

Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full  
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,  
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue  
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought  
Both impotent alike. If in one band  
Collected, stood the people all, who e'er  
Pour'd on Apulia's happy soil their blood,  
Slain by the Trojans, and in that long war  
When of the rings the measur'd booty made  
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes  
Who errs not, with the multitude, that felt  
The grinding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,  
And those the rest, whose bones are gather'd yet  
At Ceperano, there where treachery  
Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond  
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms  
The old Alardo conquer'd; and his limbs  
One were to show transpierc'd, another his  
Clean lopt away; a spectacle like this  
Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight  
Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost  
Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide,  
As one I mark'd, torn from the chin throughout  
Down to the hinder passage: 'twixt the legs  
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay  
Open to view, and wretched ventricle,  
That turns th' englutted aliment to dross.

Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,  
He ey'd me, with his hands laid his breast bare,  
And cried; "Now mark how I do rip me! lo!

"How is Mohammed mangled! before me  
Walks Ali weeping, from the chin his face  
Cleft to the forelock; and the others all  
Whom here thou seest, while they liv'd, did sow  
Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.  
A fiend is here behind, who with his sword  
Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again  
Each of this ream, when we have compast round  
The dismal way, for first our gashes close  
Ere we repass before him. But say who  
Art thou, that standest musing on the rock,  
Haply so lingering to delay the pain  
Sentenc'd upon thy crimes?"—"Him death not yet,"  
My guide rejoin'd, "hath overta'en, nor sin  
Conducts to torment; but, that he may make  
Full trial of your state, I who am dead  
Must through the depths of hell, from orb to orb,  
Conduct him. Trust my words, for they are true."

More than a hundred spirits, when that they heard,  
Stood in the foss to mark me, through amazed,  
Forgetful of their pangs. "Thou, who perchance

Shalt shortly view the sun, this warning thou  
Bear to Dolcino: bid him, if he wish not  
Here soon to follow me, that with good store  
Of food he arm him, lest impris'ning snows  
Yield him a victim to Novara's power,  
No easy conquest else." With foot uprais'd  
For stepping, spake Mohammed, on the ground  
Then fix'd it to depart. Another shade,  
Pierc'd in the throat, his nostrils mutilate  
E'en from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear  
Lopt off, who with the rest through wonder stood  
Gazing, before the rest advanc'd, and bar'd  
His wind-pipe, that without was all o'ersmear'd  
With crimson stain. "O thou!" said 'he, "whom sin  
Condemns not, and whom erst (unless too near  
Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft  
Have seen on Latian ground, call thou to mind  
Piero of Medicina, if again  
Returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land  
That from Vercelli slopes to Mercabo;

"And there instruct the twain, whom Fano boasts  
Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,  
That if 't is giv'n us here to scan aright  
The future, they out of life's tenement  
Shall be cast forth, and whelm'd under the waves  
Near to Cattolica, through perfidy

Of a fell tyrant. 'Twixt the Cyprian isle  
And Balearic, ne'er hath Neptune seen  
An injury so foul, by pirates done  
Or Argive crew of old. That one-ey'd traitor  
(Whose realm there is a spirit here were fain  
His eye had still lack'd sight of) them shall bring  
To conf'rence with him, then so shape his end,  
That they shall need not 'gainst Focara's wind  
Offer up vow nor pray'r." I answering thus:

"Declare, as thou dost wish that I above  
May carry tidings of thee, who is he,  
In whom that sight doth wake such sad remembrance?"

Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone  
Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws  
Expanding, cried: "Lo! this is he I wot of;  
He speaks not for himself: the outcast this  
Who overwhelm'd the doubt in Caesar's mind,  
Affirming that delay to men prepar'd  
Was ever harmful. "Oh how terrified  
Methought was Curio, from whose throat was cut  
The tongue, which spake that hardy word. Then one  
Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom  
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots  
Sullied his face, and cried: 'Remember thee  
Of Mosca, too, I who, alas! exclaim'd,

“The deed once done there is an end,” that prov’d  
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.”

I added: “Ay, and death to thine own tribe.”

Whence heaping woe on woe he hurried off,  
As one grief-stung to madness. But I there  
Still linger’d to behold the troop, and saw  
Things, such as I may fear without more proof  
To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,  
The boon companion, who her strong breast-plate  
Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within  
And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt  
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,  
A headless trunk, that even as the rest  
Of the sad flock pac’d onward. By the hair  
It bore the sever’d member, lantern-wise  
Pendent in hand, which look’d at us and said,

“Woe’s me!” The spirit lighted thus himself,  
And two there were in one, and one in two.  
How that may be he knows who ordereth so.

When at the bridge’s foot direct he stood,  
His arm aloft he rear’d, thrusting the head  
Full in our view, that nearer we might hear  
The words, which thus it utter’d: “Now behold

This grievous torment, thou, who breathing go'st  
To spy the dead; behold if any else  
Be terrible as this. And that on earth  
Thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I  
Am Bertrand, he of Born, who gave King John  
The counsel mischievous. Father and son  
I set at mutual war. For Absalom  
And David more did not Ahitophel,  
Spurring them on maliciously to strife.  
For parting those so closely knit, my brain  
Parted, alas! I carry from its source,  
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law  
Of retribution fiercely works in me."