

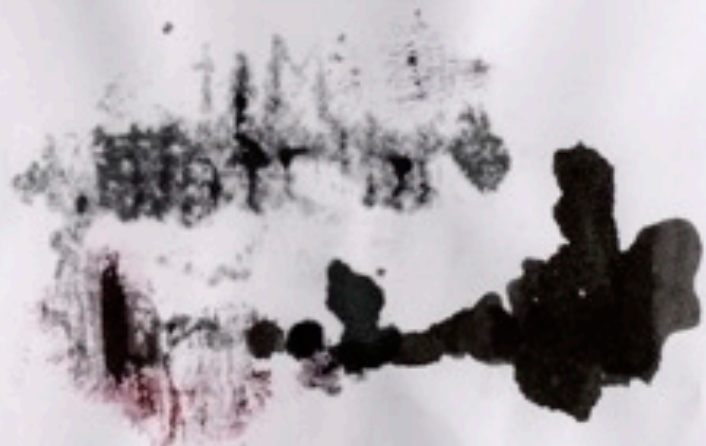


DANTE'S INFERNO

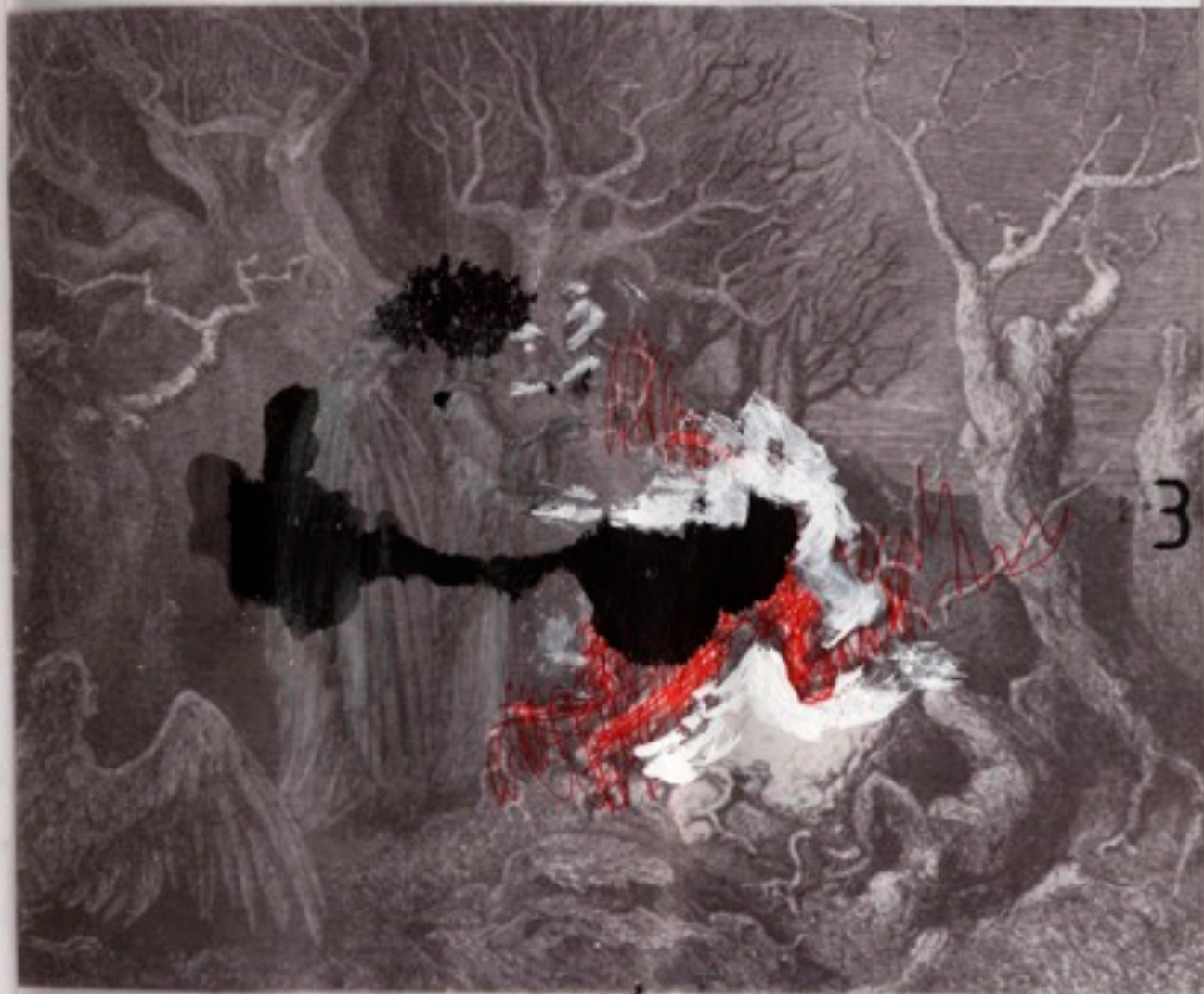


DORÉ'S
ILLUSTRATIONS

2

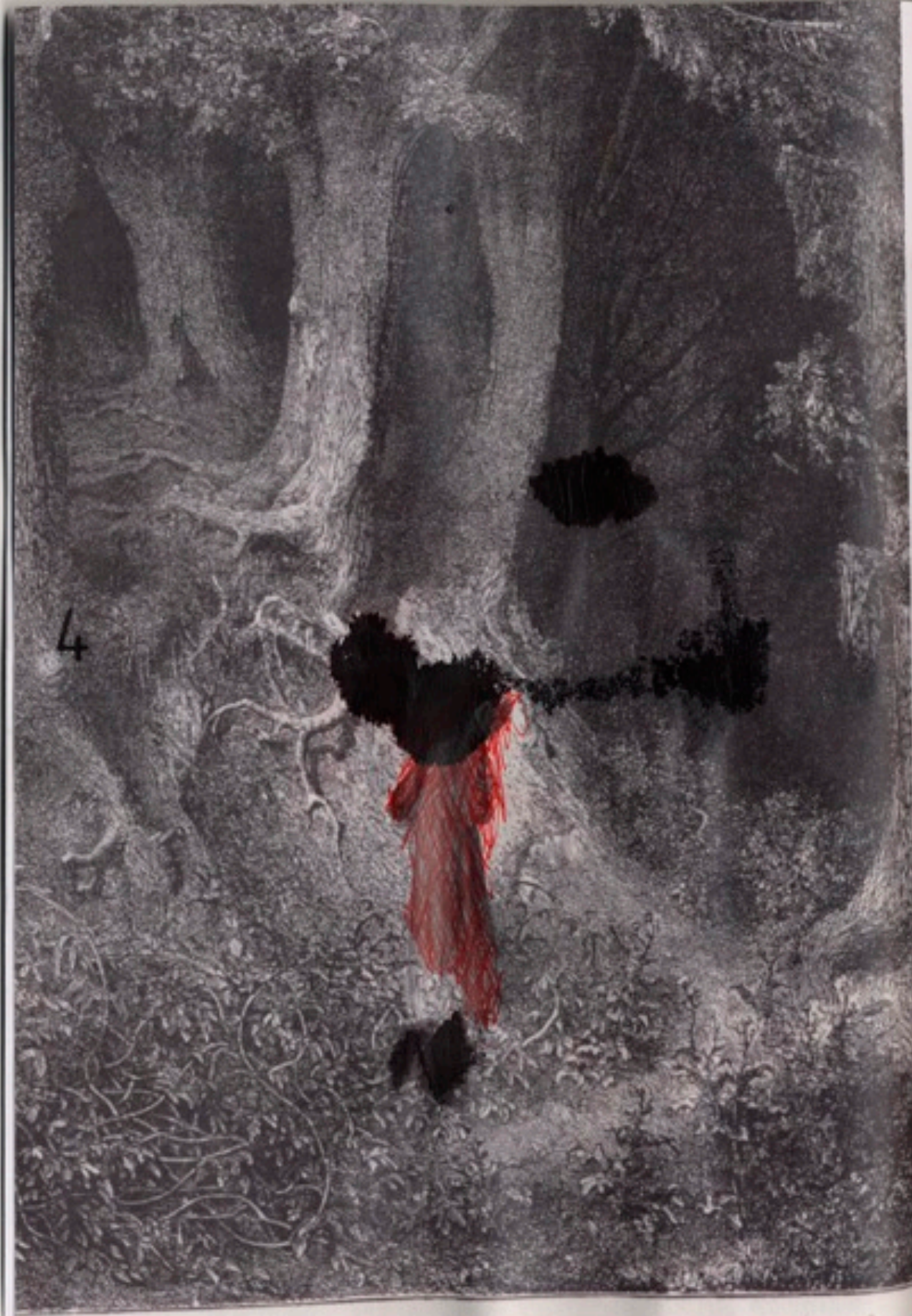


Oh-no!

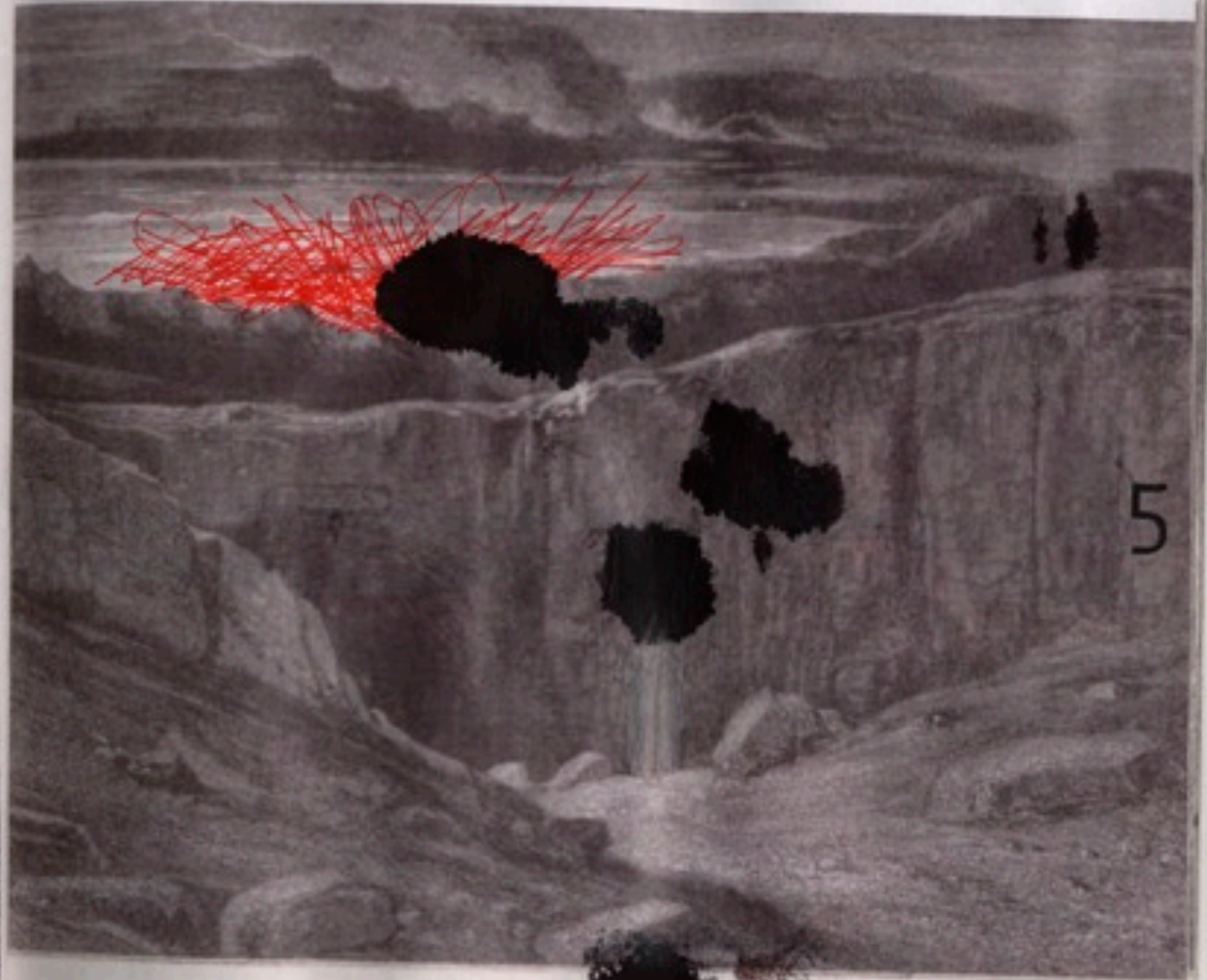


3

And straight the work exclaim'd, *at this no?*
Circle XIII, line 34



Quiet...



All hope abandon, ye

III. line 9

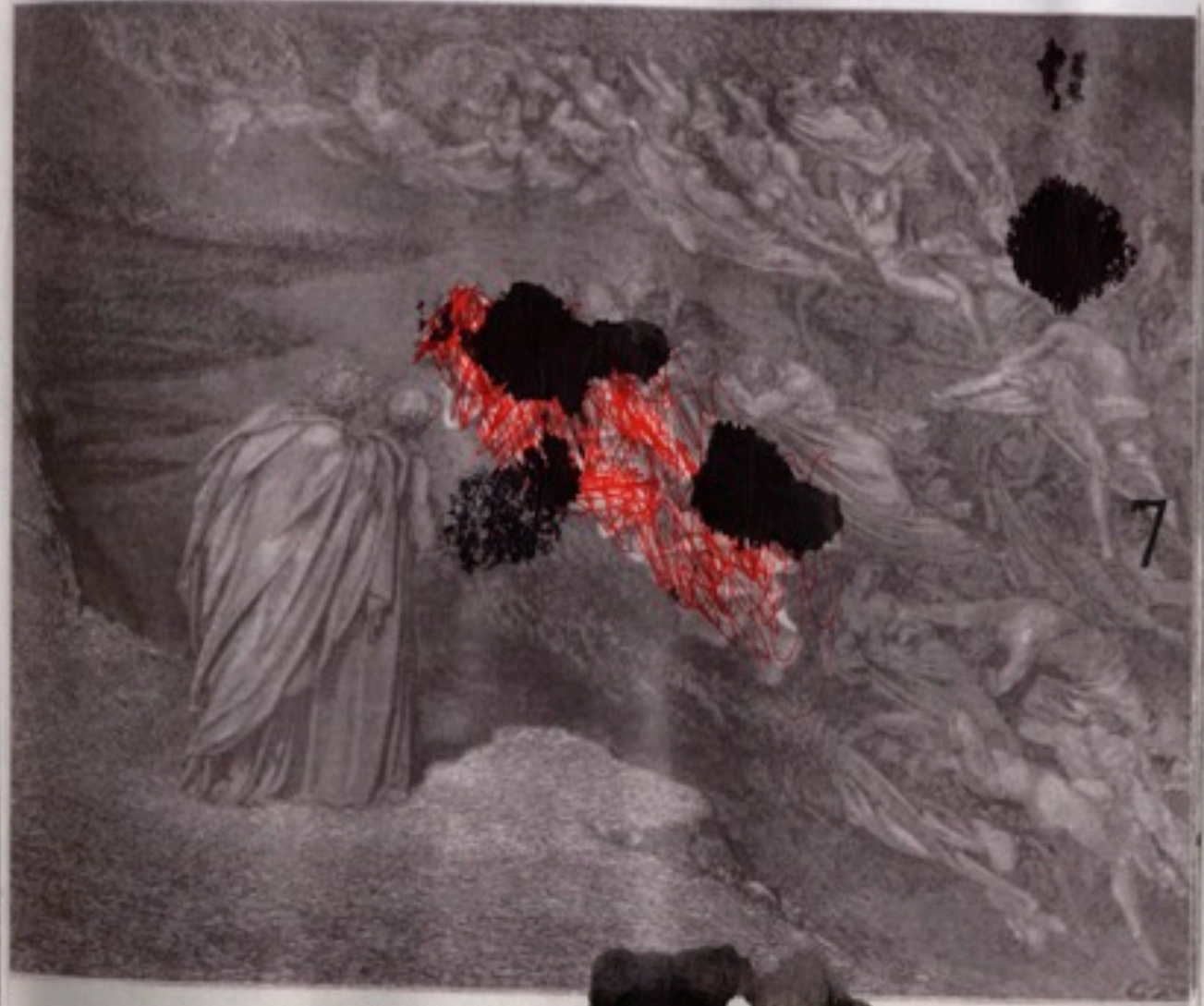




6

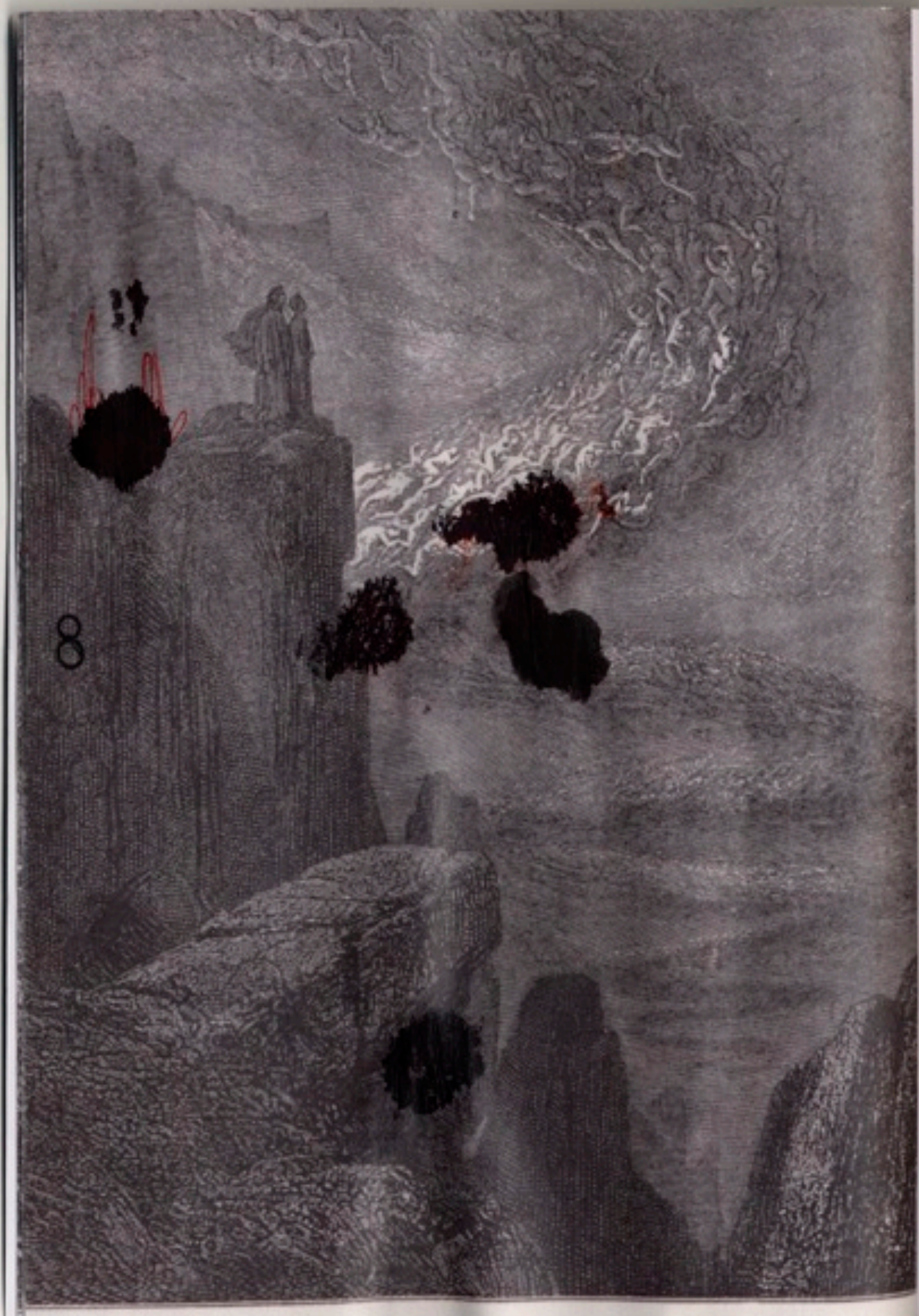
The other two

Oh-no!



7

Love brought us to one
The soul who split our
17, 1864, 1865



Terrible!



Then, not to make them
My spirit in stillness.

down
XXIII, lines 62, 63



10

NO!



11

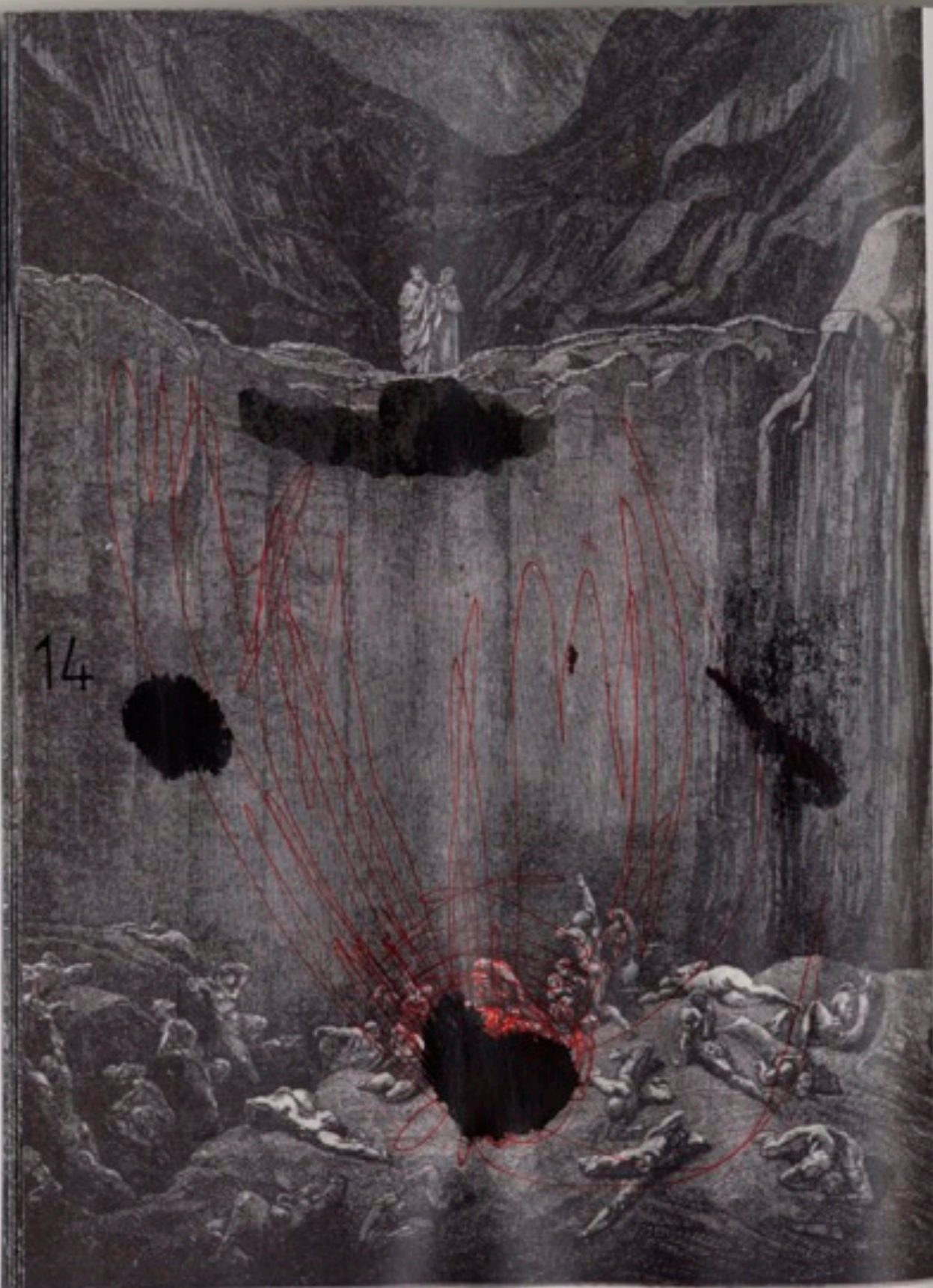
I could not bear what terms he offer'd them,
But they conferr'd not long.
Canto VIII, Lines 109, 111.



Terrible!



Cutting the water...
More deeply than...
... VIII, lines 17-20



14

Then my sight
Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein
The minister of the most mighty Lord,
All smother'd in the mire of sin,

Oh...



15

— Look on the
Good lord, thy son, who's in the hands
Of thy poor brethren... XXXVII, lines 20—22



16

But the other proved

No!



17

"Taurus, who visited
the college of the mourning hypocrites,
obtain not to instruct us who thou art."
Canto XXIII, lines 92-94



18

This is this, the harlot, whose false lip

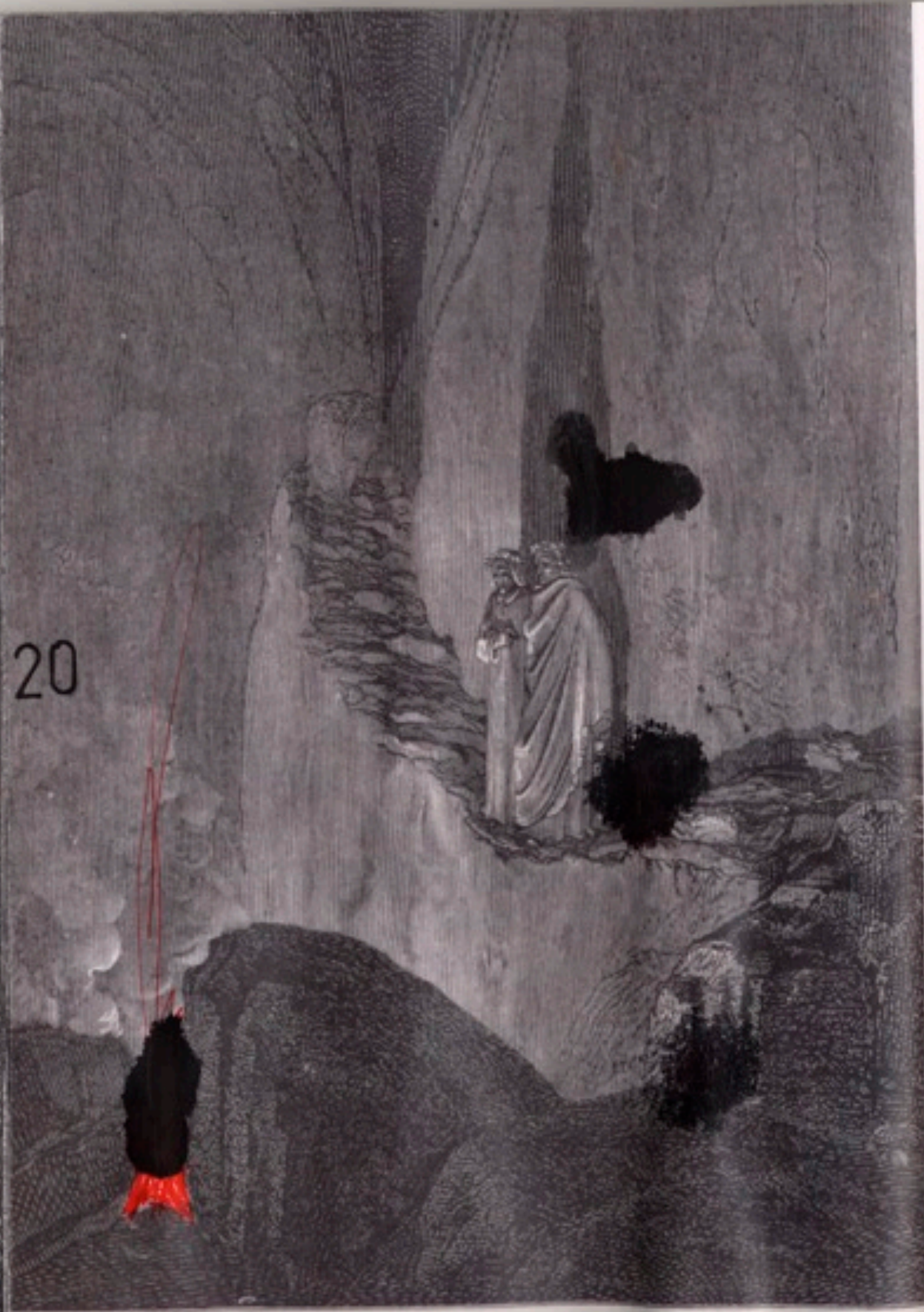
Oh-no!



19

...made them bound at the first stripe!
Code XVIII, line 38

20



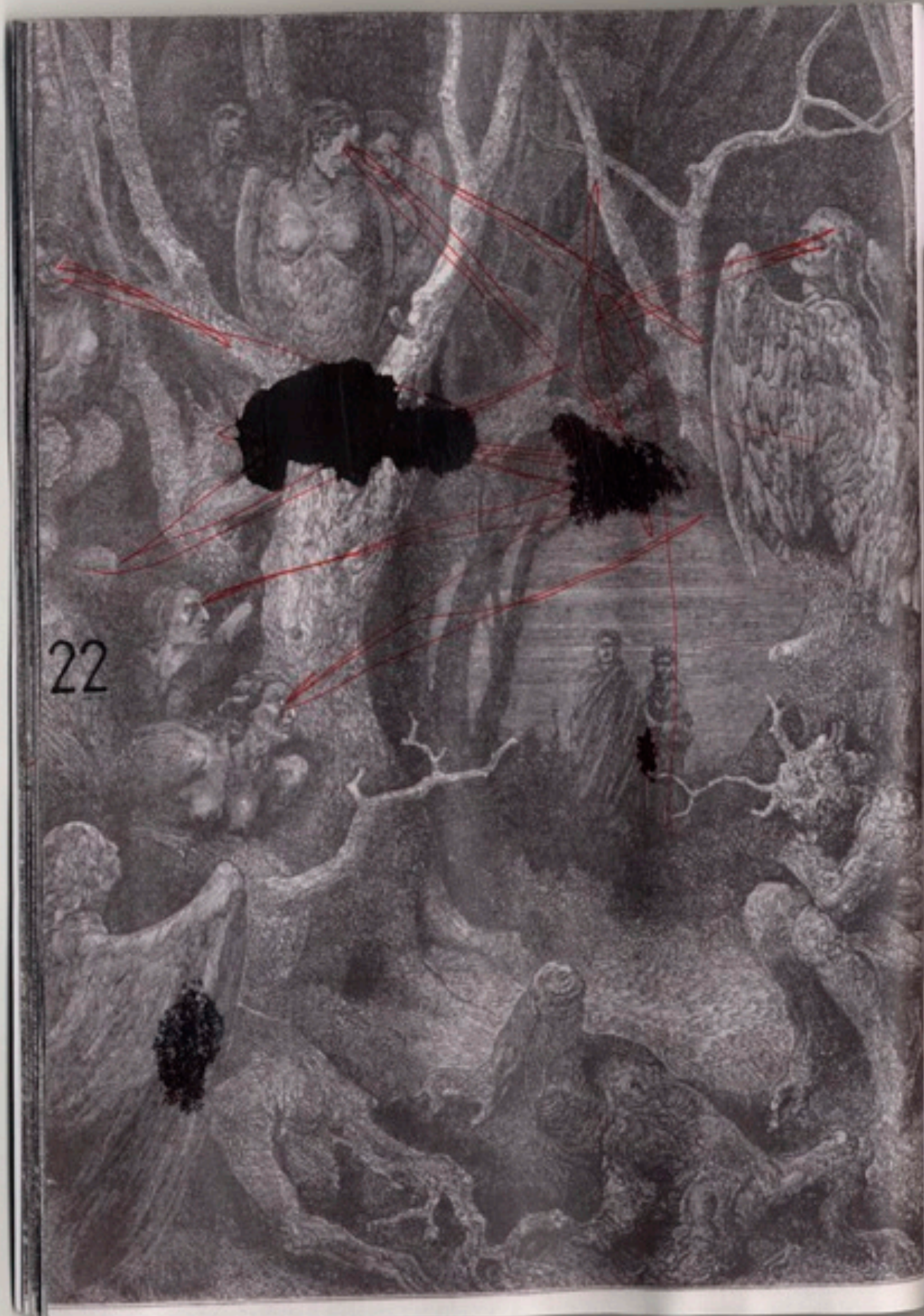
The guide, who mark'd
 How I did gaze attentive, thus began:

No!

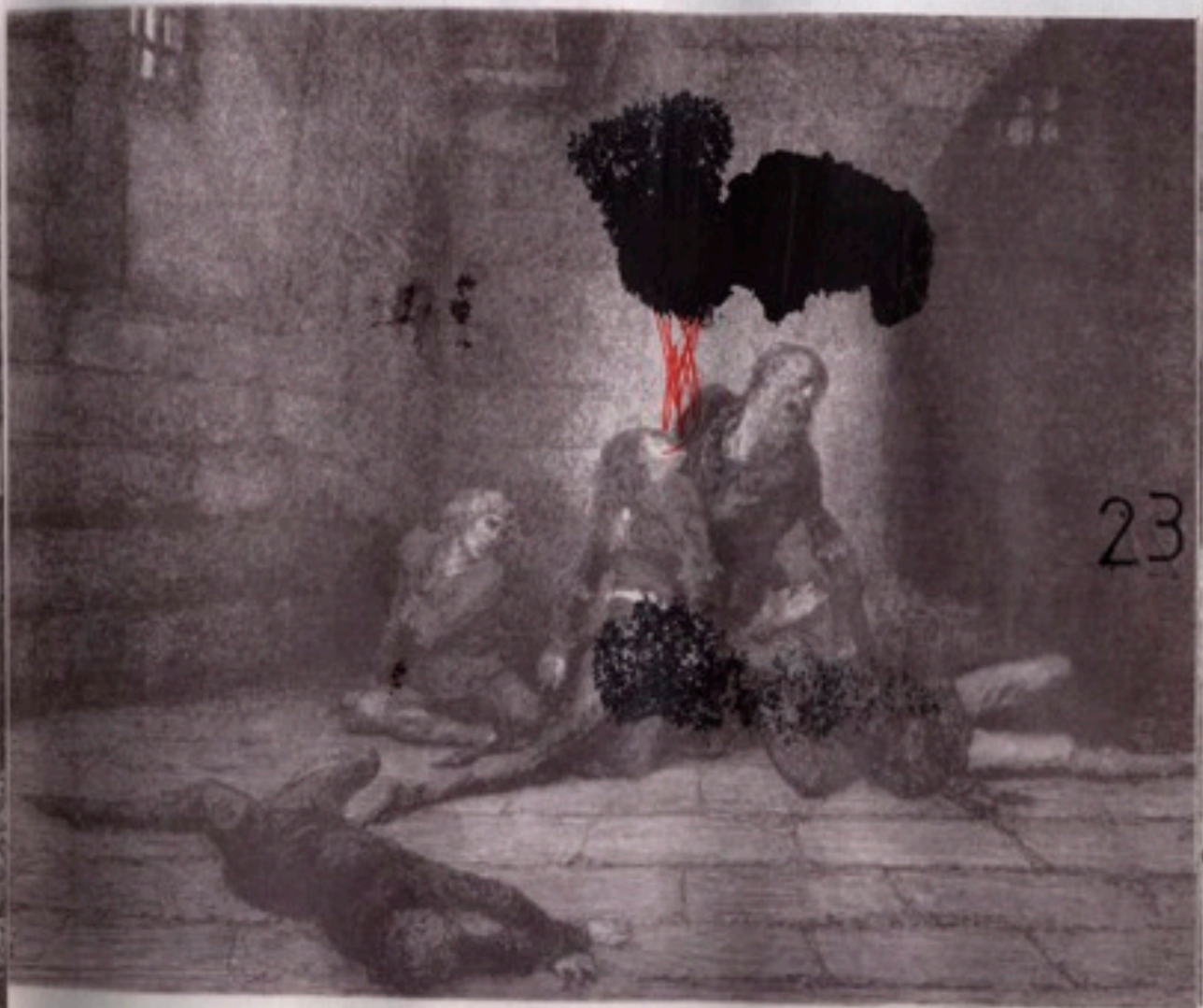
21



Even in the manner Adam's evil brood
 Got themselves, one by one, down from the shore.
Canto III., lines 107, 108



No. NO!



"Hast me help
For me, my father!"
Canto XXXIII, lines 67, 68.



24

By the hair

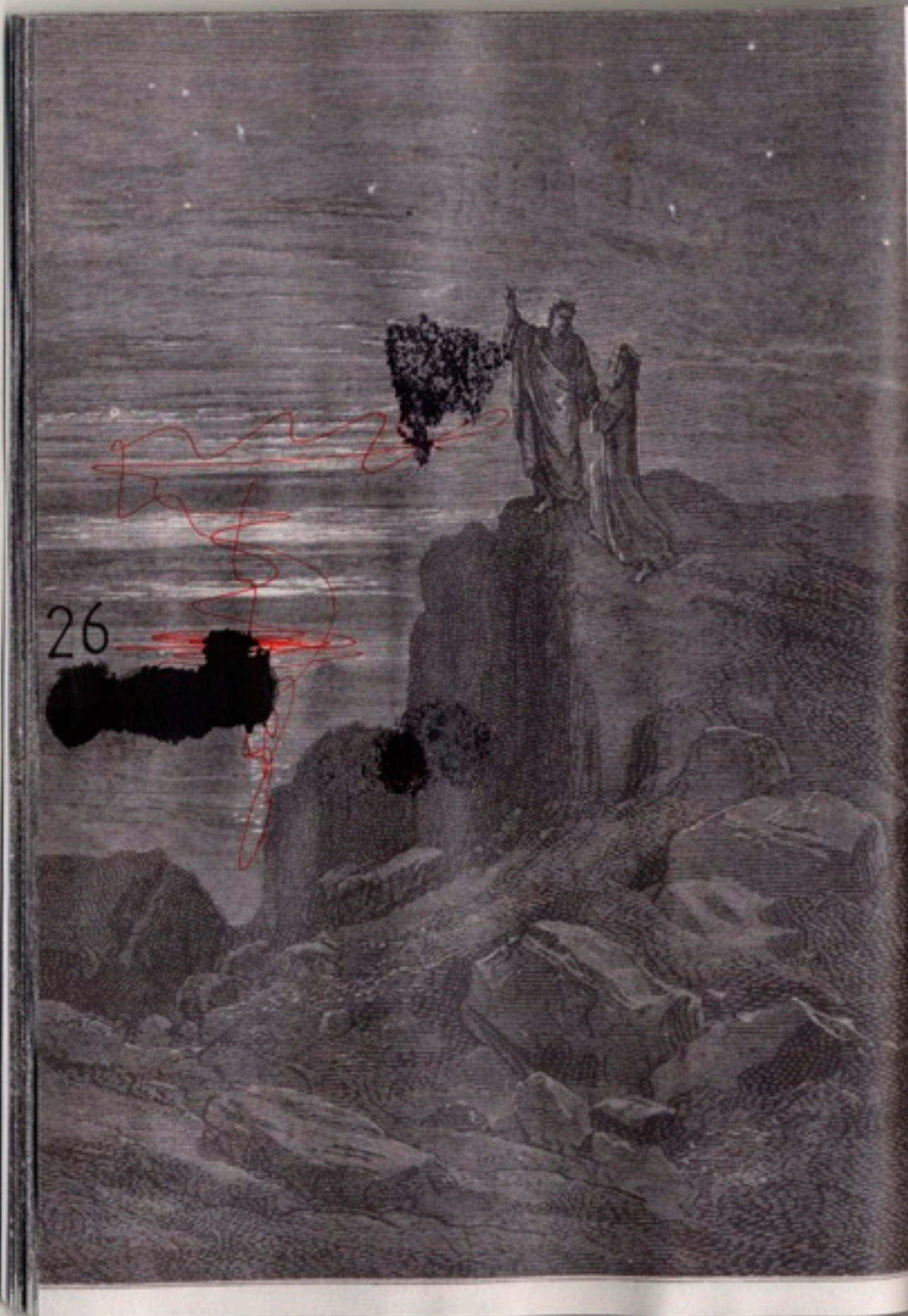
Terrible.



25

We to those beasts, that rapid stride along,
Drove near
Canto XII, lines 71-74

26

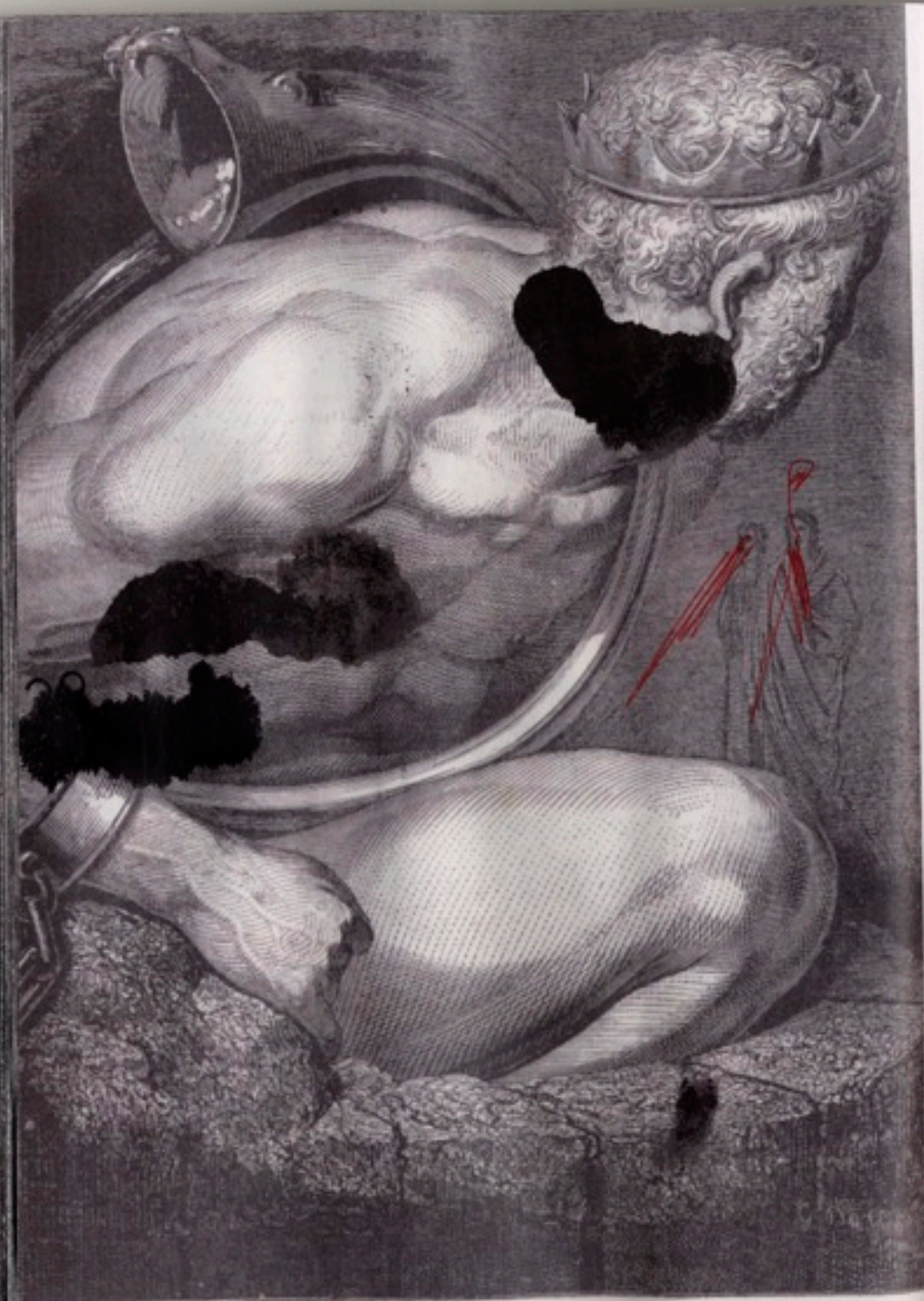


Oh, please...

27



And are ye here? — for Brunetta!
Castle XI, lines 28, 29.



"Oh, senseless spirit! let thy horn for thee
Interpret: therewith vent thy rage, if rage

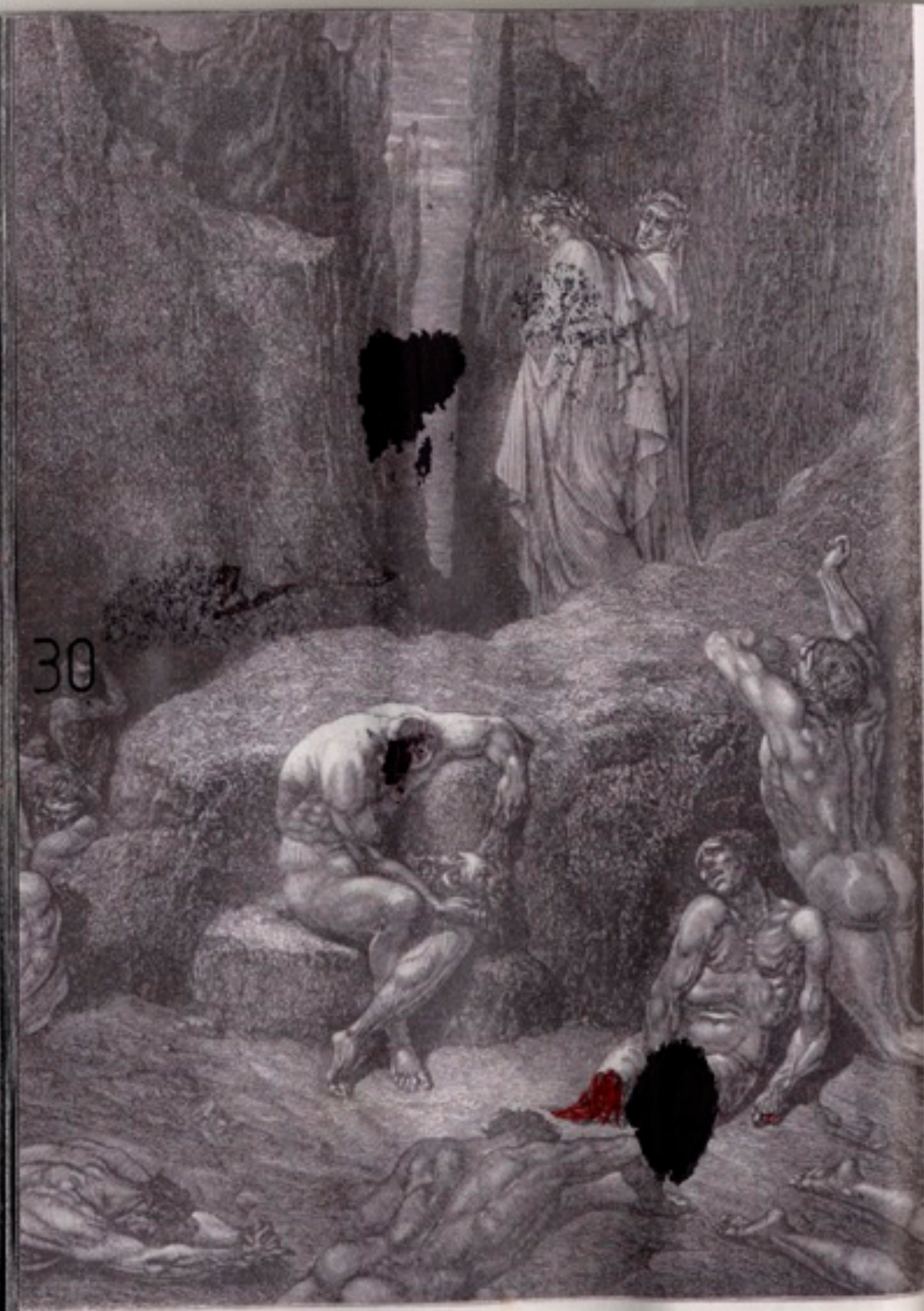
OH-NO!



29

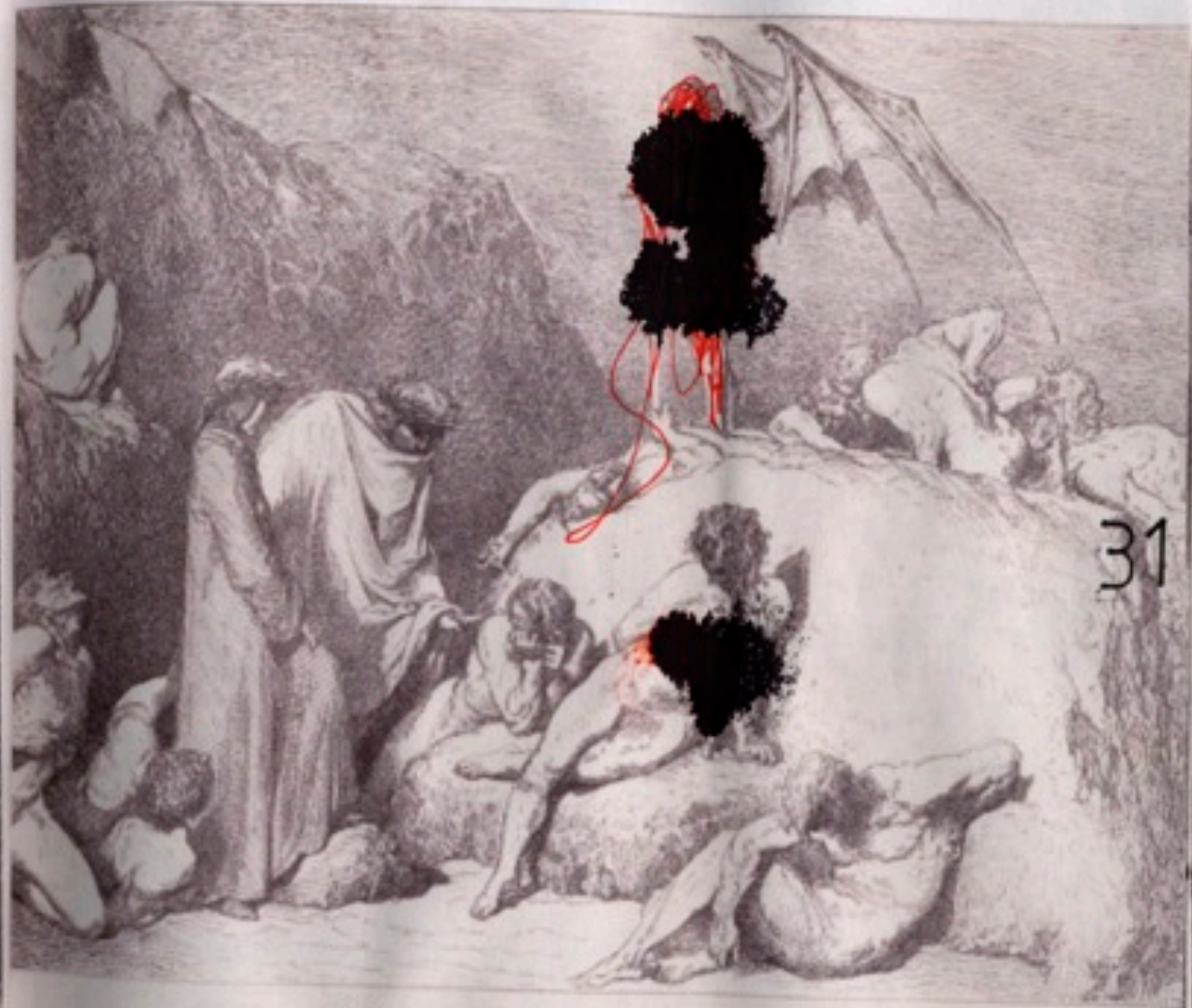
Now see! thou, son!
One of those, whose anger overcame
Canto VII, lines 118, 119.

30



But Virgil roused me: "What yet gazest on?"

So terrible...



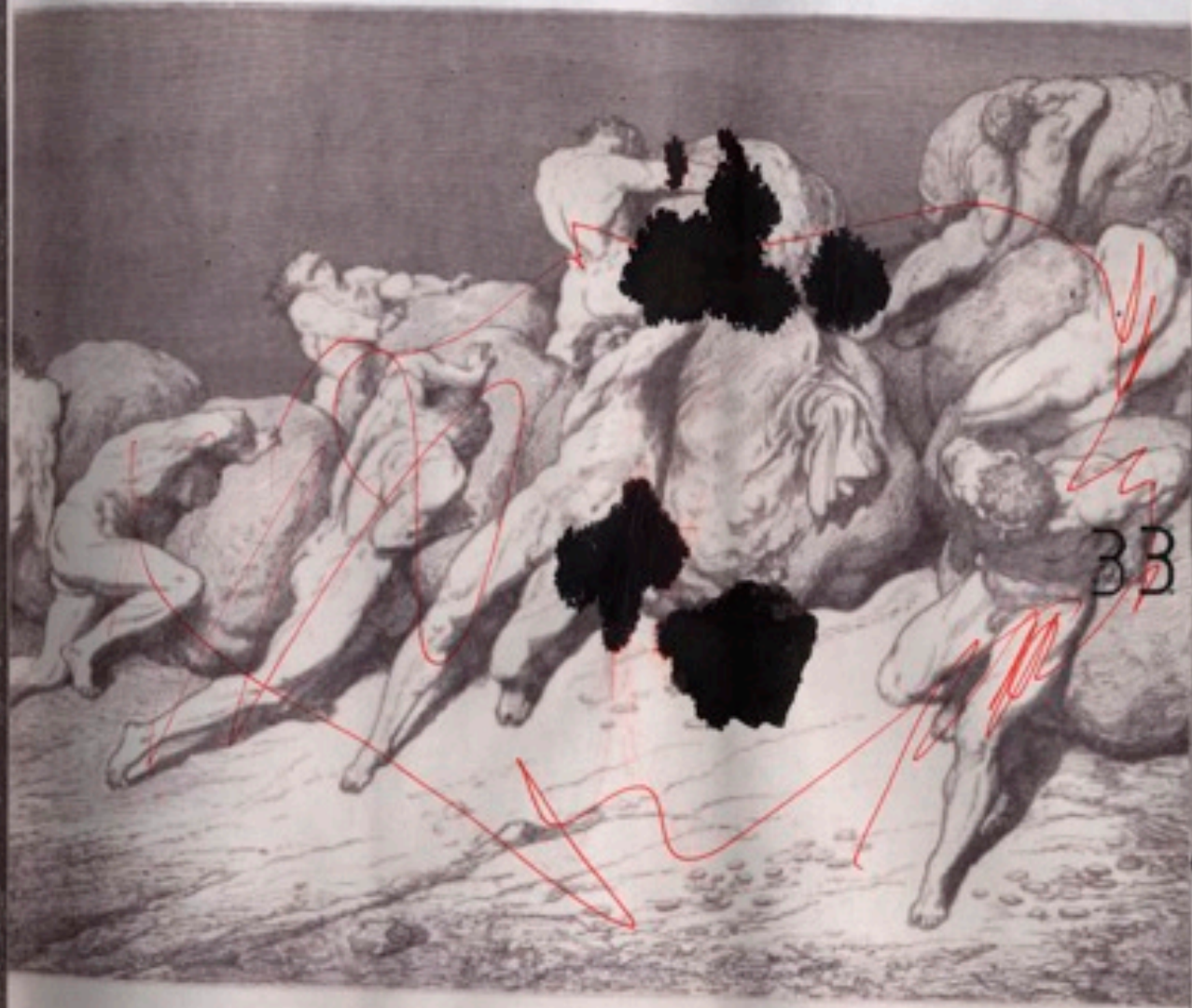
31

Call thou to mind
 The scene, if again
 Thou beholdest the pleasant land
 That slopes to Meccah.
 Canto XXVIII, lines 69-72.

32



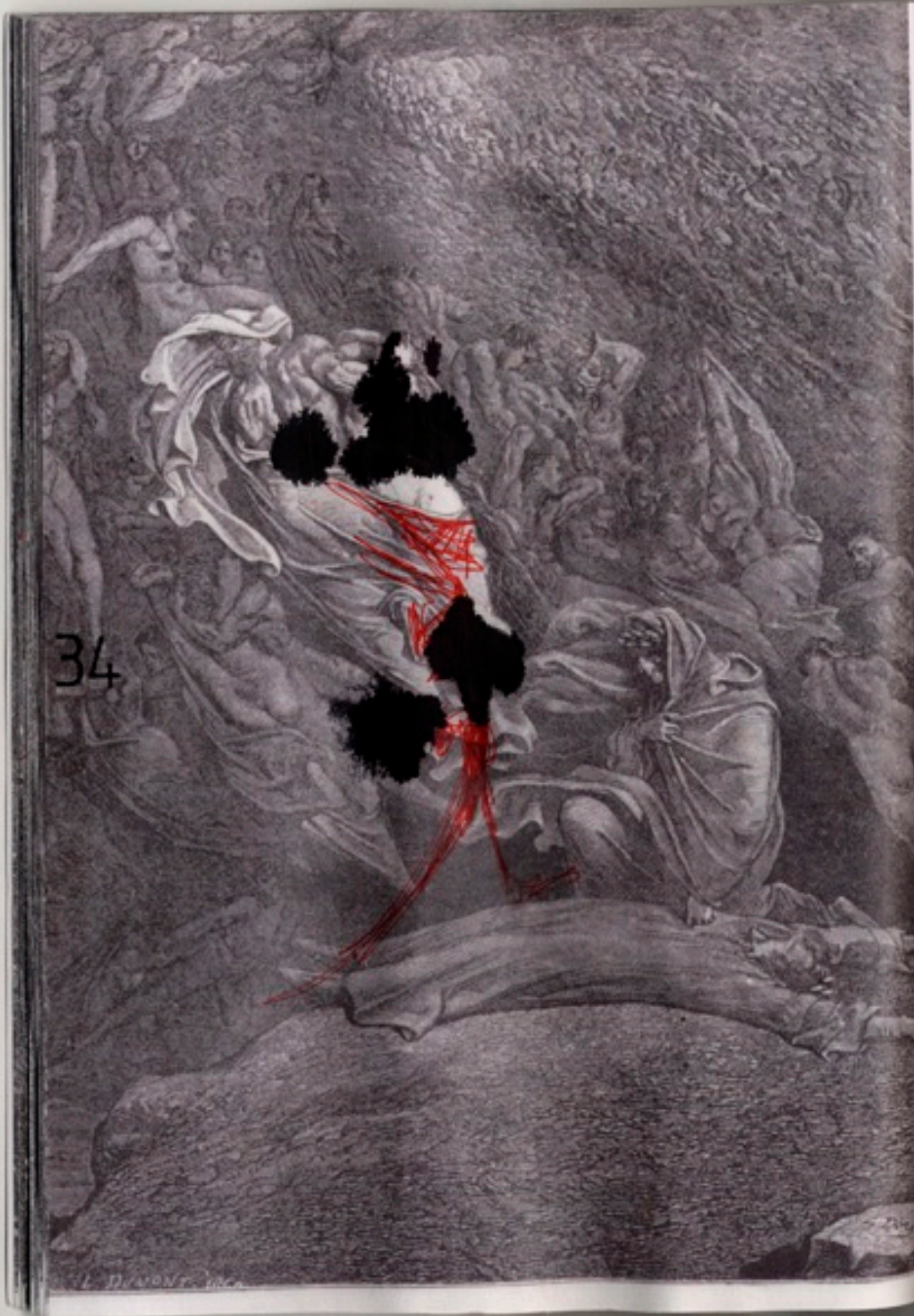
Ah!



33

Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,
Nor ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
Sho purchase rest for one.

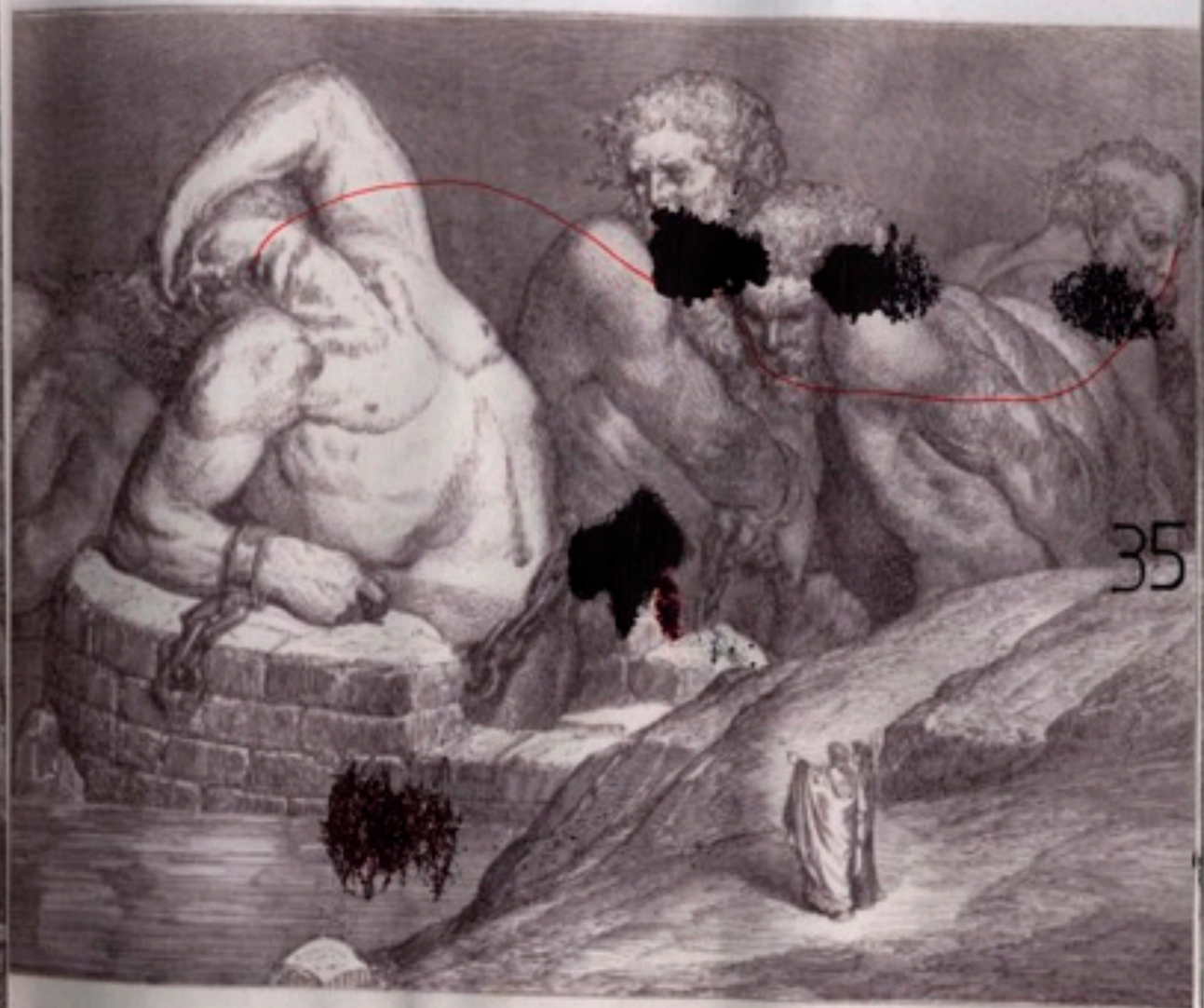
Carlo VII., lines 69-72



34

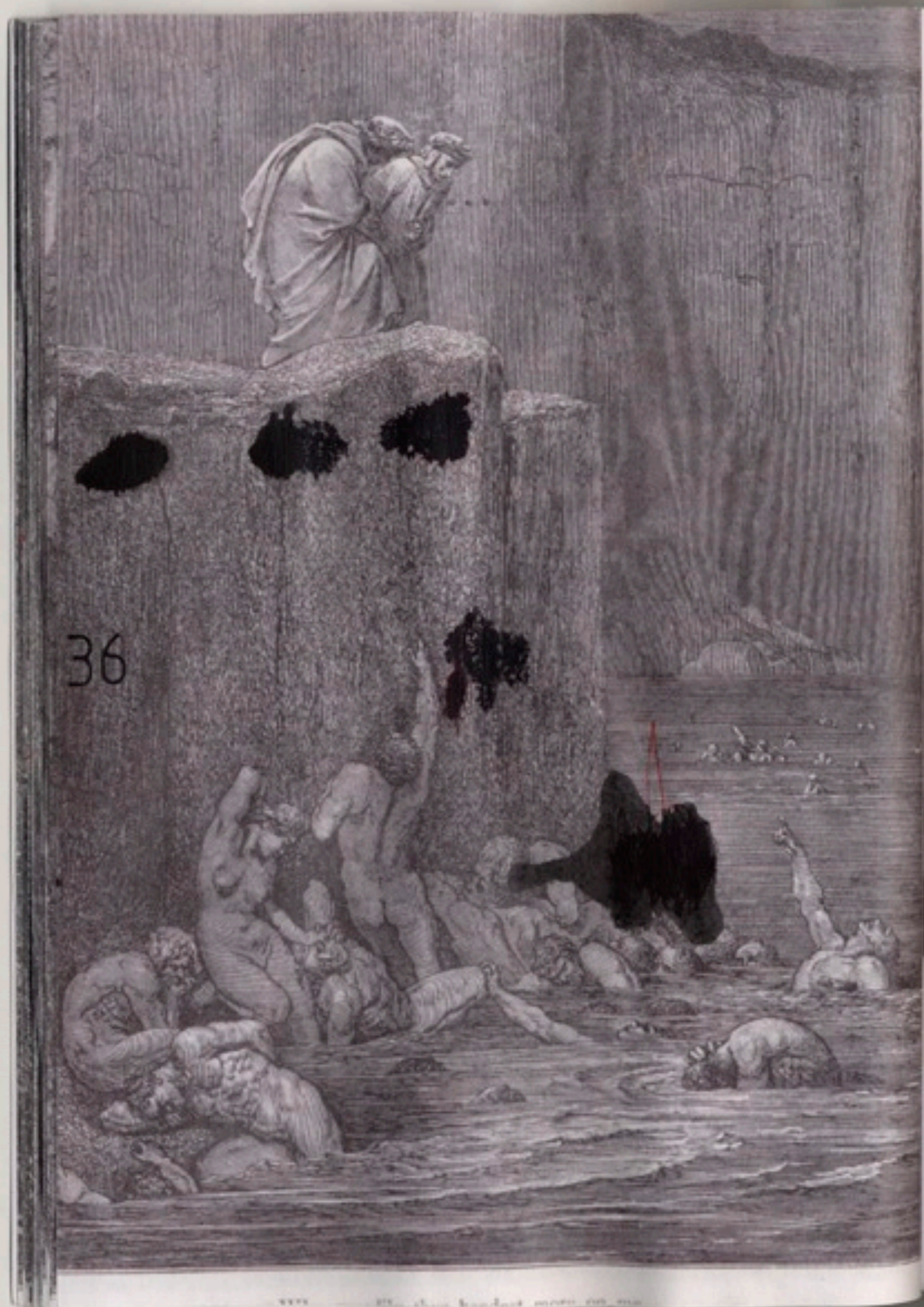
L. DEWON, 1864

OH! Oh...

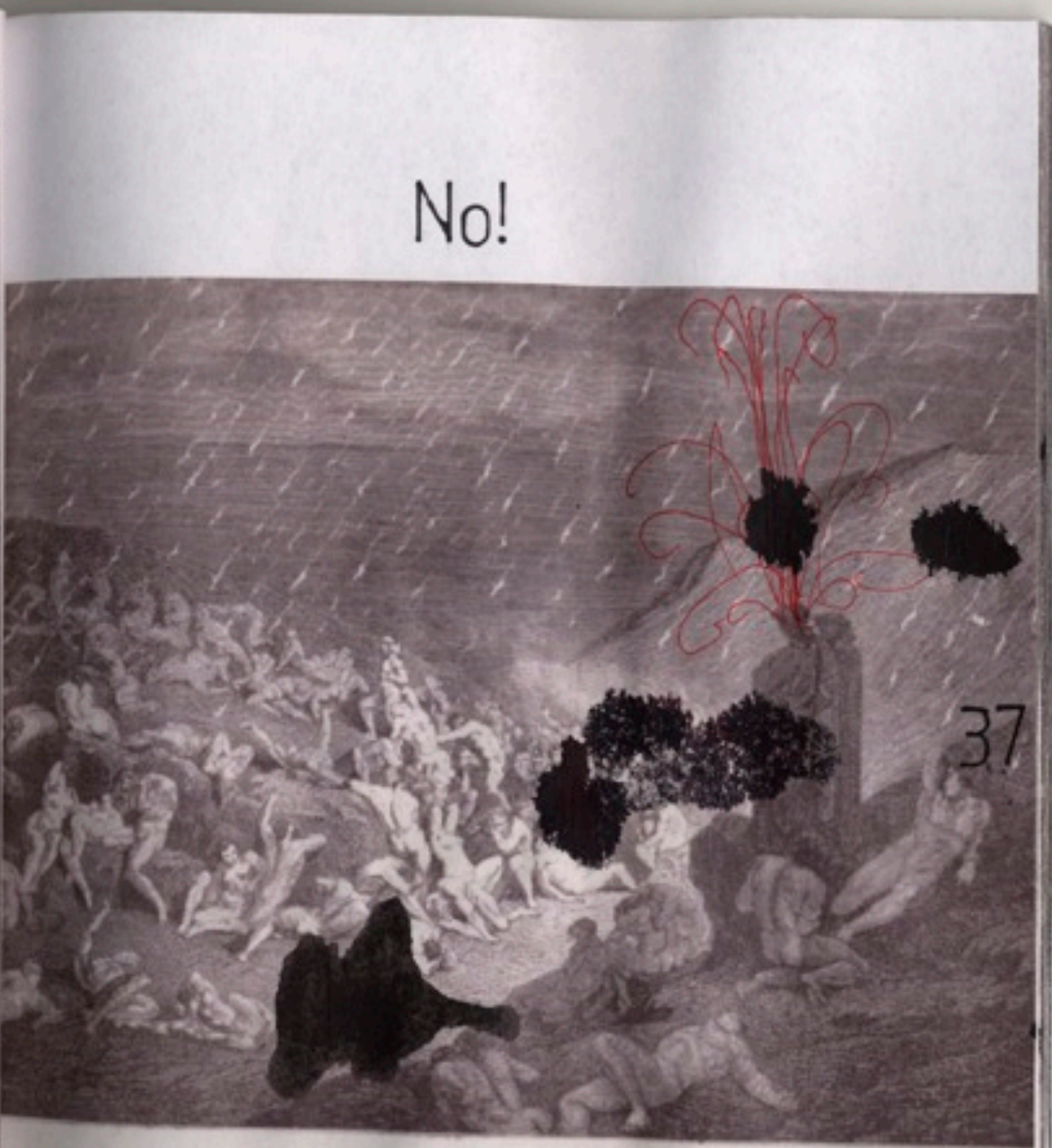


35

"This proud one
Would of his strength against almighty Jove
Make trial."
Caeso XXII, lines 82-84



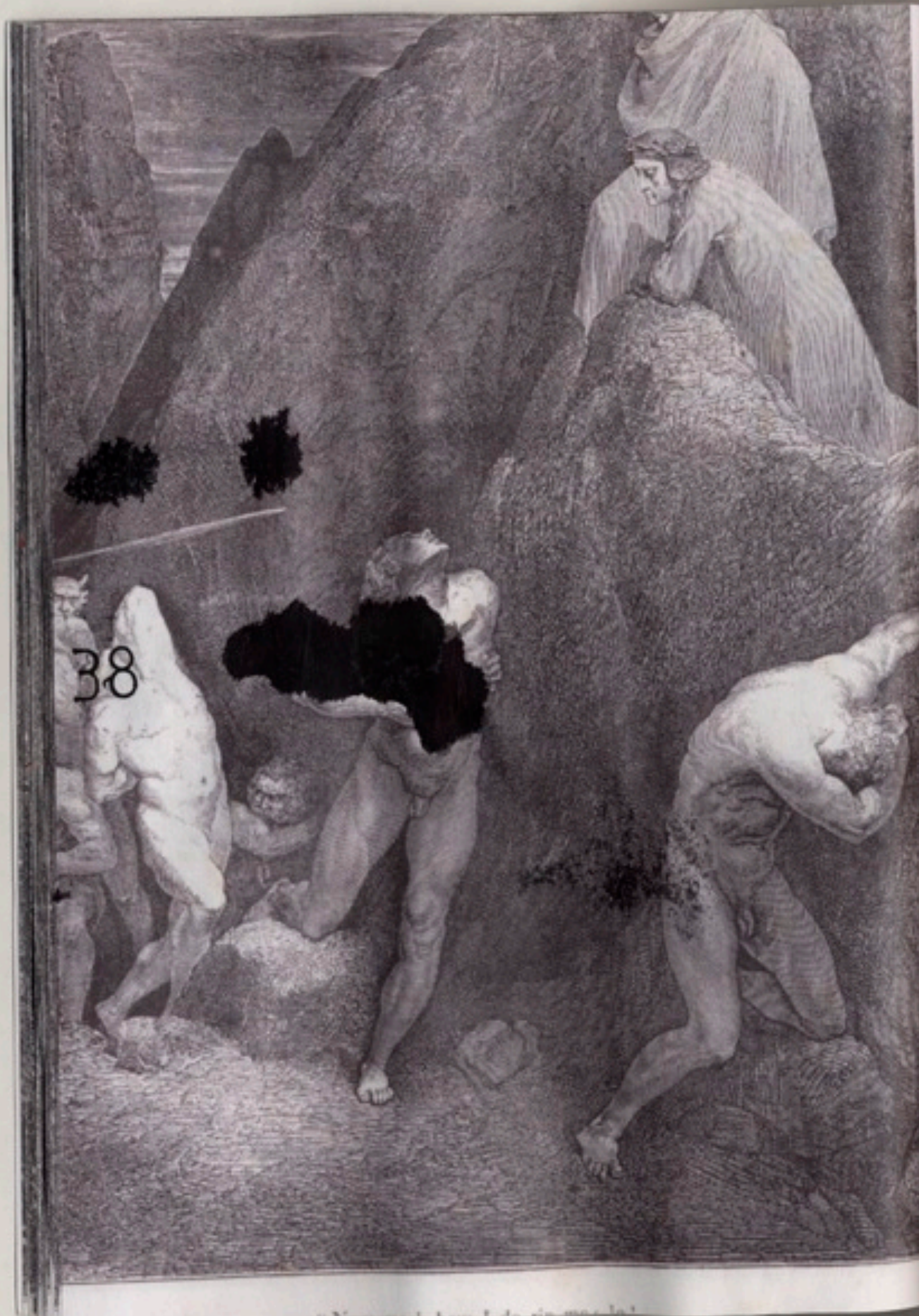
36



37

No!

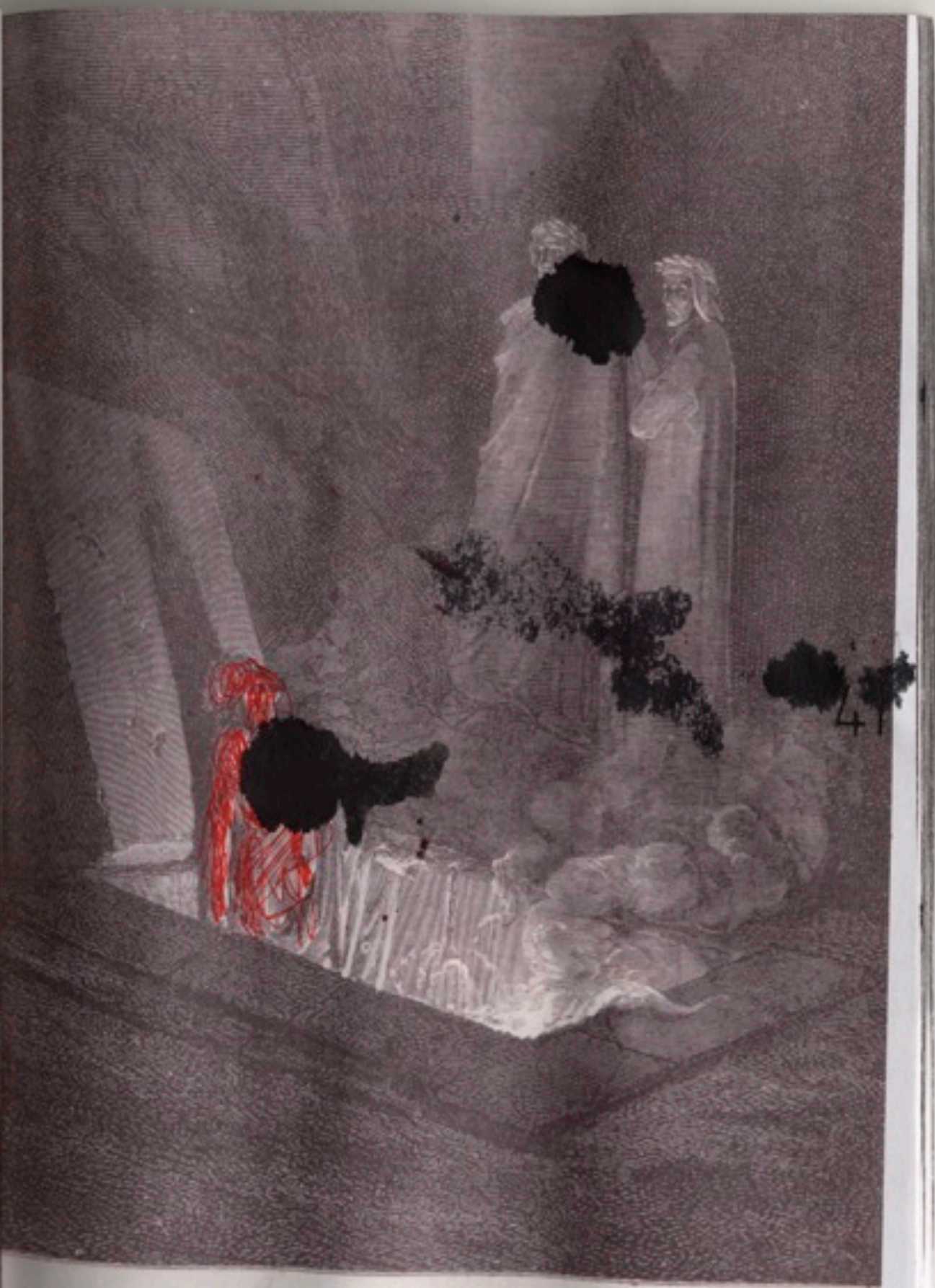
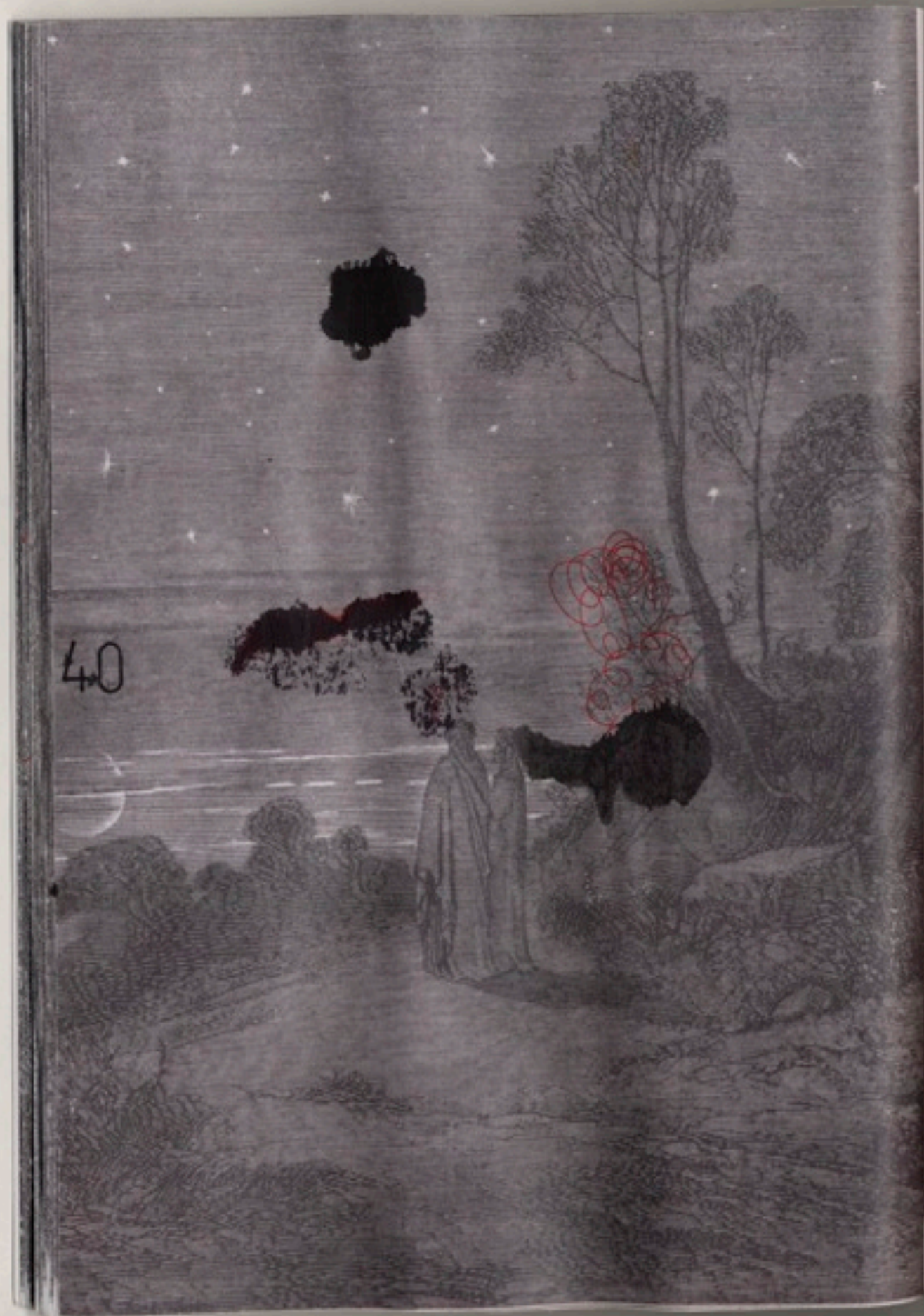
Curseing was the play of wretched hands,
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh. *Canto XIV, lines 27-30*



38

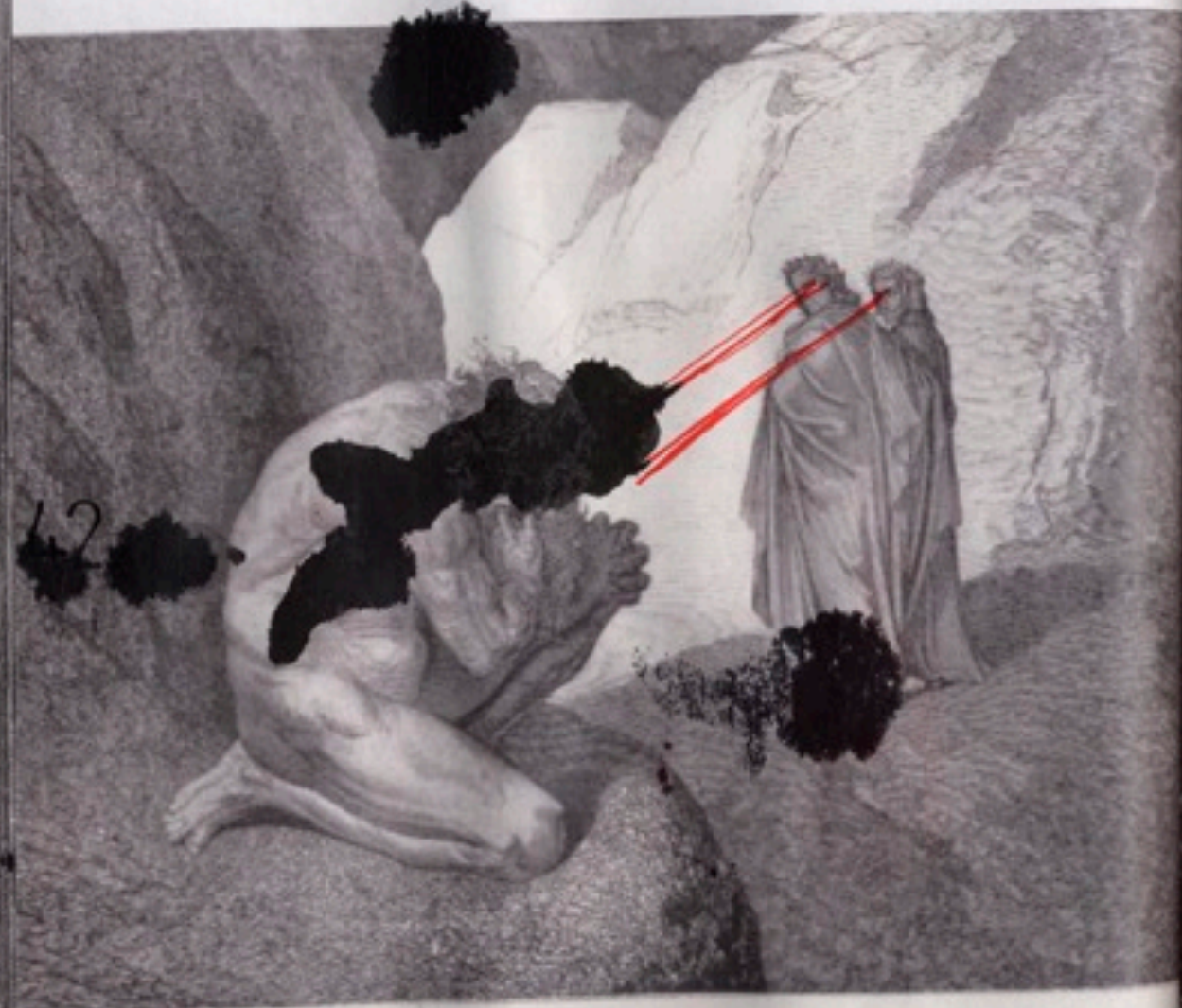


39



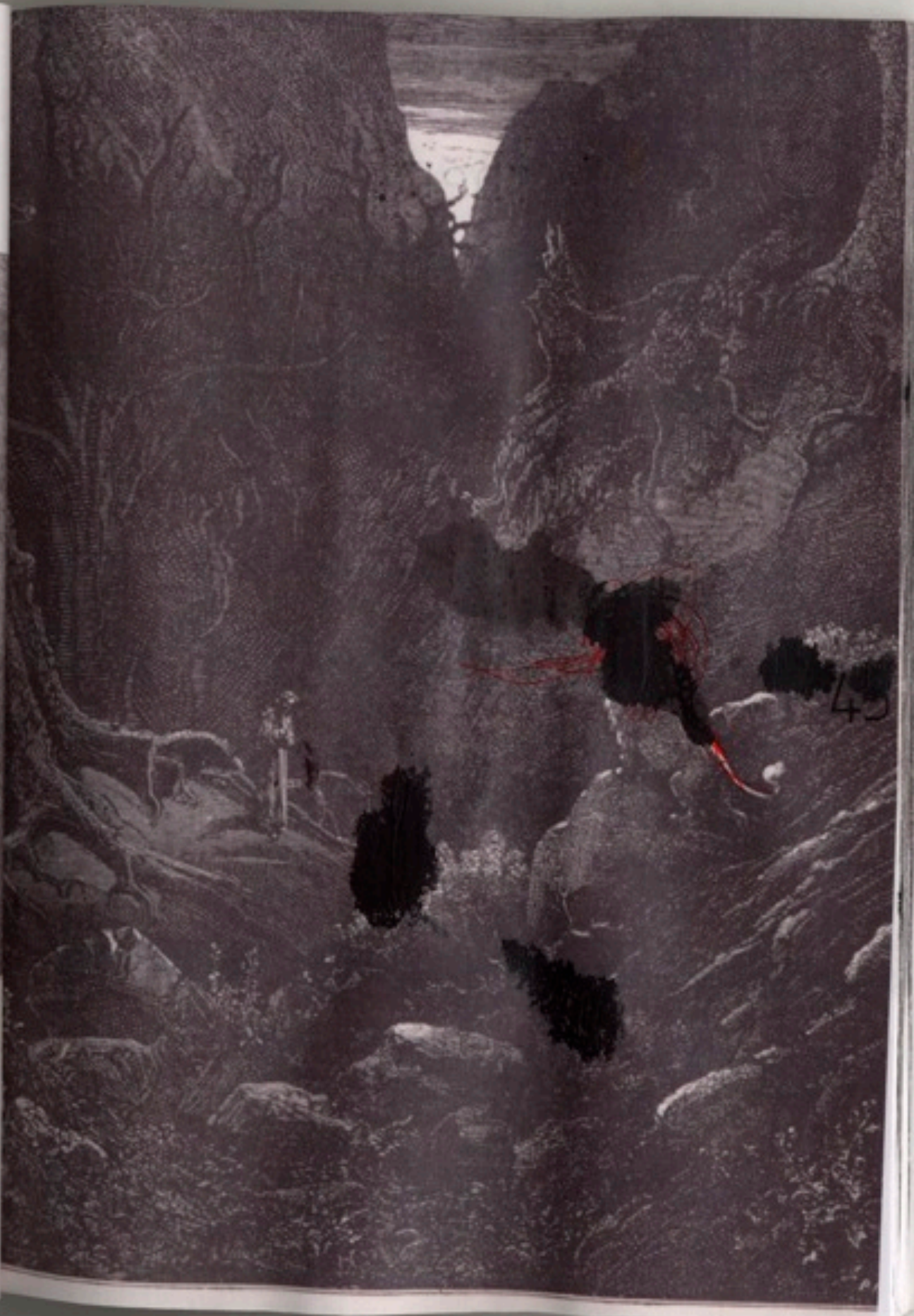
He, soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot,
Eyed me a space: then in disdainful

NO.



12

Turn well! thy face toward us thyself
Pity, and console this! *Chate VII, lines 8, 9*



43

To them!



Then my guide, his palms
Eyes
Kane
ground, thence fill'd with earth
I saw it in his ravenous maw.
Comte V7, lines 24-26



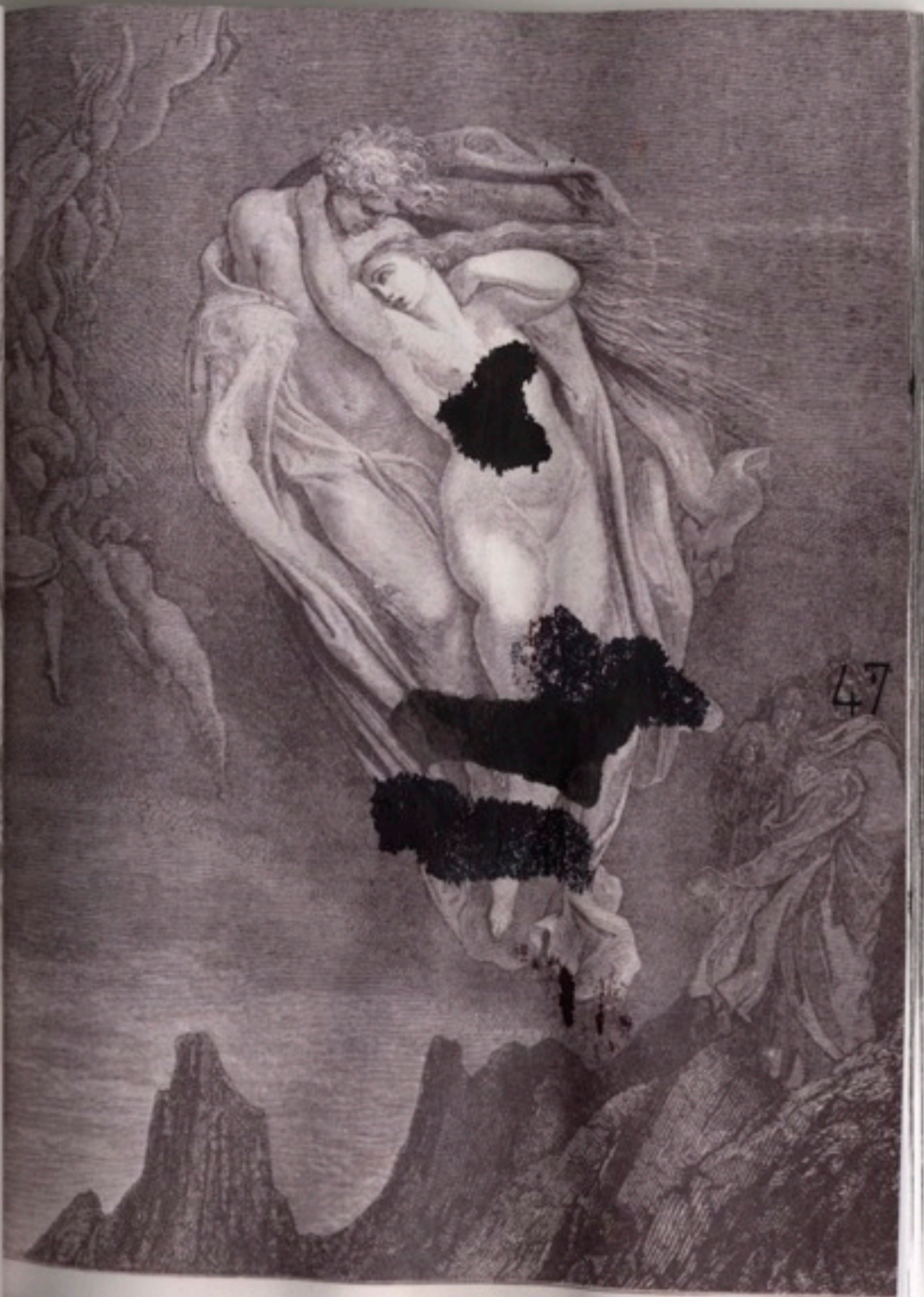
And, lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary with age

Oh, no!



46

«Habitant qui se lamentait, «non haste illos, deus?»
Canto XIII, line 156



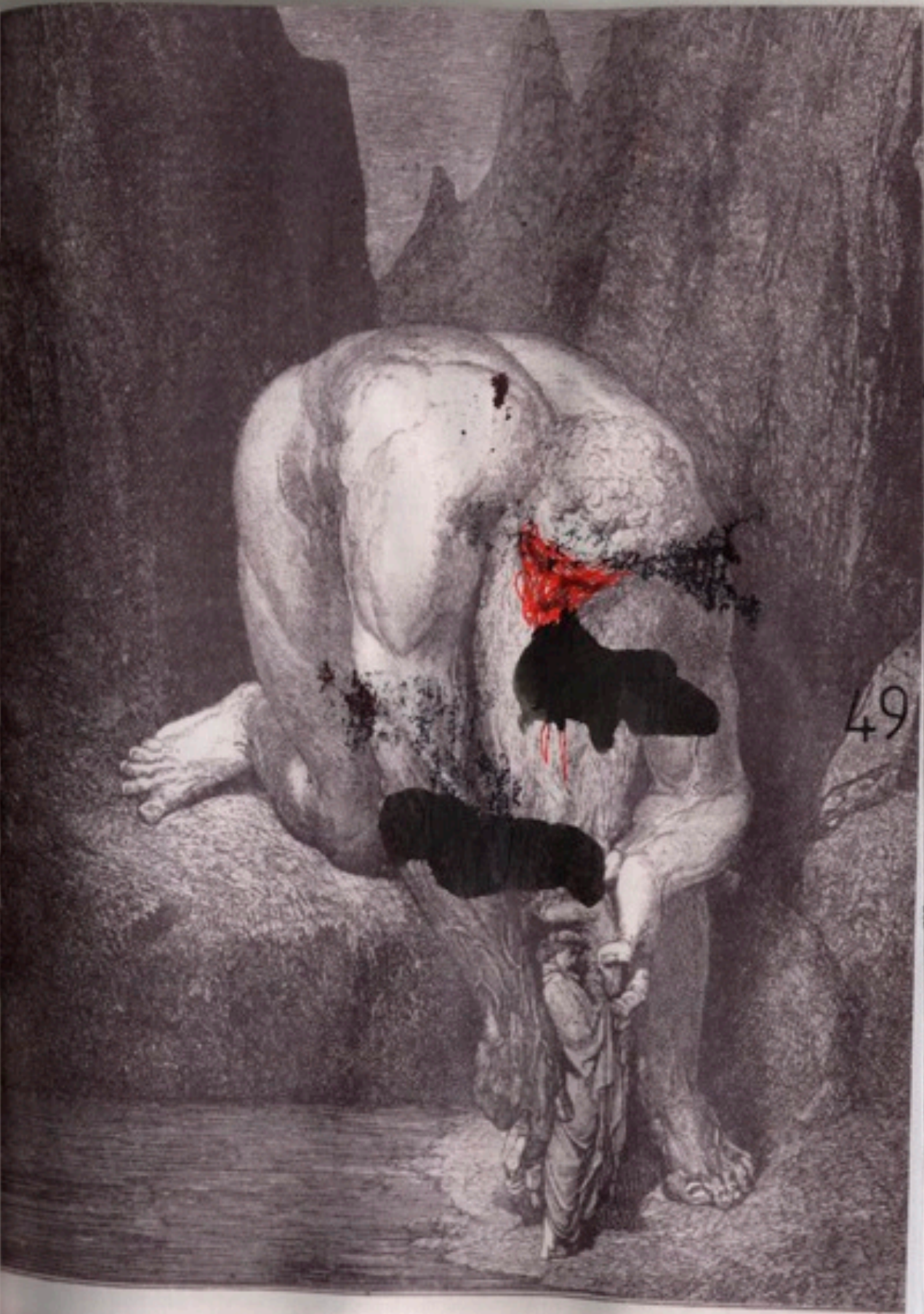
47

No-



48

My cup'd with envy to the brim,
Aye, that the measure overflow its bounds,
Hold me in brighter days, Ye citizens,
Were wont to name me Citizen.
Canto VI, lines 48-51



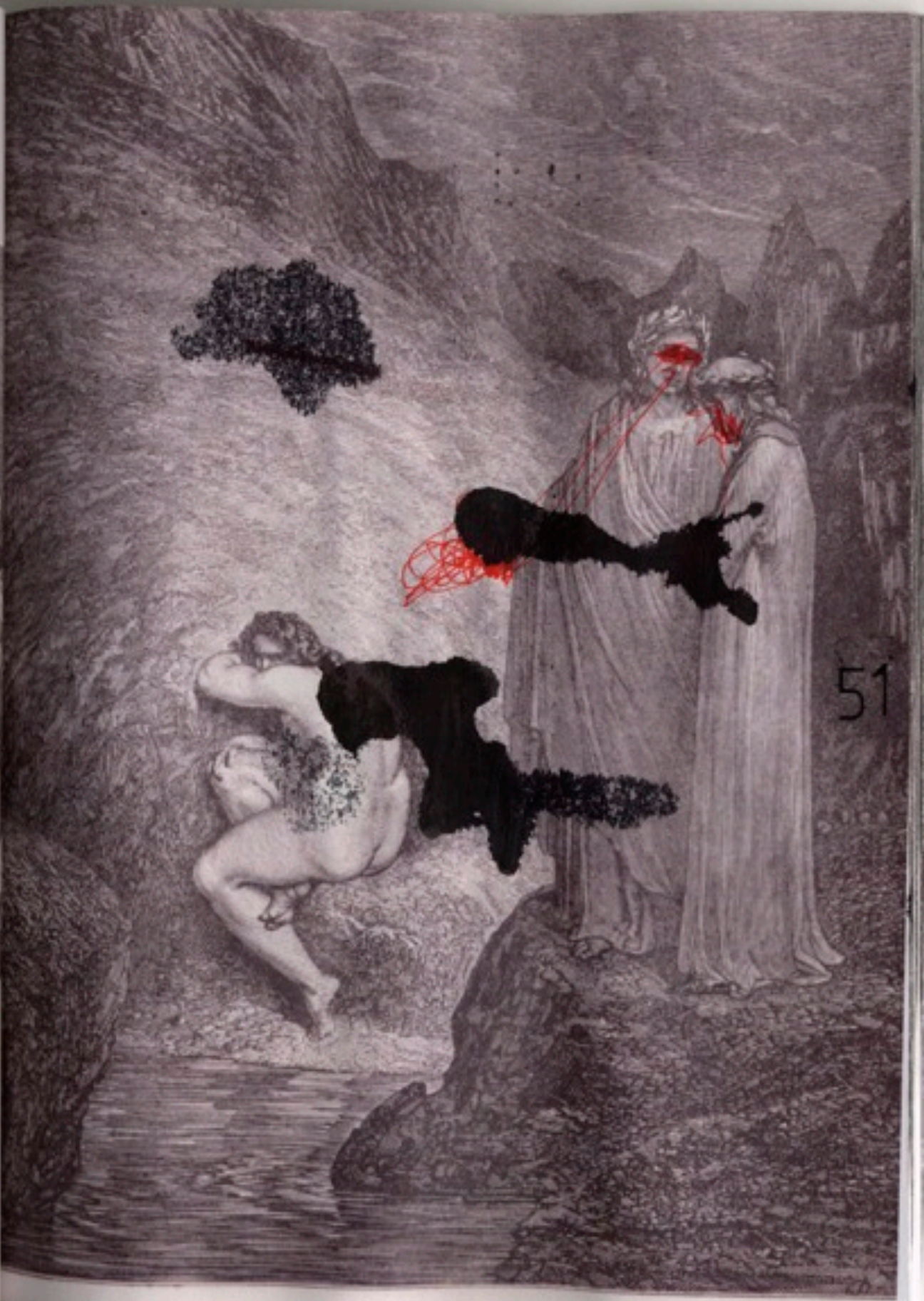
49

Yet in the...

Here my lord.



The crust
Came down from underneath in flakes, like scales
scraped from the breast, at hub of broader mail.
Comte XXIV, lines 77-81.



Ha!



52

One cried from far: "See, in what pain ye come,
Condemns'd, who down this steep have journey'd."
Canto XII, lines 58, 59.



53

Oh no!



Not more intently
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gazes
Than on that skull and on its garbage!
Canto XXXII, 117-120



"That pierced spirit, whom intent
Thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were full of
© 1874

NO! NO!



56

*The spirit of air is Schiebi; of fire, Schiebi;
Of random mischief vents he still his spite.
Cap. XXX, lines 23, 24



57

Ah!



58

In pursuit
 He then lay sped, exclaiming, "Thou art caught!"
Canto XXII, lines 125, 126



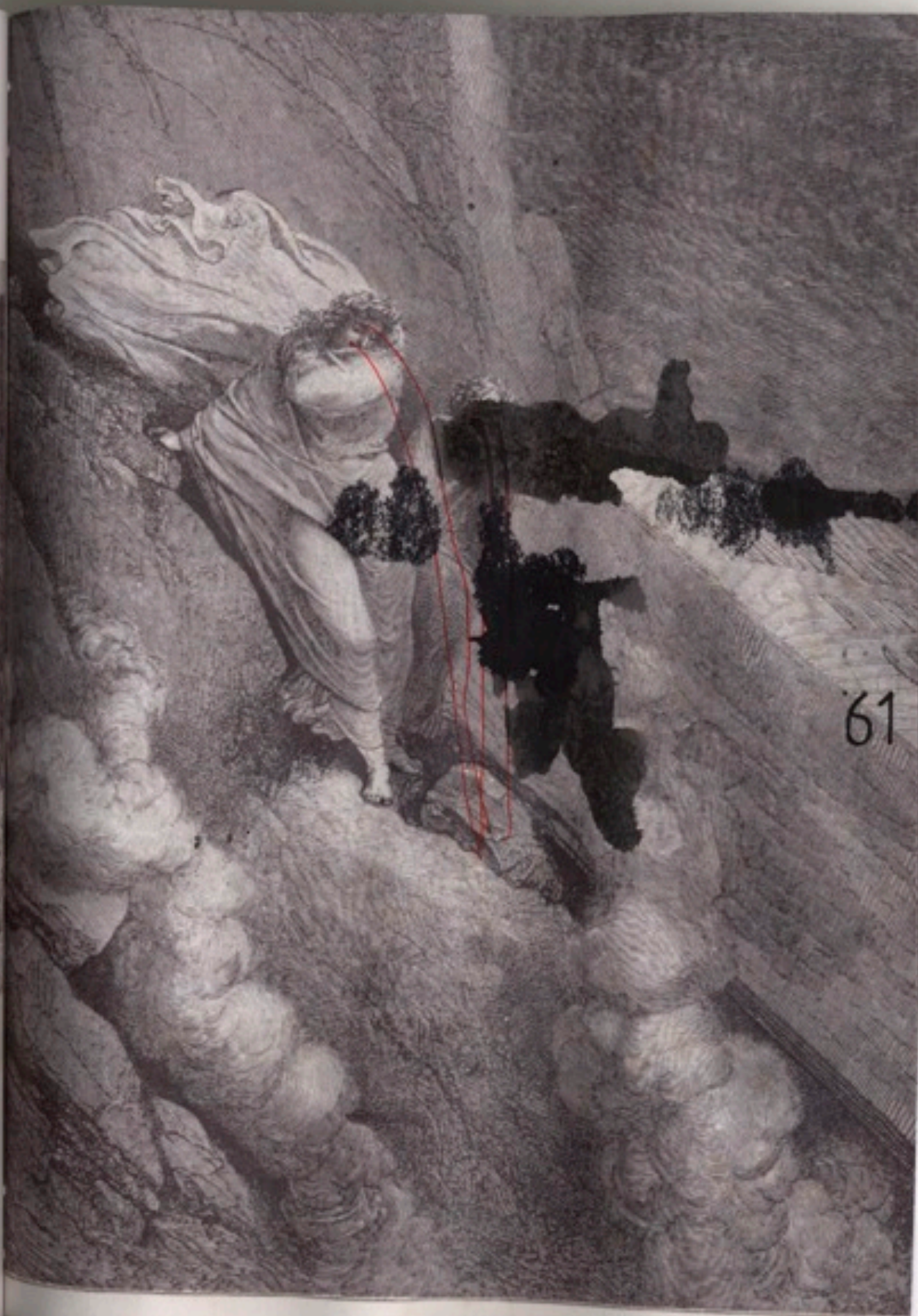
59

There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive
 A wretch for murder done

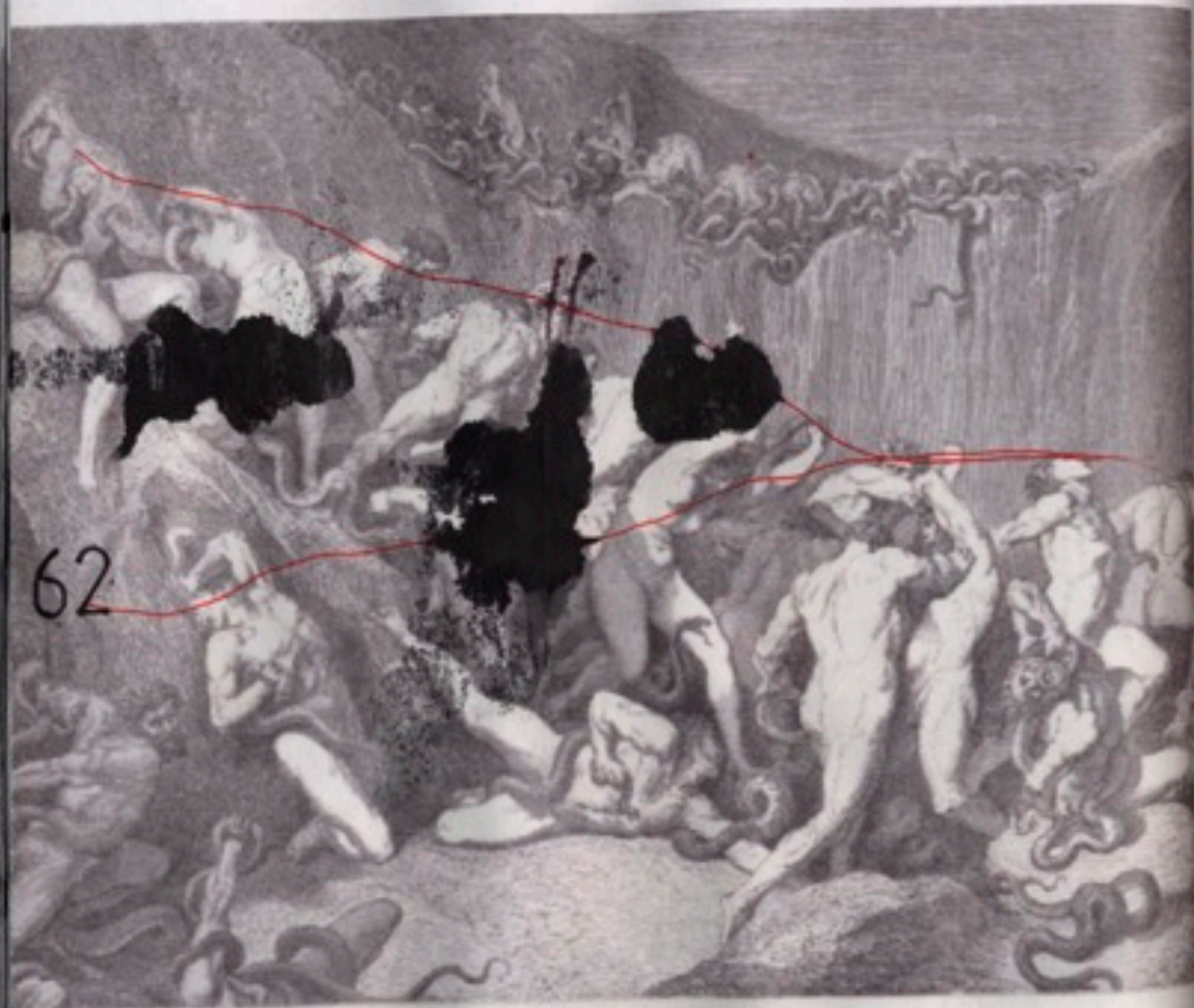
Allright?



Only so far afflicted, that we live
Desiring without hope. *Cardo IV., lines 38, 39*



NO!



62

Amid this dread exuberance of woe,
Ran raked spirits wing'd with horrid heat,
Nor hope had they of crevices where to hide,
Or heliotrope to charm them out of woe.
Canto XXIV, lines 89-92.



63

Scarcely had his feet

Try!



64

To the gate
He came, and with his wand touch'd it, whereat
Open without impediment it flew.
Canto IX, lines 87-89.



65

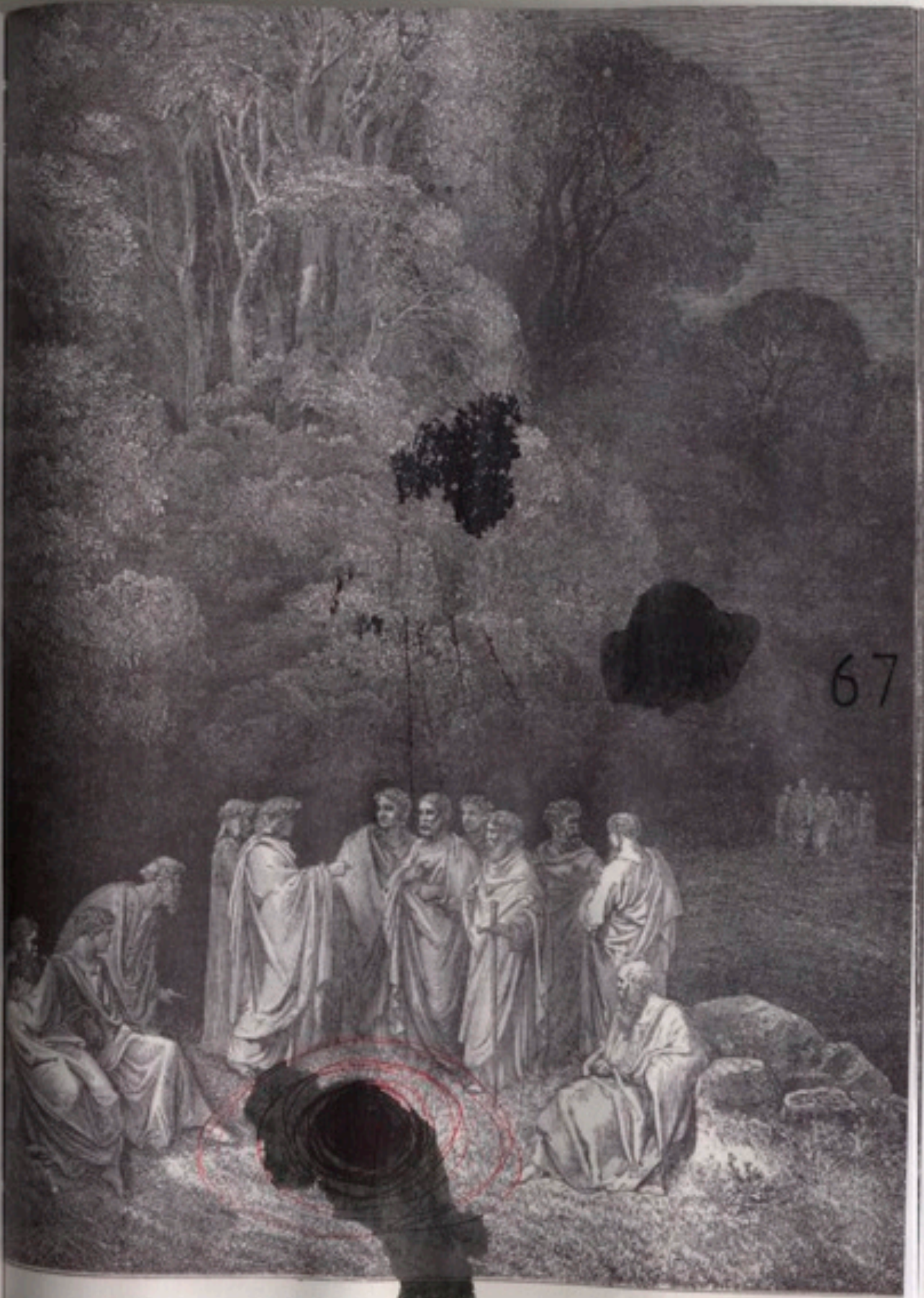
teacher sage

My heart!



66

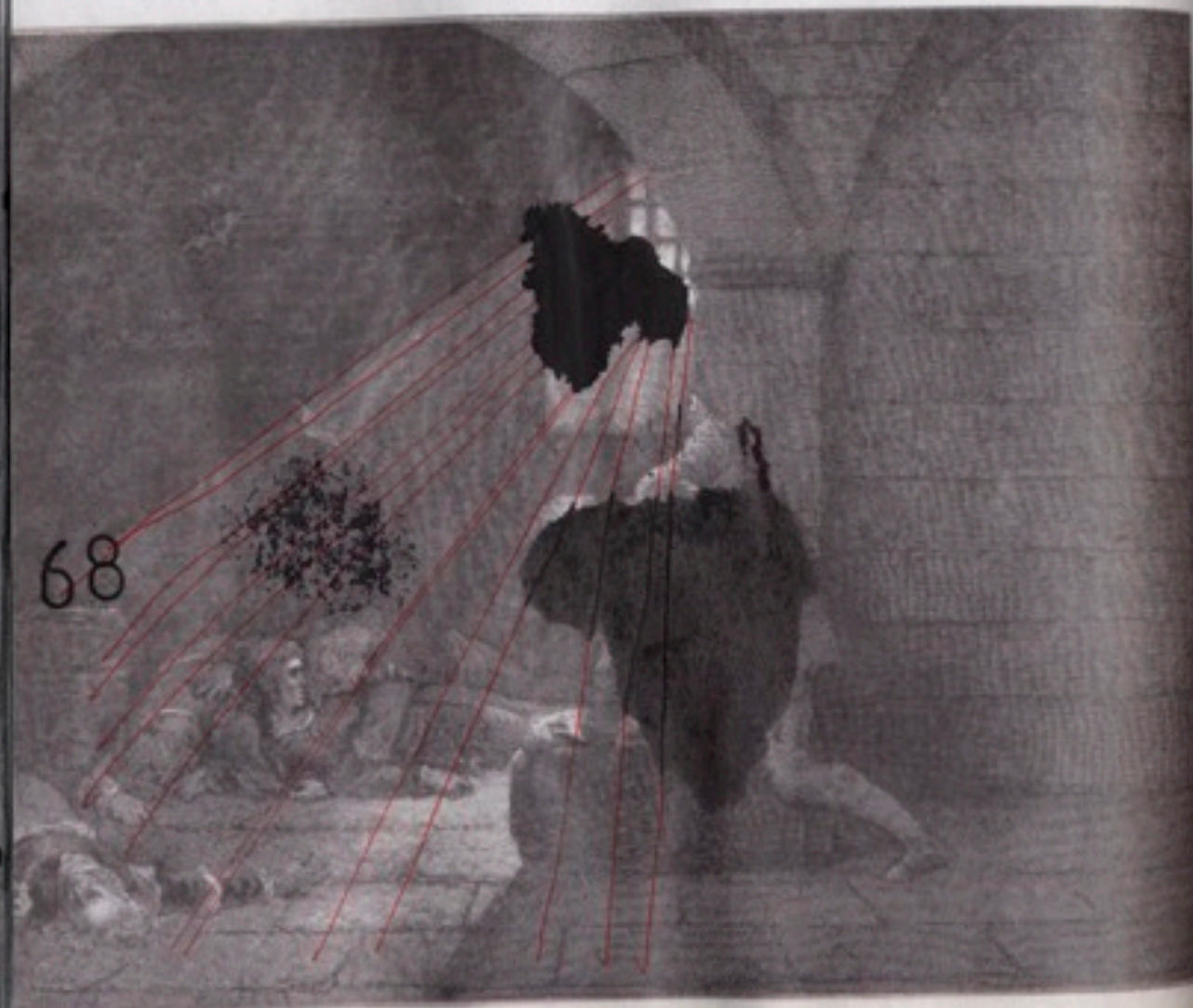
"Lo!" he exclaimed, "Lo! This, and lo! the place
Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."
Castle XXXVII



67

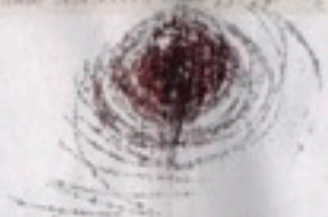
So I beheld united in a right school

Oh...



68

The mastery of grief. Then, fasting got
Canto XXVIII, lines 73-74



69

And there
At point of the departed ridge

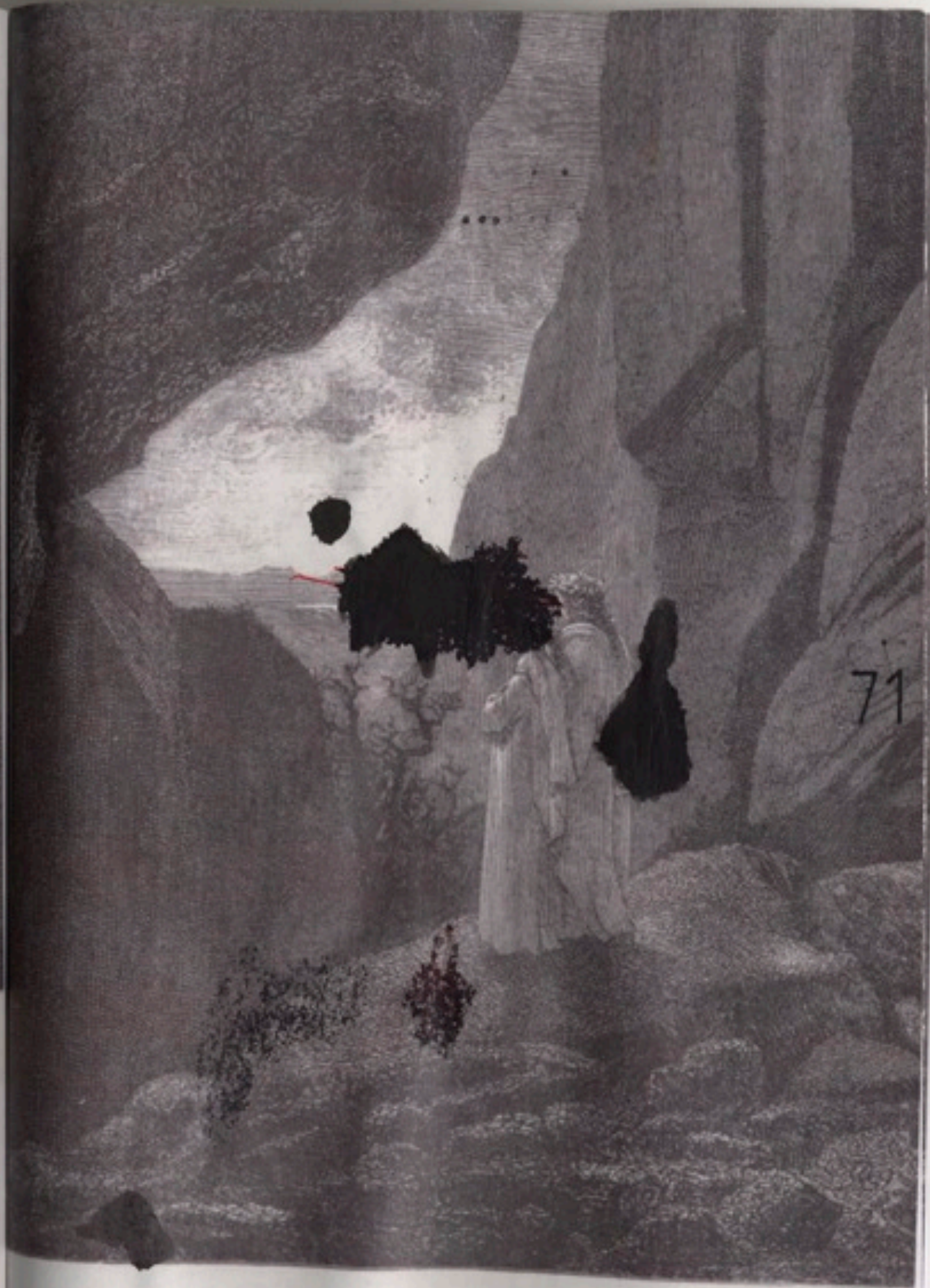
No...

70



Then sitting on his hinder wrap I cried:
"Name thou, or not a hair shall tarry here!"
Canto XXXII, lines 97, 98

71



By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter in

Ah...

72



"Be none of you ever..."
Conto XXI, 1870

73

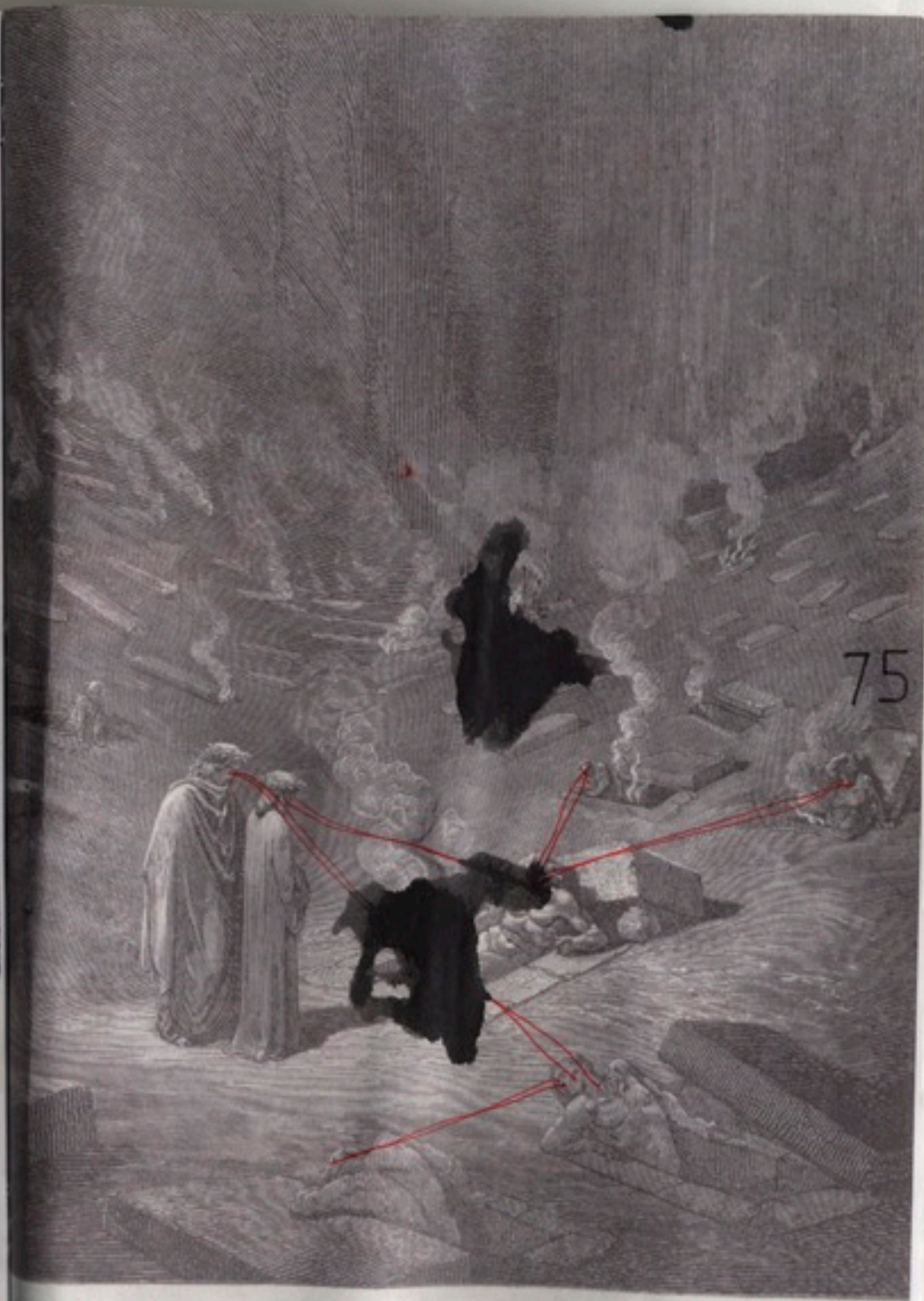


Quiet...



74

Scarcely
Began, when, in' a point of light,
And cover'd with a spectral train, appear'd;
Not, when it saw me, stopp'd;
Coste I, lines 29-32.



75

