

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Divine Comedy by Dante,  
Illustrated, Purgatory, Volume 3, by Dante Alighieri**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Divine Comedy by Dante, Illustrated, Purgatory, Volume 3

Author: Dante Alighieri

Illustrator: Gustave Doré

Translator: Henry Francis Cary

Release date: August 4, 2004 [EBook #8792]

Most recently updated: January 2, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by David Widger

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE DIVINE COMEDY BY  
DANTE, ILLUSTRATED, PURGATORY, VOLUME 3 \*\*\*

---

**THE VISION**

**OF**

**HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE**

**BY**

**DANTE ALIGHIERI**

# PURGATORY

Part 3

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. H. F. CARY, M.A.





# PURGATORY AND PARADISE

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF

## DANTE ALIGHIERI

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH THE DESIGNS OF

### M. GUSTAVE DORÉ

*New Edition*

1901  
THOMPSON & THOMAS  
CHICAGO

# PURGATORY

# LIST OF CANTOS

[Canto 11](#)

[Canto 12](#)

[Canto 13](#)

[Canto 14](#)

[Canto 15](#)

[Canto 16](#)

[Canto 17](#)

[Canto 18](#)

## CANTO XI

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

Thus for themselves and us good speed imploring,  
Those spirits went beneath a weight like that  
We sometimes feel in dreams, all, sore beset,  
But with unequal anguish, wearied all,  
Round the first circuit, purging as they go,  
The world's gross darkness off: In our behalf  
If there vows still be offer'd, what can here  
For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills  
Have root of goodness in them? Well beseems

That we should help them wash away the stains  
They carried hence, that so made pure and light,  
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

"Ah! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid  
Your burdens speedily, that ye have power  
To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire  
Shall lift you, as ye show us on which hand  
Toward the ladder leads the shortest way.  
And if there be more passages than one,  
Instruct us of that easiest to ascend;  
For this man who comes with me, and bears yet  
The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him,  
Despite his better will but slowly mounts."  
From whom the answer came unto these words,  
Which my guide spake, appear'd not; but 'twas said.

"Along the bank to rightward come with us,  
And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil  
Of living man to climb: and were it not  
That I am hinder'd by the rock, wherewith  
This arrogant neck is tam'd, whence needs I stoop  
My visage to the ground, him, who yet lives,  
Whose name thou speak'st not him I fain would view.  
To mark if e'er I knew him? and to crave  
His pity for the fardel that I bear.  
I was of Latiun, of a Tuscan horn  
A mighty one: Aldobranlesco's name  
My sire's, I know not if ye e'er have heard.  
My old blood and forefathers' gallant deeds  
Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot  
The common mother, and to such excess,  
Wax'd in my scorn of all men, that I fell,  
Fell therefore; by what fate Sienna's sons,  
Each child in Campagnatico, can tell.  
I am Omberto; not me only pride  
Hath injur'd, but my kindred all involv'd  
In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains  
Under this weight to groan, till I appease  
God's angry justice, since I did it not  
Amongst the living, here amongst the dead."

List'ning I bent my visage down: and one  
(Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight  
That urg'd him, saw me, knew me straight, and call'd,  
Holding his eyes With difficulty fix'd  
Intent upon me, stooping as I went  
Companion of their way. "O!" I exclaim'd,

"Art thou not Oderigi, art not thou  
Agobbio's glory, glory of that art  
Which they of Paris call the limmer's skill?"

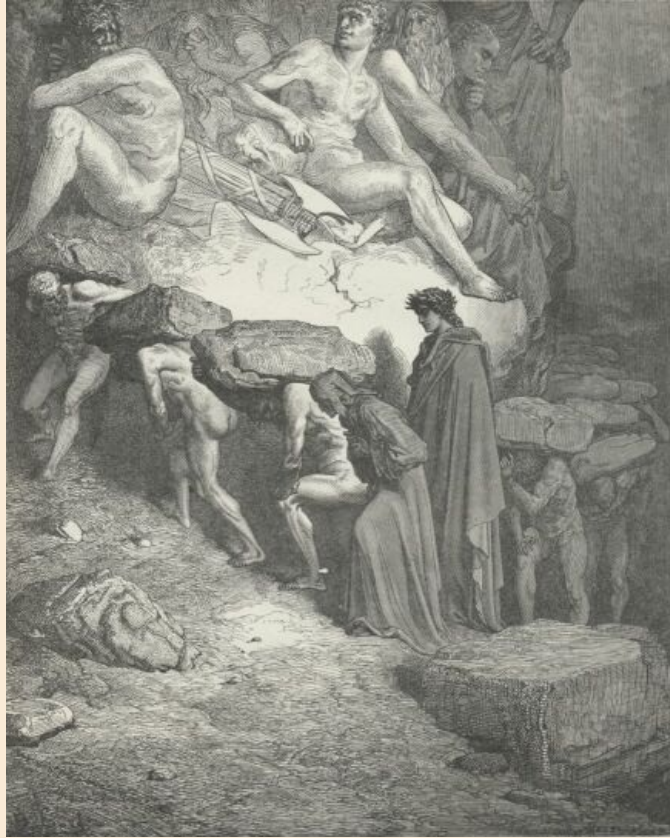
"Brother!" said he, "with tints that gayer smile,  
Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves.  
His all the honour now; mine borrow'd light.  
In truth I had not been thus courteous to him,  
The whilst I liv'd, through eagerness of zeal  
For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.  
Here of such pride the forfeiture is paid.  
Nor were I even here; if, able still

To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God.  
O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipp'd  
E'en in its height of verdure, if an age  
Less bright succeed not! Cimabue thought  
To lord it over painting's field; and now  
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclips'd.  
Thus hath one Guido from the other snatch'd  
The letter'd prize: and he perhaps is born,  
Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise  
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,  
That blows from divers points, and shifts its name  
Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more  
Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh  
Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou hadst died,  
Before the coral and the pap were left,  
Or ere some thousand years have passed? and that  
Is, to eternity compar'd, a space,  
Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye  
To the heaven's slowest orb. He there who treads  
So leisurely before me, far and wide  
Through Tuscany resounded once; and now  
Is in Sienna scarce with whispers nam'd:  
There was he sov'reign, when destruction caught  
The madd'ning rage of Florence, in that day  
Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown  
Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go,  
And his might withers it, by whom it sprang  
Crude from the lap of earth." I thus to him:  
"True are thy sayings: to my heart they breathe  
The kindly spirit of meekness, and allay  
What tumours rankle there. But who is he  
Of whom thou spak'st but now?"--"This," he replied,  
"Is Provenzano. He is here, because  
He reach'd, with grasp presumptuous, at the sway  
Of all Sienna. Thus he still hath gone,  
Thus goeth never-resting, since he died.  
Such is th' acquittance render'd back of him,  
Who, beyond measure, dar'd on earth." I then:  
"If soul that to the verge of life delays  
Repentance, linger in that lower space,  
Nor hither mount, unless good prayers befriend,  
How chanc'd admittance was vouchsaf'd to him?"

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

## CANTO XII





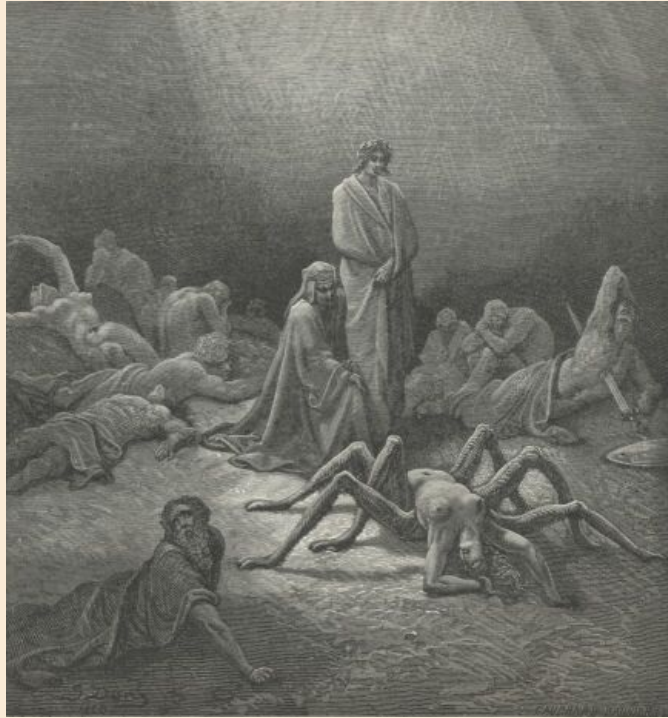
With equal pace as oxen in the yoke,  
I with that laden spirit journey'd on  
Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me;  
But when he bade me quit him, and proceed  
(For "here," said he, "behooves with sail and oars  
Each man, as best he may, push on his bark"),  
Upright, as one dispos'd for speed,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

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

As in memorial of the buried, drawn  
Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptur'd form  
Of what was once, appears (at sight whereof  
Tears often stream forth by remembrance wak'd,  
Whose sacred stings the piteous only feel),  
So saw I there, but with more curious skill  
Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space  
From forth the mountain stretches. On one part  
Him I beheld, above all creatures erst  
Created noblest, light'ning fall from heaven:  
On th' other side with bolt celestial pierc'd  
Briareus: cumb'ring earth he lay through dint  
Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbraean god  
With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,  
Arm'd still, and gazing on the giant's limbs  
Strewn o'er th' ethereal field. Nimrod I saw:  
At foot of the stupendous work he stood,

As if bewild'rd, looking on the crowd  
Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.

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



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

O Rehoboam! here thy shape doth seem  
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 Alcmaeon forc'd his mother rate  
That ornament in evil hour receiv'd:  
How in the temple on Sennacherib fell  
His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.  
Was shown the scath and cruel mangling made  
By Tomyris on Cyrus, when she cried:  
"Blood thou didst thirst for, take thy fill of blood!"  
Was shown how routed in the battle fled  
Th' Assyrians, Holofernes slain, and e'en  
The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd  
In ashes and in caverns. Oh! how fall'n,  
How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there!

What master of the pencil or the style  
Had trac'd the shades and lines, that might have made



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

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

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

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

A scanty few are they, who when they hear  
Such tidings, hasten. O ye race of men  
Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind  
So slight to baffle ye? He led us on  
Where the rock parted; here against my front  
Did beat his wings, then promis'd I should fare  
In safety on my way. As to ascend  
That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands  
(O'er Rubaconte, looking lordly down  
On the well-guided city,) up the right  
Th' impetuous rise is broken by the steps  
Carv'd in that old and simple age, when still  
The registry and label rested safe;  
Thus is th' acclivity reliev'd, which here  
Precipitous from the other circuit falls:  
But on each hand the tall cliff presses close.

As ent'ring there we turn'd, voices, in strain  
Ineffable, sang: "Blessed are the poor  
In spirit." Ah how far unlike to these  
The straits of hell; here songs to usher us,  
There shrieks of woe! We climb the holy stairs:  
And lighter to myself by far I seem'd  
Than on the plain before, whence thus I spake:  
"Say, master, of what heavy thing have I  
Been lighten'd, that scarce aught the sense of toil  
Affects me journeying?" He in few replied:  
"When sin's broad characters, that yet remain  
Upon thy temples, though well nigh effac'd,  
Shall be, as one is, all clean razed out,

Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will  
Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel  
No sense of labour, but delight much more  
Shall wait them urg'd along their upward way."

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

## CANTO XIII

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

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

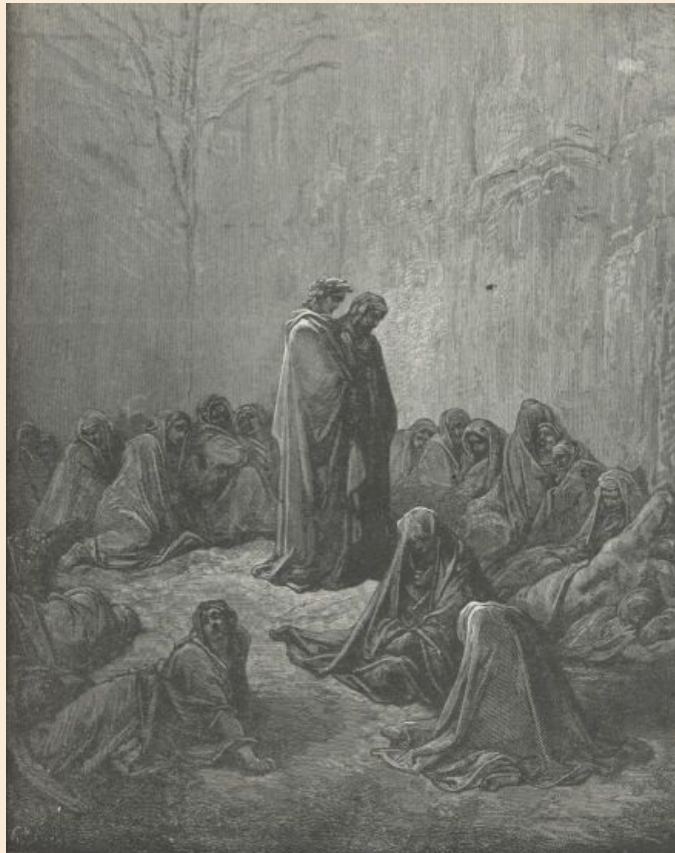
Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes  
He fastn'd, made his right the central point  
From whence to move, and turn'd the left aside.  
"O pleasant light, my confidence and hope,  
Conduct us thou," he cried, "on this new way,  
Where now I venture, leading to the bourn  
We seek. The universal world to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

Far, as is measur'd for a mile on earth,  
In brief space had we journey'd; such prompt will  
Impell'd; and towards us flying, now were heard  
Spirits invisible, who courteously  
Unto love's table bade the welcome guest.  
The voice, that first? flew by, call'd forth aloud,  
"They have no wine;" so on behind us past,  
Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost  
In the faint distance, when another came  
Crying, "I am Orestes," and alike  
Wing'd its fleet way. "Oh father!" I exclaim'd,  
"What tongues are these?" and as I question'd, lo!  
A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd you."

"This circuit," said my teacher, "knots the scourge

For envy, and the cords are therefore drawn  
By charity's correcting hand. The curb  
Is of a harsher sound, as thou shalt hear  
(If I deem rightly), ere thou reach the pass,  
Where pardon sets them free. But fix thine eyes  
Intently through the air, and thou shalt see  
A multitude before thee seated, each  
Along the shelving grot." Then more than erst  
I op'd my eyes, before me view'd, and saw  
Shadows with garments dark as was the rock;  
And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard  
A crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us,  
Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!"

I do not think there walks on earth this day  
Man so remorseless, that he hath not yearn'd  
With pity at the sight that next I saw.  
Mine eyes a load of sorrow teemed, when now  
I stood so near them, that their semblances  
Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile  
Their cov'ring seem'd; and on his shoulder one  
Did stay another, leaning, and all lean'd  
Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor,  
Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,  
Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk,



So most to stir compassion, not by sound  
Of words alone, but that, which moves not less,  
The sight of mis'ry. And as never beam  
Of noonday visiteth the eyeless man,  
E'en so was heav'n a niggard unto these

Of his fair light; for, through the orbs of all,  
A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,  
As for the taming of a haggard hawk.

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

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

I turn'd me to them, and "O shades!" said I,

"Assur'd that to your eyes unveil'd shall shine  
The lofty light, sole object of your wish,  
So may heaven's grace clear whatsoe'er of foam  
Floats turbid on the conscience, that thenceforth  
The stream of mind roll limpid from its source,  
As ye declare (for so shall ye impart  
A boon I dearly prize) if any soul  
Of Latium dwell among ye; and perchance  
That soul may profit, if I learn so much."

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

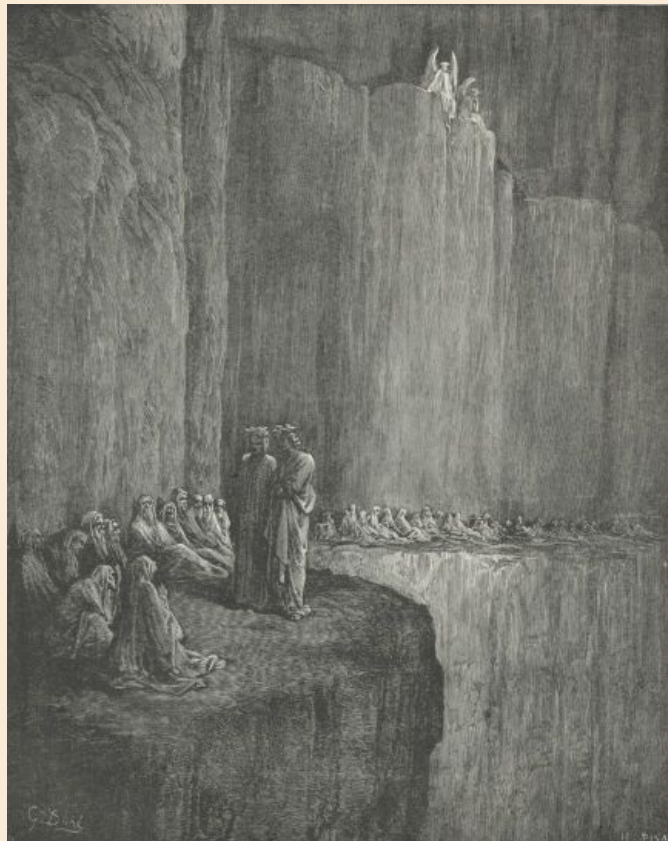
So heard I answering, as appeal'd, a voice  
That onward came some space from whence I stood.

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

"I was," it answer'd, "of Sienna: here  
I cleanse away with these the evil life,  
Soliciting with tears that He, who is,  
Vouchsafe him to us. Though Sapia nam'd  
In sapience I excell'd not, gladder far  
Of others' hurt, than of the good befell me.  
That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,  
Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it.  
When now my years slop'd waning down the arch,  
It so bechanc'd, my fellow citizens  
Near Colle met their enemies in the field,  
And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.  
There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves  
Unto the bitter passages of flight.  
I mark'd the hunt, and waxing out of bounds  
In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,  
And like the merlin cheated by a gleam,  
Cried, "It is over. Heav'n! I fear thee not."

Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace  
With God; nor repentance had supplied  
What I did lack of duty, were it not  
The hermit Piero, touch'd with charity,  
In his devout orisons thought on me.  
"But who art thou that question'st of our state,  
Who go'st to my belief, with lids unclos'd,  
And breathest in thy talk?"--"Mine eyes," said I,  
"May yet be here ta'en from me; but not long;  
For they have not offended grievously  
With envious glances. But the woe beneath  
Urges my soul with more exceeding dread.  
That nether load already weighs me down."

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



"He," answer'd I, "who standeth mute beside me.  
I live: of me ask therefore, chosen spirit,  
If thou desire I yonder yet should move  
For thee my mortal feet."--"Oh!" she replied,  
"This is so strange a thing, it is great sign  
That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer  
Sometime assist me: and by that I crave,  
Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet  
E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame  
Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold  
With that vain multitude, who set their hope  
On Telamone's haven, there to fail  
Confounded, more shall when the fancied stream  
They sought of Dian call'd: but they who lead



Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

## CANTO XIV

"Say who is he around our mountain winds,  
Or ever death has prun'd his wing for flight,  
That opes his eyes and covers them at will?"

"I know not who he is, but know thus much  
He comes not singly. Do thou ask of him,  
For thou art nearer to him, and take heed  
Accost him gently, so that he may speak."

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

"There stretches through the midst of Tuscany,"  
I straight began: "a brooklet, whose well-head  
Springs up in Falterona, with his race  
Not satisfied, when he some hundred miles  
Hath measur'd. From his banks bring, I this frame.  
To tell you who I am were words misspent:  
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumour's lip."

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

To whom the other: "Why hath he conceal'd  
The title of that river, as a man  
Doth of some horrible thing?" The spirit, who  
Thereof was question'd, did acquit him thus:  
"I know not: but 'tis fitting well the name  
Should perish of that vale; for from the source  
Where teems so plenteously the Alpine steep  
Maim'd of Pelorus, (that doth scarcely pass  
Beyond that limit,) even to the point  
Whereunto ocean is restor'd, what heaven  
Drains from th' exhaustless store for all earth's streams,  
Throughout the space is virtue worried down,  
As 'twere a snake, by all, for mortal foe,  
Or through disastrous influence on the place,  
Or else distortion of misguided wills,  
That custom goads to evil: whence in those,  
The dwellers in that miserable vale,  
Nature is so transform'd, it seems as they  
Had shar'd of Circe's feeding. 'Midst brute swine,  
Worthier of acorns than of other food



Created for man's use, he shapeth first  
His obscure way; then, sloping onward, finds  
Curs, snarlers more in spite than power, from whom  
He turns with scorn aside: still journeying down,  
By how much more the curst and luckless foss  
Swells out to largeness, e'en so much it finds  
Dogs turning into wolves. Descending still  
Through yet more hollow eddies, next he meets  
A race of foxes, so replete with craft,  
They do not fear that skill can master it.  
Nor will I cease because my words are heard  
By other ears than thine. It shall be well  
For this man, if he keep in memory  
What from no erring Spirit I reveal.  
Lo! I behold thy grandson, that becomes  
A hunter of those wolves, upon the shore  
Of the fierce stream, and cows them all with dread:  
Their flesh yet living sets he up to sale,  
Then like an aged beast to slaughter dooms.  
Many of life he reaves, himself of worth  
And goodly estimation. Smear'd with gore  
Mark how he issues from the rueful wood,  
Leaving such havoc, that in thousand years  
It spreads not to prime lustihood again."

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

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

The shade, who late addrest me, thus resum'd:  
"Thy wish imports that I vouchsafe to do  
For thy sake what thou wilt not do for mine.  
But since God's will is that so largely shine  
His grace in thee, I will be liberal too.  
Guido of Duca know then that I am.  
Envy so parch'd my blood, that had I seen  
A fellow man made joyous, thou hadst mark'd  
A livid paleness overspread my cheek.  
Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd.  
O man, why place thy heart where there doth need  
Exclusion of participants in good?  
This is Rinieri's spirit, this the boast  
And honour of the house of Calboli,  
Where of his worth no heritage remains.  
Nor his the only blood, that hath been stript  
('twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore,)  
Of all that truth or fancy asks for bliss;  
But in those limits such a growth has sprung  
Of rank and venom'd roots, as long would mock  
Slow culture's toil. Where is good Lizio? where  
Manardi, Traversalo, and Carpigna?  
O bastard slips of old Romagna's line!  
When in Bologna the low artisan,  
And in Faenza yon Bernardin sprouts,  
A gentle cyon from ignoble stem.  
Wonder not, Tuscan, if thou see me weep,

When I recall to mind those once lov'd names,  
Guido of Prata, and of Azzo him  
That dwelt with you; Tignoso and his troop,  
With Traversaro's house and Anastagio's,  
(Each race disherited) and beside these,  
The ladies and the knights, the toils and ease,  
That witch'd us into love and courtesy;  
Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts.  
O Brettinoro! wherefore tarriest still,  
Since forth of thee thy family hath gone,  
And many, hating evil, join'd their steps?  
Well doeth he, that bids his lineage cease,  
Bagnacavallo; Castracaro ill,  
And Conio worse, who care to propagate  
A race of Counties from such blood as theirs.  
Well shall ye also do, Pagani, then  
When from amongst you tries your demon child.  
Not so, howe'er, that henceforth there remain  
True proof of what ye were. O Hugolin!  
Thou sprung of Fantolini's line! thy name  
Is safe, since none is look'd for after thee  
To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock.  
But, Tuscan, go thy ways; for now I take  
Far more delight in weeping than in words.  
Such pity for your sakes hath wrung my heart."

We knew those gentle spirits at parting heard  
Our steps. Their silence therefore of our way  
Assur'd us. Soon as we had quitted them,  
Advancing onward, lo! a voice that seem'd  
Like vollied light'ning, when it rives the air,  
Met us, and shouted, "Whosoever finds  
Will slay me," then fled from us, as the bolt  
Lanc'd sudden from a downward-rushing cloud.  
When it had giv'n short truce unto our hearing,  
Behold the other with a crash as loud  
As the quick-following thunder: "Mark in me  
Aglauros turn'd to rock." I at the sound  
Retreating drew more closely to my guide.

Now in mute stillness rested all the air:  
And thus he spake: "There was the galling bit.  
But your old enemy so baits his hook,  
He drags you eager to him. Hence nor curb  
Avails you, nor reclaiming call. Heav'n calls  
And round about you wheeling courts your gaze  
With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye  
Turns with fond dotting still upon the earth.  
Therefore He smites you who discerneth all."

## CANTO XV

As much as 'twixt the third hour's close and dawn,  
Appareth of heav'n's sphere, that ever whirls  
As restless as an infant in his play,

So much appear'd remaining to the sun  
Of his slope journey towards the western goal.

Evening was there, and here the noon of night;  
and full upon our forehead smote the beams.  
For round the mountain, circling, so our path  
Had led us, that toward the sun-set now  
Direct we journey'd: when I felt a weight  
Of more exceeding splendour, than before,  
Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze  
Possess'd me, and both hands against my brow  
Lifting, I interpos'd them, as a screen,  
That of its gorgeous superflux of light  
Clipp'd the diminish'd orb. As when the ray,  
Striking On water or the surface clear  
Of mirror, leaps unto the opposite part,  
Ascending at a glance, e'en as it fell,  
(And so much differs from the stone, that falls)  
Through equal space, as practice skill hath shown;  
Thus with refracted light before me seemed  
The ground there smitten; whence in sudden haste  
My sight recoil'd. "What is this, sire belov'd!  
'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain?"  
Cried I, "and which towards us moving seems?"

"Marvel not, if the family of heav'n,"  
He answer'd, "yet with dazzling radiance dim  
Thy sense it is a messenger who comes,  
Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long,  
Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,  
As thy perception is by nature wrought  
Up to their pitch." The blessed angel, soon  
As we had reach'd him, hail'd us with glad voice:  
"Here enter on a ladder far less steep  
Than ye have yet encounter'd." We forthwith  
Ascending, heard behind us chanted sweet,  
"Blessed the merciful," and "happy thou!  
That conquer'st." Lonely each, my guide and I  
Pursued our upward way; and as we went,  
Some profit from his words I hop'd to win,  
And thus of him inquiring, fram'd my speech:

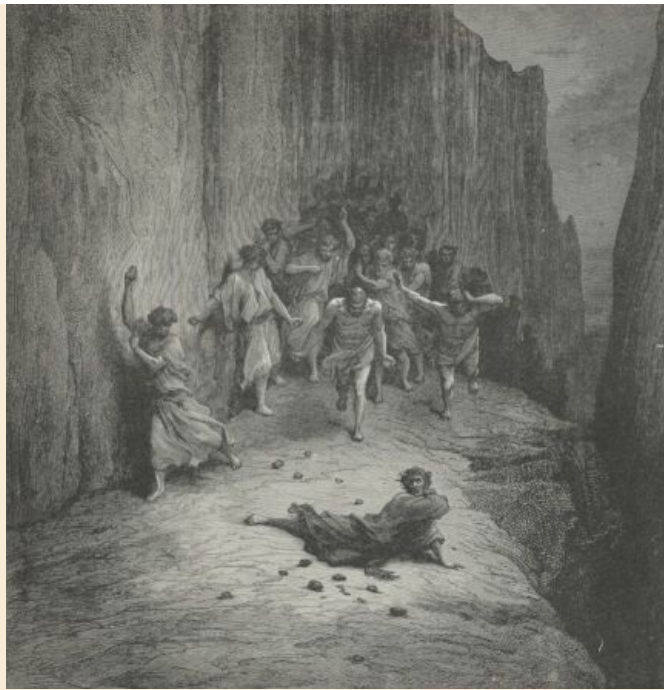
"What meant Romagna's spirit, when he spake  
Of bliss exclusive with no partner shar'd?"

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

"Now lack I satisfaction more," said I,  
"Than if thou hadst been silent at the first,  
And doubt more gathers on my lab'ring thought.  
How can it chance, that good distributed,

The many, that possess it, makes more rich,  
Than if 't were shar'd by few?" He answering thus:  
"Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth,  
Strikes darkness from true light. The highest good  
Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed  
To love, as beam to lucid body darts,  
Giving as much of ardour as it finds.  
The sempiternal effluence streams abroad  
Spreading, wherever charity extends.  
So that the more aspirants to that bliss  
Are multiplied, more good is there to love,  
And more is lov'd; as mirrors, that reflect,  
Each unto other, propagatèd light.  
If these my words avail not to allay  
Thy thirsting, Beatrice thou shalt see,  
Who of this want, and of all else thou hast,  
Shall rid thee to the full. Provide but thou  
That from thy temples may be soon eras'd,  
E'en as the two already, those five scars,  
That when they pain thee worst, then kindest heal,"

"Thou," I had said, "content'st me," when I saw  
The other round was gain'd, and wond'ring eyes  
Did keep me mute. There suddenly I seem'd  
By an ecstatic vision wrapt away;  
And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd  
Of many persons; and at th' entrance stood  
A dame, whose sweet demeanour did express  
A mother's love, who said, "Child! why hast thou  
Dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I  
Sorrowing have sought thee;" and so held her peace,  
And straight the vision fled. A female next  
Appear'd before me, down whose visage cours'd  
Those waters, that grief forces out from one  
By deep resentment stung, who seem'd to say:  
"If thou, Pisistratus, be lord indeed  
Over this city, nam'd with such debate  
Of adverse gods, and whence each science sparkles,  
Avenge thee of those arms, whose bold embrace  
Hath clasp'd our daughter; "and to fuel, meseem'd,  
Benign and meek, with visage undisturb'd,  
Her sovran spake: "How shall we those requite,  
Who wish us evil, if we thus condemn  
The man that loves us?" After that I saw  
A multitude, in fury burning, slay  
With stones a stripling youth, and shout amain  
"Destroy, destroy!" and him I saw, who bow'd  
Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made  
His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to heav'n,



Praying forgiveness of th' Almighty Sire,  
Amidst that cruel conflict, on his foes,  
With looks, that With compassion to their aim.

Soon as my spirit, from her airy flight  
Returning, sought again the things, whose truth  
Depends not on her shaping, I observ'd  
How she had rov'd to no unreal scenes

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

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

He thus: "Not if thy Countenance were mask'd  
With hundred vizards, could a thought of thine  
How small soe'er, elude me. What thou saw'st  
Was shown, that freely thou mightst ope thy heart  
To the waters of peace, that flow diffus'd  
From their eternal fountain. I not ask'd,  
What ails thee? for such cause as he doth, who  
Looks only with that eye which sees no more,  
When spiritless the body lies; but ask'd,  
To give fresh vigour to thy foot. Such goads  
The slow and loit'ring need; that they be found  
Not wanting, when their hour of watch returns."

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

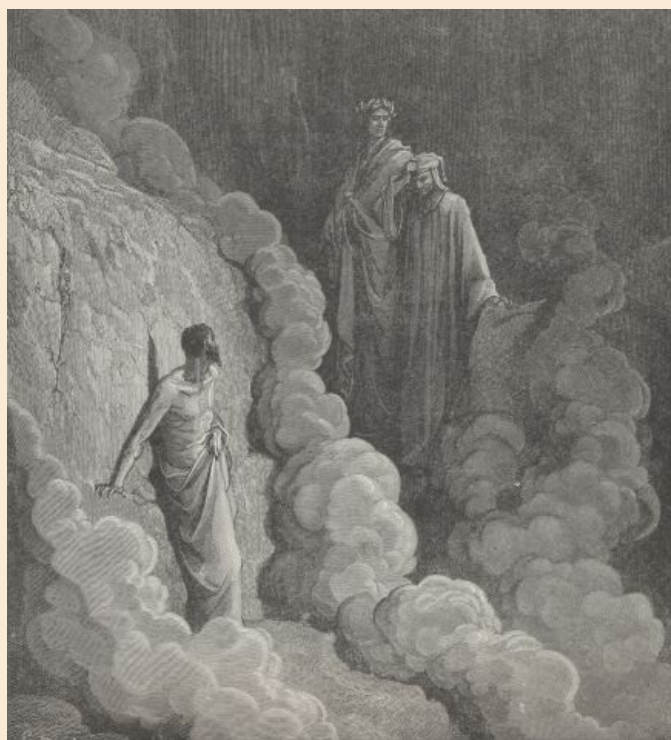


Bereft us, both of sight and the pure air.

## CANTO XVI

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

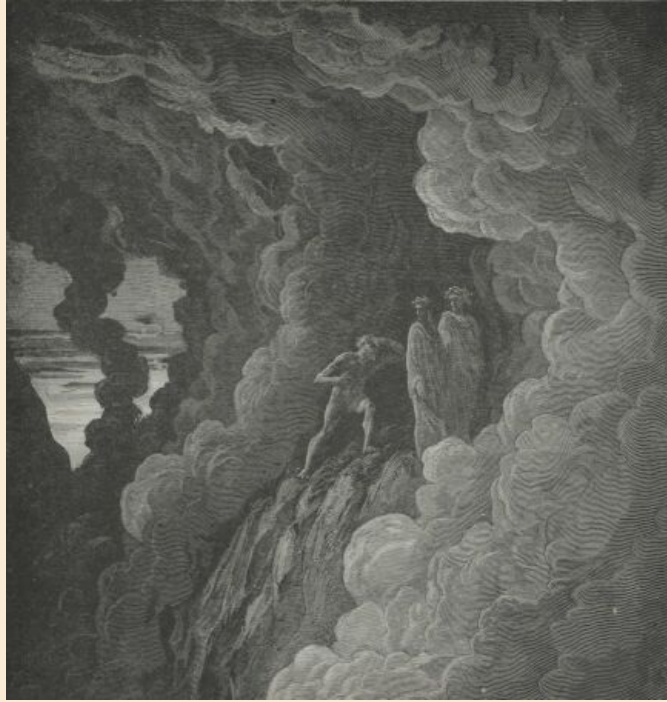
As the blind man behind his leader walks,  
Lest he should err, or stumble unawares  
On what might harm him, or perhaps destroy,  
I journey'd through that bitter air and foul,  
Still list'ning to my escort's warning voice,  
"Look that from me thou part not." Straight I heard  
Voices, and each one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





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

"O being! who dost make thee pure, to stand  
Beautiful once more in thy Maker's sight!  
Along with me: and thou shalt hear and wonder."  
Thus I, whereto the spirit answering spake:



"Long as 't is lawful for me, shall my steps  
Follow on thine; and since the cloudy smoke  
Forbids the seeing, hearing in its stead  
Shall keep us join'd." I then forthwith began  
"Yet in my mortal swathing, I ascend  
To higher regions, and am hither come  
Through the fearful agony of hell.  
And, if so largely God hath doled his grace,  
That, clean beside all modern precedent,  
He wills me to behold his kingly state,  
From me conceal not who thou wast, ere death  
Had loos'd thee; but instruct me: and instruct  
If rightly to the pass I tend; thy words  
The way directing as a safe escort."

"I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd:  
Not in experienc'd of the world, that worth  
I still affected, from which all have turn'd  
The nerveless bow aside. Thy course tends right  
Unto the summit:" and, replying thus,  
He added, "I beseech thee pray for me,  
When thou shalt come aloft." And I to him:  
"Accept my faith for pledge I will perform  
What thou requirest. Yet one doubt remains,

That wrings me sorely, if I solve it not,  
Singly before it urg'd me, doubled now  
By thine opinion, when I couple that  
With one elsewhere declar'd, each strength'ning other.  
The world indeed is even so forlorn  
Of all good as thou speak'st it and so swarms  
With every evil. Yet, beseech thee, point  
The cause out to me, that myself may see,  
And unto others show it: for in heaven  
One places it, and one on earth below."

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

"Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd beholds  
Her image ere she yet exist, the soul  
Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively  
Weeping and laughing in its wayward moods,  
As artless and as ignorant of aught,  
Save that her Maker being one who dwells  
With gladness ever, willingly she turns  
To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good  
The flavour soon she tastes; and, snar'd by that,  
With fondness she pursues it, if no guide  
Recall, no rein direct her wand'ring course.  
Hence it behov'd, the law should be a curb;  
A sovereign hence behov'd, whose piercing view  
Might mark at least the fortress and main tower  
Of the true city. Laws indeed there are:  
But who is he observes them? None; not he,  
Who goes before, the shepherd of the flock,  
Who chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.  
Therefore the multitude, who see their guide  
Strike at the very good they covet most,  
Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause  
Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,  
But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the world  
To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good,  
Was wont to boast two suns, whose several beams  
Cast light on either way, the world's and God's.  
One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword  
Is grafted on the crook; and so conjoin'd  
Each must perforce decline to worse, unaw'd

By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark  
The blade: each herb is judg'd of by its seed.  
That land, through which Adice and the Po  
Their waters roll, was once the residence  
Of courtesy and velour, ere the day,  
That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass  
Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame,  
To talk with good men, or come near their haunts.  
Three aged ones are still found there, in whom  
The old time chides the new: these deem it long  
Ere God restore them to a better world:  
The good Gherardo, of Palazzo he  
Conrad, and Guido of Castello, nam'd  
In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard.  
On this at last conclude. The church of Rome,  
Mixing two governments that ill assort,  
Hath miss'd her footing, fall'n into the mire,  
And there herself and burden much defil'd."

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

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

## CANTO XVII

Call to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er  
Hast, on a mountain top, been ta'en by cloud,  
Through which thou saw'st no better, than the mole  
Doth through opacous membrane; then, whene'er  
The wat'ry vapours dense began to melt  
Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere  
Seem'd wading through them; so thy nimble thought  
May image, how at first I re-beheld  
The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung.

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

O quick and forgetive power! that sometimes dost

So rob us of ourselves, we take no mark  
Though round about us thousand trumpets clang!  
What moves thee, if the senses stir not? Light  
Kindled in heav'n, spontaneous, self-inform'd,  
Or likelier gliding down with swift illapse  
By will divine. Portray'd before me came  
The traces of her dire impiety,  
Whose form was chang'd into the bird, that most  
Delights itself in song: and here my mind  
Was inwardly so wrapt, it gave no place  
To aught that ask'd admittance from without.

Next shower'd into my fantasy a shape  
As of one crucified, whose visage spake  
Fell rancour, malice deep, wherein he died;  
And round him Ahasuerus the great king,  
Esther his bride, and Mordecai the just,  
Blameless in word and deed. As of itself  
That unsubstantial coinage of the brain  
Burst, like a bubble, Which the water fails  
That fed it; in my vision straight uprose  
A damsel weeping loud, and cried, "O queen!  
O mother! wherefore has intemperate ire  
Driv'n thee to loath thy being? Not to lose  
Lavinia, desp'rate thou hast slain thyself.  
Now hast thou lost me. I am she, whose tears  
Mourn, ere I fall, a mother's timeless end."

E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly  
New radiance strike upon the closed lids,  
The broken slumber quivering ere it dies;  
Thus from before me sunk that imagery  
Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck  
The light, outshining far our earthly beam.  
As round I turn'd me to survey what place  
I had arriv'd at, "Here ye mount," exclaim'd  
A voice, that other purpose left me none,  
Save will so eager to behold who spake,  
I could not choose but gaze. As 'fore the sun,  
That weighs our vision down, and veils his form  
In light transcendent, thus my virtue fail'd  
Unequal. "This is Spirit from above,  
Who marshals us our upward way, unsought;  
And in his own light shrouds him. As a man  
Doth for himself, so now is done for us.  
For whoso waits imploring, yet sees need  
Of his prompt aidance, sets himself prepar'd  
For blunt denial, ere the suit be made.  
Refuse we not to lend a ready foot  
At such inviting: haste we to ascend,  
Before it darken: for we may not then,  
Till morn again return." So spake my guide;  
And to one ladder both address'd our steps;  
And the first stair approaching, I perceiv'd  
Near me as 'twere the waving of a wing,  
That fann'd my face and whisper'd: "Blessed they  
The peacemakers: they know not evil wrath."

Now to such height above our heads were rais'd  
The last beams, follow'd close by hooded night,  
That many a star on all sides through the gloom  
Shone out. "Why partest from me, O my strength?"

So with myself I commun'd; for I felt  
My o'ertoil'd sinews slacken. We had reach'd  
The summit, and were fix'd like to a bark  
Arriv'd at land. And waiting a short space,  
If aught should meet mine ear in that new round,  
Then to my guide I turn'd, and said: "Lov'd sire!  
Declare what guilt is on this circle purg'd.  
If our feet rest, no need thy speech should pause."

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

"Creator, nor created being, ne'er,  
My son," he thus began, "was without love,  
Or natural, or the free spirit's growth.  
Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still  
Is without error; but the other swerves,  
If on ill object bent, or through excess  
Of vigour, or defect. While e'er it seeks  
The primal blessings, or with measure due  
Th' inferior, no delight, that flows from it,  
Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil,  
Or with more ardour than behooves, or less.  
Pursue the good, the thing created then  
Works 'gainst its Maker. Hence thou must infer  
That love is germin of each virtue in ye,  
And of each act no less, that merits pain.  
Now since it may not be, but love intend  
The welfare mainly of the thing it loves,  
All from self-hatred are secure; and since  
No being can be thought t' exist apart  
And independent of the first, a bar  
Of equal force restrains from hating that.

"Grant the distinction just; and it remains  
The' evil must be another's, which is lov'd.  
Three ways such love is gender'd in your clay.  
There is who hopes (his neighbour's worth deprest,)  
Preeminence himself, and covertly hence  
For his own greatness that another fall.  
There is who so much fears the loss of power,  
Fame, favour, glory (should his fellow mount  
Above him), and so sickens at the thought,  
He loves their opposite: and there is he,  
Whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame  
That he doth thirst for vengeance, and such needs  
Must doat on other's evil. Here beneath  
This threefold love is mourn'd. Of th' other sort  
Be now instructed, that which follows good  
But with disorder'd and irregular course.

"All indistinctly apprehend a bliss  
On which the soul may rest, the hearts of all  
Yearn after it, and to that wished bourn  
All therefore strive to tend. If ye behold  
Or seek it with a love remiss and lax,  
This cornice after just repenting lays

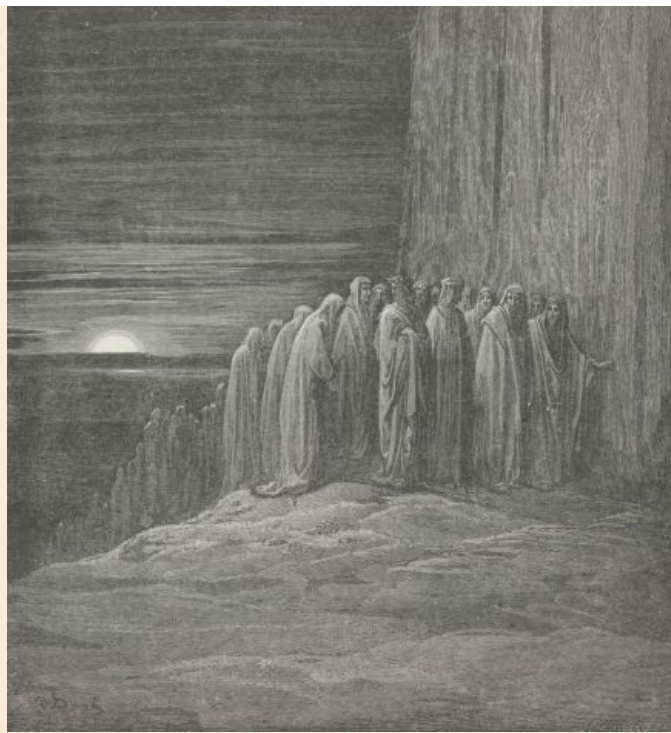
Its penal torment on ye. Other good  
There is, where man finds not his happiness:  
It is not true fruition, not that blest  
Essence, of every good the branch and root.  
The love too lavishly bestow'd on this,  
Along three circles over us, is mourn'd.  
Account of that division tripartite  
Expect not, fitter for thine own research."

## CANTO XVIII

The teacher ended, and his high discourse  
Concluding, earnest in my looks inquir'd  
If I appear'd content; and I, whom still  
Unsated thirst to hear him urg'd, was mute,  
Mute outwardly, yet inwardly I said:  
"Perchance my too much questioning offends."  
But he, true father, mark'd the secret wish  
By diffidence restrain'd, and speaking, gave  
Me boldness thus to speak: "Master, my Sight  
Gathers so lively virtue from thy beams,  
That all, thy words convey, distinct is seen.  
Wherefore I pray thee, father, whom this heart  
Holds dearest! thou wouldst deign by proof t' unfold  
That love, from which as from their source thou bring'st  
All good deeds and their opposite." He then:  
"To what I now disclose be thy clear ken  
Directed, and thou plainly shalt behold  
How much those blind have err'd, who make themselves  
The guides of men. The soul, created apt  
To love, moves versatile which way soe'er  
Aught pleasing prompts her, soon as she is wak'd  
By pleasure into act. Of substance true  
Your apprehension forms its counterfeit,  
And in you the ideal shape presenting  
Attracts the soul's regard. If she, thus drawn,  
incline toward it, love is that inclining,  
And a new nature knit by pleasure in ye.  
Then as the fire points up, and mounting seeks  
His birth-place and his lasting seat, e'en thus  
Enters the captive soul into desire,  
Which is a spiritual motion, that ne'er rests  
Before enjoyment of the thing it loves.  
Enough to show thee, how the truth from those  
Is hidden, who aver all love a thing  
Praise-worthy in itself: although perhaps  
Its substance seem still good. Yet if the wax  
Be good, it follows not th' impression must."  
"What love is," I return'd, "thy words, O guide!  
And my own docile mind, reveal. Yet thence  
New doubts have sprung. For from without if love  
Be offer'd to us, and the spirit knows  
No other footing, tend she right or wrong,  
Is no desert of hers." He answering thus:  
"What reason here discovers I have power



To show thee: that which lies beyond, expect  
From Beatrice, faith not reason's task.  
Spirit, substantial form, with matter join'd  
Not in confusion mix'd, hath in itself  
Specific virtue of that union born,  
Which is not felt except it work, nor prov'd  
But through effect, as vegetable life  
By the green leaf. From whence his intellect  
Deduced its primal notices of things,  
Man therefore knows not, or his appetites  
Their first affections; such in you, as zeal  
In bees to gather honey; at the first,  
Volition, meriting nor blame nor praise.  
But o'er each lower faculty supreme,  
That as she list are summon'd to her bar,  
Ye have that virtue in you, whose just voice  
Uttereth counsel, and whose word should keep  
The threshold of assent. Here is the source,  
Whence cause of merit in you is deriv'd,  
E'en as the affections good or ill she takes,  
Or severs, winnow'd as the chaff. Those men  
Who reas'ning went to depth profoundest, mark'd  
That innate freedom, and were thence induc'd  
To leave their moral teaching to the world.  
Grant then, that from necessity arise  
All love that glows within you; to dismiss  
Or harbour it, the pow'r is in yourselves.  
Remember, Beatrice, in her style,  
Denominates free choice by eminence  
The noble virtue, if in talk with thee  
She touch upon that theme." The moon, well nigh  
To midnight hour belated, made the stars  
Appear to wink and fade; and her broad disk  
Seem'd like a crag on fire, as up the vault  
That course she journey'd, which the sun then warms,  
When they of Rome behold him at his set.  
Betwixt Sardinia and the Corsic isle.  
And now the weight, that hung upon my thought,  
Was lighten'd by the aid of that clear spirit,  
Who raiseth Andes above Mantua's name.  
I therefore, when my questions had obtain'd  
Solution plain and ample, stood as one  
Musing in dreary slumber; but not long  
Slumber'd; for suddenly a multitude,



The steep already turning, from behind,  
Rush'd on. With fury and like random rout,  
As echoing on their shores at midnight heard  
Ismenus and Asopus, for his Thebes  
If Bacchus' help were needed; so came these  
Tumultuous, curving each his rapid step,  
By eagerness impell'd of holy love.

Soon they o'ertook us; with such swiftness mov'd  
The mighty crowd. Two spirits at their head  
Cried weeping; "Blessed Mary sought with haste  
The hilly region. Caesar to subdue  
Ilerda, darted in Marseilles his sting,  
And flew to Spain."--"Oh tarry not: away;"  
The others shouted; "let not time be lost  
Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal  
To serve reanimates celestial grace."

"O ye, in whom intenser fervency  
Haply supplies, where lukewarm erst ye fail'd,  
Slow or neglectful, to absolve your part  
Of good and virtuous, this man, who yet lives,  
(Credit my tale, though strange) desires t' ascend,  
So morning rise to light us. Therefore say  
Which hand leads nearest to the rifted rock?"

So spake my guide, to whom a shade return'd:  
"Come after us, and thou shalt find the cleft.  
We may not linger: such resistless will  
Speeds our unwearied course. Vouchsafe us then  
Thy pardon, if our duty seem to thee  
Discourteous rudeness. In Verona I  
Was abbot of San Zeno, when the hand  
Of Barbarossa grasp'd Imperial sway,  
That name, ne'er utter'd without tears in Milan.  
And there is he, hath one foot in his grave,  
Who for that monastery ere long shall weep,  
Ruing his power misus'd: for that his son,

Of body ill compact, and worse in mind,  
And born in evil, he hath set in place  
Of its true pastor." Whether more he spake,  
Or here was mute, I know not: he had sped  
E'en now so far beyond us. Yet thus much  
I heard, and in rememb'rance treasur'd it.

He then, who never fail'd me at my need,  
Cried, "Hither turn. Lo! two with sharp remorse  
Chiding their sin!" In rear of all the troop  
These shouted: "First they died, to whom the sea  
Open'd, or ever Jordan saw his heirs:  
And they, who with Aeneas to the end  
Endur'd not suffering, for their portion chose  
Life without glory." Soon as they had fled  
Past reach of sight, new thought within me rose  
By others follow'd fast, and each unlike  
Its fellow: till led on from thought to thought,  
And pleasur'd with the fleeting train, mine eye  
Was clos'd, and meditation chang'd to dream.

---

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE DIVINE COMEDY BY DANTE,  
ILLUSTRATED, PURGATORY, VOLUME 3 \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE  
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE  
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and

return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL,



DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public



domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.