

# **The Vision of Hell, Part 10, Translated By The Rev. H. F. Cary, Illustrated by Gustave Dore      The Inferno**

Dante Alighieri

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Translated By The Rev. H. F. Cary, Illustrated by Gustave Dore

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The Inferno

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Produced by David Widger

THE VISION  
OF  
HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE

BY  
DANTE ALIGHIERI

TRANSLATED BY

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

HELL

OR THE INFERNO

Part 10

Cantos 32 - 34

CANTO XXXII

COULD I command rough rhimes and hoarse, to suit  
That hole of sorrow, o'er which ev'ry rock  
His firm abutment rears, then might the vein  
Of fancy rise full springing: but not mine  
Such measures, and with falt'ring awe I touch  
The mighty theme; for to describe the depth  
Of all the universe, is no emprise  
To jest with, and demands a tongue not us'd  
To infant babbling. But let them assist  
My song, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid  
Amphion wall'd in Thebes, so with the truth  
My speech shall best accord. Oh ill-starr'd folk,  
Beyond all others wretched! who abide  
In such a mansion, as scarce thought finds words  
To speak of, better had ye here on earth  
Been flocks or mountain goats. As down we stood  
In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,  
But lower far than they, and I did gaze  
Still on the lofty battlement, a voice  
Bespoke me thus: "Look how thou walkest. Take  
Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads  
Of thy poor brethren." Thereupon I turn'd,  
And saw before and underneath my feet  
A lake, whose frozen surface liker seem'd  
To glass than water. Not so thick a veil  
In winter e'er hath Austrian Danube spread  
O'er his still course, nor Tanais far remote  
Under the chilling sky. Roll'd o'er that mass  
Had Tabernich or Pietrapana fall'n,

Not e'en its rim had creak'd. As peeps the frog  
Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams  
The village gleaner oft pursues her toil,  
So, to where modest shame appears, thus low  
Blue pinch'd and shrin'd in ice the spirits stood,  
Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.  
His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,  
Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.

A space I look'd around, then at my feet  
Saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head  
The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me ye,  
Whose bosoms thus together press," said I,  
"Who are ye?" At that sound their necks they bent,  
And when their looks were lifted up to me,  
Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,  
Distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound  
The tears betwixt those orbs and held them there.  
Plank unto plank hath never cramp clos'd up  
So stoutly. Whence like two enraged goats  
They clash'd together; them such fury seiz'd.

And one, from whom the cold both ears had reft,  
Exclaim'd, still looking downward: "Why on us  
Dost speculate so long? If thou wouldst know  
Who are these two, the valley, whence his wave  
Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own  
Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.  
They from one body issued; and throughout  
Caina thou mayst search, nor find a shade  
More worthy in congealment to be fix'd,  
Not him, whose breast and shadow Arthur's land  
At that one blow dissever'd, not Focaccia,  
No not this spirit, whose o'erjutting head  
Obstructs my onward view: he bore the name  
Of Mascheroni: Tuscan if thou be,  
Well knowest who he was: and to cut short  
All further question, in my form behold  
What once was Camiccione. I await  
Carlino here my kinsman, whose deep guilt  
Shall wash out mine." A thousand visages  
Then mark'd I, which the keen and eager cold  
Had shap'd into a doggish grin; whence creeps  
A shiv'ring horror o'er me, at the thought  
Of those froze shallows. While we journey'd on  
Toward the middle, at whose point unites  
All heavy substance, and I trembling went  
Through that eternal chillness, I know not  
If will it were or destiny, or chance,  
But, passing 'midst the heads, my foot did strike  
With violent blow against the face of one.

"Wherefore dost bruise me?" weeping, he exclaim'd,  
"Unless thy errand be some fresh revenge  
For Montaperto, wherefore troublest me?"

I thus: "Instructor, now await me here,  
That I through him may rid me of my doubt.  
Thenceforth what haste thou wilt." The teacher paus'd,  
And to that shade I spake, who bitterly  
Still curs'd me in his wrath. "What art thou, speak,  
That railest thus on others?" He replied:  
"Now who art thou, that smiting others' cheeks  
Through Antenora roamest, with such force  
As were past suffrance, wert thou living still?"

"And I am living, to thy joy perchance,"  
Was my reply, "if fame be dear to thee,

That with the rest I may thy name enrol."

"The contrary of what I covet most,"  
Said he, "thou tender'st: hence; nor vex me more.  
Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale."

Then seizing on his hinder scalp, I cried:  
"Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."

"Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for that  
I will not tell nor show thee who I am,  
Though at my head thou pluck a thousand times."

Now I had grasp'd his tresses, and stript off  
More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes  
Drawn in and downward, when another cried,  
"What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud enough  
Thy chatt'ring teeth, but thou must bark outright?  
What devil wrings thee?"--"Now," said I, "be dumb,  
Accursed traitor! to thy shame of thee  
True tidings will I bear."--"Off," he replied,  
"Tell what thou list; but as thou escape from hence  
To speak of him whose tongue hath been so glib,  
Forget not: here he wails the Frenchman's gold.  
'Him of Duera,' thou canst say, 'I mark'd,  
Where the starv'd sinners pine.' If thou be ask'd  
What other shade was with them, at thy side  
Is Beccaria, whose red gorge distain'd  
The biting axe of Florence. Farther on,  
If I misdeem not, Soldanieri bides,  
With Ganellon, and Tribaldello, him  
Who op'd Faenza when the people slept."

We now had left him, passing on our way,  
When I beheld two spirits by the ice  
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one  
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread  
Is raven'd up through hunger, th' uppermost  
Did so apply his fangs to th' other's brain,  
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously  
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnaw'd,  
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

"O thou who show'st so beastly sign of hate  
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I  
"The cause, on such condition, that if right  
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,  
And what the colour of his sinning was,  
I may repay thee in the world above,  
If that, wherewith I speak be moist so long."

### CANTO XXXIII

HIS jaws uplifting from their fell repast,  
That sinner wip'd them on the hairs o' th' head,  
Which he behind had mangled, then began:

"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh  
Sorrow past cure, which but to think of wrings  
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words,  
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear  
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,  
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once  
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst be  
I know not, nor how here below art come:  
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,  
When I do hear thee. Know I was on earth  
Count Ugolino, and th' Archbishop he  
Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,  
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts  
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en  
And after murder'd, need is not I tell.  
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,  
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,  
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate  
Within that mew, which for my sake the name  
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,  
Already through its opening sev'ral moons  
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep,  
That from the future tore the curtain off.  
This one, methought, as master of the sport,  
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps  
Unto the mountain, which forbids the sight  
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs  
Inquisitive and keen, before him rang'd  
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.  
After short course the father and the sons  
Seem'd tir'd and lagging, and methought I saw  
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke  
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard  
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask  
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang  
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;  
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?  
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near  
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind  
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I  
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up  
The' horrible tower: whence uttering not a word  
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.  
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.  
They wept: and one, my little Anslem, cried:  
"Thou lookest so! Father what ails thee?" Yet  
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day  
Nor the next night, until another sun  
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam  
Had to our doleful prison made its way,  
And in four countenances I descry'd  
The image of my own, on either hand  
Through agony I bit, and they who thought  
I did it through desire of feeding, rose  
O' th' sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve  
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gav'st  
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear,

'And do thou strip them off from us again.'

Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down  
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next  
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!  
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came  
To the fourth day, then Geddo at my feet  
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help  
For me, my father!' There he died, and e'en  
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three  
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:

"Whence I betook me now grown blind to grope  
Over them all, and for three days aloud  
Call'd on them who were dead. Then fasting got  
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,

Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth  
He fasten'd, like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone  
Firm and unyielding. Oh thou Pisa! shame  
Of all the people, who their dwelling make  
In that fair region, where th' Italian voice  
Is heard, since that thy neighbours are so slack  
To punish, from their deep foundations rise  
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up  
The mouth of Arno, that each soul in thee  
May perish in the waters! What if fame  
Reported that thy castles were betray'd  
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou  
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,  
Brigata, Ugaccione, and the pair  
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,  
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes! did make  
Uncapable of guilt. Onward we pass'd,  
Where others skar'd in rugged folds of ice  
Not on their feet were turn'd, but each revers'd.

There very weeping suffers not to weep;  
For at their eyes grief seeking passage finds  
Impediment, and rolling inward turns  
For increase of sharp anguish: the first tears  
Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,  
Under the socket brimming all the cup.

Now though the cold had from my face dislodg'd  
Each feeling, as 't were callous, yet me seem'd  
Some breath of wind I felt. "Whence cometh this,"  
Said I, "my master? Is not here below  
All vapour quench'd?"--"Thou shalt be speedily,"  
He answer'd, "where thine eye shall tell thee whence  
The cause descrying of this airy shower."

Then cried out one in the chill crust who mourn'd:  
"O souls so cruel! that the farthest post  
Hath been assign'd you, from this face remove  
The harden'd veil, that I may vent the grief  
Impregnate at my heart, some little space  
Ere it congeal again!" I thus replied:  
"Say who thou wast, if thou wouldst have mine aid;  
And if I extricate thee not, far down  
As to the lowest ice may I descend!"

"The friar Alberigo," answered he,  
"Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd  
Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date  
More luscious for my fig."--"Hah!" I exclaim'd,  
"Art thou too dead!"--"How in the world aloft  
It fareth with my body," answer'd he,  
"I am right ignorant. Such privilege  
Hath Ptolomea, that oftentimes the soul  
Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorc'd.  
And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly  
The glazed tear-drops that o'erlay mine eyes,  
Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,  
As I did, yields her body to a fiend  
Who after moves and governs it at will,  
Till all its time be rounded; headlong she  
Falls to this cistern. And perchance above  
Doth yet appear the body of a ghost,  
Who here behind me winters. Him thou know'st,  
If thou but newly art arriv'd below.  
The years are many that have pass'd away,  
Since to this fastness Branca Doria came."

"Now," answer'd I, "methinks thou mockest me,  
For Branca Doria never yet hath died,  
But doth all natural functions of a man,  
Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on."

He thus: "Not yet unto that upper foss  
By th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch  
Tenacious boils, had Michael Zanche reach'd,  
When this one left a demon in his stead  
In his own body, and of one his kin,  
Who with him treachery wrought. But now put forth  
Thy hand, and ope mine eyes." I op'd them not.  
Ill manners were best courtesy to him.

Ah Genoese! men perverse in every way,  
With every foulness stain'd, why from the earth  
Are ye not cancel'd? Such an one of yours  
I with Romagna's darkest spirit found,  
As for his doings even now in soul  
Is in Cocytus plung'd, and yet doth seem  
In body still alive upon the earth.

#### CANTO XXXIV

"THE banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth  
Towards us; therefore look," so spake my guide,  
"If thou discern him." As, when breathes a cloud  
Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night  
Fall on our hemisphere, seems view'd from far  
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round,  
Such was the fabric then methought I saw,

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew

Behind my guide: no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain  
Record the marvel) where the souls were all  
Whelm'd underneath, transparent, as through glass  
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid,  
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,  
That on his head, a third with face to feet  
Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we came,  
Whereat my guide was pleas'd that I should see  
The creature eminent in beauty once,  
He from before me stepp'd and made me pause.

"Lo!" he exclaim'd, "lo Dis! and lo the place,  
Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."

How frozen and how faint I then became,  
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not,  
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.  
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself  
If quick conception work in thee at all,  
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways  
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from th' ice  
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like  
A giant, than the giants are in his arms.  
Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits  
With such a part. If he were beautiful  
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare  
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him  
May all our mis'ry flow. Oh what a sight!  
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy  
Upon his head three faces: one in front  
Of hue vermilion, th' other two with this  
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;  
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd: the left  
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile  
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth  
Two mighty wings, enormous as became  
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw  
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,  
But were in texture like a bat, and these  
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still  
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth  
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears  
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.  
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd  
Bruis'd as with pond'rous engine, so that three  
Were in this guise tormented. But far more  
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd  
By the fierce rending, whence oftentimes the back  
Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit,  
Who hath worse punishment," so spake my guide,  
"Is Judas, he that hath his head within  
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,  
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw  
Who hangs, is Brutus: lo! how he doth writhe  
And speaks not! Th' other Cassius, that appears  
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends,  
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

I clipp'd him round the neck, for so he bade;  
And noting time and place, he, when the wings  
Enough were op'd, caught fast the shaggy sides,  
And down from pile to pile descending stepp'd  
Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

Soon as he reach'd the point, whereat the thigh  
Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,  
My leader there with pain and struggling hard  
Turn'd round his head, where his feet stood before,  
And grappled at the fell, as one who mounts,  
That into hell methought we turn'd again.

"Expect that by such stairs as these," thus spake  
The teacher, panting like a man forespent,  
"We must depart from evil so extreme."  
Then at a rocky opening issued forth,  
And plac'd me on a brink to sit, next join'd  
With wary step my side. I rais'd mine eyes,  
Believing that I Lucifer should see  
Where he was lately left, but saw him now  
With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,  
Who see not what the point was I had pass'd,  
Bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.

"Arise," my master cried, "upon thy feet.  
The way is long, and much uncouth the road;  
And now within one hour and half of noon  
The sun returns." It was no palace-hall  
Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,  
But natural dungeon where ill footing was  
And scant supply of light. "Ere from th' abyss  
I sep'rate," thus when risen I began,  
"My guide! vouchsafe few words to set me free  
From error's thrall'dom. Where is now the ice?  
How standeth he in posture thus revers'd?  
And how from eve to morn in space so brief  
Hath the sun made his transit?" He in few  
Thus answering spake: "Thou deemest thou art still  
On th' other side the centre, where I grasp'd  
Th' abhorred worm, that boreth through the world.  
Thou wast on th' other side, so long as I  
Descended; when I turn'd, thou didst o'erpass  
That point, to which from ev'ry part is dragg'd  
All heavy substance. Thou art now arriv'd  
Under the hemisphere opposed to that,  
Which the great continent doth overspread,  
And underneath whose canopy expir'd  
The Man, that was born sinless, and so liv'd.  
Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,  
Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn  
Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,  
Whose shaggy pile was scal'd, yet standeth fix'd,  
As at the first. On this part he fell down  
From heav'n; and th' earth, here prominent before,  
Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,  
And to our hemisphere retir'd. Perchance  
To shun him was the vacant space left here

By what of firm land on this side appears,  
That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,  
From Belzebub as distant, as extends  
The vaulted tomb, discover'd not by sight,  
But by the sound of brooklet, that descends  
This way along the hollow of a rock,  
Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,  
The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way  
My guide and I did enter, to return  
To the fair world: and heedless of repose  
We climbed, he first, I following his steps,  
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heav'n  
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave:  
Thus issuing we again beheld the stars.

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