

Sir Walter Scott, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, London: Dent, 1969.

CHAPTER 18

The dark and low arch, which seemed, like the entrance to Dante's Hell, to forbid hope of regress – the muttered sounds of the warders, and petty formalities observed in opening and shutting the grated wicket – the cold and constrained salutation of the Lieutenant of the fortress, who showed his prisoner that distant and measured respect which authority pays as a tax to decorum, all struck upon Nigel's heart, impressing on him the cruel consciousness of captivity.

(p. 328)