense of labour, but delight much more  
 Shall wait them, urged along their upward way."

Then like to one, upon whose head is placed  
 Somewhat he deems not of, but from the becks  
 Of others, as they pass him by; his hand  
 Lends therefore help to assure him, searches, finds,  
 And well performs such office as the eye  
 Wants power to execute; so stretching forth  
 The fingers of my right hand, did I find  
 Six only of the letters, which his sword,  
 Who bare the keys, had traced upon my brow.  
 The leader, as he mark'd mine action, smiled.

<sup>1</sup> *The registry.*—In allusion to certain instances of fraud committed in Dante's time with respect to the public accounts and measures. See "Paradise," canto xvi. 103.

<sup>2</sup> *Blessed.*—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Sin's broad characters.*—Of the seven P's, that denoted the same number of sins (Peccata) whereof he was to be cleansed (see canto ix. 100), the first had now vanished, in consequence of his having passed the place where the sin of pride, the chief of them, was expiated.

## CANTO XIII.

### ARGUMENT.

They gain the second cornice, where the sin of envy is purged; and having proceeded a little to the right, they hear voices uttered by invisible spirits recounting famous examples of charity, and next behold the shades, or souls, of the envious clad in sackcloth, and having their eyes sewed up with an iron thread. Amongst these Dante finds *Sapia*, a Siennese lady, from whom he learns the cause of her being there.

WE reach'd the summit of the scale, and stood  
Upon the second buttress of that mount  
Which healeth him who climbs. A cornice there,  
Like to the former, girdles round the hill;  
Save that its arch, with sweep less ample, bends.

Shadow, nor image there, is seen: all smooth  
The rampart and the path, reflecting nought  
But the rock's sullen hue. "If here we wait,  
For some to question," said the bard, "I fear  
Our choice may haply meet too long delay."

Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes  
He fasten'd; made his right the central point  
From whence to move; and turn'd the left aside.  
"O pleasant light, my confidence and hope!  
Conduct us thou," he cried, "on this new way,  
Where now I venture; leading to the bourn  
We seek. The universal world to thee  
Owes warmth and lustre. If<sup>1</sup> no other cause  
Forbid, thy beams should ever be our guide."

Far, as is measured for a mile on earth,  
In brief space had we journey'd; such prompt will  
Impell'd; and towards us flying, now were heard  
Spirits invisible, who courteously  
Unto love's table bade the welcome guest.  
The voice that first flew by, call'd forth aloud,  
"They have no wine,"<sup>2</sup> so on behind us past,

<sup>1</sup> *If*.—"Unless there be some urgent necessity for travelling by night, the daylight should be preferred for that purpose."

<sup>2</sup> *They have no wine*.—John, chap. ii. ver. 3. These words of the Virgin are referred to as an instance of charity.

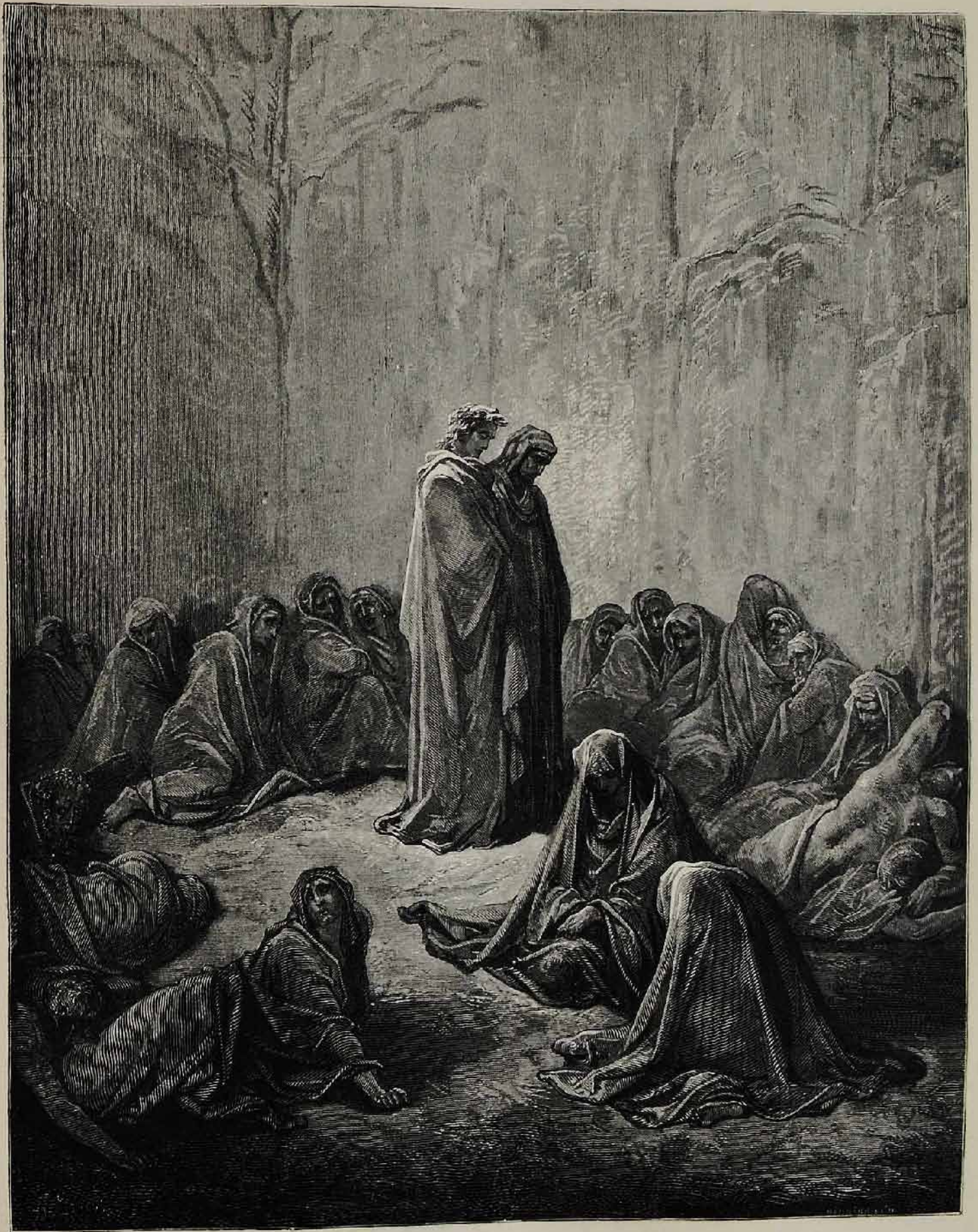


CANTO XIII

E'en thus the blind and poor,  
Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,  
Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk;  
So most to stir compassion, not by sound  
Of words alone, but that which moves not less,  
The sight of misery.

*Canto XIII., lines 55—60.*







Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost  
 In the faint distance, when another came  
 Crying, "I am Orestes,"<sup>1</sup> and alike  
 Wing'd its fleet way. "O father!" I exclaim'd,  
 "What tongues are these?" and as I question'd, lo!  
 A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd you."<sup>2</sup>  
 "This circuit," said my teacher, "knots the scourge"<sup>3</sup>  
 For envy; and the cords are therefore drawn  
 By charity's correcting hand. The curb  
 Is of a harsher sound; as thou shalt hear  
 (If I deem rightly) ere thou reach the pass,  
 Where pardon sets them free. But fix thine eyes  
 Intently through the air; and thou shalt see  
 A multitude before thee seated, each  
 Along the shelving grot." Then more than erst  
 I oped mine eyes; before me view'd; and saw  
 Shadows with garments dark as was the rock;  
 And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard  
 A crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us,  
 Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!"

I do not think there walks on earth this day  
 Man so remorseless, that he had not yearn'd  
 With pity at the sight that next I saw.  
 Mine eyes a load of sorrow teem'd, when now  
 I stood so near them, that their semblances  
 Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile  
 Their covering seem'd; and, on his shoulder, one  
 Did stay another, leaning; and all lean'd  
 Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor,  
 Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,  
 Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk;  
 So most to stir compassion, not by sound  
 Of words alone, but that which moves not less,  
 The sight of misery. And as never beam  
 Of noon-day visiteth the eyeless man,  
 E'en so was heaven a niggard unto these  
 Of his fair light: for through the orbs of all,

<sup>1</sup> *Orestes*.—Alluding to his friendship with Pylades.

<sup>2</sup> *Love ye those have wrong'd you*.—"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."—Matt. v. 44.

<sup>3</sup> *The scourge*.—"The chastisement of envy consists in hearing examples of the opposite virtue, charity. As a curb and restraint on this vice, you will presently hear very different sounds, those of threatening and punishment."

A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,  
As for the taming of a haggard hawk.

It were a wrong, methought, to pass and look  
On others, yet myself the while unseen.  
To my sage counsel therefore did I turn.  
He knew the meaning of the mute appeal,  
Nor waited for my questioning, but said :  
"Speak, and be brief, be subtile in thy words."

On that part of the cornice, whence no rim  
Engarlands its steep fall, did Virgil come ;  
On the other side me were the spirits, their cheeks  
Bathing devout with penitential tears,  
That through the dread impalement forced a way.

I turn'd me to them, and "O shades!" said I,  
"Assured that to your eyes unveil'd shall shine  
The lofty light, sole object of your wish,  
So may heaven's grace<sup>1</sup> clear whatsoever of foam  
Floats turbid on the conscience, that thenceforth  
The stream of mind roll limpid from its source ;  
As ye declare (for so shall ye impart  
A boon I dearly prize) if any soul  
Of Latium dwell among ye: and perchance  
That soul may profit, if I learn so much."

"My brother! we are, each one, citizens  
Of one true city.<sup>2</sup> Any, thou wouldst say,  
Who lived a stranger in Italia's land."

So heard I answering, as appear'd, a voice,  
That onward came some space from whence I stood.

A spirit I noted, in whose look was mark'd  
Expectance. Ask ye how? The chin was raised  
As in one reft of sight. "Spirit," said I,  
"Who for thy rise art tutoring (if thou be  
That which didst answer to me), or by place,  
Or name, disclose thyself, that I may know thee."

"I was," it answer'd, "of Sienna: here  
I cleanse away with these the evil life,  
Soliciting with tears that He, who is,

<sup>1</sup> *So may heaven's grace.*—

"Se tosto grazia risolve le schiume  
Di vostra coscienza, si che chiaro  
Per esso scenda della mente il fiume."

This is a fine moral, and finely expressed. Unless the

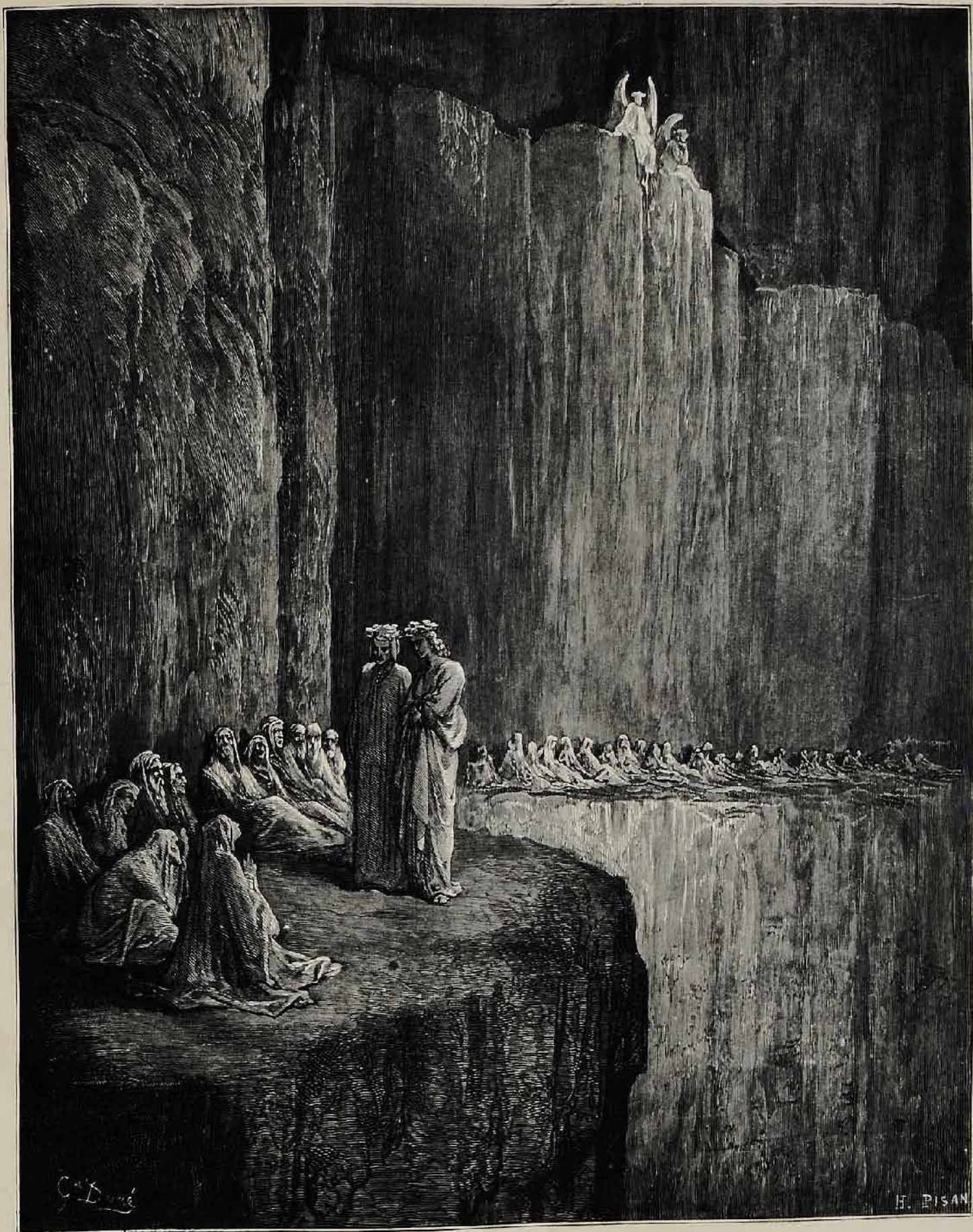
conscience be cleared from its impurity, which it can only thoroughly be by an influence from above, the mind itself cannot act freely and clearly. "If ye will do his will, ye shall know of the doctrine."—John vii. 17.

<sup>2</sup> *Citizens of one true city.*—<sup>3</sup> "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii. 14.



“Who then, amongst us here aloft,  
Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return?”

*Canto XIII., lines 129, 130.*



C. D. D.

H. PISAN



Vouchsafe him to us. Though *Sapia*<sup>1</sup> named,  
 In sapience I excell'd not; gladder far  
 Of other's hurt, than of the good befel me.  
 That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,  
 Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it.  
 When now my years sloped waning down the arch,  
 It so bechanced, my fellow-citizens  
 Near Colle met their enemies in the field;  
 And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.<sup>2</sup>  
 There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves  
 Unto the bitter passages of flight.  
 I mark'd the hunt; and waxing out of bounds  
 In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,  
 And, like the merlin<sup>3</sup> cheated by a gleam,  
 Cried, 'It is over. Heaven! I fear thee not.'  
 Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace  
 With God; nor yet repentance had supplied  
 What I did lack of duty, were it not  
 The hermit Piero,<sup>4</sup> touch'd with charity,  
 In his devout oraisons thought on me.  
 But who art thou that question'st of our state,  
 Who go'st, as I believe, with lids unclosed,  
 And breathest in thy talk?"—"Mine eyes," said I,  
 "May yet be here ta'en from me; but not long;  
 For they have not offended grievously  
 With envious glances. But the woe beneath<sup>5</sup>  
 Urges my soul with more exceeding dread.  
 That nether load already weighs me down."

She thus: "Who then, amongst us here aloft,  
 Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return?"

"He," answered I, "who standeth mute beside me.  
 I live: of me ask therefore, chosen spirit!  
 If thou desire I yonder yet should move  
 For thee my mortal feet."—"Oh!" she replied,  
 "This is so strange a thing, it is great sign

<sup>1</sup> *Sapia*.—A lady of Sienna, who, living in exile at Colle, was so overjoyed at a defeat which her countrymen sustained near that place, that she declared nothing more was wanting to make her die contented. The Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. says of this lady: "Fuit uxor D. Cini de Pigezo de Senis."

<sup>2</sup> *And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd*.—That her countrymen should be defeated in battle.

<sup>3</sup> *The merlin*.—The story of the merlin is, that having

been induced by a gleam of fine weather in the winter to escape from his master, he was soon oppressed by the rigour of the season.

<sup>4</sup> *The hermit Piero*.—Piero Pettinagno, a holy hermit of Florence.

<sup>5</sup> *The woe beneath*.—Dante felt that he was much more subject to the sin of pride, than to that of envy; and this is just what we should have concluded of a mind such as his.

That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer  
 Sometime assist me: and, by that I crave,  
 Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet  
 E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame  
 Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold  
 With that vain multitude,<sup>1</sup> who set their hope  
 On Telamone's haven; there to fail  
 Confounded, more than when the fancied stream  
 They sought, of Dian call'd: but they, who lead<sup>2</sup>  
 Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

<sup>1</sup> *Them shalt thou behold with that vain multitude.*—The Siennese. See "Hell," c. xxix. 113. "Their acquisition of Telamone, a seaport on the confines of the Maremma, has led them to conceive hopes of becoming a naval power: but this scheme will prove as chimerical as their former plan for the discovery of a subterraneous stream under their city." Why they gave the appellation of Diana to the imagined stream,

Venturi says he leaves it to the antiquaries of Sienna to conjecture.

<sup>2</sup> *They who lead.*—The Latin note to the Monte Casino M.S. informs us, that those who were to command the fleets of the Siennese, in the event of their becoming a naval power, lost their lives during their employment at Telamone, through the pestilent air of the Maremma, which lies near that place.



## CANTO XIV.

### ARGUMENT.

Our Poet on this second cornice finds also the souls of Guido del Duca of Bretinoro, and Rinieri da Calboli of Romagna; the latter of whom, hearing that he comes from the banks of the Arno, inveighs against the degeneracy of all those who dwell in the cities visited by that stream; and the former, in like manner, against the inhabitants of Romagna. On leaving these, our Poets hear voices recording noted instances of envy.

“**S**AY,<sup>1</sup> who is he around our mountain winds,  
Or ever death has pruned his wings for flight;  
That opens his eyes, and covers them at will?”

“I know not who he is, but know thus much;  
He comes not singly. Do thou ask of him,  
For thou art nearer to him; and take heed,  
Accost him<sup>2</sup> gently, so that he may speak.”

Thus on the right two spirits, bending each  
Toward the other, talk'd of me; then both  
Addressing me, their faces backward lean'd,  
And thus the one<sup>3</sup> began: “O soul, who yet  
Pent in the body, tendest towards the sky!  
For charity, we pray thee, comfort us;  
Recounting whence thou comest, and who thou art:  
For thou dost make us, at the favour shown thee,  
Marvel, as at a thing that ne'er hath been.”

“There stretches through the midst of Tuscany,”  
I straight began, “a brooklet,<sup>4</sup> whose well-head  
Springs up in Falterona; with his race  
Not satisfied, when he some hundred miles  
Hath measured. From his banks bring I this frame.

<sup>1</sup> *Say*.—The two spirits who thus speak to each other are Guido del Duca of Bretinoro, and Rinieri da Calboli of Romagna.

<sup>2</sup> *Accost him*.—It is worthy of remark, that the Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. agrees with Landino in reading “a colo,” instead of “accolo,” and interprets it as he does: “Nil aliud vult auctor dicere de colo, nisi quod cum interroget ita dulciter ut respondeat (sic) cum ad eum, id est quod tantum respondeat auctor eis quod animus eorum remaneat in quiete et non in suspensio”

(“The author means to say, that the spirit should interrogate him courteously, that he may return such an answer as shall put a *period* to their suspense”). Still I have retained my translation of the common reading generally supposed to be put by syncope for “accoglio,” “accost him.”

<sup>3</sup> *The one*.—Guido del Duca.

<sup>4</sup> *A brooklet*.—The Arno, that rises in Falterona, a mountain in the Apennine. Its course is a hundred and twenty miles, according to G. Villani, who traces it accurately.

To tell you who I am were words mis-spent :  
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumour's lip.'

"If well I do incorporate with my thought  
The meaning of thy speech," said he, who first  
Address'd me, "thou dost speak of Arno's wave."

To whom the other :<sup>1</sup> "Why hath he conceal'd  
The title of that river, as a man  
Doth of some horrible thing?" The spirit, who  
Thereof was question'd, did acquit him thus :  
"I know not : but 'tis fitting well the name  
Should perish of that vale ; for from the source,<sup>2</sup>  
Where teems so plenteously the Alpine steep  
Maim'd of Pelorus,<sup>3</sup> (that doth scarcely pass  
Beyond that limit,)<sup>4</sup> even to the point  
Where unto ocean is restored what heaven  
Drains from the exhaustless store for all earth's streams.  
Throughout the space is virtue worried down,  
As 't were a snake, by all, for mortal foe ;  
Or through disastrous influence on the place,  
Or else distortion of misguided wills  
That custom goads to evil : whence in those,  
The dwellers in that miserable vale,  
Nature is so transform'd, it seems as they  
Had shared of Circe's feeding. 'Midst brute swine,<sup>5</sup>  
Worthier of acorns than of other food  
Created for man's use, he shapeth first  
His obscure way ; then, sloping onward, finds  
Curs,<sup>6</sup> snarlers more in spite than power, from whom  
He turns with scorn aside : still journeying down,  
By how much more the curst and luckless foss<sup>7</sup>  
Swells out to largeness, e'en so much it finds  
Dogs turning into wolves.<sup>8</sup> Descending still  
Through yet more hollow eddies, next he meets  
A race of foxes,<sup>9</sup> so replete with craft,

<sup>1</sup> *The other.*—Rinieri da Calboli.

<sup>2</sup> *From the source.*—"From the rise of the Arno in that 'Alpine steep,' the Apennine, from whence Pelorus in Sicily was torn by a convulsion of the earth, even to the point where the same river unites its waters to the ocean, Virtue is persecuted by all."

<sup>3</sup> *Maim'd of Pelorus.*—Virgil, "Æneid," lib. iii. 414 ; Lucan, "Pharsalia," lib. ii. 438.

<sup>4</sup> A hill

Torn from Pelorus."

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. i. 232.

<sup>4</sup> *That doth scarcely pass beyond that limit.*—"Pelorus is in few places higher than Falterona, where the Arno springs." Lombardi explains this differently, and, I think, erroneously.

<sup>5</sup> *'Midst brute swine.*—The people of Casentino.

<sup>6</sup> *Curs.*—The Arno leaves Arezzo about four miles to the left.

<sup>7</sup> *The curst and luckless foss.*—So in his anger he terms the Arno.

<sup>8</sup> *Wolves.*—The Florentines.

<sup>9</sup> *Foxes.*—The Pisans.



They do not fear that skill can master it.  
 Nor will I cease because my words are heard<sup>1</sup>  
 By other ears than thine. It shall be well  
 For this man,<sup>2</sup> if he keep in memory  
 What from no erring spirit I reveal.  
 Lo! I behold thy grandson,<sup>3</sup> that becomes  
 A hunter of those wolves, upon the shore  
 Of the fierce stream; and cows them all with dread.  
 Their flesh, yet living, sets he up to sale,  
 Then, like an aged beast, to slaughter dooms.  
 Many of life he reaves, himself of worth  
 And goodly estimation. Smear'd with gore,  
 Mark how he issues from the rueful wood;  
 Leaving such havoc, that in thousand years  
 It spreads not to prime lustihood again."

As one, who tidings hears of woe to come,  
 Changes his looks perturb'd, from whate'er part  
 The peril grasp him; so beheld I change  
 That spirit, who had turn'd to listen; struck  
 With sadness, soon as he had caught the word.

His visage, and the other's speech, did raise  
 Desire in me to know the names of both;  
 Whereof, with meek entreaty, I inquired.

The shade, who late address'd me, thus resumed:  
 "Thy wish imports, that I vouchsafe to do  
 For thy sake what thou wilt not do<sup>4</sup> for mine.  
 But, since God's will is that so largely shine  
 His grace in thee, I will be liberal too.  
 Guido of Duca know then that I am.  
 Envy so parch'd my blood, that had I seen  
 A fellow-man made joyous, thou hadst mark'd  
 A livid paleness overspread my cheek.  
 Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd.  
 O man! why place<sup>5</sup> thy heart where there doth need  
 Exclusion of participants in good?  
 This is Rinieri's spirit; this, the boast  
 And honour of the house of Calboli;

<sup>1</sup> *My words are heard.*—It should be recollected that Guido still addresses himself to Rinieri.

<sup>2</sup> *For this man.*—“For Dante, who has told us that he comes from the banks of Arno.”

<sup>3</sup> *Thy grandson.*—Fulcieri da Calboli, grandson of Rinieri da Calboli who is here spoken to. The atrocities

predicted came to pass in 1302. See G. Villani, lib. viii., c. lix.

<sup>4</sup> *What thou wilt not do.*—Dante having declined telling him his name. See v. 22.

<sup>5</sup> *Why place.*—This will be explained in the ensuing canto.



Where of his worth no heritage remains.  
 Nor his the only blood, that hath been stript  
 ('Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore<sup>1</sup>)  
 Of all that truth or fancy<sup>2</sup> asks for bliss:  
 But, in those limits, such a growth has sprung  
 Of rank and venom'd roots, as long would mock  
 Slow culture's toil. Where is good Lizio?<sup>3</sup> where  
 Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna?<sup>4</sup>  
 O bastard slips of old Romagna's line!  
 When in Bologna the low artisan,<sup>5</sup>  
 And in Faenza yon Bernardin<sup>6</sup> sprouts,  
 A gentle cyon from ignoble stem.  
 Wonder not, Tuscan, if thou see me weep,  
 When I recall to mind those once loved names,  
 Guido of Prata,<sup>7</sup> and of Azzo him<sup>8</sup>  
 That dwelt with us;<sup>9</sup> Tignoso<sup>10</sup> and his troop,  
 With Traversaro's house and Anastagio's<sup>11</sup>  
 (Each race disherited); and beside these,  
 The ladies<sup>12</sup> and the knights, the toils and ease,  
 That witch'd us into love and courtesy;<sup>13</sup>  
 Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts.

<sup>1</sup> *Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore.*—The boundaries of Romagna.

<sup>2</sup> *Fancy.*—"Trastullo." Quadrio, in the notes on the second of the "Salmi Penitenziali" of our author, understands this in a higher sense, as meaning that joy which results from an easy and constant practice of virtue. See "Opere di Dante," Zatta ediz., tom. iv., part ii., p. 193. And he is followed by Lombardi.

<sup>3</sup> *Lizio.*—Lizio da Valbona introduced into Boccaccio's "Decameron," Giorn. v., Nov. 4.

<sup>4</sup> *Manardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna.*—Arrigo Manardi of Faenza, or, as some say, of Brettinoro; Pier Traversaro, lord of Ravenna; and Guido di Carpigna of Montefeltro.

<sup>5</sup> *In Bologna the low artisan.*—One who had been a mechanic, named Lambertaccio, arrived at almost supreme power in Bologna.

"Quando in Bologna un Fabro si ralligna:  
 Quando in Faenza un Bernardin di Fosco."

The pointing and the marginal note of the Monte Casino MS. entirely change the sense of these two lines. There is a mark of interrogation added to each; and by way of answer to both there is written, "Quasi dicat nunquam." Fabro is made a proper name, and it is said of him: "Iste fuit Dom. Faber de Lambertaciis de Bononia;" and Benvenuto da Imola calls him "Nobilis Miles." I have not ventured to alter the translation so as to make it accord with this interpretation, as it must have been done in the face, I believe, of nearly all the editions, and, as far as may be gathered from the silence of Lombardi, of the MSS. also which that commentator had consulted. But those who wish to see more on the subject are referred to Monti's "Proposta," tom. iii., parte 2, under the word "Rallignare."

<sup>6</sup> *Yon Bernardin.*—Bernardin di Fosco, a man of low origin, but great talents, who governed at Faenza.

<sup>7</sup> *Prata.*—A place between Faenza and Ravenna.

<sup>8</sup> *Of Azzo him.*—Ugolino, of the Ubaldini family in Tuscany.

<sup>9</sup> *With us.*—Lombardi claims the reading, "nosco," instead of "vosco," "with us," instead of "with you," for his favourite edition; but it is also in Landino's of 1488.

<sup>10</sup> *Tignoso.*—Federigo Tignoso of Rimini.

<sup>11</sup> *Traversaro's house and Anastagio's.*—Two noble families of Ravenna. See v. 100. She, to whom Dryden has given the name of Honoria, in the fable so admirably paraphrased from Boccaccio, was of the former: her lover and the spectre were of the Anastagi family. See canto xxviii. 20.

<sup>12</sup> *The Ladies, &c.*—

"Le donne, e i cavalier, gli affanni, e gli agi  
 Che ne 'nvogliava amore e cortesia."

These two lines express the true spirit of Chivalry. "Agi" is understood, by the commentators whom I have consulted, to mean "the ease procured for others by the exertions of knight-errantry." But surely it signifies the alternation of ease with labour. Venturi is of opinion that the opening of the "Orlando Furioso"—

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,  
 Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto,"

originates in this passage.

<sup>13</sup> *Courtesy.*—"Cortesia e onestade," &c., "Convito," p. 65. "Courtesy and honour are all one; and because anciently virtue and good manners were usual in courts, as the contrary now is, this term was derived from thence: courtesy was as much as to say, custom of courts;



O Brettinoro!<sup>1</sup> wherefore tarriest still,  
 Since forth of thee thy family hath gone,  
 And many, hating evil, join'd their steps?  
 Well doeth he, that bids his lineage cease,  
 Bagnacavallo;<sup>2</sup> Castracaro ill,  
 And Conio worse,<sup>3</sup> who care to propagate  
 A race of Counties<sup>4</sup> from such blood as theirs.  
 Well shall ye also do, Pagani,<sup>5</sup> then  
 When from amongst you hies your demon child;  
 Not so, howe'er,<sup>6</sup> that thenceforth there remain  
 True proof of what ye were. O Hugolin,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thou sprung of Fantolini's line! thy name  
 Is safe; since none is look'd for after thee  
 To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock.  
 But, Tuscan! go thy ways; for now I take  
 Far more delight in weeping, than in words.  
 Such<sup>8</sup> pity for your sakes hath wrung my heart."

We knew those gentle spirits, at parting, heard  
 Our steps. Their silence therefore, of our way,  
 Assured us. Soon as we had quitted them,  
 Advancing onward, lo! a voice, that seem'd  
 Like volley'd lightning, when it rives the air,  
 Met us, and shouted, "Whosoever finds  
 Will slay me;"<sup>9</sup> then fled from us, as the bolt

which word, if it were now taken from courts, especially those of Italy, would be no other than turpitude," "turpezza."

"Courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,  
 And yet is most pretended."

Milton, *Comus*.

Marino has exceeded his usual extravagance in his play on this word:

"Ma come può vero diletto? ô come  
 Vera quiete altrui donar la Corte?  
 Le diè la Cortesia del proprio nome  
 Solo il principio, il fine ha della Morie."

Adone, c. ix. st. 77.

<sup>1</sup> *O Brettinoro*.—A beautifully situated castle in Romagna, the hospitable residence of Guido del Duca, who is here speaking. Landino relates, that there were several of this family, who, when a stranger arrived amongst them, contended with one another by whom he should be entertained; and that in order to end this dispute, they set up a pillar with as many rings as there were fathers of families among them, a ring being assigned to each, and that accordingly as a stranger on his arrival hung his horse's bridle on one or other of these, he became his guest to whom the ring belonged.

<sup>2</sup> *Bagnacavallo*.—A castle between Imola and Ravenna.

<sup>3</sup> *Castracaro ill, and Conio worse*.—Both in Romagna.

<sup>4</sup> *Counties*.—I have used this word here for "Counts," as it is in Shakespeare.

<sup>5</sup> *Pagani*.—The Pagani were lords of Faenza and Imola. One of them, Machinaro, was named *the Demon*, from his treachery. See "Hell," canto xxvii. 47, and note.

<sup>6</sup> *Not so, howe'er*.—"Yet your offspring will be stained with some vice, and will not afford true proof of the worth of your ancestors."

<sup>7</sup> *Hugolin*.—Ugolino Ubaldini, a noble and virtuous person in Faenza, who, on account of his age probably, was not likely to leave any offspring behind him. He is enumerated among the poets by Crescimbeni, and by Tiraboschi, Mr. Mathias's edit., vol. i., p. 143; and Perticari cites a beautiful little poem by him in the "Apologia di Dante," parte ii., c. 27, but with so little appearance of antiquity that nothing less than the assurance of so able a critic could induce one for a moment to receive it as genuine.

<sup>8</sup> *Such*.—Here again the Nidobeatina edition adopted by Lombardi, and the Monte Casino MS. differ from the common reading, and both have—

"Si m' ha nostra region la mente aretta,"

"Our country's sorrow has so wrung my heart,"

instead of

"Si m' ha vostra ragion," &c.

<sup>9</sup> *Whosoever finds will slay me*.—The words of Cain. Gen. iv. 14.

Lanced sudden from a downward-rushing cloud.  
 When it had given short truce unto our hearing,  
 Behold the other with a crash as loud  
 As the quick-following thunder: "Mark in me  
 Aglauros,<sup>1</sup> turn'd to rock." I, at the sound  
 Retreating, drew more closely to my guide.

Now in mute stillness rested all the air;  
 And thus he spake: "There was the galling bit,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which<sup>3</sup> should keep man within his boundary.  
 But your old enemy so baits the hook,  
 He drags you eager to him. Hence nor curb  
 Avails you, nor reclaiming call. Heaven calls,<sup>4</sup>  
 And, round about you wheeling, courts your gaze  
 With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye  
 Turns with fond doting still upon the earth.  
 Therefore He smites you who discerneth all."

<sup>1</sup> *Aglauros*.—Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. ii., fab. 12.

<sup>2</sup> *There was the galling bit*.—Referring to what had been before said, canto xiii. 35. The commentators remark the unusual word "carno," which occurs here in the original; but they have not observed, I believe, that Dante himself uses it in the "De Monarchiâ," lib. iii., p. 155. For the Greek word *χάμω* see a fragment by S. Petrus Alex. in Routh's "Reliquiæ Sacræ," vol. iii., p. 342, and note.

<sup>3</sup> *Which*.—Mr. Darley has noticed the omission of this line in the former editions.

<sup>4</sup> *Heaven calls*.—

"Or ti solleva a più beata speme,  
 Mirando il ciel, che ti si volve intorno  
 Immortal ed adorno."

*Petrarca, Canzone. Pivo pensando.*



## CANTO XV.

### ARGUMENT.

An angel invites them to ascend the next steep. On their way Dante suggests certain doubts, which are resolved by Virgil; and, when they reach the third cornice, where the sin of anger is purged, our Poet, in a kind of waking dream, beholds remarkable instances of patience; and soon after they are enveloped in a dense fog.

AS much<sup>1</sup> as 'twixt the third hour's close and dawn,  
 Appareth of heaven's sphere, that ever whirls  
 As restless as an infant in his play;  
 So much appear'd remaining to the sun  
 Of his slope journey towards the western goal.  
 Evening was there, and here the noon of night;  
 And full upon our forehead smote the beams.  
 For round the mountain, circling, so our path  
 Had led us, that toward the sun-set now  
 Direct we journey'd; when I felt a weight  
 Of more exceeding splendour than before,  
 Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze  
 Possess'd me! and both hands<sup>2</sup> against my brows  
 Lifting, I interposed them, as a screen,  
 That of its gorgeous superflux of light  
 Clips the diminish'd orb. As when the ray,<sup>3</sup>  
 Striking on water or the surface clear  
 Of mirror, leaps unto the opposite part,  
 Ascending at a glance,<sup>4</sup> e'en as it fell,  
 And as much<sup>5</sup> differs from the stone, that falls

<sup>1</sup> *As much*.—"It wanted three hours of sunset."

<sup>2</sup> *Both hands*.—

"Raising his hand to save the dazzled sense."

*Southey, Thalaba, l. xii.*

<sup>3</sup> *As when the ray*.—

"Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ænis  
 Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,  
 Omnia pervolvit late loca, jamque sub auras  
 Erigitur, sursumque ferit laquearia tecti."

*Æn. lib. viii. 25.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ascending at a glance*.—

"Quod simul ac primum sub divo splendor aquæ  
 Ponitur: extemplo, cælo stellante, serena  
 Sidera respondent in aquâ radiantia mundi.  
 Jamne vides igitur, quam parvo tempore imago  
 Ætheris ex oris ad terrarum accidat oras."

*Lucretius, lib. iv. 215.*

<sup>5</sup> *And as much*.—Lombardi, I think justly, observes that this does not refer to the length of time which a stone is in falling to the ground, but to the perpendicular line which it describes when falling, as contrasted with the angle of incidence formed by light reflected from water or from a mirror.

Through equal space (so practic skill hath shown);  
 Thus, with refracted light, before me seem'd  
 The ground there smitten; whence, in sudden haste,  
 My sight recoil'd. "What is this, sire beloved!  
 'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain?"  
 Cried I, "and which toward us moving seems?"

"Marvel not, if the family of heaven,"  
 He answer'd, "yet with dazzling radiance dim  
 Thy sense. It is a messenger who comes,  
 Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long,  
 Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,  
 As thy perception is by nature wrought  
 Up to their pitch." The blessed angel, soon  
 As we had reach'd him, hail'd us with glad voice:  
 "Here enter on a ladder far less steep  
 Than ye have yet encounter'd." We forthwith  
 Ascending, heard behind us chanted sweet,  
 "Blessed the merciful,"<sup>1</sup> and "Happy thou,  
 That conquer'st." Lonely each, my guide and I  
 Pursued our upward way; and as we went,  
 Some profit from his words I hoped to win,  
 And thus of him inquiring, framed my speech:  
 "What meant Romagna's spirit,<sup>2</sup> when he spake  
 Of bliss exclusive, with no partner shared?"

He straight replied: "No wonder, since he knows  
 What sorrow waits on his own worst defect,  
 If he chide others, that they less may mourn.  
 Because ye point your wishes at a mark,  
 Where, by communion of possessors, part  
 Is lessen'd, envy bloweth up men's sighs.  
 No fear of that might touch ye, if the love  
 Of higher sphere exalted your desire.  
 For there,<sup>3</sup> by how much more they call it *ours*,  
 So much propriety of each in good  
 Increases more, and heighten'd charity  
 Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame."

"Now lack I satisfaction more," said I,

<sup>1</sup> *Blessed the merciful.*—Matt. v. 7.

<sup>2</sup> *What meant Romagna's spirit.*—Guido del Duca of Bretinoro, whom we have seen in the preceding canto.

<sup>3</sup> *For there.*—Landino has here cited, in addition to Seneca and Boetius, the two following apposite passages

from Augustine and Saint Gregory: "Nullo modo fit minor accedente consortio possessio bonitatis, quam tanto latius quanto concordius individua sociorum possidet caritas."—*Augustin., De Civitate Dei.* "Qui facibus invidiæ carere desiderat, illam possessionem appetat, quam numerus possidentium non angustat."



"Than if thou hadst been silent at the first;  
 And doubt more gathers on my labouring thought.  
 How can it chance, that good distributed,  
 The many, that possess it, makes more rich,  
 Than if 't were shared by few?" He answering thus:  
 "Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth,  
 Strikes darkness from true light. The highest good  
 Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed  
 To love, as beam to lucid body darts,  
 Giving as much of ardour as it finds.  
 The sempiternal effluence streams abroad,  
 Spreading, wherever charity extends.  
 So that the more aspirants to that bliss  
 Are multiplied, more good is there to love,  
 And more is loved; as mirrors, that reflect,  
 Each unto other, propagated light.  
 If these my words avail not to allay  
 Thy thirsting, Beatrice thou shalt see,  
 Who of this want, and of all else thou hast,  
 Shall rid thee to the full. Provide but thou,<sup>1</sup>  
 That from thy temples may be soon erased,  
 E'en as the two already, those five scars,  
 That, when they pain thee worst, then kindest heal."  
 "Thou," I had said, "content'st me;" when I saw  
 The other round was gain'd, and wondering eyes  
 Did keep me mute. There suddenly I seem'd  
 By an ecstatic vision wrapt away;  
 And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd  
 Of many persons; and at the entrance stood  
 A dame,<sup>2</sup> whose sweet demeanour did express  
 A mother's love, who said, "Child! why hast thou  
 Dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I  
 Sorrowing have sought thee;" and so held her peace;  
 And straight the vision fled. A female next  
 Appear'd before me, down whose visage coursed  
 Those waters, that grief forces out from one  
 By deep resentment stung, who seem'd to say:  
 "If thou, Pisistratus, be lord indeed  
 Over this city,<sup>3</sup> named with such debate

<sup>1</sup> *Provide but thou.*—"Take heed that thou be healed of the five remaining sins, as thou already art of the two—namely, pride and envy.

<sup>2</sup> *A dame.*—Luke ii. 48.

<sup>3</sup> *Over this city.*—Athens, named after Ἀθήνη, Minerva, in consequence of her having produced a more valuable

Of adverse gods, and whence each science sparkles,  
 Avenge thee of those arms, whose bold embrace  
 Hath clasp'd our daughter;" and to her, meseem'd,  
 Benign and meek, with visage undisturb'd,  
 Her sovran spake: "How shall we those requite<sup>1</sup>  
 Who wish us evil, if we thus condemn  
 The man that loves us?" After that I saw  
 A multitude, in fury burning, slay  
 With stones a stripling youth,<sup>2</sup> and shout amain  
 "Destroy, destroy;" and him I saw, who bow'd  
 Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made  
 His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to heaven,  
 Praying forgiveness of the Almighty Sire,  
 Amidst that cruel conflict, on his foes,  
 With looks that win compassion to their aim.

Soon as my spirit, from her airy flight  
 Returning, sought again the things whose truth  
 Depends not on her shaping, I observed  
 She had not roved to falsehood in her dreams.

Meanwhile the leader, who might see I moved  
 As one who struggles to shake off his sleep,  
 Exclaim'd: "What ails thee, that thou canst not hold  
 Thy footing firm; but more than half a league  
 Hast travel'd with closed eyes and tottering gait,  
 Like to a man by wine or sleep o'ercharged?"

"Beloved father! so thou deign," said I,  
 "To listen, I will tell thee what appear'd  
 Before me, when so fail'd my sinking steps."

He thus: "Not if thy countenance were mask'd  
 With hundred vizards, could a thought of thine,  
 How small soe'er, elude me. What thou saw'st  
 Was shown, that freely thou mightst ope thy heart  
 To the waters of peace, that flow diffused  
 From their eternal fountain. I not ask'd,  
 What ails thee? for such cause as he doth, who  
 Looks only with that eye, which sees no more,  
 When spiritless the body lies; but ask'd,

gift for it in the olive, than Neptune had done in the horse.

<sup>1</sup> *How shall we those requite.*—The answer of Pisis-tratus the tyrant to his wife, when she urged him to inflict the punishment of death on a young man, who,

inflamed with love for his daughter, had snatched a kiss from her in public. The story is told by Valerius Maximus, lib. v. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Stay with stones a stripling youth.*—The protomartyr Stephen.



After that I saw  
A multitude, in fury burning, slay  
With stones a stripling youth, and shout amain  
"Destroy, destroy."

*Canto XV., lines 103—106.*







To give fresh vigour to thy foot. Such goads,  
The slow and loitering need; that they be found  
Not wanting, when their hour of watch returns."

So on we journey'd, through the evening sky  
Gazing intent, far onward as our eyes,  
With level view, could stretch against the bright  
Vespertine ray: and lo! by slow degrees  
Gathering, a fog made towards us, dark as night.  
There was no room for 'scaping; and that mist  
Bereft us, both of sight and the pure air.

## CANTO XVI.

### ARGUMENT.

As they proceed through the mist, they hear the voices of spirits praying. Marco Lombardo, one of these, points out to Dante the error of such as impute our actions to necessity; explains to him that man is endued with free will; and shows that much of human depravity results from the undue mixture of spiritual and temporal authority in rulers.

HELL'S dunnest gloom, or night unglorious, dark,  
Of every planet 'rest, and pall'd in clouds,  
Did never spread before the sight a veil  
In thickness like that fog, nor to the sense  
So palpable and gross. Entering its shade,  
Mine eye endured not with unclosed lids;  
Which marking, near me drew the faithful guide,  
Offering me his shoulder for a stay.

As the blind man behind his leader walks,  
Lest he should err, or stumble unawares  
On what might harm him or perhaps destroy;  
I journey'd through that bitter air and foul,  
Still listening to my escort's warning voice,  
"Look that from me thou part not." Straight I heard  
Voices, and each one seem'd to pray for peace,  
And for compassion, to the Lamb of God  
That taketh sins away. Their prelude still  
Was "Agnus Dei;" and through all the choir,  
One voice, one measure ran, that perfect seem'd  
The concord of their song. "Are these I hear  
Spirits, O master?" I exclaim'd; and he,  
"Thou aim'st aright: these loose the bonds of wrath."

"Now who art thou, that through our smoke dost cleave,  
And speak'st of us, as thou thyself e'en yet  
Dividedst time by calends?"<sup>1</sup> So one voice  
Bespoke me; whence my master said, "Reply;  
And ask, if upward hence the passage lead."

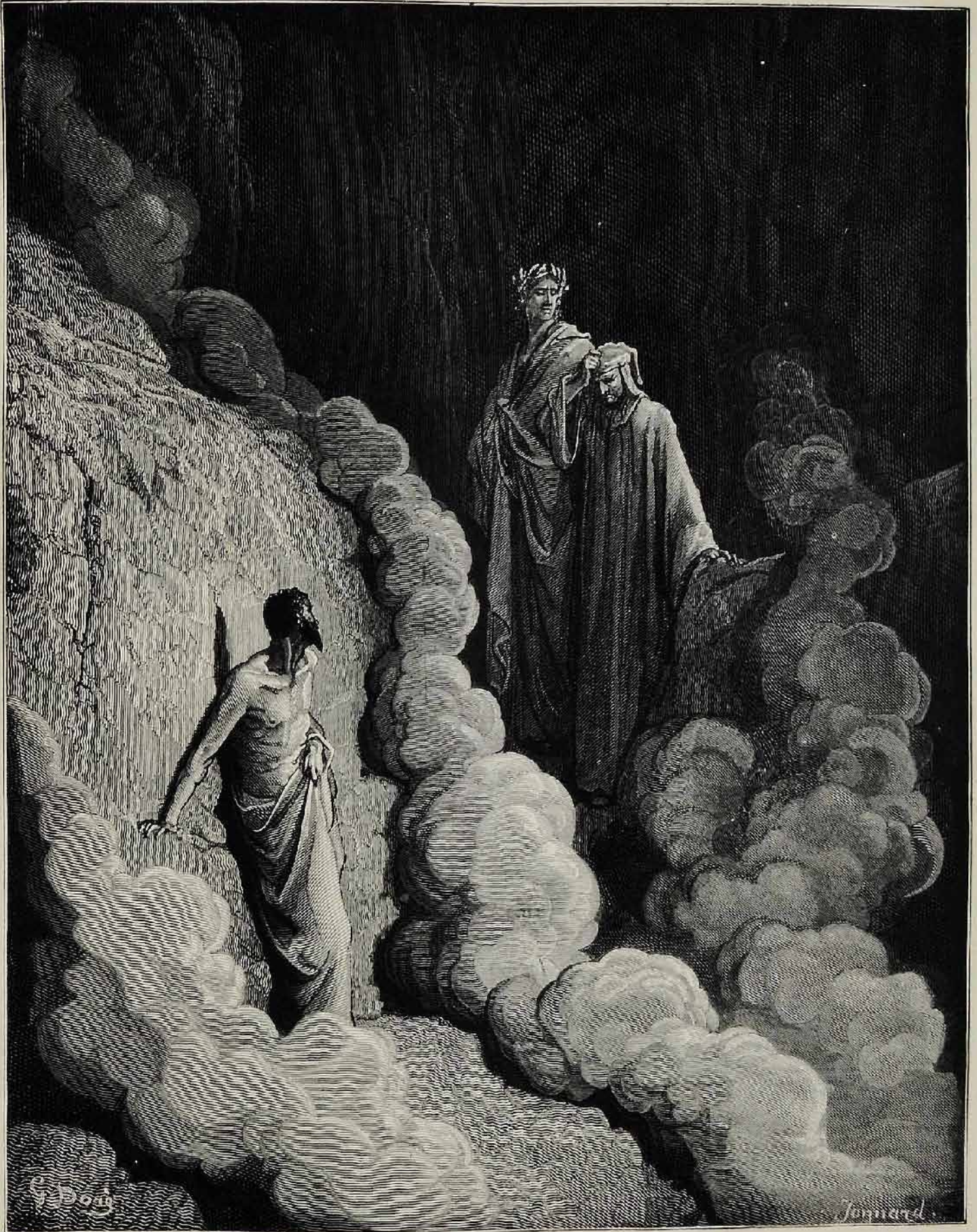
<sup>1</sup> *As thou thyself e'en yet dividedst time by calends.*—"As if thou wert still living."



"Now who art thou, that through our smoke dost cleave,  
And speak'st of us, as thou thyself e'en yet  
Dividedst time by calends?"

*Canto XVI, lines 23—25.*







“O being! who doth make thee pure, to stand  
 Beautiful once more in thy Maker's sight;  
 Along with me: and thou shalt hear and wonder.”  
 Thus I, whereto the spirit answering spake:  
 “Long as 'tis lawful for me, shall my steps  
 Follow on thine; and since the cloudy smoke  
 Forbids the seeing, hearing in its stead  
 Shall keep us join'd.” I then forthwith began:  
 “Yet in my mortal swathing, I ascend  
 To higher regions; and am hither come  
 Thorough the fearful agony of hell.  
 And, if so largely God hath doled his grace,  
 That, clean beside all modern precedent,  
 He wills me to behold his kingly state;  
 From me conceal not who thou wast, ere death  
 Had loosed thee; but instruct me: and instruct  
 If rightly to the pass I tend; thy words  
 The way directing, as a safe escort.”

“I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd:<sup>1</sup>  
 Not inexperienced of the world, that worth  
 I still affected, from which all have turn'd  
 The nerveless bow aside. Thy course tends right  
 Unto the summit:” and, replying thus,  
 He added, “I beseech thee pray for me,  
 When thou shalt come aloft.” And I to him:  
 “Accept my faith for pledge I will perform  
 What thou requirest. Yet one doubt remains,  
 That wrings me sorely, if I solve it not.  
 Singly before it urged me, doubled now  
 By thine opinion, when I couple that  
 With one elsewhere<sup>2</sup> declared; each strengthening other.  
 The world indeed is even so forlorn  
 Of all good, as thou speak'st it, and so swarms  
 With every evil. Yet, beseech thee, point  
 The cause out to me, that myself may see,

<sup>1</sup> *I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd.*—A Venetian gentleman. “Lombardo,” both was his surname and denoted the country to which he belonged. G. Villani, lib. vii., cap. cxx., terms him “a wise and worthy courtier.” Benvenuto da Imola, says Landino, relates of him, that being imprisoned and not able to pay the price of his ransom, he applied by letter to his friend Riccardo da Camino, lord of Treviso, for relief. Riccardo set on foot a contribution among several nobles of Lombardy for the purpose; of which, when Marco was informed, he wrote

back with much indignation to Riccardo, that he had rather die than remain under obligations to so many benefactors. It is added that Riccardo then paid the whole out of his own purse. Of this generous man I have occasion to speak again in the notes to canto viii. 71, and to “Paradise,” canto ix. 48.

<sup>2</sup> *When I couple that with one elsewhere.*—He refers to what Guido del Duca had said in the fourteenth canto, concerning the degeneracy of his countrymen.

And unto others show it: for in heaven  
One places it, and one on earth below."

Then heaving forth a deep and audible sigh,  
"Brother!" he thus began, "the world is blind;  
And thou in truth comest from it. Ye, who live,  
Do so each cause refer to heaven above,  
E'en as its motion, of necessity,  
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,<sup>1</sup>  
Free choice in you were none; nor justice would  
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.  
Your movements have their primal bent from heaven;  
Not all: yet said I all; what then ensues?  
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,  
And of the will free power, which, if it stand  
Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first essay,  
Conquers at last, so it be cherish'd well,  
Triumphant over all. To mightier force,<sup>2</sup>  
To better nature subject, ye abide  
Free, not constrain'd by that which forms in you  
The reasoning mind uninfluenced of the stars.  
If then the present race of mankind err,  
Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there.  
Herein thou shalt confess me no false spy.

"Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd beholds  
Her image ere she yet exist, the soul  
Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively,<sup>3</sup>  
Weeping and laughing in its wayward moods;  
As artless, and as ignorant of aught,  
Save that her Maker being one who dwells  
With gladness ever, willingly she turns  
To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good

<sup>1</sup> *If this were so.*—Mr. Crowe, in his "Lewesdon Hill," has expressed similar sentiments with much energy:

"Of this be sure,  
Where freedom is not, there no virtue is.  
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,  
And the divine stability of heaven  
(That assured seat for good men after death)  
Is but a transient cloud, display'd so fair  
To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need  
Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,  
Vanishing in a lie," &c.

So, also, Frezzi, in his "Quadrifregio":

"Or sappi ben che Dio ha dato il freno  
A voi di voi; e, se non fosse questo,  
Libero arbitrio in voi sarebbe meno."

Lib. ii., cap. 1.

There is much more on this subject at the conclusion of the eighth Capitolo of this book. Compare also Origen, in "Genesin. Patrum Græcorum," vol. xi., p. 14; Werceburgi, 1783, 8vo; and Tertullian, "Contra Marcionem," lib. ii., p. 458, Lutetia, 1641, fol. A very noble passage on the freedom of the will occurs in the first book "De Monarchia," beginning, "Et humanum genus, potissimum liberum, optime se habet." ("The human race, when most completely free, is in its highest state of excellence").

<sup>2</sup> *To mightier force.*—"Though ye are subject to a higher power than that of the heavenly constellations, even to the power of the great Creator himself, yet ye are still left in the possession of liberty."

<sup>3</sup> *Like a babe, that wantons sportively.*—This reminds us of the Emperor Hadrian's verses to his departing soul:

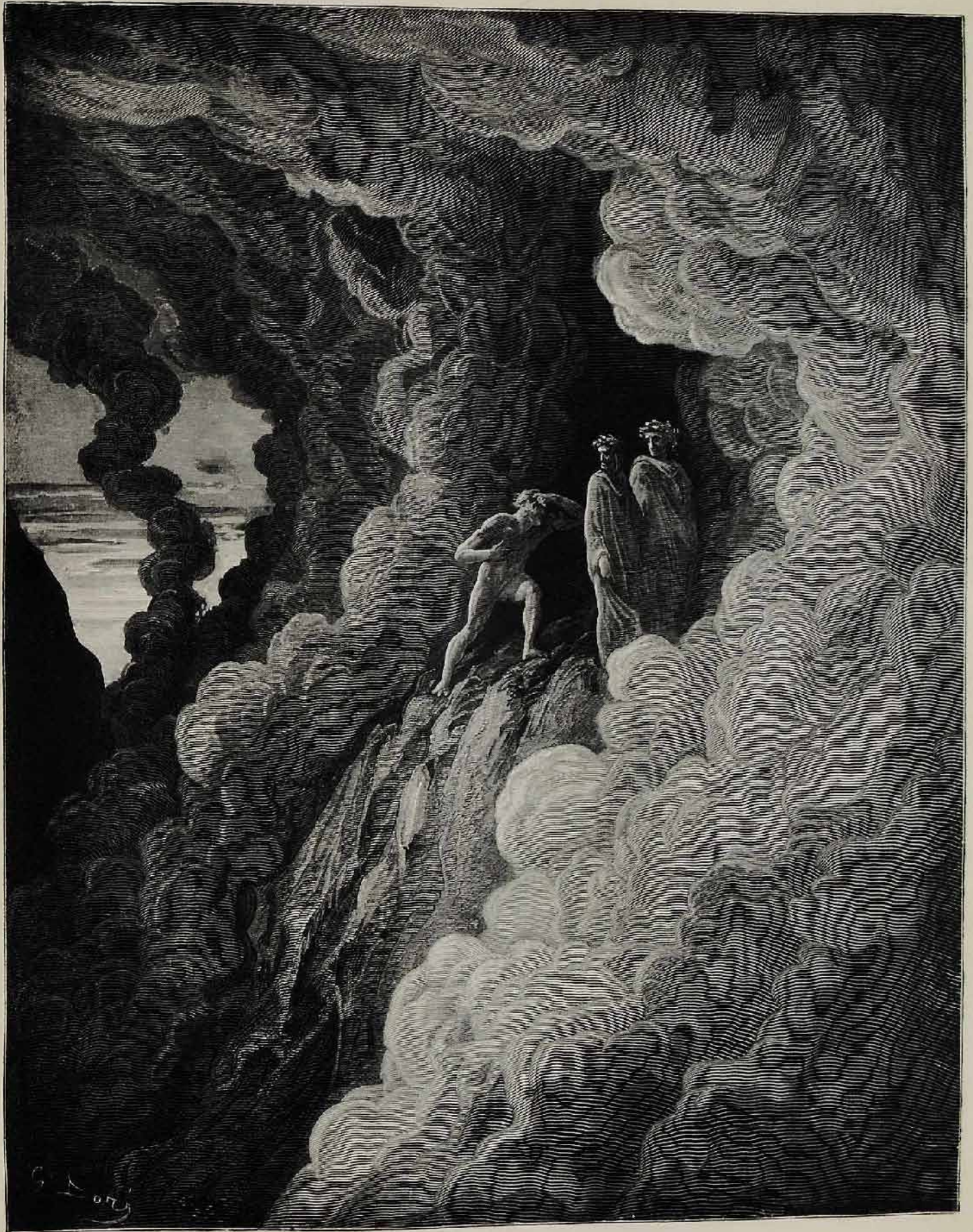
"Animula vagula blandula," &c.



"Long as 'tis lawful for me, shall my steps  
Follow on thine; and since the cloudy smoke  
Forbids the seeing, hearing in its stead  
Shall keep us join'd."

*Canto XVI., lines 32—35.*





G. F. 1871



The flavour soon she tastes; and, snared by that,  
 With fondness she pursues it; if no guide  
 Recal, no rein direct her wandering course.  
 Hence it behoved, the law should be a curb;  
 A sovereign hence behoved, whose piercing view  
 Might mark at least the fortress<sup>1</sup> and main tower  
 Of the true city. Laws indeed there are:  
 But who is he observes them? None; not he,  
 Who goes before, the shepherd of the flock,  
 Who<sup>2</sup> chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.  
 Therefore the multitude, who see their guide  
 Strike at the very good they covet most,  
 Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause  
 Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,  
 But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the world  
 To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good,  
 Was wont to boast two suns,<sup>3</sup> whose several beams  
 Cast light on either way, the world's and God's.  
 One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword  
 Is grafted on the crook; and, so conjoin'd,  
 Each must perforce decline to worse, unawed  
 By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark  
 The blade: each herb is judged of by its seed.  
 That land,<sup>4</sup> through which Adice and the Po  
 Their waters roll, was once the residence  
 Of courtesy and valour, ere the day<sup>5</sup>  
 That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass  
 Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame,  
 To talk with good men, or come near their haunts.  
 Three aged ones ate still found there, in whom  
 The old time<sup>6</sup> chides the new: these deem it long

<sup>1</sup> *The fortress*.—Justice, the most necessary virtue in the chief magistrate, as the commentators for the most part explain it; and it appears manifest from all our poet says in his first book "De Monarchiâ," concerning the authority of the temporal monarch and concerning justice, that they are right. Yet Lombardi understands the law here spoken of to be the law of God; *the sovereign*, a spiritual ruler, and *the true city*, the society of true believers; so that *the fortress*, according to him, denotes the principal parts of Christian duty.

<sup>2</sup> *Who*.—He compares the Pope, on account of the union of the temporal with the spiritual power in his person, to an unclean beast in the Levitical law. "The camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you."—Lev. xi. 4.

<sup>3</sup> *Two suns*.—The Emperor and the Bishop of Rome. There is something similar to this in the "De Monarchiâ,"

lib. iii., p. 138. "They say first, according to that text in Genesis, that God made two great lights, the greater light and the lesser, the one to rule the day, and the other the night; then, that as the moon, which is the lesser light, has no brightness, except as she receives it from the sun, so neither has the temporal kingdom authority, except what it receives from the spiritual government. The fallacy of which reasoning (if such it can be called) he proceeds to prove.

<sup>4</sup> *That land*.—Lombardy.

<sup>5</sup> *The day*.—Before the Emperor Frederick II. was defeated before Parma, in 1248. G. Villani, lib. vi., cap. xxxv.

<sup>6</sup> *The old time*.—"L'antica età."

"It is silly sooth,  
 And dallies with the innocence of love,  
 Like the old age."

Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, act ii., sc. 4.



Ere God restore them to a better world:  
 The good Gherardo;<sup>1</sup> of Palazzo he,  
 Conrad;<sup>2</sup> and Guido of Castello,<sup>3</sup> named  
 In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard.  
 On this at last conclude. The church of Rome,  
 Mixing two governments that ill assort,  
 Hath miss'd her footing, fallen into the mire,<sup>4</sup>  
 And there herself and burden much defiled."

"O Marco!" I replied, "thine arguments  
 Convince me: and the cause I now discern,  
 Why of the heritage no portion came  
 To Levi's offspring. But resolve me this:  
 Who that Gherardo is, that as thou say'st  
 Is left a sample of the perish'd race,  
 And for rebuke to this untoward age?"

"Either thy words," said he, "deceive, or else  
 Are meant to try me; that thou, speaking Tuscan,  
 Appear'st not to have heard of good Gherardo;  
 The sole addition that, by which I know him;  
 Unless I borrow'd from his daughter Gaïa<sup>5</sup>  
 Another name to grace him. God be with you.  
 I bear you company no more. Behold  
 The dawn with white ray glimmering through the mist.  
 I must away—the angel comes—ere he  
 Appear." He said, and would not hear me more.

<sup>1</sup> *The good Gherardo.*—Gherardo da Camino, of Trevigi. He is honourably mentioned in our poet's "Convito," p. 173: "Let us suppose that Gherardo da Camino had been the grandson of the meanest hind that ever drank of the Sile or the Cagnano, and that his grandfather was not yet forgotten; who will dare to say that Gherardo da Camino was a mean man, and who will not agree with me in calling him noble? Certainly no one, however presumptuous, will deny this; for such he was, and as such let him ever be remembered." Tiraboschi supposes him to have been the same Gherardo with whom the Provençal poets were used to meet a hospitable reception. "This is probably that same Gherardo, who, together with his sons, so early as before the year 1254, gave a kind and hospitable reception to the Provençal poets." Mr. Mathias's edition, tom. i., p. 137.

<sup>2</sup> *Conrad.*—Cunrado da Palazzo, a gentleman of Brescia.

<sup>3</sup> *Guido of Castello.*—Of Reggio. All the Italians were called Lombards by the French.

<sup>4</sup> *Fallen into the mire.*—There is a passage resembling this in the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. ii., cap. 4: "Ante omnia ergo dicimus unumquemque debere materiam pondus propriis humeris excipere aequale, ne forte humerorum nimio gravatam virtutem in cœnum cespitare necesse sit."

<sup>5</sup> *His daughter Gaïa.*—A lady equally admired for her modesty, the beauty of her person, and the excellency of her talents. Gaïa, says Tiraboschi, may perhaps lay claim to the praise of having been the first among the Italian ladies by whom the vernacular poetry was cultivated. This appears (although no one has yet named her as a poetess) from the MS. Commentary on the "Commedia" of Dante, by Giovanni da Serravalle, afterwards Bishop of Fermo, where, commenting on canto xvi. of the "Purgatory," he says: "De istâ Gajâ filiâ dicti boni Gerardi, possent dici multe laudes, quia fuit prudens domina, literata, magni consilii, et magnæ prudentiæ, maximæ pulchritudinis, quæ scivit bene loqui rhythmatice in vulgari."



## CANTO XVII.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet issues from that thick vapour; and soon after his fancy represents to him in lively portraiture some noted examples of anger. This imagination is dissipated by the appearance of an angel, who marshals them onward to the fourth cornice, on which the sin of gloominess or indifference is purged; and here Virgil shows him that this vice proceeds from a defect of love, and that all love can be only of two sorts, either natural, or of the soul; of which sorts the former is always right, but the latter may err either in respect of object or of degree.

CALL to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er  
Hast on an Alpine height<sup>1</sup> been ta'en by cloud,  
Through which thou saw'st no better than the mole  
Doth through opacous membrane; then, whene'er  
The watery vapours dense began to melt  
Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere  
Seem'd wading through them: so thy nimble thought  
May image, how at first I rebeheld  
The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung.

Thus, with my leader's feet still equaling pace,  
From forth that cloud I came, when now expired  
The parting beams from off the nether shores.

O quick and forgetive power! that sometimes dost  
So rob us of ourselves, we take no mark  
Though round about us thousand trumpets clang;  
What moves thee, if the senses stir not? Light  
Moves thee from heaven, spontaneous, self-inform'd;  
Or, likelier, gliding down with swift illapse  
By will divine. Portray'd before me came  
The traces of her dire impiety,  
Whose form was changed into the bird, that most  
Delights itself in song:<sup>2</sup> and here my mind

<sup>1</sup> *On an Alpine height.*—"Nell' alpe." Although the Alps, as Landino remarks, are properly those mountains which divide Italy from France, yet from them all high mountains are in the Tuscan language, though not in the Latin, termed Alps. Milton uses the word thus generally in the "Samson Agonistes:"

"Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp."

And this is a sufficient answer to the charge of impro-

priety, which is brought by Dr. Johnson, on the introduction of it into that drama. See the *Rambler*, No. 140.

<sup>2</sup> *The bird, that most delights itself in song.*—I cannot think, with Vellutello, that the swallow is here meant. Dante probably alludes to the story of Philomela, as it is found in Homer's "Odyssey," b. xix. 518, rather than as later poets have told it. "She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself

Was inwardly so wrapt, it gave no place  
 To aught that ask'd admittance from without.  
 Next shower'd into my fantasy a shape  
 As of one crucified,<sup>1</sup> whose visage spake  
 Fell rancour, malice deep, wherein he died;  
 And round him Ahasuerus the great king;  
 Esther his bride; and Mordecai the just,  
 Blameless in word and deed. As of itself  
 That unsubstantial coinage of the brain  
 Burst, like a bubble,<sup>2</sup> when the water fails  
 That fed it; in my vision straight uprose  
 A damsel<sup>3</sup> weeping loud, and cried, "O queen!  
 O mother! wherefore has intemperate ire  
 Driven thee to loathe thy being? Not to lose  
 Lavinia, desperate thou hast slain thyself.  
 Now hast thou lost me. I am she, whose tears  
 Mourn, ere I fall, a mother's timeless end."

E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly  
 New radiance strike upon the closed lids,  
 The broken slumber quivering ere it dies;<sup>4</sup>  
 Thus, from before me, sunk that imagery,  
 Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck  
 The light, outshining far our earthly beam.  
 As round I turn'd me to survey what place  
 I had arrived at, "Here ye mount:" exclaim'd  
 A voice, that other purpose left me none  
 Save will so eager to behold who spake,  
 I could not chuse but gaze. As 'fore the sun,

had only two, but through mistake slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale." Cowper's note on this passage. In speaking of the nightingale, let me observe, that while some have considered its song as melancholy, and others as a cheerful one, Chiabrera appears to have come nearest the truth, when he says, in the "Alcippo," act i., sc. 1:—

"Non mai si stanca d'itarar le note,  
 O gioconde o dogliose,  
 Al sentir dilettose."

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

See a very pleasing letter on this subject by a late illustrious statesman, "Address to the reader prefixed to Fox's History of James II.," edit. 1808, p. xii.; and a beautiful poem by Mr. Coleridge. I know not whether the following lines by a neglected poet have yet been noticed, as showing the diversity of opinions that have prevailed respecting the song of this bird:

"The cheerful birds  
 With sweetest notes to sing their Maker's praise,

Among the which, the merrie nightingale  
 With swete and swete, her breast against a thorn,  
 Ringes out all night."

*Vallans, Tale of Two Swannes.*

<sup>1</sup> *One crucified.*—Haman. See the book of Esther, c. vii. "In the Lunetia of Haman, we owe the sublime conception of his figure (by Michael Angelo) to this passage."—Fuseli, Lecture iii., note.

<sup>2</sup> *Like a bubble.*—

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And these are of them."

*Shakespeare, Macbeth, act i., sc. 3.*

<sup>3</sup> *A damsel.*—Lavinia, mourning for her mother Amata, who, impelled by grief and indignation for the supposed death of Turnus, destroyed herself.—*Aeneid*, lib. xii. 595.

<sup>4</sup> *The broken slumber quivering ere it dies.*—Venturi suggests that this bold and unusual metaphor may have been formed on that in Virgil:

"Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus agris  
 Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit."

*Aeneid*, lib. ii. 268.



That weighs our vision down, and veils his form  
 In light transcendent, thus my virtue fail'd  
 Unequal. "This is Spirit from above,  
 Who marshals us our upward way, unsought;  
 And in his own light shrouds him. As a man  
 Doth for himself, so now is done for us.  
 For whoso waits imploring, yet sees need  
 Of his prompt aidance, sets himself prepared  
 For blunt denial, ere the suit be made.  
 Refuse we not to lend a ready foot  
 At such inviting: haste we to ascend,  
 Before it darken: for we may not then,  
 Till morn again return." So spake my guide;  
 And to one ladder both address'd our steps;  
 And the first stair approaching, I perceived  
 Near me as 't were the waving of a wing,  
 That fann'd my face, and whisper'd: "Blessed they,  
 The peacemakers:<sup>1</sup> they know not evil wrath."

Now to such height above our heads were raised  
 The last beams, follow'd close by hooded night,  
 That many a star on all sides through the gloom  
 Shone out. "Why partest from me, O my strength?"  
 So with myself I communed; for I felt  
 My o'er toil'd sinews slacken. We had reach'd  
 The summit, and were fix'd like to a bark  
 Arrived at land. And waiting a short space,  
 If aught should meet mine ear in that new round,  
 Then to my guide I turn'd, and said: "Loved sire!  
 Declare what guilt is on this circle purged.  
 If our feet rest, no need thy speech should pause."

He thus to me: "The love<sup>2</sup> of good, whate'er  
 Wanted of just proportion, here fulfils.  
 Here plies afresh the oar, that loiter'd ill.  
 But that thou mayst yet clearer understand,  
 Give ear unto my words; and thou shalt cull  
 Some fruit may please thee well, from this delay.

"Creator, nor created being, e'er,  
 My son," he thus began, "was without love,

<sup>1</sup> *The peacemakers.*—"Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9.

<sup>2</sup> *The love.*—"A defect in our love towards God, or lukewarmness in piety, is here removed."

Or natural,<sup>1</sup> or the free spirit's growth.  
 Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still  
 Is without error: but the other swerves,  
 If on ill object bent, or through excess  
 Of vigour, or defect. While e'er it seeks<sup>2</sup>  
 The primal blessings,<sup>3</sup> or with measure due  
 The inferior,<sup>4</sup> no delight, that flows from it,  
 Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil,  
 Or with more ardour than behoves, or less,  
 Pursue the good; the thing created then  
 Works 'gainst its Maker. Hence thou must infer,  
 That love is germin of each virtue in ye,  
 And of each act no less, that merits pain.  
 Now<sup>5</sup> since it may not be, but love intend  
 The welfare mainly of the thing it loves,  
 All from self-hatred are secure; and since  
 No being can be thought to exist apart,  
 And independent of the first, a bar  
 Of equal force restrains from hating that.

“Grant the distinction just; and it remains  
 The evil must be another's, which is loved.  
 Three ways such love is gender'd in your clay.  
 There is<sup>6</sup> who hopes (his neighbour's worth deprest)  
 Pre-eminence himself; and covets hence,  
 For his own greatness, that another fall.  
 There is<sup>7</sup> who so much fears the loss of power,  
 Fame, favour, glory (should his fellow mount  
 Above him), and so sickens at the thought,  
 He loves their opposite: and there is he,  
 Whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame,<sup>8</sup>  
 That he doth thirst for vengeance; and such needs  
 Must dote on other's evil. Here beneath,  
 This threefold love is mourn'd.<sup>9</sup> Of the other sort

<sup>1</sup> *Or natural.*—Lombardi refers to the “Convito,” Canz. i., Tratt. 2, cap. 3, where this subject is diffusely treated by our poet.

<sup>2</sup> *While e'er it seeks.*—So Frezzi:

“E s'egli è ben, che d'altro ben dipenda,  
 Non s'ami quasi per se esistente,  
 Se vuoi, che quando è tolto, non t'offenda.”

*Il Quadrivregio*, lib. ii., cap. 14.

This Capitolo, which describes the punishment of those who give way to inordinate grief for the loss of their kindred, is marked by much power of imagination and a sublime morality.

<sup>3</sup> *The primal blessings.*—Spiritual good.

<sup>4</sup> *The inferior.*—Temporal good.

<sup>5</sup> *Now.*—“It is impossible for any being, either to hate itself, or to hate the First Cause of all, by which it exists. We can, therefore, only rejoice in the evil which befalls others.”

<sup>6</sup> *There is.*—The proud.

<sup>7</sup> *There is.*—The envious.

<sup>8</sup> *There is he, whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame.*—The resentful.

<sup>9</sup> *This threefold love is mourn'd.*—Frezzi alludes to this distinction:



Be now instructed; that which follows good,  
But with disorder'd and irregular course.

“All indistinctly apprehend a bliss,  
On which the soul may rest; the hearts of all  
Yearn after it; and to that wished bourn  
All therefore strive to tend. If ye behold,  
Or seek it, with a love remiss and lax;  
This cornice, after just repenting, lays  
Its penal torment on ye. Other good  
There is, where man finds not his happiness:  
It is not true fruition; not that blest  
Essence, of every good the branch and root  
The love too lavishly bestow'd on this,  
Along three circles<sup>1</sup> over us, is mourn'd.  
Account of that division tripartite  
Expect not, fitter for thine own research.”

“Superbia poate essere in tre modi;  
Si come si dimostra dalla Musa,  
La qual hai letta, e che tu tanto lodi.”

*Il Quadrivoglio*, lib. liii., cap. 2.

<sup>1</sup> *Along three circles*.—According to the allegorical commentators, as Venturi has observed, Reason is represented under the person of Virgil, and Sense under that of Dante. The former leaves to the latter to discover

for itself the three carnal sins—avarice, gluttony, and libidinousness; having already declared the nature of the spiritual sins—pride, envy, anger, and indifference, or lukewarmness in piety, which the Italians call *accidia*, from the Greek word *ἀκημία*, and which Chaucer vainly endeavoured to naturalise in our language. See the “*Person's Tale*.” Lombardi refers to Thomas Aquinas, lib. i., Quest. 72, Art. 2, for the division here made by our poet.

## CANTO XVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Virgil discourses further concerning the nature of love. Then a multitude of spirits rush by; two of whom, in van of the rest, record instances of zeal and fervent affection, and another, who was abbot of San Zeno in Verona, declares himself to Virgil and Dante; and lastly follow other spirits, shouting forth memorable examples of the sin for which they suffer. The Poet, pursuing his meditations, falls into a dreamy slumber.

THE teacher ended,<sup>1</sup> and his high discourse  
Concluding, earnest in my looks inquired  
If I appear'd content; and I, whom still  
Unsated thirst to hear him urged, was mute,  
Mute outwardly, yet inwardly I said:  
"Perchance my too much questioning offends."  
But he, true father, mark'd the secret wish  
By diffidence restrain'd; and, speaking, gave  
Me boldness thus to speak: "Master! my sight  
Gathers so lively virtue from thy beams,  
That all, thy words convey, distinct is seen.  
Wherefore I pray thee, father, whom this heart  
Holds dearest, thou wouldst deign by proof t'unfold  
That love, from which, as from their source, thou bring'st  
All good deeds and their opposite." He then:  
"To what I now disclose be thy clear ken  
Directed; and thou plainly shalt behold  
How much those blind have err'd, who make themselves  
The guides of men. The soul, created apt  
To love, moves versatile which way so'er  
Aught pleasing prompts her, soon as she is waked  
By pleasure into act. Of substance true  
Your apprehension<sup>2</sup> forms its counterfeit;

<sup>1</sup> *The teacher ended.*—Compare Plato, "Protagoras," v. iii., p. 123, Bip. edit.: Πρωταγόρας μὲν τοσαῦτα κ. τ. λ. Apollonius Rhodius, l. i. 513; and Milton, "Paradise Lost," b. viii. 1:

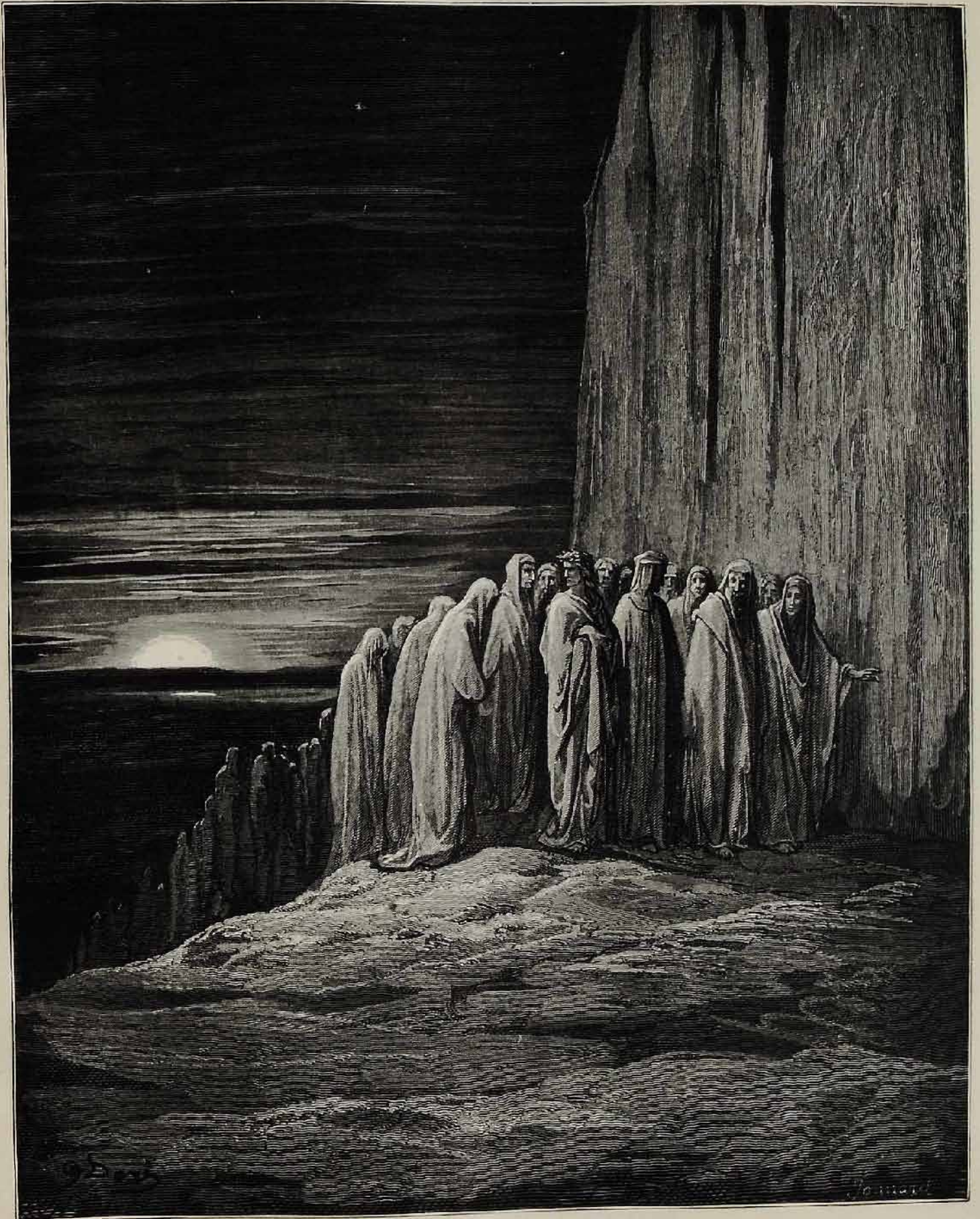
"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."

<sup>2</sup> *Your apprehension.*—It is literally, "Your apprehensive faculty derives intension from a thing really existing, and displays that intension within you, so that it makes the soul turn to it." The commentators labour in explaining this; but whatever sense they have elicited, may, I think, be resolved into the words of the translation in the text.



But not long  
Slumber'd; for suddenly a multitude,  
The steep already turning from behind,  
Rush'd on.

*Canto XVIII., lines 87—90*





And, in you the ideal shape presenting,  
 Attract the soul's regard. If she, thus drawn,  
 Incline toward it; love is that inclining,  
 And a new nature knit by pleasure in ye.  
 Then, as the fire points up, and mounting seeks  
 His birth-place and his lasting seat, e'en thus  
 Enters the captive soul into desire,  
 Which is a spiritual motion, that ne'er rests  
 Before enjoyment of the thing it loves.  
 Enough to show thee, how the truth from those  
 Is hidden, who aver all love a thing  
 Praise-worthy in itself; although perhaps<sup>1</sup>  
 Its matter seem still good. Yet if the wax  
 Be good, it follows not the impression must."

"What love is," I return'd, "thy words, O guide!  
 And my own docile mind, reveal. Yet thence  
 New doubts have sprung. For, from without, if love  
 Be offer'd to us, and the spirit knows  
 No other footing; tend she right or wrong,  
 Is no desert of hers." He answering thus:  
 "What reason here discovers, I have power  
 To show thee: that which lies beyond, expect  
 From Beatrice, faith not reason's task.  
 Spirit,<sup>2</sup> substantial form, with matter join'd,  
 Not in confusion mix'd, hath in itself  
 Specific virtue of that union born,  
 Which is not felt except it work, nor proved  
 But through effect, as vegetable life  
 By the green leaf. From whence his intellect  
 Deduced its primal notices of things,  
 Man therefore knows not, or his appetites  
 Their first affections; such in you, as zeal

<sup>1</sup> *Perhaps*.—"Our author," Venturi observes, "uses the language of the Peripatetics, which denominates the *kind* of things, as determinable by many differences, *matter*. Love then, in kind perhaps, appears good; and it is said *perhaps*, because, strictly speaking, *in kind* there is neither good nor bad, neither praiseworthy nor blameable." To this Lombardi adds, that what immediately follows—namely, that "every mark is not good although the wax be so," answers to this interpretation. For the wax is precisely as the determinable matter, and the mark or impression as the determining form; and even as the wax, which is either good or at least not bad, may, by being imprinted by a bad figure, acquire the name of bad; so may love be said generally to be good or at

least not bad, and acquire the name of bad by being determined to an unfit object. "As the wax takes all shapes, and yet is wax still at the bottom; the *ἡ πρῶτον* still is wax; so the soul transported in so many several passions of joy, fear, hope, sorrow, anger, and the like, has for its general groundwork of all this, Love."—*Henry More*, Discourse xvi. This passage in the most philosophical of our theologians, may serve for an answer to the objection of those who blame Collins for not having brought in Love among the "Passions" in his exquisite ode.

<sup>2</sup> *Spirit*.—The human soul, which differs from that of brutes, inasmuch as though united with the body, it has a separate existence of its own.



In bees to gather honey; at the first,  
 Volition, meriting nor blame nor praise.  
 But o'er each lower faculty supreme,  
 That, as she list, are summon'd to her bar,  
 Ye have that virtue<sup>1</sup> in you, whose just voice  
 Uttereth counsel, and whose word should keep  
 The threshold of assent. Here is the source,  
 Whence cause of merit in you is derived;  
 E'en as the affections, good or ill, she takes,  
 Or severs,<sup>2</sup> winnow'd as the chaff. Those men,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who, reasoning, went to depth profoundest, mark'd  
 That innate freedom; and were thence induced  
 To leave their moral teaching to the world.  
 Grant then, that from necessity arise  
 All love that glows within you; to dismiss  
 Or harbour it, the power is in yourselves.  
 Remember, Beatrice, in her style,  
 Denominates free choice by eminence  
 The noble virtue; if in talk with thee  
 She touch upon that theme." The moon, well nigh  
 To midnight hour belated, made the stars  
 Appear to wink and fade; and her broad disk  
 Seem'd like a crag<sup>4</sup> on fire, as up the vault<sup>5</sup>  
 That course she journey'd, which the sun then warms;  
 When they of Rome behold him at his set  
 Betwixt Sardinia and the Corsic isle.  
 And now the weight, that hung upon my thought,  
 Was lighten'd by the aid of that clear spirit,  
 Who raiseth Andes<sup>6</sup> above Mantua's name.  
 I therefore, when my questions had obtain'd  
 Solution plain and ample, stood as one

<sup>1</sup> *That virtue*.—Reason.

<sup>2</sup> *Or severs*.—Lest the reader of the original should be misled, it is right to warn him that the word "*vigliare*" must not be confounded with "*vagliare*" to winnow, and strictly means "to separate from the straw what remains of the grain after the threshing." The process is distinctly described in the notes on the "*Decameron*," p. 77, ediz. Giunti, 1573, where this passage is referred to.

<sup>3</sup> *Those men*.—The great moral philosophers among the heathens.

<sup>4</sup> *A crag*.—I have preferred the reading of Landino, *scheggion*, "*crag*," conceiving it to be more poetical than *secchion*, "*bucket*," which is the common reading. The same cause, the vapours, which the commentators say might give the appearance of increased magnitude to the moon, might also make her seem broken at her rise.

Lombardi explains it differently. The moon being, as he says, in the fifth night of her wane, has exactly the figure of a brazen bucket, round at the bottom and open at top; and, if we suppose it to be all on fire, we shall have, besides the form of the moon, her colour also. There is a simile in one of Fielding's novels very like this, but so ludicrous that I am unwilling to disturb the reader's gravity by inserting it.

<sup>5</sup> *Up the vault*.—The moon passed with a motion opposite to that of the heavens, through the constellation of the Scorpion, in which the sun is, when to those who are in Rome he appears to set between the isles of Corsica and Sardinia.

<sup>6</sup> *Andes*.—Andes, now Pietola, made more famous than Mantua, near which it is situated, by having been the birth-place of Virgil.



Musing in dreamy slumber; but not long  
 Slumber'd; for suddenly a multitude,  
 The steep already turning from behind,  
 Rush'd on. With fury and like random rout,  
 As echoing on their shores at midnight heard  
 Ismenus and Asopus,<sup>1</sup> for his Thebes  
 If Bacchus' help were needed; so came these  
 Tumultuous, curving each his rapid step,  
 By eagerness impell'd of holy love.

Soon they o'ertook us; with such swiftness moved  
 The mighty crowd. Two spirits at their head  
 Cried, weeping, "Blessed Mary<sup>2</sup> sought with haste  
 The hilly region. Cæsar,<sup>3</sup> to subdue  
 Ilerda, darted in Marseilles his sting,  
 And flew to Spain."—"Oh, tarry not: away!"  
 The others shouted; "let not time be lost  
 Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal  
 To serve reanimates celestial grace."

"O ye! in whom intenser fervency  
 Haply supplies, where lukewarm erst ye fail'd,  
 Slow or neglectful, to absolve your part  
 Of good and virtuous; this man, who yet lives  
 (Credit my tale, though strange), desires to ascend,  
 So morning rise to light us. Therefore say  
 Which hand leads nearest to the rifted rock."

So spake my guide; to whom a shade return'd:  
 "Come after us, and thou shalt find the cleft.  
 We may not linger: such resistless will  
 Speeds our unwearied course. Vouchsafe us then  
 Thy pardon, if our duty seem to thee  
 Discourteous rudeness. In Verona I  
 Was abbot<sup>4</sup> of San Zeno, when the hand  
 Of Barbarossa grasp'd Imperial sway,  
 That name ne'er utter'd without tears in Milan.  
 And there is he,<sup>5</sup> hath one foot in his grave,  
 Who for that monastery ere long shall weep,

<sup>1</sup> *At midnight heard Ismenus and Asopus.*—Rivers near Thebes.

<sup>2</sup> *Mary.*—"And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill-country with haste, into a city of Judah; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elizabeth."—Luke i. 39, 40.

<sup>3</sup> *Cæsar.*—See Lucan, "*Pharsalia*," lib. iii. and iv.; and Cæsar, "*De Bello Civili*," lib. i. Cæsar left Brutus to

complete the siege of Marseilles, and hastened on to the attack of Afranius and Petreius, the generals of Pompey, at Ilerda (Lerida) in Spain.

<sup>4</sup> *Abbot.*—Alberto, abbot of San Zeno in Verona, when Frederick I. was emperor, by whom Milan was besieged and reduced to ashes, in 1162.

<sup>5</sup> *There is he.*—Alberto della Scala, Lord of Verona, who had made his natural son abbot of San Zeno.

Ruing his power misused: for that his son,  
 Of body ill compact, and worse in mind,  
 And born in evil, he hath set in place  
 Of its true pastor." Whether more he spake,  
 Or here was mute, I know not: he had sped  
 E'en now so far beyond us. Yet thus much  
 I heard, and in remembrance treasured it.

He then, who never fail'd me at my need,  
 Cried, "Hither turn. Lo! two with sharp remorse  
 Chiding their sin." In rear of all the troop  
 These shouted: "First they died,<sup>1</sup> to whom the sea  
 Open'd, or ever Jordan saw his heirs:  
 And they,<sup>2</sup> who with Æneas to the end  
 Endured not suffering, for their portion chose  
 Life without glory." Soon as they had fled  
 Past reach of sight, new thought within me rose  
 By others follow'd fast, and each unlike  
 Its fellow: till led on from thought to thought,  
 And pleased with the fleeting train, mine eye  
 Was closed, and meditation changed to dream.

<sup>1</sup> *First they died.*—The Israelites, who on account of their disobedience died before reaching the promised land.

<sup>2</sup> *And they.*—Those Trojans, who wearied with their voyage, chose rather to remain in Sicily with Acestes, than accompany Æneas to Italy. Virgil, "Æneid," lib. v.



## CANTO XIX.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet, after describing his dream, relates how, at the summoning of an angel, he ascends with Virgil to the fifth cornice, where the sin of avarice is cleansed, and where he finds Pope Adrian V.

IT was the hour,<sup>1</sup> when of diurnal heat  
 No reliques chafe the cold beams of the moon,  
 O'erpower'd by earth, or planetary sway  
 Of Saturn; and the geomancer<sup>2</sup> sees  
 His Greater Fortune up the east ascend,  
 Where grey dawn checkers first the shadowy cone;  
 When, 'fore me in my dream, a woman's shape<sup>3</sup>  
 There came, with lips that stammer'd, eyes aslant,  
 Distorted feet, hands maim'd, and colour pale.

I look'd upon her: and, as sunshine cheers  
 Limbs numb'd by nightly cold, e'en thus my look  
 Unloosed her tongue; next, in brief space, her form  
 Decrepid raised erect, and faded face  
 With love's own hue<sup>4</sup> illumed. Recovering speech,  
 She forthwith, warbling, such a strain began,  
 That I, how loth soe'er, could scarce have held  
 Attention from the song. "I," thus she sang,  
 "I am the Syren, she, whom mariners  
 On the wide sea are wilder'd when they hear:  
 Such fulness of delight the listener feels.

<sup>1</sup> *The hour.*—Near the dawn.

<sup>2</sup> *The geomancer.*—The geomancers, says Landino, when they divined, drew a figure consisting of sixteen marks, named from so many stars which constitute the end of Aquarius and the beginning of Pisces. One of these they called "the greater fortune." Chaucer has imitated this in a description of morning ("Trollus and Creseide," b. liii), for he did not find it in his original, Boccaccio's "Filostrato."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "But when the cocke, commune astrologer,  
 Gan on his brest to bete, and after crows,  
 And Lucifer the dayis messenger  
 Gan fer to rise, and out his bemis throwe,  
 And estward rose, to him that could it knowe.  
 Fortuna Major."

<sup>3</sup> *When, 'fore me in my dream, a woman's shape.*—Worldly happiness. This allegory reminds us of the "Choice of Hercules."  
<sup>4</sup> *Love's own hue.*—

"A smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. viii. 619*

"Facies pulcherrima tunc est,  
 Quam porphyriaco variatur candida rubro.  
 Quid color hic roseus sibi vult? designat amorem:  
 Quippe amor est igni similis; flammisque rubentes  
 Ignis habere solet."

*Palingenius Zodiacus Vita, lib. xii.*

I, from his course, Ulysses<sup>1</sup> by my lay  
 Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once,  
 Parts seldom: so I charm him, and his heart  
 Contented knows no void." Or ere her mouth  
 Was closed, to shame her, at my side appear'd  
 A dame<sup>2</sup> of semblance holy. With stern voice  
 She utter'd: "Say, O Virgil! who is this?"  
 Which hearing, he approach'd, with eyes still bent  
 Toward that goodly presence: the other seized her,  
 And, her robes tearing, open'd her before,  
 And show'd the belly to me, whence a smell,  
 Exhaling loathsome, waked me. Round I turn'd  
 Mine eyes: and thus the teacher: "At the least  
 Three times my voice hath call'd thee. Rise, begone.  
 Let us the opening find where thou mayst pass."

I straightway rose. Now day, pour'd down from high,  
 Fill'd all the circuits of the sacred mount;  
 And, as we journey'd, on our shoulder smote  
 The early ray. I follow'd, stooping low  
 My forehead, as a man, o'ercharged with thought,  
 Who bends him to the likeness of an arch  
 That midway spans the flood; when thus I heard,  
 "Come, enter here," in tone so soft and mild,  
 As never met the ear on mortal strand.

With swan-like wings dispreed and pointing up,  
 Who thus had spoken marshal'd us along,  
 Where, each side of the solid masonry,  
 The sloping walls retired; then moved his plumes,  
 And fanning us, affirm'd that those, who mourn,<sup>3</sup>  
 Are blessed, for that comfort shall be theirs.

"What aileth thee, that still thou look'st to earth?"  
 Began my leader; while the angelic shape  
 A little over us his station took.

"New vision," I replied, "hath raised in me  
 Surmisings strange and anxious doubts, whereon  
 My soul intent allows no other thought  
 Or room, or entrance."—"Hast thou seen," said he,

<sup>1</sup> *Ulysses*.—It is not easy to determine why Ulysses, contrary to the authority of Homer, is said to have been drawn aside from his course by the song of the Syren. No improbable way of accounting for the contradiction is, to suppose that she is here represented as purposely deviating from the truth. Or Dante may have followed

some legend of the middle ages, in which the wanderings of Ulysses were represented otherwise than in Homer.

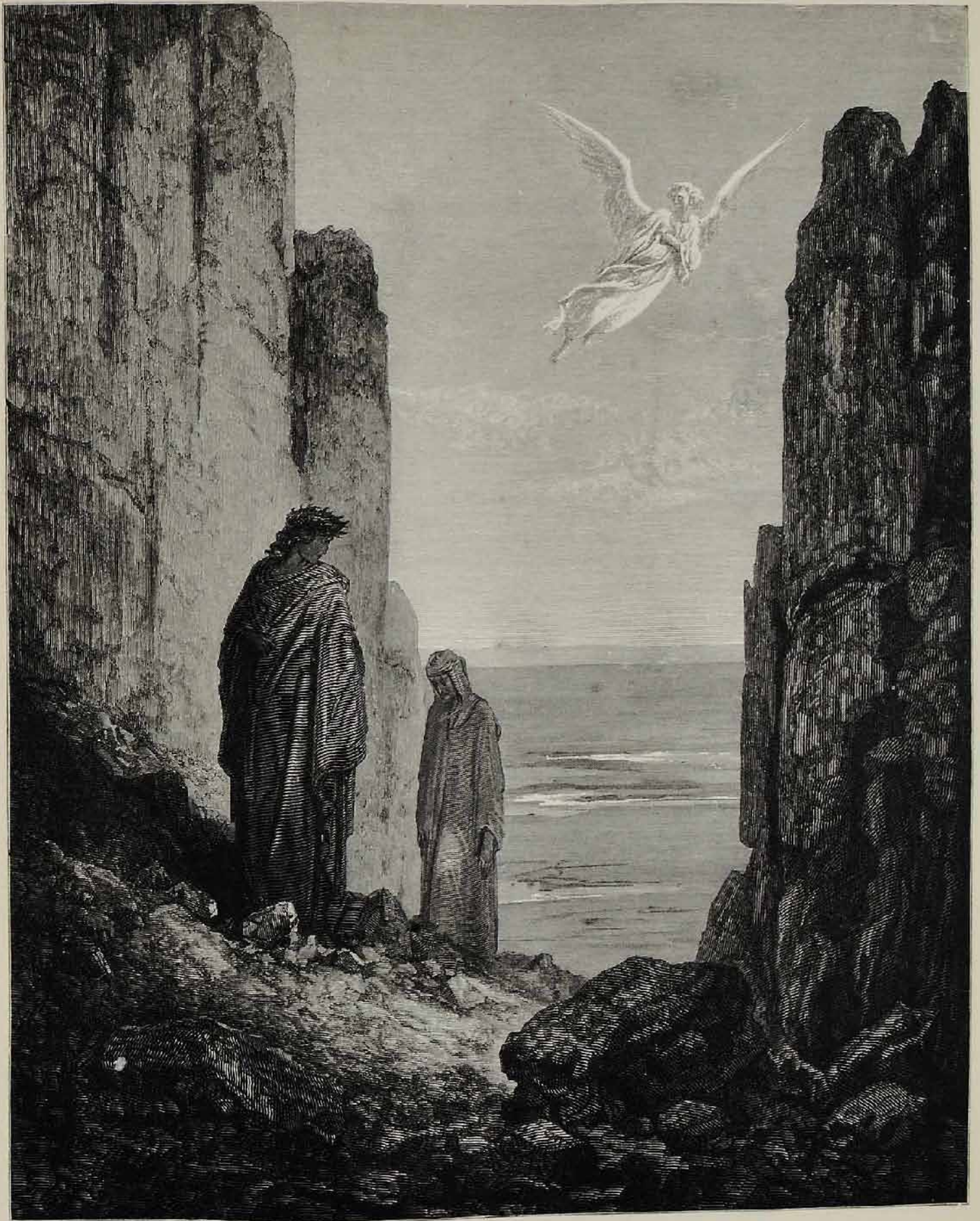
<sup>2</sup> *A dame*.—Philosophy, or perhaps Truth.

<sup>3</sup> *Who mourn*.—"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."—Matt. v. 4.



“What aileth thee, that still thou look’st to earth?”  
Began my leader; while the angelic shape  
A little over us his station took.

*Canto XIX., lines 51—53.*





“That old enchantress, her, whose wiles alone  
 The spirits o'er us weep for? Hast thou seen  
 How man may free him of her bonds? Enough.  
 Let thy heels spurn the earth;<sup>1</sup> and thy raised ken  
 Fix on the lure, which heaven's eternal King  
 Whirls in the rolling spheres.” As on his feet  
 The falcon<sup>2</sup> first looks down, then to the sky  
 Turns, and forth stretches eager for the food,  
 That woos him thither; so the call I heard:  
 So onward, far as the dividing rock  
 Gave way, I journey'd, till the plain was reach'd.

On the fifth circle when I stood at large,  
 A race appear'd before me, on the ground  
 All downward lying prone and weeping sore.  
 “My soul<sup>3</sup> hath cleaved to the dust,” I heard  
 With sighs so deep, they well nigh choked the words.

“O ye elect of God! whose penal woes  
 Both hope and justice mitigate, direct  
 Towards the steep rising our uncertain way.”

“If ye approach secure from this our doom,  
 Prostration, and would urge your course with speed,  
 See that ye still to rightward keep the brink.”

So them the bard besought; and such the words,  
 Beyond us some short space, in answer came.

I noted what remain'd yet hidden from them:<sup>4</sup>  
 Thence to my liege's eyes mine eyes I bent,  
 And he, forthwith interpreting their suit,  
 Beckon'd his glad assent. Free then to act  
 As pleased me, I drew near, and took my stand  
 Over that shade whose words I late had mark'd,  
 And, “Spirit!” I said, “in whom repentant tears  
 Mature that blessed hour when thou with God  
 Shalt find acceptance, for a while suspend  
 For me that mightier care. Say who thou wast;

<sup>1</sup> *Let thy heels spurn the earth.*—This is a metaphor from hawking, though less apparent than in the lines that follow.

<sup>2</sup> *The falcon.*—

“Poi come fa 'l falcon, quando si move,  
 Così Umiltà al cielo alzò la vista.”

*Freschi, Il Quadriregno*, lib. iv., cap. v.

“Io vidi poi color tutti levare  
 Inverso il cielo, come fa 'l falcone,  
 Quando la preda sua prende in su l'are.”

*Ibid.*, cap. xiii.

One of our periodical critics has remarked that Dante must have loved hawking; and “that he paints his bird always to the life.”—*Edinburgh Review*, No. lviit., p. 472. In the same manner Mr. Blomfield supposes that Æschylus was addicted to fishing, because he often takes his metaphors from fishing-nets. See that gentleman's notes to the *Persæ*, Glossar., v. 430.

<sup>3</sup> *My soul.*—“My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word.”—Ps. cxix. 25.

<sup>4</sup> *I noted what remain'd yet hidden from them.*—They were ignorant, it appeared, whether Dante was come there to be purged of his sins.

Why thus ye grovel on your bellies prone;  
 And if, in aught, ye wish my service there,  
 Whence living I am come." He answering spake:  
 "The cause why Heaven our back toward his cope  
 Reverses, shalt thou know: but me know first,  
 The successor of Peter,<sup>1</sup> and the name  
 And title of my lineage, from that stream  
 That 'twixt Chiaveri and Siestri draws  
 His limpid waters<sup>2</sup> through the lowly glen.  
 A month and little more by proof I learnt,  
 With what a weight that robe of sovereignty  
 Upon his shoulder rests, who from the mire  
 Would guard it; that each other fardel seems  
 But feathers in the balance. Late, alas!  
 Was my conversion: but, when I became  
 Rome's pastor, I discern'd at once the dream  
 And cozenage of life; saw that the heart  
 Rested not there, and yet no prouder height  
 Lured on the climber; wherefore, of that life  
 No more enamour'd, in my bosom love  
 Of purer being kindled. For till then  
 I was a soul in misery, alienate  
 From God, and covetous of all earthly things;  
 Now, as thou seest, here punish'd for my doting.  
 Such cleansing from the taint of avarice,  
 Do spirits, converted, need. This mount inflicts  
 No direr penalty. E'en as our eyes  
 Fasten'd below, nor e'er to loftier clime  
 Were lifted;<sup>3</sup> thus hath justice level'd us,  
 Here on the earth. As avarice quench'd our love  
 Of good, without which is no working; thus  
 Here justice holds us prison'd, hand and foot  
 Chain'd down and bound, while heaven's just Lord shall please,  
 So long to tarry, motionless, outstretch'd."

My knees I stoop'd, and would have spoke; but he,  
 Ere my beginning, by his ear perceived  
 I did him reverence; and "What cause," said he,

<sup>1</sup> *The successor of Peter.*—Ottobuono, of the family of Fieschi, Counts of Lavagno, died thirty-nine days after he became pope, with the title of Adrian V., in 1276.

<sup>2</sup> *That stream that 'twixt Chiaveri and Siestri draws his limpid waters.*—The river Lavagno, in the Genoese

territory; to the east of which territory are situated Siestri and Chiaveri.

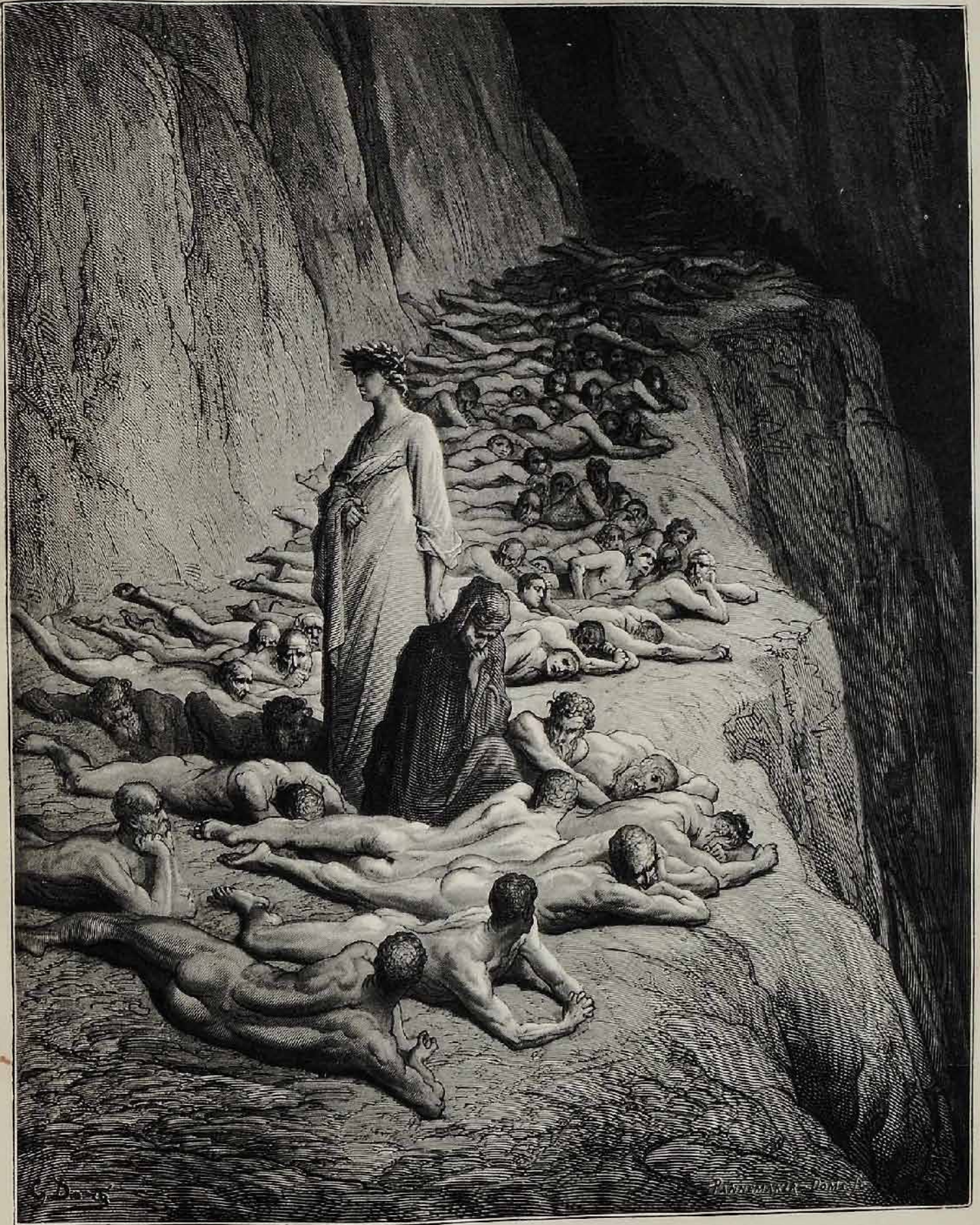
<sup>3</sup> *Were lifted.*—Rosa Morando and Lombardi are very severe on Venturi's perplexity occasioned by the word "aderse." They have none of them noticed Landino's reading of "aperse." Ediz. 1484.



“Up,” he exclaim’d, “brother! upon thy feet  
Arise; err not; thy fellow servant I,  
(Thine and all others,) of one Sovran Power”

*Canto XI., lines 131—133.*







“Hath bow'd thee thus?”—“Compunction,” I rejoin'd,  
 “And inward awe of your high dignity.”

“Up,” he exclaim'd, “brother! upon thy feet  
 Arise; err not:<sup>1</sup> thy fellow servant I  
 (Thine and all others'), of one Sovran Power.  
 If thou hast ever mark'd those holy sounds  
 Of gospel truth, 'nor shall be given in marriage,'<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou mayst discern the reasons of my speech.  
 Go thy ways now; and linger here no more.  
 Thy tarrying is a let unto the tears,  
 With which I hasten that whereof thou spakest.<sup>3</sup>  
 I have on earth a kinswoman;<sup>4</sup> her name  
 Alagia, worthy in herself, so ill  
 Example of our house corrupt her not:  
 And she is all remaineth of me there.”

<sup>1</sup> *Err not.*—“And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus.”—Rev. xix. 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor shall be given in marriage.*—“Since in this state we neither marry nor are given in marriage, I am

no longer the spouse of the church, and therefore no longer retain my former dignity.” See Matt. xxii. 30.

<sup>3</sup> *That whereof thou spakest.*—See ver. 89.

<sup>4</sup> *A kinswoman.*—Alagia is said to have been the wife of the Marchese Marcello Malaspina, one of the poet's protectors during his exile. See canto viii. 133.

## CANTO XX.

### ARGUMENT.

Among those on the fifth cornice, Hugh Capet records illustrious examples of voluntary poverty and of bounty; then tells who himself is, and speaks of his descendants on the French throne; and, lastly, adds some noted instances of avarice. When he has ended, the mountain shakes, and all the spirits sing "Glory to God."

ILL strives the will, 'gainst will more wise that strives:  
His pleasure therefore to mine own preferr'd,  
I drew the sponge<sup>1</sup> yet thirsty from the wave.  
Onward I moved: he also onward moved,  
Who led me, coasting still, wherever place  
Along the rock was vacant; as a man  
Walks near the battlements on narrow wall.  
For those on the other part, who drop by drop  
Wring out their all-infecting malady,  
Too closely press the verge. Accurst be thou,  
Inveterate wolf!<sup>2</sup> whose gorge ingluts more prey  
Than every beast beside, yet is not fill'd;  
So bottomless thy maw.—Ye spheres of heaven!  
To whom there are, as seems, who attribute  
All change in mortal state, when is the day  
Of his appearing,<sup>3</sup> for whom fate reserves  
To chase her hence?—With wary steps and slow  
We pass'd; and I attentive to the shades,  
Whom piteously I heard lament and wail;  
And, 'midst the wailing, one before us heard  
Cry out, "O blessed Virgin!" as a dame  
In the sharp pangs of childbed; and "How poor  
Thou wast," it added, "witness that low roof  
Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down.  
O good Fabricius!<sup>4</sup> thou didst virtue chuse  
With poverty, before great wealth with vice."

<sup>1</sup> *I drew the sponge.*—"I did not persevere in my inquiries from the spirit, though still anxious to learn more."

<sup>2</sup> *Wolf.*—Avarice.

<sup>3</sup> *Of his appearing.*—He is thought to allude to Can Grande della Scala. See "Hell," canto i. 98.

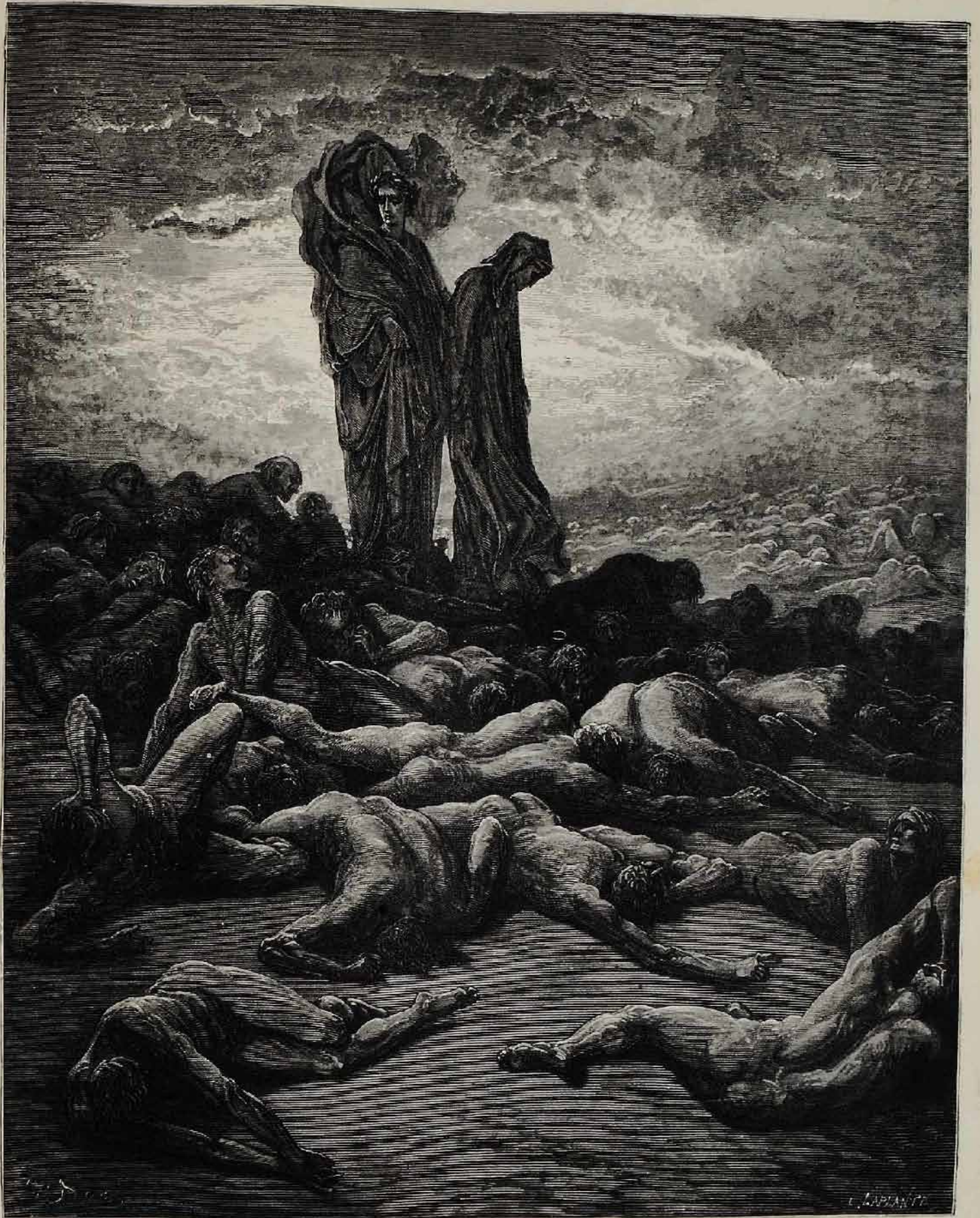
<sup>4</sup> *Fabricius.*—So our author in the second book of the "De Monarchiâ," p. 121, "Nonne Fabricium," &c. "Has



With wary steps and slow  
We pass'd; and I attentive to the shades,  
Whom piteously I heard lament and wail.

*Canto XX., lines 17—19.*





C. LABIANI



The words so pleased me, that desire to know  
 The spirit, from whose lip they seem'd to come,  
 Did draw me onward. Yet it spake the gift  
 Of Nicholas,<sup>1</sup> which on the maidens he  
 Bounteous bestow'd, to save their youthful prime  
 Unblemish'd. "Spirit! who dost speak of deeds  
 So worthy, tell me who thou wast," I said,  
 "And why thou dost with single voice renew  
 Memorial of such praise. That boon vouchsafed  
 Haply shall meet reward; if I return  
 To finish the short pilgrimage of life,  
 Still speeding to its close on restless wing."

"I," answer'd he, "will tell thee; not for help,  
 Which thence I look for; but that in thyself  
 Grace so exceeding shines, before thy time  
 Of mortal dissolution. I was root<sup>2</sup>  
 Of that ill plant whose shade such poison sheds  
 O'er all the Christian land, that seldom thence  
 Good fruit is gather'd. Vengeance soon should come,  
 Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power;<sup>3</sup>  
 And vengeance I of heaven's great Judge implore.  
 Hugh Capet was I hight; from me descend  
 The Philips and the Louis, of whom France  
 Newly is govern'd: born of one, who plied  
 The slaughterer's trade<sup>4</sup> at Paris. When the race  
 Of ancient kings had vanish'd (all save one<sup>5</sup>  
 Wrapt up in sable weeds) within my gripe  
 I found the reins of empire, and such powers

not Fabricius given us another example of resisting avarice, when, poor as he was, he preserved his faith to the republic, and rejected with scorn a great sum of gold that was offered him?" Our poet, in the sixth book, records this when he says:

"Parvoque potentem  
 Fabricium."

Compare Petrarch, "Tr. della Fama," c. i.:

"Un Curio ed un Fabricio assai più belli  
 Con la lor povertà, che Mida e Crasso  
 Con l'oro ond' a virtù furon rubelli."

<sup>1</sup> *Nicholas*.—The story of Nicholas is, that an angel having revealed to him that the father of a family was so impoverished as to resolve on exposing the chastity of his three daughters to sale, he threw in at the window of their house three bags of money, containing a sufficient portion for each of them.

<sup>2</sup> *Root*.—Hugh Capet, ancestor of Philip IV.

<sup>3</sup> *Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power*.—These cities had lately been seized by Philip IV. The

spirit is made to intimate the approaching defeat of the French army by the Flemings in the battle of Courtrai, which happened in 1302.

<sup>4</sup> *The slaughterer's trade*.—This reflection on the birth of his ancestor induced Francis I. to forbid the reading of Dante in his dominions. Hugh Capet, who came to the throne of France in 987, was, however, the grandson of Robert, who was the brother of Eudes, King of France in 888; and it may, therefore, well be questioned whether by *Beccalo di Parigi* is meant literally one who had carried on the trade of a butcher at Paris, and whether the sanguinary disposition of Hugh Capet's father is not stigmatised by this opprobrious appellation. See Cancellieri, "Osservazioni," &c., Roma, 1814, p. 6.

<sup>5</sup> *All save one*.—The posterity of Charlemagne, the second race of French monarchs, had failed, with the exception of Charles of Lorraine, who is said, on account of the melancholy temper of his mind, to have always clothed himself in black. Venturi suggests that Dante may have confounded him with Childeric III., the last of the Merovingian, or first race, who was deposed and made a monk in 751.



Of new acquirement, with full store of friends,  
 That soon the widow'd circlet of the crown  
 Was girt upon the temples of my son,<sup>1</sup>  
 He, from whose bones the anointed race begins.  
 Till the great dower of Provence<sup>2</sup> had removed  
 The stains,<sup>3</sup> that yet obscured our lowly blood,  
 Its sway indeed was narrow; but how'er  
 It wrought no evil: there, with force and lies,  
 Began its rapine: after, for amends,<sup>4</sup>  
 Poitou it seized, Navarre and Gascony.<sup>5</sup>  
 To Italy came Charles; and for amends,

<sup>1</sup> *My son*.—Hugh Capet caused his son Robert to be crowned at Orleans.

<sup>2</sup> *The great dower of Provence*.—Louis IX. and his brother Charles of Anjou married two of the four daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. See "Paradise," c. vi. 135.

<sup>3</sup> *The stains*.—Lombardi understands this differently from all the other commentators with whom I am acquainted. The word "vergogna" he takes in the sense of "a praise-worthy shame of doing ill;" and according to him the translation should run thus:

"The shame that yet restrain'd my race from ill."

By "Provenza" he understands the estates of Toulouse, the dowry of the only daughter of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, married to a brother of Louis IX.

<sup>4</sup> *For amends*.—This is ironical.

<sup>5</sup> *Poitou it seized, Navarre and Gascony*.—I venture to read—

"Pottì e Navarra prese e Guascogna,"

instead of

"Pottì e Normandia prese e Guascogna."

"Seized Ponthieu, Normandy, and Gascony."

Landino has "Pottì," and he is probably right; for Poitou was annexed to the French Crown by Philip IV. See Henault, "Abrégé Chron.," A.D. 1283, &c. Normandy had been united to it long before by Philip Augustus, a circumstance of which it is difficult to imagine that Dante should have been ignorant; but Philip IV., says Henault, *ibid.*, took the title of King of Navarre; and the subjugation of Navarre is also alluded to in the "Paradise," canto xix. 140. In 1293, Philip IV. summoned Edward I. to do him homage for the duchy of Gascony, which he had conceived the design of seizing. See G. Villani, *lib. viii., cap. iv.* The whole passage has occasioned much perplexity. I cannot withhold from my readers the advantage of an attempt made to unravel it by the late Archdeacon Fisher, which that gentleman, though a stranger, had the goodness to communicate to me in the following terms: "I am encouraged to offer you an elucidation of a passage, with the interpretation of which I was never yet satisfied. As it goes to establish the accuracy of two very happy conjectures which you have made at 'Purgatory,' xx. 66, you will perhaps forgive me, if my notion a little militates against your solution of the difficulty. The passage is as follows:

"F' fui radice della mala pianta,  
 Che la terra Cristiana tutta aduggia,  
 Sì che buon frutto rudo se ne schianta.

Ma se Doagio, Guanto, Lilla, e Bruggia  
 Potesser, tosto ne saria vendetta:  
 Ed io la chaggio a lui, che tutto giuggia.

Mentre che la gran dote Provenzale  
 Al sangue mio non tolse la vergogna,  
 Poco valse, ma pur non facea male.  
 Lì cominciò con forza e con menzogna  
 La sua rapina; e poscia, per ammenda,  
 Pottì e Navarra prese, e Guascogna."

It is my persuasion that the stanzas I have copied are *one* passage, continuous in its sense, interrupted only by a parenthesis of four stanzas, which are introduced as necessary to the political solution of the meaning. Again, I think that my quoted stanzas refer to only one person, and that Philip IV., of France. He is depicted by both the phrases, 'mala pianta,' and 'sangue mio.' I do not find that Louis IX. obtained any part of Provence by dowry, owing to his marriage with the daughter of the prince of that country; at least, nothing equivalent to the words 'la gran dote Provenzale.' I suppose the stanzas quoted to depict the three great events in the life of Philip IV. He married, during the life of his father, the heiress of the kingdom of Navarre, and also of the duchy of Champagne. Philip obtained at once the sovereignty of both these dowries, and left to his son Philip V. the title of King of France and Navarre. On the accession of Philip IV. to the throne, he became embroiled with the English respecting the duchy of Guienne, which, after having changed masters frequently, was then in the possession of Edward I. The word Guienne included Poitou and Gascony, and was generally the country termed by Caesar, Aquitania. By perfidy, and the childish ignorance of Edmund, the brother of Edward I., Philip got possession of Guienne. . . . The duchy of Champagne, now annexed to the crown of France, lying adjacent to that of Flanders, Philip next endeavoured to lay hands on that fief; and failing in treacherous negotiation, he carried a cruel and murderous war into the low countries, and laid them desolate. His progress was stopped by the Flemings at the battle of Courtrai, and he was soon after compelled to surrender Guienne to the English king, and to make peace with his numerous enemies. Now, to these three leading epochs of Philip's life, the poet seems to allude. 'Doagio, Guanto, Lilla e Bruggia' refer to his desolating war in Flanders; 'Vendetta,' to the battle of Courtrai; 'la gran dote Provenzale,' to the dowry of the kingdom of Navarre and the duchy of Champagne; 'forza e menzogna,' to his conduct respecting Guienne with its two sister provinces, as you so convincingly conjectured, 'Pottì e Guascogna.'"



Young Conradine,<sup>1</sup> an innocent victim, slew;  
 And sent the angelic teacher<sup>2</sup> back to heaven,  
 Still for amends. I see the time at hand,  
 That forth from France invites another Charles<sup>3</sup>  
 To make himself and kindred better known.  
 Unarm'd he issues, saving with that lance,  
 Which the arch-traitor tilted with;<sup>4</sup> and that  
 He carries with so home a thrust, as rives  
 The bowels of poor Florence. No increase  
 Of territory hence, but sin and shame  
 Shall be his guerdon; and so much the more  
 As he more lightly deems of such foul wrong.  
 I see the other<sup>5</sup> (who a prisoner late  
 Had stept on shore) exposing to the mart  
 His daughter, whom he bargains for, as do  
 The Corsairs for their slaves. O avarice!  
 What canst thou more, who hast subdued our blood  
 So wholly to thyself, they feel no care  
 Of their own flesh? To hide with direr guilt  
 Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce<sup>6</sup>  
 Enters Alagna; in his Vicar Christ  
 Himself a captive, and his mockery

<sup>1</sup> *Young Conradine*.—Charles of Anjou put Conradino to death in 1268, and became King of Naples. See "Hell," canto xxviii. 16, and note. Compare Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," lib. ii., cap. xxix.

<sup>2</sup> *The angelic teacher*.—Thomas Aquinas. He was reported to have been poisoned by a physician, who wished to ingratiate himself with Charles of Anjou. "In the year 1323, at the end of July, by the said Pope John and by his cardinals, was canonised at Avignon Thomas Aquinas, of the order of Saint Dominic, a master in divinity and philosophy, a man most excellent in all science, and who expounded the sense of Scripture better than any one since the time of Augustin. He lived in the time of Charles I. King of Sicily; and going to the council at Lyons, it is said that he was killed by a physician of the said king, who put poison for him into some sweetmeats, thinking to ingratiate himself with King Charles, because he was of the lineage of the lords of Aquino, who had rebelled against the king, and doubting lest he should be made cardinal: whence the church of God received great damage. He died at the abbey of Fossanova, in Campagna."—G. Villani, lib. ix., cap. cexviii. We shall find him in the "Paradise," canto x.

<sup>3</sup> *Another Charles*.—Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV., was sent by Pope Boniface VIII. to settle the disturbed state of Florence. In consequence of the measures he adopted for that purpose, our poet and his friends were condemned to exile and death. See G. Villani, lib. viii., c. xlviil.

<sup>4</sup> *With that lance, which the arch-traitor tilted with*.—

"Con la lancia  
 Con la qual giostro Giuda."

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

<sup>5</sup> *The other*.—Charles, King of Naples, the eldest son of Charles of Anjou, having, contrary to the directions of his father, engaged with Ruggier de Lauria, the admiral of Peter of Arragon, was made prisoner, and carried into Sicily, June, 1284. He afterwards, in consideration of a large sum of money, married his daughter to Azzo VIII., Marquis of Ferrara. I take Lauria to be the hero meant by Petrarch in his Triumph of Fame:

"Quel di Luria seguiva il Saladino."

Cap. ii., v. 151.

Of whom Biagioli says in a note, "Non so chi sia, e non trovo nè vivo nè morto chi mel dica," "I know not who he is, and I find no one alive or dead to tell me." Mariana, lib. xiv., cap. 10, calls Lauria "a brave captain, signalled by his former victories." See also the seventh book of G. Villani's history, and Boccaccio's "Decameron," Giora. 5, Nov. 6; where he is named Ruggieri dell'Orta.

<sup>6</sup> *The flower-de-luce*.—Boniface VIII. was seized at Alagna in Campagna, by the order of Philip IV., in the year 1303, and soon after died of grief. G. Villani, lib. viii., cap. lxxiii. "As it pleased God, the heart of Boniface being petrified with grief, through the injury he had sustained, when he came to Rome, he fell into a strange malady, for he gnawed himself as one frantic, and in this state expired." His character is strongly drawn by the annalist in the next chapter. Thus, says Landino, was verified the prophecy of Celestine respecting him, that he should enter on the popedom like a fox, reign like a lion, and die like a dog.



Acted again. Lo! to his holy lip  
 The vinegar and gall once more applied;  
 And he 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed.  
 Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty  
 Such violence cannot fill the measure up,  
 With no decree to sanction, pushes on  
 Into the temple his yet eager sails.<sup>1</sup>

“O sovran Master!<sup>2</sup> when shall I rejoice  
 To see the vengeance, which thy wrath, well-pleased,  
 In secret silence broods?—While daylight lasts,  
 So long what thou didst hear<sup>3</sup> of her, sole spouse  
 Of the Great Spirit, and on which thou turn'dst  
 To me for comment, is the general theme  
 Of all our prayers: but, when it darkens, then  
 A different strain we utter; then record  
 Pygmalion,<sup>4</sup> whom his gluttonous thirst of gold  
 Made traitor, robber, parricide: the woes  
 Of Midas, which his greedy wish ensued,  
 Mark'd for derision to all future times:  
 And the fond Achan,<sup>5</sup> how he stole the prey,  
 That yet he seems by Joshua's ire pursued.  
 Sapphira with her husband next we blame;  
 And praise the forefeet, that with furious ramp  
 Spurn'd Heliodorus.<sup>6</sup> All the mountain round  
 Rings with the infamy of Thracia's king,<sup>7</sup>  
 Who slew his Phrygian charge: and last a shout  
 Ascends: 'Declare, O Crassus!<sup>8</sup> for thou know'st,  
 The flavour of thy gold.' The voice of each  
 Now high, now low, as each his impulse prompts,  
 Is led through many a pitch, acute or grave.  
 Therefore, not singly, I erewhile rehearsed

<sup>1</sup> *Into the temple his yet eager sails.*—It is uncertain whether our poet alludes still to the event mentioned in the preceding note, or to the destruction of the order of the Templars in 1310, but the latter appears more probable.

<sup>2</sup> *O sovran Master.*—Lombardi, who rightly corrects Venturi's explanation of this passage, with which I will not trouble the reader, should have acknowledged, if he was conscious of it, that his own interpretation of it was the same as that before given by Vellutello: “When, O Lord, shall I behold that vengeance accomplished, which being already determined in thy secret judgment, thy retributive justice even now contemplates with delight?”

<sup>3</sup> *While daylight lasts, so long what thou didst hear.*  
 —See ver. 21.

<sup>4</sup> *Pygmalion.*—“Ille Sychæum  
 Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,  
 Clam ferro incautum superat.”

*Virgil, Æneid, l. 1, 350.*

<sup>5</sup> *Achan.*—Joshua vii.

<sup>6</sup> *Heliodorus.*—“For there appeared unto them an horse, with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet.”—2 Maccabees iii. 25.

<sup>7</sup> *Thracia's king.*—Polymnestor, the murderer of Polydorus. “Hell,” canto xxx. 19.

<sup>8</sup> *Crassus.*—Marcus Crassus, who fell miserably in the Parthian war. See Appian, “Parthica:”

“E vidi Ciro più di sangue avaro,  
 Che Crasso d'oro, e l'uno e l'altro n'ebbe  
 Tanto, che parve a ciascheduno amaro.”—*Petrarca.*



That blessedness we tell of in the day:  
But near me, none, beside, his accent raised."

From him we now had parted, and essay'd  
With utmost efforts to surmount the way;  
When I did feel, as nodding to its fall,  
The mountain tremble; whence an icy chill  
Seized on me, as on one to death convey'd.  
So shook not Delos, when Latona there  
Couch'd to bring forth the twin-born eyes of heaven.

Forthwith from every side a shout arose  
So vehement, that suddenly my guide  
Drew near, and cried: "Doubt not, while I conduct thee."  
"Glory!" all shouted (such the sounds mine ear  
Gather'd from those, who near me swell'd the sounds),  
"Glory in the highest be to God." We stood  
Immovably suspended, like to those,  
The shepherds, who first heard in Bethlehem's field  
That song: till ceased the trembling, and the song  
Was ended: then our hallow'd path resumed,  
Eying the prostrate shadows, who renew'd  
Their custom'd mourning. Never in my breast  
Did ignorance so struggle with desire  
Of knowledge, if my memory do not err,  
As in that moment; nor through haste dared I  
To question, nor myself could aught discern.  
So on I fared, in thoughtfulness and dread.

## CANTO XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

The two Poets are overtaken by the spirit of Statius, who, being cleansed, is on his way to Paradise, and who explains the cause of the mountain shaking, and of the hymn; His joy at beholding Virgil.

THE natural thirst, ne'er quench'd but from the well<sup>1</sup>  
 Whereof the woman of Samaria craved  
 Excited; haste, along the cumber'd path,  
 After my guide, impell'd; and pity moved  
 My bosom for the 'vengeful doom though just.  
 When lo! even as Luke<sup>2</sup> relates, that Christ  
 Appear'd unto the two upon their way,  
 New-risen from his vaulted grave; to us  
 A shade appear'd, and after us approach'd,  
 Contemplating the crowd beneath its feet.  
 We were not ware of it; so first it spake,  
 Saying, "God give you peace, my brethren!" then  
 Sudden we turn'd: and Virgil such salute,  
 As fitted that kind greeting, gave; and cried:  
 "Peace in the blessed council be thy lot,  
 Awarded by that righteous court which me  
 To everlasting banishment exiles."

"How!" he exclaim'd, nor from his speed meanwhile  
 Desisting;<sup>3</sup> "If that ye be spirits whom God  
 Vouchsafes not room above; who up the height  
 Has been thus far your guide?" To whom the bard:  
 "If thou observe the tokens,<sup>4</sup> which this man,  
 Traced by the finger of the angel, bears;  
 'Tis plain that in the kingdom of the just

<sup>1</sup> *The well*.—"The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not."—John iv. 15.

<sup>2</sup> *Luke*.—Chapter xxiv. 13.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor from his speed meanwhile desisting*.—The unintelligible reading of almost all the editions here (but not of all, as Lombardi would lead us to suppose, except his favourite *Nidobeatina*) is

"E perchè andate forte?"

Vellutello has also that which is no doubt the right:

"E parte andava forte."

<sup>4</sup> *The tokens*.—The letter P for Peccata, sins, inscribed upon his forehead by the Angel, in order to his being cleared of them in his passage through Purgatory to Paradise.



He needs must share. But sithence she,<sup>1</sup> whose wheel  
Spins day and night, for him not yet had drawn  
That yarn, which on the fatal distaff piled,  
Clotho apportions to each wight that breathes;  
His soul, that sister is to mine and thine,  
Not of herself could mount; for not like ours  
Her ken: whence I, from forth the ample gulf  
Of hell, was ta'en, to lead him, and will lead  
Far as my lore avails. But, if thou know,  
Instruct us for what cause, the mount erewhile  
Thus shook, and trembled: wherefore all at once  
Seem'd shouting, even from his wave-wash'd foot."

That questioning so tallied with my wish,  
The thirst did feel abatement of its edge  
E'en from expectance. He forthwith replied:  
"In its devotion, nought irregular  
This mount can witness, or by punctual rule  
Unsanction'd; here from every change exempt,  
Other than that, which heaven in itself  
Doth of itself receive,<sup>2</sup> no influence  
Can reach us. Tempest none, shower, hail, or snow,  
Hoar frost, or dewy moistness, higher falls  
Than that brief scale of threefold steps: thick clouds,  
Nor scudding rack, are ever seen: swift glance  
Ne'er lightens; nor Thaumantian<sup>3</sup> Iris gleams,  
That yonder often shifts on each side heaven.  
Vapour adust doth never mount above  
The highest of the trinal stairs, whereon  
Peter's vicegerent stands. Lower perchance,  
With various motion rock'd, trembles the soil:  
But here, through wind in earth's deep hollow pent,  
I know not how, yet never trembled: then  
Trembles, when any spirit feels itself  
So purified, that it may rise, or move  
For rising; and such loud acclaim ensues.  
Purification, by the will alone,  
Is proved, that free to change society

<sup>1</sup> *She*.—Lachesis, one of the three fates.

<sup>2</sup> *That which heaven in itself doth of itself receive*.—Venturi, I think rightly, interprets this to be light.

<sup>3</sup> *Thaumantian*.—Figlia di Taumante.

Θάυμαντος θυγάτηρ.—Hesiod, *Theogony*, 780.

Compare Plato, "Theat." v. li., p. 76, Bip. edit.; Virgil, "Aeneid," ix. 5; and Spenser, "Faery Queen," b. v., c. iii., st. 25.

"Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown."

Drummond.

Seizes the soul rejoicing in her will.  
 Desire of bliss is present from the first;  
 But strong propension hinders, to that wish<sup>1</sup>  
 By the just ordinance of heaven opposed;  
 Propension now as eager to fulfil  
 The allotted torment, as erewhile to sin.  
 And I, who in this punishment had lain  
 Five hundred years and more, but now have felt  
 Free wish for happier clime. Therefore thou felt'st  
 The mountain tremble; and the spirits devout  
 Heard'st, over all his limits, utter praise  
 To that liege Lord, whom I entreat their joy  
 To hasten." Thus he spake: and, since the draught  
 Is grateful ever as the thirst is keen,  
 No words may speak my fulness of content.

"Now," said the instructor sage, "I see the net<sup>2</sup>  
 That takes ye here: and how the toils are loosed;  
 Why rocks the mountain, and why ye rejoice.  
 Vouchsafe, that from thy lips I next may learn  
 Who on the earth thou wast; and wherefore here,  
 So many an age, were prostrate."—"In that time,  
 When the good Titus,<sup>3</sup> with Heaven's King to help,  
 Avenged those piteous gashes, whence the blood  
 By Judas sold did issue; with the name<sup>4</sup>  
 Most lasting and most honour'd, there, was I  
 Abundantly renown'd," the shade replied,  
 "Not yet with faith endued. So passing sweet  
 My vocal spirit; from Tolosa,<sup>5</sup> Rome  
 To herself drew me, where I merited  
 A myrtle garland<sup>6</sup> to inwreath my brow.  
 Staius they name me still. Of Thebes I sang,

<sup>1</sup> *To that wish.*—Lombardi here alters the sense by reading with the Nidobeatina, "con tal voglia," instead of "contra voglia," and explains it: "With the same ineffectual will with which man was contrary to sin while he resolved on sinning, even with the same, would he wish to rise from his torment in Purgatory, at the same time that through inclination to satisfy the divine justice he yet remains there."

<sup>2</sup> *I see the net.*—"I perceive that ye are detained here by your wish to satisfy the divine justice."

<sup>3</sup> *When the good Titus.*—When it was so ordered by the divine Providence that Titus, by the destruction of Jerusalem, should avenge the death of our Saviour on the Jews.

<sup>4</sup> *The name.*—The name of poet.

<sup>5</sup> *From Tolosa.*—Dante, as many others have done,

confounds Staius the poet, who was a Neapolitan, with a rhetorician of the same name, who was of Tolosa, or Thoulouse. Thus Chaucer, "Temple of Fame," b. iii.:

"The Tholason, that height Stace."

And Boccaccio, as cited by Lombardi:

"E Stazio di Tolosa ancora caro,"

*Amorosa Visione*, cant. 5.

<sup>6</sup> *A myrtle garland.*—

"Et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte."

*Virgil, Ecl. ii.*

"Qual vaghezza di lauro? o qual di mirto?"

*Petrarca.*

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Ye myrtles brown."

*Milton, Lycidas.*



And next of great Achilles; but i' the way  
 Fell<sup>1</sup> with the second burthen. Of my flame  
 Those sparkles were the seeds, which I derived  
 From the bright fountain of celestial fire  
 That feeds unnumber'd lamps; the song I mean  
 Which sounds Æneas' wanderings: that the breast  
 I hung at; that the nurse, from whom my veins  
 Drank inspiration: whose authority  
 Was ever sacred with me. To have lived  
 Co-eval with the Mantuan, I would bide  
 The revolution of another sun  
 Beyond my stated years in banishment."

The Mantuan, when he heard him, turn'd to me;  
 And holding silence, by his countenance  
 Enjoin'd me silence: but the power, which wills,  
 Bears not supreme control: laughter and tears  
 Follow so closely on the passion prompts them,  
 They wait not for the motions of the will  
 In natures most sincere. I did but smile,  
 As one who winks;<sup>2</sup> and thereupon the shade  
 Broke off, and peer'd into mine eyes, where best  
 Our looks interpret. "So to good event  
 Mayst thou conduct such great emprise," he cried,  
 "Say, why across thy visage beam'd, but now,  
 The lightning of a smile." On either part  
 Now am I straiten'd; one conjures me speak,  
 The other to silence binds me: whence a sigh  
 I utter, and the sigh is heard. "Speak on,"  
 The teacher cried: "and do not fear to speak;  
 But tell him what so earnestly he asks."  
 Whereon I thus: "Perchance, O ancient spirit!  
 Thou marvel'st at my smiling. There is room  
 For yet more wonder. He, who guides my ken  
 On high, he is that Mantuan, led by whom  
 Thou didst presume of men and gods to sing:  
 If other cause thou deem'dst for which I smiled,  
 Leave it as not the true one: and believe  
 Those words, thou spakest of him, indeed the cause."

Now down he bent to embrace my teacher's feet;

<sup>1</sup> *Fell*.—Statius lived to write only a small part of the "Achilleid."

<sup>2</sup> *I did but smile, as one who winks*.—"I smiled

no more than one would do who wished by a smile to intimate his consciousness of anything to another person."

But he forbade him: "Brother! do it not:  
Thou art a shadow, and behold'st a shade."  
He, rising, answer'd thus: "Now hast thou proved  
The force and ardour of the love I bear thee,  
When I forget we are but things of air,  
And, as a substance, treat an empty shade."



## CANTO XXII.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante, Virgil, and Statius mount to the sixth cornice, where the sin of gluttony is cleansed, the two Latin Poets discoursing by the way. Turning to the right, they find a tree hung with sweet-smelling fruit, and watered by a shower that issues from the rock. Voices are heard to proceed from among the leaves, recording examples of temperance.

NOW we had left the angel, who had turn'd  
To the sixth circle our ascending step;  
One gash from off my forehead razed; while they,  
Whose wishes tend to justice, shouted forth,  
"Blessed!"<sup>1</sup> and ended with "I thirst:" and I,  
More nimble than along the other straits,  
So journey'd, that, without the sense of toil,  
I follow'd upward the swift-footed shades;  
When Virgil thus began: "Let its pure flame  
From virtue flow, and love can never fail  
To warm another's bosom, so the light  
Shine manifestly forth. Hence, from that hour,  
When, 'mongst us in the purlieus of the deep,  
Came down the spirit of Aquinum's bard,<sup>2</sup>  
Who told of thine affection, my good will  
Hath been for thee of quality as strong  
As ever link'd itself to one not seen.  
Therefore these stairs will now seem short to me.  
But tell me: and, if too secure, I loose  
The rein with a friend's licence, as a friend  
Forgive me, and speak now as with a friend:  
How chanced it covetous desire could find  
Place in that bosom, 'midst such ample store  
Of wisdom, as thy zeal had treasured there?"

<sup>1</sup> *Blessed*.—"Blessed be they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Aquinum's bard*.—Juvenal had celebrated his contemporary, Statius, Sat. vii. 82; though some critics imagine that there is a secret derision couched under his praise.

First somewhat moved to laughter by his words,  
 Staius replied: "Each syllable of thine  
 Is a dear pledge of love. Things oft appear,  
 That minister false matter to our doubts,  
 When their true causes are removed from sight.  
 Thy question doth assure me, thou believest  
 I was on earth a covetous man; perhaps  
 Because thou found'st me in that circle placed.  
 Know then I was too wide of avarice:  
 And e'en for that excess, thousands of moons  
 Have wax'd and waned upon my sufferings.  
 And were it not that I with heedful care  
 Noted, where thou exclaim'st as if in ire  
 With human nature, 'Why,' thou cursed thirst  
 Of gold! dost not with juster measure guide  
 The appetite of mortals?' I had met  
 The fierce encounter<sup>2</sup> of the voluble rock.  
 Then was I ware that, with too ample wing,  
 The hands may haste to lavishment; and turn'd,  
 As from my other evil, so from this,  
 In penitence. How many from their grave  
 Shall with shorn locks<sup>3</sup> arise, who living, ay,  
 And at life's last extreme, of this offence,  
 Through ignorance, did not repent! And know,  
 The fault, which lies direct from any sin  
 In level opposition, here, with that,  
 Wastes its green rankness on one common heap.  
 Therefore, if I have been with those, who wail  
 Their avarice, to cleanse me; through reverse  
 Of their transgression, such hath been my lot."

To whom the sovran of the pastoral song:  
 "While thou didst sing that cruel warfare waged  
 By the twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb,<sup>4</sup>  
 From thy discourse with Clio<sup>5</sup> there, it seems  
 As faith had not been thine; without the which,

<sup>1</sup> *Why.*—

<sup>2</sup> *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
 Auri sacra fames?*"

*Virgil, Aeneid, lib. iii. 57.*

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

<sup>3</sup> *The fierce encounter.*—See "Hell," canto vii. 26.

<sup>4</sup> *With shorn locks.*—See "Hell," canto vii. 58.

<sup>5</sup> *The twin sorrow of Jocasta's womb.*—Eteocles and Polyneices.

<sup>6</sup> *With Clio.*—

"*Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ  
 Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?*"

*Staius, Thebaid, i. 42.*



Good deeds suffice not. And if so, what sun  
Rose on thee, or what candle pierced the dark,  
That thou didst after see to hoise the sail,  
And follow where the fisherman had led?"

He answering thus: "By thee conducted first,  
I enter'd the Parnassian grots, and quaff'd  
Of the clear spring: illumined first by thee,  
Open'd mine eyes to God. Thou didst, as one,  
Who, journeying through the darkness, bears a light  
Behind, that profits not himself, but makes  
His followers wise, when thou exclaimedst, 'Lo!  
A renovated world,' Justice return'd,  
Times of primeval innocence restored,  
And a new race descended from above.'  
Poet and Christian both to thee I owed.  
That thou mayst mark more clearly what I trace,  
My hand shall stretch forth to inform the lines  
With livelier colouring. Soon o'er all the world,  
By messengers from heaven, the true belief  
Teem'd now prolific; and that word of thine,  
Accordant, to the new instructors chimed.  
Induced by which agreement, I was wont  
Resort to them; and soon their sanctity  
So won upon me, that, Domitian's rage  
Pursuing them, I mix'd my tears with theirs,  
And, while on earth I stay'd, still succour'd them;  
And their most righteous customs made me scorn  
All sects besides. Before<sup>2</sup> I led the Greeks,  
In tuneful fiction, to the streams of Thebes,  
I was baptised: but secretly, through fear,  
Remain'd a Christian, and conform'd long time  
To Pagan rites. Four centuries and more,  
I, for that lukewarmness, was fain to pace  
Round the fourth circle. Thou then, who hast raised  
The covering which did hide such blessing from me,  
Whilst much of this ascent is yet to climb,  
Say, if thou know, where our old Terence<sup>3</sup> bides,

<sup>1</sup> *A renovated world.*—

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.  
Jam redit et Virgo; redeunt Saturnia regna;  
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto."

*Virgil, Æt., iv. 5.*

For the application of Virgil's prophecy to the incarnation, see Natalis Alexander, "Hist. Eccl.," *Sæc. i.*, *Dissert. 1.* Paris, 1679, v. 1, p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> *Before.*—Before I had composed the "Thebaid."

<sup>3</sup> *Our old Terence.*—"Antico," which is found in many of the old editions, seems preferable to "amico."



Cæcilius,<sup>1</sup> Plautus, Varro:<sup>2</sup> if condemn'd  
 They dwell, and in what province of the deep."  
 "These," said my guide, "with Persius and myself  
 And others many more, are with that Greek,<sup>3</sup>  
 Of mortals, the most cherish'd by the nine,  
 In the first ward<sup>4</sup> of darkness. There, oft-times,  
 We of that mount hold converse, on whose top  
 For aye our nurses live. We have the bard  
 Of Pella,<sup>5</sup> and the Teian,<sup>6</sup> Agatho,<sup>7</sup>  
 Simonides, and many a Grecian else  
 Ingarlanded with laurel. Of thy train,<sup>8</sup>  
 Antigone is there, Deïphile,  
 Argia, and as sorrowful as erst  
 Ismene, and who show'd Langia's wave:<sup>9</sup>  
 Deïdamia with her sisters there,  
 And blind Tiresias' daughter,<sup>10</sup> and the bride  
 Sea-born of Peleus."<sup>11</sup> Either poet now

<sup>1</sup> *Cæcilius*.—Cæcilius Statius, a Latin comic poet, of whose works some fragments only remain. Our poet had Horace in his eye:

"Decitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro,  
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi proferare Epicharmi,  
 Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte."

*Epist.*, lib. ii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Varro*.—"Quam multa pene omnia tradidit Varro."—*Quintilian, Institutiones Oratoricæ*, lib. xii. "Vix aperto ad philosophiam aditu, primus M. Varro veterum omnium doctissimus."—*Sadolet, de liberis recte instit.* Edit. Lugd. 1533, p. 137.

<sup>3</sup> *That Greek*.—Homer.

<sup>4</sup> *In the first ward*.—In Limbo.

<sup>5</sup> *The bard of Pella*.—Euripides.

<sup>6</sup> *The Teian*.—

"Euripide v' è nosco e Anacreonte."

The Monte Casino MS. reads "Antifonte" "Antifho," instead of "Anacreonte." Dante probably knew little more of these Greek writers than the names.

<sup>7</sup> *Agatho*.—Chaucer, speaking of the Daisy as a representation of Alcestis, refers to Agaton:

"No wonder is though Jove her stellife,  
 As tellith Agaton for her goodnesse."

*Legende of Good Women.*

And Mr. Tyrwhitt tells us that "he has nothing to say of this writer except that one of the same name is quoted in the Prol. to the tragedy of Cambises, by Thomas Preston. There is no reason," he adds, "for supposing with Gloss. Ur. that a philosopher of Samos is meant, or any of the Agathos of antiquity." I am inclined, however, to believe that Chaucer must have meant Agatho, the dramatic writer, whose name, at least, appears to have been familiar in the middle ages; for, besides the mention of him in the text, he is quoted by Dante in the "Treatise De Monarchiâ," lib. iii.: "Deus per nuncium facere non potest, genita non esse, genita, juxta sententiam Agathonis." The original is to be found in Aristotle, "Ethic. Nicom.", lib. vi., c. 2:

Μόνου γὰρ αὐτοῦ καὶ θεοῦ σπερίσκεται  
 Ἀγέητα ποιεῖν ἄσα' ἂν ἢ πεποιημένα.

Agatho is mentioned by Xenophon in his "Symposium," by Plato in the "Protagoras," and in the "Banquet," a favourite book with our author; and by Aristotle in his "Art of Poetry," where the following remarkable passage occurs respecting him, from which I will leave it to the reader to decide whether it is possible that the allusion in Chaucer might have arisen: ἐν ἐνιαυτῷ μὲν ἐν ἡ δόξῃ τῶν γνησίμων ἰστέιν ὀνομάτων τὰ εἰ ἀλλὰ πεποιημένα ἐν ἐνιαυτῷ δὲ οὐθέν' εἶον ἐν τῷ Ἀγάθωνος Ἀγθαί. ἁμοῖως γὰρ ἐν τούτῳ τὰ τε πράγματα καὶ τὰ ὀνόματα πεποίηται, καὶ οὐδὲν ἕτερον εἰσφέρει.—Edit. 1794, p. 33. "There are, however, some tragedies, in which one or two of the names are historical, and the rest feigned; there are even some, in which none of the names are historical; such is Agatho's tragedy called 'The Flower;' for in that all is invention, both incidents and names; and yet it pleases."—*Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry*, by Thomas Twining, 8vo Edit. 1812, vol. i., p. 128.

<sup>8</sup> *Of thy train*.—"Of those celebrated in thy poem."

<sup>9</sup> *Who show'd Langia's wave*.—Hypsipile. See note to canto xxvi., v. 87.

<sup>10</sup> *Tiresias' daughter*.—Dante, as some have thought, had forgotten that he had placed Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, among the sorcerers. See "Hell," canto xx. Vellutello endeavours, rather awkwardly, to reconcile the apparent inconsistency, by observing, that although she was placed there as a sinner, yet, as one of famous memory, she had also a place among the worthies in Limbo. Lombardi, or rather the Della Crusca academicians, excuse our author better, by observing that Tiresias had a daughter named Daphne. See Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv., § 66. I have here to acknowledge a communication made to me by the learned writer of an anonymous letter, who observes that Manto and Daphne are only different names for the same person; and that Servius, in his Commentary on the "Æneid," x. 198, says, that some make Manto the prophetic to be a daughter of Hercules.

<sup>11</sup> *The bride sea-born of Peleus*.—Thetis.



Was silent; and no longer by the ascent  
 Or the steep walls obstructed, round them cast  
 Inquiring eyes. Four handmaids<sup>1</sup> of the day  
 Had finish'd now their office, and the fifth  
 Was at the chariot-beam, directing still  
 Its flamy point aloof; when thus my guide:  
 "Methinks, it well behoves us to the brink  
 Bend the right shoulder, circuiting the mount,  
 As we have ever used." So custom there  
 Was usher to the road; the which we chose  
 Less doubtful, as that worthy shade<sup>2</sup> complied.

They on before me went: I sole pursued,  
 Listening their speech, that to my thoughts convey'd  
 Mysterious lessons of sweet poesy.  
 But soon they ceased; for midway of the road  
 A tree we found, with goodly fruitage hung,  
 And pleasant to the smell: and as a fir,  
 Upward from bough to bough, less ample spreads;  
 So downward this less ample spread;<sup>3</sup> that none,  
 Methinks, aloft may climb. Upon the side,  
 That closed our path, a liquid crystal fell  
 From the steep rock, and through the sprays above  
 Stream'd showering. With associate step the bards  
 Drew near the plant; and, from amidst the leaves,  
 A voice was heard: "Ye shall be chary of me;"  
 And after added: "Mary took more thought<sup>4</sup>  
 For joy and honour of the nuptial feast,  
 Than for herself, who answers now for you.  
 The women of old Rome<sup>5</sup> were satisfied  
 With water for their beverage. Daniel<sup>6</sup> fed  
 On pulse, and wisdom gain'd. The primal age

<sup>1</sup> *Four handmaids*.—Compare canto xii., v. 74.

<sup>2</sup> *That worthy shade*.—Statius.

<sup>3</sup> *Downward this less ample spread*.—The early commentators understand that this tree had its root upward and the boughs downward; and this opinion, however derided by their successors, is not a little countenanced by the imitation of Frezzi, who lived so near the time of our poet:

"Su dentro al cielo avea la sua radice,  
 E giù inverso terra i rami spande."

*Il Quadrivagio*, lib. iv., cap. 1.

"It had in heaven  
 Its root above, and downward to the earth  
 Stretch'd forth the branches."

<sup>4</sup> *Mary took more thought*.—"The blessed Virgin, who

answers for you now in heaven, when she said to Jesus, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, 'They have no wine,' regarded not the gratification of her own taste, but the honour of the nuptial banquet."

<sup>5</sup> *The women of old Rome*.—See Valerius Maximus, l. ii., c. 1.

<sup>6</sup> *Daniel*.—"Then said Daniel to Melzar, whom the prince of the eunuchs had set over Daniel, Hananiah, Michael, and Azariah, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink."—Dan. i. 11, 12. "Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink: and gave them pulse. As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."—*Ibid.* 15, 17.

Was beautiful as gold : and hunger then  
Made acorns tasteful ; thirst, each rivulet  
Run nectar. Honey and locusts were the food,  
Whereon the Baptist in the wilderness  
Fed, and that eminence of glory reach'd  
And greatness, which the Evangelist records."



## CANTO XXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

They are overtaken by the spirit of Forese, who had been a friend of our Poet's on earth, and who now inveighs bitterly against the immodest dress of their countrywomen at Florence.

ON the green leaf mine eyes were fix'd, like his  
Who throws away his days in idle chase  
Of the diminutive birds, when thus I heard  
The more than father warn me: "Son! our time  
Asks thriftier using. Linger not: away."

Thereat my face and steps at once I turn'd  
Toward the sages, by whose converse cheer'd  
I journey'd on, and felt no toil: and lo!  
A sound of weeping, and a song: "My lips,<sup>1</sup>  
O Lord!" and these so mingled, it gave birth  
To pleasure and to pain. "O Sire beloved!  
Say what is this I hear." Thus I inquired.

"Spirits," said he, "who, as they go, perchance,  
Their debt of duty pay." As on their road  
The thoughtful pilgrims, overtaking some  
Not known unto them, turn to them, and look,  
But stay not; thus, approaching from behind  
With speedier motion, eyed us, as they pass'd,  
A crowd of spirits, silent and devout.  
The eyes<sup>2</sup> of each were dark and hollow; pale  
Their visage, and so lean withal, the bones  
Stood staring through the skin. I do not think  
Thus dry and meagre Erisiethon show'd,  
When pinch'd by sharp-set famine to the quick.

"Lo!" to myself I mused, "the race, who lost  
Jerusalem, when Mary<sup>3</sup> with dire beak

<sup>1</sup> *My lips*.—"O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—Ps. li. 15.

<sup>2</sup> *Eyes*.—Compare Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. viii. 801:

"Hirtus erat crinis; cava lumina, pallor in ore:

Dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent:  
Ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis."

<sup>3</sup> *When Mary*.—Josephus, "De Bella Jud.," lib. vii. c. xxi. p. 954, ed. Genev., fol. 1611. The shocking story is well told.

Prey'd on her child." The sockets seem'd as rings,<sup>1</sup>  
 From which the gems were dropt. Who reads the name<sup>2</sup>  
 Of man upon his forehead, there the M  
 Had traced most plainly. Who would deem, that scent  
 Of water and an apple could have proved  
 Powerful to generate such pining want,  
 Not knowing how it wrought? While now I stood,  
 Wondering what thus could waste them (for the cause  
 Of their gaunt hollowness and scaly rind  
 Appear'd not), lo! a spirit turn'd his eyes  
 In their deep-sunken cells, and fasten'd them  
 On me, then cried with vehemence aloud:  
 "What grace is this vouchsafed me?" By his looks  
 I ne'er had recognised him: but the voice  
 Brought to my knowledge what his cheer conceal'd.  
 Remembrance of his altered lineaments  
 Was kindled from that spark; and I agnized  
 The visage of Forese.<sup>3</sup> "Ah! respect  
 This wan and leprous-wither'd skin," thus he  
 Suppliant implored, "this macerated flesh.  
 Speak to me truly of thyself. And who  
 Are those twain spirits, that escort thee there?  
 Be it not said thou scorn'st to talk with me."

"That face of thine," I answer'd him, "which dead  
 I once bewail'd, disposes me not less  
 For weeping, when I see it thus transform'd.  
 Say then, by Heaven, what blasts ye thus? The whilst  
 I wonder, ask not speech from me: unapt  
 Is he to speak, whom other will employs."

He thus: "The water and the plant, we pass'd,  
 With power are gifted, by the eternal will  
 Infused; the which so pines me. Every spirit,  
 Whose song bewails his gluttony indulged

<sup>1</sup> Rings.—

"Senza fior prato o senza gemma anello."

*Petrarca, Son. Lasciata hai, morte.*

"O ring of which the rubie is outfall."

*Chaucer, Troilus and Creseide, b. v.*

"In this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
 Their precious stones new lost."

*Shakespeare, Lear, act. v., sc. 3.*

<sup>2</sup> Who reads the name.—"He who pretends to distinguish the letters which form OMO in the features of

the human face, might easily have traced out the M on their emaciated countenances." The temples, nose, and forehead are supposed to represent this letter; and the eyes the two O's placed within each side of it.

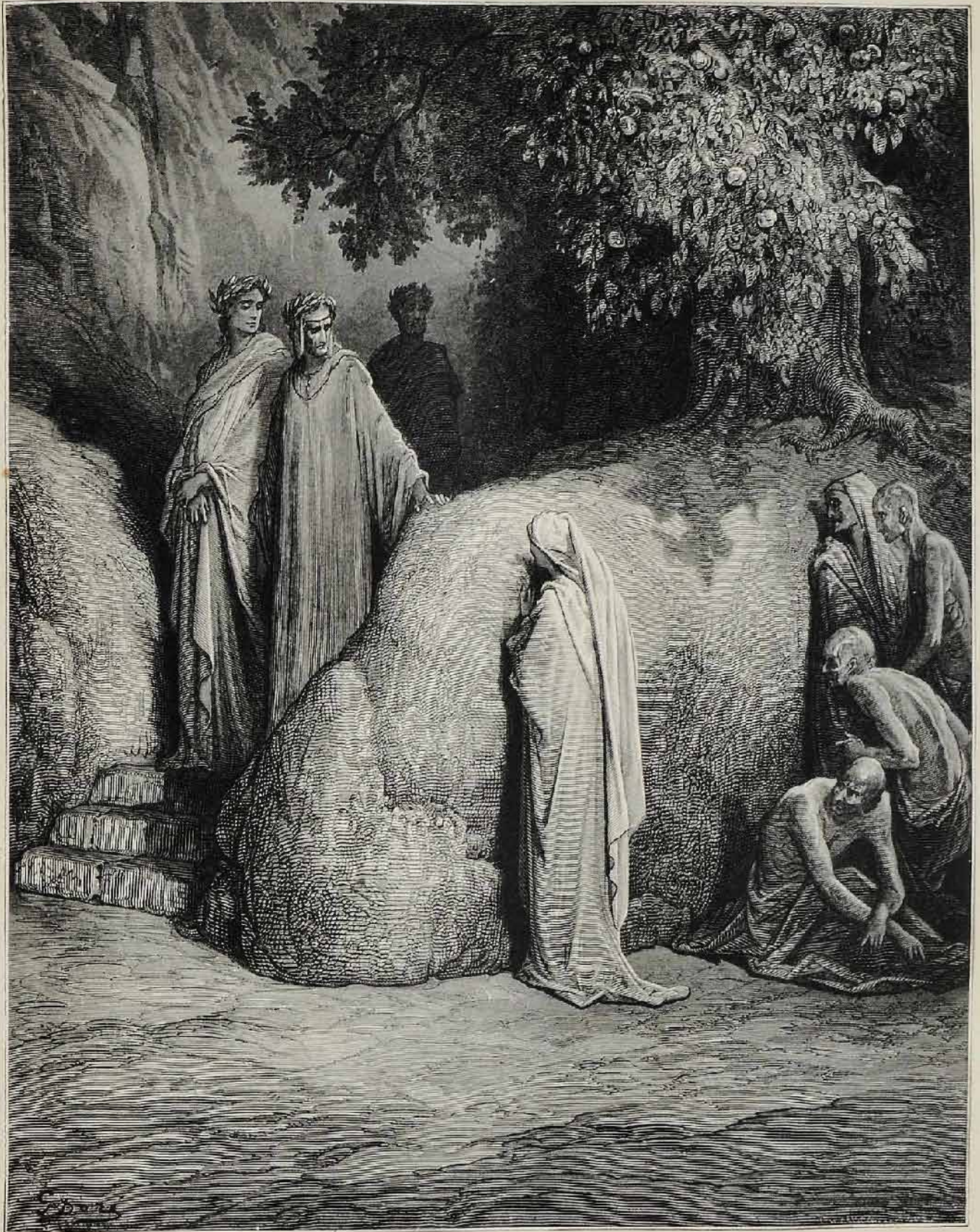
<sup>3</sup> Forese.—One of the brothers of Piccarda; he who is again spoken of in the next canto, and introduced in the "Paradise" canto iii. Gionacci, in his "Storia della Beata Umiliana," parte iv., cap. i., is referred to by Lombardi, in order to show that Forese was also the brother of Corso Donati, our author's political enemy. See next canto, v. 81. Tirabeschi, after Crescimbeni, enumerates him among the Tuscan poets, "Storia della Poes. It.," v. i., p. 139.



“ And who  
Are those twain spirits, that escort thee there?  
Be it not said thou scorn'st to talk with me.”

*Canto XXIII, lines 47-49.*







Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst  
 Is purified. The odour, which the fruit,  
 And spray that showers upon the verdure, breathe,  
 Inflames us with desire to feed and drink.  
 Nor once alone, encompassing our route,  
 We come to add fresh fuel to the pain:  
 Pain, said I? solace rather: for that will,  
 To the tree, leads us, by which Christ was led  
 To call on Eli, joyful, when he paid  
 Our ransom from his vein." I answering thus:  
 "Forese! from that day, in which the world  
 For better life thou changedst, not five years  
 Have circled. If the power<sup>1</sup> of sinning more  
 Were first concluded in thee, ere thou knew'st  
 That kindly grief which re-espouses us  
 To God, how hither art thou come so soon?  
 I thought to find thee lower,<sup>2</sup> there, where time  
 Is recompense for time." He straight replied:  
 "To drink up the sweet wormwood of affliction  
 I have been brought thus early, by the tears  
 Stream'd down my Nella's<sup>3</sup> cheeks. Her prayers devout,  
 Her sighs have drawn me from the coast, where oft  
 Expectance lingers; and have set me free  
 From the other circles. In the sight of God  
 So much the dearer is my widow prized,  
 She whom I loved so fondly, as she ranks  
 More singly eminent for virtuous deeds.  
 The tract, most barbarous of Sardinia's isle,<sup>4</sup>  
 Hath dames more chaste, and modester by far,  
 Than that wherein I left her. O sweet brother!  
 What wouldst thou have me say?<sup>5</sup> A time to come  
 Stands full within my view, to which this hour  
 Shall not be counted of an ancient date,  
 When from the pulpit shall be loudly warn'd  
 The unblushing dames of Florence,<sup>6</sup> lest they bare

<sup>1</sup> *If the power.*—"If thou didst delay thy repentance to the last, when thou hadst lost the power of sinning, how happens it thou art arrived here so early?"

<sup>2</sup> *Lower.*—In the Ante-Purgatory. See canto ii.

<sup>3</sup> *My Nella.*—The wife of Forese.

<sup>4</sup> *The tract, most barbarous of Sardinia's isle.*—The *Barbagia* is a part of Sardinia, to which that name was given, on account of the uncivilised state of its inhabitants, who are said to have gone nearly naked.

<sup>5</sup> *What wouldst thou have me say?*—The interrogative, which Lombardi would dismiss from this place, as unmeaning and superfluous, appears to me to be the natural result of a deep feeling, and to prepare us for the invective that follows.

<sup>6</sup> *The unblushing dames of Florence.*—Landino's note exhibits a curious instance of the changeableness of his countrywomen. He even goes beyond the acrimony of the original. "In those days," says the commentator,

Unkerchief'd bosoms to the common gaze.  
 What savage women hath the world e'er seen,  
 What Saracens,<sup>1</sup> for whom there needed scourge  
 Of spiritual or other discipline,  
 To force them walk with covering on their limbs?  
 But did they see, the shameless ones, what Heaven  
 Wafts on swift wing toward them while I speak,  
 Their mouths were oped for howling: they shall taste  
 Of sorrow (unless foresight cheat me here)  
 Or e'er the cheek of him be clothed with down,  
 Who is now rock'd with lullaby<sup>2</sup> asleep.  
 Ah! now, my brother, hide thyself no more:  
 Thou seest<sup>3</sup> how not I alone, but all,  
 Gaze, where thou veil'st the intercepted sun."

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

"no less than in ours, the Florentine ladies exposed the neck and bosom, a dress, no doubt, more suitable to a harlot than a matron. But, as they changed soon after, insomuch that they wore collars up to the chin, covering the whole of the neck and throat, so have I hopes they will change again; not indeed so much from motives of decency, as through that fickleness which pervades every action of their lives."

<sup>1</sup> *Saracens*.—"This word, during the middle ages, was

indiscriminately applied to Pagans and Mahometans; in short, to all nations (except the Jews) who did not profess Christianity."—*Mr. Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, vol. i., p. 196 (a note). Lond. 8vo, 1805.

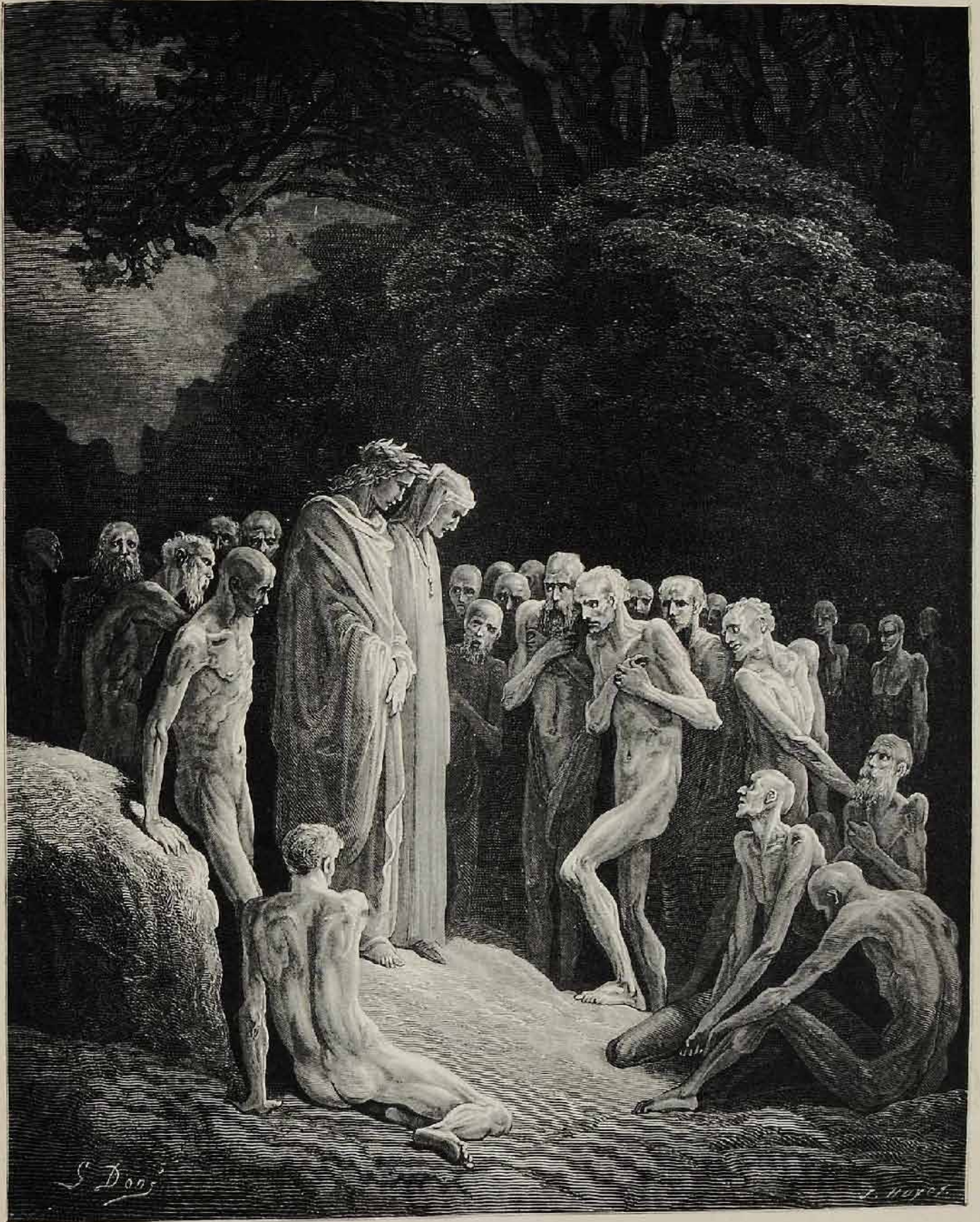
<sup>2</sup> *With lullaby*.—"Colui che mo si consola con nanna." "Nanna" is said to have been the sound with which the Florentine women hushed their children to sleep.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou seest*.—"Thou seest how we wonder that thou art here in a living body."



The shadowy forms,  
That seem'd things dead and dead again, drew in  
At their deep-delved orbs rare wonder of me,  
Perceiving I had life.

*Canto XXIV, lines 4-7.*



*S. Doyle*

*J. Doyle*



## CANTO XXIV.

### ARGUMENT.

Foese points out several others by name who are here, like himself, purifying themselves from the vice of gluttony; and amongst the rest, Buonaggiunta of Lucca, with whom our Poet converses. Foese then predicts the violent end of Dante's political enemy, Corso Donati; and when he has quitted them, the Poet, in company with Statius and Virgil, arrives at another tree, from whence issue voices that record ancient examples of gluttony; and proceeding forwards, they are directed by an angel which way to ascend to the next cornice of the mountain.

OUR journey was not slacken'd by our talk,  
 Nor yet our talk by journeying. Still we spake,  
 And urged our travel stoutly, like a ship  
 When the wind sits astern. The shadowy forms,  
 That seem'd things dead and dead again, drew in  
 At their deep-delved orbs rare wonder of me,  
 Perceiving I had life; and I my words  
 Continued, and thus spake: "He journeys<sup>1</sup> up  
 Perhaps more tardily than else he would,  
 For others' sake. But tell me, if thou know'st  
 Where is Piccarda?<sup>2</sup> Tell me, if I see  
 Any of mark, among this multitude  
 Who eye me thus."—"My sister (she for whom,  
 'Twixt beautiful and good,<sup>3</sup> I cannot say  
 Which name was fitter) wears e'en now her crown,  
 And triumphs in Olympus." Saying this,  
 He added: "Since spare diet<sup>4</sup> hath so worn  
 Our semblance out, 'tis lawful here to name  
 Each one. This," and his finger then he raised,  
 "Is Buonaggiunta,<sup>5</sup>—Buonaggiunta, he

<sup>1</sup> *He journeys*.—The soul of Statius perhaps proceeds more slowly, in order that he may enjoy as long as possible the company of Virgil.

<sup>2</sup> *Piccarda*.—See "Paradise," canto iii.

<sup>3</sup> *'Twixt beautiful and good*.—

"Tra bella e onesta  
 Qual fu più, lasciò in dubbio."

*Petrarca, Son. Ripensando a quel.*

<sup>4</sup> *Diet*.—Dieta.

"And dieted with fasting every day."

*Spenser, Faery Queen, b. i., c. i., st. 26.*

"Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet."

*Milton, H. Penseroso.*

<sup>5</sup> *Buonaggiunta*.—Buonaggiunta Urbiciani, of Lucca. "There is a canzone by this poet, printed in the collection made by the Giunti (p. 209), and a sonnet to Guido Guinicelli in that made by Corbinelli (p. 169), from which we collect that he lived not about 1230, as Quadrio supposes (t. ii., p. 159), but towards the end of the thirteenth century. Concerning other poems by Buonaggiunta, that are preserved in MS. in some libraries, Crescimbeni may be consulted."—*Tiraboschi, Mr. Mathias's ed., v. 1., p. 115.*



Of Lucca : and that face beyond him, pierced  
 Unto a leaner fineness than the rest,  
 Had keeping of the church ; he was of Tours,<sup>1</sup>  
 And purges by wan abstinence away  
 Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel."<sup>2</sup>

He show'd me many others, one by one :  
 And all, as they were named, seem'd well content ;  
 For no dark gesture I discern'd in any.  
 I saw, through hunger, Ubaldino<sup>3</sup> grind  
 His teeth on emptiness ; and Boniface,<sup>4</sup>  
 That waved the crozier<sup>5</sup> o'er a numerous flock :  
 I saw the Marquis,<sup>6</sup> who had time erewhile  
 To swill at Forli with less drought ; yet so,  
 Was one ne'er sated. I howe'er, like him  
 That, gazing 'midst a crowd, singles out one,  
 So singled him of Lucca ; for methought

Three of these, a canzone, a sonnet, and a ballata, have been published in the "Anecdota Literaria ex MSS. Codicibus eruta," 8vo, Roma (no year), v. iii., p. 453. He is thus mentioned by our author in his "Treatise de Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., cap. xiii.: "Next let us come to the Tuscans, who, made senseless by their folly, arrogantly assume to themselves the title of a vernacular diction, more excellent than the rest; nor are the vulgar alone misled by this wild opinion, but many famous men have maintained it, as Guittone d'Arezzo, who never addicted himself to the polished style of the court, Buonaggiunta of Lucca, Gallo of Pisa, Mino' Mocato of Sienna, and Brunetto of Florence, whose compositions, if there shall be leisure for examining them, will be found not to be in the diction of the court, but in that of their respective cities." As a specimen of Buonaggiunta's manner, the reader will take the following Sonnet from Corbinelli's Collection added to the "Bella Mano":—

"Qual uomo è in su la rota per Ventura,  
 Non si rallegra, perchè sia innalzato ;  
 Che quando più si mostra chiara, e pura,  
 Allor si gira, ed hallo disbassato.  
 E nullo prato ha sì fresca verdura,  
 Che li suoi fiori non cangino stato ;  
 E questo sacco, che avvien per natura ;  
 Più grave cade, chi più è montato.  
 Non si dee uomo troppo rallegrare  
 Di gran grandezza, nè tenere spene ;  
 Che egli è gran doglia, allegrezza fallire :  
 Anzi si debbe molto umiliare ;  
 Non far soperchio, perchè aggia gran bene ;  
 Che ogni monte a valle dee venire."

*La Bella Mano e Rime Antiche, ediz. Firenze, 1715, p. 170.*

"What man is raised on Fortune's wheel aloft,  
 Let him not triumph in his bliss elate ;  
 For when she smiles with visage fair and soft,  
 Then whirls she round, reversing his estate.  
 Fresh was the verdure in the sunny croft,  
 Yet soon the wither'd flowerets met their fate ;  
 And things exalted most, as chanceth oft,  
 Fall from on high to earth with ruin great.  
 Therefore ought none too greatly to rejoice

In greatness, nor too fast his hope to hold :  
 For one, that triumphs, great pain is to fall  
 But lowly meekness is the wiser choice ;  
 And he must down, that is too proud and bold :  
 For every mountain stoopeth to the vale."

<sup>1</sup> *He was of Tours.*—Simon of Tours became Pope with the title of Martin IV. in 1281, and died in 1285.

<sup>2</sup> *Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel.*—The Nidobeatina edition and the Monte Casino MS. agree in reading

"L'anguille di Bolsena in la vernaccia ;"

from which it would seem, that Martin IV. refined so much on epicurism as to have his eels killed by being put into the wine called vernaccia, in order to heighten their flavour. The Latin annotator on the MS. relates that the following epitaph was inscribed on the sepulchre of the pope :

"Gaudent anguillas, quod mortuus hic jacet ille,  
 Qui quasi morte reas excoriabat ens."

<sup>3</sup> *Ubaldino.*—Ubaldino degli Ubaldini, of Pila, in the Florentine territory.

<sup>4</sup> *Boniface.*—Archbishop of Ravenna. By Venturi he is called Bonifazio de' Fieschi, a Genoese ; by Vellutello, the son of the above-mentioned Ubaldini ; and by Landino, Francioso, a Frenchman.

<sup>5</sup> *Crozier.*—It is uncertain whether the word "rocco," in the original, means a "crozier" or a "bishop's rochet," that is, his episcopal gown. In support of the latter interpretation Lombardi cites Du Fresnoy's Glossary, article Roccus: "Rochettum hodie vocant vestem linream episcoporum . . . quasi parvum roccum," and explains the verse,

"Che pastorè col rocco molte genti ;"

"who, from the revenues of his bishopric, supported in luxury a large train of dependents." If the reader wishes to learn more on the subject, he is referred to Monti's "Proposta," under the word "Rocco."

<sup>6</sup> *The Marquis.*—The Marchese de' Rigogliosi, of Forli. When his butler told him it was commonly reported in the city that he did nothing but drink, he is said to have answered, "And do you tell them that I am always thirsty."



Was none amongst them took such note of me.  
Somewhat I heard him whisper of Gentucca :<sup>1</sup>  
The sound was indistinct, and murmur'd there,<sup>2</sup>  
Where justice, that so strips them, fix'd her sting.

"Spirit!" said I, "it seems as thou wouldst fain  
Speak with me. Let me hear thee. Mutual wish  
To converse prompts, which let us both indulge."

He, answering, straight began: "Woman is born,  
Whose brow no wimple shades yet,<sup>3</sup> that shall make  
My city please thee, blame it as they may.<sup>4</sup>  
Go then with this forewarning. If aught false  
My whisper too implied, the event shall tell.  
But say, if of a truth I see the man  
Of that new lay the inventor, which begins  
With 'Ladies, ye that con the lore of love.'"<sup>5</sup>

To whom I thus: "Count of me but as one,  
Who am the scribe of love; that, when he breathes,  
Take up my pen, and, as he dictates, write."

"Brother!" said he, "the hindrance, which once held  
The notary,<sup>6</sup> with Guittone<sup>7</sup> and myself,

<sup>1</sup> *Gentucca*.—Of this lady it is thought that our poet became enamoured during his exile. See note to canto xxxi. 56.

<sup>2</sup> *There*.—In the throat, the part in which they felt the torment inflicted by the divine justice.

<sup>3</sup> *Whose brow no wimple shades yet*.—Who has not yet assumed the dress of a woman.

<sup>4</sup> *Blame it as they may*.—See "Hell," canto xxi. 39.

<sup>5</sup> *Ladies, ye that con the lore of love*.—

"Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore."

The first verse of a canzone in our author's "Vita Nuova."

<sup>6</sup> *The notary*.—Jacopo da Lentino, called the Notary, a poet of these times. He was probably an Apulian: for Dante ("De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., cap. 12), quoting a verse which belongs to a canzone of his, published by the Giunti, without mentioning the writer's name, terms him one of "the illustrious Apulians," *præfulgentes Apuli*. See Tiraboschi, Mr. Mathias's edit., vol. i., p. 137. Crescimbeni (lib. i., "Della Volgar. Poesia," p. 72, 4to ed., 1698) gives an extract from one of his poems, printed in Allacci's Collection, to show that the whimsical compositions called "Ariette," are not of modern invention. His poems have been collected among the "Poeti del primo secolo della Lingua Italiana," 2 vols. 8vo, Firenze, 1816. They extend from p. 249 to p. 319 of the first volume.

<sup>7</sup> *Guittone*.—Fra Guittone, of Arezzo, holds a distinguished place in Italian literature, as, besides his poems printed in the Collection of the Giunti, he has left a collection of letters, forty in number, which afford the earliest specimen of that kind of writing in the language. They were published at Rome in 1743, with learned illustrations by Giovanni Bottari. He was also the first who gave to the sonnet its regular and legitimate form, a species of composition in which not only his own country-

men, but many of the best poets in all the cultivated languages of modern Europe, have since so much delighted. Guittone, a native of Arezzo, was the son of Viva di Michele. He was of the order of the "Fratelli Godenti," of which an account may be seen in the notes to "Hell," canto xxiii. In the year 1293 he founded a monastery of the order of Camaldoli, in Florence, and died in the following year. Tiraboschi, *ibid.*, p. 119. Dante, in the "Trattato de Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., cap. 13 (see note to v. 20 of this canto), and lib. ii., cap. 6, blames him for preferring the plebeian to the more courtly style: and Petrarch twice places him in the company of our poet, "Triumph of Love," cap. iv., and "Sonnets," par. see, "Sennuccio mio." The eighth book in the collection of the old poets published by the Giunti in 1527 consists of sonnets and canzoni by Guittone. They are marked by a peculiar solemnity of manner, of which the ensuing sonnet will afford a proof and an example.

"Gran piacer Signor mio, e gran desire  
Harei d'essere avanti al divin trono,  
Dove si prenden pace e perdono  
Di suo ben fatto e d'ogni suo fallire:  
E gran piacer harei hor di sentire  
Quella sonante tromba e quel gran suono,  
E d'udir dire: hora venuti sono,  
A chi dar pace, a chi crudel martire.  
Questo tutto vorrei caro signore;  
Perchè fia scritto a ciaschedun nel volto  
Quel ch'è già tenne ascoso dentro al core:  
Allhor vedrete a la mia fronte avvolto  
Un brieve, che dirà; che 'l crudo amore  
Per voi me prese, e mai non m'ha disciolto."

"Great joy it were to me to join the throng,  
That thy celestial throne, O Lord, surround,



Short of that new and sweeter style<sup>1</sup> I hear,  
Is now disclosed: I see how ye your plumes  
Stretch, as the inditer guides them; which, no question,  
Ours did not. He that seeks a grace beyond,  
Sees not the distance parts one style from other."  
And, as contented, here he held his peace.

Like as the birds, that winter near the Nile,<sup>2</sup>  
In squared regiment direct their course,  
Then stretch themselves in file for speedier flight;  
Thus all the tribe of spirits, as they turn'd  
Their visage, faster fled, nimble alike  
Through leanness and desire. And as a man,  
Tired with the motion of a trotting steed,<sup>3</sup>  
Slacks pace, and stays behind his company,  
Till his o'erbreathed lungs keep temperate time;  
E'en so Forese let that holy crew  
Proceed, behind them lingering at my side,  
And saying: "When shall I again behold thee?"

"How long my life may last," said I, "I know not:  
This know, how soon soever I return,  
My wishes will before me have arrived:  
Sithence the place,<sup>4</sup> where I am set to live,  
Is, day by day, more scoop'd of all its good;  
And dismal ruin seems to threaten it."

"Go now," he cried: "lo! he,<sup>5</sup> whose guilt is most,  
Passes before my vision, dragg'd at heels  
Of an infuriate beast. Toward the vale,  
Where guilt hath no redemption, on it speeds,

Where perfect peace and pardon shall be found,  
Peace for good doings, pardon for the wrong:  
Great joy to hear the vault of heaven prolong  
That everlasting trumpet's mighty sound,  
That shall to each award their final bound,  
Wailing to these, to those the blissful song.  
All this, dear Lord, were welcome to my soul.  
For on his brow then every one shall bear  
Inscribed, what fate was hidden in the heart;  
And round my forehead wreathed a letter'd scroll  
Shall in this tenor my sad fate declare:  
"Love's bondman I from him might never part."

Bottani doubts whether some of the sonnets attributed to Guittone in the "Rime Antiche" are by that writer. See his notes to "Lettere di Fra Guittone," p. 135.

<sup>1</sup> *That new and sweeter style.*—He means the style introduced in our poet's time.

<sup>2</sup> *Like as the birds, that winter near the Nile.*—"Hell," canto v. 46. Euripides, "Helena," 1495, and Statius, "Thebais," lib. v. 12.

<sup>3</sup> *Tired with the motion of a trotting steed.*—I have

followed Venturi's explanation of this passage. Others understand

"Di trottare è lasso"

of the fatigue produced by running.

<sup>4</sup> *The place.*—Florence.

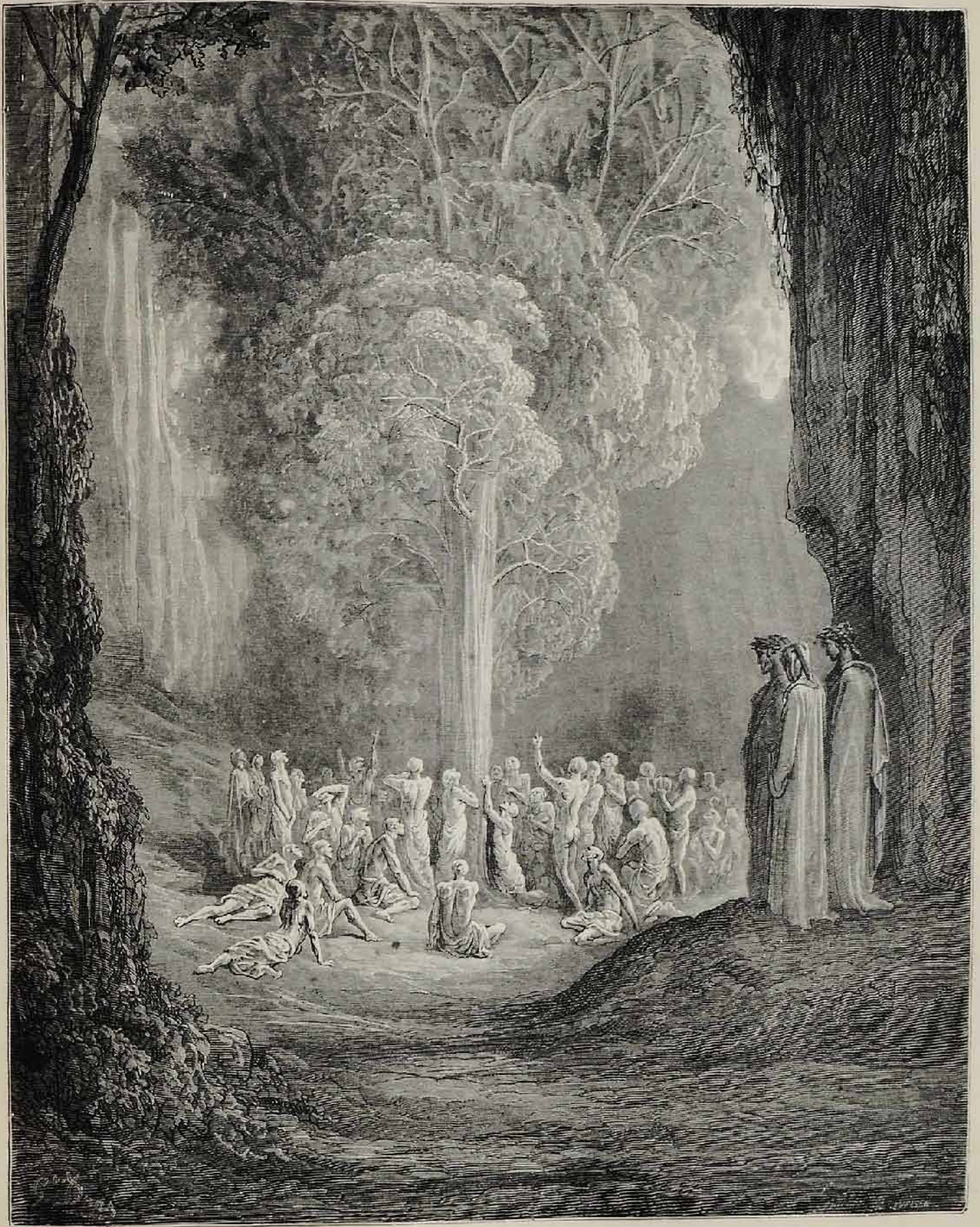
<sup>5</sup> *He.*—Corso Donati was suspected of aiming at the sovereignty of Florence. To escape the fury of his fellow citizens, he fled away on horseback, but falling, was overtaken and slain, A.D. 1308. The contemporary annalist, after relating at length the circumstances of his fate, adds, "that he was one of the wisest and most valorous knights, the best speaker, the most expert statesman, the most renowned and enterprising man of his age in Italy, a comely knight and of graceful carriage, but very worldly, and in his time had formed many conspiracies in Florence, and entered into many scandalous practices for the sake of attaining state and lordship."—*G. Villani*, lib. viii., cap. xevi. The character of Corso is forcibly drawn by another of his contemporaries, Dino Compagni, lib. iii. Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," tom. ix., p. 523. Guittone d'Arezzo's seventh letter is addressed to him. It is in verse.



At length, as undeceived, they went their way :  
And we approach the tree, whom vows and tears  
Sue to in vain ; the mighty tree.

*Canto XXIV., lines 112—114.*







Each step increasing swiftness on the last ;  
 Until a blow it strikes, that leaveth him  
 A corse most vilely shatter'd. No long space  
 Those wheels have yet to roll" (therewith his eyes  
 Look'd up to heaven), "ere thou shalt plainly see  
 That which my words may not more plainly tell.  
 I quit thee: time is precious here: I lose  
 Too much, thus measuring my pace with thine."

As from a troop of well rank'd chivalry,  
 One knight, more enterprising than the rest,  
 Pricks forth at gallop, eager to display  
 His prowess in the first encounter proved ;  
 So parted he from us, with lengthen'd strides ;  
 And left me on the way with those twain spirits,  
 Who were such mighty marshals of the world.

When he beyond us had so fled, mine eyes  
 No nearer reach'd him, than my thought his words ;  
 The branches of another fruit, thick hung,  
 And blooming fresh, appear'd. E'en as our steps  
 Turn'd thither: not far off, it rose to view.  
 Beneath it were a multitude, that raised  
 Their hands, and shouted forth I know not what  
 Unto the boughs; like greedy and fond brats,  
 That beg, and answer none obtain from him,  
 Of whom they beg; but more to draw them on,  
 He, at arm's length, the object of their wish  
 Above them holds aloft, and hides it not.

At length, as undeceived, they went their way :  
 And we approach the tree, whom vows and tears  
 Sue to in vain; the mighty tree. "Pass on,  
 And come not near. Stands higher up the wood,  
 Whereof Eve tasted: and from it was ta'en  
 This plant." Such sounds from midst the thickets came.  
 Whence I, with either bard, close to the side  
 That rose, pass'd forth beyond. "Remember," next  
 We heard, "those unblest creatures of the clouds,<sup>1</sup>  
 How they their twyfold bosoms, overgorged,  
 Opposed in fight to Theseus: call to mind  
 The Hebrews, how, effeminate, they stoop'd<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Creatures of the clouds.*—The Centaurs. Ovid,  
 "Metamorphoses," lib. xii., fab. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Call to mind the Hebrews, how, effeminate, they  
 stoop'd.*—Judges vii.

To ease their thirst; whence Gideon's ranks were thinn'd,  
As he to Madian<sup>1</sup> march'd adown the hills."

Thus near one border coasting, still we heard  
The sins of gluttony, with woe erewhile  
Reguerdon'd. Then along the lonely path,  
Once more at large, full thousand paces on  
We travel'd, each contemplative and mute.

"Why pensive journey so ye three alone?"  
Thus suddenly a voice exclaim'd: whereat  
I shook, as doth a scared and paltry beast;  
Then raised my head, to look from whence it came.

Was ne'er, in furnace, glass, or metal, seen  
So bright and glowing red, as was the shape  
I now beheld. "If ye desire to mount,"  
He cried; "here must ye turn. This way he goes  
Who goes in quest of peace." His countenance  
Had dazzled me; and to my guides I faced  
Backward, like one who walks as sound directs.

As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up  
On freshen'd wing the air of May, and breathes  
Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb and flowers;  
E'en such a wind I felt upon my front  
Blow gently, and the moving of a wing  
Perceived, that, moving, shed ambrosial smell;  
And then a voice: "Blessed are they, whom grace  
Doth so illume, that appetite in them  
Exhaleth no inordinate desire,  
Still hungering as the rule of temperance wills."

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<sup>1</sup> *To Madian.*—"The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquisht kings."—*Milton, Samson Agonistes*



## CANTO XXV.

### ARGUMENT.

Virgil and Statius resolve some doubts that have arisen in the mind of Dante from what he had just seen. They all arrive on the seventh and last cornice, where the sin of incontinence is purged in fire; and the spirits of those suffering therein are heard to record illustrious instances of chastity.

**I**T was an hour, when he who climbs, had need  
 To walk uncrippled: for the sun<sup>1</sup> had now  
 To Taurus the meridian circle left,  
 And to the Scorpion left the night. As one,  
 That makes no pause, but presses on his road,  
 Whate'er betide him, if some urgent need  
 Impel; so enter'd we<sup>2</sup> upon our way,  
 One before other; for, but singly, none  
 That steep and narrow scale admits to climb.

E'en as the young stork lifteth up his wing  
 Through wish to fly, yet ventures not to quit  
 The nest, and drops it; so in me desire  
 Of questioning my guide arose, and fell,  
 Arriving even to the act that marks  
 A man prepared for speech. Him all our haste  
 Restrain'd not; but thus spake the sire beloved:  
 "Fear not to speed the shaft,<sup>3</sup> that on thy lip  
 Stands trembling for its flight." Encouraged thus,  
 I straight began: "How there can leanness come,<sup>4</sup>  
 Where is no want of nourishment to feed?"

<sup>1</sup> *The sun.*—The sun had passed the meridian two hours, and that meridian was now occupied by the constellation of Taurus, to which, as the Scorpion is opposite, the latter constellation was consequently at the meridian of night.

<sup>2</sup> *So enter'd we.*—

"Davanti a me andava la mia guida:  
 E poi io dietro per una via stretta  
 Seguendo lei come mia scorta fida."

*Fraasi, Il Quadrivoglio, lib. ii., cap. 3.*

The good prelate of Foligno has followed our poet so closely throughout this *Capitolo*, that it would be necessary to transcribe almost the whole of it in order to show

how much he has copied. These verses of his own may well be applied to him on the occasion.

<sup>3</sup> *Fear not to speed the shaft.*—"Fear not to utter the words that are already at the tip of thy tongue."

Πολλά μὲν ἄρτιεπέη  
 Γλώσσα μοι τοξέημα? ἔχει περὶ κείνων  
 Κελεύουσα. *Pindar, Isthm., v. 60.*

"Full many a shaft of sounding rhyme  
 Stands trembling on my lip  
 Their glory to declare."

<sup>4</sup> *How there can leanness come.*—"How can spirits, that need not corporeal nourishment, be subject to leanness?" This question gives rise to the following explanation.

“If thou,” he answer’d, “hadst remember’d thee,  
 How Meleager<sup>1</sup> with the wasting brand  
 Wasted alike, by equal fires consumed;  
 This would not trouble thee: and hadst thou thought,  
 How in the mirror<sup>2</sup> your reflected form  
 With mimic motion vibrates; what now seems  
 Hard, had appear’d no harder than the pulp  
 Of summer-fruit mature. But that thy will  
 In certainty may find its full repose,  
 Lo Staius here! on him I call, and pray  
 That he would now be healer of thy wound.”

“If, in thy presence, I unfold to him  
 The secrets of heaven’s vengeance, let me plead  
 Thine own injunction to exculpate me.”  
 So Staius answer’d, and forthwith began:  
 “Attend my words, O son, and in thy mind  
 Receive them; so shall they be light to clear  
 The doubt thou offer’st. Blood, concocted well,  
 Which by the thirsty veins is ne’er imbibed,  
 And rests as food superfluous, to be ta’en  
 From the replenish’d table, in the heart  
 Derives effectual virtue, that informs  
 The several human limbs, as being that  
 Which passes through the veins itself to make them.  
 Yet more concocted it descends, where shame  
 Forbids to mention: and from thence distils  
 In natural vessels on another’s blood.  
 There each unite together; one disposed  
 To endure, to act the other, through that power  
 Derived from whence it came;<sup>3</sup> and being met,  
 It ’gins to work, coagulating first;  
 Then vivifies what its own substance made  
 Consist. With animation now indued,  
 The active virtue (differing from a plant  
 No further, than that this is on the way,  
 And at its limit that) continues yet

tion of Staius respecting the formation of the human body from the first, its junction with the soul, and the passage of the latter to another world.

<sup>1</sup> *Meleager*.—Virgil reminds Dante that, as Meleager was wasted away by the decree of the fates, and not through want of blood, so, by the divine appointment, there may be leanness where there is no need of nourishment.

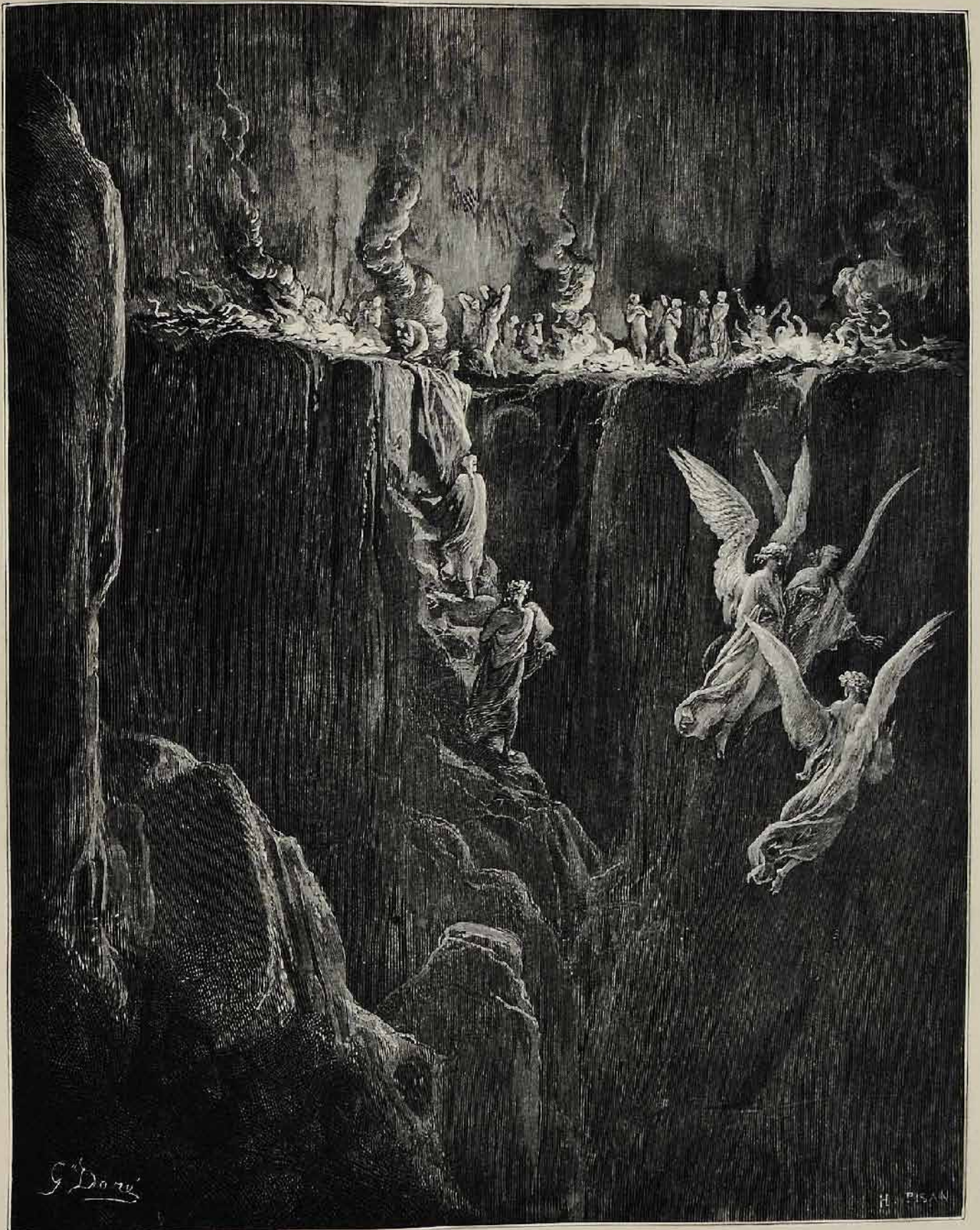
<sup>2</sup> *In the mirror*.—As the reflection of a form in a mirror is modified in agreement with the modification of the form itself, so the soul, separated from the earthly body, impresses the image or ghost of that body with its own affections.

<sup>3</sup> *From whence it came*.—“From the heart,” as Lombardi rightly interprets it.



Here the rocky precipice  
Hurls forth redundant flames ; and from the rim  
A blast up-blown, with forcible rebuff  
Driveth them back, sequester'd from its bound.

*Canto XXV, lines 107—110.*



G. Doré

H. PISAN



To operate, that now it moves, and feels,  
 As sea-sponge<sup>1</sup> clinging to the rock: and there  
 Assumes the organic powers its seed convey'd.  
 This is the moment, son! at which the virtue,  
 That from the generating heart proceeds,  
 Is pliant and expansive; for each limb  
 Is in the heart by forgeful nature plann'd.  
 How babe<sup>2</sup> of animal becomes, remains  
 For thy considering. At this point, more wise,  
 Than thou, has err'd,<sup>3</sup> making the soul disjoin'd  
 From passive intellect, because he saw  
 No organ for the latter's use assign'd.

“Open thy bosom to the truth that comes.  
 Know, soon as in the embryo, to the brain  
 Articulation is complete, then turns  
 The primal Mover with a smile of joy  
 On such great work of nature; and imbreathes  
 New spirit replete with virtue, that what here  
 Active it finds, to its own substance draws:  
 And forms an individual soul, that lives,  
 And feels, and bends reflective on itself.  
 And that thou less mayst marvel at the word,  
 Mark the sun's heat;<sup>4</sup> how that to wine doth change,  
 Mix'd with the moisture filter'd through the vine.

“When Lachesis hath spun the thread,<sup>5</sup> the soul  
 Takes with her both the human and divine,  
 Memory, intelligence, and will, in act  
 Far keener than before; the other powers  
 Inactive all and mute. No pause allow'd,  
 In wondrous sort self-moving, to one strand  
 Of those, where the departed roam, she falls:  
 Here learns her destined path. Soon as the place  
 Receives her, round the plastic virtue beams,

<sup>1</sup> *As sea-sponge*.—The fetus is in this stage a zoöphyte.

<sup>2</sup> *Babe*.—By “fante,” which is here rendered “babe,” is meant “the human creature.” “The creature that is distinguished from others by its faculty of speech,” just as Homer calls men—

γενναὶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι.

<sup>3</sup> *More wise, than thou, has err'd*.—Averroes is said to be here meant. Venturi refers to his commentary on Aristotle, “De Anim.,” lib. iii., cap. 5, for the opinion that there is only one universal intellect or mind pervading every individual of the human race. Much of the knowledge displayed by our poet in the present canto appears

to have been derived from the medical work of Averroes called the “Colliget,” lib. ii., f. 19, Ven., 1790, fol.

<sup>4</sup> *Mark the sun's heat*.—Redi and Tiraboschi (Mr. Mathias's ed., v. ii., p. 36) have considered this as an anticipation of a profound discovery of Galileo's in natural philosophy; but it is in reality taken from a passage in Cicero, “De Senectute,” where, speaking of the grape, he says, “Quæ, et succo terre et calore solis augecens, primo est peracerba gustatu, deinde maturata dulcescit.”

<sup>5</sup> *When Lachesis hath spun the thread*.—When a man's life on earth is at an end.

Distinct as in the living limbs before :  
 And as the air, when saturate with showers,  
 The casual beam refracting, decks itself  
 With many a hue ; so here the ambient air  
 Weareth that form, which influence of the soul  
 Imprints on it : and like the flame, that where  
 The fire moves, thither follows ; so, henceforth,  
 The new form on the spirit follows still :  
 Hence hath it semblance, and is shadow call'd,  
 With each sense, even to the sight, endued :  
 Hence speech is ours, hence laughter, tears, and sighs,  
 Which thou mayst oft have witness'd on the mount.  
 The obedient shadow fails not to present  
 Whatever varying passion moves within us.  
 And this the cause of what thou marvel'st at."

Now the last flexure of our way we reach'd ;  
 And to the right hand turning other care  
 Awaits us. Here the rocky precipice  
 Hurls forth redundant flames ; and from the rim  
 A blast up-blown, with forcible rebuff  
 Driveth them back, sequester'd from its bound.

Behoved us, one by one, along the side,  
 That border'd on the void, to pass ; and I  
 Fear'd on one hand the fire, on the other fear'd  
 Headlong to fall : when thus the instructor warn'd ;  
 "Strict rein must in this place direct the eyes.  
 A little swerving and the way is lost."

Then from the bosom of the burning mass,  
 "O God of mercy!"<sup>1</sup> heard I sung, and felt  
 No less desire to turn. And when I saw  
 Spirits along the flame proceeding, I  
 Between their footsteps and mine own was fain  
 To share by turns my view. At the hymn's close  
 They shouted loud, "I do not know a man ;"<sup>2</sup>  
 Then in low voice again took up the strain ;  
 Which once more ended, "To the wood," they cried,  
 "Ran Dian, and drave forth Callisto<sup>3</sup> stung  
 With Cytherea's poison !" then return'd

<sup>1</sup> "O God of mercy."—"Summe Deus clementie."  
 The beginning of the hymn sung on the Sabbath at  
 matins, as it stands in the ancient breviaries ; for in the  
 modern it is "summe parens clementie."—*Lombardi*.

<sup>2</sup> At the hymn's close they shouted loud, "I do not  
 know a man."—*Luke* i. 34.

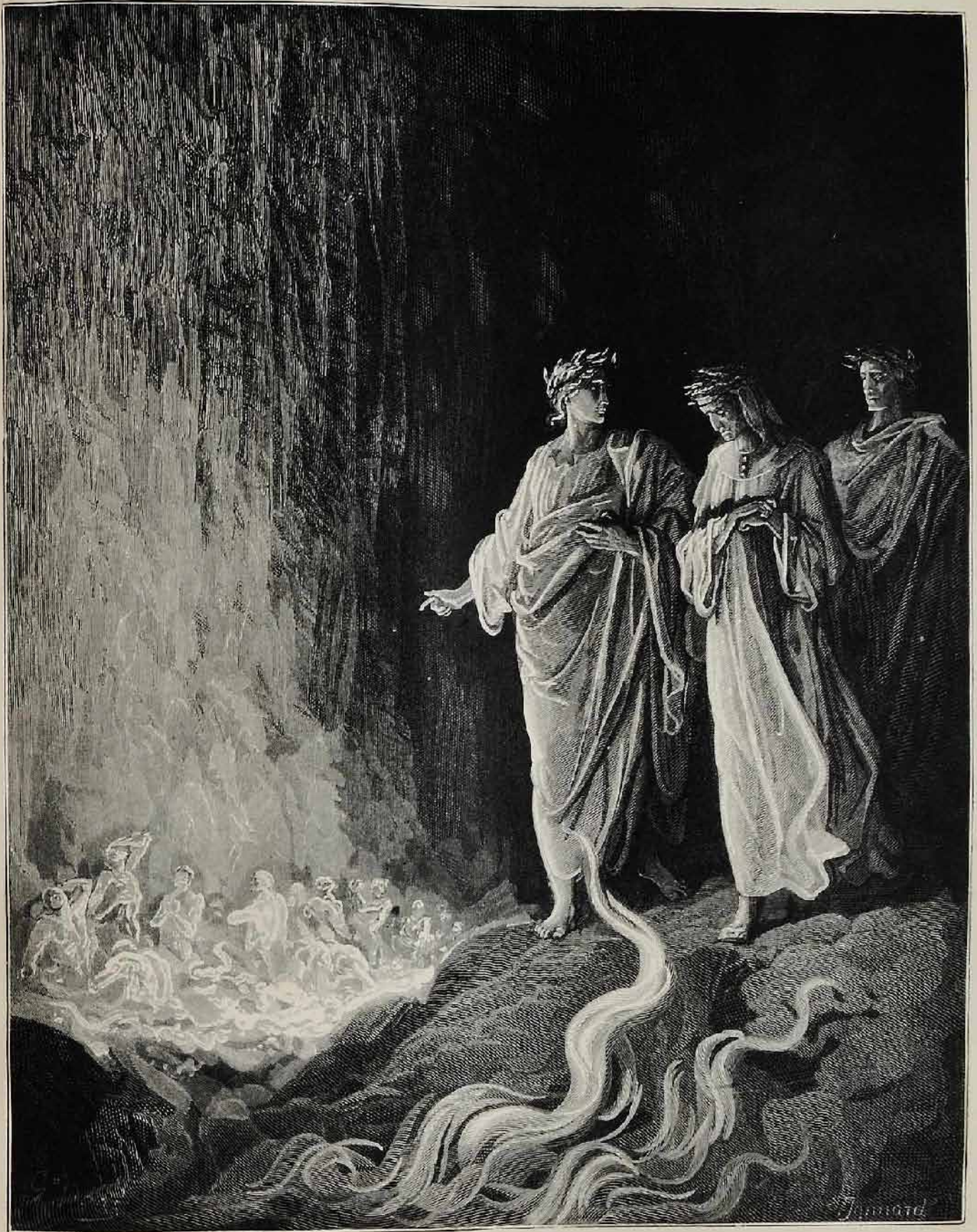
<sup>3</sup> *Callisto*.—See *Ovid*, "Metamorphoses," lib. ii.,  
 fab. 5.



Then from the bosom of the burning mass,  
"O God of Mercy!" heard I sung, and felt  
No less desire to turn.

*Canto XXV, lines 117-119.*





*J. M. G. 1874*



Unto their song ; then many a pair extoll'd,  
 Who lived in virtue chastely and the bands  
 Of wedded love. Nor from that task, I ween,  
 Surcease they ; whilesoe'er the scorching fire  
 Enclasps them. Of such skill appliance needs,  
 To medicine the wound that healeth last.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The wound that healeth last.*—The marginal note in the Monte Casino MS. on this passage is: "Id est ultima litera quæ denotat ultimum peccatum mortale;" and the editor remarks that Dante in these last two

verses admonishes himself, and in himself all those guilty of carnal sin, in what manner the wound inflicted by it, and expressed by the last P, on his forehead, may be healed.

## CANTO XXVI.

### ARGUMENT.

The spirits wonder at seeing the shadow cast by the body of Dante on the flame as he passes it. This moves one of them to address him. It proves to be Guido Guinicelli, the Italian poet, who points out to him the spirit of Arnaut Daniel, the Provençal, with whom he also speaks.

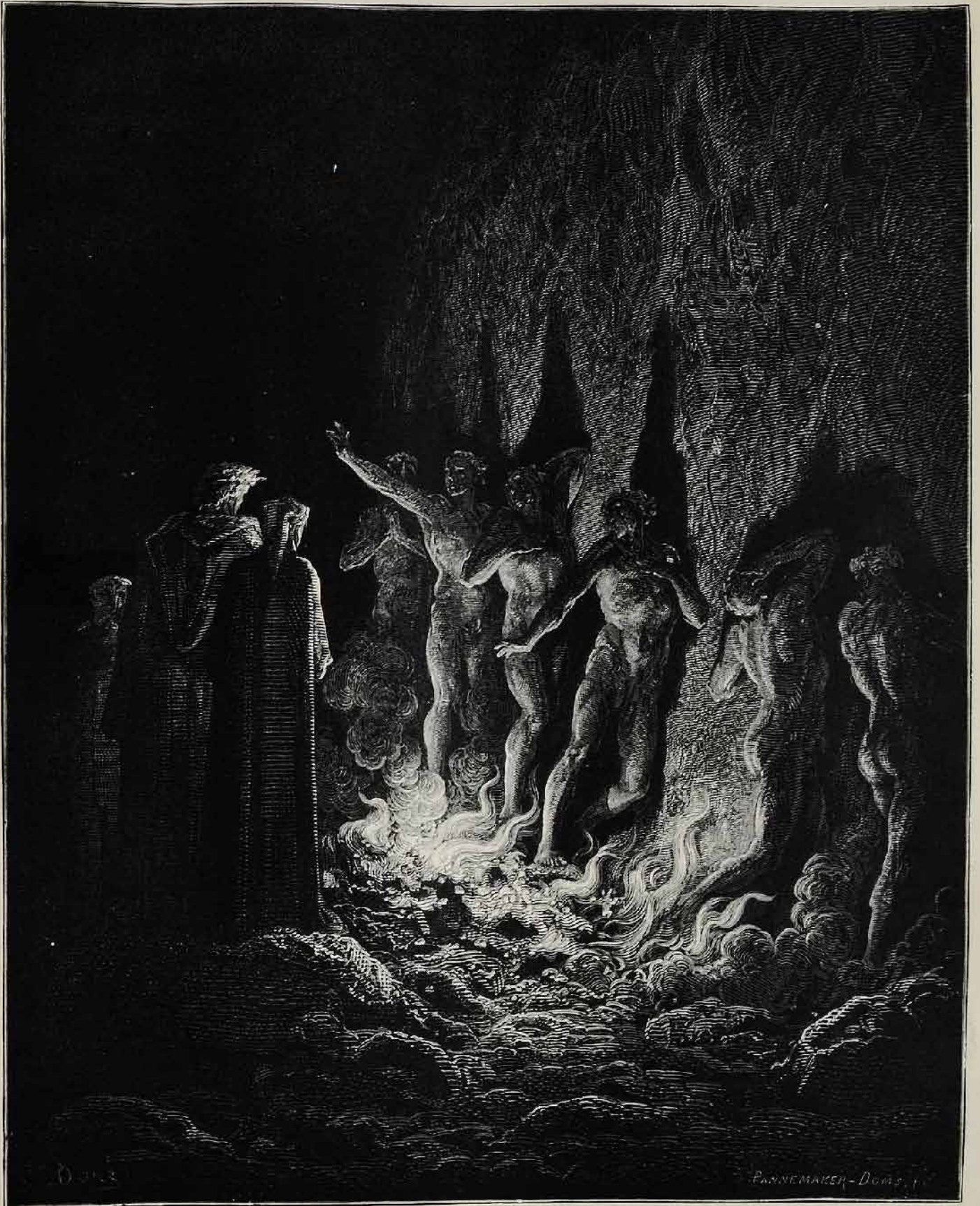
WHILE singly thus along the rim we walk'd,  
Oft the good master warn'd me: "Look thou well.  
Avail it that I caution thee." The sun  
Now all the western clime irradiate changed  
From azure tinct to white; and, as I pass'd,  
My passing shadow made the umber'd flame  
Burn ruddier. At so strange a sight I mark'd  
That many a spirit marvel'd on his way.

This bred occasion first to speak of me.  
"He seems," said they, "no insubstantial frame:"  
Then, to obtain what certainty they might,  
Stretch'd towards me, careful not to overpass  
The burning pale. "O thou! who followest  
The others, haply not more slow than they,  
But moved by reverence; answer me, who burn  
In thirst and fire: nor I alone, but these  
All for thine answer do more thirst, than doth  
Indian or Æthiop for the cooling stream.  
Tell us, how is it that thou makest thyself  
A wall against the sun, as thou not yet  
Into the inextricable toils of death  
Hadst enter'd?" Thus spake one: and I had straight  
Declared me, if attention had not turn'd  
To new appearance. Meeting these, there came,  
Midway the burning path, a crowd, on whom  
Earnestly gazing, from each part I view  
The shadows all press forward, severally  
Each snatch a hasty kiss, and then away.  
E'en so the emmets, 'mid their dusky troops,



And when I saw  
Spirits along the flame proceeding, I  
Between their footsteps and mine own was fain  
To share by turns my view.

*Canto XXV, lines 119—122.*





Peer closely one at other, to spy out  
Their mutual road perchance, and how they thrive.

That friendly greeting parted, ere dispatch  
Of the first onward step, from either tribe  
Loud clamour rises: those, who newly come,  
Shout "Sodom and Gomorrah!" these, "The cow  
Pasiphae enter'd, that the beast she woo'd  
Might rush unto her luxury." Then as cranes,  
That part towards the Riphæan mountains fly,  
Part towards the Lybic sands, these to avoid  
The ice, and those the sun; so hasteth off  
One crowd, advances the other; and resume  
Their first song, weeping, and their several shout.<sup>1</sup>

Again drew near my side the very same,  
Who had erewhile besought me; and their looks  
Mark'd eagerness to listen. I, who twice  
Their will had noted, spake: "O spirits! secure,  
Whene'er the time may be, of peaceful end;  
My limbs, nor crude, nor in mature old age,  
Have I left yonder: here they bear me, fed  
With blood, and sinew-strung. That I no more  
May live in blindness, hence I tend aloft.  
There is a dame on high, who wins for us  
This grace, by which my mortal through your realm  
I bear. But may your utmost wish soon meet  
Such full fruition, that the orb of Heaven,  
Fullest of love, and of most ample space,  
Receive you: as ye tell (upon my page  
Henceforth to stand recorded) who ye are;  
And what this multitude, that at your backs  
Have past behind us." As one, mountain-bred,  
Rugged and clownish, if some city's walls  
He chance to enter, round him stares agape,  
Confounded and struck dumb; e'en such appear'd  
Each spirit. But when rid of that amaze  
(Not long the inmate of a noble heart),<sup>2</sup>

*Their first song, weeping, and their several shout.*—  
See the last canto, v. 118 and 123.

<sup>1</sup> *Amaze (not long the inmate of a noble heart).*—

"Stupore  
Lo qual negli alti cor tosto s'attuta."

Thus Speroni: "Lo stupore  
Lo qual dagli alti cor tosto si parte."—*Canace.*

He does not say that wonder is not natural to a lofty mind, for it is the very principle of knowledge (*μύητα γὰρ φιλοσόφου τούτο τὸ πάθος, τὸ θαυμάσιον, οὐ γὰρ ἄλλη ἀρχὴ φιλοσοφίας ἢ αὐτὴ.*—*Plato, Theæt.*, edit. Bipont., tom. ii., p. 76), but that it is not of long continuance in such a mind. On this subject it is well said by Dr. Horsley: "Wonder, connected with a principle of rational curiosity, is the source of all knowledge and discovery, and it is a

He, who before had question'd, thus resumed:  
 "O blessed! who, for death preparing, takest  
 Experience of our limits, in thy bark;  
 Their crime, who not with us proceed, was that  
 For which, as he did triumph, Cæsar<sup>1</sup> heard  
 The shout of 'queen,' to taunt him. Hence their cry  
 Of 'Sodom,' as they parted; to rebuke  
 Themselves, and aid the burning by their shame.  
 Our sinning was Hermaphrodite: but we,  
 Because the law of human kind we broke,  
 Following like beasts our vile concupiscence,  
 Hence parting from them, to our own disgrace  
 Record the name of her, by whom the beast  
 In bestial tire was acted. Now our deeds  
 Thou know'st, and how we sinn'd. If thou by name  
 Wouldst haply know us, time permits not now  
 To tell so much, nor can I. Of myself  
 Learn what thou wishest. Guinicelli<sup>2</sup> I;  
 Who having truly sorrow'd ere my last,  
 Already cleanse me." With such pious joy,  
 As the two sons upon their mother gazed  
 From sad Lycurgus<sup>3</sup> rescued; such my joy  
 (Save that I more repress'd it) when I heard  
 From his own lips the name of him pronounced,  
 Who was a father to me, and to those  
 My betters, who have ever used the sweet  
 And pleasant rhymes of love. So nought I heard,  
 Nor spake; but long time thoughtfully I went  
 Gazing on him; and, only for the fire,  
 Approach'd not nearer. When my eyes were fed  
 By looking on him; with such solemn pledge,  
 As forces credence, I devoted me  
 Unto his service wholly. In reply  
 He thus bespake me: "What from thee I hear  
 Is grav'd so deeply on my mind, the waves

principle even of piety: but wonder, which ends in wonder, and is satisfied with wonder, is the quality of an idiot."—*Sermons*, vol. I., p. 227. Compare Aristotle, "Metaph.," lib. I., p. 335, edit. Sylb. The above passage from Plato is adduced by Clemens Alexandrianus, "Strom.," lib. II., sect. 9.

<sup>1</sup> *Cæsar*.—For the opprobrium cast on Cæsar's effeminacy, see Suetonius, "Julius Cæsar," c. 49.

<sup>2</sup> *Guinicelli*.—See note to *cant.* xi. 96.

*Lycurgus*.—Statius, "Thebais," lib. IV. and V. Hyp-

sipile had left her infant charge, the son of Lycurgus, on a bank, where it was destroyed by a serpent, when she went to show the Argive army the river of Langia; and, on her escaping the effects of Lycurgus's resentment, the joy her own children felt at the sight of her was such as our poet felt on beholding his predecessor Guinicelli. The incidents are beautifully described in Statius, and seem to have made an impression on Dante, for he before (*canto* xxii. 110) characterises Hypsipile as her—

"Who show'd Langia's wave."



Of Lethe shall not wash it off, nor make  
A whit less lively. But as now thy oath  
Has seal'd the truth, declare what cause impels  
That love, which both thy looks and speech bewray."

"Those dulcet lays," I answer'd; "which, as long  
As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,  
Shall make us love the very ink that traced them."

"Brother!" he cried, and pointed at the shade  
Before him, "there is one, whose mother speech  
Doth owe to him a fairer ornament.

He<sup>1</sup> in love ditties, and the tales of prose,  
Without a rival stands; and lets the fools  
Talk on, who think the songster of Limoges<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *He*.—The united testimony of Dante and of Petrarch places Arnaut Daniel at the head of the Provençal poets:

"Poi v'era un drappello  
Di portamenti e di volgarî strani:  
Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello  
Gran maestro d'amor ch' a la sua terra  
Ancor fa onor col sue dir nuovo e bello."  
*Petrarch, Trionfo d'Amore, c. iv.*

That he was born of poor but noble parents, at the castle of Ribeyrac in Périgord, and that he was at the English court, is the amount of Millot's information concerning him (tom. ii., p. 479). The account there given of his writings is not much more satisfactory, and the criticism on them must go for little better than nothing. It is to be regretted that we have not an opportunity of judging for ourselves of his "love ditties and his tales of prose"—

"Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi."

Our poet frequently cites him in the work "De Vulgari Eloquentia." In the second chapter of the second book, he is instanced as one "who had treated of love;" and in the tenth chapter, he is said to have used in almost all his canzoni a particular kind of stanza, the *sesùne*, which Dante had followed in one of his own canzoni, beginning,

"Al poco giorno ed al gran cerchio d'ombra."

This stanza is termed by Gray, "both in sense and sound, a very mean composition."—*Gray's Works, 4to, Lond., 1814, vol. ii., p. 23.* According to Crescimbeni ("Della Volgar Poesia," lib. i., p. 7, ed. 1698), he died in 1189. Arnaut Daniel was not soon forgotten; for Ausias March, a Catalonian, who was himself distinguished as a Provençal poet in the middle of the fifteenth century, makes honourable mention of him in some verses, which are quoted by Bastiero in his "Crusca Provenzale," ediz. Roma, 1724, p. 75:

"Envers alguns ayo miracle par;  
Mas sin's membram d'en Arnau Daniel  
E de aquels que la terra los es vel,  
Sabrem Amor vers nos que pot donar."

"To some this seems a miracle to be;  
But if we Arnaut Daniel call to mind,  
And those beside, whom earthly veil doth bind,  
We then the mighty power of love shall see."

Since this note was written, M. Raynouard has made us better acquainted with the writings and history of the Provençal poets. I have much pleasure in citing the following particulars respecting Arnaut Daniel from his

"Choix des Poésies des Troubadours," tom. ii., pp. 318, 319: "L'autorité de Dante suffrait pour nous convaincre qu'Arnaut Daniel avait composé plusieurs romans. Mais il reste une preuve positive de l'existence d'un roman d'Arnaut Daniel; c'est celui de Lancelot du Lac, dont la traduction fut faite, vers la fin du treizième siècle, en allemand, par Ulrich de Zatzschoven, qui nomme Arnaut Daniel comme l'auteur original."\* "Le Tasse, dans l'un de ses ouvrages, s'exprime en ces termes, au sujet des romans composés par les troubadours: 'E romanzi furono detti quei poemi, o più tosto quelle istorie favolose, che furono scritte nella lingua de' Provenzali o de' Castigliani; le quali non si scrivevano in versi, ma in prosa, come alcuni hanno osservato prima da me, perchè Dante, parlando d'Arnaldo Daniello, disse:

'Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi,' &c.

Enfin Pulci, dans son "Morgante Maggiore," nomme Arnaut Daniel comme auteur d'un roman de Renaud:

"Dopo costui venne il famoso Arnaldo  
Che molto diligentemente ha scritto,  
E investigò le opre di Rinaldo,  
De le gran cose che fece in Egitto," &c."

*Morgante Maggiore, canto xxvii., ott. 80.*

See also Raynouard, tom. v. 30.

<sup>2</sup> *The songster of Limoges*.—Giraud de Bornell, of Sideuil, a castle in Limoges. He was a Troubadour, much admired and caressed in his day, and appears to have been in favour with the monarchs of Castile, Leon, Navarre, and Arragon. Giraud is mentioned by Dante in a remarkable passage of the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. ii., cap. 2: "As man is endowed with a triple soul—vegetable, animal, and rational—so he walks in a triple path. Inasmuch as he is vegetable, he seeks utility, in which he has a common nature with plants; inasmuch as he is animal, he seeks for pleasure, in which he participates with brutes; inasmuch as he is rational, he seeks for honour, in which he is either alone, or is associated with the angels. Whatever we do, appears to be done through these three principles," &c.—"With respect to utility, we shall find on a minute inquiry that the primary object with all who seek it, is safety; with regard to pleasure, love is entitled to the first place; and as to honour, no one will hesitate in assigning the same pre-eminence to virtue. These three, then—safety, love, virtue—appear to be three great subjects, which ought to

\* Des extraits de cette traduction allemande ont été publiés.

<sup>1</sup> Discorso sopra il parire fatto del Signore Fr. Patricio, &c., edit. fol. tom. iv., p. 210.



O'ertops him. Rumour and the popular voice  
 They look to, more than truth; and so confirm  
 Opinion, ere by art or reason taught.  
 Thus many of the elder time cried up  
 Guittone,<sup>1</sup> giving him the prize, till truth  
 By strength of numbers vanquish'd. If thou own  
 So ample privilege, as to have gain'd  
 Free entrance to the cloister, whereof Christ  
 Is Abbot of the college; say to him  
 One paternoster for me, far as needs<sup>2</sup>  
 For dwellers in this world, where power to sin  
 No longer tempts us." Haply to make way  
 For one that follow'd next, when that was said,  
 He vanish'd through the fire, as through the wave  
 A fish, that glances diving to the deep.

I, to the spirit he had shown me, drew  
 A little onward, and besought his name,  
 For which my heart, I said, kept gracious room.  
 He frankly thus began: "Thy courtesy<sup>3</sup>

be treated with most grandeur; that is, those things which chiefly pertain to these, as courage in arms, ardency of love, and the direction of the will: concerning which alone we shall find on inquiry that illustrious men have composed their poems in the vernacular tongues; Bertrand de Born, of arms; Arnault Daniel, of love; Giraud de Bornell, of rectitude; Cino da Pistoia, of love; his friend" (by whom he means himself), "of rectitude; but I find no Italian as yet who has treated of arms." Giraud is again quoted in the sixth chapter of this book. The following notice respecting him is found in Gray's posthumous works, &c., Lond., 1814, vol. ii., p. 23:—"The canzone is of very ancient date, the invention of it being ascribed to Girard de Bornell, of the school of Provence, who died in 1178. He was of Limoges, and was called 'Il Maestro de' Trovatori.'" That he was distinguished by this title (a circumstance that, perhaps, induced Dante to vindicate the superior claims of Arnault Daniel) is mentioned by Bastero in his "Crusca Provenzale," ediz. Roma, p. 84, where we find the following list of his MSS. poems preserved in the Vatican, and in the library of S. Lorenzo at Florence: "Una tenzone col Re d'Aragona; e un Serventese contra Cardaillac, e diverse Canzoni massimamente tre pel ricuperamento del S. Sepolcro, e di Terra Santa, ed alcune col titolo di Canterete, cioè picciole cantari, ovvero canzonette." The light which these and similar writings might cast, not only on the events, but still more on the manners of a most interesting period of history, would surely, without taking into the account any merit they may possess as poetical compositions, render them objects well deserving of more curiosity than they appear to have hitherto excited in the public mind. Many of his poems are still remaining in MS. According to Nostradamus he died in 1278. Millot, "Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours," tom. ii., p. 1 and 23. But I suspect that there is some error in this date, and that he did not live to so late a period. Some of his poems have

since been published by Raynouard, "Poésies des Troubadours," tom. iii., p. 304, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Guittone.—See canto xxiv, 56.

<sup>2</sup> Far as needs.—See canto xi, 23.

<sup>3</sup> Thy courtesy.—Arnault is here made to speak in his own tongue, the Provençal. According to Dante ("De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., c. 8), the Provençal was one language with the Spanish. What he says on this subject is so curious, that the reader will perhaps not be displeased if I give an abstract of it. He first makes three great divisions of the European languages. "One of these extends from the mouths of the Danube, or the lake of Mæotis, to the western limits of England, and is bounded by the limits of the French and Italians, and by the ocean. One idiom obtained over the whole of this space; but was afterwards subdivided into the Slavonian, Hungarian, Teutonic, Saxon, English, and the vernacular tongues of several other people, one sign remaining to all, that they use the affirmative *io* (our English *ay*). The whole of Europe, beginning from the Hungarian limits and stretching towards the east, has a second idiom, which reaches still further than the end of Europe, into Asia. This is the Greek. In all that remains of Europe, there is a third idiom, subdivided into three dialects, which may be severally distinguished by the use of the affirmatives, *oa*, *oik*, and *si*; the first spoken by the Spaniards, the next by the French, the third by the Latins (or Italians). The first occupy the western part of southern Europe, beginning from the limits of the Genoese. The third occupy the eastern part from the said limits, as far, that is, as to the promontory of Italy, where the Adriatic sea begins, and to Sicily. The second are in a manner northern, with respect to these, for they have the Germans to the east and north, on the west they are bounded by the English sea and the mountains of Arragon, and on the south by the people of Provence and the declivity of the Apennine."—Ibid., c. x. "Each of these three," he observes, "has its own claims to dis-



So wins on me, I have nor power nor will  
 To hide me. I am Arnault; and with songs,  
 Sorely waymenting for my folly past,  
 Thorough this ford of fire I wade, and see  
 The day, I hope for, smiling in my view.  
 I pray ye by the worth that guides ye up  
 Unto the summit of the scale, in time  
 Remember ye my sufferings." With such words  
 He disappear'd in the refining flame.

tion. The excellency of the French language consists in its being best adapted, on account of its facility and agreeableness, to prose narration (*quicquid redactum, sive inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum, suum est*); and he instances the books compiled on the geste of the Trojans and Romans, and the delightful Adventures of King Arthur, with many other histories and works of instruction. The Spanish (or Provençal) may boast of its having produced such as first cultivated in this, as in a more perfect and sweet language, the vernacular poetry: among whom are Pierre d'Auvergne, and others more ancient. The privileges of the Latin, or Italian, are two; first, that it may reckon for its own those writers who have adopted a more sweet and subtle style of poetry, in the number of whom are Cino da Pistoia and his friend; and the next, that its writers seem to adhere to certain general rules of grammar, and in so doing give it, in the opinion of the intelligent, a very weighty pretension to preference." Since the last edition of this book, it has appeared that Mr. Gray understood by the words "*Grammatica, quæ communis est*," "the Latin or mother-tongue," and not, as I have rendered them, "general rules of grammar." In this latter sense, however, the word "*Grammatica*" has been used twice before in the "*Treatise de Vulgari Eloquentia*," though it is certainly afterwards applied in the sense in which Gray took it. See the edition of Gray's works, for which we are so much indebted to Mr. Mathias, 4to, London, 1814, vol. ii., p. 35. We learn from our author's "*Vita Nuova*," p. 258, that there were no poetic compositions in the Provençal or Italian, more than one hundred and fifty years before the "*Vita Nuova*" was written; and that the first who wrote in the vernacular languages, wrote to make himself understood by a lady. M. Raynouard supposed the text of all the editions to be miserably corrupted in this place,

and took much pains to restore it. I will add the passage as that learned writer concluded it to have come from the hand of Dante:

"Tan m'abellis vostre cortes deman,  
 Ch'ieu non me puese ni m'voil a vos cohriré;  
 Jeu sui Arnautz, che plor e vai cantan;  
 Consiros, vei la passada follor,  
 E vei jauzen lo joi qu'esper denan;  
 Aras vos prec, per aquella valor  
 Que us guida al som sens freich e sens calina,  
 Sovegna vos atenprar ma dolor.

"Tant me plaît votre courtoise demande,—que je ne puis ni ne me veux à vous cacher;—je suis Arnaud, qui pleure et va chantant;—soudain, je vois la passée folie,—et vois joyeux le bonheur, que j'espère à l'avenir;—maintenant je vous prie, par cette vertu—qui vous guide au sommet, sans froid et sans chaud; qu'il souviennne à vous de soulager ma douleur. Il n'est pas un des nombreux manuscrits de la Divina Commedia, pas une des éditions multipliées qui en ont été données, qui ne présente dans les vers que Dante prête au troubadour Arnaud Daniel, un texte défiguré et devenu, de copie en copie, presque inintelligible. Cependant j'ai pensé qu'il n'était pas impossible de rétablir le texte de ces vers, en comparant avec soin, dans les manuscrits de Dante que possèdent les dépôts publics de Paris, toutes les variantes qu'ils pouvaient fournir, et en les choisissant d'après les règles grammaticales et les notions lexicographiques de la langue des troubadours. Mon espoir n'a point été trompé, et sans aucun secours conjectural, sans aucun déplacement ni changement de mots, je suis parvenu, par le simple choix des variantes, à retrouver le texte primitif, tel qu'il a dû être produit par Dante."—*Raynouard, Lexique Roman.* tom. i., p. xlii., 8vo, Par., 1830.

## CANTO XXVII.

### ARGUMENT.

An angel sends them forward through the fire to the last ascent, which leads to the terrestrial Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountain. They have not proceeded many steps on their way upward, when the fall of night hinders them from going further; and our Poet, who has lain down with Virgil and Statius to rest, beholds in a dream two females, figuring the active and contemplative life. With the return of morning, they reach the height; and here Virgil gives Dante full liberty to use his own pleasure and judgment in the choice of his way, till he shall meet with Beatrice.

NOW was the sun<sup>1</sup> so station'd, as when first  
 His early radiance quivers on the heights,  
 Where stream'd his Maker's blood; while Libra hangs  
 Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,  
 Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.

So day was sinking, when the angel of God  
 Appear'd before us. Joy was in his mien.  
 Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;  
 And with a voice, whose lively clearness far  
 Surpass'd our human, "Blessed<sup>2</sup> are the pure  
 In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,  
 "Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,  
 "Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list  
 Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."

I, when I heard his saying, was as one  
 Laid in the grave.<sup>3</sup> My hands together clasp'd,  
 And upward stretching, on the fire I look'd;  
 And busy fancy conjured up the forms  
 Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.

The escorting spirits turn'd with gentle looks

<sup>1</sup> *The sun.*—At Jerusalem it was dawn, in Spain mid-night, and in India noonday, while it was sunset in Purgatory.

<sup>2</sup> *Blessed.*—Matt. v. 8.

<sup>3</sup> *As one laid in the grave.*—

"Quale è colui che nella fossa è messo."

Lombardi understands this of a man who is taken to execution in the manner described in "Hell," c. xix. 52. "Colui," he thinks, cannot be properly applied to a corpse.

Yet Boccaccio's imitation confirms the opinion of the other commentators:

"Essa era tale, a guardarla nel viso,  
 Qual donna morta alla fossa portata."

*Il Filostrato*, p. v., st. 83.

Which Chaucer has thus translated:

"She was right soche to sene in her visage,  
 As is that wight: that men on bere ybinde."

*Troilus and Cresside*, b. iv.



Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My son,  
 Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death.  
 Remember thee, remember thee, if I  
 Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come  
 More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?  
 Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame  
 A thousand years contain'd thee, from thy head  
 No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,  
 Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem  
 Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.  
 Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.  
 Turn hither, and come onward undismay'd."

I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.

When still he saw me fix'd and obstinate,  
 Somewhat disturb'd he cried: "Mark now, my son,  
 From Beatrice thou art by this wall  
 Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye  
 Of Pyramus was open'd (when life ebb'd  
 Fast from his veins), and took one parting glance,  
 While vermeil<sup>1</sup> dyed the mulberry; thus I turn'd  
 To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard  
 The name that springs for ever in my breast.

He shook his forehead; and, "How long," he said,  
 "Linger we now?" then smiled, as one would smile  
 Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.  
 Into the fire before me then he walk'd;  
 And Statius, who erewhile no little space  
 Had parted us, he pray'd to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass  
 To cool me, when I enter'd; so intense  
 Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,  
 To comfort me, as he proceeded, still  
 Of Beatrice talk'd. "Her eyes," saith he,  
 "E'en now I seem to view." From the other side  
 A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the voice  
 Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,  
 There where the path led upward. "Come," we heard,  
 "Come, blessed of my Father."<sup>2</sup> Such the sounds,  
 That hail'd us from within a light, which shone  
 So radiant, I could not endure the view.

<sup>1</sup> *While vermeil.*—Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. iv. 125. | <sup>2</sup> *Come, blessed of my Father.*—Matt. xxv. 34.

“The sun,” it added, “hastes: and evening comes.  
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung  
With blackness, strive ye for the pass.” Our way  
Upright within the rock arose, and faced  
Such part of heaven, that from before my steps  
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.

Nor many stairs were overpast, when now  
By fading of the shadow we perceived  
The sun behind us couch'd; and ere one face  
Of darkness o'er its measureless expanse  
Involved the horizon, and the night her lot  
Held individual, each of us had made  
A stair his pallet; not that will, but power,  
Had fail'd us, by the nature of that mount  
Forbidden further travel. As the goats,  
That late have skipt and wanton'd rapidly  
Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en  
Their supper on the herb, now silent lie  
And ruminat beneath the umbrage brown,  
While noon-day rages; and the goatherd leans  
Upon his staff, and leaning watches them:  
And as the swain, that lodges out all night  
In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey  
Disperse them: even so all three abode,  
I as a goat, and as the shepherds they,  
Close pent on either side by shelving rock.

A little glimpse of sky was seen above;  
Yet by that little I beheld the stars,  
In magnitude and lustre shining forth  
With more than wonted glory. As I lay,  
Gazing on them, and in that fit of musing,  
Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft  
Tidings of future hap. About the hour,  
As I believe, when Venus from the east  
First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb  
Seems always glowing with the fire of love,  
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,  
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,  
Methought I saw her ever and anon  
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:  
“Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,



A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,  
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,  
Methought I saw her ever and anon  
Bending to cull the flowers.

*Canto XXVII., lines 97—100.*





That I am Leah:<sup>1</sup> for my brow to weave  
 A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.  
 To please me<sup>2</sup> at the crystal mirror, here  
 I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she  
 Before her glass abides the livelong day,<sup>3</sup>  
 Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less,  
 Than I with this delightful task. Her joy  
 In contemplation, as in labour mine."

And now as glimmering dawn appear'd, that breaks  
 More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he  
 Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,  
 Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled  
 My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my guide  
 Already risen. "That delicious fruit,  
 Which through so many a branch the zealous care  
 Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day  
 Appease thy hunger." Such the words I heard  
 From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard,  
 So pleasant as the sounds. Within me straight  
 Desire so grew upon desire to mount,  
 Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings  
 Increasing for my flight. When we had run  
 O'er all the ladder to its topmost round,  
 As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fix'd  
 His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires, my son,  
 The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;  
 And art arrived, where of itself my ken  
 No further reaches. I, with skill and art,  
 Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take  
 For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,  
 O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts  
 His beam upon thy forehead: lo! the herb,<sup>4</sup>  
 The arborets and flowers, which of itself  
 This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright eyes<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I am Leah.*—By Leah is understood the active life, as Rachel figures the contemplative. Michel Angelo has made these allegorical personages the subject of two statues on the monument of Julius II. in the church of S. Pietro in Vincolo. See Mr. Duppa's "Life of Michel Angelo," sculpture viii. and x., and p. 247.

<sup>2</sup> *To please me.*—"For the sake of that enjoyment which I shall have in beholding my God face to face, I thus exercise myself in good works."

<sup>3</sup> *She before her glass abides the livelong day.*—"Her delight is in admiring in her mirror, that is, in the Su-

preme Being, the light, or knowledge, that He vouchsafes her."

<sup>4</sup> *Lo! the herb.*—"In alium campum transit amoenissimum.—Ipse vero campus splendidus, suavis ac decorus quantæ magnitudinis, quantæ gloriæ, quantæque sit pulchritudinis, nulla lingua, nullusque sermo, potest enarrare: plenus est enim omni jucunditate, et gaudio, et lætitiâ. Ibi liliorum, et rosarum odor, ibi odoramentorum omnium redolet fragrantia, ibi mænzæ, omniumque æternarum deliciarum redundat abundantia. In hujus campi medio paradisis est."—*Alberici Visto*, § 20.

<sup>5</sup> *Those bright eyes.*—The eyes of Beatrice.

With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste  
To succour thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,  
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more  
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,  
Free of thy own arbitrement to chuse,  
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense  
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then  
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."



## CANTO XXVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante wanders through the forest of the terrestrial Paradise, till he is stopped by a stream, on the other side of which he beholds a fair lady, culling flowers. He speaks to her; and she, in reply, explains to him certain things touching the nature of that place, and tells that the water, which flows between them, is here called Lethe, and in another place has the name of Eunoe.

THROUGH that celestial forest, whose thick shade  
 With lively greenness the new-springing day  
 Attemper'd, eager now to roam, and search  
 Its limits round, forthwith I left the bank;  
 Along the champain leisurely my way  
 Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides  
 Delicious odour breathed. A pleasant air,<sup>1</sup>  
 That intermitted never, never veer'd,  
 Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind  
 Of softest influence: at which the sprays,  
 Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part<sup>2</sup>  
 Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;  
 Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still  
 Upon their top the feather'd quiristers<sup>3</sup>  
 Applied their wonted art, and with full joy  
 Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill  
 Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays  
 Kept tenour; even as from branch to branch,  
 Along the piny forests on the shore  
 Of Chiassi,<sup>4</sup> rolls the gathering melody,

<sup>1</sup> *A pleasant air.*—

“Cantan fra i rami gli augelletti vaghi,  
 Azzurri, e bianchi, e verdi, e rossi, e gialli;  
 Mormoranti ruscelli, e cheti laghi  
 Di limpidezza vincono i cristalli.  
 Una dolc' aura, che ti par che vaghi  
 A un modo sempre, e dal suo stil non falli,  
 Facea sì l'aria tremolar d'intorno,  
 Che non potea nojar calor del giorno.”

*Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, c. xxxiv., st. 50.*

<sup>2</sup> *Therewith a winde, unne the it might be less,*

Made in the levis grene a noise soft,  
 Accordant to the foulis song on loft.”

*Chaucer, The Assemble of Foules.*

<sup>3</sup> *To that part.*—The west.

<sup>4</sup> *The feather'd quiristers.*—Imitated by Boccaccio, “Flammetta,” lib. iv.: “Odi i queruli uccelli,” &c.—  
 “Hear the querulous birds plaining with sweet songs,  
 and the boughs trembling, and moved by a gentle wind,  
 as it were keeping tenour to their notes.”

<sup>5</sup> *Chiassi.*—This is the wood where the scene of Boccaccio's sublimest story (taken entirely from Elinaud, as

When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed  
 The dripping south. Already had my steps,  
 Though slow, so far into that ancient wood  
 Transported me, I could not ken the place  
 Where I had enter'd; when, behold! my path  
 Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,  
 With little rippling waters bent the grass  
 That issued from its brink. On earth no wave,  
 How clean soe'er, that would not seem to have  
 Some mixture in itself, compared with this,  
 Transpicious clear; yet darkly on it roll'd,  
 Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er  
 Admits or sun or moon-light there to shine.

My feet advanced not; but my wondering eyes  
 Pass'd onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey  
 The tender may-bloom, flush'd through many a hue,  
 In prodigal variety: and, there,  
 As object, rising suddenly to view,  
 That from our bosom every thought beside  
 With the rare marvel chases, I beheld  
 A lady<sup>1</sup> all alone, who, singing, went,  
 And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way  
 Was all o'er painted. "Lady beautiful!  
 Thou, who (if looks, that use to speak the heart,  
 Are worthy of our trust) with love's own beam  
 Dost warm thee," thus to her my speech I framed;  
 "Ah! please thee hither towards the streamlet bend  
 Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song.  
 Beholding thee and this fair place, methinks,  
 I call to mind where wander'd and how look'd  
 Proserpine, in that season, when her child  
 The mother lost, and she the bloomy spring."  
 As when a lady, turning in the dance,  
 Doth foot it featly, and advances scarce  
 One step before the other to the ground;

I learn in the notes to the "Decameron," ediz. Giunti, 1573, p. 62) is laid. See "Decameron," Giorn. 5, Nov. 8, and Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria." Our poet perhaps wandered in it during his abode with Guido Novello da Polenta.

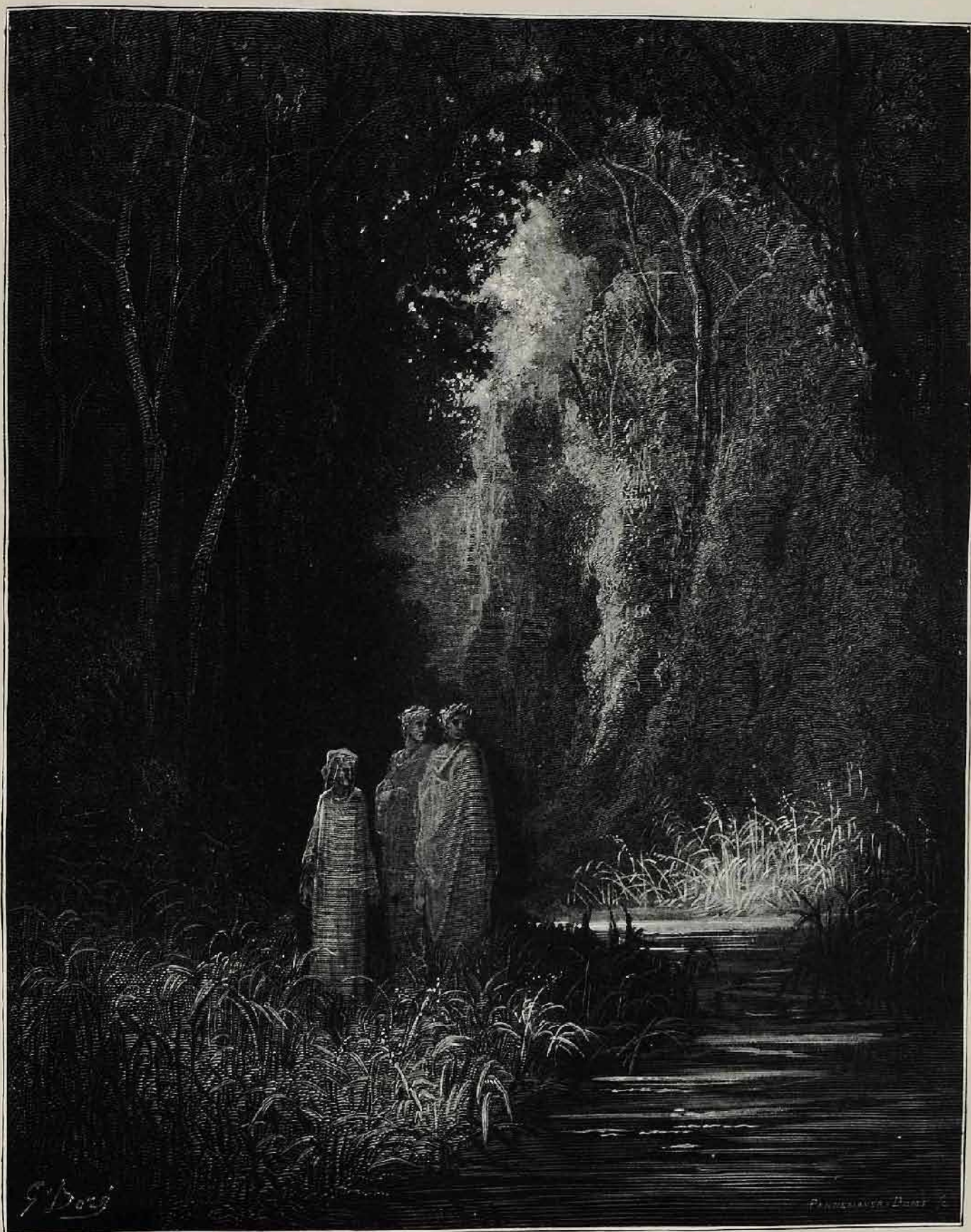
<sup>1</sup> *A lady*.—Most of the commentators suppose that by this lady, who in the last canto is called Matilda, is to be understood the Countess Matilda, who endowed the holy see with the estates called the Patrimony of St. Peter,

and died in 1115. See G. Villani, lib. iv., cap. xx. But it seems more probable that she should be intended for an allegorical personage. Venturi accordingly supposes that she represents the active life. But, as Lombardi justly observes, we have had that already shadowed forth in the character of Leah; and he therefore suggests, that by Matilda may be understood that affection which we ought to bear towards the holy church, and for which the lady above mentioned was so remarkable.



Already had my steps,  
Though slow, so far into that ancient wood  
Transported me, I could not ken the place  
Where I had enter'd.

*Canto XXVIII., lines 22—25.*



F. Drey

F. Dreyer & Dreyer



Over the yellow and vermilion flowers  
 Thus turn'd she at my suit, most maiden-like,  
 Valing her sober eyes; and came so near,  
 That I distinctly caught the dulcet sound.  
 Arriving where the limpid waters now  
 Laved the green sword, her eyes she deign'd to raise,  
 That shot such splendour on me, as I ween  
 Ne'er glanced from Cytherea's, when her son  
 Had sped his keenest weapon to her heart.  
 Upon the opposite bank she stood and smiled;  
 As through her graceful fingers shifted still  
 The intermingling dyes, which without seed  
 That lofty land unbosoms. By the stream  
 Three paces only were we sunder'd: yet,  
 The Hellespont, were Xerxes pass'd it o'er  
 (A curb for ever<sup>1</sup> to the pride of man),  
 Was by Leander not more hateful held  
 For floating, with inhospitable wave,  
 'Twixt Sestus and Abydos, than by me  
 That flood, because it gave no passage thence.

"Strangers ye come; and haply in this place,  
 That cradled human nature in her birth,  
 Wondering, ye not without suspicion view  
 My smiles: but that sweet strain of psalmody,  
 'Thou, Lord! hast made me glad,'<sup>2</sup> will give ye light,  
 Which may uncloud your minds. And thou, who stand'st  
 The foremost, and didst make thy suit to me,  
 Say if aught else thou wish to hear: for I  
 Came prompt to answer every doubt of thine."

She spake; and I replied: "I know not how  
 To reconcile this wave,<sup>3</sup> and rustling sound  
 Of forest leaves, with what I late have heard  
 Of opposite report." She answering thus:  
 "I will unfold the cause, whence that proceeds,  
 Which makes thee wonder; and so purge the cloud  
 That hath enwrapt thee. The First Good, whose joy  
 Is only in himself, created man,  
 For happiness; and gave this goodly place,

<sup>1</sup> *A curb for ever.*—Because Xerxes had been so humbled, when he was compelled to repress the Hellespont in one small bar, after having a little before crossed with a prodigious army, in the hopes of subduing Greece.

<sup>2</sup> *But that sweet strain of psalmody, 'Thou, Lord! hast made me glad.'*—Ps. xcii. 4.

<sup>3</sup> *I know not how to reconcile this wave.*—See canto xxi. 45.

His pledge and earnest of eternal peace.  
 Favour'd thus highly, through his own defect  
 He fell; and here made short sojourn; he fell,  
 And, for the bitterness of sorrow, changed  
 Laughter unblamed and ever-new delight.  
 That vapours none, exhaled from earth beneath,  
 Or from the waters (which, wherever heat  
 Attracts them, follow), might ascend thus far  
 To vex man's peaceful state, this mountain rose  
 So high toward the heaven, nor fears the rage  
 Of elements contending;<sup>1</sup> from that part  
 Exempted, where the gate his limit bars.  
 Because the circumambient air, throughout,  
 With its first impulse circles still, unless  
 Aught interpose to check or thwart its course;  
 Upon the summit, which on every side  
 To visitation of the impassive air  
 Is open, doth that motion strike, and makes  
 Beneath its sway the umbrageous wood resound:  
 And in the shaken plant such power resides,  
 That it impregnates with its efficacy  
 The voyaging breeze, upon whose subtle plume  
*That*, wafted, flies abroad; and the other land,<sup>2</sup>  
 Receiving (as 'tis worthy in itself,  
 Or in the clime that warms it), doth conceive;  
 And from its womb produces many a tree  
 Of various virtue. This when thou hast heard,  
 The marvel ceases, if in yonder earth  
 Some plant, without apparent seed, be found  
 To fix its fibrous stem. And further learn,  
 That with prolific foison of all seeds  
 This holy plain is fill'd, and in itself  
 Bears fruit that ne'er was pluck'd on other soil.

“The water, thou behold'st, springs not from vein,  
 Restored by vapour, that the cold converts;  
 As stream that intermittently repairs  
 And spends his pulse of life; but issues forth

<sup>1</sup> *Of elements contending.*—In the “*Dittamondo*” of Fazio degli Uberti, l. 1, cap. xi., there is a description of the terrestrial Paradise, in which the poet has had Dante before him.

<sup>2</sup> *The other land.*—The continent, inhabited by the living, and separated from Purgatory by the ocean, is

affected (and that diversely, according to the nature of the soil, or the climate) by a virtue, or efficacy, conveyed to it by the winds from plants growing in the terrestrial Paradise, which is situated on the summit of Purgatory; and this is the cause why some plants are found on earth without any apparent seed to produce them.



From fountain, solid, undecaying, sure:  
 And, by the will omnific, full supply  
 Feeds whatsoe'er on either side it pours;  
 On this, devolved with power to take away  
 Remembrance of offence; on that, to bring  
 Remembrance back of every good deed done.  
 From whence its name of Lethe on this part;  
 On the other, Eunoe: both of which must first  
 Be tasted, ere it work; the last exceeding  
 All flavours else. Albeit thy thirst may now  
 Be well contented, if I here break off,  
 No more revealing; yet a corollary  
 I freely give beside: nor deem my words  
 Less grateful to thee, if they somewhat pass  
 The stretch of promise. They, whose verse of yore  
 The golden age recorded and its bliss,  
 On the Parnassian mountain,<sup>1</sup> of this place  
 Perhaps had dream'd. Here was man guiltless; here  
 Perpetual spring,<sup>2</sup> and every fruit; and this  
 The far-famed nectar." Turning to the bards,  
 When she had ceased, I noted in their looks  
 A smile at her conclusion; then my face  
 Again directed to the lovely dame.

<sup>1</sup> *On the Parnassian mountain.*—

"In bicipiti somnasse Parnasso."

*Persius, Præd.*

<sup>2</sup> *Perpetual spring.*—

"Ver erat æternam, placidique tepentibus auris

Mulcebant zephyri nates sine semine flores.

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant."

*Ovid, Metamorphoses,*

lib. ii. v. III.

## CANTO XXIX.

### ARGUMENT.

The lady, who in a following canto is called Matilda, moves along the side of the stream in a contrary direction to the current, and Dante keeps equal pace with her on the opposite bank. A marvellous sight, preceded by music, appears in view.

SINGING,<sup>1</sup> as if enamour'd, she resumed  
And closed the song, with "Blessed they whose sins  
Are cover'd."<sup>2</sup> Like the wood-nymphs then, that tripp'd  
Singly across the sylvan shadows; one  
Eager to view, and one to escape the sun;  
So moved she on, against the current, up  
The verdant rivage. I, her mincing step  
Observing, with as tardy step pursued.

Between us not an hundred paces trod,  
The bank, on each side bending equally,  
Gave me to face the orient. Nor our way  
Far onward brought us, when to me at once  
She turn'd, and cried: "My brother! look, and hearken."  
And lo! a sudden lustre ran across  
Through the great forest on all parts, so bright,  
I doubted whether lightning were abroad;  
But that, expiring ever in the spleen  
That doth unfold it, and this during still,  
And waxing still in splendour, made me question  
What it might be: and a sweet melody  
Ran through the luminous air. Then did I chide,  
With warrantable zeal, the hardihood  
Of our first parent; for that there, where earth  
Stood in obedience to the heavens, she only,  
Woman, the creature of an hour, endured not  
Restraint of any veil, which had she borne  
Devoutly, joys, ineffable as these,  
Had from the first, and long time since, been mine.

<sup>1</sup> *Singing*.—<sup>2</sup> *Cantava come fosse innamorata.*  
*Guido Cavalcanti, Poeti del Fri no secolo, v. 2, p. 283.*

<sup>2</sup> *And closed the song, with "Blessed they whose sins  
are cover'd."*—Ps. xxxii. 1.



Beneath a sky  
So beautiful, came four and twenty elders,  
By two and two, with flower-de-luces crown'd.

*Canto XXIX, lines 80-82.*





While, through that wilderness of primy sweets  
That never fade, suspense I walk'd, and yet  
Expectant of beatitude more high;  
Before us, like a blazing fire, the air  
Under the green boughs glow'd; and, for a song,  
Distinct the sound of melody was heard.

O ye thrice holy virgins! for your sakes  
If e'er I suffer'd hunger, cold, and watching,  
Occasion calls on me to crave your bounty.  
Now through my breast let Helicon his stream  
Pour copious, and Urania<sup>1</sup> with her choir  
Arise to aid me; while the verse unfolds  
Things, that do almost mock the grasp of thought.

Onward a space, what seem'd seven trees of gold  
The intervening distance to mine eye  
Falsely presented; but, when I was come  
So near them, that no lineament was lost  
Of those, with which a doubtful object, seen  
Remotely, plays on the misdeeming sense;  
Then did the faculty, that ministers  
Discourse to reason, these for tapers of gold<sup>2</sup>  
Distinguish; and i' the singing trace the sound  
"Hosanna." Above, their beauteous garniture  
Flamed with more ample lustre, than the moon  
Through cloudless sky at midnight, in her noon.

I turn'd me, full of wonder, to my guide;  
And he did answer with a countenance  
Charged with no less amazement: whence my view  
Reverted to those lofty things, which came  
So slowly moving towards us, that the bride<sup>3</sup>  
Would have outstript them on her bridal day.

The lady call'd aloud: "Why thus yet burns  
Affection in thee for these living lights,  
And dost not look on that which follows them?"

I straightway mark'd a tribe behind them walk.

<sup>1</sup> *Urania*.—Landino observes, that intending to sing of heavenly things, he rightly invokes Urania. Thus Milton:

"Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd."

*Paradise Lost*, b. vii. l.

<sup>2</sup> *Tapers of gold*.—See Rev. i. 12. The commentators are not agreed whether the seven sacraments of the Church or the seven gifts of the Spirit are intended. In his "Convito," our author says: "Because these gifts

proceed from ineffable charity, and divine charity is appropriated to the Holy Spirit, hence, also, it is that they are called gifts of the Holy Spirit, the which, as Isaiah distinguishes them, are seven."—Page 189.

<sup>3</sup> *The bride*.—

"E come va per via sposa novella

A passi rari, e porta gli occhi bassi

Con faccia vergognosa, e non favella."

*Freschi, Il Quadriregio*, lib. i., cap. 16

As if attendant on their leaders, clothed  
 With raiment of such whiteness, as on earth  
 Was never. On my left, the watery gleam  
 Borrow'd, and gave me back, when there I look'd,  
 As in a mirror, my left side portray'd.

When I had chosen on the river's edge  
 Such station, that the distance of the stream  
 Alone did separate me; there I stay'd  
 My steps for clearer prospect, and beheld  
 The flames go onward, leaving,<sup>1</sup> as they went,  
 The air behind them painted as with trail  
 Of liveliest pencils;<sup>2</sup> so distinct were mark'd  
 All those seven listed colours,<sup>3</sup> whence the sun  
 Maketh his bow, and Cynthia her zone.  
 These streaming gonfalons did flow beyond  
 My vision; and ten paces,<sup>4</sup> as I guess,  
 Parted the outermost. Beneath a sky  
 So beautiful, came four and twenty elders,<sup>5</sup>  
 By two and two, with flower-de-luces crown'd.  
 All sang one song: "Blessed be thou<sup>6</sup> among  
 The daughters of Adam! and thy loveliness  
 Blessed for ever!" After that the flowers,  
 And the fresh herblets, on the opposite brink,  
 Were free from that elected race; as light  
 In heaven doth second light, came after them  
 Four<sup>7</sup> animals, each crown'd with verdurous leaf.  
 With six wings each was plumed; the plumage full  
 Of eyes; and the eyes of Argus would be such,  
 Were they endued with life. Reader! more rhymes  
 I will not waste in shadowing forth their form:

<sup>1</sup> *Leaving*.—

"Lasciando dietro a se l'aer dipinto.  
 Che lascia dietro a se l'aria dipinta."

*Mr. Mathias's Ode to Mr. Nichols, Gray's Works,*  
 vol. i., p. 532.

<sup>2</sup> *Pencils*.—Since this translation was made, Perticari has affixed another sense to the word "pennelli," which he interprets "pennons" or "streamers." Monti, in his "Proposta," highly applauds the discovery. The conjecture loses something of its probability, if we read the whole passage, not as Monti gives it, but as it stands in Landino's edition of 1484:

"Et vidi le famelle andar davante  
 lasciando dietro a se laire dipinto  
 che di tratti pennegli havea semblante  
 Siche li sopra rimanea disignito  
 di sette liste tutte in que colori  
 onde fa l'arco el sole & della elcinto."

<sup>3</sup> *Listed colours*.—

"Di sette liste tutte in quei colori," &c.

"A bow

Conspicuous with three listed colours gay."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. xi. 865.

<sup>4</sup> *Ten paces*.—For an explanation of the allegorical meaning of this mysterious procession, Venturi refers those, "who would see in the dark," to the commentaries of Landino, Vellutello, and others; and adds, that it is evident the poet has accommodated to his own fancy many sacred images in the Apocalypse. In Vassari's life of Giotto, we learn that Dante recommended that book to his friend, as affording fit subjects for his pencil.

<sup>5</sup> *Four and twenty elders*.—"Upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting."—Rev. iv. 4.

<sup>6</sup> *Blessed be thou*.—"Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."—Luke i. 42.

<sup>7</sup> *Four*.—The four evangelists.



Three nymphs,  
At the right wheel, came circling in smooth dance :  
The one so ruddy, that her form had scarce  
Been known within a furnace of clear flame ;  
The next did look as if the flesh and bones  
Were emerald ; snow new-fallen seemed the third.

*Canto XXIX., lines 116—121*





For other need so straitens, that in this  
I may not give my bounty room. But read  
Ezekiel;<sup>1</sup> for he paints them, from the north  
How he beheld them come by Chebar's flood,  
In whirlwind, cloud, and fire; and even such  
As thou shalt find them character'd by him,  
Here were they; save as to the pennons: there,  
From him departing, John<sup>2</sup> accords with me.

The space, surrounded by the four, enclosed  
A car triumphal:<sup>3</sup> on two wheels it came,  
Drawn at a Gryphon's<sup>4</sup> neck; and he above  
Stretch'd either wing uplifted, 'tween the midst  
And the three listed hues, on each side, three;  
So that the wings did cleave or injure none;  
And out of sight they rose. The members, far  
As he was bird, were golden; white the rest,  
With vermeil intervein'd. So beautiful<sup>5</sup>  
A car, in Rome, ne'er graced Augustus' pomp,  
Or Africanus'; e'en the sun's itself  
Were poor to this; that chariot of the sun,  
Erroneous, which in blazing ruin fell  
At Tellus' prayer<sup>6</sup> devout, by the just doom  
Mysterious of all-seeing Jove. Three nymphs,  
At the right wheel, came circling in smooth dance:<sup>7</sup>  
The one so ruddy, that her form had scarce  
Been known within a furnace of clear flame;  
The next did look, as if the flesh and bones

<sup>1</sup> *Ezekiel*.—"And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings."—Ezek. i. 4, 5, 6.

<sup>2</sup> *John*.—"And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him."—Rev. iv. 8. "Aliter senas alas propter senarii numeri perfectionem positum arbitror; quia in sexta aetate, id est adveniente plenitudine temporum, haec Apostolus perfecta commemorat; in navissimo enim animali conclusit omnia."—*Primasii, Augustini discipuli, Episcopi Comment. lib. quinque in Apocal.*, ed. Basil, 1544. "With this interpretation it is very consonant that Ezekiel discovered in these animals only four wings, because his prophecy does not extend beyond the fourth age; beyond that is the end of the synagogue and the calling of the Gentiles: whereas Dante beholding them in the sixth age, saw them with six wings, as did Saint John."—*Lombardi*.

<sup>3</sup> *A car triumphal*.—Either the Christian church, or perhaps the Papal chair.

<sup>4</sup> *Gryphon*.—Under the gryphon, an imaginary creature, the fore-part of which is an eagle, and the hinder a lion, is shadowed forth the union of the divine and the human nature in Jesus Christ.

<sup>5</sup> *So beautiful*.—

"E certo quando Roma più onore  
Di carro trionfale a Scipione  
Fece, non fu cotal, nè di splendore  
Passato fu da quello, il qual Fetone  
Abbandonò per soverchio tremore."

*Boccaccio, Teseide*, lib. ix., st. 31.

Thus in the "Quadrifoglio," lib. i., cap. 5:

"Mai vide Roma carro trionfante  
Quanto era questo bel, ne vedrà unquanco."

<sup>6</sup> *Tellus' prayer*.—Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. ii., v. 279.

<sup>7</sup> *Three nymphs, at the right wheel, came circling in smooth dance*.—The three evangelical virtues: the first Charity, the next Hope, and the third Faith. Faith may be produced by charity, or charity by faith, but the inducements to hope must arise either from one or other of these.



Were emerald; snow new-fallen seem'd the third.  
 Now seem'd the white to lead, the ruddy now;  
 And from her song who led, the others took  
 Their measure, swift or slow. At the other wheel,  
 A band quaternion,<sup>1</sup> each in purple clad,  
 Advanced with festal step, as, of them, one  
 The rest conducted;<sup>2</sup> one, upon whose front  
 Three eyes were seen. In rear of all this group,  
 Two old men<sup>3</sup> I beheld, dissimilar  
 In raiment, but in port and gesture like,  
 Solid and mainly grave; of whom, the one  
 Did show himself some favour'd counsellor  
 Of the great Coan,<sup>4</sup> him, whom nature made  
 To serve the costliest creature of her tribe:  
 His fellow mark'd an opposite intent;  
 Bearing a sword, whose glitterance and keen edge,  
 E'en as I view'd it with the flood between,  
 Appall'd me. Next, four others<sup>5</sup> I beheld  
 Of humble seeming: and, behind them all,  
 One single old man,<sup>6</sup> sleeping as he came,  
 With a shrewd visage. And these seven, each  
 Like the first troop were habited; but wore  
 No braid of lilies on their temples wreathed.  
 Rather, with roses and each vermeil flower,  
 A sight, but little distant, might have sworn,  
 That they were all on fire<sup>7</sup> above their brow.

Whenas the car was o'er against me, straight  
 Was heard a thundering, at whose voice it seem'd  
 The chosen multitude were stay'd; for there,  
 With the first ensigns, made they solemn halt.

<sup>1</sup> *A band quaternion.*—The four moral or cardinal virtues, of whom Prudence directs the others.

<sup>2</sup> *One the rest conducted.*—Prudence, described with three eyes, because she regards the past, the present, and the future.

<sup>3</sup> *Two old men.*—St. Luke, the physician, characterised as the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, and St. Paul, represented with a sword, on account, as it should seem, of the power of his style.

<sup>4</sup> *Of the great Coan.*—Hippocrates, "whom nature made for the benefit of her favourite creature, man."

<sup>5</sup> *Four others.*—"The commentators," says Venturi, "suppose these four to be the four evangelists; but I should rather take them to be four principal doctors of the church." Yet both Landino and Vellutello expressly call them the authors of the epistles, James, Peter, John, and Jude.

<sup>6</sup> *One single old man.*—As some say, St. John, under the character of the author of the Apocalypse. But, in the poem attributed to Giacopo, the son of our poet, which in some MSS., and in one of the earliest editions, accompanies the original of this work, and is descriptive of its plan, this old man is said to be Moses:

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

"And the old man, who was behind them all,  
 Was Moses."

See No. 3,459 of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.

<sup>7</sup> *All on fire.*—So Giles Fletcher:

"The wood's late wintry head  
 With flaming prinroses set all on fire."

*Christ's Triumph after Death.*



## CANTO XXX.

### ARGUMENT.

Beatrice descends from heaven, and rebukes the poet.

SOON as that polar light,<sup>1</sup> fair ornament  
Of the first heaven, which hath never known  
Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil  
Of other cloud than sin, to duty there  
Each one convoying, as that lower doth  
The steersman to his port, stood firmly fixed ;  
Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van  
Between the Gryphon and its radiance came,  
Did turn them to the car, as to their rest :  
And one, as if commission'd from above,  
In holy chant thrice shouted forth aloud ;  
“ Come, spouse ! from Libanus : ”<sup>2</sup> and all the rest  
Took up the song.—At the last audit, so  
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each  
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh ;  
As, on the sacred litter, at the voice  
Authoritative of that elder, sprang  
A hundred ministers and messengers  
Of life eternal. “ Blessed<sup>3</sup> thou, who comest ! ”  
And, “ Oh ! ” they cried, “ from full hands<sup>4</sup> scatter ye  
Unwithering lilies : ” and, so saying, cast  
Flowers over head and round them on all sides.

I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,  
The eastern clime all roseate ; and the sky  
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene ;  
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists

<sup>1</sup> *That polar light.*—The seven candlesticks of gold, which he calls the polar light of heaven itself, because they perform the same office for Christians that the polar star does for mariners, in guiding them to their port.

<sup>2</sup> *Come, spouse ! from Libanus.*—“ Come with me from

Libanus, my spouse, with me, from Libanus.”—Song of Solomon iv. 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Blessed.*—“ Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”—Matt xxi. 9.

<sup>4</sup> *From full hands.*—“ Manibus date lilia plenis.”

*Virgil, Æneid, lib. vi. 884.*

Attemper'd, at his rising, that the eye  
 Long while endured the sight: thus, in a cloud  
 Of flowers,<sup>1</sup> that from those hands angelic rose,  
 And down within and outside of the car  
 Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed,  
 A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath  
 Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame:  
 And<sup>2</sup> o'er my spirit, that so long a time  
 Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,  
 Albeit mine eyes discern'd her not, there moved  
 A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch  
 The power of ancient love<sup>3</sup> was strong within me.

No sooner on my vision streaming, smote  
 The heavenly influence, which, years past, and e'en  
 In childhood, thrill'd me, than towards Virgil I  
 Turn'd me to leftward; panting, like a babe,  
 That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,  
 If aught have terrified or work'd him woe:  
 And would have cried, "There is no dram of blood,  
 That doth not quiver in me. The old flame<sup>4</sup>  
 Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire."  
 But Virgil had bereaved us of himself;  
 Virgil, my best-loved father; Virgil, he  
 To whom I gave me up for safety: nor<sup>5</sup>  
 All, our prime mother lost, avail'd to save  
 My undew'd cheeks from blur of soiling tears.

"Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay

<sup>1</sup> *In a cloud of flowers.*—

"Dentro una nuvola di fiori.  
 Ninguntque rosarum.  
 Floribus, umbrantes matrem," &c.  
*Lucretius, lib. ii.*

Thus Milton:

"Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood."  
*Paradise Lost, b. ix., v. 425.*

And Thomson, in his Invocation to Spring:

"Veil'd in a shower  
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

<sup>2</sup> *And*—In the first edition it stood thus:

"And o'er my spirit, that in former days  
 Within her presence had abode so long,  
 No shuddering terror crept. Mine eyes no more  
 Had knowledge of her; yet there moved from her  
 A hidden virtue, at whose touch awaked," &c.

And this was a translation of the common reading, which has "con la sua presenza," instead of "che alla sua presenza," and a full stop instead of a comma after "infranto." As I have little doubt but that the reading of

the Nidobeatina edition and that of many MSS. is right in this instance, I have altered the version as it now stands in the text, which still perhaps needs some explanation. His spirit, which had been so long unawed by the presence of Beatrice (for she had been ten years dead), now felt, through a secret influence proceeding from her, its ancient love revived, though his sight had not yet distinguished her.

<sup>3</sup> *The power of ancient love.*—

"D'antico amor senti la gran potenza.  
 Io sento sì d'amor la gran possanza."

*Dante, Canzone vi.*

"Sveglia d'antico amor la gran possanza."  
*Mr. Mathias's Ode to Mr. Nichols, Gray's Works,*  
 4to, 1814, vol. i., p. 532.

<sup>4</sup> *The old flame.*—"Agnosco veteris vestigia flamma."  
*Virgil, Æneid, lib. iv. 23.*

"Conosco i segni dell' antico fuoco"

*Giusto de' Conti, La Bella Mano.*

<sup>5</sup> *Nor.*—"Not all the beauties of the terrestrial Paradise, in which I was, were sufficient to allay my grief."



Thus, in a cloud  
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,  
And down within and outside of the car  
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed,  
A virgin in my view appear'd, beneath  
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame.



G. Dore

H. ANDERMAKER - DORE sc.



Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge  
Of other sword; and thou shalt weep for that."

As to the prow or stern, some admiral  
Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew,  
When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply aloof;  
Thus, on the left side of the ear, I saw  
(Turning me at the sound of mine own name,  
Which here I am compell'd to register)  
The virgin station'd, who before appear'd  
Veil'd in that festive shower angelical.

Towards me, across the stream, she bent her eyes;  
Though from her brow the veil descending, bound  
With foliage of Minerva, suffer'd not  
That I beheld her clearly: then with act  
Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,  
Added, as one who, speaking, keepeth back  
The bitterest saying, to conclude the speech:  
"Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am  
Beatrice. What! and hast thou deign'd at last  
Approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man!  
Thy happiness is here?" Down fell mine eyes  
On the clear fount; but there, myself espying,  
Recoil'd, and sought the greensword; such a weight  
Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien  
Of that stern majesty, which doth surround  
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child,  
She look'd; a flavour of such bitterness  
Was mingled in her pity. There her words  
Broke off; and suddenly the angels sang,  
"In thee, O gracious Lord! my hope hath been:"  
But<sup>1</sup> went no further than, "Thou, Lord! hast set  
My feet in ample room." As snow, that lies,  
Amidst the living rafters<sup>2</sup> on the back  
Of Italy, congeal'd, when drifted high  
And closely piled by rough Slavonian blasts;  
Breathe but the land whereon no shadow falls,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *But*.—They sang the thirty-first Psalm, to the end of the eighth verse. What follows in that Psalm would not have suited the place or the occasion.

<sup>2</sup> *The living rafters*.—"Vive trav!" The leafless woods on the Apennine.

<sup>3</sup> *Præinereque trabes*."

*Virgil, Æneid*, lib. vi. 181.

and—

"*Trabibusque obscuris accerta*."

*Id.*, lib. ix. 87.

<sup>3</sup> *The land whereon no shadow falls*.—"When the wind blows from off Africa, where, at the time of the equinox, bodies, being under the equator, cast little or no shadow; or, in other words, when the wind is south."

And straightway melting it distils away,  
 Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I,  
 Without a sigh or tear, or ever these  
 Did sing, that, with the chiming of heaven's sphere,  
 Still in their warbling chime: but when the strain  
 Of dulcet symphony express'd for me  
 Their soft compassion, more than could the words,  
 "Virgin! why so consumest him?" then, the ice,<sup>1</sup>  
 Congeal'd about my bosom, turn'd itself  
 To spirit and water; and with anguish forth  
 Gush'd, through the lips and eyelids, from the heart.

Upon the chariot's same edge<sup>2</sup> still she stood,  
 Immovable; and thus address'd her words  
 To those bright semblances with pity touch'd:  
 "Ye in the eternal day your vigils keep;  
 So that nor night nor slumber, with close stealth,  
 Conveys from you a single step, in all  
 The goings on of time: thence, with more heed  
 I shape mine answer, for his ear intended,  
 Who there stands weeping; that the sorrow now  
 May equal the transgression. Not alone  
 Through operation of the mighty orbs,  
 That mark each seed to some predestined aim,  
 As with aspect or fortunate or ill  
 The constellations meet; but through benign  
 Largess of heavenly graces, which rain down  
 From such a height as mocks our vision, this man  
 Was, in the freshness of his being,<sup>3</sup> such,  
 So gifted virtually, that in him  
 All better habits wondrously had thrived.  
 The more of kindly strength is in the soil,  
 So much doth evil seed and lack of culture  
 Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness.  
 These looks sometime upheld him; for I show'd  
 My youthful eyes, and led him by their light  
 In upright walking. Soon as I had reach'd  
 The threshold of my second age,<sup>4</sup> and changed

<sup>1</sup> *The ice.*—Milton has transferred this conceit, though scarcely worth the pains of removing, into one of his Italian poems, Son. v.

<sup>2</sup> *Same edge.*—The Nidobeatina edition, and many MSS., here read "*della coscia*." Instead of "*destra*," or "*dritta coscia*;" and it is probable from what has gone before, that the former is the right reading. See v. 60.

<sup>3</sup> *In the freshness of his being.*—"Nella sua vita nuova." Some suppose our poet alludes to the work so called, written in his youth.

<sup>4</sup> *The threshold of my second age.*—In the "*Convito*," our poet makes a division of human life into four ages, the first of which lasts till the twenty-fifth year. Beatrice, therefore, passed from this life to a better about that period.



My mortal for immortal; then he left me,  
And gave himself to others. When from flesh  
To spirit I had risen, and increase  
Of beauty and of virtue circled me,  
I was less dear to him, and valued less.  
His steps were turn'd into deceitful ways,  
Following false images of good, that make  
No promise perfect. Nor avail'd me aught  
To sue for inspirations, with the which,  
I, both in dreams of night, and otherwise,  
Did call him back; of them, so little reck'd him  
Such depth he fell, that all device was short  
Of his preserving, save that he should view  
The children of perdition. To this end  
I visited the purlieus of the dead:  
And one, who hath conducted him thus high,  
Received my supplications urged with weeping.  
It were a breaking of God's high decree,  
If Lethe should be past, and such food<sup>1</sup> tasted,  
Without the cost of some repentant tear."

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<sup>1</sup> *If Lethe should be past, and such food.*—The oblivion of sins.

## CANTO XXXI.

### ARGUMENT.

Beatrice continues her reprehension of Dante, who confesses his error, and falls to the ground. Coming to himself again, he is by Matilda drawn through the waters of Lethe, and presented first to the four virgins who figure the cardinal virtues; these in their turn lead him to the Gryphon, a symbol of our Saviour; and the three virgins representing the evangelical virtues intercede for him with Beatrice, that she would display to him her second beauty.

“O THOU!” her words she thus without delay  
Resuming, turn'd their point on me, to whom  
They, with but lateral edge,<sup>1</sup> seem'd harsh before:  
“Say thou, who stand'st beyond the holy stream,  
If this be true. A charge, so grievous, needs  
Thine own avowal.” On my faculty  
Such strange amazement hung, the voice expired  
Imperfect, ere its organs gave it birth.

A little space refraining, then she spake:  
“What dost thou muse on? Answer me. The wave  
On thy remembrances of evil yet  
Hath done no injury.” A mingled sense  
Of fear and of confusion, from my lips  
Did such a “Yea” produce, as needed help  
Of vision to interpret. As when breaks,  
In act to be discharged, a cross-bow bent  
Beyond its pitch, both nerve and bow o'erstretch'd;  
The flagging weapon feebly hits the mark:  
Thus, tears and sighs forth gushing, did I burst,  
Beneath the heavy load: and thus my voice  
Was slacken'd on its way. She straight began:  
“When my desire invited thee to love  
The good, which sets a bound to our aspirings;  
What bar of thwarting foss or linked chain  
Did meet thee, that thou so shouldst quit the hope

<sup>1</sup> To whom they, with but lateral edge.—The words of Beatrice, when not addressed directly to himself,

but spoken to the angel of him, Dante had thought sufficiently harsh



Of further progress? or what bait of ease,  
Or promise of allurements, led thee on  
Elsewhere, that thou elsewhere shouldst rather wait?"

A bitter sigh I drew, then scarce found voice  
To answer; hardly to these sounds my lips  
Gave utterance, wailing: "Thy fair looks withdrawn,  
Things present, with deceitful pleasures, turn'd  
My steps aside." She answering spake: "Hadst thou  
Been silent, or denied what thou avow'st,  
Thou hadst not hid thy sin the more; such eye  
Observes it. But whene'er the sinner's cheek  
Breaks forth into the precious-streaming tears  
Of self-accusing, in our court the wheel  
Of justice doth run counter to the edge.<sup>1</sup>  
Howe'er, that thou mayst profit by thy shame  
For errors past, and that henceforth more strength  
May arm thee, when thou hear'st the Syren-voice;  
Lay thou aside the motive to this grief,  
And lend attentive ear, while I unfold  
How opposite a way my buried flesh  
Should have impell'd thee. Never didst thou spy,  
In art or nature, aught so passing sweet,  
As were the limbs that in their beauteous frame  
Enclosed me, and are scatter'd now in dust.  
If sweetest thing thus fail'd thee with my death,  
What, afterward, of mortal, should thy wish  
Have tempted? When thou first hadst felt the dart  
Of perishable things, in my departing  
For better realms, thy wing thou shouldst have pruned  
To follow me; and never stoop'd again,  
To 'bide a second blow, for a slight girl,<sup>2</sup>  
Or other gaud as transient and as vain.

<sup>1</sup> *Counter to the edge*.—"The weapons of divine justice are blunted by the confession and sorrow of the offender."

<sup>2</sup> *For a slight girl*.—"Daniello and Venturi say that this alludes to Gentucca of Lucca, mentioned in the twenty-fourth canto. They did not, however, observe that *Buonagguia* there gives us to understand that Dante knew not if Gentucca were then in the world, and that Beatrice is now reprehending him for past and not for future errors." Thus Lombardi. Pelli ("Memor," p. 57) acquaints us that Corbinelli, in the *Life of Dante* added to the edition of the "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," says the name of this lady was "*Pargoletta*." But the intimation, as Pelli justly remarks, can scarcely be deemed authentic. The annotator on the *Monte Casino MS.* gives a very different turn to the allusion. "Quæ

*proca fuit*," &c. "This was either a mistress; or else it is put for the poetic art, as when he says in a certain song:

Io mi son pargoletta bella e nuova  
E son venuta ;"

which rebuke of Beatrice's may be delivered in the person of many theologians dissuading from poetry and other worldly sciences; a rebuke that should be directed against those who read the poets to gratify their own inclination, and not for the sake of instruction, that they may defeat the errors of the Gentiles." It remains to be considered whether our poet's marriage with Gemma de' Donati, and the difficulties in which that engagement involved him, may not be the object of Beatrice's displeasure.

The new and inexperienced bird<sup>1</sup> awaits,  
Twice it may be, or thrice, the fowler's aim;  
But in the sight of one whose plumes are full,  
In vain the net is spread, the arrow wing'd."

I stood, as children silent and ashamed  
Stand, listening, with their eyes upon the earth,  
Acknowledging their fault, and self-condemn'd.  
And she resumed: "If, but to hear, thus pains thee;  
Raise thou thy beard, and lo! what sight shall do."

With less reluctance yields a sturdy holm,  
Rent from its fibres by a blast, that blows  
From off the pole, or from Iarbas' land,<sup>2</sup>  
Than I at her behest my visage raised:  
And thus the face denoting by the beard,<sup>3</sup>  
I mark'd the secret sting her words convey'd.

No sooner lifted I mine aspect up,  
Than I perceived<sup>4</sup> those primal creatures cease  
Their flowery sprinkling; and mine eyes beheld  
(Yet unassured and wavering in their view)  
Beatrice; she, who towards the mystic shape,  
That joins two natures in one form, had turn'd:  
And, even under shadow of her veil,  
And parted by the verdant rill that flow'd  
Between, in loveliness she seem'd as much  
Her former self surpassing, as on earth  
All others she surpass'd. Remorseful goads  
Shot sudden through me. Each thing else, the more  
Its love had late beguiled me, now the more  
Was loathsome. On my heart so keenly smote  
The bitter consciousness, that on the ground  
O'erpower'd I fell: and what my state was then,  
She knows, who was the cause. When now my strength  
Flow'd back, returning outward from the heart,  
The lady,<sup>5</sup> whom alone I first had seen,  
I found above me. "Loose me not," she cried:

<sup>1</sup> *Bird*.—"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."—Prov. i. 17.

<sup>2</sup> *From Iarbas' land*.—The south.

<sup>3</sup> *The beard*.—"I perceived, that when she desired me to raise my beard, instead of telling me to lift up my head, a severe reflection was implied on my want of that wisdom which should accompany the age of manhood."

<sup>4</sup> *Than I perceived*.—I had before translated this differently, and in agreement with those editions which read—

"Posarsi quelle belle creature  
Da loro apparsion,"

instead of "Posarsi quelle prime creature  
Da loro aspersion;"

for which reading I am indebted to Lombardi, who derives it from the Nidebeatina edition. By the "primal creatures" are meant the angels, who were scattering the flowers on Beatrice.

<sup>5</sup> *The lady*.—Matilda.



The beauteous dame, her arms expanding, clasp'd  
My temples, and immerged me where 'twas fit  
The wave should drench me.

*Canto XXXI., lines 100—102.*





“Loose not thy hold:” and lo! had dragg'd me high  
As to my neck into the stream; while she,  
Still as she drew me after, swept along,  
Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave.

The blessed shore approaching, then was heard  
So sweetly, “*Tu asperges me,*”<sup>1</sup> that I  
May not remember, much less tell the sound.

The beauteous dame, her arms expanding, clasp'd  
My temples, and immersed me where 'twas fit  
The wave should drench me: and, thence raising up,  
Within the fourfold dance of lovely nymphs  
Presented me so laved; and with their arm  
They each did cover me. “Here are we nymphs,  
And in the heaven are stars,<sup>2</sup> Or ever earth  
Was visited of Beatrice, we  
Appointed for her handmaids, tended on her.  
We to her eyes will lead thee: but the light  
Of gladness, that is in them, well to scan,  
Those yonder three,<sup>3</sup> of deeper ken than ours,  
Thy sight shall quicken.” Thus began their song:  
And then they led me to the Gryphon's breast,  
Where, turn'd toward us, Beatrice stood.  
“Spare not thy vision. We have station'd thee  
Before the emeralds,<sup>4</sup> whence love, erewhile,  
Hath drawn his weapons on thee.” As they spake,  
A thousand fervent wishes riveted  
Mine eyes upon her beaming eyes, that stood,  
Still fix'd toward the Gryphon, motionless.  
As the sun strikes a mirror, even thus  
Within those orbs the twyfold being shone;  
For ever varying, in one figure now  
Reflected, now in other. Reader! muse  
How wondrous in my sight it seem'd, to mark

<sup>1</sup> *Tu asperges me.*—“Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”—Ps. li. 7. Sung by the choir, while the priest is sprinkling the people with holy water.

<sup>2</sup> *Here are we nymphs, and in the heaven are stars.*—See canto i. 24.

<sup>3</sup> *Well to scan, those yonder three.*—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

<sup>4</sup> *We have station'd thee before the emeralds.*—The eyes of Beatrice. The author of “Illustrations of Shakespeare,” 8vo, 1807, vol. iii., p. 193, has referred to old writers, by whom the epithet green is given to eyes,

as by the early French poets, and by Shakespeare, “*Romeo and Juliet,*” act. iii., sc. 5:

“An eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.”

Mr. Douce's conjecture, that eyes of this colour are much less common now than formerly, is not so probable as that writers, and especially poets, should at times be somewhat loose and general in applying terms expressive of colour, whereof an instance may be seen in some ingenious remarks by Mr. Blomfield on the word *coërene*.—*Æschylæ Persæ*, edit. 1814, Glossar., p. 107.

A thing, albeit stedfast in itself,  
Yet in its imaged semblance mutable.

Full of amaze, and joyous, while my soul  
Fed on the viand, whereof still desire  
Grows with satiety ; the other three,  
With gesture that declared a loftier line,  
Advanced : to their own carol, on they came  
Dancing, in festive ring angelical.

“ Turn, Beatrice ! ” was their song : “ Oh ! turn  
Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one,  
Who, to behold thee, many a wearisome pace  
Hath measured. Gracious at our prayer, vouchsafe  
Unveil to him thy cheeks : that he may mark  
Thy second beauty, now conceal'd.” O splendour !  
O sacred light eternal ! who is he,  
So pale with musing in Pierian shades,  
Or with that fount so lavishly imbued,  
Whose spirit should not fail him in the essay  
To represent thee such as thou didst seem,  
When under cope of the still-chiming heaven  
Thou gavest to open air thy charms reveal'd ?



## CANTO XXXII.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante is warned not to gaze too fixedly on Beatrice. The procession moves on, accompanied by Matilda, Statius, and Dante, till they reach an exceeding lofty tree, where divers strange chances befall.

MINE eyes with such an eager coveting  
Were bent to rid them of their ten years' thirst,<sup>1</sup>  
No other sense was waking: and e'en they  
Were fenced on either side from heed of aught;  
So tangled, in its custom'd toils, that smile  
Of saintly brightness drew me to itself:  
When forcibly, toward the left, my sight  
The sacred virgins turn'd; for from their lips  
I heard the warning sounds: "Too fix'd a gaze!"<sup>2</sup>

Awhile my vision labour'd; as when late  
Upon the o'erstrain'd eyes the sun hath smote:  
But soon,<sup>3</sup> to lesser object, as the view  
Was now recover'd (lesser in respect  
To that excess of sensible, whence late  
I had perforce been sunder'd), on their right  
I mark'd that glorious army wheel, and turn,  
Against the sun and sevenfold lights, their front.  
As when, their bucklers for protection raised,  
A well-ranged troop, with portly banners curl'd,  
Wheel circling, ere the whole can change their ground;  
E'en thus the goodly regiment of heaven,  
Proceeding, all did pass us ere the car  
Had sloped his beam. Attendant at the wheels  
The damsels turn'd; and on the Gryphon moved

<sup>1</sup> *Their ten years' thirst.*—Beatrice had been dead ten years.

<sup>2</sup> *Too fix'd a gaze.*—The allegorical interpretation of Velutello, whether it be considered as justly inferable from the text or not, conveys so useful a lesson, that it deserves our notice. "The understanding is sometimes so intently engaged in contemplating the light of divine

truth in the Scriptures, that it becomes dazzled, and is made less capable of attaining such knowledge, than if it had sought after it with greater moderation."

<sup>3</sup> *But soon.*—As soon as his sight was recovered, so as to bear the view of that glorious procession, which, splendid as it was, was yet less so than Beatrice, by whom his vision had been overpowered, &c.

The sacred burden, with a pace so smooth,  
 No feather on him trembled. The fair dame,  
 Who through the wave had drawn me, companied  
 By Statius and myself, pursued the wheel,  
 Whose orbit, rolling, mark'd a lesser arch.

Through the high wood, now void (the more her blame,  
 Who by the serpent was beguiled), I pass'd,  
 With step in cadence to the harmony  
 Angelic. Onward had we moved, as far,  
 Perchance, as arrow at three several flights  
 Full wing'd had sped, when from her station down  
 Descended Beatrice. With one voice  
 All murmur'd "Adam;" circling next a plant<sup>1</sup>  
 Despoil'd of flowers and leaf, on every bough.  
 Its tresses,<sup>2</sup> spreading more as more they rose,  
 Were such, as 'midst their forest wilds, for height,  
 The Indians<sup>3</sup> might have gazed at. "Blessed thou,  
 Gryphon!<sup>4</sup> whose beak hath never pluck'd that tree  
 Pleasant to taste: for hence the appetite  
 Was warp'd to evil." Round the stately trunk  
 Thus shouted forth the rest, to whom return'd  
 The animal twice-gender'd: "Yea! for so  
 The generation of the just are saved."  
 And turning to the chariot-pole, to foot  
 He drew it of the widow'd branch, and bound  
 There, left unto the stock<sup>5</sup> whereon it grew.

As when large floods of radiance<sup>6</sup> from above  
 Stream, with that radiance mingled, which ascends  
 Next after setting of the scaly sign,

<sup>1</sup> *A plant*.—Lombardi has conjectured, with much probability, that this tree is not (as preceding commentators had supposed) merely intended to represent the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but that the Roman empire is figured by it. Among the maxims maintained by our poet, as the same commentator observes, were these: that one monarchy had been willed by Providence, and was necessary for universal peace; and that this monarchy, by right of justice and by the divine ordinance, belonged to the Roman people only. His "Treatise de Monarchiâ" was written, indeed, to inculcate these maxims, and to prove that the temporal monarchy depends immediately on God, and should be kept as distinct as possible from the authority of the Pope.

<sup>2</sup> *Its tresses*.—"I saw, and behold, a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great."—Dan. iv. 10.

<sup>3</sup> *The Indians*.—

"Quos oceano propior gerit India lucos."

*Virgil, Georgics* lib. ii. 122.

"Such as at this day to Indians known."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. ix. 1102.

<sup>4</sup> *Blessed thou, Gryphon!*—Our Saviour's submission to the Roman empire appears to be intended, and particularly his injunction, "to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

<sup>5</sup> *There, left unto the stock*.—Dante here seems, I think, to intimate what he has attempted to prove at the conclusion of the second book "De Monarchiâ;" namely, that our Saviour, by his suffering under the sentence, not of Herod, but of Pilate, who was the delegate of the Roman emperor, acknowledged and confirmed the supremacy of that emperor over the whole world; for if, as he argues, all mankind were become sinners through the sin of Adam, no punishment, that was inflicted by one who had a right of jurisdiction over less than the whole human race, could have been sufficient to satisfy for the sins of all men. See note to "Paradise," c. vi. 89.

<sup>6</sup> *When large floods of radiance*.—When the sun enters into Aries, the constellation next to that of the Fish.



Our plants then burgein, and each wears anew  
 His wonted colours, ere the sun have yoked  
 Beneath another star his flamy steeds;  
 Thus putting forth a hue more faint than rose,  
 And deeper than the violet, was renew'd  
 The plant, erewhile in all its branches bare.  
 Unearthly was the hymn, which then arose.  
 I understood it not, nor to the end  
 Endured the harmony. Had I the skill  
 To pencil forth how closed the unpitying eyes<sup>1</sup>  
 Slumbering, when Syrinx warbled (eyes that paid  
 So dearly for their watching), then, like painter,  
 That with a model paints, I might design  
 The manner of my falling into sleep.  
 But feign who will the slumber cunningly,  
 I pass it by to when I waked; and tell,  
 How suddenly a flash of splendour rent  
 The curtain of my sleep, and one cries out,  
 "Arise: what dost thou?" As the chosen three,  
 On Tabor's mount, admitted to behold  
 The blossoming of that fair tree,<sup>2</sup> whose fruit  
 Is coveted of angels, and doth make  
 Perpetual feast in heaven; to themselves  
 Returning, at the word whence deeper sleeps<sup>3</sup>  
 Were broken, they their tribe diminish'd saw;  
 Both Moses and Elias gone, and changed  
 The stole their master wore; thus to myself  
 Returning, over me beheld I stand  
 The piteous one,<sup>4</sup> who cross the stream, had brought  
 My steps. "And where," all doubting, I exclaim'd,  
 "Is Beatrice?"—"See her," she replied,  
 "Beneath the fresh leaf, seated on its root.  
 Behold the associate choir, that circles her.  
 The others, with a melody more sweet  
 And more profound, journeying to higher realms,  
 Upon the Gryphon tend." If there her words  
 Were closed, I know not; but mine eyes had now

<sup>1</sup> *The unpitying eyes.*—See Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. i. 689.

<sup>2</sup> *Blossoming of that fair tree.*—Our Saviour's transfiguration. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."—Solomon's Song ii. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Whence deeper sleeps.*—The sleep of death, in the instance of the ruler of the Synagogue's daughter and of Lazarus.

<sup>4</sup> *Returning, over me beheld I stand the piteous one.*—Matilda.

Ta'en view of her, by whom all other thoughts  
 Were barr'd admittance. On the very ground  
 Alone she sat, as she had there been left  
 A guard upon the wain, which I beheld  
 Bound to the twyform beast. The seven nymphs  
 Did make themselves a cloister round about her;  
 And, in their hands, upheld those lights<sup>1</sup> secure  
 From blast septentrion and the gusty south.

“A little while thou shalt be forester here;  
 And citizen shalt be, for ever with me,  
 Of that true Rome,<sup>2</sup> wherein Christ dwells a Roman.  
 To profit the misguided world, keep now  
 Thine eyes upon the car; and what thou seest,  
 Take heed thou write, returning to that place.”<sup>3</sup>

Thus Beatrice: at whose feet inclined  
 Devout, at her behest, my thought and eyes,  
 I, as she bade, directed. Never fire,  
 With so swift motion, forth a stormy cloud  
 Leap'd downward from the welkin's furthest bound,  
 As I beheld the bird of Jove<sup>4</sup> descend  
 Down through the tree; and, as he rush'd, the rind  
 Disparting crush beneath him; buds much more,  
 And leaflets. On the car, with all his might  
 He struck; whence, staggering, like a ship it reel'd,  
 At random driven, to starboard now, o'ercome,  
 And now to larboard, by the vaulting waves.

Next, springing up into the chariot's womb,  
 A fox<sup>5</sup> I saw, with hunger seeming pined  
 Of all good food. But, for his ugly sins  
 The saintly maid rebuking him, away  
 Scampering he turn'd, fast as his hide-bound corpse  
 Would bear him. Next, from whence before he came,  
 I saw the eagle dart into the hull  
 O' the car, and leave it with his feathers lined:<sup>6</sup>  
 And then a voice, like that which issues forth  
 From heart with sorrow rived, did issue forth  
 From heaven, and, “O poor bark of mine!” it cried,

<sup>1</sup> *And, in their hands, upheld those lights.*—The tapers of gold.

<sup>2</sup> *And citizen shalt be, for ever with me, of that true Rome.*—Of heaven.

<sup>3</sup> *To that place.*—To the earth.

<sup>4</sup> *The bird of Jove.*—This, which is imitated from

Ezek. xvii. 3, 4, is typical of the persecutions which the church sustained from the Roman emperors.

<sup>5</sup> *A fox.*—By the fox probably is represented the treachery of the heretics.

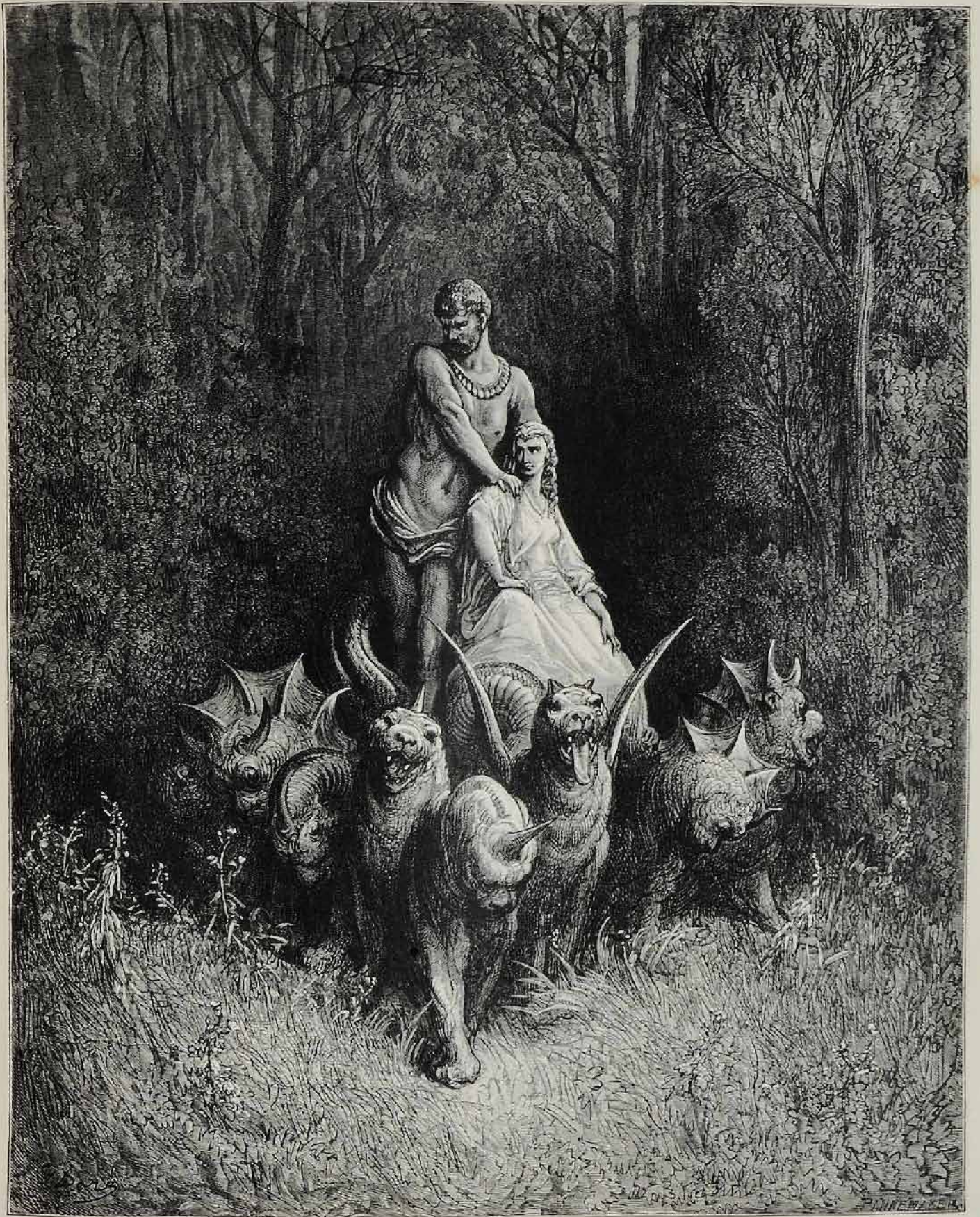
<sup>6</sup> *With his feathers lined.*—In allusion to the donations made by Constantine to the church.



At her side,  
As 't were that none might bear her off, I saw  
A giant stand; and ever and anon  
They mingled kisses.

*Canto XXXII, lines 148—151.*







"How badly art thou freighted." Then it seem'd  
 That the earth open'd, between either wheel;  
 And I beheld a dragon<sup>1</sup> issue thence,  
 That through the chariot fix'd his forked train;  
 And like a wasp, that draggeth back the sting,  
 So drawing forth his baleful train, he dragg'd  
 Part of the bottom forth; and went his way,  
 Exulting. What remain'd, as lively turf  
 With green herb, so did clothe itself with plumes,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which haply had, with purpose chaste and kind,  
 Been offer'd; and therewith were clothed the wheels,  
 Both one and other, and the beam, so quickly,  
 A sigh were not breathed sooner. Thus transform'd,  
 The holy structure, through its several parts,  
 Did put forth heads;<sup>3</sup> three on the beam, and one  
 On every side: the first like oxen horn'd;  
 But with a single horn upon their front,  
 The four. Like monster, sight hath never seen.  
 O'er it<sup>4</sup> methought there sat, secure as rock  
 On mountain's lofty top, a shameless whore,  
 Whose ken roved loosely round her. At her side,  
 As 'twere that none might bear her off, I saw  
 A giant stand; and ever and anon  
 They mingled kisses. But, her lustful eyes  
 Chancing on me to wander, that fell minion  
 Scourged her from head to foot all o'er; then full  
 Of jealousy, and fierce with rage, unloosed  
 The monster, and dragg'd on,<sup>5</sup> so far across  
 The forest, that from me its shades alone  
 Shielded the harlot and the new-form'd brute.

<sup>1</sup> *A dragon*.—Probably Mahomet; for what Lombardi offers to the contrary is far from satisfactory.

<sup>2</sup> *With plumes*.—The increase of wealth and temporal dominion, which followed the supposed gift of Constantine.

<sup>3</sup> *Heads*.—By the seven heads, it is supposed with sufficient probability, are meant the seven capital sins: by the three with two horns, pride, anger, and avarice, injurious both to man himself and to his neighbour: by the four with one horn, gluttony, gloominess, concupiscence, and envy, hurtful at least in their primary effects,

chiefly to him who is guilty of them. Vellutello refers to Rev. xvii. Landino, who is followed by Lombardi, understands the seven heads to signify the seven sacraments, and the ten horns the ten commandments. Compare *Hell*,<sup>3</sup> c. xix. 112.

<sup>4</sup> *O'er it*.—The harlot is thought to represent the state of the church under Boniface VIII., and the giant to figure Philip IV. of France.

<sup>5</sup> *Dragg'd on*.—The removal of the Pope's residence from Rome to Avignon is pointed at.

## CANTO XXXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

After a hymn sung, Beatrice leaves the tree, and takes with her the seven virgins, Matilda, Statius, and Dante. She then darkly predicts to our Poets some future events. Lastly, the whole band arrive at the fountain, from whence the two streams, Lethe and Eunoe, separating, flow different ways; and Matilda, at the desire of Beatrice, causes our Poet to drink of the latter stream.

“THE heathen,<sup>1</sup> Lord! are come:” responsive thus,  
The trinal now, and now the virgin band  
Quaternion, their sweet psalmody began,  
Weeping; and Beatrice listen’d, sad  
And sighing, to the song, in such a mood,  
That Mary, as she stood beside the cross,  
Was scarce more changed. But when they gave her place  
To speak, then, risen upright on her feet,  
She, with a colour glowing bright as fire,  
Did answer: “Yet a little while,<sup>2</sup> and ye  
Shall see me not; and, my beloved sisters!  
Again a little while, and ye shall see me.”

Before her then she marshal’d all the seven;  
And, beckoning only, motion’d me, the dame,  
And that remaining sage,<sup>3</sup> to follow her.

So on she pass’d; and had not set, I ween,  
Her tenth step to the ground, when, with mine eyes,  
Her eyes encounter’d; and, with visage mild,  
“So mend thy pace,” she cried, “that if my words  
Address thee, thou mayst still be aptly placed  
To hear them.” Soon as duly to her side  
I now had hasten’d: “Brother!” she began,  
“Why makest thou no attempt at questioning,  
As thus we walk together?” Like to those  
Who, speaking with too reverent an awe

<sup>1</sup> *The heathen.*—“O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance.”—Ps. lxxix. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Yet a little while.*—“A little while, and ye shall not

see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me.”—John xvi. 16.

<sup>3</sup> *That remaining sage.*—Statius.



Before their betters, draw not forth the voice  
 Alive unto their lips, befell me then  
 That I in sounds imperfect thus began:  
 "Lady! what I have need of, that thou know'st;  
 And what will suit my need." She answering thus:  
 "Of fearfulness and shame, I will that thou  
 Henceforth do rid thee; that thou speak no more,  
 As one who dreams.<sup>1</sup> Thus far be taught of me:  
 The vessel which thou saw'st the serpent break,  
 Was, and is not:<sup>2</sup> let him, who hath the blame,  
 Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.<sup>3</sup>  
 Without an heir for ever shall not be  
 That eagle,<sup>4</sup> he, who left the chariot plumed,  
 Which monster made it first and next a prey.  
 Plainly I view, and therefore speak, the stars  
 E'en now approaching, whose conjunction, free  
 From all impediment and bar, brings on  
 A season, in the which, one sent from God  
 (Five hundred, five, and ten, do mark him out),  
 That foul one, and the accomplice of her guilt,  
 The giant, both, shall slay. And if perchance  
 My saying, dark as Themis or as Sphinx,  
 Fail to persuade thee (since like them it foils  
 The intellect with blindness), yet ere long  
 Events shall be the Naiads,<sup>5</sup> that will solve  
 This knotty riddle; and no damage light<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *As one who dreams*.—Imitated by Petrarch, L. i, s. 41:

"Se parole fai,  
 Sono imperfette e quasi d'uom che sogna."

<sup>2</sup> *Was, and is not*.—"The beast that was and is not."—*Rev.* xvii. 11.

<sup>3</sup> *Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop*.—"Let not him who hath occasioned the destruction of the church, that vessel which the serpent brake, hope to appease the anger of the Deity by any outward acts of religious, or rather superstitious ceremony; such as was that, in our poet's time, performed by a murderer at Florence, who imagined himself secure from vengeance, if he ate a sop of bread in wine upon the grave of the person murdered, within the space of nine days."

<sup>4</sup> *That eagle*.—He prognosticates that the Emperor of Germany will not always continue to submit to the usurpations of the Pope, and foretells the coming of Henry VII., Duke of Luxemburgh, signified by the numerical figures DVX; or, as Lombardi supposes, of Can Grande della Scala, appointed the leader of the Ghibelline forces. It is unnecessary to point out the imitation of the Apocalypse in the manner of this prophecy. Troya assigns reasons for applying the prediction to Ugucione della Faggiola rather than to Henry or Can

Grande. "Veltro Allegorico di Dante," ediz. 1826, p. 143. But see my note, "Hell," i. 102.

<sup>5</sup> *The Naiads*.—Dante, it is observed, has been led into a mistake by a corruption in the text of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," l. vii. 757, where he found—

"Carmina Naiades non intellecta priorum  
 Solvunt."

instead of—

"Carmina Naiades non intellecta priorum  
 Solverat."

as it has been since corrected by Heinsius. Lombardi, after Rosa Morando, questions the propriety of this emendation, and refers to Pausanias, where "the Nymphs" are spoken of as expounders of oracles, for a vindication of the poet's accuracy. Should the reader blame me for not departing from the error of the original (if error it be), he may substitute:

"Events shall be the Œdipus will solve," &c.

<sup>6</sup> *No damage light*.—

"Protinus Aoniis immissa est bellua Thebis,  
 Cessit et exitio multis; pecorique sibi que  
 Ruricolæ pavere feram."

*Ovid, Metamorphoses.*



On flock or field. Take heed; and as these words  
 By me are utter'd, teach them even so  
 To those who live that life, which is a race  
 To death: and when thou writest them, keep in mind  
 Not to conceal how thou hast seen the plant,  
 That twice<sup>1</sup> hath now been spoil'd. This whoso robs,  
 This whoso plucks, with blasphemy of deed  
 Sins against God, who for his use alone  
 Creating hallow'd it. For taste of this,  
 In pain and in desire, five thousand years<sup>2</sup>  
 And upward, the first soul did yearn for him  
 Who punish'd in himself the fatal gust.

"Thy reason slumbers, if it deem this height,  
 And summit thus inverted,<sup>3</sup> of the plant,  
 Without due cause: and were not vainer thoughts,  
 As Elsa's numbing waters,<sup>4</sup> to thy soul,  
 And their fond pleasures had not dyed it dark  
 As Pyramus the mulberry; thou hadst seen,<sup>5</sup>  
 In such momentous circumstance alone,  
 God's equal justice morally implied  
 In the forbidden tree. But since I mark thee,  
 In understanding, harden'd into stone,  
 And, to that hardness, spotted too and stain'd,  
 So that thine eye is dazzled at my word;  
 I will, that, if not written, yet at least  
 Painted thou take it in thee, for the cause,  
 That one brings home his staff inwreathed with palm."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Twice*.—First by the eagle and next by the giant. See the last canto, v. 110 and v. 154.

<sup>2</sup> *Five thousand years*.—That such was the opinion of the church, Lombardi shows by a reference to Baronius, "Martyr. Rom.," Dec. 25: "Anno a creatione mundi, quando a principio creavit Deus cœlum et terram, quinquies millesimo centesimo nonagesimo—Jesus Christus—conceptus."—Edit. Col. Agripp., 4to, 1610, p. 858.

<sup>3</sup> *Inverted*.—The branches, unlike those of other trees, spreading more widely the higher they rose. See the last canto, v. 39.

<sup>4</sup> *Elsa's numbing waters*.—The Elsa, a little stream which flows into the Arno about twenty miles below Florence, is said to possess a petrifying quality. Fazio degli Uberti, at the conclusion of cap. viii., l. 3, of the "Dittamondo," mentions a successful experiment he had himself made of the property here attributed to it.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou hadst seen*.—This is obscure. But it would seem as if he meant to inculcate his favourite doctrine of the inviolability of the empire, and of the care taken by Providence to protect it.

<sup>6</sup> *That one brings home his staff inwreathed with palm*.—"For the same cause that the *palmer*, returning

from Palestine, brings home his staff, or bourdon, bound with palm," that is, to show where he has been.

"Che si reca 'l borden di palma cinto."

"It is to be understood," says our poet in the "Vita Nuova," "that people who go on the service of the Most High, are probably named in three ways. They are named *palmer*s, inasmuch as they go beyond sea, from whence they often bring back the palm. Inasmuch as they go to the house of Galicia, they are called pilgrims; because the sepulchre of St. James was further from his country than that of any other Apostle. They are called *Romei*" (for which I know of no other word we have in English except *Roamers*), "inasmuch as they go to Rome."—Page 275. "In regard to the word *bourdon*, why it has been applied to a pilgrim's staff it is not easy to guess. I believe, however, that this name has been given to such sort of staves, because pilgrims usually travel and perform their pilgrimages on foot, their staves serving them instead of horses or mules, then called *bourdons* and *burdones*, by writers in the middle ages."—*Mr. Johnes's Translation of Joinville's Memoirs*, Dissertation xv., by M. du Cange, p. 152, 4to edit. The word is thrice used by Chaucer in the "Romaunt of the Rose."



I thus: "As wax by seal, that changeth not  
 Its impress, now is stamp'd my brain by thee.  
 But wherefore soars thy wish'd-for speech so high  
 Beyond my sight, that loses it the more,  
 The more it strains to reach it?"—"To the end  
 That thou mayst know," she answer'd straight, "the school,  
 That thou hast follow'd; and how far behind,  
 When following my discourse, its learning halts:  
 And mayst behold your art,<sup>1</sup> from the divine  
 As distant, as the disagreement is  
 'Twixt earth and heaven's most high and rapturous orb."

"I not remember," I replied, "that e'er  
 I was estrang'd from thee; nor for such fault  
 Doth conscience chide me." Smiling she return'd:  
 "If thou canst not remember, call to mind  
 How lately thou hast drunk of Lethe's wave;  
 And, sure as smoke doth indicate a flame,  
 In that forgetfulness itself conclude  
 Blame from thy alienated will incurr'd.  
 From henceforth, verily, my words shall be  
 As naked, as will suit them to appear  
 In thy unpractised view." More sparkling now,  
 And with retarded course, the sun possess'd  
 The circle of mid-day, that varies still  
 As the aspect varies of each several clime;  
 When, as one, sent in vaward of a troop  
 For escort, pauses, if perchance he spy  
 Vestige of somewhat strange and rare; so paused<sup>2</sup>  
 The sevenfold band, arriving at the verge  
 Of a dun umbrage<sup>3</sup> hear, such as is seen,  
 Beneath green leaves and gloomy branches, oft  
 To overbrow a bleak and alpine cliff.  
 And, where they stood, before them, as it seem'd,  
 I, Tigris and Euphrates<sup>3</sup> both, beheld

<sup>1</sup> *Mayst behold your art.*—The second persons, singular and plural, are here used intentionally by our author, the one referring to himself alone, the second to mankind in general. Compare "Hél." xi. 107. But I will follow the example of Brunck, who in a note on the passage in the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles, v. 369, where a similar distinction requires to be made, says that it would be ridiculous to multiply instances in a matter so well known.

<sup>2</sup> *So paused.*—Lombardi imagines that the seven nymphs, who represent the four cardinal and the three evangelical virtues, are made to stop at the verge of the

shade, because retirement is the friend of every virtuous quality and spiritual gift.

<sup>3</sup> *I, Tigris and Euphrates.*—

"Quaque caput rapido tollit cum Tigride magnus  
 Euphrates, quos non diversis fontibus edit  
 Persis." *Lucan, Pharsalia*, lib. iii. 255.

"Tigris et Euphrates uno se fonte resolvunt."

*Boëtius, De Consol. Philosoph.*, lib. v., Metr. 1.

"Là oltre ond' esce  
 D'un medesimo fonte Eufrate e Tigre."  
*Petrarca, Son. Mia Ventura*, &c.

Forth from one fountain issue; and, like friends,  
Linger at parting. "O enlightening beam!  
O glory of our kind! beseech thee say  
What water this, which, from one source derived,  
Itself removes to distance from itself?"

To such entreaty answer thus was made:  
"Entreat Matilda, that she teach thee this."

And here, as one who clears himself of blame  
Imputed, the fair dame return'd: "Of me  
He this and more hath learnt; and I am safe  
That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him."

And Beatrice: "Some more pressing care,  
That oft the memory 'reaves, perchance hath made  
His mind's eye dark. But lo, where Eunoe flows!  
Lead thither; and, as thou art wont, revive  
His fainting virtue." As a courteous spirit,  
That proffers no excuses, but as soon  
As he hath token of another's will,  
Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus  
The lovely maiden moved her on, and call'd  
To Statius, with an air most lady-like:  
"Come thou with him." Were further space allow'd,  
Then, reader! might I sing, though but in part,  
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er  
Been sated. But, since all the leaves are full,  
Appointed for this second strain, mine art  
With warning bridle checks me. I return'd  
From the most holy wave, regenerate,  
E'en as new plants renew'd<sup>1</sup> with foliage new  
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

<sup>1</sup> *Renew'd.*—

"Come piante novelle  
Rinnovellate da novella fronda."

"So new this new-borne knight to battle new did rise."

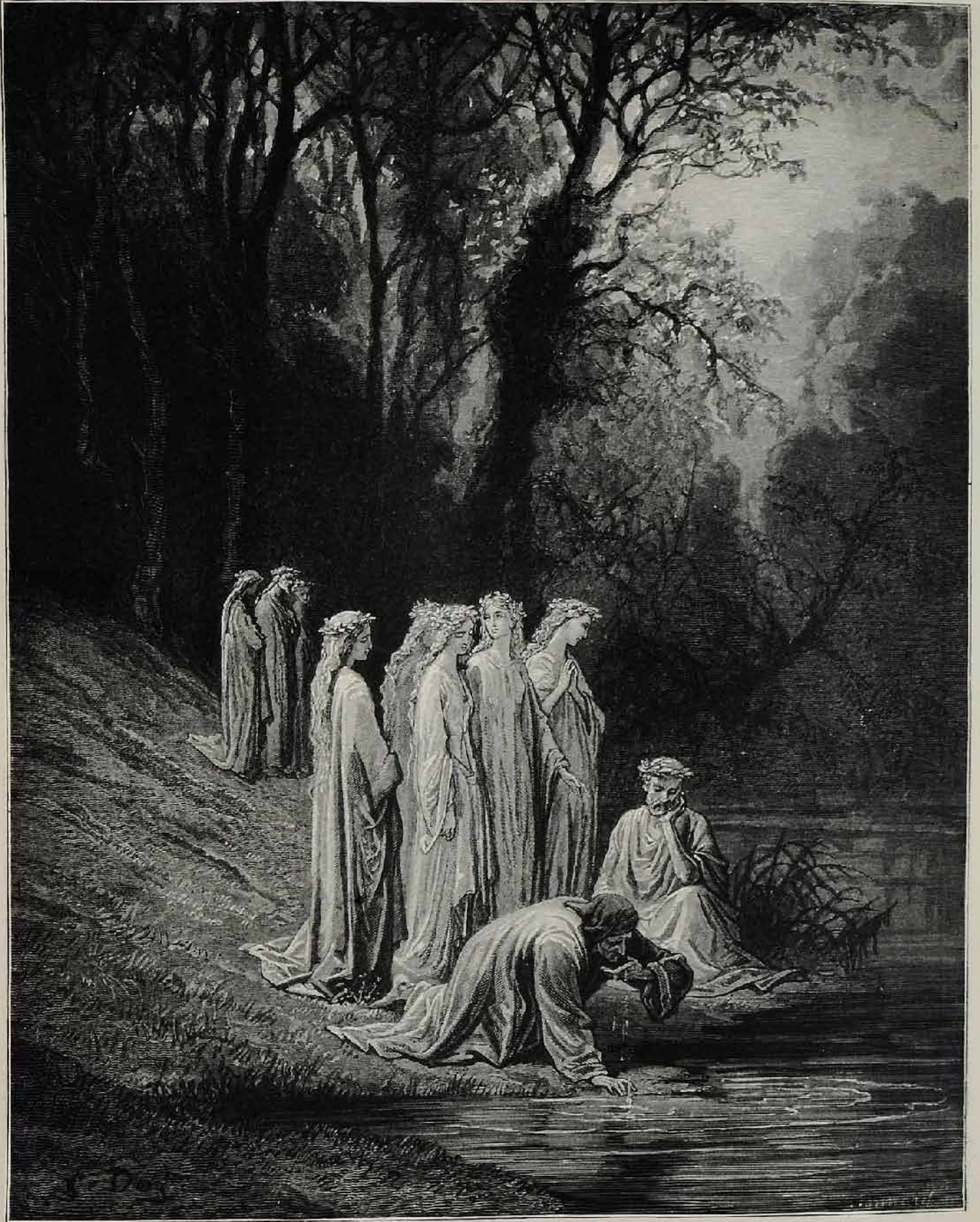
*Spenser, Faery Queen, b. i., c. xi., st. 34.*

"Rinnovellate" is another of those words which Chaucer in vain endeavoured to introduce into our language from the Italian, unless it be supposed that he rather borrowed it from the French. "Certes ones a yere at the lest way it is lawful to ben houseled, for sothely ones a yere all things in the earth renovelen."—*The Person's Tale.*



Were further space allow'd,  
Then, Reader! might I sing, though but in part,  
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er  
Been sated.

*Canto XXXIII., lines 134—137.*





PARADISE.

# THE VISION OF DANTE.

## Paradise.

### CANTO I.

#### ARGUMENT.

The Poet ascends with Beatrice towards the first heaven, and is by her resolved of certain doubts which arise in his mind.

HIS glory, by whose might all things are moved,  
Pierces the universe,<sup>1</sup> and in one part  
Sheds more resplendence, elsewhere less. In heaven,  
That largeliest of his light partakes, was I,  
Witness of things, which, to relate again,  
Surpasseth power of him who comes from thence;  
For that, so near approaching its desire,  
Our intellect is to such depth absorb'd,  
That memory cannot follow. Nathless all,  
That in my thoughts I of that sacred realm  
Could store, shall now<sup>2</sup> be matter of my song.

Benign Apollo!<sup>3</sup> this last labour aid;  
And make me such a vessel of thy worth,  
As thy own laurel claims, of me beloved.  
Thus far<sup>4</sup> hath one of steep Parnassus' brows  
Sufficed me; henceforth, there is need of both

<sup>1</sup> *Pierces the universe.*—"Per l'universo penetra," &c.

"His magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii. 585.*

<sup>2</sup> *Shall now.*—

"Sarà ora materia del mio canto."

"Shall be the copious matter of my song."

*Ibid., b. iii. 413.*

<sup>3</sup> *Benign Apollo.*—Chaucer has imitated this invoc-

tion very closely, at the beginning of the "Third Booke of Fame:"

"If, divine vertue, thou  
Wilt helpe me to shewe now  
That in my head ymarked is,

Thou shalt see me go as blive  
Unto the next laurer I see,  
And kisse it, for it is thy tree.  
Now entre thou my breast anone."

<sup>4</sup> *Thus far.*—He appears to mean nothing more than that this part of his poem will require a greater exertion of his powers than the former.



For my remaining enterprise. Do thou<sup>1</sup>  
 Enter into my bosom, and there breathe  
 So, as when Marsyas<sup>2</sup> by thy hand was dragg'd  
 Forth from his limbs, unsheathed. O power divine!  
 If thou to me of thine impart so much,  
 That of that happy realm the shadow'd form  
 Traced in my thoughts I may set forth to view;  
 Thou shalt behold me of thy favour'd tree  
 Come to the foot, and crown myself with leaves:  
 For to that honour thou, and my high theme  
 Will fit me. If but seldom, mighty Sire!  
 To grace his triumph, gathers thence a wreath  
 Cæsar, or bard<sup>3</sup> (more shame for human wills  
 Depraved), joy to the Delphic god must spring  
 From the Peneian foliage, when one breast  
 Is with such thirst inspired. From a small spark<sup>4</sup>  
 Great flame hath risen: after me, perchance,  
 Others with better voice may pray, and gain,  
 From the Cyrrhæan city, answer kind.

Through divers passages, the world's bright lamp  
 Rises to mortals; but through that<sup>5</sup> which joins  
 Four circles with the threefold cross, in best  
 Course, and in happiest constellation<sup>6</sup> set  
 He comes; and, to the worldly wax, best gives  
 Its temper and impression. Morning there,<sup>7</sup>  
 Here eve was well nigh by such passage made;  
 And whiteness had o'erspread that hemisphere,  
 Blackness the other part; when to the left<sup>8</sup>  
 I saw Beatrice turn'd, and on the sun  
 Gazing, as never eagle fix'd his ken.

<sup>1</sup> *Do thou*.—Make me thine instrument; and, through me, utter such sound as when thou didst contend with Marsyas.

<sup>2</sup> *Marsyas*.—Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. vi., fab. 7. Compare Boccaccio, "Il Filicopo," lib. v., p. 25, v. ii., ediz. Firenze, 1723: "Egli nel mio petto entrò." &c.—"May he enter my bosom, and let my voice sound like his own, when he made that daring mortal deserve to come forth unsheathed from his limbs."

<sup>3</sup> *Cæsar, or bard*.—So Petrarch, "Son.," Par. Prima:

"Arbor vittoriosa trionfale,  
 Onor d' imperadori e di poeti."

And Frezzi, "Il Quadriregio," lib. iii., cap. 14:

"Alloro,

The imperatori e' poeti corona."

And Spenser, "Faery Queen," b. i., c. 1, st. 9:

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerours,  
 And poets sage."

<sup>4</sup> *From a small spark*.—

Πολλὰν τ' ὄρει πῦρ ἔξ ἐνός  
 Σπέρμαρος ἐσθλοῖν ἀστράων ἔλαν.

"Upon the mountain from one spark hath leapt  
 The fire, that hath a mighty forest burn'd."

*Pindar, Pyth., iii. 67.*

<sup>5</sup> *Through that*.—"Where the four circles, the horizon, the zodiac, the equator, and the equinoctial colure join; the last three intersecting each other so as to form three crosses, as may be seen in the armillary sphere."

<sup>6</sup> *In happiest constellation*.—Aries. Some understand the planet Venus by the "miglior stella."

<sup>7</sup> *Morning there*.—It was morning where he then was, and about eventide on the earth.

<sup>8</sup> *To the left*.—Being in the opposite hemisphere to ours, Beatrice, that she may behold the rising sun, turns herself to the left.

As from the first a second beam<sup>1</sup> is wont  
To issue, and reflected upwards rise,  
Even as a pilgrim bent on his return;  
So of her act, that through the eyesight pass'd  
Into my fancy, mine was form'd: and straight,  
Beyond our mortal wont, I fix'd mine eyes  
Upon the sun. Much is allow'd us there,  
That here exceeds our power; thanks to the place  
Made<sup>2</sup> for the dwelling of the human kind.

I suffer'd it not long; and yet so long,  
That I beheld it bickering sparks around,  
As iron that comes boiling from the fire.<sup>3</sup>  
And suddenly upon the day appear'd<sup>4</sup>  
A day new-risen; as he, who hath the power,  
Had with another sun bedeck'd the sky.

Her eyes fast fix'd on the eternal wheels,<sup>5</sup>  
Beatrice stood unmoved; and I with ken  
Fix'd upon her, from upward gaze removed,  
At her aspect, such inwardly became  
As Glaucus,<sup>6</sup> when he tasted of the herb  
That made him peer among the ocean gods:  
Words may not tell of that transhuman change;  
And therefore let the example serve, though weak,  
For those whom grace hath better proof in store.

If<sup>7</sup> I were only what thou didst create,

<sup>1</sup> *As from the first a second beam.*—"Like a reflected sunbeam," which he compares to a pilgrim hastening homewards.

"Ne simil tanto mai raggio secondo  
Dal primo usci."

*Faticaja, canz. xv., st. 4.*

"Sicut vir in peregrinatione constitutus, omni studio, omnique conatu domum redire festinat, ac retrosum non respicit sed ad domum, quam reliquerat, reverti desiderat."—*Alberici Visio*, § 25.

<sup>2</sup> *Made.*—And therefore best adapted, says Venturi, to the good temperament and vigour of the human body and its faculties. The poet speaks of the terrestrial paradise where he then was.

<sup>3</sup> *As iron that comes boiling from the fire.*—"Ardentem, et scintillas emittentem, ac si ferrum cum de fornace trahitur."—*Alberici Visio*, § 5. This simile is repeated, § 16. So Milton, "Paradise Lost," l. iii. 594:

"As glowing iron with fire."

<sup>4</sup> *Upon the day appear'd.*—

"If the heaven had ywonne  
All new of God another sunne."

*Chaucer, First Booke of Fame.*

"E par ch' aggiunga un altro sole al cielo."

*Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, c. x., st. 109.*

"Ed ecco un lustro lampeggiar d' intorno  
Che sole a sole aggiunse e giorno a giorno."

*Marino, Adone, c. xl., st. 27.*

"Quando a paro col sol mi più licente  
L'angelo gli apparì sull' oriente."

*Tasso, Gerusalemme Liberata, c. 1.*

"Seems another morn

Risen on mid-noon."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. v., 311.*

Compare Euripides, "Ion," 1550. Ἄρρητον ἠδὲ βροτῶν.

<sup>5</sup> *Eternal wheels.*—The heavens, eternal, and always circling.

<sup>6</sup> *As Glaucus.*—Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. xliii., fab. 9. Plato, in the tenth book of the "Republic," makes a very noble comparison from Glaucus, but applies it differently. Edit. Bipont., vol. vii., p. 317. Berkeley appears not to have been aware of the passage, when he says that "Proclus compares the soul, in her descent, invested with growing prejudices, to Glaucus diving to the bottom of the sea, and there contracting divers coats of sea-weed, coral, and shells, which stick close to him, and conceal his true shape."—*Sirís*, ed. 1744, p. 151.

<sup>7</sup> *If.*—"Thou, O divine Spirit, knowest whether I had not risen above my human nature, and were not merely such as thou hadst then formed me."



Then newly, Love! by whom the heaven is ruled ;  
 Thou know'st, who by thy light didst bear me up.  
 Whenas the wheel which thou dost ever guide,  
 Desired Spirit! with its harmony,<sup>1</sup>  
 Temper'd of thee and measured, charm'd mine ear  
 Then seem'd to me so much of heaven<sup>2</sup> to blaze  
 With the sun's flame, that rain or flood ne'er made  
 A lake so broad. The newness of the sound,  
 And that great light, inflamed me with desire,  
 Keener than e'er was felt, to know their cause.

Whence she, who saw me, clearly as myself,  
 To calm my troubled mind, before I ask'd,  
 Open'd her lips, and gracious thus began :  
 "With false imagination thou thyself  
 Makest dull; so that thou seest not the thing,  
 Which thou hadst seen, had that been shaken off.  
 Thou art not on the earth as thou believest;  
 For lightning, scaped from its own proper place,  
 Ne'er ran, as thou hast hither now return'd."

Although divested of my first-raised doubt  
 By those brief words accompanied with smiles,  
 Yet in new doubt was I entangled more,  
 And said: "Already satisfied, I rest  
 From admiration deep; but now admire  
 How I above those lighter bodies rise."

Whence, after utterance of a piteous sigh,  
 She towards me bent her eyes, with such a look,  
 As on her frenzied child a mother casts;  
 Then thus began: "Among themselves all things  
 Have order; and from hence the form,<sup>3</sup> which makes  
 The universe resemble God. In this  
 The higher creatures see the printed steps  
 Of that eternal worth, which is the end  
 Whither the line is drawn.<sup>4</sup> All natures lean,  
 In this their order, diversly; some more,  
 Some less approaching to their primal source.

<sup>1</sup> *Harmony*.—The harmony of the spheres.

"And after that the melodie herd he  
 That cometh of thilke speris thryis three,  
 That welles of musike ben and melodie  
 In this world here, and cause of harmonie."

*Chaucer, The Assemble of Foules.*

"In their motion harmony divine  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted."—*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. v. 627.

<sup>2</sup> *So much of heaven*.—The sphere of fire, as Lombardi well explains it.

<sup>3</sup> *From hence the form*.—This order it is that gives to the universe the form of unity, and therefore of resemblance to God.

<sup>4</sup> *Of that eternal worth, which is the end whither the line is drawn*.—All things, as they have their beginning from the Supreme Being, so are they referred to Him again.

Thus they to different havens are moved on  
 Through the vast sea of being, and each one  
 With instinct given, that bears it in its course:  
 This to the lunar sphere directs the fire;  
 This moves the hearts of mortal animals;  
 This the brute earth together knits, and binds.  
 Nor only creatures, void of intellect,  
 Are aim'd at by this bow; but even those,  
 That have intelligence and love, are pierced.  
 That Providence, who so well orders all,  
 With her own light makes ever calm the heaven,<sup>1</sup>  
 In which the substance,<sup>2</sup> that hath greatest speed,  
 Is turn'd: and thither now, as to our seat  
 Predestined, we are carried by the force  
 Of that strong cord, that never looses dart  
 But at fair aim and glad. Yet it is true,  
 That as, oft-times, but ill accords the form  
 To the design of art, through sluggishness<sup>3</sup>  
 Or unreplying matter; so this course<sup>4</sup>  
 Is sometimes quitted by the creature, who  
 Hath power, directed thus, to bend elsewhere;  
 As from a cloud the fire is seen to fall,  
 From its original impulse warp'd to earth,  
 By vitious fondness. Thou no more admire  
 Thy soaring (if I rightly deem), than lapse  
 Of torrent downwards from a mountain's height.  
 There would<sup>5</sup> in thee for wonder be more cause,  
 If, free of hinderance, thou hadst stay'd below,  
 As living fire unmoved upon the earth."

So said, she turn'd toward the heaven her face.

<sup>1</sup> *Heaven*.—The empyrean, which is always motionless

<sup>2</sup> *The substance*.—The primum mobile.

<sup>3</sup> *Through sluggishness*.—

"Perch' a risponder la materia è sorda."

So Filicaja, canz. vi., st. 9:

"Perche a risponder la discordia è sorda."

"The workman hath in his heart a purpose, he carrieth in mind the whole form which his work should have: there wanteth not in him skill and desire to bring his labour to the best effect; only the matter, which he hath to work on, is unframable."—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, b. v., § 9. Our poet, in his "De Monarchia," has expressed the same thought more fully: "Sciendum," &c., lib. ii., p. 115. "We must know, that as art is found in a triple degree, in the mind that is of the artist, in the instrument, and in the matter formed by art, so we may contemplate nature also in a triple degree. For nature is

in the mind of the first mover, who is God; then in heaven, as in an instrument, by means of which the similitude of the eternal goodness is unfolded in variable matter; and, as the artist being perfect, and the instrument in the best order, if there is any fault in the form of art, it is to be imputed only to the matter; so, since God reaches to the end of perfection, and his instrument, which is heaven, is not in any wise deficient of due perfection (as appears from what we know by philosophy concerning heaven), it remaineth that whatever fault is in inferior things, is a fault of the matter worked on, and clean beside the intention of God and of heaven."

<sup>4</sup> *Course*.—Some beings, abusing the liberty given them by God, are repugnant to the order established by Him.

<sup>5</sup> *There would*.—Hence, perhaps, Milton:

"In our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
 To us were adverse."—*Paradise Lost*, b. ii., v. 77.



## CANTO II.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante and his celestial guide enter the moon. The cause of the spots or shadows which appear in that body is explained to him.

ALL ye, who in small bark' have following sail'd,  
Eager to listen, on the adventurous track  
Of my proud keel, that singing cuts her way,  
Backward return with speed, and your own shores  
Revisit; nor put out to open sea,  
Where losing me, perchance ye may remain  
Bewilder'd in deep maze. The way I pass,  
Ne'er yet was run: Minerva breathes the gale;  
Apollo guides me; and another Nine,  
To my rapt sight, the arctic beams reveal.  
Ye other few who have outstretch'd the neck  
Timely for food of angels, on which here  
They live, yet never know satiety;  
Through the deep brine ye fearless may put out  
Your vessel; marking well the furrow broad  
Before you in the wave, that on both sides  
Equal returns. Those, glorious, who pass'd o'er  
To Colchos, wonder'd not as ye will do,  
When they saw Jason following the plough.  
The increate perpetual thirst,<sup>2</sup> that draws  
Toward the realm of God's own form, bore us  
Swift almost as the heaven ye behold.  
Beatrice upward gazed, and I on her;  
And in such space as on the notch a dart  
Is placed, then loosen'd flies, I saw myself  
Arrived, where wonderous thing engaged my sight.

<sup>1</sup> *Bark*.—"Con la barchetta mia cantando in rima."

*Pulci, Morgante Maggiore*, c. xxviii.

"Io me n'andò con la barchetta mia,  
Quanto l'acqua comporta un picciol legno."—*Ibid.*

"Say, shall my little bark attendant sail?"

*Pope, Essay on Man*, Ep. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *The increate perpetual thirst*.—The desire of celestial beatitude natural to the soul.

Whence she, to whom no care of mine was hid,  
Turning to me, with aspect glad as fair,  
Bespoke me: "Gratefully direct thy mind  
To God, through whom to this first star<sup>1</sup> we come."

Meseem'd as if a cloud had cover'd us,  
Translucent, solid, firm, and polish'd bright,  
Like adamant, which the sun's beam had smit.  
Within itself the ever-during pearl  
Received us; as the wave a ray of light  
Receives, and rests unbroken. If I then  
Was of corporeal frame, and it transcend  
Our weaker thought, how one dimension thus  
Another could endure, which needs must be  
If body enter body; how much more  
Must the desire inflame us to behold  
That essence, which discovers by what means  
God and our nature join'd! There will be seen  
That, which we hold through faith; not shown by proof,  
But in itself intelligibly plain,  
E'en as the truth<sup>2</sup> that man at first believes.

I answer'd: "Lady! I with thoughts devout,  
Such as I best can frame, give thanks to him,  
Who hath removed me from the mortal world.  
But tell, I pray thee, whence the gloomy spots  
Upon this body, which below on earth  
Give rise to talk of Cain<sup>3</sup> in fabling quaint?"

She somewhat smiled, then spake: "If mortals err  
In their opinion, when the key of sense  
Unlocks not, surely wonder's weapon keen  
Ought not to pierce thee: since thou find'st, the wings  
Of reason to pursue the senses' flight  
Are short. But what thy own thought is, declare."

Then I: "What various here above appears,  
Is caused, I deem, by bodies dense or rare."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *This first star*.—The moon.

<sup>2</sup> *E'en as the truth*.—"Like a truth, that does not need demonstration, but is self-evident." Thus Plato, at the conclusion of the sixth book of the "Republic," lays down four principles of information in the human mind: "1st, intuition of self-evident truth, *νόσος*; 2nd, demonstration by reasoning, *ἀπόδειξις*; 3rd, belief on testimony, *πίστις*; 4th, probability, or conjecture, *εἰκασία*." I cannot resist adding a passage to the like effect from Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," b. ii., § 7: "The truth is, that the mind of man desireth evermore to know the truth, according to the most infallible certainty which the nature

of things can yield. The greatest assurance generally with all men, is that which we have by plain aspect and intuitive beholding. Where we cannot attain unto this, there what appeareth to be true, by strong and invincible demonstration, such as wherem it is not by any way possible to be deceived, thereunto the mind doth necessarily assent, neither is it in the choice thereof to do otherwise. And in case these both do fail, then which way greatest probability leadeth, thither the mind doth evermore incline."

<sup>3</sup> *Cain*.—Compare "Hell," canto xx. 123, and note.

<sup>4</sup> *By bodies dense or rare*.—Lombardi observes, that the opinion respecting the spots in the moon, which



She then resumed: "Thou certainly wilt see  
 In falsehood thy belief o'erwhelm'd, if well  
 Thou listen to the arguments which I  
 Shall bring to face it. The eighth sphere displays  
 Numberless lights,<sup>1</sup> the which, in kind and size,  
 May be remark'd of different aspects:  
 If rare or dense of that were cause alone,  
 One single virtue then would be in all;  
 Alike distributed, or more, or less.  
 Different virtues needs must be the fruits  
 Of formal principles; and these, save one,<sup>2</sup>  
 Will by thy reasoning be destroy'd. Beside,  
 If rarity were of that dusk the cause,  
 Which thou inquirest, either in some part  
 That planet must throughout be void, nor fed  
 With its own matter; or, as bodies share  
 Their fat and leanness, in like manner this  
 Must in its volume change the leaves.<sup>3</sup> The first,  
 If it were true, had through the sun's eclipse  
 Been manifested, by transparency  
 Of light, as through aught rare beside effused.  
 But this is not. Therefore remains to see  
 The other cause: and, if the other fall,  
 Erroneous so must prove what seem'd to thee.  
 If not from side to side this rarity  
 Pass through, there needs must be a limit, whence  
 Its contrary no further lets it pass.  
 And hence the beam, that from without proceeds,  
 Must be pour'd back; as colour comes, through glass  
 Reflected, which behind it lead conceals.  
 Now wilt thou say, that there of murkier hue,  
 Than, in the other part, the ray is shown,  
 By being thence refracted further back.

Dante represents himself as here yielding to the arguments of Beatrice, is professed by our author in the "Convito," so that we may conclude that work to have been composed before this portion of the "Divina Commedia." "The shadow in the moon is nothing else but the rarity of its body, which hinders the rays of the sun from terminating and being reflected, as in other parts of it."—Page 70.

<sup>1</sup> *Numberless lights*.—The fixed stars, which differ both in bulk and splendour.

<sup>2</sup> *Save one*.—"Except that principle of rarity and denseness which thou hast assigned." By "formal principles," *principii formali*, are meant "constituent or

essential causes." Milton, in imitation of this passage, introduces the angel arguing with Adam respecting the causes of the spots on the moon. But, as a late French translator of the "Paradise," M. Artaud, well remarks, his reasoning is physical; that of Dante partly metaphysical and partly theologic.

"Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. v. 420.

<sup>3</sup> *Must in its volume change the leaves*.—Would, like leaves of parched parchment, be darker in some part than others

From this perplexity will free thee soon  
 Experience, if thereof thou trial make,  
 The fountain whence your arts derive their streams.  
 Three mirrors shalt thou take, and two remove  
 From thee alike; and more remote the third,  
 Betwixt the former pair, shall meet thine eyes:  
 Then turn'd toward them, cause behind thy back  
 A light to stand, that on the three shall shine,  
 And thus reflected come to thee from all.  
 Though that, beheld most distant, do not stretch  
 A space so ample, yet in brightness thou  
 Wilt own it equaling the rest. But now  
 As under snow the ground, if the warm ray  
 Smites it, remains dismantled of the hue  
 And cold, that cover'd it before; so thee,  
 Dismantled in thy mind, I will inform  
 With light so lively, that the tremulous beam  
 Shall quiver where it falls. Within the heaven,  
 Where peace divine inhabits,<sup>1</sup> circles round  
 A body, in whose virtue lies the being  
 Of all that it contains. The following heaven,  
 That hath so many lights, this being divides,  
 Through different essences, from it distinct,  
 And yet contain'd within it. The other orbs  
 Their separate distinctions variously  
 Dispose, for their own seed and produce apt.  
 Thus do these organs of the world proceed,  
 As thou beholdest now, from step to step;  
 Their influences from above deriving,  
 And thence transmitting downwards. Mark me well;  
 How through this passage to the truth I ford,  
 The truth thou lovest; that thou henceforth, alone,  
 Mayst know to keep the shallows, safe, untold.

“The virtue and motion of the sacred orbs,  
 As mallet by the workman's hand, must needs  
 By blessed movers<sup>2</sup> be inspired. This heaven,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Within the heaven, where peace divine inhabits.*—According to our poet's system, there are ten heavens. The heaven, “where peace divine inhabits, is the empyrean; the body within it, that “circles round,” is the primum mobile; “the following heaven,” that of the fixed stars; and “the other orbs,” the seven lower heavens, are Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun,

Venus, Mercury, and the Moon. Thus Milton, “Paradise Lost,” b. iii. 481:

“They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved.”

<sup>2</sup> *By blessed movers.*—By angels.

<sup>3</sup> *This heaven.*—The heaven of fixed stars.



Made beauteous by so many luminaries,  
 From the deep spirit,<sup>1</sup> that moves its circling sphere,  
 Its image takes and impress as a seal:  
 And as the soul, that dwells within your dust,  
 Through members different, yet together form'd,  
 In different powers resolves itself; e'en so  
 The intellectual efficacy unfolds  
 Its goodness multiplied throughout the stars;  
 On its own unity revolving still.  
 Different virtue<sup>2</sup> compact different  
 Makes with the precious body it enlivens,  
 With which it knits, as life in you is knit.  
 From its original nature full of joy,  
 The virtue mingled<sup>3</sup> through the body shines,  
 As joy through pupil of the living eye.  
 From hence proceeds that which from light to light  
 Seems different, and not from dense or rare.  
 This is the formal cause, that generates,  
 Proportion'd to its power, the dusk or clear."

<sup>1</sup> *Many luminaries, from the deep spirit.*—The moving angel.

<sup>2</sup> *Different virtue.*—"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory."—1 Cor. xv. 41. The words are nearly Plato's, whom St.

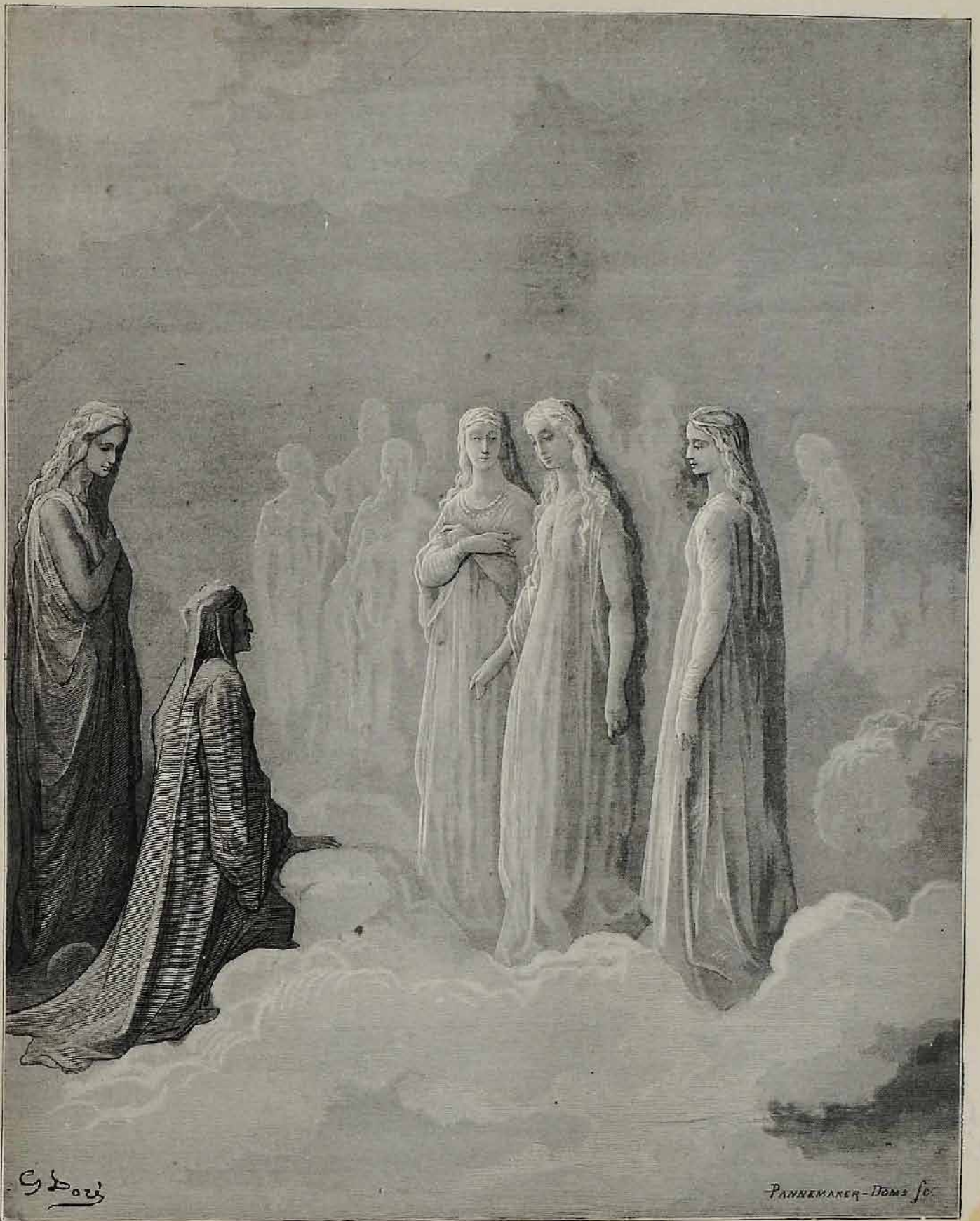
Paul seems to have had in view throughout this part of his argument. *Mia μιν [δυνάμις] ἕξιον μίᾳ δὲ, ἀδύνατος μίᾳ δὲ, τῶν πάντων ἄστρον, κ. τ. λ.*—"Epinomis," ed. Bip., v. ix., p. 262.

<sup>3</sup> *The virtue mingled.*—Virgil, "Æneid," lib. vi. 724: "Principio cœlum," &c.

Such saw I many a face,  
All stretch'd to speak.

*Canto III., lines 14, 15.*





E. Bous

P. VAN NEMMEN - DONS sc.

## CANTO III.

### ARGUMENT.

In the moon Dante meets with Piccarda, the sister of Forese, who tells him that this planet is allotted to those who, after having made profession of chastity and a religious life, had been compelled to violate their vows; and she then points out to him the spirit of the Empress Costanza.

THAT sun,<sup>1</sup> which erst with love my bosom warm'd,  
Had of fair truth unveil'd the sweet aspect,  
By proof of right, and of the false reproof;  
And I, to own myself convinced and free  
Of doubt, as much as needed, raised my head  
Erect for speech. But soon a sight appear'd,  
Which, so intent to mark it, held me fix'd,  
That of confession I no longer thought.

As through translucent and smooth glass, or wave  
Clear and unmoved, and flowing not so deep  
As that its bed is dark, the shape returns  
So faint of our impictured lineaments,  
That, on white forehead set, a pearl as strong  
Comes to the eye; such saw I many a face,  
All stretch'd to speak; from whence I straight conceived,  
Delusion<sup>2</sup> opposite to that, which raised,  
Between the man and fountain, amorous flame.

Sudden, as I perceived them, deeming these  
Reflected semblances, to see of whom  
They were, I turn'd mine eyes, and nothing saw;  
Then turn'd them back, directed on the light  
Of my sweet guide, who, smiling, shot forth beams  
From her celestial eyes. "Wonder not thou,"  
She cried, "at this my smiling, when I see  
Thy childish judgment; since not yet on truth  
It rests the foot, but, as it still is wont,  
Makes thee fall back in unsound vacancy.

<sup>1</sup> *That sun.*—Beatrice.

<sup>2</sup> *Delusion.*—"An error the contrary to that of Nar-

cissus; because he mistook a shadow for a substance; I, a substance for a shadow."



True substances are these, which thou behold'st,  
 Hither through failure of their vow exiled.  
 But speak thou with them; listen, and believe,  
 That the true light, which fills them with desire,  
 Permits not from its beams their feet to stray."

Straight to the shadow, which for converse seem'd  
 Most earnest, I address'd me: and began  
 As one by over-eagerness perplex'd:  
 "O spirit, born for joy! who in the rays  
 Of life eternal, of that sweetness know'st  
 The flavour, which, not tasted, passes far  
 All apprehension; me it well would please,  
 If thou wouldst tell me of thy name, and this  
 Your station here." Whence she with kindness prompt,  
 And eyes glistening with smiles: "Our charity,  
 To any wish by justice introduced,  
 Bars not the door; no more than she above,  
 Who would have all her court be like herself.  
 I was a virgin sister in the earth:  
 And if thy mind observe me well, this form,  
 With such addition graced of loveliness  
 Will not conceal me long; but thou wilt know  
 Piccarda,<sup>1</sup> in the tardiest sphere thus placed,  
 Here 'mid these other blessed also blest.  
 Our hearts, whose high affections burn alone  
 With pleasure from the Holy Spirit conceived,  
 Admitted to his order, dwell in joy.  
 And this condition, which appears so low,  
 Is for this cause assign'd us, that our vows  
 Were, in some part, neglected and made void."

Whence I to her replied: "Something divine  
 Beams in your countenances wonderous fair;  
 From former knowledge quite transmuting you.  
 Therefore to recollect was I so slow.  
 But what thou say'st hath to my memory  
 Given now such aid, that to retrace your forms  
 Is easier. Yet inform me, ye, who here  
 Are happy; long ye for a higher place,  
 More to behold, and more in love to dwell?"

<sup>1</sup> *Piccarda*.—The sister of Corso Donati, and of Forese, whom we have seen in the "Purgatory," canto xxiii.

Petrarch has been supposed to allude to this lady in his "Triumph of Chastity," v. 160, &c.

She with those other spirits gently smiled ;  
 Then answer'd with such gladness, that she seem'd  
 With love's first flame to glow : " Brother ! our will  
 Is, in composure, settled by the power  
 Of charity, who makes us will alone  
 What we possess, and nought beyond desire :  
 If we should wish to be exalted more,  
 Then must our wishes jar with the high will  
 Of him, who sets us here ; which in these orbs  
 Thou wilt confess not possible, if here  
 To be in charity must needs befall,  
 And if her nature well thou contemplate.  
 Rather it is inherent in this state  
 Of blessedness, to keep ourselves within  
 The divine will, by which our wills with his  
 Are one. So that as we, from step to step,  
 Are placed throughout this kingdom, pleases all,  
 Even as our King, who in us plants his will ;  
 And in his will is our tranquillity :  
 It is the mighty ocean, whither tends  
 Whatever it creates and nature makes."

Then saw I clearly how each spot in heaven  
 Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew  
 The supreme virtue shower not over all.

But as it chances, if one sort of food  
 Hath satiated, and of another still  
 The appetite remains, that this is ask'd,  
 And thanks for that return'd ; even so did I,  
 In word and motion, bent from her to learn  
 What web it was,<sup>1</sup> through which she had not drawn  
 The shuttle to its point. She thus began :  
 " Exalted worth and perfectness of life  
 The Lady<sup>2</sup> higher up inshrine in heaven,  
 By whose pure laws upon your nether earth  
 The robe and veil they wear ; to that intent,  
 That e'en till death they may keep watch, or sleep,  
 With their great bridegroom, who accepts each vow,  
 Which to his gracious pleasure love conforms.

<sup>1</sup> *In word and motion, bent from her to learn what web it was.*—"What vow of religious life it was that she had been hindered from completing, had been compelled to break."

<sup>2</sup> *The Lady.*—St. Clare, the foundress of the order called after her. She was born of opulent and noble parents at Assisi, in 1193, and died in 1253. See "Biogr. Univ.," t. i., p. 598, 8vo, Paris, 1813.



I from the world, to follow her, when young  
 Escaped; and, in her vesture mantling me,  
 Made promise of the way her sect enjoins.  
 Thereafter men, for ill than good more apt,  
 Forth snatch'd me from the pleasant cloister's pale.  
 God knows<sup>1</sup> how, after that, my life was framed.  
 This other splendid shape, which thou behold'st  
 At my right side, burning with all the light  
 Of this our orb, what of myself I tell  
 May to herself apply. From her, like me  
 A sister, with like violence were torn  
 The saintly folds, that shaded her fair brows.  
 E'en when she to the world again was brought  
 In spite of her own will and better wont,  
 Yet not for that the bosom's inward veil  
 Did she renounce. This is the luminary  
 Of mighty Constance,<sup>2</sup> who from that loud blast,  
 Which blew the second<sup>3</sup> over Suabia's realm,  
 That power produced, which was the third and last."

She ceased from further talk, and then began  
 "Ave Maria" singing; and with that song  
 Vanish'd, as heavy substance through deep wave.

Mine eye, that, far as it was capable,  
 Pursued her, when in dimness she was lost,  
 Turn'd to the mark where greater want impell'd,  
 And bent on Beatrice all its gaze.

But she, as lightning, beam'd upon my looks;  
 So that the sight sustain'd it not at first.

Whence I to question her became less prompt.

<sup>1</sup> *God knows*.—Rodolfo da Tossignano, "Hist. Seraph. Relig.," P. i., p. 138, as cited by Lombardi, relates the following legend of Piccarda:—"Her brother Corso, inflamed with rage against his virgin sister, having joined with him Farinata, an infamous assassin, and twelve other abandoned ruffians, entered the monastery by a ladder, and carried away his sister forcibly to his own house; and then, tearing off her religious habit, compelled her to go in a secular garment to her nuptials. Before the spouse of Christ came together with her new husband, she knelt down before a crucifix and recommended her virginity to Christ. Soon after her whole body was smitten with leprosy, so as to strike grief and horror into the beholders; and thus in a few days, through the divine disposal, she passed with a palm of virginity to the Lord." Perhaps, adds the worthy Franciscan, our poet, not being able to certify himself entirely of this occurrence, has chosen to pass it over discreetly, by making Piccarda say—

<sup>2</sup> "God knows how, after that, my life was framed."

<sup>3</sup> *Constance*.—Daughter of Ruggieri, King of Sicily,

who being taken by force out of a monastery where she had professed, was married to the Emperor Henry VI., and by him was mother to Frederick II. She was fifty years old or more at the time, and "because it was not credited that she could have a child at that age, she was delivered in a pavilion, and it was given out that any lady who pleased was at liberty to see her. Many came, and saw her; and the suspicion ceased."—*Ricordano Malaspina, in Muratori, Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, t. viii., p. 939; and G. Villani, in the same words, "Hist.," lib. v., c. xvi. The French translator above mentioned speaks of her having poisoned her husband. The death of Henry VI. is recorded in the "Chronicon Sicilie," by an anonymous writer (Muratori, t. x.), but not a word of his having been poisoned by Constance; and Ricordano Malaspina even mentions her decease as happening before that of her husband, Henry V., for so this author, with some others, terms him.

<sup>3</sup> *The second*.—Henry VI., son of Frederick I., was the second emperor of the house of Suabia; and his son, Frederick II., "the third and last."

## CANTO IV.

### ARGUMENT.

While they still continue in the moon, Beatrice removes certain doubts which Dante had conceived respecting the place assigned to the blessed, and respecting the will absolute or conditional. He inquires whether it is possible to make satisfaction for a vow broken.

**B**ETWEEN two kinds of food,<sup>1</sup> both equally  
 Remote and tempting, first a man might die  
 Of hunger, ere he one could freely chuse.  
 E'en so would stand a lamb between the maw  
 Of two fierce wolves, in dread of both alike:  
 E'en so between two deer<sup>2</sup> a dog would stand.  
 Wherefore, if I was silent, fault nor praise  
 I to myself impute; by equal doubts  
 Held in suspense; since of necessity  
 It happen'd. Silent was I, yet desire  
 Was painted in my looks; and thus I spake  
 My wish more earnestly than language could.

As Daniel, when the haughty king he freed<sup>3</sup>  
 From ire, that spurr'd him on to deeds unjust  
 And violent; so did Beatrice then.

"Well I discern," she thus her words address'd,  
 "How thou art drawn by each of these desires;<sup>4</sup>  
 So that thy anxious thought is in itself  
 Bound up and stifled, nor breathes freely forth.  
 Thou arguest: if the good intent remain,  
 What reason that another's violence  
 Should stint the measure of my fair desert?"

<sup>1</sup> *Between two kinds of food.*—"Si aliqua dieo sunt penitus equalia, non magis movetur homo ad unum quam ad aliud; sicut famelicus, si habet cibum equaliter appetibilem in diversis paribus, et secundum equalem distantiam, non magis movetur ad unum quam ad alterum."—*Thomas Aquinas, Summ. Theolog.*

<sup>2</sup> *Between two deer.*—

"Tigris ut, auditis, diversa valle duorum,  
 Extrinsecta fame, mugitibus armentorum,  
 Nescit utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque."

*Ovid, Metamorphoses, lib. v. 166.*

<sup>3</sup> *As Daniel, when the haughty king he freed.*—See Daniel ii. Beatrice did for Dante what Daniel did for Nebuchadnezzar, when he freed the king from the uncertainty respecting his dream, which had enraged him against the Chaldeans. Lombardi conjectures that "Fè sì Beatrice" should be read, instead of "Fessi Beatrice;" and his conjecture has since been confirmed by the *Monte Casino MS.*

<sup>4</sup> *How thou art drawn by each of these desires.*—His desire to have each of the doubts which Beatrice mentions resolved.



"Cause too thou find'st for doubt, in that it seems  
 That spirits to the stars, as Plato<sup>1</sup> deem'd,  
 Return. These are the questions which thy will  
 Urge equally; and therefore I, the first,  
 Of that<sup>2</sup> will treat which hath the more of gall.<sup>3</sup>  
 Of seraphim<sup>4</sup> he who is most enskied,  
 Moses and Samuel, and either John,  
 Chuse which thou wilt, nor even Mary's self,  
 Have not in any other heaven their seats,  
 Than have those spirits which so late thou saw'st;  
 Nor more or fewer years exist; but all  
 Make the first circle<sup>5</sup> beauteous, diversly  
 Partaking of sweet life, as more or less  
 Afflation of eternal bliss pervades them.  
 Here were they shown thee, not that fate assigns  
 This for their sphere, but for a sign to thee  
 Of that celestial furthest from the height.  
 Thus needs, that ye may apprehend, we speak:  
 Since from things sensible alone ye learn  
 That, which, digested rightly, after turns  
 To intellectual. For no other cause  
 The Scripture, condescending graciously  
 To your perception, hands and feet<sup>6</sup> to God  
 Attributes, nor so means; and holy church  
 Doth represent with human countenance  
 Gabriel, and Michael, and him who made  
 Tobias whole.<sup>7</sup> Unlike what here thou seest,  
 The judgment of Timæus,<sup>8</sup> who affirms  
 Each soul restored to its particular star;

<sup>1</sup> *Plato*.—*Ἐσαφαις δὲ, κ. τ. λ.*, Plato, "Timæus," v. ix., p. 326, edit. Bip. "The Creator, when he had framed the universe, distributed to the stars an equal number of souls, appointing to each soul its several star."

<sup>2</sup> *Of that*.—Plato's opinion.

<sup>3</sup> *Which hath the more of gall*.—Which is the more dangerous.

<sup>4</sup> *Of seraphim*.—"He amongst the seraphim who is most nearly united with God, Moses, Samuel, and both the Johns, the Baptist and the Evangelist, dwell not in any other heaven than do those spirits whom thou hast just beheld; nor does even the blessed Virgin herself dwell in any other: nor is their existence either longer or shorter than that of these spirits." She first resolves his doubt whether souls do not return to their own stars, as he had read in the "Timæus" of Plato. Angels, then, and beatified spirits, she declares, dwell all and eternally together, only partaking more or less of the divine glory, in the empyrean; although, in condescension to human understanding, they appear to have different spheres allotted to them.

<sup>5</sup> *The first circle*.—The empyrean.

<sup>6</sup> *Hands and feet*.—Thus Milton:

"What surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,  
 As shall express them best."

*Paradise Lost*, b. v. 575.

These passages, rightly considered, may tend to remove the scruples of some who are offended by any attempts at representing the Deity in pictures.

<sup>7</sup> *Him who made Tobias whole*.—

"Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the seven times wedded maid."

*Ibid.*, 223.

<sup>8</sup> *Timæus*.—In the "Convito," p. 92, our author again refers to the "Timæus" of Plato, on the subject of the mundane system; but it is in order to give the preference to the opinion respecting it held by Aristotle.

Believing it to have been taken thence,  
 When nature gave it to inform her mold:  
 Yet to appearance his intention is  
 Not what his words declare: and so to shun  
 Derision, haply thus he hath disguised  
 His true opinion.<sup>1</sup> If his meaning be,  
 That to the influencing of these orbs revert  
 The honour and the blame in human acts,  
 Perchance he doth not wholly miss the truth.  
 This principle, not understood aright,  
 Erewhile perverted well nigh all the world;  
 So that it fell to fabled names of Jove,  
 And Mercury, and Mars. That other doubt,  
 Which moves thee, is less harmful; for it brings  
 No peril of removing thee from me.

“That, to the eye of man,<sup>2</sup> our justice seems  
 Unjust, is argument for faith, and not  
 For heretic declension. But, to the end  
 This truth<sup>3</sup> may stand more clearly in your view,  
 I will content thee even to thy wish.

“If violence be, when that which suffers, nought  
 Consents to that which forceth, not for this  
 These spirits stood exculpate. For the will,  
 That wills not, still survives unquench'd, and doth,  
 As nature doth in fire, though violence  
 Wrest it a thousand times; for, if it yield  
 Or more or less, so far it follows force.  
 And thus did these, when they had power to seek  
 The hallow'd place again. In them, had will  
 Been perfect, such as once upon the bars  
 Held Laurence<sup>4</sup> firm, or wrought in Scævola<sup>5</sup>  
 To his own hand remorseless; to the path,  
 Whence they were drawn, their steps had hasten'd back,  
 When liberty return'd: but in too few,

<sup>1</sup> *His true opinion.*—In like manner, our learned Stillflect has professed himself “somewhat inclinable to think that Plato knew more of the lapse of mankind than he would openly discover, and for that end disguised it after his usual manner in that hypothesis of pre-existence.”—*Origines Sacre*, b. iii., c. iii., § 15.

<sup>2</sup> *That, to the eye of man.*—“That the ways of divine justice are often inscrutable to man, ought rather to be a motive to faith than an inducement to heresy.” Such appears to me the most satisfactory explanation of the passage.

<sup>3</sup> *This truth.*—That it is no impeachment of God's justice, if merit be lessened through compulsion of others, without any failure of good intention on the part of the meritorious. After all, Beatrice ends by admitting that there was a defect in the will, which hindered Constance and the others from seizing the first opportunity that offered itself to them of returning to the monastic life.

<sup>4</sup> *Laurence.*—Who suffered martyrdom in the third century.

<sup>5</sup> *Scævola.*—See Livy, “Hist.,” Dec. 1, lib. ii. 12.



Resolve, so stedfast, dwells. And by these words,  
 If duly weigh'd, that argument is void,  
 Which oft might have perplex'd thee still. But now  
 Another question thwarts thee, which, to solve,  
 Might try thy patience without better aid.  
 I have, no doubt, instill'd into thy mind,  
 That blessed spirit may not lie; since near  
 The source of primal truth it dwells for aye:  
 And thou mightst after of Piccarda learn  
 That Constance held affection to the veil;  
 So that she seems to contradict me here.  
 Not seldom, brother, it hath chanced for men  
 To do what they had gladly left undone;  
 Yet, to shun peril, they have done amiss:  
 E'en as Alcæon,<sup>1</sup> at his father's<sup>2</sup> suit  
 Slew his own mother;<sup>3</sup> so made pitiless,  
 Not to lose pity. On this point bethink thee,  
 That force and will are blended in such wise  
 As not to make the offence excusable.  
 Absolute will agrees not to the wrong;  
 But inasmuch as there is fear of woe  
 From non-compliance, it agrees. Of will<sup>4</sup>  
 Thus absolute, Piccarda spake, and I  
 Of the other; so that both have truly said."

Such was the flow of that pure rill, that well'd  
 From forth the fountain of all truth; and such  
 The rest, that to my wandering thoughts I found.

"O thou, of primal love the prime delight,  
 Goddess!" I straight replied, "whose lively words  
 Still shed new heat and vigour through my soul;  
 Affection fails me to requite thy grace  
 With equal sum of gratitude: be his  
 To recompense, who sees and can reward thee.  
 Well I discern, that by that truth<sup>5</sup> alone  
 Enlighten'd, beyond which no truth may roam,  
 Our mind can satisfy her thirst to know:

<sup>1</sup> *Alcæon*.—Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. ix., l. 10:

"Ullusque parente parentem  
 Natus, erit factus plus et sceleratus eodem."

<sup>2</sup> *His father's*.—Amphiaraus.

<sup>3</sup> *His own mother*.—Eriphyle.

<sup>4</sup> *Of will*.—"What Piccarda asserts of Constance,

that she retained her affection to the monastic life, is said absolutely and without relation to circumstances; and that which I affirm is spoken of the will conditionally and respectively; so that our apparent difference is without any disagreement."

<sup>5</sup> *Well I discern, that by that truth*.—The light of divine truth.

Therein she resteth, e'en as in his lair  
The wild beast, soon as she hath reach'd that bound.  
And she hath power to reach it; else desire  
Were given to no end. And thence doth doubt  
Spring, like a shoot, around the stock of truth;  
And it is nature which, from height to height,  
On to the summit prompts us. This invites,  
This doth assure me, Lady! reverently  
To ask thee of another truth, that yet  
Is dark to me. I fain would know, if man  
By other works well done may so supply  
The failure of his vows, that in your scale  
They lack not weight." I spake; and on me straight  
Beatrice look'd, with eyes that shot forth sparks  
Of love celestial, in such copious stream,  
That, virtue sinking in me overpower'd,  
I turn'd; and downward bent, confused, my sight.



## CANTO V.

### ARGUMENT.

The question proposed in the last canto is answered. Dante ascends with Beatrice to the planet Mercury, which is the second heaven; and here he finds a multitude of spirits, one of whom offers to satisfy him of anything he may desire to know from them.

IF beyond earthly wont,<sup>1</sup> the flame of love  
    Illumine me, so that I o'ercome thy power  
Of vision, marvel not: but learn the cause  
In that perfection of the sight, which, soon  
As apprehending, hasteneth on to reach  
The good it apprehends. I well discern,  
How in thine intellect already shines  
The light eternal, which to view alone  
Ne'er fails to kindle love; and if aught else  
Your love seduces, 'tis but that it shows  
Some ill-mark'd vestige of that primal beam.

“This wouldst thou know: if failure of the vow  
By other service may be so supplied,  
As from self-question to assure the soul.”

Thus she her words, not heedless of my wish,  
Began; and thus, as one who breaks not off  
Discourse, continued in her saintly strain.

“Supreme of gifts,<sup>2</sup> which God, creating, gave  
Of his free bounty, sign most evident  
Of goodness, and in his account most prized,  
Was liberty of will; the boon, wherewith

<sup>1</sup> *If beyond earthly wont.*—Dante having been unable to sustain the splendour of Beatrice, as we have seen at the end of the last canto, she tells him to attribute her increase of brightness to the place in which they were.

<sup>2</sup> *Supreme of gifts.*—So in the “De Monarchiâ,” lib. i., pp. 107 and 108, “Si ergo judicium moveat,” &c.: “If, then, the judgment altogether move the appetite, and is in no wise prevented by it, it is free. But if the judgment be moved by the appetite in any way preventing it, it cannot be free: because it acts not of itself, but is led captive by another. And hence it is that brutes cannot

have free judgment, because their judgments are always prevented by appetite. And hence it may also appear manifest, that intellectual substances, whose wills are immutable, and likewise souls separated from the body, and departing from it well and holily, lose not the liberty of choice on account of the immutability of the will, but retain it most perfectly and powerfully. This being discerned, it is again plain that this liberty, or principle of all our liberty, is the greatest good conferred on human nature by God; because by this very thing we are here made happy, as men; by this we are elsewhere happy, as divine beings.”

All intellectual creatures, and them sole,  
 He hath endow'd. Hence now thou mayst infer  
 Of what high worth the vow, which so is framed,  
 That when man offers, God well-pleas'd accepts:  
 For in the compact between God and him,  
 This treasure, such as I describe it to thee,  
 He makes the victim; and of his own act.  
 What compensation therefore may he find?  
 If that, whereof thou hast oblation made,  
 By using well thou think'st to consecrate,  
 Thou wouldst of theft do charitable deed.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus I resolve thee of the greater point.

“But forasmuch as holy church, herein  
 Dispensing, seems to contradict the truth  
 I have discover'd to thee, yet behoves  
 Thou rest a little longer at the board,  
 Ere the crude aliment which thou hast ta'en,  
 Digested fitly, to nutrition turn.  
 Open thy mind to what I now unfold;  
 And give it inward keeping. Knowledge comes  
 Of learning well retain'd, unfruitful else.

“This sacrifice, in essence, of two things<sup>2</sup>  
 Consisteth; one is that, whereof 'tis made;  
 The covenant, the other. For the last,  
 It ne'er is cancel'd, if not kept: and hence  
 I spake, erewhile, so strictly of its force.  
 For this it was enjoin'd the Israelites,<sup>3</sup>  
 Though leave were given them, as thou know'st, to change,  
 The offering, still to offer. The other part,  
 The matter and the substance of the vow,  
 May well be such, as that, without offence,  
 It may for other substance be exchanged.  
 But, at his own discretion, none may shift  
 The burden on his shoulders; unreleased  
 By either key,<sup>4</sup> the yellow and the white.  
 Nor deem of any change, as less than vain,  
 If the last bond<sup>5</sup> be not within the new

<sup>1</sup> *Thou wouldst of theft do charitable deed.*—“*Licet fur de furto,*” &c.—*De Monarchiâ*, lib. ii., p. 123. “Although a thief should out of that which he has stolen give help to a poor man, yet is that not to be called almsgiving.”

<sup>2</sup> *Two things.*—The one, the substance of the vow, as

of a single life for instance, or of keeping fast; the other the compact, or form of it.

<sup>3</sup> *It was enjoin'd the Israelites.*—See Lev. xii. and xxvii.

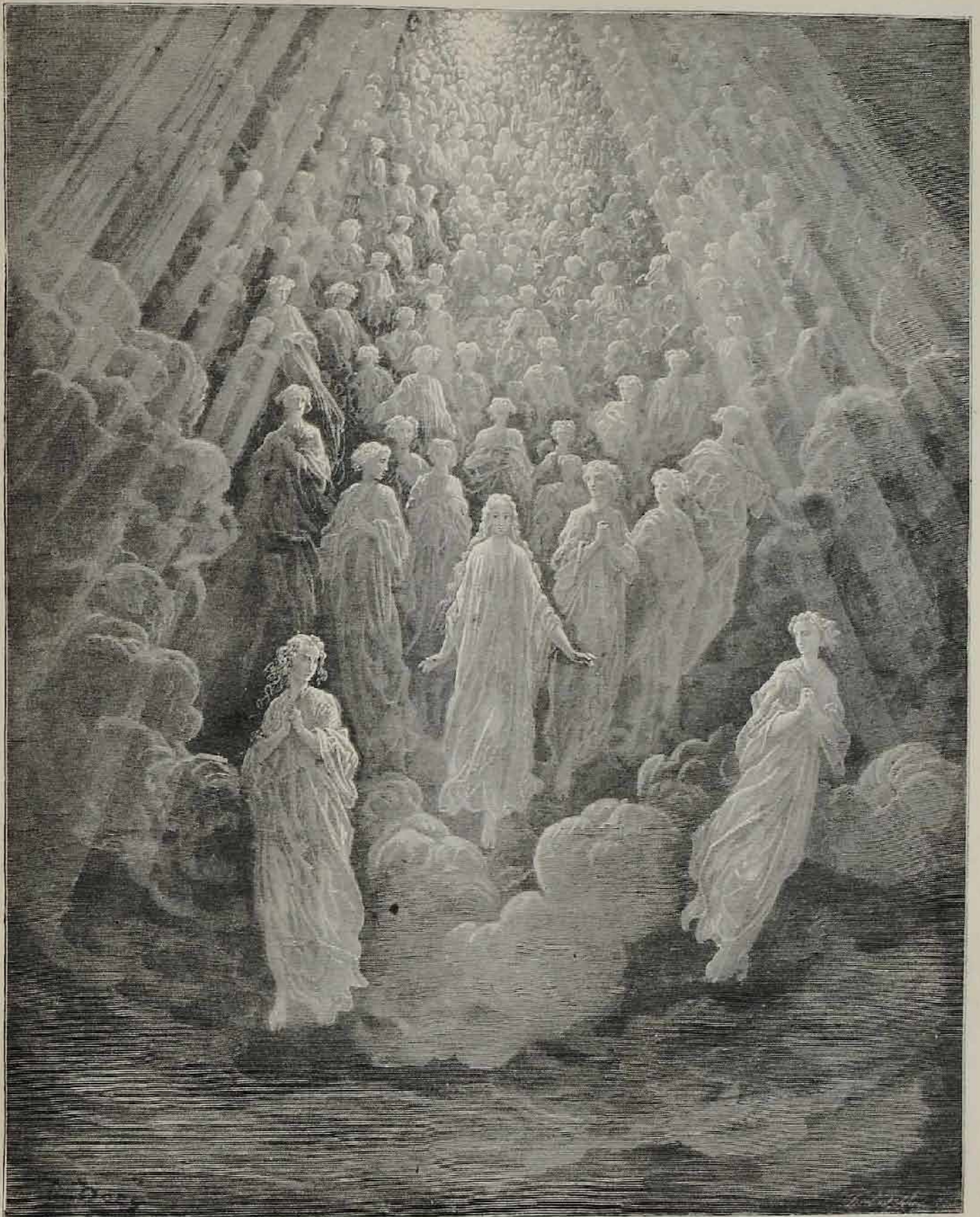
<sup>4</sup> *Either key.*—“Purgatory,” canto ix. 108.

<sup>5</sup> *If the last bond.*—If the thing substituted be not far more precious than that which is released.



So drew  
Full more than thousand splendours towards us.

*Canto V., lines 99, 100.*





As in a quiet and clear lake the fish,  
 If aught approach them from without, do draw  
 Towards it, deeming it their food; so drew  
 Full more than thousand splendours towards us,  
 And in each one was heard: "Lo! one arrived  
 To multiply our loves!" and as each came,  
 The shadow, streaming forth effulgence new,  
 Witness'd augmented joy. Here, Reader! think,  
 If thou didst miss the sequel of my tale,  
 To know the rest how sorely thou wouldst crave;  
 And thou shalt see what vehement desire  
 Possess'd me, soon as these had met my view,  
 To know their state. "O born in happy hour!  
 Thou, to whom grace vouchsafes, or e'er thy close  
 Of fleshly warfare, to behold the thrones  
 Of that eternal triumph; know, to us  
 The light communicated, which through heaven  
 Expatiates without bound. Therefore, if aught  
 Thou of our beams wouldst borrow for thine aid,  
 Spare not; and, of our radiance, take thy fill."

Thus of those piteous spirits one bespake me;  
 And Beatrice next: "Say on; and trust  
 As unto gods."—"How in the light supreme  
 Thou harbour'st, and from thence the virtue bring'st,  
 That, sparkling in thine eyes, denotes thy joy,  
 I mark; but who thou art, am still to seek;  
 Or wherefore, worthy spirit! for thy lot  
 This sphere<sup>1</sup> assign'd, that oft from mortal ken  
 Is veil'd by other's beams." I said; and turn'd  
 Toward the lustre, that with greeting kind  
 Erewhile had hail'd me. Forthwith, brighter far  
 Than erst, it wax'd: and, as himself the sun  
 Hides through excess of light, when his warm gaze<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath on the mantle of thick vapours prey'd;  
 Within its proper ray the saintly shape  
 Was, through increase of gladness, thus conceal'd;  
 And, shrouded so in splendour, answer'd me,  
 E'en as the tenour of my song declares.

<sup>1</sup> *This sphere.*—The planet Mercury, which, being nearest to the sun, is oftentimes hidden by that luminary.

<sup>2</sup> *When his warm gaze.*—When the sun has dried up the vapours that shaded his brightness.

## CANTO VI.

### ARGUMENT.

The spirit, who had offered to satisfy the inquiries of Dante, declares himself to be the Emperor Justinian; and after speaking of his own actions, recounts the victories, before him, obtained under the Roman Eagle. He then informs our Poet that the soul of Romeo the pilgrim is in the same star.

“AFTER that Constantine the eagle turn’d<sup>1</sup>  
 Against the motions of the heaven, that roll’d  
 Consenting with its course, when he of yore,  
 Lavinia’s spouse, was leader of the flight;  
 A hundred years twice told and more,<sup>2</sup> his seat  
 At Europe’s extreme point,<sup>3</sup> the bird of Jove  
 Held, near the mountains, whence he issued first;  
 There under shadow of his sacred plumes  
 Swaying the world, till through successive hands  
 To mine he came devolved. Cæsar I was;  
 And am Justinian; destined by the will  
 Of that prime love, whose influence I feel,  
 From vain excess to clear the incumber’d laws.<sup>4</sup>  
 Or e’er that work engaged me, I did hold  
 In Christ one nature only;<sup>5</sup> with such faith  
 Contented. But the blessed Agapete,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who was chief shepherd, he with warning voice  
 To the true faith recall’d me. I believed  
 His words: and what he taught, now plainly see,

<sup>1</sup> *After that Constantine the eagle turn’d.*—Constantine, in transferring the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, carried the eagle, the Imperial ensign, from the west to the east. Aeneas, on the contrary, had, with better augury, moved along with the sun’s course, when he passed from Troy to Italy.

<sup>2</sup> *A hundred years twice told and more.*—The Emperor Constantine entered Byzantium in 324; and Justinian began his reign in 527.

<sup>3</sup> *At Europe’s extreme point.*—Constantinople being situated at the extreme of Europe, and on the borders of Asia, near those mountains in the neighbourhood of Troy from whence the first founders of Rome had emigrated.

<sup>4</sup> *To clear the incumber’d laws.*—The code of laws was abridged and reformed by Justinian.

“Giustiniano son io, disse il primajo,  
 Che ’l troppo e ’l van secai for delle leggi,  
 Ora soggette all’ arme e al denajo.”

*Frescat, Il Quindregio, lib. iv., cap. 13.*

<sup>5</sup> *In Christ one nature only.*—Justinian is said to have been a follower of the heretical opinions held by Eutyches, “who taught that in Christ there was but one nature, viz. that of the incarnate word.”—*Maclaine’s Mosheim*, tom. ii., cent. v., p. ii., cap. v., § 13.

<sup>6</sup> *Agapete.*—“Agapetus, Bishop of Rome, whose ‘Scheda Regia’ addressed to the Emperor Justinian, procured him a place among the wisest and most judicious writers of this century.”—*Ibid.*, cent. vi., p. ii., cap. ii., § 8. Compare Fazio degli Uberti, “*Ditamondo*,” l. ii., cap. xvi.



As thou in every contradiction seest  
 The true and false opposed. Soon as my feet  
 Were to the church reclaim'd, to my great task,  
 By inspiration of God's grace impell'd,  
 I gave me wholly; and consign'd mine arms  
 To Belisarius, with whom heaven's right hand  
 Was link'd in such conjointment, 'twas a sign  
 That I should rest. To thy first question thus  
 I shape mine answer, which were ended here,  
 But that its tendency doth prompt perforce  
 To some addition; that thou well mayst mark,  
 What reason on each side they have to plead,  
 By whom that holiest banner is withstood,  
 Both who pretend its power<sup>1</sup> and who oppose.<sup>2</sup>

“Beginning from that hour, when Pallas died<sup>3</sup>  
 To give it rule, behold the valorous deeds  
 Have made it worthy reverence. Not unknown<sup>4</sup>  
 To thee, how for three hundred years and more  
 It dwelt in Alba, up to those fell lists  
 Where, for its sake, were met the rival three;<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor aught unknown to thee, which it achieved  
 Down<sup>6</sup> from the Sabines' wrong to Lucrece' woe;  
 With its seven kings conquering the nations round;  
 Nor all it wrought, by Roman worthies borne  
 'Gainst Brennus and the Epirot prince,<sup>7</sup> and hosts  
 Of single chiefs, or states in league combined  
 Of social warfare: hence, Torquatus stern,  
 And Quintius<sup>8</sup> named of his neglected locks,  
 The Decii, and the Fabii hence acquired  
 Their fame, which I with duteous zeal embalm.<sup>9</sup>  
 By it the pride of Arab hordes<sup>10</sup> was quell'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Who pretend its power.*—The Ghibellines.

<sup>2</sup> *And who oppose.*—The Guelphs.

<sup>3</sup> *Pallas died.*—See Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. x.

<sup>4</sup> *Not unknown.*—In the second book of his treatise “De Monarchia,” where Dante endeavours to prove that the Roman people had a right to govern the world, he refers to their conquests and successes in nearly the same order as in this passage. “The Roman,” he affirms, “might truly say, as the Apostle did to Timothy, There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness; laid up, that is, in the eternal providence of God.”—Page 131. And again: “Now it is manifest, that by *duel* (per duellum) the Roman people acquired the Empire; therefore they acquired it by right, to prove which is the main purpose of the present book.”—Page 132.

<sup>5</sup> *The rival three.*—The Horatii and Curiatii.

<sup>6</sup> *Down.*—“From the rape of the Sabine women to the violation of Lucretia.”

<sup>7</sup> *The Epirot prince.*—King Pyrrhus.

<sup>8</sup> *Quintius.*—Quintius Cincinnatus.

“E Cincinnato dall' inculca cionna.”

*Petrarca.*

Compare “De Monarchia,” lib. ii., p. 121, &c. “Itaque, inquit, et majores nostri,” &c.

<sup>9</sup> *Embalm.*—The word in the original is “mirro,” which some think is put for “miro,” “I behold or regard;” and others understand as I have rendered it.

<sup>10</sup> *Arab hordes.*—The Arabians seem to be put for the barbarians in general. Lombardi's comment is, that as the Arabs are an Asiatic people, and it is not recorded that Hannibal had any other troops except his

When they, led on by Hannibal, o'erpass'd  
 The Alpine rocks, whence glide thy currents, Po!  
 Beneath its guidance, in their prime of days  
 Scipio and Pompey triumph'd; and that hill<sup>1</sup>  
 Under whose summit<sup>2</sup> thou didst see the light,  
 Rued its stern bearing. After, near the hour,<sup>3</sup>  
 When heaven was minded that o'er all the world  
 His own deep calm should brood, to Cæsar's hand  
 Did Rome consign it; and what then it wrought<sup>4</sup>  
 From Var unto the Rhine, saw Isere's flood,  
 Saw Loire and Seine, and every vale, that fills  
 The torrent Rhone. What after that it wrought,  
 When from Ravenna it came forth, and leap'd  
 The Rubicon, was of so bold a flight,  
 That tongue nor pen may follow it. Towards Spain  
 It wheel'd its bands, then toward Dyrrachium smote,  
 And on Pharsalia, with so fierce a plunge,  
 E'en the warm Nile was conscious to the pang;  
 Its natives shores Antandros, and the streams  
 Of Simois revisited, and there  
 Where Hector lies; then ill for Ptolemy  
 His pennons shook again; lightning thence fell  
 On Juba; and the next, upon your west,  
 At sound of the Pompeian trump, return'd.

"What following, and in its next bearer's gripe,<sup>5</sup>  
 It wrought, is now by Cassius and Brutus  
 Bark'd of<sup>6</sup> in hell; and by Perugia's sons,  
 And Modena's, was mourn'd. Hence weepeth still  
 Sad Cleopatra, who, pursued by it,  
 Took from the adder black and sudden death.

own countrymen the Carthaginians, who were Africans, we must understand that Dante denominates that people Arabs on account of their origin. "Ab Hrico Arabiæ Pêlicis rege, qui omnium primus hanc terram (Africam) incoluisse fertur," &c.—*Leo Africanus, Africa's Description*, lib. i., cap. i.

<sup>1</sup> *That hill*.—The city of Fesula, which was sacked by the Romans after the defeat of Cætiline.

<sup>2</sup> *Under whose summit*.—"At the foot of which is situated Florence, thy birth-place."

<sup>3</sup> *Near the hour*.—Near the time of our Saviour's birth. "The immeasurable goodness of the Deity being willing again to conform to itself the human creature, which by transgression of the first man had from God departed, and fallen from his likeness, it was determined in that most high and closest consistency of the Godhead, the Trinity, that the Son of God should descend upon earth to make this agreement. And because it was behoveful

that at his coming, the world, not only the heaven but the earth, should be in the best possible disposition—and the best disposition of the earth is when it is a monarchy, that is, all under one prince, as hath been said above—therefore through the divine forecast was ordained that people and that city for the accomplishment, namely, the glorious Rome."—*Convito*, p. 138. The same argument is repeated at the conclusion of the first book of our author's treatise "De Monarchiâ."

<sup>4</sup> *What then it wrought*.—In the following fifteen lines the poet has comprised the exploits of Julius Cæsar, for which, and for the allusions in the greater part of this speech of Justinian's, I must refer my reader to the history of Rome.

<sup>5</sup> *In its next bearer's gripe*.—With Augustus Cæsar.

<sup>6</sup> *Bark'd of*.—

τοιανθ' ἠλακρά.

*Sophocles, Electra*, 299.



With him it ran e'en to the Red Sea coast;  
 With him composed the world to such a peace,  
 That of his temple Janus barr'd the door.

“But all the mighty standard yet had wrought,  
 And was appointed to perform thereafter,  
 Throughout the mortal kingdom which it sway'd,  
 Falls in appearance dwindled and obscured,  
 If one with steady eye and perfect thought  
 On the third Cæsar<sup>1</sup> look; for to his hands,  
 The living Justice, in whose breath I move,  
 Committed glory, e'en into his hands,  
 To execute the vengeance of its wrath.

“Hear now, and wonder at, what next I tell.  
 After with Titus it was sent to wreak  
 Vengeance for vengeance<sup>2</sup> of the ancient sin.  
 And, when the Lombard tooth, with fang impure,  
 Did gore the bosom of the holy church,  
 Under its wings, victorious Charlemain<sup>3</sup>  
 Sped to her rescue. Judge then for thyself  
 Of those, whom I erewhile accused to thee,  
 What they are, and how grievous their offending,  
 Who are the cause of all your ills. The one<sup>4</sup>  
 Against the universal ensign rears  
 The yellow lilies;<sup>5</sup> and with partial aim,  
 That, to himself, the other<sup>6</sup> arrogates:  
 So that 'tis hard to see who most offends.  
 Be yours, ye Ghibellines,<sup>7</sup> to veil your hearts

<sup>1</sup> *The third Cæsar*.—The eagle in the hand of Theodosius, the third of the Cæsars, outdid all its achievements, both past and future, by becoming the instrument of that mighty and mysterious act of satisfaction made to the divine justice in the crucifixion of our Lord. This is Lombardi's explanation; and he deserves much credit for being right, where all the other commentators, as far as I know, are wrong. See note to “Purgatory,” canto xxxii. 50.

<sup>2</sup> *Vengeance for vengeance*.—This will be afterwards explained by the poet himself. See next canto, v. 47, and note.

<sup>3</sup> *Charlemain*.—Dante could not be ignorant that the reign of Justinian was long prior to that of Charlemain; but the spirit of the former emperor is represented, both in this instance and in what follows, as conscious of the events that had taken place after his own time.

<sup>4</sup> *The one*.—The Guelph party.

<sup>5</sup> *The yellow lilies*.—The French ensign.

<sup>6</sup> *The other*.—The Ghibelline party.

<sup>7</sup> *Ye Ghibellines*.—“Authors differ much as to the beginning of these factions, and the origin of the names by which they were distinguished. Some say that they began in Italy as early as the time of the Emperor

Frederick I. in his well-known disputes with Pope Alexander III. about the year 1160. Others make them more ancient, dating them from the reign of the Emperor Henry IV., who died in 1125. But the most common opinion is that they arose in the contests between the Emperor Frederick II. and Pope Gregory IX., and that this Emperor, wishing to ascertain who were his own adherents, and who those of the Pope, caused the former to be marked by the appellation of Ghibellines, and the latter by that of Guelphs. It is more probable, however, that the factions were at this time either renewed or diffused more widely, and that their origin was of an earlier date, since it is certain that G. Villani, b. v., c. xxxvii., Ricordano Malaspina, c. civ., and Pietro Buonasegni, b. l., of their histories of Florence, are agreed, that even from 1215—that is, long before Frederick had succeeded to the Empire, and Gregory to the Pontificate, by the death of Buonaldomonte Buonaldomonti, one of the chief gentlemen in Florence (see “Paradise,” canto xvii. v. 139)—the factions of the Guelph and Ghibellini were introduced into that city.”—*A. G. Artegiani*, Annot. on the “Quadriregio,” p. 180. “The same variety of opinion prevails with regard to the origin of the names. Some deduce them from two brothers, who were Germans,



Beneath another standard: ill is this  
 Follow'd of him, who severs it and justice:  
 And let not with his Guelphs the new-crown'd Charles<sup>1</sup>  
 Assail it; but those talons hold in dread,  
 Which from a lion of more lofty port  
 Have rent the casing. Many a time ere now  
 The sons have for the sire's transgression wail'd:  
 Nor let him trust the fond belief, that heaven  
 Will truck its armour for his lilled shield.

"This little star is furnish'd with good spirits,  
 Whose mortal lives were busied to that end,  
 That honour and renown might wait on them:  
 And, when desires<sup>2</sup> thus err in their intention,  
 True love must needs ascend with slacker beam.  
 But it is part of our delight, to measure  
 Our wages with the merit; and admire  
 The close proportion. Hence doth heavenly justice  
 Temper so evenly affection in us,  
 It ne'er can warp to any wrongfulness.  
 Of diverse voices is sweet music made:  
 So in our life the different degrees  
 Render sweet harmony among these wheels.

"Within the pearl, that now encloseth us,  
 Shines Romeo's light,<sup>3</sup> whose goodly deed and fair

the one called Guelph and the other Gibel, who, being the partisans of two powerful families in Pistoia, the Panciatichi and the Cancellieri, then at enmity with each other, were the first occasion of these titles having been given to the two discordant factions. Others, with more probability, derive them from Guelph or Guelfone, Duke of Bavaria, and Gibello, a castle where his antagonist, the Emperor Conrad III., was born; in consequence of a battle between Guelph and Henry the son of Conrad, which was fought (according to Mini, in his 'Defence of Florence,' p. 48) A.D. 1138. Others assign to them an origin yet more ancient; asserting that at the election of Frederick I. to the Empire, the Electors concurred in choosing him, in order to extinguish the inveterate discords between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, that prince being descended by the paternal line from the Ghibellines, and by the maternal from the Guelphs. Bartolo, however, in his tractate 'De Guelphis et Gibellinis,' gives an intrinsic meaning to these names from certain passages in Scripture: 'Sicut Gibellus interpretatur locus fortitudinis, ita Gibellini appellantur confidentes in fortitudine militum et armorum, et sicut Guelpha interpretatur os loquens, ita Guelphi interpretantur confidentes in orationibus et in divinis.' What value is to be put on this interpretation, which well accords with the genius of those times, when it was perhaps esteemed a marvellous mystery, we leave it to others to decide.—*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Charles.—The commentators explain this to mean Charles II., King of Naples and Sicily. Is it not more

likely to allude to Charles of Valois, son of Philip III. of France, who was sent for, about this time, into Italy by Pope Boniface, with the promise of being made emperor? See G. Villani, lib. viii., cap. xlii.

<sup>2</sup> When desires.—When honour and fame are the chief motives to action, that love, which has heaven for its object, must necessarily become less fervent.

<sup>3</sup> Romeo's light.—The story of Romeo is involved in some uncertainty. The name of Romeo signified, as we have seen in the note "Purgatory," canto xxxiii., v. 78, one who went on a pilgrimage to Rome. The French writers assert the continuance of his ministerial office even after the decease of his sovereign, Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; and they rest this assertion chiefly on the fact of a certain Romieu de Villeneuve, who was the contemporary of that prince, having left large possessions behind him, as appears by his will preserved in the archives of the bishopric of Venice. That they are right as to the name at least would appear from the following marginal note on the Monte Casino MS.: "Romeo de Villanova districtus civitatis Venie de Provincia olim administratoris Raymundi Belingerj Comitis de Provincia—ivit peregrinando contemplatione ad Deum." Yet it is improbable, on the other hand, that the Italians, who lived so near the time, should be misinformed in an occurrence of such notoriety. According to them, after he had long been a faithful steward to Raymond, when an account was required from him of the revenues which he had carefully husbanded, and his



Met ill acceptance. But the Provençals,  
 That were his foes, have little cause for mirth.  
 Ill shapes that man his course, who makes his wrong  
 Of other's worth. Four daughters<sup>1</sup> were there born  
 To Raymond Berenger;<sup>2</sup> and every one  
 Became a queen: and this for him did Romeo,  
 Though of mean state and from a foreign land.  
 Yet envious tongues incited him to ask  
 A reckoning of that just one, who return'd  
 Twelve fold to him for ten. Aged and poor  
 He parted thence: and if the world did know  
 The heart he had, begging his life by morsels,  
 'Twould deem the praise it yields him scanty dealt.'

master as lavishly disbursed, "he demanded the little mule, the staff, and the scrip, with which he had first entered into the Count's service, a stranger pilgrim from the shrine of St. James, in Galicia, and parted as he came; nor was it ever known whence he was, or whither he went."—*G. Villani*, lib. vi., c. xcii. The same incidents are told of him at the conclusion of cap. xxviii., lib. ii., of Fazio degli Uberti's "Dittamondo."

<sup>1</sup> *Four daughters*.—Of the four daughters of Raymond Berenger, Margaret, the eldest, was married to Louis IX.

of France; Eleanor, the next, to Henry III. of England; Sancha, the third, to Richard, Henry's brother, and King of the Romans; and the youngest, Beatrix, to Charles I., King of Naples and Sicily, and brother to Louis.

<sup>2</sup> *Raymond Berenger*.—This prince, the last of the house of Barcelonn, who was Count of Provence, died in 1215. He is in the list of Provençal poets. See Millot, "Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours," tom. ii., p. 212. But M. Raynouard could find no manuscript of his works. See "Choix des Poésies des Troubadours," tom. v., p. vii.

## CANTO VII.

### ARGUMENT.

In consequence of what had been said by Justinian, who together with the other spirits have now disappeared, some doubts arise in the mind of Dante respecting the human redemption. These difficulties are fully explained by Beatrice.

“**H**OSANNA<sup>1</sup> Sanctus Deus Sabaoth,  
Superillustrans claritate tuâ  
Felices ignes horum malahoth.”  
Thus chanting saw I turn that substance bright,<sup>2</sup>  
With fourfold lustre to its orb again,  
Revolving; and the rest, unto their dance,  
With it, moved also; and, like swiftest sparks,  
In sudden distance from my sight were veil'd.

Me doubt possess'd; and “Speak,” it whisper'd me,  
“Speak, speak unto thy lady; that she quench  
Thy thirst with drops of sweetness.” Yet blank awe,  
Which lords it o'er me, even at the sound  
Of Beatrice's name, did bow me down  
As one in slumber held. Not long that mood  
Beatrice suffer'd: she, with such a smile,  
As might have made one blest amid the flames,<sup>3</sup>  
Beaming upon me, thus her words began:  
“Thou in thy thought art pondering (as I deem,  
And what I deem is truth) how just revenge  
Could be with justice punish'd: from which doubt  
I soon will free thee; so thou mark my words;  
For they of weighty matter shall possess thee.  
Through suffering not a curb upon the power  
That will'd in him, to his own profiting,  
That man, who was unborn,<sup>4</sup> condemn'd himself;

<sup>1</sup> *Hosanna*.—“Hosanna holy God of Sabaoth, abundantly illumining with thy brightness the blessed fires of these kingdoms.”

<sup>2</sup> *That substance bright*.—Justinian.

<sup>3</sup> *As might have made one blest amid the flames*.—So Giusto de' Conti, “Bella Mano,” “Qual salamandra:”  
“Che puorami nelle fiamme far beato?”

<sup>4</sup> *That man, who was unborn*.—Adam.



And, in himself, all who since him have lived,  
 His offspring: whence, below, the human kind  
 Lay sick in grievous error many an age;  
 Until it pleased the Word of God to come  
 Amongst them down, to his own person joining  
 The nature from its Maker far estranged,  
 By the mere act of his eternal love.  
 Contemplate here the wonder I unfold.  
 The nature with its Maker thus conjoin'd,  
 Created first was blameless, pure and good;  
 But, through itself alone, was driven forth  
 From Paradise, because it had eschew'd  
 The way of truth and life, to evil turn'd.  
 Ne'er then was penalty so just as that  
 Inflicted by the cross, if thou regard  
 The nature in assumption doom'd; ne'er wrong  
 So great, in reference to him, who took  
 Such nature on him, and endured the doom.  
 So different effects flow'd from one act:<sup>1</sup>  
 For by one death God and the Jews were pleased;  
 And heaven was open'd, though the earth did quake.  
 Count it not hard henceforth, when thou dost hear  
 That a just vengeance<sup>2</sup> was, by righteous court,  
 Justly revenged. But yet I see thy mind,  
 By thought on thought arising, sore perplex'd;  
 And, with how vehement desire, it asks  
 Solution of the maze. What I have heard,  
 Is plain, thou sayst: but wherefore God this way  
 For our redemption chose, eludes my search.

“Brother! no eye of man not perfected,  
 Nor fully ripen'd in the flame of love,  
 May fathom this decree. It is a mark,  
 In sooth, much aim'd at, and but little kenn'd:  
 And I will therefore show thee why such way  
 Was worthiest. The celestial love,<sup>3</sup> that spurns

<sup>1</sup> *Different effects flow'd from one act.*—The death of Christ was pleasing to God, inasmuch as it satisfied the divine justice; and to the Jews, because it gratified their malignity; and while heaven opened for joy at the ransom of man, the earth trembled through compassion for its Maker.

<sup>2</sup> *A just vengeance.*—The punishment of Christ by the Jews, although just, as far as regarded the human nature assumed by him, and so a righteous vengeance of sin, yet, being unjust as it regarded the divine nature, was

itself justly revenged on the Jews by the destruction of Jerusalem.

<sup>3</sup> *The celestial love.*—From Boëtius, *De Consol. Philosophiæ*, lib. iii., Metr. 9:

“Quem non externæ pepulerunt fingere causæ  
 Materie fluitantis opus, verum insita summi  
 Forma boni livore carens; tu cuncta superno  
 Ducis ab exemplo, pulchrum pulcherrimus ipse  
 Mundum mente gerens, similique in imagine formans,  
 Perfectasque jubens perfectum absolvere partes.”

All envying in its bounty, in itself  
 With such effulgence blazeth, as sends forth  
 All beauteous things eternal. What distils:<sup>1</sup>  
 Immediate thence, no end of being knows;  
 Bearing its seal immutably imprest.  
 Whatever thence immediate falls, is free,  
 Free wholly, uncontrollable by power  
 Of each thing new: by such conformity  
 More grateful to its author, whose bright beams,  
 Though all partake their shining, yet in those  
 Are liveliest, which resemble him the most  
 These tokens of pre-eminence<sup>2</sup> on man  
 Largely bestow'd, if any of them fail,  
 He needs must forfeit his nobility,  
 No longer stainless. Sin alone is that,  
 Which doth disfranchise him, and make unlike  
 To the chief good; for that its light in him  
 Is darken'd. And to dignity thus lost  
 Is no return; unless, where guilt makes void,  
 He for ill pleasure pay with equal pain.  
 Your nature, which entirely in its seed  
 Transgress'd, from these distinctions fell, no less  
 Than from its state in Paradise; nor means  
 Found of recovery (search all methods out  
 As strictly as thou may) save one of these,  
 The only fords were left through which to wade:  
 Either, that God had of his courtesy  
 Released him merely; or else, man himself  
 For his own folly by himself atoned.

“ Fix now thine eye, intently as thou canst,  
 On the everlasting counsel; and explore,  
 Instructed by my words, the dread abyss.

“ Man in himself had ever lack'd the means  
 Of satisfaction, for he could not stoop  
 Obeying, in humility so low,  
 As high, he, disobeying, thought to soar:  
 And, for this reason, he had vainly tried,  
 Out of his own sufficiency, to pay

<sup>1</sup> *What distils.*—“That which proceeds immediately from God, and without the intervention of secondary causes, is immortal.”

<sup>2</sup> *These tokens of pre-eminence.*—The before-mentioned

gifts of immediate creation by God, independence on secondary causes, and consequent similitude and agreeableness to the divine Being, all at first conferred on man.



The rigid satisfaction. Then behoved  
 That God should by his own ways lead him back  
 Unto the life, from whence he fell, restored:  
 By both his ways, I mean, or one alone.<sup>1</sup>  
 But since the deed is ever prized the more,  
 The more the doer's good intent appears;  
 Goodness celestial, whose broad signature  
 Is on the universe, of all its ways  
 To raise ye up, was fain to leave out none.  
 Nor aught so vast or so magnificent,  
 Either for him who gave or who received,  
 Between the last night and the primal day,  
 Was or can be. For God more bounty show'd,  
 Giving himself to make man capable  
 Of his return to life, than had the terms  
 Been mere and unconditional release.  
 And for his justice, every method else  
 Were all too scant, had not the Son of God  
 Humbled himself to put on mortal flesh.

"Now, to content thee fully, I revert;  
 And further in some part<sup>2</sup> unfold my speech,  
 That thou mayst see it clearly as myself.

"I see, thou sayst, the air, the fire I see,  
 The earth and water, and all things of them  
 Compounded, to corruption turn, and soon  
 Dissolve. Yet these were also things create.  
 Because, if what were told me had been true,  
 They from corruption had been therefore free.

"The angels, O my brother! and this clime  
 Wherein thou art, impassible and pure,  
 I call created, even as they are  
 In their whole being: But the elements,  
 Which thou hast named, and what of them is made,  
 Are by created virtue inform'd: create,  
 Their substance; and create, the informing virtue  
 In these bright stars, that round them circling move.

<sup>1</sup> *By both his ways, I mean, or one alone.*—Either by mercy and justice united, or by mercy alone.

<sup>2</sup> *In some part.*—She reverts to that part of her discourse where she had said that what proceeds immediately from God "no end of being knows." She then proceeds to tell him that the elements, which, though he knew them to be created, he yet saw dissolved, received their form not

immediately from God, but from a virtue or power created by God; that the soul of brutes and plants is in like manner drawn forth by the stars with a combination of those elements meetly tempered, "di complession potenziata;" but that the angels and the heavens may be said to be created in that very manner in which they exist, without any intervention of agency.

The soul of every brute and of each plant,  
 The ray and motion of the sacred lights,  
 Draw<sup>1</sup> from complexion with meet power endued.  
 But this our life the eternal good inspires  
 Immediate, and enamours of itself;  
 So that our wishes rest for ever here.

“And hence thou mayst by inference conclude  
 Our resurrection certain,<sup>2</sup> if thy mind  
 Consider how the human flesh was framed,  
 When both our parents at the first were made.”

<sup>1</sup> *Draw*.—I had before rendered this differently, and I now think erroneously:

“With complex potency attract and turn.”

<sup>2</sup> *Our resurrection certain*.—Venturi appears to mistake the poet's reasoning when he observes, “Wretched for us, if we had not arguments more convincing, and of a higher kind, to assure us of the truth of our resurrection.” It is, perhaps, here intended that the whole of God's dispensation should be taken into the account. The conclusion may be, that as before sin man was immortal, and even in flesh proceeded immediately from God, so being restored to the favour of heaven by the expiation made for sin, he necessarily recovers his claim to immortality even in the body. There is much in this poem to justify the

encomium which the learned Salvini has passed on it, when, in an epistle to Redi, imitating what Horace had said of Homer, that the duties of life might be better learnt from the Grecian bard than from the teachers of the porch or the academy, he says:

“And dost thou ask, what themes my mind engage?  
 The lonely hours I give to Dante's page;  
 And meet more sacred learning in his lines,  
 Than I had gain'd from all the school divines.”

“Se volete saper la vita mia,  
 Studiando io sto lungi da tutti gli uomini;  
 Ed ho imparato più teologia  
 In questi giorni, che ho riletto Dante,  
 Che nelle scuole fatto io non avria.”



## CANTO VIII.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet ascends with Beatrice to the third heaven, which is the planet Venus; and here finds the soul of Charles Martel, King of Hungary, who had been Dante's friend on earth, and who now, after speaking of the realms to which he was heir, unfolds the cause why children differ in disposition from their parents.

THE world<sup>1</sup> was, in its day of peril dark,  
 Wont to believe the dotage of fond love,  
 From the fair Cyprian deity, who rolls  
 In her third epicycle,<sup>2</sup> shed on men  
 By stream of potent radiance: therefore they  
 Of elder time, in their old error blind,  
 Not her alone with sacrifice adored  
 And invocation, but like honours paid  
 To Cupid and Dione, deem'd of them  
 Her mother, and her son, him whom they feign'd  
 To sit in Dido's bosom:<sup>3</sup> and from her,  
 Whom I have sung preluding, borrow'd they  
 The appellation of that star, which views  
 Now obvious,<sup>4</sup> and now averse, the sun.

I was not ware that I was wafted up  
 Into its orb; but the new loveliness,  
 That graced my lady, gave me ample proof  
 That we had enter'd there. And as in flame  
 A sparkle is distinct, or voice in voice  
 Discern'd, when one its even tenour keeps,

<sup>1</sup> *The world*.—The poet, on his arrival at the third heaven, tells us that the world, in its days of heathen darkness, believed the influence of sensual love to proceed from the star to which, under the name of Venus, they paid divine honours; as they worshipped the supposed mother and son of Venus, under the names of Dione and Cupid.

<sup>2</sup> *Epicycle*.—

“The sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle.”

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. viii. 84.*

“In sul dosso di questo cerchio,” &c.—*Convito di Dante*, p. 48. “Upon the back of this circle, in the heaven of

Venus, whereof we are now treating, is a little sphere, which has in that heaven a revolution of its own; whose circle the astronomers term epicycle.”

<sup>3</sup> *To sit in Dido's bosom*.—Virgil, “*Aeneid*,” lib. i. 718.

<sup>4</sup> *Now obvious*.—Being at one part of the year a morning, and at another an evening star. So Frezzi:

“Il raggio della stella  
 Che 'l sol vagheggia or dietro or davanti.”

*Il Quadrifoglio, lib. I, c. i.*

“Whose ray,  
 Being page and usher to the day,  
 Does mourn behind the sun, before him play.”

*John Hall.*

The other comes and goes: so in that light  
 I other luminaries saw, that coursed  
 In circling motion, rapid more or less.  
 As their<sup>1</sup> eternal vision each impels.

Never was blast from vapour charged with cold.  
 Whether invisible to eye or no,<sup>2</sup>  
 Descended with such speed, it had not seem'd  
 To linger in dull tardiness, compared  
 To those celestial lights, that towards us came,  
 Leaving the circuit of their joyous ring,  
 Conducted by the lofty seraphim.  
 And after them, who in the van appear'd,  
 Such an Hosanna sounded as hath left  
 Desire, ne'er since extinct in me, to hear  
 Renew'd the strain. Then, parting from the rest,  
 One near us drew, and sole began: "We all  
 Are ready at thy pleasure, well disposed  
 To do thee gentle service. We are they  
 To whom thou in the world erewhile didst sing;  
 'O ye! whose intellectual ministry<sup>3</sup>  
 Moves the third heaven:' and in one orb we roll,  
 One motion, one impulse, with those who rule  
 Princedoms in heaven;<sup>4</sup> yet are of love so full,  
 That to please thee 'twill be as sweet to rest."

After mine eyes had with meek reverence  
 Sought the celestial guide, and were by her  
 Assured, they turn'd again unto the light,  
 Who had so largely promised; and with voice  
 That bare the lively pressure of my zeal,  
 "Tell who ye are," I cried. Forthwith it grew  
 In size and splendour, through augmented joy;  
 And thus it answer'd: "A short date, below,  
 The world possess'd me. Had the time been more,<sup>5</sup>  
 Much evil, that will come, had never chanced.

<sup>1</sup> *As their*.—As each, according to their several deserts, partakes more or less of the beatific vision.

<sup>2</sup> *Whether invisible to eye or no*.—He calls the blast invisible, if unattended by gross vapour; otherwise, visible.

<sup>3</sup> *O ye! whose intellectual ministry*.—

"Voi ch' intendendo il terzo ciel movete."

The first line in our poet's first Canzone. See his "Convito," p. 40.

<sup>4</sup> *Princedoms in heaven*.—See canto xxviii. 112, where the princedoms are, as here, made co-ordinate with this

third sphere. In his "Convito," p. 54, he has ranked them differently, making the thrones the moving intelligences of Venus.

<sup>5</sup> *Had the time been more*.—The spirit now speaking is Charles Martel, crowned King of Hungary, and son of Charles II., King of Naples and Sicily, to which dominions, dying in his father's lifetime, he did not succeed. The evil, that would have been prevented by the longer life of Charles Martel, was that resistance which his brother Robert, King of Sicily, who succeeded him, made to the Emperor Henry VII. See G. Villani, lib. ix., cap. xxxviii.



The left bank,  
That Rhone, when he hath mix'd with Sorga, laves,  
In me its lord expected.

*Canto VIII., lines 60—62.*





My gladness hides thee from me, which doth shine  
 Around, and shroud me, as an animal  
 In its own silk enswathed. Thou lovedst me well,<sup>1</sup>  
 And hadst good cause; for had my sojourning  
 Been longer on the earth, the love I bare thee  
 Had put forth more than blossoms. The left bank,<sup>2</sup>  
 That Rhone, when he hath mix'd with Sorga, laves,  
 In me its lord expected, and that horn  
 Of fair Ausonia,<sup>3</sup> with its boroughs old,  
 Bari, and Croton, and Gaeta piled,  
 From where the Trento disembogues his waves,  
 With Verde mingled, to the salt-sea flood.  
 Already on my temples beam'd the crown,  
 Which gave me sovereignty over the land<sup>4</sup>  
 By Danube wash'd, whenas he strays beyond  
 The limits of his German shores. The realm,  
 Where, on the gulf by stormy Eurus lash'd,  
 Betwixt Pelorus and Pachynian heights,  
 The beautiful Trinacria<sup>5</sup> lies in gloom  
 (Not through Typhœus,<sup>6</sup> but the vapoury cloud  
 Bituminous upsteam'd), *that* too did look  
 To have its sceptre wielded by a race  
 Of monarchs, sprung through me from Charles and Rodolph;<sup>7</sup>  
 Had not ill-lording,<sup>8</sup> which doth desperate make<sup>9</sup>  
 The people ever, in Palermo raised  
 The shout of 'death,' re-echoed loud and long.  
 Had but my brother's foresight<sup>10</sup> kenn'd as much,

<sup>1</sup> *Thou lovedst me well.*—Charles Martel might have been known to our poet at Florence, whither he came to meet his father in 1295, the year of his death. The retinue and the habiliments of the young monarch are minutely described by G. Villani, who adds, that "he remained more than twenty days in Florence, waiting for his father King Charles and his brothers; during which time great honour was done him by the Florentines, and he showed no less love towards them, and he was much in favour with all."—Lib. viii., cap. xiii. His brother Robert, King of Naples, was the friend of Petrarch.

<sup>2</sup> *The left bank.*—Provence.

<sup>3</sup> *That horn of fair Ausonia.*—The kingdom of Naples.

<sup>4</sup> *The land.*—Hungary.

<sup>5</sup> *The beautiful Trinacria.*—Sicily; so called from its three promontories, of which Pachynus and Pelorus, here mentioned, are two.

<sup>6</sup> *Typhœus.*—The giant whom Jupiter is fabled to have overwhelmed under the mountain Aetna, from whence he vomited forth smoke and flame.

<sup>7</sup> *Sprung through me from Charles and Rodolph.*—Sicily would be still ruled by a race of monarchs, descended through me from Charles I. and Rodolph I., the former my grandfather, King of Naples and Sicily; the

latter, Emperor of Germany, my father-in-law;" both celebrated in the "Purgatory," canto vii.

<sup>8</sup> *Had not ill-lording.*—"If the ill conduct of our governors in Sicily had not excited the resentment and hatred of the people, and stimulated them to that dreadful massacre at the Sicilian Vespers;" in consequence of which the kingdom fell into the hands of Peter III. of Arragon, in 1282.

"Miracol parve ad ogni persona

Che ad una voce tutta la Sicilia

Si ribellò dall' una all' altra nona,

Gridando, mora mora la famiglia

Di Carlo, mora mora gli franceschi,

E così ne tagliò ben otto miglia.

O quanto i forestier che giungon freschi

Nell' altrui terre, denno esser cortesi,

Fuggir lussuria e non esser maneschi."<sup>9</sup>

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, lib. ii., cap. 39.*

<sup>9</sup> *Desperate make.*—"Accuora." Monti, in his "Proposta," construes this "afflicis." Vellutello's interpretation of it, which is "makes desperate," appears to be nearer the mark.

<sup>10</sup> *My brother's foresight.*—He seems to tax his brother Robert with employing necessitous and greedy Catalonians to administer the affairs of his kingdom.

He had been wavier, that the greedy want  
 Of Catalonia might not work his bale.  
 And truly need there is that he forecast,  
 Or other for him, lest more freight be laid  
 On his already over-laden bark.  
 Nature in him, from bounty fallen to thrift,  
 Would ask the guard of braver arms, than such  
 As only care to have their coffers fill'd."

"My liege! it doth enhance the joy thy words  
 Infuse into me, mighty as it is,  
 To think my gladness manifest to thee,  
 As to myself, who own it, when thou look'st  
 Into the source and limit of all good,  
 There, where thou markest that which thou dost speak,  
 Thence prized of me the more. Glad thou hast made me:  
 Now make intelligent, clearing the doubt  
 Thy speech hath raised in me; for much I muse,  
 How bitter can spring up,<sup>1</sup> when sweet is sown."

I thus inquiring; he forthwith replied:  
 "If I have power to show one truth, soon that  
 Shall face thee, which thy questioning declares  
 Behind thee now conceal'd. The Good,<sup>2</sup> that guides  
 And blessed makes this realm which thou dost mount,  
 Ordains its providence to be the virtue  
 In these great bodies: nor the natures only  
 The all-perfect mind provides for, but with them  
*That* which preserves them too; for nought, that lies  
 Within the range of that unerring bow,  
 But is as level with the destined aim,  
 As ever mark to arrow's point opposed.  
 Were it not thus, these heavens thou dost visit,  
 Would their effect so work, it would not be  
 Art, but destruction; and this may not chance,

<sup>1</sup> *How bitter can spring up.*—"How a covetous son can spring from a liberal father." Yet that father has himself been accused of avarice in the "Purgatory," canto xx. 78; though his general character was that of a bounteous prince.

<sup>2</sup> *The Good.*—The Supreme Being uses these spheres as the intelligent instruments of his providence in the conduct of terrestrial natures; so that these natures cannot but be conducted aright, unless these heavenly bodies should themselves fail from not having been made perfect at first, or the Creator of them should fail. To this Dante replies, that nature, he is satisfied, thus directed must do her part. Charles Martel then re-

minds him that he had learned from Aristotle, that human society requires a variety of conditions, and consequently a variety of qualifications in its members. Accordingly, men, he concludes, are born with different powers and capacities, caused by the influence of the heavenly bodies at the time of their nativity; on which influence, and not on their parents, those powers and capacities depend. Having thus resolved the question proposed, Charles Martel adds, by way of corollary, that the want of observing their natural bent in the destination of men to their several offices in life, is the occasion of much of the disorder that prevails in the world.



If the intellectual powers, that move these stars,  
Fail not, and who, first faulty made them, fail.  
Wilt thou this truth more clearly evidenced?"

To whom I thus: "It is enough: no fear,  
I see, lest nature in her part should tire."

He straight rejoin'd: "Say, were it worse for man,  
If he lived not in fellowship on earth?"

"Yea," answer'd I; "nor here a reason needs."

"And may that be, if different estates  
Grow not of different duties in your life?  
Consult your teacher,<sup>1</sup> and he tells you 'no.'"

Thus did he come, deducing to this point,  
And then concluded: "For this cause behoves,  
The roots, from whence your operations come,  
Must differ. Therefore one is Solon born;  
Another, Xerxes; and Melchisedec  
A third; and he a fourth, whose airy voyage  
Cost him his son.<sup>2</sup> In her circuitous course,  
Nature, that is the seal to mortal wax,  
Doth well her art, but no distinction owns  
'Twi'xt one or other household. Hence befalls  
That Esau is so wide of Jacob:<sup>3</sup> hence  
Quirinus<sup>4</sup> of so base a father springs,  
He dates from Mars his lineage. Were it not  
That Providence celestial overruled,  
Nature, in generation, must the path  
Traced by the generator still pursue  
Unswervingly. Thus place I in thy sight  
That, which was late behind thee. But, in sign  
Of more affection for thee, 'tis my will  
Thou wear this corollary. Nature ever,  
Finding discordant fortune, like all seed

<sup>1</sup> *Consult your teacher.*—Aristotle, *ἔπει δὲ ἀνομοίων ἢ πῶδες, κ. τ. λ.*, "De Rep.," lib. iii., cap. 4. "Since a state is made up of members differing from one another (for even as an animal, in the first instance, consists of soul and body; and the soul, of reason and desire; and a family, of man and woman; and property, of master and slave; in like manner a state consists both of all these, and besides these of other dissimilar kinds), it necessarily follows, that the excellence of all the members of the state cannot be one and the same."

<sup>2</sup> *Whose airy voyage cost him his son.*—Daedalus.

<sup>3</sup> *Esau is so wide of Jacob.*—Gen. xxv. 22. Venturi blames our poet for selecting an instance, which, as that commentator says, proves the direct contrary of that which he intended, as they were born under the same ascen-

dant; and, therefore, if the stars had any influence, the two brothers should have been born with the same temperament and disposition. This objection is well answered by Lombardi, who quotes a passage from Roger Bacon, to show that the smallest diversity of place was held to make a diversity in the influence of the heavenly bodies, so as to occasion an entire discrepancy even between children in the same womb. It must be recollected, that whatever power may be attributed to the stars by our poet, he does not suppose it to put any constraint on the freedom of the human will; so that, chimerical as his opinion appears to us, it was, in a moral point of view at least, harmless.

<sup>4</sup> *Quirinus.*—Romulus, born of so obscure a father, that his parentage was attributed to Mars.

Out of its proper climate, thrives but ill,  
And were the world below content to mark  
And work on the foundation nature lays,  
It would not lack supply of excellence.  
But ye perversely to religion strain  
Him, who was born to gird on him the sword,  
And of the fluent phraseman make your king:  
Therefore<sup>1</sup> your steps have wander'd from the path."

<sup>1</sup> *Therefore*.—"The wisdom of God hath divided the genius of men according to the different affairs of the world; and varied their inclinations according to the variety of actions to be performed therein. Which they

who consider not, rudely rushing upon professions and ways of life unequal to their natures, dishonour not only themselves and their functions, but pervert the harmony of the whole world."—*Brown, on Vulgar Errors*, b. i., ch. 5.



## CANTO IX.

### ARGUMENT.

The next spirit, who converses with our Poet in the planet Venus, is the amorous Cunizza. To her succeeds Folco, or Folques, the Provençal bard, who declares that the soul of Rahab the harlot is there also; and then, blaming the Pope for his neglect of the Holy Land, prognosticates some reverse to the Papal power.

AFTER solution of my doubt, thy Charles,  
O fair Clemenza,<sup>1</sup> of the treachery<sup>2</sup> spake,  
That must befall his seed: but, "Tell it not,"  
Said he, "and let the destined years come round."  
Nor may I tell thee more, save that the meed  
Of sorrow well-deserved shall quit your wrongs.

And now the visage of that saintly light<sup>3</sup>  
Was to the sun, that fills it, turn'd again,  
As to the good, whose plenitude of bliss  
Sufficeth all. O ye misguided souls!  
Infatuate, who from such a good estrange  
Your hearts, and bend your gaze on vanity,  
Alas for you!—And lo! toward me, next  
Another of those splendent forms approach'd,  
That, by its outward brightening, testified  
The will it had to pleasure me. The eyes  
Of Beatrice, resting, as before,  
Firmly upon me, manifested forth  
Approval of my wish. "And O," I cried,  
"Blest spirit! quickly be my will perform'd;  
And prove thou to me,<sup>4</sup> that my inmost thoughts  
I can reflect on thee." Thereat the light,  
That yet was new to me, from the recess,  
Where it before was singing, thus began,

<sup>1</sup> *O fair Clemenza.*—Daughter of Charles Martel, and second wife of Louis X. of France.

<sup>2</sup> *The treachery.*—He alludes to the occupation of the kingdom of Sicily by Robert, in exclusion of his brother's son Carobert, or Charles Robert, the rightful heir. See G. Villani, lib. viii., c. cxii.

<sup>3</sup> *That saintly light.*—Charles Martel.

<sup>4</sup> *Prove thou to me.*—The thoughts of all created minds being seen by the Deity, and all that is in the Deity being the object of vision to beatified spirits, such spirits must consequently see the thoughts of all created minds. Dante therefore requests of the spirit, who now approaches him, a proof of this truth with regard to his own thoughts. See v. 70.

As one who joys in kindness: "In that part<sup>1</sup>  
Of the depraved Italian land, which lies  
Between Rialto and the fountain-springs  
Of Brenta and of Piava, there doth rise,  
But to no lofty eminence, a hill,  
From whence erewhile a firebrand did descend,  
That sorely shent the region. From one root  
I and it sprang; my name on earth Cunizza:<sup>2</sup>  
And here I glitter, for that by its light  
This star o'ercame me. Yet I nought repine,<sup>3</sup>  
Nor grudge myself the cause of this my lot:  
Which haply vulgar hearts can scarce conceive.

"This<sup>4</sup> jewel, that is next me in our heaven,  
Lustrous and costly, great renown hath left,  
And not to perish, ere these hundred years  
Five times<sup>5</sup> absolve their round. Consider thou,  
If to excel be worthy man's endeavour,  
When such life may attend the first.<sup>6</sup> Yet they  
Care not for this, the crowd<sup>7</sup> that now are girt  
By Adice and Tagliamento, still  
Impenitent, though scourged. The hour is near<sup>8</sup>  
When for their stubbornness, at Padua's marsh  
The water shall be changed, that laves Vicenza.  
And where Cagnano meets with Sile, one<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *In that part.*—Between Rialto in the Venetian territory, and the sources of the rivers Brenta and Piava, is situated a castle called Romano, the birth-place of the famous tyrant Ezzolino or Azzolino, the brother of Cunizza who is now speaking. The tyrant we have seen in "the river of blood," "Hell," canto xii., v. 110.

<sup>2</sup> *Cunizza.*—The adventures of Cunizza, overcome by the influence of her star, are related by the chronicler Rolandino of Padua, lib. i., c. 3, in Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," tom. viii., p. 173. She eloped from her first husband, Richard of St. Boniface, in the company of Sordello (see "Purgatory," canto vi. and vii.), with whom she is supposed to have cohabited before her marriage: then lived with a soldier of Treviso, whose wife was living at the same time in the same city; and on his being murdered by her brother the tyrant, was by her brother married to a nobleman of Braganza; lastly, when he also had fallen by the same hand, she, after her brother's death, was again wedded in Verona.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet I nought repine.*—"I am not dissatisfied that I am not allotted a higher place."

<sup>4</sup> *This.*—Folco of Genoa, a celebrated Provençal poet, commonly termed Folques of Marseilles, of which place he was perhaps bishop. Many errors of Nostradamus concerning him, which have been followed by Crescimbeni, Quadrio, and Millot, are detected by the diligence of Tiraboschi, Mr. Mathias's edit., v. i., p. 18. All that appears certain is what we are told in this canto, that he was of Genoa; and by Petrarch, in the "Triumph of

Love," c. iv., that he was better known by the appellation he derived from Marseilles, and at last assumed the religious habit. One of his verses is cited by Dante, "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. iii., c. 6.

<sup>5</sup> *Ere these hundred years five times.*—The five hundred years are elapsed; and unless the Provençal MSS. should be brought to light, the poetical reputation of Folco must rest on the mention made of him by the more fortunate Italians. What I scarcely ventured to hope at the time this note was written, has been accomplished by the great learning and diligence of M. Raynouard. See his "Choix des Poésies des Troubadours" and "Lexique Roman," in which Folques and his Provençal brethren are awakened into the second life ascribed to them by our poet.

<sup>6</sup> *When such life may attend the first.*—When the mortal life of man may be attended by so lasting and glorious a memory, which is a kind of second life.

<sup>7</sup> *The crowd.*—The people who inhabited the tract of country bounded by the river Tagliamento to the east and Adice to the west.

<sup>8</sup> *The hour is near.*—Cunizza foretels the defeat of Giacompo da Carrara and the Paduans, by Can Grande, at Vicenza, on the 18th September, 1314. See G. Villani, lib. ix., cap. lxxii.

<sup>9</sup> *One.*—She predicts also the fate of Riccardo da Camino, who is said to have been murdered at Treviso (where the rivers Sile and Cagnano meet), while he was engaged in playing at chess.



Lords it, and bears his head aloft, for whom  
 The web<sup>1</sup> is now a-warping. Feltro<sup>2</sup> too  
 Shall sorrow for its godless shepherd's fault,  
 Of so deep stain, that never, for the like,  
 Was Malta's<sup>3</sup> bar unclosed. Too large should be  
 The skillet<sup>4</sup> that would hold Ferrara's blood,  
 And wearied he, who ounce by ounce would weigh it,  
 The which this priest,<sup>5</sup> in show of party-zeal,  
 Courteous will give; nor will the gift ill suit  
 The country's custom. We descry<sup>6</sup> above  
 Mirrors, ye call them thrones, from which to us  
 Reflected shine the judgments of our God:  
 Whence these our sayings we avouch for good."

She ended; and appear'd on other thoughts  
 Intent, re-entering on the wheel she late  
 Had left. That other joyance<sup>7</sup> meanwhile wax'd  
 A thing to marvel at,<sup>8</sup> in splendour glowing,  
 Like choicest ruby<sup>9</sup> stricken by the sun.  
 For, in that upper clime, effulgence<sup>10</sup> comes  
 Of gladness, as here laughter: and below,  
 As the mind saddens, murkier grows the shade.  
 "God seeth all: and in him is thy sight,"  
 Said I, "blest spirit! Therefore will of his  
 Cannot to thee be dark. Why then delays  
 Thy voice to satisfy my wish untold;  
 That voice, which joins the inexpressive song,  
 Pastime of heaven, the which those ardours sing,  
 That cowl them with six shadowing wings<sup>11</sup> outspread?"

<sup>1</sup> *The web*.—The net, or snare, into which he is destined to fall.

<sup>2</sup> *Feltro*.—The Bishop of Feltro having received a number of fugitives from Ferrara, who were in opposition to the Pope, under a promise of protection, afterwards gave them up; so that they were re-conducted to that city, and the greater part of them there put to death.

<sup>3</sup> *Malta's*.—A tower, either in the citadel of Padua, which, under the tyranny of Ezzolino, had been "with many a foul and midnight murder fed," or (as some say) near a river of the same name, that falls into the lake of Bolsena, in which the Pope was accustomed to imprison such as had been guilty of an irremissible sin.

<sup>4</sup> *The skillet*.—The blood shed could not be contained in such a vessel if it were of the usual size.

<sup>5</sup> *This priest*.—The bishop who, to show himself a zealous partisan of the Pope, had committed the above-mentioned act of treachery. The commentators are not agreed as to the name of this faithless prelate. Troya calls him Alessandra Novello, and relates the circumstances at full. "Veltro Allegorico," p. 139.

<sup>6</sup> *We descry*.—"We behold the things that we predict, in the mirrors of eternal truth."

<sup>7</sup> *That other joyance*.—Folco.

<sup>8</sup> *A thing to marvel at*.—"Preclara cosa." A Latinism, according to Venturi; but the word "preclara" had been already naturalised by Guido Guinicelli:

"Oro ed argento e ricche gioje preclare."

See the sonnet, of which a version has been given in a note to "Purgatory," canto xi, v. 96.

<sup>9</sup> *Choicest ruby*.—"Balascio."

No saphire in Inde no rube rich of grace  
 There lacked then, nor emeraude so green,  
 Bales.<sup>2</sup> *Chaucer, The Court of Love.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt—I should suppose erroneously, as to the sense at least intended by Chaucer—calls it "a sort of bastard ruby."

<sup>10</sup> *Effulgence*.—As joy is expressed by laughter on earth, so is it by an increase of splendour in Paradise; and, on the contrary, grief is betokened in Hell by augmented darkness.

<sup>11</sup> *Six shadowing wings*.—"Above it stood the seraphims"

I would not wait thy asking, wert thou known  
To me, as throughly I to thee am known."

He, forthwith answering, thus his words began:  
"The valley of waters,<sup>1</sup> widest next to that<sup>2</sup>  
Which doth the earth engarland, shapes its course,  
Between discordant shores,<sup>3</sup> against the sun  
Inward so far, it makes meridian<sup>4</sup> there,  
Where was before the horizon. Of that vale  
Dwelt I upon the shore, 'twixt Ebro's stream  
And Macra's,<sup>5</sup> that divides with passage brief  
Genoan bounds from Tuscan. East and west  
Are nearly one to Begga<sup>6</sup> and my land  
Whose haven<sup>7</sup> erst was with its own blood warm.  
Who knew my name, were wont to call me Folco;  
And I did bear impression of this heaven,<sup>8</sup>  
That now bears mine: for not with fiercer flame  
Glow'd Belus' daughter,<sup>9</sup> injuring alike  
Sichæus and Creusa, than did I,  
Long as it suited the unripen'd down  
That fledged my cheek; nor she of Rhodope,<sup>10</sup>  
That was beguiled of Demophoon;  
Nor Jove's son,<sup>11</sup> when the charms of Iole  
Were shrined within his heart. And yet there bides  
No sorrowful repentance here, but mirth,  
Not for the fault (that doth not come to mind),  
But for the virtue, whose o'erruling sway  
And providence have wrought thus quaintly. Here  
The skill is look'd into, that fashioneth  
With such effectual working,<sup>12</sup> and the good

each one had six wings."—Isa. vi. 2. "Ante majestatis ejus gloriam cherubim senas habentes alas semper adstantes non cessant clamare, sanctus, sanctus, sanctus."—*Alberici Visio*, § 39.

"Six wings he wore to shade  
His linaments divine."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. v. 278.

<sup>1</sup> *The valley of waters*.—The Mediterranean Sea.

<sup>2</sup> *That*.—The great ocean.

<sup>3</sup> *Discordant shores*.—Europe and Africa.

<sup>4</sup> *Meridian*.—Extending to the east, the Mediterranean at last reaches the coast of Palestine, which is on its horizon when it enters the Straits of Gibraltar. "Wherever a man is," says Vellutello, "there he has, above his head, his own particular meridian circle."

<sup>5</sup> *'Twixt Ebro's stream and Macra's*.—Ebro, a river to the west, and Macra, to the east of Genoa, where Folco was born. Others think that Marseilles and not Genoa is here described; and then Ebro must be understood of the river in Spain.

<sup>6</sup> *Begga*.—A place in Africa.

<sup>7</sup> *Whose haven*.—Alluding to the terrible slaughter of the Genoese made by the Saracens in 936; for which event Vellutello refers to the history of Augustino Giustiniani. Those who conceive that our poet speaks of Marseilles, suppose the slaughter of its inhabitants made in the time of Julius Cæsar to be alluded to. It must, however, have been Genoa, as that place, and not Marseilles, lies opposite to Buggea, or Begga, on the African coast. Fazio degli Uberti describes Buggea as looking towards Majorca:

"Vidi Buggea che vè di grande loda;  
Questa nel mare Maiorica guata."

*Dittamondo*, l. v., c. 6.

<sup>8</sup> *This heaven*.—The planet Venus, by which Folco declares himself to have been formerly influenced.

<sup>9</sup> *Belus' daughter*.—Dido.

<sup>10</sup> *She of Rhodope*.—Phyllis.

<sup>11</sup> *Jove's son*.—Hercules.

<sup>12</sup> *With such effectual working*.—All the editions, except the *Nidobeatina*, do not, as Lombardi affirms, read "canto;" for Vellutello's of 1544 is certainly one exception.



Discern'd, accruing to the lower world<sup>1</sup>  
 From this above. But fully to content  
 Thy wishes all that in this sphere have birth,  
 Demands my further parole. Inquire thou wouldst,  
 Who of this light is denizen, that here  
 Beside me sparkles, as the sunbeam doth  
 On the clear wave. Know then, the soul of Rahab<sup>2</sup>  
 Is in that gladsome harbour; to our tribe  
 United, and the foremost rank assign'd.  
 She to this heaven,<sup>3</sup> at which the shadow ends  
 Of your sublunar world, was taken up,  
 First, in Christ's triumph, of all souls redeem'd:  
 For well behoved, that, in some part of heaven,  
 She should remain a trophy, to declare  
 The mighty conquest won with either palm;<sup>4</sup>  
 For that she favour'd first the high exploit  
 Of Joshua on the Holy Land, whereof  
 The Pope<sup>5</sup> recks little now. Thy city, plant  
 Of him,<sup>6</sup> that on his Maker turn'd the back,  
 And of whose envying so much woe hath sprung,  
 Engenders and expands the cursed flower,<sup>7</sup>  
 That hath made wander both the sheep and lambs,  
 Turning the shepherd to a wolf. For this,  
 The gospel and great teachers laid aside,  
 The decretals,<sup>8</sup> as their stuff margins show,  
 Are the sole study. Pope and Cardinals,  
 Intent on these, ne'er journey but in thought  
 To Nazareth, where Gabriel oped his wings.

<sup>1</sup> *To the lower world.*—I have altered my former translation here, in compliance with a reading adopted by Lombardi from the *Nidobeatina*: "Perche l'mondo" instead of "Perche al mondo." But the passage is still obscure.

<sup>2</sup> *Rahab.*—Heb. xi. 31.

<sup>3</sup> *This heaven.*—"This planet of Venus, at which the shadow of the earth ends, as Ptolemy writes in his *Almagest*."—*Vellutello*.

<sup>4</sup> *With either palm.*—By both his hands nailed to the cross.

<sup>5</sup> *The Pope.*—"Who cares not that the Holy Land is in the possession of the Saracens." See also canto xv. 136.

"Ite superbi, O miseri Christiani  
 Consumando l'un l'altro, e non vi caglia  
 Che l'sepolero di Cristo è in man di cani!"

*Petrarca, Trionfo della Fama, cap. ii.*

<sup>6</sup> *Of him.*—Of Satan.

<sup>7</sup> *The cursed flower.*—The coin of Florence, called the *floren*; the covetous desire of which has excited the Pope to so much evil.

<sup>8</sup> *The decretals.*—The canon law. So in the "De

*Monarchia*," lib. iii., p. 137: "There are also a third set, whom they call Decretalists. These, alike ignorant of theology and philosophy, relying wholly on their decretals (which I indeed esteem not unworthy of reverence), in the hope, I suppose, of obtaining for them a paramount influence, derogate from the authority of the empire. Nor is this to be wondered at, when I have heard one of them saying, and impudently maintaining, that traditions are the foundation of the faith of the church." He proceeds to confute this opinion, and concludes "that the church does not derive its authority from traditions, but traditions from the church." "necesse est, ut non ecclesie a traditionibus, sed ab ecclesiâ traditionibus accedat auctoritas." In accordance with the sentiments of Dante on this point, the Church of England has framed that article, so well worthy of being duly considered and carried into practice, which begins: "It is not necessary that traditions and ceremonies be in all places one, or utterly alike; for at all times they have been divers, and may be changed according to the diversity of countries, times, and men's manners, so that nothing be ordained against God's word."—Article xxxiv.

Yet it may chance, ere long, the Vatican,<sup>1</sup>  
And other most selected parts of Rome,  
That were the grave of Peter's soldiery,  
Shall be deliver'd from the adulterous bond."

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<sup>1</sup> *The Vatican.*—He alludes either to the death of Pope Boniface VIII., or, as Venturi supposes, to the coming of the Emperor Henry VII. into Italy; or else, ac-

ording to the yet more probable conjecture of Lombardi, to the transfer of the Holy See from Rome to Avignon, which took place in the pontificate of Clement V.



## CANTO X.

### ARGUMENT.

Their next ascent carries them into the sun, which is the fourth heaven. Here they are encompassed with a wreath of blessed spirits, twelve in number. Thomas Aquinas, who is one of these, declares the names and endowments of the rest.

LOOKING into his first-born with the love  
Which breathes from both eternal, the first Might  
Ineffable, wherever eye or mind  
Can roam, hath in such order all disposed,  
As none may see and fail to enjoy. Raise, then,  
O reader! to the lofty wheels, with me,  
Thy ken directed to the point,<sup>1</sup> whereat  
One motion strikes on the other. There begin  
Thy wonder of the mighty Architect,  
Who loves his work so inwardly, his eye  
Doth ever watch it. See, how thence oblique<sup>2</sup>  
Brancheth the circle, where the planets roll  
To pour their wished influence on the world;  
Whose path not bending thus, in heaven above<sup>3</sup>  
Much virtue would be lost, and here on earth  
All power well nigh extinct; or, from direct  
Were its departure distant more or less,  
I' the universal order, great defect  
Must, both in heaven and here beneath, ensue.  
Now rest thee, reader! on thy bench, and muse  
Anticipative of the feast to come;  
So shall delight make thee not feel thy toil.  
Lo! I have set before thee; for thyself

<sup>1</sup> *The point.*—"To that part of heaven," as Venturi explains it, "in which the equinoctial circle and the zodiac intersect each other, where the common motion of the heavens from east to west may be said to strike with greatest force against the motion proper to the planets; and this repercussion, as it were, is here the strongest, because the velocity of each is increased to the utmost by their respective distance from the poles. Such at least is the system of Dante."

<sup>2</sup> *Oblique.*—The zodiac.

<sup>3</sup> *In heaven above.*—If the planets did not preserve that order in which they move, they would not receive nor transmit their due influences; and if the zodiac were not thus oblique—if towards the north it either passed or went short of the tropic of Cancer, or else towards the south it passed or went short of the tropic of Capricorn—it would not divide the seasons as it now does.

Feed now: the matter I indite, henceforth  
 Demands entire my thought. Join'd with the part,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which late we told of, the great minister<sup>2</sup>  
 Of nature, that upon the world imprints  
 The virtue of the heaven, and doles out  
 Time for us with his beam, went circling on  
 Along the spires,<sup>3</sup> where<sup>4</sup> each hour sooner comes;  
 And I was with him, weetless of ascent,  
 But as a man,<sup>5</sup> that weets him come, ere thinking.

For Beatrice, she who passeth on  
 So suddenly from good to better, time  
 Counts not the act, oh then how great must needs  
 Have been her brightness! What there was i' th' sun  
 (Where I had entered), not through change of hue,  
 But light transparent—did I summon up  
 Genius, art, practice—I might not so speak,  
 It should be e'er imagined: yet believed  
 It may be, and the sight be justly craved.  
 And if our fantasy fail of such height,  
 What marvel, since no eye above the sun  
 Hath ever travel'd? Such are they dwell here,  
 Fourth family of the Omnipotent Sire,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who of his spirit and of his offspring<sup>7</sup> shows;  
 And holds them still enraptured with the view.  
 And thus to me Beatrice: "Thank, oh thank  
 The Sun of angels, him, who by his grace  
 To this perceptible hath lifted thee."

Never was heart in such devotion bound,  
 And with complacency so absolute  
 Disposed to render up itself to God,  
 As mine was at those words: and so entire  
 The love for Him, that held me, it eclipsed  
 Beatrice in oblivion. Nought displeas'd  
 Was she, but smiled thereat so joyously,  
 That of her laughing eyes the radiance brake  
 And scattered my collected mind abroad.

<sup>1</sup> *The part.*—The above-mentioned intersection of the equinoctial circle and the zodiac.

<sup>2</sup> *Minister.*—The sun.

<sup>3</sup> *Along the spires.*—According to our poet's system, as the earth is motionless, the sun passes, by a spiral motion, from one tropic to the other.

<sup>4</sup> *Where.*—In which the sun rises every day earlier after the vernal equinox.

<sup>5</sup> *But as a man.*—That is, he was quite insensible of it.

<sup>6</sup> *Such are they dwell here, fourth family of the Omnipotent Sire.*—The inhabitants of the sun, the fourth planet.

<sup>7</sup> *Of his spirit and of his offspring.*—The procession of the third, and the generation of the second person in the Trinity.



Then saw I a bright band, in liveliness  
 Surpassing, who themselves did make the crown,  
 And us their centre: yet more sweet in voice,  
 Than, in their visage, beaming. Cinctured thus,  
 Sometime Latona's daughter we behold,  
 When the impregnate air retains the thread  
 That weaves her zone. In the celestial court,  
 Whence I return, are many jewels found,  
 So dear and beautiful, they cannot brook  
 Transporting from that realm: and of these lights  
 Such was the song.<sup>1</sup> Who doth not prune his wing  
 To soar up thither, let him<sup>2</sup> look from thence  
 For tidings from the dumb. When, singing thus,  
 Those burning suns had circled round us thrice,  
 As nearest stars around the fixed pole;  
 Then seem'd they like to ladies, from the dance  
 Not ceasing, but suspense, in silent pause,  
 Listening, till they have caught the strain anew:  
 Suspended so they stood: and, from within,  
 Thus heard I one, who spake: "Since with its beam  
 The grace, whence true love lighteth first his flame,  
 That after doth increase by loving, shines  
 So multiplied in thee, it leads thee up  
 Along this ladder, down whose hallow'd steps  
 None e'er descend, and mount them not again;  
 Who from his phial should refuse thee wine  
 To slake thy thirst, no less constrained<sup>3</sup> were,  
 Than water flowing not unto the sea.  
 Thou fain wouldst hear, what plants are these, that bloom  
 In the bright garland, which, admiring, girds  
 This fair dame round, who strengthens thee for heaven.  
 I, then,<sup>4</sup> was of the lambs, that Dominic  
 Leads, for his saintly flock, along the way  
 Where well they thrive, not swoln with vanity.  
 He, nearest on my right hand, brother was,  
 And master to me: Albert of Cologne.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Such was the song.*—The song of these spirits was ineffable. It was like a jewel so highly prized, that the exportation of it to another country is prohibited by law.

<sup>2</sup> *Let him.*—Let him not expect any intelligence at all of that place, for it surpasses description.

<sup>3</sup> *No less constrained.*—"The rivers might as easily cease to flow towards the sea, as we could deny thee thy request."

<sup>4</sup> *I, then.*—"I was of the Dominican order."

<sup>5</sup> *Albert of Cologne.*—Albertus Magnus was born at Laugingen, in Thuringia, in 1193, and studied at Paris and at Padua; at the latter of which places he entered into the Dominican order. He then taught theology in various parts of Germany, and particularly at Cologne. Thomas Aquinas was his favourite pupil. In 1260, he reluctantly accepted the bishopric of Ratisbon, and in



Is this; and, of Aquinum, Thomas<sup>1</sup> I.  
 If thou of all the rest wouldst be assured,  
 Let thine eye, waiting on the words I speak,  
 In circuit journey round the blessed wreath.  
 That next resplendence issues from the smile  
 Of Gratian,<sup>2</sup> who to either forum<sup>3</sup> lent  
 Such help, as favour wins in Paradise.  
 The other, nearest, who adorns our quire,  
 Was Peter,<sup>4</sup> he that with the widow gave<sup>5</sup>  
 To holy church his treasure. The fifth light,<sup>6</sup>  
 Goodliest of all, is by such love inspired,  
 That all your world craves tidings of his doom:<sup>7</sup>  
 Within, there is the lofty light, endow'd  
 With sapience so profound, if truth be truth,  
 That with a ken of such wide amplitude  
 No second hath arisen. Next behold  
 That taper's radiance,<sup>8</sup> to whose view was shown,  
 Clearliest, the nature and the ministry  
 Angelical, while yet in flesh it dwelt.  
 In the other little light serenely smiles  
 That pleader<sup>9</sup> for the Christian temples, he,

two years after resigned it, and returned to his cell in Cologne, where the remainder of his life was passed in superintending the school, and in composing his voluminous works on divinity and natural science. He died in 1280. The absurd imputation of his having dealt in the magical art is well known; and his biographers take some pains to clear him of it. "Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum," by Quetif and Echard, Lut., Par., 1719, fol., tom. i., p. 162. Frezzi places Albertus Magnus next in rank to Aristotle:

"Alberto Magno è dopo lui il secondo:  
 Egli supplì li membri, e l' vestimento  
 Alla Filosofia in questo mondo."

*Il Quadrivregio*, lib. iv., cap. 9.

<sup>1</sup> *Of Aquinum, Thomas*.—Thomas Aquinas, of whom Bucer is reported to have said, "Take but Thomas away, and I will overturn the Church of Rome;" and whom Hooker terms "the greatest among the school divines" ("Ecclesiastical Polity," b. iii., § 9), was born of noble parents, who anxiously but vainly endeavoured to divert him from a life of celibacy and study. He died in 1274, at the age of forty-seven. Echard and Quetif, *ibid.*, p. 271. See also "Purgatory," canto xx., v. 67. A modern French writer has collected some particulars relating to the influence which the writings of Thomas Aquinas and Buonaventura had on the opinions of Dante. See the third part of Ozanam's "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au treizième siècle," 8vo, Par., 1839.

<sup>2</sup> *Gratian*.—"Gratian, a Benedictine monk belonging to the Convent of St. Felix and Nabor, at Bologna, and by birth a Tuscan, composed, about the year 1130, for the use of the schools, an abridgment or epitome of canon law, drawn from the letters of the pontiffs, the decrees of councils, and the writings of the ancient doctors."—*Maclaine's Mosheim*, v. iii., cent. xii., part ii., cap. i., § 6.

<sup>3</sup> *To either forum*.—"By reconciling," as Venturi explains it, "the civil with the canon law."

<sup>4</sup> *Peter*.—"Pietro Lombardo was of obscure origin, nor is the place of his birth in Lombardy ascertained. With a recommendation from the Bishop of Lucca to St. Bernard, he went into France to continue his studies; and for that purpose remained some time at Rheims, whence he afterwards proceeded to Paris. Here his reputation was so great, that Philip, brother of Louis VII., being chosen Bishop of Paris, resigned that dignity to Pietro, whose pupil he had been. He held his bishopric only one year, and died 1160. His 'Liber Sententiarum' is highly esteemed. It contains a system of scholastic theology, so much more complete than any which had been yet seen, that it may be deemed an original work."—*Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital.*, tom. iii., lib. iv., cap. ii.

<sup>5</sup> *That with the widow gave*.—This alludes to the beginning of the "Liber Sententiarum," where Peter says: "Cupiens aliquid de penuria ac tenuitate nostrâ cum pauperula in gazophylacium domini mittere." &c.

<sup>6</sup> *The fifth light*.—Solomon.

<sup>7</sup> *His doom*.—It was a common question, it seems, whether Solomon were saved or no.

<sup>8</sup> *That taper's radiance*.—St. Dionysius, the Areopagite. "The famous Grecian fanatic, who gave himself out for Dionysius the Areopagite, disciple of St. Paul, and who, under the protection of this venerable name, gave laws and instructions to those that were desirous of raising their souls above all human things, in order to unite them to their great source by sublime contemplation, lived most probably in this century (the fourth); though some place him before, others after, the present period."—*Maclaine's Mosheim*, v. i., cent. iv., p. ii., c. lii., § 12.

<sup>9</sup> *That pleader*.—In the fifth century, Paulus Orosius "acquired a considerable degree of reputation by the



Who did provide Augustin of his lore.  
 Now, if thy mind's eye pass from light to light,  
 Upon my praises following, of the eighth<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy thirst is next. The saintly soul, that shows  
 The world's deceitfulness, to all who hear him,  
 Is, with the sight of all the good that is,  
 Blest there. The limbs, whence it was driven, lie  
 Down in Cieldauro;<sup>2</sup> and from martyrdom  
 And exile came it here. Lo! further on,  
 Where flames the arduous spirit of Isidore;<sup>3</sup>  
 Of Bede;<sup>4</sup> and Richard,<sup>5</sup> more than man, erewhile,  
 In deep discernment. Lastly this, from whom  
 Thy look on me reverteth, was the beam  
 Of one, whose spirit, on high musings bent,  
 Rebuked the lingering tardiness of death.  
 It is the eternal light of Sigebert,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who escaped not envy, when of truth he argued,  
 Reading in the straw-litter'd street."<sup>7</sup> Forthwith,  
 As clock, that calleth up the spouse of God<sup>8</sup>  
 To win her bridegroom's love at matin's hour,  
 Each part of other fitly drawn and urged,  
 Sends out a tinkling sound, of note so sweet,  
 Affection springs in well-disposed breast;  
 Thus saw I move the glorious wheel; thus heard  
 Voice answering voice, so musical and soft,  
 It can be known but where day endless shines.

History he wrote to refute the cavils of the Pagans against Christianity, and by his books against the Pelagians and Priscillianists.—*Ibid.*, v. ii., cent. v., p. ii., c. ii., § 11. A similar train of argument was pursued by Augustine, in his book "De Civitate Dei." Orosius is classed by Dante, in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. ii., cap. vi., as one of his favourite authors, among those "qui usi sunt altissimas prosas"—"who have written prose with the greatest loftiness of style." The others are Cicero, Livy, Pliny, and Frontinus. Some commentators, with less probability, suppose that this seventh spirit is St. Ambrose, and not Orosius.

<sup>1</sup> *The eighth.*—Boëtius, whose book "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" excited so much attention during the middle ages, was born, as Tiraboschi conjectures, about 470. "In 524 he was cruelly put to death by command of Theodoric, either on real or pretended suspicion of his being engaged in a conspiracy."—*Della Lett. Ital.*, tom. iii., lib. i., cap. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *Cieldauro.*—Boëtius was buried at Pavia, in the monastery of St. Pietro in Ciel d'oro.

<sup>3</sup> *Isidore.*—He was Archbishop of Seville during forty years, and died in 645. See Mariana, "Hist.," lib. vi., cap. vii. Mosheim, whose critical opinions in general must

be taken with some allowance, observes, that "his grammatical, theological, and historical productions discover more learning and pedantry than judgment and taste."

<sup>4</sup> *Bede.*—Bede, whose virtues obtained him the appellation of the Venerable, was born in 672, at Wernmouth and Jarrow, in the bishopric of Durham, and died in 735. Invited to Rome by Pope Sergius I., he preferred passing almost the whole of his life in the seclusion of a monastery. A catalogue of his numerous writings may be seen in Kippis's "Biographia Britannica," v. ii.

<sup>5</sup> *Richard.*—Richard of St. Victor, a native either of Scotland or Ireland, was canon and prior of the monastery of that name at Paris, and died in 1173. "He was at the head of the Mystics in this century; and his treatise, entitled the 'Mystical Ark,' which contains as it were the marrow of this kind of theology, was received with the greatest avidity."—*Maclaine's Mosheim*, v. iii., cent. xii., p. ii., c. ii., § 23.

<sup>6</sup> *Sigebert.*—"A monk of the abbey of Gemblours, who was in high repute at the end of the eleventh, and beginning of the twelfth century."—*Dict. de Moreri.*

<sup>7</sup> *The straw-litter'd street.*—The name of a street in Paris, the "Rue de Fouarre."

<sup>8</sup> *The spouse of God.*—The church.

## CANTO XI.

### ARGUMENT.

Thomas Aquinas enters at large into the life and character of St. Francis; and then solves one of two difficulties which he perceived to have risen in Dante's mind from what he had heard in the last canto.

O FOND anxiety of mortal men!<sup>1</sup>  
How vain and inconclusive arguments  
Are those, which make thee beat thy wings below.  
For statutes one, and one for aphorisms<sup>2</sup>  
Was hunting; this the priesthood follow'd; that,  
By force or sophistry, aspired to rule;  
To rob, another; and another sought,  
By civil business, wealth; one, moiling, lay  
Tangled in net of sensual delight;  
And one to wistless indolence resign'd;  
What time from all these empty things escaped,  
With Beatrice, I thus gloriously  
Was raised aloft, and made the guest of heaven.

They of the circle to that point, each one,  
Where erst it was, had turn'd; and steady glow'd,  
As candle in his socket. Then within  
The lustre,<sup>3</sup> that erewhile bespake me, smiling  
With merer gladness, heard I thus begin:

“E'en as his beam illumines me, so I look  
Into the eternal light, and clearly mark  
Thy thoughts from whence they rise. Thou art in doubt,  
And wouldst that I should bolt my words afresh  
In such plain open phrase, as may be smooth  
To thy perception, where I told thee late  
That ‘well they thrive;’<sup>4</sup> and that ‘no second such<sup>5</sup>  
Hath risen,’ which no small distinction needs.

<sup>1</sup> *O fond anxiety of mortal men.*—Lucretius, lib. ii. 143.  
“O miseris hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!  
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantiscumque periculis  
Degitur hoc ævi quodcumque est!”

<sup>2</sup> *Aphorisms.*—The study of medicine.

<sup>3</sup> *The lustre.*—The spirit of Thomas Aquinas.

<sup>4</sup> *That ‘well they thrive.’*—See the last canto, v. 93.

<sup>5</sup> *No second such.*—See the last canto, v. 111.



“The Providence, that governeth the world,  
 In depth of counsel by created ken  
 Unfathomable, to the end that she,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who with loud cries was 'spoused in precious blood,  
 Might keep her footing towards her well-beloved,<sup>2</sup>  
 Safe in herself and constant unto him,  
 Hath two ordain'd, who should on either hand  
 In chief escort her: one,<sup>3</sup> seraphic all  
 In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,  
 The other,<sup>4</sup> splendour of cherubic light.  
 I but of one will tell: he tells of both,  
 Who one commendeth, which of them soe'er  
 Be taken: for their deeds were to one end.

“Between Tupino,<sup>5</sup> and the wave that falls  
 From blest Ubaldo's chosen hill, there hangs  
 Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat and cold<sup>6</sup>  
 Are wafted through Perugia's eastern gate:  
 And Nocera with Gualdo, in its rear,  
 Mourn for their heavy yoke.<sup>7</sup> Upon that side,  
 Where it doth break its steepness most, arose  
 A sun upon the world, as duly this  
 From Ganges doth: therefore let none, who speak  
 Of that place, say Ascesi; for its name  
 Were lamely so deliver'd: but the East,<sup>8</sup>  
 To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled.  
 He was not yet much distant from his rising,  
 When his good influence 'gan to bless the earth.  
 A dame,<sup>9</sup> to whom none openeth pleasure's gate  
 More than to death, was, 'gainst his father's will,<sup>10</sup>  
 His stripling choice: and he did make her his,  
 Before the spiritual court,<sup>11</sup> by nuptial bonds,  
 And in his father's sight: from day to day,

<sup>1</sup> *She*.—The church.

<sup>2</sup> *Her well-beloved*.—Jesus Christ.

<sup>3</sup> *One*.—St. Francis.

<sup>4</sup> *The other*.—St. Dominic.

<sup>5</sup> *Tupino*.—Thomas Aquinas proceeds to describe the birth-place of St. Francis, between Tupino, a rivulet near Assisi, or Ascesi, where the saint was born in 1182, and Chiascio, a stream that rises in a mountain near Agobbio, chosen by St. Ubaldo for the place of his retirement.

<sup>6</sup> *Heat and cold*.—Cold from the snow, and heat from the reflection of the sun.

<sup>7</sup> *Yoke*.—Vellutello understands this of the vicinity of the mountain to Nocera and Gualdo; and Venturi (as I

have taken it) of the heavy impositions laid on those places by the Perugians; for *giogo*, like the Latin *jugum*, will admit of either sense.

<sup>8</sup> *The East*.—“This is the east, and Juliet is the sun.”—*Shakespeare*.

<sup>9</sup> *A dame*.—There is in the under church of St. Francis, at Assisi, a picture painted by Giotto from this subject. It is considered one of the artist's best works. See Kugler's “Hand-book of the History of Painting,” translated by a lady, Lond., 1842, p. 48.

<sup>10</sup> *'Gainst his father's will*.—In opposition to the wishes of his natural father.

<sup>11</sup> *Before the spiritual court*.—He made a vow of poverty in the presence of the bishop and of his natural father.

Then loved her more devoutly. She, bereaved  
 Of her first husband,<sup>1</sup> slighted and obscure,  
 Thousand and hundred years and more, remain'd  
 Without a single suitor, till he came.  
 Nor aught avail'd, that, with Amyclas,<sup>2</sup> she  
 Was found unmoved at rumour of his voice,  
 Who shook the world: nor aught her constant boldness  
 Whereby with Christ she mounted on the cross,  
 When Mary stay'd beneath. But not to deal  
 Thus closely with thee longer, take at large  
 The lovers' titles—Poverty and Francis.  
 Their concord and glad looks, wonder and love,  
 And sweet regard gave birth to holy thoughts,  
 So much, that venerable Bernard<sup>3</sup> first  
 Did bare his feet, and, in pursuit of peace  
 So heavenly, ran, yet deem'd his footing slow.  
 O hidden riches! O prolific good!  
 Egidius<sup>4</sup> bares him next, and next Sylvester,<sup>5</sup>  
 And follow, both, the bridegroom: so the bride  
 Can please them. Thenceforth goes he on his way  
 The father and the master, with his spouse,  
 And with that family, whom now the cord<sup>6</sup>  
 Girt humbly: nor did abjectness of heart  
 Weigh down his eyelids, for that he was son  
 Of Pietro Bernardone,<sup>7</sup> and by men  
 In wondrous sort despised. But royally  
 His hard intention he to Innocent<sup>8</sup>  
 Set forth: and, from him, first received the seal  
 On his religion. Then, when numerous flock'd  
 The tribe of lowly ones, that traced *his* steps,  
 Whose marvellous life deservedly were sung  
 In heights empyreal; though Honorius<sup>9</sup> hand

<sup>1</sup> *Her first husband*.—Christ.

<sup>2</sup> *Amyclas*.—Lucan makes Caesar exclaim, on witnessing the secure poverty of the fisherman Amyclas:

“O vitæ tuta facultas  
 Pauperis, angustique lares! O munera nondum  
 Intellecta deum! quibus hoc contingere templis,  
 Aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu,  
 Cesareâ pulsante manu?”—*Pharsalia*, lib. v. 531.

“O happy poverty! thou greatest good  
 Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood!  
 Here nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,  
 Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way.”—*Rowe*.

A translation in prose of these lines is introduced by our poet in his “Convito,” p. 170.

<sup>3</sup> *Bernard*.—Of Quintavalle, one of the first followers of the saint.

<sup>4</sup> *Egidius*.—The third of his disciples, who died in 1262. His work, entitled “*Verba Aurea*,” was published in 1534, at Antwerp. See Lucas Waddingus, “*Annales Ordinis Minoris*,” p. 5.

<sup>5</sup> *Sylvester*.—Another of his earliest associates.

<sup>6</sup> *Whom now the cord*.—St. Francis bound his body with a cord, in sign that he considered it as a beast, and that it required, like a beast, to be led by a halter.

<sup>7</sup> *Pietro Bernardone*.—A man in an humble station of life at Assisi.

<sup>8</sup> *Innocent*.—Pope Innocent III.

<sup>9</sup> *Honorius*.—His successor Honorius III., who granted certain privileges to the Franciscans.



A second crown, to deck their Guardian's virtues,  
 Was by the eternal Spirit inwreathed: and when  
 He had, through thirst of martyrdom, stood up  
 In the proud Soldan's presence,<sup>1</sup> and there preach'd  
 Christ and his followers, but found the race  
 Unripen'd for conversion; back once more  
 He hasted (not to intermit his toil),  
 And reap'd Ausonian lands. On the hard rock,<sup>2</sup>  
 'Twixt Arno and the Tiber, he from Christ  
 Took the last signet,<sup>3</sup> which his limbs two years  
 Did carry. Then, the season come that he,  
 Who to such good had destined him, was pleased  
 To advance him to the meed, which he had earn'd  
 By his self-humbling; to his brotherhood,  
 As their just heritage, he gave in charge  
 His dearest lady:<sup>4</sup> and enjoin'd their love  
 And faith to her; and, from her bosom, will'd  
 His goodly spirit should move forth, returning  
 To its appointed kingdom; nor would have  
 His body<sup>5</sup> laid upon another bier.

"Think now of one, who were a fit colleague  
 To keep the bark of Peter, in deep sea,  
 Helm'd to right point; and such our Patriarch<sup>6</sup> was.  
 Therefore who follow him as he enjoins,  
 Thou mayst be certain, take good lading in.  
 But hunger of new viands tempts his flock;<sup>7</sup>  
 So that they needs into strange pastures wide  
 Must spread them: and the more remote from him  
 The stragglers wander, so much more they come  
 Home, to the sheep-fold, destitute of milk.  
 There are of them, in truth, who fear their harm,  
 And to the shepherd cleave; but these so few,  
 A little stuff may furnish out their cloaks.

"Now, if my words be clear; if thou have ta'en  
 Good heed; if that, which I have told, recall  
 To mind; thy wish may be in part fulfill'd:

<sup>1</sup> *In the proud Soldan's presence.*—The Soldan of Egypt, before whom St. Francis is said to have preached.

<sup>2</sup> *On the hard rock.*—The mountain Alverna in the Apennine.

<sup>3</sup> *The last signet.*—Alluding to the stigmata, or marks resembling the wounds of Christ, said to have been found on the saint's body.

<sup>4</sup> *His dearest lady.*—Poverty.

<sup>5</sup> *His body.*—He forbid any funeral pomp to be observed at his burial; and, as it is said, ordered that his remains should be deposited in a place where criminals were executed and interred.

<sup>6</sup> *Our Patriarch.*—St. Dominic, to whose order Thomas Aquinas belonged.

<sup>7</sup> *His flock.*—The Dominicans

For thou wilt see the plant from whence they split;<sup>1</sup>  
 And he shall see, who girds him, what that means,<sup>2</sup>  
 'That well they thrive, not swoln with vanity.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The plant from whence they split.*—“The rule of their order, which the Dominicans neglect to observe.”

<sup>2</sup> *And he shall see, who girds him, what that means.*—Lombardi, after the Nidobeatina edition, together with four MSS., reads “il correggiar,” or “il coregiar,” which gives the sense that now stands in the text of this version.

The Dominicans might be called “coreggieri,” from their wearing a leathern girdle, as the Franciscans were called “cordiglieri,” from their being girt with a cord. I had before followed the common reading, “il corregger;” and translated the line according to Venturi’s interpretation of it: “Nor miss of the reproof which that implies.”



## CANTO XII.

### ARGUMENT.

A second circle of glorified souls encompasses the first. Buonaventura, who is one of them, celebrates the praises of Saint Dominic, and informs Dante who the other eleven are that are in this second circle or garland.

SOON as its final word the blessed flame<sup>1</sup>  
Had raised for utterance, straight the holy mill<sup>2</sup>  
Began to wheel; nor yet had once revolved,  
Or e'er another, circling, compass'd it,  
Motion to motion, song to song, conjoining;  
Song, that as much our muses doth excel,  
Our Syrens with their tuneful pipes, as ray  
Of primal splendour doth its faint reflex.

As when, if Juno bid her handmaid forth,  
Two arches parallel, and trick'd alike,  
Span the thin cloud, the outer taking birth  
From that within (in manner of that voice<sup>3</sup>  
Whom love did melt away, as sun the mist)  
And they who gaze, presageful call to mind  
The compact, made with Noah, of the world  
No more to be o'erflow'd; about us thus,  
Of sempiternal roses, bending, wreathed  
Those garlands twain; and to the innermost  
E'en thus the external answer'd. When the footing,  
And other great festivity, of song,  
And radiance, light with light accordant, each  
Jocund and blythe, had at their pleasure still'd  
(E'en as the eyes, by quick volition moved,  
Are shut and raised together), from the heart

<sup>1</sup> *The blessed flame.*—Thomas Aquinas.

<sup>2</sup> *The holy mill.*—The circle of spirits.

<sup>3</sup> *In manner of that voice.*—One rainbow giving back the image of the other, as sound is reflected by Echo, that nymph, who was melted away by her fondness for Narcissus, as vapour is melted by the sun. The reader will observe in the text not only a second and third simile

within the first, but two mythological and one sacred allusion bound up together with the whole. Even after this accumulation of imagery, the two circles of spirits, by whom Beatrice and Dante were encompassed, are by a bold figure termed two garlands of never-fading roses. Indeed, there is a fulness of splendour, even to prodigality, throughout the beginning of this canto.

Of one<sup>1</sup> amongst the new lights<sup>2</sup> moved a voice,  
 That made me seem<sup>3</sup> like needle to the star,  
 In turning to its whereabouts;<sup>4</sup> and thus  
 Began: "The love,<sup>5</sup> that makes me beautiful,  
 Prompts me to tell of the other guide, for whom  
 Such good of mine is spoken. Where one is,  
 The other worthily should also be;  
 That as their warfare was alike, alike  
 Should be their glory. Slow, and full of doubt,  
 And with thin ranks, after its banner moved  
 The army of Christ (which it so dearly cost  
 To reappoint), when its imperial Head,  
 Who reigneth ever, for the drooping host  
 Did make provision, thorough grace alone,  
 And not through its deserving. As thou heard'st,<sup>6</sup>  
 Two champions to the succour of his spouse  
 He sent, who by their deeds and words might join  
 Again his scatter'd people. In that clime<sup>7</sup>  
 Where springs the pleasant west-wind to unfold  
 The fresh leaves, with which Europe sees herself  
 New-garmented; nor from those billows<sup>8</sup> far  
 Beyond whose chiding, after weary course,  
 The sun doth sometimes<sup>9</sup> hide him; safe abides  
 The happy Callaroga,<sup>10</sup> under guard  
 Of the great shield, wherein the lion lies  
 Subjected and supreme. And there was born  
 The loving minion of the Christian faith,<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *One*.—St. Buonaventura, general of the Franciscan order, in which he effected some reformation; and one of the most profound divines of his age. "He refused the archbishopric of York, which was offered him by Clement IV., but afterwards was prevailed on to accept the bishopric of Albano and a cardinal's hat. He was born at Bagnoregio, or Bagnorea, in Tuscany, A.D. 1221, and died in 1274."—*Dict. Histor. par Chaudon et Delandine*, ed. Lyon, 1804.

<sup>2</sup> *Amongst the new lights*.—In the circle that had newly surrounded the first.

<sup>3</sup> *That made me seem*.—"That made me turn to it, as the magnetic needle does to the pole."

*To its whereabouts*.—"Al suo dove."

"The very stones prate of my whereabouts."

*Shakespeare, Macbeth*, act ii, sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> *The love*.—By an act of mutual courtesy, Buonaventura, a Franciscan, is made to proclaim the praises of St. Dominic, as Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican, has celebrated those of St. Francis; and in like manner each blames the irregularities, not of the other's order, but of that to which himself belonged. Even Macchiavelli, no great friend to the church, attributes the revival of Chris-

tianity to the influence of these two saints. "Quanto alle Sette, si vede ancora queste rinovazioni esser necessarie, per l'esempio della nostra Religione, la quale, se non fusse stata ritirata verso il suo principio da San Francesco e da San Domenico, sarebbe al tutto spenta."—*Discorsi sopra la prima Deca di T. Livio*, lib. iii., c. 1. "As to sects, it is seen that these renovations are necessary, by the example of our religion, which, if it had not been drawn back to its principle by St. Francis and St. Dominic, would be entirely extinguished."

<sup>6</sup> *As thou heard'st*.—See the last canto, v. 33.

<sup>7</sup> *In that clime*.—Spain.

<sup>8</sup> *Those billows*.—The Atlantic.

<sup>9</sup> *Sometimes*.—During the summer solstice.

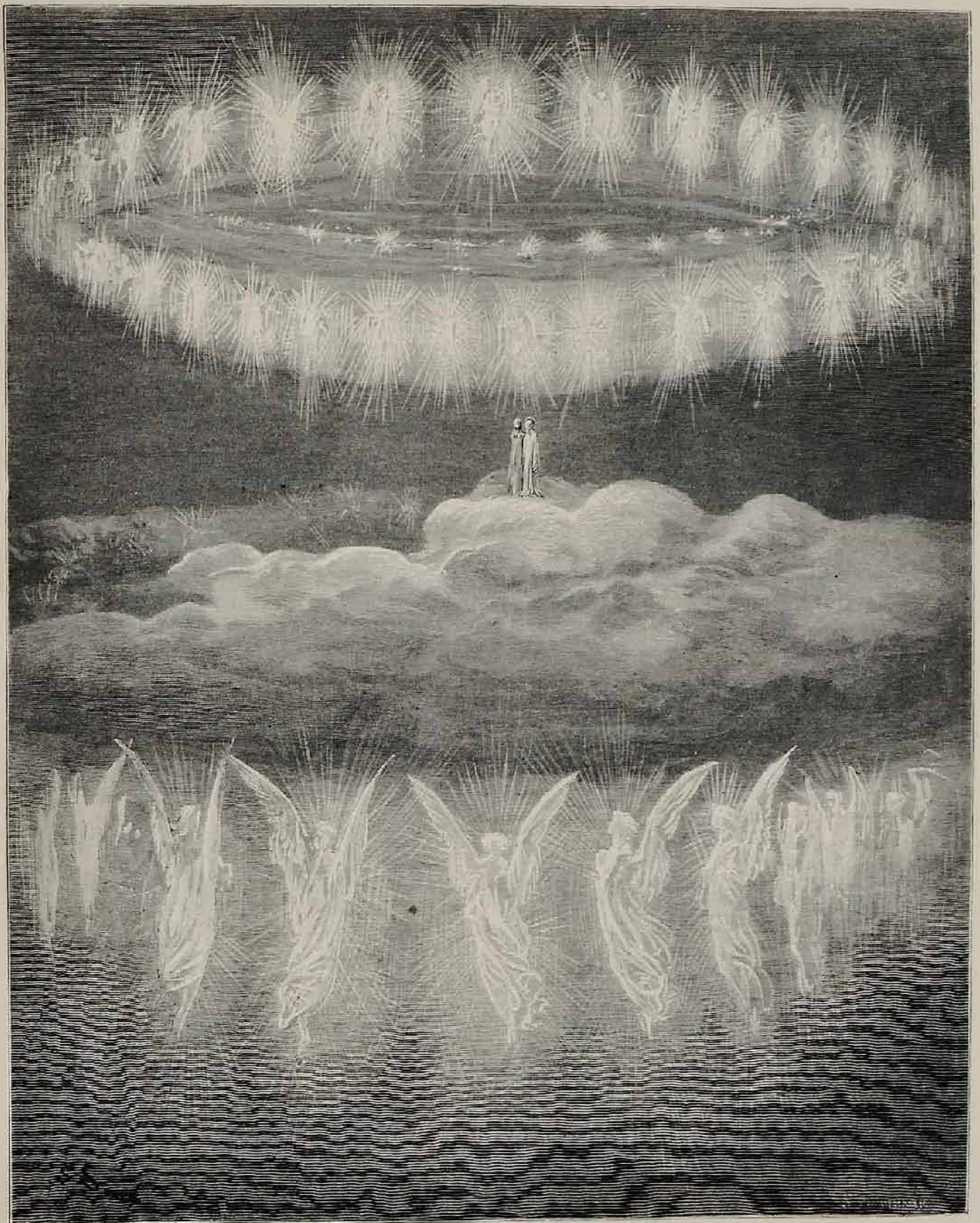
<sup>10</sup> *Callaroga*.—Between Osma and Aranda, in Old Castile designated by the royal coat of arms.

<sup>11</sup> *The loving minion of the Christian faith*.—Dominic was born April 5, 1170, and died August 6, 1221. His birth-place Callaroga; his father and mother's names, Felix and Joanna; his mother's dream; his name of Dominic, given him in consequence of a vision by a noble matron who stood sponsor to him—are all told in an anonymous life of the saint, said to be written in the thirteenth century, and published by Quetif and Echard,



About us thus,  
Of sempiternal roses, bending, wreathed  
Those garlands twain; and to the innermost  
E'en thus the external answer'd.

*Canto XII, lines 16--19.*





The hallow'd wrestler, gentle<sup>1</sup> to his own,  
 And to his enemies terrible. So replete  
 His soul with lively virtue, that when first  
 Created, even in the mother's womb,<sup>2</sup>  
 It prophesied. When, at the sacred font,  
 The spousals were complete 'twixt faith and him,  
 Where pledge of mutual safety was exchanged,  
 The dame,<sup>3</sup> who was his surety, in her sleep  
 Beheld the wondrous fruit, that was from him  
 And from his heirs to issue. And that such  
 He might be construed, as indeed he was,  
 She was inspired to name him of his owner  
 Whose he was wholly; and so call'd him Dominic.  
 And I speak of him, as the labourer,  
 Whom Christ in his own garden chose to be  
 His help-mate. Messenger he seem'd, and friend  
 Fast-knit to Christ; and the first love he show'd,  
 Was after the first counsel<sup>4</sup> that Christ gave.  
 Many a time<sup>5</sup> his nurse, at entering, found  
 That he had risen in silence, and was prostrate,  
 As who should say, 'My errand was for this.'  
 O happy father! Felix<sup>6</sup> rightly named.  
 O favoured mother! rightly named Joanna;  
 If that do mean, as men interpret it.<sup>7</sup>  
 Not for the world's sake, for which now they toil  
 Upon Ostiense<sup>8</sup> and Taddeo's<sup>9</sup> lore,

<sup>1</sup> *Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum*, Par., 1719, fol., tom. i., p. 25. These writers deny his having been an inquisitor, and, indeed, the establishment of the inquisition itself before the fourth Lateran Council.—*Ibid.*, p. 88.

<sup>2</sup> *Gentle*.—Βασιαν ἰχθυοῖς, καὶ ψιδόισιν ἐπιπέσῃ.  
*Euripides, Medea*, v., 805.

<sup>3</sup> *Lofty and sour to those, that loved him not,  
 But to those men, that sought him, sweet as summer.*  
*Shakespeare, Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 2.

<sup>4</sup> *In the mother's womb*.—His mother, when pregnant with him, is said to have dreamt that she should bring forth a white and black dog with a lighted torch in his mouth, which were signs of the habit to be worn by his order, and of his fervent zeal.

<sup>5</sup> *The dame*.—His godmother's dream was, that he had one star in his forehead and another in the nape of his neck, from which he communicated light to the east and the west.

<sup>6</sup> *After the first counsel*.—"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."—Matt. xix. 21. Dominic is said to have followed this advice.

<sup>7</sup> *Many a time*.—His nurse, when she returned to him, often found that he had left his bed, and was prostrate, and in prayer.

<sup>8</sup> *Felix*.—Felix Gusman.

<sup>9</sup> *As men interpret it*.—Grace or gift of the Lord.

<sup>10</sup> *Ostiense*.—Arrigo, a native of Susa, formerly a considerable city in Piedmont, and cardinal of Ostia and Velletri, whence he acquired the name of Ostiense, was celebrated for his lectures on the five books of the "Decretals." He flourished about the year 1250. He is classed by Frezzi with Accorso the Florentine;

<sup>11</sup> *Poi Ostiense, e'l Fiorentino Accorso,  
 Che fè le cluiose, e dichiarò 'l mio testo,  
 E alle leggi diede gran soccorso.*

*Il Quadrivoglio*, lib. iv., cap. 13.

<sup>12</sup> *Taddeo*.—It is uncertain whether he speaks of the physician or the lawyer of that name. The former, Taddeo d' Alderotto, a Florentine, called the Hippocratican, translated the ethics of Aristotle into Latin, and died at an advanced age towards the end of the thirteenth century. The other, who was of Bologna, and celebrated for his legal knowledge, left no writings behind him. He is also spoken of by Frezzi:

*"Azzo e Taddeo già funno li maggiori;  
 È ora ognun' è oscuro, e tal appare  
 Qual' è la luna all' febei splendori."*

*Il Quadrivoglio*, lib. iv., cap. 13.



But for the real manna, soon he grew  
 Mighty in learning; and did set himself  
 To go about the vineyard, that soon turns  
 To wan and wither'd, if not tended well:  
 And from the see<sup>1</sup> (whose bounty to the just  
 And needy is gone by, not through its fault,  
 But his who fills it basely) he besought,  
 No dispensation<sup>2</sup> for commuted wrong,  
 Nor the first vacant fortune,<sup>3</sup> nor the tenths  
 That to God's paupers rightly appertain,  
 But, 'gainst an erring and degenerate world,  
 Licence to fight, in favour of that seed<sup>4</sup>  
 From which the twice twelve cions gird thee round.  
 Then, with sage doctrine and good will to help,  
 Forth on his great apostleship he fared,  
 Like torrent bursting from a lofty vein;  
 And, dashing 'gainst the stocks of heresy,  
 Smote fiercest, where resistance was most stout.  
 Thence many rivulets have since been turn'd  
 Over the garden catholic to lead  
 Their living waters, and have fed its plants.

"If such, one wheel<sup>5</sup> of that two-yoked car,  
 Wherein the holy church defended her,  
 And rode triumphant through the civil broil;  
 Thou canst not doubt its fellow's excellence,  
 Which Thomas,<sup>6</sup> ere my coming, hath declared  
 So courteously unto thee. But the track,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which its smooth fellies made, is now deserted:  
 That, mouldy mother is, where late were lees.  
 His family, that wont to trace his path,  
 Turn backward, and invert their steps; erelong  
 To rue the gathering in of their ill crop,  
 When the rejected tares<sup>8</sup> in vain shall ask  
 Admittance to the barn. I question not<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The see.*—"The apostolic see, which no longer continues its wonted liberality towards the indigent and deserving: not, indeed, through its own fault, as its doctrines are still the same, but through the fault of the pontiff who is seated in it."

<sup>2</sup> *No dispensation.*—Dominic did not ask licence to compound for the use of unjust acquisitions by dedicating a part of them to pious purposes.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor the first vacant fortune.*—Not the first benefice that fell vacant.

<sup>4</sup> *In favour of that seed.*—"For that seed of the divine

word, from which have sprung up these four-and-twenty plants, these holy spirits that now environ thee."

<sup>5</sup> *One wheel.*—Dominic; as the other wheel is Francis.

<sup>6</sup> *Thomas.*—Thomas Aquinas.

<sup>7</sup> *But the track.*—"But the rule of St. Francis is already deserted, and the lees of the wine are turned into mouldiness."

<sup>8</sup> *Tares.*—He adverts to the parable of the tares and the wheat.

<sup>9</sup> *I question not.*—"Some indeed might be found who still observe the rule of the order, but such would come



But he, who search'd our volume, leaf by leaf,  
 Might still find page with this inscription on't,  
 'I am as I was wont.' Yet such were not  
 From Acquasparta nor Casale, whence,  
 Of those who come to meddle with the text,  
 One stretches and another cramps its rule.  
 Bonaventura's life in me behold,  
 From Bagnoregio; one, who, in discharge  
 Of my great offices, still laid aside  
 All sinister aim. Illuminato here,  
 And Agostino<sup>1</sup> join me: two they were,  
 Among the first of those barefooted meek ones,  
 Who sought God's friendship in the cord: with them  
 Hugues of Saint Victor;<sup>2</sup> Pietro Mangiadore;<sup>3</sup>  
 And he of Spain<sup>4</sup> in his twelve volumes shining;  
 Nathan the prophet; Metropolitan  
 Chrysostom;<sup>5</sup> and Anselmo;<sup>6</sup> and, who deign'd  
 To put his hand to the first art, Donatus.<sup>7</sup>  
 Raban<sup>8</sup> is here; and at my side there shines

neither from Casale nor Acquasparta." At Casale, in Monferrat, the discipline had been enforced by Uberto with unnecessary rigour; and at Acquasparta, in the territory of Todi, it had been equally relaxed by the Cardinal Matteo, general of the order. Lucas Waddingus, as cited by Lombardi, corrects the errors of the commentators who had confounded these two.

<sup>1</sup> *Illuminato here, and Agostino.*—Two among the earliest followers of St. Francis.

<sup>2</sup> *Hugues of Saint Victor.*—Landino makes him of Pavia; Venturi calls him a Saxon; and Lombardi, following Alexander Natalis, "Hist. Eccl." Sæc. xi, cap. 6, art. 9, says that he was from Ypres. He was of the monastery of St. Victor at Paris, and died in 1142, at the age of forty-four. His ten books, illustrative of the celestial hierarchy of Dionysius the Areopagite, according to the translation of Joannes Scotus, are inscribed to King Louis, son of Louis le Gros, by whom the monastery had been founded. "Opera Hug. de S. Vict.," fol., Paris, 1526, tom. i. 329. "A man distinguished by the fecundity of his genius, who treated, in his writings, of all the branches of sacred and profane erudition that were known in his time, and who composed several dissertations that are not destitute of merit."—*Maclaine's Moshim, Eccl. Hist.*, v. iii., cent. xii., p. ii., c. ii., § 23. I have looked into his writings, and found some reason for this high eulogium.

<sup>3</sup> *Pietro Mangiadore.*—"Petrus Cestor, or the Eater, born at Troyes, was canon and dean of that church, and afterwards chancellor of the church of Paris. He relinquished these benefices to become a regular canon of St. Victor at Paris, where he died in 1198."—*Chaudon et Delandine, Dict. Hist.*, ed. Lyon, 1804. The work by which he is best known is his "Historia Scolastica," which I shall have occasion to cite in the notes to canto xxvi.

<sup>4</sup> *He of Spain.*—"To Pope Adrian V. succeeded John XXI., a native of Lisbon; a man of great genius and extraordinary acquirements, especially in logic and in medicine, as his books written in the name of Peter of

Spain (by which he was known before he became Pope) may testify. His life was not much longer than that of his predecessors, for he was killed at Viterbo, by the falling in of the roof of his chamber after he had been pontiff only eight months and as many days," A.D. 1277.—*Mariana, Hist. de Esp.*, l. xiv., c. 2. His "Thesaurus Pauperum" is referred to in Brown's "Vulgar Errors," B. vii. ch. 7.

<sup>5</sup> *Chrysostom.*—The eloquent patriarch of Constantinople.

<sup>6</sup> *Anselmo.*—"Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Aosta, about 1034, and studied under Lanfranc, at the monastery of Bec in Normandy, where he afterwards devoted himself to a religious life, in his twenty-seventh year. In three years he was made prior, and then abbot of that monastery; from whence he was taken, in 1093, to succeed to the archbishopric, vacant by the death of Lanfranc. He enjoyed this dignity till his death, in 1109, though it was disturbed by many dissensions with William II. and Henry I. respecting immunities and investitures. There is much depth and precision in his theological works."—*Tiraboschi, Stor. della Litt. Ital.*, tom. iii., lib. iv., cap. 2. *Ibid.*, c. v. "It is an observation made by many modern writers, that the demonstration of the existence of God, taken from the idea of a Supreme Being, of which Des Cartes is thought to be the author, was so many ages back discovered and brought to light by Anselm. Leibnitz himself makes the remark, vol. v., 'Oper.,' p. 579, edit. Genev., 1768."

<sup>7</sup> *Donatus.*—Aelius Donatus, the grammarian, in the fourth century, one of the preceptors of St. Jerome. See Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," lib. ii., cap. 13:

"In questo tempo Donato vivea,  
 Che delle arti in sì breve volume  
 L'uscio n'aperse e la prima scala."

<sup>8</sup> *Raban.*—"He was made Archbishop of Mentz in 847. His Latino-Theotische Glossary of the Bible is still preserved in the imperial library at Vienna. See

Calabria's abbot, Joachim,<sup>1</sup> endow'd  
 With soul prophetic. The bright courtesy  
 Of friar Thomas and his goodly lore,  
 Have moved me to the blazon of a peer<sup>2</sup>  
 So worthy; and with me have moved this throng."

Lambesius, 'Comment. de Bibl.' lib. ii., pp. 416 and 952."—*Gray's Works*, 4to, Lond., 1814, vol. ii., p. 53.  
 "Rabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mentz, is deservedly placed at the head of the Latin writers of this age."—*Mosheim*, v. ii., cent. ix., p. ii., c. ii., § 14.

<sup>1</sup> *Joachim*.—Abbot of Flora in Calabria; "whom the multitude revered as a person divinely inspired, and equal to the most illustrious prophets of ancient times."—*Mosheim*, v. iii., cent. xiii., p. ii., c. ii., § 33.

<sup>2</sup> *A peer*.—St. Dominic.



## CANTO XIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Thomas Aquinas resumes his speech. He solves the other of those doubts which he discerned in the mind of Dante, and warns him earnestly against assenting to any proposition without having duly examined it.

LET him,<sup>1</sup> who would conceive what now I saw,  
Imagine (and retain the image firm  
As mountain rock, the whilst he hears me speak),  
Of stars, fifteen, from midst the ethereal host  
Selected, that, with lively ray serene,  
O'ercome the massiest air: thereto imagine  
The wain, that, in the bosom of our sky,  
Spins ever on its axle night and day,  
With the bright summit of that horn, which swells  
Due from the pole, round which the first wheel rolls,  
To have ranged themselves in fashion of two signs  
In heaven, such as Ariadne made,  
When death's chill seized her; and that one of them  
Did compass in the other's beam; and both  
In such sort whirl around, that each should tend  
With opposite motion: and conceiving thus,  
Of that true constellation, and the dance  
Twofold, that circled me, he shall attain  
As 'twere the shadow; for things there as much  
Surpass our usage, as the swiftest heaven  
Is swifter than the Chiana.<sup>2</sup> There was sung  
No Bacchus, and no Io Pæan, but  
Three persons in the Godhead, and in one  
Person that nature and the human join'd.

The song and round were measured: and to us  
Those saintly lights attended, happier made  
At each new ministering. Then silence brake

<sup>1</sup> *Let him.*—"Whoever would conceive the sight that now presented itself to me, must imagine to himself fifteen of the brightest stars in heaven, together with seven stars of Arcturus Major and two of Arcturus

Minor, ranged in two circles, one within the other, each resembling the crown of Ariadne, and moving round in opposite directions."

<sup>2</sup> *The Chiana.*—See "Hell," canto xxix. 45.

Amid the accordant sons of Deity,  
 That luminary,<sup>1</sup> in which the wondrous life  
 Of the meek man of God<sup>2</sup> was told to me;  
 And thus it spake: "One ear<sup>3</sup> o' the harvest thresh'd  
 And its grain safely stored, sweet charity  
 Invites me with the other to like toil.

"Thou know'st that in the bosom,<sup>4</sup> whence the rib  
 Was ta'en to fashion that fair cheek, whose taste  
 All the world pays for; and in that, which pierced  
 By the keen lance, both after and before  
 Such satisfaction offer'd as outweighs  
 Each evil in the scale; whate'er of light  
 To human nature is allow'd, must all  
 Have by his virtue been infused, who form'd  
 Both one and other: and thou thence admirest  
 In that I told thee, of beatitudes,  
 A second there is none to him enclosed  
 In the fifth radiance. Open now thine eyes  
 To what I answer thee; and thou shalt see  
 Thy deeming and my saying meet in truth,  
 As centre in the round. That<sup>5</sup> which dies not,  
 And that which can die, are but each the beam  
 Of that idea, which our Sovereign Sire  
 Engendereth loving; for that lively light,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which passeth from his splendour, not disjoin'd  
 From him, nor from his love triune with them,<sup>7</sup>  
 Doth, through his bounty, congregate itself,  
 Mirror'd, as 'twere, in new existences;<sup>8</sup>  
 Itself unalterable, and ever one.

"Descending hence unto the lowest powers,<sup>9</sup>  
 Its energy so sinks, at last it makes  
 But brief contingencies; for so I name

<sup>1</sup> *That luminary.*—Thomas Aquinas.

<sup>2</sup> *The meek man of God.*—St. Francis. See canto xi. 25.

<sup>3</sup> *One ear.*—"Having solved one of thy questions, I proceed to answer the other. Thou thinkest then that Adam and Christ were both endued with all the perfection of which the human nature is capable; and therefore wonderest at what has been said concerning Solomon."

<sup>4</sup> *In the bosom.*—"Thou knowest that in the breast of Adam, whence the rib was taken to make that fair cheek of Eve, which, by tasting the apple, brought death into the world; and also in the breast of Christ, which, being pierced by the lance, made satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; as much wisdom resided as human nature was capable of; and thou dost therefore wonder that I

should have spoken of Solomon as the wisest." See canto x. 105.

<sup>5</sup> *That.*—"Things corruptible and incorruptible are only emanations from the archetypal idea residing in the Divine Mind."

<sup>6</sup> *Light.*—The Word: the Son of God.

<sup>7</sup> *His love triune with them.*—The Holy Ghost.

<sup>8</sup> *New existences.*—Angels and human souls. If we read with some editions and many MSS. "nove" instead of "nuove," it should be rendered "nine existences," and then means "the nine heavens;" and this reading is approved by Lombardi, Biagioli, and Monti. In the terms "sussistenza" and "contingenza," "existences and contingencies," Dante follows the language of the scholastic writers, which I have endeavoured to preserve.

<sup>9</sup> *The lowest powers.*—Irrational life and brute matter.



Things generated, which the heavenly orbs  
 Moving, with seed or without seed, produce.  
 Their wax, and that which molds it,<sup>1</sup> differ much:  
 And thence with lustre, more or less, it shows  
 The ideal stamp imprest: so that one tree,  
 According to his kind, hath better fruit,  
 And worse: and, at your birth, ye, mortal men,  
 Are in your talents various. Were the wax  
 Molded with nice exactness, and the heaven<sup>2</sup>  
 In its disposing influence supreme,  
 The brightness of the seal<sup>3</sup> should be complete:  
 But nature renders it imperfect ever;  
 Resembling thus the artist, in her work,  
 Whose faltering hand is faithless to his skill.  
 Therefore,<sup>4</sup> if fervent love dispose, and mark  
 The lustrous image of the primal virtue,  
 There all perfection is vouchsafed; and such  
 The clay<sup>5</sup> was made, accomplish'd with each gift  
 That life can teem with; such the burden fill'd  
 The virgin's bosom: so that I commend  
 Thy judgment, that the human nature ne'er  
 Was, or can be, such as in them it was.

“Did I advance no further than this point;  
 ‘How then had he no peer?’ thou might'st reply.  
 But, that what now appears not, may appear  
 Right plainly, ponder, who he was, and what  
 (When he was bidden ‘Ask’) the motive, sway'd  
 To his requesting. I have spoken thus,  
 That thou mayst see, he was a king, who ask'd<sup>6</sup>  
 For wisdom, to the end he might be king  
 Sufficient: not, the number<sup>7</sup> to search out  
 Of the celestial movers; or to know,  
 If necessary<sup>8</sup> with contingent e'er  
 Have made necessity; or whether that

<sup>1</sup> *Their wax, and that which molds it.*—Matter, and the virtue or energy that acts on it.

<sup>2</sup> *The heaven.*—The influence of the planetary bodies.

<sup>3</sup> *The brightness of the seal.*—The brightness of the Divine idea before spoken of.

<sup>4</sup> *Therefore.*—Daniello, says Lombardi, has shown his sagacity in remarking that our poet intends this for a brief description of the Trinity: the primal virtue signifying the Father; the lustrous image, the Son; the fervent love, the Holy Ghost.

<sup>5</sup> *The clay.*—Adam.

<sup>6</sup> *Who ask'd.*—“He did not desire to know the number of the celestial intelligences, or to pry into the subtleties of logical, metaphysical, or mathematical science: but asked for that wisdom which might fit him for his kingly office.”

<sup>7</sup> *The number.*—This question is discussed by our poet himself in the “Convito,” p. 49.

<sup>8</sup> *If necessary.*—“If a premise necessarily true, with one not necessarily true, ever produced a necessary consequence: a question resolved in the negative by the art of logic, with that general rule, conclusio sequitur debiliorem partem.”—Lombardi.



Be granted, that first motion<sup>1</sup> is; or if,  
Of the mid circle,<sup>2</sup> can by art be made  
Triangle, with its corner blunt or sharp.

“Whence, noting that, which I have said, and this,  
Thou kingly prudence and that ken<sup>3</sup> mayst learn,  
At which the dart of my intention aims.  
And, marking clearly, that I told thee, ‘Risen,’  
Thou shalt discern it only hath respect  
To kings, of whom are many, and the good  
Are rare. With this distinction take my words  
And they may well consist with that which thou  
Of the first human father dost believe,  
And of our well-beloved. And let this  
Henceforth be lead unto thy feet, to make  
Thee slow in motion, as a weary man,  
Both to the ‘yea’ and to the ‘nay’ thou seest not.  
For he among the fools is down full low,  
Whose affirmation, or denial,<sup>4</sup> is  
Without distinction, in each case alike.  
Since it befalls, that in most instances  
Current opinion leans to false: and then  
Affection bends the judgment to her ply.

“Much more than vainly doth he loose from shore.  
Since he returns not such as he set forth,  
Who fishes for the truth and wanteth skill.  
And open proofs of this unto the world  
Have been afforded in Parmenides,  
Melissus, Bryso,<sup>5</sup> and the crowd beside,  
Who journey’d on, and knew not whither: so did  
Sabellius, Arius,<sup>6</sup> and the other fools,  
Who, like to scymitars,<sup>7</sup> reflected back  
The scripture-image by distortion marr’d.

<sup>1</sup> *That first motion.*—“If we must allow one first motion, which is not caused by other motion: a question resolved affirmatively by metaphysics, according to that principle, repugnat in causis processus in infinitum.”—*Lombardi*.

<sup>2</sup> *Of the mid circle.*—“If in the half of the circle a rectilinear triangle can be described, one side of which shall be the diameter of the same circle, without its forming a right angle with the other two sides; which geometry shows to be impossible.”—*Lombardi*.

<sup>3</sup> *That ken.*—See canto x. 116.

<sup>4</sup> *Whose affirmation, or denial.*—Τὸν γὰρ ἄρι δεινότερα ἢ τις ἁμολογήσει, μὴ προσχῶν τοῖς ῥήμασι τὸν νοῦν, ἢ τοιαυτὴ εἰδησθεὶς γὰναι τὰ καὶ ἀσαφῆς εἶναι.—*Plato, Theætetus*, ed. Bip., v. ii., p. 97. “For any one might make yet absurd concessions than these, not paying strict attention

to terms, according to the way in which we are for the most part accustomed both to affirm and to deny.”

<sup>5</sup> *Parmenides, Melissus, Bryso.*—For the singular opinions entertained by the two former of these heathen philosophers, see Diogenes Laertius, lib. ix., and Aristotle, “De Cælo,” lib. iii., cap. i., and “Phys.,” lib. i., cap. ii. The last is also twice adduced by Aristotle (“Anal. Post.,” lib. i., cap. ix., and “Rhet.,” lib. iii., cap. ii.) as affording instances of false reasoning. Our poet refers to the philosopher’s refutation of them in the “De Monarchiâ,” lib. iii., p. 138. See also Plato in the “Theætetus,” the “Sophist,” and the “Parmenides.”

<sup>6</sup> *Sabellius, Arius.*—Well-known heretics.

<sup>7</sup> *Scymitars.*—A passage in the travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquière, translated by Mr. Johnes, will explain this



“ Let not the people be too swift to judge;  
 As one who reckons on the blades in field,  
 Or e'er the crop be ripe. For I have seen  
 The thorn frown rudely all the winter long,  
 And after bear the rose upon its top;  
 And bark, that all her way across the sea  
 Ran straight and speedy, perish at the last  
 E'en in the haven's mouth. Seeing one steal,  
 Another bring his offering to the priest,  
 Let not<sup>1</sup> Dame Birtha and Sir Martin<sup>2</sup> thence  
 Into heaven's counsels deem that they can pry:  
 For one of these may rise, the other fall.”

allusion, which has given some trouble to the commentators. That traveller, who wrote before Dante, informs us, p. 138, that the wandering Arabs used their scymitars as mirrors.

<sup>1</sup> *Let not.*—“ Let not short-sighted mortals presume to decide on the future doom of any man, from a considera-

tion of his present character and actions.” This is meant as an answer to the doubts entertained respecting the salvation of Solomon. See canto x. 107.

<sup>2</sup> *Dame Birtha and Sir Martin.*—Names put generally for any persons who have more curiosity than discretion.

## CANTO XIV.

### ARGUMENT.

Solomon, who is one of the spirits in the inner circle, declares what the appearance of the blest will be after the resurrection of the body. Beatrice and Dante are translated into the fifth heaven, which is that of Mars, and here behold the souls of those who had died fighting for the true faith, ranged in the sign of a cross, athwart which the spirits move to the sound of a melodious hymn.

FROM centre to the circle, and so back  
From circle to the centre, water moves  
In the round chalice, even as the blow  
Impels it, inwardly, or from without.  
Such was the image<sup>1</sup> glanced into my mind,  
As the great spirit of Aquinum ceased;  
And Beatrice, after him, her words  
Resumed alternate: "Need there is (though yet  
He tells it to you not in words, nor e'en  
In thought) that he should fathom to its depth  
Another mystery. Tell him, if the light,  
Wherewith your substance blooms, shall stay with you  
Eternally, as now; and, if it doth,  
How, when<sup>2</sup> ye shall regain your visible forms,  
The sight may without harm endure the change,  
That also tell." As those, who in a ring  
Tread the light measure, in their fitful mirth  
Raise loud the voice, and spring with gladder bound;  
Thus, at the hearing of that pious suit,  
The saintly circles, in their tourneying  
And wondrous note, attested new delight.  
Whoso laments, that we must doff this garb  
Of frail mortality, thenceforth to live  
Immortally above; he hath not seen  
The sweet refreshing of that heavenly shower.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Such was the image.*—The voice of Thomas Aquinas proceeding from the circle to the centre, and that of Beatrice from the centre to the circle.

<sup>2</sup> *When.*—When ye shall be again clothed with your bodies at the resurrection.

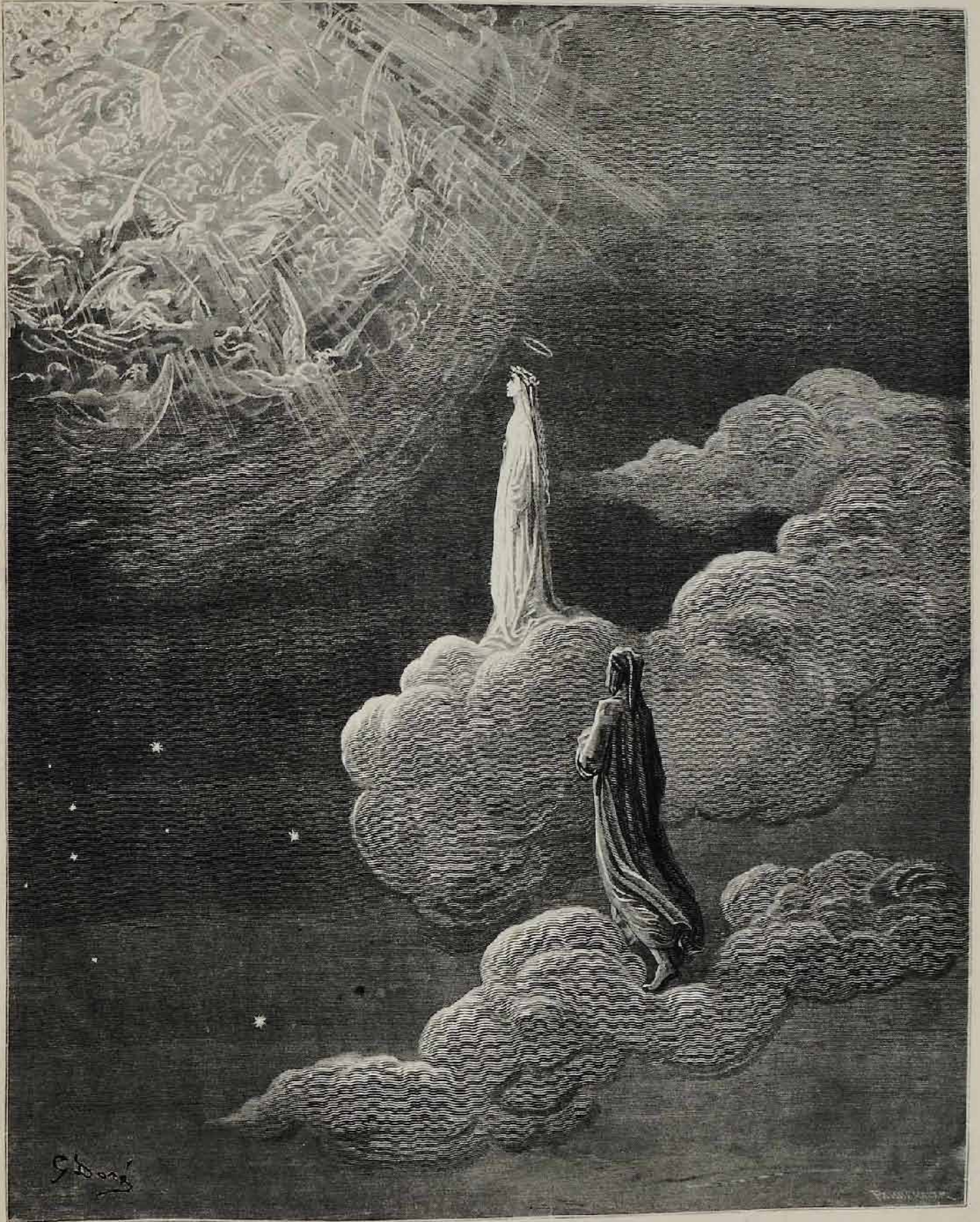
<sup>3</sup> *That heavenly shower.*—That effusion of beatific light.



And I beheld myself,  
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss  
Translated.

*Canto XIV., lines 77-79.*







Him,<sup>1</sup> who lives ever, and for ever reigns  
 In mystic union of the Three in One,  
 Unbounded, bounding all, each spirit thrice  
 Sang, with such melody, as, but to hear,  
 For highest merit were an ample meed.  
 And from the lesser orb the goodliest light,<sup>2</sup>  
 With gentle voice and mild, such as perhaps  
 The angel's once to Mary, thus replied:  
 "Long as the joy of Paradise shall last,  
 Our love shall shine around that raiment, bright  
 As fervent; fervent as, in vision, blest;  
 And that as far, in blessedness, exceeding,  
 As it hath grace, beyond its virtue, great.  
 Our shape, regarmented with glorious weeds  
 Of saintly flesh, must, being thus entire,  
 Show yet more gracious. Therefore shall increase  
 Whate'er, of light, gratuitous imparts  
 The Supreme Good; light, ministering aid,  
 The better to disclose his glory: whence,  
 The vision needs increasing, must increase  
 The fervour which it kindles; and that too  
 The ray, that comes from it. But as the glee  
 Which gives out flame, yet in its whiteness shines  
 More livelily than that, and so preserves  
 Its proper semblance; thus this circling sphere  
 Of splendour shall to view less radiant seem,  
 Than shall our fleshly robe, which yonder earth  
 Now covers. Nor will such excess of light  
 O'erpower us, in corporeal organs made  
 Firm, and susceptible of all delight."

So ready and so cordial an "Amen"  
 Follow'd from either choir, as plainly spoke  
 Desire of their dead bodies; yet perchance  
 Not for themselves, but for their kindred dear,  
 Mothers and sires, and those whom best they loved,  
 Ere they were made imperishable flame.

And lo! forthwith there rose up round about  
 A lustre, over that already there;  
 Of equal clearness, like the brightening up  
 Of the horizon. As at evening hour

<sup>1</sup> *Him*.—Literally translated by Chaucer, "Troilus and  
 Cresside," book v.:

"Thou one, two, and three eterne on live,

*ff*

That reignest aie in three, two, and one,  
 Uncircumscrip, and all maist circumscribe

<sup>2</sup> *The goodliest light*.—Solomon.

Of twilight, new appearances through heaven  
Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried;  
So, there, new substances, methought, began  
To rise in view beyond the other twain,  
And wheeling, sweep their ampler circuit wide.

O genuine glitter of eternal Beam!  
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,  
O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,  
So passing lovely, Beatrice show'd,  
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express  
Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes regain'd  
Power to look up; and I beheld myself,  
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss'  
Translated: for the star, with warmer smile  
Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.

With all the heart, and with that tongue which speaks  
The same in all, an holocaust I made  
To God, befitting the new grace vouchsafed.  
And from my bosom had not yet upsteam'd  
The fuming of that incense, when I knew  
The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen  
And mantling crimson, in two listed rays  
The splendours shot before me, that I cried,  
"God of Sabaoth! that dost prank them thus!"

As leads the galaxy from pole to pole,  
Distinguish'd into greater lights and less,  
Its pathway,<sup>2</sup> which the wisest fail to spell;  
So thickly studded, in the depth of Mars,  
Those rays described the venerable sign,<sup>3</sup>  
That quadrants in the round conjoining frame.

Here memory mocks the toil of genius. Christ  
Beam'd on that cross; and pattern fails me now.

<sup>1</sup> *Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss.*—To the planet Mars.

<sup>2</sup> *Its pathway.*—See the "Convito," p. 74, "E da sapere," &c. "It must be known, that, concerning the galaxy, philosophers have entertained different opinions. The Pythagoreans say that the sun once wandered out of his way, and passing through other parts not suited to his heat, scorched the place through which he passed; and that there was left that appearance of the scorching. I think they grounded their opinion on the fable of Phaëton, which Ovid relates at the beginning of his 'Metamorphoses.' Others (as Anaxagoras and Democritus) said that it proceeded from a partial repercussion of the solar light, which they proved by such reasons as they could bring to demonstrate it. What Aristotle has said cannot well be known, because his meaning is not made the same in one translation as in another; and I think it

must have been an error in the translators; for, in the new, he seems to say that it is a collection of vapours under the stars, which they always attract in that part; and this appears devoid of any true reason. In the old, he says that the galaxy is nothing else than a multitude of fixed stars in that part, so small, that here below we cannot distinguish them, but that they form the appearance of that whiteness which we call the galaxy. And it may be that the heaven in that part is dense, and therefore retains and represents that light; and in this opinion Avicenna and Ptolemy seem to agree with Aristotle." M. Letronne's remarks on this passage of the "Convito," inserted in M. Artaud's "Histoire de Dante" (8vo, Par., 1841, p. 157), are worth consulting.

<sup>3</sup> *The venerable sign.*—The cross, which is placed in the planet of Mars, to denote the glory of those who fought in the crusades.



Christ

Beam'd on that cross; and pattern fails me now.

*Canto XIV., lines 96, 97.*





But whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,  
 Will pardon me for that I leave untold,  
 When in the flecker'd dawning he shall spy  
 The glitterance of Christ. From horn to horn,  
 And 'tween the summit and the base, did move  
 Lights, scintillating, as they met and pass'd.  
 Thus oft are seen with ever-changeful glance,  
 Straight or athwart, now rapid and now slow,  
 The atomies of bodies,<sup>1</sup> long or short,  
 To move along the sunbeam, whose slant line  
 Checkers the shadow interposed by art  
 Against the noontide heat. And as the chime  
 Of minstrel music, dulcimer, and harp  
 With many strings, a pleasant dinning makes  
 To him, who heareth not the distinct note;  
 So from the lights, which there appear'd to me,  
 Gather'd along the cross a melody,  
 That, indistinctly heard, with ravishment  
 Possess'd me. Yet I mark'd it was a hymn  
 Of lofty praises; for there came to me  
 "Arise," and "Conquer," as to one who hears  
 And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy  
 O'ercame, that never, till that hour, was thing  
 That held me in so sweet imprisonment.

Perhaps my saying overbold appears,  
 Accounting less the pleasure of those eyes,  
 Whereon to look fulfilleth all desire.  
 But he,<sup>2</sup> who is aware those living seals  
 Of every beauty work with quicker force,  
 The higher they are risen; and that there  
 I had not turn'd me to them; he may well  
 Excuse me that, whereof in my excuse  
 I do accuse me, and may own my truth;  
 That holy pleasure here not yet reveal'd,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which grows in transport as we mount aloof.

<sup>1</sup> *The atomies of bodies.*—

"As thick as motes in the sun-beams."

*Chaucer, edit. 1603, fol. 35.*

"As thick and numberless,

As the gay motes that people the sunbeam."

*Milton, Il Penseroso.*

<sup>2</sup> *He.*—"He who considers that the eyes of Beatrice became more radiant the higher we ascended, must not wonder that I do not except even them, as I had not yet beheld them since our entrance into this planet." *Lom-*

*bardi* understands by "living seals," "vivi suggelli," "the stars;" and this explanation derives some authority from the Latin notes on the Monte Casino MS., "id est coeli imprimentes ut sigilla."

<sup>3</sup> *Reveal'd.*—"Dischiuso." *Lombardi* explains this word "excluded," as indeed *Vellutello* had done before him; and as it is also used in the seventh canto. If this interpretation were adopted, the line should stand thus:

"That holy pleasure not excluded here."

But the word is capable of either meaning; and it would not be easy to determine which is the right in this passage.

## CANTO XV.

### ARGUMENT.

The spirit of Cacciaguida, our Poet's ancestor, glides rapidly to the foot of the cross, tells who he is, and speaks of the simplicity of the Florentines in his days, since then much corrupted.

TRUE love, that ever shows itself as clear  
 In kindness, as loose appetite in wrong,  
 Silenced that lyre harmonious, and still'd  
 The sacred chords, that are by heaven's right hand  
 Unwound and tighten'd. How to righteous prayers  
 Should they not hearken, who, to give me will  
 For praying, in accordance thus were mute?  
 He hath in sooth good cause for endless grief,  
 Who, for the love of thing that lasteth not,  
 Despoils himself for ever of that love.

As oft along the still and pure serene,  
 At nightfall, glides a sudden trail of fire,  
 Attracting with involuntary heed  
 The eye to follow it, erewhile at rest;  
 And seems some star<sup>1</sup> that shifted place in heaven,  
 Only that, whence it kindles, none is lost,  
 And it is soon extinct: thus from the horn,  
 That on the dexter of the cross extends,  
 Down to its foot, one luminary ran  
 From mid the cluster shone there; yet no gem  
 Dropp'd from its foil: and through the beamy list,  
 Like flame in alabaster, glow'd its course.

So forward stretch'd him (if of credence aught  
 Our greater muse<sup>2</sup> may claim) the pious ghost  
 Of old Anchises, in the Elysian bower,

<sup>1</sup> *Same star.*—"Pare una stella che tramuti loco."  
*Freschi, Il Quadrivoglio*, lib. i., cap. 13.

"Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis,  
 Præcipientes cælo labi, noctisque per umbram  
 Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus."  
*Virgil, Georgics*, lib. i. 367.

Compare Arat., *Diogenes*, 194.

<sup>2</sup> *If of credence aught our greater muse.*—Virgil,  
*"Æneid,"* lib. vi. 684:

"Isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina  
 vidit  
 Ænean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit.  
 Venisti tandem, tuncque spectata parenti  
 Vicit iter durum pietas?"



When he perceived his son. "O thou, my blood!  
 O most exceeding grace divine! to whom,  
 As now to thee, hath twice the heavenly gate  
 Been e'er unclosed?" So spake the light: whence I  
 Turn'd me toward him; then unto my dame  
 My sight directed: and on either side  
 Amazement waited me; for in her eyes  
 Was lighted such a smile, I thought that mine  
 Had dived unto the bottom of my grace  
 And of my bliss in Paradise. Forthwith,  
 To hearing and to sight grateful alike,  
 The spirit to his poem added things  
 I understood not, so profound he spake:  
 Yet not of choice, but through necessity,  
 Mysterious; for his high conception soar'd  
 Beyond the mark of mortals. When the flight  
 Of holy transport had so spent its rage,  
 That nearer to the level of our thought  
 The speech descended; the first sounds I heard  
 Were, "Blest be thou, Triunal Deity!  
 That hast such favour in my seed vouchsafed."  
 Then follow'd: "No unpleasant thirst, though long,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which took me reading in the sacred book,  
 Whose leaves or white or dusky never change,  
 Thou hast allay'd, my son! within this light,  
 From whence my voice thou hear'st: more thanks to her  
 Who, for such lofty mounting, has with plumes  
 Begirt thee. Thou dost deem thy thoughts to me  
 From Him transmitted, who is first of all,  
 E'en as all numbers ray from unity;<sup>2</sup>  
 And therefore dost not ask me who I am,  
 Or why to thee more joyous I appear,  
 Than any other in this gladsome throng.  
 The truth is as thou deem'st; for in this life  
 Both less and greater in that mirror look,  
 In which thy thoughts, or e'er thou think'st, are shown.

<sup>1</sup> *No unpleasant thirst, though long.*—"Thou hast satisfied the long yet pleasing desire which I have felt to see thee, through my knowledge of thee, obtained in the immutable decrees of the divine Providence."

<sup>2</sup> *Unity.*—Πάντων ἑὰς τὸ ἐν πρώτῳ λόγῳ τῶν ἀριθμῶν ἑξήκωτος.—Plato, "Parmenides," ed. Bip., vol. x., p. 130. Perhaps the mention of Parmenides in the last canto but

one, suggested this thought to Dante, which he has expressed by specifying two particular numbers intended to stand for all. There is something similar to it in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., c. xvi.: "Sicut in numero cuncta mensurantur uno, et plura vel pauciora dicuntur, secundum quod distant ab uno, vel ei propinquum."

But, that the love, which keeps me wakeful ever,  
 Urging with sacred thirst of sweet desire,  
 May be contented fully; let thy voice,  
 Fearless, and frank, and jocund, utter forth  
 Thy will distinctly, utter forth the wish,  
 Whereto my ready answer stands decreed."

I turn'd me to Beatrice; and she heard  
 Ere I had spoken, smiling an assent,  
 That to my will gave wings; and I began:  
 "To each among your tribe,<sup>1</sup> what time ye kenn'd  
 The nature, in whom nought unequal dwells,  
 Wisdom and love were in one measure dealt;  
 For that they are so equal in the sun,  
 From whence ye drew your radiance and your heat,  
 As makes all likeness scant. But will and means,  
 In mortals, for the cause ye well discern,  
 With unlike wings are fledge. A mortal, I  
 Experience inequality like this;  
 And therefore give no thanks, but in the heart,  
 For thy paternal greeting. This howe'er  
 I pray thee, living topaz! that ingem'mst  
 This precious jewel; let me hear thy name."

"I am thy root,<sup>2</sup> O leaf! whom to expect  
 Even, hath pleased me." Thus the prompt reply  
 Prefacing, next it added: "He, of whom<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy kindred appellation comes, and who,  
 These hundred years and more, on its first ledge  
 Hath circuited the mountain, was my son,  
 And thy great-grandsire. Well befits, his long  
 Endurance should be shorten'd by thy deeds.

"Florence,<sup>4</sup> within her ancient limit-mark,  
 Which calls her still<sup>5</sup> to matin prayers and noon,  
 Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.  
 She had no armlets and no head-tires then;  
 No purpled dames; no zone, that caught the eye

<sup>1</sup> *To each among your tribe.*—"In you, glorified spirits, love and knowledge are made equal, because they are equal in God. But with us mortals it is otherwise, for we have often the will without the means of expressing our affections; and I can therefore thank thee only in my heart."

<sup>2</sup> *I am thy root.*—Cacciaguada, father to Alighieri, of whom our poet was the great-grandson.

<sup>3</sup> *He, of whom.*—"Thy great grandfather, Alighieri, has been in the first round of Purgatory more than a

hundred years; and it is fit that thou by thy good deserts shouldst endeavour to shorten the time of his remaining there." For what is known of Alighieri, see Pelli, "Memor. Opere di Dante," ediz. Zatta, 1758, tom. iv., P. 2da, p. 21. His son Bellincione was living in 1266; and of him was born the father of our poet, whom Benvenuto da Imola calls a lawyer by profession.—*Pelli, ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Florence.*—See G. Villani, lib. iii., cap. ii.

<sup>5</sup> *Which calls her still.*—The public clock being still within the circuit of the ancient walls.



More than the person did. Time was not yet,  
 When<sup>1</sup> at his daughter's birth the sire grew pale,  
 For fear the age and dowry should exceed,  
 On each side, just proportion. House was none  
 Void<sup>2</sup> of its family: nor yet had come  
 Sardanapalus,<sup>3</sup> to exhibit feats  
 Of chamber prowess. Montemalo<sup>4</sup> yet  
 O'er our suburban turret<sup>5</sup> rose; as much  
 To be surpass'd in fall, as in its rising.  
 I saw Bellincion Berti<sup>6</sup> walk abroad  
 In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone;  
 And, with no artful colouring on her cheeks,  
 His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw  
 Of Nerli, and of Vecchio,<sup>7</sup> well content  
 With unrobed jerkin; and their good dames handling  
 The spindle and the flax: O happy they!  
 Each<sup>8</sup> sure of burial in her native land,  
 And none left desolate a-bed in France.  
 One waked to tend the cradle, hushing it  
 With sounds that lull'd the parent's infancy:  
 Another, with her maidens, drawing off  
 The tresses from the distaff, lectured them  
 Old tales of Troy, and Fesole, and Rome.  
 A Salterello and Cianghella<sup>9</sup> we

<sup>1</sup> *When*.—When the women were not married at too early an age, and did not expect too large a portion.

<sup>2</sup> *Void*.—Through the civil wars and banishments. Or he may mean that houses were not formerly built merely for pomp and show, nor of greater size than was necessary for containing the families that inhabited them. For it has been understood in both these ways.

<sup>3</sup> *Sardanapalus*.—The luxurious monarch of Assyria. Juvenal is here imitated, who uses his name for an instance of effeminacy, *Sat. x. 362*.

<sup>4</sup> *Montemalo*.—Either an elevated spot between Rome and Viterbo, or Monte Mario, the site of the villa Mellini, commanding a view of Rome.

<sup>5</sup> *Our suburban turret*.—Uccellatojo, near Florence, from whence that city was discovered. Florence had not yet vied with Rome in the grandeur of her public buildings.

<sup>6</sup> *Bellincion Berti*.—"Hell," *canto xvi. 38*, and notes. There is a curious description of the simple manner in which the earlier Florentines dressed themselves, in G. Villani, *lib. vi., c. lxxi.*: "And observe that in the time of the said people (A.D. 1259), and before and for a long time after, the citizens of Florence lived soberly, on coarse viands, and at little cost, and in many customs and courtesies of life were rude and unpolished; and dressed themselves and their women in coarse cloths; many wore plain leather, without cloth over it; bonnets on their heads; and all boots on the feet: and the Florentine women were without ornament; the better sort content

with a close gown of scarlet cloth of Ypres or of camlet, bound with a girdle in the ancient mode, and a mantle lined with fur, and a hood to it, which was worn on the head; the common sort of women were clad in a coarse gown of Cambrai in like manner. One hundred pounds (libbre) was the common portion for a wife; and two or three hundred was accounted a magnificent one; and the young women were for the most part twenty years old or more before they were given in marriage. Such was the dress, and thus coarse were the manners of the Florentines: but they were of good faith and loyal both among themselves and to the state, and with their coarse way of living and poverty did greater and more virtuous deeds than have been done in our times with greater refinement and wealth."

<sup>7</sup> *Of Nerli, and of Vecchio*.—Two of the most opulent families in Florence.

<sup>8</sup> *Each*.—"None fearful either of dying in banishment, or of being deserted by her husband on a scheme of traffic in France."

<sup>9</sup> *A Salterello and Cianghella*.—The latter a shameless woman of the family of Tosa, married to Lito degli Aldosi of Imola; the former Lapo Salterello, a lawyer, with whom Dante was at variance: "We should have held an abandoned character, like these, as great a wonder, as ye would the contrary now." There is a sonnet by Lapo Salterello in Corbinelli's collection, printed with the "Bella Mano," ed. Firenze, 1715, p. 150.

Had held as strange a marvel, as ye would  
A Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.

“In such composed and seemly fellowship,  
Such faithful and such fair equality,  
In so sweet household, Mary<sup>1</sup> at my birth  
Bestow'd me, call'd on with loud cries: and there,  
In your old baptistery, I was made  
Christian at once and Cacciaguida; as were  
My brethren Eliseo and Moronto.

“From Valdipado<sup>2</sup> came to me my spouse;  
And hence thy surname grew. I follow'd then  
The Emperor Conrad:<sup>3</sup> and his knighthood he  
Did gird on me; in such good part he took  
My valiant service. After him I went  
To testify against that evil law,  
Whose people,<sup>4</sup> by the shepherd's fault, possess  
Your right usurp'd. There I by that foul crew  
Was disentangled from the treacherous world  
Whose base affection many a spirit soils;  
And from the martyrdom came to this peace.”

<sup>1</sup> *Mary*.—The Virgin was invoked in the pains of child-birth. “Purgatory,” canto xx. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Valdipado*.—Cacciaguida's wife, whose family name was Alighieri, came from Ferrara, called Val-di Pado, from its being watered by the Po.

<sup>3</sup> *Conrad*.—The Emperor Conrad III, who died in 1152. See G. Villani, lib. iv. xxxiv.

<sup>4</sup> *Whose people*.—The Mahometans, who were left in possession of the Holy Land, through the supineness of the Pope. See canto ix. 123.



## CANTO XVI.

### ARGUMENT.

Cacciaguida relates the time of his birth, and, describing the extent of Florence when he lived there, recounts the names of the chief families who then inhabited it. Its degeneracy, and subsequent disgrace, he attributes to the introduction of families from the neighbouring country and villages, and to their mixture with the primitive citizens.

O SLIGHT respect of man's nobility!  
I never shall account it marvellous,  
That our infirm affection here below  
Thou movest to boasting; when I could not chuse,  
E'en in that region of unwarp'd desire,  
In heaven itself, but make my vaunt in thee.  
Yet cloak thou art soon shorten'd; for that Time,  
Unless thou be eked out from day to day,  
Goes round thee with his shears. Resuming then  
With greeting<sup>1</sup> such as Rome was first to bear,  
But since hath disaccustom'd, I began:  
And Beatrice,<sup>2</sup> that a little space  
Was sever'd, smiled; reminding me of her,  
Whose cough embolden'd (as the story holds)  
To first offence the doubting Guenever.<sup>3</sup>  
"You are my sire," said I: "you give me heart  
Freely to speak my thought: above myself  
You raise me. Through so many streams with joy  
My soul is fill'd, that gladness wells from it;  
So that it bears the mighty tide, and bursts not.  
Say then, my honour'd stem! what ancestors  
Were those you sprang from, and what years were mark'd  
In your first childhood? Tell me of the fold,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *With greetings.*—The poet, who had addressed the spirit, not knowing him to be his ancestor, with a plain "Thou," now uses more ceremony, and calls him "You," according to a custom introduced among the Romans in the latter times of the empire.

<sup>2</sup> *Beatrice.*—Lombardi observes, that in order to show us that his conversation with Cacciaguida had no connection with sacred subjects, Beatrice is described as standing at a little distance; and her smiling at

his formal address to his ancestor, makes him fall into a greater freedom of manner. See the next canto, v. 15.

<sup>3</sup> *Guenever.*—Beatrice's smile reminded him of the female servant who, by her coughing, emboldened Queen Guenever to admit the freedoms of Lancelot. See "Hell," canto v. 124.

<sup>4</sup> *The fold.*—Florence, of which John the Baptist was the patron saint.

That hath Saint John for guardian, what was then  
Its state, and who in it were highest seated!"

As embers, at the breathing of the wind,  
Their flame enliven; so that light I saw  
Shine at my blandishments; and, as it grew  
More fair to look on, so with voice more sweet,  
Yet not in this our modern phrase, forthwith  
It answer'd: "From the day," when it was said  
'Hail Virgin!' to the throes by which my mother,  
Who now is sainted, lighten'd her of me  
Whom she was heavy with, this fire had come  
Five hundred times and fourscore, to relume  
Its radiance underneath the burning foot  
Of its own lion. They, of whom I sprang,  
And I, had there our birth-place, where the last<sup>2</sup>  
Partition of our city first is reach'd  
By him that runs her annual game. Thus much  
Suffice of my forefathers: who they were,  
And whence they hither came, more honourable  
It is to pass in silence than to tell.  
All those, who at that time were there, betwixt  
Mars<sup>3</sup> and the Baptist, fit to carry arms,  
Were but the fifth, of them this day alive.  
But then the citizen's blood, that now is mix'd  
From Campi and Certaldo and Fighine,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *From the day.*—From the incarnation of our Lord to the birth of Cacciaguida, the planet Mars had returned five hundred and eighty times to the constellation of Leo, with which it is supposed to have a congenial influence. As Mars, then, completes his revolution in a period forty-three days short of two years, Cacciaguida was born about 1090. This is Lombardi's computation, and it squares well both with the old reading—

"Cinquecento cinquanta  
E trenta fiata,"

and with the time when Cacciaguida might have fallen fighting under Conrad III., who died in 1152. Not so the computation made by the old commentators in general, who, reckoning two years for the revolution of Mars, placed the birth of Cacciaguida in 1160; the impossibility of which being perceived by the Academicians della Crusca (as it had before been by Pietro, the son of our poet, or by the author of the commentary which passes for his), they altered the word "trenta" into "tre," "thirty" into "three;" and so, still reckoning the revolution of Mars at two years, brought Cacciaguida's birth to 1106. The way in which Lombardi has got over the difficulty appears preferable, as it retains the old reading; and I have accordingly altered the translation, which before stood thus:

"This fire had come,  
Five hundred fifty times and thrice, its beams

To reillumine underneath the foot  
Of its own lion."

Since this note was written, Monti has given his assent to Lombardi's opinion. See his "Proposta," under the word "Rinfiammare," t. iii., pte. ii. 210.

<sup>2</sup> *The last.*—The city was divided into four compartments. The Elisei, the ancestors of Dante, resided near the entrance of that, named from the Porta S. Piero, which was the last reached by the competitor in the annual race at Florence. See G. Villani, lib. iv., cap. x.

<sup>3</sup> *Mars.*—The Padre d'Aquino understands this to refer to the population of Florence in Guido's time; for, according to him, "tra Marte e'l Batista" means the space between the statue of Mars placed on the Ponte Vecchio and the Baptistery; and Lombardi assents to this interpretation. Venturi supposes that the portion of land so described would have been insufficient to hold the population which Florence contained at the supposed date of this poem, that is, in the year 1300; and agrees with the elder commentators, who consider the description as relating to time and not to place, and as indicating the two periods of heathenism and Christianity. See canto xiii. 144. It would not be easy to determine the real sense of a passage thus equivocal.

<sup>4</sup> *Campi and Certaldo and Fighine.*—Country places near Florence.



Ran purely through the last mechanic's veins.  
 O how much better were it, that these people<sup>1</sup>  
 Were neighbours to you; and that at Galluzzo  
 And at Trespiano ye should have your boundary;  
 Than to have them within, and bear the stench  
 Of Aguglione's hind, and Signa's,<sup>2</sup> him,  
 That hath his eye already keen for bartering.<sup>3</sup>  
 Had not the people,<sup>4</sup> which of all the world  
 Degenerates most, been stepdame unto Cæsar,  
 But, as a mother to her son been kind,  
 Such one, as hath become a Florentine,  
 And trades and traffics, had been turn'd adrift  
 To Simifonte,<sup>5</sup> where his grandsire plied  
 The beggar's craft: the Conti were possess'd  
 Of Montemurlo<sup>6</sup> still: the Cerchi still  
 Were in Acone's parish: nor had haply  
 From Valdigrive past the Buondelmonti.  
 The city's malady hath ever source  
 In the confusion of its persons, as  
 The body's, in variety of food:  
 And the blind bull<sup>7</sup> falls with a steeper plunge,  
 Than the blind lamb: and oftentimes one sword  
 Doth more and better execution,  
 Than five. Mark Luni; Urbisaglia<sup>8</sup> mark;  
 How they are gone; and after them how go  
 Chiusi and Sinigaglia:<sup>9</sup> and 'twill seem  
 No longer new, or strange to thee, to hear  
 That families fail, when cities have their end.  
 All things that appertain to ye, like yourselves,  
 Are mortal: but mortality in some  
 Ye mark not; they endure so long, and you  
 Pass by so suddenly. And as the moon<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That these people*.—"That the inhabitants of the above-mentioned places had not been mixed with the citizens; nor the limits of Florence extended beyond Galluzzo and Trespiano."

<sup>2</sup> *Aguglione's hind, and Signa's*.—Baldo of Aguglione, and Bonifazio of Signa.

<sup>3</sup> *His eye already keen for bartering*.—See "Hell," canto xxi. 49, and note.

<sup>4</sup> *Had not the people*.—If Rome had continued in her allegiance to the emperor, and the Guelph and Ghibelline factions had thus been prevented, Florence would not have been polluted by a race of upstarts, nor lost the most respectable of her ancient families.

<sup>5</sup> *Simifonte*.—A castle dismantled by the Florentines. G. Villani, lib. v., cap. xxx. The person here alluded to is no longer known.

<sup>6</sup> *Montemurlo*.—G. Villani, lib. v., cap. xxxi., relates that the Conti Guidi, not being able to defend their castle from the Pistoians, sold it to the state of Florence.

<sup>7</sup> *The blind bull*.—So Chaucer, "Troilus and Criseide," b. ii.:

"For swifter course cometh thing that is of wight  
 When it descendeth than dooe things light."

Compare Aristotle, "Ethic. Nic." lib. vi., cap. xiii. :  
*εὐγὰρ ἰσχυρῶ, κ. τ. λ.*

<sup>8</sup> *Luni; Urbisaglia*.—Cities formerly of importance, but then fallen to decay.

<sup>9</sup> *Chiusi and Sinigaglia*.—The same.

<sup>10</sup> *As the moon*.—"The fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea."—*Shakespeare*, 1. *Henry IV.*, act 1., sc. 2.

Doth, by the rolling of her heavenly sphere,  
 Hide and reveal the strand unceasingly ;  
 So fortune deals with Florence. Hence admire not  
 At what of them I tell thee, whose renown  
 Time covers, the first Florentines. I saw  
 The Ughi,<sup>1</sup> Catilini, and Filippi,  
 The Alberichi, Greci, and Ormanni,  
 Now in their wane, illustrious citizens  
 And great as ancient, of Sannella him,  
 With him of Arca saw, and Soldanieri,  
 And Ardinghi, and Bostichi. At the poop<sup>2</sup>  
 That now is laden with new felony  
 So cumbrous it may speedily sink the bark,  
 The Ravignani sat, of whom is sprung  
 The County Guido, and whoso hath since  
 His title from the famed Bellincion ta'en.  
 Fair governance was yet an art well prized  
 By him of Pressa : Galigaio show'd  
 The gilded hilt and pommel,<sup>3</sup> in his house :  
 The column, clothed with verrey,<sup>4</sup> still was seen  
 Unshaken ; the Sacchetti still were great,  
 Giouchi, Sifanti, Galli, and Barucci,  
 With them<sup>5</sup> who blush to hear the bushel named.  
 Of the Calfucci still the branchy trunk  
 Was in its strength : and, to the curule chairs,  
 Sizii and Arrigucci<sup>6</sup> yet were drawn.  
 How mighty them<sup>7</sup> I saw, whom, since, their pride  
 Hath undone ! And in all their goodly deeds  
 Florence was, by the bullets of bright gold,<sup>8</sup>  
 O'erflourish'd. Such the sires of those,<sup>9</sup> who now,  
 As surely as your church is vacant, flock

<sup>1</sup> *The Ughi*.—Whoever is curious to know the habitations of these and the other ancient Florentines, may consult G. Villani, lib. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *At the poop*.—The Cerchi, Dante's enemies, had succeeded to the houses over the gate of St. Peter, formerly inhabited by the Ravignani and the Count Guido. G. Villani, lib. iv., cap. x. Many editions read *porta*, "gate."—The same metaphor is found in Æschylus, "Suppliants," 356, and is there also scarce understood by the critics :

Αἰεὶ οὐδὲ πρῶτον πάλαι δὲ ἑστέρμησεν.

"Respect these wreaths, that crown your city's poop."

<sup>3</sup> *The gilded hilt and pommel*.—The symbols of knighthood.

<sup>4</sup> *The column, clothed with verrey*.—The arms of the Pigli, or, as some write it, the Billi.

<sup>5</sup> *With them*.—Either the Chiaramontesi, or the Tosinghi ; one of which had committed a fraud in measuring out the wheat from the public granary. See "Purgatory," canto xii. 99.

<sup>6</sup> *Sizii and Arrigucci*.—"These families still obtained the magistracies."

<sup>7</sup> *Them*.—The Uberti ; according to the Latin note on the Monte Casino MS., with which the editor of the extracts from those notes says that Benvenuto agrees.

<sup>8</sup> *The bullets of bright gold*.—The arms of the Abbati, as it is conjectured ; or of the Lamberi, according to the authorities referred to in the last note.

<sup>9</sup> *The sires of those*.—"Of the Visdomini, the Tosinghi, and the Cortigiani, who, being sprung from the founders of the bishopric of Florence, are the curators of its revenues, which they do not spare, whenever it becomes vacant."



Into her consistory, and at leisure  
 There stall them and grow fat. The o'erweening brood,<sup>1</sup>  
 That plays the dragon after him that flees,  
 But unto such as turn and show the tooth,  
 Ay or the purse, is gentle as a lamb,  
 Was on its rise, but yet so slight esteem'd,  
 That Ubertino of Donati grudged  
 His father-in-law should yoke him to its tribe.  
 Already Caponsacco<sup>2</sup> had descended  
 Into the mart from Fesole: and Giuda  
 And Infangato<sup>3</sup> were good citizens.  
 A thing incredible I tell, though true:<sup>4</sup>  
 The gateway,<sup>5</sup> named from those of Pera, led  
 Into the narrow circuit of your walls.  
 Each one, who bears the slightly quarterings  
 Of the great Baron<sup>6</sup> (he whose name and worth  
 The festival of Thomas still revives),  
 His knighthood and his privilege retain'd;  
 Albeit one,<sup>7</sup> who borders them with gold,  
 This day is mingled with the common herd.  
 In Borgo yet the Gualterotti dwelt,  
 And Importuni:<sup>8</sup> well for its repose,  
 Had it still lack'd of newer neighbourhood.<sup>9</sup>  
 The house,<sup>10</sup> from whence your tears have had their spring,  
 Through the just anger, that hath murder'd ye,  
 And put a period to your gladsome days,  
 Was honour'd; it, and those consorted with it.

*The o'erweening brood.*—The Adimari. This family was so little esteemed, that Ubertino Donato, who had married a daughter of Bellincione Berti, himself indeed derived from the same stock (see note to "Hell," canto xvi. 38), was offended with his father-in-law for giving another of his daughters in marriage to one of them.

<sup>2</sup> *Caponsacco.*—The family of Caponsacchi, who had removed from Fesole, lived at Florence in the Mercato Vecchio.

<sup>3</sup> *Giuda, and Infangato.*—Giuda Guidi and the family of Infangati.

<sup>4</sup> *A thing incredible I tell, though true.*—"Io dirò cosa incredibile e vera." Ἐγὼ σοὶ ἐπῶ, ἔφη, ὃ Σόκρατες, ἀπιστοῦ μὲν τῷ τοῖς θεοῖς, ἀληθὲς δέ. —*Plato, Theages*, Bipont edit., tom. ii., p. 23.

<sup>5</sup> *The gateway.*—Landino refers this to the smallness of the city; Vellutello, with less probability, to the simplicity of the people in naming one of the gates after a private family.

<sup>6</sup> *The great Baron.*—The Marchese Ugo, who resided at Florence as lieutenant of the Emperor Otho III., gave many of the chief families licence to bear his arms. See G. Villani, lib. iv., cap. ii., where the vision is related,

in consequence of which he sold all his possessions in Germany, and founded seven abbeys; in one whereof his memory was celebrated at Florence on St. Thomas's day. "The marquis, when hunting, strayed away from his people, and wandering through a forest, came to a smitby, where he saw black and deformed men tormenting others with fire and hammers; and, asking the meaning of this, he was told that they were condemned souls, who suffered this punishment, and that the soul of the Marquis Ugo was doomed to suffer the same if he did not repent. Struck with horror, he commended himself to the Virgin Mary; and soon after founded the seven religious houses."

<sup>7</sup> *One.*—Giano della Bella, belonging to one of the families thus distinguished, who no longer retained his place among the nobility, and had yet added to his arms a bordure or. See Macchiavelli, "Ist. Fior.," lib. ii., p. 86, ediz. Giolito.

<sup>8</sup> *Gualterotti dwelt, and Importuni.*—Two families in the compartment of the city called Borgo.

<sup>9</sup> *Newer neighbourhood.*—Some understand this of the Barli, and others of the Buondelmonti.

<sup>10</sup> *The house.*—Of Amidei. See notes to canto xxviii. of "Hell," 102.

O Buondelmonti! what ill counselling  
 Prevail'd on thee to break the plighted bond?  
 Many, who now are weeping, would rejoice,  
 Had God to Ema<sup>1</sup> given thee, the first time  
 Thou near our city camest. But so was doom'd:  
 Florence! on that main'd stone<sup>2</sup> which guards the bridge,  
 The victim, when thy peace departed, fell.

“With these and others like to them, I saw  
 Florence in such assured tranquillity,  
 She had no cause at which to grieve: with these  
 Saw her so glorious and so just, that ne'er  
 The lily<sup>3</sup> from the lance had hung reverse,  
 Or through division been with vermeil dyed.”

<sup>1</sup> *To Ema.*—“It had been well for the city if thy ancestor had been drowned in the Ema, when he crossed that stream on his way from Montebuono to Florence.”

<sup>2</sup> *On that main'd stone.*— See “Hell,” canto xiii. 144. Near the remains of the statue of Mars, Buondelmonti was slain, as if he had been a victim to the

god; and Florence had not since known the blessing of peace.

<sup>3</sup> *The lily.*—“The arms of Florence had never hung reversed on the spear of her enemies, in token of her defeat, nor been changed from argent to gules;” as they afterwards were when the Guelfi gained the predominance.



But so was doom'd:  
Florence! on that maim'd stone which guards the bridge,  
The victim, when thy peace departed, fell.

*Canto XVI., lines 143—145.*



G. Bore

A. Ligny



## CANTO XVII.

### ARGUMENT.

Cacciaguida predicts to our Poet his exile and the calamities he had to suffer; and, lastly, exhorts him to write the present poem.

SUCH as the youth,<sup>1</sup> who came to Clymene,  
To certify himself of that reproach  
Which had been fasten'd on him (he whose end  
Still makes the fathers chary to their sons),  
E'en such was I; nor unobserved was such  
Of Beatrice, and that saintly lamp,<sup>2</sup>  
Who had erewhile for me his station moved;  
When thus my lady: "Give thy wish free vent,  
That it may issue, bearing true report  
Of the mind's impress: not that aught thy words  
May to our knowledge add, but to the end  
That thou mayst use thyself to own thy thirst,<sup>3</sup>  
And men may mingle for thee when they hear."

"O plant, from whence I spring! revered and loved!  
Who soar'st so high a pitch, that thou as clear,<sup>4</sup>  
As earthly thought determines two obtuse  
In one triangle not contain'd, so clear  
Dost see contingencies, ere in themselves  
Existent, looking at the point<sup>5</sup> whereto  
All times are present; I, the whilst I scaled  
With Virgil the soul-purifying mount<sup>6</sup>  
And visited the nether world<sup>7</sup> of woe,  
Touching my future destiny have heard  
Words grievous, though I feel me on all sides

<sup>1</sup> *The youth*.—Phaëton, who came to his mother Clymene, to inquire of her if he were indeed the son of Apollo. See Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. i. ad finem.

<sup>2</sup> *That saintly lamp*.—Cacciaguida.

<sup>3</sup> *To own thy thirst*.—"That thou mayst obtain from others a solution of any doubt that may occur to thee."

<sup>4</sup> *That thou as clear*.—"Thou beholdest future events

with the same clearness of evidence that we discern the simplest mathematical demonstrations."

<sup>5</sup> *The point*.—The divine nature.

<sup>6</sup> *The soul-purifying mount*.—See "Purgatory," canto viii. 133, and canto xi. 140.

<sup>7</sup> *The nether world*.—See "Hell," canto x. 77, and canto xv. 61.

Well squared<sup>1</sup> to fortune's blows. Therefore my will  
Were satisfied to know the lot awaits me.

The arrow,<sup>2</sup> seen beforehand, slacks his flight."

So said I to the brightness, which erewhile  
To me had spoken; and my will declared,  
As Beatrice will'd, explicitly.

Nor with oracular response obscure,  
Such as, or e'er the Lamb of God was slain,  
Beguiled the credulous nations: but, in terms

Precise, and unambiguous lore, replied  
The spirit of paternal love, enshrined,  
Yet in his smile apparent; and thus spake:

"Contingency,<sup>3</sup> whose verge extendeth not  
Beyond the tablet of your mortal mold,

Is all depicted in the eternal sight;  
But hence deriveth not necessity,<sup>4</sup>

More than the tall ship, hurried down the flood,  
Is driven by the eye that looks on it.

From thence,<sup>5</sup> as to the ear sweet harmony  
From organ comes, so comes before mine eye  
The time prepared for thee. Such as driven out

From Athens, by his cruel step-dame's<sup>6</sup> wiles,  
Hippolytus departed; such must thou

Depart from Florence. This they wish, and this  
Contrive, and will ere long effectuate, there,<sup>7</sup>

Where gainful merchandize is made of Christ  
Throughout the live-long day. The common cry,<sup>8</sup>  
Will, as 'tis ever wont, affix the blame

Unto the party injured: but the truth  
Shall, in the vengeance it dispenseth, find

<sup>1</sup> *Well squared*.—See Plato, "Protagoras," ed. Bipont, vol. iii., p. 145, and Aristotle, "Rhetor.," lib. iii., where Pietro Vettori, in his Commentary, p. 656, remarks: "Quis nescit Dantem etiam suo in poemate tetragonum vocasse apposite hominem, qui adversis casibus non frangitur sed resistit fortiter ipsis?"

<sup>2</sup> *The arrow*.—A line repeated by Ruccellai in his "Oreste:"

"Nam prævisa minus ledere tela solent."

*Ovid.*

"Che piaga antiveduta assai men duole."

*Petrarca, Trionfo del Tempo.*

<sup>3</sup> *Contingency*.—

"La contingenza, che fuor del quaderno  
Della vostra materia non si stende."

I had before understood this, "Contingency, which is not

exposed to view on the tablet of your nature," "which is not discoverable by your human understanding," and had translated it accordingly; but have now adopted Lombardi's explanation: "Contingency, which has no place beyond the limits of the material world."

<sup>4</sup> *Necessity*.—"The evidence with which we see casual events portrayed in the source of all truth no more necessitates those events, than does the image reflected in the sight by a ship sailing down a stream necessitate the motion of the vessel."

<sup>5</sup> *From thence*.—"From the eternal sight; the view of the Deity himself."

<sup>6</sup> *His cruel step-dame*.—Phædra.

<sup>7</sup> *There*.—At Rome, where the expulsion of Dante's party from Florence was then plotting, in 1300.

<sup>8</sup> *The common cry*.—The multitude will, as usual, be ready to blame those who are sufferers, whose cause will at last be vindicated by the overthrow of their enemies.



A faithful witness. Thou shalt leave each thing<sup>1</sup>  
 Beloved most dearly: this is the first shaft  
 Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove  
 How salt the savour is of other's bread;  
 How hard the passage, to descend and climb  
 By other's stairs. But that shall gall thee most,  
 Will be the worthless and vile company,  
 With whom thou must be thrown into these straits.  
 For all ungrateful, impious all, and mad,  
 Shall turn 'gainst thee: but in a little while,  
 Theirs,<sup>2</sup> and not thine, shall be the crimson'd brow,  
 Their course shall so evince their brutishness,  
 To have ta'en thy stand apart shall well become thee.

“First refuge thou must find, first place of rest,  
 In the great Lombard's<sup>3</sup> courtesy, who bears,  
 Upon the ladder perch'd, the sacred bird.  
 He shall behold thee with such kind regard,  
 That 'twixt ye two, the contrary to that  
 Which 'falls 'twixt other men, the granting shall  
 Forerun the asking. With him shalt thou see  
 That mortal,<sup>4</sup> who was at his birth imprest  
 So strongly from this star, that of his deeds  
 The nations shall take note. His unripe age  
 Yet holds him from observance; for these wheels  
 Only nine years have compast him about.  
 But, ere the Gascon<sup>5</sup> practise on great Harry,<sup>6</sup>  
 Sparkles of virtue shall shoot forth in him,  
 In equal scorn<sup>7</sup> of labours and of gold.  
 His bounty shall be spread abroad so widely  
 As not to let the tongues, e'en of his foes,  
 Be idle in its praise. Look thou to him,  
 And his beneficence: for he shall cause  
 Reversal of their lot to many people;  
 Rich men and beggars interchanging fortunes.

<sup>1</sup> *Thou shalt leave each thing.*—Compare Euripides, “Phœnissæ,” 399, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Theirs.*—“They shall be ashamed of the part they have taken against thee.” Lombardi, I think, is very unhappy in his conjecture, that “rotta la tempia,” a reading of the Nidobestina edition, should be adopted, and that it may mean “the broken heads of his companions.”

<sup>3</sup> *The great Lombard.*—Either Bartolomeo della Scala, or Alboino his brother; although our poet has spoken ambiguously of him in his “Convito,” p. 179. Their coat of arms was a ladder and an eagle. For an

account of the rise of this family from a very mean condition, see G. Villani, lib. xi, cap. xciv.

<sup>4</sup> *That mortal.*—Can Grande della Scala, born under the influence of Mars, but at this time only nine years old. He was, as the other two, a son of Alberto della Scala.

<sup>5</sup> *The Gascon.*—Pope Clement V. See “Hell,” canto xix. 86, and note, and “Paradise,” canto xxvii. 53, and canto xxx. 141.

<sup>6</sup> *Great Harry.*—The Emperor Henry VII. See canto xxx. 135.

<sup>7</sup> *In equal scorn.*—See “Hell,” canto i. 98.

And thou shalt bear this written in thy soul,  
Of him, but tell it not : " and things he told  
Incredible to those who witness them ;  
Then added : " So interpret thou, my son,  
What hath been told thee.—Lo ! the ambushment  
That a few circling seasons hide for thee.  
Yet envy not thy neighbours : time extends  
Thy span beyond their treason's chastisement."

Soon as the saintly spirit, by silence, mark'd  
Completion of that web, which I had stretch'd  
Before it, warped for weaving ; I began,  
As one, who in perplexity desires  
Counsel of other, wise, benign, and friendly :  
" My father ! well I mark how time spurs on  
Toward me, ready to inflict the blow,  
Which falls most heavily on him who most  
Abandoneth himself. Therefore 'tis good  
I should forecast, that, driven from the place<sup>1</sup>  
Most dear to me, I may not lose myself<sup>2</sup>  
All other by my song. Down through the world  
Of infinite mourning ; and along the mount,  
From whose fair height my lady's eyes did lift me ;  
And, after, through this heaven, from light to light ;  
Have I learnt that, which if I tell again,  
It may with many wofully disrelish :  
And, if I am a timid friend to truth,  
I fear my life may perish among those,  
To whom these days shall be of ancient date."

The brightness, where enclosed the treasure<sup>3</sup> smiled,  
Which I had found there, first shone glisteningly,  
Like to a golden mirror in the sun ;  
Next answered : " Conscience, dimm'd or by its own  
Or other's shame, will feel thy saying sharp.  
Thou, notwithstanding, all deceit removed,  
See the whole vision be made manifest.  
And let them wince, who have their withers wrung.  
What though, when tasted first, thy voice shall prove  
Unwelcome : on digestion, it will turn

<sup>1</sup> *Driven from the place.*—Our poet here discovers both that Florence, much as he inveighs against it, was still the dearest object of his affections, and that it was not without some scruple he indulged his satirical line.

<sup>2</sup> *I may not lose myself.*—"That being driven out of my country, I may not deprive myself of every other place by the boldness with which I expose in my writings the vices of mankind."

<sup>3</sup> *The treasure.*—Cacciaguیدا.



To vital nourishment. The cry thou raisest,<sup>1</sup>  
Shall, as the wind doth, smite the proudest summits;  
Which is of honour no light argument.  
For this, there only have been shown to thee,  
Throughout these orbs, the mountain, and the deep,  
Spirits, whom fame hath note of. For the mind  
Of him, who hears, is loth to acquiesce  
And fix its faith, unless the instance brought  
Be palpable, and proof apparent urge."

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<sup>1</sup> *The cry thou raisest.*—"Thou shalt stigmatise the faults of those who are most eminent and powerful; for

men are naturally less moved by instances adduced from among those who are in the lower classes of life."

## CANTO XVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante sees the souls of many renowned warriors and crusaders in the planet Mars, and then ascends with Beatrice to Jupiter, the sixth heaven, in which he finds the souls of those who had administered justice rightly in the world, so disposed, as to form the figure of an eagle. The canto concludes with an invective against the avarice of the clergy, and especially of the Pope.

NOW<sup>1</sup> in his word, sole, ruminating, joy'd  
That blessed spirit: and I fed on mine,  
Tempering the sweet with bitter.<sup>2</sup> She meanwhile,  
Who led me unto God, admonish'd: " Muse  
On other thoughts: bethink thee, that near Him  
I dwell, who recompenseth every wrong."

At the sweet sounds of comfort straight I turn'd;  
And, in the saintly eyes what love was seen,  
I leave in silence here, nor through distrust  
Of my words only, but that to such bliss  
The mind remounts not without aid. Thus much  
Yet may I speak; that, as I gazed on her,  
Affection found no room for other wish.  
While the everlasting pleasure, that did full  
On Beatrice shine, with second view  
From her fair countenance my gladden'd soul  
Contented; vanquishing me with a beam  
Of her soft smile, she spake: " Turn thee, and list.  
These eyes are not thy only Paradise."

As here, we sometimes in the looks may see  
The affection mark'd, when that its sway hath ta'en  
The spirit wholly; thus the hallow'd light,  
To whom I turn'd, flashing,<sup>3</sup> bewray'd its will  
To talk yet further with me, and began:  
" On this fifth lodgment of the tree,<sup>4</sup> whose life

<sup>1</sup> Now.—The spirit of Cacciaguida enjoyed its own thoughts in silence.

<sup>2</sup> Tempering the sweet with bitter.—

"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

Shakespeare, *As you Like It*, act iii., sc. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the hallow'd light, to whom I turn'd, flashing.—In which the spirit of Cacciaguida was enclosed.

<sup>4</sup> On this fifth lodgment of the tree.—Mars, the fifth of the heavens.



Is from its top, whose fruit is ever fair  
 And leaf unwithering, blessed spirits abide,  
 That were below, ere they arrived in heaven,  
 So mighty in renown, as every muse  
 Might grace her triumph with them. On the horns  
 Look, therefore, of the cross: he whom I name,  
 Shall there enact, as doth in summer cloud  
 Its nimble fire.<sup>1</sup> Along the cross I saw,  
 At the repeated name of Joshua,  
 A splendour gliding; nor, the word was said,  
 Ere it was done: then, at the naming, saw,  
 Of the great Maccabee,<sup>2</sup> another move  
 With whirling speed; and gladness was the scourge  
 Unto that top. The next for Charlemain<sup>2</sup>  
 And for the peer Orlando, two my gaze  
 Pursued, intently, as the eye pursues  
 A falcon flying. Last, along the cross,  
 William, and Renard,<sup>3</sup> and Duke Godfrey<sup>4</sup> drew  
 My ken, and Robert Guiscard.<sup>5</sup> And the soul  
 Who spake with me, among the other lights  
 Did move away, and mix; and with the quire  
 Of heavenly songsters proved his tuneful skill.  
 To Beatrice on my right I bent,  
 Looking for intimation, or by word  
 Or act, what next behoved; and did descry  
 Such mere effulgence in her eyes, such joy,  
 It passed all former wont. And, as by sense  
 Of new delight, the man, who perseveres  
 In good deeds, doth perceive, from day to day,  
 His virtue growing; I e'en thus perceived,  
 Of my ascent, together with the heaven,

<sup>1</sup> *The great Maccabee*.—Judas Maccabeus.

<sup>2</sup> *Charlemain*.—L. Pulci commends Dante for placing Charlemain and Orlando here:

“Io mi confido ancor molto qui a Dante,  
 Che non senza cagion nel ciel su misse  
 Carlo ed Orlando in quelle croci sante,  
 Che come diligente intese e scrisse.”

*Morgante Maggiore*, c. xxviii.

*William and Renard*.—Probably not, as the commentators have imagined, William II. of Orange, and his kinsman Rainbaud, two of the crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon (Maimbourg, “*Hist. des Croisades*,” ed. Par., 1682, 12mo, tom. I., p. 96), but rather the two more celebrated heroes in the age of Charlemain. The former, William I. of Orange, supposed to have been the founder of the present illustrious family of that name, died about

808, according to Joseph de la Pise, “*Tableau de l’Hist. des Princes et Principauté d’Orange*.” Our countryman, Ordericus Vitalis, professes to give his true life, which had been misrepresented in the songs of the itinerant bards. “*Vulgo canitur a joculatoribus de illo cantilena; sed jure preferenda est relatio autentica*.”—*Ecc. Hist. in Duchesne, Hist. Normann. Script.* p. 598. The latter is better known by having been celebrated by Ariosto, under the name of Rinaldo.

<sup>4</sup> *Duke Godfrey*.—Godfrey of Bouillon.

“Poi vemia solo il buon duce Goffrido,  
 Che fè l’impresa santa e i passi giusti;  
 Questo, di ch’io mi sdegnò e indarno grido,  
 Fecce in Hierusalem con le sue mani  
 Il mal guardato e già negletto nido.”

*Petrarca, Trionfo della Fama*, cap. ii.

<sup>5</sup> *Robert Guiscard*.—See “*Hell*,” canto xxviii. 12

The circuit widen'd ; noting the increase  
 Of beauty in that wonder. Like the change  
 In a brief moment on some maiden's cheek,  
 Which, from its fairness, doth discharge the weight  
 Of pudency, that stain'd it ; such in her,  
 And to mine eyes so sudden was the change,  
 Through<sup>1</sup> silvery whiteness of that temperate star,  
 Whose sixth orb now enfolded us I saw,  
 Within that Jovial cresset, the clear sparks  
 Of love, that reign'd there, fashion to my view  
 Our language. And as birds, from river banks  
 Arisen, now in round, now lengthen'd troop,  
 Array them in their flight, greeting, as seems,  
 Their new-found pastures ; so, within the lights,  
 The saintly creatures flying, sang ; and made  
 Now D, now I, now L, figured i' the air.  
 First singing to their notes they moved ; then, one  
 Becoming of these signs, a little while  
 Did rest them, and were mute. O nymph divine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of Pegasean race ! who souls, which thou  
 Inspirest, makest glorious and long-lived, as they  
 Cities and realms by thee ; thou with thyself  
 Inform me ; that I may set forth the shapes,  
 As fancy doth present them : be thy power  
 Display'd in this brief song. The characters,<sup>3</sup>  
 Vocal and consonant, were five-fold seven.  
 In order, each, as they appear'd, I mark'd  
 Diligite Justitiam, the first,  
 Both verb and noun all blazon'd ; and the extreme,  
 Qui judicatis terram. In the M  
 Of the fifth word they held their station ;  
 Making the star seem silver streak'd with gold.  
 And on the summit of the M, I saw  
 Descending other lights, that rested there,  
 Singing, methinks, their bliss and primal good.

<sup>1</sup> *Through silvery.*—So in the "Convito," "El ciel di Glove," &c., p. 74: "The heaven of Jupiter may be compared to geometry, for two properties: the one is, that it moves between two heavens repugnant to its temperature, as that of Mars and that of Saturn; whence Ptolemy, in the above-cited book, says that Jupiter is a star of temperate complexion, between the coldness of Saturn and the heat of Mars: the other is, that, among all the stars, it shows itself white, as it were silvered."

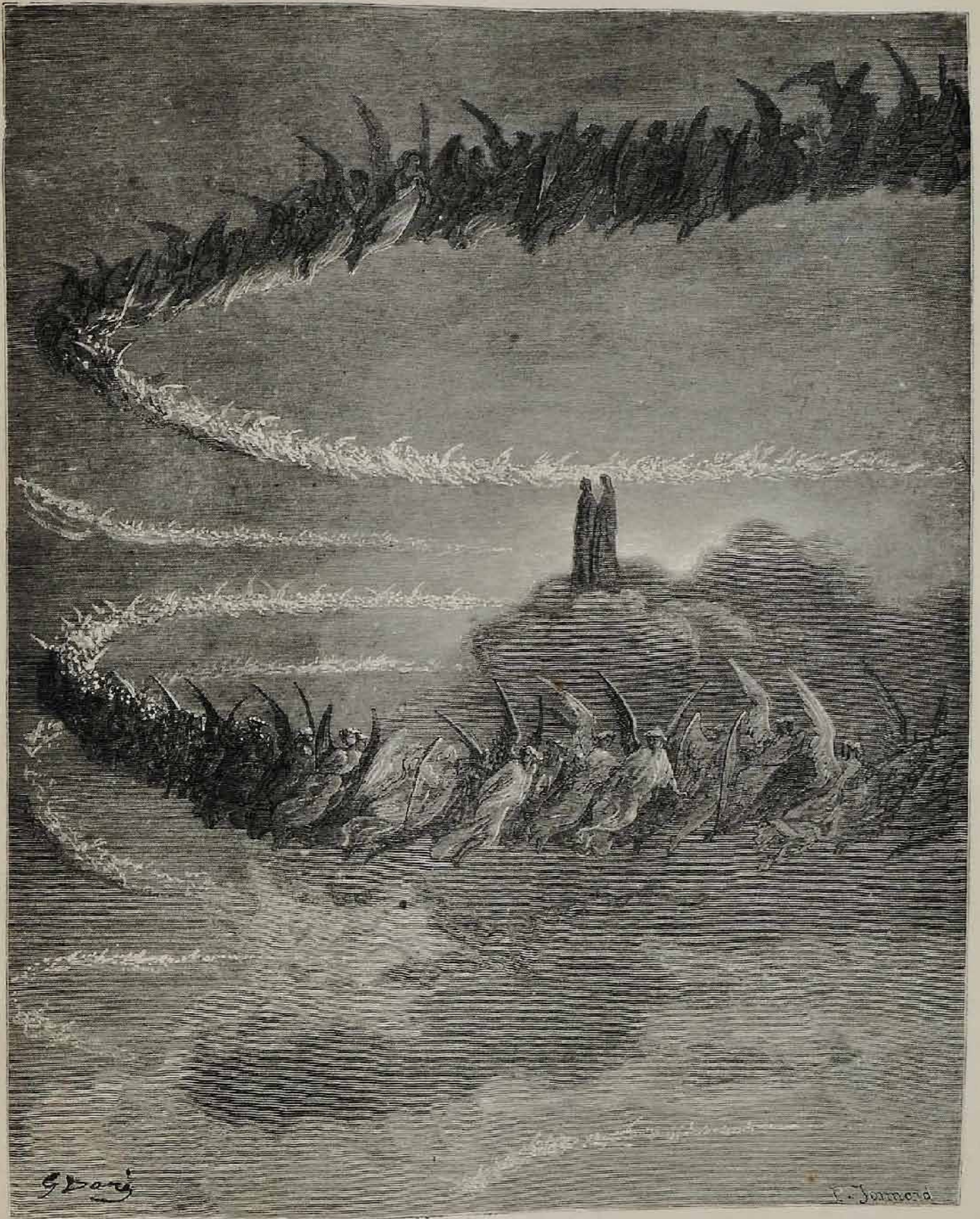
<sup>2</sup> *O nymph divine, of Pegasean race.*—"O muse, thou that makest thy votaries glorious and long-lived, as they, assisted by thee, make glorious and long-lived the cities and realms which they celebrate, now enlighten me," &c.

<sup>3</sup> *The characters, vocal and consonant, were five-fold seven.*—"Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram." "Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth."—*Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 1.



So, within the lights,  
The saintly creatures flying, sang; and made  
Now D, now I, now L, figured i' the air.

*Canto XVIII., lines 70-72.*



G. Davis

F. J. J. J. J.



Then, as at shaking of a lighted brand,  
 Sparkles innumerable on all sides  
 Rise scatter'd, source of augury to the unwise;<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus more than thousand twinkling lustres hence  
 Seem'd reascending; and a higher pitch  
 Some mounting, and some less, e'en as the sun,  
 Which kindleth them, decreed. And when each one  
 Had settled in his place; the head and neck  
 Then saw I of an eagle, livelily  
 Graved in that streaky fire. Who painteth there,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath none to guide Him: of Himself he guides  
 And every line and texture of the nest  
 Doth own from Him the virtue fashions it.  
 The other bright beatitude,<sup>3</sup> that seem'd  
 Erewhile, with lilyed crowning, well content  
 To over-canopy the M, moved forth,  
 Following gently the impress of the bird.

Sweet star! what glorious and thick-studded gems  
 Declared to me our justice on the earth  
 To be the effluence of that heaven, which thou,  
 Thyself a costly jewel, dost inlay.  
 Therefore I pray the Sovran Mind, from whom  
 Thy motion and thy virtue are begun,  
 That He would look from whence the fog doth rise,  
 To vitiate thy beam; so that once more<sup>4</sup>  
 He may put forth his hand 'gainst such, as drive  
 Their traffic in that sanctuary, whose walls  
 With miracles and martyrdoms were built.

Ye host of heaven, whose glory I survey!  
 O beg ye grace for those, that are, on earth,  
 All after ill example gone astray.  
 War once had for his instrument the sword:  
 But now 'tis made, taking the bread away,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which the good Father locks from none.—And thou,  
 That writest but to cancel,<sup>6</sup> think, that they,  
 Who for the vineyard, which thou wastest, died,

<sup>1</sup> *Source of augury to the unwise.*—Who augur future riches to themselves in proportion to the quantity of sparks that fly from the lighted brand when it is shaken.

<sup>2</sup> *Who painteth there.*—The Deity himself.

<sup>3</sup> *Beatitude.*—The band of spirits; for "beatitudo" is here a noun of multitude.

<sup>4</sup> *That once more he may put forth his hand against*

*them.*—"That he may again drive out those who buy and sell in the temple."

<sup>5</sup> *Taking the bread away.*—"Excommunication, or interdiction of the eucharist, is now employed as a weapon of warfare."

<sup>6</sup> *That writest but to cancel.*—"And thou, Pope Boniface, who writest thy ecclesiastical censures for no other purpose than to be paid for revoking them."

Peter and Paul, live yet, and mark thy doings.  
 Thou hast good cause to cry, "My heart so cleaves  
 To him,<sup>1</sup> that lived in solitude remote,  
 And for a dance<sup>2</sup> was dragg'd to martyrdom,  
 I wist not of the fisherman nor Paul."

<sup>1</sup> *To him.*—The coin of Florence was stamped with the impression of John the Baptist, and for this the avaricious pope is made to declare that he felt more devotion than either for Peter or Paul. Lombardi, I know not why, would apply this to Clement V, rather than to Boniface VIII.

<sup>2</sup> *And for a dance was dragg'd to martyrdom.*—I am indebted to an intelligent critic in the *Monthly Review*, 1823, for pointing out my former erroneous translation of the words "per saltu," "From the wilds.



Ye host of heaven, whose glory I survey !  
O beg ye grace for those, that are, on earth,  
All after ill example gone astray.

*Canto XVIII., lines 120—122.*





## CANTO XIX.

### ARGUMENT.

The eagle speaks as with one voice proceeding from a multitude of spirits that compose it, and declares the cause for which it is exalted to that state of glory. It then solves a doubt which our Poet had entertained respecting the possibility of salvation without belief in Christ; exposes the inefficacy of a mere profession of such belief; and prophesies the evil appearance that many Christian potentates will make at the day of judgment.

**B**EFORE my sight appear'd, with open wings,  
The beauteous image; in fruition sweet,  
Gladdening the thronged spirits. Each did seem  
A little ruby, whereon so intense  
The sun-beam glow'd, that to mine eyes it came  
In clear refraction. And that, which next  
Befalls me to pourtray, voice hath not utter'd,  
Nor hath ink written,<sup>1</sup> nor in fantasy  
Was e'er conceived. For I beheld and heard  
The beak discourse; and, what intention form'd  
Of many, singly as of one express,  
Beginning: "For that I was just and piteous,  
I am exalted to this height of glory,  
The which no wish exceeds: and there on earth  
Have I my memory left, e'en by the bad  
Commended, while they leave its course untrod."

Thus is one heat from many embers felt;  
As in that image many were the loves,  
And one the voice, that issued from them all:  
Whence I address'd them: "O perennial flowers  
Of gladness everlasting! that exhale  
In single breath your odours manifold;  
Breathe now: and let the hunger be appeas'd,  
That with great craving long hath held my soul,  
Finding no food on earth. This well I know;  
That if there be in heaven a realm, that shows

<sup>1</sup> *Nor hath ink written.*—"This joie ne maie not written be with inke."—*Chaucer, Troilus and Criseyde*, b. iii.

In faithful mirror the celestial Justice,  
 Yours without veil reflects it. Ye discern  
 The heed, wherewith I do prepare myself  
 To hearken; ye, the doubt, that urges me  
 With such inveterate craving." Straight I saw,  
 Like to a falcon<sup>1</sup> issuing from the hood,  
 That rears his head, and claps him with his wings,  
 His beauty and his eagerness bewraying;  
 So saw I move that stately sign, with praise  
 Of grace divine inwoven, and high song  
 Of inexpressive joy. "He," it began,  
 "Who turn'd his compass<sup>2</sup> on the worlds extreme,  
 And in that space so variously hath wrought,  
 Both openly and in secret; in such wise  
 Could not, through all the universe, display  
 Impression of his glory, that the Word<sup>3</sup>  
 Of his omniscience should not still remain  
 In infinite excess. In proof whereof,  
 He first through pride supplanted, who was sum  
 Of each created being, waited not  
 For light celestial; and abortive fell.  
 Whence needs each lesser nature is but scant  
 Receptacle unto that Good, which knows  
 No limit, measured by itself alone.  
 Therefore your sight, of the omnipresent Mind  
 A single beam, its origin must own  
 Surpassing far its utmost potency.  
 The ken, your world is gifted with, descends  
 In the everlasting Justice as low down,  
 As eye doth in the sea; which, though it mark  
 The bottom from the shore, in the wide main

<sup>1</sup> Like to a falcon.—

"Come falcon ch' uscisse dal cappello."  
*Boccaccio, Il Filostrato*, p. iv., st. 83.

Which Chaucer translates:

"As fresh as faucon coming out of mew."  
*Triluis and Cresseide*, b. iii.

"Poi come fa 'l falcon, quando si move,  
 Così Umiltà al cielo alzò la vista."  
*Frezza, Il Quadrifregio*, lib. iv., cap. 5.

"Rinaldo stà come suole il falcone  
 Uscito del capollo a la veleta."  
*L. Pulci, Morgante Maggiore*, c. xi.

<sup>2</sup> Who turn'd his compass.—"When he prepared the

heavens, I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth." Prov. viii. 27.

"In his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepared  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. vii., 227.

<sup>3</sup> The Word.—"The divine nature still remained incomprehensible. Of this Lucifer was a proof; for he, though the chief of all created beings, yet, through his pride, waiting not for further supplies of the divine illumination, fell without coming to maturity." Thus our author, in the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," speaking of the fallen angels, says, "divinam curam perversi expectare noluerunt."—L. i., c. 2.



Before my sight appear'd, with open wings,  
The beauteous image; in fruition sweet,  
Gladdening the thronged spirits.

*Canto XIX., lines 1—3.*





Discerns it not; and ne'ertheless it is;  
 But hidden through its deepness. Light is none,  
 Save that which cometh from the pure serene  
 Of ne'er disturbed ether: for the rest,  
 'Tis darkness all; or shadow of the flesh,  
 Or else its poison. Here confess reveal'd  
 That covert, which hath hidden from thy search  
 The living Justice, of the which thou madest  
 Such frequent question; for thou saidst—'A man  
 Is born on Indus' banks, and none is there  
 Who speaks of Christ, nor who doth read nor write;  
 And all his inclinations and his acts,  
 As far as human reason sees, are good;  
 And he offendeth not in word or deed:  
 But unbaptized he dies, and void of faith.  
 Where is the justice that condemns him? where  
 His blame, if he believeth not?'—What then,  
 And who art thou, that on the stool wouldst sit  
 To judge at distance of a thousand miles  
 With the short-sighted vision of a span?  
 To him,<sup>1</sup> who subtilizes thus with me,  
 There would assuredly be room for doubt  
 Even to wonder, did not the safe word  
 Of Scripture hold supreme authority.

"O animals of clay! O spirits gross!  
 The primal will,<sup>2</sup> that in itself is good,  
 Hath from itself, the chief Good, ne'er been moved.  
 Justice consists in consonance with it,  
 Derivable by no created good,  
 Whose very cause depends upon its beam."

As on her nest the stork, that turns about  
 Unto her young, whom lately she hath fed,  
 Whiles they with upward eyes do look on her;  
 So lifted I my gaze; and, bending so,  
 The ever-blessed image waved its wings,  
 Labouring with such deep counsel. Wheeling round  
 It warbled, and did say: "As are my notes  
 To thee, who understandst them not; such is  
 The eternal judgment unto mortal ken."

<sup>1</sup> To him.—"He who should argue, on the words I have just used, respecting the fate of those who have wanted means of knowing the Gospel, would certainly have cause

enough to doubt if he did not defer to the authority of Scripture, which pronounces God to be thoroughly just."  
<sup>2</sup> The primal will.—The divine will.

Then still abiding in that ensign ranged,  
 Wherewith the Romans overawed the world,  
 Those burning splendours of the Holy Spirit  
 Took up the strain; and thus it spake again:  
 "None ever hath ascended to this realm,  
 Who hath not a believer been in Christ,  
 Either before or after the blest limbs  
 Were nail'd upon the wood. But lo! of those  
 Who call 'Christ, Christ,'<sup>1</sup> there shall be many found,  
 In judgment, further off from him by far,  
 Than such to whom his name was never known.  
 Christians like these the Æthiop<sup>2</sup> shall condemn:  
 When that the two assemblages shall part;  
 One rich eternally, the other poor.

"What may the Persians say unto your kings,  
 When they shall see that volume,<sup>3</sup> in the which  
 All their dispraise is written, spread to view?  
 There amidst Albert's<sup>4</sup> works shall that be read,  
 Which will give speedy motion to the pen,  
 When Prague<sup>5</sup> shall mourn her desolated realm.  
 There shall be read the woe, that he<sup>6</sup> doth work  
 With his adulterate money on the Seine,  
 Who by the tusk will perish: there be read  
 The thirsting pride, that maketh fool alike  
 The English and Scot,<sup>7</sup> impatient of their bound.  
 There shall be seen the Spaniard's luxury;<sup>8</sup>  
 The delicate living there of the Bohemian,<sup>9</sup>  
 Who still to worth has been a willing stranger.  
 The halter of Jerusalem<sup>10</sup> shall see

<sup>1</sup> *Who call "Christ, Christ?"*—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. vii. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *The Æthiop.*—"The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it."—Matt. xii. 41.

<sup>3</sup> *That volume.*—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of these things which were written in the books, according to their works."—Rev. xx. 12.

<sup>4</sup> *Albert.*—"Purgatory," canto vi. 98.

<sup>5</sup> *Prague.*—The eagle predicts the devastation of Bohemia by Albert, which happened soon after this time, when that emperor obtained the kingdom for his eldest son Rodolph. See Coxe's "House of Austria," 4to. ed., vol. i., part i., p. 87.

<sup>6</sup> *He.*—Philip IV. of France, after the battle of Courtrai, 1302, in which the French were defeated by the

Flemings, raised the nominal value of the coin. This king died in consequence of his horse being thrown to the ground by a wild boar, in 1314. The circumstances of his death are minutely related by Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," lib. iv., cap. 19.

<sup>7</sup> *The English and Scot.*—He adverts to the disputes between John Balliol and Edward I., the latter of whom is commended in the "Purgatory," canto vii. 130.

<sup>8</sup> *The Spaniard's luxury.*—The commentators refer this to Alonzo X. of Spain. It seems probable that the allusion is to Ferdinand IV., who came to the crown in 1295, and died in 1312, at the age of twenty-four, in consequence, as it was supposed, of his extreme intemperance. See Mariana, "Hist.," lib. xv., cap. 11.

<sup>9</sup> *The Bohemian.*—Winceslaus II. "Purgatory," canto vii. 99.

<sup>10</sup> *The halter of Jerusalem.*—Charles II. of Naples and Jerusalem, who was lame. See note to "Purgatory," canto vii. 122, and xx. 78.



A unit for his virtue; for his vices,  
 No less a mark than million. He,<sup>1</sup> who guards  
 The isle of fire by old Anchises honour'd,  
 Shall find his avarice there and cowardice;  
 And better to denote his littleness,  
 The writing must be letters maim'd, that speak  
 Much in a narrow space. All there shall know  
 His uncle<sup>2</sup> and his brother's<sup>3</sup> filthy doings,  
 Who so renown'd a nation and two crowns  
 Have bastardized.<sup>4</sup> And they, of Portugal<sup>5</sup>  
 And Norway,<sup>6</sup> there shall be exposed, with him  
 Of Ratza,<sup>7</sup> who hath counterfeited ill  
 The coin of Venice. O blest Hungary!<sup>8</sup>  
 If thou no longer patiently abidest  
 Thy ill-entreating; and, O blest Navarre!<sup>9</sup>  
 If with thy mountainous girdle<sup>10</sup> thou wouldst arm thee.  
 In earnest of that day, e'en now are heard  
 Wailings and groans in Famagosta's streets  
 And Nicosia's,<sup>11</sup> grudging at their beast,  
 Who keepeth even footing with the rest."<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *He*.—Frederick of Sicily, son of Peter III. of Arragon. "Purgatory," canto vii. 117. The isle of fire is Sicily, where was the tomb of Anchises.

<sup>2</sup> *His uncle*.—James, King of Majorca and Minorca, brother to Peter III.

<sup>3</sup> *His brother*.—James II. of Arragon, who died in 1327. See "Purgatory," canto vii. 117.

<sup>4</sup> *Bastardized*.—"Bozze," according to Bembo, is a Provençal word for "bastardo e non legitimo."—*Della Volg. Lingua*, lib. i., p. 25, ediz. 1544. Others have understood it to mean, "one dishonoured by his wife."

<sup>5</sup> *Of Portugal*.—In the time of Dante, Dionysius was King of Portugal. He died in 1325, after a reign of nearly forty-six years, and does not seem to have deserved the stigma here fastened on him. See Mariana, lib. xv., cap. 18. Perhaps the rebellious son of Dionysius may be alluded to.

<sup>6</sup> *Norway*.—Haquin, King of Norway, is probably meant; who, having given refuge to the murderers of Eric VII., King of Denmark, A.D. 1288, commenced a war against his successor, Eric VIII., "which continued nine years, almost to the utter ruin and destruction of both kingdoms."—*Modern Univ. Hist.*, vol. xxxii., p. 215.

<sup>7</sup> *Hum of Ratza*.—One of the dynasty of the house of Nemagna, which ruled the kingdom of Rassia or Ratra, in Slavonia, from 1161 to 1371, and whose history may be found in Mauro Orbino, "Regno degli Slavi," ediz. Pesaro, 1601. Uladislaus appears to have been the sovereign in Dante's time; but the disgraceful forgery adverted to in the text is not recorded by the historian.

<sup>8</sup> *Hungary*.—The kingdom of Hungary was about this time disputed by Carobert, son of Charles Martel, and Wincellaus, prince of Bohemia, son of Wincellaus II. See Cox's "House of Austria," vol. i., part i., p. 86, 4to edit.

<sup>9</sup> *Navarre*.—Navarre was now under the yoke of France. It soon after (in 1328) followed the advice of Dante, and had a monarch of its own. Mariana, lib. xv., cap. 19.

<sup>10</sup> *Mountainous girdle*.—The Pyrenees.

<sup>11</sup> *Famagosta's streets and Nicosia's*.—Cities in the kingdom of Cyprus, at that time ruled by Henry II., a pusillanimous prince. Vertot, "Hist. des Chev. de Malte," lib. iii. iv. The meaning appears to be, that the complaints made by those cities of their weak and worthless governor may be regarded as an earnest of his condemnation at the last doom.

<sup>12</sup> *The rest*.—"Wise Poet!" thus Landino concludes his commentary on this canto, "to whom the human race owes obligations for having thus severely reprehended the faults of princes; since these are not, like the errors of private persons, harmful to one or a few only, but injure all the country which they govern; and a single one frequently causes the ruin of whole nations." Much to the same effect is a memorable sentence in Xenophon's "Agesilaus," that excellent manual for princes: καὶ τὰς μὲν τῶν ἰδιωτῶν ἀμαρτίαις πρόβως ἔχουσιν, τὰς δὲ τῶν ἀρχόντων μεγάλας ἴσθι κινῶν, τοὺς μὲν ἄλλα, τοὺς δὲ πάλαι κοινὰς διατρέχειν.—C. xi. 6. Compare also the opening of Demosthenes' second Speech against Aristogiton.

## CANTO XX.

### ARGUMENT.

The eagle celebrates the praise of certain kings, whose glorified spirits form the eye of the bird. In the pupil is David, and in the circle round it, Trajan, Hezekiah, Constantine, William II. of Sicily, and Ripheus. It explains to our Poet how the souls of those whom he supposed to have had no means of believing in Christ, came to be in heaven; and concludes with an admonition against presuming to fathom the counsels of God.

WHEN, disappearing from our hemisphere,  
The world's enlightener vanishes, and day  
On all sides wasteth; suddenly the sky,  
Erewhile irradiate only with his beam,  
Is yet again unfolded, putting forth  
Innumerable lights wherein one shines.<sup>1</sup>  
Of such vicissitude in heaven I thought;  
As the great sign,<sup>2</sup> that marshalleth the world  
And the world's leaders, in the blessed beak  
Was silent: for that all those living lights,  
Waxing in splendour, burst forth into songs,  
Such as from memory glide and fall away.

Sweet Love, that dost apparel thee in smiles!  
How lustrous was thy semblance in those sparkles,  
Which merely are from holy thoughts inspired.

After<sup>3</sup> the precious and bright beaming stones,  
That did ingem the sixth light, ceased the chiming  
Of their angelic bells; methought I heard  
The murmuring of a river, that doth fall  
From rock to rock transpicuous, making known  
The richness of his spring-head: and as sound  
Of cittern, at the fret-board, or of pipe,  
Is, at the wind-hole, modulate and tuned;  
Thus up the neck, as it were hollow, rose

<sup>1</sup> *Wherein one shines.*—The light of the sun, whence he supposes the other celestial bodies to derive their light. Thus, in the "Convito," p. 115, "Nullo sensibile," &c. 'No sensible object in the world is more worthy to be made an example of the deity than the sun, which with

sensible light enlightens first itself, and then all celestial and elementary bodies."

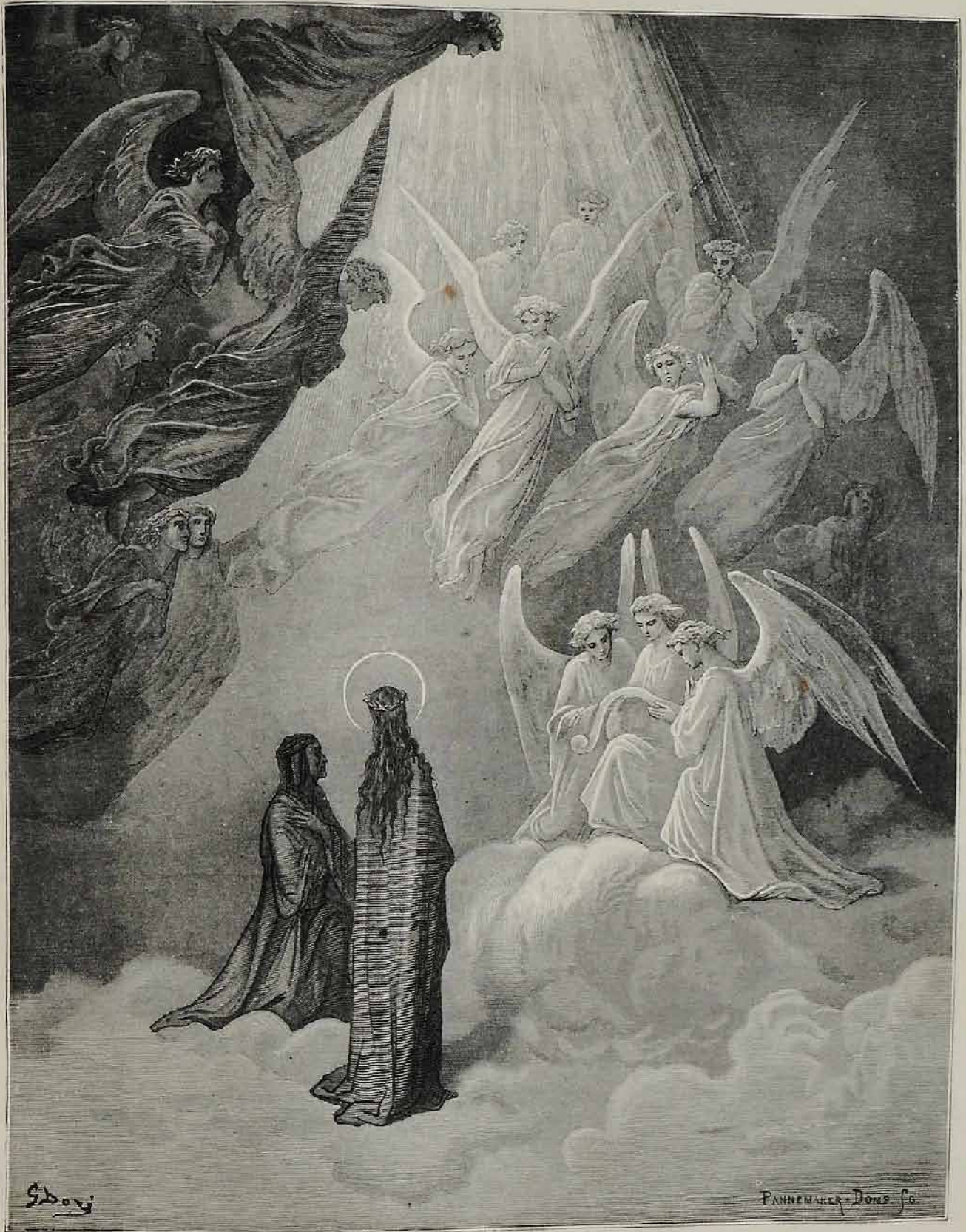
<sup>2</sup> *The great sign.*—The eagle, the Imperial ensign.

<sup>3</sup> *After.*—"After the spirits in the sixth planet (Jupiter) had ceased their singing."



For that all those living lights,  
Waxing in splendour burst forth into songs,  
Such as from memory glide and fall away.

*Canto XX, lines 10—12.*





That murmuring of the eagle; and forthwith  
Voice there assumed; and thence along the beak  
Issued in form of words, such as my heart  
Did look for, on whose tables I inscribed them.

“The part<sup>1</sup> in me, that sees and bears the sun  
In mortal eagles,” it began, “must now  
Be noted steadfastly; for, of the fires,  
That figure me, those, glittering in mine eye,  
Are chief of all the greatest. This, that shines  
Midmost for pupil, was the same who<sup>2</sup> sang  
The Holy Spirit’s song, and bare about  
The ark from town to town: now doth he know  
The merit of his soul-impassion’d strains  
By their well-fitted guerdon. Of the five,  
That make the circle of the vision, he,<sup>3</sup>  
Who to the beak is nearest, comforted  
The widow for her son: now doth he know,  
How dear it costeth not to follow Christ;  
Both from experience of this pleasant life,  
And of its opposite. He next,<sup>4</sup> who follows  
In the circumference, for the over-arch,  
By true repenting slack’d the pace of death:  
Now knoweth he, that the decrees of heaven<sup>5</sup>  
Alter not, when, through pious prayer below,  
To-day is made to-morrow’s destiny.  
The other following,<sup>6</sup> with the laws and me,  
To yield the shepherd room, pass’d o’er<sup>7</sup> to Greece;  
From good intent, producing evil fruit:  
Now knoweth he, how all the ill, derived  
From his well doing, doth not harm him aught;  
Though it have brought destruction on the world.  
That, which thou seest in the under bow,  
Was William,<sup>8</sup> whom that land bewails, which weeps  
For Charles and Frederick living: now he knows,

<sup>1</sup> *The part*.—Lombardi well observes, that the head of the eagle is seen in profile, so that one eye only appears.

<sup>2</sup> *Who*.—David.

<sup>3</sup> *He*.—Trajan. See “Purgatory,” canto x. 68.

<sup>4</sup> *He next*.—Hezekiah.

<sup>5</sup> *The decrees of heaven*.—The eternal counsels of God are indeed immutable, though they appear to us men to be altered by the prayers of the pious.

<sup>6</sup> *The other following*.—Constantine. There is no passage in which Dante’s opinion of the evil that had arisen

from the mixture of the civil with the ecclesiastical power is more unequivocally declared.

<sup>7</sup> *Pass’d o’er*.—“Left the Roman state to the Pope, and transferred the seat of the empire to Constantinople.”

<sup>8</sup> *William*.—William II., King of Sicily, at the latter part of the twelfth century. He was of the Norman line of sovereigns, and obtained the appellation of “the Good;” and, as the poet says, his loss was as much the subject of regret in his dominions, as the presence of Charles II. of Anjou and Frederick of Arragon was of sorrow and complaint.

How well is loved in heaven the righteous king ;  
 Which he betokens by his radiant seeming.  
 Who, in the erring world beneath, would deem  
 That Trojan Ripheus,<sup>1</sup> in this round, was set,  
 Fifth of the saintly splendours? now he knows  
 Enough of that, which the world cannot see ;  
 The grace divine : albeit e'en his sight  
 Reach not its utmost depth." Like to the lark,  
 That warbling in the air expatiates long,  
 Then, trilling out his last sweet melody,  
 Drops, satiate with the sweetness ; such appear'd  
 That image, stamp'd by the everlasting pleasure,  
 Which fashions, as they are, all things that be.

I, though my doubting were as manifest,  
 As is through glass<sup>2</sup> the hue that mantles it,  
 In silence waited not ; for to my lips  
 "What things are these?" involuntary rush'd,  
 And forced a passage out : whereat I mark'd  
 A sudden lightening and new revelry.  
 The eye was kindled ; and the blessed sign,  
 No more to keep me wondering and suspense,  
 Replied : "I see that thou believest these things,  
 Because I tell them, but discern'st not how ;  
 So that thy knowledge waits not on thy faith :  
 As one, who knows the name of thing by rote,  
 But is a stranger to its properties,  
 Till other's tongue reveal them. Fervent love,  
 And lively hope, with violence assail  
 The kingdom of the heavens, and overcome  
 The will of the Most High ; not in such sort  
 As man prevails o'er man ; but conquers it,  
 Because 'tis willing to be conquer'd ; still,  
 Though conquer'd, by its mercy, conquering.

<sup>1</sup> *Trojan Ripheus.*—

"Ripheus justissimus unus  
 Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui."  
*Virgil, Æneid, lib. li. 427.*

"Then Ripheus fell, the justest far of all  
 The sons of Troy." *Pitt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Through glass.*—This is the only allusion I have remarked in our author to the art of painting glass. Tiraboschi traces that invention in Italy as far back as to the end of the eighth century. "*Storia della Lett. Ital.*" tom. iii., lib. iii., cap. vi., § ii. This, however, if we may trust Mr. Warton's judgment, must have been a sort of mosaic in glass. For to express figures in glass, or what

we now call the art of painting in glass, that writer observes, "was a very different work ; and I believe I can show it was brought from Constantinople to Rome before the tenth century, with other ornamental arts."—*History of English Poetry*, vol. iii., p. xxii. In the following passage from the "Dittamondo" of Fazio degli Uberti, lib. v., cap. 3, the allusion is to mosaic in glass :

"E pensa s' ai veduto e posto cura,  
 Quando il musaico con vetri dipinti  
 Adorna e compon ben la sua pittura,  
 E quei che son più riccamente tinti  
 Nelle più nobil parti gli son sempre,  
 Ed e converso nel men gli più stinti."



" Those, in the eye who live the first and fifth,  
 Cause thee to marvel, in that thou behold'st  
 The region of the angels deck'd with them.  
 They quitted not their bodies, as thou deem'st,  
 Gentiles, but Christians; in firm rooted faith,  
 This,<sup>1</sup> of the feet in future to be pierced,  
 That,<sup>2</sup> of feet nail'd already to the cross.  
 One from the barrier of the dark abyss,  
 Where never any with good will returns,  
 Came back unto his bones. Of lively hope  
 Such was the meed; of lively hope, that wing'd  
 The prayers<sup>3</sup> sent up to God for his release,  
 And put power into them to bend His will.  
 The glorious Spirit, of whom I speak to thee,  
 A little while returning to the flesh,  
 Believed in him, who had the means to help;  
 And, in believing, nourish'd such a flame  
 Of holy love, that at the second death  
 He was made sharer in our gamesome mirth.  
 The other, through the riches of that grace,  
 Which from so deep a fountain doth distil,  
 As never eye created saw its rising,  
 Placed all his love below on just and right:  
 Wherefore, of grace, God oped in him the eye  
 To the redemption of mankind to come;  
 Wherein believing, he endured no more  
 The filth of Paganism, and for their ways  
 Rebuked the stubborn nations. The three nymphs,<sup>4</sup>  
 Whom at the right wheel thou beheld'st advancing,  
 Were sponsors for him, more than thousand years  
 Before baptizing. O how far removed,  
 Predestination! is thy root from such  
 As see not the First Cause entire: and ye,  
 O mortal men! be wary how ye judge:  
 For we, who see our Maker, know not yet  
 The number of the chosen; and esteem  
 Such scantiness of knowledge our delight:  
 For all our good is, in that primal good,  
 Concentrate; and God's will and ours are one."

<sup>1</sup> *This*.—Ripheus.

<sup>2</sup> *That*.—Trajan.

<sup>3</sup> *The prayers*.—The prayers of St. Gregory.

<sup>4</sup> *The three nymphs, whom at the right wheel thou beheld'st advancing*.—Faith, Hope, and Charity. "Purgatory," canto xxix. 116.

So, by that form divine, was given to me  
Sweet medicine to clear and strengthen sight.  
And, as one handling skilfully the harp,  
Attendant on some skilful songster's voice  
Bids the chord vibrate; and therein the song  
Acquires more pleasure: so the whilst it spake,  
It doth remember me, that I beheld  
The pair of blessed luminaries move,<sup>1</sup>  
Like the accordant twinkling of two eyes,  
Their beamy circlets, dancing to the sounds.

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<sup>1</sup> *The pair of blessed luminaries move.*—Ripheus and Trajan.



Again mine eyes were fix'd on Beatrice ;  
And, with mine eyes, my soul that in her looks  
Found all contentment.

*Canto XXI., lines 1—3.*



G. Dore

Peinture de Dore



## CANTO XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante ascends with Beatrice to the seventh heaven, which is the planet Saturn; wherein is placed a ladder so lofty, that the top of it is out of his sight. Here are the souls of those who had passed their life in holy retirement and contemplation. Fiero Damiano comes near them, and answers questions put to him by Dante; then declares who he was on earth, and ends by declaiming against the luxury of pastors and prelates in those times.

AGAIN mine eyes were fix'd on Beatrice;  
 And, with mine eyes, my soul that in her looks  
 Found all contentment. Yet no smile she wore:  
 And, "Did I smile," quoth she, "thou wouldst be straight  
 Like Semele when into ashes turn'd:  
 For, mounting these eternal palace-stairs,  
 My beauty, which the loftier it climbs,  
 As thou hast noted, still doth kindle more,  
 So shines, that, were no tempering interposed,  
 Thy mortal puissance would from its rays  
 Shrink, as the leaf doth from the thunderbolt  
 Into the seventh splendour<sup>1</sup> are we wafted,  
 That, underneath the burning lion's breast,<sup>2</sup>  
 Beams, in this hour, commingled with his might.  
 Thy mind be with thine eyes; and, in them, mirror'd<sup>3</sup>  
 The shape, which in this mirror shall be shown."

Whoso can deem, how fondly I had fed  
 My sight upon her blissful countenance,  
 May know, when to new thoughts I changed, what joy  
 To do the bidding of my heavenly guide;  
 In equal balance,<sup>4</sup> poising either weight.

Within the crystal, which records the name  
 (As its remoter circle girds the world)  
 Of that loved monarch,<sup>5</sup> in whose happy reign

<sup>1</sup> *The seventh splendour.*—The planet Saturn.

<sup>2</sup> *Underneath the burning lion's breast.*—The constellation Leo.

<sup>3</sup> *In them, mirror'd.*—"Let the form which thou shalt now behold in this mirror," the planet, that is, of Saturn

(soon after, v. 22, called the Crystal), "be reflected in the mirror of thy sight."

<sup>4</sup> *In equal balance.*—"My pleasure was as great in complying with her will, as in beholding her countenance."

<sup>5</sup> *Monarch.*—Saturn. Compare "Hell," canto xiv. 91

No ill had power to harm, I saw rear'd up,  
 In colour like to sun-illumined gold,  
 A ladder, which my ken pursued in vain,  
 So lofty was the summit; down whose steps  
 I saw the splendours in such multitude  
 Descending, every light in heaven, methought,  
 Was shed thence. As the rooks, at dawn of day,  
 Bestirring them to dry their feathers chill,  
 Some speed their way a-field; and homeward some,  
 Returning, cross their flight; while some abide,  
 And wheel around their airy lodge: so seem'd  
 That glitterance,<sup>1</sup> wafted on alternate wing,  
 As upon certain stair it came, and clash'd  
 Its shining. And one, lingering near us, wax'd  
 So bright, that in my thought I said: "The love,  
 Which this betokens me, admits no doubt."

Unwillingly from question I refrain;  
 To her, by whom my silence and my speech  
 Are order'd, looking for a sign: whence she,  
 Who in the sight of Him, that seeth all,  
 Saw wherefore I was silent, prompted me  
 To indulge the fervent wish; and I began:  
 "I am not worthy, of my own desert,  
 That thou shouldst answer me: but for her sake,  
 Who hath vouchsafed my asking, spirit blest,  
 That in thy joy art shrouded! say the cause,  
 Which bringeth thee so near: and wherefore, say,  
 Doth the sweet symphony of Paradise  
 Keep silence here, pervading with such sounds  
 Of rapt devotion every lower sphere?"  
 "Mortal art thou in hearing, as in sight:"  
 Was the reply: "and what forbade the smile<sup>2</sup>  
 Of Beatrice interrupts our song.  
 Only to yield thee gladness of my voice,  
 And of the light that vests me, I thus far  
 Descend these hallow'd steps: not that more love  
 Invites me; for, lo! there aloft,<sup>3</sup> as much  
 Or more of love is witness'd in those flames:

<sup>1</sup> *That glitterance.*—"Quello sfavillar." That multitude of shining spirits, who, coming to a certain point of the ladder, made those different movements, which he has described as made by the birds.

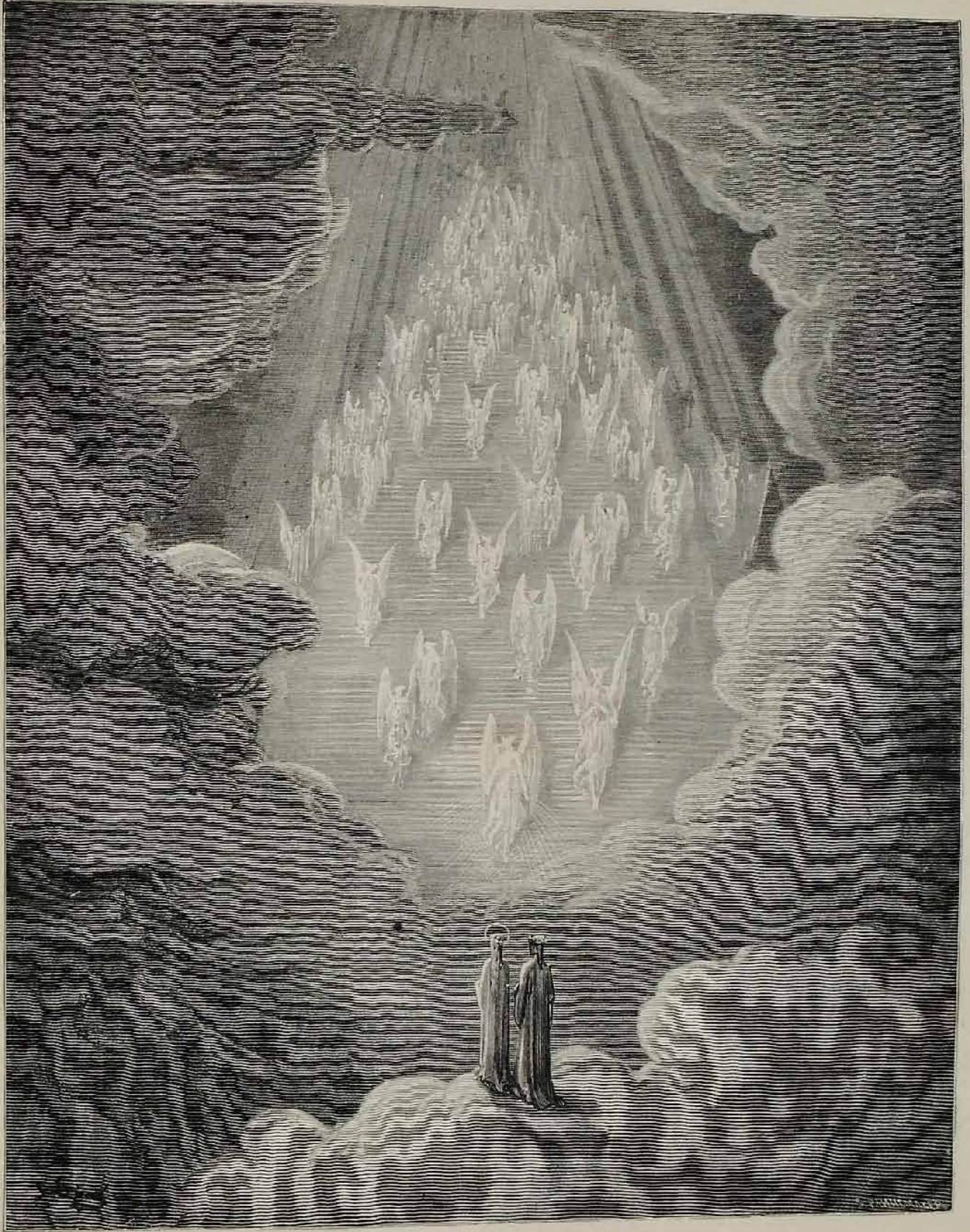
<sup>2</sup> *What forbade the smile.*—"Because it would have overcome thee."

<sup>3</sup> *For, lo! there aloft.*—Where the other souls were.



Down whose steps  
 I saw the splendours in such multitude  
 Descending, every light in heaven, methought,  
 Was shed thence.

*Canto XXI, lines 28-31.*





But such my lot by charity assign'd,  
That makes us ready servants, as thou seest,  
To execute the counsel of the Highest."

"That in this court," said I, "O sacred lamp!  
Love no compulsion needs, but follows free  
The eternal Providence, I well discern:  
This harder find to deem: why, of thy peers,  
Thou only, to this office wert foredoom'd."

I had not ended, when, like rapid mill,  
Upon its centre whirl'd the light; and then  
The love that did inhabit there, replied:  
"Splendour eternal, piercing through these folds.  
Its virtue to my vision knits; and thus  
Supported, lifts me so above myself,  
That on the sovran essence, which it wells from,  
I have the power to gaze: and hence the joy,  
Wherewith I sparkle, equalling with my blaze  
The keenness of my sight. But not the soul,<sup>1</sup>  
That is in heaven most lustrous, nor the seraph,  
That hath his eyes most fix'd on God, shall solve  
What thou hast ask'd: for in the abyss it lies  
Of th' everlasting statute sunk so low,  
That no created ken may fathom it.  
And, to the mortal world when thou return'st,  
Be this reported: that none henceforth dare  
Direct his footsteps to so dread a bourn.  
The mind, that here is radiant, on the earth  
Is wrapt in mist. Look then if she may do  
Below, what passeth her ability  
When she is ta'en to heaven." By words like these  
Admonish'd, I the question urged no more;  
And of the spirit humbly sued alone  
To instruct me of its state. "'Twixt either shore"<sup>2</sup>  
Of Italy, nor distant from thy land,  
A stony ridge<sup>3</sup> ariseth; in such sort,  
The thunder doth not lift his voice so high.  
They call it Catria:<sup>4</sup> at whose foot, a cell

<sup>1</sup> *Not the soul*.—The particular ends of Providence being concealed from the very angels themselves.

<sup>2</sup> *'Twixt either shore*.—Between the Adriatic gulf and the Mediterranean sea.

<sup>3</sup> *A stony ridge*.—A part of the Apennine. Gibbo is literally a "hunch." Thus Archilochus calls the island of

Thasus, *ἄρον ἄχις*. See Gaisford's "Poetæ Minores Græci," t. i., p. 298.

<sup>4</sup> *Catria*.—Now the abbey of Santa Croce, in the duchy of Urbino, about half-way between Gubbio and La Pergola. Here Dante is said to have resided for some time.

Is sacred to the lonely Eremite ;  
 For worship set apart and holy rites."  
 A third time thus it spake ; then added : "There  
 So firmly to God's service I adhered,  
 That with no costlier viands than the juice  
 Of olives, easily I pass'd the heats  
 Of summer and the winter frosts ; content  
 In heaven-ward musings. Rich were the returns  
 And fertile, which that cloister once was used  
 To render to these heavens : now 'tis fallen  
 Into a waste so empty, that ere long  
 Detection must lay bare its vanity.  
 Pietro Damiano<sup>1</sup> there was I y-clept :  
 Pietro the sinner, when before I dwelt,  
 Beside the Adriatic,<sup>2</sup> in the house  
 Of our blest Lady. Near upon my close  
 Of mortal life, through much importuning  
 I was constrained to wear the hat,<sup>3</sup> that still  
 From bad to worse is shifted.—Cephas<sup>4</sup> came ;  
 He came, who was the Holy Spirit's vessel ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Barefoot and lean ; eating their bread, as chanced,  
 At the first table. Modern Shepherds need  
 Those who on either hand may prop and lead them,  
 So burly are they grown ; and from behind,  
 Others to hoist them. Down the palfrey's sides  
 Spread their broad mantles, so as both the beasts  
 Are cover'd with one skin. O patience ! thou  
 That look'st on this, and dost endure so long."

<sup>1</sup> *Pietro Damiano*.—"S. Pietro Damiano obtained a great and well-merited reputation, by the pains he took to correct the abuses among the clergy. Ravenna is supposed to have been the place of his birth, about 1007. He was employed in several important missions, and rewarded by Stephen IX. with the dignity of cardinal and the bishopric of Ostia, to which, however, he preferred his former retreat in the monastery of Fonte Avellana, and prevailed on Alexander II. to permit him to retire thither. Yet he did not long continue in this seclusion before he was sent on other embassies. He died at Faenza in 1072. His letters throw much light on the obscure history of these times. Besides them, he has left several treatises on sacred and ecclesiastical subjects. His eloquence is worthy of a better age."—*Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital.*, tom. iii., lib. iv., cap. ii. He is mentioned by Petrarch, "De Vita Solit." lib. ii., sec. iii., cap. xvii. "Siquidem statum illum, pompasque sæculi suis contribulibus Inquens, ipse Italie medio, ad sinistram Apennini latus, quietissimam solitudinem, de qua multa conscripsit, et quæ vetus adhuc fontis Avellanæ nomen servat, periturus

honoribus preferendam duxit, ubi non minus gloriose postmodum latuit quam innouerat primum Romæ, nec dedecori illi fuit alti verticis rotulam decus squalenti cilicio permutasse."—*Petrarcha Opera*, Basil., 1574, p. 266.

<sup>2</sup> *Beside the Adriatic*.—Some editions and manuscripts have "fu," instead of "fui." According to the former of these readings, S. Pietro Damiano is made to distinguish himself from S. Pietro degli Onesti, surnamed "Il Peccator," founder of the monastery of S. Maria del Porto, on the Adriatic coast, near Ravenna, who died 1119, at about eighty years of age. If it could be ascertained that there was no religious house dedicated to the blessed Virgin before that founded by Pietro degli Onesti, to which the other Pietro might have belonged, this reading would, no doubt, be preferable ; but at present it seems very uncertain which is the right.

<sup>3</sup> *The hat*.—The cardinal's hat.

<sup>4</sup> *Cephas*.—St. Peter.

<sup>5</sup> *The Holy Spirit's vessel*.—S. Paul. See "Hell" canto 30.



I at those accents saw the splendours down  
From step to step alight, and wheel, and wax,  
Each circuiting, more beautiful. Round this<sup>1</sup>  
They came, and stay'd them; utter'd then a shout  
So loud, it hath no likeness here: nor I  
Wist what it spake, so deafening was the thunder.

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<sup>1</sup> *Round this*.—Round the spirit of Pietro Damiano

## CANTO XXII.

### ARGUMENT.

He beholds many other spirits of the devout and contemplative; and amongst these is addressed by St. Benedict, who, after disclosing his own name and the names of certain of his companions in bliss, replies to the request made by our Poet that he might look on the form of the saint without that covering of splendour which then invested it; and then proceeds, lastly, to inveigh against the corruption of the monks. Next Dante mounts with his heavenly conductress to the eighth heaven, or that of the fixed stars, which he enters at the constellation of the Twins; and thence looking back, reviews all the space he has passed between his present station and the earth.

ASTOUNDED, to the guardian of my steps  
 I turn'd me, like the child, who always runs  
 Thither for succour, where he trusteth most:  
 And she was like the mother,<sup>1</sup> who her son  
 Beholding pale and breathless, with her voice  
 Soothes him, and he is cheer'd; for thus she spake,  
 Soothing me: "Know'st not thou, thou art in heaven?  
 And know'st not thou, whatever is in heaven,  
 Is holy; and that nothing there is done,  
 But is done zealously and well? Deem now,  
 What change in thee the song, and what my smile  
 Had wrought, since thus the shout had power to move thee;  
 In which, couldst thou have understood their prayers,  
 The vengeance<sup>2</sup> were already known to thee,  
 Which thou must witness ere thy mortal hour.  
 The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,  
 Nor yet doth linger; save unto his seeming,  
 Who, in desire or fear, doth look for it.  
 But elsewhere now I bid thee turn thy view;  
 So shalt thou many a famous spirit behold."  
 Mine eyes directing, as she will'd, I saw  
 A hundred little spheres, that fairer grew  
 By interchange of splendour. I remain'd,

<sup>1</sup> *And she was like the mother.*—

"Come la madre, che 'l figliuol ascolta  
 Dietro a se piangner, si volge, ed aspetta,  
 Poi il prende per mano e dà la volta."

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, lib. iii., cap. 21.*

<sup>2</sup> *The vengeance were already known to thee.*—  
 Beatrice, it is supposed, intimates the approaching  
 fate of Boniface VIII.

See "Purgatory," canto xx. 86.



As one, who fearful of o'er-much presuming,  
Abates in him the keenness of desire,  
Nor dares to question; when, amid those pearls,  
One largest and most lustrous onward drew,  
That it might yield contentment to my wish:  
And, from within it, these the sounds I heard.

“If thou, like me, beheld'st the charity  
That burns amongst us; what thy mind conceives,  
Were utter'd. But that, ere the lofty bound  
Thou reach, expectance may not weary thee;  
I will make answer even to the thought,  
Which thou hast such respect of. In old days,  
That mountain, at whose side Cassino<sup>1</sup> rests,  
Was, on its height, frequented by a race<sup>2</sup>  
Deceived and ill-disposed: and I it was,<sup>3</sup>  
Who thither carried first the name of Him,  
Who brought the soul-subliming truth to man.  
And such a speeding grace shone over me,  
That from their impious worship I reclaim'd  
The dwellers round about, who with the world  
Were in delusion lost. These other flames,  
The spirits of men contemplative, were all  
Enliven'd by that warmth, whose kindly force  
Gives birth to flowers and fruits of holiness.  
Here is Macarius;<sup>4</sup> Romoaldo<sup>5</sup> here;  
And here my brethren, who their steps refrain'd  
Within the cloisters, and held firm their heart.”

I answering thus: “Thy gentle words and kind,  
And this the cheerful semblance I behold,

<sup>1</sup> *Cassino*.—A castle in the Terra di Lavoro. “The learned Benedictine, D. Angelo della Noce, in his notes on the chronicle of the monastery of Cassino (Not. cxi.), corrects the error of Cluverius and Eftenus, who describe Cassino as situated in the same place where the monastery now is; at the same time commending the veracity of our author in this passage, which places Cassino on the side of the mountain, and points out the monastery founded by St. Benedict on its summit.”—*Lombardi*.

<sup>2</sup> *Frequented by a race*.—*Lombardi* here cites an opposite passage from the writings of Pope St. Gregory, “Mons tria millia,” &c.—*Dialog*, lb. ii., cap. 8: “The mountain, rising for the space of three miles, stretches its top towards the sky, where was a very ancient temple, in which, after the manner of the old heathens, Apollo was worshipped by the foolish rustics. On every side, groves had sprung up in honour of the false gods; and in these the mad multitude of unbelievers still tended on their unhallowed sacrifices. There then the man of God (St. Benedict) arriving, beat in pieces the idols, everted the altar, cut down the groves, and in the very temple of

Apollo built the shrine of St. Martin, placing that of St. John where the altar of Apollo had stood; and, by his continual preaching, called the multitude that dwelt round about to the true faith.”

<sup>3</sup> *I it was*.—“A new order of monks, which in a manner absorbed all the others that were established in the west, was instituted A.D. 529, by Benedict of Nursia, a man of piety and reputation for the age he lived in.”—*Maclean's Mosheim, Eccles. Hist.*, vol. ii., cent. vi., p. ii., c. ii., § 6.

<sup>4</sup> *Macarius*.—There are two of this name enumerated by Mosheim among the Greek theologians of the fourth century, vol. i., cent. iv., p. xi., chap. ii., § 9. In the following chapter, § 10, it is said, “Macarius, an Egyptian monk, undoubtedly deserves the first rank among the practical writers of this time, as his works displayed, some few things excepted, the brightest and most lovely portraiture of sanctity and virtue.”

<sup>5</sup> *Romoaldo*.—S. Romoaldo, a native of Ravenna, and the founder of the order of Camaldoli, died in 1027. He was the author of a commentary on the Psalms.

Not unobservant, beaming in ye all,  
 Have raised assurance in me; wakening it  
 Full-blossom'd in my bosom, as a rose  
 Before the sun, when the consummate flower  
 Has spread to utmost amplitude. Of thee  
 Therefore intreat I, father, to declare  
 If I may gain such favour, as to gaze  
 Upon thine image by no covering veil'd."

"Brother!" he thus rejoin'd, "in the last sphere<sup>1</sup>  
 Expect completion of thy lofty aim:  
 For there on each desire completion waits,  
 And there on mine; where every aim is found  
 Perfect, entire, and for fulfilment ripe.  
 There all things are as they have ever been:  
 For space is none to bound; nor pole divides.  
 Our ladder reaches even to that clime;  
 And so, at giddy distance, mocks thy view.  
 Thither the patriarch Jacob<sup>2</sup> saw it stretch  
 Its topmost round; when it appear'd to him  
 With angels laden. But to mount it now  
 None lifts his foot from earth: and hence my rule  
 Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves;  
 The walls, for abbey rear'd, turned into dens;  
 The cowls, to sacks choak'd up with musty meal.  
 Foul usury doth not more lift itself  
 Against God's pleasure, than that fruit, which makes  
 The hearts of monks so wanton: for what'er  
 Is in the church's keeping, all pertains  
 To such, as sue for heaven's sweet sake; and not  
 To those, who in respect of kindred claim,  
 Or on more vile allowance. Mortal flesh  
 Is grown so dainty, good beginnings last not  
 From the oak's birth unto the acorn's setting.  
 His convent Peter founded without gold  
 Or silver; I, with prayers and fasting, mine;  
 And Francis, his in meek humility.  
 And if thou note the point, whence each proceeds,

<sup>1</sup> *In the last sphere.*—The Empyrean, where he afterwards sees St. Benedict, canto xxxii. 30. Beatified spirits, though they have different heavens allotted them, have all their seat in that higher sphere.

<sup>2</sup> *The patriarch Jacob.*—"And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to

heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—Gen. xxviii. 12. So Milton, "Paradise Lost," b. iii. 510:

"The stairs were such, as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright."



Then look what it hath err'd to; thou shalt find  
The white gown murky. Jordan was turn'd back:  
And a less wonder, than the refluent sea,  
May, at God's pleasure, work amendment here."

So saying, to his assembly back he drew:  
And they together cluster'd into one;  
Then all rolled upward, like an eddying wind.

The sweet dame beckon'd me to follow them:  
And, by that influence only, so prevail'd  
Over my nature, that no natural motion,  
Ascending or descending here below,  
Had, as I mounted, with my pennon vied.

So, reader, as my hope is to return  
Unto the holy triumph, for the which  
I oft-times wail my sins, and smite my breast;  
Thou hadst been longer drawing out and thrusting  
Thy finger in the fire, than I was, ere  
The sign,<sup>1</sup> that followeth Taurus, I beheld,  
And enter'd its precinct. O glorious stars!  
O light impregnate with exceeding virtue!  
To whom whate'er of genius lifteth me  
Above the vulgar, grateful I refer;  
With ye the parent<sup>2</sup> of all mortal life  
Arose and set, when I did first inhale  
The Tuscan air; and afterward, when grace  
Vouchsafed me entrance to the lofty wheel<sup>3</sup>  
That in its orb impels ye, fate decreed  
My passage at your clime. To you my soul  
Devoutly sighs, for virtue, even now.  
To meet the hard emprise that draws me on.

"Thou art so near the sum of blessedness,"  
Said Beatrice, "that behoves thy ken  
Be vigilant and clear. And, to this end,  
Or ever thou advance thee further, hence  
Look downward, and contemplate, what a world  
Already stretch'd under our feet there lies:  
So as thy heart may, in its blithest mood,  
Present itself to the triumphal throng,  
Which, through the ethereal concave, comes rejoicing."

<sup>1</sup> *The sign.*—The constellation of Gemini.

<sup>2</sup> *The parent.*—The sun was in the constellation of the Twins at the time of Dante's birth.

<sup>3</sup> *And afterward, when grace vouchsafed me entrance to the lofty wheel.*—The eighth heaven; that of the fixed stars.

I straight obey'd; and with mine eye return'd  
 Through all the seven spheres; and saw this globe<sup>1</sup>  
 So pitiful of semblance, that perforce  
 It moved my smiles: and him in truth I hold  
 For wisest, who esteems it least; whose thoughts  
 Elsewhere are fix'd, him worthiest call and best.  
 I saw the daughter of Latona shine  
 Without the shadow,<sup>2</sup> whereof late I deem'd  
 That dense and rare were cause. Here I sustain'd  
 The visage, Hyperion, of thy son;<sup>3</sup>  
 And mark'd, how near him with their circles, round  
 Move Maia and Dione;<sup>4</sup> here discern'd  
 Jove's tempering 'twixt his sire and son;<sup>5</sup> and hence,  
 Their changes and their various aspects,  
 Distinctly scann'd. Nor might I not descry  
 Of all the seven, how bulky each, how swift;  
 Nor, of their several distances, not learn.  
 This petty area (o'er the which we stride  
 So fiercely), as along the eternal Twins  
 I wound my way, appear'd before me all,  
 Forth from the havens stretch'd unto the hills.  
 Then, to the beauteous eyes, mine eyes return'd.

<sup>1</sup> *This globe*.—So Chaucer, "Troilus and Cresseide,"  
 b. v.:

"And down from thence fast he gan advise  
 This little spot of earth, that with the sea  
 Embraced is, and fully gan despise  
 This wretched world."

"All the world as to mine eye  
 No more seemed than a prike."

*Temple of Fame*, b. ii.

Compare Cicero, "Somn. Scip.," "Jam ipsa terra ita mihi  
 parva visa est," &c. Lucan, "Pharsalia," lib. ix. 11, and  
 Tasso, "Gierusalemme Liberata," c. xiv., st. 9, 10, 11.

<sup>2</sup> *Without the shadow*.—See canto ii. 71.

<sup>3</sup> *Of thy son*.—The sun.

<sup>4</sup> *Maia and Dione*.—The planets Mercury and Venus:  
 Dione being the mother of the latter, and Maia of the  
 former deity.

<sup>5</sup> *'Twixt his sire and son*.—Betwixt Saturn and  
 Mars.



## CANTO XXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

He sees Christ triumphing with his church. The Saviour ascends, followed by his virgin Mother. The others remain with St. Peter.

E'EN as the bird, who midst the leafy bower  
 Has, in her nest, sat darkling through the night,  
 With her sweet brood ; impatient to descry  
 Their wished looks, and to bring home their food,  
 In the fond quest unconscious of her toil :  
 She, of the time prevenient, on the spray,  
 That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze  
 Expects the sun ; nor ever, till the dawn,  
 Removeth from the east her eager ken :  
 So stood the dame erect, and bent her glance  
 Wistfully on that region,<sup>1</sup> where the sun  
 Abateth most his speed ; that, seeing her  
 Suspense and wondering, I became as one,  
 In whom desire is waken'd, and the hope  
 Of somewhat new to come fills with delight.

Short space ensued ; I was not held, I say,  
 Long in expectance, when I saw the heaven  
 Wax more and more resplendent ; and, "Behold,"  
 Cried Beatrice, "the triumphal hosts  
 Of Christ, and all the harvest gather'd in,  
 Made ripe by these revolving spheres." Mescem'd,  
 That, while she spake, her image all did burn ;  
 And in her eyes such fulness was of joy,  
 As I am fain to pass unconstrued by.

As in the calm full moon, when Trivia<sup>2</sup> smiles,  
 In peerless beauty, 'mid the eternal nymphs,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That region.*—Towards the south, where the course of the sun appears less rapid than when he is in the east or the west.

<sup>2</sup> *Trivia.*—A name of Diana.

<sup>3</sup> *The eternal nymphs.*—The stars.

"Σελήνα τε κατ' αἴθερ

λαμπάδ', ἐν ὀρεσθαί νύμφαι  
 ἵππεύουσι δὲ ἄρφαλας."

*Euripides, Suppl.*, 995, edit. Barnes.

"Those starry nymphs, which dance about the pole."  
*Drammond, Sonnet.*

That paint through all its gulfs the blue profound ;  
 In bright pre-eminence so saw I there  
 O'er million lamps a sun, from whom all drew  
 Their radiance, as from ours the starry train :  
 And, through the living light, so lustrous glow'd  
 The substance, that my ken endured it not.

O Beatrice! sweet and precious guide,  
 Who cheer'd me with her comfortable words :  
 "Against the virtue, that o'erpowereth thee,  
 Avails not to resist. Here is the Might,<sup>1</sup>  
 And here the Wisdom, which did open lay  
 The path, that had been yearned for so long,  
 Betwixt the heaven and earth." Like to the fire,  
 That, in a cloud imprison'd, doth break out  
 Expansive, so that from its womb enlarged,  
 It falleth against nature to the ground ;  
 Thus, in that heavenly banqueting, my soul  
 Outgrew herself ; and, in the transport lost,  
 Holds now remembrance none of what she was.

"Ope thou thine eyes, and mark me: thou hast seen  
 Things, that empower thee to sustain my smile."

I was as one, when a forgotten dream<sup>2</sup>  
 Doth come across him, and he strives in vain  
 To shape it in his fantasy again :  
 Whenas that gracious boon was proffer'd me,  
 Which never may be cancel'd from the book  
 Wherein the past is written. Now were all  
 Those tongues to sound, that have, on sweetest milk  
 Of Polyhymnia and her sisters, fed  
 And fatten'd ; not with all their help to boot,  
 Unto the thousandth parcel of the truth.  
 My song might shadow forth that saintly smile,  
 How merely, in her saintly looks, it wrought.  
 And, with such figuring of Paradise,  
 The sacred strain must leap, like one that meets  
 A sudden interruption to his road.

Musgrave and Herman would dismiss the word *νύμφαι*, "nymphs," from this passage in Euripides ; but the use of it by our author in the text, tends to prove that it is the genuine reading: and it is thus that poets of the most distant ages, and without any knowledge of each other's writings (for we can scarcely imagine Dante to have read the plays of Euripides), may often protect one another against the verbal critics. Drummond, I believe,

had learning enough to be indebted to either of his predecessors. Expressions somewhat similar in Theocritus and Tibullus are observed by Markland.

<sup>1</sup> *The Might*.—Our Saviour.

<sup>2</sup> *A forgotten dream*.—

"You might as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream."

Wordsworth, *Hart-Leap Well*.



But he, who thinks how ponderous the theme,  
 And that 'tis laid upon a mortal shoulder,  
 May pardon, if it tremble with the burden.  
 The track, our venturous keel must furrow, brooks  
 No unribb'd pinnace, no self-sparing pilot.

"Why doth my face," said Beatrice, "thus  
 Enamour thee, as that thou dost not turn  
 Unto the beautiful garden, blossoming  
 Beneath the rays of Christ? Here is the rose,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wherein the Word Divine was made incarnate;  
 And here the lilies,<sup>2</sup> by whose odour known  
 The way of life was follow'd." Prompt I heard  
 Her bidding, and encounter'd once again  
 The strife of aching vision. As, erewhile,  
 Through glance of sun-light, stream'd through broken cloud,  
 Mine eyes a flower-besprinkled mead have seen;  
 Though veil'd themselves in shade: so saw I there  
 Legions of splendours, on whom burning rays  
 Shed lightnings from above; yet saw I not  
 The fountain whence they flow'd. O gracious virtue!  
 Thou, whose broad stamp is on them, higher up  
 Thou didst exalt thy glory,<sup>3</sup> to give room  
 To my o'erlabour'd sight; when at the name  
 Of that fair flower,<sup>4</sup> whom duly I invoke  
 Both morn and eve, my soul with all her might  
 Collected, on the goodliest ardour fix'd.  
 And, as the bright dimensions of the star  
 In heaven excelling, as once here on earth,  
 Were, in my eye-balls livelily pourtray'd;  
 Lo! from within the sky a cresset<sup>5</sup> fell,  
 Circling in fashion of a diadem;  
 And girt the star; and, hovering, round it wheel'd.

Whatever melody sounds sweetest here,  
 And draws the spirit most unto itself,  
 Might seem a rent cloud, when it grates the thunder;  
 Compared unto the sounding of that lyre,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The rose.*—The Virgin Mary, who, says Lombardi, is termed by the church, *Rosa Mystica*. "I was exalted like a palm-tree in Engaddi, and as a rose-plant in Jericho."—Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *The lilies.*—The Apostles. "And give ye a sweet savour as frankincense, and flourish as a lily."—Ecclesiasticus xxxix. 14.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou didst exalt thy glory.*—The divine light retired upwards, to render the eyes of Dante more capable of enduring the spectacle which now presented itself.

<sup>4</sup> *The name of that fair flower.*—The name of the Virgin.

<sup>5</sup> *A cresset.*—The angel Gabriel.

<sup>6</sup> *That lyre.*—By synecdoche, the lyre is put for the angel.

Wherewith the goodliest sapphire,<sup>1</sup> that inlays  
 The floor of heaven, was crown'd. "Angelic Love  
 I am, who thus with hovering flight enwheel  
 The lofty rapture from that womb inspired,  
 Where our desire did dwell: and round thee so,  
 Lady of Heaven! will hover; long as thou  
 Thy Son shalt follow, and diviner joy  
 Shall from thy presence gild the highest sphere."

Such close was to the circling melody:  
 And, as it ended, all the other lights  
 Took up the strain, and echoed Mary's name.

The robe,<sup>2</sup> that with its regal folds enwraps  
 The world, and with the nearer breath of God  
 Doth burn and quiver, held so far retired  
 Its inner hem and skirting over us,  
 That yet no glimmer of its majesty  
 Had stream'd unto me: therefore were mine eyes  
 Unequal to pursue the crowned flame,<sup>3</sup>  
 That towering rose, and sought the seed<sup>4</sup> it bore.  
 And like to babe, that stretches forth its arms  
 For very eagerness toward the breast,  
 After the milk is taken; so outstretch'd  
 Their wavy summits all the fervent band,  
 Through zealous love to Mary: then, in view,  
 There halted; and "Regina Coeli"<sup>5</sup> sang  
 So sweetly, the delight hath left me never.

Oh! what o'erflowing plenty is up-piled  
 In those rich-laden coffers,<sup>6</sup> which below  
 Sow'd the good seed, whose harvest now they keep.  
 Here are the treasures tasted, that with tears  
 Were in the Babylonian exile<sup>7</sup> won,  
 When gold had fail'd them. Here, in synod high  
 Of ancient council with the new convened,  
 Under the Son of Mary and of God,  
 Victorious he<sup>8</sup> his mighty triumph holds,  
 To whom the keys of glory were assign'd.

<sup>1</sup> *The goodliest sapphire.*—The Virgin.

<sup>2</sup> *The robe.*—The ninth heaven, the primum mobile, that enfolds and moves the eight lower heavens.

<sup>3</sup> *The crowned flame.*—The Virgin, with the angel hovering over her.

<sup>4</sup> *The seed.*—Our Saviour.

<sup>5</sup> *Regina Cali.*—"The beginning of an anthem, sung by the church at Easter, in honour of our Lady."—*Volpi.*

<sup>6</sup> *What o'erflowing plenty is up-piled in those rich-laden coffers.*—Those spirits, who, having sown the seed of good works on earth, now contain the fruit of their pious endeavours.

<sup>7</sup> *In the Babylonian exile.*—During their abode in this world.

<sup>8</sup> *He.*—St. Peter, with the other holy men of the Old and New Testament.



## CANTO XXIV.

### ARGUMENT.

St. Peter examines Dante touching Faith, and is contented with his answers.

“**O** YE! in chosen fellowship advanced  
 To the great supper of the blessed Lamb,  
 Whereon who feeds hath every wish fulfill'd;  
 If to this man through God's grace be vouchsafed  
 Foretaste of that, which from your table falls,  
 Or ever death his fated term prescribe;  
 Be ye not heedless of his urgent will:  
 But may some influence of your sacred dews  
 Sprinkle him. Of the fount ye alway drink,  
 Whence flows what most he craves.” Beatrice spake;  
 And the rejoicing spirits, like to spheres  
 On firm-set poles revolving, trail'd a blaze  
 Of comet splendour: and as wheels, that wind  
 Their circles in the horologe, so work  
 The stated rounds, that to the observant eye  
 The first seems still, and as it flew, the last;  
 E'en thus their carols<sup>1</sup> weaving variously,  
 They, by the measure paced, or swift, or slow,  
 Made me to rate the riches<sup>2</sup> of their joy.

<sup>1</sup> *Their carols.*—“Carole.” The annotator on the Monte Casino MS. observes, “carolæ dicuntur tripudium quoddam quod fit saltando, ut Napolitani faciunt et dicunt.” The word had also that signification, which is now the only one that common use attaches to it. “Au tiers jour il s'en partit” (the King of Cyprus coming from Canterbury to Edward III.), “et chevaucha le chemin de Londres; et fit tant qu'il vint a Aitern; ou le roi se tenoit, et grand foison de Seigneurs appareillés pour le recevoir. Ce fut un dimanche a heure de relevée qu'il vint là. Si eut entre celle heure et le souper grans danses et grans caroles. Là estoit le jeune Seigneur de Concy qui s'efforçoit de bien danser et de bien chanter quand son tour venoit,” &c.—*Froissart*, vol. i., cap. 219, fol. edit., 1559.

“These folke, of which I tell you so,

Upon a karole wenten tho.  
 A lorde karoled hem, that light  
 Gladnesse, blissfull, and light,  
 Well could she sing, and lustely.”

*Chaucer, Romaunt of the Rose*, edit. 1602, fol. 112.

“I saw her daunce so comely,  
 Carol and sing so sweetly.”

*Chaucer, The Dream, or Booke of the Duchesse*, fol. 231.

<sup>2</sup> *The riches.*—Lombardi here reads with the Nidobatina edition, “dalla ricchezza,” instead of “della ricchezza,” and construes it of the *amplitude* of the circles, according to which the poet estimated their greater or less degree of velocity. I have followed the other commentators.

From that,<sup>1</sup> which I did note in beauty most  
 Excelling, saw I issue forth a flame  
 So bright, as none was left more goodly there.  
 Round Beatrice thrice it wheel'd about,  
 With so divine a song, that fancy's ear  
 Records it not; and the pen passeth on,  
 And leaves a blank: for that our mortal speech,  
 Nor e'en the inward shaping of the brain,  
 Hath colours fine enough to trace such folds.<sup>2</sup>

"O saintly sister mine! thy prayer devout  
 Is with so vehement affection urged,  
 Thou dost unbind me from thy beauteous sphere."

Such were the accents towards my lady breathed  
 From that blest ardour, soon as it was stay'd;  
 To whom she thus: "O everlasting light  
 Of him, within whose mighty grasp our Lord  
 Did leave the keys, which of this wondrous bliss  
 He bare below! tent<sup>3</sup> this man as thou wilt,  
 With lighter probe or deep, touching the faith,  
 By the which thou didst on the billows walk.  
 If he in love, in hope, and in belief,  
 Be stedfast, is not hid from thee: for thou  
 Hast there thy ken, where all things are beheld  
 In liveliest portraiture. But since true faith  
 Has peopled this fair realm with citizens;  
 Meet is, that to exalt its glory more,  
 Thou, in his audience, shouldst thereof discourse."

Like to the bachelor, who arms himself,  
 And speaks not, till the master have proposed  
 The question, to approve,<sup>4</sup> and not to end it;  
 So I, in silence, arm'd me, while she spake,  
 Summoning up each argument to aid;

<sup>1</sup> *From that*.—St. Peter.

<sup>2</sup> *Such folds*.—Pindar has the same bold image:

ἔρπον προχάου. Ode l. 170.

which both the Scholiast and Heyne, I think erroneously, understand of the return of the strophes. Since this note was written, I have found the same interpretation of Pindar's expression as that I had adopted, in the manuscript notes on that poet collected by Mr. St. Amand, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, No. 42: "Notandum: maximum decus vestimenti antiquitas sinus existimabantur, ita ut vix unquam a poetis tam Graecis quam Latinis vestis pulchra describatur sine hoc adjuncto."

<sup>3</sup> *Tent*.—Tenta. The word "tent," *try*, is used by our old writers, who, I think, usually spell it "taint;" as Massinger, "Parliament of Love," act iv, sc. 3: "Do not fear, I have a staff to taint, and bravely."

<sup>4</sup> *To approve*.—"Per approbaria." Landino has "aiutarla." "The bachelor, or disputant in the school, arms or prepares himself to discuss the question proposed by the master, whose business it is to terminate it." Such is Vellutello's interpretation; and it has the merit of being, at least, more intelligible than Lombardi's, who, without reason, accuses the other commentators, except Venturi (whose explanation he rejects), of passing over the difficulty.



As was behoveful for such questioner,  
 And such profession: "As good Christian ought,  
 Declare thee, what is faith?" Whereat I raised  
 My forehead to the light, whence this had breathed;  
 Then turn'd to Beatrice; and in her looks  
 Approval met, that from their inmost fount  
 I should unlock the waters. "May the grace,  
 That giveth me the captain of the church  
 For confessor," said I, "vouchsafe to me  
 Apt utterance for my thoughts;" then added: "Sire!  
 E'en as set down by the unerring style  
 Of thy dear brother, who with thee conspired  
 To bring Rome in unto the way of life,  
 Faith<sup>1</sup> of things hoped is substance, and the proof  
 Of things not seen; and herein doth consist  
 Methinks its essence."—"Rightly hast thou deem'd,"  
 Was answer'd; "if thou well discern, why first  
 He hath defined it substance, and then proof."

"The deep things," I replied, which here I scan  
 Distinctly, are below from mortal eye  
 So hidden, they have in belief alone  
 Their being; on which credence, hope sublime  
 Is built: and, therefore substance, it intends.  
 And inasmuch as we must needs infer  
 From such belief our reasoning, all respect  
 To other view excluded; hence of proof  
 The intention is derived." Forthwith I heard:  
 "If thus, whate'er by learning men attain,  
 Were understood; the sophist would want room  
 To exercise his wit." So breathed the flame  
 Of love; then added: "Current<sup>2</sup> is the coin  
 Thou utter'st, both in weight and in alloy.  
 But tell me, if thou hast it in thy purse."

"Even so glittering and so round," said I,  
 "I not a whit misdoubt of its assay."

Next issued<sup>3</sup> from the deep-imbosom'd splendour:

<sup>1</sup> *Faith*.—Heb. xi. 1. So Marino, in one of his sonnets, which he calls "Divozioni:"

"Fede è sustanza di sperate cose,  
 E delle non visibili argomento."

<sup>2</sup> *Current*.—"The answer thou hast made, is right: but let me know if thy inward persuasion be conformable to thy profession."

<sup>3</sup> *Next issued*.—"We find that the more men have been acquainted with the practice of Christianity, the greater evidence they have had of the truth of it, and been more fully and rationally persuaded of it. To such I grant there are such powerful evidences of the truth of the doctrine of Christ by the effectual workings of the Spirit of God upon their souls, that all other arguments, as to their own satisfaction, may fall short of these. As



"Say, whence the costly jewel, on the which  
Is founded every virtue, came to thee."

"The flood," I answer'd, "from the Spirit of God  
Rain'd down upon the ancient bond and new,<sup>1</sup>—  
Here is the reasoning, that convinceth me  
So feelingly, each argument beside  
Seems blunt, and forceless, in comparison."  
Then heard I: "Wherefore holdest thou that each,  
The elder proposition and the new,  
Which so persuade thee, are the voice of heaven?"

"The works, that follow'd, evidence their truth,"  
I answer'd: "Nature did not make for these  
The iron hot, or on her anvil mold them."

"Who voucheth to thee of the works themselves,"  
Was the reply, "that they in very deed  
Are that they purport? None hath sworn so to thee."

"That all the world,"<sup>2</sup> said I, "should have been turn'd  
To Christian, and no miracle been wrought,  
Would in itself be such a miracle,  
The rest were not an hundredth part so great.

to which, those verses of the poet Dantes, rendered into Latin by F. S., are very pertinent and significant; for when he had introduced the Apostle Peter, asking him what it was which his faith was founded on, he answers,

Deinde exivit ex luce profunda  
Quæ illie splendebat pretiosa gemma,  
Super quam omnis virtus fundatur;

*i.e.*, that God was so pleased, by immediate revelation of himself, to discover that divine truth to the world whereon our faith doth stand as on its sure foundation; but when the Apostle goes on to enquire how he knew this at first came from God, his answer to that is,

Larga pluvia  
Spiritus Sancti, quæ est diffusa  
Super veteres et super novas membranas  
Est syllogismus ille qui eam mihi conclusit  
Adeo acute, ut præ illa demonstratione  
Omnis demonstratio alia mihi videatur obtusa;

*i.e.*, that the Spirit of God doth so fully discover itself both in the Old and New Testament, that all other arguments are but dull and heavy if compared with this.<sup>3</sup>—*Stillingfleet, Origines Sacre*, b. ii., chap. ix., sect. xix., § 4. The reader will perceive that our learned divine has made an error in his quotation of this passage.

<sup>1</sup> *The ancient bond and new.*—The Old and New Testament.

<sup>2</sup> *That all the world.*—"We cannot conceive how the world should be at first induced to believe without manifest and uncontrolled miracles. For as Chrysostom speaks, *εἰ ἀγγελῶν χωρὶς ἔκτισαν, πολλὰ μείζον τὸ θαύμα φαίνονται.* It was the greatest miracle of all, if the world shou'd believe without miracles. Which the poet Dantes hath well expressed in the twenty-fourth canto of Paradise. For when the Apostle is there brought in, asking

the poet upon what account he took the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, his answer is,

Probatio quæ verum hoc mihi recludit,  
Sunt opera, quæ secuta sunt, ad quæ Natura  
Non candescit ferrum unquam aut percussit incidem;

*i.e.*, the evidence of that is the divine power of miracles which was in those who deliver'd those things to the world. And when the Apostle catechiseth him further, how he knew those miracles were such as they pretended to be, *viz.*, that they were true and divine, his answer is,

Si orbis terræ sese convertit ad Christianismum  
Inquebam ego, sine miraculis; hoc unum  
Est tale, ut reliqua non sint ejus centesima pars;

*i.e.*, if the world should be converted to the Christian faith without miracles, this would be so great a miracle, that others were not to be compared with it. I conclude this, then, with that known saying of St. Austin, 'Quisquis adhuc prodigia, ut credat, inquirat, magnum est ipse prodigium qui mundo credente non credit.' 'He that seeks for miracles still to induce him to faith, when the world is converted to the Christian faith, he needs not seek for prodigies abroad; he wants only a looking-glass to discover one.' For, as he goes on, 'Unde temporibus eruditus, et omne quod fieri non potest respicientibus, sine ullis miraculis nimium mirabiliter incredibilia credidit mundus?' 'Whence came it to pass that in so learned and wary an age as that was which the Apostles preach'd in, the world without miracles should be brought to believe things, so strangely incredible as those were which Christ and his Apostles preach'd?'—*Stillingfleet, Origines Sacre*, b. ii., chap. x., sect. v., § 1. Donne, in his Sermons (vol. ii., p. 215, fol. edit.), quotes a similar passage from Augustine, and applies it to the demand for miracles made by Roman Catholics on Protestants.



E'en thou went'st forth in poverty and hunger  
To set the goodly plant, that, from the vine  
It once was, now is grown unsightly bramble."

That ended, through the high celestial court  
Resounded all the spheres, "Praise we one God!"  
In song of most unearthly melody.

And when that Worthy<sup>1</sup> thus, from branch to branch,  
Examining, had led me, that we now  
Approach'd the topmost bough; he straight resumed:  
"The grace, that holds sweet dalliance with thy soul,  
So far discreetly hath thy lips unclosed;  
That, whatsoe'er has past them, I commend.  
Behoves thee to express, what thou believest,  
The next; and, whereon, thy belief hath grown."

"O saintly sire and spirit!" I began,  
"Who seest that, which thou didst so believe,  
As to outstrip<sup>2</sup> feet younger than thine own,  
Toward the sepulchre; thy will is here,  
That I the tenour of my creed unfold;  
And thou, the cause of it, hast likewise ask'd.  
And I reply: I in one God believe;  
One sole eternal Godhead, of whose love  
All heaven is moved, himself unmoved the while.  
Nor demonstration physical alone,  
Or more intelligential and abstruse,  
Persuades me to this faith; but from that truth  
It cometh to me rather, which is shed  
Through Moses; the rapt Prophets; and the Psalms;  
The Gospel; and what ye yourselves did write,  
When ye were gifted of the Holy Ghost.  
In three eternal Persons I believe;  
Essence threefold and one; mysterious league  
Of union absolute, which, many a time,  
The word of gospel lore upon my mind  
Imprints: and from this germ, this firstling spark  
The lively flame dilates; and, like heaven's star,  
Doth glitter in me." As the master hears,

<sup>1</sup> *And when that Worthy.*—"Quel Baron." In the next canto, St. James is called "Barone." So in Boccaccio, *Giorn.*, vii., Nov. 10, we find "Baron Messer Santo Antonio."

<sup>2</sup> *As to outstrip.*—Venturi insists that the poet has here "made a slip;" for that John came first to the sepulchre.

though Peter was the first to enter it. But let Dante have leave to explain his own meaning, in a passage from his third book "De Monarchiâ:" "Dicit etiam Johannes ipsum (scilicet Petrum) introiisse *subito*, cum venit in monumentum, videns alium discipulum cunctantem ad ostium."—Page 146.

Well pleased, and then enfoldeth in his arms  
The servant, who hath joyful tidings brought,  
And having told the errand keeps his peace;  
Thus benediction uttering with song,  
Soon as my peace I held, compass'd me thrice  
The apostolic radiance, whose behest  
Had oped my lips: so well their answer pleased.



## CANTO XXV.

### ARGUMENT.

St. James questions our Poet concerning Hope. Next St. John appears; and, on perceiving that Dante looks intently on him, informs him that he (St. John) had left his body resolved into earth, upon the earth; and that Christ and the Virgin alone had come with their bodies into heaven.

IF e'er the sacred poem, that hath made  
 Both heaven and earth copartners in its toil,  
 And with lean abstinence, through many a year,  
 Faded my brow, be destined to prevail  
 Over the cruelty, which bars me forth  
 Of the fair sheep-fold,<sup>1</sup> where, a sleeping lamb,  
 The wolves set on and fain had worried me;  
 With other voice, and fleece of other grain,  
 I shall forthwith return; and, standing up  
 At my baptismal font, shall claim the wreath  
 Due to the poet's temples: for I there  
 First enter'd on the faith, which maketh souls  
 Acceptable to God: and, for its sake,<sup>2</sup>  
 Peter had then circled my forehead thus.

Next from the squadron, whence had issued forth  
 The first fruit of Christ's vicars on the earth,  
 Toward us moved a light, at view whereof  
 My Lady, full of gladness, spake to me:  
 Lo! lo! behold the peer of mickle might,  
 That makes Galicia throug'd with visitants."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The fair sheep-fold.*—Florence, whence he was banished.

<sup>2</sup> *For its sake.*—For the sake of that faith.

<sup>3</sup> *Galicia throug'd with visitants.*—See Mariana, "Hist." lib. xi. cap. xliii., "En el tiempo," &c. "At the time that the sepulchre of the Apostle St. James was discovered, the devotion for that place extended itself not only over all Spain, but even round about to foreign nations. Multitudes from all parts of the world came to visit it. Many others were deterred by the difficulty of the journey, by the roughness and bareness of those parts, and by the incursions of the Moors, who made captives many of the pilgrims. The canons of St. Eloy, afterwards (the precise time is not known), with a desire

of remedying these evils, built, in many places, along the whole road, which reached as far as to France, hospitals for the reception of the pilgrims." In the "Convivio," p. 74, we find "la galassia," &c.: "the galaxy, that is, the white circle which the common people call the way of St. James;" on which Biscioni remarks: "The common people formerly considered the Milky Way as a sign by night to pilgrims, who were going to St. James of Galicia; and this perhaps arose from the resemblance of the word galaxy to Galicia. I have often," he adds, "heard women and peasants call it the Roman road," "la strada di Roma."

"Lo there (quod he) cast up thine eye,  
 Se yondir, lo! the Galaxie,

As when the ring-dove by his mate alights ;  
 In circles, each about the other wheels,  
 And, murmuring, cooes his fondness : thus saw I  
 One, of the other<sup>1</sup> great and glorious prince,  
 With kindly greeting, hail'd ; extolling, both,  
 Their heavenly banqueting : but when an end  
 Was to their gratulation, silent, each,  
 Before me sat they down, so burning bright,  
 I could not look upon them. Smiling then,  
 Beatrice spake : " O life in glory shrined !  
 Who<sup>2</sup> didst the largess<sup>3</sup> of our kingly court  
 Set down with faithful pen ; let now thy voice,  
 Of hope the praises, in this height resound.  
 For well thou know'st, who figurest it as oft,<sup>4</sup>  
 As Jesus, to ye three, more brightly shone."

"Lift up thy head ; and be thou strong in trust :  
 For that, which hither from the mortal world  
 Arriveth, must be ripen'd in our beam."  
 Such cheering accents from the second flame<sup>5</sup>  
 Assured me ; and mine eyes I lifted up<sup>6</sup>  
 Unto the mountains, that had bow'd them late  
 With over-heavy burden. "Sith our Liege  
 Wills of his grace, that thou, or e'er thy death,  
 In the most secret council with his lords  
 Shouldst be confronted, so that having view'd  
 The glories of our court, thou mayst therewith  
 Thyself, and all who hear, invigorate

The whiche men clepe the milky way,  
 For it is white, and some per fay,  
 Ycalin it han Watlynge Strete."

*Chaucer, the House of Fame, b. ii.*

<sup>1</sup> *One, of the other.*—St. Peter and St. James.

<sup>2</sup> *Who.*—The Epistle of St. James is here attributed to the elder apostle of that name, whose shrine was at Compostella, in Galicia. Which of the two was the author of it, is yet doubtful. The learned and candid Michaelis contends very forcibly for its having been written by James the Elder. Lardner rejects that opinion as absurd ; while Benson argues against it, but is well answered by Michaelis, who, after all, is obliged to leave the question undecided. See his Introduction to the New Testament, translated by Dr. Marsh, ed. Cambridge, 1793, vol. iv., cap. xxvi., §§ 1, 2, 3. Mr. Horne supposes, that as the elder James "was put to death by Herod Agrippa A.D. 44 (Acts xii.), it is evident that he was not the author of the epistle which bears the name of James, because it contains passages which refer to a later period, viz., v. 1—8, which intimates the then immediately approaching destruction of Jerusalem, and the subversion of the Jewish polity."—*Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, ed. 1818, vol. ii., p. 600.

<sup>3</sup> *Largess.*—He appears to allude to the Epistle of James, i. 5 : "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him." Or, to v. 17 : "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." Some editions, however, read "l'allegrezza," "joy," instead of "la larghezza."

<sup>4</sup> *As oft.*—Landino and Venturi, who read "Quanto," explains this, that the frequency with which James had commended the virtue of hope, was in proportion to the brightness in which Jesus had appeared at his transfiguration. Vellutello, who reads "Quante," supposes that James three times recommends patient hope in the last chapter of his Epistle ; and that Jesus, as many times, showed his brightness to the three disciples ; once when he cleansed the lepers (Luke v.) ; again when he raised the daughter of Jairus (Mark v.) ; and a third time when he was transfigured. As to Lombardi, who also reads "Quante," his construction of the passage seems to me scarcely intelligible.

<sup>5</sup> *The second flame.*—St. James.

<sup>6</sup> *I lifted up.*—"I looked up to the Apostles." "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi. 1.



With hope, that leads to blissful end; declare,  
 What is that hope? how it doth flourish in thee?  
 And whence thou hadst it?" Thus, proceeding still,  
 The second light: and she, whose gentle love  
 My soaring pennons in that lofty flight  
 Escorted, thus preventing me, rejoin'd:  
 "Among her sons, not one more full of hope,  
 Hath the church militant: so 'tis of him  
 Recorded in the sun, whose liberal orb  
 Enlighteneth all our tribe: and ere his term  
 Of warfare, hence permitted he is come,  
 From Egypt to Jerusalem,<sup>1</sup> to see.  
 The other points, both which<sup>2</sup> thou hast inquired,  
 Not for more knowledge, but that he may tell  
 How dear thou hold'st the virtue; these to him  
 Leave I: for he may answer thee with ease,  
 And without boasting, so God give him grace."

Like to the scholar, practised in his task,  
 Who, willing to give proof of diligence,  
 Seconds his teacher gladly; "Hope,"<sup>3</sup> said I,  
 "Is of the joy to come a sure expectance,  
 The effect of grace divine and merit preceding.  
 This light from many a star, visits my heart;  
 But flow'd to me, the first, from him who sang  
 The songs of the Supreme; himself supreme  
 Among his tuneful brethren. 'Let all hope  
 In thee,' so spake his anthem,<sup>4</sup> 'who have known  
 Thy name;' and, with my faith, who know not that?  
 From thee, the next, distilling from his spring,  
 In thine epistle, fell on me the drops  
 So plenteously, that I on others shower  
 The influence of their dew." Whileas I spake,  
 A lamping, as of quick and volley'd lightning,  
 Within the bosom of that mighty sheen<sup>5</sup>  
 Play'd tremulous; then forth these accents breathed:

<sup>1</sup> *From Egypt to Jerusalem.*—From the lower world to heaven.

<sup>2</sup> *Both which.*—One point Beatrice has herself answered; "how that hope flourishes in him." The other two remain for Dante to resolve.

<sup>3</sup> *Hope.*—This is from the "Sentences" of Petrus Lombardus: "Est autem spes virtus, quæ spiritualia et æterna bona sperantur, id est cum fiducia expectantur. Est enim spes certa expectatio future beatitudinis,

veniens ex Dei gratiâ et ex meritis præcedentibus vel ipsam spem, quam natura præsit charitas ut rem speratam, id est beatitudinem æternam. Sine meritis enim aliquid sperare non spes, sed præsumptio dici potest."—*Pet. Lomb., Sent.,* lib. iii, dist. 26, ed. Bas., 1486, fol.

<sup>4</sup> *His anthem.*—"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."—Ps. ix. 10.

<sup>5</sup> *Within the bosom of that mighty sheen.*—The spirit of St. James.

"Love for the virtue, which attended me  
E'en to the palm, and issuing from the field,  
Glow's vigorous yet within me; and inspires  
To ask of thee, whom also it delights,  
What promise thou from hope, in chief, dost win."

"Both scriptures, new and ancient," I replied,  
"Propose the mark (which even now I view)  
For souls beloved of God. Isaias<sup>1</sup> saith,  
'That, in their own land, each one must be clad  
In twofold vesture;' and their proper land  
Is this delicious life. In terms more full,  
And clearer far, thy brother hath set forth<sup>2</sup>  
This revelation to us, where he tells  
Of the white raiment destined to the saints."  
And, as the words were ending, from above,  
'They hope in thee!' first heard we cried: whereto  
Answer'd the carols all. Amidst them next,  
A light of so clear amplitude emerged,  
That winter's month<sup>3</sup> were but a single day,  
Were such a crystal in the Cancer's sign.

Like as a virgin<sup>4</sup> riseth up, and goes,  
And enters on the mazes of the dance;  
Though gay, yet innocent of worse intent,  
Than to do fitting honour to the bride:  
So I beheld the new effulgence come  
Unto the other two, who in a ring  
Wheel'd, as became their rapture. In the dance,  
And in the song, it mingled. And the dame  
Held on them fix'd her looks; e'en as the spouse,  
Silent, and moveless. "This<sup>5</sup> is he, who lay  
Upon the bosom of our pelican:  
This he, into whose keeping, from the cross,  
The mighty charge was given." Thus she spake:

<sup>1</sup> *Isaias*.—"He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—Chap. lxi. 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy brother hath set forth*.—St. John in the Revelation, vii. 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Winter's month*.—"If a luminary, like that which now appeared, were to shine throughout the month following the winter solstice, during which the constellation Cancer appears in the east at the setting of the sun, there would be no interruption to the light, but the whole month would be as a single day."

<sup>4</sup> *Like as a virgin*.—There is a pretty counterpart to this simile in the "Quadrregio" of Frezzi:

"Foi come donna, che fa reverenza  
Lassando il ballo, tal' atto fè ella."—Lib. iv., cap. v.

"Then as a lady, when she leaves the dance,  
Maketh obeisance, even so did she."

The same writer has another more like that in the text:

"Come donzella, ch'a a guidar la danza,  
Che a chi l'invita reverenzia face,  
E po' incomincia vergognosa e manza,  
Così colei," &c. Lib. iv., cap. ii.

<sup>5</sup> *This*.—St. John, who reclined on the bosom of our Saviour, and to whose charge Jesus recommended his mother.



Yet therefore nought the more removed her sight  
 From marking them: or e'er her words began,  
 Or when they closed. As he, who looks intent,  
 And strives with searching ken, how he may see  
 The sun in his eclipse, and, through desire  
 Of seeing, loseth power of sight; so I<sup>1</sup>  
 Peer'd on that last resplendence, while I heard:  
 "Why dazzlest thou thine eyes in seeking that,  
 Which here abides not? Earth my body is,  
 In earth; and shall be, with the rest, so long,  
 As till our number equal the decree  
 Of the Most High. The two that have ascended,  
 In this our blessed cloister, shine alone<sup>2</sup>  
 With the two garments. So report below."

As when, for ease of labour, or to shun  
 Suspected peril, at a whistle's breath,  
 The oars, erewhile dash'd frequent in the wave,  
 All rest: the flamy circle at that voice  
 So rested; and the mingling sound was still,  
 Which from the trinal band, soft-breathing, rose  
 I turn'd, but ah! how trembled in my thought,  
 When, looking at my side again to see  
 Beatrice, I descried her not; although,  
 Not distant, on the happy coast she stood.

<sup>1</sup> *So I.*—He looked so earnestly, to descry whether St. John were present there in body, or in spirit only; having had his doubts raised by that saying of our Saviour's: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

<sup>2</sup> *The two that have ascended, in this our blessed cloister, shine alone.*—Christ and Mary, whom he has described in the last canto but one as rising above his sight.

## CANTO XXVI.

### ARGUMENT.

St. John examines our Poet touching Charity. Afterwards Adam tells when he was created, and placed in the terrestrial Paradise; how long he remained in that state; what was the occasion of his fall; when he was admitted into heaven; and what language he spake.

WITH dazzled eyes, whilst wondering I remain'd;  
Forth of the beamy flame,<sup>1</sup> which dazzled me,  
Issued a breath, that in attention mute  
Detain'd me; and these words it spake: "Twere well,  
That, long as till thy vision, on my form  
O'erspent, regain its virtue, with discourse  
Thou compensate the brief delay. Say then,  
Beginning, to what point thy soul aspires:  
And meanwhile rest assured, that sight in thee  
Is but o'erpower'd a space, not wholly quench'd;  
Since thy fair guide and lovely, in her look  
Hath potency, the like to that, which dwelt  
In Ananias' hand."<sup>2</sup>—I answering thus:  
"Be to mine eyes the remedy, or late  
Or early, at her pleasure; for they were  
The gates, at which she enter'd, and did light  
Her never-dying fire. My wishes here  
Are centred: in this palace is the weal,  
That Alpha and Omega is, to all  
The lessons love can read me." Yet again  
The voice, which had dispersed my fear when dazed  
With that excess, to converse urged, and spake:  
"Behoves thee sift more narrowly thy terms;  
And say, who levell'd at this scope thy bow."  
"Philosophy," said I, "hath arguments,  
And this place hath authority enough,

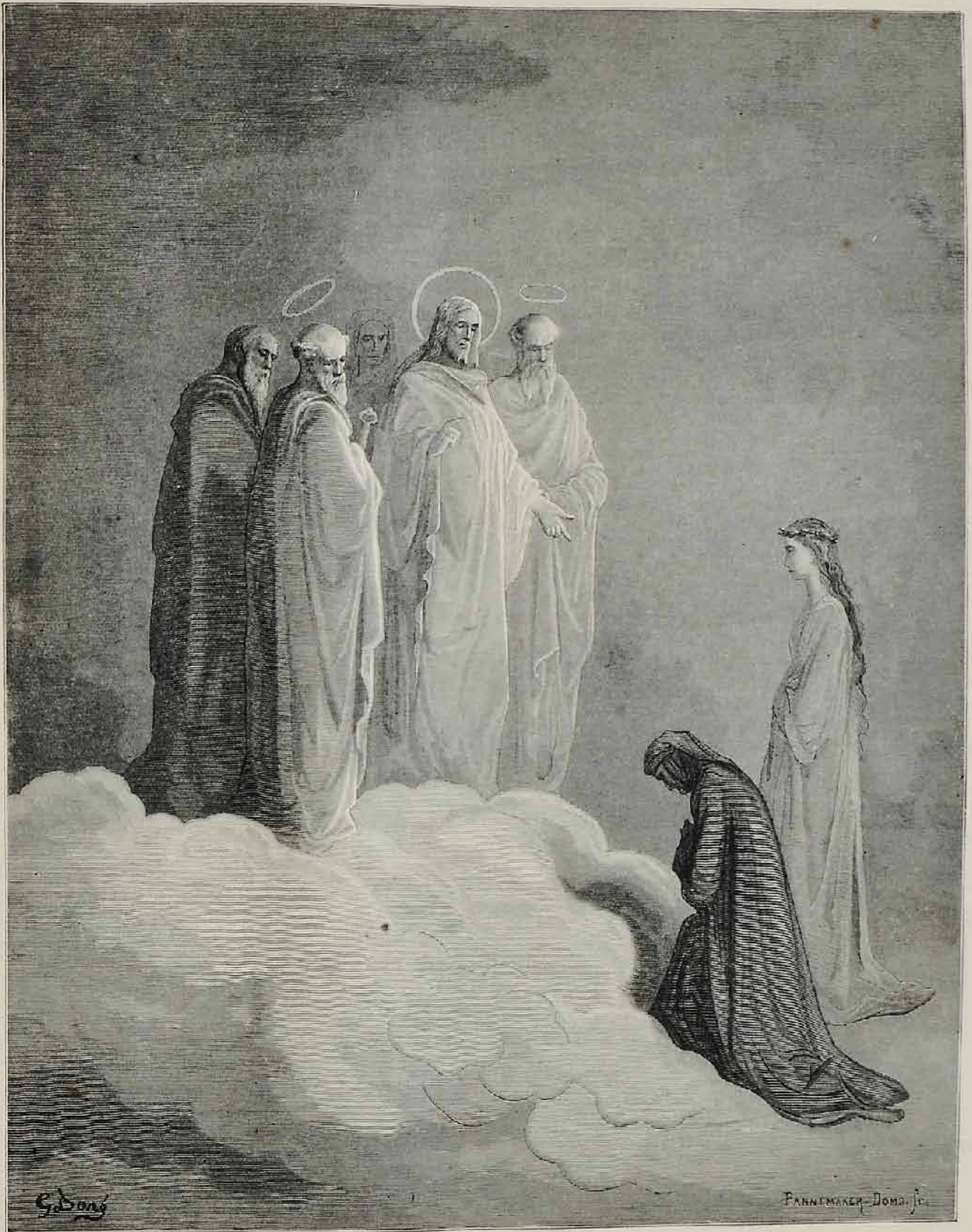
<sup>1</sup> *Whilst wondering I remain'd; forth of the beamy flame.—St. John.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ananias' hand.—Who, by putting his hand on St. Paul, restored his sight.—Acts ix. 17.*



Say then,  
Beginning, to what point thy soul aspires :  
And meanwhile rest assured, that sight in thee  
Is but o'erpower'd a space, not wholly quench'd.

*Canto XXVI., lines 7—10.*



G. Dore

P. HANNEKER-DORÉ, sc.



To imprint in me such love: for, of constraint,  
 Good, inasmuch as we perceive the good,  
 Kindles our love; and in degree the more,  
 As it comprises more of goodness in 't.  
 The essence then, where such advantage is,  
 That each good, found without it, is nought else  
 But of his light the beam, must needs attract  
 The soul of each one, loving, who the truth  
 Discerns, on which this proof is built. Such truth  
 Learn I from him,<sup>1</sup> who shows me the first love  
 Of all intelligential substances  
 Eternal: from his voice I learn, whose word  
 Is truth; that of himself to Moses saith,  
 'I will make<sup>2</sup> all my good before thee pass:'  
 Lastly, from thee I learn, who chief proclaim'st  
 E'en at the outset<sup>3</sup> of thy heralding,  
 In mortal ears the mystery of heaven."

"Through human wisdom, and the authority  
 Therewith agreeing," heard I answer'd, "keep  
 The choicest of thy love for God. But say,  
 If thou yet other cords within thee feel'st,  
 That draw thee towards him; so that thou report  
 How many are the faugs, with which this love  
 Is grappled to thy soul." I did not miss,  
 To what intent the eagle of our Lord<sup>4</sup>  
 Had pointed his demand; yea, noted well  
 The avowal which he led to; and resumed:  
 "All grappling bonds, that knit the heart to God,  
 Confederate to make fast our charity.  
 The being of the world; and 'mine own being;  
 The death which He endured, that I should live;  
 And that, which all the faithful hope, as I do;  
 To the foremention'd lively knowledge join'd;  
 Have from the sea of ill love saved my bark,  
 And on the coast secured it of the right.  
 As for the leaves,<sup>5</sup> that in the garden bloom,

<sup>1</sup> *From him.*—Some suppose that Plato is here meant, who, in his "Banquet," makes Phædrus say: ὁμολογεῖται δ' ἔρως ἐν τοῖς πρεσβυτάτοις εἶναι, πρεσβυτάτος δὲ ὄν, μερίστων ἀγαθῶν ἡμῖν αἰτίος ὄναι. "Love is confessedly amongst the eldest of beings; and being the eldest, is the cause to us of the greatest goods."—*Plat., Op.*, tom. x., p. 177, Bip. ed. Others have understood it of Aristotle;

and others, of the writer who goes by the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, referred to in the twenty-eighth canto.

<sup>2</sup> *I will make.*—Exod. xxxiii. 19.

<sup>3</sup> *At the outset.*—John ii. 1, &c.

<sup>4</sup> *The eagle of our Lord.*—St. John.

<sup>5</sup> *The leaves.*—Created beings.

My love for them is great, as is the good  
Dealt by the eternal hand, that tends them all."

I ended: and therewith a song most sweet  
Rang through the spheres; and "Holy, holy, holy,"  
Accordant with the rest, my lady sang.  
And as a sleep is broken and dispersed  
Through sharp encounter of the nimble light,  
With the eye's spirit running forth to meet  
The ray, from membrane on to membrane urged;  
And the upstartled wight loathes that he sees;  
So, at his sudden waking, he misdeems  
Of all around him, till assurance waits  
On better judgment: thus the saintly dame  
Drove from before mine eyes the motes away,  
With the resplendence of her own, that cast  
Their brightness downward, thousand miles below.  
Whence I my vision, clearer than before,  
Recover'd; and well nigh astounded, ask'd  
Of a fourth light, that now with us I saw.

And Beatrice: "The first living soul,  
That ever the first virtue framed,<sup>1</sup> admires  
Within these rays his Maker." Like the leaf,  
That bows its lithe top till the blast is blown;  
By its own virtue rear'd, then stands aloof:  
So I, the whilst she said, awe-stricken bow'd.  
Then eagerness to speak embolden'd me;  
And I began: "O fruit! that wast alone  
Mature, when first engender'd; ancient father!  
That doubly seest in every wedded bride  
Thy daughter, by affinity and blood;  
Devoutly as I may, I pray thee hold  
Converse with me: my will thou seest: and I,  
More speedily to hear thee, tell it not."

It chanceth oft some animal bewrays,  
Through the sleek covering<sup>2</sup> of his furry coat,  
The fondness, that stirs in him, and conforms

<sup>1</sup> *The first living soul, that ever the first virtue framed.*  
—Adam.

<sup>2</sup> *Through the sleek covering.*—Lombardi's explanation of this passage is somewhat ludicrous. By "an animal covert," he understands, not an animal in its natural covering of fur or hair, but one drest up with clothes, *as a dog, for instance, "so clad for sport;" "un cane per trastullo coperto."* Chaucer describes, as one of the

tokens of pleasure in a dog, "the smoothing down of his hairs."

"It came and crept to me as low,  
Right as it had me yknow,  
Held down his head, and joynd his eares  
And laid all smooth downe his heares."

*The Dreame of Chaucer, or the Book of the Duchesse,*  
ed. 1602, fol. 229.



His outside seeming to the cheer within :  
 And in like guise was Adam's spirit moved  
 To joyous mood, that through the covering shone,  
 Transparent, when to pleasure me it spake :  
 "No need thy will be told, which I untold  
 Better discern, than thou whatever thing  
 Thou hold'st most certain : for that will I see  
 In Him, who is truth's mirror ; and Himself,  
 Parhelion<sup>1</sup> unto all things, and nought else,  
 To Him. This wouldst thou hear : how long since, God  
 Placed me in that high garden, from whose bounds  
 She led me up this ladder, steep and long ;  
 What space endured my season of delight ;  
 Whence truly sprang the wrath that banish'd me ;  
 And what the language, which I spake and framed.  
 Not that I tasted<sup>2</sup> of the tree, my son,  
 Was in itself the cause of that exile,  
 But only my transgressing of the mark  
 Assign'd me. There, whence<sup>3</sup> at thy lady's hest  
 The Mantuan moved him, still was I debarr'd  
 This council, till the sun had made complete,  
 Four thousand and three hundred rounds and twice,  
 His annual journey ; and, through every light  
 In his broad pathway, saw I him return,  
 Thousand save seventy times, the whilst I dwelt  
 Upon the earth. The language<sup>4</sup> I did use  
 Was worn away, or ever Nimrod's race  
 Their unaccomplishable work began.  
 For nought,<sup>5</sup> that man inclines to, e'er was lasting ;  
 Left by his reason free, and variable  
 As is the sky that sways him. That he speaks,  
 Is nature's prompting : whether thus, or thus,  
 She leaves to you, as ye do most affect it.

<sup>1</sup> *Parhelion*.—Who enlightens and comprehends all things ; but is himself enlightened and comprehended by none.

<sup>2</sup> *Not that I tasted*.—So Frezzi :

"Per colpa fu l' uom messo in bando,  
 Non solamente per gustar del pomo ;  
 Ma perch' e' trapassò di Dio il comando."

*Il Quadrivoglio*, lib. iv., cap. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Whence*.—That is, from Limbo. See "Hell," canto li. 53. Adam says that 5232 years elapsed from his creation to the time of his deliverance, which followed the death of Christ.

<sup>4</sup> *The language*.—"Hac forma locutionis locutus est

Adam, hac forma locuti sunt omnes posteri ejus usque ad ædificationem turris Babel."—*De Vulgari Eloquentia*, lib. i., cap. vi. "This form of speech Adam used ; this, all his posterity until the building of the tower of Babel."

<sup>5</sup> *For nought*.—There is a similar passage in the "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," lib. i., cap. ix. "Since, therefore, all our language, except that which was created together with the first man by God, has been repaired according to our own will and pleasure, after that confusion, which was nothing else than a forgetfulness of the former ; and since man is a being most unstable and variable, our language can neither be lasting nor continuous ; but, like other things which belong to us, as customs and dress, must be varied by distances of places and times."

Ere I descended into hell's abyss,  
 El<sup>1</sup> was the name on earth of the Chief Good,  
 Whose joy enfolds me: Eli then 'twas call'd.  
 And so beseemeth: for, in mortals, use<sup>2</sup>  
 Is as the leaf upon the bough: that goes,  
 And other comes instead. Upon the mount  
 Most high above the waters, all my life,<sup>3</sup>  
 Both innocent and guilty, did but reach  
 From the first hour, to that which cometh next  
 (As the sun changes quarter) to the sixth."

<sup>1</sup> *El*.—Some read *Un*, "One," instead of *Eli*: but the latter of these readings is confirmed by a passage from Dante's treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," lib. i., cap. iv.: "Quod prius vox primi loquentis sonaverit, viro sanæ mentis in promptu esse non dubito ipsum fuisse quod Deus est, videlicet El." St. Isidore, in the "Origines," lib. vii., cap. l., had said, "Primum apud Hebræos Dei nomen El dicitur."

<sup>2</sup> *For, in mortals, use*.—From Horace, "Ars Poet.," 62.

<sup>3</sup> *Most high above the waters, all my life*.—"I remained in the terrestrial Paradise only to the seventh hour." In the "Historia Scolastica" of Petrus Comestor, it is said of our first parents: "Quidam tradunt eos fuisse in Paradiso septem horas."—f. 9, ed. Par., 1513, 410.



## CANTO XXVII

### ARGUMENT.

St. Peter bitterly rebukes the covetousness of his successors in the apostolic see, while all the heavenly host sympathise in his indignation: they then vanish upwards. Beatrice bids Dante again cast his view below. Afterwards they are borne into the ninth heaven, of which she shows him the nature and properties; blaming the perverseness of man, who places his will on low and perishable things.

THEN "Glory to the Father, to the Son,  
 And to the Holy Spirit," rang aloud  
 Throughout all Paradise; that with the song  
 My spirit reel'd, so passing sweet the strain.  
 And what I saw was equal ecstasy:  
 One universal smile<sup>1</sup> it seem'd of all things;  
 Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;  
 Imperishable life of peace and love;  
 Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss.

Before mine eyes stood the four torches<sup>2</sup> lit:  
 And that,<sup>3</sup> which first had come, began to wax  
 In brightness; and, in semblance, such became,  
 As Jove might be, if he and Mars were birds,  
 And interchanged their plumes. Silence ensued,  
 Through the blest quire; by Him, who here appoints  
 Vicissitude of ministry, enjoind;  
 When thus I heard: "Wonder not, if my hue  
 Be changed; for, while I speak, these shalt thou see  
 All in like manner change with me. My place  
 He<sup>4</sup> who usurps on earth (my place, ay, mine,  
 Which in the presence of the Son of God  
 Is void), the same hath made my cemetery  
 A common sewer of puddle and of blood:

<sup>1</sup> *One universal smile.*—

"Ivi ogni cosa intorno m'assenbrava  
 Un' allegrezza di giocondo riso."

*Frizzi, Il Quadrivoglio, lib. iv., cap. li.*

"All things smiled."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. viii. 265.*

<sup>2</sup> *Four torches.*—St. Peter, St. James, St. John, and Adam.

<sup>3</sup> *And that.*—St. Peter, who looked as the planet Jupiter would, if it assumed the sanguine appearance of Mars.

<sup>4</sup> *He.*—Boniface VIII.

The more below his triumph, who from hence  
 Malignant fell." Such colour,<sup>1</sup> as the sun,  
 At eve or morning, paints an adverse cloud,  
 Then saw I sprinkled over all the sky.  
 And as the unblemish'd dame, who, in herself  
 Secure from censure, yet at bare report  
 Of other's failing, shrinks with maiden fear;  
 So Beatrice, in her semblance, enanged:  
 And such eclipse in heaven, methinks, was seen,  
 When the Most Holy suffer'd. Then the words  
 Proceeded, with voice, alter'd from itself  
 So clean, the semblance did not alter more.  
 "Not to this end was Christ's spouse with my blood,  
 With that of Linus, and of Cletus,<sup>2</sup> fed;  
 That she might serve for purpose of base gold:  
 But for the purchase of this happy life,  
 Did Sextus, Pius, and Callixtus bleed,  
 And Urban;<sup>3</sup> they, whose doom was not without  
 Much weeping seal'd. No purpose was of ours,<sup>4</sup>  
 That on the right hand of our successors,  
 Part of the Christian people should be set,  
 And part upon their left; nor that the keys,  
 Which were vouchsafed me, should for ensign serve  
 Unto the banners, that do levy war  
 On the baptized: nor I, for sigil-mark,  
 Set upon sold and lying privileges:  
 Which makes me oft to bicker and turn red.  
 In shepherd's clothing, greedy wolves<sup>5</sup> below  
 Range wide o'er all the pastures. Arm of God!  
 Why longer sleep'st thou? Cahorsines and Gascons<sup>6</sup>  
 Prepare to quaff our blood. O good beginning!  
 To what a vile conclusion must thou stoop.  
 But the high providence, which did defend,  
 Through Scipio, the world's empery for Rome,

<sup>1</sup> *Such colour.*—

"Qui color infectis adversi solis ab ictu  
 Nubibus esse solet; aut purpureæ Auroræ."

*Ovid, Metamorphoses, lib. iii. 184.*

<sup>2</sup> *Of Linus, and of Cletus.*—Bishops of Rome in the first century.

<sup>3</sup> *Did Sextus, Pius, and Callixtus bleed, and Urban.*—The former two, bishops of the same see, in the second, and the others in the fourth century.

<sup>4</sup> *No purpose was of ours.*—"We did not intend that our successors should take any part in the political divi-

sions among Christians; or that my figure (the seal of St. Peter) should serve as a mark to authorise iniquitous grants and privileges."

<sup>5</sup> *Wolves.*—

"Wolves shall succeed to teachers, grievous wolves."

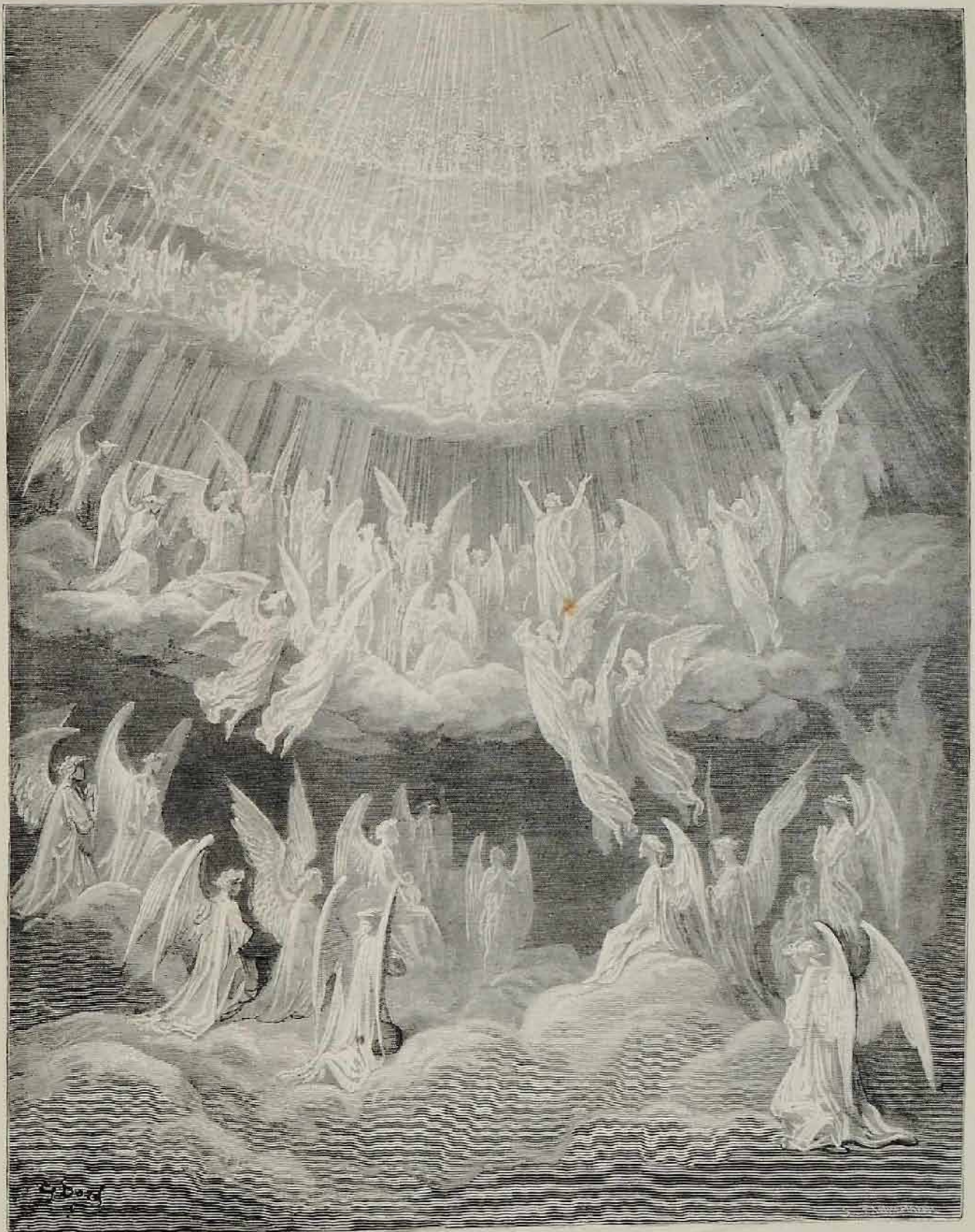
*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. xii. 308.*

<sup>6</sup> *Cahorsines and Gascons.*—He alludes to Jacques d'Ossa, a native of Cahors, who filled the papal chair in 1316, after it had been two years vacant, and assumed the name of John XXII., and to Clement V., a Gascon, of whom see "Hell," canto xix., 86, and note.



Then "Glory to the Father, to the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit," rang aloud  
Throughout all Paradise; that with the song  
My spirit reel'd, so passing sweet the strain.

*Canto XXVII, lines 1-4*





Will not delay its succour: and thou, son,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who through thy mortal weight shalt yet again  
 Return below, open thy lips, nor hide  
 What is by me not hidden." As a flood  
 Of frozen vapours streams adown the air,  
 What time the she-goat<sup>2</sup> with her skiey horn  
 Touches the sun; so saw I there stream wide  
 The vapours, who with us had linger'd late,  
 And with glad triumph deck the ethereal cope.  
 Onward my sight their semblances pursued;  
 So far pursued, as till the space between  
 From its reach sever'd them: whereat the guide  
 Celestial, marking me no more intent  
 On upward gazing, said, "Look down, and see  
 What circuit thou hast compast." From the hour<sup>3</sup>  
 When I before had cast my view beneath,  
 All the first region overpast I saw,  
 Which from the midmost to the boundary winds;  
 That onward, thence, from Gades,<sup>4</sup> I beheld  
 The unwise passage of Laertes' son;  
 And hitherward the shore,<sup>5</sup> where thou, Europa,  
 Madest thee a joyful burden; and yet more  
 Of this dim spot had seen, but that the sun,<sup>6</sup>  
 A constellation off and more, had ta'en  
 His progress in the zodiac underneath.

Then by the spirit, that doth never leave  
 Its amorous dalliance with my lady's looks,  
 Back with redoubled ardour were mine eyes  
 Led unto her: and from her radiant smiles,  
 Whenas I turn'd me, pleasure so divine  
 Did lighten on me, that whatever bait  
 Or art or nature in the human flesh,  
 Or in its linn'd resemblance, can combine  
 Through greedy eyes to take the soul withal,  
 Were, to her beauty, nothing. Its boon influence

<sup>1</sup> *Thou, son.*—*Beatus Petrus—multaque locutus est, et docuit me de veteri testamento, de hominibus etiam adhuc in secula adhuc viventibus plura peccata intonuit mihi, precepitque, ut ea que de illis audieram eis referrem.*—*Alberti Visio*, § 45.

<sup>2</sup> *What time the she-goat.*—When the sun is in Capricorn.

<sup>3</sup> *From the hour.*—Since he had last looked (see canto xxii.) he perceived that he had passed from the meridian

circle to the eastern horizon; the half of our hemisphere and a quarter of the heaven.

<sup>4</sup> *From Gades.*—See "Hell," canto xxvii. 106.

<sup>5</sup> *The shore.*—Phœnicia, where Europa, the daughter of Agenor, mounted on the back of Jupiter, in his shape of a bull.

<sup>6</sup> *The sun.*—Dante was in the constellation of Gemini, and the sun in Aries. There was, therefore, part of those two constellations, and the whole of Taurus, between them.

From the fair nest of Leda<sup>1</sup> rapt me forth,  
And wafted on into the swiftest heaven.

What place for entrance Beatrice chose,  
I may not say; so uniform was all,  
Liveliest and loftiest. She my secret wish  
Divined; and, with such gladness, that God's love  
Seem'd from her visage shining, thus began:  
"Here is the goal, whence motion on his race  
Starts: motionless the centre, and the rest  
All moved around. Except the soul divine,  
Place in this heaven is none; the soul divine,  
Wherein the love, which ruleth o'er its orb,  
Is kindled, and the virtue, that it sheds:  
One circle, light and love, enclasping it,  
As this doth clasp the others; and to Him,  
Who draws the bound, its limit only known.  
Measured itself by none, it doth divide  
Motion to all, counted unto them forth,  
As by the fifth or half ye count forth ten.  
The vase, wherein time's roots<sup>2</sup> are plunged, thou seest:  
Look elsewhere for the leaves. O mortal lust!  
That canst not lift thy head above the waves  
Which whelm and sink thee down. The will in man  
Bears goodly blossoms; but its ruddy promise  
Is, by the dripping of perpetual rain,  
Made mere abortion: faith and innocence  
Are met with but in babes; each taking leave,  
Ere cheeks with down are sprinkled: he, that fasts  
While yet a stammerer, with his tongue let loose  
Gluts every food alike in every moon:  
One, yet a babbler, loves and listens to  
His mother; but no sooner hath free use  
Of speech, than he doth wish her in her grave.  
So suddenly doth the fair child of him,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The fair nest of Leda*.—"From the Gemini;" thus called because Leda was the mother of the twins Castor and Pollux.

<sup>2</sup> *Time's roots*.—"Here," says Beatrice, "are the roots, from whence time springs: for the parts, into which it is divided, the other heavens must be considered." And she then breaks out into an exclamation on the degeneracy of human nature, which does not lift itself to the contemplation of divine things. Thus in the "Quadri-regio," lib. ii., cap. vi.:

"Il tempo, e'l ciel, che sopra noi e volto,

E una cosa, e non voltando il cielo,  
Ciò che da tempo pende saria tolto."

"Time, and the heaven that turneth o'er our heads,  
Are but as one; and if the heaven turn'd not,  
That, which depends on time, were done away."

<sup>3</sup> *The fair child of him*.—There is something very similar in our author's treatise "De Monarchiâ," lib. i., p. 104: "Humanum genus filius est cœli quod est perfectissimum in omni opere suo. Generat enim homo hominem et sol juxta secundum in Naturali Auditu." This, therefore, is intended for a philosophical truth, and



Whose welcome is the morn and eve his parting,  
To negro blackness change her virgin white.

“Thou, to abate thy wonder, note, that none<sup>1</sup>  
Bears rule in earth; and its frail family  
Are therefore wanderers. Yet before the date,<sup>2</sup>  
When, through the hundredth in his reckoning dropt,  
Pale January must be shoved aside  
From winter's calendar, these heavenly spheres  
Shall roar so loud, that fortune shall be fain<sup>3</sup>  
To turn the poop, where she hath now the prow;  
So that the fleet run onward: and true fruit,  
Expected long, shall crown at last the bloom.”

not for a figure, as when Pindar calls “the day” “child of the sun:”

Ἀμέραν  
. . . παῖδ' Ἰαίου. *Ol.*, ii. 59.

<sup>1</sup> *None*.—Because, as has been before said, the shepherds are become wolves.

<sup>2</sup> *Before the date*.—“Before many ages are past; before those fractions, which are dropt in the reckoning of every year, shall amount to so large a portion of time, that January shall be no more a winter month.” By this periphrasis is meant “in a short time;” as we say familiarly, such a thing will happen before a thousand years are over, when we mean it will happen soon. Thus Petrarch:

“Ben sa ch' il prova, e fiati cosa piana  
Anzi mill' anni.” *Trionfo d' Amore*, cap. i.

<sup>3</sup> *Fortune shall be fain*.—The commentators, in general, suppose that our poet here augurs that great reform, which he vainly hoped would follow on the arrival of the Emperor Henry VII. in Italy. Lombardi refers the prognostication to Can Grande della Scala; and when we consider that this canto was not finished till after the death of Henry, as appears from the mention that is made of John XXII., it cannot be denied but the conjecture is probable. Troya (“*Veltro Allegorico*,” p. 186) suggests Matteo Visconti, or Castruccio Castracani, as the expected reformer.

## CANTO XXVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Still in the ninth heaven, our Poet is permitted to behold the divine essence; and then sees, in three hierarchies, the nine choirs of angels. Beatrice clears some difficulties which occur to him on this occasion.

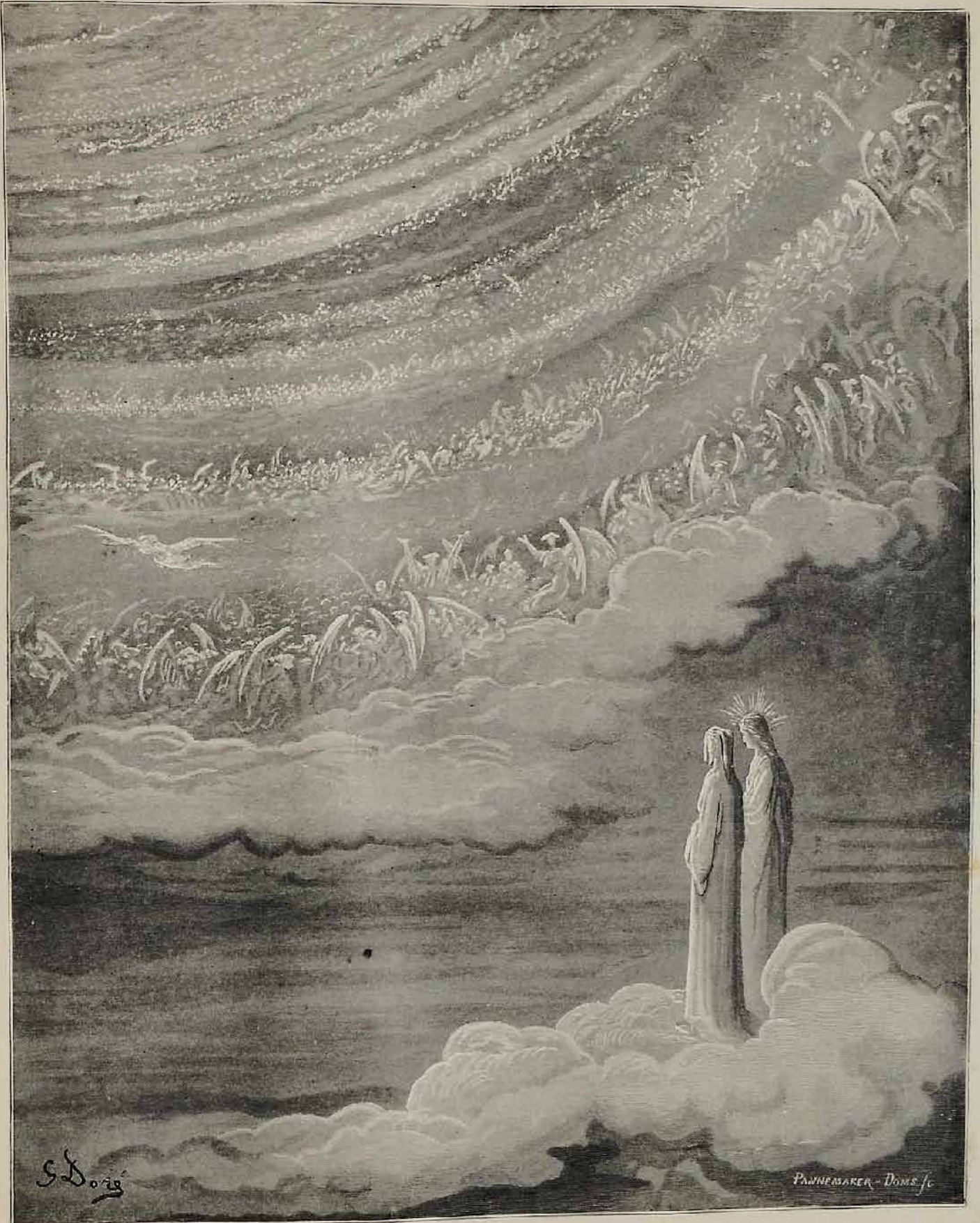
SO she, who doth imparadise my soul,  
Had drawn the veil from off our present life,  
And bared the truth of poor mortality:  
When lo! as one who, in a mirror, spies  
The shining of a flambeau at his back,  
Lit sudden ere he deem of its approach,  
And turneth to resolve him, if the glass  
Have told him true, and sees the record faithful  
As note is to its metre; even thus,  
I well remember, did befall to me,  
Looking upon the beauteous eyes, whence love  
Had made the leash to take me. As I turn'd:  
And that which none, who in that volume' looks,  
Can miss of, in itself apparent, struck  
My view; a point I saw, that darted light  
So sharp, no lid, unclosing, may bear up  
Against its keenness. The least star we ken  
From hence, had seem'd a moon; set by its side,  
As star by side of star. And so far off,  
Perchance, as is the halo from the light  
Which paints it, when most dense the vapour spreads;  
There wheel'd about the point a circle of fire,  
More rapid than the motion which surrounds,  
Speediest, the world. Another this enring'd;  
And that a third; the third a fourth, and that  
A fifth encompass'd; which a sixth next bound;  
And over this, a seventh, following, reach'd  
Circumference so ample, that its bow,

<sup>1</sup> *That nature.*—The ninth heaven, as Veilutello, I think, rightly interprets it.



Not unlike  
To iron in the furnace, every cirque,  
Ebullient, shot forth scintillating fires.

*Canto XXVIII, lines 80—82.*



S. Doge

P. W. M. A. R. E. R. - D. O. M. S. / c



Within the span of Juno's messenger,  
 Had scarce been held entire. Beyond the seventh,  
 Ensued yet other two. And every one,  
 As more in number distant from the first,  
 Was tardier in motion: and that glow'd  
 With flame most pure, that to the sparkle of truth,  
 Was nearest; as partaking most, methinks,  
 Of its reality. The guide beloved  
 Saw me in anxious thought suspense, and spake:  
 "Heaven, and all nature, hangs upon that point:<sup>1</sup>  
 The circle thereto most conjoin'd observe;  
 And know, that by intenser love its course  
 Is, to this swiftness, wing'd." To whom I thus:  
 "It were enough; nor should I further seek,  
 Had I but witness'd order, in the world  
 Appointed, such as in these wheels is seen.  
 But in the sensible world such difference<sup>2</sup> is,  
 That in each round shows more divinity,  
 As each is wider from the centre. Hence  
 If in this wondrous and angelic temple,  
 That hath, for confine, only light and love,  
 My wish may have completion, I must know  
 Wherefore such disagreement is between  
 The exemplar and its copy: for myself,  
 Contemplating, I fail to pierce the cause."  
 "It is no marvel, if thy fingers foil'd  
 Do leave the knot untied: so hard 'tis grown  
 For want of tenting." Thus she said: "But take,"  
 She added, "if thou wish thy cure, my words,  
 And entertain them subtly. Every orb,  
 Corporeal, doth proportion its extent  
 Unto the virtue through its parts diffused.  
 The greater blessedness preserves the more.

<sup>1</sup> *Heaven, and all nature, hangs upon that point.*—  
 ἡ δὲ κοίτην ἅπα ἀρχὴν ἡσυχίας ἢ ἀναρχίας καὶ ἡ φύσις.—  
*Aristotle, Metaph.*, lib. xii., c. 7. "From that beginning  
 depend heaven and nature."

<sup>2</sup> *Such difference.*—The material world and the intelli-  
 gential (the copy and the pattern) appear to Dante to  
 differ in this respect, that the orbits of the latter are more  
 swift, the nearer they are to the centre, whereas the con-  
 trary is the case with the orbits of the former. The  
 seeming contradiction is thus accounted for by Beatrice.  
 In the material world, the more ample the body is, the  
 greater is the good of which it is capable, supposing all  
 the parts to be equally perfect. But in the intelligential

world, the circles are more excellent and powerful, the  
 more they approximate to the central point, which is God.  
 Thus the first circle, that of the seraphim, corresponds to  
 the ninth sphere, or primum mobile; the second, that of  
 the cherubim, to the eighth sphere, or heaven of fixed  
 stars; the third, or circle of thrones, to the seventh  
 sphere, or planet of Saturn; and in like manner through-  
 out the two other trines of circles and spheres.

"In orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb."

*Milton, Paradise Lost*, b. v. 596.

The greater is the body (if all parts  
Share equally) the more is to preserve.  
Therefore the circle, whose swift course enwheels  
The universal frame, answers to that  
Which is supreme in knowledge and in love.  
Thus by the virtue, not the seeming breadth  
Of substance, measuring, thou shalt see the heavens,  
Each to the intelligence that ruleth it,  
Greater to more, and smaller unto less,  
Suited in strict and wondrous harmony."

As when the north blows from his milder cheek<sup>1</sup>  
A blast, that scours the sky, forthwith our air,  
Clear'd of the rack that hung on it before,  
Glitters; and, with his beauties all unveil'd,  
The firmament looks forth serene, and smiles:  
Such was my cheer, when Beatrice drove  
With clear reply the shadows back, and truth  
Was manifested as a star in heaven.  
And when the words were ended, not unlike  
To iron in the furnace, every cirque,  
Ebullient, shot forth scintillating fires:  
And every sparkle shivering to new blaze,  
In number<sup>2</sup> did outmillion the account  
Reduplicate upon the chequer'd board.  
Then heard I echoing on, from choir to choir,  
"Hosanna," to the fixed point, that holds,  
And shall for ever hold them to their place,  
From everlasting, irremovable.

Musing awhile I stood: and she, who saw  
My inward meditations, thus began:  
"In the first circles, they, whom thou beheld'st,  
Are seraphim and cherubim. Thus swift  
Follow their hoops, in likeness to the point,  
Near as they can, approaching; and they can  
The more, the loftier their vision. Those  
That round them fleet, gazing the Godhead next,  
Are thrones; in whom the first trine ends. And all  
Are blessed, even as their sight descends

<sup>1</sup> *As when the north blows from his milder cheek.*—  
By "ond' è più leno," some understand that point from  
whence "the wind is mildest;" others, that "in which  
there is most force." The former interpretation is prob-  
ably right.

<sup>2</sup> *In number.*—The sparkles exceeded the number  
which would be produced by the sixty-four squares of a  
chess-board, if for the first we reckoned one; for the next,  
two; for the third, four; and so went on doubling to the  
end of the account.



Deeper into the truth, wherein rest is  
 For every mind. Thus happiness hath root  
 In seeing, not in loving, which of sight  
 Is aftergrowth. And of the seeing such  
 The meed, as unto each, in due degree,  
 Grace and good-will their measure have assign'd.  
 The other trine, that with still opening buds  
 In this eternal springtide blossom fair,  
 Fearless of bruising from the nightly ram,<sup>1</sup>  
 Breathe up in warbled melodies threefold  
 Hosannas, blending ever; from the three,  
 Transmitted, hierarchy of gods, for aye  
 Rejoicing; dominations<sup>2</sup> first; next them,  
 Virtues; and powers the third; the next to whom  
 Are principedoms and archangels, with glad round  
 To tread their festal ring; and last, the band  
 Angelical, disporting in their sphere.  
 All, as they circle in their orders, look  
 Aloft; and, downward, with such sway prevail.  
 That all with mutual impulse tend to God.  
 These once a mortal view beheld. Desire,  
 In Dionysius,<sup>3</sup> so intensely wrought,  
 That he, as I have done, ranged them; and named  
 Their orders, marshal'd in his thought. From him,  
 Dissentient, one refused his sacred read.  
 But soon as in this heaven his doubting eyes  
 Were open'd, Gregory<sup>4</sup> at his error smiled.  
 Nor marvel, that a denizen of earth  
 Should scan such secret truth; for he had learnt<sup>5</sup>  
 Both this and much beside of these our orbs,  
 From an eye-witness to heaven's mysteries."

<sup>1</sup> *Fearless of bruising from the nightly ram.*—Not injured, like the productions of our spring, by the influence of autumn, when the constellation Aries rises at sunset.

<sup>2</sup> *Dominations.*—

"Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers."  
*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. v. 601.*

<sup>3</sup> *Dionysius.*—The Areopagite, in his book "De Cœlesti Hierarchiâ."

<sup>4</sup> *Gregory.*—Gregory the Great. "Novem vero angelotum ordines diximus; quia videlicet esse, testante sacro eloquio, scimus: Angelos, archangelos, virtutes, potestates, principatus, dominations, thronos, cherubin atque seraphim."  
*—Divi Gregorii, Hom. xxxiv., f. 125, ed. Par., 1518, fol.*

<sup>5</sup> *He had learnt.*—Dionysius, he says, had learnt from St. Paul. It is almost unnecessary to add that the book above referred to which goes under his name, was the production of a later age. In Bishop Bull's seventh sermon, which treats of the different degrees of beatitude in heaven, there is much that resembles what is said on the same subject by our poet. The learned prelate, however, appears a little inconsistent, when, after having blamed Dionysius the Areopagite, "for reckoning up exactly the several orders of the angelical hierarchy, as if he had seen a muster of the heavenly host before his eyes" (v. i., p. 313), he himself then speaks rather more particularly of the several orders in the celestial hierarchy than he is warranted in doing by Holy Scripture.

## CANTO XXIX.

### ARGUMENT.

Beatrice beholds, in the mirror of divine truth, some doubts which had entered the mind of Dante. These she resolves; and then digresses into a vehement reprehension of certain theologians and preachers in those days, whose ignorance or avarice induced them to substitute their own inventions for the pure word of the Gospel.

NO longer,<sup>1</sup> than what time Latona's twins  
Cover'd of Libra and the fleecy star,  
Together both, girding the horizon hang;  
In even balance, from the zenith poised;  
Till from that verge, each, changing hemisphere,  
Part the nice level; e'en so brief a space  
Did Beatrice's silence hold. A smile  
Sat painted on her cheek; and her fix'd gaze  
Bent on the point, at which my vision fail'd:  
When thus, her words resuming, she began:  
"I speak, nor what thou wouldst inquire, demand;  
For I have mark'd it, where all time and place  
Are present. Not for increase to himself  
Of good, which may not be increased, but forth  
To manifest his glory by its beams;  
Inhabiting his own eternity,  
Beyond time's limit or what bound so'er  
To circumscribe his being; as he will'd,  
Into new natures, like unto himself,  
Eternal love unfolded: nor before,  
As if in dull inaction, torpid, lay,  
For, not in process of before or aft,<sup>2</sup>  
Upon these waters moved the Spirit of God.  
Simple and mix'd, both form and substance,<sup>3</sup> forth

<sup>1</sup> *No longer*.—As short a space as the sun and moon are in changing hemispheres, when they are opposite to one another, the one under the sign of Aries, and the other under that of Libra, and both hang, for a moment, poised, as it were in the hand of the zenith.

<sup>2</sup> *For, not in process of before or aft*.—There was

neither "before nor after," no distinction, that is, of time, till the creation of the world.

<sup>3</sup> *Simple and mix'd, both form and substance*.—Simple and unmixed form answers to "pure intelligence," v. 33 ("puro atto"), the highest of created being; simple and unmixed substance, to "mere power," v. 33 ("pura po-



To perfect being started, like three darts  
 Shot from a bow three-corded. And as ray  
 In crystal, glass, and amber, shines entire,  
 E'en at the moment of its issuing; thus  
 Did, from the eternal Sovran, beam entire  
 His threefold operation,<sup>1</sup> at one act  
 Produced coeval. Yet, in order, each  
 Created his due station knew: those highest,  
 Who pure intelligence were made; mere power,  
 The lowest; in the midst, bound with strict league,  
 Intelligence and power, unsever'd bond.  
 Long tract of ages by the angels past,  
 Ere the creating of another world,  
 Described on Jerome's pages,<sup>2</sup> thou hast seen.  
 But that what I disclose to thee is true,  
 Those penmen,<sup>3</sup> whom the Holy Spirit moved,  
 In many a passage of their sacred book,  
 Attest; as thou by diligent search shalt find:  
 And reason,<sup>4</sup> in some sort, discerns the same,  
 Who scarce would grant the heavenly ministers,  
 Of their perfection void, so long a space.  
 Thus when and where these spirits of love were made,  
 Thou know'st, and how: and, knowing, hast allay'd  
 Thy thirst, which from the triple question<sup>5</sup> rose.

tenzia") the lowest; and form mixed with substance, to "intelligence and power," v. 35 ("potenzia con atto"), that which holds the middle place between the other two. This, which appears sufficiently plain, Lombardi has contrived to perplex; not being aware of the high sense in which our poet here and elsewhere uses the word "forma," as the Greek writers employed the term μορφή, and particularly St. Paul, Philipp. ii. 6. The following is a remarkable instance in our language: "A man, though he have one form already, viz., the natural soul; it hinders not but he may have also another, the quickening Spirit of God."—*Henry More, Disc. xiii.*

<sup>1</sup> *His threefold operation.*—He means that spiritual beings, brute matter, and the intermediate part of the creation which participates both of spirit and matter, were produced at once.

"For, as there are three natures, schoolmen call  
 One corporal only, th' other spiritual,  
 Like single; so there is a third commixt  
 Of body and spirit together, placed betwixt  
 Those other two." *Ben Jonson, Euphemia.*

<sup>2</sup> *On Jerome's pages.*—St. Jerome had described the angels as created long before the rest of the universe: an opinion which Thomas Aquinas controverted; and the latter, as Dante thinks, had Scripture on his side. "Sex millia nondum nostri orbis implentur anni; et quantas prius eternitates, quanta tempora, quantas seculorum origines fuisse arbitrandum est, in quibus Angeli, Throni, Domi-

nationes, cæteraque Virtutes servierint Deo; et absque temporum vicibus atque mensuris Deo iubente subsisterint."—*Hieronymus, In Epist. ad Titum*, 1, Paris edit., 1706, tom. iv., part i., p. 411. "Dicendum, quod supra hoc invenitur duplex sanctorum doctorum sententia, illa tamen probabilior videtur, quod angeli simul cum creatura corporea sunt creati. Angeli enim sunt quedam pars universi. Non enim constituunt per se unum universum, sed tam ipsi quam creatura corporea in constitutionem unius universi conveniunt. Quod apparet ex ordine unius creature ad aliam. Ordo enim rerum adinvicem est bonum universi. Nulla autem pars perfecta est a suo toto separata. Non est igitur probabile, ut Deus cujus perfecta sunt opera, ut dicitur Deuteron. 32, creaturam angelicam seorsum ante alias creaturas creaverit. Quamvis contrarium non sit reputandum erroneum, præcipue propter sententiam Greg. Nazian. cujus tanta est in doctrina Christiana autoritas, ut nullus unquam ejus dictis calumniam inferre præsumperit sicut nec Athanasii Documentis, ut Hieron. dicit."—*Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theolog., P. iiii, Quest. LXXI, art. iii.*

<sup>3</sup> *Those penmen.*—As in Gen. i. 1, and Ecclesiasticus xviii. 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Reason.*—The heavenly ministers ("motory") would have existed to no purpose if they had been created before the corporeal world, which they were to govern.

<sup>5</sup> *The triple question.*—He had wished to know where, when, and how the angels had been created, and these three questions had been resolved.



Ere one had reckon'd twenty, e'en so soon,  
 Part of the angels fell: and, in their fall,  
 Confusion to your elements<sup>1</sup> ensued.  
 The others kept their station: and this task,  
 Whereon thou look'st, began, with such delight.  
 That they surcease not ever, day nor night,  
 Their circling. Of that fatal lapse the cause  
 Was the curst pride of him, whom thou hast seen  
 Pent<sup>2</sup> with the world's incumbrance. Those, whom here  
 Thou seest, were lowly to confess themselves  
 Of his free bounty, who had made them apt  
 For ministries so high: therefore their views  
 Were, by enlightening grace and their own merit,  
 Exalted; so that in their will confirm'd  
 They stand, nor fear to fall. For do not doubt,  
 But to receive the grace, which Heaven vouchsafes,  
 Is meritorious,<sup>3</sup> even as the soul  
 With prompt affection welcometh the guest.  
 Now, without further help, if with good heed  
 My words thy mind have treasured, thou henceforth  
 This consistory round about mayst scan,  
 And gaze thy fill. But, since thou hast on earth  
 Heard vain disputers, reasoners in the schools,  
 Canvass the angelic nature, and dispute  
 Its powers of apprehension, memory, choice;  
 Therefore, 'tis well thou take from me the truth,  
 Pure and without disguise; which they below,  
 Equivocating, darken and perplex.

“Know thou, that, from the first, these substances,  
 Rejoicing in the countenance of God,  
 Have held unceasingly their view, intent  
 Upon the glorious vision, from the which  
 Nought absent is nor hid: where then no change  
 Of newness, with succession, interrupts,  
 Remembrance, there, needs none to gather up  
 Divided thought and images remote.

“So that men, thus at variance with the truth,

<sup>1</sup> *Elements*.—“Alimenti” was sometimes put for “elementi” by the old Tuscan writers. See the notes to Redi's “Bacco in Toscana,” vol. i, p. 125. Redi, *Opere*, Evo, Milan, 1809. There is therefore no necessity for the alteration made in some editions.

<sup>2</sup> *Pent*.—See “Hell,” canto xxxiv. 105.

<sup>3</sup> *Meritorious*.—The collator of the Monte Casino MS. boasts of that being the only text which has “meritorio,” “concoisterio,” and “adjutorio.” The reading is probably right, but I find it is in Landino's edition of 1484, and Vellutello's of 1544; and it may, perhaps, be in many others.



Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless some  
 Of error; others well aware they err,  
 To whom more guilt and shame are justly due.  
 Each the known track of sage philosophy  
 Deserts, and has a by-way of his own:  
 So much the restless eagerness to shine,  
 And love of singularity, prevail.  
 Yet this, offensive as it is, provokes  
 Heaven's anger less, than when the book of God  
 Is forced to yield to man's authority,  
 Or from its straightness warp'd: no reckoning made  
 What blood the sowing of it in the world  
 Has cost; what favour for himself he wins,  
 Who meekly clings to it. The aim of all  
 Is how to shine: e'en they, whose office is  
 To preach the gospel, let the gospel sleep,  
 And pass their own inventions off instead.  
 One tells, how at Christ's suffering the wan moon  
 Bent back her steps, and shadow'd o'er the sun  
 With intervenient disk, as she withdrew:  
 Another, how the light shrouded itself  
 Within its tabernacle, and left dark  
 The Spaniard, and the Indian, with the Jew.  
 Such fables Florence in her pulpit hears,  
 Bandied about more frequent, than the names  
 Of Bindi and of Lapi<sup>1</sup> in her streets.  
 The sheep,<sup>2</sup> meanwhile, poor witless ones, return  
 From pasture, fed with wind: and what avails  
 For their excuse, they do not see their harm?  
 Christ said not to his first conventicle,  
 'Go forth and preach impostures to the world,'  
 But gave them truth<sup>3</sup> to build on; and the sound  
 Was mighty on their lips: nor needed they,  
 Beside the gospel, other spear or shield,  
 To aid them in their warfare for the faith.  
 The preacher<sup>4</sup> now provides himself with store  
 Of jests and gibes; and, so there be no lack

<sup>1</sup> *Of Bindi and of Lapi*.—Common names of men at Florence.

<sup>2</sup> *The sheep*.—So Milton, "Lycidas:"

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly."

<sup>3</sup> *But gave them truth*.—"Go ye into all the world,  
 and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi.  
 15.

<sup>4</sup> *The preacher*.—Thus Cowper, "Task," b. ii.:

"'Tis pitiful

To court a grin when you should woo a soul," &c.

Of laughter, while he vents them, his big cowl  
 Distends, and he has won the meed he sought:  
 Could but the vulgar catch a glimpse the while  
 Of that dark bird which nestles in his hood,  
 They scarce would wait to hear the blessing said,  
 Which now the dotards hold in such esteem,  
 That every counterfeit, who spreads abroad  
 The hands of holy promise, finds a throng  
 Of credulous fools beneath. Saint Anthony  
 Fattens with this his swine,<sup>1</sup> and others worse  
 Than swine, who diet at his lazy board,  
 Paying with unstampt metal<sup>2</sup> for their fare.

“But (for we far have wander'd) let us seek  
 The forward path again; so as the way  
 Be shorten'd with the time. No mortal tongue,  
 Nor thought of man, hath ever reach'd so far,  
 That of these natures he might count the tribes.  
 What Daniel<sup>3</sup> of their thousands hath reveal'd,  
 With finite number, infinite conceals.  
 The fountain, at whose source these drink their beams,  
 With light supplies them in as many modes,  
 As there are splendours that it shines on: each  
 According to the virtue it conceives,  
 Differing in love and sweet affection.  
 Look then how lofty and how huge in breadth  
 The eternal might, which, broken and dispersed  
 Over such countless mirrors, yet remains  
 Whole in itself and one, as at the first.”

<sup>1</sup> *Saint Anthony fattens with this his swine.*—On the sale of these blessings, the brothers of St. Anthony supported themselves and their paramours. From behind the swine of St. Anthony, our poet levels a blow at the object of his inveterate enmity, Boniface VIII., from whom, “in 1297, they obtained the dignity and privileges of an independent congregation.” See Mosheim’s “Ec-

clesiastical History,” in Dr. Maclaine’s translation, v. ii. cent. xi., p. ii., c. ii., § 28.

<sup>2</sup> *Paying with unstampt metal.*—With false indulgences.

<sup>3</sup> *Daniel.*—“Thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him.”—*Dan.* vii. 10.



## CANTO XXX.

### ARGUMENT.

Dante is taken up with Beatrice into the empyrean; and there having his sight strengthened by her aid, and by the virtue derived from looking on the river of light, he sees the triumph of the angels and of the souls of the blessed.

NOON'S fervid hour perchance six thousand miles<sup>1</sup>  
 From hence is distant; and the shadowy cone  
 Almost to level on our earth declines;  
 When, from the midmost of this blue abyss,  
 By turns some star is to our vision lost.  
 And straightway as the handmaid of the sun  
 Puts forth her radiant brow, all, light by light,  
 Fade; and the spangled firmament shuts in,  
 E'en to the loveliest of the glittering throng.  
 Thus vanish'd gradually from my sight  
 The triumph, which plays ever round the point,  
 That overcame me, seeming (for it did)  
 Engirt<sup>2</sup> by that it girdeth. Wherefore love,  
 With loss of other object, forced me bend  
 Mine eyes on Beatrice once again.

If all, that hitherto is told of her,  
 Were in one praise concluded, 'twere too weak  
 To furnish out this turn.<sup>3</sup> Mine eyes did look  
 On beauty, such, as I believe in sooth,  
 Not merely to exceed our human; but,  
 That save its Maker, none can to the full  
 Enjoy it. At this point o'erpower'd I fail;  
 Unequal to my theme; as never bard  
 Of buskin or of sock hath fail'd before.  
 For as the sun doth to the feeblest sight,

<sup>1</sup> *Six thousand miles.*—He compares the vanishing of the vision to the fading away of the stars at dawn, when it is noon-day six thousand miles off, and the shadow formed by the earth over the part of it inhabited by the poet, is about to disappear.

<sup>2</sup> *Engirt.*—"Appearing to be encompassed by these angelic bands, which are in reality encompassed by it."

<sup>3</sup> *This turn.*—"Quæsta vice." Hence perhaps Milton, "Paradise Lost," b. viii. 491:

"This turn hath made amends."

E'en so remembrance of that witching smile  
 Hath disposses't my spirit of itself.  
 Not from that day, when on this earth I first  
 Beheld her charms, up to that view of them,  
 Have I with song applausive ever ceased  
 To follow; but now follow them no more;  
 My course here bounded, as each artist's is,  
 When it doth touch the limit of his skill.

She (such as I bequeath her to the bruit  
 Of louder trump than mine, which hasteneth on,  
 Urging its arduous matter to the close)  
 Her words resumed, in gesture and in voice  
 Resembling one accustom'd to command:  
 "Forth<sup>1</sup> from the last corporeal are we come  
 Into the heaven, that is unbodied light;  
 Light intellectual, replete with love;  
 Love of true happiness, replete with joy;  
 Joy, that transcends all sweetness of delight.  
 Here shalt thou look on either mighty host<sup>2</sup>  
 Of Paradise; and one in that array,  
 Which in the final judgment thou shalt see."

As when the lightning, in a sudden spleen  
 Unfolded, dashes from the blinding eyes  
 The visive spirits, dazzled and bedimm'd;  
 So, round about me, fulminating streams  
 Of living radiance play'd, and left me swathed  
 And veil'd in dense impenetrable blaze.  
 Such weal is in the love, that stills this heaven;  
 For its own flame<sup>3</sup> the torch thus fitting ever.

No sooner to my listening ear had come  
 The brief assurance, than I understood  
 New virtue into me infused, and sight  
 Kindled afresh, with vigour to sustain  
 Excess of light however pure. I look'd;  
 And, in the likeness of a river, saw  
 Light flowing,<sup>4</sup> from whose amber-seeming waves

<sup>1</sup> *Forth*.—From the ninth sphere to the empyrean, which is mere light.

<sup>2</sup> *Either mighty host*.—Of angels that remained faithful, and of beatified souls; the latter in that form which they will have at the last day.

<sup>3</sup> *For its own flame*.—Thus disposing the spirits to receive its own beatific light.

<sup>4</sup> *Light flowing*.—"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

"Underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper or of liquid pearl."



Flash'd up effulgence, as they glided on  
 'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,  
 Incredible how fair: and, from the tide,  
 There ever and anon, outstarting, flew  
 Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers  
 Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold:  
 Then, as if drunk with odours, plunged again  
 Into the wondrous flood; from which, as one  
 Re-enter'd, still another rose. "The thirst  
 Of knowledge high, whereby thou art inflamed,  
 To search the meaning of what here thou seest,  
 The more it warms thee, pleases me the more.  
 But first behoves thee of this water drink,  
 Or e'er that longing be allay'd." So spake  
 The day-star of mine eyes: then thus subjoin'd:  
 "This stream; and these, forth issuing from its gulf,  
 And diving back, a living topaz each;  
 With all this laughter on its bloomy shores;  
 Are but a preface, shadowy of the truth<sup>1</sup>  
 They emblem: not that, in themselves, the things  
 Are crude; but on thy part is the defect,  
 For that thy views not yet aspire so high."

Never did babe that had outslept his wont,  
 Rush, with such eager straining, to the milk,  
 As I toward the water; bending me,  
 To make the better mirrors of mine eyes  
 In the refining wave: and as the eaves  
 Of mine eyelids<sup>2</sup> did drink of it, forthwith  
 Seem'd it unto me turned from length to round.  
 Then as a troop of maskers, when they put  
 Their vizors off, look other than before;  
 The counterfeited semblance thrown aside;  
 So into greater jubilee were changed  
 Those flowers and sparkles; and distinct I saw,  
 Before me, either court<sup>3</sup> of heaven display'd.

O prime enlightener! thou who gavest me strength  
 On the high triumph of thy realm to gaze  
 Grant virtue now to utter what I kenn'd.

<sup>1</sup> *Shadowy of the truth.*—

<sup>2</sup> *Son di lor vero ombrieri prefazi.*  
 So Mr. Coleridge, in his "Religious Musings," v. 406:  
<sup>3</sup> "Life is a vision shadowy of truth."

<sup>2</sup> *As the eyes of mine eyelids.*—Thus Shakespeare  
 calls the eyelids "penthouse lids."—*Macbeth*, act. 3,  
 sc. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Either court.*—See note to v. 44.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine  
 Makes the Creator visible to all  
 Created, that in seeing him alone  
 Have peace; and in a circle spreads so far,  
 That the circumference were too loose a zone  
 To girdle in the sun. All is one beam,  
 Reflected from the summit of the first,  
 That moves, which being hence and vigour takes.  
 And as some cliff,<sup>1</sup> that from the bottom eyes  
 His image mirror'd in the crystal flood,  
 As if to admire his brave apparelling  
 Of verdure and of flowers; so, round about,  
 Eying the light, on more than million thrones,  
 Stood, eminent, whatever from our earth  
 Has to the skies return'd. How wide the leaves,  
 Extended to their utmost, of this rose,  
 Whose lowest step embosoms such a space  
 Of ample radiance! Yet, nor amplitude  
 Nor height impeded, but my view with ease<sup>2</sup>  
 Took in the full dimensions of that joy.  
 Near or remote, what there avails, where God  
 Immediate rules, and Nature, awed, suspends  
 Her sway? Into the yellow of the rose  
 Perennial, which, in bright expansiveness,  
 Lays forth its gradual blooming, redolent  
 Of praises to the never-wintering sun,  
 As one, who fain would speak yet holds his peace,  
 Beatrice led me; and, "Behold," she said,  
 "This fair assemblage; stoles of snowy white,  
 How numberless. The city, where we dwell,  
 Behold how vast; and these our seats so throng'd,  
 Few now are wanting here. In that proud stall,<sup>3</sup>  
 On which, the crown, already o'er its state  
 Suspended, holds thine eyes—or e'er thyself  
 Mayst at the wedding sup,—shall rest the soul  
 Of the great Harry,<sup>4</sup> he who, by the world

<sup>1</sup> *As some cliff.*— "A lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
 Her crystal mirror holds."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iv. 263.*

<sup>2</sup> *My view with ease.*—

"Far and wide his eye commands;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sun-shine."—*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii. 616.*

<sup>3</sup> *In that proud stall.*—"Ostenditque mihi circa  
 Paradisum lectum claris et splendidissimis operimentis  
 adornatum—in quo lecto quendam jacere consexi cujus  
 nomen ab Apostolo audivi, sed prohibuit ne cui illud  
 dicerem."—*Albertici Visio, § 31.*

<sup>4</sup> *Of the great Harry.*—The Emperor Henry VII., who  
 died in 1313. Henry, Count of Luxemburg, held the  
 imperial power three years, seven months, and eighteen



Augustus hail'd, to Italy must come,  
 Before her day be ripe. But ye are sick,  
 And in your tetchy wantonness as blind,  
 As is the bantling, that of hunger dies,  
 And drives away the nurse. Nor may it be,  
 That he,<sup>1</sup> who in the sacred forum sways,  
 Openly or in secret, shall with him  
 Accordant walk: whom God will not endure  
 I' the holy office long; but thrust him down  
 To Simon Magus, where Alagna's priest<sup>2</sup>  
 Will sink beneath him: such will be his meed."

days, from his first coronation to his death. He was a man wise, and just, and gracious; brave and intrepid in arms; a man of honour and a good catholic; and although by his lineage he was of no great condition, yet he was of a magnanimous heart, much feared and held in awe; and if he had lived longer, would have done the greatest things."—*G. Villani*, lib. ix., cap. i. Compare

Dino Compagni, Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," tom. ix., lib. iii., p. 524; and Fazio degli Uberti, "Dittamondo," l. ii., cap. 30.

<sup>1</sup> *Nor may it be, that he.*—Pope Clement V. See canto xxvii. 53.

<sup>2</sup> *Alagna's priest.*—Pope Boniface VIII. "Hell," canto xix. 79.

## CANTO XXXI.

### ARGUMENT.

The Poet expatiates further on the glorious vision described in the last Canto. On looking round for Beatrice, he finds that she has left him, and that an old man is at his side. This proves to be St. Bernard, who shows him that Beatrice has returned to her throne, and then points out to him the blessedness of the Virgin Mother.

IN fashion, as a snow white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,<sup>1</sup>  
Which in his own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile,  
That other host,<sup>2</sup> that soar aloft to gaze  
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,  
Hover'd around; and, like a troop of bees,<sup>3</sup>  
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labour glows,  
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose  
From the redundant petals, streaming back  
Unto the stedfast dwelling of their joy.  
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold;<sup>4</sup>  
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;  
And, as they fitted down into the flower,  
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins  
Whisper'd the peace and ardour, which they won  
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast  
Interposition of such numerous flight  
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view  
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,  
Wherever merited, celestial light  
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.

All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,  
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark  
Their love and vision fix'd. O trinal beam

<sup>1</sup> *The saintly multitude.*—Human souls, advanced to this state of glory through the mediation of Christ.

<sup>2</sup> *That other host.*—The angels.

<sup>3</sup> *Bees.*—Compare Homer, "Iliad," ii. 87; Virgil, "Æneid," i. 430; and Milton, "Paradise Lost," b. i. 768.

<sup>4</sup> *Wings of gold.*—

"The middle pair

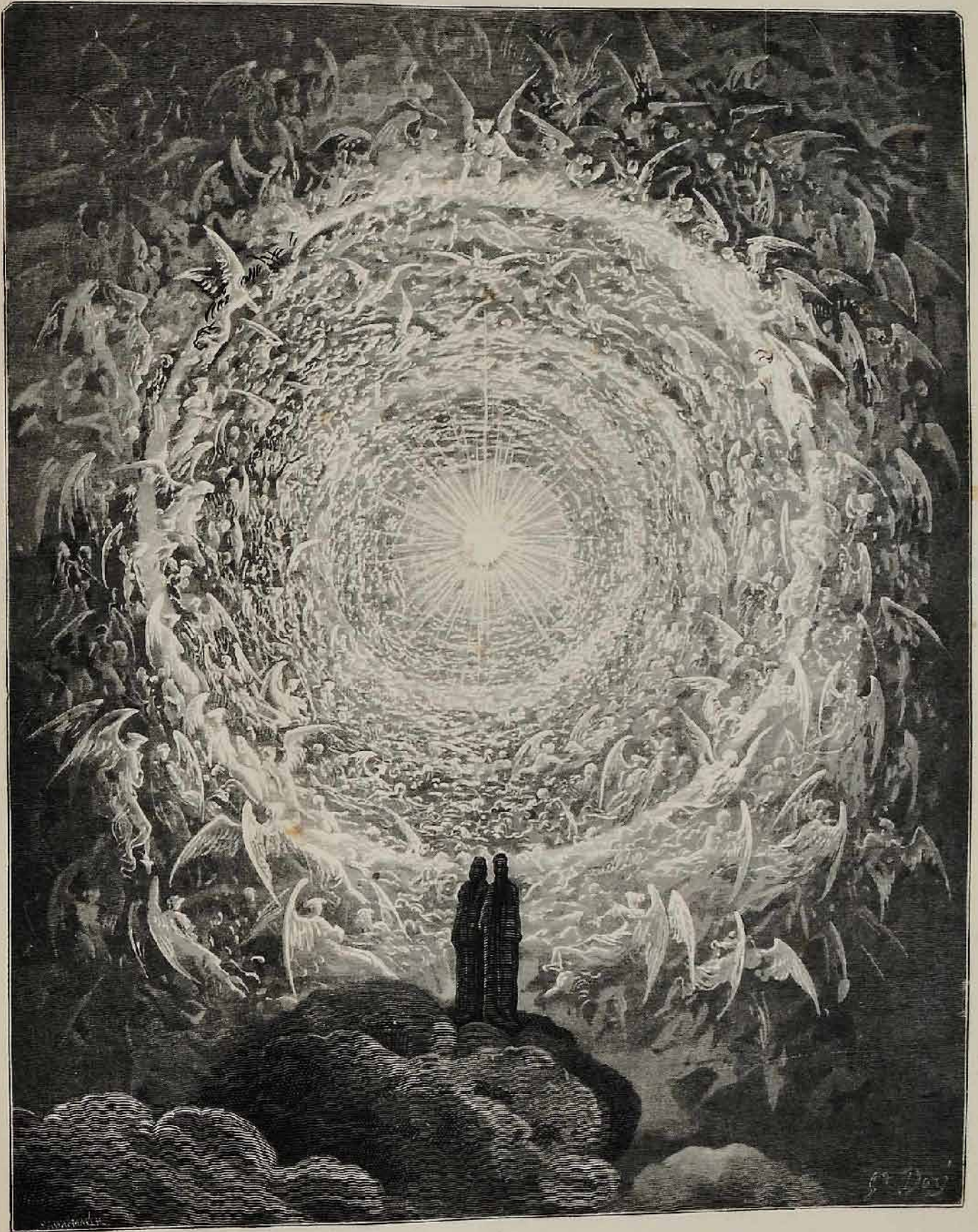
skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold."

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. v. 282



In fashion, as a snow white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,  
Which in his own blood Christ espoused.

*Canto XXXI, lines 1-3.*





Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!  
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.<sup>1</sup>

If the grim brood,<sup>2</sup> from Arctic shores that roam'd  
(Where Helice<sup>3</sup> for ever, as she wheels,  
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),  
Stood in mute wonder 'mid the works of Rome,  
When to their view the Lateran arose<sup>4</sup>  
In greatness more than earthly; I, who then  
From human to divine had past, from time  
Unto eternity, and out of Florence  
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse  
But marvel too? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,  
In sooth no will had I to utter aught,  
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests  
Within the temple of his vow, looks round  
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell  
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes  
Coursed up and down along the living light,  
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,  
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,  
Where charity in soft persuasion sat;  
Smiles from within, and radiance from above;  
And, in each gesture, grace and honour high.

So roved my ken, and in its general form  
All Paradise survey'd: when round I turn'd  
With purpose of my lady to inquire  
Once more of things, that held my thought suspense,  
But answer found from other than I ween'd;  
For, Beatrice when I thought to see,  
I saw instead a senior, at my side,  
Robed, as the rest, in glory. Joy benign  
Glow'd in his eye, and o'er his cheek diffused,  
With gestures such as spake a father's love.  
And, "Whither is she vanish'd?" straight I ask'd.

<sup>1</sup> *To gild our storm below*.—To guide us through the dangers to which we are exposed in this tempestuous life.

<sup>2</sup> *If the grim brood*.—The northern hordes who invaded Rome. Landino justly observes that "this is a most excellent comparison to show how great his astonishment was at beholding the realms of the blest."

<sup>3</sup> *Helice*.—Callisto, and her son Arcas, changed into the constellations of the Greater Bear and Arctophylax, or Boötes. See Ovid, "Metamorphoses," lib. ii., fab. v. vi.  
*The Lateran arose*.—

"Quando Laterano  
Alle cose mortali andò di sopra."

This reminds us of the celebrated passage in Akenside:  
"Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,  
Amid the domes of modern hands."

*Ode xviii., b. i.*

It is remarkable that Dante has no allusion to the magnificence of Gothic architecture, which was then in so much perfection, and which, as Tiraboschi endeavours to show, by a passage in Cassiodorus, describing its peculiar character of slender columns and lanceated arches, was introduced into Italy so early as the end of the fifth century. See "Storia della Lett. Ital.," tom. iii., lib. i.

“By Beatrice summon'd,” he replied,  
 “I come to aid thy wish. Looking aloft  
 To the third circle from the highest, there  
 Behold her on the throne, wherein her merit  
 Hath placed her.” Answering not, mine eyes I raised,  
 And saw her, where aloof she sat, her brow  
 A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.  
 Not from the centre of the sea so far  
 Unto the region of the highest thunder,  
 As was my ken from hers; and yet the form  
 Came through that medium down, unmix'd and pure.

“O lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest;  
 Who, for my safety, hast not scorn'd, in hell  
 To leave the traces of thy footsteps mark'd;  
 For all mine eyes have seen, I to thy power  
 And goodness, virtue owe and grace. Of slave  
 Thou hast to freedom brought me: and no means,  
 For my deliverance apt, hast left untried.  
 Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep:  
 That, when my spirit, which thou madest whole,  
 Is loosen'd from this body, it may find  
 Favour with thee.” So I my suit preferr'd:  
 And she, so distant, as appear'd, look'd down,  
 And smiled; then towards the eternal fountain turn'd.

And thus the senior, holy and revered:  
 “That thou at length mayst happily conclude  
 Thy voyage (to which end I was dispatch'd,  
 By supplication moved and holy love),  
 Let thy upsoaring vision range, at large,  
 This garden through: for so, by ray divine  
 Kindled, thy ken a higher flight shall mount;  
 And from heaven's queen, whom fervent I adore,  
 All gracious aid befriend us; for that I  
 Am her own faithful Bernard.”<sup>1</sup> Like a wight,  
 Who haply from Croatia wends to see

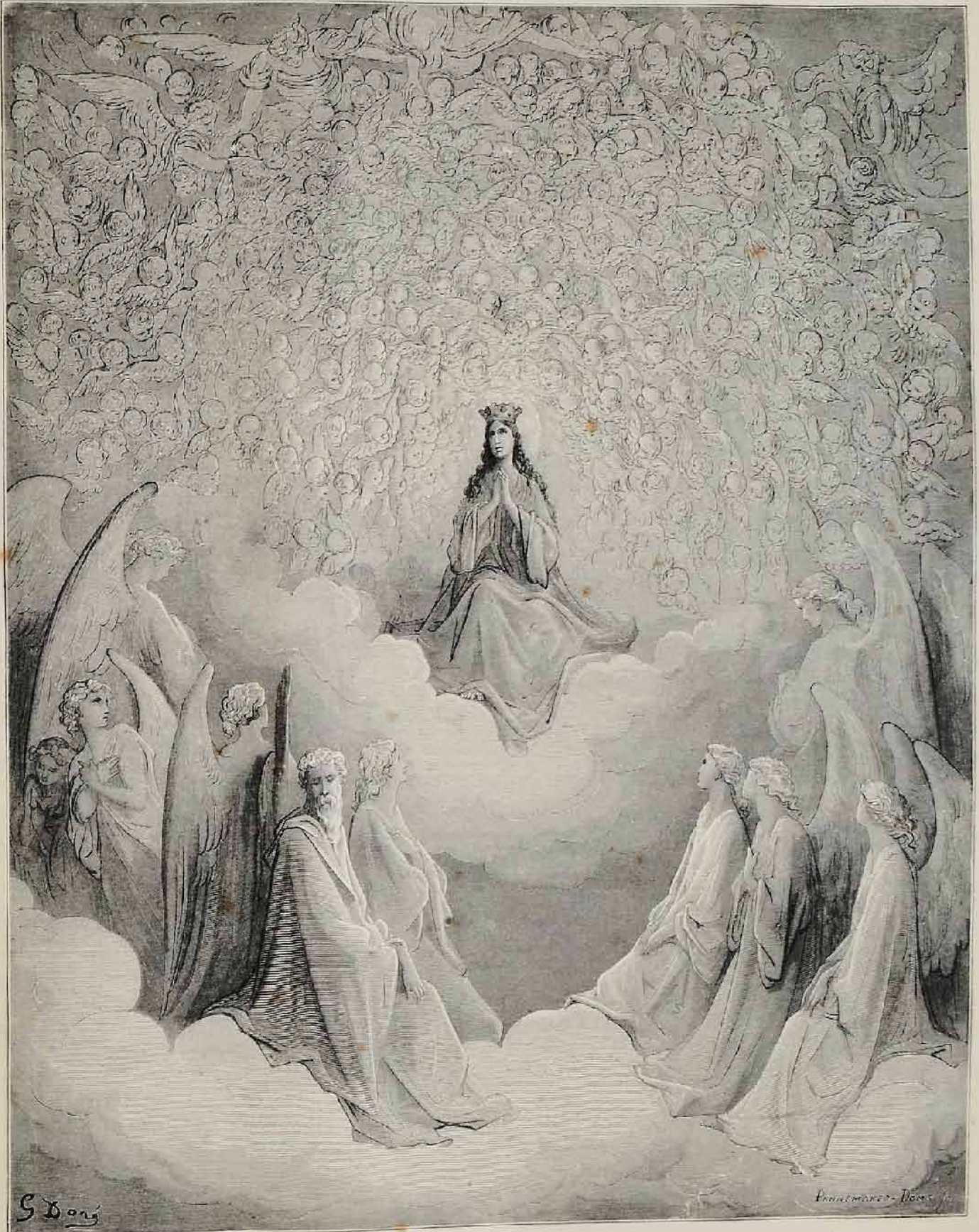
<sup>1</sup> *Bernard*.—St. Bernard, the venerable abbot of Clairvaux, and the great promoter of the second crusade, who died A.D. 1153, in his sixty-third year. His sermons are called by Henault, “chefs-d'œuvres de sentiment et de force.”—*Abrégé Chron. de l'Hist. de Fr.*, 1145. They have even been preferred to all the productions of the ancients, and the author has been termed the last of the fathers of the church. It is uncertain whether they were not delivered originally in the French tongue.—*Ibid.*

That the part he acts in the present poem should be assigned to him, appears somewhat remarkable, when we consider that he severely censured the new festival established in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and “opposed the doctrine itself with the greatest vigour, as it supposed her being honoured with a privilege which belonged to Christ alone.”—*Dr. MacLaine's Moshim*, vol. iii., cent. xii., part ii., c. iii. § 19.



Answering not, mine eyes I raised,  
And saw her, where aloof she sat, her brow  
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.

*Canto XXXI., lines 64—66.*



S. D. Ong

FRANCOIS-DEBAY



Our Veronica;<sup>1</sup> and the while 'tis shown,  
 Hangs over it with never-sated gaze,  
 And, all that he hath heard revolving, saith  
 Unto himself in thought: "And didst thou look  
 E'en thus, O Jesus, my true Lord and God?  
 And was this semblance thine?" So gazed I then  
 Adoring; for the charity of him,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who musing, in this world *that* peace enjoy'd,  
 Stood lively before me. "Child of grace!"  
 Thus he began: "thou shalt not knowledge gain  
 Of this glad being, if thine eyes are held  
 Still in this depth below. But search around  
 The circles, to the furthest, till thou spy  
 Seated in state, the queen,<sup>3</sup> that of this realm  
 Is sovran." Straight mine eyes I raised; and bright,  
 As, at the birth of morn, the eastern clime  
 Above the horizon, where the sun declines;  
 So to mine eyes, that upward, as from vale  
 To mountain sped, at the extreme bound, a part  
 Excell'd in lustre all the front opposed.  
 And as the glow burns ruddiest o'er the wave,  
 That waits the ascending team, which Phaëton  
 Ill knew to guide, and on each part the light  
 Diminish'd fades, intensest in the midst;  
 So burn'd the peaceful oriflamb,<sup>4</sup> and slack'd  
 On every side the living flame decay'd.  
 And in that midst their sportive pennons waved  
 Thousands of angels; in resplendence each  
 Distinct, and quaint adornment. At their glee  
 And carol, smiled the Lovely One of heaven,  
 That joy was in the eyes of all the blest.  
 Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich,

<sup>1</sup> *Our Veronica*.—

"A vernicle had he sewed upon his cappe."

*Chaucer, Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

"Vernicle, diminutive of Veronike, Fr. A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome.—*Du Cange in v. Veronica*. Madox, *Form. Angl.*, 1, p. 428, Testam. Joh. de Nevill, an. 1386. Item Domino Archiepiscopo Eborum fratri meo, vestimentum rubrum de velvet cum le verouike (i. Veronike) in granis rosarum de super Brondata (i. broudata). It was usual for persons returning from pilgrimages, to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited; and therefore the Pardoner, who is just arrived from Rome, is

represented with a vernicle sewed upon his cappe. See *Pierce Plowman*, 28, b.—*Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer*. Our poet alludes to this custom in his "Vna Nuova," p. 275, "Avvenne in quel tempo," &c. "It happened, at that time, that many people were going to see that blessed image, which Jesus Christ left to us for a pattern of his most beautiful form, which my lady now beholds in glory."

<sup>2</sup> *Him*.—St. Bernard.

<sup>3</sup> *The queen*.—The Virgin Mary.

<sup>4</sup> *Oriflamb*.—Menage, on this word, quotes the "Roman des Royaux Lignages" of Guillaume Ghyart:

"Oriflamme est une banniere  
 De cendal roujoyant et simple  
 Sans portraiture d'autre affaire."

As is the colouring in fancy's loom,  
'Twere all too poor to utter the least part  
Of that enchantment. When he saw mine eyes  
Intent on her, that charm'd him; Bernard gazed  
With so exceeding fondness, as infused  
Ardour into my breast, unfelt before.



CANTO XXXII.

ARGUMENT.

St. Bernard shows him, on their several thrones, the other blessed souls, both of the Old and New Testament; explains to him that their places are assigned them by grace, and not according to merit; and lastly, tells him that if he would obtain power to descry what remained of the heavenly vision, he must unite with him in supplication to Mary.

FREELY the sage, though wrapt in musings high,  
 Assumed the teacher's part, and mild began:  
 "The wound that Mary closed she' open'd first,  
 Who sits so beautiful at Mary's feet.  
 The third in order, underneath her, lo!  
 Rachel with Beatrice: Sarah next;  
 Judith; Rebecca; and the gleaner-maid,  
 Meek ancestress<sup>2</sup> of him, who sang the songs  
 Of sore repentance in his sorrowful mood.  
 All, as I name them, down from leaf to leaf,  
 Are, in gradation, throned on the rose.  
 And from the seventh step, successively,  
 Adown the breathing tresses of the flower,  
 Still doth the file of Hebrew dames proceed.  
 For these are a partition wall, whereby  
 The sacred stairs are sever'd, as the faith  
 In Christ divides them. On this part, where blooms  
 Each leaf in full maturity, are set  
 Such as in Christ, or e'er he came, believed.  
 On the other, where an intersected space  
 Yet shows the semicircle void, abide  
 All they, who look'd to Christ already come.  
 And as our Lady on her glorious stool,  
 And they who on their stools beneath her sit,  
 This way distinction make; e'en so on his,  
 The mighty Baptist that way marks the line  
 (He who endured the desert, and the pains

<sup>1</sup> The wound that Mary closed she—Eve.

<sup>2</sup> Ancestress.—Ruth, the ancestress of David

Of martyrdom, and, for two years,<sup>1</sup> of hell,  
 Yet still continued holy), and beneath,  
 Augustin;<sup>2</sup> Francis;<sup>3</sup> Benedict;<sup>4</sup> and the rest,  
 Thus far from round to round. So heaven's decree  
 Forecasts, this garden, equally to fill,  
 With faith in either view, past or to come.  
 Learn too, that downward from the step, which cleaves,  
 Midway, the twain compartments, none there are  
 Who place obtain for merit of their own,  
 But have through others' merit been advanced,  
 On set conditions; spirits all released,  
 Ere for themselves they had the power to chuse.  
 And, if thou mark and listen to them well,  
 Their childish looks and voice declare as much.

“Here, silent as thou art, I know thy doubt;  
 And gladly will I loose the knot, wherein  
 Thy subtil thoughts have bound thee. From this realm  
 Excluded, chance no entrance here may find;  
 No more than hunger, thirst, or sorrow can.  
 A law immutable hath stablish'd all;  
 Nor is there aught thou seest, that doth not fit,  
 Exactly, as the finger to the ring.  
 It is not, therefore, without cause, that these,  
 O'erspeedy comers to immortal life,  
 Are different in their shares of excellence.  
 Our Sovran Lord, that settleth this estate  
 In love and in delight so absolute,  
 That wish can dare no further, every soul,  
 Created in his joyous sight to dwell,  
 With grace, at pleasure, variously<sup>5</sup> endows.  
 And for a proof the effect may well suffice.  
 And 'tis moreover most expressly mark'd  
 In holy Scripture,<sup>6</sup> where the twins are said

<sup>1</sup> *Two years.*—The time that elapsed between the death of the Baptist and his redemption by the death of Christ.

<sup>2</sup> *Augustin.*—Bishop of Hippo, in the fourth century; the celebrated writer who has been mentioned before, canto x. 117.

<sup>3</sup> *Francis.*—See canto xi.

<sup>4</sup> *Benedict.*—See canto xxii.

<sup>5</sup> *Variouly.*—There can be no doubt but that “*Intra se*,” and not “*Entrassi*,” is the right reading at v. 60 of the original. The former seems to have been found in only a few MSS.; but it appears from Landino's notes that he had intended to adopt it; although Lombardi has been, as far as I know, the first to admit it into the text.

<sup>6</sup> *In holy Scripture.*—“And the children struggled together within her.”—Gen. xxv. 22. “When Rebekah also had conceived by one, even by our father Isaac; (for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the promise of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth;) it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger.”—Rom. ix. 10, 11, 12. Care must be taken that the doctrine of election is not pushed further than St. Paul appears to have intended by this text, which regards the preference of the Jews to the Gentiles, and not merely the choice of particular persons, without any respect to merit.



To have struggled in the womb. Therefore, as grace  
 Inweaves the coronet, so every brow  
 Weareth its proper hue of orient light.  
 And merely in respect to his prime gift,  
 Not in reward of meritorious deed,  
 Hath each his several degree assign'd.  
 In early times with their own innocence  
 More was not wanting, than the parents' faith,  
 To save them: those first ages past, behoved  
 That circumcision in the males should imp  
 The flight of innocent wings: but since the day  
 Of grace hath come, without baptismal rites  
 In Christ accomplish'd, innocence herself  
 Must linger yet below. Now raise thy view  
 Unto the visage most resembling Christ:  
 For, in her splendour only, shalt thou win  
 The power to look on him." Forthwith I saw  
 Such floods of gladness on her visage shower'd,  
 From holy spirits, winging that profound;  
 That, whatsoever I had yet beheld,  
 Had not so much suspended me with wonder,  
 Or shown me such similitude of God.  
 And he, who had to her descended, once,  
 On earth, now hail'd in heaven; and on poised wing,  
 "Ave, Maria, gratia plena," sang:  
 To whose sweet anthem all the blissful court,  
 From all parts answering, rang: that holier joy  
 Brooded the deep serene. "Father revered!  
 Who deign'st, for me, to quit the pleasant place  
 Wherein thou sittest, by eternal lot;  
 Say, who that angel is, that with such glee  
 Beholds our queen, and so enamour'd glows  
 Of her high beauty, that all fire he seems."

So I again resorted to the lore  
 Of my wise teacher, he, whom Mary's charms  
 Embellish'd, as the sun the morning star;  
 Who thus in answer spake: "In him are summ'd,  
 Whate'er of buxomness and free delight  
 May be in spirit, or in angel, met:  
 And so beseems: for that he bare the palm  
 Down unto Mary, when the Son of God

Vouchsafed to clothe him in terrestrial weeds.  
 Now let thine eyes wait heedful on my words;  
 And note thou of this just and pious realm  
 The chiefest nobles. Those, highest in bliss,  
 The twain, on each hand next our empress throned,  
 Are as it were two roots unto this rose:  
 He to the left, the parent, whose rash taste  
 Proves bitter to his seed: and, on the right,  
 That ancient father of the holy church,  
 Into whose keeping Christ did give the keys  
 Of this sweet flower; near whom behold the seer,<sup>1</sup>  
 That, ere he died, saw all the grievous times  
 Of the fair bride, who with the lance and nails  
 Was won. And, near unto the other, rests  
 The leader, under whom, on manna, fed  
 The ungrateful nation, fickle, and perverse.  
 On the other part, facing to Peter, lo!  
 Where Anna sits, so well content to look  
 On her loved daughter, that with moveless eye  
 She chants the loud hosanna: while, opposed  
 To the first father of your mortal kind,  
 Is Lucia,<sup>2</sup> at whose hest thy lady sped,  
 When on the edge of ruin closed thine eye.

“But (for the vision hasteneth to an end)  
 Here break we off, as the good workman doth,  
 That shapes the cloak according to the cloth;  
 And to the primal love our ken shall rise;  
 That thou mayst penetrate the brightness, far  
 As sight can bear thee. Yet, alas! in sooth  
 Beating thy pennons, thinking to advance,  
 Thou backward fall'st. Grace then must first be gain'd;  
 Her grace, whose might can help thee. Thou in prayer  
 Seek her: and, with affection, whilst I sue,  
 Attend, and yield me all thy heart.” He said;  
 And thus the saintly orison began.

<sup>1</sup> *Near whom behold the seer.*—St. John.

| <sup>2</sup> *Lucia.*—See “Hell,” canto ii. 97, and “Purgatory,” ix. 50



## CANTO XXXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

St. Bernard supplicates the Virgin Mary that Dante may have grace given him to contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty, which is accordingly granted; and Dante then himself prays to God for ability to show forth some part of the celestial glory in his writings. Lastly, he is admitted to a glimpse of the great mystery; the Trinity, and the union of man with God.

“O VIRGIN mother,<sup>1</sup> daughter of thy Son!  
 Created beings all in lowliness  
 Surpassing, as in height above them all;  
 Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordain'd;  
 Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced  
 In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn,  
 To make himself his own creation;<sup>2</sup>  
 For in thy womb rekindling shone the love  
 Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now  
 This flower to germin in eternal peace:  
 Here thou to us, of charity and love,  
 Art, as the noon-day torch; and art, beneath,  
 To mortal men, of hope a living spring.  
 So mighty art thou, lady, and so great,  
 That he, who grace desireth, and comes not  
 To thee for aidance, fain would have desire<sup>3</sup>

*O virgin mother.—*

“Thou maide and mother daughter of thy son,  
 Thou wel of mercy, sinful soules cure,  
 In whom that God of bountee chees to won;  
 Thou humble and high over every creature,  
 Thou nobledest so far forth our nature,  
 That no disdain the maker had of kinde  
 His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde.  
 Within the cloistre blisful of thy sides  
 Toke mannes shape the eternal love and pees,  
 That of the trine compas Lord and guide is,  
 Whom erthe, and sea, and heven out of rellees  
 Ay herien; and thou virgin wemmeles  
 Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)  
 The Creatour of every creature.

Assembled in thee magnificence  
 With mercy, goodness, and with such pitee,  
 That thou that art the sunne of excellence  
 Not only helpst hem that praisen thee,  
 But ofentime of thy benignitee

Ful freely, or that men thin helpe beseche,  
 Thou goest beforne, and art hir lives leche.”

*Chaucer, The Second Nounes Tale.*

In the stanza preceding these, Chaucer alludes to St. Bernard's writings:

“And thou that art flour of virgins all,  
 Of whom that Bernard list so well to write.”

\* *To make himself his own creation.—*

“Non si sdegnò di farsi sua fattura.”

I had translated this line,

“Himself in his own work enclosed to dwell.”

and have corrected it at the suggestion of my friend, the Rev. William Digby, who points out a parallel passage in Bishop Hopkins, on the Lord's Prayer, ed. 1692, p. 199. “In Him omnipotence became weak; eternity, mortal; innocence itself, guilty; God, man; the Creator, a creature; the Maker of all, his own workmanship.”

\* *Desire.—*“Lo his desire woll lie withouten winges.”

*Chaucer, Troilus and Cresseide, lib. iii.*

Fly without wings. Not only him, who asks,  
 Thy bounty succours; but doth freely oft  
 Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be  
 Of excellence in creature, pity mild,  
 Relenting mercy, large munificence,  
 Are all combined in thee. Here kneeleth one,  
 Who of all spirits hath review'd the state,  
 From the world's lowest gap unto this height.  
 Suppliant to thee he kneels, imploring grace  
 For virtue yet more high, to lift his ken  
 Toward the bliss supreme. And I, who ne'er  
 Coveted sight, more fondly, for myself,  
 Than now for him, my prayers to thee prefer  
 (And pray they be not scant), that thou wouldst drive  
 Each cloud of his mortality away,  
 Through thine own prayers,<sup>1</sup> that on the sovran joy  
 Unveil'd he gaze. This yet, I pray thee, Queen,  
 Who canst do what thou wilt; that in him thou  
 Wouldst, after all he hath beheld, preserve  
 Affection sound, and human passions quell.  
 Lo! where, with Beatrice, many a saint  
 Stretch their clasp'd hands, in furtherance of my suit."

The eyes, that heaven with love and awe regards,  
 Fix'd on the suitor, witness'd, how benign  
 She looks on pious prayers: then fasten'd they  
 On the everlasting light, wherein no eye  
 Of creature, as may well be thought, so far  
 Can travel inward. I, meanwhile, who drew  
 Near to the limit, where all wishes end,  
 The ardour of my wish (for so beloved)  
 Ended within me. Beckoning smiled the sage  
 That I should look aloft: but, ere he bade,  
 Already of myself aloft I look'd;  
 For visual strength, refining more and more  
 Bare me into the ray authentical  
 Of sovran light. Thenceforward, what I saw,  
 Was not for words to speak, nor memory's self  
 To stand against such outrage on her skill.

"Che l' desiderio sempre move Pale  
 Dietro all' oggetto della mente appreso."

*Frezzi, Il Quadriregno*, lib. iii., cap. 3.

<sup>1</sup> *Through thine own prayers.*—Here again I am in-

debted to Mr. Digby for noticing the omission of "co' prieghi tuoi" in my former translation of the passage, which stood thus:

"That on the sovran pleasure he may gaze.  
 This also I entreat of thee, O queen."



As one, who from a dream awaken'd, straight  
 All he hath seen forgets; yet still retains  
 Impression of the feeling in his dream;  
 E'en such am I: for all the vision dies,  
 As 'twere, away; and yet the sense of sweet,  
 That sprang from it, still trickles in my heart.  
 Thus in the sun-thaw is the snow unscal'd;  
 Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost  
 The Sibyl's sentence.<sup>1</sup> O eternal beam!  
 (Whose height what reach of mortal thought may soar?)  
 Yield me again some little particle  
 Of what thou then appearedst; give my tongue  
 Power, but to leave one sparkle of thy glory,  
 Unto the race to come, that shall not lose  
 Thy triumph wholly, if thou waken aught  
 Of memory in me, and endure to hear  
 The record sound in this unequal strain.

Such keenness<sup>2</sup> from the living ray I met,  
 That, if mine eyes had turn'd away, methinks,  
 I had been lost; but, so embolden'd, on  
 I pass'd, as I remember, till my view  
 Hover'd the brink of dread infinitude.

O grace, unenvying of thy boon! that gavest  
 Boldness to fix so earnestly my ken  
 On the everlasting splendour, that I look'd,  
 While sight was unconsumed; and, in that depth,  
 Saw in one volume clasp'd of love, whate'er  
 The universe unfolds; all properties<sup>3</sup>  
 Of substance and of accident, beheld,  
 Compounded, yet one individual light  
 The whole. And of such bond methinks I saw  
 The universal form; for that whene'er  
 I do but speak of it, my soul dilates  
 Beyond her proper self; and, till I speak,  
 One moment<sup>4</sup> seems a longer lethargy.

<sup>1</sup> *The Sibyl's sentence.*—Virgil, "Æneid," iii. 445.

<sup>2</sup> *Such keenness.*—"Th' air  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray,  
 To objects distant far."

*Milton, Paradise Lost, b. iii. 521.*

<sup>3</sup> *All properties.*—Thus in the "Parmenides" of Plato,  
 it is argued that all conceivable quantities and qualities,  
 however contradictory, are necessarily inherent in our  
 idea of a universe or unity.

<sup>4</sup> *One moment.*—"A moment seems to me more tedious

than five-and-twenty ages would have appeared to the  
 Argonauts, when they had resolved on their expedition."  
 Lombardi proposes a new interpretation of this difficult  
 passage, and would understand our author to say that  
 "one moment elapsed after the vision, occasioned a  
 greater forgetfulness of what he had seen, than the five-  
 and-twenty centuries, which past between the Argonautic  
 expedition and the time of his writing this poem, had  
 caused oblivion of the circumstances attendant on that  
 event."

Than five-and-twenty ages had appear'd  
To that emprise, that first made Neptune wonder  
At Argo's shadow<sup>1</sup> darkening on his flood.

With fixed heed, suspense and motionless,  
Wondering I gazed; and admiration still  
Was kindled as I gazed. It may not be,  
That one, who looks upon that light, can turn  
To other object, willingly, his view.  
For all the good, that will may covet, there  
Is summ'd; and all elsewhere defective found,  
Complete. My tongue shall utter now, no more  
E'en what remembrance keeps, than could the babe's  
That yet is moisten'd at his mother's breast.  
Not that the semblance of the living light  
Was changed (that ever as at first remain'd),  
But that my vision quickening, in that sole  
Appearance, still new miracles descried,  
And toil'd me with the change. In that abyss  
Of radiance, clear and lofty, seem'd, methought,  
Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound:<sup>2</sup>  
And, from another, one reflected seem'd,  
As rainbow is from rainbow: and the third  
Seem'd fire, breathed equally from both. O speech!  
How feeble and how faint art thou, to give  
Conception birth. Yet this to what I saw  
Is less than little.<sup>3</sup> O eternal light!  
Sole in thyself that dwell'st; and of thyself  
Sole understood, past, present, or to come;  
Thou smiledst,<sup>4</sup> on that circling,<sup>5</sup> which in thee  
Seem'd as reflected splendour, while I mused;  
For I therein, methought, in its own hue  
Beheld our image painted: stedfastly  
I therefore pored upon the view. As one,

<sup>1</sup> *Argo's shadow.*—

"Que simul ac rostro ventosum proscidit æquor,  
Tortaque remigio spuma incanduit unda,  
Emergere feri candenti e gurgite vultus  
Æquoræ monstrum Nereides admirantes."

*Catullus, De Nupt. Pel. et Thea.*, 15.

<sup>2</sup> The wondrous Argo, which in wondrous piece  
First through the Euxines bore all the flower of Greece."

*Spenser, Fairy Queen*, b. ii., c. 12., st. 44.

<sup>3</sup> *Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound.*—The Trinity. This passage may be compared to what Plato, in his second Epistle, enigmatically says of a first,

second, and third, and of the impossibility that the human soul should attain to what it desires to know of them, by means of anything akin to itself.

<sup>4</sup> *Less than little.*—

"Che l' paven vi parrebbe men che poco?"

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo*, l. ii., cap. 5.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou smiledst.*—Some MSS. and editions, instead of "intendente te a me arridi," have "intendente te ami ed arridi," "who, understanding thyself, lovest and enjoyest thyself;" which Lombardi thinks much preferable.

<sup>6</sup> *That circling.*—The second of the circles, "Light of Light," in which he dimly beheld the mystery of the incarnation.



Who versed in geometric lore, would fain  
Measure the circle; and, though pondering long  
And deeply, that beginning, which he needs,  
Finds not: e'en such was I, intent to scan  
The novel wonder, and trace out the form,  
How to the circle fitted, and therein  
How placed: but the flight was not for my wing;  
Had not a flash darted athwart my mind,  
And, in the spleen, unfolded what it sought.

Here vigour fail'd the towering fantasy:  
But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel  
In even motion, by the love impell'd,  
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

THE END.