

Dante

4

.... o sommo Giove,

Che fosti in terra per noi crocifisso,
Son li giusti occhi tuoi rivolti altrove?

O è preparazion, che nell' abisso
Del tuo consiglio fai, per alcun bene,
In tutto dall' accorgere nostro scisso?.

[Purgatorio, VI, 118-123]

.... o highest Jove,

Who wert on earth for us crucified,
Are thy just eyes turned elsewhere?
Or is it a preparation, which in the abyss
Of Thy counsel thou art making, for some good
Wholly disjoined from our vision?

A Hannah Arendt
da Paolo Milano

Gennaio 1951

The Portable

DANTE



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D A N T E

¶ *THE DIVINE COMEDY, complete,
translated by Laurence Binyon, with
notes from C. H. Grandgent*

¶ *LA VITA NUOVA, complete, trans-
lated by D. G. Rossetti*

¶ *Excerpts from the LATIN PROSE
WORKS*

Edited, and with an Introduction, by

PAOLO MILANO



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I turned, and I began to speak again:
 "Francesca, the tears prick into mine eyes
 For sorrow, and for pity of thy pain.
 But tell me: in the time of the sweet sighs
 How did Love vouchsafe proof of what he is,
 And of the obscure yearnings make you wise?" 120
 And she to me: "No grief surpasses this
 (And that thy Teacher also knows full well)— 122
 In the midst of misery to remember bliss.
 But if thou so desire to know how fell
 The seed whose first root in our bosoms fed,
 I'll tell, as one who can but weep and tell.
 One day together, for pastime, we read
 Of Launcelot, and how Love held him in thrall. 128
 We were alone, and without any dread.
 Sometimes our eyes, at the word's secret call, 130
 Met, and our cheeks a changing colour wore.
 But it was one page only that did all.
 When we read how that smile, so thirsted for,
 Was kissed by such a lover, he that may
 Never from me be separated more
 All trembling kissed my mouth. The book I say
 Was a Galahalt to us, and he beside 137
 That wrote the book. We read no more that day."
 While the one spirit spoke thus, the other cried
 So lamentably, that the whole life fled 140
 For pity out of me, as if I died;
 And I fell, like a body falling dead.

122. "Thy Teacher": Virgil, who was happy and glorious on earth, and is now condemned to eternal exile.

128. "We read of Launcelot": the French prose romance of Launcelot of the Lake, which tells of the love of the hero for Guinevere, wife of King Arthur.

137. "The book . . . was a Galahalt to us": Galahalt was the intermediary who brought Launcelot and Guinevere together; Paolo and Francesca had no such go-between—the book was their Galahalt, their guide to love.

His belly is big, his hands clawed; and with growl
 The spirits he clutches, rends piecemeal and flays.
 The rain provoketh them like dogs to howl.

They with one side the other strive to screen: 20

Often they turn themselves, those sinners foul.

When we by Cerberus, the great Worm, were seen,

He showed the tusks within each grinning jaw:

He had no limb but quivered with his spleen.

My Guide spread out his palms, when this he saw,

And took up clods of earth, and with full fist

Crammed them into each madly ravening maw.

And like the craving dog whose barks persist

But whom the first full bites of food appease,

For all his fever is but to champ that grist, 30

So was it with those squalid visages

Of demon Cerberus, who roars so loud

The spirits would fain that deafness gave them ease.

Now passed we on over the shadows bowed

Beneath the crushing rain, and our feet set

On seeming bodies that were empty as a cloud.

They all lay grovelling prone amid the wet

Save one who sat up quickly and raised his head,

Seeing us pass before him, and our eyes met.

"O thou who through this drizzling hell art led," 40

He cried out, "recognize me if thou may'st,

For thou wast made before I was unmade."

And I to him: "The anguish which thou hast

It may be so obscures thee to my mind

That 'tis as if for me thou never wast.

But tell me: who art thou in such place confined

And to such punishment condemned, that though

Worse may be, none is of so loathsome kind."

And he to me: "Thy city, which brims so 49

With envy that the sack is ripe to spill, 50

Now makes them too dim to be known of eyes.
 For ever at one another must they butt.
 These from the grave shall rise up with fists tight,
 Those others with their very hair close-cut.
 Ill-giving, ill-hoarding, lost for them the light
 Of the bright world, and in this scuffling caught.
 I beautify no words to tell their plight. 60
 Now, my son, see to what a mock are brought
 The goods of Fortune's keeping, and how soon!
 Though to possess them still is all man's thought.
 For all the gold that is beneath the moon,
 Or ever was, never could buy repose
 For one of those souls, faint to have that boon."
 "Master," said I, "tell me from what power rose
 This Fortune upon whom thy word did glance.
 What is she, whose grasp doth the world's good en-
 close?"
 And he to me: "How heavy the ignorance, 70
 O foolish creatures, that on you is laid!
 Hear now my judgment of her governance.
 The wisdom that transcendeth all, and made
 The heavens and gave them guides to rule them
 right, 74
 So that each splendour should the other aid
 With equal distribution of the light,
 In like sort also a general minister 77
 Set over this world's glory and fond delight,
 From time to time those vain goods to transfer
 From people to people, and from class to class, 80
 Beyond cunning of mortals to deter.

74. "And gave them guides": the angels, who govern the revolutions of the spheres.

77. "A general minister": Fortune, a power similar to the celestial intelligences that move the heavens. It is her mission to shift prosperity to and fro, without apparent plan, seeing that it remain not too long with one person, family, or nation.

Hence the empire from that race to this must pass,
 In wax and wane obeying her decree
 Which lurketh like a snake hid in the grass.
 She is past your wit to understand; but she
 Provideth, judgeth, governeth her own,
 As the other Gods do theirs in their degree.
 To her mutations is no respite known.
 Necessity in her forbiddeth pause:
 Thus comes he oft who is raised or overthrown. 90
 This is she who is cursed without a cause,
 And even from those hath maledictions got,
 Unjustly, of whom she should have won applause.
 But she is in her bliss, and hears them not.
 In chime with the other primal creatures glad, 95
 She turns her sphere and tastes her blissful lot. 96
 Descend we now to miseries more sad.
 The stars that when I set forth climbed on high 98
 Sink, and to stay too long my charge forbad."
 To the other bank we crossed the circle, nigh 100
 Above a spring that boiled and overflowed
 Down through the cleft it wore to issue by.
 Darker than blackest purple the water showed.
 We followed down the sombre stream's decline
 And reached the floor below by a strange road.
 These sullen waves into a fen combine
 Called Styx, whenas the water's last descent 107
 Reaches the foot of that grey scaur malign.
 And I who stood with fixed looks intent

95. "Primal creatures": the angels.

96. "Her sphere": the wheel, the traditional symbolic attribute of Fortune.

98. The stars which were rising in the east when they started have now crossed the meridian and begun to descend towards the west: it is past midnight. Virgil usually states the hour in astronomical terms.

107. The Styx was the most famous of the rivers of the classic lower world.

That thou enjoy this thing thou cravest for.”
 A little after I saw such mangling done
 Upon him by the foul folk muddy-cheeked,
 I still praise God that sight to have looked upon. 60
 “Have at Filippo Argenti!” they all shrieked.
 The spirit of the outrageous Florentine
 Turned biting and on himself his fury wreaked.
 We left him. He gets no more word of mine.
 But on mine ears now smote a wailful din,
 And I peered forth, its meaning to divine.
 Said my good Master: “Now, Son, we begin
 To approach near to the city named of Dis. 68
 Sad citizens, vast throngs it hath within.”
 “Already,” I said, “mine eye distinguishes 70
 Clearly its minarets within the vale,
 All red, as if they had come from furnaces.”
 And he to me: “This their exterior shell
 The eternal fire within them maketh red,
 Even as thou seest, in this low hollow of Hell.”
 We now arrived in the deep fosses’ bed
 That moat about that place disconsolate.
 Of iron seemed the walls above my head.
 Not before making circuit long and late,
 We came to a stop, and loud the boatman there 80
 Cried out to us: “Land ye now. Here is the gate.”
 Above I saw a thousand spirits in air
 Rained down from heaven, who angry as if betrayed
 Cried: “Who is this who without death doth dare
 The kingdom of the dead folk to invade?”

This justifiable anger is illustrated here by the attitude of Dante toward one of the violently wrathful. The furious soul that so incenses Dante is Filippo Argenti of Florence.

68. “The City of Dis,” or Lower Hell, is the abiding-place of those whose sins were due not to Incontinence of desire or temper but to permanent evil disposition, Bestiality, and Malice. Their crimes are the fruit of envy and pride.

But with his own me also he encased.

O ye who have sane intellects for guide

Consider well the doctrines that for cloak

Beneath the strangeness of the verses hidel

And now upon the turbid waters broke

A crash, terrible with re-echoings

That into trembling either shore awoke.

It was a sound as of a wind that springs

Impetuous, when the opposing heats are dry,

Which unrelaxing all the forest wrings,

Wrenches the boughs off, breaks and beats awry. 70

Rolling the dust, imperiously it towers,

And makes the wild beasts and the shepherds fly.

Freeing my eyes, he said: "Direct thy powers

Of vision over the foam of the ancient lake,

Where most the smoke is and the swart air lours."

As frogs before their enemy the snake

Run through the water, scattered at his threat,

Till each squats on the bottom, there to quake,

So saw I thousand ruined spirits set

In flight before one, who came down apace 80

And passed the Stygian ferry with soles unwet.

He waved the gross fumes from before his face,

Moving often his left hand as he went,

And only of that annoyance showed he trace.

Well did I know that he from Heaven was sent,

And turned to the Master, and he signed his will

That I should stand all quiet with head down-bent.

Ah, with what scorn his countenance seemed to fill!

He came to the gate, and with a wand he held

Set it wide open, unresisted still. 90

"O race contemptible, from Heaven expelled!"

Began he then, on the malign threshold,

"Why is your contumacy yet unquelled?"

Why at that Will still spurn ye, as of old,

Now journeying along a secret track
 Between the ramparts and the sufferers
 My Master goes, and I behind his back.
 "O sovran Virtue, who down the circling tiers
 Of the impious leapest me where thou dost bid,
 Satisfy," I said, "the wish that in me stirs.
 The people who in these sepulchres are hid,
 May they be seen? None watches; none keeps guard.
 And seel already raised is every lid."
 And he to me: "All shall be fast and barred 10
 When from Jehosophat they shall hither hie 11
 Each with the body he left under the sward.
 This is the quarter wherein buried lie
 Epicurus and all those his doctrine swayed, 14
 Who with the body make the soul to die.
 Therefore unto the question thou hast made
 Here within soon shalt thou an answer find
 And also to the wish thou hast not betrayed."
 And I: "I keep not from thee, Escort kind,
 My thought, save that, as thou too didst require 20
 Ere now, I speak but in few words my mind."
 "Tuscan, who goest through the city of fire
 Alive, with honest speech upon thy tongue,
 Halt here, if thou wilt tarry at my desire.
 The speech thou usest manifests thee sprung

-
11. On the day of Judgment all souls, having recovered their bodies, will gather in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, whence, after hearing their sentence, they will return to Heaven or Hell.
 14. Although all heresies are punished in this circle, the only one that concerns Dante is that called "Epicurean," a name bestowed, in his day, upon materialistic free-thinking which denied the immortality of the soul and regarded a comfortable life as the highest good. There is grim irony in the eternal burial of sinners who affirmed that the spirit perishes with the body. Epicurus himself, pagan though he was, is with them.

From that country of old renown and pride
 Which I perhaps with too much trouble wrung."
 Suddenly in my ear this sound was cried
 From out one of those coffers; and I drew,
 In fear, a little closer to my Guide. 30
 And he to me spoke: "Turn! What dost thou do?
 See *Farinata*, raising himself amain! 32
 From the waist all of him shall rise in view."
 My gaze from him I could not now have ta'en:
 And he rose up to front me, face and breast,
 As if of Hell he had a great disdain.
 With prompt, inspiriting hands my Guide then prest
 Me towards him, past the other sepulchres,
 The while he warned me: "To spare words were
 best."
 When I was at that tomb of the evil-doers, 40
 He looked at me a little, and with a kind
 Of scorn he questioned: "Who were thy forbears?"
 I, who had it to obey him in my mind,
 Concealed nothing from him, but told all out,
 At which his brows upward a little inclined:
 Then he said: "Fiercely did they use to flout
 Me and my forefathers; and fiercely spurned

32. This famous heretic is *Manente degli Uberti*, called *Farinata*, chief of the Florentine Ghibellines, a wise and valiant leader, who died in 1264, a year before Dante's birth. In 1260 he had taken part in the battle of Montaperti, where the Guelphs of Florence suffered a fearful defeat from the Sieneſe, the exiled Ghibellines, and King Manfred's Germans. After this rout the neighboring towns and barons held a council at Empoli, and all but *Farinata* were in favor of destroying Florence; he, however, opposed the project so stoutly that it was abandoned. In 1283 the inquisitor, *Salmona da Lucca*, condemned him (nearly twenty years dead), his wife, his sons, and his grandsons, as heretics; his bones were cast out, his property confiscated and sold. His brave and haughty spirit is not quelled even by his fiery punishment: he appears with head and chest erect.

My party. Twice I scattered them in rout." 48
 "If they were chased, on all sides they returned,
 Both times," I answered, "from adversities. 50
 But yours that art have not so rightly learned."
 Beside him then a shadow by degrees 52
 Emerged, and was discovered to the chin:
 I think he had raised himself upon his knees.
 He looked around as if he had thought to win
 Sight of some other who might be with me;
 And when that hope was dimmed and quenched
 within,
 Cried weeping: "If through this blind prison, free,
 Thou goest by virtue of thy nature's height,
 Where is my son? Why is he not here with thee?" 60
 And I to him then: "Not by my own right 61
 I come; he that waits yonder leads me here,
 Of whom perhaps thy Guido had despise."
 His words, and manner of penance, made appear
 His name, as if I had read it on his brow,
 Therefore my answer had I made thus clear.
 Suddenly erect, he cried: "What saidest thou?
 He *had*? Lives he not, then, in the sweet air?
 Does the sun's light not strike upon him now?"
 When of a certain pause he was aware 70
 Ere I replied, where he had risen to stand

48-51. *Farinata* scattered the Guelphs in 1248 and 1260; but they returned to Florence in 1251, after the death of Frederick II, and in 1266, after the battle of Benevento; they then expelled the Ghibellines, who never "rightly learned" the art of returning.

52. The "Shadow" is *Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti*, a noble and wealthy Florentine, the father of that Guido whom Dante calls his "first friend." This Guido Cavalcanti, a little older than Dante, was a famous poet and student, and an ardent partisan.

61-63. Dante hastens to explain Guido's absence by the assurance that it is not his own wit, but Virgil's, which directs him, adding that Guido may not have duly esteemed the ancient sage.

Down he fell backward, and so vanished there.
 But, haughty of spirit, that other, at whose demand
 I had halted, changed not aspect, nor his head
 Moved, nor his side bent, no, nor stirred a hand.
 "And if," continuing his own words, he said,
 "To learn that art they have so little wit,
 It tortureth me more than doth this bed.
 But fifty times shall not afresh be lit 79
 The countenance of the Lady who reigns here 80
 Ere thou shalt know the cost of learning it.
 And, so thou would'st return back to the dear
 Earth, tell me why against my blood and folk
 That people in all its laws is so severe?" 84
 Then I: "The havoc of the slaughterous stroke 85
 That filled the reddened Arbia with the slain
 Causeth our prayers a judgment to invoke."
 He sighed, shaking his head; then spoke again:
 "In that I was not single; nor, I swear,
 Would I have stirred in an ill cause or vain. 90
 But single I was in that place yonder, where 91
 All on the ruin of Florence had agreed.
 I only with open face defended her."
 "Ah, so may peace come also to thy seed,
 Resolve me," I prayed him, "this hard knot that ties
 My judgment in it, and the riddle read.
 It seemeth, if I hear aright, your eyes
 Perceive beforehand what Time brings with him,
 But with the present ye use otherwise."

79-81. "The Lady who reigns here" is Hecate, who in the sky appears as the moon. Before fifty months have passed, Dante is to learn how hard is the art of returning from exile.

84. In 1280, when most of the Ghibellines were allowed to come back, several of the Uberti were expressly excluded.

85-86. "The slaughterous stroke" is the battle of Montaperti, beside the Arbia river; (cf. the note at line 32).

91. "In that place yonder": at the diet of Empoli; (cf. the note at line 32).

"We see like those for whom the light is dim," 100
 He answered me, "the things that are remote;
 So much still shines for us the Lord Supreme.
 When they come near, or are, then avails not
 Our understanding, and we know no more,
 Save what is told us, of your human lot.
 Easily may'st thou understand, therefore,
 That all we have of knowledge shall be dead
 From that time when the Future shuts its door."
 Then pricked in conscience for my fault, I said,
 "Will you not now acquaint that fallen one 110
 His child is not yet from the living fled?
 And if before to his answer I made none
 Tell him it was my thought that was not free,
 Being in that knot which now you have undone."
 And now my Master was recalling me.
 Therefore more earnestly the spirit I prest
 To tell me who were those with him. And he:
 "With more than a thousand I lie here opprest.
 Yonder the Second Frederic is inurned, 119
 The Cardinal also: I speak not of the rest." 120
 With that he hid himself. My steps I turned
 Back toward the ancient Poet, pondering

100-108. The damned, while aware of the past and indistinctly cognizant of the future, have no knowledge of present events on earth. Just how much the "present" embraces we are not told. After the Judgment Day, when earthly life shall cease and the foresight of lost souls shall thus come to an end, their blindness will be unrelieved.

119. The great Emperor Frederick II (1194-1250), who was long engaged in strife against the Papacy, was generally regarded as an Epicurean.

120. "The Cardinal" Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, apostolic legate in Lombardy and Romagna against Frederick, in the Kingdom of Naples against Manfred, was accused of unbelief and of sympathy with the Imperial cause. Several of the early commentators report him as saying: "If there is a soul, I have lost it for the Ghibellines."

That saying wherein some menace I discerned.
He moved, and as we went: "What is this thing,"

He said to me, "which teases so thy mind?"

I satisfied him in his questioning.

"Keep in thy memory what thine ears divined
To be against thee," warned the Sage. "Attend
Now," and with finger lifted he enjoined:

"When thou before the radiance shalt bend 130

Of that Lady, whose beauteous eyes see all, 131

Thou shalt learn thy life's journey unto its end."

Then to the left he turned his steps; the wall

We quitted, toward the middle advancing by

A path that strikes into a valley's fall,

Wherefrom the fume rose noisome even thus high.

131. "Of that Lady": Beatrice.

Canto XI

The descent to the next, the Seventh Circle, is now before the poets; but the fetid stench arising from it repels them so that they take refuge behind a sepulcher. The opportunity is taken by Virgil to explain to Dante the conformation of the lower Hell, and the various kinds of guilt punished in the several circles: the system being based on Aristotle's classification, to whose Ethics Virgil refers, and on Cicero's. Three kinds of violence are punished in three separate rings of the Seventh Circle, which they are next to visit. The fraudulent are in the Eighth, those guilty of the special fraud of treachery in the Ninth and lowest circle. Dante will now have no need to ask for what crimes the sinners he is to meet are chastised: but he fails to

Should in the world above have earned him praise.
 And I who with them to the torment came
 Was Iacopo Rusticucci; and more than aught 44
 It is my fierce wife who hath brought me blame."
 Could I a shelter from the fire have wrought
 I would have flung me down among them there,
 Nor think I that my Guide had blamed the thought,
 But since I should have burnt from heel to hair,
 Terror prevailed that good will to constrain 50
 Which made me greedy their embrace to share.
 Then I began: "Sorrow and not disdain
 Of your condition did my heart imbrue
 So deeply that not soon will fade the pain,
 When this my lord spoke words wherefrom I drew
 Such thought as expectation in me nursed
 That there might be approaching such as you.
 I am of your city; and always from the first
 Your names with honour did my heart recall
 And with affection heard your deeds rehearsed. 60
 For the sweet apples, leaving soon the gall,
 I go, as promised me my trusted Guide,
 But to the centre needs that first I fall."
 "So may thy spirit long time," he replied,
 "Sustain thy members and their motions fill,
 And so thy fame bright after thee abide,
 Tell us if courtesy and valour still
 Dwell in our city, once their old resort,
 Or have they quite abandoned her to ill?
 Guglielmo Borsiere, who time but short 70
 Has suffered with us, and is yonder gone
 With the others, grieves us sore by his report."

44. Of Iacopo Rusticucci, a contemporary of the other two, little is recorded. Nothing is known of his wife.

70. The newly arrived Guglielmo Borsiere is known to us only through a story in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, I, 8.

"New men and sudden riches both have sown
 In thee the seeds of luxury and pride,
 Florence, that thou already hast cause to groan."
 Thus, lifting up my countenance, I cried.
 The three, who knew they had their answer got,
 As men when truth is told, each other eyed.
 "If other times thou canst so free of scot,"
 They all replied, "make answer in like case, 80
 Thus as thou list, thou art lucky in thy lot.
 Therefore if thou escape this dismal pass
 And win to see the beauteous stars again,
 When it shall comfort thee to say 'I was,'
 See that thou speak of us to living men."
 Then broke they up their wheel, and as they fled
 Their nimble legs seemed wings upon the plain.
 Truly an Amen could not have been said
 So quickly as those spirits disappeared:
 Wherefore it pleased my Master to be sped. 90
 I followed him and after a little neared
 So close the falling water with its din
 That, speaking, we had scarce each other heard.
 As that stream, which its own path doth begin 94
 From Monte Veso with an eastward aim
 Upon the left slope of the Apennine
 And, Acquaqueta called, is still the same
 Till it descends into its nether bed
 And at Forlì is emptied of that name,
 Resoundeth from the mountain falling sprayed 100
 In thunder above San Benedetto, there

94-99. The roaring cataract in Hell is compared to the noisy falls of the Montone river. "Monte Veso" is Monviso. One of the three upper branches of the Montone is the "Acquaqueta" which, at Forlì, gives up that name, and merges into the Montone.

100-101. "San Benedetto" (dell'Alpe) is a little village. The river roars because it falls over a single ledge, when it ought to be caught by a thousand.

For whom I took thee when I was moved to make
 But now the sudden question, shall be thrown.
 But longer already is the time I bake
 My soles and stand with legs above the chest 80
 Than he shall stand planted with feet that quake.
 For after him shall come out of the West
 A shepherd without law, of uglier deed,
 Above us both fit covering to be prest.
 'Twill be another Jason, of whom we read
 In Maccabees; and as to him of old
 His king was soft, so France, by this one fee'd."
 I know not if at this I was too bold,
 For in this strain his discourse I repaid.
 "Ah, tell me truth now, tell me how much gold 90
 Our Lord of Peter requisition made
 Before he put the keys into his hand.
 'Follow me!' Surely nought but this he bade.
 Nor Peter, no, nor the others did demand
 Gold from Mathias when he for that part 95
 Was chosen, from which the guilty soul was banned.
 Stay thou then here; justly chastised thou art,
 And keep thou well the monies gotten ill
 Which gave thee against Charles so bold a heart. 99
 And were it not that reverence rules me still 100
 For the supreme keys which when life was glad
 Thou heldest, and restraineth tongue and will,
 I'd have for thee words heavier than I had,
 Such woe your avarice for the world doth spell,

ness, and became the unscrupulous tool of Philip the Fair of France. In 1309 he transferred the Papal See to Avignon. Clement is compared to the Jason of 2 Macc., who bought the high-priesthood of King Antiochus. As Antiochus favored Jason, Philip will have Clement made Pope.

95. "Mathias" was chosen apostle to fill the place of Judas.

99. From the beginning of his papacy, Nicholas was hostile to Charles of Anjou.

Trampling the good and raising up the bad.
 Such pastors did the Evangelist foretell
 When to whoring with the kings before his sight
 She who sitteth upon the waters fell; 108
 She who was born with seven heads of might,
 And ten horns for her sign of warrant bore, 110
 While still her spouse in virtue found delight.
 A god of silver and gold ye have made to adore.
 And how do ye differ from the idolater
 Save that he worships one, and ye five-score?
 Ah, Constantine, what evil fruit did bear 115
 Not thy conversion, but that dowry broad
 Thou on the first rich Father didst confer!"
 And whether rage or conscience in him gnawed,
 The while to him in such a strain I sung,
 With both his feet fiercely he kicked abroad. 120
 Of a truth I think it pleased my Guide, he hung
 Upon my face with so content an eye,
 Hearing the sound of truth upon my tongue.
 Therefore he took me in both his arms to lie,
 And when he had gathered me all upon his breast
 Mounted the path he had descended by.
 Nor did he weary in holding me close-prest
 Until, where the steep arch the chasm bestrode
 From fourth to fifth ridge, he had climbed its crest.
 Here softly he the burden of his load 130
 Soft on the rough and craggy cliff deposed
 Where to goats even it were a painful road.
 Therefrom another valley was disclosed.

108. "She who sitteth . . ." See Rev. 17: "I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns." Dante combines the woman with the beast, and makes her the symbol of the corrupt Church.

115. The Emperor Constantine was thought to have donated the Western Empire to St. Sylvester, the first Pope to hold temporal possessions.

Saying: "When I from Circe broke at last, 91
 Who more than a year by Gaeta (before 92
 Aeneas had so named it) held me fast,
 Not sweet son, nor revered old father, nor
 The long-due love which was to have made glad
 Penelope for all the pain she bore,
 Could conquer the inward hunger that I had
 To master earth's experience, and to attain
 Knowledge of man's mind, both the good and bad.
 But I put out on the deep, open main 100
 With one ship only, and with that little band
 Which chose not to desert me; far as Spain,
 Far as Morocco, either shore I scanned.
 Sardinia's isle I coasted, steering true,
 And the isles of which that water bathes the strand.
 I and my crew were old and stiff of thew
 When, at the narrow pass, we could discern
 The marks that Hercules set far in view 108
 That none should dare beyond, or further learn.
 Already I had Sevilla on the right, 110
 And on the larboard Ceuta lay astern.
 'Brothers,' I said, 'who manfully, despite
 Ten thousand perils, have attained the West,
 In the brief vigil that remains of light
 To feel in, stoop not to renounce the quest
 Of what may in the sun's path be essayed,
 The world that never mankind hath possessed.
 Think on the seed ye spring from! Ye were made
 Not to live life of brute beasts of the field

91. Circe, daughter of the sun, was a sorceress who turned men into beasts. Ulysses visited her and compelled her to restore her victims to human form.

92. Aeneas named the place in memory of his nurse Caieta, who had died there.

108. "The marks": the pillars of Hercules, on either side of the Strait of Gibraltar.

Less wide than one I saw, chopped from the chin 23
Down to that part wherefrom the wind escapes.
The bowels trailed, drooping his legs between;
The pluck appeared, the sorry pouch and vent
That turns to dung all it has swallowed in.
While gazing on him I stood all intent,
He eyed me, and with his hands opened his breast,
Saying: "Now behold how I myself have rent! 30
How is Mahomet maimed, thou canst attest.
Before me Ali, weeping tear on tear, 32
Goes with face cloven apart from chin to crest.
And all the others whom thou seest here
Were, alive, sowers of schism and of discord,
And therefore in this wise they are cloven sheer.
There is a devil behind us who hath scored
His mark on us, and brings each of this crew
Again to the edge of his most cruel sword
When the forlorn road we have circled through. 40
For all our wounds are healed of blood and bruise
Ere any of us before him comes anew.
But who art thou who on the crag dost muse,
Haply to postpone thine apportioned pain,
Whatever sins confessed thy soul accuse."
"Death comes not yet to him, nor guilty stain,"
Replied my Master, "chastisement to wreak,
But that the full experience he obtain,
I, who am dead, am missioned through Hell's reek
From zone to zone to lead him undeterred; 50
And this is true as that to thee I speak."
More than a hundred spirits, as him they heard,
Forgetting anguish in astonishment,
Halted amid the fosse and on me stared.

23. "One I saw . . .": Mahomet.

32. "Ali": the husband of Mahomet's favorite daughter, and one of his most zealous followers.

The beams of the four sacred splendours kist
 His countenance, and they glorified it so
 That in its light the sun's light was not missed.
 "Who are ye, that against the blind stream go," 40
 Shaking those venerable plumes, he said,
 "And flee from the eternal walls of woe?
 Who hath guided you? what lamp your footsteps led,
 Issuing from that night without fathom
 Which makes a blackness of the vale of dread?
 Is the law of the abyss thus broken from?
 Or is there some new change in Heaven's decrees,
 That, being damned, unto my crags ye come?"
 Then did my leader on my shoulder seize
 And with admonishing hand and word and sign 50
 Make reverent my forehead and my knees;
 Then spoke: "I come not of my own design.
 From Heaven came down a Lady, at whose prayer,
 To help this man, I made his pathway mine.
 But since it is thy will that we declare
 More of our state, needs must that I obey
 And tell thee all: deny thee I would not dare.
 He hath never yet seen darken his last day,
 Yet so near thereto through his folly went
 That short time was there to re-shape his way. 60
 Even as I said, to his rescue I was sent,
 Nor other way appeared that was not vain
 But this on which our footsteps now are bent.
 I have shown him all the sinners in their pain,
 And now intend to show him those who dwell
 Under thy charge and cleanse themselves of stain.
 How I have brought him were too long to tell.
 Our steps a Virtue, helping from on high,
 That he might see thee and hear thee, did impel.
 Now on his coming look with gracious eye. 70
 He seeketh freedom, that so precious thing,

How precious, he knows who for her will die.
 Thou knowest: for her sake, death had no sting
 In Utica, where thou didst leave what yet
 The great day shall for thy bright raiment bring.
 The eternal laws are still inviolate;
 For he doth live, nor me doth Minos bind. 77
 But I am of the circle where the chaste eyes wait
 Of Marcia, visibly praying that thy mind,
 O sainted breast, still hold her for thine own. 80
 For love of her, then, be to us inclined.
 Suffer that thy seven realms to us be shown;
 And thanks of thee shall unto her be brought,
 If there below thou deign still to be known."
 "Marcia was so pleasing to my thought
 Yonder," he answered, "and myself so fond,
 Whate'er she willed, I could refuse her naught.
 Now no more may she move me, since beyond 88
 The evil stream she dwells, by the decree
 Made when I was delivered from that bond. 90
 But if a heavenly lady hath missioned thee,
 As thou hast said, of flattery is no need.
 Enough, that in her name thou askest me.
 Go then; first gird this man with a smooth reed,
 And see thou bathe his features in such wise
 That from all filthiness they may be freed.
 It were not meet that mist clouded his eyes
 To dim their vision, when he goes before
 The first of those that serve in Paradise.
 This little isle, there where for evermore 100
 The waters beat all round about its foot,
 Bears rushes on the soft and oozy shore.

77-79. Minos, the Judge of Hell, does not bind Virgil, who dwells in the Limbus. "Marcia" was Cato's wife.

88-90. When Cato was released from Limbus by Christ, he became subject to the law forbidding the blessed to be moved by the fate of the damned.

My mind, which heretofore was self-encased,
 Enlarged its scope, to eager search set free,
 And I addressed me to the mount, whose head
 Loftiest rises heavenward from the sea.
 The sun that was behind us flaming red
 Was broken before me in the shape that I
 Opposed obstruction to the beams he shed.
 I turned me aside, put into fear thereby
 Of being abandoned, when from me alone 20
 I saw on the earth in front a shadow lie.
 Already had my comforter begun,
 Turning full round: "Why art thou still afeared?
 Believ'st thou not I am with thee and guide thee on?
 Now is it evening there, where is interred 25
 The body within which I shadow made.
 Naples has it, from Brindisi transferred.
 If, then, before me nothing lies in shade,
 Marvel not more than at the heavens, wherein
 The light of one doth the other not invade. 30
 That power disposes bodies like to mine
 In torments both of heat and frost to weep
 Which wills not that its workings we divine.
He is mad who hopes that reason in its sweep
The infinite way can traverse back and forth
Which the Three Persons in one substance keep.
 With the *quia* stay content, children of earth! 37
 For if the whole before your eyes had lain,
 No need was there for Mary to give birth.

25-27. "Is it evening there . . .": in Italy. Virgil died in Brindisi, but was buried in Naples.

30. The nine concentric heavens are transparent.

37-42. "Quia": because. The meaning is: be satisfied with knowing the effects. If man had been all-knowing, there would have been no sin, and consequently no atonement; and, if human knowledge had sufficed, the vain longing of the ancient sages (which torments them through eternity) would have been satisfied.

Ye have seen desiring without fruit, in vain, 40
Men such that their desire had been at rest,
Which now is given them for eternal pain.
Of Aristotle's and of Plato's quest
I speak, and many more." His head he sank
Here, and no more said, and remained distrest.
Meanwhile we had come up to the mountain's flank.
There at its foot we found the rock so sheer,
Vainly would legs be limber on that bank.
"Twixt Lericé and Turbia the most bare, 49
Most broken landslide, for the going up, 50
Compared to this an easy ladder were.
"Now who knows on which hand the scarp may slope
So," said my Master, as his steps he stayed,
"That one without wings to ascend may hope?"
And while, his forehead holding low, he made
Scrutiny of the nature of the road,
And I the rock above all round surveyed,
On the left hand a company now showed
Of spirits who moved their feet toward where we were
And yet seemed not to move, so slow they trod. 60
Said I to the Master: "Lift thine eyes, for there
Behold one who will give us counsel soon,
If of thyself thou hast none to declare."
He eyed them, and with gladness frankly shown
Replied: "Let us go thither, for full slow
They come, and thou, confirm thy hope, sweet son."
Still was that folk so far, I mean even now
When we had made a thousand paces, as
A good thrower with his hand would throw,
When they all pressed up to the stony mass 70
Of the high cliff and stood, crowding and checked,
As he who goes in doubt halteth to gaze.
"O ye, well-ended, spirits already elect,"

49. Between these places the mountains descend steeply to the sea.

It shall the speediest way to us make known." 60
 We came to it. O Lombard spirit, how 61
 Disdainful and majestical thou wast!
 In moving of thine eyes how stately and slow!
 No word to us approaching it address,
 But let us go on, watching only there
 In likeness of a lion couched at rest.
 Yet Virgil toward it moved and made his prayer
 That it should point to us the best ascent;
 And that shade for his question had no care,
 But of our country and where our life was spent 70
 Inquired of us; and the sweet Guide began
 "Mantua": and the shade, all self-intent,
 Leapt toward him from its place, crying "Mantuan!
 I am Sordello, of thine own city."
 And each into the other's arms they ran.
 Thou inn of sorrow, ah, trampled Italy!
 No Lady of domains, but brothel of shame!
 Ship without pilot on a stormy seal
 That gentle spirit was thus quick to acclaim
 His countryman and hail him there for friend 80
 Merely at the sweet sound of his city's name;
 And now their days in thee the living spend
 In quarrel, and each one doth the other wound
 Of those whom one wall and one moat defend.
 Search, miserable! all the shores around
 Thy coasts, and then within thy bosom look,
 If peace in any part of thee be found.
 What does it profit, that Justinian took
 Thy bridle in hand, if empty be the seat?
 Were't not for this, thou hadst earned less rebuke. 90
 Ah, ye that should be all-devout, and let 91
 Caesar sit in the saddle, if indeed

61. "Lombard spirit": Sordello.

91. "Ye that . . .": the clergy.

God's admonition ye do not forget,
 See now this beast to what a vicious steed,
 Lacking the spur's correction, she doth grow,
 Since ye have grasped the bridle and strive to lead. 96
 O German Albert, who neglectest so 97
 Her who hath wild and mutinous become,
 And oughtest to bestride her saddle-bow,
 May a just judgment from the stars consume 100
 Thy race, and be it strange and manifest,
 That thy successor tremble at thy doom.
 Thou and thy father, covetous in quest
 Of lands beyond, have turned aside and choose
 That the garden of the empire be laid waste.
 Come, and see Capulets and Montagues, 106
 Monaldi and Filippeschi, O heedless wight—
 Those losing hope and these in dread to lose.
 Come, cruell come and see the woes that blight
 Thy nobles, and their heavy wrongs amend: 110
 Thou shalt see Santafor, how dark its plight. 111
 Come, see thy Rome that, mourning without end,
 Widowed and desolate, crieth night and day
 "Why, Caesar mine, wilt thou not be my friend?"
 Come, see how thy folk love each other: nay,
 If our affliction no compassion move,

96. Ever since the clergy usurped temporal authority.

97. Albert of Hapsburg was elected King of the Romans in 1208 but never went to Italy to be crowned.

100-103. In 1307 Albert's oldest son died after a short sickness; the next year Albert himself was murdered.—"Thy successor": Henry VII, who descended into Italy.—"Thy father": Rudolf, who was as remiss as his son.

106-107. Dante cites a few of the great houses that were ravaged by strife: the Montecchi of Verona, Ghibellines; the Cappelletti of Cremona, of the Church party; the Monaldi and Filippeschi, rival families (Gueff and Ghibellines) of Perugia and Orvieto.

111. The Counts of Santafora, a great Ghibelline family, had lost a great part of their territory to Siena.

Come and be shamed for what men of thee say.
 And be it permitted me, O highest Jove, 118
 Who wast on earth crucified for our sake,
 Dost thou thy just eyes elsewhere remove, 120
 Or is it preparation thou dost make
 In thine unfathomed wisdom for some good
 Wholly invisible to our sight opaque?
 For not a city lacks its tyrant brood,
 And every churl who would a party lead
 Grows a Marcellus for the multitude. 126
My Florence, thou may'st be content indeed
 At this digression, which doth touch thee not,
 So well thy folk provide against their need.
 Many love justice, yet haste not to shoot 130
 The word, being well-advised, from the bow;
 But on thy people's lips it leapeth out.
 Many to bear the common burden are slow;
 But thy folk answer to the call unbid,
 Crying "I gird me to the task and go."
 Rejoice now, thou hast reason, thou amid
 Thy riches, thou at peace, thou wise of will
 That I speak truth, the event cannot keep hid.
 Athens and Lacedaemon, famous still
 For law-making and civil discipline, 140
 Showed but a small hint of the Commonweal
 Compared with thee, who dost so finely spin
 That in October thou providest thread
 Which mid-November cannot hope to win.
 How often thou rememberest to have shed
 Laws, coinage, customs, offices, for new,
 Cast out old members and new members bred!
 And if thou wilt examine and see true,

118. "Highest Jove": Christ.

126. C. Claudius Marcellus was a partisan of Pompey.

And in humility toward him once more came
 And clasped him where the inferior should embrace.

15

"Glory of the Latins," said he, "by whose fame
Our tongue revealed what power was in it stored,
 Eternal praise of that place whence I am,
 What merit or grace hath thee to me declared?

If I am worthy to hear thee, tell wherefrom 20
 Thou comest, and, if from Hell, out of what ward?"

"Through all the circles of the sad kingdom,"
 He answered him, "I am come from that my state.
 Virtue from Heaven moved me; with it I come.

Not for things done but undone 'twas my fate
 To lose the vision of the Sun on high,
 By thee desired and known by me too late.

Limbo Down there a place is that no torments try
But only darkness grieves, where the lament
Hath not the sound of wail, but is a sigh.

30

There dwell I with the babies innocent
 Who bitten by the tooth of Death expired
 Before they were from human guilt exempt.

33

There dwell I among those never attired
 In the three holy virtues; without sin
 All the others they both followed and desired.

36

But if thou know'st and canst, give us some sign
 Whereby we may most speedily come to be
 Where Purgatory rightly doth begin."

"No set post is prescribed us," answered he.

40

"It is permitted to go up and round:

Far as I may, I will companion thee.

But see how day declines now to its bound,

15. Either under the arms or at the feet.

33. Before baptism.

36. The souls in Limbo were ignorant of the three theological virtues, but they knew the four cardinal virtues.

And the good Master: "Envy is the sin
 Which in this circle is scourged, and to that end
 From love are drawn the cords of discipline.
 Needs must the bit the contrary intend. 40
 I think that thou wilt hear it, as I guess,
 Ere by the Pass of Pardon thou ascend. 42
 But fix thine eyes through the air in steadfastness,
 And thou shalt see before us huddled folk
 That sitting each against the cliff-side press."
 Then wider than before my eyes awoke.
 I looked in front and shades with cloaks espied
 Not different from the colour of the rock.
 And when we had come up nearer to their side
 I heard cried "Mary, pray for us!" and "O 50
 Michael" and "Peter" and "O All Saints!" cried.
 I think on earth to-day no man can go
 So hard, he were not with compassion stung
 At what mine eyes were then constrained to know.
 For when I had arrived so near that throng
 That all their features came distinctly seen,
 A heavy grief out of mine eyes was wrung.
 With hair-cloth they seemed covered, coarse and mean,
 And each upon the other's shoulder leant,
 And all of them against the bank did lean. 60
 The blind, to whom is lacking nourishment,
 Sit so at Pardons begging for their needs,
 And each one's head is on his neighbour bent,
 So that in others quick may spring the seeds
 Of pity, not alone by sound of words
 But by the sight, which not less sorely pleads.
 And as to them the sun no boon affords,
 So to the spirits, there where I have said,
 Heaven's light no bounty of itself accords.

42. "The Pass of Pardon" is the beginning of the ascent to the next circle.

For one sets it in Heaven, and one in man." 63
 First a deep sigh that grief strained to one "Oh"
 Broke from his breast; then he began: "Brother,
 The world is blind, and of it truly art thou.
 Ye, who are living, every cause refer
 Up to the stars, as if with them they swept
 All absolutely, and naught could fate deter.
 Were it so, the free choice in you had slept 70
 Annulled, nor were it justice that ye still
 For good have had joy and for evil wept.
 The stars do prompt the motions ye fulfil;
 I say not all, but even suppose it said, 74
 A light is given you to know good and ill,
 And Free will which, though oft discomfited
 In its first battlings with the stars' decree,
 Wins in the end all, be it but rightly bred.
 To a mightier power, a nobler nature, ye
 Being free are subject; which creates the mind 80
 In you that the stars hold not in their fee.
 And therefore if the world now strayeth blind,
 In you the cause is; track and seek it there,
 And I shall be thy spy, this cause to find.
 From the hands of him who wistly loves her, ere 85
 She is, forth comes, like a child frolicking
 That now weeps and now laughs without a care,
 The little, the innocent soul that knows nothing
 Saving that, sprung from a Creator's joy,
 She goes to her own joy and there loves to cling. 90
 Ravished at first with good that's but a toy,
 Still runs she back bewicht to the fond bower

63. "Heaven" means the stars, i.e., planetary influence.

74. The stars initiate only bodily impulses; they have no control over the will.

85-86. The subject of "forth comes" is "soul" in line 88. He "who wistly loves her" is God.

If no guide turn her from delight's decoy.
 Needs then that law bridle her wayward hour
 And that she have a king who may far-off
 Discern of the true city at least the tower.
 The laws are: but what hand puts them to proof? 97
 None; since the shepherd, going before, may chew
 The cud, but hath not the divided hoof.
 Wherefore the people, who see their guide pursue 100
 What only his greedy appetite hath craved,
 Feed upon that nor seek for pastures new.
 The evil guidance whereto 'tis enslaved
 Thou seest is that which doth the world corrode,
 Not nature, that in you may be depraved.
Rome, that the good world made for man's abode,
Was used to have two suns, by which were clear
Both roads, that of the world and that of God.
One hath put out the other; to crozier
Is joined the sword; and going in union 110
Necessity compels that ill they fare,
Since, joined now, neither fears the other one.
 Consider the ear of corn, if thou still doubt;
 For every plant is by its fruiting known.
 In the land where Adige and Po spread out 115
 Their waters, before Frederick met with feud
 Were worth and courtesy not vainly sought.
 Now may pass there without solicitude
 Whosoever hath desisted out of shame
 To speak with good men or on them intrude. 120
 True, there are still three elders in whose name

97-108. The laws still exist, but there is no one left to execute them, since the Papacy has usurped the imperial power and joined the sword of worldly supremacy to the crozier of ecclesiastical authority. It was not so in the old days, when Rome was the seat of two brother monarchs—the Pope and the Emperor.

115-116. Lombardy. In 1300 Italy had known no Imperial guidance since the death of Frederick II, fifty years before.

Of my legs fail me, being put in truce.
 We stood where the steps mounted up no more
 And remained fixt, just as a ship embayed
 And onward driven is stranded on the shore.
 And listening for a little while I stayed,
 If aught in the new circle I might hear; 80
 Then turned me to my Master round, and said:
 "O sweet my Father, tell what trespass here
 Within this present circle is purified?
 If our feet halt, let thy speech persevere."
 And he to me: "Love of the good, that did 85
 The scantling of its duty, is here restored:
 Here the ill-slackened oar again is plied.
 But that unto thy reason all be bared,
 Turn unto me thy mind, and thou shalt get
 From our delay some good fruit for reward." 90
"Nor creature nor creator ever yet,
My son, was without love," continued he,
 "Natural, or of the mind: thou knowest it.
 The natural always is from error free;
 But the other may, through a bad object, err
 By too much force or its deficiency.
 While to the prime good 'tis resolved to 'steer, 97
 And in the second keepeth measure due,
 Of sinful joy it cannot be the spur.
 But should it swerve to evil, or pursue 100
 The good with too strong or too feeble intent,
 The creature to his Maker is untrue.
 Hence may'st thou understand how love is meant
 To be in you the seed of virtue pure
 And of all works deserving chastisement.
 Now, since love's gaze nothing can ever lure

85-86. The sin punished is sloth.

97-98. "The prime good": heavenly blessings; "the second": worldly blessings.

From weal of that which is its nature's seat,
All things are from self-hatred made secure.

And since none can conceive that separate
 From God, and self-subsisting, any stay, 110
 Him, its first cause, his creature cannot hate.

If rightly this division I assay,
 Remains that the ill loved is other's woe;
 And this love springs in three modes from your
 clay. 114

There is, who through his neighbour's overthrow
 Hopes to excel, and only for that cause
 Longs that he may from greatness be brought low.
 There is, who fears power, favour, fame to lose
 Because another mounts; wherefore his lot
 So irks, he loves the opposite to choose. 120

And there is, who through injury grows so hot
 From shame, with greed of vengeance he is burned,
 And so must needs another's ill promote.
 This three-formed love down under us is mourned.
 Now would I have thee the other comprehend,
 Which to the good speeds, but with order
 spurned. 126

Each one confusedly doth apprehend
 A longed-for good, wherein the mind may rest;
 And therefore each one strives to attain that end.
 If laggard be the love that makes the quest 130
 For sight of it or winning it, this zone
 Chastises you therefor, the sin confest.
 Another good there is which blesses none.
 'Tis not felicity, 'tis not the Good
 Essence, of all good, fruit and root alone.
 The love that this good hath too hotly wooed

114. "In three modes": the vices of pride, of envy, and of anger.

126. "With order spurned": too sluggishly toward heavenly good,
 too eagerly toward worldly good.

Because perhaps its matter may appear
 To be good always; but not every seal
 Is good, however good the pressed wax were."
 "Thy words and my wit following at their heel" 40
 I answered him, "do love to me disclose,
 But the more big with doubt this makes me feel;
 For if love from without is offered us,
 And with no other foot the soul proceed,
 No merit it is if straight or not she goes."
 And he to me: "So far as reason plead
 Can I instruct thee; beyond that point, wait
 For Beatrice; for faith is here thy need.
 Every substantial form which, separate 49
 From matter, is knitted up with it, doth own 50
A faculty peculiar and innate,
Which only in its activity is known
 Nor save by its effect manifested,
 As a plant's life is by the green leaves shown.
 Therefore man knows not either whence is bred
 The understanding of first hints of thought
 Nor the impulse to desire's first objects led,
Which are in you as the instinct that hath taught
Bees to make honey; and this original bent
Desert of praise or blame admitteth not. 60
 Now, that with this will all wills else consent,
The power that judges is inborn in you
And ought to guard the threshold of assent.
This is the principle that holds the clue

49-62. In scholastic language, a "substantial form" means the particular basic principle, which gives an object its separate existence; and the substantial form of mankind is the intellectual soul, whose "faculty peculiar" is an instinct which comprises innate knowledge and the inborn disposition to love. Hence we are not aware of the source of our natural inclination toward all that seems good. Judgment ("the power that judges") tells us which desires are right and which are wrong.

To merit in you, according as it can
 Good loves and guilty garner and winnow true.
 Those reasoners who sought the Founder's plan
 Have recognized this inborn liberty,
 And therefore Ethic have they left to man.
 Wherefore suppose that from necessity 70
 Arises every love that in you stirs,
You have the power to curb it in your fee.
 The noble virtue Beatrice avers
 To be Free Will, and therefore look that thou
 Have this in mind if she thereof converse."
 The Moon, almost to midnight moving slow,
 Made the stars seem to us more rare and wan,
 Shaped like a bucket that were all aglow,
 As 'gainst the heaven upon those paths she ran
 Which the sun kindles when the man of Rome 80
 Sees him at set 'twixt Sard and Corsican;
 And since that noble shade, because of whom
 Pietola is more famed than Mantua town, 83
 Had freed me of that which was so burdensome,
 I now, who from the questions I had sown
 Had reaped his candid and clear argument,
 Stood like a man who wanders, drowsy grown.
 But suddenly this drowsiness was rent
 From off me by a throng of people, who
 Behind our shoulders were to us-ward bent. 90
 As once Ismenus and Asopus knew 91
 By night a fury and trampling down their side,
 If but the Thebans did to Bacchus sue,
 Such forms, by what of them I now desried,
 Were coming round that circle, forward bowed
 With speed, whom good will and a just love ride.
 Soon were they on us, because that great crowd

83. Virgil was born at Pietola, near Mantua.

91. "Ismenus" and "Asopus" are rivers in Boeotia.

May operate as cause, and naught besides,
 Since neither rain nor hail falls anywhere
 Nor snow nor any dew nor rime herein
 Higher than the three steps of the short stair.
 No cloud appeareth, whether dense or thin,
 Nor lightning flash, nor Thaumas' daughter, she 50
 Who yonder oft is wont to change her scene.
 Nor higher than the topmost of the three 52
 Steps that I spoke of, where are set the feet
 Of Peter's vicar, can dry vapour be.
 Down lower the quaking may be little or great
 By reason of the winds in the earth that hide,
 I know not how; here quaked it never yet.
 It quakes here when some soul feels purified
 So that it may stand up or upward move,
 And by such cry is it accompanied. 60
 Its will alone gives of the cleansing proof, 61
 Which, all free now to change its company,
 Seizes the soul and makes it glad thereof.
 It wills indeed before, but is not free
 From that desire God's justice against will
 Sets, as toward sin once, now to its penalty.
 And I who have lain under these pains until
 Five hundred years and more passed, have but
 known
 Now, for the better threshold a free will.
 Hence didst thou feel the earthquake, and thereon 70
 The pious spirits hear around us praise
 The Lord, and may be speed them upward soon."

50. "Thaumas' daughter": Iris, the rainbow.

52-54. "Three steps": before the gate of Purgatory. "Peter's vicar": the angel at the gate.

61-66. A soul in Purgatory is held there only by its own conditioned will. As soon as this conditioned will, or desire, coincides with the absolute will, i.e., the eternal inclination to seek blessedness, the penitent knows that his expiation is over.

many things that may be conceived by the pattern of these, I will come to such as are writ in my memory with a better distinctness.

III

After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days⁵ it happened that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed: and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle,⁶ she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was certainly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated. And betaking me to the loneliness of mine own room, I fell to thinking of this most courteous lady, thinking of whom I was overtaken by a pleasant slumber, wherein a marvellous vision was presented to me: for there appeared to be in my room a mist of the colour of fire, within the which I discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect⁷ to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see. Speaking he said many things, among the which I could understand but few; and of these, this: "I am thy master." In his arms it seemed to me that a person was sleeping,

5. This second meeting took place on May Day, 1283.

6. "Great Cycle": the eternal world.

7. "A lord of terrible aspect": Love.

covered only with a blood-coloured cloth; upon whom looking very attentively, I knew that it was the lady of the salutation who had deigned the day before to salute me. And he who held her held also in his hand a thing that was burning in flames; and he said to me, "Behold thy heart." But when he had remained with me a little while, I thought that he set himself to awaken her that slept; after the which he made her to eat that thing which flamed in his hand;⁸ and she ate as one fearing. Then, having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping; and as he wept he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up towards heaven: whereby such a great anguish came upon me that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken. And immediately having considered, I knew that the hour wherein this vision had been made manifest to me was the fourth hour⁹ (which is to say, the first of the nine last hours) of the night. Then, musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep. And the sonnet I made was this:

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
And unto which these words may now be brought
For true interpretation and kind thought,
Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.

8. Legends of eaten hearts were common in medieval literature.

9. "The fourth" of the twelve hours of night is the hour between 9 and 10 P.M.

duced that it was irksome to many of my friends to look upon me; while others, being moved by spite, went about to discover what it was my wish should be concealed. Wherefore I, (perceiving the drift of their unkindly questions,) by Love's will, who directed me according to the counsels of reason, told them how it was Love himself who had thus dealt with me: and I said so, because the thing was so plainly to be discerned in my countenance that there was no longer any means of concealing it. But when they went on to ask, "And by whose help hath Love done this?" I looked in their faces smiling, and spake no word in return.

v

Now it fell on a day, that this most gracious creature was sitting where words were to be heard of the Queen of Glory;¹² and I was in a place whence mine eyes could behold their beatitude: and betwixt her and me, in a direct line, there sat another lady of a pleasant favour; who looked round at me many times, marvelling at my continued gaze which seemed to have *her* for its object. And many perceived that she thus looked: so that departing thence, I heard it whispered after me, "Look you to what a pass *such a lady* hath brought him"; and in saying this they named her who had been midway between the most gentle Beatrice, and mine eyes. Therefore I was reassured, and knew that for that day my secret had not become manifest. Then immediately it came into my mind that I might make use of this lady as a screen to the truth: and so well did I play my part that the most of those who had hitherto watched and wondered at me, now imagined they had found me out.

12. In a church.

By her means I kept my secret concealed till some years were gone over; and for my better security, I even made divers rhymes in her honour; whereof I shall here write only as much as concerneth the most gentle Beatrice, which is but a very little.

vi

Moreover, about the same time while this lady was a screen for so much love on my part, I took the resolution to set down the name of this most gracious creature accompanied with many other women's names, and especially with hers whom I spake of. And to this end I put together the names of sixty the most beautiful ladies in that city where God had placed mine own lady; and these names I introduced in an epistle in the form of a *servent*,¹³ which it is not my intention to transcribe here. Neither should I have said anything of this matter, did I not wish to take note of a certain strange thing, to wit: that having written the list, I found my lady's name would not stand otherwise than ninth in order among the names of these ladies.

vii

Now it so chanced with her by whose means I had thus long time concealed my desire, that it behoved her to leave the city I speak of, and to journey afar: wherefore I, being sorely perplexed at the loss of so excellent a defence, had more trouble than even I could before have supposed. And thinking that if I spoke not somewhat mournfully of her departure, my former counter-

13. A "servent": the serventese was a poem of service or honor in the Provençal style. Dante's *servent* has not come down to us.

in a short while I made her my surety, in such sort that the matter was spoken of by many in terms scarcely courteous; through the which I had oftenwhiles many troublesome hours. And by this it happened (to wit: by this false and evil rumour which seemed to misfame me of vice), that she who^m was the destroyer of all evil and the queen of all good, coming where I was, denied me her most sweet salutation, in the which alone was my blessedness. And here it is fitting for me to depart a little from this present matter, that it may be rightly understood of what surpassing virtue her salutation was to me.

XI

To the which end I say that when she appeared in any place, it seemed to me, by the hope of her excellent salutation, that there was no man mine enemy any longer; and such warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury; and if one should then have questioned me concerning any matter, I could only have said unto him "Love," with a countenance clothed in humbleness. And what time she made ready to salute me, the spirit of Love, destroying all other perceptions, thrust forth the feeble spirits of mine eyes, saying, "Do homage unto your mistress," and putting itself in their place to obey: so that he who would, might then have beheld Love, beholding the lids of mine eyes shake. And when this most gentle lady gave her salutation, Love, so far from being a medium beclouding mine intolerable beatitude, then bred in me such an overpowering sweetness that my body, being all subjected thereto, remained many times helpless and

15. "She who . . .": Beatrice.

seeing that thou canst not support her presence? Now tell us this thing, that we may know it: for certainly the end of such a love must be worthy of knowledge." And when she had spoken these words, not she only, but all they that were with her, began to observe me, waiting for my reply. Whereupon, I said thus unto them: "Ladies, the end and aim of my love was but the salutation of that lady of whom I conceive that ye are speaking; wherein alone I found that beatitude which is the goal of desire. And now that it hath pleased her to deny me this, Love, my Master, of his great goodness, hath placed all my beatitude there where my hope will not fail me." Then those ladies began to talk closely together; and as I have seen snow fall among the rain, so was their talk mingled with sighs. But after a little, that lady who had been the first to address me, addressed me again in these words: "We pray thee that thou wilt tell us wherein abideth this thy beatitude." And answering, I said but thus much: "In those words that do praise my lady." To the which she rejoined, "If thy speech were true, those words that thou didst write concerning thy condition would have been written with another intent." Then I, being almost put to shame because of her answer, went out from among them; and as I walked, I said within myself: "Seeing that there is so much beatitude in those words which do praise my lady, wherefore hath my speech of her been different?" And then I resolved that thenceforward I would choose for the theme of my writings only the praise of this most gracious being. But when I had thought exceedingly, it seemed to me that I had taken to myself a theme which was much too lofty, so that I dared not begin; and I remained during several days in the desire of speaking, and the fear of beginning.

XIX

After which it happened, as I passed one day along a path which lay beside a stream of very clear water, that there came upon me a great desire to say somewhat in rhyme; but when I began thinking how I should say it, methought that to speak of her were unseemly, unless I spoke to other ladies in the second person; which is to say, not to *any* other ladies, but only to such as are so called because they are gentle, let alone for mere womanhood. Whereupon I declare that my tongue spake as though by its own impulse, and said, "Ladies that have intelligence in love."²¹ These words I laid up in my mind with great gladness, conceiving to take them as my commencement. Wherefore, having returned to the city I spake of, and considered thereof during certain days, I began a poem with this beginning, constructed in the mode which will be seen below in its division. The poem begins here:

Ladies that have intelligence in love,
 Of mine own lady I would speak with you;
 Not that I hope to count her praises through,
 But telling what I may, to ease my mind.
 And I declare that when I speak thereof
 Love sheds such perfect sweetness over me
 That if my courage fail'd not, certainly
 To him my listeners must be all resign'd.
 Wherefore I will not speak in such large kind
 That mine own speech should foil me, which were
 base;

21. This famous canzone is quoted and discussed, as the first example of Dante's "sweet new style," in *Purg.* xxiv, 49-63.

therefore I will make three parts of it. The first part is a proem to the words following. The second is the matter treated of. The third is, as it were, a handmaid to the preceding words. The second begins here, "An Angel"; the third here, "Dear Song, I know." The first part is divided into four. In the first, I say to whom I mean to speak of my lady, and wherefore I will so speak. In the second, I say what she appears to myself to be when I reflect upon her excellence, and what I would utter if I lost not courage. In the third, I say what it is I purpose to speak, so as not to be impeded by faint-heartedness. In the fourth, repeating to whom I purpose speaking, I tell the reason why I speak to them. The second begins here, "And I declare"; the third here, "Wherefore I will not speak"; the fourth here, "With you alone." Then, when I say "An Angel," I begin treating of this lady: and this part is divided into two. In the first, I tell what is understood of her in heaven. In the second, I tell what is understood of her on earth: here, "My lady is desired." This second part is divided into two; for, in the first, I speak of her as regards the nobleness of her soul, relating some of her virtues proceeding from her soul; in the second, I speak of her as regards the nobleness of her body, narrating some of her beauties: here, "Love saith concerning her." This second part is divided into two; for, in the first, I speak of certain beauties which belong to the whole person; in the second, I speak of certain beauties which belong to a distinct part of the person: here, "Whatever her sweet eyes." This second part is divided into two; for, in the one, I speak of the eyes, which are the beginning of love; in the second, I speak of the mouth, which is the end of love. And, that every vicious thought may be discarded herefrom, let the reader remember that it is above written that the greeting of this lady, which was an act of her mouth,

one whereof is her most sweet speech, and the other her marvellous smile. Only, I say not of this last how it operates upon the hearts of others, because memory cannot retain this smile, nor its operation.

XXII

Not many days after this, (it being the will of the most High God, who also from Himself put not away death,) the father of wonderful Beatrice,²⁵ going out of this life, passed certainly into glory. Thereby it happened, as of very sooth it might not be otherwise, that this lady was made full of the bitterness of grief: seeing that such a parting is very grievous unto those friends who are left, and that no other friendship is like to that between a good parent and a good child; and furthermore considering that this lady was good in the supreme degree, and her father (as by many it hath been truly averred) of exceeding goodness. And because it is the usage of that city that men meet with men in such a grief, and women with women, certain ladies of her companionship gathered themselves unto Beatrice, where she kept alone in her weeping: and as they passed in and out, I could hear them speak concerning her, how she wept. At length two of them went by me, who said: "Certainly she grieveth in such sort that one might die for pity, beholding her." Then, feeling the tears upon my face, I put up my hands to hide them: and had it not been that I hoped to hear more concerning her, (seeing that where I sat, her friends passed continually in and out,) I should assuredly have gone thence to be alone, when I felt the tears come. But as I still sat in that place, certain ladies again passed near me, who

25. Beatrice's father, Folco Portinari, a wealthy Florentine, died on December 31, 1289.

first was moved to the writing of such verses by the wish to make himself understood of a certain lady, unto whom Latin poetry was difficult. This thing is against such as rhyme concerning other matters than love; that mode of speech having been first used for the expression of love alone. Wherefore seeing that poets have a licence allowed them that is not allowed unto the writers of prose, and seeing also that they who write in rhyme are simply poets in the vulgar tongue, it becomes fitting and reasonable that a larger licence should be given to these than to other modern writers; and that any metaphor or rhetorical similitude which is permitted unto poets, should also be counted not unseemly in the rhymers of the vulgar tongue. Thus, if we perceive that the former have caused inanimate things to speak as though they had sense and reason, and to discourse one with another; yea, and not only actual things, but such also as have no real existence, (seeing that they have made things which are not, to speak; and oftentimes written of those which are merely accidents as though they were substances and things human;) it should therefore be permitted to the latter to do the like; which is to say, not inconsiderately, but with such sufficient motive as may afterwards be set forth in prose. That the Latin poets have done thus, appears through Virgil, where he saith that Juno (to wit, a goddess hostile to the Trojans) spake unto Æolus, master of the Winds; as it is written in the first book of the Æneid, "*Æole, namque tibi*" etc.; and that this master of the Winds made reply: "*Tuus, o regina, quid optes Explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est.*" And through the same poet, the inanimate thing speaketh unto the animate, in the third book of the Æneid, where it is written: "*Dardanidæ duri*" etc. With Lucan, the animate

temporal monarchy, then, which is called empire is "a unique principedom extending over all persons in time," or, "in and over those things which are measured by time"; and there rise three main inquiries concerning the same: for in the first place we may inquire and examine whether it is needful for the well-being of the world; in the second, whether the Roman people rightfully assumed to itself the function of monarchy; and in the third, whether the authority of the monarchy depends immediately upon God, or upon some other minister or vicar of God.

But inasmuch as every truth which is not a first principle is demonstrated by reference to one that is, it behoves us in every inquiry to be clear as to the first principle to which we are to return by analysis, in order to establish the certainty of all such propositions as may afterwards be laid down. And inasmuch as the present treatise is an inquiry, it would seem that before all else we must investigate the first principle in the strength of which what follows is to be established.

Be it known, then, that there are some things, in no degree subject to our power, about which we can think, but which we cannot do; such are mathematics, physics, and divinity; but there are some which are subject to our power, and which we can not only think about, but can also do; and in the case of these the doing is not undertaken for the sake of thinking, but the latter for the former, since in such cases the doing is the goal.

Since, then, the present matter is concerned with polity, nay, is the very fount and first principle of right polities, and since all that concerns polity is subject to our power, it is manifest that our present matter is not primarily concerned with thinking, but with doing. Again, in the case of anything that is done it is the ultimate end which constitutes the first principle and cause of the

whole thing, for it is that end which, in the first instance, sets the agent in motion; so it follows that the whole theory of the means which make for the end must be derived from the end itself. Thus there is one theory of cutting wood to build a house, and another to build a ship. That thing, then, if there is any, which is the goal of the entire civilization of the human race, will give us this first principle, a reduction to which will be held a sufficient explanation of everything to be proved hereafter. But it would be folly to suppose that there is a goal of this civilization and a goal of that, but no one goal of all civilizations.

THE GOAL OF MANKIND IS UNIVERSAL PEACE

(BOOK I, CHAPTER IV)

IT HAS been sufficiently shown that the work proper to the human race, taken as a whole, is to keep the whole capacity of the potential intellect constantly actualized, primarily for speculation, and secondarily (by extension, and for the sake of the other) for action.

And since it is with the whole as it is with the part, and it is the fact that in sedentary quietness the individual man is perfected in knowledge and in wisdom, it is evident that in the quiet or tranquillity of peace the human race is most freely and favorably disposed towards the work proper to it (which is almost divine, even as it is said "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels"). Whence it is manifest that universal peace is the best of all those things which are ordained for our blessedness. And that is why there rang out to the shepherds from on high, not riches, not pleasures, not honors, not length of life, not health, not strength, not beauty, but peace. For the celestial soldiery pro-

in his *Politics*.¹ For there his venerable authority asserts that when more things than one are ordained for a single purpose, needs must one of them guide or rule, and the others be guided or ruled. And to this not only the glorious name of the author, but inductive argument also forces assent.

For if we consider an individual man, we shall see that this is true of him; since whereas all his faculties are ordained for felicity, the intellectual faculty is the guide and ruler of all the others, else he cannot attain to felicity. If we consider the family, the goal of which is to prepare its members to live well, there must needs be one to guide and rule whom they call the pater-familias, or his representative; according to the philosopher when he says, "Every house is ruled by the oldest." And it is his task, as Homer says, to rule over all the rest, and to impose laws on his housemates; whence the proverbial curse, "May you have a peer in your house." If we consider a district, the end of which is helpful co-operation both in persons and in appliances, one must needs be the guide of the rest, whether he be imposed upon them by another or rise to eminence out of themselves, with the consent of the rest. Else not only do they fail to attain the mutual support they aim at, but sometimes when several strive for pre-eminence, the whole district is brought to ruin. And if we consider a city, the end of which is to live well and suitably, there must be a single rule, and this not only in a rightly ordained polity, but even in a wrong one. For if it be otherwise not only is the end of civil life missed, but the very city itself ceases to be what it was. If finally we consider a special kingdom, the end of which is the same as that of the city, only with better assurance of tranquillity, there must be

1. "The Philosopher" is Aristotle.

which may not be), or must come to the first and highest judge by whose judgment all contentions may be decided, either mediately or immediately. And he will be monarch or emperor. Therefore monarchy is necessary for the world. And this reasoning was perceived by the philosopher² when he said, "Things love not to be ill-posed; but a multiplicity of princedoms is ill; therefore, one prince."

FREEDOM UNDER THE LAW

(BOOK I, CHAPTER XII)

AND the human race when most free is best disposed. This will be clear if the principle of freedom be understood. Wherefore be it known that the first principle of freedom is freedom of choice, which many have on their lips but few in their understanding. For they get far as saying that free choice is free judgment in matters of will; and herein they say the truth; but the import of the words is far from them, just as is the case with our teachers of logic in their constant use of certain propositions, given by way of example in Logic; for instance, "A triangle has three angles equal to two right angles."

Therefore I say that judgment is the link between apprehension and appetite. For first a thing is apprehended, then when apprehended it is judged to be good or bad, and finally he who has so judged it pursues or shuns it. If, then, the judgment altogether sets the appetite in motion, and is in no measure anticipated by it, it is free. But if the judgment is moved by the appetite, which to some extent anticipates it, it cannot be free, for it does not move of itself, but is drawn captive by

²The Philosopher" is again Aristotle.

another. And hence it is that brutes cannot have free judgment because their judgments are always anticipated by appetite. And hence too it may be seen that the intellectual substances whose wills are immutable, and separated souls departing from this life in grace, do not lose their freedom of choice because of the immutability of their wills, but retain it in its most perfect and potent form.

When we see this we may further understand that this freedom (or this principle of all our freedom) is the greatest gift conferred by God on human nature; for through it we have our felicity here as men, through it we have our felicity elsewhere as deities. And if this be so, who would not agree that the human race is best disposed when it has fullest use of this principle? But it is under a monarch that it is most free. As to which we must know that that is free which exists "for the sake of itself and not of some other," as the Philosopher has it in his work, *De Simpliciter Ente*.³ For that which exists for the sake of something else is conditioned by that for the sake of which it exists, as a road is conditioned by the goal. It is only when a monarch is reigning that the human race exists for its own sake, and not for the sake of something else. For it is only then that perverted forms of government are made straight, to wit democracies, oligarchies, and tyrannies, which force the human race into slavery (as is obvious to whosoever runs through them all), and that government is conducted by kings, aristocrats (whom they call *optimates*), and zealots for the people's liberty. For since the monarch has love of men in the highest degree, as already indicated, he will desire all men to be made good, which cannot be under perverted rulers. Whence the Philosopher in his *Politics*

3. "De Simpliciter Ente" is another title for Aristotle's *Metaphysics*.

The form of the church is no other than the life of Christ, embraced both in his words and in his deeds. For his life was the idea and exemplar of the church militant, especially of pastors, and most of all of the supreme pastor, whose it is to feed the lambs and sheep. Whence he himself in John, when bequeathing the form of his life, says, "I have given you an example that as I have done to you so should ye also do." And specifically to Peter when he had committed to him the office of pastor, as we learn from the same source, he said, "Peter, follow thou me." But Christ in the presence of Pilate renounced any such regimen as that in question. "My kingdom," said he, "is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would fight that I should not be given over to the Jews. But now my kingdom is not hence."

Which is not so to be understood as though Christ, who is God, were not lord of this kingdom; since the Psalmist says, "For the sea is his and he made it. And his hands established the dry land"; but that as the exemplar of the church he had no charge of this kingdom. As though a golden seal were to say of itself, "I am not the standard in any class," which saying would not hold concerning it in so far as it is gold, since as gold it is the standard in the class of metals; but it holds concerning it in so far as it is a definite stamp capable of being received by impression.

It is therefore the formal principle of the church to say and to feel that same. And to say or feel the opposite is obviously counter to its form, or to its nature, which is the same thing. Whence we gather that the power of authorizing this kingdom is counter to the nature of the church. . . . The authority of the empire by no means depends on the church.

From The Epistles

THE BONDAGE OF LOVE

(EPISTLE III)

Dante writes to Lord Moruello, Marquis Malaspina.¹

FOR fear that the master should have no knowledge of the captivity of the servant, and of the graciousness of the affection that commands him, and for fear that confused narrations, which are often wont to become seedbeds of false opinion, should declare the captive to be neglectful of his duty, it has pleased me to address to the sight of your magnificence the concatenation of this present rescript.

It chanced, then, that when I had parted from the threshold of that court (for which I was afterwards to sigh) wherein, as you have often marked with wonder, I had leave to follow the offices of liberty, no sooner had I set my feet by the streams of the Arno, in security and carelessness, than straightway behold a woman appeared to me, descending like a lightning flash, strangely harmonious with my condition both in character and in person. Oh, how was I struck dumb at her apparition! But my stupor yielded to the terror of the thunder that followed. For like as thunders straightway follow flashes from heaven, so when the flame of this beauty had ap-

1. Dante was a frequent guest at the court of the Malaspina between 1306 and 1308, and he worked there at his literary treatise the *Convivio* (The Banquet). This letter tells how a casual encounter with a lady in the Apennines broke off Dante's undertaking. The *Convivio* is an unfinished work.—Dante sent with this letter a beautiful canzone, "Amor da che convien pur ch'io mi doglia."

ich, without the sun hath languished like the helio-
pe, will revive again so soon as he shall brandish his
t ray. All they who hunger and thirst shall be satisfied
the light of his rays, and they who love iniquity shall
confounded before his shining face. For the strong
n of the tribe of Judah hath lifted up his merciful ears,
l, taking pity on the wail of universal captivity, hath
sed up a second Moses to snatch his people from the
rdens of the Egyptians, leading them to the land that
weth with milk and honey.

O Italy! henceforth rejoice; though now to be pitied
the very Saracens, yet soon to be envied throughout
e world! because thy bridegroom, the solace of the
rld and the glory of thy people, the most clement
nry, Divus and Augustus and Caesar, is hastening to
e bridal. Dry thy tears and remove the marks of grief,
thou fairest one; for nigh at hand is he who shall re-
se thee from the prison of the impious, and, smiting
e malicious, shall destroy them with the edge of the
ord, and shall give out his vineyard to other hus-
admen such as shall render the fruit of justice at time
harvest. . . .

O blood of the Lombards, put off thy contracted
barism, and if aught of the seed of the Trojans and
Latins remain, give place thereto, lest when the
le from above shall come swooping down like a thun-
bolt he find his own nestlings cast out and the place
his proper offspring seized by crows. Ah, see to it,
ribe of Scandinavia, that so far as lieth in you, ye
a to long for his presence at whose coming ye now
tly tremble! Nor let illusive greed seduce you, siren-
doing to death, by some charm, the vigil of reason.
ne before his face with confession of submission,
rejoice in penitential psalmody," remembering that
so resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of